

The Adventures of a Slut Mommie

by StJohnGeneral

The Adventures of a Slut Mommie by StJohnGeneral

Series: The Slut Mommie Paradigm [1]

Genre: Incest

Status: Completed

Published: 2023-07-02 06:26:06

Packaged: 2025-12-13 21:23:06

Rating: Some Sex |

Chapters: 17

Words: 428,616

Publisher: storiesonline.net

Summary: Late thirties woman comes under the spell of a hypnotist and embarks on numerous sexual adventures.

Chapter 1: How It Began



This story includes incestuous acts between mother and son, mother and daughter and father and daughter. If this is not for you, please, read no

further.

As I typically do, I will plead for you, the reader, to constructively write your comments, negative or positive, and vote for this story as you see fit.

Hey, all. My name is Kate Muggleton, an Australian girl of mixed origin living in Brisbane, Queensland, Australia. My story, or the story I'm allowed to tell you, begins on my eighteenth birthday. On that day, my parents Mark and Elizabeth, as they typically do, forgot my birthday. Pissed off and horny, I allowed my boyfriend, John Muggleton, to take my virginity. As luck would have it, John made me pregnant even though I was on the pill.

Mine was the typical 'shotgun wedding'. My daddy confronted John's daddy and demanded that since his son had 'degraded' his daughter and impregnated her, he (his son) must marry me immediately, or he (my dad) would point his shotgun at his (John's) balls and blow them off.

My family, well, shall we say, is a loving one. Daddy took my eldest sister's virginity on the night of her eighteenth birthday and repeated that effort with my middle sister on hers. Therefore, I was the first of his daughters that didn't lose her virginity to his rampantly erect less than 6-inch cock. Not that either of them complained.

Dad has conditioned the three of us, and Mom, to immediately submit to his every whim. If my Dad said 'Jump', we four would immediately leap into the air. So, when he commanded me to marry John, I did so without equivocation or complaint.

I'm getting ahead of myself here, so let me describe myself and my family. As I write, I am thirty-eight years old. My handsome, tall, muscular son, Tommy, is nineteen and already under contract with The Brisbane Lions. My daughter, Krissy, turned eighteen less than a week before this story began and is a mini-me. Tall, voluptuous, and beautiful, with a refreshing innocence, she, unawarely, has many young men panting after her. However, if I become unvigilant, I suspect she will seduce her daddy.

My husband, John, was captain of his school's First Thirteen Rugby League team, school captain and dux (valedictorian). Combining intellect with muscle and good looks, John cut a swathe through the female students, inducing many, including me, to surrender their hymen to his vigorously thrusting cock. After marrying my sexy ass, John completed his studies. A Master's in Business graduate, John joined Pepperstone Australia as a trainee stockbroker. Swiftly proving his acumen, John was quickly promoted to team lead. When John received his promotion, my gorgeous ass never had to work another day in its life.

You want to know, don't you? Okay. But, remember, this is my story to tell as I see fit, so I may exaggerate a little. I'm taller than my daughter, 183 cm (6-foot) to her 178 cm (5-foot, ten.) Heavier, 75 kg, compared to her 72 (159 lbs) with bigger breasts, 16 Double-D against 14 C. I measure 36-25-36 to my daughter's 34-22-35. With my wavy, jet-black hair over brown eyes and tanned complexion, I'm often confused with Mariska Hargitay. I live a life of luxuriousness, decadence and boredom. My sole purpose in life is to look good on my husband's arm as he attends corporate and social events around the globe.

I was often complimented for my looks and figure during my teenage years. Thinking I could make a career as a model or actress, I made an appointment to see an agent from Vivien's Modelling Agency. Kara, the agent, watched me walk into her office with her head shaking. "Girl, you are too much woman to make it as an actress or model," she told me. "Too beautiful, too tall, too voluptuous, and your gorgeous boobs are too big. Men will lust for you but fear to approach you, and other women will detest you on sight because you're too much for them to compete against.

"I'm sorry, girl," she continued. "But the only acting or modelling you could successfully do is in porn. They'd love your exaggerated assets there, and you'd be the most watched star only weeks after your first appearance. But, my dear, if that's the career you wish to choose, then I am unable to help. And, given what I said before, I don't think modelling or acting is for you. Girl, you use your luscious assets to trap yourself a rich man, then you keep your figure and face looking as good as it is now and hold on to that man as tightly as you can."

Lovely, right? Of course, I left without saying a word, but I thought her advice was sound.

I know that my husband takes many women in casual affairs. A man in his position is expected to, and it doesn't bother me in the least as my father had numerous illicit affairs, and, as my sisters are, I'm conditioned to accept them as the price I pay to be the wife of a rich, successful man.

So, readers, that is my origins. Now you ask —how did I become a 'slut mommie'? Let me tell you. In my teens, I had one vice. As is typical with girls as pretty as I am but who detest exercise, I took up smoking. Hungry? Smoke a fag. Desiring soft drink or sweet snack? Puff on a cigarette. Horny but unable to masturbate? Fag away. John hated that I smoked, and as I closed in on forty, I feared he'd use my 'ashtray breath' as an excuse to leave me. Therefore, I investigated ways to quit that enabled me to maintain my weight.

You see, my mother is an attractive woman. But at over 90 kg (200 lbs), she is a proverbial whale. Without cigarettes to help my food cravings, I knew I'd be as big as she. If I grew to that size, my marriage would be doomed. John already had many women younger and better looking than me flirting with him, so why would he remain married to someone who had 'let themselves go'?

After investigating alternatives, I chose hypnotherapy as my best chance of breaking my tobacco addiction without replacing it with a food one. I selected Edgar Fontaine in East Brisbane as the therapist to help me. His web page was slick and professional, and his profile photo showed a devilishly handsome man with a tailored goatee.

A Google review showed a higher than 4.5 rating and many glowing recommendations. Calling the listed number, I told the cultured sounding woman what I needed the appointment for and took the next available slot. My appointment was for 2.30 pm the following day. Nervous, I worked through my yoga and Pilates regimes before going to bed. John was away with work again, so I slept the night alone.

“Mom!” My handsome son called early the next morning as he knocked and opened my door.

Shaken from a deep sleep, I unhurriedly sat up, and the sheet and quilt fell from my full and proud breasts. “What?” I mumbled, my voice slurred with sleep.

My son’s eyes jumped to saucers as his mouth fell open and his tongue touched suddenly dry lips. “Your fitness trainer’s here for your session, Mom,” he spluttered, not averting his eyes from my firm breasts.

“What? Oh,” I replied, my brain slowly grinding into gear as I stretched and yawned, lifting my D-cups higher. My addled mind forgetting I’d be naked before my son, I swung my feet out of bed and stood up. “Tell him I’ll be there shortly,” I mumbled as I bent over, showing my sexy ass to my son, and opened a drawer searching for my exercise gear. Tommy didn’t move. Turning to face him, I realised he’d taken his cock in his hand as his gaze wandered lustfully over my luscious figure. Somehow, his lustful gaze didn’t put me off. Instead, I felt that familiar tingle between my thighs when I saw a man I desired. Typically, Tommy’s dad.

“Tommy?” He didn’t move other than to begin stroking his cock. “Tommy?” I asked again. I saw a dark wet spot on his sweatpants, and the tingle between my legs intensified. “Tommy!” I almost shouted, knowing I had to get him out of my room before I fell to my knees and nuzzled his hard cock.

“What?” Tommy replied, dragging his eyes from my breasts and hairy pussy and looking at my eyes.

With a slight smile, as I tried to prevent a sensual shiver, I repeated, “Tell him I’ll be there shortly.” I couldn’t stop myself from stretching luxuriantly, my breasts lifting as my smooth tummy tightened for my son’s viewing pleasure.

“Gaaawwwd,” Tommy moaned before stuttering, “W-w-w-will d-do,” and closing my door.

Swiftly dressing, I glared at my image in the mirror and admonished myself, *‘Kate Ashley Muggleton, what the fuck are you doing teasing your son? You’ll be lucky if he ever talks to you again after that!”* However, as I rebuked my image, I remembered my son’s tightly gripped cock salaciously poking its precum leaking head at my nakedness, and my left hand pinched my nipple as my right fingers found my clit.

Lightly tripping down the stairs, I greeted Patrick, my trainer, and brightly said, “Hi, Patrick. What torture do you have planned for me today?”

A panting, sweaty hour later, Patrick patted my bum familiarly and said, “Good work, Kate. Now if you just ease up on the amount of wine you drink, we’ll get you down to 70 kg in no time.”

Laughing gaily, I pecked his lips and replied, “That’s not happening, but I appreciate the sentiment, and I’ll see you in two days.”

“Kate?” Patrick said as I walked up the stairs. When I stopped and turned back, he added, “If you insist on wearing white exercise gear, please don’t get angry if I’m erect because your pussy and nipples show.”

Looking down, I blushed as I saw that Patrick was right. My nipples and slit were delineated clearly through my sweaty outfit. “Sorry, Patrick,” I muttered. “I didn’t realise that happened.”

“Only when you wear white, Kate,” the young man said. “And, Kate?” I looked at him again in time to see him blush enough to match mine and add, “I’m not complaining. So, if you want to wear white again, please do.” Then he turned and swiftly left.

Stunned, that old familiar tingle found its way between my legs again as I watched the door close. However, when I lay on the bed after my shower, intending to masturbate the tingle away, visions of Tommy unknowingly playing with his cock as he ogled my luscious form kept intruding into my fantasies.

Worse, as I tried to fantasise about Patrick being overwhelmed by my nearly naked body and taking me on the exercise mat, his face morphed,

and I saw Tommy clenched in rictus and grunting as he came inside my tight pussy, and I orgasmed harder than I had for months.

Feeling shaky and disgusted with myself, I rolled off the bed and entered my en suite to clean my sticky pussy. Leaning on my braced hands, I looked at my reflection and lied to myself. *'It's only a fantasy, Kate. It's not real, and you're okay because you're his mom, and you would never do that.'* But, even standing as I was, my mind saw my son pulling his sweatpants down and taking his package in his hand again, holding it exposed for my eyes instead of hidden in his pants. And I saw myself kneel and guide it into my mouth.

Even though I didn't touch myself, I shuddered and orgasmed as I imagined sucking my son's cock, his handsome face smiling down at my submissively upturned one. 'Lawd, Kate?' I wondered. 'When was the last time you came without being touched? When you were a teenager, maybe? What has gotten into you?'

Shaking myself, I changed for my appointment with the therapist. Feeling horny and a little slutty I took out my dark red skater dress and put it on sans bra and panties. I'd need to be careful as I sat for the therapist as the deep vee of the dress tended to gape open as I sat, exposing my full, beautifully rounded breasts. It also rode up when sitting, showing my curvy buttocks. But, because Dad insisted, I tended to sit with my back straight and knees firmly pressed together wherever I was, so I was confident I wouldn't slump and show him my assets.

Putting my gold 4-inch heeled pumps on, I lit what I hoped was my last cigarette and walked downstairs. Drawing the delicious smoke into my lungs, I sexily blew it out as I thought of Patrick's comment, only to find Tommy sitting at the breakfast bar watching me.

Not thinking, he blurted, "Fuck, that's sexy, Mom!" Then his face fell, and he blushed and looked at the ground. "Fuck! You idiot!" He mumbled. "Why did you say that aloud?"

Pleased by my son's praise, I touched his cheek and huskily replied, "Thanks for the compliment, Tommy. I'm glad you liked it." Then, I

bounced so my tits would jiggle.

Face flaming, Tommy took my hand and made me turn slowly before him, “Phhuuwwweeeeet-Phheeew,” he wolf-whistled. “Man, Mom, you look gorgeous! Got a hot date for lunch?” He teased.

“Your daddy’s the only man for me,” I replied primly, then blushed as I realised I was flirting with my son. “I’ve got an appointment with a hypnotherapist to help me quit smoking if you must know!” I add huffily, trying to cover my flirtatious behaviour.

Walking to my sunset red Audi A3, my hips swinging and dress hem bouncing, I added an extra sway to my hips, hoping my son watched. Getting in the car, I smiled as I saw his flushed face staring at me from the door. But on the way to East Brisbane, the guilt set in. Looking at myself in the rearview mirror, I asked, ‘Kate Ashley Muggleton, you dirty slut, what has gotten into you? First, you flash your tits at your son, then purposefully bend over so he can see your ass and pussy, and then you flirt with him as if you were a giggly teenager.’

I’m lonely, I admitted to myself. John is away so much, and even when he’s home, he’s hardly ever around. It’s all work, work, work for him. The only time he’s with me is when he needs arm candy for a function or event. If he’s not at work, he’s in his office downstairs, banging away on his computer. He’s short with me, short with the kids, and when was the last time we made love? I couldn’t remember. But I knew part of what happened with Tommy was because a man, any man, had looked at me as an attractive woman, and I’d responded gratefully. Not only lonely but horny, I admitted.

Pulling into The Fontaine Clinic’s premises, I parked and bounced jauntily into the reception. “Kate Muggleton to see Mister Fontaine,” I gushed at the receptionist, already dying to light another fag.

The receptionist, Liz Donnelly, by her name tag, was a mid-thirties, auburn-haired, severe-looking woman with the most enormous knockers I’d ever seen. Seriously, I’m a Double-D, and mine looked like A-cups against her watermelon-sized tits. Dressed in a white button-up blouse that her massive melons strained against and a navy blue pencil skirt, she glared at me

disapprovingly and said, “Take a seat, Ms Muggleton. The therapist will be with you shortly.”



Summarily dismissed, I sat and waited to be called. Twenty minutes later, well after my appointment time, Mister Fontaine exited his clinic room and

escorted a slightly dazed, scantily dressed young woman to the receptionist's desk.

"Maggie." He told her authoritatively. "We've almost got this prescription pill addiction of yours licked. I think one, maybe two more appointments, and you'll be ready to return to work. Make an appointment for the same time next week, and we'll continue working on it. In the meantime, when you feel the need for oxycodone, don't fight it. Instead, relax, remember what we did together, and let the processes I put in place work."

"Yes, Sir," Maggie dully answered before turning and walking out.

Turning to me, Edgar grinned and rubbed his hands together and what I can only call predatory eyes swept over my fine figure before he hid them behind a feigned professional smile. "Ahh, Mrs Muggleton, I presume? Welcome to my clinic. You need help to quit smoking, I understand?"

Why I didn't immediately walk out, I'm not sure. I feared this man, and my instincts screamed that he was untrustworthy. However, as my father and husband are, Edgar was a dominant, suave, confident man who commanded my obedience, so I submissively stood, with my eyes lowered, and followed him into his treatment room.

"Lie on my couch, Kate. I presume I can call you that, Mrs Muggleton? The less formality there is between us, the easier these sessions will go." At my nod, Edgar continued. "Some questions first, Kate. How long have you been smoking?" Most of my adult life, I admitted. Twenty-plus years. "How many packs a day?" Not packs, cigarettes. Less than twenty unless I'm stressed or partying. "And then?" I chain smoke until I fall asleep or pass out drunk, I embarrassingly confess.

"Do you like to smoke?" *Hell, yes. It stifles my hunger cravings and is a successful seduction tool. Blowing smoke sexily into the air or playing with an unlit cigarette as if it were a man's tool as I coquettishly glance up at them is a sure-fire way of ensuring their total attention. Not that I've ever followed through and allowed my flirtations to be consummated.*

“Not what I need to know, but I’m curious. You’ve remained faithful to your husband?” Yes. John has been the only man ever to share my bed. “And he to you?” My blush probably gave away my lie, but I answered, As far as I’m aware. “What did I hope to achieve from these sessions? A reduction in the number of cigarettes per day or complete cold turkey?” Complete cold turkey, of course. “Did I realise a nicotine addiction was harder to break than a heroin one?” No. Really? “Yes.” Shit! “Was I prepared to do as he asked to break my addiction?” What did that mean? I asked, my fears returning.

“Only that I will implant key phrases and behaviours into your psyche that will stop you from lighting a smoke, but they won’t work unless you willingly accept them as they’re given.” Okay. It appears that if I’m not willing to follow the process, I shouldn’t begin? “Correct.” I’m willing to do as you ask. “I will not work with you without your commitment. Will you commit to following my process?” Yes. “Swear that to me!” ‘WTF?’ I thought, but said, I swear I will follow your process, Edgar.

“Good girl, I’m ready to begin, are you?” *What do I need to do?* Smiling, Edgar took a pendant on a thick gold chain out of his jacket pocket. “Hold your head still but follow the swinging pendant with your eyes. Then I want you to relax and listen to my voice.” Edgar set the pendant to swinging and following his instruction, I kept still but allowed my eyes to flick back and forth, following the pendant’s path. “Breathing through your nose slowly and deeply, you feel your body getting heavier, sleepier. Your eyelids flutter, and you find it difficult to keep them open. You’re tired, more tired than you’ve ever felt before. Following my voice down...”

That was the last I remember until I heard, “ ... three!” My eyes fluttering open, I looked up at Mister Fontaine as he pushed the pendant back into his jacket pocket. “I’m sorry,” I said. “I seemed to fall asleep there. What do I need to do to begin?”

Smiling, Edgar replied, “Your first session is done, Kate. And a very successful one it was, too. I’m very pleased with the outcome, as you should be.”

Was his predatory smile back? Why did I feel, I don't know, dirty? Dirty as if I'd done some dark misdeed that I now feared would be uncovered? However, I smiled submissively at the cultured, dominant man before me and said, "So, I'm cured of my nicotine addiction? No more cigarettes for me?"

Edgar tipped his head back and laughed, "Oh, heavens no! I've planted the roots of your recovery, but they sit in shallow soil now. It will take at least another three sessions for me to grow them sufficiently for their effects to become permanent. You are lucky, however, as your submissive nature means my suggestions take root sooner and more profoundly than most, so four sessions instead of the typical six or seven should do it."

Disappointed, I moued, "You mean I'll still smoke?"

"I've set your appointments a fortnight apart, Kate," Edgar explained. "However, I think before you've returned for your second one, you will have begun smoking again. You may start again before your third, but your addiction should completely disappear after the fourth. Whether I'm successful at curing your addiction or not will depend on you removing yourself from any stressful situations you find yourself in and avoiding any parties until I've cured your addiction."

'That shouldn't be a problem,' I thought. 'John is back for a week after next week, then gone for two more after that, so there won't be any corporate dos that he'll need me to be eye candy for, and with him gone, stress won't be part of my life.'

Nodding, I asked if we were done for the day and, at his permission, followed him back to the reception area. "Slut!" Edgar muttered as I passed him. My hips bucked as my pussy instantly flooded with arousal. *I'm sorry? I asked, ignoring my suddenly wanting pussy. What did you say?* "Nothing, Mrs Muggleton," the therapist denied. "I didn't say a word." Turning to his receptionist, Edgar said, "Mrs Muggleton needs three more appointments booked, each approximately two weeks apart and for the same duration as this one. Arrange those with her, please."

He moved past me and muttered, “Slut.” as he turned into the hallway to his rooms. Biting my lip to prevent a moan as my hips shuddered, I asked *Sorry? What did you say?* Edgar looked toward me as if I were hearing things and politely said, “I’m sorry, Kate. Occasionally, when I plant a suggestion under deep hypnosis, the patient will think they hear my voice, even though I haven’t uttered a word. However, this effect will be short-lived, so don’t concern yourself. Slut” *Did you just call me a slut? I protested behind an overwhelming desire to orgasm.* “No, Kate. As if I would call anyone that!”

Edgar walked away as I stared, wondering if his words were true. Was I hearing things? Was the voice I heard only in my mind, or was the therapist using a post-hypnotic suggestion to cause me to react sexually to being called slut? I couldn’t seem to follow that thought because, as I tried, my mind wandered off to more mundane subjects.

“Ahem,” the receptionist interrupted my thoughts. “For today’s consultation and set up, the fee is $350, Ms Muggleton. Subsequent appointments are $280. Would you prefer to pay for all four upfront? If you do, we offer a 15% reduction on the total cost. Slut.”

Barely stifling a moan of desire, I agreed to pay the total amount, with the discount, for the four appointments and took out my credit card. Paying the asked amount, I put my card away, arranged my three further appointments, and walked from the clinic.

As I turned to leave, I heard, “Slut!” and barely held my composure as my arousal fluids flowed from my pussy and down my inner thighs. Somehow, I contained myself until I sat in my Audi. But once seated, I could stand no more, and I ripped my dress above my flaring hips and stuffed two fingers in my pussy. Finding my clitoris with my thumb, I twirled it around and exploded into an extreme orgasm, my hips bucking and thrusting as my fluids poured onto the car seat.

‘*Wtf*?’ I thought as I started my car and drove home. As I drove, a strange smell kept wafting into my nostrils. ‘*Not semen,*’ I decided. ‘*Pussy juice? Not mine, however!’* I had no idea but decided that everything I felt, thought

I'd heard, and smelt must have been part of what Mister Fontaine had done to cure my nicotine addiction, and I decided not to worry about it.

Only my daughter, Krissy, was home when I returned. John, of course, wouldn't be home until late Friday week, and I guessed Tommy would have been at footy training. Wearing nothing but a tank top that barely covered her C-cups and a tiny thong, Krissy sat on a stool at the kitchen bench with her left leg bent and her foot tucked under her right buttock. Sitting like that stretched my daughter's panties tight across her pudenda and pulled them to the side. The right side of Krissy's pussy lips peered past her thong, and her slit and clit sat there, clearly defined by her clinging underwear.

I stared, I couldn't help myself. Krissy, a smaller version of myself at the same age, had a sweet innocent air and wouldn't have even contemplated how lewd her stance looked to a casual observer. Strangely, that tingly feeling reappeared as I gazed at her defined clit.

Looking up from reading her newsfeed on her phone, Krissy said, "Hey, Mom. How did your hypnotherapy appointment go?"

"Well, I haven't had a smoke since then," I kidded.

Laughing, Krissy stood and crossed to me. Kissing my cheek, her firm, young, braless breasts pushing against mine, causing that tingly feeling to intensify and settle higher than 'between my legs', she said, "I hope it works, Mom. Smoking is like the worst thing you can do, and I know Dad hates it, so you must stop."

"I know, baby," I replied, hoping she couldn't smell my arousal. "I'm giving it my best shot to quit this time, okay?"

Smiling happily, my daughter, innocently hugging me, cupped my ass over my dress and smiled before saying, "No panties? You slut!"

I moaned. Dammit, I couldn't help it! When my gorgeous daughter held my ass cheeks and said, 'slut', my arousal peaked, and I came! Wtf is wrong with me?

Looking at me wonderingly, Krissy sniffed before disbelievingly asking, “Mom? Did you just have an orgasm when I said ‘slut’?”

Trembling as I tried to prevent myself from climaxing again, I tried to remain calm as I sternly replied, “What? Krissy! What kind of thing is that to ask your mom?”

“Never mind,” Krissy mumbled, forced into the daughter role by my stern response. “Sorry.”

I didn’t want my daughter upset with me because she’d correctly identified my response and I couldn’t deal with it, so I cupped her curvy ass, squeezed it, and said, “At least one of us has panties on.”

“Yeah, Mom,” Krissy teased back. “Only one slut allowed in the house at a time.”

Even though I bit my lip, my moan was unmistakable. Eyes widening, Krissy was about to say something, but I quickly shook my head and mumbled, “Leg cramp from too much exercise this morning. Now, my little tart, go put some pants and a top on before Tommy comes home. You don’t want him to see you dressed like this.”

Reluctantly letting her questions die, my daughter sashayed up the stairs, heading for her room. Following so I could change into something less revealing, I couldn’t help from watching Krissy’s ass as she swayed up the stairs, that ‘faint tingling between my thighs’, now a raging furnace, settled on my pussy.

Barely getting to my bedroom without cumming, I dropped my dress to the floor, leapt on the bed, and thrust two fingers into my gushing pussy as my thumb found my button. I badly wanted to orgasm to images of my husband, or at least Patrick, but the twin thoughts I kept having were of kneeling before my son and daughter. Tommy, with his sweatpants pulled below his balls and his thick, precum leaking cock held in his hand, pointed at me, and my daughter dressed in what she wore when I came home, holding a handful of my hair as she pulled her panty’s gusset aside and forced my mouth onto her soaking slit.

Stifling my orgasm screams, I came many times as I lay thrashing on my bed, images of my children's genitals pressed into my mouth, playing salaciously through my fevered mind. Coming down from my final climax, I thought, *'That therapist did something to me. Best, Kate-girl, you stay away from that clinic and find another way to quit smoking.'* However, even as that thought passed through my mind, I felt it curl up and die. Replaced with Edgar's cultured voice saying, "You need what I offer, Kate. I will set you free, and not only from your nicotine addiction. You will return, as you must return."

In a trance, my eyes staring blankly as my fingers absently thrust in and out of my pussy, I answered, "Yes, Sir."

There was a loud knock on my door, and Tommy banged through it, holding his brand-new Nikon D780 DLSR camera. His face flushed happily, Tommy gushed, "Hey, Mom. The new memory card for my..." His voice ground to a halt, and a whole new reason to blush first whitened, then flushed his face. Staring at my luscious, exposed form, my son ventured, "Mom? What are you ... Never mind. Sorry!"

Tommy's hand found his groin again as he slowly backed out of my room, his eyes glued to where my fingers continued to pump into my dripping pussy. As soon as the door shut, my eyes rolled back and the loudest orgasm I ever remember having crashed over me, causing me to pull my pillow over my face to muffle the sound.

Staggering to the en suite, I wet a cloth and washed my messy pussy clean, studiously avoiding looking at my reflection. Eventually, pussy clean, I leaned on my hands and stared miserably into my image's eyes. *Kate, what trouble have you gotten yourself into now? Masturbating to images of your naked children? Fantasies of having oral sex with them? Continuing to pleasure yourself as your son watched? What the fuck is the matter with you?"* Of course, my reflection didn't answer. But I knew Mister Edgar Fontaine, Hypnotherapist, had planted a post-hypnotic suggestion in my subconscious, and my body responded to it despite my conscious mind's revulsion.

But as I stared, that realisation floated away on so many ephemeral wings, and I rejoiced that I hadn't felt even one pang for a cigarette and felt grateful to Mister Fontaine, with my lower parts feeling warm and squishy now I thought positively about him.

Realising I'd have to confront my son and deal with my embarrassment, I dressed conservatively in a loose sweatsuit and made my way downstairs, barely noticing I hadn't put panties or a bra on. Tommy sat at our breakfast bar, looking through the photos he'd taken.

Hearing me, he looked up and smiled, "Hey, Mom," He said, his handsome face melting my heart.

His eyes fell to my gently bouncing breasts, and I realised I was purposefully strutting so they'd jiggle for him. Embarrassed but trying not to show it, I tousled his long black hair and whispered, "Sorry about earlier. I was missing your father." We both knew I lied, but Tommy was gracious enough to accept my excuse. "What did you want to tell me?" I asked.

Blushing redder than I was, Tommy replied, "It was my fault, Mom. That's twice now that I've bowled into your room without waiting for you to invite me and caught you..." Tommy's voice faded to an embarrassed titter.

Unable to meet my son's eyes, I mumbled, "If I don't want you kids to enter, I need to start locking my door."

"You're hot naked, Mom," Tommy mumbled back as his cock stretched and rose in his pants. "Well, you're hot always, but you're really hot when you're naked."

'Kate, you're flirting with your son again,' my guilty conscience told me. Looking down, I realised that I was. My right hand rested on my son's thigh, close to his swelling erection, as my hard nipples brushed against his upper arm. Nonchalantly moving further away, I smiled gratefully and said, "Thank you, Tommy. It's nice to know someone still appreciates this old broad." As I regretfully removed my hand from his thigh (what I really wanted to do was take his cock in my hand), I repeated, "What did you come into my room to tell me?"

“Aww, Mom,” My son said sweetly. “You’re not that old, and lots of guys appreciate your looks and figure. All my teammates agree you’re the hottest Mom in the place.”

“You’re a terrible liar, my son,” I admonished him as I softly touched his cheek with my fingertip before remembering that was another flirtatious move. “But I like your lies. Now, what was so urgent that you banged into my room for?”

Blushing as he remembered what he saw, Tommy answered, “The new expanded memory card for my camera arrived today. I hoped you’d let me take your photo a few hundred times and perhaps video you to see how much extra space I have.”

“You don’t need me to do that, surely?” I pointed out. “Anyone would do.”

Embarrassedly looking at his feet, Tommy muttered, “I want to be a professional photographer if my footy career doesn’t pan out, Mom. So I need someone I can pose to practise on. I don’t want just anyone to see them in case the photos are shit. Would you help me, please?”

Well, that seemed harmless, and Krissy had said she was staying at a friend’s for the night, so there was only him and me at home. Therefore no one would see my embarrassment at being posed, so I said, “Sure. Why not? Do you want to start now? Is how I’m dressed okay?”

Tommy shook his head, his face blushing even redder, and said, “Can I show you where, Mom?”

“As long as it’s not outside, it’s okay, Tommy. Wherever you need me, okay?”

Shaking his head, Tommy insisted I follow him into the garage. He opened the door, and I saw he’d moved two of the cars out of the way, then set his motorbike on a fixed stand so it was stable, then created a beach set around it, complete with studio lights, sand, buckets, a beach umbrella and an inflatable plastic ball.

“Wow!” I acknowledged. “Very artistic, but, Tommy, you’d better ensure this is all gone by Friday when your dad gets home because he’ll freak, right?”

“It’s all good, Mom,” Tommy reassured me. “The sand’s on a tarp, so me and the other members of our photography group will pull the corners in, keeping the sand in the middle, then toss it in the back of Sam’s ute.”

“Okay, where do you want me?”

“Kicking his foot back and forth, Tommy shyly said, “Mom, it’s a beach scene. Do you think you could wear your bikini?”

I blinked but thought, ‘*Kate, your son has seen you in a bikini many times, so why are you concerned now?’* so I replied, “Umm, okay. I’ll go and change.”

Almost inaudibly, his face flaming, but his thick cock straining against the front of his shorts, my son whispered, “The tiny, white, string one, Mom, please. The one you bought to wear for Dad when he took you to Tahiti.”

I couldn’t. Well, I could, but I shouldn’t. The fact that thinking about photographing me dressed in that item had my son sexually excited told me it would be wrong. But that old familiar tingle was settling into a greater warmth a little higher again, so, with a tentative smile, I stuttered, “T-Tommy, are y-you s-s-s-sure that’s a good idea? I was only thirty when I wore that for your father.”

“You’re in better shape now than you were then, Mom,” My son answered, suddenly confident because he knew I’d do it.

“I’ll do it,” I acceded. “But, Tommy, I...” embarrassment poured over me again, and I strangled out, “I need to, umm, remove, umm, ... you know.” I finished lamely.

“Oh!” Tommy gasped, understanding what I meant. “Yes, that’s a good idea. Embarrassing, otherwise. I’ll wait for you out here, Mom. I’ll take a few pictures of various things and try to get the light settings right.”

I returned to my en suite and wet my pussy with a face cloth, then squirting a lavish amount of John's shaving foam onto my hands, I spread it over my pubic area, pussy lips, and along my perineum, then, as my fingers touched my hairy little starfish, I shrugged and thought, '*Yup. May as well clean that up, too'*. So I added some foam there, too.

Shaving carefully, I removed all the hair from my panty area. The first time I had done that since returning from Tahiti. When I completed the task, I bent over to try and see if I'd missed anything. Of course, I couldn't see my little ring, and I worried it would look silly if it still had hair when the rest of me was clean-shaven, so I found my hand mirror, squatted, and held it to inspect my ass. I'd never seen my pucker hole before, and I found looking at it quite stimulating, so I wonderingly reached between my legs to touch it.

"Unghh," I grunted as my pussy spasmed at the exoticness of the feeling as it seemed so nastily erotic. Testing, I dipped my index finger into my pussy, to wet it, then rimmed my little starfish again. "Ohhh," I moaned, feeling sexy, nasty, and oh so horny!

Of course, that's precisely when Krissy banged on the door and stormed in, swearing about how catty her former (as of the five-minute drive from Alexis' place to ours) best friend was and how so many girls her age were such bitches!

Stumbling to a stop, my daughter's eyes grew wide as she saw what I was doing. "Mom? What on earth are you doing?" She gasped, then covered her mouth, shocked.

Lawd, I must have looked a sight! Squatting, my generous bosom squeezed between my lasciviously spread thighs, a mirror held in one hand and the index finger of my other exploring my tiny brown ring.

Mortified, I huffed, "If you damned kids would stop barging through my door before I tell you to enter, you'd stop catching me in compromising positions!" Then I exhaled, "Ohhh, nooo!" Realising I'd just admitted that her brother had caught me similarly exposed.

Helping me to stand, Krissy asked, “What’s gotten over you, Mom? You’re acting strange!”

I tried to tell my daughter that I thought the therapist had planted something in my subconscious. But as I formed the words, they burst into those pretty ephemeral wings and flew away again, replaced by a flash of me groaning with pleasure as Liz’s overly large melons pressed against my upper thighs as she suckled on my naked breasts. That ‘little tingle’ was now a raging furnace in my wet pussy. As I stood, my hardened nipples brushed across my daughter’s, and an unbidden moan escaped my lips.

Krissy looked hungrily at my mouth, and I shivered with anticipation mixed with fear thinking she would kiss me. After a long moment, she thought better of it, let go of my upper arms and said, “So, Mom, what were you doing?”

Trying for haughty, I gave my daughter what I hoped was a withering stare and lied, “If you must know, I was preparing myself to wear my white string bikini as a treat for your father when he comes home next Friday.”

“Okay, Mom,” Krissy said doubtfully. “But that’s ten days away, so you’d need to do it again before Dad is home. Otherwise, the whole area will be stubble and horrible to touch.”

Still trying to be haughty, I tried, “And you know this, how?”

Unselfconsciously, Krissy lifted her short skirt and pulled the front of her bikini brief down. “Everyone goes hairless these days, Mom,” she told me. “I wax mine every two weeks to ensure I remain as smooth as a baby’s botty down there. If you’d asked, I would have done it for you.”

“I did not know that, Krissy,” I said. Staring at her thick clitoris and trying hard not to bite my bottom lip as the tingles began again.

Krissy let go of her panties and let her skirt drop. I barely stopped a disappointed groan that I couldn’t see her exposed clit any more. Trying to get a grip, I internally growled at myself, ‘Kate, Kate, Kate! Stop this crap! You’re not a lesbian, so why are you lusting over your daughter?’

Suddenly, my daughter's brow furrowed, "Okay, Mom," she said. "If you were checking to ensure you'd got all the hair around and on your pussy, why were you playing with your ass?"

"I wasn't!" I defended. "Just checking that I'd cleaned the hair off there, too."

"Hmm," Krissy hummed before delivering the knockout blow. "Then why has Tommy set up a beach set in the garage? It looks like you are preparing to model for him, Mom. Are you?"

'Kate, Kate, Kate,' I exasperatedly chided myself. 'You shouldn't tell lies because you suck at them!' Ashamed at my subterfuge, I nodded and replied, "Yes."

Brightening into a broad smile, my daughter said, "Well, why didn't you just say so? You're a hot mommie, Mommie, so you should pose for pictures. May I pose with you? Oh, please say yes. It'll be so much fun!"

How could I say no? What a hypocrite that would make me. It's okay for Tommy's mother to strip to almost naked and pose for his camera, but not his sister? So, forcing a smile on my face, my innards in turmoil, I said, "Sure, baby. Have you got a suitable bikini to wear?"

Krissy's face fell, "Oh," she said, disappointed. "No. I only have the conservative black one-piece you bought me last year."

I grinned, "Do you remember that gorgeous, revealing black one-piece you admired but were too shy to buy?" Krissy nodded. Taking it out of my drawer, I handed it to her and said, "I may have bought it. You know, just in case you changed your mind."

"Mom!" Krissy delightedly squealed, the first 'o' and second 'm' drawn way out. "It's perfect!"

Eagerly stripping, Krissy handed the outfit back to me and asked me to help her into it. The suit was virtually two pieces held together by several gold-plated rings. The bottom barely covered my daughter's pudenda before

splaying across to her hips, then becoming three golden O rings that connected to the top and a thin strip that went around her back, barely above her glutes, with an even narrower strip dipped between Krissy's ass cheeks to rejoin the rest of the bottom.

The top piece consisted of two thin strips in a bow around her neck, spreading to two thin bands barely covering her areolae, then minimally below my daughter's globes, they connected to the three rings.

Krissy looked as sexy as all hell in this outfit, but I thought her breasts could be better displayed, so without thinking, I undid the bow, cupped and lifted her left breast into the position I wanted, then retied the bow before cupping and lifting her right breast to match. Looking at my daughter's lusciously curved body deliciously displayed in my full-length mirror, the raging furnace inside my pussy threatened to explode. Unwittingly, as my desire flamed, I slid my hands back inside the suit's cups and began stroking and tweaking Krissy's nipples.

Leaning against me, Krissy's head tilted back, and she moaned, "Mom? What are you doing?"

Unaware of what I was doing, I absently continued circling and stroking my daughter's areolae. My eyes were distant, and seeing nothing but flickered images of a naked, hugely breasted blonde woman lying between my lewdly splayed legs lapping at my pussy as I held her head and thrust my hips. In my vision, I groaned as a seemingly unending orgasm made me shudder and twitch.

"Mom?" Krissy panted, an orgasm near.

Not answering as my mind flickered ... image: as I recline on the couch, slender, long, red nailed manicured fingers lift my dress above my head and cast it aside, ... my right hand slid across her curved tummy ... flicker: image: soft, feminine hands cup my swelling mounds and thumbs strum my nipples ... inside her suit's bottom ... flicker: image: Pouting, bright red lipstick covered lips descend onto my right nipple, and suckle then bite, ... and onto her clit ... Flicker: image: My eyes open, and I see Edgar

Fontaine laughing as I orgasm on his secretary's tongue. I try to protest, but his deep, compelling voice says, "Sleep."

"Mom!" My daughter yelped as I fingered her button.

Krissy's sudden yelp cleared my mind, and I looked down, horrified at what I was doing. My left hand cupped my daughter's breast, strumming her nipple with my thumb as my right delved inside her swimsuit bottom and slowly circled her clit. Stepping hurriedly back, my hands leaving her lush body, I burst into tears, hating myself and what I'd become.

Touching my shoulder, Krissy said, "Mom?" I couldn't look at her. "Mom?" She asked again. Then when I still didn't answer, she said, "It's okay, Mommie, I liked it. Your hands felt good on me. I was shocked, is all, but now I'm only sorry I didn't let you make me cum."

My suppressed sniffles turned to sobs which became great, heaving blubbers. Turning, I lowered my head onto my daughter's shoulder as if I were the child needing her mother's help and affection and wept, "I'm so sorry, Krissy. I don't know what came over me. It's just that you look so beautiful and desirable, and I wanted to make you feel good."

"You did make me feel good, Mom," Krissy soothed as she kissed my cheek and hugged me close, her warm breasts pressing to mine, and despite everything, that tingle reappeared. Then Krissy hitched twice as she tried to speak again. "Mom, look at me, please." Unwillingly, I lifted my teary face to see her. "I'm still a virgin, Mom. You petting me as you did, was my very first makeout session where I let anyone get to second base. I want to, Mom. Oh, Lawd, do I want to! But I'm scared I'll get pregnant on my first time like you did. I'm too young to have a baby, Mom."

"You're on the pill, baby," I reassured her. "You shouldn't get pregnant when you find the right guy to make love to."

"You shouldn't have, either, Mom," my daughter pointed out. "Yet, here we are."

“I have no regrets,” I swiftly said. “You, Tommy, and your dad are my life, and I’m proud of my life.” But I wondered if that was now true. I’d already done one despicable thing, molested my daughter, and my urges were already pleading with me to do more.

Tommy knocked on the door, “You guys almost ready?” He called through the door. “I’ve been waiting for ages.”

“Give us another ten minutes,” Krissy answered for me. “We need to do our makeup.”

Of course, makeup and other ‘feminine things’ are a mystery to most males, so my son accepted Krissy’s statement without question.

“Come on, Mom,” my daughter said, dragging me into the en suite. “You need to wash your pretty face, and then we’ll get you made up.” Krissy opened my makeup case and took out moisturiser, eyeliner, mascara and an eyebrow pencil. Once I’d cleaned my face, she expertly smoothed the moisturiser into my skin, outlined my eyes with a thick charcoal pencil, shaded my already dark eyebrows to black and applied mascara until my lashes arced beautifully from my lids.

Finishing my look with mahogany lipstick, she asked, “Where’s that string bikini Tommy wants you to wear?” Only then did I realise I’d been naked with her the whole time. Krissy had to have smelt my arousal and noticed my pointy hard nipples.

I retrieved it from the drawer where it had lain next to the one Krissy wore and shimmied the bottoms up my thighs, realising I’d put some weight on since I last wore it. Krissy laughed and undid the bows on its sides so I could work it into place. I had a similar problem with the top. My breasts were heavier and fuller than when I was thirty, plus they sagged more. ‘Maybe I should follow Patrick’s suggestion and lay off the wine.’ I muttered to myself.

“Thank gawd, Mom, but you and I will never be one of those skinny salad eating bitches,” my daughter said as she reassured me she thought my fuller

figure was sexier. “However, you are a gorgeous MILF, and all my friend’s brothers agree you’re the hottest there is. Tommy, too, probably.”

Krissy returned the favour of adjusting my swimsuit to display my breasts correctly, including cupping them and playing with my nipples. Fortunately, we faced away from the mirror, so she didn’t see the longing arousal displayed on my expressive face. However, I protested how Krissy had adjusted my bikini bottom. She’d pulled it so tight that my slit, clit and entrance (camel toe) lewdly showed. The thin piece of material was barely wider than my slit, to begin with, so pulling the ties until it outlined everything was too much, I thought.

I moved my hands to undo the side bows and release the tension, but my daughter hissed, “Don’t you dare change that. Camel toes are hot, Mommie. Tommy will shit when he sees yours.”

“It is not my intention to turn your brother on, baby girl,” I haughtily told her as I tried to undo the ties, only to have my hands slapped again.

“Too late,” Krissy muttered. “As soon as he saw me after he caught you masturbating, he told me how hot you were and how he wished you weren’t his mother so he could fuck you.”

I caught little more than snippets of my daughter’s mutterings, so I asked, “I didn’t catch that, Krissy. What did you say?”

“Never mind, Mom,” she airily replied. “Leave your bottoms as they are, and let’s go see what Tommy wants us to do.”

Shrugging, I opened the wardrobe, took out my white pumps with the 7-inch heels and slipped them on my feet. Looking downcast, my daughter said, “Oh, Mom, those look sexy. Shame that I don’t have a matching black pair.”

Grinning, I reached in, pulled out my 7-inch black pair, handed them to her, and said, “Luckily, I do!”

I had to teach my daughter how to walk down the stairs in heels (turn your hips to the side and place your foot parallel to the step, not ninety degrees to), but reaching the bottom, we hip-swayed across the drive and into our four car garage, where my son waited.

Peering into the viewfinder of his camera, Tommy bitched, “Took you long enough! I’ve been waiting an hour.”

Flipping into ‘mom’ mode, I replied evenly, “Tommy, neither your sister nor I, have to pose for you. So, improve your attitude, or we’re going inside to change into something less revealing and be damned with your photos.”

“Sorry, Mom,” my son immediately said. “It’s just that I’ve been looking forward to this all day, and I’m feeling impatient, okay?”

“Tommy,” I growled, now in full Mom mode. “I’m hearing ‘I want, I want’. When did that ever work out for you?”

Finally pulling his eyes away from his viewfinder, Tommy looked us over and gasped, “Oh, my Lawd! Krissy, I ... I don’t know what to say. Sis, you look, you know, hot. As in, ‘red hot bitch’! And Mom, I mean ... Wow!”

Which was fair enough. My tiny string bikini covered little and left much displayed, so, yeah, ‘Wow!’ covered it!

“Where do you want us?” I asked, wanting to get this show on the road so I could lie on my bed and think about my day.

Furiously thinking, my son said, “One at a time, at first. Mom, lean against my bike and place your hands behind your back. One on the tank and one on the seat, then look to your left and smile as if you know a secret no one else knows.”

I took up Tommy’s requested pose and tried my best to look suitably amused as I looked to the left.

“Look up, Mom,” Tommy requested. But the first thing I noticed was that the camera’s lens appeared to be pointing at my breasts, not my face.

“Tommy? Are you taking pictures of your mother’s breasts?” I asked.

Blushing, my son denied it. However, I saw the zoom lens wind back in before he took another photo. Tommy moved me through various poses, most of which were typically modest poses you’d expect for a motorcycle magazine or an ad for a brand of motorcycle. Only a few were even remotely erotic, like when he asked me to sit on the motorcycle seat’s edge with my knees spread wide, then lean back on my hands and toss my hair.

Strangely, posing for the more erotic photos in front of my handsome son and eagerly watching daughter made that tingle reappear, and I worried my arousal would soak through my bikini bottom and show.

Deciding he’d taken enough of me for now, Tommy posed his sister through a series of similar shots. I was happily unhappy if that makes sense. I hadn’t been sure of my son’s motives when he first asked me to pose as I suspected he wanted to see more of me as I was earlier today when he had twice walked in on me, so I was grateful Tommy posed me innocently. However, the insistent tingling, as it rose to settle on my clit and vulva, insisted I wanted to show my children more. I wanted Tommy to lose all sense of himself and unknowingly take his thick cock in his hand again as he stared at my barely covered slit.

As my little button throbbed, I realised I wanted my daughter to see my sexily displayed body and desire it. I wanted to knead and squeeze her perfectly formed breasts as her virtually untouched nipples hardened in my fingers. I desired to feel my hand glide across her smooth stomach and mound until my questing fingers found her virginally pure clitoris, and as her arousal grew and wetness formed under my stroking fingers, play with it. Overcome by the sexy, illicit, incestuous images playing through my fevered mind, I leaned back against my Audi’s door and climaxed.

I could not stifle my moan and saw my son turn toward me. Then, from a million miles away, I hear Tommy say, “Oh, wow, Mom! That is so sexy!” He took the camera off its tripod and swivelled around, the camera clicking as he captured what he saw.

I looked down to see what my son was so eagerly capturing. As I'd feared, my wetness had made my bikini bottom translucent, and my flushed, almost brown clit showed clearly. "Tommy, no!" I pleaded. "You shouldn't be taking pictures of your mother's pussy." But my protest sounded weak, even to me, and as Tommy, squatting, duck walked closer, I widened my feet and spread my knees, letting myself lower so my knees flexed and the firm muscles in my calves and thighs popped.

"Perfect, Mom," Tommy complimented. "You're getting into it now." He moved a couple of steps further back and stood. "Fold your left arm across your tummy and cup your right breast, Mom," Tommy instructed. As I obeyed, I heard, "Good. Yes. Just like that. Now slide your right hand down your stomach until your middle finger is just inside the top of your bikini."

'Kate,' my conscious pleaded. 'Stop this. Stop it right now before you go too far. You always go too far, Kate. That's what got you pregnant in the first place. If you'd kept your damned knickers on, you wouldn't be here now.'

But then my daughter gushed, "Oh Gawd, Mom! You look amazing! Way sexier than any model posed like this I've ever seen. Oh, man! I'm so jelly of how you look!" And I paid no more heed to that whining inner voice.

Wanting to please my kids, I brought my heels together, squatted down with my back against the car's door, and spread my knees as wide as possible. Looking to the left and up, I ran my left fingers into my luscious locks and lifted them so they cascaded over my neck and right shoulder. Then affecting a pouting, demure look, I placed the dark red painted fingernail on my right index finger between my sexily smiling, lush lips and lightly bit it.

"Hot, Mom," my son crooned as he lay on the floor and zoomed in on my barely covered vagina. "You're so hot. Oh, my lawd, are you hot!" Tommy's praise and enthusiasm had my conscience quelled, so I offered no complaint as he moved the camera close to my pussy and snapped away. Standing, Tommy turned to his sister and said, "Sit between Mom's legs and lean back against her with your head just under her boobs."

Krissy sat where he asked. "Now lift and spread your knees like Mom has hers. Yeah, sis. That's it, like that. Good. Wrap your arms outside your

knees and grab your shins, holding your knees as wide as possible. Sexy, Krissy," Tommy mumbles. "You look very sexy for the camera. Mom, toss your head back and shake it so your hair falls naturally around your neck and shoulders as it typically does. Oh, that's beautiful. I've always loved your hair, Mom."

Tommy's complimentary, praiseful words had me on the edge, and I feared that my daughter could feel my wet arousal pressing against her mid back as she leaned against me. But worse was I knew that in my current state, I'd do anything Tommy asked.

Trying to be casual, Tommy moved from the floor where he'd been as intently snapping Krissy's barely covered pussy as he had mine, stood and said, "Krissy, tilt your head back and look up at Mom. Yes, good, like that, yeah." Then he gulped and apprehensively said, "Mom, bend your left elbow below Krissy's boobs and cup her right breast."

Watching my son's hooded eyes and large package throb in his trousers, I couldn't help but do as he asked. But as the furnace in my pussy raged, I wanted to go further, so when he said, "Good, Mom, Krissy. Oh, my Gawd, you two look sexy together. Mom, slide your hand slowly down Krissy's tummy and stop with your fingertips just short of her mound." I did, but before he could give the next instruction, I slid my left hand inside Krissy's swimsuit cups and softly stroked my fingers over her nipple.

"Mooom," my daughter sighed and kissed under my chin as my fingers delicately played with her stiff breast nubs.

Tommy was speechless and had stopped taking photos. Instead, he watched my sensual display, his mouth agape and dick throbbing. As I'd fantasised, my son's hand unawarely found his big, erect package and gripped it firmly.

About to orgasm, I gritted my teeth and forced my voice to sound normal. "Tommy, you've stopped taking pictures."

"Oh," my son said, releasing his cock and looking into the viewfinder. The clicks of photos being taken resumed. When I heard the tell-tale clicks, I

smiled coquettishly at him as I slid my fingers inside Krissy's swimsuit bottom and onto her button.

Krissy sighed luxuriantly, turned her head and kissed my jaw. As I stroked, my daughter's sighs changed to pants, and I was sure she was about to climax. But before she popped over the edge, Tommy grabbed his trouser front again and groaned, "Oh, shit!" A dark wet spot swiftly grew where he held. Embarrassed, he shot "Sorry' back over his shoulder and ran from the garage.

Brought out of my trance-like state by his leaving, I looked down and realised what I was doing. Snatching my hands back, I pushed Krissy aside and stood up. "Oh, my Gawd! Oh, my Gawd!" I gasped. "Krissy, I'm so sorry! I, I, oh Lawd, what have I done? Forgive me, please!" I hurried out of the garage after my fleeing son, tears streaming down my face.

Locking the door, I flung myself onto the bed and pushed my mortified, guilty face into my pillow as I cried and cried, terrified that my daughter could never forgive me. Unable to find solace, I ignored the knocks on my door as I stared at the ceiling, wondering if it wouldn't be better just to die.

"Mom," Tommy called after trying the door. Holding the pillow over my face so he wouldn't hear my tears, I didn't answer. "Mom?" He called again. "You okay?"

I didn't, couldn't answer. I was a 'bad mommie'. One of those you see on the news from time to time being led away in handcuffs as Child Services gathered her abused children. I don't know how long I lay there staring at the ceiling hating myself, before my daughter knocked on the door, insisting I let her in.

With my red eyes refusing to meet her big brown ones, I opened the door and let Krissy past me before I shut and locked the door again. Turning, I threw myself on the bed, pushed my tear-streaked, mortified face into the pillow, and waited for my daughter to rightfully condemn me.

"Whatever is the matter, Mommie?" Krissy asked. "Are you embarrassed because Tommy came looking at us playing model for him? That's silly, as

even Tommy has nothing to be embarrassed about. Young men have those kinds of accidents all the time."

I wondered, 'Why isn't she upset with what I did? I molested her in front of her brother. Her mother, who should always have her back and be there for her regardless, felt her up and played with her genitals as her brother took pictures. What kind of pervert does that make me? 'An incestuous one', my guilty conscience informed me.'

"I did it again, Krissy," I wailed. "Felt you up and played with you. I'm disgusting, and you should be disgusted with me. I'm sorry, baby, but when you're close, I can't seem to stop myself. I'll understand if you hate me forever because I deserve it."

Krissy took hold of my head and forced me to face her. She kissed my lips softly and said, "I don't hate you, Mom. I liked what you were doing and was about to cum, but that damned Tommy interrupted me. I swear, if I don't get to orgasm next time I'm that close, I will scream!"

Unable to believe my ears, I asked, "You're not angry with me?"

"You were making me feel good, Mom. Why would I be angry with you for doing that?"

Blushing darkly red, I answered, "Because I'm your mother, and I was ... was ... well, you know. Playing with your, umm, bits. I shouldn't be doing that as it's not right."

Smiling, my daughter softly kissed me again and said, "Well, Mom, I liked it, so there's nothing to worry about. So wash your pretty face and come downstairs, and I'll reheat the stir-fry I made for dinner."

Grateful for my reprieve, I took off my bikini, washed my face, and put eye drops in to remove their bloodshot appearance. Satisfied that I looked respectable, I refused to look into my haunted eyes in the mirror, put my bra, panties and baggy sweatsuit on and walked to the kitchen.

Tommy and Krissy stood together in front of Tommy's laptop, flicking through our photos. Looking up, Krissy saw me, smiled and gestured for me to join them before enthusiastically gushing, "You have to see these, Mom. Tommy is such a good photographer because we look **hot**. As in 'damn girl! Yo is one hot bitch!'"

My son looked at me shyly, hoping for my approval, and my heart melted. Krissy was right, and he had nothing to be embarrassed about. Little missteps like his were common at his age. So I tousled his hair and kissed his cheek lightly before saying, "Show me, baby boy. Show me how good you made your poor old mother look."

Tommy flicked through the images, and I'll admit that Krissy was correct. We looked hot, especially in the ones together. There was a sultry sexiness to those far closer to erotic than pornographic. It was like we knew the other was a sensually beautiful woman, and although we weren't sexually attracted to each other, we found the other's form arousing.

Tommy came to the last picture he'd downloaded. "Where are the others?" I demanded. *What others?* "Don't play coy with me, Tommy. You know what others," I growled. *Honestly, I don't, Mom. What others?* Holding my hand out, I said, "Then you won't mind me downloading these pics onto my computer, so hand me your memory card, and I will."

Blushing guiltily, Tommy reluctantly pressed some buttons, and the rest of the pictures from his camera opened in thumbnails across the screen. Hundreds of them, maybe thousands. Trying to make out what I saw from the thumbnails, I began opening pictures that revealed close-ups of my barely covered pussy from all angles, my blatant arousal and thick clit clear for all to see. Full screens show an opaquely covered nipple in high-definition, its hardened excitement evident. Worse, there were many close-ups of his sister's nearly naked slit and nipples as well.

"Just what do you plan to do with these, young man?" I asked levelly.

Krissy giggled, "Masturbate to them, Mom. What do you think he's going to do? But, Tommy, you wouldn't show these to anyone else, would you?"

Tommy shook his head vehemently, “These are only in their raw form,” he explained. “Over the next few days, I’ll select the ones I like most and then run them through various filters until they are absolutely pristine. I’ll show you the ones I want to publish on our photography group’s website, and if you approve, post them there.”

“And the ones of your sister’s and my barely covered genitals?”

Blushing guiltily again, my son admitted they were for his personal ‘fap folder’—images to troll through as he masturbated.

I opened my mouth to growl that he shouldn’t be masturbating over his sister and me, then, with a guilty blush, remembered my teenage fantasies of being deflowered by my father. Twenty years later, it still hurt to think he’d gleefully taken my sister’s cherries on their birthdays but forgot mine completely.

My face flaming, I said, “Ensure they’re coded and password protected on your computer, Tommy. I don’t want them falling into the wrong hands and making their way to the internet. Oh,” I added as I remembered. “Keep them off the cloud, too. Too many others have had their private pics hacked from there.”

I ate the dinner my daughter had prepared, then sat with her and Tommy as we watched some lame movie I don’t even remember the name of. Tommy seemed to like it as he laughed happily at the cornily delivered lines and canned laughter. Krissy sat pressed closely against me and kept trying to insert her hand between my thighs. Even though my familiar tingle turned into a blazing inferno in my groin, I held her hand in mine and ignored her attempts.

Later, alone in my bed as I typically am, I dreamed as I slept. But my dream changed —*flicker: image: My eyes open, and I see Edgar Fontaine laughing as I orgasm on his secretary’s tongue. I try to protest, but his deep, compelling voice says, “Sleep.”*... Trying to escape my dream, I rolled... *flicker: image: An intensely flavoured pussy lowers onto my lips as, helpless, I try to move.* ... Mewling, I threw a hand up in protest... *flicker:*

image: my knees lewdly spread as lusciously full, red-painted lips descend onto my pussy. "Cunt", I hear Edgar correct... Whimpering, I woke up.

Scared and weeping, I tried to remember my dream because it seemed to tell me something important. But it burst into ephemeral wings under my examination, and as my eyes became vacant. I heard, "Everything is as it should be, Kate. You will return, as you must return."

Trying to shake off my dream, I got up, threw my robe over my shoulders, and headed for the kitchen, planning to make milk cocoa to help me sleep. John prefers I sleep naked with him, but I have a 'Woolworth's bladder' and need to pee regularly. My husband complains if I turn the en suite's light on to use the facilities in there, so I usually slip out the door and use the main bathroom.

I keep a long black contrast lace cross-over nightgown hanging behind the door to slip on in case one of the kids are up as I don't want to terrorise them with my naked body. Tonight, because I was cold and alone, I'd worn it to bed. John likes this nightie because although it falls to my shins, it has side splits to my shapely hips, and as I walk, vast expanses of my calves and toned inner thighs show.

Bent over the bench and resting on my elbows, I stared into the abyss I felt had opened before me and sipped my hot chocolate. My tall, handsome son slipped up behind me and pressed himself against my bottom and lay on my back as his arms innocently wrapped around my tummy. "You okay, Mom?" he asked sweetly as he hugged me. "Can't you sleep?"

"I had a nightmare, baby boy," I explained, feeling my son's cock harden and lengthen against my firm buttocks. I wasn't concerned about his swelling erection because I knew unfortunate erections at inopportune times were common for teenage boys. But Tommy's hands slid up my tummy, and he brushed them lightly across the inner globes of my luscious breasts. Trying not to moan with desire, I asked, "What are you doing, Tommy?"

Kissing the nape of my neck and making me shudder, my son cupped my breasts and gently kneaded. "I want you to feel good, Mommie," he whispered as his thumbs rubbed softly over my nipples. "You seem so sad

and lonely, Mom, and it breaks my heart. Please, relax and let me make you feel good."

I wanted to stand and demand he let me go. I wanted to rant at him about touching his mother inappropriately, and I knew I should resist. But I did none of those things. Instead, I moaned like a wanton slut *(my arousal intensified when I heard my inner voice say 'slut')* and pushed my sexy ass back at my son's hard-on.

Tommy's shaking hands *('Is he a virgin?' I wondered. 'Surely not, as he's brought home several girlfriends.)* gripped my thick nipples and gently twisted. *('Okay, that's too assured to be something he hasn't done before.')* Releasing my left breast, Tommy leant down and gripped my nightgown's hem. Moving back to give himself room, my son slowly lifted my gown, exposing my firm, shapely ass.

Holding my gown above my hips, Tommy moved his right hand off my breast. I heard a rustling sound that I assumed was his sweatpants hitting the floor, then felt the head of my son's throbbingly erect cock prodding near my entrance. *'Kate.' My guilty conscience nervously said. 'You're about to let your son slip his cock into your vagina. Are you sure that's what you want?'* Reaching behind my bottom, I grasped my son's thick cock, and guided the head into my pussy.

But when Tommy slid home, the guilts hit. Pushing on his hip, I pleaded, "No, Tommy, please. I'm your mother. You mustn't do this with me."

"Yes, I must, Mom," Tommy groaned as he pumped back and forth, his beautiful cock bottoming out in my slick pussy.

"Please, Tommy," I begged. "Incest is wrong, baby boy. Besides, Krissy is upstairs, and she'll hear."

Tommy's fingers stroked and tweaked my sensitive nipples, and he stroked harder. "Incest may be wrong, Mommie," he groaned as he kneaded my luscious breasts and twisted my nipples more firmly and pumped quickly into my gushing pussy. "But loving the most beautiful woman I know isn't.

But, Mom, I know you want to be my gorgeous little Mommie slut, so relax and enjoy my cock in your tight pussy."

"Oh, Laaaaaaawwwwwddddddddd," I moaned when he said 'slut' and the furnace in my 'little Mommie slut' pussy exploded. Moaning and shuddering, I launched into orgasm, and my arousal poured from my vagina, bathing my son's balls.

"You're so sexy, Mom," my darling boy said, then groaned. I felt his cock expand and stiffen, then spray its fluids into my ragingly hot vagina. Cumming with every semen blast into my pussy, I grunted and moaned until I felt my son shudder and then relax onto my back. His pumping hips slowly stopped, and Tommy sighed, then said, "You're so beautiful, Mom. I'm glad I finally made love to you. I've wanted to since puberty."

As my son's love washed over me, I felt an overwhelming desire to please him in return for loving me so well. Pushing back to make a gap, I turned and sunk to my knees. Ignoring the cum covering his cock, I guided it into my mouth and began milking him as I bobbed up and down on his large cock. '*Bigger than his father's, I thought as my mouth stretched to fit him in.*

I may have sucked exactly one cock (my husband's, Tommy's father's.) before tonight, but I've sucked it dozens if not hundreds if not thousands of times, so I know my way around a cock.

Tommy was longer and thicker than his father, but John's dick was long enough to hit my gag reflex when he shoved it into my mouth, and I'd learned how to swallow so as not to retch if a cock hit it. Therefore, when my son lost control, grabbed my head, and forced his dick as deep into my sucking mouth as possible, I smiled submissively up at him, swallowed, and let his cock slide over my tonsils.

"Oh, Gawd, my little Mommie slut," My son moaned. "You're the best cock sucker I've ever had." With that, Tommy erupted inside my slurping, sucking mouth, filling it with his cum. When Tommy said, 'my little Mommie slut', my pussy spasmed, and fluids poured from me as came.

My handsome, muscular son lifted me to my feet, kissed my cum messy mouth and said, “Go back to bed and sleep, Mommy. If your nightmare returns, come and snuggle close to me.”

Smiling because I knew I’d sleep well now, I cupped my son’s balls, bent over, and kissed the tip of his cock, “Thank you, baby boy,” I said. “Mommie is okay now, and I’ll see you in the morning.

Chapter 2: Camera Slut



Hi readers. Kate Muggleton again. Let me continue my story so you can understand how and why I became a slut mommie.

Earlier, towards the end of the first part of my story, I'd been unable to resist my son's advances and succumbed to my baser desires by surrendering my willing pussy for him to cum in. My son made me feel sexy and desirable for the first time in many months, and I wanted to show him my appreciation. So after he came inside me, I knelt submissively and sucked on his gorgeous cock until he orgasmed into my mouth.

Giving oral sex is something I enjoy immensely, but until that night when Tommy climaxed and called me ‘his little Mommie slut, I’d never before orgasmed as I gave head. Therefore, as we walked back to my room, I wondered why being called ‘slut’ was turning me on so much.

It never had previously, although other than the occasional boneheaded, small-dicked tosser shouting it out his car window at me as I strutted down a street, no one had used that word when referencing me.

‘Was it just the naughtiness of the word?’ I wondered. ‘Kate,’ I told myself. ‘You’ve masturbated while fantasising about being a willing slut for dominant men many times, so it’s probably only your subconscious mixing Tommy saying it with your fantasy, and you’re reacting—nothing to worry about there.’

Thinking furiously as I climbed the stairs, I became aware that my son deliberately walked behind me so he could watch my sexy ass sway and added a little bounce to my step. *As I walked, I thought, ‘The hypnotherapist has implanted the word slut into my psyche as a trigger for sexual arousal.’* Determined to do something about it, I decided to call his office as soon as they opened.

I reached my door and was about to enter when Tommy placed his hand on my ass and asked, “Mom? Do you want me to sleep with you tonight?”

As his large hands caressed my curvy bottom, a new tingling began between my thighs, and I thought, *’Lawd, do I want that!’* But, instead, I turned towards him and sternly said, “No, Tommy. What we did downstairs can never happen again. It was wrong. You were wrong to start it, and I was wrong to let you. This one time has to be our dirty little secret that we hide forever, okay?” But when I turned, Tommy’s hand caressed my vulva, and even to me, my voice sounded breathy with sexual excitement.

“If you say so, Mom,” Tommy agreed, but his sure hands cupped my large, firm breasts, and his thumbs stroked enticingly across my hardened nipples. “If you no longer wish to be my beautiful, little Mommie slut, say so now, and I’ll stop, okay?”

Summoning the last shreds of my willpower, I backed through the door and closed it. Turning, I sank to the floor and leaned against it. Then, pulling my feet up to my luscious bottom, I spread my knees and pushed two fingers into my sopping pussy. Then, when I found my clit with my thumb, I groaned as a shattering orgasm raced through me. Chuckling, Tommy said, “Goodnight, Mom. If you’re unable to sleep, come and lie with me.”

Peeling off my sodden nightie, I stumbled to the bed and gratefully fell in. *’Sleep will make things better,’ I thought as I fell into an undisturbed slumber.*

By morning, I felt so guilty about what I’d done that I lay in bed until I heard Tommy leave. After showering, I went downstairs to get breakfast. My daughter, much as she’d been when I got home the previous night, sat at the breakfast bar. This morning, she wore a pink, skimpy, V-necked teddy that didn’t reach her tiny matching thong and exposed her cute belly button. Combined, they left all but her nipples and slit uncovered.



Teasing, I said, “Nice view, Krissy.”

Looking down and smiling, my daughter replied, “Do you think so, Mom? Maybe I’ll loan it to you for when Dad comes home next week.”

“It barely covers your 16-Cs,” I pointed out. “It’ll never fit over my Double-Ds.”

Taking it off, her delicious breasts bouncing softly, Krissy said, “Sure it will, see? It undoes at the front so that you can loosen it off.” She undid the laces holding the cups closed, then added, “Here, now you put it on.”

My mouth dry, I stared at my daughter’s lusciously displayed breasts, unaware of anything but the tingling between my legs as I watched their slow lift and fall as she breathed. Krissy lifted the teddy again to indicate I should put it on, and after dragging my eyes off my daughter’s naked bosom, I took it. Then, taking my sweat top off, I pulled it over my head and, after a struggle, got it positioned over my large breasts. “I’m not sure the laces are long enough,” my daughter giggled as she tried to tie them together.

Finally making a tiny bow, Krissy stepped back and said, “Oh, wow, Mom! That is so sexy!” She stepped out of her thong and handed it to me. Pulling on my sweatpants so they fell to the floor and exposed my pantyless ass, she added, “Here, put these on so you can check how you look.”

Trying not to stare at my daughter’s sensually naked body and intensely aware that the gusset of her thong was warm and damp, I wriggled her thong up my shapely thighs and settled it over my recently shaved pussy. They were at least a size too small and clung to my vulva like a second skin, emphasising my pussy’s assets better than being naked would.

Krissy held my upper arm and guided me into the foyer, where I’d placed a full-length mirror to check my appearance before going out. Looking at my reflection, with my big, firm breasts threatening to burst out of my top and my clit and slit clearly defined, I gasped, “I can’t wear these, Krissy! I look almost pornographic!”

“Yeah, you can, Mom,” my daughter giggled. “Stroll into your room wearing this, and Dad is either going to shit, have a heart attack, or cum on the spot!”

Krissy stood behind me, staring at my lush form in the mirror. Almost dreamily, she moved closer and pressed her hard, naked nipples against my back. Stretching her hands around my tummy, Krissy kissed the nape of my neck as she hugged me. After several soft kisses as I shivered and bit my

lower lip, she sensuously slid her hands under the teddy onto my tightly held breasts.

Trying not to moan as the tingle moved higher and settled wet and squishy in my yearning pussy, I forced myself to be calm and quietly asked, “Krissy? What are you doing?”

Lightly biting where my neck and shoulder meet, my all-time favourite erogenous zone, my daughter purred, “Shh, Mommie, I’m making you feel good as you did me yesterday, is all.”

Fighting off the desire for her to continue, one incestuous interlude with one of my kids was one too many, I shook my shoulders and broke free of her embrace and growled, “Krissy Ann Muggleton, that’s enough!” Angry at myself but taking it out on her, I added, “It is as inappropriate for you to do that to me as it was for me to do it to you yesterday.”

Because I’d forced her back into the Mom/daughter role, tears filled my daughter’s expressive, big brown eyes, and she sniffed, blushed embarrassedly, and looked at the ground. Holding her fingers with her other hand, she lifted her heel off the ground and submissively twisted her knee back and forth. “Sorry, Mom,” she said contritely. “I shouldn’t have done that.”

Knowing I’d made a mess of something I could have handled better, I took her in my arms and softly kissed her ‘bee stung’ lips. “No, baby girl,” I apologised. “It’s I that’s sorry. I liked what you were doing. Too much, maybe. That’s why I panicked and yelled at you.”

Looking shyly up at me through her eyelashes, Krissy asked, “I made you feel good, Mom? Did you have that same squishy feeling I get in my tummy when I’m about to cum?”

Flushing red with embarrassment, I giggled nervously and replied, “Well, it’s a little lower than my tummy, if you know what I mean. But yes, honey. You made me feel squishy.”

Grinning happily, my daughter bounced on her toes, causing her lush C-cups to jiggle enticingly, and clapped her hands. “Do you think it’s the same with women and men, Mom?” She innocently asked. “If I had a boyfriend and kissed him where I kissed you, would he get squishy, too?”

Giggling, I answered, “No, honey. If you did that to your boyfriend, he’d get very stiff instead!”

Suddenly realising we stood in front of a door with clear glass panels on either side, she was naked, and I almost so, Krissy matched my giggle, then said, “Oh, my Gawd! Look at us flashing the neighbours and anyone on the street! Anyone seeing us would think we’re nothing but sluts!”

My body reacted to that word instantly, and with a low growl, I shuddered and orgasmed.

Somewhere in the distance, I heard Krissy saying, “Oh, my, Gawd, Mom! Are you okay? Mom? Mom? Do I need to call an ambulance?”

Realising that I’d slumped to the ground with the intensity of my climax, I scrambled to my feet. Knowing I needed help, I tried to tell Krissy of my suspicions about what Edgar Fontaine had done to me, but my mind drifted away as I sagged back onto the floor. As my mind went blank, I saw,... *flicker: image: my knees lewdly spread as lusciously full, red-painted lips descend onto my pussy. “Cunt”, I hear Edgar correct...* “Krissy, I’m okay,” I mumble as... *flicker: image: red painted lips surround my clitoris and a long, manicured, red-nailed finger slides into my pu – cunt...* “You’re not okay, Mom,” my daughter desperately says as she tries... *flicker: image: Liz’s probing finger finds my G-spot, and I moan into her pussy as I climax...* to rouse me.

“Mom, wake up!” Krissy shouts.

My daughter’s shout snapped me out of my reveries. But before I could voice my concerns, Edgar’s face clouded my vision, and I heard myself saying, “*I swear I will follow your process*”, and my throat closed. Unable to tell Krissy what had happened to me at the clinic, I tried to tell her my current problems, but every time I did, the feeling of lassitude washed over

my body again. Concentrating hard, I formed the words to warn my daughter that I was in trouble. But just as I thought I had them held solidly in my mind, they burst as a branch covered in multi-coloured butterflies does when you shake it, and fluttered away on glittering ephemeral wings.

The only thought about the subject that I still held was that I needed to cancel my next appointment, but as soon as that played in my head, I saw Edgar's face and heard, "You will return, as you must return. You need what I offer, Kate. I will set you free, and not only from your nicotine addiction." The warm, squishy feeling between my thighs was now white hot heat in my pussy. Desperate not to orgasm in front of my daughter again, I stood and ran for my bedroom.

Locking the door behind me, I hurried across to the en suite, entered and locked that door, too. Then sitting on the loo, I lifted and spread my knees before pulling the panty's gusset aside and stuffing two fingers into my slippery with need vagina. Seconds after my thumb found my clitoris, I had to bite my lip to keep from screaming my orgasm to the sky.

"Mom?" Krissy called from outside the en suite's door. Vaguely wondering how she was in my bedroom when I'd locked the door, I gathered my scattered wits and managed, "Yeah?"

"Are you okay? She asked.

Lying because I couldn't tell the truth. Not about why I had to run, nor about the trouble I was in, I said, "Yes, baby girl. Your Mommie just thought she was going to puke, so she ran here."

"Referring to yourself in the third person, Mom?" Krissy questioned. "Not cool! Now, what's really going on?"

I hated myself for having to do it, but the only way to stop her unanswerable questions was to make her see me as her Mom first again. So, taking a deep breath, I snapped through the door, "Krissy Ann Muggleton, do not take that tone with me. I am your mother, for goodness sake! Not one of your giddy girlfriends."

There was silence from the other room, and I heard the door close. Sighing, I removed Krissy's sleepwear, cleaned my pussy, changed into a sundress, and gathered the washing to begin my chores. Krissy was nowhere in sight, which saddened me as I knew I had some fences to mend. Tommy was absent, too, but he'd be at football training and be back around lunchtime. I planned to ensure I wasn't alone with him until I'd seen Edgar, lest I find myself on my knees before him or bent over offering my pussy again.

The next few days were ones of uncomfortable silences when my daughter and I were alone together and leering, knowing grins from Tommy every time he thought his sister wasn't watching. I tried to talk to Krissy many times, but as I opened my mouth, a hurt expression developed on her face, and she'd turned away, rebuffing my attempts.

Tommy kept talking to me and attempting to get me alone, but I was able to avoid situations that could lead to me being in compromising positions with him. But, whenever we passed, he'd cup my ass familiarly and whisper that he hoped we'd soon have some time together alone.

Although I love my husband, I'm typically indifferent to his absences as they happen so regularly that I'm almost a sole parent. This time, though, I eagerly awaited his return as that would ensure fewer chances for Tommy to manoeuvre me alone. The problem was that I'd see my children and ache. Sexual arousal became my constant companion, and I masturbated far more regularly than usual, often six or seven times a day.

When I woke in the mornings, I'd find myself lying on my tummy, face pressed into the pillow, with my fingers stroking and thrusting into my enflamed pussy. Worse, I remembered vague parts of what had me turned on in my dream, and it was always doing unspeakable lesbian acts with the therapist's secretary. As a result, I feared to sleep and spent many restless hours walking the house, trying to stay awake.

As well as my constant need for sexual relief, I felt deeply ashamed after willingly allowing my son to take me and could not sleep. Racked by guilt and fear of the dream visions continually playing through my subconscious as I slept, I paced the house for four nights. On the fourth night, I opened a kitchen cupboard looking for the box of chamomile tea I was sure I had in

there. I'd bought the chamomile tea earlier when I'd had another bout of restless nights as it helps me to sleep. I opened the box and found some teabags and a secreted box of Benson & Hedges cigarettes. John hated me smoking inside, but I loved to smoke and drink wine as I cooked and hid a packet in there so that even if he was home, I could sneak one from time to time. Over time, I'd forgotten I had left them there.

Looking at the box, I remembered how many enjoyable nights I'd spent lying around the lounge room with a few good girlfriends, drinking and smoking. We'd tell tales, compare notes on our husbands, and laugh at the antics of our 'mere males'. Taking one out, I contemplated it for a bit, then thought, '*Fuck it! Edgar said I'd probably begin again before my next appointment'* and lit it up.

I drew as much of that divine smoke as I could take, then held until I had to release. Taking another deep draw, I felt the constant tension knot in my mind snap, and I relaxed. Suddenly exhausted, I took another drag before regretfully pinching the cigarette out and opening the window to let the smell out. After spraying air freshener to ensure the kids wouldn't smell the smoke, I put the packet back in the tea box and went to bed.

Eight restful, dreamless hours later, I woke to see it was 11.00 am. I was surprised because, other than a vague ache of want in my nether regions, I didn't feel horny for the first time since my appointment with Mister Fontaine. *Now my mind was clear, I thought, 'That's it! Edgar planted a suggestion to react sexually to being called a slut! I'm ringing him immediately to rebuke him before calling the cops.'*

Using the number recall on my mobile, I phoned his office and got his secretary. "The Fontaine Clinic, Liz Donnelly speaking. How may I help you?"

Thinking, 'And I'll deal with you next, bitch. Using me as if I were a lesbian? Oh, yes! You'll get yours!' "Kate Muggleton speaking, Ms Donnelly," I said. "I need to speak to Edgar immediately. It's a matter of grave urgency."

“Mister Fontaine’s with a client at this time, Mrs Muggleton.” Liz’s culturally smooth voice replied. “May I get him to call you when he’s finished?”

“No!” I snarled. “If you don’t put him on the phone immediately, I’m calling the cops!”

Suddenly all traces of urbanity disappeared from Liz’s voice as she calmly, authoritatively replied, “Mrs Muggleton, I need you to take a seat and relax. I’m sure we can discuss whatever your concerns are rationally without resorting to threats.”

I began ranting again, but Liz interrupted by snarling, “Kate, my little cunt lapping slut, sit!”

To my surprise and horror, I immediately dropped onto my ass on the floor. My father’s discipline immediately took over, and I pulled my knees together and folded my legs under my thighs, ensuring I revealed little of my ‘assets’.

Hearing the thump of my curvy ass hitting the floor, Liz’s voice returned to civility, and she added, “I bet, as your father taught you, you’re sitting with your knees bent and your lower legs protecting your sweet, little pussy, aren’t you, Kate? You have your lush, firm boobies pressed against your thighs so no one can see them? But that pose isn’t you, is it, my little Kate slut?”

My pussy gushing arousal fluids, I bit my bottom lip to try and restrain a moan and remained silent. Knowing my refusal to answer was an answer itself, Liz continued, “Of course, it isn’t, Kate. And by now, you know it. Instead, you’re an incestuous, bisexual slut who lives to be fucked by her children. Tell me, Kate slut, have you fucked either of them yet?”

“No, no, no!” I soundlessly protested as my knees parted and my fingers slid inside the furnace that was my pussy. Then, as soon as my thumb found my clitoris, I grunted and groaned through an extreme, almost violent orgasm.

“Tell me, Ms Kate slut,” came Liz’s grinning, self-satisfied voice. “Which of your children have you already fucked?”

My mouth opened despite my desire to remain silent, and I replied, “Tommy.”

I could hear her knowing grin as she asked her next question, “When was that? The night after your first session, right? My, my, my, my little Kate slut, were you a willing slut for Edgar and me during your session. Most patients at their first session barely get past being unwilling to let me take their clothes off. Yet, you, you slut, let me suck your tits and eat your juicy cunt. You even licked me, Kate! I bet you smelt me all the way home and wondered what it was.”

Another orgasm built as she spoke, and suddenly my mind lost touch with reality again... *flicker: image: Liz’s probing finger finds my G-spot, and I moan into her pussy as I climax ... Flicker: image: Now that I’m cumming, Liz begins working fluids onto and into my tiny rosebud, preparing it for penetration...:Flicker: image: Liz’s soft tongue devours my pussy juices as I groan, tilt my head and lick her clit.*

Screaming, my entire body, from shoulders to heels, arched off the carpet. Holding that pose, I forced my fingers as far into my pussy as possible. Then, I climaxed intensely, with my body jittering and juddering from the shocks.

“Good, slut (a small orgasm passes over me.),” Liz said smilingly. “Now, stop resisting what Edgar has done for you. He will set you free, Kate slut (Another petite orgasm slams into me.), and not only from your nicotine addiction. Don’t resist your desires, slut Kate (orgasm), as following them will help Edgar set you free. Now say, ‘Yes, Mistress’, hang up and go about your business.”

“Yes, Mistress,” I muttered, shutting off the call. I lay there, my eyes blank and seeing nothing except the final image. Me, lifting my head and willingly tonguing Liz’s aromatic clitoris, only, as my fingers sped up in my pussy, her pussy morphed into my daughter’s tiny, sweet, big clitted one, and it was her I licked.

After another screamed orgasm, my body thrashing and bouncing across the floor, I staggered to my feet and stumbled into the shower. Later, as I peered into the mirror, applying my makeup, I knew something was wrong. But even as I concentrated on what it might be, the thoughts burst into wings and fluttered away, leaving me feeling horny and sexually frustrated. Finished making myself up, I wondered if my son had returned, dressed provocatively for him, and walked to the kitchen.

Krissy was home from her uni class and sat at the breakfast bar in her typical way. Left knee tucked under her bum, and her legs spread wide apart. Because she'd been to class, she was, at least, reasonably conservatively dressed. Only, in this pose, her tight jean shorts clung to every part of her vulva, leaving the outline of her entrance and slit displayed.

Gulping and hoping she couldn't smell my arousal, I looked at her head and walked toward her. Hearing my steps, my daughter looked up, smiled, and teased, "Wow, were you loud, Mum! Three times, I heard you cum. You must be really missing Dad, huh?"

"I will be ecstatic when your father returns," I confirmed. "And I am missing him something fierce." *'Just not for the reasons you're imagining, my girl. Instead of wishing for him to come home and 'ease my needs'. I needed him home to prevent me from tripping my children, so they fell between my willing thighs. Although I wouldn't argue if John wanted to 'ease my needs,' I added with an inner giggle.'*

Krissy continued smiling and holding my gaze for a little longer before her eyes fell, and a slow blush suffused her face. Looking at the ground, she stifled a small sob and whispered, "I'm sorry about the other day, Mom. I was inappropriate, and you were right to admonish me. I hate that we're not talking, can you please forgive me and be my friend again?"

Using my mother's voice, my conscience castigated me, 'Well done, Kate. You became sexually excited because you desired your daughter, then overreacted and destroyed her trust by yelling at her. Now, instead of you apologising to her, she's crying because she feels you've withdrawn your love. What a good mother you make. Well done you!'

There was only one thing to do, so I did it. I knelt between my daughter's knees, pressed my barely covered breasts against her soft tummy, took her head in my hands, brought it close, and softly kissed the pouting lips on her beautiful face. Running my hands sensuously up and down her inner thighs, my fingers daringly near her shorts-covered pussy, I kissed her again, just a little more firmly and insistently, before whispering, "The problem, my darling girl, was that I was about to orgasm and I was embarrassed because I didn't think that was right."

Running her fingers through my hair, our lips only millimetres apart, Krissy tremulously smiled and quietly asked, "If I hadn't panicked the first time, and Tommy hadn't cum in his pants the second, would you have made me cum those two times?"

Kissing her softly again, barely preventing myself from turning it into a full-on French kiss, I nodded, "Yes, honey, I would have loved to have made you climax both times."

Leaning back as she stared longingly at my lips, wondering if she dared kiss me passionately (Or that's how I interpreted the look), Krissy asked firmly, "Why is it okay for you to make me feel good, but not okay for me to return the favour?"

I didn't have an answer for her as I didn't understand my motivations or reasons. I only knew that making her feel good seemed natural. Something a mother should do for her sexually inexperienced daughter. But receiving pleasure from her smacked of an uneven power exchange. Perhaps I worried that she reciprocated because I was her mother, and she had to, not because she wanted to.

I began sobbing because I felt terrible for hurting her and tried to explain what I'd thought (Described above). Krissy didn't understand what I tried to say, but she accepted that I was sorry, and somehow, we were best friends again. My conscience appreciated that Krissy hadn't pursued me kissing her sensually, but the blazing furnace that had replaced my vagina wished she had.

Standing and pulling me up with her, Krissy pushed me a little away, then took my hand and spun me slowly around. I wore a bright orange cross-over halterneck cut-out side mini bodycon dress and nothing else. A bra would have been redundant as the cross-over pieces cupped and supported my globes beautifully, and I hardly ever wore panties anyway, so I was sans both. My shoes were Gianvito Rossi, seven-inch heeled, suede pumps.

“Phhuuwwweeeeet-Phheeew, Mum!” Krissy whistled. “Wow, you’re gorgeous! I wish I looked as good as you!”

“Oh, but you do, my love,” I replied. Feeling joyous because my daughter and I were close again, I took her hand and dragged her after me. “Come on. I want to show you something.” I guided her upstairs, along the hall, and into the craft room. Searching amongst the shelves, I found the two albums I wanted and brought them to my craft table. Then opening mine to the age my daughter was now, I laid it beside the one I’d recently finished scrapping and began flipping pages over.

As it’s impossible to tell height differences between photos unless the subjects are side by side or stand beside some recognisable object, our pictures were eerily similar and could easily have been of the same person. When I commented that Krissy was a virtual mini-me, I didn’t exaggerate. In these pics, we looked as if someone had cloned us.

Looking at me wonderingly, Krissy said, “That would mean I could wear pretty much the same clothes as you. We have the same hair, eye and skin colouring and are close enough to the same size. But if I’m as pretty as you, Mom, why don’t I have a steady boyfriend?”

Trying to be gentle, I replied, “Because you act cold towards men, honey. The other night, you said you were a virgin, right?” Krissy nodded. “And that you were afraid to go all the way because you feared getting pregnant, yes?” My daughter nodded again. “So, baby girl, that fear makes you standoffish and comes across as you being a cold-hearted bitch too good for any man she sees.”

“Did you have that problem as a teenager, Mom,” Krissy asked.

Giggling, I coquettishly flounced so my bosom jiggled, then widened my eyes as far as possible, turned and looked back over my shoulder as I held my hair over one side of my neck and let a tiny, amused smile play over my lips before hooding my eyes, pursing my lips and staring at her intently.

With her lips suddenly dry and her hands unknowingly on her nipples, Krissy moaned and said, “OMG, Mom! That was, I dunno, WOW!”

I smiled, “Honey, I had no trouble finding a boyfriend. Most of the time, I had to beat them off with a stick!”

Unawarely kneading her breasts, Krissy bit her bottom lip before pleading, “Will you show me, please? Show me how to do what you just did. That was so sexy that I’m sure men crashed their cars or walked into things when you did it.”

“Oh, baby,” I sighed. “You don’t want that type of attention. It’s the type that...” Realising that I was about to say ‘sluts’, I stopped, afraid of what I might do if I heard that word voiced. But before I could replace it with another, my daughter innocently said, “The type sluts get? Is that what you were about to say, Mom?”

Shuddering as an intense climax ripped through my body, I sank onto the loveseat and tried to pretend I was doing anything else but having an orgasm. However, even someone less experienced than my daughter would know I’d just cum, and Krissy certainly did!

Another piece added to the puzzle, Krissy said, “Do you like being called ‘slut’, Mommie?” I moaned, and my knees sprang apart. “Slut,” Krissy repeated. Shuffling down, I let my dress drag above my hips. “Mommie slut.” My daughter tried.

“Please, Krissy,” I begged, as my fingers probed between my salaciously spread thighs. But for what I didn’t articulate.

Looking at me with curiosity, my daughter asked, “My Mommie slut? A slut for me?”

I protested, “No, Krissy, please! I can’t. It’s wrong!”

I pleaded, begged and tried to refuse, but my daughter stood, arms folded and staring imperiously down at me, and I slid off the couch, crawled over, and knelt before her. Sobbing, I looked up at my sweet innocent daughter and knew that if she asked, I’d destroy her innocence by eating her sweet, young, virginal pussy.

Luckily, my tears ashamed my daughter, and she dropped to her knees before me and hugged me. Her tears joined mine, and she repeatedly whispered, “I’m so sorry, Mom. I’m so sorry, Mom. I’m so sorry, Mom. I thought you were aroused, and I wanted to make you feel good, not cry.”

“I am aroused, honey,” I sobbed. “The problem is that when someone calls me ‘slut’” (I had to stop as I shuddered, trying not to climax), “When someone calls me that name, I become aroused and submissive and will do anything they ask.”

“So, if I want a new car,” Krissy joked. “All I have to do is call you sl, umm, that word and ask you for one, and you’d buy it for me?”

Relieved because it seemed we’d gotten past our near error, I giggled and said, “I’m not sure if it works that way.” Then blushing, and knowing I was putting a lot of trust in my daughter’s young hands, I added, “But if you call me ... that ... I’ll probably do anything sexual with you that you ask me to.”

Moving forward until she sat on my thighs, her gorgeously mounded, ripe young breasts pressing against my older but barely less firm ones and her hot, wet pussy pressing against my abdomen, Krissy reached around and cupped my ass as she slowly ground against me. “I might take you up on that offer, Mom,” Krissy softly moaned. “I’ve been so hot since that night when Tommy photographed us. No matter how often I masturbate, I’m wet and wanting.”

I had to. No, I know what you think, but I had to, as much for my daughter as for me. Leaning back, I tugged my daughter’s T-shirt out of her shorts, pulled it over her head and tossed it aside. Then I reached behind her and undid her bra. Tossing that after her T-shirt, I lifted my dress’ halter over my

head and let it drop, exposing my large 16 Double-D breasts. Running my hands through my daughter's gorgeously long black locks, I grasped the back of her head and pulled her down so I could lock my lips with hers.

With my nipples rubbing across the underside of Krissy's globes, I kissed her chastely. Then, feeling no resistance, I pressed a little harder and sucked more firmly. Turning my head to the side, I ran my tongue insistently along my daughter's lips, demanding entry, and with a soft moan, Krissy's lips parted, and my tongue darted inside. Lifting her tongue to meet mine, Krissy's hands convulsively squeezed my shapely ass as our tongues met in the dance of love and desire.

Releasing our kiss, Krissy leant back and moaned, "Oh, Gawd, Mom, I'm so ready to cum! Help me, please."

I'd already taken advantage of our separation to cup my daughter's sexily rounded breasts as I circled her nipples with my thumbs. So when she begged me to help her climax, I tipped my head forward and wetly ran my tongue around and over her nipples. As I felt my daughter nearing her orgasmic culmination, I encouraged her to stand and undid her shorts before pulling them and her panties down and off her legs. Holding her sexy hips, I sat her on my thighs again, then leaning further back, I worked my hand between us and onto her mound before finding her chunky clit with my fingers.

Gently manipulating her virgin clitoris, I suckled each of her luscious breasts alternately as I listened to her arousal, waiting for the short, sharp pants that would indicate she was about to cum. Smiling when I heard them, I surrounded my daughter's nipple with my mouth and sucked hard. When the first spasm of her orgasm hit, I bit down on Krissy's nipple firmly and sucked as hard as possible. Her climax hit, and my daughter exploded. Screaming and shuddering, she bounced up and down on my lap, with her pussy spewing her juices over my thighs.

Overcome by the intensity of her orgasm, Krissy collapsed forward onto me and fell asleep. Fortunately, I was close enough to the loveseat, so holding her tightly with our lush breasts pressed firmly together, I leaned against it and stroked her hair and back until she recovered. A loud snore woke her,

and Krissy sat up dreamily and, with a sweetly innocent smile, said. “Wow, Mom, that was intense, and I’ve never cum so hard before. Man, do you know your way around a woman’s body! Is it always this good?”

Smiling, I cupped her shapely ass and answered, “Honey, before you, I’ve had sex with exactly one person. Your father, of course.” For a moment, my vision clouded, and I heard Edgar Fontaine chuckling as my head lifted and my tongue stretched to lap at his secretary’s entrance. Then I guiltily remembered that I’d let her brother have sex with me, too. But I shook it off and continued, “Sex with your dad is always good, so I’m hoping it’s always this good for you, too.”

My daughter remained kneeling on my upper thighs, smiling happily for quite some time as my need ached in my belly and blazed in my pussy. I needed to cum to release my aching desire, but I couldn’t until I was alone and able to masturbate, so I smiled and kneaded Krissy’s ass as I waited for her to leave. She had other ideas, though, because she kissed me softly and said, “You made me feel good, Mommie. Please show me how to return the favour.”

I didn’t want her to because it was wrong. Deep down inside me, where my conscience seemed to be lying curled up in a ball with its eyes closed and fingers in its ears, screaming, “La, la, la. Nothing to see or hear here.” I knew it was wrong. But my needs didn’t care. The raging inferno others would call my pussy or vagina didn’t care. All I could think of was my need to cum, so I smiled and said, “That won’t be difficult, honey. Here, let me show you.”

Taking her hand in mine, I pushed her back to create a gap for her to access my dripping pussy. Holding my daughter’s right hand, I split her thumb away from her fingers, held it against my clitoris, and pushed her first two fingers inside my vulva. Sliding my finger in with hers, I pressed on the backs of her fingers until I felt them pressing against my G-spot.

“Feel that rough area there?” I gasped, my arousal swiftly peaking. Krissy nodded, so I added, “Move your thumb over and around my button as you tickle that rough spot, and I’ll have an orgasm, okay?”

Krissy did as I asked, and I was close but couldn't seem to pop off the edge. So, moaning, I pleaded, "Say it."

Not understanding, Krissy frowned and asked, "Say what?"

Desperately needing to cum but unable to, I begged, "That thing you were experimenting with earlier."

Comprehension dawned on my daughter's face, and with a naughty, evil grin, she emphatically stated, "Cum for me, my little Mommie slut."

Oh my, did I cum! Screaming so loudly that my throat hurt for days afterwards, I launched off the pad and blasted into space. Eventually, when my senses returned, I found that Krissy had somehow moved me to my room and onto my bed. Looking down to where she lay cuddled against my generous bosom smiling sweetly, I kissed her upturned lips, giggled and said, "One each. But honey, we can't do this lest we're caught, okay? I'll help you explore your sexuality, but we must remain mother and daughter and not lovers, or people will find out and condemn us."

The days passed uneventfully, and Friday arrived. Standing in the airport foyer, I eagerly awaited John's arrival. Although my husband is barely taller than my six-foot frame, his self-confident, almost arrogant walk made him seem inches taller than anyone else in that foyer. Spotting me, John grinned and strode across to where I stood. With my pussy tingling because my handsome, dashing husband was near, I leapt into his arms and lifted my knees and wrapped my legs around his hips. Gently kissing me, John ground his rapidly rising erection against my blazingly hot pussy, then whispered, "I feel that you missed me, Kate. Shall we race home, or would you like me to fuck you here in the foyer?"

"Here in the foyer," I growled, scared I'd left a blatant wet spot on his trousers where his erection throbbed.

John grinned and said, "Slut! Can't you wait until we get home?" Unaware of the effect of that word.

"No!" I gasped as I climaxed, praying nobody had heard or seen.

I'd taken his Audi RS 6 Avant to pick him up. So after greeting him, I submissively handed him the keys. On the way home, I said, "I had an appointment at a hypnotherapy clinic, John. The therapist is helping me to quit smoking."

"About time, Kate," my husband growled. "You've smoked those damned things for too long. Has it helped? Or are you still puffing away?"

"I've had half of one cigarette since the appointment, John," I replied guiltily, knowing I shouldn't have had any. "But Edgar said I'd probably start smoking again before my next session."

With his hand idly running up and down my inner thigh, unaware of how turned on I was, John said, "Edgar's the hypnotist, I assume?"

"Hypnotherapist," I pedantically corrected, wondering why I cared that John got his title right.

Laughing, my husband said, "You haven't had any strange impulses to quack like a duck or moo like a cow when someone says a certain word, have you?"

Unknowingly, John had hit on what my problem was precisely. Relieved, I opened my mouth to tell him about 'that' word, but before I could, a vision of Edgar's devilishly handsome face intruded, and I heard myself swearing to follow his processes. Then, despite my need for rescue, my throat closed, and I couldn't. Instead, I answered, "Not that I'm aware of, honey, but how would I know?"

Chuckling, John promised to tell me if I did something like he'd described and promised to get our kids to watch for it, too. Blushing because I knew they both knew a word that would make me act strangely, and hoping they wouldn't expose my dirty secret, I grabbed my husband's hand where it maddeningly stroked, sending intensely erotic sparks flying to my pussy, separated two fingers, and pressed them into my flooded vagina.

Turning to smile at my obvious need, John said, "Oh, my little Kate slut, are we a little needy tonight?" Twenty years of marriage, and he'd never used

that name for me before tonight. Then, unaware of how that word affected me, he innocently, jokingly said it and an immense climactic event crashed over me. Holding John's thumb pressed hard against my clit, I groaned, barely stifling screams, and pumped my hips against its delicious pressure.

"I guess you missed me, huh?" John chuckled. "Good, because I missed you, too." Taking his fingers out of my pussy, he briefly held them to his nose, sampling their delicious aroma before picking up a cloth and wiping them dry.

I knew my husband's declaration of missing me was probably true, but unlike me, John wouldn't have gone without sex for his entire trip. John needs his secretary Amanda to type notes, make appointments and create the documents required, so she always travels with him.

I knew they slept together on these trips because Amanda had gleefully told me they did during one of the office parties. I guess she expected me to react jealously and angrily confront my husband because she probably hoped to permanently replace me in his bed. When I threw my head back and laughed, she gaped at me with dull surprise. A look I thought fitted her vapid mush appropriately. Then, laughing again, I grabbed her elbow and pointed out the six other women currently there that I knew my husband had been intimate with.

To further rub her nose in it, I whispered, "If you think my husband will leave me for you, you scrawny, titty-less, flat-bottomed bitch, you're seriously delusional. All you are is a convenient receptacle for John to pump his seed into. So get over yourself and realise what you are — something for my man to dump a load in when he's horny."

We arrived home, and I followed my man, a submissive two steps behind, up the stairs to our bedroom. Stopping just before the en suite door, John turned to face me, then stood with his feet together and arms hanging. I knew what he expected, so I undid his shirt buttons and pulled his shirt off.

After tossing it into the wash basket, I knelt and took his shoes and socks off before softly kissing his feet. Next, I looked lovingly up at him as I undid his trousers, pulled them down, and helped him to step out of them.

Then delaying as long as possible to tease him, I submissively knelt, looking down, with my hands palm up on my thighs and knees spread, until he ordered me to do something.

The above is a pose my father drummed into me continuously until I could hold it endlessly. There is a similar one where, instead of on my thighs, my hands are behind my head with my elbows wide, displaying my large, perfect breasts for my husband's inspection.

"You know what I want, Kate," John growled. "Stop delaying and do it for me."

Inwardly smiling, but my face serenely calm, I said, "Yes, Sir," before shuffling closer, grasping John's swollen shaft, and gently sucking on his ball sack. His hands found my head and, moaning appreciatively, held it as I pumped his cock and bathed his balls and taint with my tongue. "Oh, Gawd, Kate, you're so good at that! Suck me, please."

His words were part of the game, so because he hadn't commanded me to suck him, I left my mouth where it was but licked faster.

With his voice deep, resonant and sending thrills through my enflamed pussy, John demanded, "Kate, stop playing and suck my cock!" My hand flew between my thighs as I moved my lips onto my husband's throbbing cock. Forming my lips into a perfect 'O', I sucked and swallowed, swirling my tongue around his glans and then shaft until my lips pressed against his hairy pubic bone.

Shuddering, John groaned, "I'm cumming, Kate. Swallow it all without missing a drop, or I'll take my hand to your slut ass."

I screamed around his cock as my orgasm tore me apart. Then had to desperately swallow and gulp between screams to abide by my husband's edict. However, I knew John wanted to spank me because he pulled out of my mouth before the last of his ejaculation could splatter down my throat and came on my face instead.

With my orgasm temporarily over, I guided my husband's cock back into my mouth and industriously cleaned it. Once I had his cock clean, John sat on my vanity chair and patted his thighs. Submissively draping my gorgeous body over his thighs, I waited to be corrected. It didn't matter that John had pulled out before he'd finished ejaculating and cum on my face. His instruction was explicit —Swallow it all without missing a drop, or I'll take my hand to your slut ass. I'd missed two spurts and therefore needed correcting.

"Ten, I think," my husband mused, tapping one cheek then the other. "Five on each side. And Kate?" I looked back over my shoulder, "Try not to enjoy them so much that you cum before I get to ten. If you do, I'll take my belt to you next."

John hit my cheeks one after the other swiftly as I gritted my teeth and concentrated on resisting my approaching orgasm. I barely reached the end, but after the tenth hit, I'd done as I was ordered and kept an orgasm at bay. Climbing gracefully off my husband's thighs, I knelt and sucked him back into my mouth. John adores spanking me almost as much as I enjoy him doing it, so his thick cock had pulsed against my soft tummy the whole ten strikes. With him so excited, it only took me a few lashes with my tongue and a couple of pumps with my hand before he unloaded down my throat. This time, he graciously allowed me to swallow the entire load.

Finished swallowing and then cleaning his magnificent tool, I released it with a loud slurp. Grinning down at me, John said, "Wow, Kate! You must be really on edge because it's been years since you've orgasmed as you sucked me off. Do you need me to help you?"

With the change from telling to asking, I knew John no longer wished me to be his submissive wife but his life partner, so I stood and pushed on his chest until he fell back onto the bed. Picking his feet up, I swung them onto the bed. Dropping my midi-dress, all that I wore, I crawled along his body. After pausing to press my wet, raging arousal against his limp but swiftly swelling cock, I moved up until my pussy was over his mouth.

John moved his arms from inside my thighs to outside them, then reached over my legs and used his thumbs to pull my clit hood back and expose my

thick clitoris. Playing with my breasts with one hand as I pushed my long, dark locks over my head and shoulder to partially obscure my nipples. Then looking down at him, I smiled and lowered my enflamed pussy onto his mouth.

Now that he had his tongue slashing over my clit, John released my hood and stretched his hands up to cup my breasts. Unfortunately, I was too tall for him to reach. I knew what John wanted, so I moved back, took his rigid cock in my delicate hand, and guided it into me. John and I shared a lustful moan as his cock bottomed out in my slick slit, and he began pumping up into me.

Putting my weight on my hands, I pushed on the bed to lift myself high enough to pull my legs out from under me, then lay flat on John's body. John placed his hand on my tailbone, squeezed me tightly, and rolled us over. Now that he was on top, I spread my legs as wide as possible before lifting my knees and wrapping my calves around his lower back.

Resting on his elbows, my husband squeezed and kneaded my firm breasts. Then listening to me pant and moan as he thrust into me, he rolled my nipples between his thumb and forefinger and waited for me to peak. He knew I was close but not quite over the edge, so he pinched harder and commanded, "Cum for me, Kate!"

Squealing, I ratcheted my hips back and forth and pounded my exploding pussy up at my husband's urgently thrusting cock. "Arrgghhh!" He groaned and filled my insides with his seed, sending me into paroxysms of bliss. As his cock slowly deflated before falling out of me, my hips still bucked up at him as the last post-orgasmic tremors shuddered through my body.

Satiated for the first time since my husband and I last made love, I sighed and wriggled, encouraging him to move off me. But hearing his soft snore, I realised he'd fallen asleep. Smiling affectionately, I slithered out from under him, donned my nightie and slipped off to the main bathroom to relieve my bladder. John's secretions leaked down my inner thighs as I washed my hands. So, wetting a washer, I spread my knees wide and bent over to clean myself.

Of course, Tommy chose then to slip into the room. Catching me bent over with everything salaciously exposed, he locked the door and swiftly crossed to me. Then, pressing his rock-hard erection against my exposed bottom, he peeled my nightie off my shoulders, cupped my big breasts and thumbed my nipples. I opened my mouth to protest, but before I could, he growled, “What a loud little Mommie slut you are when you cum, Mom,” and as my arousal peaked, I moaned instead. “You came twice for Dad, Mom. And although I know I shouldn’t be jealous of him, I want you to cum for me, too.”

Trying half-heartedly to push him away, I muttered, “Stop it, Tommy. You can’t because my pussy’s full of your dad’s stuff.”

Squeezing my nipples, Tommy replied, “Your slut pussy is full of his cum, is that what you mean, Mom?”

My resistance faltered when I heard ‘slut’, and no longer caring that I was full of John’s cum, I pulled Tommy’s sweatpants down, grabbed his thick shaft, and guided it inside me. Holding my hips, my son eagerly sawed his cock in and out of me. As he thrust into me, I felt his meaty balls banging against my clit and had to bite my wrist lest my orgasmic screams wake my husband and daughter.

Pumping hard, his abdomen slapping loudly against my rounded ass, my son crooned, “Good Mommie slut. Now cum for me again.” Forcing my diaghram closed, I managed to grunt and groan quietly as my body shook on my son’s cock. Then, as I shuddered, coming down from my second orgasm, I felt Tommy’s cock expand in my tight pussy before shooting its wetness into me. I orgasmed again as Tommy’s semen sprayed my already sodden insides, then slumped onto my knees.

Mistaking the reason for my collapse, Tommy crooned, “Good Mommie slut” again and pressed his cum messy cock against my lips. Hearing ‘slut’, my mind spun away and... *flicker: image: Now that I’m cumming, Liz begins working fluids onto and into my tiny rosebud, preparing it for penetration ... flicker: image: Liz’s soft tongue devours my pussy juices as I groan, tilt my head and lick her clit...* My quick hands delving into my pussy, I open my mouth and... *flicker: image: Liz presses harder against my*

little pucker hole, and fluttering, it opens, allowing a finger inside... my son's swelling cock slips into my mouth. Sucking and lashing with my tongue, I... *flicker: image: Liz works a second finger into my ass, and squealing into her pussy, I cum on her fingers...* quickly bring Tommy to another peak. Grunting loudly, he spurts his orgasm into my greedily sucking mouth.

Patting my head like I was his favourite pet, Tommy smiled and said, "You're the best, Mom. Your pussy is so tight, and your mouth works my cock so well that I love being in either." He patted my bottom proprietarily, helped me to my feet and added, "We'd better sneak back to our beds before Dad comes looking, or Krissy needs the bathroom."

I knew he was right, but the flickering images playing in my mind had my arousal pumped to explode again, and I needed relief. Unfortunately, Tommy didn't notice, so he turned to open the door. "Hmm," He muttered, perplexed. "I thought I'd locked this when I came in." Then, shrugging, he opened the door and slipped out.

I couldn't go back to bed with my husband and son's semen flooding from my well-used vagina, so sighing, I turned on the shower, found my douche bottle, and ensured there was no trace of my misdeed with my son when John played with me next.

After washing the signs of sex from my lush body, I preened in front of the mirror. Turning back and forth, I admired my long, shapely legs and high, curvy but firm butt. Smiling, I appreciated that, unlike many of my friends, it hadn't sagged lower after childbirth. Turning, I cupped my luscious breasts, lifted them and let them drop. *'Only one bounce before they settle back into place,' I think at my mirror, 'So still good.'* Turning, I check for stretch marks. Finding none, I admonished myself, '*Ease back on the wine, Kate. Patrick's got a point because so far, you've been fortunate to have only put on 3 kg (7 lbs) since your teenage years.'*

Still horny, I turned to go back to bed and thought I saw the bathroom door closing. Opening the door, I looked down the hall toward the kid's bedroom and saw Krissy peeking through her cracked open door at me. When she saw that I saw her, she squeaked and quickly shut the door. Thinking, I

remembered Tommy's comment that he'd locked the bathroom door and realised I'd seen him do it, yet the door was unlocked when he left.

'Had Krissy, needing to pee, come to the door and found it locked?' I wondered as I gazed thoughtfully at her door. 'Was she only waiting for it to be clear before she came to use it? Why wasn't the door locked then?' I mused. "Maybe she thought someone had accidentally locked it, so she got a butter knife to open it.

Then it hit me, *'OMG! What if she opened the door and saw Tommy and me screwing?' I contemplated knocking on her door and asking, then thought, 'And if she hadn't opened the door and seen you and Tommy, then you've admitted to letting your son bang you like slutty drum —'OMG!' I shuddered as I fought down another orgasm from hearing the word, 'slut'.*

I decided I had to say nothing unless Krissy mentioned it first. So, trying to ignore the blazing fire in my soaking wet pussy, I returned to my room. I knew that sleep would be impossible, but my husband expected me to be naked and lying with him when he woke up, so beside him I'd be.

Walking in, I saw that John's phone had lit the room up. Being an international stock broker meant that he received messages and calls night and day. Typically, he turns the phone to 'do not disturb' when he sleeps but must have forgotten to before we made love. In the vague light, I noticed that John lay on his back in the middle of our bed, his arms and legs spread and pointing to the four corners, and his cock standing proudly erect against his abdomen.

Biting my lip as I stared at my husband's slowly bouncing cock, and feeling the sting in my ass cheeks, I had a naughty idea. Pulling several pairs of nylons out of my drawer (An item I only ever wear in the middle of winter when the westerlies blew and it was freezing.), I loosely tied my husband's wrists and ankles to the bed's four corners, hoping the loose ties wouldn't wake him. Then, after I'd wrapped a scarf around his eyes for a blindfold, and with my heart beating a frenzy in my chest because I worried he'd wake up before I had him secured, I tightened his wrist ties before tightening the ones on his ankles.

“Kate?” John queried as he felt me securely fasten his wrists. “What are you doing?”

With my pussy flaming but my typically submissive nature telling me to immediately untie my husband, then kneel and beg for forgiveness, I remained silent. After checking that I’d tied him as tight as possible, I crawled onto the bed between his legs, cupped his big balls, wrapped my hand around his shaft’s base, then softly blew over his cock’s eye.

“Gawd, Kate!” John moaned. “What are you doing?” I blew again. “Gaaawwwddd!” He groaned. I touched my tongue to his glans underneath his cock’s eye and then stabbed that spot repeatedly. “Oh, fuck! Oh, fuck! Oh, fuck!” John stuttered as I stabbed. Moving lower, I carefully sucked one of his balls into my mouth, then gently bit as I pumped his cock. John couldn’t take anymore and growled, “Gaaaaawwwwwwwddddddd, Kate!” before spitting huge globules of cum out of his cock as he orgasmed.

Swiftly shifting to cover his cock’s ejaculating head, I gleefully swallowed the last three or four eruptions. Then, sliding around my husband’s body, I traced my lips across his muscly torso, gathering up every drop of his delicious gift with my tongue. Satisfied he was clean, I silently worked on making him stiff again. Being forced into the submissive role had John excited beyond belief because only seconds later, his thick cock throbbed in my hands again.

Holding his hard penis, I swung my knee over his hip and lowered myself onto it. “Oh, Gawd, Kate,” John moaned as my hot and wet pussy glided down his rigid pole.

Then, as my clitoris hit my husband’s pelvis, the tip of his cock touched my cervix, and I had to suppress a groan and concentrate on avoiding cumming. With my hands in the middle of his chest for balance and leverage, I bounced on John’s cock until his eyes rolled back and, with a loud, guttural groan, blasted his spunk into my tightly gripping vagina.

Clenching my teeth together, I somehow remained silent as a breathtaking orgasm ripped through my luscious body. When I came down, I slid off John’s wilting cock and took him in my mouth, then sucked and licked him

clean. After lightly kissing the tip, I got off the bed and opened the door before racing to the bathroom to douche and clean my sloppy pussy.

Returning to my room, I hesitated outside and considered what to do next. Then, smiling because I thought my role-play would blow John's mind, I opened the door and stepped through. My husband lay, shaking his head back and forth, trying to dislodge his blindfold and repeatedly said, "Kate? Kate? Kate?" as he struggled to free himself.

Firmly shutting the door so John could hear, I pretended to stand stunned before I gasped, "John? What the? Who tied you like this? What are you doing? Why does your cock look like someone has sucked on it?"

My husband froze as his mind struggled with what I said. Then he enquiringly asked, "Kate? What are you doing? That was you, wasn't it? You tied me up and had sex with me."

Trying hard not to giggle, I forced myself to say, "John, what are you talking about? Remember, after screwing me missionary style, you came in me then fell asleep. Afterwards, I slid from under you, showered, and have just returned."

"Kate, what are you on about?" John growled although I could hear he doubted himself. "I was on my back sleeping, and you tied me as I am and had your way with me. Now, before I get angry and paddle your sexy ass, let me up!"

"John," I insisted, grinning at my deception. "I was in the shower. How could I have tied you up?"

John was unsure because I insisted that it wasn't me that tied him up. However, he also knew my submissive nature meant I wouldn't do that unless told to.

"Release me, Kate, please."

Taking his blindfold off first, I undid his ties, then climbed on the bed and snuggled into his broad, muscular chest. Kissing his jaw, I sweetly asked,

“John? Why did it look like someone had blown you when I returned from showering? How did you get tied to the bed, and why did you let someone do it?”

“Kate,” my husband unconvincingly growled. “I know it was you, so why are you pretending?”

Ignoring his question, I wriggled closer and fell asleep.

Although I have to sleep alone too often, I sleep much better cuddled into my husband’s side. Therefore, I slept deeply and refreshingly until John’s alarm sounded. Stretching and yawning, I watched wantingly as John dressed in his running gear and headed out for his run.

I stretched again and considered rolling over and trying to sleep. Unfortunately, I knew that Saturday meant John would blast through five kilometres (3 Miles) as fast as possible, then return and expect breakfast. Dragging my sexy ass out of bed, I tossed a house coat over my shoulders, tied its sash, wandered to the kitchen and began making omelettes. Feta cheese, spinach and salmon for Krissy and me. Ham, cheese and tomato for Tommy and John.

As I watched my children, I realised Krissy had dressed provocatively in her skimpy, V-necked teddy. The laces holding the teddy’s cups together were designed to tie under and emphasise the wearer’s breasts. However, my daughter had tightened the laces to the point of breaking, and her luscious breasts threatened to burst from her bodice at any second.

Tommy was due at training this morning, so he had his training gear on. As he moved around to sit next to his sister, I admired his long, toned legs, tight muscular bottom, and leanly muscled frame. Tommy is taller but leaner than his father. John had trained to play Rugby League, which requires a much more robust physique than AFL. My men are taller than me (always appreciated by tall women like me because we can wear our highest heels and not tower over them), in peak physical form, and handsome—a winning combination in any woman’s fantasies.

“Hey, sis,” Tommy said, kissing his sister’s surprised cheek. “Hot outfit!”

‘Oh, lawd!’ I thought. ‘No, Tommy! You must not become enamoured with your sister. Being incestuous with me is bad enough. Doing the same with her would be disastrous!’ I immediately began planning how to ensure they were never together alone.

Touching her cheek where Tommy had kissed, Krissy blushed and mumbled, “Thanks. You don’t look so bad yourself.”

“Compliments, not cutting insults, sis?” Tommy teased, “Are you feeling unwell?”

My kids got on well together, but Krissy thought that Tommy got up himself when he appeared in the papers or on the newsfeeds. Therefore, she’d taken it as her task to cut him down and remind him that he put his shoes on one at a time as everyone did. Most of their interactions were pretty amusing, but Krissy has a faster wit than Tommy, so she occasionally went too far, and they’d bicker.

Since we were all at the breakfast bar together for a change, I delayed putting the omelettes on so we could eat together. Looking at the clock, I decided it was time and began mixing what I’d assembled.

Krissy had sat fairly demurely on the stool as we chatted and teased, but when she heard her father coming through the door, she lifted her left leg, tucked her heel under her lush bottom, and then dropped her knee as far as possible. Of course, as I’ve described several times, this meant the outline of her slit and clit were prominently displayed to anyone before her.

To add to her display, Krissy turned to face the door, flicked her hair over one shoulder, dipped slightly forward, turned her head and peered fetchingly up through her eyelashes at her dad as he entered the room. Being bent over meant her big bosoms strained against their restraints and were about to bounce out into view.

Watching her overtly sensual display, I thought, ‘You little vixen! You’re trying to seduce your father!’ Instead of disgusting me and making me ensure it never happened, as it should have, I felt the vague tingle between my legs intensify and shift to a squishy heat in my vagina.

John walked in, but as he saw his daughter move to face him, he froze. Blushing, his eyes dropped to Krissy's generous bosom, then lower onto her lewdly outlined pussy. Gulping, he snapped a guilty look at me, then forced himself to look only at his daughter's pretty brown eyes.

Knowing she'd affected her father, Krissy smiled and began to shift, trying to make her breasts sway and bounce, but she caught my glare and sat up guiltily.

"Go and put a robe on," I quietly hissed as I passed her, carrying John's omelette. Then standing close with my back to the kids, I handed John his breakfast, pretended to wipe some sweat off his forehead, and, talking low enough the kids wouldn't hear, sweetly said, "You and I will talk about this later." Then, as he gulped, knowing he was in trouble, I lightly ran my fingers over his swelling erection and added, "A long talk, I think!"

Looking up at him, I widened my eyes as much as possible, blinked, smiled, and bounced so my breasts jiggled, turned, and then strutted back to the stove, exaggerating my hip sway as I walked.

Passing Krissy, I pointed behind me and muttered, "Amateur. That is how you turn a man on!"

I picked up my plate and turned back. Krissy stood biting her bottom lip, staring at her father's straining shorts front, then, as she turned, noticed her brother's shorts were equally as strained. However, it was my sexy ass they watched. Hers went unnoticed.

"Shall we eat?" I grinned. "Or are you boys going to ogle your wife, mother, daughter, or sister endlessly?"

With guilty starts, John and Tommy took their seats and began eating. A few seconds later, we were laughing and chatting about our plans for the day. I didn't have any because I wanted to be available for whatever my husband wanted. Tommy had a morning weights session but would be free for the afternoon. He and his photography buddies were planning a shoot in an abandoned timber yard with one of the guy's girlfriend. Krissy was meeting with her study group to work on their project, so she'd be out.

“Sorry, babe,” John said. “But I’ll have to go into the office for the afternoon and start working on our next proposal. We only got this one over by the skin of its teeth, and the next is an even bigger bear.”

After breakfast, I followed my husband to our bedroom. Then, thinking about how he’d been aroused by being tied up and dominated, I conjured an image of how my father was when he played with Mom, my sisters and me and pointed at him before imperiously demanding, “Mister John Albert Muggleton, strip, sit at my vanity and explain why looking at your daughter gave you an erection.”

I expected his face to darken with anger and, in a low growl, demand to know what the heck I thought I was doing before putting me over his knee and spanking me. Instead, his face whitened guiltily, and he took off his clothes and sat. Stuttering, he tried to apologise and explain himself away. Unfortunately for him, as he explained his body’s natural reaction to a scantily clad female, his thick cock stretched, hardened and throbbed as he remembered how our daughter looked.

Despite the fire of desire flaming in my pussy, and ignoring my need to kneel and take his cock in my mouth, I maintained my severe visage. Then, standing with my arms crossed under my bulging breasts, I said, “So, Mister Muggleton, you’re admitting that your daughter sexually excites you?”

“What, Kate? No, of course not! It’s just...”

Pointing at his stiff cock sternly, I said, “Your erection calls you a liar, John. You’re remembering her firm breasts straining against her top, almost begging you to touch them. Your eyes close, and you see your daughter’s vulva delectably outlined in her clinging thong, and it’s all you can do not to kneel and smell it.”

“No, Kate, please,” John moaned.

“Did you see our daughter’s sweet boobies and her clit bulging sexily in her underwear and want to taste them, John? Is that what has you hard and throbbing?”

“Oh, Lawd!” He groaned as his cock spurted its creamy essence onto his belly and thighs.

Smiling, I knelt and began licking his cum up. Once I’d cleaned every drop I could find, I stood and said, “You’ve been a very bad daddy, John. I’ll have to think of an appropriate punishment for you later. For now, I believe you said you needed to go into work?”

Grateful for his reprieve, John swiftly stood, showered, changed and left. I waited until he’d opened our door before saying, “I believe part of your punishment will involve putting you over my knee and spanking you, John.”

I knew I’d hit the target because John moaned and unwittingly touched his suddenly lengthening cock before he turned and shut the door. I waited until I heard the familiar growl of his Audi backing out of our drive, then unable to last another second, I ripped my housecoat off and dived onto the bed. Lifting and spreading my knees, I closed my eyes, ready to masturbate and relieve some of my desire.

I’d only begun before someone knocked on my door, and I barely had time to fling the covers over my body before Tommy came barging in. Looking me over in what I could only describe as a predatory manner, my handsome, sexy son smiled, melting my heart. “Hey, Mom,” he said. “I thought you’d like to accompany me and the guys to the photo shoot. Maybe get out of the house for a while?” Then, teasing, he added, “Unless you’re otherwise occupied, of course.”

Spending the afternoon with my son seemed a pleasant way to spend some time, so I agreed and said I’d see him downstairs shortly. Tommy didn’t leave. Instead, he walked around and sat at the vanity. He wanted another peep show, but I wasn’t in the mood to give him one. “Tommy Peter Muggleton, I am not a stripper in one of those disgusting clubs you and your footy mates attend! So get the hell out of my room, and let me change in peace.”

Chuckling, Tommy stood. Then he stared at me intently and said, “Of course, Mom, I could use that ‘s’ word you seem to love so much and get a

little nookie before we go."

My face flaming, I beseeched, "No, Tommy, please, you mustn't! We can't keep doing that because someone will catch us. I'm already worried your sister may have discovered some of what we've done."

Chuckling again, Tommy left the room. Getting up, I opened my closet to choose a dress to wear. Flicking through them as I thought about where we were going, I chose my Emerita twist front, tie-up back maxi dress. Yellow with white markings, it clung to my full breasts and sexily curved tummy before flaring at the hips and falling to the ground. The dress had a sexy off-centre split that exposed my outer thigh to barely before my panty line when I walked.

Laying it on the bed, I had a quick shower, did my makeup and fixed my hair then put it on. It was another dress it was pointless wearing a bra with, so I didn't even consider putting one on. I pulled out my beige with yellow straps wedge heels, slipped them on my dainty feet, and shivered excitedly at the thought of having only this dress between me and naked as I met Tommy's friends. Ignoring my dripping pussy, I glided down the stairs to where my son waited.

"Very sexy, Mom!" Tommy exclaimed as he took my hand and turned me slowly around. Then inappropriately touching my inner thigh through the slit, Tommy brought his fingers to his mouth and sucked them. "Hmm, Mom," he chuckled. "Your pussy is dripping with desire. Are you sure you don't want me to bend you over the bench now and take care of that for you?"

I was sure of two things. First, I wanted my son to do that intensely, and the second was that it was wrong, and I was a terrible mother for allowing the earlier episodes. So ignoring my sexual needs, after all, I had my husband home until Tuesday next week to take care of those. I mildly said, "If you don't behave, Tommy, I'll phone some friends and go into town instead."

He opened his mouth, and I knew he was about to call me 'slut', so before he could, I snarled, "Tommy Peter Muggleton, I swear if you use that word on me again, I will tell your father!"

“And admit we’ve screwed, Mom? Come on! You wouldn’t.”

“Oh, but I would,” I forcefully replied. I would have, too. Now that John had orgasmed to visions of our daughter, he couldn’t blame me for my interludes with Tommy (I hoped).

Clearly, Tommy didn’t believe me, but he promised to behave and encouraged me to accompany him to the shoot. My problem was that, as we drove, I fantasised about kneeling on the seat, taking his blatantly obvious erection out of his pants and blowing him. By the time we got to the lumber yard, I was scared that I’d leaked so much that my dress showed a wet spot. For the first time in years, I wished I’d worn panties.

Knowing how wet I was, I had unobtrusively lifted the back of my dress and sat with my bare pussy against the seat. Getting out of the car, I felt the back of my skirt. Luckily, it seemed dry, but then I saw the car seat. Blushing, I quickly shut the door, hoping the window tint would obscure the spreading stain.

Seeing two young men I assumed were Tommy’s photography pals, I stood tall with my shoulders back, tossed my hair, fixed them with hooded eyes and a smoky stare, smiled sexily, and strutted across to where they stood. As I strutted, I added a slight lift to my gait, which bounced my large, firm breasts. By the time I reached them, the boys’ eyes were glued to my chest.

Stifling laughter, Tommy said, “Freddy and Frank, you remember my mom, Kate? Mom, if you recall, you met these two at the academy a couple of years ago.”

I did remember them, I realised. Only they were callow, skinny youths then. Now they’d filled out gorgeously, which caused that tingle to make itself known again.

Blushing, Freddy and Frank lifted their eyes off my breasts long enough to say ‘hi’, then went back to ogling them. I didn’t mind them looking. After all, I’d bounced across to them as I did to ensure they stared.

Looking around, Tommy asked, “Where’s Phil and Gemma? They should be here by now.”

Freddy looked up and replied, “Phil phoned this morning and said he was going over to get her, so I’m sure they won’t be long.”

Frank said nothing, just continued staring at my breasts, a supercilious smile on his lips. His smile made me uncomfortable, and I vaguely wished for a cardigan or coat to cover myself. Frank must have noticed my discomfit because he finally lifted his eyes off my chest and looked at me. “You look beautiful, Mrs Muggleton,” he oily said. “That’s such a pretty dress and looks fantastic on you.” I could almost hear what he thought next: “But it would look better off you!”

“Thanks, Frank,” I replied as he gazed at me lustfully. The intensity of his gaze had me off balance. Part of me felt my skin crawling as he looked, but underneath that feeling, the submissive slut I was at my core, preened and wanted to please him by revealing more of my luscious body. So, shrugging, I let the strap on my left shoulder fall partway down my arm, exposing the top of my breast mound.

With his eyes glued to what I’d revealed, Frank didn’t even notice the fourth member of his group arriving. Turning to see who it was, I saw Phil Loughlin getting out of the car. Phil’s mom, Kathy, and I were best friends, but I hadn’t seen Phil in possibly five years as he’d gone to Melbourne to attend the same private high school his father had.

Phil only had eyes for me as he walked over, and ignoring the rest, he hugged me and kissed my cheek. “Hi, Mrs Muggleton,” he said. “It’s been years! And, wow! You look great!”

Blushing, I tittered behind my hand, tossed my hair, opened my eyes wide and pouted. “Thanks, Phil,” I huskily breathed. “Compliments will get you everywhere, of course.” Then I blushed deeper, realising I was shamelessly flirting with the young man.

“Where’s Gemma? Frank accusingly asked.

Dragging his eyes off me, Phil blushed and replied, “She wouldn’t come until I told her what type of pictures we wanted to take. Then when I told her, she wouldn’t come anyway.”

Which, of course, made me wonder exactly what type of pictures these boys planned to take.

“You told her?” Frank sneered. “I told you not to tell her until she got here and we could work her up to it.

Looking at his friend levelly, Phil answered, “She’s my girlfriend, Frank. Not my slave.” *More fool you, Frank interrupted.* “She wanted to know, deserved to know, and wouldn’t come if she didn’t. What did you want me to do? Drag her here against her will?”

“No,” Frank snarled. “You’re the man. You tell her what you want, and she obeys.”

“Enough, guys,” my son mildly said. “Frank, ease up, buddy. Not everyone has a submissive for a girlfriend as you have. If Gemma didn’t want to come, we must accept it and move on.”

Frank was clearly agitated by not getting his way, so he rounded on Tommy and said, “So what do we do now? Take pictures of weeds, rubbish and rotting lumber?”

“We have a beautiful woman standing right here with us, Frank. You think maybe we should ask if she’d pose for us?”

Freddie and Phil immediately turned to me, their eyes shining, and said, “Oh, would you, Mrs Muggleton, please?”

Phil followed that with, “You’re even prettier than Gemma, Mrs Muggleton. Would you pose for us, please?”

I wanted to demure and refuse, but the boy’s enthusiasm and eagerness convinced me to at least give it a go. However, I didn’t want to seem too easily overcome, so I shook my head and said, “Oh, you don’t want this old

broad posing for you, guys. Why don't you call it quits for today and give Phil time to talk to Gemma? I'm sure she'd agree once Phil's explained what you all wanted." Of course, then I wanted to know what type of pics they wanted, so I added, "These are model-type pictures, right? Not nudes or sex stuff?"

Smiling guiltily, Tommy confessed, "We were hoping for a little bit risqué, Mom. Maybe a bit of partially exposed nipple, a panty shot where the covered area has outlines." *Camel toe, you mean? I interrupted.* Tommy grinned and admitted yes.

I thought about it and knew I'd do it because my pussy was aflame with want and desire. The thought of posing for these four handsome young men had me on fire.

"I'll do it," I pretended to agree reluctantly. "But no nipples and no camel toes!" They didn't know I was pantyless, and I intended to keep it that way.

"Oh, great, Mrs Muggleton. Thanks, Mrs Muggleton," Came my way from Phil and Freddie. However, Frank stood with his arms folded and a slight sneer on his lips.

'Kate, oh Kate,' I thought. 'Why does your pussy throb at the thought of pleasing that asshole?" The answer was simple, however. Frank was a Dominant male, not a generously dominant man like my husband, but a nastily dominant one like my father. The ache of remembered pleasure from discipline still infused my body and made me wet whenever I encountered it.

Shuddering with denied arousal, I turned to my son and asked, "Where do you want me, Tommy?"

"What do you think, guys?" Tommy deferred to his friends. Then he pointed to the sun and added, "The 2 O'clock sun is there. That gives a little more than an hour before it'll be too low and casts too great a shadow to take good pictures without lighting. So, why don't we start with Mom leaning against the stacked logs facing the sun, letting things flow and see what happens? If anyone sees or thinks of something they'd like to try, we'll ask Mom if she's prepared to do it."

Everyone agreed that what he suggested sounded good, so I found myself standing against a log pile, feeling insecure and uncomfortable.

Even though I was stiff and probably looked staged and awkward, the boys spread out and began clicking away. “Mom?” Tommy called. *Yes, baby?* “Strut like you did for Dad this morning.”

Straightening, I pulled my shoulders back and then arched my back, pushing my luscious mounds up and out. Then, placing the heel of my right foot directly in front of the toe of my left, I lifted slightly onto my toes before dropping onto my heels, which caused my breasts to bounce delectably.

“Oh, wow, Mrs Muggleton!” Phil, fast becoming my favourite, said, “That is so sexy! Do it again, please? Give us a chance to prepare so we catch it perfectly.”

With my voice sultry and my eyes smoky, I huskily purred, “Ready, boys?” Then lifted and dropped again.

I was getting into it now, so I preened and strutted, doing all the things I’d do if some fat prick came onto me, and I wanted to tease before pointing him out to my husband. I walked as I exaggeratedly swung my hips. I strutted back and forth with a lift and bounce on every step. I stared smokily back over my shoulder as I pursed my lips as if I was about to receive a kiss. I held my dress so it clung to my firm, curvy ass, then bent at the hips and showed it to the boys rapidly snapping cameras.

Next, I gathered the folds of my skirt, squatted with my knees wide, leaned back against the pile, and pulled the material to the side so the entire lengths of my left calf and outer thigh showed in the slit. I only wished that I had a cigarette to priss and preen with because I knew that look would drive these boys nuts.

“Lift your dress a little higher, Mom,” Tommy instructed.

Lost in the moment, I scrunched the dress up, exposing more and more of my legs.

“Wow, that’s sexy, Mrs Muggleton,” the previously silent Freddy exclaimed.

Now totally into my role as a sexy model for my son’s camera, I crooned, “Boys, it’s past time you called me Kate. If I’m going to prance around looking sexy for you, it’s ridiculous for you to call me Mrs.”

“Do that thing with your hair, Mom,” Tommy requested.

Turning to the side, I gathered my gorgeous, jet-black hair and held it over my right ear as I turned my head and looked at the cameras. Holding my dress rucked up exposed my left leg to where my panties would have shown if I had worn any.

Phil suggested, “Stand on your knees, Kate. Push your hips as far forward as you can, then hold your hair as you are, and lean back as far as possible.” I did as he asked, and he gasped, “Yeah, wow! That looks great. So sexy, Kate, you’re a natural at this.” Of course, I preened at his praise and arched back further, and Phil added, “Let your hair go and toss your head. Yeah, perfect. Now place your hands on your thigh and gather your skirt up.” I did as asked and heard. “That’s good, Kate. Keep scrunching it up. Keep going. Yeah, a little higher.”

Intensely aware that my dress’ hem slid up my thighs, I looked down to ensure I hadn’t dragged it so high that I’d exposed my pussy only to find Tommy lying on the ground with his camera’s lens pointed up my dress at my slit.

With my eyes bugging, I wanted to scream and ask what he thought he was doing, but suddenly it excited me that my son wanted to see my pussy. Wanted to take pictures of my wet, exposed slit and clitoris, and that doing so had him sexually excited. An obvious state indicated by his thick cock straining against his trousers and its spreading wet spot. Therefore, I ignored what he did and continued posing for the others.

“A little higher, Kate, please,” Phil pleaded, wanting a look at my pussy, too, I’m sure.

Deciding that was enough, I stood and said, “Guys, my back’s hurting, and I need to go to the loo. So let’s take a break, okay?”

The boys regretfully agreed and moved away. “I’m getting my laptop out of my car and uploading these pics onto it so I can see how they look,” Tommy announced.

“Shit!” Freddie exclaimed, “I didn’t think to grab mine. May I check yours with you?”

“I didn’t bring mine either,” Phil chimed in. “So I’ll come with you.”

Looking around, I realised no public facilities were close, so I’d have to find somewhere private amongst the log piles to do my business. I didn’t think any of the guys would follow me because I’d announced what I needed to do, so I walked toward a distant pile, figuring I could duck behind it and squat, hidden from their eyes. I’d chosen one of the taller stacks to ensure I couldn’t be seen after lifting my dress and squatting.

Rounding my chosen pile, I saw I’d chosen an almost cul-de-sac: three piles, one in front of me and one on either side. *’Perfect,’ I thought as I walked in, lifted my skirt, carefully held my dress up and away to ensure I didn’t wet it, squatted and peed.*

Looking down in case my water ran towards my feet, I didn’t hear Frank until it was too late. Hearing the tell-tale sound of a camera clicking, I looked up and, to my horror, saw Frank snapping away.

Shocked at his audacity and perversity, I gasped, “Frank! What the heck do you think you’re doing?” *Taking pictures of a slut, he nonchalantly answered.* Of course, using that word meant I instantly became a submissive one of what he called me. Struggling against my conditioning, I growled, “Delete those pictures immediately and rack off before I tell Tommy what you did.” *I can take your son, Frank sneered. Him and the two dickheads he brought with him. So before I decide to fuck you in your ass, slut, suck on this.*

Moving closer, Frank unzipped and shoved his tiny less than four-inch cock into my face. Moaning my protest as the last of my water spilled onto the ground, I unwillingly opened my mouth and sucked his stiff, little tool into it.

“Good girl,” Frank crooned as he stroked into my mouth, snapping away with his camera.

‘I am in so much trouble now,’ I thought. ‘First Edgar and Liz forcing me to do unspeakable things I can’t tell anyone about, and now this asshole taking pictures of me sucking his cock.’ Unfortunately, my submissive nature took over, and I slid a hand between my thighs and fingered my clit as I sucked his petite cock.

“Fuck, what a slut,” Frank sneered. “Stand and bend over. I’m going to fuck you.”

Even though my conscience howled in protest, Frank’s aggressive dominance that mirrored my father’s made me turn, bend and ruck my dress over my ass so I was ready for penetration. Unfortunately for Frank, in this position, he was too short for his puny cock to reach my pussy. Unfortunately for me, he slapped my firm ass and demanded I knelt.

Poised behind my ass, Frank demanded, “Guide me in.” Obeying, I spread my knees, reached between my thighs, grabbed his small dick, and placed its head against my entrance. Pushing back, I felt the first man other than my husband shove his cock into my vagina. Of course, I’d conveniently forgotten about letting my son have it, too.

Frank came inside me less than thirty seconds later. Deeply ashamed, I collapsed onto my tummy and wept. Of course, Frank, the asshole he is, couldn’t resist picking his camera up and taking numerous shots of my cum leaking pussy.

“Slut!” Frank barked. “Finger yourself to orgasm as I watch and take pictures.”

I knew I shouldn't, but I couldn't resist and slid my middle finger into my aching pussy as I swirled my first and third fingers over my clit. Slapping my ass, Frank commanded, "Cum, slut!" and barely stifling a scream, I climaxed as his camera zoomed in on my squelching pussy and thrusting fingers.

Frank stood looking down at me indifferently before he decided he was done degrading me. I was unsure if he'd finished tormenting me, so I slowly rolled onto my back and looked up at him. Taking more pictures as my salaciously exposed pussy leaked his fluids, he said, "You're a good root, Kate, so if you remain a good girl, I won't post these on the net, nor will I anonymously send them to your husband. But if you even think of telling your son, husband or the cops, I'll upload them as revenge porn onto PornHub, then tag you to everyone I know."

Despondent, I waited until I couldn't hear Frank's footsteps before standing up and making myself decent.

There was no way I could tell the others what had happened, so circling in the opposite direction to Frank, I forced a happy smile and walked back to the cars. Frank had left already, so only Tommy, Freddy and Phil remained gathered around my son's laptop, inspecting his photos.

Seeing me approach, Phil excitedly exclaimed, "These photos are gorgeous, Kate! Come and see how sexy you look!"

Reluctantly, I walked to Tommy's car's bonnet, where he'd placed his laptop, and watched as he scrolled through his photos. Most of them, I thought, were pretty much so, so. But around a quarter of them showed a sexy, vivacious, curvy and well-formed mid-thirties woman in the full bloom of her beauty. They were so good that I could hardly believe it was me.

"What will you do with these now?" I nervously asked. Scared these would join Frank's on the web.

"Same as the ones we took in the garage, Mom," Tommy stated. "I'll select the ones I like most and then run them through the filters until I'm happy

with the result. By the time I'm done, when I post them, everyone will think you're the best looking woman on the planet."

Pleased with his compliment but feeling used and dirty, I pleaded, "Can that be enough for today? I'm tired and need a shower, so can we go home?"

Concerned, the boys all insisted that Tommy take me home immediately.

Holding the door, Tommy watched me carefully tuck as much of my dress under my ass as possible before I put my seatbelt on. Knowing I'd leak Frank's fluid all the way home, I was unwilling to deepen the stain from our trip here, so I put as much material between my pussy and the seat as possible.

"You okay, Mom?" He concernedly asked. "You look a little blue."

In my mind, I screamed, 'No, Tommy, I'm not okay. Edgar Fontaine has planted a post-hypnotic suggestion in my mind that causes me to react with arousal to being called a s ... sigh, I don't dare even it say myself lest I orgasm ... Because of that suggestion, I'm sitting here with a pussy full of your friend's spend feeling used, dirty and alone.

And what's worse is that your father will be home when we get there and will probably want me to make love to him. He's going to notice when he pushes his gorgeous cock into me, Tommy. He will feel that someone other than he has spent themselves inside me. How do I explain that, Tommy?

How do I tell him that his son knows if he calls me a certain word, I will willingly bend over and offer my pussy? How do I tell him that I've loved you pushing inside me and adored it as I felt your big cock swell and spurt its gooey essence into me? How do I explain that our daughter needed me to show her how to give and receive sexual love, so I fingered her button and licked and sucked her breasts until she orgasmed on my fingers.

And if all of that wasn't bad enough, I showed her how to stimulate my erogenous zones and make me cum. And, oh, Tommy, did I cum! I begged her to call me that name, and when she did, I tipped my head back and screamed my orgasm to the skies. And if she asks, I'll do it again. More,

probably. I want to taste her, Tommy. Your evil, predatory mother wants to taste where my mother tasted me. And I will, Tommy. I don't think your sister will object when I try to, but even if she does, I know how to make her so turned on that she lets me anyway.

So, No, Tommy. I am not okay, and I'm far worse than 'a little blue'.'

But, of course, I couldn't say any of that, so I smiled wanly and lied, "It's close to that time, Tommy. You know I get a little down around then."

Thankfully, because most men are uncomfortable discussing 'women's issues', Tommy closed the door, got in his side, and drove us home. Luckily, we'd beaten John home, so I had time to shower and douche away the evidence of my sin before he could discover it.

Later, after we'd eaten (Chicken Piccata: a delicious lemony, buttery treat), John and I sat in the lounge drinking wine when our daughter walked in. Dressed in a satin cami top and shorts and with her luscious breasts jiggling delectably, Krissy strutted across to where we sat. Then, shooting me a teasing grin that her father didn't see, she asked, "What do you think, Daddy? I bought this today, thinking you might like it. Do you?"

Giggling to myself, I thought, 'The little vixen has been practising her moves in the mirror.' However, I had to admit that her strut was perfect, as was the little bounce she added to her step to make her bosom sway and jiggle. And now, as she teases her father, she's almost got her smoky look perfected, too.

Sitting coolly and sipping my wine, I watched with interest to see how my husband would react. His first reaction, of course, was a typical male one. His right hand found his crotch as his mouth gaped open, and he openly devoured his daughter's sensually displayed breasts and barely covered slit. His second reaction was as her father. Snapping his mouth closed and releasing his dick, he forced his eyes to look at hers and answered, "They look beautiful on you, Krissy, and make you even more beautiful than ever."

Glancing toward me to gauge how far I'd let her push things, Krissy turned and cupped her ass, then tossing her hair and looking back over her shoulder, she asked sweetly, "You don't think it makes my butt look big?" Gulping, John shook his head vigorously. "Dad," Krissy whined in her fake little girl voice. "You didn't even look at it, so how would you know?"

Trying to swallow past a suddenly dry mouth, my husband dropped his eyes to our daughter's sexily displayed ass before immediately snatching them back and saying, "No, honey. It looks good to me?"

Bending further over so the shorts outlined her vulva, Krissy asked, "Only good, Daddy? Not awesome or fantastic?"

"That's enough, young lady," I snapped. "Stop teasing your father, give us a kiss, and go to bed."

Making a disappointed moue, Krissy stood and moved to where I sat. When she leant over to kiss me, I whispered, "Wait twenty minutes after your father, and I have gone to bed, then quietly crack our door open. I have a surprise for you."

Krissy's eyes widened as she heard my words, and she pecked my cheek again before nodding and moving to kiss her father goodnight. She tried to kiss his lips, but John was having none of that, and he grabbed her head and turned it so they cheek kissed instead. Disappointed, Krissy turned and flounced from the room. Her perfectly formed ass delightfully swayed as she walked.

Putting down my wine, I stood towering over where my husband sat. "Mister John Albert Muggleton," I said sternly, pointing at his stiff cock. "Twice now, you've become sexually aroused staring at our daughter. Do you agree you need correcting?"

John tried to bluster, but of course, he knew that being sexually attracted to your children was wrong, so his eyes and head lowered, and he said, "Yes, Kate. What do you want me to do?"

‘Bend me over something and push that magnificent thing inside me,’ I thought as John’s cock throbbed. But I’d promised Krissy a treat, so I nervously continued what I’d started.

“I think, Miss Kate, is appropriate while you’re being corrected. Don’t you?”

“Yes, Miss Kate,” my husband said meekly.

“Then stand, strip naked and march to your room, Mister. Stand facing the corner until I speak to you.”

“No, Kate...” *Miss Kate, I interrupted severely.* “No, Miss Kate, please. What if the kids come out?” *Staring at him sternly, I replied, Then they’ll see their father’s inappropriate reaction to his daughter’s body and know your shame. Perhaps that shame will prevent worse from happening.*

Yes, readers, I know I’m being hypocritical, but if you read on, I have my reasons. However, they may not become apparent for several chapters yet.

John stood and reluctantly took off his clothes before beseeching me with his eyes. Seeing me with my arms folded under my gorgeously big breasts, tapping my finger on my elbow (a classic sign that I’m displeased), all fight fell from him, and he walked up the stairs to our room. However, unfortunately for him, his body betrayed him because even as he protested, his thick cock, throbbed and leaked precum.

After John had left the lounge and entered our room, I raced upstairs to the family bathroom. Taking out some hair ties, I braided my hair into a single thick braid that I would position between my breasts when I was done. My makeup sits on and in my room’s vanity, but Krissy keeps hers there, so I quickly made my face up. Darkening my already dark eyebrows to black, I outlined my eyes and extended their lashes as far as possible with mascara. Choosing a rich, ruby red lipstick. I carefully pencilled in my lip outline, then filled them in, giving my lips a full pouty bee-stung appearance.

Stripping off in the bathroom, I slipped into the hallway naked and crept to my room. Krissy made a soft sound as I crept, so I turned, mouthed ‘shh’

and held my fingers up, indicating another ten minutes. Opening the door as quietly as possible, I stretched my arm through it and blindly searched for my tiny silk robe. Dark red, this robe barely covered my sexy ass, left all but my nipples and outer globes exposed, and matched my lippy.

After tying the sash tightly around my hips, I adjusted the robe's shoulders so they fell to my upper arms and displayed my décolletage to minimally above my nipples. Then, affecting a severe expression, I marched into the room as if I were a woman on a mission to quell her husband's errant behaviour. Which, I guess, in a way, I was.

John stood where I asked, shifting uncomfortably on his feet and with his cock completely soft. So, affecting my father's voice and mannerisms when he played, I spoke as if he had severely disappointed me and growled, "Mister Muggleton, what on earth has come over you? Never before have you become sexually aroused looking at our daughter. Or have you always lusted for her but kept it hidden? Do I need to do a safety check and ask Krissy if you've been at her? Before her eighteenth birthday, perhaps? Were you incestuous with a minor, John?"

Confused and mortified by my many accusations, John blithered and blathered, trying to protest. Finally assembling coherency, he took a deep breath and tried to calmly say, "Kate, I..."

Slapping the wall beside him, which made John jump, I snarled, "Under correction, Mister John Albert Muggleton, you will refer to me as Miss Kate!"

"Yes, Miss Kate," my husband submissively answered.

"Explain yourself."

"Miss Kate, it's like Krissy is coming onto me. I mean, she's showing way more flesh than typical, and it seems she's always pressing her boobs against me. If I'm not careful, Miss Kate, she tries to touch my dick. And she flashes me constantly."

Snorting derisively, I said, “So, your excuse for lusting over our young, sexually inexperienced daughter is ‘she came onto me, Miss Kate’. And as a mere immature male, I am unable to resist her charms? Come on, John. Do you really think that’s going to fly with me? Or has fucking that trollop you call your secretary addled your brain?”

My husband was embarrassed and guilty (although not by me accusing him of banging his secretary. After the silly bint had pulled her stunt, I’d taken John aside and warned him she was angling to be wife number two), so I had him completely off-centre, and he had no answer for my verbal barrage. Driving my edge home, I growled, “John, you agree that a correction is needed, yes?”

“Yes, Miss Kate,” John unwillingly allowed. *With my hand or a paddle?* “What? ah, Miss Kate?” John gasped. *Pretending to be exasperated, I stated, You agree that a correction is needed, and I am asking do you believe my hand is enough, or do you need the paddle?* “It’s my first ever correction, Miss Kate. Please may I have leniency?” *You believe that a dressing down from me is sufficient correction this time?* “I do, Miss Kate,” John begged.

Even though I was inwardly relieved because I doubted I could follow through on my threat, I pretended to consider his request before saying, “Your misdeed requires more than a simple dressing down, John. However, I agree that being physically corrected for a first offence is too much. Therefore, I have decided to re-tie you to the bed as you were when I found you the other night. Then I will blindfold you and take my pleasure from your body. But, John, if you cum before I am satiated, you will get the paddle.”

Eager for his ‘correction’, John said, “Yes, Miss Kate,” so swiftly that I almost burst out laughing.

He was quickly on the bed with his arms and legs outstretched, so it was a simple matter to have him securely tied. I’d barely gotten John’s blindfold on when my daughter quietly opened the door and spun through it, closing it behind her. Seeing her father naked and tied to the bed, his thick cock

bouncing as it throbbed, Krissy's eyes flew wide open, and she had to stifle her gasp.

Hearing her stifled gasp, John asked, "You okay, Miss Kate?" I ignored him.

"Miss Kate?" Krissy mouthed. Then, taking in my appearance, her eyes would have widened further if that were possible.

Silently shushing her, I indicated she should kneel at the end of the bed and watch. Climbing onto the bed, I knelt with my knees on either side of John's head, facing my daughter. Then, standing upright on my knees, I cupped and squeezed my luscious breasts and held Krissy's gaze as I lowered my soppingly wet pussy onto my husband's face.

Watching her father eagerly lapping at my dripping pussy overwhelmed Krissy, and she slowly sank to the ground. Pulling her knees up, Krissy spread them wide, then pulled her nightie bottom aside and slid her finger over her clit. Unable to finger herself because of her intact hymen, she circled her entrance instead.

I watched my daughter furiously masturbating to the spectacle of her parents having sex, and with swiftly rising arousal, pinched my nipples as I rode my husband's face hard. My orgasm would be loud, but I couldn't quite find the trigger to ignite my explosion. But, when I gazed at my daughter lustfully, wishing there was a way to kiss and caress her as her father ate my pussy, I saw her mouth, "Slut!" and my climax was triggered. Screaming fit to wake the dead as spasm after orgasmic spasm ratcheted through me, I jerked and thrashed on John's mouth until the eruptions finally passed.

Coming down, I sighed as I lifted off John's mouth. But then, I saw that Krissy was about to cum, too, and afraid she'd add her scream to mine, I sat my pussy hard back onto John's mouth, then clamped my thighs around his ears. John immediately flayed my pussy with his tongue, causing me to climb towards my peak again.

Slowly riding my husband's nose and chin as he licked and stabbed my pussy with his tongue, I avidly watched my daughter swiftly circle her clit, then shudder, freeze, and shudder again as her climax rocked through her gorgeous body. Biting her wrist to muffle her groans, Krissy shook for a long time as an intense orgasm racked her. After the final shudder of a post-orgasmic tremor, Krissy smiled at me before raising her hands and shrugging as if to say, "What's next?"

Smiling as I thought evil thoughts, I shifted from John's face and knelt beside his head where I could speak into his ear. Taking hold of his throbbing cock, I set about ensuring he failed his promise not to cum before I told him I was satiated.

Squeezing his shaft's base, I slowly stroked up and down, whispering. "When Krissy walked in to say goodnight, John. Could you resist watching her firm young breasts bouncing? *Miss Kate, please, no! John begged.* "Admit it, John. Your daughter's hot young body makes your cock harden and throb, doesn't it?" *Gawd, Kate, I can't!*"

"Can't what, John? Can't resist looking at her delicious breasts bouncing? Can't help but imagine how they'd look naked?" *No, Miss Kate. Stop, please, I'm going to cum, and I promised not to.* "What about when she turned and bent to show you her bottom, John? Did you picture cupping it, caressing it?" *Why are you doing this, Kate? John pleaded. I don't fantasise about our daughter that way.* "Your throbbing, about to cum, cock calls you a liar, John. You have incestuous fantasies about your daughter, John. Don't worry, I have them, too." *Gawd, Kate! John groaned as the last remnants of his self-control ebbed away.*

Gesturing for her to come closer, I encouraged Krissy to lean over the bed between her father's tied feet. Once she was where I wanted, I whispered my final torture. "Yeah, John, don't worry about your incestuous fantasies about our daughter because I want to cup her delicious breasts and suckle on her stiff nipples, too."

"Kaaaaaaaaatie!" John exhaled as his buttocks clenched, his cock throbbed, and he began shooting huge ropes of semen into the air. The first blast landed short of Krissy as she stood, shocked by what she saw, so I pushed

John’s cock down. The second and third blasts hit her chin and lips, and wonderingly, she opened her mouth and accepted the fourth inside. Liking the taste, Krissy scooped up what was on her face and chin and dripped it into her mouth. John’s last two spurts were more like dribble than blasts. Those I gobbled down joyfully.

Stepping off the bed, I kissed my daughter’s soft lips and touched her burning vagina before shooing her out the door. Then, I silently took John’s blindfold off and undid his binds. When he was free, I knelt beside the bed in the pose described earlier and waited to be corrected. John, of course, couldn’t allow me to make him ejaculate by forcing incestuous images into his imagination, so he’d have to discipline me. And I, with guilt coursing through me but my pussy flaming, looked eagerly forward to him doing it.

My husband stood over me, breathing steadily for a long time before kneeling with his knees on either side of my thighs and his bottom resting lightly. Taking my head in his hands, he tilted my face up and lovingly kissed my pouting lips. “Kate? Was before only role play? Or do you sometimes fantasise about having sex with our daughter?”

Oh, Gawd, what do I say? My instinct was to deny it and say it was only roleplay. But the new bad mommie Kate wanted to snarl that I was only confirming what I already knew he wanted to do, then make him my bitch for wanting it. However, John’s loving kiss gave me hope that he didn’t abhor me for saying or wanting what I’d said, so I opened my eyes and looked into his. “Our daughter is a beautiful, sexy, sensual young woman with a body to die for, John. And I’m sorry, but I can’t help desiring to touch and feel her gorgeous assets. What about you? Was it only because I played with your cock and whispered those things that you felt them?”

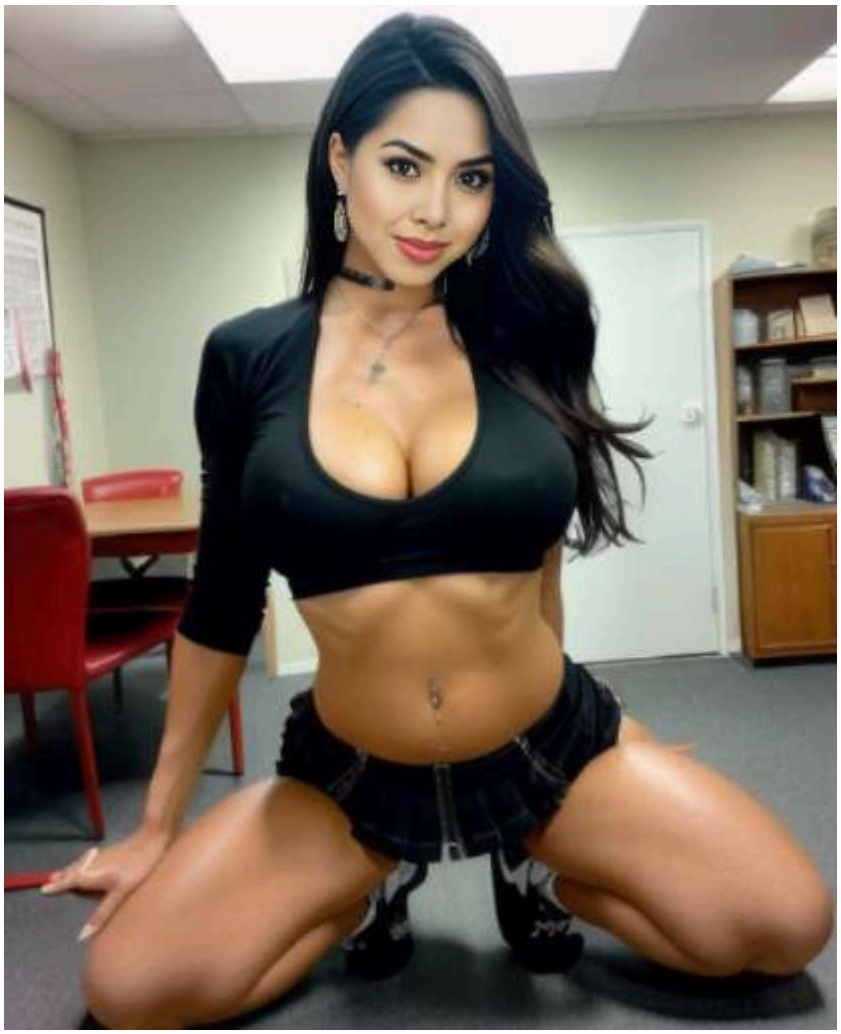
Helping me to my feet, John undid my braid and sash before he pushed the robe off my sexy shoulders. Then lifting me, he placed me gently on the bed. Sliding between my shapely thighs, John positioned his cock at my entrance and firmly stroked into me. Creating a slow, sensual rhythm, John brought us slowly, almost maddeningly, along the path to orgasmic bliss.

He waited until we’d almost peaked, then lifted his head to peer into my eyes. “I love you, Kate Ashley Muggleton,” he crooned as he thrust harder.

“What you made me see was wrong. Having incestuous visions of your daughter is wrong, but fantasising about making love with our daughter was the hottest, horny-making thing ever. If you want to roleplay that again, I’m in.”

John growled his orgasm into my shoulder as I howled mine to the sky.

Chapter 3: Back to the Clinic



Hi readers, Kate Muggleton again. I hope you've been enjoying my adventures so far. Let me remind you how my last adventure ended.

Pretending to discipline my husband for having forbidden incestuous fantasies about our daughter Krissy I tied him to our bed. Unknown to him, I'd invited the object of his fantasies to sneak into our room and watch as I 'punished' her father. Krissy, after slipping into our room, sat on the floor before our bed masturbating as she watched me ride her father's face as he licked my dripping pussy.

Despite being highly aroused by John's furious licking, I couldn't quite get over the edge and climax. Seeing my need and knowing my trigger, Krissy mouthed 'slut', and I wailed through an intensely satisfying orgasm.

Part of John's punishment for having his forbidden fantasies was to wait until I permitted him to before climaxing. However, I had plans, and they involved John allowing some incestuous behaviour between us and our children. Therefore, I'd knelt beside his head and whispered salacious descriptions of our daughter's sexy young body and vividly described his (my) fantasies of what he wanted to do to her.

Unable to control his carnal desires, my husband orgasmed, spitting (he thought) his seed onto the bed below him. I'd encouraged Krissy to lean over her father, however. So three of the first four spurts hit our daughter's face or landed in her open mouth.

After chasing Krissy out of the room, I released my husband, then knelt, expecting him to tan my ass for forcing those images into his imagination. Instead, John carried me to the bed and made maddeningly slow love to me. Then, as we neared our peak, he growled that he wanted to continue our incestuous roleplay, and we simultaneously experienced tremendous orgasms.

Readers, now we're caught up with my adventures so far. Let me tell you about my subsequent ones.

The next morning, John and I made slow, languorous love again. Over the years of our marriage, our passion for each other, or more specifically, his for me, has waned, and we rarely make love these days. However, it seemed that fantasising about our daughter and knowing that not only did I approve of his fantasies, I encouraged him to enjoy them had my husband's motors revving again.

I'm a very sensual woman with a powerful sex drive. Therefore, I often felt frustrated and edgy due to my husband's waning enthusiasm to make love. I needed to masturbate to orgasm regularly to relieve my aching desires and throbbing clitoris. However, masturbating didn't alleviate my ache the way making love did.

Unfortunately, that meant I was vulnerable to the likes of Edgar Fontaine and Frank Pritchard. Sexily dominant men that know my weakness — command me in a deep baritone voice, and I'll submissively allow you to do as you wish. I can't help it because it's been ingrained into me by many years of physical punishment leading to sexual pleasure.

Growl deeply at me, and I'll become wet. Tower over me as I sit, then demand I touch my breasts or nipples, and I'll bite my bottom lip and wait longingly for you to tell me what else you want me to do. Growl that you want me to kneel before you, and I'll instantly slide off my seat onto my knees and plead with my eyes for you to offer your cock. Snarl for me to touch myself, and one hand will slip inside my typically short skirt as the other slides onto my nipple. Grab my nipple and twist it as you growl what you want, and I'll moan that I will do anything you ask. Then bend me over as you tweak my nipples and smack my ass, and I'll likely orgasm unless told not to. Of course, at that stage, if you want me to fuck or suck you, I willingly will.

Fortunately for me, I gave my virginity to my now husband John on the night of my eighteenth birthday, got pregnant from that first experience, and then married him. I never dated much during my school years, and being with John means I haven't been exposed to many situations where someone could exploit my submissive nature. If I attended an event or party with my husband and felt someone was trying to command me or was coming on too strongly, I'd immediately find my husband and point them out. He'd take care of the rest.

However, I am a perpetual flirt and love receiving appropriate appreciation for my beautiful face and divine assets. I dress provocatively when and where possible, and even my maxi dresses have long slits or several panels. If I'm standing still when wearing these dresses, they hang gorgeously to the ground from my slim waist and flared hips and reveal little. But, when I walk or sit, they part and expose vast expanses of my shapely calves and thighs. My husband regularly uses my sensual assets to dazzle potential clients and has made many favourable deals after I've bamboozled their tiny minds with my overt charms.

After our eventful Saturday night, John and I spent Sunday together. John even asked me to accompany him when he went into his office for an hour to work on his latest proposal. He ended up spending two hours there because I, well, shall I say, distracted him. Because he was taking me to lunch when he finished, I'd worn a sexy black cut-out crew neck and sleeveless bodycon tank dress with lace-up sides.

This dress clung to my every curve and exposed vast amounts of my shoulders and side boobs. It ended barely below my sexily rounded ass and swayed with it as I walked. It rode up if I wasn't careful, so I covered my slit with a tiny thong. Of course, I hadn't bothered with a bra because the dress clung seductively to my swelling breasts.



I took advantage of the dress' shortness and flashed my husband my barely covered vagina at every opportunity. As he drove, I ran my fingertips over and around his cock's throbbing glans. When he opened my door, I spread my knees to show him I had pulled my thong aside to reveal my wet pussy. In the elevator up to his eighty-third-floor office, I knelt and took his cock out. I sucked it until we reached his floor, then released it with a loud slurp and tucked it away as the doors opened. My tease culminated when I sat in the guest chair before his oak-panelled desk, lifted my knees and placed my heels on the desk. Then, sliding my thong aside, I began playing with myself.

Looking up when I moaned, John was overcome with lust, and he growled, strode swiftly around his desk, pulled me onto my hands and knees, smacked my ass and jammed his cock into my dripping vagina. Reaching around, he forced his hands inside my dress and mauled my breasts as I squealed my orgasm and thrashed my sexy ass back at him.

Teasing me in return, John refused to cum. So after he'd made me orgasm, he smacked my bottom again and demanded that I sit. Then John grabbed the back of my head and, taking his thick cock in his hand, presented it to my sexily pouting, lipstick-covered lips. He growled, "Kate, I'm jamming this down your throat as far as possible. I swear, if you even think of choking, I'll remove my belt and wallop your curvy ass until it's black and blue."

The reality is that my husband has never hit me other than on my bottom with anything more than his hand to correct me ever. Because I enjoy it, as part of our sex play, he occasionally uses a thick, padded leather paddle to light up my rear. But that is as far as he has ever gone. Therefore, his threat to 'wallop my curvy ass' with his belt was an empty one. Nevertheless, I nodded my agreement, circled my lips into an 'O', and opened wide, ready for him to shove his cock in.

Holding my head and jaw tightly, John shoved forwards hard. When he rammed his cock in, his abdomen hit my lips and mashed them against my teeth. Almost climaxing from the dominant way he took ownership of my mouth, I moaned around his pumping cock as I slurped, sucked and swirled until he groaned and ejaculated down my throat.

Not finished there, my husband demanded that I work him until he stiffened again. Repeating his earlier effort, he rammed his cock back into my mouth. This time, however, when he climaxed, he pulled out and came on my face. John loomed over me after climaxing, sternly looking down until he sensed my urgent need. Then even with his cum sliding slowly down my face, he bent over and kissed my lips lightly as he slid his hand between my parted thighs. Placing his thumb on my enlarged clit, he dipped two fingers into my pussy and curled them back. Finding my G-spot, he tickled it with his manicured nail before growling, “Cum for me, my little Kate slut.” Howling, I bounced and shuddered as the orgasm he ignited blasted me apart.

Aeons later, when I finally came down, John sat at his computer, intently watching the screen as his fingers flew over his keyboard. Knowing any further attempts to ‘distract’ him would anger him instead, I got up quietly and used his executive bathroom to clean up in. Looking at myself in the mirror, I cleaned his semen from my face, then carefully inspected my chin, neck and décolletage to ensure I hadn’t left any evidence of John’s orgasm.

After reapplying my makeup and brushing my hair (cleaning a splodge I’d missed first), I walked to the reception area and sat on one of the couches and idly played games on my phone until my husband was ready to eat. “Ready?” John asked almost an hour later. “For you, baby?” I teasingly answered as I spread my thighs and showed my wet slit. “Always!”

John helped me to my feet, linked his elbow with mine and escorted me to the elevator. On the way down, I teased, “Want me to go down as we go down?”

“Kate,” my husband grinned. “I swear you’re hornier now than you were when we were teenagers and first met.”

Unable to tell him why, I answered, “It’s the whole body clock thing, John. My innards are telling me that if I’m going to have more babies, I need to get on with it.”

Raising an eyebrow, John asked, “You don’t want any more, though, Kate. Do you?”

A few years ago, before our children were teenagers, I would have said yes. But now I thought I was too old for children. Women who become first-time mothers in their mid to late thirties have my utmost awe and admiration. However, I wonder how these women will cope when they're over fifty and their children become teenagers. Don't get me wrong. Tommy and Krissy are model teenage kids, causing little to no real angst, but teenagers are exhausting. Always on the go, they eat you out of hearth and home. As they reach puberty and their hormones begin rushing through their changing bodies, their mood swings can be violent and extreme.

In her early teens, our daughter Krissy would be laughing and bouncing off the ceiling, filled with pure joy one minute. Then seconds later, she'd be weeping into her pillow because of some imagined slight someone had given her. Tommy was marginally better but was often moody and irritable. Unfortunately for our family, John's career took off when the kids were that age. And as he accepted promotions and more senior positions, he was often absent for extended periods, leaving me to raise our kids through that time virtually alone.

As I said in an earlier episode, that's the price you pay to be married to a rich, successful man, so it never occurred to me to complain or object. My mother was my saviour for a lot of that time as she'd often turn up unannounced and do my laundry, clean the house, or any of the other mundane tasks that I struggled to keep up with as my kids ran me ragged. Of course, she'd always want to make love when she'd finished her task, and that kept my sometimes raging sexual needs from getting me into trouble.

The above thoughts took less than seconds to waft through my mind before I giggled and answered, "Heck no!"

When we hit the lobby, John briefly cupped my ass before sliding his hand around my hips and hugging me to him. Then, with our hips glued together, we walked around the corner to Daniel's Steak House and had lunch.

Monday passed without incident, and Tuesday saw me bidding my husband goodbye as he caught a plane to London. He'd be gone close to a month (His schedule had altered from earlier because his associate had come down

sick, and John needed to do everything himself.) this time, and I worried about what he'd return to. I hadn't heard anything from Frank, but the thought of what he might do with the compromising pictures he'd taken, played heavily on my mind. Of course, that I was no longer faithful to my husband played even more heavily than the thought of Frank posting my pictures.

Although I felt guilty about letting Tommy have me twice, that seemed insignificant to allowing Frank to take me. I believed that now our children had reached their maturity that, as my family of origin was, our family would be a loving one. Therefore, although I still feared breaking the incest taboo, I feared having broken my marriage vows more.

The house phone was blaring its insistent ring when I got home. Picking it up, I said, "Muggleton residence, Kate speaking."

"Hello, Kate," Frank's oily voice came. "I've been masturbating thinking about fucking your pretty cunt, Kate. Have you been thinking about me?"

"Of course," I wanted to scream, "I've been thinking about you and wanting to puke!" But my jaw wouldn't release, so I remained silent.

Ignoring my silent response, Frank continued, "You know, Kate? I've wondered what to do with these salacious, disgusting photos of you I have, but I can't quite figure it out. Do I take advantage of PornHub's offer to buy pornographic, amateur photos, or do I take pity on my friend's slutty mother and delete them?

Struggling to contain an orgasm, I bit my lip and kept quiet.

"I'll tell you what, Kate," Frank sneered. "Keep Friday night clear. If you meet me and do precisely as I want, I'll delete these photos and promise never to take similar ones."

Finally breaking the paroxysm in my chest, I gasped for breath, then asked, "What will you want me to do?" However, I knew Frank was probably lying and trying to manoeuvre me into a position where he could add compromising pictures, not delete them.

“Nuh-ahh, Kate,” Frank chuckled. “First, you agree to meet me on Friday so I don’t release your pictures now. Then, on Friday evening, I text you with instructions on when and where we’re to meet me, and you go there.”

Not thinking I had any other choice, I agreed to meet Frank where and when he wanted to on Friday.

“Good slut,” Frank crooned. “But don’t worry, Kate, come Friday, I’ll ensure your slutty ass has lots and lots of fun and give you ample opportunity to show your slutty side.”

Thankfully, Frank ended the call, and I could slide down the wall and finger myself to a satisfying orgasm.

My kids were home Tuesday afternoon, so we had an enjoyable interlude joking and teasing and generally cutting up as we spent time together. As the day ended, I tray-baked lamb chops in lemon and thyme before adding a garden salad and mashed potatoes. After I poured some Bordeaux wine into three glasses, we sat around our kitchen table, chatting and laughing as we ate dinner.

When dinner ended, Tommy said he needed to head into his club to do a weights and stretching session, and Krissy announced she had a project that needed work. That left me alone, with only my thoughts for company. Feeling agitated and apprehensive about returning to the clinic, I opened the chamomile tea box and took out the cigarette I’d partially smoked.

Lighting it up, I dragged heavily on it. Holding the warm smoke in my lungs, I waited until I had to breathe or cough it out. Then, after blowing the smoke into the air, I drew on the cigarette until it burned to the filter. The effect was the same as last time. After two drags, the tension that I constantly felt ebbed, and I could relax. Feeling tired, I opened the window, sprayed air freshener, then went to my room.

Stripping, I dumped my clothes into the hamper and showered. Finished, I wrapped a towel around my head and vigorously dried my hair. Unfortunately, my hair is long and thick, and I would need to spend time blow-drying it so it didn’t become a knotted, frizzy mess by morning.

Satisfied that my hair was as dry as towelling it could make it, I stepped back inside the en suite and hung the towel on the rails.

Only then, did I realise that Krissy sat cross-legged in the middle of my bed. Seeing that I'd finally noticed her, she grinned and said, "Nice view, Mom. Boy, do your breasts bounce sexily when you dry your hair."

Leaning over to kiss her cheek, I asked, "What are you doing in here, Missy?"

Wrinkling her nose at my cigarette breath, Krissy replied. "Watching your titties bounce as I wait for you, of course.

Pretending to growl, I said, "You're not so old that I can't spank you, you know?" Then tried to kiss her cheek again.

"Eww, seriously, Mom," Krissy whinged, pushing my face away. "You have ashtray breath. I thought you'd quit smoking after seeing that hypnotist?"

"Hypnotherapist," I absently replied as I staved off another flicker: image episode.

Regaining control, I walked into the en suite, brushed my teeth, and gargled with mouthwash before returning to the bed. Climbing up, I mimicked my daughter by sitting cross-legged facing her and then asked what she wanted.

Frowning, Krissy muttered, "Hang on," then stepped off my bed and stripped before climbing back on. "That's better," she stated. "Now we're the same."

Wondering what she wanted, I still took the time to admire her sensual, curvy body and longed to touch her breasts and play with her nipples. Forcing myself to keep my eyes on Krissy's face, I waited to see why she'd come to see me.

False starting twice, Krissy eventually said, "About the other night?

"The night when you tasted your father's semen?" I teased.

“Yeah. What was with that?”

“Inviting you to watch as I played with your father?” *Krissy nodded*. “Were you objecting?” *She shook her head.* “Did his semen hitting your face upset you?” *Shake.* “Was it that his semen entered your mouth?” *Shake.* “Did you like it and want more?” *Nod.* “Do you want your father to be your first lover?” *Embarrassed nod.* “You’re afraid you’ll get pregnant despite being on the pill, right?” *Nod.* “Wouldn’t being made pregnant by your father be worse?” *Embarrassed nod.* “What do you want, then?”

Blushing, Krissy raised her head and said, “I want your permission and then help to seduce Dad.”

Thrilled because I wanted to continue being intimate with my son but unwilling to admit that yet, I replied, “You’re asking for too much, Krissy.” *Her face fell.* “I didn’t say no,” I reassured her. *Beaming smile.* Suppressing a grin, I added, “I didn’t say yes, either.” *Fading smile.* “I’m making no promises now, but I’ll think about it, okay?” *Unsure, partial smile.*

After the exchange described above, I stared at my gorgeous daughter and wondered how she’d react if I kissed her passionately. Then thinking, ‘*Fuck it!’* I leaned forward and cupped her sexily mounded, bare breasts before locking my lips to hers and kissing her.

Krissy started with surprise as my hands found her breasts, but she willingly locked lips with me, so I sent my tongue out and brushed it against her lush lips, asking for entry. With a soft moan into my mouth, Krissy’s lips parted, and our tongues met in that age-old dance of desire and passion.

Feeling her nipples harden in my hands, I circled them with my thumbs as I gently squeezed and kneaded her luscious mounds. Leaning forward to kiss her while sitting cross-legged was uncomfortable, so I shifted onto my knees. Then cupping the back of Krissy’s head, I pushed my shoulders against hers and lowered her onto her back.

My daughter left her legs spread as I lay her back, and I slid between them until our bodies touched from lips to pussies. As our kiss intensified, I slowly undulated my hips and ground my pussy against hers. Although it

felt good to press against my daughter like that, there wasn't enough of the delicious friction on our clits we'd both need to get off.

So, swinging my thigh over hers, I pushed it firmly against Krissy's clitoris and gently moved my thigh up and down.

Krissy's fingers were entwined in my gorgeous locks as she held me lovingly. But when she felt my thigh rub on her clit, she broke our long, sensual kiss to tilt her head back and moan. Then feeling my hot, wet slit pressed against her thigh, she convulsively lifted her leg and pressed it firmly against my thick clitoris before moving her leg up and down.

It was my turn to moan into my daughter's mouth, and shuddering, I felt my climax swiftly approaching. I wanted Krissy to orgasm before me, though. So I slid my hand between us and fingered her hard, chunky button. Then moving my fingers lower, I spun my finger around Krissy's entrance as I'd seen her do and thumbed her clitoris.

"Oh, Mom," My daughter sighed. Then she arched back and pushed her sweet little pussy hard against my hand as her muscles spasmed holding her stiff, and she groaned gutturally through a tremendous orgasm.

Shuddering as her muscles relaxed, Krissy sank onto the bed and opened her eyes. Staring at me languorously with subdued passion, she smiled and said, "Wow, Mom! That was so intense! What can I do to make you good?"

"The same as the other day," I pleaded. What I really wanted, however, was to take her head in my hands and guide her mouth onto my wanting pussy.

Smiling gently, Krissy rolled me off her onto my back, then knelt between my sexily spread, shapely thighs. Krissy pressed her rounded breasts on mine, then kissed my lips softly before shifting to kneeling. Then, using her left hand's thumb, she pulled my clit hood back. I moaned, anticipating Krissy would lower her mouth onto it. However, she circled it with her other hand's index finger instead. I wasn't disappointed, though, because her finger felt fantastic on my engorged clit.

Slowly, maddeningly, Krissy circled my button as she held my thick clit exposed. Fascinatedly watching her, I felt my hips rise to push against her maddening finger. “Please, Krissy,” I groaned, although what I pleaded for was unclear. Feeling her power over me, Krissy grinned and continued to slowly circle my clit. The feeling was intense and overpowering and too much for my submissive nature. Only aware of the sublimely delicious friction on my button, my head rocked back, and my body lifted off the bed as I arched my pussy up at my daughter’s finger, I opened my mouth and pleaded, “Please, Mistress, may I cum?”

My daughter’s eyes widened when she heard me plead, ‘Mistress’, but she swiftly chose to play the game. “Tell me what you are first.” *Your submissive slut, Mistress. It was all I could do to hold my climax in abeyance at that stage.* “Then cum for me, my little Mommie slut,” Krissy demanded, and I howled my orgasm to the heavens.

I woke some hours later feeling relaxed and in control of my mind. My need to pee had woken me up, so I slid out of bed and took care of it. After washing my hands, I returned to bed. Looking down at my beautiful sleeping daughter, who had rolled onto her back with her legs and arms wide apart, I smiled happily, snuggled into her side and fell asleep, cupping her breast as I did.

Krissy’s soft snores woke me, so I tickled her ribs and kissed her lips. “Wake up, honey. You need to get ready for uni.”

Stretching and yawning, Krissy playfully flicked my nipple, then said, “Spoilsport! I was having such a nice dream, too.”

“Oh?” I teased back. “It was about a boy, then?”

Blushing guiltily, she admitted it was but wouldn’t say who, so it was more than likely her father. Of course, given my activities with her brother, I was in no place to criticise or judge, so I smiled and left it there.

I wanted to remain in bed admiring my daughter’s gorgeous young body as she longingly returned my gaze until we could stand looking only no more and made love again. But unfortunately, we both had places to be. Her to

uni, and me to my feared appointment with Edgar Fontaine and his wicked receptionist.

Putting my house coat on, I went to the kitchen to make Krissy and me breakfast. We sat together eating, and then she kissed my cheek and jumped into her eighteenth birthday present, a brand new Fiat 500 Abarth, and left. Tommy would be at training, so I had to fret about my upcoming appointment alone the whole morning.

Although I often am, I don't like being alone because I worry. And it seemed like I had a lot to worry about this morning. Edgar Fontaine being one. Frank Pritchard and what he had planned for me on Friday another. Plus, I was juggling two illicit incestuous affairs with my children while hiding them from their father and each other. And I had another plan to bring to fruition, but the characters in that plan were currently unaware of my schemes.

I sat at the table, almost frozen by my fears and worries until my alarm went off, telling me it was time to dress to go to Edgar's clinic. I struggled against Edgar's planted instruction to return, but it was fruitless. Almost an automaton, I stood, went upstairs, showered and then sat at the vanity to do my hair and makeup.

The implanted suggestions meant I did my look way more aggressively than usual. Typically, my makeup is understated. With my light brown skin and dark brown eyes, I don't need much makeup to look good. Today, however, I'd darkened my cheekbone line, added eyeshadow from white in the inner corner to dark brown on the outer, and shaped my eyebrows with the eyebrow pencil until they arched as high as possible without shaving them off and drawing them on my forehead. I'd used mascara on my lashes until they arced close to an inch from my lids and used vibrant red lipstick to paint my lips. I'd also drawn my lip line so wide that they made my already pouty lips look almost comically Pamela Anderson-like plump.

I'd gathered all the hair from the right side of my face and neck and held it over my ear on the right side with clips. That did look good, I'll admit because it exposed my sexily long neck. Done with my hair and makeup, I opened my robe, took out my red micro-mini and white, see-through

button-up blouse, and placed them on the bed. Opening my drawer, I selected my black suspender belt and matching stockings. I put those on first and then pulled on my micro-mini. Sliding my arms inside my blouse's sleeves, I did up only the middle button before tying the shirt ends in a knot under my breasts. The final addition to my look was a pair of black 7-inch strappy platform shoes with stiletto heels.

I checked in the mirror and was horrified. I looked like a Hollywood movie depiction of a street-walking prostitute. The bottom of my skirt was nowhere near the top of my stockings, and the suspenders and lack of a panty line screamed that I was naked under the skirt. I'd automatically tied the blouse to accentuate my gorgeously firm large breasts, and my nipples showed through the thin material. This was an outfit that I'd wear to tease my husband. I'd put it on just before he was due home from work and let him 'catch me' like this as I was bent over vacuuming. Never would I wear it outside the house. My makeup emphasised my 'whore' look, and the way I'd done my hair no longer seemed sexy to me. It looked slutty instead.

Although I'll admit that I dress provocatively, I do not ever dress sluttily. My typical look exudes a dark, brooding sensuality. And although it often appears that I will burst out of my outfit at any moment and display my body's wares for all to see, I never actually reveal a thing. Everything is suggestion. My outfits appear as if you would see my nipples if you could only stand at the correct angle, or if you got just a little lower, you could peer up my skirt and see my wet slit. But none of that is true. My father would have hammered my sorry ass if he caught me displaying myself for all to see, and my husband would correct me every day for a week if he saw me doing it.

What I had on showed my nipples blatantly. Anyone closer than a couple of hundred metres away would see them sway and bounce as I walked. My skirt was so short that I couldn't bend over as my ass and pussy would show, and my whole vulva was exposed no matter how I sat.

My phone alarmed again, telling me it was time to get in my car and go to my appointment, so I had no choice but to put aside my dress concerns and leave. I vaguely wondered who had set the alarms as I walked to my car because I couldn't recall doing it.

I drove to the clinic in a daze, and when I arrived, I couldn't remember any of the journey. Trembling as I fought to get back in my car and go home, I didn't move from where I stood for quite some time. But eventually, Edgar's conditioning took over, and I reluctantly walked into the clinic.

"Welcome back, Ms Muggleton," Liz said brightly, her eyes gleaming predatorily. "How have you been? Been keeping off those nasty cigarettes?"

I glared at her and remained silent.

Liz watched me silently with an amused smile on her face. But at my continued resistance, she slapped her hands together and barked, "Kate! Sluts like you answer their betters immediately. Now kneel and kiss my feet before I decide to make you strip naked and walk home."

"There's no need for that, Ms Donnelly," Edgar urbanely said, gazing down at where I knelt. "I'm sure that Kate will happily answer our questions if we ask politely. And I'm sure she has many of her own."

Glaring at the therapist, Liz muttered, "I did ask politely," but then she took a deep breath and returned to smiling brightly.

Turning back to me, Edgar politely said, "Follow me, Kate. It is still Kate, isn't it? We haven't returned to formality?"

I wanted to scream obscenities at him. I was screaming them in my head. I longed to rake my nails down his face and ram my knee into his balls, but I did none of these things. Instead, I followed him to his office, reclined on his counselling couch, and politely answered, "Kate is fine, Edgar."

"We need to clear some things up first, Kate. Then we can put you under and work on the next stage of your recovery from nicotine addiction. So let's begin with: Have you had a smoke since our previous appointment?" *Yes.* How many? *Half of one, twice.* "I'm unclear on what you mean, Kate. You mean you've smoked one cigarette?" *Yes, over two times.* "Ahh, I see. You lit a fag up, smoked half of it, put it out, then later, lit it a second time?" *Yes.* "That's impressive, Kate. Well done. After their first session, most struggle to last until the end of the day before lighting up again. I'm

especially pleased that after partaking in a cigarette, you managed to stop at only half a cigarette both times.

“As I thought, your submissive nature has allowed me to plant the smoking prohibition much deeper in you much sooner than most. Yes, indeed, your recovery from your nicotine addiction will be swift, Kate. You must be overjoyed, as I’m sure your family will be, too.

“Now, Kate. Let’s move on to your questions. I’m sure you have plenty, so feel free to speak openly. However, for my safety, you will remain unable to move from the couch. Nor will you be able to shout. Especially not for help. So, Kate, other than those restrictions, feel free to speak your mind.”

Gritting my teeth so I didn’t yell at him as I so desperately wanted to do, I asked, “First, why did you make me have sex with your receptionist? I am not a lesbian or even bisexual, so why make me do that? Second, if you can do that to me so readily, why didn’t you take me, too? And third, you sick, perverted individual, why, on God’s green earth, did you make me have sex with my son and daughter?”

Edgar answered me with a self-satisfied grin, “I’ll answer your second question first, Kate. As you crudely put it, I didn’t ‘take you’ because I’m gay and have no interest in your overt charms. To answer your first and third questions, I did not ‘make’ you do anything. A hypnotist cannot ‘make’ anyone do anything they are not innately willing to do. I can see from your expression that you don’t believe me, so let me give you a demonstration.” He pressed the intercom button and said, “Come to my rooms, please, Ms Donnelly.”

A few seconds late, Liz opened the door and entered.

“Mrs Muggleton seems under the misapprehension that I can make her do something her moral compass would not usually allow, Liz. Are you willing to be the actress in my demonstration that I cannot?”

“Of course, Edgar,” Liz said as she looked at me knowingly.

Edgar turned to me as he took out his pendant. “Kate, I will put you under, then, keeping you under my spell, I will make you aware of everything happening around you. As is usual when you’re under hypnosis, you will obey all of my suggestions, including the ones your conscience will not typically allow you to do. Are we clear?”

“Yes, Edgar,” I said in a monotone, my eyes already closing as they followed the slowly swinging pendant. A few seconds, many hours, I don’t know, later, I heard, “Open your eyes, Kate. You will remain in a deep hypnotic state but are able to hear and react to everything happening around you. Do you understand?” *Yes, Edgar.* “I will now demonstrate that I am unable to ‘make’ you do anything you are not capable of doing at your core. Is that clear, Kate? *Yes, Edgar.* First, I will demonstrate some of the silly things I can make you do, even though they would typically embarrass you. Okay?” *Yes, Edgar.* “Hop up and down and make your big titties bounce, Kate.”

I instantly lifted my left leg off the ground and hopped on the spot. As requested, I also lifted and dropped my shoulders in time with my hop to ensure my breasts achieved their maximum bounce. Edgar took me through several equally silly but harmless actions. Never once did I try to refuse or demure. I simply moved from one action to another immediately after he suggested it.

“Let me demonstrate something slightly more extreme, but you’d still readily do. When I say ‘moo’, I want you to immediately get on your hands and knees, chew your cud as a cow does, and make mooing noises.” Amazed, I saw and felt myself complying, even though it was embarrassing and unwittingly matched with what my husband had kidded me about.

“Walk and quack like a duck.” I did. “You’re a mouse just discovered by the farmer’s wife. What will you do?” I scurried towards the couch and tried to slip under it to hide myself. Before I could get there, Edgar said, “Enough. Kate, stand and relax.” I did as asked. “So those were some of a stage hypnotist’s typical parlour tricks. Let’s move to things that you might do in the right circumstances, okay?” *Yes, Edgar.* “Tell me what you think of Ms Donnelly.”

I remained silent because I would never insult or belittle another in front of someone I didn't consider a close friend. "Kate, I can control what you do. You said so, do you remember? Tell me what you think of Ms Donnelly." I shook my head and remained silent. "Who is your best friend, Kate? The one you talk to about everything. Your closest confidant?" *Kath Loughlin.* "Close your eyes for a moment, and when you open them, you'll sit with her in your lounge and tell her about Liz Donnelly."

When I opened my eyes, I saw Kath sitting on our lounge as I paced up and down, ranting about Edgar's bitch receptionist. "I'm telling you, Kath! The woman has a pair of knockers the size of cow udders. If the bitch fell on her face, she'd bounce straight back up off those gigantic things."

"Enough, Kate," Edgar crooned. "Are you starting to see my point?" I didn't want to have to admit to myself I'd done the things I'd done because I wanted to and not because Edgar had forced me to do them, so I shook my head. "Let me give one more extreme example of hypnosis's limitations, okay?" *Yes, Edgar.* "Kate, strip!" Edgar commanded in a deep baritone voice. Unhesitatingly, I dropped my micro-mini and peeled my top off before tossing it aside. "Now march out into the reception area, across the foyer and out onto the road."

I didn't move, of course, because that is something I would never do. In private quarters, with my husband, children or even close friends, I didn't mind being naked because, after all, that is our natural state. For my husband, I will strut naked any time he wishes. And with close friends, I'll use a hot tub naked or go skinny-dipping. Therefore, taking my clothes off in front of Edgar and Liz was something in the right circumstances I would naturally do. But I'd never expose myself publicly.

Chuckling, Edgar said, "You can no longer argue that I 'made' you do anything, Ms Kate. But, to drive my point home, let us try something sexual. Do you find Liz sexually attractive?" I wanted to deny it, but her massive melons had me quite hot, and I wanted to see and play with them. However, I didn't want to admit that, so I quickly shook my head. "Come now, Kate," Edgar chuckled. "You shake no, but your actions say yes (I was biting my bottom lip.). You cannot lie under hypnosis, Kate. Not unless

your natural state is to be an incorrigible liar. So, I ask, “Do you find Ms Donnelly attractive?” Unwillingly, I nodded my head.

“Good girl. Now we can begin your second session. However, you look very sexy in nothing but a suspender, stockings and heels, Kate, and I know Liz enjoys looking at you naked, so lay back on the couch, and we’ll get started.” When I lay down, Edgar said, “Sleep,” and I remembered nothing more.

Time passed, and I heard, “Three.” Opening my eyes, I noticed the same ‘used and dirty’ feeling as last time. Worried, I touched my pussy. Thankfully, it didn’t seem that anyone had cum in me, but it did feel swollen and a little gaped. “You may dress and go home, Kate.” Then he grinned, “Unless you’d prefer to drive home naked?” I shook my head and swiftly donned what little clothes I had.

“The session went exceptionally well, Kate,” Edgar informed me as I dressed. “I’m ecstatic with the results and believe we’ve achieved a significant breakthrough in your recovery from your addiction. In fact, I’m so confident of your recovery that I believe our next session will be the last we need. However, I’d like the right to bring you in for check-ups occasionally, Kate. Just a quick hello, slut. How are you, slut? Still off the ciggies, slut? Still eating pussy and sucking cock, slut?”

On my knees, I gasped... *Flicker: image: Standing behind Liz, cupping her gigantic watermelon breasts as I nuzzle her neck* ... My left hand flew onto my rock-hard nipples as my... *Flicker: image: Liz hums ecstatically as I undo her buttons and pull her straining, white see-through blouse off her shapely shoulders and slide my hands inside her bra*... right delved between my lasciviously splayed thighs and exposed my... *Flicker: image: Nipping Liz’s right ear as I blow gently into her ear, I roll her big nipples between my thumb and forefinger*... wet slit to Edgar and Liz. I thrust two fingers inside my cunt and thumbed my cum button, then collapsed to the floor as an explosive climax racked my body.

As Liz and Edgar chuckled, I struggled to my feet, dressed, then gathered as much dignity around me as possible and walked to my car. I avoided looking at my eyes in the mirror while waiting for my trembles to cease

before risking the drive home. But my conscience, once again using my mother's voice, said, *"Well done you! First, you get yourself pregnant by the first guy to ever put his cock in you. Somehow, that works out, and you raise a fine family in a loving environment.*

"*Your only vice was to puff away on a cigarette now and then, but are you happy with that? No! Instead, without contacting any of the people who left reviews and checking Edgar Fontaine's bona fides, you let your attraction to his smoky eyes and devilishly handsome face that so resembles your father at a similar age convince you to hand him complete control of your psyche. Now, after remaining faithful to your husband for twenty years, you're an incestuous bisexual, I won't say it because I know what it does to you, that has let your son and daughter fuck you and let the arrogant prick friend of your son make you his bitch.*

"*What do you think will happen on Friday, Kate, huh? A nice chat over a glass of white wine and friendly agreement that Frank was lucky to get a taste of your sweet little mouth and tight little pussy but couldn't, wouldn't get another. Then, of course, he'll show you that he's deleted all the salaciously explicit photos he took of you, and you'll walk away swearing to be best friends forever. Girl, I raised you better than this!"*

You raised me in an incestuous household, too, Mom. I argued with my conscience. Don't forget, you and I have been intimate, too.

"*Your father penetrated your sisters with his cock exactly once each, Kate," my conscience stated. "On the night of their eighteenth birthdays, he showed them how to please a sexually dominant man and never went near them that way again. Yes, we four, you, your sisters and I, played his sex games. Yes, you were always made to be naked in the house unless we had visitors, and he'd finger you whenever he desired. But, he never broke your hymen, did he, Kate? And yes, he made you suck his cock as you fingered yourself, but you loved the crushing orgasms that gave you, didn't you, Kate?*

I shamefacedly blushed as I remembered.

My conscience sighed and finished with, *"Well, you better get your incestuous ass home unless you want to have to walk inside with your kids home and wearing what you are."*

I remember no more of the trip home than I do of the trip over. But luckily, I slipped inside, showered and changed before Tommy and Krissy came home.

The rest of Wednesday was uneventful, and except for rising trepidation about meeting Frank on Friday, so was Thursday.

On Friday morning, Krissy, who only had an afternoon class, knocked on my door. Having learned from her previous experience of barging in unasked, she waited until I called 'Come in" before entering. Holding a heated container of hair removal wax, Krissy walked in and said, "Come on, Mom. Up on the bed, it's time to wax the fluff off your sexy puss."

I hadn't shaved my pubic area since the morning Tommy and I went to the timber yard because it itched unless I shaved it daily. Therefore, my entire genital area had fuzzy, black hair covering it. Knowing I had to go out tonight and would more than likely have my pussy exposed to at least Frank, waxing it clean seemed like a good idea.

"What do you want me to do?" I innocently asked, having never done this before.

"Haven't you had your pussy waxed before, Mom?" Krissy wonderingly asked. I shook my head. "Oh, you'll love it," Krissy stated, but I heard the lie in her voice. "Lie back and lift your knees, Mom," Krissy instructed. "Then spread your knees wide like the ... oops, better not use that word! Spread your knees as wide as you can. Then I'll spread this stuff over your pussy," she showed me the container of wax sitting in a heated bowl of water," press these on the wax," she showed me some cloth strips, "until they stick and then rip them off, taking your pussy hair with it."

"I dunno, Krissy," I objected. "Sounds painful to me!"

"Don't be a pussy, and let me wax your pussy, Mom," Krissy joked.

I still believed it would hurt, but the thought of my daughter's hands and fingers on my wet slit had me shivering with desire. "What do you want me to do?" I asked, giving in to my daughter's request.

Krissy got a towel from the bathroom and placed it on the bed. "Here, Mom. Sit your sexy ass on this, lie back against the headboard, pull your feet up to your bottom and spread your knees."

I sat as she asked and felt the sweet little frisson of excitement I have when showing my aroused pussy to someone I'm sexually attracted to. Of course, you read above where I stated that I'd never blatantly display my breasts or pussy to anyone, but this is not what I'm talking about. I love flirting with men of all ages, and part of that, if I find them sexually attractive, is to 'accidentally and unaware' flash them my nipples or pussy. But to reemphasise, I would never go anywhere casually displaying my assets for all to see.

As I watched, fascinated, Krissy dipped a wooden spatula into the hot wax and, taking care not to get any on my clit hood or clitoris, spread it across my mound. The warmth now surrounding my pussy raised the warmth inside it, and I had to bite my lower lip to stop a moan. But then she pressed the cloth against the wax and ripped it back. And, ouch, that stings! The sides near my pussy lips were worse, my perineum worse still. But the worst was when she did my tiny starfish. Well, let me say that although there is often exquisite pleasure in some pain, that was not one of those times!

"All done, Mom," Krissy said brightly, a mischievous grin on her face. "See? Didn't hurt at all, did it?"

"I'll give you 'didn't hurt at all'," I pretended to growl as I took my daughter's wrist and dragged her over my thighs. Flipping her short denim skirt up, exposing that the little tart was pantyless, I smacked her bottom firmly. "That didn't hurt, did it?" I teased when Krissy jumped and said, "Ouch". I hit her left cheek a little harder than before, then rubbed the sting in. "What about that?" I facetiously asked. I hit the right harder again. "That?" I giggled as I rubbed the smack in.

Pushing my hand between her thighs, I encouraged Krissy to spread her legs. As I'd hoped, my daughter's slit glistened with her arousal. I spanked her twice more, then pressed her love button with my middle finger and manipulated it back and forth. "Ohh, Gawd, Mom!" Krissy moaned.

Of course, there was a sharp rap, and my door immediately opened. Luckily, Krissy faced towards the door, so I was able to pull my hand out and pull her skirt down quickly, hoping Tommy hadn't noticed me fingering her. The problem was, I was naked, the wax was still on the bed, and it was damned obvious what we were doing.

But, instead of asking questions or saying something flippant, Tommy winced when he saw the wax tub and said, "Waxing? I had my lower back, sack and crack done for that menswear ad I appeared in, and, ouch!" (Tommy had posed for a Calvin Klein underwear ad.)

Figuring there was no point in hiding my nudity, I casually shifted Krissy off my thighs, swung my legs out of bed and put my shortest robe on, the one that covers my gorgeous ass barely and offered, "Seeing as we're all here, why don't I make breakfast?" Then sauntered out the door, swaying my hips as sexily as I knew how.

Glancing back, I saw that my overtly sexual actions hadn't gone unnoticed by my kids. Tommy held his crotch, of course, and Krissy bit her bottom lip with her hands fluttering as she fought her desire to play with her nipples. Then they looked at each other guiltily, blushed, and scrambled out the door after me, pretending nothing was happening here.

Over breakfast, I discovered both would be out for the evening, making sneaking out to meet Frank easier. But it also meant that my last chance of escaping my fate, being able to call him and say I can't get out without being caught, was gone.

Breakfast done, Tommy and Krissy split. Tommy had nothing on until mid-afternoon when he had an extra weights class. The fitness crew at his club believed he needed to gain a little extra weight so he could play in the ruck when needed. However, he was still working on perfecting his photos. My daughter would be home until midday, then head to uni for her tutoring

class. But it was close to the end of the semester, so she had plenty of work and study to do to ensure her essays and assignments were in and she was prepared for the exams.

It didn't bother me that, having finished breakfast, they stood up and left, leaving their dirty plates because it gave me something to do. John had offered to hire a full-time maid but didn't want me to return to work. So if he hired a maid, I'd have little to do, which would be more tiresome than doing the housework myself. Besides, I took pride in my home. I loved its oak floors, its sweeping ceilings and spiral staircases. It was spacious, light, airy, and welcoming as I entered. So keeping it clean was no chore at all.

In fact, once I'd finished dusting, vacuuming, wiping down flat surfaces, and mopping, then looked over its pristine surfaces, I felt a sense of pride and accomplishment. Sure, cleaning the main toilet with its piddly smell from Tommy's careless aim and washing out the scum from the shower wasn't glamorous, but I liked my life.

I have never understood women who denigrate stay-at-home moms by saying, "A woman's life can never be complete without a career", because what could be more important than raising the next generation to be decent people? My two were living proof that a stable home with at least one parent at home helps raise well-adjusted kids.

I'd made coffee and stood staring out the kitchen window, sipping it and contemplating what might happen later today. Lost in my fears, I didn't hear Krissy slip up behind me. She slid her hands around my waist and nuzzled my neck. Then nibbling where my shoulder and neck meet, Krissy shifted her hands onto my breasts and whispered, "I'm so horny that I can't concentrate, Mom. What you did earlier had me so hot, and I was about to explode before Tommy interrupted. Want to continue what we started?" My pussy throbbed and gushed fluids instantly.

Hearing my daughter say I had made her hot by whacking her ass, *I silently rejoiced. 'My daughter loves being spanked! Her life will be much happier admitting she loves being submissive.'* I'd sensed it in her from puberty. She would act bratty and purposefully wind her father, brother and me up. Then when either John or I took her to task for her behaviour, she'd become a

happy, affectionate daughter, secure in her parent's love. She liked to know her place, and later, when she found her man, that place, as mine is, would be kneeling at his feet.

Wiping my smile off, I turned to look into her eyes with a severe expression on my face. "Krissy Ann Muggleton, one is not to enjoy a correction. One is to accept it and learn from it. Do I make myself clear?"

Holding her fingers with her other hand, my daughter lifted her left foot onto her toes and then swung it submissively back and forth. All things she should have done as someone chastised her behaviour, but the playful smile on her face belied that posture. From where we were, I could see the stairs and would see Tommy coming down before he could see us and have plenty of time to step away. So, turning her, I pushed her against the breakfast bar, then forced her to bend over it. Tommy hadn't left yet, and there was no way I would risk him catching us again. So, instead of spanking her as she hoped, I bent over her, cupped her breasts and kissed the top of her back before wetly tonguing it.

Keeping part of my attention on the stairs, I slid my hands inside her bra and... *Flicker: image: Nipping Liz's right ear as I blow gently into her ear, I roll her big nipples between my thumb and forefinger...* my hands convulsively squeezed, and I gasped... *Flicker: image: Liz moans and leans back into me, her hand searching between our bodies...* From somewhere on another continent, Krissy said, "Mom? Mom! Mom, you're hurting me!"... *Flicker: image: Liz's fingers slide over my clitoris and into my soaking pussy...* Shuddering, as my knees buckled and I collapsed to the floor, I climaxed so hard that I'm sure my ancestors felt it. Mercifully, when I fell, I released my daughter's breasts that I'd been squeezing so hard I had left ten fingerprint-sized bruises.

"Tommy! Tommy!" Krissy yelled. "Mom's passed out!"

Tommy appeared by my side as if by magic, "What happened, sis?" *She was cuddling me, then shuddered, moaned, and collapsed.* "Moaned in pain or?" *I watched my daughter blush before she said, I think she had an orgasm.* "An orgasm?" *Yeah, Tommy. Moms have orgasms, too, and I think she had a really intense one.* Curious, Tommy asked, "How did she

climax?” *You know, Tommy, Krissy answered sarcastically. It feels really good in your...* “Can it, sis,” Tommy growled. “I meant, why did she have an orgasm?” *Blushing, Krissy answered, I dunno, Tommy. She was cuddling me as we leant against the breakfast bar, then she suddenly squeezed really hard, so hard it hurt, then moaned and fell to the floor.*

With the recalled image finished and my orgasm passed, I sat up and grumbled, “I’m right here, kids. Don’t worry that I’m passed out and keep on discussing me as if I weren’t there.”

“Mom!” Krissy yelped. “Are you okay? You scared the bejeezus out of me!” “Me, too, Mom,” Tommy added.

I tried to brazen it out by saying, “Can’t a woman have an orgasm without it becoming a national event anymore?”

Looking at me questioningly, Krissy said, “Not when all they’re doing is hugging someone, Mom. What’s going on?”

And, of course, I couldn’t tell her. Edgar had planted his suggestions so deeply into my psyche that even Krissy’s question caused the butterfly wings to flutter, ready to take my thoughts away. So, internally sighing, I said, “Missing your dad, I guess. We were quite active while he was home.”

“No, Mom,” Krissy said, her brow furrowed. “Something is going on because you’re acting weird.” Then she decided I wouldn’t tell her anything different from what I’d already said, and, with a grin, added, “Well, weirder than you usually are, anyway.”

I stood up, and everything seemed okay. My knees weren’t shaking, my thighs weren’t trembling, and my mind seemed clear, so I said, “I’m going to go and lie down for a while. Kids, I’m fine. I just had an orgasm. That’s all. I was standing cuddling Krissy, and suddenly I was cumming. Weird, as Krissy says, but okay. My collapse was only from climaxing too hard to stand.”

Krissy nodded doubtfully but let it go at that, got in her car and went to uni. Tommy, however, followed me up to my room. Waiting until I lay down, he

sat on the edge of my bed and said, “Okay, Mom. Enough of the bullshit. What is going on? Are you freaking out because we’ve made love twice?”

I could see that my son had started to narrow the time I began acting strange to my first appointment with the therapist. That wasn’t a path I could have him follow because it would lead to questions I couldn’t answer. So, to cover myself, I snapped, “We didn’t ‘make love’, Tommy. We fucked. We fucked, and you came in your mother’s mouth and pussy, and I shouldn’t have let you do that and definitely shouldn’t have loved doing it, nor should I want to do it again.

“So, is that what you’re in here for, Tommy? Do you want to fuck me again? Have me blow your big cock? To cum in my cunt and whore mouth? Because I’ll let you.” I spread my legs and patted my freshly waxed pussy. “Here you go,” I snarled. “It’s ready for you. Call me that name you seem to love so much, and I’ll scream my orgasm as you cum inside your mother’s tight cunt. Then smack my face with your cock, and demand that I suck it. And I will, Tommy. I’ll suck it better than any ss ... bitch ever has before or will again.”

Tears of hurt in his eyes, Tommy stood as if he were in pain and looked down at me. Then he broke my heart by not yelling at me or fighting back. Instead, he tenderly said, “I’m sorry you’re hurting, Mom. I don’t know why you’re lashing out, but it’s not because we ‘fucked’. Something is wrong, but you don’t want to tell me what, so there is no help I can offer you. But, if you want to tell me, I swear, regardless of what is causing you to lash out, I’ll do my best to help you.”

I dropped my legs, then covering my head with the pillow, I wept into it. Tommy patted my shoulder and left. I waited until I heard the door open, dropped the pillow, and said, “Tommy?” He turned toward me. “Keep your phone close tonight, please. I can’t tell you why, so please don’t ask, but I might need your help later.” I could see a million questions thronging through his mind, but he decided to trust me and say, “I will, Mom.”

“Thank you, Tommy,” I whispered as he closed the door.

At two O'clock, I received the first of Frank's texts. It read, *Hello, Kate Slut. If you haven't already, ensure your whore's pussy is entirely bare of hair before heading out.* 'At least the first task is easy,' I muttered as I closed my phone. Then I tried to distract myself by burying myself in housework.

An hour later, I received, *Is your slut cunt wet, anticipating what you'll be doing tonight, slut Kate? No hair, except for what grows from your thick head, below your chin, slut Kate."* Weirdly, reading the word didn't cause me to react like hearing it did. So far, I hadn't reacted to reading it all. All I felt was a sense of rising dread and terror.

The guilt of breaking my marriage vow bothered me way more than breaking the incest barrier. The former, I swore never to do. The latter I'd experienced often in my family of origin, even though penetrative vaginal sex hadn't happened to me when I lived with my parents.

At 4 O'clock, Frank sent, *I bet you've got your hand on your whore's cunt playing with yourself and eagerly anticipating serving a real man tonight, slut Kate. It must have felt so good when you finally had a real man's big cock forcing your tight cunt open. Tonight, you will wear a skirt that shows plenty of leg. Suspenders, stockings and 7-inch heels are a must.*

Short or long with a slit, I don't care. But I must be able to expose your dirty cunt whenever I want. Your top will expose most of your saggy tits and show cleavage to barely short of your nipples and must expose your belly button.

That, also, was an easy task. I showered and dressed in my hip hugger emerald green, M-slit maxi skirt. I chose my colour-matching, slit front, backless halter top to go with this. After changing my barbell belly button ring for a gold sun with an emerald centre, I put on the same suspender, stockings and heels that I wore for my lunch date with my husband. However, when I reread Frank's message to ensure I'd followed his instructions precisely, I giggled when I read 'big cock'. Frank's was the smallest I'd seen, not that I'd seen many.

5 O’clock’s message read, *Slut Kate, you will catch the train that arrives at Fortitude Valley train station at 5.36. You will cross platforms to catch the next train to Bowen Hills, where I will pick you up. I have a surprise organised for you at Fortitude Valley, Slut Kate. So, enjoy your experience there, but remember, that entire area has security cams, and I know how nervous cameras can make you.*

Checking the time on my phone, I realised I’d need to leave now to catch the required train. Walking outside, I forced myself to wave cheerily at my neighbour, got in my car and drove to my local station. Getting off at The Valley station, I saw that the platform was so jam-packed that there was barely room to move. But luckily, the train to Bowen Hills was on the same strip. I got off on platform 9 and only needed to cross the strip to platform 10.

The only room was at the very far end. So slapping away various groping hands, I moved there. As soon as I broke into a relatively clear space, a group of around ten people moved across to block the rest of the platform off. I could hear a male voice grunting and a feminine one moaning, but I couldn’t work out where it came from or who it was.

Then the group spun, and into the space where I stood appeared a young, voluptuous Asian woman wearing a micro-mini dress sandwiched between two eagerly thrusting men. My jaw dropped to the floor as I realised the young woman had a cock in her ass and pussy. As I gaped, two more men closed in, and she took their cocks in her hands.



The scene should have disgusted me or at least made me turn away to give the girl privacy. Instead, that old, familiar tingle raced to squishy heat in seconds. Biting my bottom lip, I barely resisted cupping my breasts and playing with my nipples. But I closed the gap between the girl, men and me swiftly.

As I closed in, I saw the rest of the group had turned to face the action, and I reached where the woman stood in time to hear the man in her ass groan and cum inside her. No sooner had he pulled out and taken his place in the human wall hiding us from the other passengers, than another walked up behind her and rammed his thin cock into her ass.

Dumbfounded, I watched the man inside her pussy climax and pull out just in time for the second man in her ass to pull out and spray semen over the woman’s back. The following two forced her to her knees. One jammed his cock into her mouth as the other rammed his into her pussy. Neither of these lasted very long either and were swiftly replaced by two more. One of these

guys lay on his back on the platform as the other lifted the hefty woman, then lowered her onto his accomplice's cock, then he knelt and shoved his penis into her ass as another rammed his into her mouth.

This whole scenario had me dripping and imagining it was me between those cocks. The woman being vigorously fucked by multiple men certainly wasn't objecting. If anything, whenever another man came on or in her, she experienced an eyes rolled back orgasm.

I had to, needed to, get some small part of this action. There was no way I could allow multiple men to use me as they were her, but my throbbing clit demanded I do something. Crossing to where she stood, I pressed my body against the man currently fucking her from behind (she had only one inside her when I did this), and reached around his and her body and thumbed her tiny, conical nipples.

Deciding that standing where I was was stupid, and given she had only one cock inside her, I moved before her. Cupping her breasts again, I waited until she opened her eyes to look at me, then softly kissed her lips. "Feel good, honey?" I asked. *Oh, Gawd, yes, she groaned.* "What's your name, little one?" *She managed, "Betty," as the man fucking her came inside her pussy, and another took his place.* "You like being used like a whore by multiple men?" I asked as I slid the straps of her dress off her shoulders and exposed her huge chest. *"Gawd, yes," she moaned. "The thought of being caught excites me even more."*

I felt a cock press against my ass, and with a rarely used swear word, I slapped it away and swore, "Fuck off, asshole!" Whoever it was backed away swiftly. Turning back to Betty, I pinched her tiny nipples and slid my hand down to her pussy. Feeling the cock sliding in and out of her, I lowered my hand and cupped his balls and gently squeezed. "Fill this slut with cum," I demanded. Strangely, the 'S' word used as I had, didn't affect me at all.

This man immediately orgasmed and was swiftly replaced by another. "Bend over, slut," he demanded of Betty. Then, speaking to me, he said, "Miss, please, there are still five more guys wanting to cum inside this slut, so can you give us access to all of her holes before our trains come?"

The man's request made me back away, and I watched Betty slurp another cock into her mouth with my pussy gushing and my clitoris aching. Turning around, I realised that other than the men who had already used Betty's orifices to cum in and those who waited to use her, the platform was empty. A train pulled up, and seeing its ultimate destination, I jumped on because it would pass through Bowen Hills station.

Bowen Hills is only one more station further north, so less than two minutes later, I walked up the ramp to find Frank and two other men waiting for me. Flicking his cigarette away, Frank slid off his car's hood and said, "Hello, Slut Kate. Nice outfit."

Biting my bottom lip to prevent my impending orgasm, I tried for courage and snarled, "I'm here, Frank. But if you think I'm giving up my pussy to you or your asshole mates, you're kidding yourselves.

Frank didn't respond. He only gave me a supercilious smile and said, "Get in the back seat, slut Kate. Sit in the middle and show me your whore's cunt as I drive us to the event.

Unable to refuse because I feared Frank would post the pictures he took when he screwed me, I slid into the middle of Frank's car's backseat and waited to see what was next. Frank's two friends sidled in beside me, and Frank drove off.

I didn't recognise where we were because I had only briefly passed through this area a few times. But, I had a vague idea of the general area and couldn't think of where we could be headed because there were no clubs in this area that I was aware of. I feared I was being taken to a private address where no one could come to my rescue. As he drove, Frank glanced back at his passengers and said, "Guys, that pussy won't play with itself. Call her 'slut' and see what she does."

The man to my left went to grab my breast, so I slapped his hand away. The other guy tried to do the same, and I slapped his hand as well. Exasperated, Frank snapped, "My little Kate slut, stop pretending you don't like cock and take those two in your hands immediately."

Groaning my desire, I unzipped the men and pulled their cocks out and wrapped my dainty hands around them and began pumping.

“Show me your slut cunt, Kate,” Frank demanded. Taking my hand off of the right man’s cock, I lifted the centrepiece of my skirt and moved it aside so that Frank could view my wet vulva. “You object and fight, Kate. Yet your wet cunt tells me your fat slutty arse loves every second of it. So lean back and let these boys play with your cunt and tits.”

I didn’t want to and, please help me, Lawd, I shouldn’t have, but I lifted my knees higher and spread them wider. The guys held my calves, lifted my legs over theirs, and then flipped my skirt aside. One’s fingers immediately circled my button as the other slid two fingers inside me.

It was wrong. My conscience screamed at me that it was wrong, but oh my, did it feel good! I couldn’t help myself and moaned as I undulated my hips up at the fingers on and in my salaciously exposed pussy.

“Gawd, what a willing slut,” The guy whose fingers were inside me said. “She’s dripping over my fingers onto the seat.”

The constant use of the ‘s’ word kept me on the edge of an orgasm, but I hadn’t crashed over the cliff into one yet because I didn’t want to cum for these assholes. However, both men forced their hands inside my top and pinched and tweaked my nipples as they played with my pussy, and I screamed and climaxed on their fingers.

The man on my left undid his seatbelt and moved to get between my legs. “Hold her legs apart, Charlie. I’m going to fuck this slut!” He growled.

I would have let him, too. I was so hot right then that I’d have welcomed him into my pussy and demanded that he bang me hard. Luckily, Frank announced we’d arrived and had other plans for me, and the guy would have to wait. “Don’t worry, though,” Frank chuckled as he leant over and viciously tweaked my nipple. “We’ll all get to use this slut’s cum holes many times before tonight’s over.” Which, of course, confirmed my fears about where tonight was heading.

I unwillingly got out of the car and looked around. We were in front of an industrial building in Newstead. The façade had been done to resemble the entrance to a castle. Only, instead of a true portcullis, it had swinging gates with a fake front. Over the entrance, a sign declared La Châteaux du Plaisir Tortueux (The Chateaux of Tortuous Pleasure).

Two guards in medieval costumes stood on either side of the gates, checking IDs and taking the entrance fee. When Frank walked me up, the one on the left said, “Nice, Frank! I think this wench is the prettiest you’ve brought so far. The patrons will shit when they see her on stage.”

He waved us through without charge because, apparently, I was their entry fee. Once we were through the doors passed the gates, I muttered, “What did he mean by ‘see her on stage’?” Chuckling, Frank replied, “You’re tonight’s entertainment, slut Kate. You’ll be naked under a spotlight on the main stage with more than three hundred people looking at you. Don’t worry, though, because I know you will like it.”

I opened my mouth to argue and say there was no way in hell I’d be naked before anyone tonight, let alone on stage for all to see, but before I could, a stunningly beautiful, tall, buxom young woman dressed like a dominatrix stepped in front of us. I gaped at the woman and felt that tingle rise between my already wet thighs again.

She’d done her hair in a tight braid that she’d doubled and then tied so it sat on top of her head. Her makeup was heavy, with liberal use of dark-toned foundation and dark red blush. Her eyeshadow was similar to what I’d worn to the clinic, white in the inner corner to dark brown on the outer. Her eyeliner extended past her eyes to arc another inch higher. Instead of mascara, she had long fake eyelashes and wore even longer false nails. Her nails were painted a dark, blood-red.

Below her long neck and over her big enhanced breasts, she had a black leather bra that barely covered her enormous nipples and left plenty of her areolae showing above and below it. Beneath that, she had on a black micro mini that split at her left hip and had only a thin leather strip at the skirt’s top to keep it together. Black suspenders attached to black fishnet stockings

under that. On her feet were shiny black patent leather ankle boots with 9-inch heels.



Grinning delightedly, she took my hand from Frank's and slowly turned me around. "Wow, Frank," she marvelled. "You've brought a right gorgeous trollop this month. The men will love her, and the women who aren't lesbian or bisexual will turn green and puke with envy. Where did you find her?"

With Frank and the dominatrix chattering away, I barely noticed that I'd been guided deep into the bowels of the chateaux, and before I knew what was happening, we stood in front of a door that read 'Performers only'.

Whisking me through the door, she closed it and then pulled my bottom into her groin. Kissing the nape of my neck, she pushed one hand inside my top onto my nipple as she slid the other through a split and onto my pussy. Finding my button, she circled it firmly as she rolled my nipple between her

thumb and forefinger. She growled, “My gorgeous little slut, are we going to have fun tonight! And I promise, if you’re a good girl and do as I ask, I’ll give you the rogering you desperately need when we’re done.”

Fighting back my impending orgasm, I tried to fight free. Laughing, the woman let me move away before she used my hand to turn me and pull me back. Pushing her thigh between my thighs and onto my wet pussy, she cupped my ass and locked her lips to mine. Squeezing my ass as she massaged my clit, the dominatrix circled my lips with her tongue. Breaking the kiss, she leaned back far enough to slide her hand back inside my top, then pinched and pulled my nipple.

Pinching and twisting on my nipple as she rubbed my clit with her thigh, the woman waited until my eyes hooded, and I moaned before grabbing the back of my head and kissing me again. I offered no resistance this time as her tongue played along my lush lips, and I opened them enough for her to dart it inside. Then, moving her hand from my head, she snaked it between us and found my clit again.

As she slid two fingers inside my soaking pussy, my objections fell away along with my resistance, and I allowed her to walk me backwards until my back hit something circular and cold. Lifting my hands, she pulled my top over my head and threw it aside before cuffing my hands above my head. Then she tugged on my skirt and let it fall to the ground. Now that I was naked except for suspenders, stockings and heels, she pinched my inner thighs until I spread my legs, knelt, and swiftly cuffed my spread ankles to the chromed steel supports welded to a floor plate.

“What are you doing?” I worriedly asked. *Preparing you for our show.* “What show? *The one starring you and me that’s about to start.* “I can’t go naked in front of three hundred people,” I begged. “My husband is too well known, and someone will recognise me.” *Stop whining, Kate. It’s not becoming of you. Here, let me put this on you.* The woman put an eyeless masquerade mask on my face and tied it firmly into place.

Happy? Kate, I said if you were a good girl for me, I’d give you the rogering you need after the show. Are you going to be a good girl for me, Kate? Or do I have to take my cane to your sexy tits and ass? If I have to,

I'll do that in front of the crowd instead of what I initially planned. So, what's it to be, Kate, my little slut? You being a good girl and having fun, or me caning your tits and ass for the crowd?

I sure as hell didn't want to be caned in front of an audience, and as I was tied helpless and seemed out of options, I took the lesser of the two evils and said I'd be good. *Then, let's put on a show they'll remember forever, my willing little submissive slut.* Of course, that did it. Even before the dominatrix kissed my lips and fingered my clit, I moaned and shuddered on the cusp of an orgasm. *Oh, wow, Kate. You're going to be a massive hit! She informed me.*

The ground suddenly lurched under my feet, and I could feel myself moving, although I had no idea what was happening. As we turned, the hubbub of the assembled crowd grew louder. Then when we ground to a stop, they went completely silent before breaking out into raucous applause and wolf whistles. I realised that the stage must rotate from the preparation room into the main floor area where the revellers waited.

I was living one of my greatest fears. Even as a child, I was swiftly and severely chastised if I showed my 'privates' to someone outside our immediate family. Although we were required by my father to be naked inside the home at all times, we were never to show our privates to outsiders.

The following are my father's thoughts on the matter: All women are sluts. As such, they should always display their slut assets to their betters. But because of man's weakness, he cannot be trusted to be appropriate around women. Unfortunately, because of their slutty natures, women cannot rebuff a man's animalistic approach. Therefore, women must not tempt men into displaying their ruttish instincts by exposing their tits or genitals.

Please, don't send me your hate mail. Save it for the man that expounded that belief. However, I will defend some of what he does and is. Although my father is a strict martinet whose word is the law in our home, he is also a loving man. My childhood was one filled with kisses and cuddles, and I remember many fond times when I rode on my father's back as he

‘galloped’ around our floors, neighing like a horse. Often my sisters rode with me.

Dad would sit happily with us as his three girls had a ‘tea party’ and pretend to drink from the tiny plastic cup we offered him. When he was home (work took him away almost as often as it does my husband), he’d read a different night-time story, making all the sounds in the book, to each of us.

So, yes, you may consider my upbringing abusive, but I am a well-adjusted, former straight-A student who has never been in trouble with the authorities. Therefore, my parents have raised me to be a decent member of society.

As you can see from above, being naked and exposed to strangers is not something I’d willingly do, and terrified, I lost all arousal. However, the crowd remained raucous, and their whistles and catcalls of admiration washed over me. I heard many comments like, “Wow, is she hot! My Gawd, what a set of tits! Look at those long shapely legs. I love how her parted thighs deliciously frame her sweet little pussy,” and my pussy began tingling before becoming hot, wet and squishy again.

“Hello, crowd,” the dominatrix crowed, her voice booming from the speakers as she revelled in the audience’s attention. “Mistress Siobhan and her willing slut, Kate Middleton, at your service. I can hear you’re already shaking with anticipation for tonight’s show, so let’s get rolling, shall we?”

With a jerk, the platform I was on turned until I faced away from the crowd. When it stopped, the contraption forced my cuffed hands down until my body bent at ninety degrees. Of course, this salaciously displayed my ass and vulva to the crowd. Many more awed comments followed. “Fuck, what a great ass! Gawd, her legs are long, and look at those sexy heels! Wow, her pussy looks tight, and I bet it tastes sweet!” They made me even hotter!

“I see you like my little slut girl,” Mistress Siobhan crooned. “Shall we see if she likes being spanked?”

“Yes!” The crowd shouted.

I knew what would happen. If I'm turned on, and I was about as turned on as I can be and not cum, I'll orgasm every time I'm spanked or paddled. Siobhan walked to me, then ran her hands over my curvy butt. Pausing with a hand on each cheek, Siobhan pulled them apart and displayed my little starfish.

"Gawd!" The crowd exhaled.

Making a show of it, Mistress Siobhan wet her index finger, then parted my cheeks and moved her finger close to my ring, "Shall we see if the slut likes being rimmed first?"

"Yes!" From the crowd.

I felt Siobhan's finger touch between my ass cheeks, but she danced away before touching my starfish. Teasing the crowd, she danced and strutted around the stage, occasionally pausing to lift on her toes with her knees spread and arch back, clearly displaying that she wasn't wearing panties. After a few seconds of dancing and winding the crowd close to a fever pitch, she danced back to me, wet her finger, and slid it onto my ring.

I heard the crowd gasp, "Ohhhhhhhh!" as an even louder "Ahhhhhhh," boomed over the room. Siobhan licked her finger again, then returned it to my starfish. "Ohhhhhhh!" went the crowd, "Ahhhhhhh!" over the speakers. Only then did I realise I'd been miked up, too (It was in the mask).

"That was a great tease," she announced to the crowd as she danced and strutted up and down the stage. "Shall we move on to the first main event?"

"Yes!" The crowd hissed.

"Bring it in, guys," Siobhan gestured.

I felt something move underneath my lasciviously spread thighs, and then a soft feminine hand touched my pussy and spread my lips before pulling my clit hood back and exposing my button. Then she guided something rounded, quite wide, warm and soft, and pressed against my clit and entrance. I wondered what it was (I discovered later that it was a magic

wand vibrator on a mechanical arm that made several different motions.) and had no idea of its purpose, but the slight pressure against clit caused me to moan again.

“Ohhhhhhh!” From the crowd at my moan.

I wriggled, trying to get lower and increase the pressure on my clit. Unfortunately, I couldn’t move, so I groaned in frustration.

Siobhan teased the crowd. “I think the little slut is gagging for it, don’t you, audience?”

“Yes!”

“Shall I give her what she wants?”

“Yes!”

“Sorry, I can’t hear you. Can you shout louder, please?”

“**Yes!”**

“What was that?”

“YES!”

“One more time!”

Unknown to me, Siobhan had gestured for the crowd to remain silent. So when she commanded ‘one more time’, mine was the only voice that shouted, **“YES!”** Oh my, did it sound loud as I bellowed it into the microphone!

“I think that means my little slut wants me to turn the machine on!” Siobhan tittered. “So, I shall, shall I?”

“**Yes!”** The ecstatic crowd and I yelled.

I heard a low buzz, then the thing on my pussy pressed harder against my clit and vulva and began vibrating.

“Ahhhhhhhh!” from me, followed by “Ohhhhhhh!” from the crowd.

The thing vibrating on my clit felt excruciatingly divine and had me swiftly climbing towards my peak. But then Siobhan adjusted some dials, and the thing’s head moved in a small circle around my pussy area. It shifted, and the pressure on my clit increased deliciously. It slid away, and the lighter pressure caused my thick clit to bounce in time with its vibrations. It went lower, and it felt like it was about to penetrate me, and I arched my back, trying to force it in.

For an ecstatic, unknown to me time, I grunted continuously into the mic as I rocked and trembled on the precipice of a mind-blowing orgasm but couldn’t crash over the edge. Because of my upbringing, my submissive mind had heard Siobhan name herself Mistress, so I waited for her permission to cum.

Of course, she didn’t know that, and my continual shudders and moans had the crowd pumping, jumping, and cheering, so she happily continued along as we were for quite some time. Eventually, Siobhan heard me softly pleading, “Let me, let me, let me,” and telling the crowd to quieten momentarily, she listened to what I mumbled. With the silence, my mumbled pleas washed over the crowd, and another awed, “Ohhhhhhhhhh!” exhaled from them.

I didn’t think Siobhan would understand my need, but she must have because she adjusted the thing on my pussy until it pressed mainly against my clit and slit but left my entrance open. My moan of “Let me, let me” grew louder as Siobhan briefly played to the crowd. “My little slut is begging us to let her cum, shall we?”

The crowd bellowed**, “Yes!”** Then began chanting, **“Make her, make her, make her!”**

I was close to going out of my mind with need. Sweat dripped from every pore, and fluids flowed from my pussy down my inner thighs. Thankfully,

Siobhan picked another buzzing thing up (I learned later that it was a G-spot Vibrator), turned to the crowd and demanded, “Watch me make this slut scream and explode!” and slid the vibrator into my pussy and onto my G-spot.

“Cum, slut,” she growled as she twirled the vibrator’s tip over my inner pleasure node, and I screamed and exploded as she described I would. I’d declare that it was the hardest orgasm (as in, ‘I orgasmed so hard that... ‘) I’d ever had, but I’d had so many screaming orgasms since I’d fallen into Edgar’s clutches that it was difficult to tell.

After my screams, groans, and then whimpers indicated my climax was over, Siobhan strutted along the stage as she said, “That’s the end of part one of our Main Event, so go and get yourselves a drink at the bar, and find a quiet place or a willing partner to relieve your tensions. We’ll be back in an hour with part two.”

As Siobhan strutted, the plate I was on rotated and brought me back to standing with my hands above my head and my entire front licentiously displayed for all to see. Now that I’d orgasmed and my arousal had waned, I felt acutely embarrassed by what had happened, so I was grateful when the platform rotated and carried me back into the performer’s room.

As soon as the platform blocked off the other room, Siobhan took off my mask, plastered herself to my body and kissed me fervently, her hands flying over my nipples and clit. Siobhan exclaimed, “My Gawd, Kate! That was the hottest show ever! No one has ever reacted so sexily and readily before, and my lawd, aren’t you loud when you cum! I’m telling you, Kate. The bonus money from performer tips and extra bar sales will make us a fortune tonight! You are quite the slut, aren’t you?”

And, of course, that word did its thing, and I was as hot for Mistress Siobhan as she was for me. If the truth be told, I would have been hot for anyone standing before me after hearing them call me that name.

I heard a click, and my hands were free. Wondering why I was doing it because, other than what I’d done with my mother and daughter and under hypnosis, I’d never played with a woman before, I slid my hand between us

and found Siobhan's love button. With my other hand, I cupped Siobhan's ass and squeezed her against my probing fingers.

"Oh, lawd, yes, Kate," Siobhan groaned as she ground against my finger. "I want to cum!" *I thought, You're about to, aren't you?* But she had other ideas. Breaking away from my embrace, she forced me to my knees, then guided my mouth onto her pussy. "Lick me, my little Kate slut. Eat your Mistress out, and make her cum." Holding my mouth tightly against her pussy, Siobhan ground her clit against my lips, nose and chin until, with a loud squeal, she orgasmed and dripped pussy fluids into my willing mouth.

After she'd come down, Siobhan guided me to the sinks and helped me to clean my face. She moved me to the makeup table next and told me to hold still as she redid my makeup. When she'd finished, my overall appearance was similar to what I'd done, but I thought she'd added some sexy, angular lines to my round face.

"Cool look, Kate," another young woman stated as she bustled into the room. Then she turned to Siobhan before kneeling. "May I taste her, Mommy?" She asked, shocking me to the core.

"Maybe after the show, Caoimhe (pronounced Kwee-va, or Kee-va. Meaning: Gentle, beautiful and precious)," Siobhan said as she encouraged the young woman to her feet. "Help me get Kate set for our performance."

"W-what p-performance," I stutteringly asked. "I thought we'd already done it."

"That was the warm-up event, Kate," Siobhan stated. Then she giggled sexily. However, we'll have to work really hard to top that, but I think you're up to it! Of course, if you'd rather not, I can call Frank and tell him to come and get you?"

Anything was better than being back in the predatory hands of Frank and his cohorts, so I agreed that I'd star in Siobhan's performance. Taking no notice of my gorgeous form, something I definitely wasn't used to, two muscular guys wheeled in what looked like a black gynaecologist's chair.

Then putting the suspension frame aside, they placed it on the platform where the frame had been.

Noticing my wondering expression, Siobhan explained the two guys were gay. Then patting the chair, Siobhan said, “Up, pet. Sit your sexy ass on this.”

I reluctantly climbed on, and Siobhan lifted my arms and locked my wrists into the restraints above my head as Caoimhe locked my feet into similar ones. I looked down and saw that the chair’s shape had forced my back to arch and pushed my beautifully full, gorgeous breasts up as if I were offering them to my lover’s touch. However, my ankles were together, so I relaxed.

Unfortunately, my relief didn’t last long because Siobhan pressed a button on the chair’s remote control, and the chair forced my legs wide apart, exposing my dripping slit to everyone before me. Unhappy with how I presented, Siobhan forced her hand under my hips and dragged me forward until half of my lush ass hung over the seat’s edge. Once she had me as she wanted, she tied a leather strap over my hips and another below my breasts to ensure I stayed in this position. I tell you, I could not have been lasciviously exposed more if I were bent naked over a table in the rec hall of my local army barracks.

“Time for your mask, my little slut Kate,” Siobhan crooned as she placed the mask over my eyes. “We’re almost ready for our performance, so let’s get you wet and ready.” I felt a warm breath on my pussy. “Hmm, slut Kate. Does my daughter’s breath feel good on your pussy? Do you want her to taste your slutty essence? Do you want her to hear you groan as she laps at your juices?”

“Gaaaawwwddd!” I moaned as I tried to push my pussy up to meet the mouth that was so close. Kate had turned our microphones on, so my groan echoed across the suddenly silent dance floor. The silence didn’t last long because they cheered, yelled, and ran to take up their positions as the stage began rotating into view.

“Welcome to part two of the main show,” Siobhan said as she gyrated across the stage. “You remember my slut, Kate Middleton, of course. Wow, was she a willing slut in our first show. Shall we see how she reacts next?”

“**YES!”** The crowd shouted.

“Bring in the machine,” Siobhan commanded. *Machine? I wondered*

I couldn’t see but felt something wheeled between my lewdly spread thighs. Then what felt like a cock was pressed against my pussy’s entrance. “No!” I squawked, fearing someone was about to fuck me.

“Relax, Kate,” Siobhan whispered as she danced by. “It’s a dildo on a fucking machine. You’re about to get the first of the rogerings you so desperately need.”

“She says, ‘no’,” Siobhan told the crowd. “But we say, ‘yes’, don’t we?”

“**Yes!”** The crowd chanted.

I heard a quiet hum, and the ‘cock’ slid slowly into my pussy. It was big. Bigger even than my son, and his was the biggest I’d taken inside me. I opened my mouth to protest, but then Siobhan pressed a vibrator against my clitoris, and I exploded into orgasm instead. My loud groans and moans echoed through the area.

The cock had split me apart and now rested inside me on my cervix, an intense feeling that I enjoyed because my husband and son were long enough to hit it at full depth, and I loved the exquisite pain their cock’s tip gave me when they bottomed out in my vagina.

Using the remote, Siobhan turned the machine on, and it began slowly spinning as it moved back. Then, as it almost fell out of my pussy, it reversed directions and glided back inside me. The slow, maddening twist and thrust rubbed the cock deliciously across my G-spot as it slid back and forth, and I began moaning and trying to force my hips up to meet it.

Returning the vibrator to my clit, Siobhan said, “I think this slut likes it. What do you think?”

“Yes!” The watching crowd exhaled.

“Shall I turn the speed up?”

“**Yes!”**

Siobhan turned up the dial, and the cock in me changed from maddeningly slow strokes to languorous ones. I needed, I had to be able to move, or I’d go insane. “Please, Mistress Siobhan,” I begged. “Undo the strap around my hips so I can move.”

“Shall I?” Siobhan asked.

“Yes!”

Siobhan turned the thrusting cock’s in and out movements higher and then released the strap around my hips. Now the pumping cock fucked me as a sensitive lover would after he’d first penetrated me. Moaning, I undulated my hips to meet every inward thrust—the twirling pressure on my G-spot swiftly bringing me to a climax.

“Faster?” Siobhan asked the crowd.

“Yes!”

Siobhan whispered, “You may not cum yet, my little Kate slut. Your Mistress will tell you when you can.”

Horrified, I opened my eyes and tried to stare at her through the mask. “I have to!” I said. *You won’t, Siobhan replied.* “I won’t be able to stop.” *You will, she demanded.* “Fuck!” I swore, uttering a rare swear word (swearing was another thing my father wouldn’t permit. You may have noticed that I do not use any of the other typically crude descriptions others use for their private parts.)

Mercifully, the machine stopped before I could defy Mistress Siobhan's directive not to cum. Siobhan manually rotated the dildo until it was entirely out of my pussy. I heard her tinkering with it, and then I felt her finger on my tiny starfish. I tried to twitch my ass out of the way but couldn't avoid Siobhan smearing lube onto my ring. After Siobhan had lubed my tiny ring, she repositioned the cock against my pussy's entrance. As it moved into position, I felt another cock press against my little brown starfish.

If my husband John wanted anal sex, I would willingly submit and allow him to take me in my ass. However, anal sex typically did nothing for me. But, exposed in front of the audience, I felt so naughty, dirty and oh so hot that I moaned when Siobhan turned the machine on, and it slowly forced the second cock into my ass as the first re-entered my pussy.

Gawd, I felt full! The cock in my ass was thinner than the one in my pussy, but they both filled my inner spaces fully, and I could feel them rubbing against each other through the thin membrane separating my vagina from my colon. I have no words to adequately express how those cocks slowly pumping into me felt. All I knew was that they were driving me to heights of ecstasy I'd never before reached. Despite the binds holding me, I thrashed about, squealing, moaning and thrusting my hips at the invading cocks.

I didn't care what Mistress Siobhan had instructed. I needed to cum, and edict or not, I would. However, some small part of me continued to obey because no matter how loud I squealed or how hard and fast I pumped my hips, I couldn't tip off the edge and climax. My mind had spun away into a universe where I was only aware of the exquisitely painful, maddeningly slow, delicious sensations the twin dildos caused in my lower love holes.

"I'd squeal and buck, and pant, "Mistress, please," then squeal, buck and plead again. The crowd began chanting, "Make her cum, Make Her Cum, **Make Her Cum,"** louder and louder.

"Do you want our gorgeous, submissive two-fuck-holed slut to cum and end the show?" Siobhan asked the adoring crowd. Half the crowd yelled, "Yes!" as the rest shouted, "No!" "Well? What's it to be? Fortunately, as she

finished that question, I squealed with denied pleasure again. And mercifully, those shouting “Yes” overrode those yelling “No” this time.

“The yeas have it,” Siobhan said, turning the machine up. The extra friction over my overstimulated G-spot caused my climax to begin, but when Siobhan placed the vibrating wand on my clit and whispered, “You may cum, my darling Kate slut.” I squealed, drew a huge breath, groaned deeper and louder than I knew I could, and then squealed again. My hips must have been a blur because I pumped my pussy up at the twin cocks as fast as possible.

Suddenly, everything seemed to freeze, and my muscles locked into a rictus. Then as I held my sexy ass as far off the table as my binds allowed, I felt the cocks move out and in one more time and squealed endlessly as my pussy contracted and, for the first time ever, squirted.

“Ahhhhhhhhhhh!!!!!” The crowd exhaled as fluids gushed around the cock from my fluttering open and shut pussy.

Siobhan pulled the dildos out of me, leaving me exposed and gasping for a few moments so the crowd could enjoy a final look before hitting the switch that rotated the platform. When we were behind the stage and in the performer’s room, she removed my blindfold, then moved aside so the two muscle dudes could move the fucking machine.

After they’d left, she moved back between my lewdly spread thighs and began stroking my shapely inner thighs and toned tummy. “You were so good, my gorgeous little subby slut,” she crooned. “Mommie’s very happy with you, and now she’s going to give the right royal rogering you’re so desperately craving.”

Mommie? I wondered. Woman, I’m old enough to be your mother!

However, her use of that word and slow sensual stroking made me percolate again, and my hips undulated in time with her strokes. “Please, Mommie,” I pleaded. “I need to orgasm again. Will you help me?” Slipping two fingers inside my tiny, tight pussy, Siobhan lowered her mouth onto my thick clit

and sucked it into her mouth before lashing it with her tongue. “Yes, Mommie,” I moaned. “That feels so good!”

I felt tap tap tap on my G-spot, then Siobhan’s tongue circled my clitoris. And I felt tap tap tap on my G-spot, and my eyes closed and... *Flicker: image: Liz’s fingers slide over my clitoris and into my soaking pussy...* I felt tap tap tap on my G-spot, and my eyes closed,... *Flicker: image: I felt Liz’s mouth descend onto my throbbing, hard clitoris...* then Siobhan’s tongue circled my clitoris, and... *Flicker: image: Liz’s fingernail scrapes over my G-spot and,...* I felt tap tap tap on my G-spot,... *Flicker: image: Then, satisfied I was ready, Liz stood and positioned a thick strap-on cock at my entrance, and I moan as she slowly forced it deep inside me.*

My hips arched up, and I howled as another stupendous orgasm crashed over me. “Good girl, slut Kate,” Siobhan hummed, unaware I’d climaxed to a suppressed memory of my second therapy session, not what she was doing. “Mommie’s going to fuck you now.”

I opened my eyes and saw Siobhan positioning what seemed to me to be a massive fake cock against my entrance, “No!” I protested weakly, my hips already rising to meet the massive intruder. *Yes! Siobhan insisted.* “It will hurt!” I moaned as the cock’s head spread my pussy lips. *Yes, it will, and you’ll love every second of that hurt.* “Gawd!” I groaned as my pussy’s sphincter gave way under Siobhan’s relentless attack, and the cock slid inside me. *Good girl, slut Kate, Siobhan cooed. When you’re ready, push your hips up at my cock, and I’ll give you the rogering you’ve craved for so long.*

I lay there staring at the massive thing inside my vagina as my pussy spasmed around it until my eyes rolled back, and I groaned.

“So good,” I purred, as my pussy rose to accept more of Siobhan’s cock. *Giggling, Siobhan said, You’re the biggest slut I know, Kate. Her face turned serious, and she added, Now, beg your Mommie to fuck you!*

I had to have more of that thing inside. I had to. Never before have I felt so deliciously full. My husband’s cock is thick and fills me nicely. Tommy’s cock is as thick as John’s and a little longer, so it feels delicious inside me,

too. But this thing, lawd! It felt like it was splitting me in half, and as my pussy rose to meet it, it rubbed gloriously across my G-spot. “Please, Mommie,” I begged. “Fuck me with your big cock.”

“Fuck, Kate,” Siobhan marvelled, “You are such a magnificent slut! Every other first-timer on this thing squealed like a bitch when I forced it into her cunt. You? You’re begging me for it. So beg, slut Kate. Beg your Mommie to fuck you with her big cock!

“Please, Mommie,” I moaned. “Your daughter needs your big cock to fuck her cunt (I surprised myself with my word’s coarseness because I’d never typically use either of those words.).” *You’ll do anything I ask so that I will?* “Yes, Mommie.” *Good, because my other daughter wants to taste you after I’m done with you.*

The remaining restraint under my lush breasts prevented me from moving very far, but I lifted and dropped my hips as far as it allowed, trying to get more of Siobhan’s cock inside me. The pressure splitting me apart and the intense rubbing on my G-spot had me gagging for more, and I begged, “Please, Mommie. Take away the remaining restraint so I can respond better to you fucking me.”

Siobhan released that strap, and Caoimhe undid the cuffs holding my hands. My hands moved to my sexily lush breasts, and I tweaked and pulled my nipples as Siobhan thrust the gigantic cock into me.

“Sit on this slut’s face,” Siobhan instructed Caoimhe, and Caoimhe, whose pussy was already dripping, settled onto my lips. Tilting my head, I eagerly tasted the young woman’s flavours. Tangy, with an undertone of sweetness, Caoimhe tasted divine on my tongue.

One of my two lovers pushed my hands off my nipples and took possession of them, and pinched and twisted harder than I could have myself. Reacting to the sweet pain from my breast nubs, I squealed into the pussy on my mouth and climaxed again. My squealing breath blasted across Caoimhe’s clit, and her squeal matched mine as she joined me in an orgasm.

“Such good sluts,” Siobhan crooned as she slid her cock out of my severely gaping pussy. “Caoimhe, you may taste my daughter’s pussy until she orgasms again, but then you need to go and help with the clean-up from tonight’s event.”

Caoimhe replied, “Yes, Mommie,” and lowered her lips onto my pussy. I didn’t think I could possibly go again, but her insistent tongue elicited a final orgasm from my exhausted body. Slumping onto the chair, I asked Siobhan to release me.

Siobhan shook her head, almost crying and replied, “I’m sorry, Kate. But I promised Frank I’d leave you tied to the chair for him and his mates to use. I’d love to help you, honey, but Frank beat me to a pulp the last time I helped someone in your position, and he and his three mates raped me instead. My face and body are my passport to money, Kate, and I can’t afford to not work for another six to eight weeks again. So, I have no choice but to leave you like this. I will try to tell someone who may be able to help, though.”

Despite my pleaded, “Siobhan, no!” She walked out the door as Frank and his three cronies walked in, shouldering Siobhan and Caoimhe aside as they did.

“Hello, my little Kate slut,” Frank gleefully intoned. “That was some show you put on for the fucktards that come to this shithole because they like that type of thing. But our show begins now. We’re going to fuck you, Kate. Fuck you as you’re tied now. Then after we’ve all dumped a load into you whore’s cunt, we’ll pull you off the chair and triple-team you. One in your ass, cunt, and mouth. Then we’ll swap around continuously until none of us can go again.”

“No, you won’t,” Tommy stated firmly from the doorway. “Unless you’d prefer I smashed your fuck face into the wall behind you, you and your scummy mates had better fuck the right off.”

“You think you’re good enough to take the four of us, Muggleton?” Frank sneered. “After I’ve beaten your pussy ass and fucked your mother, maybe I’ll fuck your ass, too.”

Moving confidently forward, Tommy replied, “I’ve known you were gay from the time we met, Frank, and I didn’t care. But you’re a paedophile, too. You’re so stupid that you left your perverted files open on your phone, and because Aussiefone sponsors us, we all have the same phone, in the changeroom one afternoon, I saw your phone, thought it was mine, and opened it. You’re disturbed, Frank. Underaged boys? When I send the screenshots I sent to my email to the police, you’re going to jail. Now step away from my mother, then you and your fag friends can fuck the fuck off.”

“Again, dickhead,” Frank sneered. “I count four of us and one of you.” He gestured towards one of his friends, “Geoff prefers ass to pussy. Maybe I’ll let him fuck yours as I fuck your mother.”

“Four against two,” Phil said as he stepped into the room.

“Against three,” Freddy added as he walked in behind Phil.

“Take care of those two,” Frank contemptuously instructed his three pals. “I’ll deal with the slut’s son myself.”

But there was no contest. As one, Phil and Freddy spun and side-kicked two of Frank’s cohorts in the head. Then, as those two collapsed, their two fists struck the third guy, and he collapsed on top of the other two.

“Guess I’ll have to deal with the three of you myself,” Frank snarled as he took what I assumed was a martial arts stance.

“Give it up and walk away, Frank,” My son growled. “You’ve never won a bout against any of us at the dojo.”

“I will rape your mother, put you on the chair in her place, then fuck you, too,” Frank snarled as he launched a frenzied attack.

Tommy slid to the side, turned, and shoved Frank towards Freddy and Phil. Those two punched Frank in his stomach, and as he doubled over, Phil swiftly brought his knee onto Frank’s jaw, and Frank collapsed on top of his buddies.

My son glanced at the four comatose bodies, checking that they were no longer a threat, and then released me from the chair. “Mom,” he grinned at me. “If you’re going to expose yourself for the world to see. Don’t let someone like Frank have access to your sexily gorgeous body when you’re helpless.”

Now that Tommy knew a part of my secret problem, I could tell him the rest, “Tommy,” I started. Before I could finish that sentence, my son broke in. *“Save it until we’re alone, Mom.”*

Tommy helped me to my feet, into my clothes, what little there were of them, and helped me to his car. Silently, we dropped Freddy and Phil home and drove to our place. I had no idea how to explain my problem, but gathering my courage, I said, “The day I accompanied you to the photo shoot at the abandoned lumber yard, Frank caught me urinating and took pictures. He said that if I blew him, he’d delete those pics. Of course, he took photos of me doing that, so I was deeper in the do-do than before. Then he promised to delete them all if I let him fuck me.

“Because I’m a naïve idiot, I let him do that, and, of course, he photographed that, too. Then, on Wednesday, he phoned and said he’d delete all pictures if I met him tonight and did as he asked.”

Tommy shook his head and looked at me pityingly. The very last expression I ever wanted to see on my handsome son’s face. “Why didn’t you tell me, Mom? If you had, I’d have kicked his poof ass at the lumber yard, taken his phone off him, and deleted them there and then.”

Crying, I said, “Letting Frank take me made me unfaithful to your father, Tommy. Never before have I let another man even touch me, let alone screw me, and I didn’t want to expose my shame to you or your friends.”

“He didn’t ‘screw’ you, Mom,” Tommy gently said. “He raped you. And, if I’d known. I’d have killed him, no questions asked.”

Fearful, I asked, “What happens now?”

Tommy glanced at me again as he concentrated on the road, “I assume you don’t want Krissy or Dad to know about any of this?” I nodded. “Then you and I pretend nothing happened.”

Relieved, I asked, “How did you know to rescue me?”

“Siobhan is Phil’s girlfriend, Mom,” Tommy explained. “Frank raped her before they got together, and Phil’s helping her through it. You obviously didn’t twig, but Caoimhe is Phil’s sister (I should have, because how many Caoimhes can there be in Australia?). Plus, Phil’s mother, Kathy, and I were best friends, but I hadn’t.

“Phil was one of the ‘prison guards’ outside The Chateaux and saw you enter with Frank. He was worried and texted Fred and me where he was and who you were with. When I received Phil’s text, I got in my car and drove to the Chateaux. Luckily, I arrived before Frank and his scum buddies could add you to the women they’ve raped.”

“What’s to stop Frank from posting the dirty videos he took of me on the web?” I asked my son.

“Fuck!” Tommy swore. “Nothing unless I offer to delete his pictures in exchange for him deleting yours.”

“If he’s having sex with minors, Tommy,” I said. “He needs to go to jail. Your father has had many affairs over the course of our marriage, so he’ll have to put up with me having one.”

“Yeah, but he won’t, Mom,” Tommy answered, “And you know it. Dad believes it’s a man’s right to take any woman he fancies, regardless of her or his marital status. But his woman should remain faithful only to him. Do you even have money of your own, Mom? Would you have any money if Dad blocked your access to the joint accounts?”

“No,” I admitted.

Tommy emphatically stated, “Then Dad cannot find out about tonight.” He sighed, then added, “That means I’ll have to make a mutual nondisclosure

deal with Frank and hope the prick abides by it. However, although yours getting out will be embarrassing and probably lead to Dad divorcing you, his being sent to the cops or leaked to the media puts him in jail, so I think he'll cooperate."

"Tommy, we cannot ignore what Frank's doing. He must be stopped, and those boys must be protected and helped to recover from their abuse. Plus, he and his mates are raping women, Tommy. Raping women! Without your intervention, they would have raped me. We can't let them continue, son. Not when we have the evidence to stop them. I'll have to hope that if those pics of me get out, your father never sees them."

Exasperated, Tommy growled, "Someone will see them and tell or show him, Mom. You know that!" Then he sighed and said, "But you're right, we must help those kids, and I should have already forwarded the screenshots to the cops." He drove silently for a while as he struggled to find a solution to my dilemma. "I have a plan, Mom, Tommy stated. "I'll need to check some things first, but I think it'll solve all our troubles with Frank and put him in jail to boot. It will mean risking you being raped again, though."

"What?" I gasped. "There has to be another way, Tommy. I don't ever want to have to go through that again!"

"Let me think about it, Mom. Okay?"

So, of course, I said "yes". What else could I say? After a short silence, we pulled into our garage and went inside. As had become typical, Tommy followed me up the stairs to our rooms, even though there was more than enough room to walk beside me. Knowing he was looking at my ass excited me, however, so I exaggeratedly swung my hips to sway my shapely ass for his viewing pleasure.

Reaching my door, I opened it and hesitated in the doorway. Tommy walked past me but then noticed I'd stopped. I couldn't articulate my needs because they were so wrong, but I needed, needed... "Do you want me to sleep with you tonight, Mom?" Tommy softly asked.

Holding my arms out, I nodded and began sobbing, “I’m so scared and lonely, Tommy. Please take your mother to bed and make her feel better.”

Picking me up, Tommy walked inside, kicked the door shut, and lay me on the bed. Standing, he swiftly disrobed, and I saw his big thick cock already strained and bounced with anticipation, a thick blob of precum leaking from its eye.

With my mouth watering at the sight of my son’s precum-leaking penis, I rolled and turned on the bed, then reached for it. Wrapping my hand around Tommy’s thick shaft, I pulled him towards me and guided it into my mouth. With a swallow, I relaxed my larynx and pressed my mouth forward until my lips hit his hairy abdomen. I moved so I could sit, then cupped my son’s big heavy balls, full of the divine nectar I was about to swallow, and began pumping his shaft as I bobbed up and down.

Tommy’s hands settled on my head and held it as he moaned, “You’re so good at doing that, Mom—the best I’ve ever had.” I wondered how many he’d had do this for him, but I didn’t want to be gauche and ask the question. So, instead, I sucked harder and bobbed faster. “I’m close, Mom,” Tommy warned. “Where do you want it?” I was too engrossed in what I was doing to reply, so with a loud groan, Tommy pulled my head tightly to his abdomen, and as his big balls tightened against his thick shaft, he blasted his semen down my willing throat.

Moving my head back, I carefully cleaned my son’s cock and, with a loud slurp, released it from my mouth. Knowing that a man’s glans can become sensitive after he orgasms, I gently pumped my son’s shaft as I played with his big balls. With the stamina and ready sexual arousal of youth, Tommy hardly wilted at all and was soon harder than diamonds in my hand again.

Pushing my son back, I stood and stripped before kneeling at his feet and guiding his cock back in my mouth. Placing my hands on his hips, I looked submissively up through my eyelashes at him and free-handed my mouth down on his cock until my lips were against his hairy pubic bone. Tommy placed his hands over mine and waited to see what I’d do. I held my head still and pushed on his hips. Then when he was almost out of my mouth, I

held him in place and briefly lashed his glans before pulling him back into my mouth.

Getting my hint, Tommy grabbed a handful of my hair and firmly thrust his big cock into my mouth. Releasing Tommy's hips, I knelt submissively upright with my hands locked on my thighs, supporting my upper body and allowed my son to own my mouth. Tommy watched his big cock thrusting into my willing mouth until, with his eyes rolling back and a deep groan, he arched back, pushed his cock as deep into my oral cavity as possible, and unloaded another torrent of cum into my mouth.

Shaky on his orgasm weakened knees, Tommy moved back, then leaned down to pick me up. As he bent over, I opened my mouth to show I still held his load. Then I closed my mouth and swallowed exaggeratedly before reopening it and showing it was empty.

"Gawd, Mom!" Tommy exclaimed after my display. "You are such a slut! No wonder Dad always comes home!"

Of course, I enjoyed the compliment, and the 's' word had its typical effect. Still, I would have preferred that he avoided reminding me I was about to cheat on my husband with our son in our marital bed! However, that thought didn't stop me from trembling with anticipation when my son effortlessly lifted me and held my naked body to his. As Tommy's lips locked with mine and we shared a passionate kiss, I instinctively raised my knees and wrapped my legs around his hips. Feeling my wet, ragingly hot pussy against his cock, Tommy did what any male would do in that situation —he lowered me onto it.

Feeling my son's big cock part my folds and slide inside me, I leaned back and tipped my head forward to watch. "Ahhhh," I sighed luxuriantly, then shivered with delight as I watched Tommy's cock push in. Spreading his knees, Tommy leaned forward and lowered into a partial squat. When my son leaned forward, I had to wrap my hands around his neck to prevent falling. With me now supporting most of my weight, my son moved his hands to my hips and lifted me up his pole. Raising me until only his cock's tip remained in me, Tommy brought me down firmly as he thrust up.

“Oh!” I yipped as my clit and vulva crashed into Tommy’s pelvis, then Tommy lifted me and drove hard into me as he pulled me swiftly down. “Oh!” I yipped again. Tommy repeated this action four or five times until our bodies slammed together at every upward thrust my son made. My yips of pleasure swiftly turned to squeals which morphed into shrieks and finally to howls. Then, my mind gone, I climaxed and shrieked out a final orgasmic wail as I bucked and thrashed on my son’s big cock. A few seconds later, I groaned again as the semen from my son’s gushing cock splattered across my cervix and forced me to climax one more time.

It seemed my son couldn’t get enough of his MILF Mommie’s pussy because he remained rigidly erect as he swept the covers aside and lay me on the bed. Tommy had remained inside me as he moved me to the bed, and as he settled between my luscious, tightly gripping thighs, he hummed, “You were right earlier, Mom. So far, all we’ve done is fuck, and it’s been glorious, but now I will make love to you until dawn’s early light.”

Tommy kissed me slowly, passionately and deliciously and rocked gently back and forth inside me as he lay pressed full-length against me, and I languidly held his calves with my ankles. Taking his time, my son slowly, deftly brought me along the path to another orgasm. Moving gently, ensuring that I felt every millimetre of his cock sliding inside me, Tommy worked me as if I were a sculpture and he a master craftsman.

I thought I would go mad before he brought me to fruition, and as I was about to try and do something more to hasten my trip along the path, Tommy suddenly slid out of me. “No!” I groaned. “I need, I need.” Then I sighed, “Aaaaaahhhh,” as Tommy’s skilled hand and mouth found my stiff breast nubs. Suckling only briefly on my puffy nipples, Tommy then kissed his way down my sexily curved stomach and onto my mound.

Pausing there, my son adjusted his position, then slid his middle finger into my dripping pussy. Curling his finger back, Tommy found my G-spot and gently scraped it with his fingernail. I’d lifted onto my elbows so I could watch what he was doing, and catching my movement, Tommy looked up. Then smiling delightedly, he lowered his mouth and swirled his tongue over and around my button. The twin exotically sensual feelings overcame me,

and with a deep groan, I collapsed onto the bed and arched my pussy up to force more contact.

Tommy rode with me, unfortunately, so the delightful but maddening light pressure continued until my son nipped my clit and growled, “Cum for me, my little Mommie slut!” Then he sucked hard on my clit, and lashed it with his tongue. I must have passed out from the pleasure because the next thing I remember was Tommy inside me, slowly stroking again.

Running my fingers through my son’s dark brown hair, I kissed him lovingly before saying, “Fill your Mommie up, honey. I can’t go any more.” However, I lied. Because when Tommy erupted semen into me, I shuddered and came.

Tommy rolled off me, pulled me into the little spoon position, cupped my firmly rounded left breast and nuzzled my neck. “Sleep well, Mommie,” he whispered. “Holding you in my arms, I know I will.”

Chapter 4: The Hot Tub Party



Hello readers, Kate Muggleton with you again. I guess if you're still reading after three chapters, you must be enjoying my adventures, so let me remind you how chapter 3 ended, and I'll describe what happened next.

My son's friend Frank had blackmailed me into attending a sex club with him and his friends. Unknown to me, I was to be the main attraction in the stage show hosted by the Dominatrix, Mistress Siobhan. Although I was naked before the crowd, other than suspenders, stockings and heels, I didn't need to fear someone recognising me because Siobhan had covered my eyes and upper face with a miked, eyeless masquerade ball mask.

In part one of the show, Siobhan tied me to a viewing platform and bent me over at ninety degrees with my ass and pussy facing the audience. Then a remote-controlled arm with a magic wand vibrator attached was placed under my sexily displayed ass and pussy and moved against my clitoris and vulva. Using the wand and moving arm to stimulate my clit and pussy, Siobhan forced a massive orgasm from me for the audience's viewing pleasure.

Keeping me willing to proceed by threatening to allow Frank to take me immediately and using her lips, tongue and fingers to stimulate me sexually, Mistress Siobhan convinced me to lie on a fetish gynaecological chair. Then, after securing me to the chair, she used its functions to spread the chair's legs and leave my pussy and ass salaciously exposed.

Once she had me presented as she wanted, Siobhan rotated the stage until we faced the crowd again. After the stage stopped turning, I was obscenely displayed with my sweet little pussy and tight little ass visible to anyone before me. Someone wheeled another contraption between my thighs, and I felt a cock positioned at my dripping entrance.

Fearing someone was about to penetrate me, I protested loudly, but Siobhan assured me it was 'only a dildo on a fucking machine'. Siobhan used the machine to torment me by keeping me on the cusp of an orgasm until my mind almost melted. Then, instead of allowing me to climax, she removed the cock from my pussy, and added another for my ass. By now, I was so aroused that my ass gobbled the cock like a fat man does a pie. Now that I had a cock in both love holes, I immediately teetered on the edge of orgasm's cliff again.

After another mind-warping period, Mistress Siobhan finally allowed me to orgasm, ending the show and my exposure to the audience. Honestly, I'm not sure what relieved me more —my screamed orgasm or no longer displaying my luscious assets to the adoring crowd. Back in the performer's room, Mistress Siobhan penetrated me with the largest strap-on imaginable. Surprisingly, my increasing sluttishness allowed me to accept the intruder readily, and I soon crashed through into a fantastic climax.

Siobhan then abandoned me to my fate with Frank and his cohorts. In despair, I lay there, tied helplessly, knowing that Frank and his three mates would use my body continuously despite my objections. What was worse was that Frank knew the effect calling me a slut had, and he would use that effect to give me many orgasms even though they raped me.

However, just as all seemed lost, like a hero in a Hollywood movie, my big, strong, handsome son, Tommy, miraculously strode into the room, and he and his two friends rescued me from under Frank's nose. The best part of my rescue was that I could confess my interlude with Frank. Tommy immediately forgave me and agreed to find a way to get the images deleted. Then, when we got home, Tommy and I made love before I slept in his strong arms.

Readers, now that we're up to date, I'll tell you what happened next.

Saturday morning, I woke feeling the best I'd felt since coming under Edgar's spell. Making love with my son had relieved my seemingly continuous arousal, and even though I could feel his delicious spend leaking from me, my pussy felt normal, not continually aching for stimulation as it had been for the last two-plus weeks.

'*Damn, I want a smoke,' I thought.* Looking in my bedside table, I pulled out a packet, extracted a fag, and reflexively lit it up. Taking a huge drag as I lay back on my pillow, I had time to think, *'No, please! Not again,'* When... *Flicker: image: Then, satisfied I was ready, Liz stood and positioned a thick strap-on cock at my entrance, and I moaned as she slowly forced it deep inside me...* Screaming silently in my mind... *Flicker: image: Moaning as the receptionist's huge cock split me apart,...* I pleaded, 'Please, Edgar, no. I swear I'll never... *Flicker: image: ... I lift my spread knees and wrap them around Liz's hips...* smoke another cigarette!

Stubbing the cigarette out, I lifted and spread my knees before shoving two fingers into my cunt (Yes, I used that word in my mind. Part of my recalled memory reminded me of being told that as a submissive Mommie slut, I didn't have a pussy or vagina. I had a cunt, cock hole, or cum receptacle. Three cum receptacles in total. Mouth, cunt, arse or rear fuck hole.). Sliding

my fingers squishily back in forth in my cum filled pussy, I circled my button (cum switch), then arched off the bed as I, barely suppressing a scream, climaxed.

I looked for my son, hoping that he had slept through my orgasm or at least that it had excited him. But, unfortunately, the other side of my bed was empty. Sighing, I opened my phone and saw Tommy had used the ‘Note’ app to leave me a message. “Hey, Mom,” it read. “It’s 4.00 am as I write this. I heard Krissy come home, and rather than have her catch us sleeping together naked, I slipped off to my bed. See you at breakfast, my beautiful Mommie slut.”

Of course, that meant I had to return my fingers to my squishy pussy. This time, rather than try and stifle my scream, I rolled onto my tummy and screamed into my pillow.

After recovering from my twin climaxes, I showered, douched, then did my hair and makeup. Although I wasn’t going anywhere today, nor expecting visitors, I still dressed as if I were. My mother often paraphrased the old saying, explaining that a woman should be a lady in public, a wife and mother in the home, and a whore for her husband in the bedroom. Even though my mother is a largish woman (Over 90 kg), she has shape. Her breasts and hips are wider than her waist, and she always dresses appropriately sexily for her age and size.

Opening my closet, I took out my midnight blue Zima skort and put it on. I love Zima Skorts and have four in differing colours. Midnight blue, dark green, white and black. What I love about them is that, on the surface, they look like the world’s tiniest micro mini but have a thin gusset barely wide enough to cover my vulva built in.

I chose a bright yellow Privé plunging neck puff sleeve ruched crop tee to go with that. The plunging neckline on my top left most of my décolletage and the inner mounds of my large, gorgeously firm breasts exposed. Because my top showed my toned but curvy tummy, I changed the belly button ring I currently wore for another star-shaped one—this time with a sapphire as the centrepiece.



I turned away from the mirror after giving myself the final once over and headed for the kitchen. But as I turned, I remembered Krissy had complained about my ashtray breath, so I returned to the bathroom to brush and gargle a second time to ensure she'd have nothing to complain about.

However, it was all to no avail because when I got to the kitchen, I discovered I was home alone. Shrugging because being alone wasn't unusual, I got breakfast. I made a bowl with frozen acai puree, banana, raspberries and blueberries, thickened cream, and almond butter. After mixing the ingredients in the blender, I made coffee and sat at the breakfast bar, looking out into the gorgeous morning sun. '*Just about nice enough to sunbake nude,' I thought.* However, I knew, given it was late June, outside would be a lot cooler than it appeared.

I idly wondered what to do with my day. Two days ago, I'd done the house from top to bottom, and it wasn't time to prepare my garden for spring. My mind drifted, and I recalled being on the stage with Siobhan and the two machines. Although I remember being acutely embarrassed, I marvelled at how easily Siobhan's deft handling of my arousal had overcome my objections and inhibitions. Though not being able to see the crowd helped.

Feeling that old familiar tingle grow between my legs, I whispered, "Do you dare do that again, Kate? Would you go back there of your own accord and volunteer to be the main show again?" I would. I knew that now. The orgasms were as intense as any I remember having. The feeling of power I had over the crowd and their overt sexual response to my sexily writhing, luscious body had, underneath my embarrassment, turned me on so much that I wanted to do more. I wanted them to orgasm from watching and hearing me orgasm.

'But what could you do to top your last performance, Kate?' I wondered. Let Mistress Siobhan fuck you onstage, my subconscious answered. *'I wouldn't dare,' I replied to myself.* But I knew the seed had been planted, and I'd fantasise about doing it every time I masturbated until I'd done it for real or the fantasy finally faded.

I forced my mind to think about more mundane things because if I hadn't, I'd have pulled my knees up and apart and masturbated. However, before I could concentrate on anything else, another even more salacious thought reared up from my subconscious. "Many times, you've fantasised about being a slut for several sexily dominant men at once, Kate. Imagine doing that onstage for the crowd!"

I could imagine doing that all too clearly! I'd be naked except for the most ridiculously tall, strappy high heels you could conceive, with a dog collar and leash around my long, slender neck. The men, all handsome and muscly with huge cocks, would stand naked in a row facing the crowd with their hands behind their backs. Some of the cocks would be achingly erect, others at half-mast, and still more would be limp, hanging, begging for my talented mouth to bring them to life.

Mistress Siobhan would hold my leash and, with me on all fours, lead me across the stage to the men. First, she'd lead me to the men with soft cocks, and using my exquisite oral and deep-throating skills, I'd perform mouth to cock's eye on them and feel their warmth and hardness swiftly increase as my talented mouth brought them to turgid stiffness.

From there, Siobhan would lead me to the men at half-mast. They would be the work of mere seconds to bring completely erect. Then the competition would start. I'd have sixty seconds with each man, in turn, to make him cum using only my mouth. I could use my hands for balance but not to touch their cocks or balls. Each man that orgasmed was eliminated until only two were left.

I was their prize. On stage, one would take my willing mouth as the other took my sweet little pussy. The man in my pussy would pull out at the last second and cum on my back so the crowd could see. The other would cum on my face, of course. And then, they'd swap.

As you've read, I was entirely into that fantasy by then and decided to return to my room to masturbate. However, as I stood, the doorbell rang. Thrown roughly out of my sexual fantasy and with my pussy dripping, I frowned and considered not answering. But my ingrained good manners (there's nothing like receiving an old-school caning on your naked breasts and ass to ensure you behave) made me straighten my skort, check that my breasts weren't displayed inappropriately, and answer the door.

Phil and Freddy stood there smiling when I opened the door. "Good morning, Mrs Muggleton," they chorused.

A little flustered because I had no idea they were coming over, I mumbled a greeting back to them, then asked, "Are you here to see Tommy? If you are, I'm not sure where he is."

"He's with his girlfriend, Gina," Freddy explained as they pushed past me inside. "It's you we came to see, Kate, because we have your earnings from last night," He handed me an envelope containing fifteen one hundred dollar bills, "and a confession to make."

“You do?” I answered, looking in the envelope, bewildered by the amount. “Whatever about? I haven’t even thanked you for saving my sorry ass last night.”

“I’ve wanted to kick Frank’s ass for years, Kate,” Phil growled. “Then, when I met Siobhan and discovered what he’d done, I only wanted to kick it more. But that isn’t what we meant.”

“No, it isn’t,” Fred added. “First, we must confess that there is more than one thing to confess about,” he added with a grin.

Phil grinned, too. Then he said, “We confess that at the lumber yard during your shoot, we took many inappropriate pictures of your, umm, parts, Kate. Towards the end there, when you were getting into it, we both lay on the ground and, well, you know. Plus, as you posed, you unawarely exposed your breasts numerous times, and we photographed those, too.”

As I considered what Phil had said, I ushered the boys into the lounge and bade them sit on the couch. I sat opposite them, but I carefully lifted my lower legs and folded my feet under me with my knees to the side, ensuring that there was no way I could inadvertently flash them my gusset-covered slit.

I guess that I should have been angry with them, but instead, they were so sweet and innocent as they confessed, and I knew that I was horny and deliberately showing my pussy and boobs to my son at the time, so I couldn’t blame them for taking advantage of my poses, too. So, instead, I smiled, tittered, and widened my eyes into my ‘sweet, pretty, and oh so innocent’ look and coquettishly asked, “So did you look at them, and, you know?” I made my thumb and forefinger into a circle and subtly moved back and forth as if I was pulling on something in the circle.

The guys blushed prettily (can guys blush prettily? You know what I mean), and Freddy admitted he had as Phil nodded.

“What do you plan on doing with them?” I fearfully asked as I remembered Frank’s photos and what he said he’d do with them. “We brought our laptops and cameras with us, Mrs Muggleton,” Freddy explained as he and

Phil held up their laptop bags and camera cases. “We’ll show where the photos are on our hard drives and memory cards, and then you can watch us delete them.”

I considered what they said but found that I quite enjoyed thinking that these tall, young, athletic men masturbated over my gorgeous self, so using my inbuilt flirtiness, I blushed, looked away shyly, looked back at them, blushed and looked away again, then using my sweet, little girl innocent voice, I said, “Do you boys like masturbating over little ole me?” *They both nodded vigorously*. “Would you like to keep them so you still can?” *Vigorous nods*. “Do you promise never to share them with anyone other than each other?” *Vigorous nods.* “Then I don’t mind if you keep them, boys. But Tommy must never find out you have them.”

“He’s already got plenty of his own,” Freddy muttered. “Bastard won’t share, though.”

Relieved, I innocently said, “What was that, Freddy? I didn’t quite catch what you said.”

“Nothing important, Mrs Muggleton,” Freddy assured me.

“Kate, please.”

“Nothing important, Kate,” Freddy smiled. “But that brings us to our second confession. Phil was the man under the helmet beside the guy that addressed you outside the chateaux last night, Kate. He volunteers to do it if Siobhan and Caoimhe are there so he can ensure their safety. He got me a free ticket, and I was on the floor watching your performance.”

I blushed for real this time, and my spirits dropped into the cellar. ‘*So much for no one recognising me,’ I thought despairingly. Then I remembered Tommy’s revelation that the young woman who had tongued me and had sat on my face was my best friend’s daughter.* “Oh, shivers,” I muttered, realising one wrong word from any of them would expose my dirty secret for everyone to know.

Still my favourite, Phil leaned forward, patted my knee and said, “Don’t worry, Kate. None of us will reveal what we know. Mom and Dad would accept that Caoimhe is a lesbian, but they’d freak out if they knew she was my girlfriend’s submissive plaything.”

I hesitatingly said, “Phil, umm, Siobhan seems more, you know, lesbian than straight, you know?”

“She’s bisexual with a preference for women, Kate,” Phil admitted. “However, she says she’s head over heels in love with me and that if I ask her, she’ll quit performing so she doesn’t become an embarrassment to me. But Siobhan likes performing, and I like watching her perform, so fuck-em, I say.”

I didn’t know what to say, so I stayed silent. But as the silence stretched, I lamely said, “Anyway, guys. Thank you for saving me last night. I shudder to think what Frank and his animalistic mates would have done to me.”

Phil smiled, then winked at Freddy and said, “Allowing us to keep your pics is more than thanks enough, Kate.”

“Speaking of which,” Phil grinned. “Kate, even though I would need to say it every day, I have to say that you look divinely gorgeous today, and the sun is perfect for taking pictures of you sitting on the lounge. Could we plead that you pose for us again?”

“More pics of my pussy?” I snapped, then realised that was very ungracious of me, considering without Tommy and these two men, I’d be a rape victim. “Sorry, Phil,” I apologised. “That fell out before I could think.”

“It was a fair enough comment, Kate,” Phil smiled. “But will you please pose for us?”

So, despite my misgivings, I ended up, down, and all around that sofa as Phil and Freddy happily snapped away. Phil casually got me to reveal more and more. He’d say things like, “Oh, wow, Kate! You look so hot like that! Now, just slip that top a little further off your shoulder. Yea, that’s it. A little

more so we can get a little ‘nipple slip’. Oh my God, yes, just like that. Wow, Kate, you are the hottest Mommie on the planet!”

Eventually, they stopped so they could upload their pictures onto their computers. Ignored, I sat there feeling a little abandoned until Phil said, “These are great, Kate. Some of them will make it onto our web page for sure. But they’re all incredibly modest. Do you think we can have some a little more daring? A little more risqué?”

The attention these boys lavished on me this morning, combined with my earlier fantasy, had me quite hot, so I agreed that I would, but nothing that exposed my breasts or genitals. Phil then questioned why my skirt didn’t reveal anything, no matter how he made me twist and turn. Not thinking, I hoisted it up and pulled the gusset away from my pussy, giving them a free flash, “It has an inbuilt panty,” I explained. Then realising what I’d done, I quickly let the material go and lamely added, “It’s called a skort because it’s a combination skirt and shorts.”

Phil turned to Freddy, and they seemed to agree on something before Phil turned back to me. “You have quite an extensive wardrobe, don’t you, Kate?” He asked. “I don’t recall seeing you in the same thing twice.”

I confirmed that I did. Then confessed that I bought so many new clothes that, to create room in my walk-in robe, I regularly made runs to Vinnies (St Vincent de Paul Society’s charity shops) to donate clothes I’d bought but never worn or maybe I had bought for a special event and would never wear again.

“May I look in your robe and choose an outfit for you?” *Nothing too revealing, I demanded.* “I’m thinking very revealing, Kate,” Phil smiled. “But if you’ll permit me, I was in the university drama society and learned to do stage makeup. If you let me make you up, I guarantee that not even your mother or husband would recognise you!” *Still! I emphasised. No slit, clit or entrance!* “If you say so, Kate,” Phil agreed. But I could hear the lie in his voice.

When we got to my room, instead of walking to the robe immediately, Phil sat me at my vanity, then shook his head and told me to turn the chair away

from the mirror. Opening the various drawers of my vanity, he removed what he wanted and went to work. It took close to thirty minutes, but when he turned me back to the mirror, I gasped. Heck, not only wouldn't my mother or husband recognise me, I barely recognised myself.

Phil had somehow totally changed my look. My usually quite round face now looked angular with clearly defined cheekbones and a quite square jaw. Phil had shaded my brow to appear heavier and to jut out over my eyes. To put it crudely, I looked like a transvestite version of myself. However, I thought the overall effect was of a staggeringly attractive but masculine-looking Femmeboy. Probably one that stood on a street corner in Sydney's Kings Cross. Weirdly, as I looked at myself, I felt that tingle rise again, and I bit my bottom lip, imagining myself on that corner waiting for a 'John' to pick me.

"What do you think?" Phil asked.

My smile looked bizarre in the mirror because it barely resembled me at all, but I smiled and said, "I think you're right. No one could possibly guess it's me!"

"Good," Phil replied. "Then we can go for as revealing as we want."

Wondering how on earth I kept getting myself into these situations, I sighed, gestured toward my robe and said, "Choose away, Mister Loughlin. I'm in your capable hands."

Phil walked in and immediately returned, holding a leather micro-mini with a matching half-cup leather bra. The bra had a collar for my neck with five leather straps that held the bra up and prevented my luscious breasts from popping out. In my lingerie drawer, I had a tiny leather thong with strips barely wide enough to cover my clitoris but left my pussy lips and little brown ring mostly exposed that went with the items Phil held. I had a pair of 7-inch heeled ankle boots in my robe to wear with this ensemble. My boots had D-rings at the ankle where a slave chain could be attached.

The only time I had ever worn this outfit was to a Master and slave themed party. John had attached a leash to my collar and walked me into a costume

party for my friend Kath Loughlin's fortieth birthday. Everyone there was a close personal friend and could be trusted not to touch or leer, which was just as well because John had cuffed my hands behind my back and padlocked a one-metre (3 ft.) slave chain to my ankles. Kath has quite the exhibitionist streak, so she'd banned cameras and phones, and because of that, trust me, mine was amongst the least revealing outfits worn that night.



The only problem I had during the party was that with my hands cuffed behind my back, I couldn't drink unless someone put a glass with a straw in front of me. During the night, my inhibitions faded as my alcohol consumption increased, and Kath took great delight in placing my glass on lower and lower flat spaces. Her game culminated after she'd placed my glass on the coffee table in front of the sofa. Because I was buzzing from

the alcohol, I spread my feet, kept my knees straight, and bent over at my hips to reach the straw instead of kneeling.

Kath thought that me flashing the three guys on the sofa my barely covered pussy was hilarious. Unfortunately, one of the guys' wives didn't. She screamed at me, calling me a slut and worse, and then rounded on Kath and blamed her for encouraging my 'disgusting behaviour'. Of course, my husband, who was out back with some other friends, came in to see what the commotion was about, took one look at where I stood, heard the woman bellow what I'd done, and immediately took me home.

He corrected my behaviour with fifteen firm smacks on my curvy buttocks, which only excited us, so we made love until morning.

If I'm in a playful mood, and John and I are home alone, I'll put this outfit on, cuff myself behind my back (it's not difficult. You cuff your hands in front, bend, and then step through the hole your arms make) and walk out in front of him as he watches TV. John has never seen the end of any program he watched when I strutted in front of him in this outfit!

When I saw what Phil carried, I shook my head and said, "No way! That outfit is not decent! I've worn it in public once, I will not tell you where, and there is no way I'm wearing it as you take my picture!"

"Yes, way," Phil insisted. "Kate, I guarantee that Freddy and I will show you all pics we want to use to promote our website, and if you object in any way, we won't publish them."

My problem was that my pussy was gushing fluids as I imagined wearing this for these two strapping young men as I strutted, bounced and teased for their cameras. So, giving in, I opened my drawer, took out the leather thong, accepted the outfit from Phil, and walked into my en suite. Taking off my clothes, I checked and then used my lady razor to remove a few stray hairs from my pussy area and put my leather outfit on.

I examined my genitals in the mirror, but my lips remained visible no matter how I adjusted the tiny thong. If I settled it in the middle, the centre piece mostly covered my large clit, but below that, it parted my pussy lips

and sat in my slit. Worse was that when I walked, the thong moved across my clit and stimulated my arousal. Sighing, I opened the door and walked back into my room. Phil had taken my 7-inch black boots out of the closet, and he knelt and helped me into them.



Seven-inch heels are difficult to walk in, even for an experienced wearer like me, so I was grateful for Phil’s strong hand supporting me down the stairs.

When I returned to the lounge on Phil’s arm, Freddy stood and said, “Oh, wow, Kate! You look amazing! Kind of Barbarella meets 10,000 years B.C.!”

Pleased with the compliment, my confidence returned, and I became my typically flirtatious self. Therefore, I did everything I would usually do to titillate the men in my vicinity. I strutted up and down as I added bounce to my step to ensure my large, firm breasts jiggled. I swayed my hips exaggeratedly as I walked. I paused, pulled my hair over my shoulder, and looked back seductively. I kept my legs straight and bent at the waist, flashing my barely covered ass and minimally covered pussy entrance to my two young photographers. I faced them and leaned over so my lush bosom threatened to burst out of the tiny bra encasing them.

Phil and Freddy, with their trouser fronts bulging, eagerly pursued me around the room as they snapped picture after picture. I'd gotten so into playing to their cameras that I hadn't noticed my daughter returning home. Walking in through the door, Krissy exclaimed, "Mom! What are you doing? Why are you almost naked in front of Phil and Freddy? Dad would freak if he found out!"

Chuckling, Phil picked my daughter up off her feet. Then, swinging her around, he patted her curvy bottom, shoved her towards the stairs and said, "I bet you have something equally as sexy to wear, Krissy. Why don't you go and put it on and join us?"

I waited for Krissy's foul-mouthed tirade to follow, but instead, her eyes lowered submissively and walked to her room. Astounded, I opened my mouth, but my daughter caught my eye and shook her head a minuscule amount. An almost imperceptible smile formed on her pouty lips, and I knew she wanted to pose for the camera. Instead of being shocked, my daughter was stimulated by the thought of posing for Phil and Freddy.

"Help her," I pleaded to Phil."

He nodded, put his camera down, and followed my daughter upstairs. Thirty minutes later, Phil reappeared with Krissy in tow. Phil had repeated his efforts with me, and my daughter resembled an androgynous version of herself. She wasn't as masculine as I presented, but it was still unclear from her face if she was a boy or a girl. Her gorgeous C-cups, sexily rounded tummy, and curvy butt screamed that she was all woman, though.

Phil had found my ‘Hollywood movie street prostitute’ outfit in my closet and dressed my daughter similarly to how I was when I returned to Edgar Fontaine’s clinic.



Together, we danced, strutted and posed for Phil and Freddy as they snapped away. Then, feeling sexily daring, I took her hand in mine as my daughter danced past, swung her, and pulled her thigh between mine. Locking my lips to her surprised ones, I ground my pussy against her upper thigh as I cupped and squeezed her luscious ass. Krissy froze for a second but soon returned my kiss as she ground back against me.

Phil and Freddy remained quiet. I’m sure that thought that if they made a sound, it would break the spell, and my daughter and I would break apart. I mean, heck. Lesbian porn is just about every man’s favourite fantasy, isn’t

it? Mommie and daughter lesbian porn is the most often favourited in that genre, right?

Breaking from Krissy's embrace, I strutted across the room and began dancing like I'd seen the strippers on stage do. I'd dance or strut away, pause with my hand on my hip and look coquettishly back over my shoulder before keeping my legs straight and bending over. Then, grabbing my shins, I bounced my upper body from one side of my legs to the other, pausing to look alluringly back at the boys and giving them plenty of time to photograph what they wanted.

Krissy watched my act excitedly, and the next time I danced toward her, she spun, danced and shook her way across to where I'd come from. Then instead of bending over, she put her hands on her hips and swung them in slow, erotic circles, ensuring she pushed her shapely ass out as far as possible, revealing tantalising glimpses of her lower butt cheeks and even a flash of sparse white panty.

When my daughter danced and strutted back to where Freddy, Phil and I stood, I danced towards her. Then, when we met in the middle, I wrapped my arm around her mid-back and pulled her into a searing French kiss before forcing my knee back between her thighs and onto her soaking pussy. Then I bent her back as I leaned forward and lifted her left leg, then turned so it pointed towards the boys.

My leather skirt had popped over my ass cheeks and was in a small band around my hips, so the only thing I had to provide any modesty was my tiny leather thong. As I described earlier, this item barely covered my large clitoris. Rather than hiding my supreme assets, the leather sat in the middle and emphasised them.

Phil and Freddy had a perfect look at my daughter's long, shapely leg, pointing toward them as it pressed against my slowly grinding, very wet pussy. Undoubtedly, as I pushed my curvy ass back, my slick entrance would beautifully show itself to their eyes, too.

I held Krissy and me in this position until my back threatened to spasm. Then, reluctantly, I straightened up and let her foot fall to the floor.

However, now that we were face-to-face again, Krissy ran her fingers into my gorgeously dark hair and locked her lips to mine. Feeling her tongue darting against my bee-stung lips, I moaned and parted them. Sucking my daughter's tongue into my mouth, I cupped her rounded bottom and ground my thigh against her wet slit.

I don't know how far we would have gone, but I'll admit that I was utterly lost in the moment and had virtually forgotten Phil and Freddy's presence. It wasn't until Freddy muttered, "Damn! I'm out of memory. I'll have to upload these pics onto my laptop before I can take some more."

Of course, that broke the spell Krissy and I was under. When our eyes cleared, we realised what we were doing in front of who and leapt apart, quickly adjusting our clothing to as close to modesty as they permitted. As I moved to sit primly on the sofa, I saw Tommy's car pull into the garage, and squeaking, Krissy and I ran up to my room to change back into our daily clothes.

Biting my lip to prevent myself from taking my daughter in my hands and making love to her, I removed my leather gear and put it aside. I'd have to wash my juices from the two lower garments. Looking in my robe, I pulled out my white with straps sheath dress and put it on. Sans underwear, of course. Krissy looked at me forlornly, so I took out my yellow tank mini-dress and offered it to her.

Hugging me gratefully, she put it on and was about to head for the kitchen. Smiling, I called her back and handed her my white 7-inch pumps. I put my white wedge heels on and followed her down to the lounge.

When we got there, Phil and Freddy sat on the lounge, and Tommy and his girlfriend were on the loveseat. I hadn't met Tommy's current girlfriend, Gina, before today, so smiling, I walked over to where they sat. Gina looked up at me with what I thought was pure desire in her eyes. She quickly blinked when she saw my eyebrow lift, and the desire faded from her eyes. When Gina stood to greet me, Tommy stood with her. Smiling, he introduced us, "Mom, meet my main squeeze, Gina. Gina, meet my mom, Kate."

Elbowing Tommy in his ribs, Gina grinned at him and then me and said, “I’ll give you ‘main squeeze’ Tommy Muggleton! I’d better be your only squeeze!”

She refused my hand and stepped in to cuddle me instead. I was sure she’d pressed her aroused nipples against me on purpose, but before I could fully formulate that thought, she kissed my surprised lips lightly and placed her hands on my hips. Of course, she realised I was pantyless as well as braless, and she smiled knowingly up at me before brushing my lips with hers again.

“I’m so pleased to meet you, Mrs Muggleton!” *Call me, Kate, please. You must, I insist.* “I’m so pleased to meet you, Kate,” Gina repeated. “Tommy has told me all about you, and I think we’re going to be the best of friends!”

I looked Tommy’s girl over, deciding if she was good enough for my son. *’Hmm, nice,’ I thought.* Gina has similar skin and eye colouring to me. So, olive skinned with brown eyes. However, Gina’s eyes are quite narrow, unlike my wide-open ones. She has an oval face with high cheekbones and a small nose and chin. Her ears are large, but I thought they looked very sexy with her long brown hair tucked behind them.

Gina is about average height and has a sexy hourglass figure, although her breasts are definitely larger than her hips. I estimated her figure to be 37-25-36, so she, my daughter and I could probably swap clothes as we were all around the same size, although Krissy and I were significantly taller. I guessed Gina to be around 170 cm (5-ft 7) and weigh about 60 kg (132 lbs).

Gina reminded me of someone, but I couldn’t fully formulate who until my subconscious shouted, *’Katherine Zeta-Jones!’* Deciding that I liked her, I pretended to growl, “I wouldn’t believe a word my incorrigible son told you, Gina. He’s an inveterate liar, and he exaggerates to boot!”

“Love you, too, Mom,” Tommy chuckled as he kissed my cheek before sitting back down with Gina.

The two sofa chairs were left for Krissy and me to sit in, but my daughter settled onto the armrest beside me when I sat. I wondered why until I saw

her subtly move, so her dress rode almost high enough to show her tiny white panties. The other chair was beside Phil and Freddy, so if she wanted them to look lustfully upon her, she'd have to be more blatant to attract their attention. However, sitting beside me meant that even her subtle move riveted the boys' eyes to her crotch.

Now that she had their attention, Krissy leaned forward and tossed her hair. Doing that made her delectable C-cups bounce and sway. Gulping, Phil and Freddy forced their eyes off my daughter's barely covered body and looked at me.

Trying not to giggle as I watched them squirm under my direct gaze, I asked, "Did you get all the pictures you wanted for your web page?" Not so subtly telling my son what we'd been doing.

"We won't know until we've uploaded them all and sorted the good ones out," Phil said smoothly. "Then we'll choose what we think are the best from those and run them through the various perfecting filters, check with you and/or Krissy that you're okay with us publishing them, and put them up if you say they're okay."

I asked if anyone wanted a drink. Surprisingly, everyone opted for tea or coffee instead beer or wine like I thought they would. Even more surprising was that Gina offered to help. But I guess my daughter was too busy flirting with her brother and the boys. And as their fathers would, the boys assumed that as the woman of the house, I'd make their beverages. It was an assumption I liked because it made me feel all was right in my world. After all, my sole purpose is to look good as I take care of my man, or in this case, my man's proxy and his friends.

Gina followed me to the kitchen silently but became quite chatty once we were out of earshot of the others. She asked all kinds of questions about my life. "Are you happy?" *Very.* "You don't miss having a job?" *Being treated as a sex object with no husband close to prevent it? Heck no!* "Do you have enough to do to keep busy during the day?" *This is a big house, and it takes me a whole day to clean it from top to bottom. Plus, I need to spot-clean any spills and mess I see. Also, the gardens take at least a full day, more if it's growing season.* "That's only two to three days out of an entire week,

Kate.” *I giggled, Well, there are shopping trips and brunches and lunches with my girlfriends, and shopping trips, and grocery shopping, and shopping trips.*

“You shop a lot?” *Yes. I love it. Hunting for that perfect outfit that will knock John’s socks off when he sees me in it. Finding the perfect accessories to set the outfit and me off to the best advantage. It’s fun!* “It sounds like something some vapid fifties housewife would do, Kate,” Gina stated. “You don’t seem like a vapid housewife to me, Kate. So why aren’t you doing more with your life?”

I blinked at her, thrown out of my pleasant mood by her sudden attack. “If I don’t look like a vapid housewife, what do I look like?” I asked haughtily

Gina took my shoulders in her hands and turned me to face her. Then, plastering her body against mine, she kissed my pouty lips and touched her tongue to my teeth. After breaking the kiss, her hands found my breasts as her thumbs strummed my brown puffy nipples. “You look like a deliciously sexy mommie slut to me, Kate. One that desperately needs a daughter Mistress in her life. Now stop pretending to resist and kiss me properly.”

That name! The demanding insistence in her voice. Her skilled hands sending delicious electric arousal signals directly from my nipples to my love button. I shouldn’t even have considered responding sexually, but I moaned and greeted her soft, lush lips against mine with a slightly indrawn breath. Then, as our lips locked, I sent my tongue to dance lightly around her mouth before softly lapping at the corner.

“That’s better, my gorgeous submissive slut mommie,” Gina groaned as she pushed insistently on my shoulders.

Following her lead... *Flicker: image: ... I lift my spread knees and wrap them around Liz’s hips...* I fell to my knees in front of... *Flicker: image: Wrapping my ankles around Liz’s ass...* my son’s beautiful girlfriend, and lifted her short skirt... *Flicker: image: Pulling Liz towards me as I thrust my hips at her cock...* Finding she was pantyless, I covered her vulva with my mouth... *Flicker: image: ... my head falls back, and I scream through an orgasm. ...* and lapped at her entrance.

“Good mommie slut,” Gina moaned as I tilted my head and lashed her clitoris with my tongue. “I’m about to cum!”

Grinding her teeth to prevent being too loud, Gina held my head to her pussy tightly and ground her button on my nose and chin and moaned through an intense climactic event. Unfortunately, the recalled memory crashed me into an extreme orgasm, and I squealed into her pussy. My squeal blasted hot air over Gina’s vulva, and she climaxed again.

After we’d come down, Gina looked down at where I knelt and smiled, “Wow, Kate! I knew from what Tommy said that you were a willing submissive slut,” I bit my bottom lips and tried not to moan. “But I never imagined that you’d get so much pleasure from making your new Mistress cum that you would orgasm when she did. Oh, my darling Kate. We are going to have so much fun together!”

Of course, I didn’t correct Gina’s assumption about why I’d orgasmed because I couldn’t explain what had happened. Instead, I knelt submissively before her, waiting for her to tell me what she wanted next.

Helping me to my feet, Gina kissed me softly and said, “We’d better get those hot drinks made before someone comes looking. It wouldn’t do to have them find you on your knees licking my slit, now would it?”

“No, Mistress,” I agreed softly, aware I was mired deeper in my submissive tendencies. Edgar Fontaine, my son, Liz Donnelly, Frank Pritchard, and now my son’s girlfriend, Gina, all now held some control over me. If any of them, even Frank, demanded I do something, I would unhesitatingly obey.

After we’d made the hot beverages, Gina and I carried them to the lounge. Sipping my coffee, I watched the various interactions around the room. Gina obviously had my son’s total attention, but she seemed more interested in gaining my attention than Tommy’s. My daughter had clearly set her sights on Phil, but he, too, seemed more interested in me than her. Freddy was enamoured with Krissy, but she ignored him completely to concentrate on Phil.

Closing my eyes, I envisaged my best friend's son, Phil. Around 178 cm (5ft-10) tall and stockily built, Phil looked like he could hold the Brisbane Bronco's scrum up all by himself. Handsome but with a self-deprecating air, he reminded me of his beautiful mother, Kath. Kath's husband, Mike, and my husband had played rugby league together at high school and in the minor leagues. Unfortunately, although they trialled for the Broncos, Tigers and Bulldogs, neither received a full-time contract.

Mike wanted to be a professional sportsman, so he accepted a contract with the English club Castleford Tigers. After playing four seasons with that club, Mike returned to Australia and settled into domestic bliss with my best friend, Katherine Anderson, cementing the already close relationship the four of us shared.

Kath and I had 'experimented' together in my teens and before I married John. Because of my experiences at home, I knew how to kiss sensually. Kath was a sweetly innocent virgin in those days, so we practised together until she got it right. She and I shared many intimate moments before we discovered boys were more fun to kiss than each other. I wanted to take our relationship beyond kissing, but Kath wouldn't.

Kath works for an Australian site as a sports presenter. Almost as tall as me, Kath is a willowy blonde woman with an almost rectangular body shape and high B-cup breasts. In my opinion (and this is my story, so it's the only opinion that matters, right?), Kath's best feature was her wide, pouting smile.

Opening my eyes after my reminisces, I noticed that Phil's massive package strained against his trousers. Looking down, I realised that I'd shifted forward and dragged my dress high enough to expose my waxed pudenda to him. Pretending that I hadn't noticed him ogling, I stretched and pushed my hips forward, ensuring he had an unimpeded view of my entrance, slit and clit.

Gina and the boys stayed for lunch and dinner, generally just hanging out together as my daughter and I gently flirted with Freddy and Phil. We spent time together in the lounge after dinner. My son, Tommy, is a gifted story and joke teller, so he held the floor as the rest of us listened and laughed.

Eventually, Phil and Freddy left, and Tommy took Gina to bed. Krissy had disappeared earlier, disappointed because Phil showed no interest no matter how she flirted.

I wandered through my bedroom in a vague daze, discarding my dress behind me. After showering, being careful not to wet my long, thick hair, I slid sleepily into my bed naked. Instinctively, I rolled onto my side and cuddled into the body already in it. When my hand cupped a lusciously full breast instead of a muscular pec, I realised my daughter had slipped into my bed.

Forcing my sleepy eyes open, I muttered, “Krissy Ann Muggleton, what do you think you’re doing?”

“Well, duh!” Krissy replied. “Waiting for you so we can make love, of course.”

“You’re my daughter,” I pointed out. “We should not ever make love.”

“Cool,” Krissy giggled. “Let’s fuck instead!”

Those words woke me up, and I pulled on Krissy’s shoulder until she rolled to face me. “Do you want to try something I did with your Grandma?” *Sure, my daughter answered. Show me!*

Unsure of where in my daughter’s orgasm cycle she was, I kissed and caressed her until I felt her arousal against my thigh. Then, after a long, searing French kiss, I forced my leg between her thighs. Breaking our embrace, I moved until my pussy pressed against hers. Then, with Krissy’s head toward the headboard and mine toward the footboard, I ‘scissored’ with my daughter.

Krissy lay on her back as I, on my side, ground my pussy against hers. “Oh wow, this is intense, Mom,” Krissy moaned. “Your pussy feels so good rubbing against mine!”

I was enjoying it too, but the position we were in, both of us lying down, wasn’t creating enough friction. Uncoupling from my daughter, I moved to

kneel, facing her with her thigh between mine and then moved forward until our pussies melded together again. In this position, I could push my pussy down as Krissy thrust hers up.

“Oh!” Krissy yipped as I firmly ground my pussy against her chunky clitoris. “Oh, oh, oh!”

Arching back and leaning on my right hand, I forced more of my vulva and clit against my daughter’s slit and ground fiercely. After only a few seconds of grinding against me, Krissy tipped her head back and groaned through a shuddering orgasm. I was on the edge, but as now seems always to be the way, I couldn’t leap over the cliff into my climax until I was permitted to by the one I saw as dominant to me.

After having a second orgasm, Krissy finally heard my frustrated whimpers, and she reached between us and slid her finger inside me as she thumbed my throbbing clit. “Cum for me, my little mommie slut,” she demanded. Barely remembering in time that my son had his girlfriend with him two doors away, I picked up my pillow and screamed my climax into it.

Krissy kept her finger and thumb in place as I came down from my orgasm. Slowly stroking my G-spot as she circled my love button, she waited until I began climbing towards my peak again. Then, as I moaned and undulated my hips at her finger and thumb, she knelt between my legs.

I was close but waiting to be triggered again, and my daughter knew it, so she continued stroking and circling until I thought I would scream with frustration instead of orgasm.

Whimpering, I begged, “Please, Mistress, may this slut cum?” *Not yet, my daughter insisted.* “Please, Mistress, please, I have to!” *Not yet!* “Oh, Gawd, oh, Gawd, oh, Gawd,” I repeatedly moaned, trying to stave off my climax. *Not yet! Krissy demanded as her maddening stroking and circling threatened to melt my mind.*

With sweat pouring out of every pore, I tossed my head back and forth and frenziedly humped my hips at my daughter’s invading fingers, continuously begging, “Please, please, please,” until Krissy suddenly pulled her fingers

out and hit my clit hard, *Cum for me, my sexy, little mommie slut, she commanded, and whacked my clit again.*

I remember having an explosive orgasm as I shrieked into my pillow, but I don't recall what happened after that. I must have passed out because I awakened sometime later, being spooned by Krissy. Even though I could feel her slow, deep breaths against the back of my neck, indicating that she slept, Krissy's hand cupped my breast and slowly rolled my nipple between her thumb and forefinger. Deciding it felt good, I kissed her forearm and went back to sleep.

I woke up craving nicotine again, but after yesterday's incident, I was too scared to light up and risk another. I wondered why I had cravings now when after my first session, the only two times I lit a cigarette were after making a conscious decision to, not because I craved nicotine. However, I had no answer, so I put the thought aside.

The sound of water splashing came from my en suite, indicating that my daughter was up and already moving. Deciding to see if she'd like company in the shower, I yawned and stretched, then swung my feet out of bed. However, unfortunately for my carnal desires, Krissy bustled out past me with a towel wrapped around her gorgeously full breasts.

"Late for work," "She tossed behind her as she exited my room. Krissy worked in the city for the Cue fashion store twice a week.

Sighing, I completed my ablutions, showered and did my hair and makeup. It was close to that time of month, so grimacing, I inserted a tampon and put on some bikini briefs. Then I took out my long-sleeved, olive green Leahanna button-front knit midi dress and put it on. Pushing my feet into my beige sandals, I headed for the kitchen to make breakfast.

I wasn't sure who was home, but Tommy's car was still there, so he was, too. I assumed that meant Gina was also here. Using our coffee machine, I made myself a coffee and leaned on my hand on the bench, contemplating what had happened with Gina yesterday as I sipped. *'Has Tommy told her about the effect that calling me that name has?' I wondered. 'Would my son betray me like that? Try to make me a ... that word ... for his girlfriend?'*

I couldn’t believe he would, but then a pair of soft, petite hands slid between my dress’ buttons onto my swiftly stiffening nipples. Snuggling against my bottom, Gina kissed the back of my neck and hummed, “Good morning, my delicious, little mommie slut submissive. You slept with your daughter last night, huh? Did you two have fun together?”

Struggling not to orgasm, I wondered if Gina knew or suspected I had incestuous sex with my daughter. I decided that Gina had asked innocently, not with loaded, double-meaning. So, I ignored her gently kneading hands and answered the stated question, not her implied one. “I get lonely at night, sometimes, Gina. So yes, it was fun having my daughter sleeping with me.”

Gripping my large breasts firmly, only a little short of pain, Gina forced me to my knees and commanded me to turn around. Then pulling her panty, the only item she wore, aside, she pushed her pussy against my mouth and groaned, “Your daughter Mistress needs her mommie slut to eat her cunt, slut Kate. Make her cum, now.”

There was that word again, and shuddering from a suppressed climax, I eagerly tongued Gina’s pussy. Of course, the first thing I noticed was that the young woman’s pussy literally gushed fluids. So much so that they immediately ran down my chin and neck. To prevent them from soaking into my dress, I shrugged it off my shoulders and pushed it under my firmly rounded breasts.

‘*You’re eating Tommy’s spend out of his girlfriend’s pussy,’ I reminded myself.* However, instead of disgusting me, it excited me, and I licked as furiously as I could, trying to gather it all up. I lapped all the cum from Gina’s inner thighs and perineum, then pushed my tongue into her pussy as far as I could force it until I was sure I’d gotten it all. Then moving my mouth a little higher, I sucked Gina’s clit into my mouth and lashed it with my tongue.

Gina grabbed a handful of my hair and smeared her pussy across my mouth, nose and chin, vigorously humping until, with a loud groan, she shuddered to a stop and orgasmed. More fluids flowed over my mouth, so I gulped those down, too.

Now that my young Mistress had climaxed, I hoped she'd see to my needs. But Gina continued to stand with her eyes closed and her hips bucking as she revelled in some post-orgasmic aftershocks. "Please, Mistress, may I cum?" I pleaded as I looked beseechingly up at her.

"Drop the dress and bend over the bar, little one, Gina demanded. Uncaring that my son could walk in at any time, I did.

Pushing on my back, Gina forced me to lie half over the breakfast bar. Then with her hand between my shoulders, she pushed my gorgeously large breasts firmly onto the bar top, pulled my panties down, and rubbed her hands seductively up and down my thighs and over my sexily curved bottom. Every third or fourth time up and over, Gina stopped at my entrance and twirled her finger around it. However, the touch wasn't firm enough to bring on my orgasm, so, like a bitch in heat, I began whining and trying to hump my sexy ass up at Gina's fingers.

"Do you need to cum, my little submissive slut?" Gina said, amused by my plight. *Yes, Mistress, I replied. I need to cum so badly.* "And I can do anything I want to you if I make you cum?"

Of course, I knew it was a loaded question. If I answered 'yes', I was opening myself to all kinds of abuse. But, with my libido screaming and my whole body shaking from the need to orgasm, I eagerly replied, "Yes, Mistress. Do to me as you will."

Whap! Something went on my curvy ass. I had time to think, *'What the?'* before Whap, whap, whap! Gina's fingers played fleetingly at my entrance again, but she felt my tampon's string, and they moved onto my clitoris. Then Gina whacked my ass again, and as she swirled her finger around and over my love button, she commanded, "Cum for your daughter Mistress, cum slut Kate!"

Barely aware of what I was doing, I grabbed a tea towel to bite and, having to lean most of my weight on the breakfast bar because my legs buckled and shook beneath me, I screamed through an explosive climax.

Once I had regained some semblance of control, Gina patted my luscious bottom affectionately and said, “So much fun, my little subby Kate. I’ll take you up on your offer to allow me to do to you whatever I want, but for now, best you put your dress back on before your son comes down the stairs and sees you.” Then she grinned wickedly and said, “Or, if he does come down while you’re like this, maybe it would be, ‘Sees you and cums!’”

Ignoring her attempted humour, I barely managed to get my dress back over my head and down before Tommy walked into the kitchen. Realising my chin and neck were covered in his and Gina’s juices, I turned to the kitchen sink and washed my face and hands (Yes, I realise you shouldn’t wash your hands where you prepare food, but most of us do, so meh.).

“What’s for breakfast, Mommie?” Tommy asked cheerily. *What would you like? I questioned.* “Do you mind doing sausages, bacon, grilled halloumi, mushrooms, hash browns and eggs?” *Coming right up! Gina, what would you like?*

“What are you having, Kate?” She asked. *Giggling, I answered, Well, I can’t eat what Tommy’s having and remain this darned sexy. So, I guess I’ll make my usual, an Acai bowl.* Looking thoughtful, Gina said, ”I’ve heard of those but haven’t tried one. May I share one with you?” *Of course.*

After putting Tommy’s hash browns and sausages on, I made Gina and me our bowls, and then I finished the rest of Tommy’s meal. Tommy was playing in the Reserves for The Lions this afternoon. It would be his first game as the Ruckman, so I’d be there to watch. At this stage of his career, Tommy bounced around three of the Lion’s teams. He had made three appearances for the Seniors but spent most of his time in the under twenty-one’s. If my son didn’t become a regular Reserves player by the end of this season, he’d likely be cut.

The same applied to Freddy. Frank had already been cut, and Phil decided professional football wasn’t for him and intended to only play socially for his local club.

“Are you going to the game, Kate?” Gina asked.

“Mom comes to every home game, Gina,” Tommy explained for me.

Laughing delightedly, Gina bounced on her stool, seemingly unbothered by being mostly naked before her boyfriend’s mother. She asked, “May I come with you, Kate? That way, we can arrive together and not have to look for each other.”

Tommy caught me biting my bottom lip as I stared at Gina’s at least C-cups bouncing, but it didn’t seem to faze him because he smiled mysteriously and continued eating. Forcing my eyes off her generous breasts with their perfect mauve nipples and large areolae, I answered, “Of course you may, Gina. Do you need to head home for a change of clothes?”

Gina’s face fell, and she replied, “Oh. Yes, I guess I should. My tiny skirt and crop top are hardly suitable for a cold day at the footy!”

“You’ll have something Gina could wear, wouldn’t you, Mom?” Tommy suggested.

I looked Gina over, then said what I’d estimated when I first met her. “37-25-36, with a 34C bra cup?”

“Spot on, Kate,” Gina replied.

“I’ll have to get you something clingy because I’m quite a bit larger in the breasts than you, but I think we can find something that will fit. If not, Krissy’s a C-cup, so she’ll probably have something.”

“Could I have a fresh set of underwear, too?” she asked.

I nearly replied that I hardly ever wore any, but decided that Tommy’s girlfriend didn’t need to know that yet. “My bras won’t fit,” I replied. “But I’ve got some new panties that I haven’t worn yet, so you’re welcome to those.”

Confirming she was a woman after my own heart, Gina shrugged and said, “If the top doesn’t cling to or support your breasts adequately by itself, why did you buy it? I hardly ever wear a bra, Kate. Do you?”

I shook my head before saying, “I do own some for when erect nipples pushing out against a clinging top would be inappropriate, but, generally, I don’t bother, either.”

“So you only wear them to funerals, then?” Gina giggled.

Grinning with her, I agreed that was about the only time.

Tommy left not long after that, leaving me alone with Gina. Not that that was an unpleasant thing. My son’s girlfriend proved to be a sparkling conversationalist with a quick and ready wit. We hung out as girls do, discussing the perfidy of men and the foibles of our mere males, especially. Of course, as mothers are wont to do, I expounded on Tommy’s many embarrassing exploits, mistakes and errors in judgement he made as he grew up.

I wasn’t sure if I was relieved or disappointed that Gina didn’t instigate any more sex play. On the one hand, being so readily made submissive by an eighteen-year-old girl was demeaning and embarrassing. But on the other, Gina’s sure handling of me and my arousal and sexual needs had me secretly dripping, and I was glad for the panties I rarely wore.

Looking at her phone, Gina said, “Although you look your typically elegantly chic self, Kate, I’m still sitting here in nothing more than my panties. Will you show me to your room so I can shower and then choose an outfit for today? By the time I shower, change and do my hair and makeup, it’ll be time to leave for the game.”

I stood and unthinkingly offered my hand. I blushed when I realised what I’d done —offered Gina my hand as a lover would do to her partner. But fortunately, Gina smiled and took it, then kissed my lips softly when she stood. “We will have so much fun, my beautifully submissive lover,” she lovingly said as she squeezed my hand.

When Gina entered the shower, I looked for a warm winter dress for my young Mistress. I remembered purchasing a Henley crepe black knit dress last year, but it had suddenly warmed, and I hadn’t worn it even once. Finding it right at the back, I put it on the bed along with some black

leggings, a tiny black thong, and my stiletto-heeled black calf boots. The latter, I hoped, would fit because all Gina had with her were her flat sandals, and they would look inelegant with the dress.

Because a cold Westerly was blowing, I got out my ankle-length black leather jacket. I didn't have another, but I did have a similar knitted one. As I waited, I pulled on a pair of leggings to ensure I kept warm and retouched my hair and makeup.

Gina waltzed out of the en suite, looking young and freshly scrubbed a little later. Seeing the clothes I'd laid out for her, she smiled and nodded approvingly, then unashamedly dropped her towel and put them on. Luckily, Gina and I shared a shoe size, so my boots fit perfectly.

I regretfully watched as Gina covered her gorgeous body with clothes. However, I managed to keep my raging libido somewhat in check and left her unmolested until she was ready to go, then held her hand as we walked to my car. We conversed freely as I drove us to the field. It was a little strange because it was as if we were long-lost friends catching up after a long separation. Our conversation flowed smoothly from subject to subject without any of the typically strained silences there were as people got to know each other.

The only issue, at least for me, was that Gina casually placed her hand on my thigh, then slowly worked it between my dress' buttons. By the time we approached the football field, her hand was daringly close to my clitoris, and I was afraid my excitement had wet through my olive green dress.

After we exited the car, Gina entwined her arm with mine and, laughing gaily, walked with me to the small stand. Tommy had provided us with free passes, and we showed those to the attendant, then took our seats.

This game was against the Redlands Sharks at their home ground in Cleveland. The stand sat maybe fifty people, and I'd guess perhaps twice that number were at the game. Dressed as we were, Gina and I stood out like sore thumbs amongst the jean and fleecy-wearing crowd. I was used to dressing to impress and didn't feel overdressed at all. However, Gina

muttered, “Should have gone for jeans, a polo and a jacket. Too late now, I guess.”

“And look like them?” I disparagingly replied, gesturing toward a pair of slappers (so called because after their date has done screwing them, he slaps them on the ass and sends them home) wearing what she had suggested. “Besides, I don’t own a pair of trousers, let alone jeans. The closest I have to a pair of shorts is my Zima Skorts.”

“You’re kidding, right?” Gina said, wonderingly. *No, I answered.* “Why on earth not?” *John doesn’t like them. He likes to be able to touch my pussy whenever he feels like it.* “Gina shook her head and asked, “Does he touch your pussy a lot?” *Oh, my Lawd, yes! I grinned. Sometimes I think he likes playing with my pussy more than he likes holding his cock.* “And you always do what your husband wants?” Gina questioned. *Of course, I replied. Look, Gina, I know that it’s not the done thing anymore, and feminists hate me, but my sole purpose is to be an ornament to my husband and to raise his children to be good, hard-working people.*

“What about you, and what you want?” Gina asked as Tommy and his team ran onto the field. *Mystified, I looked at her, This is what I want to do, honey. I like my life. I like who and what I am and am fulfilled in my life. You know that Tommy will expect the same from you, right?*

“Yeah, he might expect it, but he ain’t getting it!” Gina muttered.

However, I suspected there was more than a little bit of submissiveness in Gina’s personality. She enjoyed playing the Mistress with the likes of me, a willingly submissive woman who kowtowed to her every whim. But she showed none of that towards my son. Instead, in his presence, as I am with John, she tried to please him in every manner she could.

Our conversation died as the game began. Of course, we concentrated on Tommy but not to the exclusion of everyone else. The Lions played well enough to win, but not by very much. Tommy proved ineffectual in the ruck, so the coach swung him forward after halftime. Even with Tommy playing Full-Forward, his team struggled to kick goals.

Gina and I patiently waited for Tommy to shower and come out from the dressing rooms so we could congratulate him on his and the team's performance. My son was among the last to exit, so Gina and I received many appreciative looks from his teammates as they walked past us. Of course, I preened under their gaze, loving every second of it.

We noticed, however, that the other wives and girlfriends formed a separate group away from where we stood. These women shot us dark looks and were blatantly discussing us. Their behaviour was a common occurrence around me, not that I let it bother me.

After all, it's not my fault that even though I'm often twice their age, I am prettier, have a better body, and dress better than them. I work darn hard to look as good as I do, bringing Patrick, my personal trainer, in three times a week to ensure I am fit and toned. Plus, I have curves, and unlike some women out there, I'm proud of them because they give me a lush, sensual appearance. Sure, guys will tell you they lust over Gal Gadot, but I and they know that a Titanic Movie-sized Kate Winslet is the woman they'd prefer to bed. Patrick ensures that I am toned with shape. Not thin and/or muscly.

Gina left with my son, of course. They were going to a teammate's twenty-first birthday party. Krissy had texted earlier, saying she and some friends were heading out on the town after work, and she didn't know if she would come home tonight. That left me alone again. John hadn't called or messaged since he left for England, but neither was that unusual.

I left the grounds to head home to an empty house, but on an impulse, halfway there, I redirected my car to Kath Loughlin's place. Luckily, she and her husband, Mike, were home and immediately requested I stay for dinner. Too many bottles of wine later, yes, bottles, not glasses, I was way too plastered to drive. Kath showed me to the guestroom, and still buzzing from the wine, I stripped, climbed into bed, and fell asleep.

Sometime later, I woke up needing to pee and found someone had crawled into the bed and lain between my spread thighs with her head resting between my luscious breasts. Opening my phone, I used its backlight to see who it was. Caoimhe smiled at me and said, "Hello, beautiful Kate. Mom

said you were in here when I got home from work, so I slipped into the room. Then I saw you were naked and couldn’t resist cuddling you.

I, well, I ... shivers ... I knew I should have immediately leapt out of bed and demanded that she put her clothes on and left. But Caoimhe is so tiny that even as she softly ground her pussy against mine, her head barely reached my chin, and I couldn’t resist raising my pussy to meet hers. My urgent bladder added a piquant pain to my sudden arousal, and I moaned as Caoimhe rested on her elbows and pushed my lush breasts together so she could kiss their inner mounds.

Unable to resist the tiny nymph suckling at my breasts, I lifted my leg over hers and ground my slickly wet pussy against her upper thigh. Taking the hint, Caoimhe shifted onto her knees, wrapped her arms around my shins and tribbed her blazingly hot, soaking wet pussy against mine. Her every grind reminded me of my need to urinate but swiftly drove me toward my orgasmic peak.

Looking down at me as she smiled, Caoimhe saw that I was close, and her hips blurred as she scissored with me. Then, realising I couldn’t quite reach my peak, she smiled again and whispered, “I know your trigger, my darling Kate, so cum for me, you slut!”

Grabbing a pillow, I howled into it as an orgasm blasted over my writhing body. Caoimhe climaxed with me, then she pinched my nipples and said, “I’ve wanted to make love with you forever, my darling Kate. But Dad had better not find me naked in here with you, so I have to leave.” Caoimhe lifted her eyes to peer intently into mine and added, “Mom loves you more than you know, Kate. She aches for you to take her and introduce her to lesbian love. The next time you’re alone with her, take her, and make her your lesbian slave.”

I had no idea how to respond to that, so I muttered something about needing to pee, put on my rarely worn panties, covered my generous breasts with my arm, and darted to the bathroom. When I returned, my bed was empty, so I snugged the covers tightly around me and went back to sleep.

I awakened to the smell of Kath holding a strong cup of coffee under my nose. The bedding fell off me as I sat up, exposing my Double-Ds to my friend. Then, as I reached for the cup, I saw Kath gulping as she stared at my suddenly displayed breasts and thought, *'Maybe Caoimhe is right. Kath has a crush on me.* "Thanks, babe," I said as I sipped the coffee.

Despite how much I'd drunk the previous night, I felt good. My stomach wasn't roiling and wanting to throw up, nor did I have a headache. "How are you feeling, babe?" I asked. Then added, "I'm surprisingly good. After everything we drank last night, I expected to be at least a little hungover this morning, but I feel fine. What about you?

"Good enough to beat you up and make your sexy self coffee," Kath grinned.

She hid it well, but my gorgeous friend fidgeted nervously, and I realised that Caoimhe was right. Kath wanted, probably needed, to explore her sexuality with me. To please my husband, I'd had the occasional threesome with him and another woman, but before visiting Edgar's clinic, I hadn't considered myself bisexual. Now that Mister Fontaine had further released my inner slut, I admitted to myself that I'd always wanted my best friend.

However, I knew Kath would freak out and run if I pushed too hard. So I put my hand behind her head and gently pulled her closer. Softly kissing her wide, full and pouting lips, I said, "I love you, Kath. You were my first love well before we discovered boys and always will be."

Breathing heavily, Kath replied, "I love you, too, Kate. I always have, just not always as a friend, you know?"

"I know, honey," I replied, then kissed her again. "I think we should get together again soon and continue where we left off when we were teenagers, okay?"

Kath blushed, and for a moment, I worried that I'd pushed too hard. But then she smiled and replied, "I'm looking forwards to that day, Kate. Now, what would you like for breakfast?"

I wanted to say, “You,” but knew all that would do was freak my gorgeous friend out, so I answered, “Do you have some fresh fruit and yoghurt? I’ll have that if you do. Otherwise, I’ll stick with coffee and make my breakfast when I get home.”

Kath laughed, “When you spend all day in front of a camera, calories are not your friend! Therefore, I have plenty of diet alternatives, including acai and cranberries. Would you like me to mix you a bowl?”

Coffee and breakfast sorted, I hung out with Kath and her family until near lunchtime, hoping Phil would return. Unfortunately, Phil didn’t turn up before I left for home. On the drive home, I wondered about my desire to see my best friend’s son and flirt with him again. Did I have a wee crush on the muscly, handsome young man? It sure seemed that I did!

Arriving home to an empty house, I showered, did my hair and makeup and put on my solid blue shirt dress. This item had been my favourite as it buttoned down the front, allowing me to show as much or as little as I wanted. However, it had faded with use, so I now wore it to do my housework. It took me most of the day, but by dinnertime, when my children arrived home, I’d vacuumed the entire house, mopped all the bare floors, wiped all the flat surfaces, dusted, and changed the linen on every bed.

Stretching to ease my aching back, I looked around, satisfied with my day’s work. My home was spotless but still felt warm and welcoming, just as I liked it. I’d planted snow pansies in the autumn, and they had recently flowered. So, while waiting for the floors to dry, I went out to my flower garden and cut several bunches. Placing these in vases around the living areas gave my home a fresh green smell with a hint of sweetness and spice.

Looking at the time, I chose to skip having another shower in favour of putting on dinner for the family. Tonight’s dinner was honey-butter grilled chicken thighs with parsley sauce. I’d made the honey-butter glaze a couple of days ago and left it to marinate in the fridge. I’d bought the thighs on the way home and had put them in a sealed container on the bench. Then, every time I walked past it, I flipped the container up the other way, ensuring the

glaze covered the thighs entirely and the thighs were well marinated when I was ready to cook.

I'd done plenty of thighs because Tommy's appetite is enormous. He'd eat at least four or five of these and still want more. To go with the chicken, I seasoned several jacket potatoes and had them baking in tinfoil in a container next to the pie. Once they were ready, I'd split them and add cheese, butter, sour cream and chives. I'd been lazy and bought a premixed bag of coleslaw when I bought the chicken thighs. I'd made an apple crumble pie for dessert and had it baking in the oven. Of course, that filled my house with another delicious scent.

After checking the pie, I turned from the stove with my eyes teary from the oven's heat and bumped into Krissy. I wiped my eyes and saw her sitting on the breakfast bar smiling at me. "How do you do it, Mom?" She asked with a grin. *I replied, What?* "Look so effortlessly beautiful. I mean, you're in a kitchen, slaving over a hot stove, as the saying goes, wearing an old dress and an apron, yet somehow you seem The Queen of all you survey. So achingly beautiful that passing men instantly fall at your feet and worship you."

Smiling at her compliment, I flicked my hair, looked up and away, and preened. "More than a few women fall at my feet and do the exact same thing, baby," I teased, mocking myself.

I crossed to where she sat and moved between her spread thighs. Then, wrapping my arms around her shapely waist, I pressed my breasts against her tummy and turned my face up for a kiss. Krissy obliged by holding my head in her hands, tilting her head forward, kissing my lips softly, and sighing.

It suddenly occurred to me that I'd just greeted my daughter as I would a lover. One that I was intimately close to. What was worse was that my daughter had responded in kind. Of course, the guilt crashed in, and my subconscious immediately began chastising me, so I broke the contact quickly and stepped away. Then gathering my scattered wits, I reminded myself I was her mother and asked, "How was work, Krissy? Anything interesting happen?"

I’d walked toward the sink to create some distance between us, so I looked back to see if she’d heard. Krissy looked at me pensively as if she wasn’t sure why I’d broken away so suddenly, but her face brightened, and she said, “Nah, just the usual collection of tyre kickers, would-be thieves, and those trying to pack twenty kilos of lard into a ten-kilo sack.”

Translated —Tyre kickers: Analogous to window shoppers at car sale yards: Women who tried on every dress their size in the shop but bought nothing. Would-be-thieves: Self-explanatory. Pack twenty kilos of lard into a ten-kilo sack: Cue sells up to a size 16 (12 in America). However, many women over this size still try to fit into their dresses.

“Mom,” she continued, “you wouldn’t believe how many women take three garments into the changeroom, stow one in their handbags, and then hand you back two, pretending they only took two into the room with them. Or how many, after dressing in the new outfit, put their old outfit on the hanger and give that to you as if you wouldn’t notice it wasn’t a label you stocked and that the garment is worn. Then there’s those that take more than one item into the room, strip to their undies, put the item on, put their clothes on over the top, and try to walk out with it.”

“That’s terrible, Krissy,” I absently muttered, my mind grappling with why I was suddenly treating my children as lovers instead of acting appropriately toward them. The obvious answer was that Mr Fontaine had planted these thoughts and desires into my mind. However, Edgar had shown me undeniably that he couldn’t make me do anything I wasn’t innately willing to do. Therefore, I harboured these sick desires and fantasies in my mind, and all Edgar had done was,... *‘’Set them free’ as he promised to do, my inner voice completed.’*

I needed to think this through, which I couldn’t do in the kitchen with Krissy near. So, I put my hand on my abdomen and winced. “You okay, Mom?” She asked concernedly.

“Just that time of month, babe,” I answered, which she must have known because, as typically happened when two or more women lived in close proximity to each other, our menstrual cycles had synchronised. “I’m going to go lie down. Do you think you can cope from here? If your brother gets

home soon, get him to cook the chicken on the outside grill because they'll taste better."

"I've got it, Mom," Krissy said. "I know what it's like when the cramps hit bad, so go relax, and I'll bring you a hot pack once dinner is done."

I have her a hug and peck on the cheek and walked upstairs to my room. Lying on my back on the bed, I thought about the revelation I'd just had and... *Flicker: image: my head falls back, and I scream through an orgasm.* I remembered lying on Edgar's couch naked, my body... *Flicker: image: Liz grabs and squeezes my large, shapely breasts, tits, and...* feeling relaxed and calm. The perpetual need... *Flicker: image: thrusts forcefully into me demanding...* in my pussy satiated for now... *Flicker: image: demands, "Cum again, Kate slut, one orgasm is never...* Edgar quietly says, "Cigarettes repulse you, Kate. The very thought of smoking makes you feel ill. Whenever you want to pick one up to light, you'll remember they repulse you and put it down."

Coming out of my daze, I thought, '*That's weird. Kind of a memory recall inside a memory recall, and no screaming orgasm at the end.' In my mind, I tittered and added, 'Not that I minded those! However, at least Edgar is trying to rid me of my smoking habit.'*

I settled back and closed my eyes, hoping for more recalled revelations, but nothing happened. Sighing, I sat and propped myself up with pillows. I had some thinking to do and decisions to make. The first question I needed to answer was, had I secretly desired my children sexually for a long time? The answer, of course, was yes. My son is a strong, handsome dominant man —the type I choose before all others always.

And my daughter is a lusciously gorgeous younger version of me. Only, because she hadn't grown up in the environment I had, she's still sweetly innocent and unsullied by the wickedness and ills of this world.

Thinking deeply, I recalled an incident from my life with my parents: I'd worn a skirt my father considered too revealing outside our home, and he'd seen me as he drove past me on his way home. He was waiting for me inside the door holding his cane when I got home. I saw him as soon as I

went inside and knew I was to be corrected, just not for what yet. With my eyes lowered, I swiftly stripped and took the first punishment position — standing tall, hands behind my head with my elbows back and feet spread shoulder width apart.

Looking at me sternly, Dad growled, “Kate Ashley Shephard, what is my position on you displaying your slut assets outside of my home?” *I am not to do it, Sir. But I...* “Did I ask for an excuse, Miss Shephard?” *No, Sir.* “Then remain quiet until I ask for one.” I knew better than to answer that. Dad had made a statement, not asked a question. So I silently waited for him to continue. “Did you see me pass you on your way home?” *No, Sir.* “I thought not, else you’d have pulled your skirt below your ass cheeks before you got home.” Silence from me. “Do you have an excuse for showing your curvy bottom to the world, Miss Shephard?”

And, of course, that tingle I’ve described many times in this book formed between my legs. However, I couldn’t admit to that, so I shook my head vigorously and said, *I’m sorry, Sir. I did not know I was. If I had even suspected I was, I would have altered where my skirt sat to ensure it didn’t.* “Unfortunately, my daughter, I know you too well. You would have known your skirt’s hem bounced above your luscious bottom. In fact, once you were out of sight of the school, you would have purposefully adjusted it so it did display your assets for all to see.”

Well, I couldn’t deny that. My future husband, John, walked home the same route as me, and I wanted his attention, so I’d surreptitiously lifted the waistline of my skirt until I could feel its hem hitting my lower butt cheeks.

“Do you deny my accusation, Miss Shephard?” *No, Sir.* “So, now we have two corrections. One for showing what only your future husband is rightfully to see, and one for lying to me.” He hadn’t asked a question, so I kept quiet. “Five on your slut tits, then ten on your rounded bottom, Kate (Note: Although none of his four women was allowed to use profanity, Dad was free to use it as and where he saw fit. It was his right as a man to do so). You will be a good girl and accept them without complaint because you know they are due. If you do, I will allow you to masturbate when I finish. Do you accept?”

Whether I accepted or not, it was happening that way, so I gritted my teeth and nodded my head. *Yes, Sir. This worthless slut will willingly accept your punishment as her due.*

Dad finished his verbal correction with, “You may keep your eyes open and enjoy the welts appearing on your luscious tits, Miss Kate,”

Dad’s first strike hit directly across both of my nipples. The delicious pain raced into me and immediately lifted the tingle higher. “One, thank you, Sir.” The second hit close to the first, turning the tingle into a low and wet heat in my pussy. “Two, thank you, Sir.” Biting my bottom lip to avoid moaning, I waited for the third. It struck across the top of my mounds and was swiftly followed by the fourth on their underside. “Three and four, Sir. Thank you,” I intoned, hoping I’d kept my arousal out of my voice.

Predictably, the fifth and last cane was across my nipples again, and I couldn’t help the soft moan that escaped my lush lips. I looked down and delighted in the bright red welts across my breasts. Tomorrow, I’d show them to an envious Kath and bask in her admiration.

Now I’d received my owed five strikes on my breasts, I turned and leaned forward to present my shapely ass to Dad. “Would you like to be excused your last ten canes, Miss Shephard?” Dad asked.

Turning back, I knelt and replied, “If you wish for me to do something for you instead, then this worthless piece of woman flesh will willingly do it.” I said submissively.

“Open up, Miss Kate,” I formed my lips into a perfect ‘O’ and accepted my father’s cock inside my mouth. “Show me what a good cock sucker your mother has taught you to be, Miss Shephard,” Dad demanded.

Of course, this was, and still is, the best part of being corrected. I’d get a mouthful of my father’s yummy cum and be able to masturbate to orgasm after I made him climax.

Dad hadn’t pulled his trousers down. Instead, he’d unzipped and pulled his cock through the fly, so swallowing all he had was easy. Once I’d

established a sensual rhythm bobbing up and down Dad's cock, I carefully fished his big balls out of his trousers and gently cupped and squeezed them, just as Mom had shown me. Caning us excites my father, so it wasn't long before he held my head tight, pumped into my mouth as hard as he could, then shuddered, held still, shuddered again, and jerked as the first splash of semen rocketed through his shaft and into my mouth.

That was my permission to take care of myself, so my hand flew between my spread thighs and onto my button. My hymen was still intact, so I couldn't thrust into myself, but twirling my finger around my entrance felt good, and I soon gasped around my father's spurting cock as he climaxed.

Finished cumming, Dad growled, "You may cum, Kate. Show your father what a slut you are." Of course, that, I willingly did. And I still would today if he demanded it of me.

With our orgasms over, I examined Dad's cock for stray spurts I may have missed. Then satisfied it was clean, I kissed the tip, carefully tucked it and his balls away, and zipped him up.

I waited on my knees, looking submissively up at him until he leaned over and used his hands in my armpits to help me to stand. Then he smiled, a smile that, to this day, I live for, pecked my lips, and said, "Correction is over, Kate. You erred and have now been shown the error of your ways. We will only revisit this correction if you commit a similar error. Therefore, we will never speak of it again because I know you're too good a girl to repeat your mistakes."

Looking down demurely, I said, "Thank you, Daddy. I'm sorry I caused you to correct me, and I am grateful you love me enough to do it."

Our ritual over, we hugged and then went about our usual afternoon chores and duties. It was my turn to help Mom in the kitchen, so I donned an apron (unless we have visitors, the kitchen is the only place in our home where we are allowed clothing. An apron was permissible because of the danger of hot spills or fat splatters. However, as soon as the last dish was put on the table, we had to take it off) and helped Mom prepare dinner.

Helping Mom cook was part of my training to be a good wife and mother, so I attentively listened and tried to do the various things she wanted done. I've been learning my cooking craft since age seven, so I am a darned good cook!

Coming back to the present from my reveries of the past, I partly understood what drove me. As noted, Dad has never penetrated me and has only been inside my sisters once each. But when their daughters were of an appropriate age, my parents introduced us to being sexually submissive to a dominant man. We were taught how to please with our hands, mouths and bodies. How to put our man's needs above ours and to take pleasure from his pleasure. Of course, because I got pregnant by John on my eighteenth birthday, my period serving as my parent's submissive sexual plaything was cut short.

You may criticise me, but I have been successfully married for almost twenty years, and my sisters for nearly as long. We all have bright, successful teenage children who bring joy to their parents and are productive members of society.

My husband, John, came from a more traditional family, and I doubt that he has an incestuous past as I have. However, because I enjoyed the way my parents raised me, I wanted my family to be comfortable with some sexual play between us all.

There was another memory of my life before marriage I wanted to reminisce about. But when I closed my eyes to summon that event, Krissy bustled into my room carrying a hot pack. Of course, I had my knees up and spread as I thumbed my button and twirled my fingers around my entrance when she entered the room (my period was imminent but hadn't arrived yet. Therefore, I had a tampon in place to avoid a whoopsie).

She stumbled to a stop, then smiled and said, "Good idea, Mom. If I've got period cramps, I always feel better after an orgasm."

Pretending to be exasperated, I growled, "You'd think you kids would learn from previous times you've caught me out and not barge in here unannounced."

Krissy giggled and handed me the hot pack. When I pressed it against my abdomen, she said, “Maybe I like catching you in compromising positions, Mom!”

“I’m beginning to think you do,” I grinned back at her.

We shared a companionable silence for a time, then Krissy headed off. She had her first end of semester exam tomorrow. But from what she said, she was confident that she’d ace it, so I wasn’t concerned.

By morning, it was that time of month for real, so yay for me, right? I understand that some women get super horny when on their monthly cycle. I do not. However, my time rarely lasts more than four to six days, so I wouldn’t have to suffer for too long.

Nothing much happened over the following week. I hadn’t heard anything from Frank. Tommy searched the web constantly to see if Frank had posted my pictures and found nothing. We discussed it a few times and decided that Frank knew that he lost all leverage over me once he posted them. I’d possibly be prepared to do something, anything, to prevent them being put up on the web, but once they were, why would I do anything for him?

I hadn’t gotten any further with my reasoning about why I was reacting toward my children as if they were my lovers, either. I mean, other than that, they were. But I was trying to determine why I’d changed my feelings and behaviour towards them. Of course, it may have been as simple as that they were now both of legal age and could do the things I was doing with them, but I didn’t think so.

The only highlight of my week from Monday to Friday was that Patrick unashamedly flirted with me while putting me through my workout. This week, I saw him Monday, Wednesday, and Friday. Next week would only be Tuesday and Thursday.

When I answered the door Monday, his eyes were bright and eager, but his face fell when he saw that I wore my dark grey outfit. Of course, I decided to tease him, so I wore my dark blue outfit on Wednesday. Then on Thursday night, I purposefully drank a little too much wine before I went to

bed. If I drink too much the night before, when I exercise, I perspire excessively. Now, I know that's not sexy in itself, but it would ensure my white outfit was translucent by halfway through my Friday workout.

To my delight, around fifteen minutes into our sixty-minute workout, Patrick sported what appeared to be a massive erection. Wanting to tease him further, I complained of tightness in my hamstrings and asked if he'd help me loosen them by doing some isometric stretches. That meant when he held my leg in the air to stretch my hamstring, my pussy almost showed through the material and was only centimetres from him.

To further abet my tease, I moaned as if I was being pleasured whilst pretending it was from the pain of having my hamstring stretched beyond its typical length. By the time my session ended, Patrick and I were both very red in the face, except mine was from exertion and his from embarrassment. So, of course, to thank him for being so patient with me, I pressed my pussy against his erect cock as I hugged him.

Snatching up his equipment, Patrick flung, "You're welcome, Kate," over his shoulder as he ran out the door.

In the shower after my workout, I wondered, '*If he comes on to you, Kate. Will you let him have you?'* Before visiting Edgar Fontaine's clinic, the answer would have been an emphatic "No!" Now, I wasn't so sure. Before letting my son have me, I hadn't even considered straying outside my marriage. Now I'd been intimate with my son, my daughter, my son's girlfriend and Caoimhe. Plus, I'd had sex with Frank Pritchard and Siobhan. In less than a month of attending my first session at Edgar's East Brisbane clinic, my list of lovers had grown from exactly one to six.

Also, I knew I'd add my best friend, Kath Loughlin, to that list as soon as possible and attempt to seduce her son, too. Worse was that I knew, barring being caught out by my husband, I'd continue to add to my list. Patrick and his massive bulge was high on my list of possible conquests—a list my best friend's son topped. '*Feck!' I thought. 'May as well seduce Mike, too. That way, I can boast that I've had the whole family.'*

Friday and Saturday passed uneventfully, then early Sunday morning, Tommy called. Hearing my phone ring at that time of night/morning meant I was instantly awake. “Tommy?” I asked, having checked the caller ID.

Drunk and obviously upset, Tommy replied, “Hey, Mom. The Lions dropped me to the under twenty-ones today. They say I’ll play out the season there, and then they’ll cut me at the end of the season. They say I’m not improving quickly enough to continue investing their time and money in me.”

“Oh, no, Tommy,” I replied. “That’s terrible news!”

“You’re telling me?” Tommy slurred. “Anyway, I’m at Gina’s, drunk, and want to come home. Will you come and get me?”

“Of course, baby boy,” I answered. “What’s the address?”

“I’ll get Gina to text it to you,” Tommy mumbled.

A few seconds later, my phone dinged and let me know I had a message. My phone is connected by Bluetooth to my car, so a voice read Gina’s address. Entering that address into my car’s inbuilt GPS, I was soon on my way to Gina’s place.

It wasn’t that far away, and I didn’t take long to get there. Parking my car on the street because Gina’s driveway was full of cars, I walked up the drive and knocked on her door.

“Out the back,” Gina’s melodious voice called. “Come in through the gate, and you’ll see us in the hot tub.”

Opening the gate, I walked through and immediately saw my son, Gina, and two other women in a bubbling hot tub. Tommy had his arms around Gina and a pretty blonde girl. However, my son’s head was tilted back, and even over the hot tub’s pump, I could hear his snores.

“Drop the dress and jump in,” Gina suggested. “Tommy’s out to it, so you may as well relax.”

As I observed earlier, I typically sleep naked. When Tommy phoned and asked me to come and get him, I opened my robe and grabbed the closest thing. It was a red and white wavy lined wrap dress. But the three girls in the tub all had bikinis on, and there was no way that I'd be comfortable being the only one naked. Besides, what if my son woke up? It was one thing to play mommies and daddies with my son secretly—an utterly another one to be in a situation where I do it in front of others. So I shook my head and said, "No, thanks. I'll just collect my son and take him home."

Gina laughed, "With the amount of beer Tommy's consumed, he's not waking up anytime soon, Kate. And I doubt even the four of us together are strong enough to carry him to your car. So, stop being a mother for a second and jump in the tub."

Tommy chose that moment to snuffle and then snore loudly, and I realised Gina was right —he wasn't going anywhere anytime soon. Even if I was prepared to pour him into my car wet. "I'm not getting in there naked," I stated, deciding I might as well relax until my son was capable of moving.

Gina stood to get out of the tub, and I saw that all she wore was the tiniest bright yellow string bikini imaginable. The top's bra cups were barely bigger than her thick nipples and showed vast amounts of bumpy mauve areolae around them. The bottom was a minuscule triangle scarcely covering Gina's small clit and entrance. Remembering last week when she sat naked except for her panties with me for a good bit of the morning, I thought the effect of her tiny coverings was even more sensual and exciting than her being topless but wearing a bikini brief.

Taking my hand as she lightly kissed my pouting lips, Gina then led me into her house and upstairs. "Mom and Dad are away for the week, lover," she informed me. "And my two older brothers have moved out, so we don't need to worry about anyone bothering us." She led me into her parent's bedroom, saying, "I only have one bikini, the one I have on. But Mom has a sexy little red number in here somewhere."

She rummaged around in her mother's drawers before excitedly saying, "Here it is!" and brought out a bikini that appeared to have even less material than the one she wore.

Looking askance at it, I said, “I can’t wear that! It’s not decent!”

Gina’s voice took on a deeper timbre, and she firmly said, “Of course you can, my submissive little Mommie slut. You’ll put it on, then strut out there with pride because you damned well know how hot you look in it. Those eighteen-year-old girls out there, who are less than half your age, will turn green with envy at your luscious assets, Kate. So stop whining, get your clothes off, and put it on before I decide to put you over my knee and spank you!”

My pussy blazing with arousal, I dropped my eyes and meekly replied, “Yes, Mistress.” But then my flirtatiousness made me smile and add, “But don’t let my obedience prevent you from spanking me.”

Gina pressed her gorgeous young body against mine and found my love button with her fingers, “We will have so much fun together, slut Kate,” she whispered before dipping her middle finger into me and thumbing my thick clit.

My monthlies had ended on Friday, so there wasn’t an issue.

Gina fingered and kissed me until I was so close to orgasm that I thought I’d explode, but then she suddenly pulled her finger out of me and pushed me back. Clapping her hands sharply, she demanded, “Now get your gorgeous ass into that bikini and down to the tub before Jennifer and Charmaine think we’re fucking up here.”

“But,” I pleaded.

“Get changed, Kate,” Gina insisted.

Knowing she wouldn’t relent, I stifled a moan of disappointment, dropped my dress, all that I had on, and put the bikini on. As I feared, the top barely contained my puffy nipples and didn’t cover my areolae at all. The bottom left the top half of my thick clitoris exposed no matter how I adjusted it. I guessed that Gina’s mom kept this bikini for wearing only when she knew that she’d be alone with her husband, because it was positively indecent.

I was about to say that there was no possible way I was wearing it in front of my son, but as I looked at Gina, I saw her eyes were lidded, and she bit her bottom lip as she stared at me lustfully. And guess what? Yup, the raging furnace that was my pussy flared, and I wanted to strut before this young woman. I wanted to stroll seductively to the pool with my hands gently swinging as I swayed my hips outrageously. I wanted my son to wake from his drunken stupor and gaze at me with desire as I put his friends to shame with their lesser looks and less perfect bodies. And I wanted those two young women to lust for me, too.

“Holy shit, Kate!” Gina exclaimed. “If Tommy sees you walking to the tub, he’s going to cream!” Then she took my hand and led me back to the tub.

Tommy was awake and sitting on the edge of the tub when we walked out. As I’d hoped, his eyes flew across the yard to where I strutted, “Oh, wow, Mom!” he said as I sashayed across to the tub. “Nice outfit!”

I hadn’t paid much attention to the other two, but when she heard Tommy’s words, Jennifer straightened up and looked towards me. I gasped when I realised she casually held my son’s big erect cock in her hand and had obviously been blowing him. I stumbled to a stop, but Gina, clearly unfazed by what her friend was doing with her boyfriend, tugged on my hand and bitched, “Hurry up, Kate. It’s freezing out here.”

Then she looked at Jennifer and added, “Stop playing with your food, and either get that thing off or put it away.”

Laughing, Jennifer tucked my son away and turned to sit back in the tub. Tommy grinned at me unabashedly and sank into the tub, too. Gina helped me up the stairs and held my hand as I lowered myself into the water. I wanted to sit as far away from Tommy as possible, but Gina guided me down beside him. Grinning at me, Tommy kissed my cheek and slurred, “Thanks for coming to get me, Mom. You look hot in that bikini.” Then he casually draped his arm around my shoulders and hugged me to him.

I examined, yes, I mean examined, the two girls in the tub that I hadn’t met before. These tarts were clearly doing things sexual with my son, and, as any mother would, I checked them out to see if they were worthy of my

Tommy. Jennifer, the one blowing Tommy, is a busty, powerfully built young woman on the verge of being fat. I guessed she was as tall as Krissy but weighed significantly more, so she was north of seventy kilos (155 lbs). She had to be at least a forty double-D but with a comparatively narrow waist and nicely flared hips. Childbearing hips, my father would call them.

Jennifer is quite pretty, I decided. Her hair is golden blonde, so most likely from a bottle, but mine needs touching up regularly to prevent the grey from showing, so that's okay. Jennifer has wide-spaced dark brown eyes similar to mine and Gina's, a straight, thin nose and Botox lips. However, Botox has given Jennifer a sexy, pouting look, so they were forgivable, too. So, yes, quite pretty, I thought, but not beautiful. She reminded me a little of Jennifer Coolidge.

However, Charmaine is stunningly beautiful. I thought her heritage was from one of the South American countries. Chile or Peru, I guessed (it turned out Charmaine's parents were from Chile, but she had been born in Australia). She was tiny. I'd estimate that she stood barely 160 cm (5ft-4), and weighed maybe 50 kg (110 lbs). Her b-cup breasts looked huge on her tiny frame, and like the other women here, her bikini could, at best, be described as revealing.

Charmaine looked so gorgeous that I longed to see more of her. Then, as if hearing my longing, Charmaine stood and stretched. She had surprisingly long legs for such a short woman, and a cute, toned bottom. Her bikini bottom had little more than a widened scrap that only partially obscured her clit and pussy lips. The minuscule cloth triangle only served to emphasise Charmaine's clit and slit and didn't hide them at all. It was as sexy as all get out and looked divine on her, so that old familiar tingle was back between my legs.

Dragging my eyes higher, I noticed Charmaine's body was quite square, so she would need dresses and skirts that emphasised her hips and wear a belt or sash around her waist to give the illusion of shape. But, looking as good as she did and with her large appearing breasts and tightly toned ass, few men would notice that she didn't have a waist.

I sat in the hot tub beside Tommy, with Charmaine beside me. Gina and Jennifer were on Tommy's other side. Tommy had sunk down and tipped his head back so it rested on the tub's edge and gone back to sleep. Jennifer had her phone out and was reading through her Twitter feed. Gina sat silently with her head on my son's shoulder but smiled slightly as she watched me.

Charmaine sat after her stretch, casually lifted her legs over mine, and wrapped her arms around my shoulders. Then pressing her generous breasts against my upper arm, she kissed my neck below my ear and whispered, "Like what you see? I do. You're gorgeous, honey." Then she kissed my neck again and blew softly into my ear.

I looked across to see if Gina had seen what Charmaine was doing. She looked amused, smiled at me and winked. I turned my head to ask Charmaine to release me, but she mistook my purpose and kissed my lips softly. Then squeezing my shoulders, Charmaine pressed her forehead against mine, sighed happily and kissed me again.

I knew that I needed to stop this before I began thinking with my burning pussy and aching nipples. But the young woman seemed so sweetly innocent as she hugged and kissed me, and I didn't want to upset her, so when she kissed me next, I put my hand on her thigh and returned her kiss.

Charmaine sighed happily again as she moved to sit on my lap. Then turning her upper body to face me, Charmaine kissed me and pressed my head between her generous breasts. Her doing that seemed so intimately friendly that I naturally slid my hands under her armpits and up her back onto her shoulders. Then pulling her sexy young body down, I lightly kissed Charmaine's inner globes.

"Hmm, nice, Kate," Charmaine purred as I softly licked where I'd kissed. "You're such a yummy mommie I could eat you all up!"

Pleased by her compliment and feeling my pussy squishing with juices, I smiled and ran my hands down under her shoulders and onto her succulent b-cup breasts and began massaging them as I kissed and licked her globes. Charmaine tossed her head, enjoying what I was doing to her breasts, but

she wanted more, so she moved and turned her hips and straddled my thighs, facing me. Cupping her breasts, she pushed them against my lips.

“Suckle my nipples, please, my darling Kate,” Charmaine crooned.

‘This is definitely going too far, Kate,’ flashed through my mind. But I was caught up in the moment. So when she undid her bikini ties and released her breasts, I ran my tongue around her left nipple before sucking it into my mouth as I gently thumbed her right.

“Having fun, you two?” Gina grinned from beside us. I hadn’t noticed, but she’d gotten out of the tub to get drinks and nibblies.

Startled by the sudden interruption, I realised what I was doing and ashamedly pushed Charmaine off my lap and tried to pretend I’d been doing anything other than what I was.

Flinging her top aside, Charmaine giggled and said, “I was about to until you so rudely interrupted.”

Gina slid into the tub and handed me a glass of sparkling wine. “Tommy’s still out to it, Kate,” she said, pointing at my son. “You may as well relax and have a glass or two. You’ll still be able to drive home after that.”

I tended to avoid sparkling wine because it made me tiddly far more quickly than still wine. However, Gina had graciously gotten me a glass, so I accepted it with thanks and took a sip. It was a little sweeter than I preferred but still good, so I took another appreciative sip. I hadn’t bothered with dinner earlier because no one but I was home, and I wasn’t that hungry. The combination of sparkling wine with an empty stomach meant I quickly had an alcohol buzz happening.

Dying for a cigarette, I tilted my head back and imagined taking a slow luxuriant drag and blowing it sexily out as the girls watched. Imagining that, however, almost set off a ‘Flicker: image:’ episode, so I cast it out of my mind.

Sitting up and opening my eyes, I became aware of a slight movement to my right. Looking, I saw that Jennifer had taken Tommy's cock out and was casually stroking it. As I watched, Gina's hand joined Jennifer's, and as one circled Tommy's glans, the other pumped his shaft. They swapped back and forth as they did this. The strangest thing was that Jennifer continued to scroll through her feed as she played with my son's big cock. It was as if she was bored and wanted something to do with her spare hand.

Of course, watching this casual, salacious thing had me percolating toward orgasm, which was helped by Charmaine snuggling her breasts into my shoulder and kissing my neck again. I made the mistake of turning my head to ask her to let me go and once again found myself exchanging soft kisses with the beautiful young girl.

In between kisses, Charmaine deftly removed my top, and her hands roamed deliciously over my breasts. Figuring I was committed now, I strengthened our kiss and found Charmaine's tiny conical nipples and circled them with my thumbs.

Then, to my right, with a loud groan, Tommy got out of the pool. "Gotta pee," he declared and stumbled towards the house, his big cock bouncing as he walked.

"Going to be hard to pee with that gigantic thing as hard as it is," Jennifer giggled. Then she wonderingly said, "I can't believe Tommy's dick is big enough for both of us to have our hands on it at the same time."

Putting her phone down for the first time I'd seen, Jennifer floated across to where Charmaine and I were exchanging kisses and nipple rubs. "May I have some of those?" She crooned as she pressed her body against Charmaine's back.

I felt Jennifer's hand slide between Charmaine's and my body. Then, with a soft moan from Charmaine, Jennifer slid her hand inside Charmaine's bikini and onto her button. Of course, given that Charmaine was straddling me again, that meant the back of Jennifer's hand pressed against my Mons Venus, dangerously close to my clitoris.

Strangling off a moan, I struggled from underneath Charmaine and left the two to go at it. Before long, Charmaine sat on the edge of the tub with her left leg over Jennifer's shoulder and wrapped around her back as Jennifer snacked on her pussy.

Sliding next to Gina, I put my head on my young Mistress' shoulder and watched the titillatingly erotic scene playing before us. Gina touched my face, and when I looked up leaned down and kissed my soft, pouty lips. "Like what you see, my delicious little mommie slut?" She asked quietly.

"I wish it were me eating her," I admitted as my pussy spasmed at the name she called me. *Not her eating you, Kate? Gina asked.* "My pleasure is mostly in giving pleasure, Mistress," I explained. "I'll often orgasm when John cums inside me because I know I've done that for him, and I feel so good that I did."

"You really are the most naturally submissive woman I know, Kate," Gina told me, smiling. "I'm looking forwards to exploring that with you as we get closer.

Tommy had returned and sat on the tub's edge beside us as Gina finished talking. "Whaddaya you two chatting about," he slurred, idly kicking his feet back and forth in the water.

Leaning forward to see him past Gina, I saw he had dropped his shorts somewhere along the way and that peeing hadn't quelled his rampant erection. "You, of course," I told him. "What else would I be talking to your girlfriend about? Now, put that thing away before you takeout someone's eye."

Taking his big stiff cock in his hand, Tommy blinked at me owlishly and slurred, "This thing? But it's hard, and I'm horny and want someone to take care of it for me." He took it in his hand and began stroking it. "Who wants to take care of this for me?"

"Kate?" Gina offered, shocking me to my core.

'She couldn't know that my son and I were intimate, surely? I thought.

Pretending to be affronted, I huffed, “Not only do I not ‘want to take care of it’, I don’t want to watch it being taken care of. I’m his mother, for goodness sake.”

I thought I had put on a good show, but Gina only giggled, grabbed Tommy’s cock, and pointed it towards me. “Just a little taste, Kate,” she crooned. “Come on. You know you want to.”

The problem was that I did want to. It had been over a week since Tommy made love to me and fed me his delicious seed. And even though I’d had numerous orgasms since, there was nothing to compare to having my lover’s cum shooting inside me, forcing me to a final climax to satiate me.

“No,” I managed, but I knew I had to get out of that tub and go home, or I’d do something very, very wrong.

“Suit yourself,” Gina said, then swallowed my son whole.

I blinked and looked again. *‘Yup,’ I thought. ‘Gina has swallowed all of Tommy’s thick cock in one smooth gulp. Wow!’*

Gina bobbed up and down a few times before, with a loud slurp, she took my son’s cock out of her mouth and offered it to Jennifer. Jennifer wasn’t entirely as orally adept as Gina but still managed to get most of Tommy’s cock sucked down before coughing and backing up some. Then, wrapping her hand around that spot, Jennifer bobbed up and down swiftly before passing my son’s cock back to Gina.

“Gina pumped my son’s cock as she looked to where Charmaine quietly sat. “Do you want a taste, Charry?” she asked.

Looking at me and smiling first, Charmaine replied, “Don’t mind if I do!”

Fascinated, I watched as the tiny woman floated across to my son before kneeling on the seat and cupping his big, meaty balls. Then holding Tommy’s cock just below the glans, she kissed all around it, then lapped at the precum pouring from its eye before taking the head in her mouth.

Unwittingly, I'd moved closer so I could see the action better. Seeing me move, Charmaine tilted her eyes to see me, smiled, and then sucked Tommy's cock into her mouth and slowly, slowly lowered her head. I'd gotten the impression that the young woman was a lesbian. But if she was, she still sure knew how to suck a cock, because a few seconds later, Charmaine's lips pressed against Tommy's hairy abdomen.

Blinking in disbelief, I watched Charmaine literally 'blow my son'. With her mouth held loosely around Tommy's shaft, she used a circular breathing technique to suck mouthfuls of air in and simultaneously blew hot air across his glans.

A few seconds later, Tommy groaned, "I'm going to cum. Who wants my first load?"

Charmaine quickly reared back and let my son's cock out of her mouth.

Gina grinned at me and said, "Kate?"

At that moment, there was nothing more I wanted than to feel my son's big cock expand in my mouth as it readied to shoot his load down my throat. But I still held onto a shred of decorum and shook my head.

"Suit yourself," she giggled. Then she lifted Tommy's legs out of the water and swung them onto the Tub's wooden surroundings. Getting out, Gina stood astride Tommy, facing his feet and me, and demanded, "Jennifer, hold Tommy's cock so I can sit on it."

Jennifer wrapped her hand around my son's cock, kissed its tip and then held it upright. Staring into my eyes, Gina squatted onto my son's thickly erect cock. Then leaning back on her hands, Gina moaned and began lifting and lowering her pussy on Tommy's penis. She moaned as she pressed down with her hands and lifted her hips until all, but the head of my son's cock was out of here, then groaned as she lowered herself until it bottomed out inside her pussy.

I was mesmerised by Gina's performance and could only sit with my mouth hanging open as I watched. Charmaine, however, had different ideas.

“Come on, my yummy mommie,” she whispered. “Get up on your hands and knees so you can see from closer.”

In a daze, I unthinkingly did as she commanded. In this position, I was much taller than the young woman commanding me. However, Charmaine pressed her breasts into my back and reached around my rib cage to hold and caress my rounded, heavy breasts. Tommy’s feet were now immediately before me, and Gina’s pussy rode my son’s penis only a few feet away.

Seeing that I knelt close to her and Tommy, Gina said, “Tommy, shuffle back. No. The other way.” My son and Gina’s pussy moved closer. “Keep going,” Gina demanded. Tommy’s feet crossed the tub’s edge. “Further,” Gina commanded. Tommy’s knees reached the tub’s edge.

Now, where my son and his girlfriend were coupled together was mere centimetres from my face.

“A little further,” Gina demanded, and my nose touched her pussy.

With her thumbs and fingers twisting and tweaking my puffy nipples, Charmaine said, “Tongue her pussy.”

With my son’s girlfriend’s vagina copiously leaking fluids onto my lips and chin and my young friend’s fingers twisting and pulling my aching breast nubs as her bullet-shaped nipples pressed into my back, I couldn’t resist any longer, and, with a needful groan, I tipped my head forwards and slid my tongue onto Gina’s clitoris.

“There’s a good Mommie slut,” Gina crooned as my tongue slashed across her clit. “Now, lick your son’s balls.”

In my mind, I screamed, *’Please, Gina, no!’* but my tongue licked lower until it lapped at my son’s massive balls.

“Oh, fuck!” A surprised Tommy exclaimed as my tongue bathed his balls, and he lost control and ejaculated into Gina’s spasming pussy.

Feeling my son's ejaculate splashing into her tightly gripping pussy sent Gina crashing into her orgasm, and she and Tommy grunted and groaned through twin climaxes. Gina's pussy leaked copious amounts of juice when she orgasmed, and I eagerly lapped them up. My devout attention to her clit rocketed Gina into another orgasm, and she treated me to more of her sweet nectar. I willingly licked that up, too.

After she came down from her orgasm, Gina lifted her pussy off my son's cock and held it in front of my lips. "Eat your son's sperm out of me, my little Mommie slut," she demanded.

I shook my head, trying to refuse, but Charmaine pulled my bikini bottom aside and softly tongued my tiny starfish. The sudden arousing sensation on my forbidden zone erased my reticence. Heck, it almost erased my mind! Unwittingly, I lifted my mouth to suck on Gina's entrance and delved my tongue into Gina's vagina as far as possible.

Then, as I sucked and tongued my son's spend from his girlfriend's sweet young pussy, hands found my deliciously heavy, oversized and hanging breasts and rolled my thick, puffy nipples between their thumb and forefinger. Another hand snaked between my lewdly spread thighs and onto my button. That hand's fingers split. One slid inside me, then curled to find my G-spot. The other firmly circled my clit. It was too much, and with a loud moan, I orgasmed. My heavily exhaled moan blasted my warm breath over Gina's pussy, and she climaxed with me.

The girls didn't stop after I'd cum. The hand and tongue on my clit and tiny brown ring moved, and Charmaine took Gina's spot under my mouth. Charmaine's pussy tasted of syrupy sweetness as I lashed and slashed my tongue up and down her clit and over her love button. I was lost in the sensation of bringing my newest lover to fruition, but then the hands on my breasts moved to my ass, pulled my bikini bottom down and spread my ass cheeks. Sliding two fingers into my soaking pussy, Jennifer replaced Charmaine's tongue with hers, and she rimmed me too.

Gina dragged my son aside as Charmaine circled to take her place before me. With Tommy still on his back but his large penis swinging back and forth at half-mast, Gina lowered her cum messy pussy onto his mouth and

took his cock into hers. That vision, too, proved too much for my overloaded synapses, and I willingly leapt off the cliff into another crushing orgasm, barely hearing Charmaine's squealed orgasm over mine.

As I watched through eyes slitted with pleasure, Gina swiftly brought my son's erection back to full mast. Letting it out her mouth with a loud slurp, she pointed it at me and offered, "Do you want to ride your son's cock like I just did, Kate? Or would you prefer a taste?"

From somewhere, I managed the strength to shake my head. And, staggering to my feet, I kicked off my bikini bottom, put on my dress and got in my car. I'd decided I had to get out of there before I did the unthinkable and had sex with my son before three virtual strangers. As I started the car, Tommy staggered out completely naked and jumped into the seat beside me.

Chapter 5: Back to the Clinic II



Hi everyone. Katie Muggleton back again. You know, when I began this memoir, I thought maybe a few people might be interested enough to read my first chapter, and they might carry over to the second, but I didn't expect to go beyond that because I thought interest would wane swiftly. However, here we are, four chapters completed and beginning a fifth. Let me remind you how chapter 4 ended, and I'll tell you about my subsequent adventures.

My son, Johnny, upset because his football club had told him they would cut him at the end of the season, got drunk with his girlfriend and two of her friends. No matter his age, a boy always needs his mommie when he's hurt, so Johnny called me and asked me to come and get him.

Of course, I immediately put on a dress and drove to his girlfriend Gina's house. Getting there, I found Johnny in Gina's parents' hot tub, drunk and passed out. Gina and her two friends, Jennifer and Charmaine, were in the tub with my son. Gina invited me to join them, but I demurred, preferring to take my son home immediately.

However, as Gina pointed out, with Johnny passed out, it was unlikely that even the four of us could carry him to my car, even if I were prepared to let him get in with wet shorts. Reluctantly, I agreed to join the girls in the tub, but only if Gina could provide swimwear.

Gina took me up to her mother's bedroom and handed me a bikini so tiny as to be obscene. I refused to put it on until, using her dominance over me, Gina sexually stimulated me until I docilely did as told, donned the garment and then followed her back to the tub.

After walking out Gina's back door to the admiration and catcalls of my son and the others, my typical flirtatious nature took over, and I strutted across to the tub like a woman who knew she would win the swimsuit section of The Miss Universe Pageant.

When I got back in the tub, Gina's friend Charmaine, a tiny, gorgeous young woman with legs and breasts to die for, instantly cuddled and caressed me. Various other things of a sexual nature happened, which culminated with Gina riding my son's big cock as I tongued her clit and his balls.

Gina then offered me my son's cock to either suck or ride. Knowing that my willpower to resist was hanging by an unravelling thread, I summoned the last of it together and managed to dress and stagger out to my car before I did the unthinkable and had sex with my son before those three.

When I started my car, Johnny stumbled out naked after me and jumped into the car.

Readers, I will continue with my story.

After getting in my car, Johnny stayed awake long enough to buckle his seatbelt before he passed out. Driving home, I bit my bottom lip as I watched my son's erect, deliciously long and thick cock gently swaying and bouncing to the car's movement. Eventually, I could no longer stand it and ran my fingers lightly over its head.

"Hmm," Johnny moaned as he pushed his hips up, trying to create more contact with my hand. Unable to resist, I wrapped my dainty hand around his shaft and gently pumped it. "Yes," my son groaned. "Suck it for me, baby, please."

That wasn't something I could do whilst driving home, so I gripped tighter and pumped faster. I got home, parked in our garage and saw that Johnny was about to cum. Unwilling to waste his delicious seed, I undid my belt, got on my knees, leaned over and took my son's hard cock into my mouth. As soon as he felt my tongue lashing his glans, Johnny held my head, groaned, and filled my mouth with his tasty semen. Once my son's orgasm ended, I licked and swallowed until I was sure I'd gathered all of his spend. Delighting in its taste, I smacked my lips and sat up.

Letting go of Johnny's slowly deflating cock, I tried to rouse him, but he was dead to the world. Because there was no way I could carry him, all I could do was leave Johnny to sleep off his drunken stupor and go to bed. Entering my room, I locked the door because I was in no mood to try and convince a drunken teenage male that he wasn't having my sweet pussy that night. If Johnny was sober, I might have considered letting him make love to me again, but I didn't want to be subjected to his inebriated, fumbling advances.

Sure enough, my door rattled around four hours later, waking me up. Finding my door locked, Johnny chuckled and said, "Thanks for coming and getting me, Mom. See you in the morning."

I woke sometime later, back to craving a smoke. But fearing another phase out, I ignored my craving. However, I sat up and propped myself against the headboard. I wanted to think more about why I'd suddenly started allowing sexual relations between myself and my children and why I had begun

submitting sexually to every advance I received. Never before had I been so easily tripped into bed or compromising situations.

I knew my husband Sean's continual job promotions were part of the problem. As he climbed that corporate ladder into rarer and rarer air, his absences became more frequent and prolonged. What was worse was that his next promotion was likely to be to VP, and although that would be a real feather in my husband's cap, it would mean even more travel and a heavier workload.

'You need to start travelling with him,' I told myself. 'The kids are old enough to look after themselves, so your travelling with Sean won't be a problem. 'Plus', I added with a giggle. 'I'd get to shop in London, Paris and Rome!'

If Sean agreed to allow me to travel with him, it would cure a number of problems. The first, of course, being it would keep the slut Amanda, his secretary, out of his bed. I didn't mind Sean fucking her. As I've noted earlier, that is the price you pay to stay married to a rich, successful man. But she had designs on becoming Mrs Muggleton number two and supplanting me in Sean's bed permanently instead of only when my husband felt the need to empty his sack into her.

Second was that Sean often bemoaned Amanda's lack of poise and grace when she accompanied him to formal events. As we all know, most business dealings at the level my husband is at are done over a quiet drink and meal, not in the corporate office. Amanda's lack of elegance demeaned my husband and made him appear less than he was. Taking me to those events, and I say this with all due modesty, would mean he'd dazzle every man there and quite a few of the women, too.

Third, and with how I was at this moment, probably the most important, travelling with Sean would take me out of Edgar, Frank, Liz and Gina's clutches. Though, being under Gina's spell didn't bother me that much. If I brought Gina to our bed, Sean wouldn't object as long as he could partake of her delights, too. Of course, our son would, so that was off the table.

But none of the above is what had me concerned that morning. No, it was more that I suddenly seemed to be a lesbian. Every hot-looking woman that had come onto me since I attended the clinic, including my daughter Kristy, I'd joyously had sex with, and I couldn't understand why.

Yes, I had sex with my sisters and mother for my father's enjoyment. And, yes, I'd experimented with my best friend Kath Loughlin when we were teenagers. Plus, I'd brought women to our marital bed so I could titillate my husband with a lesbian fantasy show. But before my first visit to Edgar Fontaine's hypnosis clinic, where I let his receptionist Liz Donnelly have sex with me, I'd never indulged in lesbian sex for my own pleasure. I'd only ever done it for the men in my life.

An incident from my earlier life seemed important to my current situation, so I closed my eyes and relived my memories of that day.

Mobile phones were rare in Australia at the time of my remembered event, and the cost of using the few available was prohibitive. Plus, the network coverage was patchy at best. Most telephonic communication was by way of the good old house phone, or landline, if you prefer.

I thought my mother had gone grocery shopping because her car wasn't in our garage when I came home from school. So, taking advantage of my perceived rare aloneness, I took the portable phone up to my room and phoned my best friend, Kath Anderson. We chatted about the dreamy boys at our school and agreed that Sean Muggleton, the captain of our school's First Thirteen, and his best friend Mike Loughlin were amongst the dreamiest of them. As we bantered back and forth, describing what we'd let them do to us, I pulled my panties off and played with my love button.



That meant, of course, that I breached several house rules simultaneously. I hadn't stripped naked as soon as I walked through the door. I'd taken the phone to my room —probably the biggest breach of protocol. And I was playing with myself. Something I was only to do if my mother or father said I could. Masturbating to orgasm was exclusively done for my father's enjoyment or as a reward for serving him faithfully.

Mom could allow us to orgasm as a reward for exceptional behaviour if my father was absent on one of his many business trips.

It turned out that my father had taken Mom's car to be serviced, and she was home. She walked into my bedroom to collect the soiled sheets and other laundry items I should have already bundled for her to take and found me on my back with the soles of my feet pressed together and knees spread

wide, thumbing my clitoris as I described to Kath what I wanted Sean Muggleton to do to me.

Of course, I had plenty of experience with all kinds of sexual activities other than penetrative sex, so I could fill my descriptions with vast amounts of salacious details. On the other side, Kath had been raised in a strict Catholic family and had zero experience with the male anatomy, let alone sex.

“And exactly what do you think you’re doing, young lady?” Mother said sternly from my bedroom door.

“Oh, shivers,” I squeaked to Kath as I swiftly disconnected the call. Then, kneeling, I bowed my head and offered the phone to my mother. “Talking to my friend, Kath, on the phone, Ma’am,” I admitted.

“Clothed and with your door shut? What are your father’s rules regarding that, Miss Katie Ashley Shephard?” Mom asked.

Feeling about two centimetres tall, I stated, “We are to remove all clothing as soon as we have shut the front door and then carry them to our room and place them in our clothes hamper. Our doors are to remain open at all times so that Dad and you can monitor our behaviour, Ma’am.”

“Regarding the house phone, Miss Katie?” Mom questioned.

“I am only to use it in your or Dad’s presence to ensure I don’t try to hook up with boys, Ma’am,” I replied meekly.

“Masturbating?”

“I’m allowed to only when permitted to by Dad or you. Typically I’m given permission to to reward my good behaviour, Ma’am.”

“And your behaviour today, Katie Ashley Shephard, has it been good?” Mom asked, knowing it hadn’t been.

“No, Ma’am,” I swiftly acknowledged. “I have committed several breaches of protocol and must be corrected to ensure my bad behaviour does not

become ingrained."

"Go to your father's study and select an appropriate cane for your correction, Miss Katie. Bring it to my room once you've made your choice."

Standing, I swiftly disrobed, ran downstairs to Dad's office, and selected a cane. I didn't pay any attention to which one and took the closest to hand. Racing back to my mother's bedroom, I stopped outside until I got my breathing under control, then stepped through the door.

Walking through the door with my eyes downcast, I closed it and immediately knelt. Then I held the cane above my head, bowed and said, "This worthless piece of female flesh had chosen her correction's instrument, Ma'am. She apologises for her atrocious behaviour and promises she will do better in the future."

"Katie, you are always apologetic for your bad behaviour," my mother said severely. "Yet, you continue to exhibit it. How do you expect to find a strong man to serve if you continue to act like a brat? No, Katie, this sluttish behaviour ends today, or I will cane you until your ass and breasts are black and blue."

I knew my mother's question was rhetorical, so I remained kneeling and quiet, looking down.

Sighing, Mom said, "Assume correction position one, Katie. I will administer five corrections on your breasts, followed by five more on your behind. You will thank me for each correction."

If you remember, position one is standing looking down, with my feet spread shoulder width apart, my hands behind my head, and my elbows back.

Predictably, Mom's first strike hit both of my nipples simultaneously. "One, thank you, Ma'am." I intoned. Her second was on the underside of my generous mounds. "Two, thank you, Ma'am." The third was slightly below the second. "Three, thank you, Ma'am," I said softly, trying not to allow my

arousal to show in my voice. Number four struck across my nipples again. It was swiftly followed by a fifth in the same spot. “Four and five, thank you, Ma’am,” I said, my voice barely short of a moan of desire.

“Turn,” Mom demanded.

Turning until my backside faced my mother, I bent at the hips, placed my hands on my thighs for support, and arched my back so that my ass was presented sexily to my mother.

I heard a whistle as Mom swung the cane at my ass. The cane was a long, slender length of bamboo that flexed and acted like a whip when swung. Wincing, I quietly said, “One, thank you, Ma’am.” Mom’s second strike was across the backs of both upper thighs and stung like crazy. I wanted to twitch away and complain, but I gasped, “Two, thank you, Ma’am.”

“Would you like to be excused from your last three corrections, Miss Katie?” Mom asked.

I’d have preferred to receive my last three strikes and be done, but that wasn’t the required response. So I submissively replied, “Yes, Ma’am. What would you have this piece of cock receiving meat do instead?”

“Lick me to orgasm, Katie,” Mom demanded. “You may masturbate and climax when I do.”

I knee-walked across to my mother and then looked submissively up at her as I tongued her tangy pussy. Grabbing a handful of my hair, Mom moaned and ground her clit and entrance against my lips and mouth.

“That’s it, baby,” Mom groaned. “Suck on my clit and lap where you came out of.”

My mother was totally into the fantasy of her daughters sexually stimulating the area we’d exited from, so her words weren’t shocking, and I did as asked, swiftly bringing her to a crashing orgasm.

My correction over, I said, “I apologise for forcing you to correct me, Mother. Your baby girl will endeavour to be better behaved from now on.”

“Do you need to cum, Katie?” Mom asked.

“Yes, please,” I replied.

“Lie on your side and lift your top leg as high as possible,” Mom demanded.

When I complied, Mom knelt between my thighs and pressed her soakingly wet pussy against mine and then ground against me until we exploded into an orgasm.

Thinking about having sex with my father and later with my mother after being corrected gave me some insight to begin unravelling the reasons for my current behaviour. It seemed that after my first session at the clinic, I felt the need to be corrected for my bad behaviour. However, I wasn’t able to communicate that need to anyone, so I sought out situations where I put myself in someone’s power, hoping that they would correct me and then forgive me for my actions.

Of course, they didn’t know I was seeking correction. They only knew that I was willing to let them dominate me. That led them to take liberties with me that they wouldn’t have if I weren’t so willingly submissive. Which, of course, led to more bad behaviour and the need for further correction.

‘What you need, Mrs Katie,’ I told myself. ‘Is a Master or Mistress!’

I had plenty of people wanting the role, that was for sure! Liz Donnelly, Frank Pritchard, Siobhan, Gina Matthews, and even my son, all showed dominance over me when we played sex games together. My husband, Sean, was the clear candidate to take over my father’s role as the monitor and corrector of my behaviour. However, I doubted he had the time even when he was at home. And what would happen if he was away for an extended period again? Over the time of my described misdeeds, Sean had been home for less than six days in five weeks and wouldn’t be home for at least two more.

Gina was less future trouble than Liz or Frank, but I, despite all my recent liaisons with women, didn't think I was a lesbian. I'm clearly bisexual, but my preferences lean strongly toward men. Thinking the possibilities through, I discounted accepting my son's girlfriend as my Mistress.

That meant that none of the people currently holding dominion over me were suitable to be my Master or Mistress. Which led to another problem — how do I get out from under their thrall? Of course, once I found a suitable cane holder, I could confess my actions to them and leave them to rescue me from the clutches of the others.

As I mused, I heard my door rattle. Finding it locked, Kristy called, "You okay in there, Mom?"

Swinging my feet out of bed, I crossed to the door, put my long silk nightie on and opened the door. "I'm fine, baby girl," I told her as I reclined against the headboard again. "I got up really early morning to bring your drunk brother home from Gina's place."

"Why didn't he just stay the night?" Kristy rightfully asked.

However, I thought Johnny's reasons weren't mine to explain, so I shrugged, smiled and teased, "Even you need your mommie from time to time."

Climbing onto the bed and snuggling into my side, Kristy laid her head on my shoulder, then sighed and said, "I sure do, Mom. I thought that playing with you as we have would ease my desires. But, instead, I get hornier every time we play."

"Then I think we need to take some time and explore more, honey," I said, using my curled finger under Kristy's chin to tilt her face up so I could kiss her soft, pouting lips. "But we need to be careful not to reveal what we're doing to your brother or father."

"Speaking of, Dad," my daughter replied. "Have you thought any more of allowing him to be my first and helping me seduce him?"

I had, but I wasn't prepared to tell her what yet. I needed more time to encourage my husband to fully explore his fantasies about his daughter and admit them to me before I could progress my plans. With him being away, that, of course, was impossible.

Sean had phoned home twice since leaving to check in and ensure the house hadn't burnt down with us in it. I realise that most wives would expect more, but I knew I had to allow my husband the freedom to be whom and what he needed to be during these trips, or he'd likely decide his wife and family were an impediment to his career and divorce me. Sean isn't cold or unemotional but is intensely focused on advancing his career and would swiftly cast aside anything that impeded that. So the fact he doesn't call home much during his trips is a non-issue as far as I'm concerned.

Unfortunately, I couldn't think of anything to deter or distract my daughter from her intentions, so I shook my head and admitted that I hadn't yet.

As we'd chatted, Kristy's hand had found my big, firm breast, and she was idly kneading it as she rolled my nipple softly between her thumb and forefinger. Knowing my door was unlocked and fearing Johnny's propensity to come barging at the most inopportune time, I flicked my daughter's nipple and said, "Come on, let me up, and I'll go and make breakfast. What do you want?"

Twisting mine in revenge, Kristy giggled and said, "I feel like a big plate of scrambled eggs, bacon and hash browns, Mom. Do you mind?"

"Of course not," I answered, swatting her bottom when she stood.

That earned me a double nipple twist when I stood, but the little witch scampered away before I could retaliate. So, wrapping my long robe around my shoulders, I slid my feet into my slippers and walked to the kitchen.

Once I made a big batch of eggs, hash browns and bacon, I sent Kristy to get her brother. With Kristy snickering as she walked behind him, Johnny staggered into the kitchen with bloodshot eyes and sat in front of his plate.

“Rough night, bro?” Kristy teased. “I heard that Mom had to drag your sorry, drunken ass home last night.”

Trying to act what he thought was manly, my son replied, “Well, it’s not every day you hear your expected career is over before it had even begun!”

Shocked, Kristy asked, “The Lions dropped you?”

Taking a huge mouthful of scrambled eggs, Johnny chewed thoughtfully, then answered, “Not immediately. But I’m down to the under twenty-ones until the season’s end, and then I’m dropped.”

Having heard enough of my son’s pity party, I growled, “Johnny Peter Muggleton, quit your whining because when has that done you any good? Now you can take the club’s decision to drop you like you are, whinging and moaning. Or, you can go into the club on Monday morning, talk to the coaches about what they need you to do to improve, and then prove them wrong! Do you think your father rolled over and acted like a whipped cur the first time things went south in his career?”

“Well, I,” Johnny started.

But I was on a roll, so I added, “Of course, he didn’t. Every time he missed a promotion or screwed up a deal and was chastised, he learnt from his mistake and got better. So you can sit there stuffing food in your face and wallowing in your self-pity. Or you can act like a man, take your setback as it is, a setback, discover what you need to do to be re-signed, and show the club what you’re capable of!

“That way, if they still drop you, you can walk away with your head held high, knowing you gave an AFL career your best shot. And guess what, Johnny? Even if The Lions decide you’re not what they want, the sun will still come up tomorrow, the birds will still sing, and your family will still love you! So, my darling boy, life is not football, and you will get over being dropped, or so help me, I will put you over my knee and spank you!”

After my tirade, I stopped and blinked, quite amazed at myself. I don’t recall ever going off at anyone like that before, let alone the men in my life.

Don’t get me wrong; as they grew up, I disciplined my children when necessary, especially when Sean wasn’t home. But I rarely raised my voice. As my parents did, when my children broke family rules, I talked to them calmly and quietly and asked if they knew why I was correcting them. However, I most definitely didn’t use physical correction as my parents had with me.

After breakfast, Kristy headed to work, and Johnny had something planned with Gina, so I was left home alone again. But, as I’ve written, there is nothing unusual about that. However, being alone that day grated at me for some reason, so I phoned Kath and asked if she’d like to get coffee somewhere. Her husband, Mike, was playing golf and wouldn’t be home until close to dinner, so she swiftly agreed to meet.

We arranged to meet in an hour at an old favourite, the Three Monkeys Coffee and Tea House in West End. Kath said she had a friend from Venezuela staying with her, so there would be three of us.

Dressing in my bright yellow, floral print, V-necked, short-sleeve mini dress with my cream, wedge-heeled sandals, I expertly did my hair and makeup, got in my Audi, and drove to West End. Finding a park, I strutted into Three Monkeys and found Kath already there with her friend.

Once I sat at their table, Kath said, “Katie, meet my friend Juana. Juana, this is my oldest and dearest friend, Katie Muggleton. Katie and I have known each other since fifth grade. Well, I was in seventh, and Katie in fifth, but we somehow became friends anyway and have been ever since.”

Holding out my hand, I smiled at the beautiful Venezuelan woman before me and said, “I’m not that old, you know? But Kath and I have been friends forever.”

Unfortunately, Juana’s English wasn’t up to my quip, so it went over her head. She smiled anyway and said, “Pleased to meet you, Mrs Katie.”

With my newly found bisexuality making me consider almost anyone a potential conquest, I looked Kath’s friend over. My first thought was that she resembled Anck-su-namun from the movie ‘The Mummy Returns’.

Juana has long black hair in a fringe cut and dark, almost black eyes, set in white on white corneas. Her nose is straight and thin and sits over a small mouth with pouting lips.

Juana is tall for a woman, though not as tall as me. I estimated she was close to 177 cm (5 ft-9). Slender, no more than 60 kg (132 lbs), with breasts slightly smaller than her hips (I guessed 34-25-35), and a minimum of a C-cup. Juana is exotically beautiful, and she sure had my motor purring!

Juana appeared to check me out with equal fervour, and when our eyes met, we smiled, feeling an instant connection spark. For me, this connection felt different. I didn't feel my typical response to a sexually dominant potential partner. Instead, I felt as if I needed to own, to take this beautiful, middle-aged woman as mine. It was a new emotion for me, and I felt my juices flowing from my naked pussy.

Juana's conversational English was reasonably good, so she explained how she and Kath had met over the net when they played Farmville together. Each had needed extra contacts to request supplies from to enable them to complete tasks. Although Facebook games were beyond boring to me, I knew that millions played them worldwide.

Juana had worked as a reporter for Valencia's El Carabobeño newspaper, but her rabid anti-government views had put her life in danger. Kath had fleetingly met Juana face-to-face when Kath covered an Australia vs Venezuela football match. So, using her many contacts in Australia's parliament, Kath petitioned for political refugee status for Juana. When Juana's status as a refugee was confirmed, Kath paid for her to come to Australia.

Juana left Venezuela with virtually nothing more than the clothes she wore because when the Venezuelan government got wind of Juana's defection to Australia, they froze her bank accounts. That meant that Juana currently lived on the generosity of Kath and Mike. However, I knew my friends well and knew Juana would be looked after.

After lunch and a couple of coffees, Kath needed to visit the lady's room. You may have noticed that we women tend to go together, but when Kath

announced her need, I caught Juana's eye and almost unperceptively shook my head. So, instead of accompanying her rescuer, Juana relaxed back and made room for Kath to slide through.

Waiting until my friend was out of earshot, I placed my hand over Juana's and asked, "Does Kath know you're a lesbian, honey?"

Juana gasped before replying, "Mrs Katie, how did you know?"

I patted Juana's leg and answered, "Your desire for me is blatant, little one. If I asked, you'd already be kneeling between my shapely thighs, lapping my pussy."

Blushing despite her mocha latte skin colouring, Juana admitted that was true and stated that she didn't know if Kath knew she preferred women to men or not.

Kath returned and said she needed to head in to work and prerecord some segments for her show. I suggested Juana accompany me home because Kath's place would be empty. Mike was at golf, and Kath and Mike's eldest, Phil, lived with the dominatrix Siobhan. Caoimhe, Kath and Mike's daughter, Phil's sister, spent most of her time with her brother and Siobhan. Caoimhe is Siobhan's submissive, but I had yet to discover if she and her brother played together, too.

Once Juana and I were alone in my car, an awkward silence overcame us. I didn't know the woman at all and had no idea what interests she had. Plus, after my last experience of sharing my life with a new friend and being attacked for living it, I felt reticent about sharing it again. Luckily, we got to my home before the silence became unbearable.

Our garage has an inner entrance to our foyer, and the foyer opens into the lounge room, which open plans with my kitchen and dining area. The right side of my lounge holds the curving staircase up to the bath and sleeping areas. I planned to lead Juana into my kitchen and make either coffee or tea, but she stopped in the middle of the lounge, seemingly stupefied by the sheer size and opulence of the room.

“Oh, wow, Mrs Katie,” she said in awe. “Your home is beyond beautiful. How many staff do you have to maintain it?”

“Just little ole me,” I giggled as I took Juana’s hand and unthinkingly kissed the back of it before lifting it and rubbing my face on it.

At my actions, Juana turned to face me, then her pretty lips parted slightly, and her eyes lidded. She purred, “You take care of all of this yourself, Mrs Katie? That’s impressive. My Mom and Dad own a house similar to this, and we have three servants.”

Kissing up Juana’s inner arm as I pulled her closer, I pointed out, “Yes, Juana. But from what you said, you had eight brothers and sisters. Here, we have only the four of us. Although my husband, Sean, is away on business now.”

“You are living alone, Mrs Katie?” *Just Katie, please, Juana. Mrs Katie makes me sound old. No, my son and daughter live with me. My son, Johnny, is at his girlfriend’s place. He and my daughter, Kristy, should be home in time for dinner, around three hours from now.*

With her voice coming in breathy pants as I lifted her arm and kissed her exposed armpit, Juana said, “What shall we do until then, Katie?” *Oh, I’m sure we’ll think of something, I whispered as I undid her blouse, exposing deliciously soft breasts encased in a lacy white bra.*

“Please, Katie,” Juana moaned. “It has been so long since I made love. Love me, please.” *Of course, little one, I hummed, wondering where the heck that came from.*

Cupping and kissing Juana’s breasts, I pushed her slowly back until she hit the sofa and collapsed onto it. Then I turned her so she lay sideways on the couch. Moving my lips from her delectable breasts to her pouting lips, I kissed her passionately as I darted my tongue out to dance along her teeth. Feeling my tongue rubbing insistently along her lips, Juana moaned as she opened her mouth slightly and allowed my tongue to take possession of her mouth.

Even as I made love to this dusky South American woman, I marvelled at myself. I was typically modest and submissive when making love. Allowing my partner to show and demand what they wanted and then willingly doing it. Today, I led, commanded, and demanded a response from Juana, and I was thrilled to get it. Juana and I shared a passionate kiss as my hands wandered over her lean, shapely body until overcome by my hand's erotic stroking, Juana moaned into my mouth and placed her hands on either side of my head.

"Please, Katie," she begged. "You must taste me. I will die if you do not!"

Far be it from me to be the cause of her death, so I smiled and kissed lower. Then, reaching behind her back, I unsnapped her bra and pushed it off her shoulders. Cupping her gorgeous mounds again, I strummed her nipples with my thumbs as I leant back and admired them before trailing soft kisses and licks up and over them.

"Please, Katie," Juana begged again.

Keeping my hands on her big soft breasts, I kissed across her delicate tummy and onto her belly button. Juana's skirt was too tight for me to pull down easily, so I released her squidgy breasts, reached behind her, and undid the zip. Then tugging it down, I waited until Juana lifted her hips and pulled it off her shapely legs. The removed skirt revealed a pair of lacy white panties, an extremely hairy bush, and a severe, spreading wet spot under her entrance.

Delighted at my new lover's eager responsiveness and keen to savour what tonguing a hairy pussy would be like, I kissed Juana's wetness before pulling her panties down and flinging them aside.

"Please, Katie," Juana pleaded, lifting and spreading her knees as I hesitated, savouring the delectable sight before me.

Instead of doing what my beautiful Venezuelan friend wanted me to do, I lay back between her long legs and covered her soft breasts with kisses.

Kissing Juana's breasts provided a different experience for me. Every other pair I had kissed and caressed to date were large and firm like my daughter's, Jennifer's and Gina's, or small and tight like Charmaine's or Caoimhe's. Even Liz Donnelly's huge watermelon-sized breasts were firm to my touch. When I first caressed Liz's breasts, I was surprised to find they were natural. With their enormous size and breathtaking symmetry, I'd assumed they were fake, but they were all hers. Siobhan's, of course, were surgically enhanced but still firm under my tongue.

Juana's, however, were like half-filled water balloons and fell off her chest to the sides. Fascinated, I repeatedly gathered her breasts together, kissed and suckled them, and then let them drop. Juana's begged, "Please, Mistress, you must taste me as I can stand no more," broke through my fascination.

Surprised, I looked to where Juana's heavily lidded eyes stared at me. *'Mistress?' I thought. 'I, a Mistress? Surely not!'*

But then Juana repeated, "Please, Mistress. Please, Mistress," and I knew for this beautiful woman I could be.

Moving lower, I knelt on the sofa, placed my hands behind Juana's knees and pushed her knees back and apart, lifting her hairy pussy up to meet my descending mouth. Touching the tip of my tongue to Juana just before her little starfish, I rasped it along her perineum, across her slit and onto her love button. Then pausing to lash it momentarily, I reversed directions back toward her starfish again.

Feeling Juana's gently undulating body writhing under my ministrations gave me a feeling of power, and I became determined to give her her best orgasm ever. So, after making this return journey a few times, I slid two stiffened fingers into Juana's hot, tight, wet tunnel and twisted them back and forth as I thrust them into and out of her. I heard Juana's softly breathed moans turn into gasped grunts, so I curled my fingers back to search for her G-spot. Finding the small rough area barely inside her pussy and behind her pubic bone, I scraped my manicured nails across it before insistently tapping.

“That is so good, Mistress,” Juana moaned as her hips writhed, trying to force firmer contact with my tapping fingers.

Pleased with her sensually moaned response, I tapped for a few seconds longer before lowering my head and sucking her clitoris into my mouth. Reaching across Juana’s pliant stomach, I found her right breast sagging beside her ribcage and groped across it until I grasped her nipple. Then, feeling my newest conquest cresting towards her peak, I scraped my nails firmly across her G-spot, sucked her clit hard as I lashed it with my tongue, and viciously pinched, pulled and twisted Juana’s nipple.

The clashing, combining sensations of immense pleasure with intense pain, crashed Juana off the cliff of her orgasm, and squealing and bucking, she gushed fluids over my mouth as she rode the lightning of her climax.

I stroked my finger across Juana’s G-spot as she came down from her orgasmic high, but when I heard her protesting mewl, I understood that Juana’s pussy was overstimulated and pleasuring it caused sensations too intense for her to endure, so I moved my fingers and mouth off her erogenous zones. My daughter and I were lucky in that we are multi-orgasmic. However, for most women, that is but a dream, and once they’ve climaxed, they need time to recover and for their ‘bits’ to desensitise before they can attempt to climb towards another peak.

Smiling happily, I moved and sat on the sofa. When I sat, Juana moved to kneel at my feet and gaze submissively up at me. “May I pleasure you with my mouth, Mistress?” She pleaded.

Nodding eagerly, I shifted my ass to the sofa’s edge and lifted my heels onto it outside my shapely bottom. Doing that left my tiny, sweet pussy beautifully exposed for my first submissive toy to titillate.

Juana didn’t disappoint. Smiling lovingly up at my intently staring eyes, she tilted her head back and ran her flattened tongue from my tiny brown ring to my love button. Then, pausing to softly suck and lick my clit, Juana lapped along my slit until she hovered over my entrance. Blowing on it forcefully, she listened for me to moan before stiffening her tongue and stabbing it as deeply into me as she could force it to go.

Juana had me brewing towards an epically proportioned orgasm, but she was teasing and tormenting me along the way. Every action she took, everything she did drove my arousal higher, but maddeningly slowly. Juana tongued my tiny ring, but not for long enough to send me over the edge. She alternated lapping at my entrance with stabbing into it with her tongue, but as I neared my crest, her mouth moved away, and she blew hot air over my clit instead.

That felt awesome, especially when her strong hands found my nipples and gently rolled and pulled them. I was close again, only to find her tongue was deliciously sliding along my taint from my starfish to my entrance. Another delicious sensation, but different, and my arousal had dipped briefly from the sudden loss of contact, so I had to start a fresh climb to an orgasmic peak.

Juana's teasing went on and on until I lifted into a half-crunch, grabbed a handful of her hair, forced her mouth against my clitoris and demanded, "Suck my button, finger my pussy, and make me cum!"

With Juana being submissive, I expected her to obey immediately. I was wrong, however. Instead, she shook her head and pulled her mouth away from pussy long enough to state firmly, "Not until you say it!"

Exasperated and dying to cum, I growled, "Say what?"

"Say what you want like you mean it, Katie. Stop being so damned polite and conservative with your language. Tell me what you want me to do, Mistress Katie. Demand that I, your submissive slut, do what you need to get off."

She was too much, her ridiculous demand was too much, and I'd had enough, so I slammed her mouth against my clitoris and growled, "Fuck you, you dumb slut! Suck my fuck button and finger my wet cunt until I cream on your fucking face!"

Shocked at the profanity I'd just spat, I blushed and almost cowered, waiting for either or both of my parents to appear holding a cane and a bar of soap and take me to task for using profane language. But when I gazed

down at my beautiful Latin-American lover, she smiled proudly back at me, so more quietly, I repeated, “Suck my fuck button as you finger my wet cunt, Juana. Make your Mistress cum.”

Juana shifted her mouth to my clitoris swiftly, and when I moaned, slid two fingers inside my aching pussy and scraped their nails over my G-spot. Then, just as I thought I’d explode, Juana dipped her other hand’s index finger inside my sopping pussy, forced it under my luscious bottom, and rimmed my little star.

Swearing when having sex with Juana seemed par for the course now because I groaned, “Fuck!” prolongedly until, like the air out of a deflating balloon, I finally faded to silence.

Breathing hard, I stared at Juana as I stroked her hair and enjoyed her soft kisses on my pussy and clit. Eventually, Juana lifted from my pussy and asked, “Can you go again, Mistress Katie? Would you like me to bring you to orgasm again?”

Well, I could, and I definitely would like her to because Juana’s lovemaking skills were exquisite. But, looking at the wall clock, I realised that we barely had time to clean ourselves up and get dressed before my children would be home.

I explained our plight to Juana, and although she pouted, she accepted the necessity of at least vacating the lounge. However, she insisted on accompanying me up to my room, and unable to resist, I allowed her to follow.

Entering my room, Juana spun me around and pushed me onto my back on the bed. Then picking my feet up, she swung them onto the bed, too. Covering my larger body with her leaner one, Juana forced her knee between my thighs. Then when I parted them, she slithered between them. Juana then put her hand between my generous breasts for balance, extended two fingers on her right hand, placed her palm’s heel against her pubic bone, then began fucking me like her hand and fingers were a cock.

Surprised by her sudden assault, I didn't initially react. However, the delightful feeling of having my pussy suddenly filled overcame my surprise, and I swiftly climbed the path to another orgasm.

Strangely dominant, Juana demanded, "What are you, Mistress Katie?" *A slut, I admitted.* "Wrong answer, Mistress Katie," Juana replied as she thrust harder into me. "What are you?" *A submissive slut, I expanded.* "Even more wrong, Mistress Katie," Juana growled. "Tell me what you are!" *I don't understand, Juana. What do you want me to say?* Pounding into me to the point of pain, Juana snarled, "Have you learnt nothing from your experiences today? How can you say that you're submissive with how you've dominated me?"

I had one of those comical 'lightbulb' moments. I'd dominated my husband comfortably, and today, sensing my Latin-American lover's need, I'd swiftly taken dominion over her, too. What's more, I'd sinfully enjoyed these experiences. I now knew what Juana wanted to hear —"I am a beautiful woman who can choose to be a submissive slut or a domineering Mistress. I choose to be your Mistress, little slut Juana. Now fuck me to fruition and then lie on your back and show me how quickly you can make yourself cum!"

Smiling proudly, Juana changed her thrust angle slightly, and when she pushed in, the back of her fingers dragged delightfully over my G-spot, and I exploded. Thrashing and howling, I crashed over orgasm's cliff and bounced off every pleasure rock on the way down. Blissfully floating after I climaxed, I was barely aware of Juana rolling off me onto her back and of her soon sighed her orgasm.

"Was that small orgasm enough, little one?" I asked dreamily.

"Yes, Mistress," Juana smiled. "May I snuggle with you?"

"Of course," I muttered.

And, of course, we fell asleep. And, of course, Johnny came crashing into my room about thirty minutes later.

“Mom!” He said excitedly before realising I had a beautiful, naked woman cuddling me.

“Oh!” He exclaimed, his hand automatically grabbing his swiftly inflating penis. “That is hot! May I watch?”

Throwing my pillow at him, I exasperatedly said, “No, you can’t! Now Juana doesn’t want you seeing her naked, so avert your eyes and get out.”

“Oh, I don’t mind your young man looking, Katie,” Juana giggled as she deliberately spread her legs and allowed my son an unimpeded view of her hairy-bush covered pussy. “As long as he understands that his dick holds no interest for me.”

“You’re a lesbian?” Johnny curiously asked.

“Why?” Juana asked archly. “Haven’t you met one before? Don’t worry because we don’t all want men’s testicles removed at birth.”

Bamboozled by Juana’s overt display, Johnny idiotically asked, “You don’t?”

“Of course not,” Juana teased as she unashamedly spread her pussy hair so Johnny could see her clitoris and surprisingly pink slit. “Some of us want babies, and where else will we harvest the sperm from, if not from the balls of adult men?”

Wincing, Johnny covered his big balls with his hand and swiftly backed out of the room.

Turning to me, Juana stretched and said, “You have a handsome son, Katie. Have you and him, you know, played?”

“Of course not,” I tried to say without blushing. “Mothers shouldn’t do that with their offspring.”

“Why ever not?” Juana wonderingly asked. “He’s a handsome young man that needs an older woman to guide him into the mysteries of the female flesh. And you are a beautiful woman in the prime of her sexuality whose

husband is away for excessive periods. It seems natural that you would take care of each other's needs. After all, even though I preferred to lay with my mother, I would take care of my father's needs when he asked me to."

"It's as simple as that?" I disbelievingly questioned.

"Yes, it is that simple," Juana assured me.

"Well, it's not how things are done here in Australia, I can tell you! Most people would be disgusted by the thought of a mother sleeping with her son."

"By 'sleeping with', you mean having sex, yes?" Juana checked. I nodded my assent, and she added, "Who loves your son more than you, Katie? Who could possibly love him more? No, Katie, if your son needs to be shown the intricacies of making love as opposed to fucking, it is you who should teach him. That way, you, how do you say? Kill two birds with one stone? Yes, like that. You do not need to have your needs met from outside your family, and your son is taught what he needs to know. Maybe, your daughter, too."

It all sounded so simple when Juana voiced it, but as I considered what she'd stated, I could only wish things were that easy. Even the simplest thing. How would Johnny react if he knew I was intimate with his sister like I was intimate with him? How would my daughter respond if she knew her brother and I made love? I thought she would react about as poorly as I would if I discovered she and he were intimate.

It was nearing my daughter's return home, so I encouraged Juana into the shower. Wondering if we'd ever have the chance to play again, I locked my door and showered with her. Of course, that meant for some sexy times in the shower, along with a mutual orgasm. Walking back into my room first, I saw my daughter sitting on my bed. I tried to hold Juana back, but she pushed past me into the room.

Seeing my daughter on the bed, she unconcernedly dropped her towel and began dressing. Kristy gaped at Juana's extremely hairy bush and turned questioning eyes at me. Trying to match Juana's nonchalance, I dropped my

towel and took a wrap dress out of my closet. I slid the dress on without bothering with underwear and did up the ties to hold it closed.

“What?” I asked my daughter

“Were you two making love in the shower, Mom?” Kristy incredulously asked. However, she already knew the answer because, as is typical, I was loud when expressing my orgasm.

Before I could answer, Juana giggled before replying, “Yes. And in the bed before the shower. And, oh yes, and in the lounge before we came upstairs, too. Your mother is, how do you say? Very good at making love. You should try with her one day.”

“Mom!” Kristy whined, stringing the word out into at least three syllables. “What is going on?”

“We’ll discuss this as a family after I’ve dropped Juana back at Kath’s place, Kristy. Until then, I have nothing further to say on the matter,” I stated firmly.

“Wait. You mean Johnny knows you’re in here making love with a woman? Why does he get to know when I don’t?”

“Young lady,” I stated primly. “Without your penchant for breaking through my locked closed door and entering anyway, you would remain unaware I was in the shower with my friend. Now, we will discuss this as a family when I return!”

Taking Juana’s hand, I marched with her in tow from the room and drove her to Kath’s place. Of course, I couldn’t just drop and run, so I went inside and tried not to act embarrassed before my longest-time friend for long enough to be polite. Then, I went home to face my children, wondering if I shouldn’t just keep driving until I hit Melbourne or Cairns and start a new life.

Walking inside, I found Johnny and Kristy sitting at the breakfast bar, waiting for me. Johnny briefly looked up from his phone to grin and wink

while Kristy slid off her stool and poured us all a glass of white wine. Getting back on her seat, Kristy handed me the wine and stared at me silently as she sipped her drink.

Feeling very self-conscious, I took a deep breath and said, “I suppose you’re wondering who that was?”

“Wondering who you were fucking is fairly far down on my list of things I want to know, Mom,” my daughter drily replied. “My first thoughts are, for how long and often have you been cheating on Dad?” She waited for me to respond, and when I didn’t, added, “So are you a lesbian now, or something? Are you about to become a big old dyke and kick Dad to the curb?”

“First of all, young lady,” I huffed. “There is no need to be so disparaging about women who prefer the company of other women to men. Secondly, no. I am not about to become a ‘big old dyke’, as you so inelegantly put it. Thirdly, even if I were, it would be my decision, not yours!”

I would have continued, but my daughter snorted derisively and interrupted with, “You are hardly in a position to take the moral high ground, Mother. You’re cheating on Dad with another woman. A woman, for goodness sake! Given his habit of banging his secretary at every opportunity, he can hardly object if you take a male lover. But to take another woman to your marital bed, Mother? That is beyond the pale!”

“Juana was not the first woman I’ve taken to your father’s bed,” I pointed out evenly.

Of course, Kristy thought I meant her, so she gulped and clammed up. Now that I had the ascendency, I sipped at my wine, stared her down, and remained silent.

Eventually, she blushed and said, “It was all a bit of a shock, I guess. I’m not used to you locking the door, and because I was concerned about how you passed out a few weeks ago, I thought I’d better check to ensure you were okay. So I used a butter knife to undo the lock and came inside.”

However, I knew the real reason my daughter was on my bed was that either she wanted to discuss her planned seduction of her father further or to play some more with me.

Johnny still played on his phone, oblivious to my and Kristy's conversation. I poked him in the ribs and asked, "Well, Johnny? What do you have to say about what I did?"

"I don't care, Mom, he dismissively replied. "Dad has consistently played around on you, so I don't care that you have played around on him. Besides, it's not like either of you wants to permanently replace the other in bed. You both get lonely, is all. So, Kristy, climb off your high horse and understand that our mother is a MILF with needs, and accept that her playing with a woman is much less risky to our family than letting some random guy bang her.

"Besides, what did you say her name was, Mom? Juana? Yeah, that's it. Juana is hot, so can I watch the next time you two get it on?"

"You are, and have always been, no better than a pig, Johnny Peter Muggleton," Kristy sniffed disdainfully. "Of course, you think our mother having sex with another woman is hot. Gross children like you always do! Enough said on the matter. I'm going to bed because I have an exam in the morning."

Once Kristy had reached the top of the stairs, Johnny cuddled me, kissed my cheek, and said, "You're not a dyke, are you, Mom? If you are, well, I guess you are. But that would mean divorcing Dad, and I don't want our family to break up."

"I'm not a lesbian, Johnny," I reassured him, wishing he'd take me in his strong arms and carry me to bed. "But I have needs that aren't being met because of your father's frequent absences. Juana was willing to explore with me with no attachment, so I relieved my itch, okay? Besides, as Kristy said, because I am not a lesbian, there is little chance I will want to leave your father for a woman. Therefore, there is less danger to our family unit."

Looking at me earnestly, Johnny said, “I can help you with that itch, Mom. I’ll help you scratch it anytime you want.”

Giggling, I touched his cheek and then kissed where I’d touched. A seriously flirtatious move, if only my son knew, and said, “No, Johnny. We must not continue our affair lest Kristy, or worse, your father discovers us.”

Johnny sighed extravagantly, huffed, and sadly replied, “I guess you’re right, Mom. My sister is already pissed at you, so I think we need to cool it.”

I looked at my son, bewildered. Could he really be that dense and not know I was being deceptively modest? That what I longed for was for my handsome, tall and strong son to pick me up, carry me to bed, then spend the night making me scream his name in ecstasy? Apparently, he was because Johnny kissed my cheek chastely, wished me good night, left the kitchen and went to bed.

‘Your mother warned you that men didn’t take hints and couldn’t read between the lines, Katie,’ I thought. ‘If you want to trip your son and make him fall between your shapely thighs, you’d better say something now so he knows what you want.’

But I couldn’t. To assuage my guilt, I had limited myself to accepting his advances and not initiating my own. So, sighing and sexually frustrated, I went to bed and masturbated to visions of Johnny, Kristy, Juana, Siobhan, and Liz Donnelly. However, the image that finally sent me over the edge into climax was my son bending me over the bathroom sink and roughly ploughing his massive tool into my tight cunt as I begged him to fuck me hard until he filled my slut cunt with cum.

I spent Tuesday fearing my trip to Edgar’s clinic the following day. I tried to phone and cancel many times, but every time I did, my vision would cloud, and I’d hear, “You will return because you must return, Katie. You need what I offer because I will set you free.” And by the time that had run through my mind, I’d put down my phone and was doing some cleaning task. If I tried to push it, I’d tremble on the edge of a *Flicker: image:* episode and need to quickly back away.

The only other thing to note was that Kristy came home from her exam at midday and asked if she could lie and cuddle with me on my bed. I readily agreed because I loved that she still needed me. To my surprise, Kristy locked the door and disrobed before getting on the bed. I assumed that by ‘cuddle’, she meant have sex, and I wasn’t unwilling, so I stripped too.

However, other than exchanging soft kisses with me as she absently kneaded my breast, my daughter merely lay beside me silently. Eventually, her fingers moved to my nipple, and she slowly tweaked it as it hardened in her fingers. “I’m sorry I was being a bitch yesterday, Mom,” Kristy apologised. “I came to your room wanting to experiment more, only to find you having loud, raucous sex with another woman, and I was jealous. Silly of me, huh?”

My daughter’s confession ignited one of my greatest fears —that my children would move from sexual desire for me to romantic love. It was why my sisters and I were forbidden from playing with each other except when Dad demanded we do. To have sex together only for his enjoyment prevented us from developing a romantic attachment to each other—something we girls can too easily do. A prevalence of women equate sex with romantic love. Because we love, we have sex. Men tend to have sex for sex’s sake more often than women. Although I readily admit what I’m saying is not true for all women or all men.

All the above raced through my mind as I carefully considered my answer. In the finish, I opted for a conservative response. “Kristy, unless you’re wanting me, your mother, to be your exclusive girlfriend and lover, what does it matter who I have sex with? Unless you’re holding me to a higher standard than your father and expect me to remain faithful to the marriage vows he breaks most nights he’s away?”

“No, of course not, Mom,” Kristy said. “But wouldn’t you be jealous if I brought another woman home to make love to?”

“Honey, I’d be happy and relieved if you decided to take a lover. I’ve considered that you may be a lesbian and feel you can’t tell your father and me. If that is why you’re yet to take a man to your bed, then know we will love you regardless of your sexual orientation, and bring your girlfriend

home so I can meet her. All I want, my baby girl, is for you to be happy. Nothing else matters."

"I'm not a lesbian, Mother," Kristy replied acerbically. "No more than you are. I have had sex with exactly one person so far, Mom, you! No, I dream and fantasise about my first lover all the time, and he is always male. You know who I fantasise about most. It's wrong, but it's what I want. So, please, Mom. Make a decision before Dad gets home next Friday."

It was my turn to be acerbic, "And exactly how do you want me to inform your father of your wants, Kristy? Wait until he's thrusting deep inside me and casually say, 'Oh, by the way, Sean, our daughter is still a virgin because she's waiting for you to deflower her?' How well do you reckon that conversation will go? No, Kristy, I will not discuss this further with you. But hold onto this —I haven't said no. And trust me to do the right thing by our family."

Kristy had stiffened when she heard my biting response, but when I got to the end, she relaxed again and her gentle kneading and tweaking resumed. She lay cuddled to me as she breathed softly, and I wondered if she hadn't fallen asleep. But as I was about to move into a new position, Kristy asked, "What was your first time like, Mom? Dad was your first, wasn't he?"

The answer to that question depended on how I interpreted the words 'your first'. Sean was the first man to penetrate and cum inside my vagina and ass, but I'd had oral sex with my father, mother, and sisters too many times to count. However, although I'd let it slip that I'd had scissor sex with her grandmother, I'd never mentioned anything about my family of origin's proclivities to my children or their father.

Keeping those thoughts to myself, I truthfully replied, "Yes, baby. The first," and then added the lie, "and the only one."

Kissing my jaw, Kristy said, "Tell me what it was like, Mom. Was it like so many of my friends say—awkward, fumbling, horrible and painful? Or was it soft, gentle and romantic? I bet it was soft, gentle and romantic. It was, wasn't it?"

It wasn’t any of the things my daughter mentioned. Sean was an accomplished cocksman well before he took me to bed for the first time. I knew of at least four girls from our year who had readily given up their hymens to him and of at least another three he had dated and, if they were to be believed, screwed. So it wasn’t awkward or fumbling. Nor was it romantic. Although I’d held a crush on Sean since state school, I’d never once given him the time of day and gave him the cold shoulder if he tried to talk to me. I couldn’t allow Sean to get too close because I knew how readily I’d let him trip me into bed, and I was scared of my father finding out if Sean did.

Therefore, Sean was stunned when I marched up to him on the Wednesday before my Friday birthday and emphatically told him he was taking me to dinner that Friday night and that he’d better book a motel room for the night if he wanted more than dinner.

We ate a rushed dinner because we weren’t together to eat, and we both knew it. So after only a main course, we left for the motel. We were making out as soon as we were through the motel room’s door. I hadn’t told Sean that I was still a virgin, and I didn’t want him to think I was inexperienced or a dud root, so after exchanging some heated kisses, I dropped to my knees, undid his pants, pulled them down, and swallowed his thick cock.

He was much bigger than Dad, but I didn’t let that deter me from swallowing him whole. A few seconds later, I swallowed the first of many of my husband’s loads I’ve received over the years. Sean’s bigger cock fascinated me, so I continued blowing him until he orgasmed again, only this time, I took him out of my mouth and masturbated him until he came on my face.

After that, Sean picked me up and threw me on the bed before leaping after me and going down on me. When his tongue hit my hymen, he hesitated and lifted his face off me. “How can it be that you’re still a virgin after giving two blowjobs as well as you did?” He disbelievingly asked. “How are you so good at giving head if you’ve never had sex?”

Of course, I couldn’t say why I was an expert fellatrix, so I giggled and said, “Who says I’ve never had sex? It’s only that I haven’t found the right

man to give my virginity to before tonight."

Sean and I did have a romantic moment then because he moved up and kissed my lips despite his semen still dripping from my face. Sean huskily said, "I'm honoured you chose me to be your first, Katie. I've lusted after you for years, but you never once gave me the time of day. Otherwise, I would have done this with you years ago."

And that was why I had kept Sean at a distance. I would have let him have me in an instant. But then Dad would have found out, I'd be grounded for life, and Sean would be fearfully looking over his shoulder lest my father followed through on his threat to kill him.

I decided my best course of action was to remain silent. It worked because instead of waiting for an answer, Sean kissed me again and went back down on me. He was good. Damned good! Of course, it may have been that Sean was the first man to have tasted me, so I had nothing but my mother's and sisters' tongues to compare.

First, Sean spread my pussy lips and tongued my entrance and slit. Next, he pulled my clit hood back and sucked on and swirled his tongue over my clit. Then he reached across my rounded tummy and tweaked my nipples. It was divine, and I swiftly climaxed.

After my orgasm, Sean moved higher, and we exchanged soft kisses until the feel of his throbbing manhood on my thigh made me push my hips and pussy up at him. Taking my hint, Sean moved between my thighs and positioned his cock against my entrance and gently pushed in until he felt my hymen's resistance. Then smiling gently at me, he asked, "You ready to become a woman, Katie?"

"Will it hurt?" I asked fearfully. *Only a little, Sean honestly answered. Your hymen seems relatively thin, so I think it'll break easily.* "Then make me a woman, lover, please." I pleaded.

Sean pressed forwards firmly, and my hymen put up no fight, readily parting before his rampant cock. All I felt was a sharp pinch as my future husband's cock ploughed deeply into my fresh earth. I gasped when my

hymen broke, so Sean held still until he felt my hips tentatively push up at him. Three more slow press forwards and pullbacks, and Sean was buried to the hilt inside me.

Again, he held still, waiting for me to become accustomed to having him inside me. But he began thrusting into me when I lifted my knees and wrapped my legs around his hips. I'm not sure if I have words adequate to explain how his penis felt sliding inside my pussy other than to say I felt rapturous. Sean's cock seemed to glide over zillions of tiny nerve endings, all sending messages of pure pleasure and ecstasy to my brain.

I'd lost control and didn't have any clue what I was doing. All I knew was that I needed, needed, this handsome, gorgeous man inside me to, using a forbidden word, fuck me! '*Yes*!' My mind screamed. '*Fuck me, fuck me, fuck me!'* But although I screamed that in my mind, my mouth only made mewling, gasping and panting sounds.

My hips began to rise to meet Sean's thrusts, and soon, I was using my legs to pull him into me as I drove my pussy up at his invading cock. My entire world had become a never-ending series of micro orgasms, each growing on the previous, until I felt Sean shudder and jerk, his big cock suddenly swelling and lengthening inside me. He roared as he erupted sperm into my no longer virgin pussy. His semen splashing over my cervix and coating the walls of my vagina crashed me into an extreme climax, and I screamed into his shoulder, where I was biting until I passed out.

Sean was still inside me when I came to, but my pussy spasmed and pushed his deflated penis out. Looking at me and smiling, Sean kissed my plump lips and whispered, "Welcome to womanhood, Katie Shephard. Know that I will always treasure being your first lover."

We made love several more times that night until sometime after midnight, my pussy became too sore to continue.

So, that was the story of my deflowering, but of course, with the celebrated Katie Ashley Shephard luck, I was in the nine percent that got pregnant whilst being on the pill. Katie Ashley Muggleton stats: Number of times

she's had penetrative sex: 1. Number of pregnancies: 1. Batting average: 1. Lucky me, right?"

Six weeks after that lone night, I ate breakfast and immediately threw it up. Everything I put in my mouth until midday came instantly back up. By mid-afternoon, I felt okay and was able to hold down a late lunch and dinner. The cycle repeated over the next two days.

On the third day I'd vomited, my mother followed me into the bathroom and said, "If I didn't know better, Katie, I'd say you were pregnant. When I was pregnant with you and your sisters, I was like you are now precisely. I do know better, don't I, Miss Shephard?"

"I'm eighteen, Mom," I tried to growl. "I can have sex whenever and with whoever I want."

Mom shook her head, "Not if you want to continue living unmarried under this roof, Katie, you can't," she denied. "You know your father's feelings about sex before marriage."

"Yet he has sex with all of us, Mom. Isn't that a tad hypocritical?"

"Your father is teaching his daughters how to serve a sexually dominant man so you can take your place at your man's feet as you ought to be. I have served your father faithfully for twenty-five years, Katie, as my mother has done for my father for twenty-five more than that. How many of your friend's parents are divorced, Katie? Versus how many of your cousins, aunts, and uncles are? Divorce is rare in our family compared to the rest of the world, Katie. So rare as to be almost non-existent. Delinquency, alcoholism, drug addiction and law-breaking are rarer still. Can the families of any of your friends say the same?

"No, my daughter, your father's family's methods speak for themselves, and I will not have you disparage him. So, Miss Katie Ashley Shephard, I repeat, I do know better, don't I?"

Sobbing, I bitterly said, "You and Dad went away for my birthday, Mom. You forgot when it was, as you always do. On the nights of their respective

eighteenth birthdays, Dad took Yvette and Mary to dinner in a limousine and brought them home after a sumptuous meal. Then he took them to your marital bed and made love to them as you watched and helped, ensuring they knew they were loved and supported when they were made women.

“For the third year in a row, you forgot when my birthday was, Mom. And you and Dad took a trip to Germany. So I took things into my own hands, literally, I guess, and made love with the man I want to be my husband forever. I’m on the pill, which you know because you took me to the doctor to have them prescribed, hoping to ensure no accidents happened. So if I’m pregnant, I guess I’m just one of the lucky ones.”

“We will speak no more about this, Miss Katie, until I’ve gotten a pregnancy test kit,” my mother said haughtily. “You’d better pray that it comes back negative, Katie. Because if you’re pregnant, there will be hell to pay from your father.”

And, of course, we all know what happened next! However, I will categorically state that I have no complaints or regrets about how my life with Sean has turned out. And I would not change one single thing up to the time this narrative began.

The above took ages for you to read and even for me to write, but it passed through my mind in a flash.

I thought about what to tell my daughter about the night her father deflowered me but decided that a simple description of what happened and why would cover what she wanted to know.

When I finished that tale, Kristy sat up and said, “Well, that wasn’t anything like I imagined, Mom! It wasn’t horrid as some of my friends have described, but neither was it sweet and loving as I imagined it would be. In fact, it was almost clinical. It was like you made a conscious decision to lose your virginity to piss Poppa off, and Dad was a convenient hard cock to use to do it.

“You’re right, Kristy. That’s precisely why I did it. That was the first and only time I deliberately disobeyed your grandfather. However, I’d fancied

your Dad since third grade, and he really was the man I wanted, still want, to be married to for the rest of my life. So, although getting pregnant by him caused much short-term angst, it turned out as romantically as you dreamed because your father has fancied me for as long as I have him."

Kristy smiled against my breast as she thought about what I'd said, but then she turned her head and suckled my nipple as she stroked and twisted the other more firmly.

My pussy instantly reacted by flooding pussy juice, but I forced my hand between her lips and my breasts and pointed out, "Your brother's home. Given he's likely to come barging in here at any time, it's probably better we don't begin something he might catch us doing."

"Spoilsport," Kristy giggled as she got up and put her clothes back on.

I woke up on Wednesday morning surprisingly calm. I ate a leisurely breakfast, tidied and dusted, and then, nearing my appointment time, dressed appropriately for a lunch date with the girls, and drove to East Brisbane in time for my appointment. Strangely, although Liz closed and locked the door and shuttered the blinds, I didn't feel nervous.



Once the blinds were closed, Liz turned and then, smiling at me, dropped her black maxi dress to the floor, revealing that she was gloriously naked underneath it. Holding her hand out, Liz smiled again and said, “Edgar’s waiting for you, Katie. Shall we meet him in his office?”

Nonplussed but still serene, I took her hand and glided with her to Edgar’s clinic room. When Liz opened the door, I saw the room was darkened, with only flickering candles lighting the room. I could smell incense burning and a soft undertone of potpourri.

Still strangely unfazed by the situation, I moved smoothly into the room and crossed to the couch, where I reclined on my right side, leaning on my elbow and smiling at Edgar.

“Good to see you again, Katie,” Edgar said. “How have the cravings been?”

“During the day, Edgar,” I almost hummed, feeling the heat rising in my pussy. “No problems at all. Even at night, I don’t feel any urge to smoke. But first thing every morning, I wake up desperate for a fag.”

Edgar waited for Liz to kneel before me and offer grapes and a glass of red wine. Then he said, “And did you light up, or were you able to manage the craving and abstain?”

“The first morning,” I replied after absently accepting the glass and sipping. “I lit up, but then I endured a terrifying flashback of our previous session and quickly stubbed it out.”

“The vision was terrifying, Katie? Or do you mean that it was terrifying that you could not stop the flashback?” Edgar asked.

“The latter, Edgar,” I clarified after allowing Liz to place a peeled grape into my mouth.

“So, to ensure I have the facts correct, you’re saying that in the four weeks that you have been coming to see me to cure your nicotine addiction, you have smoked half a cigarette only on two occasions and lit one up before putting stubbing it out without taking even one drag?”

“That’s right, Edgar,” I replied, accepting another grape.

“That’s an impressive recovery, Katie. Don’t you think? A tribute to my practices and your willingness to allow my suggestions to implant as deeply as they have.”

Liz knelt before me, expectantly wanting a kiss, and I couldn’t see why not, so I cupped her head with my palm and kissed her small, plump lips. After that kiss, I decided I liked it and kissed her again. That kiss deepened into a succulent French kiss, and the heat in my nether regions grew exponentially.

Edgar chuckled, “As much as it amuses me to see sworn enemies making passionate love, I still have to complete Katie’s addiction treatment. Liz, if you don’t mind, kneel back on the floor until I say you can move, please.”

Liz moved apart from me, and Edgar took out his pendant and set it swinging. He intoned, “Watch the swinging pendant, Katie. You feel your body growing heavy. You’re tired, so tired that you can’t keep your eyes open, and listening only to my voice, you ... sleep.”

I drifted for an unknown time until I heard Edgar saying, “You will remain in your hypnotic trance, Katie. But you will hear and see what you and I are saying and doing. You will be able to respond verbally to any and all questions. Do you understand what I want, Katie?”

“Yes,” I monotonically answered.

“Tell me about your flashbacks, Katie.” *I explained the various episodes I’d experienced.* “Have you divined the purpose of these flashbacks yet?” Edgar asked. *“I didn’t realise they had a purpose,” I replied. “I thought they were simply remembered events.”* “You disappoint me, Katie,” Edgar sighed. “Now you know the flickered images serve a purpose. Can you divine their purpose?”

I thought about it and had another ‘lightbulb moment’. “They show me that I am free to love and make love as I see fit, not as my father and husband have made me.

“Very good, Katie,” Edgar smiled. “What else?”

“That I’m not only a submissive slut but can be a dominant Mistress, too.”

“And why would I want to do that? After all, you were happy as you were, weren’t you?

“I often felt melancholy, Edgar,” I admitted. “Feeling like I should have done more with my life.”

“And you should have, Katie,” Edgar pointed out. “A straight-A student that never took even one uni subject? I’d call that a waste, wouldn’t you?”

“I would,” I admitted.

“Tell me why you think I wanted to change you from being solely submissive?”

“To set me free.”

“Good,” Edgar smiled. “What do you think of how I’ve set the room up today?”

“I think it feels decadently sensual, Edgar,” I replied. “That and how Liz is acting has me pretty turned on.”

“Do you think you should do something about that?” He asked.

“What do you think I should do?” I questioned.

“That is up to you, Katie,” Edgar grinned. “Do you wish to submit to Ms Donnelly again?” He placed some handcuffs and a knee-spreader bar on his desk. “Or would you like to take the dominant role and fuck her with this?” He put a strap-on harness beside the other items. The harness’ ‘cock’ had to be at least a thick eight inches long.

Standing, I shed my clothes and picked up the harness. Stepping into the straps, I eased the shorter double end into my squelchingly hot pussy and did up the straps to hold it tightly in place.

“Liz has been anticipating this event since I told her it was a possibility on Monday, Katie,” Edgar assured me. “Like you, Liz is mostly submissive but can readily switch to dominance when the need arises. She’s almost literally dripping pussy juices because she’s wanted you to do this to her since you first came to the clinic. Therefore, there’s no need for you to be gentle, Katie. Hold your big cock in your hand, shove it in this slut’s cunt, and make her yours.”

“Kneel on the couch, slut,” I demanded of Liz. “Spread your knees as wide as possible and prepare to receive your Mistress’ cock.”

However, even as tall as I am and with Liz kneeling, I couldn’t reach her dripping pussy with my ‘cock’. I growled at her to kneel on the floor with her overly generous watermelon breasts resting on the couch. Then grateful for the many squats Patrick has made me do, I bent my knees, positioned my ‘cock’ at her entrance and pushed its glans inside her. Moving my hands to her hips, I snarled, “Take this, slut!” and pulled her pussy back towards me as I ripped my hips forward, viciously shoving my ‘big cock’ into her soaking pussy.

“Oomph,” Liz grunted as my pelvis hit her toned ass. I pulled all but the glans out of her slippery pu... “cunt”, I told myself firmly. I pulled all but the glans out of her slippery cunt, smacked her ass and jammed back in again. “Oomph,” Liz grunted as my pelvis slammed against her. Then, “Oomph! Oomph! Oomph!” Each ‘oomph’ was interspersed with a loud smack as I alternated stinging slaps on either side of her bottom.

Hearing Liz panting, moaning and groaning as I pounded her wet cunt had me hotter than a metre from Hades’ furnaces. The best part was that every time I slammed into her, the double end of my ‘cock’ was forced deep into my pussy, and the crown that prevented it from entering me too far instead of pushing into Liz, pressed deliciously against my clitoris. Then, as I pulled out of Liz’s grasping cunt, the end inside me slid back, too, creating a seductive, sensual feeling of being fucked as I fucked Liz.

“Gawd, yes, Mistress Katie Slut, fuck this whore like the piece of cunt meat she is,” Liz implored.

The strange juxtaposition of Mistress and Slut sent contradicting, swirling signals to my already overloaded synapses, and I screamed as I orgasmed. At the same time, I fucked Liz’s hot, tight cunt harder and smacked her tight buns viciously, and her climax scream competed with mine for vocal ascendency.

After Liz stopped bucking under my thrusting cock, I staggered around her and collapsed on the couch. Liz stayed bent over the couch, idly playing

with her now gaping pussy as she stared at me, smiling. “I knew you could do it, Katie. I knew you had it in you to be a true switch. You can now be what your lover needs you to be instead of always submitting to their whims. Practice your domination, Katie. Use it whenever you can, and you’ll find your life is so much fuller and richer, and maybe you can begin using your intelligence instead of being a rich man’s flutter piece.

Liz moved and helped me out of the harness, and then she pulled my hips to the edge of the couch and pushed my knees apart. Leaning forward, she lapped at my flooding pussy and flicked my clit with her tongue. I experienced another petite orgasm before I heard Edgar’s commanding voice say, “And, sleep, Katie.” and I drifted away.

I awoke to see Edgar and Liz casually chatting while waiting for me to arise from my trance. Feeling calm and proud of myself, I walked across to Liz, kissed her surprised lips and said, “Thank you for my second orgasm, honey. If you’d like to play away from your work, give me a call because I’d like to explore dominating you more.”

I put my hand out towards Edgar, “Edgar, your methods will put you in jail, but I will admit that they have done wondrous things for me. I will call you if my nicotine cravings return, but for now, even your planted suggestions in my psyche will not make me return unless I decide to.”

Edgar smiled and replied, “I told you from the beginning, Katie, that I could not ‘make’ you do anything you did not want to do. You returned because you needed what my secretary and I could do for you, and you knew it. Go with my blessing, and if there’s anything else I can help you with, please don’t hesitate to call. And don’t forget to give me a five-star rating on Google!”

Casually putting my dress on, I walked out to my car and went home.

The rest of the day was uneventful, although I did corner Johnny and ask what had him so excited a couple of days ago that he barged into my room without knocking and caught me with Juana.

He told me that the meeting with The Lions coaching staff had gone well, but they thought his future lay in developing his ruck skills and only going forward to rest. Which meant he had to bulk up and improve his aerial work to be better under the high ball. When Johnny asked, the coaches said they were prepared to put as much work in with him as he was prepared to put into himself. So, with a clear path forward, my son felt his chances of being re-signed at the season's end had improved markedly.

That made my son happy, which, of course, made me happy.

Thursday and Friday passed uneventfully. Kristy and I remained discreet and hadn't experimented further. But after visiting Edgar's clinic for my final appointment, I wanted to experiment with a few things. First, I wanted to get Juana over again and practice playing Mistress. Then I needed to decide if I would finally seduce my best friend, Kath. And if I would, how would I do it, and what things did I want her to experience?

Thinking about what I wanted to do with those two women, once again, had me worried that I was turning into a 'big old dyke' as my daughter had so grossly described it, so I was determined to let my son take me the first time he showed an interest. Unfortunately, he seemed more interested in playing with Gina, Jennifer and Charmaine than me. Not that I could blame him. Three nubile teenagers, all willing to have sex together as well as with him —who wouldn't prefer that over one-on-one sex with his aging mother?

Saturday came, and surprisingly, Kristy asked if she could go with me to watch her brother play. I asked her why because she rarely attended his games any more. She explained that she wanted to support him in his fight to remain a listed Lions player.

Dressing warmly, we headed to Southport (another team called The Sharks) to watch Johnny play. The Lions won again, but although I thought he played better than he did against Redlands, my son was still mostly ineffectual in the ruck, and when playing up forward, Johnny missed all three set shots he had for goal. Two of them missed everything, resulting in no score.

Trying to maintain a confident demeanour, I waited for my son to exit the changeroom. Unfortunately, Johnny realised he hadn't done anything to improve his chances of remaining listed and seemed despondent.

Not knowing how to cheer him up or what to say to make him feel better, I tried a hoary cliché, "Buck up, boyo," I chirped. "There's always next week's game!"

"Not if I keep playing like crap, there won't be," Johnny said discouragedly. "Maybe I should give it up and concentrate on my photography."

With my eyes flashing, I took my son's hand and made him face me. Then I snarled, "Johnny Peter Muggleton, you will quit this whining, self-piteous snivelling immediately! Or so help me, I will put you over my knee right now and whale the tar out of your backside. You are not a quitter! And you will not even consider a career change until you have done all you can do to be re-signed. You have dreamed of being an AFL player since you first began playing at only five years old, and I will not let you walk away without even a fight!

"You've had a recent growth spurt, and it's taking your body time to grow the extra muscle you need for proper coordination. Plus, you're playing an entirely new position, and that takes time to adjust to. So, lift your head and look to the skies, not at the ground ten centimetres ahead of you. Dream big, plan well, train, practice, and try hard, and you never know what might happen!"

I don't know who was more shocked by my vehement public chastisement of my son —Johnny, Kristy or myself. But I did notice Johnny's coach smiling and giving me a thumbs up as he walked past my son's back.

Johnny stared at me for what seemed like a long time as Kristy held her breath, waiting for her brother to explode. Then he looked bashfully at the ground, and a little smile played over his lips. "You know, Mom? You're pretty hot when you're all fired up!"

Well, how on earth was I supposed to respond to that? I didn't. Instead, I huffed, then asked, "Are you coming home tonight?"

Johnny grinned and said, “Nah. I’ve got a hot date in bubbling water with Gina and friends.”

Of course, I wouldn’t mind that date, too, so I couldn’t blame him for choosing that over coming home. But I couldn’t resist pretending to be disappointed he wouldn’t be home, so I tartly said, “Well, if your girlfriend and her loose friends mean more to you than your family, go right ahead and stay away.”

I think Johnny believed I was serious for a second, but then he saw the tease in my eyes and grinned, “Aww, Mom. You just want to be next to naked with Charmaine and Jennifer again, and you’re jealous!”

Scandalised, Kristy said, “What do you mean ‘next to naked’? And who the heck are Charmaine and Jennifer? And when did this ‘naked with’ event happen?”

“No one who matters, and never you mind!” I said primly, snugging my coat tightly around me. “Kristy, are we going to stand here in the cold all day, or are we going home?”

On the way home, my mind kept supplying me with salacious images of Gina, Jennifer and Charmaine and some of the things I’d done in and around Gina’s parent’s hot tub, and I became almost unbearably aroused. Then, as we got about halfway home, I spotted a new adult store in the shopping complex we were passing. On an impulse, I turned around and parked outside the venue.

Kristy looked at me, mystified and asked, “Mom? What are we doing?”

“I’ve never been inside an adult store before, have you?” Kristy shook her head. “Let’s go and have a look then,” I suggested enthusiastically.

My latest episode with Liz Donnelly gave me some ideas about what I wanted to do with Juana and perhaps Kath when I saw them next.

“It’s a sex store!” Kristy hissed. “Do you really want to go in there?”

“Yeah. Why not?” I giggled, getting out of the car.

Kristy hesitatingly followed me, so when she got close, I took her hand and dragged her after me into the store. Entering, I saw the counter to our right and instantly recognised the hefty Asian girl with the enormous bosom behind it.

“Betty!” I gasped.

“Oh, hello, it’s you,” Betty inanely said as she blushed embarrassedly.

Kristy tugged on my hand, dragged me away from the counter, and suspiciously asked, “How do you know that fat girl?”

“We were chatting at the station when we were both waiting for a train,” I replied before remembering that Kristy didn’t know anything about my night with Frank at the sex club.

“When did you ever last catch a train?” Kristy wonderingly asked. “You’ve always said you never get on public transport because you get groped every time you do.”

“Let’s not worry about that at the moment,” I said, trying to put Kristy off her enquiries.

Looking around and seeing that we stood in the sexy lingerie section, Kristy agreed, but her intonation meant I’d be grilled further about it when we got home.

Picking up a bra and panty set, Kristy pointed out the gap for a woman’s nipples and that it was crotchless. Scandalised, she said, “Why would anyone wear something like this?”

Feeling naughty and wanting to tease her, I giggled, “To titillate their father.”

Kristy looked at me, shocked, then realising I was teasing, she giggled and replied, “I don’t know if it would titillate him or shock him into a heart attack!”

Blushing and wondering if I was committing to too much, I whispered, “There’s a really nice lacy pink one right there next to the one you’re touching. Why don’t you take it and try it on? If it fits, I’ll buy it for you.”

Scandalised, Kristy blushed deeper than me and whispered back, “I couldn’t wear something like that!”

“Okay, I will then,” I replied in my normal voice, picking out the one further back with a bigger cup size.

“No, you don’t,” my daughter hissed, snatching the set out of my hand and putting it back. “If you pay for it, I’ll have this.”

Deciding I’d already committed myself to letting her wear it before her father, I took the bigger cupped set off the rack again. “Maybe we could both wear one for your father to see.”

“Oh, wow, Mom! That would be so hot,” Kristy breathlessly said. “So you’ve decided to help me seduce Dad?”

I grinned, “No. I’ve decided to let you titillate him by wearing nipple-less and crotchless underwear where he can see.”

“You’re so mean,” Kristy huffed before taking my hand and dragging me across to Betty. “I’d like to try these on,” she stated. “And how do you know my mother?”

Glancing quickly at me, Betty blushed and replied, “We were waiting for the same train and got to talking, that’s all.”

“That’s no reason for you to be embarrassed about Mom seeing you again,” my daughter said shrewdly. “Something else happened. I know it. What was it? Why was Mom even at the station? She never uses public transport.”

Betty gathered her courage, folded her arms under her ample bosom, and, as much as a shorter woman can stare haughtily down at a taller one, stated, “I have no idea why your mother was at the station. Nor could I care less. But she was there when I was, and whilst we were there, we chatted. Now the

changeroom is there on the left. Please leave your underwear on when trying the garment."

Glaring at us both, Kristy stomped to the changeroom, snatched the door open and stepped inside. I looked at Betty, shrugged, mouthed, 'Teenagers,' and walked to where my daughter was.

Opening the door a sliver, I peeked in to see Kristy had ignored Betty's instruction to keep her underwear on and was naked. Marvelling at my daughter's lusciously curvy figure as she put the garments on, I fought against that familiar tingle and tried to remain calm. But when Kristy turned to face me, and I saw her puffy taupe-coloured nipples and her thick clitoris playing peek-a-boo through her bra and panty set, the tingle skipped immediately to wet heat in my pussy.

Looking over my shoulder, I saw that Betty was involved in talking to a couple about various vibrators and dildos and slipped inside the changeroom. Pressing my body against Kristy's nearly naked one, I kissed her wide, pouting lips and found her thick clit with my fingers. Then, letting my fingers slide along her pussy lips, I swirled them around her entrance as I thumbed her love button.

Kristy froze as my fingers slid onto her pussy, but when she felt my thumb on her clit, she moaned into my mouth and lifted her hips to meet my descending fingers. Working swiftly to bring my daughter to a climax, I touched my tongue to the corner of her mouth and lightly brushed across her lips. Simultaneously, I took her exposed nipple between my thumb and forefinger and squeezed and twisted it firmly before pulling it away from her body.

"Ohhh, Gawd, Mom," my daughter moaned as a gentle orgasm caused her to shudder on my fingers.

Bringing her fingers to my mouth to savour her warm, sticky essence, I smelt them and then licked them clean. Then kissing Kristy briefly again, I slipped back out the door. Betty was still chatting with the couple, explaining the benefits of this vibrator over that, so I crept closer to listen.

As I listened, I learned that the guy was submissive to the woman and wanted her to peg him. I wasn't sure what that was, but from what Betty described and the things she held up, I figured out that being pegged was when the woman fucked the guy in the ass with a strap-on. I wanted to purchase a strap-on to use on Juana and perhaps my friend Kath. It was the primary reason I'd ducked into here on our way home. So, I listened intently as Betty explained each harness type's benefits and associated problems.

The couple eventually decided on two separate things, a Fetish Fantasy deluxe vibrating double penetration strap-on dildo with a black harness and a We-Vibe Touch X clitoral stimulator. I mentally noted the items because I thought they'd suit my needs, too. The clitoral stimulator was worn under the harness to provide simultaneous clit stimulation to the strap-on's G-spot vibrating double end.

Kristy found me wandering through the X-rated DVD section, idly looking at the movies. As I browsed, I briefly wondered what my life would have been like if I'd taken the modelling agent's advice and become a porn movie actress. Of course, the first thing that would have happened would be my father disowning me as soon as he discovered what I was. However, looking at the covers, I thought I was better looking than any of the featured models, and my lush assets were naturally bigger and better than most of the augmented ones on display.

"What's behind there, do you think?" Kristy asked as she pointed to a curtained-off area and added her bra and panty set to the one I held.

"Behind the curtain are our movie rooms, Ladies," Betty said, having completed the couple's sale. *Movie rooms? I wonderingly asked.* 'Yes," Betty replied. "You can hire a room with a widescreen TV and numerous preloaded porn videos to watch. Then using the remote, you can select the movie you want to see, put the appropriate amount of money in the slot, and relax on the couch as you view your selection."

"How much does it cost?" Kristy asked.

“To hire the room for twenty minutes, about all the average patron can last,” Betty said disparagingly. “It’s fifteen dollars, plus whatever the amount for the movie. Usually, it’s around six or seven dollars for a fifteen to twenty-minute video.”

Kristy pulled me aside and whispered, “Why don’t we rent a room? I’m as hot as after what you did earlier, and it’ll be fun to do something naughty in one of the rooms!”

Thinking what Kristy suggested sounded like fun, I readily agreed, purchased some tokens for the movie player, and rented a room for the full twenty minutes. When we pulled aside the curtain, two okay-looking men were talking desultorily in the hall, lamenting the lack of action that day.

Until we walked through the curtain and heard the men talking, I hadn’t realised that this was a sex-on-premises business as well as an adult store. I was vaguely aware that such premises existed but had no idea how they worked. But it seemed that on these premises, sexual activity between patrons was not only permitted but, in the area behind the curtain, actively encouraged. At the end of the hall were stairs leading to the second floor, with a spa, hot tub and rooms that could be used for sexual encounters.

At the bottom of the stairs, a guy manned a table and collected the nominal fee to use the upstairs area. He also handed out towels and condoms, and lube to all who asked. It was when I saw the lube that I realised that many bisexual and gay guys used this place.

The men in the hallway parted to let us through, then turned to watch as we chose a room. For some unknown reason, Kristy selected the middle room with booths on either side. When we opened the door, the men split. One entered the room to our left and the other to the right.

Locking the door, I looked around. A strong antiseptic cleaner smell that almost covered the stink of stale cum filled the room. My nose wrinkled as I inhaled the scent, and I thought, *‘Ain’t no way I’m ever coming back in here!’* Deciding we didn’t dare sit on the vinyl couch, I opened the door and retrieved two towels from the man at the table.

Spreading those out on the sofa's seat, I sat next to the slot for the movie player and picked up the remote. After turning the TV on, I scrolled through the available clips. My daughter became fascinated by a clip showing a bisexual male pair coupled with a huge-titted black girl and asked if we could start with that one. Reading the instructions, I saw that I only needed to insert two tokens to get the movie rolling. Then, if I didn't like it, the time I'd purchased with the tokens rolled over to the following selection.

It seemed we weren't purchasing the movie but time instead. I inserted two coins which gave us about five minutes, and started the clip. It began with the guys getting it on together as the black woman watched and masturbated. As the guys switched to a 69, the woman inserted the largest dildo I'd ever seen into her pussy.

Kristy was watching the TV intently, but I spotted movement to our right. Staring at the corner, I blinked, not believing my eyes. A long, thick, semi-erect cock poked through a hole cut in the wall. As I watched, it was removed, and I could vaguely see movement on the other side of the wall through the hole. When the cock re-entered the room, it was close to full mast.

Fascinated, I watched the massive cock slowly deflate. Whoever it was attached to pulled back, and I saw the vague movement again before the now erect cock slid back through the hole into the room.

Looking at me curiously, Kristy turned her head to look at where I stared. Her look coincided with a period where the cock wasn't visible. But when she opened her mouth to ask what I looked at, the hugely erect cock returned through the hole.

"Oh!" Kristy exclaimed. "What the?"

The movie forgotten, we both watched as the penis slowly wilted to half-mast again. I looked at my daughter, who shrugged. We gazed toward the hole and saw the cock presented erect again. I wanted to see more, so I slid off the sofa and moved to the corner. Before I got there, the cock disappeared. Wanting to know what was happening, I knelt in the corner. When the cock next pushed through the hole, I grasped it.

“Mom!” Kristy gasped. “What are you doing?”

“Holding some guy’s cock,” I absently replied, fascinated by the enormous girth and length of the cock I held in my delicate hand.

“I can see that!” My daughter snootily exclaimed. “I mean, why are you holding that cock?” *‘It’s huge!’ I stated. ‘Bigger than your father’s or brother’s.’ Unwittingly revealing that I’d seen her brother’s cock recently. Then I dreamily added, ‘I’m going to taste it.’*

Turning my head, I opened my mouth and formed my lips into a perfect ‘O’ before wrapping them around the cock’s head and lashing its eye with my tongue. I was rewarded with a deep, guttural groan from the other side of the wall. Pleased, I worked my mouth down the enormous shaft until my lips hit my grasping hand. Leaving my lips there, I pumped the man’s shaft as I swirled my tongue around and over it as best I could, given how little room was left in my mouth.

“Gawd, Mom!” Kristy moaned from beside me. “You are being so naughty and slutty!”

I didn’t notice at the time, but that word, although I still liked it when it referred to me, no longer demanded an orgasmic response.

Looking at my daughter around the cock in my mouth, I let it out and said, “Would you like a taste?” and pointed its head towards her.

Kristy hesitantly knelt beside me and kissed the cock’s tip before taking it into her mouth. Leaning back, she said, “Different taste to Dad’s, but still nice.” and sucked it back into her mouth.

Kristy’s hand surrounded mine, so I let the enormous cock go and looked around. In the opposite corner, I spotted another cock pushed through a rectangular slot. It was much smaller than the one I’d given up to my daughter but still impressive.

Not bothering to stand, I knee-walked across the small room and took the cock in my hand. My grasping of the cock was greeted with a low groan

which pleased me, so I wrapped my lips around it and sucked until my forehead hit the wall. Although the cock I held in my mouth was smaller than the one I'd given up to my daughter, it was still long enough for me to have to swallow swiftly to prevent retching as it hit and ran across my gag reflex.

After bobbing up and down on it a few times, I released it from my mouth and said to Kristy, "Try this one on for size, honey. I think you'll find it's easier to suck."

"Sure, Mom," my daughter responded. "This one's hurting my jaw."

It would hurt my jaw, too. But I was sure that I could bring it to fruition quickly. Besides, the precum oozing from its eye was delicious, and I was keen to taste its seed.

Kristy and I swapped over, and I was soon pumping the first cock's enormous shaft as I slashed my tongue around its glans and across its long, wide eye.

"I'm cumming!" The man behind the hole warned.

Receiving a mouthful of delicious semen was the whole point of sucking the cock before me, so I gripped and pumped harder as I sucked as if I were trying to suck a golf ball through a garden hose.

"Gawd!" The man groaned as his cock lengthened, thickened and spat its delicious juices into my voraciously sucking mouth.

From behind me, I heard a man groan, "Fuck, bitch, you're a talented cock sucker!" and presumed my daughter had brought her cock to fruition, too.

Wiping the cum from our lips, Kristy and I turned, looked at each other, and giggled guiltily. "We'd better complete our purchases and get out of here!" I stated firmly. "Only you and I need to know about this," I added as embarrassment flushed my cheeks.

“Lawd, Mom,” Kristy said, blushing as deeply as I, “Like I want anyone to know that I happily sucked off a complete stranger through a glory hole!”

Pointing at the now empty circular slots, I innocently asked, “Is that what they are?”

Laughing, my daughter responded, “You know, Mom? Sometimes I wonder about your apparent naivety. But then you say something like that, and I realize you truly are an innocent.”

The two guys that had been in the rooms were standing in the hall on either side of our room’s door when we exited. I tried to push past the one to the left to return to the store, but he wouldn’t budge. “Excuse me,” I asked, but he still wouldn’t move. “Excuse me,” I said louder and tried to push past, but he held his ground and said, “You give good head, but what about your pussies? Are they as nice to be in as your slut mouths? I bet they are, and me and Stan here are going to find out!” Then he tried to push me back into the room.

“Mom!” My daughter yelped from behind me. I turned to see her desperately slapping Stan’s groping hands away from her ass.

I shudder to think what might have happened before my last session with Edgar and Liz, or even if I’d been alone, especially with the man using the ‘s’ word. However, when I saw Stan trying to grope my daughter, I saw red. Using what my father had made us practice over and over, I hit the man accosting me in his solar plexus with my palm’s heel. Then I turned and, with the same hand held rigidly flat, chopped Stan in the throat. Kristy followed that by kneeing him in the balls, and he went down clutching them and groaning.

I turned back toward my assaulter and saw Betty holding the curtain back. “That does it, Stan, Eric,” she snarled. “Get the fuck out of my store. With you two fucking arseholes doing this shit, it’s no wonder our female patrons never return. Get out, and if I ever see your sorry asses in here again, I’m calling the cops! Get out, get out now, and I really mean, get the fuck out, right this second!”

Mumbling something about ungrateful sluts, Eric helped the still whimpering Stan to his feet, and the two stumbled past Betty and out into the store.

Frowning worriedly at how we'd react, Betty asked, "You two okay? They didn't molest or rape you or anything? Unfortunately, I forgot they were down here. Usually, they're up the top bumming each other and whoever else will let them do it. Otherwise, I would have warned you."

Before I could frame my response, Kristy, giggling nervously, burst out, "We gave them a blowjob each, and they wanted more. But Mom took care of that quick smart."

I knew it was only the adrenaline rush from our near assault speaking, but I still winced at my daughter blurting out we'd given two strangers blowjobs. Nobody but us and, I guess, Stan and Eric needed to know about that!

"I'm glad someone finally took those two arseholes to task," Betty stated emphatically. "The others they've tried it with all ran away without putting in a complaint. I don't think they ever got a woman to follow through and fuck them, but they never stop trying."

Betty moved aside so we get enter the store. I guess she thought we'd leave immediately, so she was a little slow to follow me back to the vibrator section. Blushing embarrassedly, I indicated the two items I wanted. The same ones the earlier couple bought. Kristy stared at me goggle-eyed but blessedly remained silent as I listened to Betty's suggestions and bought two more dildos of varying lengths and widths to use in the harness as well as some lube and cleaner.

Paying for my bounty, I said goodbye to Betty and walked to my car. I went to put the shopping bag in the backseat, but Kristy grabbed it and wouldn't give it up. Shrugging, I started the car and drove us home.

Kristy remained silent until we got home and went up to my room. Then sitting cross-legged on my bed, she dumped the bag's contents out. Separating the harness and its two extra 'cocks' from the rest, she put them aside and gestured at them, "I get what these are for, Mom," she said. "But

who are you going to use them on? It's not me, as I'm still a virgin. I doubt Dad will let you use it on him, so who? Johnny says you were 'entertaining' a female friend when he came home the other day. Are you planning on screwing her with this?" She held the strap-on up.

When I didn't respond, she held the clitoral stimulator up and said, "I know what the other is, but what the heck is this? What does it do?"

Giggling, I said, "Here, I'll show you." I put the batteries in the remote, then told Kristy to strip to her underwear. She did, and I slid the vibrator inside then and positioned it over her entrance, slit and clit and then snugged her panties into place. Picking up the stimulator's remote, I turned it to its lowest setting and switched it on.

Kristy's hands flew to her full C-cups, and she pinched her nipples, "Oh!" She yipped as the vibrator sent low-grade pulses of pleasure onto her clit and into her pussy. Turning the stimulator higher caused my daughter to climb onto the bed and lie back with her knees up and spread. "Ohhh," she sighed as she kneaded and tweaked her lusciously big breasts.

A few more notches higher, and Kristy moaned continuously as her hips undulated up at the vibrations as if to meet her lover's thrusting cock. "That feels so good, Mom," my daughter sighed as I ramped the vibrator's intensity even higher.

I watched my daughter's writhing body until I could stand my arousal no more. Then, dropping my maxi dress to the floor, all that I wore, I climbed between her shapely legs and leaned forward to rest on my hand. Resting on the arm I'd placed beside her shoulder, I kissed Kristy's lushly pouting, flushed lips. Her mouth opened, and she softly moaned as she accepted my probing tongue inside.

Pushing my daughter's hand off her left nipple, I took ownership and insistently tweaked, twisted and pulled it as I French kissed her. Then feeling her arousal swiftly peaking, I moved, kissing down my daughter's softly curved tummy until I reached her panties.

Taking her panties elastic between my teeth, I pulled them down. Kristy felt what I was doing, helped me take her thong off, and then tossed it aside. I peeled the clit stimulator off my daughter's soaking pussy and gazed upon her dark-pink flushed vulva, and marvelled, *'Katie Ashley Muggleton, you are heading into no-no land. You're going down on your daughter!'*

Smiling at Kristy, I waited until she imploringly reached her hand towards me and begged, "Please, Mom. Please!"

Moving slowly and deliberately, I arched my lusciously curved bottom into the air and lowered my mouth onto my daughter's —*'Cunt!' My mind reminded me* —cunt and kissed her labia.

"Oh, Gawd, Mom," she moaned as her hands found my beautiful head and tried to guide me onto her clit.

Ignoring her, I kissed along her pussy lips before lapping at her entrance, delighting in the sweet nectar pooling there. My daughter smelt sweet, fresh and a tad musky as her reinvigorated arousal swamped the older fluids from our earlier adventures.

Feeling under her perineum, I daringly found my daughter's tiny rosebud as I kissed and licked along her labia and onto her love button. Kristy bucked as I sucked her clit into my voracious mouth, and her thighs clamped shut around my ears.

Revelling in the new sensation of tonguing my daughter's cunt, and made deaf by her clamped thighs, I didn't hear my bedroom door open and close. The first I knew someone had joined us was when I felt strong hands on my hips, and a rampantly erect cock gliding into my soppingly wet and tight cunt.

Seeing her brother ploughing my willing furrow open, Kristy squeaked, but when I swirled my tongue over and around her thick clitoris, she accepted his presence, closed her eyes, groaned with pleasure, and orgasmed on my tongue.

As I gently kissed my daughter’s now sensitive clit, waiting for her peak to settle so I could begin driving her to a new one, I concentrated on the delightful sensation of my son thrusting into my tiny, sweet pussy. All too soon for me to cum, I felt his big cock expand in my tight pussy and my slippery insides being coated with his spend.

The exquisite sensation of his semen squirting onto my cervix was enough to topple me into a minor orgasm, but I was left unrequited. Fortunately, with the vigour of youth, Johnny only softened briefly before I felt his huge cock stiffen inside me again. Pushing me flat on his sister, my son rested on his hands and began vigorously fucking me.

Kristy kept her eyes closed, but she lifted her knees and wrapped her legs around my mid-back under my armpits and ground her pussy up at my firm breasts. Shifting under Johnny’s weight, I pushed back so I could grasp my breast and squeeze it. Then, using the increased hardness squeezing my breast tight gave me, I rubbed my nipple over my daughter’s clit.

Kristy swiftly peaked again, and she lifted into a half-crunch and watched her brother ploughing my divine furrow with her eyes wide.

Johnny was close again, and I was almost there, but I couldn’t quite make the leap into orgasmic bliss. Kristy smiled as I panted and mewled, then clasped my nipple and squeezed it before saying, “Cum for us, our sexy little Mommie slut!”

My orgasmic scream blasted Johnny into his climax, and he filled my tight cunt with his squirming sperm.

Exhausted, I collapsed onto my daughter. She lay under me, stroking my hair and face, telling me it would be okay. But I fell asleep wondering how the heck I was supposed to look at my children in the eyes, knowing that I’d let them both have me simultaneously, and they knew the other had bedded me.

Chapter 6: Kath’s Birthday Party



Kate Muggleton at your service, everybody. Welcome to my further adventures. If you remember, we parted immediately after I’d fallen asleep after making love with my two kids simultaneously. But how did I get to that point? Well, after my third and final appointment with the hypnotherapist Edgar Fontaine, I discovered that although I’d been sexually submissive all my adult life, I was more of a switch than solely submissive.

Deciding I wanted to explore my dominant side further, I took my daughter, Krissy, to a sex store. After some adventures there, I bought some items to help with my exploration. After testing one of the toys I’d bought on my daughter, I’d gone down on her. As I tongued her pussy, her imminent

orgasm made her clamp her thighs tightly around my ears, and I didn't hear my son, Tommy, enter the room.

Taking advantage of my vulnerable position, my son ploughed his long, beautifully thick cock into my soppingly wet pussy. Of course, doing either of these things individually with my son and daughter was fine, but to let them both have me simultaneously? Well, I guess I'm deserving of the title I proudly wear —Slut Mommie!

Shall we see what happened next?

I wasn't aware of what happened after falling asleep, but I woke in the morning, lying on my side, with my son's deliciously erect cock sliding back into my cum messy pussy. Stretching, I reached back and cupped my son's head as I turned my head for a kiss. But before I could kiss him, my daughter pressed her luscious body against me and locked her lips to mine.

"Morning, our delicious little Mommie slut," my children chorused as they stroked my body and fanned my arousal.

Figuring the cat was out of the bag, I kissed Krissy fervently and then turned my head to kiss Tommy. As I kissed him, Tommy's big hand curled across my curved tummy, over my waxed bare mound and onto my love button. Simultaneously, my daughter slid lower and cupped my left breast before softly running her tongue over my turgid nipple.

Enjoying the twin sensations immensely, I lifted my bent left knee to expose my soaking pussy to Tommy's deft ministrations. My daughter took my spread legs as an invitation and slowly kissed down my stomach until her lips touched where Tommy's hand stroked.

Taking the hint, my son moved his hand to my breast, and Krissy's lips slid onto my big clit. With my head turned to kiss my son as a mother should never kiss her son, I felt my daughter's gifted tongue on an area a daughter should never touch on her mother, let alone kiss and tongue. The decadence and debauchery of these immoral acts excited me, and I swiftly climbed to my sexual crest, ready to fling myself off orgasm's peak.

Then my son moaned, “Krissy’s licking my balls, Mom. My cock is buried deep in your slutty Mommie cunt, and your equally slutty daughter is licking my shaft and balls as I fuck you. What do you think about that, Mom? Do you think I should fuck her next?”

“No!” I denied, but that depraved image blasted me off my climax’s launch pad, and I squealed into my son’s mouth as my pussy gushed fluids over his big balls and onto my daughter’s lips.

Barely holding onto consciousness, I despairingly watched my son roll his sister over and slide between her obscenely spread but shapely thighs. However, when Tommy moved to cover her body with his, Krissy yelled, “No! If you go down on me, I’ll suck you off, but I’m not giving you my virginity! That privilege belongs to another!”

Fortunately, as the gentleman he is, my son accepted his sister’s refusal and moved lower to service her orally. Settling over her pussy, he looked up, smiled, and said, “Sorry, Krissy. I didn’t know you were still a virgin. I would never have tried to make love to you if I did. I only wish I could be the lucky guy you give it up to!” Then he lowered his mouth onto her succulent ... cunt, I told myself firmly.

‘Kate Ashley Muggleton,’ I chided myself. ‘Your morality is ridiculous! You’ll happily have incestuous sex with your children simultaneously but won’t use a swear word to describe their genitals? You are messed up, girl!’

Messed up or not, I masturbated as I watched my son bring my daughter off with his hands and tongue, always being careful not to break her hymen accidentally. Then I lay beside her as we shared her brother’s cock back and forth until we knelt submissively on the floor beside my bed so he could cum over our faces.

Finally, Krissy and I 69’d with me on top so my son could fuck my willing cunt as his sister and mother tongued each other’s pussy.

We shared a last orgasm when Tommy’s seed splashing onto my cervix precipitated my orgasm, causing me to scream in ecstasy. My scream

blasted hot air over Krissy's clit, and her scream would have been as loud as mine, except it was muffled by her lips on my cunt.



It was a tight squeeze, but we managed to shower together. Krissy said her clit was too sensitive to stand any more attention, so Tommy and I brought each other to soft climaxes, and then he headed into his club to work with the coaches to improve his ruck skills. Krissy left to join her study group, leaving me home alone.

I hadn't vacuumed or mopped this week yet, so I had a productive day, ensuring my home was spotless from top to tail. Of course, cleaning doesn't require much thought, so I could contemplate the last few day's events. The revelation that Edgar had taken it upon himself to free me from my solely submissive nature despite only being requested to help me stop smoking had me confused and wondering if that was his true intention.

Then I needed to work out why I'd stopped orgasming instantly when someone called me a slut. But before that, I needed to understand why Edgar's implanted order to orgasmically respond when someone used that name worked to start with. After all, he had categorically proven that he could not make me do anything unless I was willing to do it.

‘Did I want to be a slut?’ I wondered. ‘Was that implanted suggestion merely my excuse to do what I’d always wanted to do and fuck anyone I felt like fucking?’

More despairingly, I wondered why most of my extramarital lovers were women. If I wanted nothing more than to be a slut, then why was I picking only women to take between my shapely thighs? Was I rationalising that my husband wouldn’t freak out if he discovered me bedding women, but would he would if it were a man? Or was it because, as my children feared, I was turning into a ‘big old dyke’?

‘In thought, I tittered, ‘There is no way I’m ever wearing ‘comfortable shoes’ when I go out! So maybe not!’

I didn’t come to any final conclusions but realised I had secretly resented my husband’s continual absences. Resented the many nights I’d slept alone, sexually frustrated, with only my trusty right hand for relief. Despised that I had to endure his continual fucking around. Despised having to know he fucked his secretary non-stop on every trip and that she spent more nights sleeping in his arms than I did.

“*I bet she’s trying to get pregnant by him,’ I mused. Then giggled when I realised she’d been unsuccessful, which had to have irritated her endlessly.*

John would be back on Wednesday, and despite my musing and resentments, I missed and loved him. Despite his behaviour and regular aloofness when he was home, he was still the man I wanted to spend my life with. It was just that I wanted to see more of him. I wanted him home to fuck me and take me to task when I erred. I needed his firm hand on my shapely ass when correction was required because it let me know he cared for me enough to take the time to do it.

The one conclusion I reached was that my behaviour was spiralling out of control because his firm hand wasn’t on my rudder to direct and correct my course. My earlier musing that if my husband remained mostly absent due to his work commitments, I needed a Master or Mistress to control my behaviour seemed even more accurate than I thought.

But, of course, what did all of that mean to my burgeoning ability to own and dominate others? If I wanted to submit, how could I dominate? Why did I want a firm hand to guide my life if I needed to be dominant? The answer lay in the paradox of a true switch, and the bottom line was that I needed both.

I examined the lovers in my life, starting with my gravest error, Frank Pritchard. When Frank found me urinating, if I'd had the skills I developed from Edgar's teachings, I have no doubt I would have avoided his trap. However, that would have meant I wouldn't have had my experiences at La Châteaux du Plaisir Tortueux. Experiences that, despite my fear of being recognised, I enjoyed immensely.

The others, however, Siobhan, Caoimhe, and Juana, the guy I blew in the adult store, were all revenge fucks because my husband continually abandoned me to travel with and fuck his secretary, Amanda. Liz was part of learning how to switch to dominance —leaving only making love with my children to explain.

The trite explanation was that I was perpetuating the incest cycle that I endured with my family of origin. But I knew that was crap. I didn't endure anything at home with my parents because my sisters and I weren't abused. Yes, we had to be naked inside our house at all times unless we had people over. But with four out of five people in my home naked, and given that my father was absent for extended periods, it was four out of four, nudity was the norm, and we were, in reality, no different to a nudist family.

Corrections, as I've explained, were a cane to our breasts and/or ass, but these only proved that my parents loved and cared for us enough to ensure that our behaviour didn't spiral into teenage rebellion and defiance. Neither my father nor mother corrected us angrily—something I'd seen with my friend's parents all too often. No, instead of an anger-inflamed belting, Mom calmly explained to Dad what we'd done. He would calmly question us to see if our version differed from our mother's or if there were extenuating circumstances for our errant behaviour, then correct us if required.

What I’m trying to explain is that I have nothing but respect and admiration for my parents and do not, in any way, manner, or form, feel that I was abused. As the French would say, “Au contraire, Mon Cherie”.

The only bitterness I have is from their forgetting my birthday three years in a row, culminating in the third year with me losing my virginity to my now husband. But even that turned to roses because we have remained successfully and lovingly married for slightly more than twenty years and have raised two fantastic children to early adulthood.

Cleaning done, I showered and changed, then began preparing dinner. Tommy phoned as I took the chicken breasts out of the fridge and announced he, Gina, Phil and Caoimhe were heading to ours for dinner. I added extra breasts and began preparing a diced chicken breast, chorizo sausage and prawn risotto. I didn’t have enough breasts defrosted for so many, so I needed to add extra rice and sausage to cater for the additional people. Of course, chicken risotto wasn’t what I’d planned to make for dinner, but it was a meal I could quickly expand to feed another three people.

I looked at my clothes and thought about my best friend’s son. I was attracted to the young man, that was for sure, but did I want him to bed me? The short answer was yes. My first experience with a man other than my husband was with the tiny dicked Frank Pritchard, and although I’d orgasmed, the experience left me feeling dirty and demeaned. I hadn’t completely decided yet, but I was leaning towards letting Phil seduce me and hopefully giving me some delicious memories to counter the gravid images of what I’d done with Frank.

Which reminded me that Frank still had many salacious pics of me, my pussy and my ass. Some of which showed his cum leaking from my freshly fucked pussy. Tommy assured me that he had a plan to get those photos deleted permanently. He’d also promised to anonymously tip off the authorities that Frank was a predatory homosexual paedophile.

Deciding I wanted to change into something Phil and Tommy would find sexy, I put the rice into the cooker and returned to my room. Looking through my collection, I chose my pink mesh lace, panel bow front, and

backless halter dress. This dress had built-in cups that would hold my breasts high and firm before me, displaying them gorgeously to anyone looking.

It was so short that even I dared not go pantyless wearing it. It's one thing to tease a possible pussy flash, another to actually do it. I wanted sexy, not slutty. And there was that word again, yet no orgasmic response. Yes, my pussy warmed and moistened when I revelled in that term as I was doing now, but I no longer needed to get off immediately.

I chose a sheer black barely wider than a thong panty that would show through the dress' mesh to ensure Phil and Tommy would be intensely aware that I wore little more than a micro-mini dress. Plus, I rouged my nipples so they'd show through the dress' cups. I decided against heels because I thought wearing those implied I was dressing to go out instead of for a night in. Thinking about how I wanted to look, I decided to wear my white sneakers sockless. Satisfied with how I looked, I quickly touched up my lippy and went to finish making dinner.

When I got to the kitchen, I saw that Krissy had returned from her study group and was frying the steamed rice, chicken, sausage and prawns. Walking quietly up behind her, I casually groped her curvy ass before sliding my hand onto her perineum and tickling. She turned her head, and we exchanged a lover's kiss before she leant her head back on my shoulder, sighed and said, "You can only keep doing that for as long as you want, Mom."

Krissy turned back to the rice and stirred the mixture before pointing at the fridge and saying, "Why don't you get us a glass of wine, sit down and relax, Mom? I'll finish dinner. I assume we've got guests coming by the amount of chicken, prawns and sausage you laid out?"

Nodding, I took out the already opened Pike & Joyce Beurre Bosc Pinot Gris bottle and poured two glasses. Handing one to my daughter, I took a sip and replied, "Yes. Your brother is bringing Gina, Phil and Caoimhe home for dinner."

Krissy squeaked and handed me the wooden stirrer. “I need to change and freshen up, Mom,” she breathlessly told me. “Do you mind finishing dinner?”

Giggling, I watched my daughter race upstairs. She clearly had the same thing for my best friend’s son as I did, and I briefly wondered if she’d be prepared to give Phil, instead of her father, her virginity. Then an even more wicked thought entered my mind —would she share Phil with me? Could we trip him into bed together? Feeling that familiar tingle morphing slowly into wet heat, I allowed myself to fantasise it would happen.

Krissy’s return killed my fantasy. I looked her over and giggled, “Been raiding Mommy’s closet again, baby girl?” My daughter had dressed in one of my two-piece skirt and top sets —an off-the-shoulder solid red top that clung to her luscious, braless C-cups like a second skin and a floral split skirt with a side split to barely below her pussy. She, too, wore white sneakers.



Blushing, Krissy replied, “I need to go shopping for some sexier outfits, Mom. Because of my overly developed assets, I tended to dress down before my eighteenth birthday so boys would leave me alone. But now I’m eighteen, I’d like to tease with what I wear like you do.”

“You’re certainly gorgeous and sexy enough to wear outfits like you have on, honey,” I told her. “Your father and I have always encouraged you to have a positive self-body image and be proud of your appearance without being arrogant about it. I understand your reasons for dressing down because I dressed similarly before I turned eighteen. However, if, as I do, you are going to parade your sensuality overtly, you must always be vigilant of your surroundings. Too many men equate women dressing revealingly with them being sluts, and they may try to take advantage of you.”

“That’s ridiculous, Mom!” Krissy exclaimed. “I should be able to wear what I want, where I want, without risking being raped! After all, those pigs wouldn’t rob a bank just because someone left the safe open!”

Krissy had just espoused what I considered to be a specious argument that feminists constantly trotted out. Along with —Teach your son’s not to be rapists. Don’t tell my daughter what to wear. The bank analogy isn’t apt and doesn’t correlate to the act of rape. A better analogy would be to say that I should be able to take a thousand dollars out of my bank account in $50 notes and walk around the Queen Street Mall, handing them out to anyone I thought needed or deserved it. Of course, if I did that, before too long, someone would knock me over the head and take the whole bundle.

There have been rapists since the dawn of humanity, and a wise woman keeps herself from harm by avoiding being alone in places and situations where a man’s greater strength can be used to assail her. That is the reality we live in. We’re not in some feminist-inspired utopian alter-earth where men are totally subjugated and there is no danger of rape or assault.

However, as much as I wanted to shake my daughter and rub her nose in today’s reality, I knew it would only lead to an argument, so I smiled and responded, “Even so, Krissy, try not to put yourself in risky situations, okay?”

“Okay, Mom,” she sighed. “I’ll go and set the table and put out the wine glasses.”

I watched her sexy ass sway as she walked off. I couldn’t help it and nearly burned the risotto as a result. Giggling at myself for my lustful thoughts, I scraped the risotto into a serving dish and added parmesan cheese to my taste. I’d put extra on the table for anyone who wanted more.

Tommy and the rest arrived as I placed the bowl on the table, and we immediately sat to eat. Tommy and Phil drank beer and conversed about their photography business. Phil had set up the website with some of my and Krissy’s ‘glam pics’. He said that although they hadn’t received any bookings yet, interest was running high, with several thousand hits on their Facebook, Twitter and Instagram pages already.

Then Phil nudged Tommy and grinned at my daughter and me. “We did get one genuine enquiry, though, Kate and Krissy,” he teased. *’You did?’ Krissy asked.* “Yes,” Phil confirmed. “Garion Hall’s Abby Winters studio called to ask if you two were interested in doing a film together.”

I had figured out that Abby Winters was probably a porn site, but apparently, Krissy hadn’t, so she said, “Oh, wow! Mom? Wouldn’t that be something!”

Trying to hide my grin, I said, “Maybe you should get the number off Phil and call them tomorrow?”

Phil continued the tease, “I’ll write it down for you, Krissy.”

“Yes, thanks, Phil,” my daughter excitedly said. “I’ll call them first thing tomorrow morning.”

Keeping his voice neutral, Tommy said, “Yeah, sis, I think you should. I’m sure you and Mom will be huge stars if you make the film.”

“Oh? Tommy, do you really think so?” Krissy said breathlessly.

“He does,” Phil deadpanned. “As do I. Real biological mother/daughter lesbian porn is one of the most popular genres there is!”

Of course, everybody except my daughter burst out laughing. Initially, I thought Krissy would lose it, but she finally saw the funny side of Phil and her brother’s teasing and joined in the laughter.

The rest of the meal passed without incident. Conversation was lively, as it typically is when good friends break bread together. Topics ranged from the AFL to how Krissy was doing at Uni to current fashion trends and even politics. We all agreed that although our current Prime Minister, Anthony Albanese, deserved his moniker of Albasleazy, overall, he and his treasurer, Jim Chalmers, were doing a good job at resurrecting the economy from the Covid spendthrift ways of the dying Morrison/Frydenberg coalition government.

Trying to get Phil's attention, I asked, "No Siobhan tonight, Phil?"

"She has a private performance for a guy's bachelor party tonight. Those parties can get a little out of control, and Siobhan doesn't mind at all, if you get my drift. So I prefer to let her regular driver escort her to those events. Therefore, here I am."

"You mean your girlfriend is going to have sex at the party?" Krissy asked disbelievingly. "And you accept that and remain her boyfriend?"

Phil patted her hand and replied, "I love the woman, Krissy. I don't own her. I knew who and what she was when we chose to move in together, so it would be hypocritical of me to object now. Besides, I can take extraneous lovers, too, if I want."

Caoimhe piped up, "Siobhan loves this big hunk of male that is my brother, Krissy. Loves him to death, but one man or even one man and one woman will never be enough for her because she has a lot of love to give."

"You're her lover, too?" Krissy asked even more incredulously. "Do you three, you know..."

"That, young lady," I interrupted firmly. "Is absolutely none of your business! What consenting adults do between themselves in the sanctity of their homes is no one's business but theirs."

I glared at my daughter until she blushed and apologised.

I offered dessert, Vanilla bean ice cream with strawberries and hot chocolate fudge sauce, and all except Caoimhe accepted. Gina offered to help carry plates, so we linked arms and walked around the wall into the kitchen. This was the moment I'd been anticipating. Gina, of course, would expect me to remain her 'submissive little Mommie slut', but I had other plans.

As soon as we were out of sight of the dining area, she swung me around, plastered her body to mine, cupped my curvy bottom, and tongue kissed me. It felt fantastic, so I eagerly responded to her kiss by grabbing her rounded bum and pulling her close.

Breaking the kiss, Gina commanded, “On your knees, my darling Kate slut. Eat your daughter Mistress’ wet cunt.”

Ignoring her demand, I placed my hands on her shoulders and pressed down, “You know, Gina,” I lazily drawled. “You haven’t tasted my divine essence at all yet. Now seems like a good time to try it,” and increased the pressure I exerted on her shoulders.

“Obey, your Mistress,” Gina tried. “On your knees, slut Kate.”

“I think obeying your Mistress is a good idea, slut Gina, so get on yours. It’s time you submitted to the entire Muggleton family, don’t you agree? Don’t worry, though. If you’re any good at eating pussy, I’ll send my daughter in so you can service hers too.”

I expected more of a fight from my son’s girlfriend, but she suddenly collapsed to her knees and eagerly snuffled at my soaking panty. I pulled my panties aside to expose my wet slit and entrance, and Gina’s tongue danced deliciously along them. Pulling my panties further aside allowed my thick, flushed clit to pop into view, and Gina eagerly slashed her tongue over it. Holding the back of her head, I forced her mouth tightly against my pussy and ground against her nose and chin until a short but powerful orgasm rocked me.



“Good slut,” I told her when my climax ended. “I’ll tell Krissy you want to eat her out, too.”

I was about to move away from Gina and readjust my clothing when tiny hands slid into my breast cups. “That was so sexy, Kate,” Caoimhe whispered as she played with my nipples. “May I taste your slut now?”

Turning, I kissed my best friend’s daughter passionately before saying, “Of course, little one.” Then I turned to Gina and added, “Seems like someone will eat your slut cunt in the kitchen tonight. Caoimhe wants to taste you, so hop onto the bench and open your whore legs.”

I watched Caoimhe bring Gina to a softly expressed orgasm as I warmed the fudge, and then the three of us brought the plates filled with ice cream and strawberries to the dining room. Looking around, I didn’t think anyone had noticed we’d been gone for longer than it would usually take to reheat fudge sauce. However, when Gina sat beside Tommy, he saw the unmistakable sheen of pussy juice on her face. Kissing her, he pulled to his chest for a cuddle as he winked at me over her head.

‘*Could Tommy know and approve of me and his girlfriend playing?’ I wondered.* But I ensured my face remained serene as I re-engaged with the various conversations around the table.

After dinner, everyone repaired to the lounge. I followed them and asked if anyone wanted tea or coffee. Nobody did, but they all asked for drink refills. I retrieved beer for Tommy and Phil and white wine for Gina, Krissy and Caoimhe. I put the wine back in the fridge, then gathered the dinner plates to rinse before stacking them in the washer.

I’d taken the first stack to the sink when Caoimhe followed me in carrying the rest. Grateful for her help, I smiled, thanked her, and took the plates. Caoimhe opened the washer door and accepted the rinsed items from me before stacking them into the washer. She was silent, but I could see she wanted to discuss something. I wasn’t sure if I should initiate a conversation or not, but I decided she’d talk when she was ready.

After stacking the last dishes into the machine, Caoimhe hopped onto the bench and stared at me pensively. Trying to make her feel more at ease, I nuzzled her cheek with my nose and kissed her plump lips softly. Then I patted her thighs and said, “Out with it. What’s got you blue?”

Her response came from an unexpected direction. “Your daughter’s got the hots for my brother something fierce.” *Giggling, I agreed.* “You’re not bothered by that?” She asked. *’Why should I be? They’re both over eighteen and consenting adults. My daughter is a beautiful young woman, and your brother is an attractive young man. Who wouldn’t want to see them get together?’* “You because you want him, too,” Caoimhe stated emphatically.

Blushing, I admitted, “Caoimhe, sure, if I weren’t happily married, I’d love to have a fling with your brother even though he’s less than half my age. But he’s with Siobhan, and I’m married, so I wouldn’t even consider it.”

Looking at me knowingly, Caoimhe said, “You’ve already considered it, Kate. You were considering it when you dressed as provocatively as you have.”

Letting my shoulders slump, I gasped, “Am I that obvious?” If Caoimhe had picked it up, so had Gina and probably Tommy and Krissy.

Caoimhe giggled, “Boys are blind to that type of thing, Kate. You know that! Pretty much the only way they know you want to bed them is if you grab their cocks and lead them there. Even then, they’re often blathering, ‘Are you sure?’”

Teasing her, I said, “And your many years of sexual conquests have taught you that?”

Caoimhe tittered and replied, “Well, I’m not solely a lesbian. A good stiff cock is quite pleasant as a change. However, I believe I’ll probably be a stern, older woman’s plaything for most of my life.”

I looked at her curiously and said, “You mean me, right?”

“Maybe, Kate,” Caoimhe stated. “You’ve got a long way to go before you’re ready to take that step. But at least you’re on that trajectory now. I don’t know what changed, Kate. But around a month ago, it was like the dam wall burst, and suddenly you were expressing your sexuality freely. I noticed it, and so did Mom and Siobhan, although Siobhan didn’t know your sexual awakening was a recent thing. More people will notice, Kate, and if you’re not careful, you will attract lovers like ants to a honey pot — your honey pot, Kate. Be careful who you allow to access it.

“I couldn’t stand it if my favourite ‘uncle’ and ‘aunty’ got divorced because it would affect your relationship with Mum and Dad. Female best friends marry male best friends and stay married forever? It’s like a romance novel, Kate. It never happens for real! So don’t go doing anything that will convince John to divorce you.”

“I’ve allowed you access to it,” I told her tartly.

“Yes, you have, Kate. And tonight, after the others have gone to bed, I will seduce your daughter, too. She won’t have any more chance of resisting me than you did. Once I’ve had my fun with Krissy, would you like me to visit you, too, Kate?”

“Yes,” I replied, moving between her spread legs and pressing my ample bosom against her. Turning my head up, I waited for Caoimhe to kiss me before adding. “Krissy’s still a virgin, so I’d prefer you to leave her alone until she’s given her virginity to the man of her choosing. But I’m only asking, not telling you. But I have a new strap-on I want to try, and you’d be perfect to practice with.”

Surprised, Caoimhe gaped at me and said, “Krissy seems so relaxed and confident with her sexuality, Kate, that I just assumed she was experienced. Of course, I will wait before seducing her.” Caoimhe thought momentarily and said, “Yet I don’t believe Krissy wants my brother as her first. She wants him, but I get the feeling it’s not until after she’s given her virginity to another. Who is the other, Kate? What am I missing?”

‘Not much,’ I thought but didn’t voice. Lying, I answered, “If she’s chosen someone, she’s not telling me! As for her relaxed sexuality,” I giggled. “Well, I am her mother, and if there’s a better flirt in the country than me, I’d love to meet them!”

Kissing me again as I squeezed her tiny, firm buns, Caoimhe returned my giggle and said, “Well, there is that! She definitely learned from the best!”

“Come on,” I said, stepping back and pulling her off the bench. “We’d better go back before everyone starts wondering where we are and catches us canoodling.”

Caoimhe tittered and said, “Maybe I want them to catch us!”

The rest of the night passed pleasantly until Tommy and Gina ensured everybody knew they’d soon be doing the horizontal tango by engaging in a blazingly hot make-out session. Krissy fled in embarrassment, muttering about gross children. Phil pointed out that he’d had too much to drink and would wait for Siobhan’s driver to pick him up. But he encouraged Caoimhe to stay in the guestroom, saying there was no point in them both having a sleepless night. “I’ll come back and get you tomorrow when I get up,” he assured her.

I told him there was no need because I'd drop her off sometime in the morning and catch up with his mother at the same time.

I held Caoimhe's hand as we walked upstairs and led her down the hall to the bigger of our two guestrooms —this one we used for guests who were staying long-term because it was basically a flatette. When the house was built, this was intended to be the live-in maid's room. It contained a tiny kitchen with a hot plate and microwave, a fridge, a sink, and a combined laundry, shower, and toilet. The bed doubled as the couch for day seating, and there was a small table and chair for eating at.

"Wow!" Caoimhe said as I turned on the light. "I've seen apartments smaller than this!"

The room was a little cold and smelt musty, so I turned on the reverse cycle air conditioner to warm and freshen the room. Looking around, I realised my mother's oft joke about 'decadent capitalists' probably wasn't far from the truth. When my kids were little, and John was away, she'd stay here with me as often as Dad would allow. Strangely, although she remained clothed in the main part of the house, she'd remove her clothes as soon as she closed the door to here.

After my mother had opened the door naked a couple of times, John refused even to consider knocking on her door to say hello or invite her down to dinner.

I showed Caoimhe how to change the couch into a bed and helped her with its coverings. Then grinning at me, she jumped into the bed, rolled, and wriggled about. I wondered what on earth she was doing, but when she got off the bed, took my hand and dragged me from the room, I figured it out. She was making the bed look slept in in case someone checked in on her.

"I believe you have a new strap-on to try on me, Kate," she smiled. "I'm dripping at the thought, so let's go!"

Outside my door, I spun my best friend's daughter around and grabbed her hands. Then lifting them above her head, I forced myself between her thighs as I kissed her passionately. Caoimhe moaned and lifted her knees so she

could wrap her legs around my hips. As our kiss deepened, I opened the door and carried her into the room.

I really should have expected it, but as I spun to lay Caoimhe on my bed, my daughter gasped and said, “Mom! What are you doing?”

I figured, *’Fuck it! In for a penny, in for a pound!* So I growled, “Fucking this slut. What does it look like? Would you like to fuck her with me?”

Krissy stared at me for a while, then her eyes hooded, and I could see the lust rise. Crossing to the door, Krissy locked it and asked, “What do you want me to do?”

“Strip, of course!” I snarled. “It’s difficult to fuck fully dressed. Then you can kiss and fondle my little slut as you undress her, and I prepare my strap-on.”

Of course, I’d never used one, so it took me a little while to figure out how to wear it. The part for my pussy slid into place readily enough, and when I turned it on, I groaned at the pleasurable sensation it gave me. I held up the three different sized ‘cock’s’ I’d purchased to fit into the harness. Between kisses with my daughter, and to my surprise. Caoimhe indicated the biggest. This ‘cock’ was at least eight inches long and very thick. I doubted that I could take it, let alone my friend’s tiny daughter, but I worked it into the harness anyway.

Speaking firmly with a confidence I didn’t feel, I asked, “Doggy, missionary, or do you want to ride me?”

“Doggy so that I can lick your daughter’s cunt, Mistress Kate, please,” Caoimhe answered.



I was still struggling with the concept of ‘Mistress Kate’, but I’d been on the submissive end of this interaction many times, so I growled, “Krissy, on your back and get your sweet little pussy under Caoimhe’s mouth so she can tongue your cunt.”

My daughter looked shocked at my choice of language but swiftly dropped her panties, the last item of clothing she wore and leapt onto the bed. Caoimhe swiftly followed and, with a smile over her shoulder for me, turned and lowered her head onto Krissy's glistening pussy.

Pouring some lube onto my palm before I wiped it along my 'cock's' shaft, I watched momentarily as Caoimhe's skilled mouth devoured my daughter's slit and clit. It swiftly became apparent that Caoimhe knew her way around the female body because she left the inside of Krissy's vagina untouched but swiftly circled its entrance with her finger. Then, gathering the moisture pooling there, Caoimhe stroked along my daughter's perineum and onto her tiny brown ring.

"Oh!" Krissy yelped as her hips bucked up at Caoimhe's mouth. But then she settled back on the bed and enjoyed the new sensation.

Taking my daughter's yelp as my cue, I climbed onto the bed behind my best friend's daughter's cute little bottom. Using a hand on Caoimhe's hip to balance myself, I spread my knees and lowered the head of my 'cock' until it was positioned at Caoimhe's entrance. Then snarling, "Take this, bitch!" I rammed my hips forwards, shoving the big strap-on deep into the young woman's cunt.

It wasn't until I bottomed out in Caoimhe's pussy that I thought, *'Oops! This thing is damned big! I probably should have taken more care than that!'*

However, Caoimhe didn't complain. Instead, with a guttural groan, she lifted herself off my daughter's pussy and shoved her tiny bottom back at my invading 'cock'. "Fuck me hard, Mistress Kate," she demanded before lowering her mouth onto Krissy's clitoris again.

I was happy to oblige, of course. But it took me several pullbacks and thrust forwards until I figured out how to 'fuck someone with a cock'. It's similar to, but not the same, as pushing my pussy up to meet my lover's thrust, and it took a bit of practice before I got the hang of it. But, after that, I swiftly brought Caoimhe to several petite orgasms, and I could sense she was climbing to an ear-shattering one. I wasn't sure how to get her there, but

then I remembered what my husband had done so many times for me over the years, and I smacked her ass and growled, “Cum for me, Caoimhe (Only he said, Kate, of course!)!”

With her mouth buried in my daughter’s pussy, Caoimhe squealed as an intense, wall rattling orgasm exploded through her. Her squeal blasted hot air over Krissy’s clit and pussy, and with a pillow muffled howl, my daughter orgasmed, too. For us women, our orgasm (mainly) comes from the mind. Hearing my two young lovers climax, combined with the delicious vibrations my strap-on sent into my G-spot, was enough to rocket me into orgasm with them.

Not wanting my son or his girlfriend to know the other three people in my home were fucking together, I snatched up a pillow to muffle my orgasmic screech.

From our initial combination, we morphed into various salacious couplings. Caoimhe fucked me with the strap-on, although I insisted she changed the ‘cock’ to the middle-sized of the three I’d bought. The one about the size and thickness of my son’s erection. Krissy asked to use the strap-on, but as it was double-ended, we couldn’t discover a way for her to wear it strapped on. So, instead, she used the mid-sized ‘cock’ with her hand to fuck me as I ate Caoimhe and then used to bigger dildo to bring Caoimhe to fruition as Caoimhe ate me.

Of course, that left my daughter as the only one not having had multiple orgasms, so Caoimhe and I attacked her and, using our tongues, lips and hands, brought Krissy to several climaxes before she begged off, complaining that her clit and slit was too raw to continue. As the birds began their morning song, Caoimhe struggled out of my bed and staggered naked to the guest room to get some much needed sleep.

Waking, I checked my phone and saw it was close to eight O’clock. A veritable sleep-in for me! Putting my nightie and gown on, I wandered to the kitchen to make breakfast. I didn’t know who was up and still home, up and gone, or still asleep, so I made an acai bowl for myself and waited to see who else wanted breakfast. Tommy bustled in with Gina, asked for scrambled eggs, bacon and toast, ate it, and swiftly left.

Krissy followed next, saying she'd seen Caoimhe leaving with Phil earlier when she had a wee. Krissy accepted a hastily prepared smoothie from me and left.

Gina sat sipping the black coffee I'd made her, eyeing me speculatively. Preparing myself to retake the dominant role, I waited for my son's girlfriend to try and reassert her dominance over me. She didn't, however. Instead, she smiled and said, "I thought you were solely submissive, Kate. And, although I'd love to continue being your daughter Mistress, I'm glad you recognised my need to submit to your son and be his slut. After our conversation where you said Tommy would expect me to be similar to you, I realised that I am, and like you, I prefer to submit than dominate.

"I love your son. Kate, and I want him to be my man. Will you show me how to be the best wife I can be to a sexually dominant man?"

Kissing her wanting lips, I replied, "Of course I will, honey. I was lucky in that my father, abetted by my mother, showed me how to serve, and I will gladly show you how to serve my son."

"What do I need to do?" Gina asked.

"Not much different to what you're doing now, honey," I assured her. "The only changes needed are slight. You start by putting your man first always. Your pleasure comes from his. Your happiness comes from making him happy. To ensure your man's happiness, you look after your appearance by keeping yourself fit and toned. You carefully do your hair and makeup for him daily and wear clothes to impress and entice him.

"If, as Tommy's father does, he likes other men to lust over you, then you learn how to flirt but not go too far that you get yourself in trouble. When you do err, you immediately confess your error and ask him to correct your behaviour."

"Correct you, Kate?" Gina queried. "What does that mean? How is it done?"

“John prefers to use his hand on my shapely rear, Gina,” I informed her. “Sometimes, I wish he’d go further and use a cane as my parents did, but so far, that is not him. And I doubt he will go further than that, given he’s only used his hand to correct me for nearly twenty years.”

“Wait!” Gina exclaimed. “Your husband physically punishes you by smacking your ass? And you not only allow that, you ask him to if you think you’ve done wrong?”

I tittered, “Well, it’s hardly ‘punishment’ when I have such delicious orgasms afterwards!”

“You get sexually aroused when your husband spanks you?” Gina disbelievingly asked.

“Don’t you when Tommy spanks yours?” I countered. I didn’t know if Tommy did, but I hazarded what I thought was a safe bet.

Blushing, Gina admitted that she did, but they’d only done that during their sex play and never as a correction for her bad behaviour. I pointed out that there was nothing like having your man taking you to task for doing something he disliked or had forbidden to let you know you were truly loved. For your man to take the time to do that meant he loved you deeply, and what woman doesn’t want that?

“Do you act out purposefully so John will spank you?” Gina queried.

I admitted I did, as it was a sure-fire way of making my husband fuck me. John adored spanking me as much as I adored being spanked, so I often did something to ensure he’d correct me. The incident with the wine glass at Kath’s birthday I described earlier is a perfect example. I knew John would disapprove of me showing my barely covered pussy and tiny brown ring to casual observers, but I was horny, so I did it anyway. The many shared orgasms my husband and I had after he’d walloped my curvaceous bottom were well worth the sting from his hand before them.

Biting her bottom lip, Gina asked, “Would you spank me now, Mistress Kate?” *‘Why, little one?’ I asked. ‘Have you done something that needs to*

be corrected?' Giggling, Gina asked if seducing her boyfriend's mother and making her her slut counted.

Tittering with her as I pressed my forehead and kissed her soft lips, I replied, "Then we both need correcting because your boyfriend's mother seduced you and turned you into her slut, too!"

Of course, Krissy chose that moment to walk into the kitchen. Shaking her head, she growled, "Is there a woman that comes over here you aren't having sex with, Mom? Phil's sister, and now Tommy's girlfriend, what has gotten into you?"

"Krissy Ann Muggleton, you will not take the tone of voice with me!" I snapped. "I am your mother, for goodness sake! Not some trollop on the street you can insult and denigrate!"

"Maybe if you were acting like my mother and not some trollop on the street, I'd be less inclined to treat you like one, Mother," Krissy snarled back.

However, I knew my daughter well and suspected she was struggling not to show her arousal, so I slapped my hands together and said, "That does it, young lady! If you don't show respect of your own accord, then I will correct you until you do. Follow me to my room immediately. Gina, you may accompany and learn how a correction is properly given."

Walking into my room, I imperiously commanded, "Krissy Ann Muggleton, you will strip naked and assume punishment position one." I wasn't sure if my daughter even remembered this position, especially with me throwing 'naked' into the mix. The only previous time I'd made her assume this position was when I found her at age eight playing, 'I'll show you mine if you show me yours with a neighbourhood boy'—something my parents would have taken the cane to my breasts and ass for doing.

But I found I couldn't even make my daughter disrobe, let alone use a cane on her. In the end, as punishment, I made her stand as I described earlier in the corner facing the wall until her father came home.

Her mouth set in a tight white line, Krissy obeyed, but I could feel her defiance as I moved past her and wondered if I hadn't misjudged. However, I felt that I was committed to my course now and that all I could do was follow it. So, carefully taking down my most cherished keepsake, I slid my mother's over one hundred-year-old rattan school cane out of its wooden, velvet-inlaid box.

As I turned from the closet carrying it, Gina gasped, and my daughter's eyes widened. But then, Krissy's mouth closed even more determinedly, and I knew I had to follow through or lose her respect entirely.

Settling her feet shoulder-width apart, my daughter stood proudly and defiantly with her hands behind her head and elbows wide. Keeping my eyes locked on Krissy's, I moved closer. However, I didn't need to see my daughter's arousal wetting her inner thighs because I could smell it. She, for some unknown reason, wanted to be corrected. That, alone, nearly threw me into a loop. But when I tapped my palm with the cane and her eyes hooded, I almost jumped her there and then.



“Krissy Ann Muggleton, do you know why you stand before me awaiting correction?” I asked severely. *’Because I called you what you’re acting like, mother. A common, street walking trollop,’ my daughter replied defiantly.* “And you think you have the right to speak to me like that?

Krissy's defiance slowly leaked from her, and she lowered her eyes submissively, "No, Mother. I was jealous, as I was last night with Caoimhe and before that with Juana, and I spoke inappropriately."

"You agree that correction is due?"

"I was wrong to allow jealous anger to make me speak inappropriately, Mother. I stand ready to accept my correction."

"Correction will be five strikes to your breasts with this," I held up my mother's heirloom punishment cane, "Followed by five more to your luscious ass. Do you concur?"

My daughter's eyes popped wide open and snapped up to mine when I told her where and how many corrections she would receive. But she submissively lowered her eyes again before saying, "I agree with your correction, Mother."

"Good girl," I told her. "You will count and thank me for each one."

"Yes, Mother."

I'd had years of cane corrections, so my pain levels were high. And given that my parents' discipline almost always led to delicious orgasms, I swiftly learnt to equate being corrected with sexual arousal, and that helped me to receive my corrections, if not eagerly, at least willingly. I had no idea what receiving her first correction would do for my daughter —her current arousal notwithstanding.

Looking at Krissy's succulent body divinely displayed before me, I considered where and how hard, to deliver the first strike. Deciding that slightly above her lusciously mounded C-cups would give her an idea of what it felt like without putting her completely off, I brought the cane down onto that area. My strike was firm enough to sting but would barely raise a welt.

"One, thank you, Mom," Krissy said, tilting her head to see the red mark where the cane had struck.

I waited to see how Krissy would react, but after inspecting the thin red line, she raised her head and resumed looking straight ahead. I struck her again—this time, I'd chosen to hit just below her luscious grapefruit-sized breasts. However, as the blow landed, the cane flashed across the undersides of her globes.

Krissy inhaled sharply as the pain stuck, but she breathed out slowly before saying, "Two, thank you, Mom."

I wasn't sure if my strikes had increased my daughter's arousal, but her arousal smell and the moisture on her thighs hadn't abated, so at the very least, they weren't turning her off. I studied Krissy's face as I considered what to do next. Should I do what my parents regularly did in this situation and offer my daughter a chance to pay for her correction by servicing me sexually, or should I continue using the cane?

Deciding I hadn't even remotely tested Krissy's pain levels or if being physically corrected was sexually stimulating for her, I chose to strike again. This time I hit my daughter just above her nipples a little harder than the earlier strikes. This blow raised an instant welt that would likely fade into a bruise.

Biting her bottom lip, Krissy's hips jerked involuntarily forwards, and she moaned, "Three, thank you, Mom."

At the sound of the second 'm' sound in Mom, I whipped the cane across both of my daughter's nipples.

"Fuck!" Krissy exclaimed as her whole body jerked at the sudden intense pain. But that exclamation was followed by a lust-filled groan of "GAAAAWWWWWWD!" as she climaxed.

Thrilled but careful not to show it, I stated severely, "Krissy Ann Muggleton, one does not derive pleasure from being corrected! One is to endure it as best you can!"

Trying not to titter, my daughter grinned, "Sorry, Mom. One will attempt not to enjoy you caning me quite so much."

Giggling, I switched the cane to my backhand and swatted her shapely rear. “Daughter, you seem to enjoy being disciplined as much as I do. But, let’s see how you go in the opposite role.”

Krissy looked at me confusedly, but she took the cane from my hand readily enough. I turned to Gina, “Gina Matthews, I find your behaviour in seducing your boyfriend’s mother and wanting to seduce his sister unacceptable. Do you agree that correction is required?”

Stripping, Gina took her place beside my daughter and copied her pose. “Yes, Mistress Kate. I agree that I need correcting. I assume you’ve chosen your daughter to carry out my correction?”

Krissy gasped and said, “Gina, you mean you seduced Mom, not the other way around?”

“Yes,” Tommy’s girlfriend admitted. “I learned from Tommy what effect a particular word has on your mother and used it to make her my little Mommie slut.” Gina turned to me and added, “However, that word no longer sends you into submissive ecstasy, does it slut Kate?”

“I still like being called that word immensely, Gina. But as you saw last night when I made you kneel and eat my cunt, it no longer makes me submissively sexual. Instead, it only makes me horny, and I can choose how I respond to that arousal.”

“Then I stand ready to be corrected. Mistress Krissy, will you do me the honour of administering my first-ever correction, please?”

My daughter looked at me beseechingly for help, but I kept my countenance serene and waited to see what she’d do. Of course, although other than spanking my husband and now correcting my daughter, I’d never been the corrector, I did have many years of experience of being corrected, so I innately knew what to do. In comparison, Krissy had the one experience described above, so unsurprisingly, she was nervous and unsure of herself.

Shaking off her doubt, Krissy sternly said, “Seducing a married woman using coercion is a severe transgression, Gina, do you not think? Then

trying to keep her as your plaything adds extra layers of wrong. I think five canes to your breasts, followed by ten on your luscious ass, are due. Do you agree?"

"I cannot fault your reasoning, Mistress Krissy," Gina replied. "However, I'm unsure if I can handle a total of fifteen canes in one session. May I ask for clemency or for two or more sessions to receive them all?"

Sounding more confident because of Gina's ready acceptance, my daughter responded, "I will deliver the five to your breasts, then we will pause and decide if more are required."

"Thank you for your consideration, Mistress."

Remembering what I'd said before delivering her first correction, Krissy added, "You will count and thank me for each correction."

With another imploring look for help, Krissy sighed, brought the cane up and barely tapped Gina above her breasts.

"One thank you, Mistress," Gina said, obviously perplexed by the lightness of the stroke.

Krissy's second strike was well below Gina's full, firm breasts and also no more than a tap.

Taking a deep breath and knowing she would regret it, Gina snarled, "Little Miss Krissy, if you're too big a pussy to correct me adequately, hand the cane to your mother so my correction is done properly!"

Angered, Krissy's eyes flashed, and she slashed the cane across Gina's nipples. Gina's breasts immediately showed an angry red welt that was close to breaking the skin and blistering.

I winced because I knew how much that would have hurt, especially given the blow had landed squarely on Gina's nipples. I almost stepped in to take over Gina's correction, but after initially hunching in on herself and whimpering, Gina stood proudly erect and forced he elbows back again.

“One, thank you, Mistress,” Gina said calmly.

Krissy tempered her next three blows. I thought all were correctly placed, spaced, and delivered with enough force to leave a remembered welt and fading bruise but not enough to leave more than a two or three-day mark. The previous is what my parents strove for when correcting their daughters —a strike severe enough to leave no doubt we’d been disciplined but not enough to leave permanent or even long-term marks. The welts and faint bruises left a lasting impression that reminded us to behave better.

I thought Gina had reached her maximum pain tolerance level and thought to intercede again, but before I could, Krissy tapped Gina’s nipple with the cane’s tip and asked, “Would you like to earn a reprieve from your last eleven strikes, little one?”

Gina didn’t know that the question was rhetorical, come to think about it, my daughter didn’t know either, but she swiftly figured a reprieve sounded better than eleven more canes on her anatomy, so she asked, “What must this slut do to earn a reprieve, Mistress?”

“Kneel and lick me to orgasm,” Krissy replied.

“Gladly, Mistress,” Gina purred, swiftly dropping to her knees and lifting my daughter’s skirt.

A few seconds later, Krissy groaned as she cupped the back of Gina’s head and ground her pussy against Gina’s mouth. “Yes!” My daughter hissed. “Right there, yes! That’s it! Oh, lawd, I’m cumming!”

With my arousal pouring down my inner thighs and grateful for the long robe that hid it, I waited for Krissy to come down. However, Gina wasn’t finished with her. Instead, Gina guided my daughter across to my bed and pushed her onto her back on it. Then Gina lifted Krissy’s legs over her shoulders and dove back onto my daughter’s pussy.

After bringing Krissy to another crashing climax, Gina patted the floor beside her and said, “Your daughter tastes so divine, Kate. Why don’t you kneel and taste her with me?”

At that moment, there was nothing I wanted to do more. But, as I could not, would not do that with Tommy in front of her, I wouldn't do it with my daughter either. I suspected she knew Tommy and I were intimate, but knowing because an overexcited teenage boy assured her it was true and knowing because she'd seen me do it were two utterly different things!

"You know you want to, Kate," Gina said softly. "Would you have left your daughter wanting after you completed her correction, or would you have done something to help her?"

I shook my head and tried to be severe when I answered, "Corrections are not given for sexual pleasure, Ms Matthews. They are given to quell aberrant behaviour that is affecting the family unit."

Gina chuckled, "Then why are there three extremely aroused women in this room, Kate? I can smell your arousal over your daughter's. That's how I know you're so turned on that it's all you can do not to finger your slut cunt as you tongue your daughter's pussy."

I denied it by shaking my head, but again, my willpower not to do it was hanging like that movie trope sword suspended by a rope with a flame against it above the heroine. Unwittingly, I licked my lips and took a small step toward where Gina knelt. Krissy had propped herself on her elbows and was watching interestedly to see what I'd do.

In my mind, I saw the flame burning through the rope and took another tentative step towards Gina. I was going to do it, and I knew it. My burning pussy guaranteed it, but just as I was about to kneel and taste the forbidden fruit of my daughter's pussy, my phone rang, rescuing me from a grave error.

"John!" I excitedly squealed as I leapt over my daughter onto the bed. *'Hi, baby,' my husband said. 'We're in Singapore already and will be home 7.00 pm tomorrow instead of Wednesday. Can you still pick me up?'* "Of course!" I reassured him. *'I have some news for you when I get back, Kate. Then we, as a family, need to have a meeting about my news.'* With dread in my heart, I asked, "Am I going to like this news, John? Or is it bad news?"

John chuckled, 'I think it's good news, but you might not.' "And you're going to make me wait until I see you tomorrow before telling me, aren't you?" *'That I am, Kate,' John chuckled. 'I'll see you about forty minutes after 7.00 pm tomorrow.'*

And after doing that, the bastard hung up. Can you believe that? Worrying wouldn't help, and I knew that, but how do you not? I couldn't help but worry I was about to be made an almost forty-year-old divorcée. Worry that his bitch secretary had finally wormed her slimy ass into my husband's bed permanently and fear she'd somehow gotten pregnant by him.

However, I didn't think my husband was mean enough to let me partially know something like that. He'd either say nothing until he got home or call and dump me over the phone unceremoniously. But what else could it be?

'You're being foolish, Kate,' I told myself. 'The most likely thing is that John's received another promotion, and we need to move to Sydney or Melbourne, maybe even overseas to London, New York or Dubai. All places where your husband's firm has offices.'

I'd been lying there musing for quite some time before I felt my daughter get on the bed beside me. "What's up, Mom? You look like you've seen a ghost."

Looking at her, I noticed we were alone, so instead of answering, I asked, "What happened to Gina?"

"She heard you talking to Dad and then saw your expression change and thought we needed it to be only family. She says, 'Thank you for beginning to teach me what I need to know to be the woman your son needs me to be, and I hope you will take the time to teach me more.' So, Mom, what did Dad say?"

"That he'll be home tomorrow evening instead of Wednesday, and he had some news he thought was good, but I might not like."

"And your mind went straight to 'he's divorcing me', didn't it, Mom?"

Tears filling my eyes, I nodded my head. “I’m a depreciating asset, Krissy. The older I get, the less attractive I become to men in general and your father in particular. Your father’s a rich, successful man with hundreds of beautiful young women throwing themselves at him. How am I to compete with that?”

“Mom, there is no one who can compete with you. Besides, Dad loves you to distraction and would never divorce you. As you should remember, divorce is extremely rare on both sides of our family. So it won’t be that. I’d hazard a guess that he’s been asked to become a VP, but it’s in another city.”

“I did consider that, too, Krissy. I guess I’m being a little insecure because I’m worried he’ll find out what you, me and Tommy have been doing and kick us all to the curb.”

“All the more reason to help me seduce him, isn’t it? He can hardly be hypocritical and condemn you if he’s also incestuous with his children.”

She had a point, of course, but I wasn’t ready to tell her that I had plans for that yet. First, I needed John to explore more fully and share his incestuous fantasies about his daughter with me. Only then could I safely move my plan ahead. I desperately wanted Krissy’s first time to be perfect, and I couldn’t think of a better man to be her first than her father, but not at the cost of destroying our family with guilt and shame.

Sighing exasperatedly, I said, “Krissy Ann Muggleton, I’m hearing me, me, me, and I want, want, want. When did that ever work for either of you two kids?”

Giggling, my daughter admitted that it was a surefire way to get me to dig my heels in and refuse even to countenance giving her what she wanted.

Despite our wealth, I refused to raise self-centred, self-serving, spoilt brats. They had an allowance, but they had to work for it and had to since they began receiving it at age five. From that age, they both needed to do age-appropriate chores without insistence from their father or me to receive their money. I taped a list of their chores and the amount I was prepared to pay to have them done to our kitchen’s fridge every Monday morning.

When they completed a chore, they ticked the box and initialled it so I knew who did it. Then, at the end of the week, I'd tote their money up and hand it out before placing a new list on the fridge.

Of course, John and I paid for everything essential they needed, clothes, food, school equipment, sports, transport, etc. But if they wanted things over and above that, then they needed to work for it. John and my parents had done something similar for us when we were young.

While I was musing about the above, a question I'd had before John called popped back into my mind. Turning to my daughter, I said, "Krissy, how did you know about forgiving corrections by offering the corrected the chance to bring you to orgasm?"

Krissy grinned, "I talk with Grandma virtually every day, Mom. We've had lots of fascinating conversations. I want to be the best wife I can be when I choose my man, and I want a husband like Dad, or better still, Poppa."

"You desire to be that submissive, baby girl?"

"I can't imagine it any other way, Mom. What you and Dad have is wondrous, you know that, right? The love you have for each other lights a room, and all of my friends comment about how obviously in love you and Dad still are."

Worried, I asked, "What if your father discovers I've been unfaithful with several women, Krissy? Do you think he'll kick my sexy ass to the curb?"

"I doubt it," my daughter tittered. "At a guess, I'd say he'll demand you bring them all home so he can bang them, too. But seriously, Mom, how will he know unless you're stupid enough to tell him?"

"I've never before been untruthful with your father, Krissy," I honestly said. "Mainly because I suck at partial truths as much as I suck at lying. I could never keep a secret from your grandparents."

"Yeah, but you're not being untruthful, Mom," Krissy pointed out. "Maybe you're lying by omission, but unless he asks if you've remained faithful,

you’re not even doing that. Dad doesn’t need to know about Juana, Caoimhe, Gina, or Tommy any more than you need to know who he’s been sticking his dick in when he’s away. Other than his secretary, Amanda, I mean.”

“How do you know about that?” I gasped.

“At a function we hosted here, Amanda saw Tommy and me chatting alone, walked up and straight out told us she was sleeping with our father and hoped to become our stepmother. She said he was about to dump your fat ass and marry her.”

“What did you do?” I asked as anger roiled through me.

“I was so shocked that I couldn’t do anything. But Tommy threw his head back, laughed, and said, ‘Bitch, you are nothing but a convenient, flat-chested, saggy-assed cum dump for our father to empty his sack into,’ and that Dad would never leave our mother for her.”

Grinning at my son’s audacity, I asked, “How did the trollop react to that?”

“She tried to bluster that Tommy shouldn’t speak to her like that because she would soon be his father’s new wife, but Tommy laughed louder and replied that he’d throw a fuck in her now if she wanted because Dad wouldn’t mind as she was only his cum receptacle after all.”

Of course, I am always proud of my son, but I could not have been more proud of him than just then! “She must have exploded at that!” I tittered.

“She was so shocked that her vacuous mouth opened and shut like a goldfish before she stumbled off. She wanted to talk to Dad, but you and he were dancing, and as you always do when you two dance, you had a crowd watching and cheering. I think she got in a cab and left.”

When John and I married, John was already an accomplished dancer. He insisted that I attend Zamba dance lessons with him, and I found that I had a natural affinity for Latin-American dancing, and we swiftly became the stars of the dance studio. At parties, we’d often dance together, and most of

the other couples quickly created a clear space for us to dance in and then watched appreciatively.

Of course, we could waltz, two-step and do the polka as well as rock ‘n’ roll, too. But the Tango and Zamba were our favourites. Guys, let me give you a hint here —somewhere near where you live, there will be a line dancing or some other dance group. Go along. You’ll find that the women outnumber the men at least two to one, and it’s like shooting fish in a barrel. If you can’t score with those odds, then you need to look at yourself in the mirror and decide, ‘WTF?’

Tuesday night found me waiting for my husband to come through customs at Brisbane’s international airport. Fortunately, there were no delays and less than thirty minutes after his plane landed, John strode around the barrier separating the visitors from the people arriving and swept me into his strong arms.

I cried. I couldn’t help myself because he’d been gone too long, and so much had happened whilst he was away.

Grinning against my desperately kissing lips, John said, “Kate Ashley Muggleton, I love and have missed you, too. We have much to discuss, but for now, we need to get the fuck out of here and head home.”

“You could fuck me now, John,” I whispered. “I won’t complain!”

Knowing what I needed, my husband responded, “I will fuck your slut ass in our room when we arrive home after you have submitted yourself to me. In the meantime, you will pretend that you are more than a cock loving, cum guzzling slut, and walk with me to my car.”

Grinning because I knew all was right in my world, I replied, “Yes, Sir,” and handed him the keys. Forty minutes later, I was on my knees, receiving the first of many loads from his spurting cock I’d welcome that night. John was horny and hot for me. Of course, I was needy and wanting when he came home because I usually went celibate for his trips. But, typically, my husband had had regular sex during his time away and would often leave me still needy. A need that was often never fully met.

Tonight, though, John came in my mouth and swiftly afterwards on my face. Then he took my ass roughly, mauling my big firm breasts harshly as he did. Only after that and when I'd lovingly cleaned his magnificent cock with a damp cloth did he make love to me.

It was so beautifully like the first time he made love to me, that when he whispered, "I love you, Mrs Kate Ashley Muggleton," as I climaxed and he came inside me, I cried.

John rolled on his side and drew me close until my head rested on his big chest. Stroking my hair, he said, "Okay, the news. But first, Kate, you must promise not to freak out, okay?"

"I promise," I replied. "But if it's about you leaving me, that promise is worth naught!"

Shrugging me off his shoulder, John sat up and took me back into his arms. Then he kissed my teary face and wonderingly said, "Why on earth would you think I wanted to leave you, Kate? Yes, I'm away often, and when I'm home, I work ridiculous hours, but it's for us, Kate. For our family. For our lives together. No, Kate, it's the opposite. This trip was my last because I resigned as of two weeks ago."

"You what?" I disbelievingly asked.

Grinning, John said, "You promised not to freak out, remember?"

I smiled, but inside I was a mess. If he'd quit, then what else would he do? We weren't forty yet, so retirement wasn't an option, and even though he'd paid a fair chunk of the mortgage off of this house, the repayments on a three-plus million dollar loan weren't cheap.

John continued, "So that was the unexpected news. Now here's the good news —I never told you, but stock options were included in all of my promotions. I cashed those in over the last month and paid off the mortgage and other loans. As of now, Kate, we're debt free and have over a million dollars in the bank."

I had no idea what to say, so I flung my arms around him and hugged him.

John kissed me a few times and then said, “Here’s the news I know you’ve longed to hear —I fired Amanda a week into our trip. She committed an unforgivable gaff during our meeting with Stock/Walker, almost costing the company a multi-million dollar account. But that wasn’t the sole reason for firing her.”

John took a deep breath before adding, “I’ve been cheating on you with her, Kate. I suspect you already know that, but I assure you that it’s over for good. I didn’t mind the company in bed occasionally because it kept me from straying with others. But fucking her is unforgivable, Kate. I won’t blame you if you want a divorce, but I beg you to give me another chance, and I want to assure you that is, and has only ever been, you that I give my heart to. The others are just sex.”

“Others, John?” I asked.

“Yes, Kate. The reason I quit is that I’m sick of being me. Sick of the lifestyle I was required to live. Sick of the travel and being away from home all the time. I’ve been a bit of a male slut, Kate, and haven’t been the best of husbands, but I want to change that.”

“What will we do for money, John? Even without the mortgage and other loans, we have costs. Amenities, rates and food, to name some. Then there’s the cost of sending Krissy to University and supporting Tommy’s career until he makes it, then longer if he fails and has to get a job outside of football.

“The kids are old enough that I can get a job doing something to help out, but I have no idea what. I’ve been nothing but a housewife and mother for nearly twenty years, but I’ll happily look for work if you need me to.”

John grinned and said, “I do plan on putting you to work, Kate. Almost immediately, as a matter of fact.” Then the big Muppet got on his bended knee and asked, “Kate Ashley Muggleton, will you do me the honour of becoming my secretary and personal aide in my new venture?”

Stunned, I shook myself and asked, “What new venture, John? What are you talking about?”

“There’s a granny flat above our garage that we’ve never used, Kate. I’ve got an architect and a designer coming to inspect it tomorrow. They’ll tell me what it will take to turn it into my office, our office, Kate. I’ve incorporated the name ‘Muggleton Consultancy’, and I’m setting up my own stock broking and financial counselling service. You, my love, are going to finally make use of that first-class brain of yours and begin your Bachelor of Business Management online and follow that with your Masters.

“As you work on that, you will take over the tasks Amanda did — answering the phones, typing the reports, correlating the files, and ensuring the bills and receipts are received and paid on time.”

I stared at my husband in wonder, with all kinds of emotions washing through me. Fear for the future and what John’s new venture failing would mean. Joy that my husband would be back with me full-time. Worry about trying to restart my studies after such a long absence. Happiness that John appeared to be saying he wouldn’t cheat again. Satisfaction that the slut secretary Amanda got hers. Doubt that just I would ever be enough for my husband’s rampant libido.

But the overwhelming emotion was the fierce feeling of pride and love for my man that swamped all the other feelings. If this was what John wanted, then I would give my all to ensure he was successful. After all, that was my role as his wife.

“Say something, my love,” John said as my mind roiled.

Flinging myself against him and knocking him onto his back, I covered his face with kisses and said, “I’m glad to have you home, husband. My heart rejoices that you’ll be home more or less permanently. I’m relieved that your affair with your slut Amanda is over, but that, my dear,” I added fiercely, “we will have further words about later. Of course, I will support you in starting your new business, and I love the thought of working with you instead of waiting for when you come home.”

John interrupted my thoughts, chuckling, “There is an ulterior motive in asking you to be my assistant, Kate.” ‘*You want my sexy ass close so you can perve on it all the time?’ I giggled.* “Well, okay,” John grinned. “An ulterior, ulterior motive. I won’t be able to pay an assistant until income from my business generates enough to justify hiring one. You, I can ask to work for free, with only my sexy self to perve on for a reward.”

“More than payment enough for this gorgeous old broad,” I grinned back.

“Easy on the old, sweetheart,” John joked. “I’m only a month younger than you!”

I pretended to sigh and added, “Yeah. I forget that I robbed the cradle for you!”

John smiled as he swung his feet off the bed and stood. Holding his hands out to help me up, he then swatted my ass and said, “Leave my cum running down your slutty legs but put a long dress on. We need to go talk this through with our kids. I take it they’re both home?”

“They are,” I acknowledged. “But they make themselves scarce when you first come home because of how many times you’ve taken me in the foyer as soon as you shut the door. They’ll be in the kitchen waiting for us to come down after we’ve finished making love.”

John chuckled, “Well, Kate, I do miss that fine ass of yours when I’m away.”

“It’s not typically my ass you take,” I giggled in return as I took a wrap dress out of my robe and put it on.

“I’ll take that before we sleep tonight, Kate,” John assured me.

I turned to look severely at him, “Yes, you will. But before then, we will talk about your indiscretions, John. Together we will decide what corrections are required for you to atone for your behaviour.”

I expected John to glare back at me and tell me I was dreaming if I thought that would happen, but instead, he meekly lowered his eyes and said, “Yes, Miss Kate. I accept that some correction for my behaviour is due.”

Now I was even more confused. Was my husband genuinely submissive, or did he enjoy what I’d done to him and no more? But it gave me an evil thought about how to welcome him home this first night. To start the ball rolling, I casually said, “I’ve tried to arrange a surprise for you this evening, John.”

“You have? What kind of surprise?”

“One of my friends you’ve only briefly met confessed she had a thing for you, John. I know how much you’ve enjoyed the times I’ve brought another woman to our bed, so I asked if she wanted to come over tonight and play. She knows it won’t be until late that I call her.”

“Wow, Kate!” John gasped. “Are you sure that’s a good idea? Especially given our earlier discussion about my infidelity.”

“If I’ve brought the woman, I don’t consider it infidelity, and you know that, John.” We were almost at the kitchen, so I smiled brightly and added, “We’ll discuss it more when I have you blindfolded, tied to our bed, and ready to accept your corrections.”

Of course, I could tell by my husband’s severely tented trousers he liked the idea! His daughter noticed his tented condition, too, the little hussy. She blatantly stared at it before slowly lifting her eyes to meet his and raising an eyebrow.

Krissy licked her lips, winked at me, then squealed, “Daddy!” and ran across to throw herself in his arms. As soon as John wrapped his arms around her mid back, she lifted her knees and wrapped her legs around his waist. The cheeky tart tried to wriggle down onto her father’s obvious erection, but John held her tightly and didn’t let her.

Laughing at her blatant attempts to turn her father on, I began making coffee before deciding that a drink would be better. Taking a beer can from

the fridge, I popped the tab and handed it to my husband, then retrieved another for Tommy.

I poured glasses of white wine for Krissy and me before growling, “Krissy, if you’ve finished trying to grind yourself against your father’s dick, he has some news for us.”

Blushing, my daughter immediately dropped to the floor before saying, “I wasn’t, Mom! Eww! Don’t be disgusting!” Unfortunately, her wide, excited eyes and breathlessness gave a lie to her statement.

Tommy had been silent, but now he asked, “What’s the big news, Dad? I assume it’s important for you to have wanted us all together.”

John explained what had transpired, his decisions, and what he wanted to happen next. Of course, he left out his infidelities because they were between him and me and weren’t any of our children’s business. Our kids were ecstatic that their father would be home more often but had reservations about costs and money. After John reassured them that we had little debt and over one million dollars invested, they stopped worrying and asked questions about how things would work.

Krissy pointed out she was doing her Bachelor’s in Business Admin and could help if he needed it. Her father explained that he wanted me to begin doing my Bachelor’s online and that it would be good if we helped each other as well as him. The kids, of course, were happy I would be studying, too, because they thought I needed something to occupy my mind now they were older.

Tommy brought his father up to date with his struggles to maintain his spot on The Lions’ roster. John could sympathise because he was a ‘nearly’ guy, too. Almost, but not quite good enough to hold a full-time spot.

Around 2.00 am, we finished our current drinks and headed to bed. I managed to get my daughter’s attention long enough to whisper for her to wait for me because I’d bring her to our room. I didn’t have enough time to explain what I wanted, but I’d do that when I brought her to our room.

I followed my husband through our bedroom and then shut and locked it firmly behind me. John turned and tried to kiss me, but before he could, I conjured my father's stern, disciplinarian face in my mind and put my hand up. "Before we get to the making up part, husband, you have some explaining to do. So strip and take up correction position one."

"But, Kate," John whined. "It's 2.00 am. Surely, this can wait until morning?"

"Whining, John? Seriously? When has that ever worked in our household?"

"I wasn't whining," he tried to protest. "But I flew seven and a half hours today after flying over thirteen hours yesterday, and I'm a little tired."

"If this were only about your infidelity with your slut secretary, John, I'd say yes. But another inappropriate erection over our daughter? I hoped that your infatuation with Krissy would ebb when you were away, but one look at her gorgeous, young body, with her large, firm breasts and thick hard nipples, and you're sporting the biggest erection ever. And that was mere minutes after cumming inside me. So, no, husband, this cannot wait until morning, strip immediately and assume correction position one."

Looking stricken, John tried to explain that it was my suggestion that I had a friend who wanted to blow him that excited him, not our daughter. But his arguments must have sounded weak even to himself because he disrobed and took up the position.

Taking out my mother's heirloom school cane for only the second time, I swished it experimentally a few times before saying, "You have refused to use this on me, husband, but my transgressions have always been of a minor nature. Infidelity and lusting for our daughter aren't minor infractions, don't you agree?"

John's head dropped, and unfortunately, so did his erection. I needed him to be hard and excited for my plan to work. I planned to use a similar tactic as last time and tease him with sexy images of our daughter until he orgasmed.

“I’m sorry, Miss Kate,” he whispered. “Amanda was merely a convenient warm body I could use to satisfy my urges, and she never meant more than that to me. I knew you knew I fucked her and didn’t think you were that bothered by it. I see that I was wrong and humbly ask for forgiveness.”

Taking his semi-erect cock in my hand, I stroked it before snarling, “I couldn’t care less that you banged that slut. Nor do I care about your many other infidelities. You’re a rich, handsome, successful man, and I understand that temptation abounds around you. I only care that you’re careful and do not bring anything home to me. You are careful, aren’t you, John? When you fuck your skanks, you wear protection or insist they’re tested beforehand? Or do I need to get tested in case you’ve brought a venereal disease or, worse, home?”

“I didn’t wear a condom with Amanda, but all others I did. I didn’t dare risk an STI or an accidental pregnancy, Kate, as I knew that would destroy our family.”

“You fucked your slut secretary bareback, John?” I sneered. “Bareback, even though you must have known she was trying to get pregnant.”

To show just how clueless men are, my husband gasped, “What? I thought Amanda knew we were travelling bonk buddies and would never be more than that!”

“Amanda not only informed me that she was supplanting me in our marital bed, John, she told our children she would soon be their step-mommy.”

“The conniving bitch!” John spat. “Kate, if I had any idea she wanted more than to share sex with me on our travels, I would have had her moved to another section years ago.”

Wondering if my husband could genuinely have been that naïve as not to notice her manipulations first to get him into bed and then move me permanently out, I shook my head and sternly said, “That is not what we’re talking about, John. We’re talking about your infatuation with our daughter.”

John’s cock was rock-hard in my softly stroking hand, and I knew he couldn’t resist climaxing when I described my daughter, which would put him guiltily in my control.

Remaining stern, I said, “Tell me the truth, John. Our daughter turns you on, right? She moves, and her big, delectable C-cups bounce, and your eyes follow them, right? Then she struts by in those tiny shorty shorts she wears, and your eyes follow her sexily swaying ass, correct? Don’t deny your obvious lust for her, John. It makes you look small and silly.

“You want her, right? Want our daughter’s soft, curvaceous body under you as you prepare to fuck her virgin pussy. Admit it, husband. You sexually desire our daughter!”

“Christ, Kate!” John exclaimed as his eyes squeezed shut and his buttocks clenched. “I can’t help it when you describe her like that. Alright, I admit it! I want to fuck my daughter!”

As John shouted that, his buttocks clenched again, and he spat his seed all over my gripping hand and wrist. Unwilling to waste it, I bent and sucked John’s cockhead into my mouth and gleefully swallowed the rest of his eruptions.

After John’s orgasm had passed, I tapped on his chest with the cane and said, “Up on the bed, husband. I need time to consider this before deciding what correction is due. In the meantime, your promised treat should be waiting at the front door. She wants to remain anonymous for now, so I’ll tie you to the bed and blindfold you before I let her in.” Then I tugged on his cock and led him to the bed.

In a post-orgasmic daze, John readily lay on the bed and spread his hands and feet to the corners. Using the leather restraints I’d purchased during another visit to the sex shop, I securely tied his wrists and ankles to the bed legs. I continued using one of my scarves for a blindfold because I liked how it looked more than a purchased leather one.

After checking John’s ties a final time, I went to get Krissy. As I expected, she was almost jumping out of her skin with excitement. Giggling, I kissed

her pouting lips and said, “Calm down, baby girl. If you get too excited, you might make a noise your father recognises, and then we’re both in it!”

“Do I get to give Dad my virginity tonight, Mom” Krissy breathlessly asked.

I shook my head, “After you’ve taken your father inside your pussy for the first time, I want to pull the blindfold off and reveal who he’s fucking, and he’s not ready to accept that yet. He’s getting closer, though. So continue to tease him as you’re doing, and I’ll keep making him orgasm to visions of making love to you, and he’ll be ready soon, okay?”

Disappointed, Krissy’s shoulders slumped. But before she could object, I tapped her chin and said, “Of course, I’ve been without your father’s love for a month, Krissy. I guess if you’re too disappointed about what you can do, I can take advantage of him myself.”

Krissy tittered, “You never did put up with us whining or whinging, Mom. Okay, what am I allowed to do tonight?”

“Suck your father off,” I said bluntly.

Smiling happily, my daughter replied, “Oh, wow! Really, Mom? That will be so cool!”

Yeah, I’ll sit on his face to ensure he can’t see you, but once he’s cum, I want you to skedaddle, okay?”

“Deal,” Krissy grinned, so I took her hand, and we raced back to my room. Pulling her to a stop outside my door, I shushed her, then snatched the door open.

Marching through with my daughter, I gaily said, “Did some male slut in here request stray pussy tonight?”

“That’s hardly fair, Kate!” My husband growled. “I had no idea about this until you mentioned it!”

“Oh, relax, buster,” I teased. “You’re about to have your cock sucked by a gorgeous woman, or are you saying you want me to send her home?”

I winked at Krissy. John’s cock, which had wilted to less than half-mast, almost immediately inflated to fully blown. I gestured to Krissy that she should get on the bed between her father’s lewdly spread thighs.

When he felt someone climbing on the bed, John probably assumed it was me, so he jumped when I whispered, “Shall I describe her to you, John? It must be so frustrating to know that a stunningly gorgeous woman will suck your cock, but you won’t know who. Imagine Saturday at Kath’s party, where I’ll be talking to all these beautiful women, anyone of whom might have been the one that blew you, and you’ll never know who!” I gestured that my daughter should start blowing her father. “Just think, John, it might be Kath herself that’s about to take you into her mouth.”

At my words, Krissy formed her mouth into an ‘O’ and slowly sucked her father’s glans into her mouth. Pausing there, Krissy lapped at the precum pouring from John’s penis.

“Hmm, I think she likes your taste, John. Can you feel her delicious tongue licking your penis’ eye? Hmm. I bet it feels good! Or maybe it’s Kath’s new friend, Juana, from Venezuela, John. You haven’t met her yet, but, oh my, is she a chocolate-skinned beauty! She sure gets my motor running, and I’m not even a guy or lesbian.”

Krissy worked her way down her father’s shaft until she had all but the last inch or so in her mouth. Hesitating there, she waited until her throat relaxed before forcing her head further down. Breathing through her nose and swallowing quickly, my daughter accepted her father’s entire cock inside her mouth.

“That’s it all, John,” I whispered. “Your piece of stray pussy has your entire cock in her mouth. Man, what a talented cock sucker she is, don’t you think?”

“Who is it, Kate? Please! I have to know!”

“Oh, honey,” I giggled. “I’d tell you, but my friend wishes to remain anonymous. But she’s beautiful, baby, that I will tell you. Long hair, pretty face, big C-cup breasts, and legs to die for. Don’t you wish you could taste her, John? Don’t you wish she’d turn her body around and lower her sweet little pussy onto your mouth? I bet she tastes divine, John. I bet she has the sweetest, tightest little pussy anywhere. Shall I eat her, John? Shall I eat her pussy even though you can’t see me do it? I bet you’d like to see that!”

It was too much for my husband, and with a long, drawn-out groan, he ejaculated into his daughter’s greedily sucking mouth. When she felt her father’s first spurt, Krissy lifted her head until only John’s glans were still in her mouth. Pumping her father’s cock hard, she milked the remaining sperm from his thick cock.

“She’s swallowed your load, John,” I crooned. “Like good girls always do, she’s accepted your gift into her stomach. She wants to kiss you, John. Shall I let her?”

“Yes, please, Kate,” my husband begged. “I’d like to thank her for accepting my gift.”

I indicated that Krissy should lie on her father’s strongly muscled body and kiss him. Of course, feeling a woman’s breasts and soft belly rubbing over his cock meant he hardly softened at all, and by the time Krissy hovered over his face, ready to kiss him, he was rock hard again.

I needed to act swiftly, or Krissy would ‘accidentally’ fuck her father. I wanted that to happen, but John wasn’t in the right mental state to accept it yet, and if he found out who had ridden his cock, he would lose it. So, instead of allowing my daughter to settle on top of her father, I encouraged her to kiss him quickly and roll off.

I had considered allowing John to give her oral, but I thought when he felt Krissy’s hymen, he might connect the dots and suspect it was his daughter. After all, if it were one of my friends, they’d be at least thirty, and it would be rare they were still a virgin.

I thought to send Krissy out of the room, but her father's throbbingly erect cock gave me other thoughts. Deciding I could risk more, I said, "I'm going to ride you as she eats my pussy, John. You can imagine her sweet tongue slashing over my clit as you feel her plump lips on your rock-hard shaft."

The delicious decadence of the scene, riding my husband's cock as my daughter licked my pussy, crashed me swiftly into an ear-splitting, screaming orgasm. Which was fortunate because John lasted no longer in my pussy than in his daughter's mouth.

Telling John that I needed to escort my friend out, I hurried Krissy out and back to her room. I promised I'd find time to play with her later this day to ease her frustrations. Giggling, she said she was going to bed and was sure she'd rub her clit off, masturbating to the images of tonight.

Returning to my bedroom, I untied my husband and removed his blindfold. Then I knelt submissively beside the bed in submission pose one — kneeling upright, with my shoulders back. Head up with my eyes down, and hands palm up on my thighs.



John crossed to where I knelt, and, standing tall, he stared down at me. “Your pose indicates that you believe you have something to atone for, Kate. Out with it. What have you done that requires correction?”

I wanted to tell my husband about Edgar, the clinic, Liz, and Frank, but Edgar’s block seemed to affect me still, and I couldn’t. However, I knew so much of my behaviour stemmed from not having my husband’s firm hand on my posterior, guiding me from trouble. So, I told him what I could.

“I have had lustful thoughts about our daughter, Sir,” I explained. “Thoughts as impure as yours. That is why I am so scared and insist I correct your behaviour. I hoped that by correcting your behaviour, it would correct mine.”

John picked up my mother's cane, "And you thought to use this?"

"Yes, Sir," I admitted.

"Your father has scolded me many times for not more forcefully correcting your behaviour, Kate. Perhaps I have erred in only using my hand. From what your father has described, corrections are given by canes to your breasts and ass. Is that correct?"

"Yes, Sir," I answered submissively.

"Given that I admit to impure thoughts about our daughter, too, I think three on each is sufficient this time. However, if you admit to more lascivious thoughts about Krissy, I will revisit your correction. Do you agree?"

"Yes, Sir." John didn't say any more, so I asked, "Shall I take up correction position one so you can administer the cane?"

John clearly hadn't thought his way through what correcting me with a cane meant, so he quickly instructed me to assume that position.

"Your father insists the strikes must leave welts that will fade to bruises, Kate. I've never used one before, so I will attempt two strikes and measure their effect. If they appear too light, they won't count. If they're too hard, you'll have to suck it up, but I promise to ease the next ones back."

Keeping my eyes lowered but silently rejoicing that my man loved me enough to step outside his comfort zone, I quietly asked, "May I offer a suggestion, Sir?" "*Yes, Kate, you may.*" "Instruct me to count each correction and thank you for them. Then, if the strike isn't as hard as I consider necessary, I won't count them, nor thank you."

John agreed and prepared to use something other than his hand on me for the first time in our twenty-year marriage. Unfortunately, the first strike was barely a tap across the top of my breasts, so I remained silent. The next was in the same spot and only slightly harder than the first. I'm not sure if my silence goaded my husband, but with his next strike, I heard the wind

whistle from the speed of the strike, and it landed only millimetres above my puffy nipples.

It stung like heck, and I could only whisper, “One, thank you, Sir,” as I rode the pain sensation down into a wet heat in my pussy.

Realising that the strike was a little too severe, John got the next two almost perfect. Enough force to cause a sting and raised welt but not enough to break the skin or raise blood blisters. The last struck directly across both nipples, and I had to bite my lip to prevent my lust-filled moan.

“I think those three corrections are enough, Kate. Am I able to forgive the last three, or must I give them now I’ve said I would?”

I whispered, “You can ask if I wish to be forgiven my last corrections and service you with my mouth instead. You can also decide if I’m allowed to masturbate to orgasm as I service you.”

Surer of himself, John asked, “Would you like to suck me off instead of receiving your last three corrections, little one?”

“Of course, Sir,” I agreeably replied and quickly got on my knees.

Correcting me had its typical effect on my husband, and his cock was as solid as a rock and leaking precum when I took it in my mouth. Cupping his big balls and gently squeezing soon had John ejaculating into my mouth.

Of course, I was as horny as all get out. Watching my daughter blow my husband and being corrected with a cane meant my, ‘*for goodness sake, Kate! Say it. Your readers won’t mind!’* meant my cunt was wetter than a flooded estuary, and I needed my husband’s big cock thrusting into it.

Fortunately, John scooped me into his strong arms and lifted me onto the bed. Then going down on me, he brought me to several crashing orgasms before covering my gorgeous body with his powerfully muscled one. Then, thrusting into my cunt hard, he brought me to a mind-blowing, screamed climax, and I passed out as he spat a final load of his man goo into me.

As I observed in an earlier chapter, I sleep much better when I'm snugged into my husband's strong arms, and it was almost midday before I woke up, still cradled by him. I could feel his rigid pole poking at my bottom, so I reached behind me and guided it inside.

I could feel my husband's smile as he kissed along my shoulder and gently thrust into me, "Kate Ashley Muggleton, I love you, my girl. Always and forever, I love you."

Smiling happily, I kissed John's strong forearm and clenched my pussy tightly around his gently thrusting cock. "I love you, too, John. Also forever and always."

John orgasmed pretty quickly, and his semen squirting onto my cervix spun me into a soft climax with him. Patting my bottom as he rolled away, John muttered about needing to pee and bolted for the en suite.

Giggling, I took my nightie down from its hook behind the door and put it on. Then, feeling cold, I added my robe, opened the door, and headed for the main bathroom to relieve myself. After tinkling, I went into the bathroom to wash my hands. Looking in the mirror to ensure I didn't have any of my husband's splodge on my face or in my hair, I saw the door open, and my son slipped inside.

Seeing me bent over, he moved swiftly to me and pressed his rampant erection against my ass. "Good morning, my beautiful little Mommy slut," Tommy grinned. "Glad that Dad's home? I bet you're even happier that he's planning to stay permanently."

"Yes, I am," I grinned as I pushed him back so I could turn. Then I lifted my nightie and proudly showed him the three delicious welt marks I had across my breasts. "Plus, your dad is finally stepping up and correcting me as he should."

"Fuck, that's hot, Mom," Tommy moaned. "I wish you'd let me do that to you."

“And how would I explain that to your father, Tommy?” I asked. “Or are you suggesting that I let you do it and then refuse your father’s advances for the two to three weeks it will take for these marks to fade?”

“Of course not, Mom,” Tommy denied as he cupped my big, firm breasts and strummed his thumbs across my nipples. “Have we got time for a quick fuck?”

“Your dad might want me again, so no. But I’ll blow you if you want?”

“That will work, Mom,” Tommy grinned. “I’m pleased you’ve stopped resisting Krissy and me having sex with you.”

Giggling, I replied, “Well, after you ploughed me when I was eating your sister’s cunt, it seemed a little ridiculous to continue pretending I wasn’t having sex with either of you.”

Grabbing his cock, Tommy moaned, “Fuck you using the ‘C’ word is hot, Mom! Say it again!”

Teasing, I answered, “So, because you can’t have my cunt, you want to hear me say cunt?”

“Suck me, Mom,” Tommy ordered as he pressed on my shoulders, encouraging me to kneel before him. “Hearing you use that word has me ready to explode.”

I eagerly took my son’s rampant erection out of his sweatpants and gobbled it down. True to his words, I’d no sooner cupped his big balls than Tommy spat his essence into my greedily sucking mouth.

Looking in the drawers, I found an unopened toothbrush box and took the brush out. After cleaning my teeth and rinsing with mouthwash, I returned to my bedroom, hoping John wouldn’t smell or taste his son on my breath.

John wasn’t in our room, so I knew he’d have the papers and be reading them at the breakfast bar, waiting for me to make breakfast. Smiling because all was right in my world again, I took a quick shower and changed

into my black spaghetti strap midi dress, sans underwear, of course, did my hair and makeup, and headed to the kitchen.

Wrapping my arms around my husband's toned tummy, I kissed the back of his neck and asked, "What do you want for breakfast?"

"Tommy's home, isn't he" John replied. *'I guess so,' I answered neutrally.* "Then you'd better put the whole shebang on, baby. So, a pair of steaks, bacon, fried eggs, mushrooms, fried tomato, hash browns and fried haloumi."

For a change, I decided to throw my diet out the window and made the same for myself and Krissy. Acai bowls are delicious, and it's easy to change the berries to create plenty of variety in their taste, but sometimes there wasn't anything as satisfying as a good breakfast pig out.

I got Krissy and Tommy out of bed as John made coffee, and we ate a pleasant meal full of jokes, laughter and good conversation. Afterwards, Tommy headed to his club to work on his skills, and Krissy headed to work. She was on a semester break, and her workplace had asked her to increase her hours during the holiday. My daughter enjoyed being independent of her father's money, so she accepted every extra hour they'd give her.

John had a meeting in town with a potential customer, so I was alone again. However, that wasn't unusual, so I changed into more casual clothes and cleaned my house from top to bottom.

Thursday and Friday passed uneventfully, and soon it was Saturday evening, and John and I were dressing to go to Kath's birthday party. Surprisingly, this wasn't a dress-up or costume event as Kath's parties typically were. I knew Phil and Caoimhe would be there and hoped Siobhan would be, too. I wanted to speak with her and see if I could star in her stage show at the next La Châteaux du Plaisir Tortueux (The Chateaux of Tortuous Pleasure) event.

I thought my fantasy of sucking off several guys on stage would be just that, a fantasy. But I thought the audience would appreciate a show where

Siobhan fucked me with her strap-on, especially if she used the enormous ‘cock’ she used on me the first time.

I hadn’t decided what to wear even though it was nearing the time for us to leave. As described earlier, I have a ten-by-ten walk-in robe full of my clothes. My skirts are all paired with the various tops that go with them. My dresses are divided by length and type, sheath minis stand with the midis and maxis —bandage minis with midis and maxis, etc. Then these dresses are, of course, further divided by colour. I have the shoes I typically wear with each combination under the dresses.

My accessories are displayed on hooks and stands at the far end of the robe —everything from necklaces and bracelets to watches and earrings. Scarves and wraps to belts and waist ties are all there. Tonight, the overabundance of choice paralysed me, and I couldn’t seem to make a choice.

With my husband home, my more natural submissive nature was back to the fore, and I found myself deferring to him in most things I did. That gave me the impetus I needed, so I walked out of the robe and said, “Choose something for me, honey, please. Something sexy to show your red hot chicky babe off in.”

Chuckling, John walked into my robe and immediately took out my hot pink Kamilla mini-dress. This divine little number wasn’t for the faint-hearted. Although a one-piece dress, it had a halter top around my neck that parted marginally above my globes and was barely wide enough to cover my areolae. The breast cups were so minuscule that I needed to place double-sided sticking tape on my nipples to hold the cups in place. Under my breasts, the cups twisted through a casing to tie behind my back, i.e. the halter’s left end became the back tie’s right end.

The skirt part of this dress clung to my shapely ass and fell to barely below my cheeks. Where my cheek crease met my leg just below my hip joint, the dress had two small darts that caused the skirt to mould to the curve of my buttocks, further emphasising my size 39 curvaceous ass. This was another dress that even I wouldn’t wear without panties because if I bent over, the dress would likely pop up over my bottom and reveal everything.

In case you weren’t listening, I like to tease, not reveal!

I changed my lippy to match the dress and added a pair of Halsey ‘barely there’ heeled sandals in pink. For the walk from the car to Kath’s place, and given the size of most of Kath’s parties, it might be a block or more, I put on a black biker-style leather jacket.

I turned to my husband and looked him over approvingly. John wore a pair of clinging black jeans tucked into black ankle boots. Above his jeans, John wore a similarly clinging dark purple button-front T-shirt above his jeans that perfectly emphasised his muscular arms and torso. As we left, he threw on a leather jacket that matched mine.

We had to park two blocks away, so I was glad for my jacket. But the jackets were swiftly discarded once we were inside Kath and Mike’s luxurious home. John and I had been assigned one of the guest rooms, so we didn’t need to worry about how much we drank. John did have a propensity to get into Poker games with Mike and the other men and drink way too much scotch, so, typically, I had to play designated driver and keep my alcohol intake low. Tonight would be a pleasant exception where I, too, could let my hair down.

I found Kath in the kitchen as John wandered out to the BBQ to find the other men. Kath was already ‘three sheets to the wind’ and was regaling her audience with tales of some disastrous sideline interviews she’d done.

Hanging back, I studied my longest-time friend. Kath is above average height for a woman at 178 cm (5ft-10) and slender, weighing just 55 kg (121 lbs). With her long blonde hair, pretty face, generous pouting lips, broad smile, and tight, high and widely spaced B-sized breasts, Kath stands out in any crowd. Kath and I have been friends since I was in fifth grade, but she is a little older than me, turning forty-one today.



Spotting me, she squealed with delight and ran over to press her slender body against me and kiss my lips. Wrapping her arms around my neck, she kissed me again and then turned back to the other women, most of them I knew. There were a couple I didn’t, though, and Kath introduced me as her

oldest friend. But when I protested that I was younger than her, she changed that to the friend she's known longest. Our friends Patricia (Patty), Courtney, Allie, and Maggie were in the group. The extras were Freya Matthews, Gina's mother, Eilidh (pronounced Ay-lee) McKinley and Juana.









Freya took my attention immediately. She was almost as tall as me, may have been as tall, in fact, because I had 4-inch heels on and she wore flats. Freya has a typical English-shaped body—narrow shoulders, a tiny waist, and a big bottom. Freya has barely A-cups, thick thighs and long legs. With her bright red hair, freckled face, plump lips, and bright blue eyes, I found

the woman incredibly attractive and felt my usual tingle when my sexual attraction hit. Plus, she was Gina's mother, and my evil mind wondered how cool it would be to make both Matthews women my sexual playthings.

Deciding I didn't want to risk leaving John's and my jacket downstairs and losing them to someone who thought they would look better on them, I asked Kath which room was ours for the night so I could drop off my handbag and the jackets. Walking upstairs to the third door on the right, I opened and stepped inside.

"Hey, Mom," Tommy said.

I turned and saw my son lying back on the loveseat as Gina slowly blew him. Beside him on the seat, Jennifer sat with her feet pulled onto the couch against her luscious bottom. Charmaine knelt between Jennifer's lasciviously spread legs tonguing Jennifer's pussy.





Letting my son’s long, thick cock out of her mouth, Gina looked up and said, “Hey, Kate.” Then grinning wickedly, she pointed Tommy’s cock towards me and asked, “Do you want a taste?”

Jennifer opened her eyes long enough to say, “Hi, Mrs Muggleton,” before moaning and closing them again. Charmaine ignored my presence and continued to tongue Jennifer’s vagina.

Stunned by the graphically erotic scene displayed before me, I felt my vagina clench and pour arousal fluids. Licking my suddenly dry lips, I took a hesitant step towards the sofa before shaking my head and saying, “Umm, no thanks, Gina. John and I are sleeping in here tonight, so I’ll just dump my stuff and leave you four to it.”

“Come on, slut Kate,” Gina crooned. “Just a wee taste of your son’s delicious cock, and then you can go.”

Despite wanting nothing more than that, I opened the door and exited.

I wandered back to the party and looked for my husband. As expected, I found him and four others in Mike's den playing Texas Holdem. I wondered why the others bothered because either Mike or John won these events almost every time. Occasionally, due to the luck of the cards, one or both would be eliminated early, but usually, the last battle was between John and Mike.

By the loud conversation and regular off-colour jokes, I knew John was already well on the road to inebriation. Luckily for him, alcohol intoxication seemed to enhance his ability to read the other players instead of deleteriously affecting him. I wanted to stay with him, so I wouldn't consider returning to the room and 'playing' with the others in there, but clearly, that wasn't happening.

I wandered around the house looking for people to chat with and wishing I still smoked so I had an excuse to duck away from the noise for a moment. I exchanged a few quiet comments with people I knew but didn't find anyone I wanted to have an extended conversation with.

Most of the women were similar to me in that they'd married rich, successful men. But unlike me, they didn't seem well-versed in current affairs or politics. My mother had instilled in me the requirement that I be able to match my husband intellectually. She explained that the quickest way to bore my man and to send his eye to roving was to be unable to discuss his work with him and offer insightful comments and suggestions.

Mom also insisted that I needed to have knowledge of and be able to discuss politics, sports, and current business trends. Because of that, I studied the things that John talked about and ensured I could keep up and offer my thoughts coherently if he spoke about them with me. My opinion of many of the women at Kath's party was that they were vacuous. Pretty, in some cases beautiful or even stunning, but the mental acuity of a mountain goat.

After completing my round of meet and greets, I wandered out to the garden. Even though I didn't have a ciggie to smoke, I still acted as if I did.

Going around the side of the house, I looked longingly up at the window of the room my son was in. I wanted some of what was happening there but couldn't.

To do what I wanted meant I'd reveal my incestuous relationship with my son to the three young women with him. Maybe Tommy had already told them, but having a teenage boy's possible fantasy revealed and having sex with Tommy and confirming them were two separate things.

As I leant against the wall considering, I heard a man's voice and a woman giggling. It seemed they were indulging in a very personal exchange and were unaware I was there. As they came closer, I chose to move further along the wall into the shadow so I didn't embarrass them. I considered walking around the house and returning to the party, but when I went to move, I saw the woman was Freya Matthews and that the man with her was not her husband, Oliver.

I knew I should have immediately vacated the area, but I was intrigued by what Freya would do with this man. My wonderings were swiftly satiated when Freya knelt, fished the man's cock out of his trousers and sucked it into her mouth. Shocked that Gina's mother would so readily suck off a man other than her husband in the only semi-private confines of Kath's backyard, I stood rooted to the spot and observed the debauched activity.

Freya was good, I saw. Very good. She had the man on the verge of cumming swiftly but didn't swallow his load. Instead, she let her man's cock slurp out of her mouth and then jacked it until he exploded over her face. I shook my head and couldn't comprehend why she'd do that when, at best, she'd need to make her way through the crowd to the bathroom to clean the guy's splodge off her face. If she walked through the crowd, she would expose her cum covered face to everyone there, including her husband.

However, before I worked out why she'd done it, Freya was joined by Eilidh. Eilidh knelt and licked the man's cum from Freya's face. The man used his phone's torch to illuminate Freya's face, ensuring Eilidh sucked up all of his ejaculate. After Eilidh had cleaned Freya's face, they exchanged a

soft kiss and headed back to the party. The man waited until they were inside before he walked to another door and re-entered the house.

Shaken, I went looking for Kath. Were all my friends as degenerate as me? I wondered. Caoimhe lived with her brother and his brother's girlfriend, Mistress Siobhan from La Châteaux du Plaisir Tortueux. I wondered if Caoimhe and her brother Phil indulged in incestuous sibling sex, if not alone, then with Siobhan. Siobhan was dominant and Caoimhe submissive, but I didn't know what Siobhan's and Phil's status was. Were they equal and dominant over Phil's sister? Did Caoimhe serve them both, or did she and Phil serve Siobhan? Did Siobhan and Caoimhe serve Phil? I didn't know, but I wanted to find out.

I found Kath sitting on her couch surrounded by friends and admirers. Wriggling through the crowd around her, I sat in her lap and kissed her pretty mouth. Reaching inside my dress, I pulled out the present John and I had bought her for her birthday. It was a pair of rose diamond earrings that I'd chosen with John's blessing. Presenting the box to her, I kissed her again and said, "I love you, Kath. Always have, always will. Happy birthday."

Kath hugged me and replied, "And I, Kate, love you and always will." She opened the box and squealed with delight. "They're gorgeous!" She said as she encouraged me off her lap and crossed to the wall mirror to put them on. "What do you think?" Kath asked after she donned the rings and shook her head to send their pendants swinging.

Smiling, I replied, "I think they're less than ten percent as beautiful as the woman wearing them."

Kath grinned and answered, "From anyone else, Kate, I'd think it was brown-nosing. But I know you really mean that, so thank you!"

She crossed to me, and we exchanged another soft kiss. Kath was quickly surrounded by people again, so I made my way through the crowd and went looking for my besties. I found Patty, Courtney, Allie, Juana and Maggie giggling and joking around the pool table. Patty, Courtney and Allie's

husbands were with mine playing poker in Mike’s den. Maggie had recently divorced, and I’ve described Juana’s situation.

Patty poured me a glass of wine and insisted I pair with her to challenge the current table champions, Courtney and Allie. Juana had never played before tonight, so whoever was paired with her inevitably lost. John and I had a similar table in our rec room, and he had taught me to play, so I was reasonably competent to hold a cue stick. Patty and I promptly dethroned Courtney and Allie, then comprehensively beat Maggie and Juana.

We followed that up by thrashing Maggie and Allie and easily defeating Allie and Juana. Tittering, Patty suggested we play ‘strip pool’. Every time we defeated a challenger, they had to remove a piece of clothing. Giggling, I responded that I was at a distinct disadvantage to the group as I wore only my dress and thong underwear.

“I’m surprised you have underwear on,” Allie teased. “Unless it’s that time of the month, you’ve barely worn underwear since eighth grade.

Giggling, I replied, “How would you know? You weren’t there!”

“Yes, but Kath was,” Allie responded with a laugh. “And she told all!”

As is typical, the banter between us long term friends was quick and easy. However, I swiftly realised that we were leaving Juana out. Wanting to encourage Juana to join the conversation, I asked how things were at home in Venezuela. Unfortunately, the Government there had arrested her parents. Juana had been sending articles back to the El Carabobeño newspaper criticising the Venezuelan government, and because they couldn’t get her, they took their wrath out on Juana’s family.

Amnesty International was working behind the scenes to extradite Juana’s parents and younger brother to Australia. With Kath’s help, Juana obtained refugee status for her family, and to its credit, Albanese’s government was exerting pressure on Nicolás Maduro to release Juana’s family and allow them to emigrate to Australia.

Juana's family's predicament cast a pall over our teasing and joking, and I regretted bringing it up. However, Juana seemed in good spirits, and the banter quickly returned.

Patty's husband was the next to be eliminated from the poker tournament, and he dropped by the rec room and left with her. A little later, Courtney's husband collected her, and they left. An hour passed as Allie, Maggie, Juana, and I played pool, but Allie's husband Paul dropped by, and he and she left, too. Maggie announced she had to work in the morning and took her leave, leaving Juana and me.

I didn't know what to say to Juana. Our dalliance had excited me tremendously at the time, but I felt no desire to repeat the experience. Even though all of my extraneous lovers except Frank and my son were women, I still didn't believe I was anything other than bisexual with a preference for men. Repeating an encounter with Juana wouldn't add anything to my experiences, and it ran the risk of Juana forming an emotional bond with me and wanting more than I could provide. Put it this way —I sure as hell wasn't leaving my husband and children for her.

Juana intuited my feelings, kissed me, and said she'd play again whenever I wanted, but she understood I didn't want to. She smiled sadly and said she was tired and would go to bed.

I walked through the house and thinning crowd. Kath still held sway in the centre of several admiring women, so I let her be and walked to her husband's den. As I expected, John and Mike were the last two standing and were going head-to-head in the final battle. John won these at around five to two, but from what I could see, the cards weren't falling his way tonight, and his stack was only a quarter the size of Mike's. As I watched, John bluffed on having a full-house, and Mike folded erroneously and allowed my husband to double his stack.

Knowing the result was still possibly hours away, I went looking for something to distract me until John was ready for bed. Finding nothing but couples indulging in heavy petting sessions or actively making love, I repaired to the room Kath assigned us. Walking in, I was surprised to find Tommy, Gina, Jennifer and Charmaine still there. Things had changed

slightly, because Tommy had Jennifer on the loveseat on her knees as he fucked her gaping cunt, and Charmaine tongued Gina instead of Jennifer.

Seeing me enter, Gina smiled and pushed Charmaine off her pussy. Wordlessly, Gina moved to sit on the loveseat's back in front of Jennifer. Jennifer immediately tongued the wet pussy before her. My son didn't alter his strokes into Jennifer but smiled as he saw Gina taking her place.

Charmaine stood and took my hand. Guiding me onto the seat, she straddled my thighs and cupped my face in her hands. Kissing my upturned lips, she sighed, "It's so good to see you again, Kate. You taste so sweet that I could kiss you all night." Charmaine giggled, "Well, I could if I wasn't eating your pussy instead!"

Charmaine's hands slid onto my breasts, and her thumbs strummed delightfully across my nipples. Tasting Gina on Charmaine's pouting lips and feeling her tiny hands on my breasts sent my libido revving to the maximum immediately, and I kissed the young woman as passionately as she kissed me.

I was revelling in feeling Charmaine's kisses and her skilful hands on my nipples when the door opened, and Phil, Caoimhe and Siobhan swept in, locking the door behind them. They paused briefly as they watched the sensually erotic events happening around them. Then, overcome with lust, Siobhan grabbed Phil and shoved him backwards onto the bed. Kneeling, she ripped Phil's pants off and swiftly gobbled his cock down.

Caoimhe paused to greet Charmaine and me with a soft kiss each and then, unselfconsciously, dropped her shift dress, revealing it was all she wore, crossed to the bed and straddled her brother's head before lowering her pussy onto his eager mouth.

Stunned, I gasped out loud but couldn't think of a thing to say. Charmaine kissed me again before sighing happily and laying her head on my shoulder. Then she turned her head to watch the decadent scene playing on the bed only a scant few feet away. She kissed my neck again and said, "Whatever's the matter, Kate? Phil, Caoimhe and Siobhan are in love and are consenting adults. What bothers you about them making love together?"

“It’s incest, Charmaine,” I pointed out. “Almost every culture and religion prohibits it.”

“Silly rules made by crusty, dried-up old men who couldn’t get an erection even if you were naked before them, Kate. Phil and Caoimhe know the risk of genetic deformities if they are foolish enough to have children together. Therefore Caoimhe has an IUD inserted, and there’s no chance of that, so why shouldn’t they play together? Because some dusty old textbook said it was wrong? I thought you were more open-minded than that, Kate. Besides, you desire your son, don’t you?”

“I do not!” I emphasised.

But Charmaine squeezed my rock-hard nipples, giggled and said, “You want to be where Jennifer is, Kate. You and I both know it, as does everyone else here in this room. You want your son’s big hard cock sliding in your juicy hot cunt as you lick his girlfriend’s pussy. Admit it, Kate, and we’ll make it happen.”

I wanted to deny it. I needed to stand and leave. I had to get out of there before I turned, knelt on the sofa, and presented my delectably curvy ass to my son. But I did none of those things. Instead, when Charmaine bit my neck and pulled and twisted my nipples, I orgasmed.

After my climax, my need was urgently upon me, and I knew if I didn’t do something drastic quickly, I’d be on my knees begging my son to fuck me. Deciding anything was better than doing that, I pushed Charmaine onto the floor and moved to the bed. Then, not giving Siobhan a chance to object, I swung my leg over my best friend’s son and settled my wet cunt onto his abdomen.

Siobhan laughed delightedly, pulled my panties aside, and guided Phil’s cock into me. Placing my hands on Phil’s chest, I rode him like he was a horse, and the devil himself was after me. As I rode her brother, Caoimhe leaned forwards to kiss me and play with my perfect, heavy breasts. Caoimhe squeezed and kneaded my breasts until she heard me peaking, and then she grabbed my nipples between her fists and thumbs and twisted and pulled viciously on them.

Charmaine knew I was a squealer, so when I sucked in a deep breath to howl my orgasm, she turned my head and shoved her breast into my mouth. Screaming, I orgasmed, twitched, orgasmed again, and bucked. Then, as I felt my tumultuous tumble down orgasm's cliff slowing, Phil groaned and unloaded inside me. Feeling his hot seed spewing onto my cervix blasted me back over the cliff, and I squealed around Charmaine's breast again.

Shuddering to a stop as my climax ended, I sagged onto Phil. Caoimhe was still riding her brother's mouth, and I could see that her pussy had blocked Phil's vision. I assumed my pussy felt different riding his big cock to Siobhan's, but there were three other women in the room, so Phil couldn't be sure who had ridden him. Gesturing that I wanted everyone to remain silent, I adjusted my panties and dress and left the room.

John would want to make love when he came to bed, so I needed to clean Phil's seed out of my pussy. Recalling how often my son chose these moments to slip in and take me, I carefully locked the door and looked in the cupboards, hoping to find a douche.

Unfortunately, I didn't find anything remotely close to a douche that I could use to wash Phil's cum out from inside me, and I had to settle for using a facecloth to clean up as best I could. It should be okay because John would likely want to fuck when he came to the room because he'd be drunk and not want to go for the kisses, followed by oral, and then fucking he typically preferred.

Walking back to the kitchen, I found the party had mostly ended, with only a few 'dirty stop-outs', as my mother would call them, still there. Kath was sipping coffee and chatting with Freya. Oliver was in with Mike and my husband watching the final acts of their poker tournament.

Feeling guilty about screwing her son, I kissed Kath's cheek, poured a coffee from the percolator jug, added a tiny amount of milk, and walked to the den. Fortunes had changed since I last dropped by. John now had all but a few of Mike's chips, and as I entered, he neatly trapped Mike into going all in on a weak hand.

When John dealt the ‘flop’, I saw Mike had a few outs that could allow him to escape with his stack doubled, but the ‘turn’ and ‘river’ cards didn’t go his way, and my husband won the pot, ending the game. Although the chip count registered something like $25,000, the actual loss was less than $100 per player.

Laughing, the three men exchanged handshakes and hugs before John turned and spotted me standing there. Grinning broadly, he asked if I’d seen the match. I said I’d watched bits and pieces but had witnessed the final hand. John collected his winnings and took my hand before pulling me close and hugging me tightly. As we kissed, I felt his thick cock harden against my abdomen.

Giggling like a schoolgirl, I tugged on his hand and encouraged him to follow me to our room. I felt guilty about cheating on him and desperately wanted his big cock inside me, repossessing what I’d given to Phil. John eagerly followed me up to our room, but as we neared the door, I feared what we’d find on the other side of the door.

I opened the door and saw Tommy and Gina sleeping on the floor on the far side of the room. Tommy had gotten an air mattress from somewhere, along with bedding. John and I typically sleep naked, so we hadn’t bothered bringing nightwear and planned on putting tonight’s clothes to go home in. Grateful that I’d worn panties, I took my dress off and draped it over the loveseat before slipping into the bed.

John took my cue and stripped to his boxer briefs before he slid under the covers beside me. A few seconds later, I felt his stiff cock poking at my curvy bottom. Giggling, I slipped my panties off, fished my husband’s cock out of his boxers and guided him inside me.

Once John was inside me, I held my breath, waiting to see if he noticed he was going ‘sloppy seconds’, so to speak. Fortunately, John associated my extra wetness with wanting him badly and whispered, “I’m as hot for you as you are for me, Kate. Don’t wait for me, babe. Use your fingers to get yourself off as quickly as possible because I won’t last.”

That sounded good to me, so I lifted my knee and ran my fingers across my bare mound and onto my clit. Lifting my knee lifted the covers, exposing my pussy to where my son and Gina slept. Lost in the delightful sensation of my husband's thick cock sliding in and out of me, I didn't initially notice Tommy's eyes were open. But when he nudged Gina and winked at me, I almost groaned with wanton desire.

When Tommy nudged her, Gina looked back to see what he wanted, but Tommy nodded towards his father and me, and Gina turned and saw my lewdly exposed ... sigh, Kate, seriously? You're still having problems with that word? ... exposed cunt and her boyfriend's father's thick cock stroking into it.

"Oh!" Gina silently mouthed and reached behind to guide Tommy's cock into her pussy. Then staring challengingly at me, she swept her covers back and lifted her knee so I could see my son's big cock buried in her vagina.

I was close, damned close, but I wanted to see my son cum inside Gina before climaxing. However, I could hear and feel John was about to orgasm and knew if I wanted to climax, I'd have to pop with him because he'd fall asleep immediately after cumming.

Luckily, Tommy moaned softly and, by his sudden frenzied hunching, was ejaculating inside Gina. Gina moved her hips up, and my son's spurting cock sprung into view. Watching Tommy's ejaculate spraying onto Gina's clitoris sent me crashing over my climax's peak, and I orgasmed as my husband filled my wet pussy with cum.

Letting my knee drop, I snuggled back into my husband's warm embrace and fell asleep.

Chapter 7: Fixing the Frank Problem



Hi everyone. I’m glad so many of you are still with me. I still can’t believe how many people are following my adventures, and I appreciate every one of you. Let me remind you how the last chapter ended, and then I’ll describe what happened next.

John and I attended my best friend’s birthday party at her home. As he always does, John roped in several other husbands and began a Texas Holdem card tournament, leaving me to my own devices. Fortunately, many of my girl besties were at the party, so I had plenty of people to chat with.

Finding Kath surrounded by our friends, I said hello and wished her happy birthday. But because she had so many people around her, I knew it would be ages, if at all, before I could get some one-on-one time with her.

Deciding to leave her until the crowd around her thinned, I took my husband's and my jackets to the guest room Kath had assigned us.

Opening the door, I found my son and the three women from the hot tub party episode indulging in gratuitous casual sex in the room. After dumping the jackets and my handbag, I swiftly left before my resolve weakened, and I knelt and took Tommy's proffered cock in my hand and then mouth.

The evening passed pleasantly enough, but when I checked in on my husband, I realised it might still be hours before he was ready for bed. Kath was still surrounded by people, so at a loss as to what to do, I returned to the guestroom.

The scene in the room was still as pornographic as it was earlier. My son was now ploughing Jennifer as Charmaine ate Gina's pussy. Turned on by the debauched couplings occurring before me, I allowed Charmaine to guide me to the seat beside where Tommy fucked Jennifer.

Charmaine kissed me and spoke loving words into my ear, and I eagerly waited for her to drop to the floor and tongue my dripping pussy. However, before she could, Siobhan, Phil, and Caoimhe boiled through the door and joined the erotic couplings.

As I watched, Siobhan pushed Phil onto the bed, pulled his pants off, and devoured his throbbingly erect cock. Then, to my shock and amazement, his sister, Caoimhe, casually dropped her dress and straddled her brother's head before lowering her vulva onto his mouth. Phil clearly wasn't bothered by this, as he eagerly tipped his head back and lashed his sister's pussy with his tongue.

Watching this shameless display maxed out my libido, and when Charmaine bit my neck and twisted my nipples, I climaxed. Knowing if I didn't do something urgently, I'd be on my knees beside Jennifer demanding my son fucked me, I swung my leg over Phil's groin and lowered my pussy onto my best friend's son's cock. His girlfriend Siobhan, giggling delightedly, guided her boyfriend inside me, and I swiftly orgasmed on Phil's big tool.

Unfortunately, even that wasn't enough to satiate my incestuous desires, so I adjusted my clothing and bolted from the room before I did something insanely foolish, like letting my son fuck me in front of an audience.

I returned to Mike's den in time to watch John win the final pot and, therefore, the tournament. My husband was sleepy, so we walked up to the room. Fortunately, only Tommy and Gina were still there and appeared to be sleeping. John and I stripped to our underwear and got into bed. A few minutes later, John's big cock throbbed against my curvy ass, so I guided him inside me.

John whispered that he wouldn't last long, so to hasten my orgasm, I lifted my knee and ran my fingers onto my clitoris. Lifting my knee raised the blankets and exposed our coupling to Tommy. Tommy woke Gina, and they mimicked John and my spoon fuck as they watched. I could feel my husband was about to cum, but I wanted to time my orgasm to my son's.

However, Tommy beat me to the punch and orgasmed first. Gina seemed to intuit that I wanted to watch him cumming inside her, so she raised her hips, causing Tommy's cock to pop out of her. Seeing my son's big, thick cock spurt its juices onto Gina's clit ignited my orgasm, and I had to stifle my scream. My clenching pussy set off my husband, and he filled me with his seed.

Revelling in my post-orgasmic bliss, I snuggled happily into John's embrace and fell asleep.

That brings up to date, readers, so, with your indulgence, I will relate my subsequent adventures.

John woke me later that morning by climbing over me, mumbling about needing to pee. After he dressed and left the room, I shifted back against the wall and tried to doze, waiting for him to return. But after twenty minutes of waiting, I realised he wasn't returning, so stretching and yawning, I sat up and reached for my dress.

As I leaned over to grab it, I was intensely aware that my son's eyes were open and watching me. Pretending I hadn't noticed he was awake, I yawned and stretched again, this time turning my ample chest towards him. Tommy slit his eyes, hoping I wouldn't notice he was awake, and delighting in his attention, I cupped my breasts and gently played with my nipples. As I pretended not to watch, movement under the blankets near Gina's chest showed that Tommy had slid his hand onto his girlfriend's breast.

Unwilling to take the game any further, I stretched once more and then donned my dress. Then, taking my sneakers out of my oversized handbag, I put them on and padded out the door.

Entering the kitchen, I found Kath sitting at her breakfast bar alone. It appeared that she was checking one of her social media feeds and was so engrossed that she hadn't noticed my arrival. Smiling, I crept up behind her and slid my hands under her armpits onto her high and tight breasts. Then, taking her nipples in my fingers and thumbs, I gently rolled them as I nuzzled and kissed her neck.

Kath initially froze as I cupped her breasts, but she arched back and turned her head for a kiss when I nuzzled her neck. Softly kissing my friend, I pulled her T-shirt out of her pants and ran my fingers up her taut tummy and back onto her braless breasts.

"Gawd, Kate," she moaned. "And a very good morning to you, too."



Kath shook her shoulders and primly pulled her T-shirt down. Taking the hint, I released her breasts and stepped back after a final quick peck. Turning, I poured coffee from the carafe to hide how aroused I was. I'd often jokingly cupped my best friend's breasts, but today was the first time

I’d ever held them without her shirt or blouse between us. Kath’s initial sexual response had encouraged me to go further, and now I worried that I had affected our friendship.

When I turned back, Kath saw my distress, took my coffee from my hands, and put it aside. Then holding my head with her hands, she pressed her lithe body against me and kissed me passionately. Letting go, she said, “I want to, Kate. My pussy burns for you, but I’m scared. Scared of what it might do to our friendship, scared of what it might do to my marriage and family, and scared of what it would do to my career if the media discovered that I had lesbian relationships.” Then she lowered her eyes and added, in a quiet whisper, “Mostly, I’m scared by how much I want you.”

Wrapping my arms around her, I hugged my best friend fiercely and said, “I want you, too, Kath. I have done ever since we were girls experimenting with kissing. I’ll tell you what I want, so here goes nothing, okay?”

Kath nodded, so I added, “There are luxury holiday units called Sunshine Coast Hideaways in the hills above Beerwah. Each cottage is self-contained and isolated from the view of every other cottage. I say we take a long weekend, Thursday night to Monday morning, and spend that time in one of the cottages. We’ll take our time and learn to be close, and then, if it feels right, we’ll make love. But we go with no preconceived ideas about how it will work or what we’ll do.

“What’s the worst that happens, Kath? We find we can’t make love and spend the time laughing and giggling and travelling to Montville and Maleny shopping like we did when we were young. Nothing will ever stop me from loving you, Kath. Even if we make love and you feel guilty afterwards and want to end that side of our relationship, I will still be your friend and want to spend time with you.”

Kath remained pressed against me, and I was intensely aware of her hard nipples pressed against the undersides of my breasts. To add to the intense feeling, Kath had cupped my lush bottom and rhythmically squeezed it as she pulled my pudenda hard against her.

Kath turned her head up, waiting for me to kiss her, so I softly locked my lips with my best friend's and brushed my tongue along them. Kath moaned, and her lips parted, allowing my tongue to explore her mouth. As our kiss morphed into a full-on French kiss, Kath shuddered and began grinding her pussy against me.

I knew I could have my friend in that kitchen right then, but I also knew she'd regret it, and it might drive a wedge into our close friendship. So, holding the kiss for a moment longer, I broke from her grip, smiled at her lovingly and picked up my coffee.

Confused, Kath moved to the bench to get her coffee. Waiting until she'd taken a sip, I smiled and said, "I don't want our first time to be a ragged, rip our clothes off lustful romp in your kitchen with half our attention on being scared of being caught. I want to make love with you, Kath, not screw. After making love for the first time, we can screw like bunnies for the rest of the weekend."

Kath picked up her phone and looked through it. Finding some dates that worked for her, she texted them to me before saying, "Do you mind making the bookings, Kate? If those dates work for you, I'd be thrilled."

I checked the dates and saw they were for a week from the coming Thursday. Delighted, I squealed and kissed her. "Perfect, my love," I told her. I'll book and pay for it as soon as I get home. Looking around, I curiously asked, "Where is everyone?"

"Our husbands took the opportunity to piss off and play golf," Kathy earthily replied. "Phil, Siobhan and Caoimhe declined breakfast and headed back to Siobhan's place." Kath looked thoughtful for a moment and then said, "I'm unsure what to make of Phil and Caoimhe's relationship, Kate. They act more like lovers than brother and sister, but Caoimhe insists she's a lesbian and has no interest in men.

"Siobhan's a professional Dominatrix, Kate. She does sex shows for a living and has confessed that she often has sex with the men in the audience as part of her show, yet she insists she loves my son and wants to marry him and have his children. When I ask Phil, he says he loves her but doesn't

own her and that he knew what she was before they got together and is happy with their relationship.

“Then it seems that Siobhan is more lesbian than straight, and I wonder about her relationship with Caoimhe. Sometimes it seems Siobhan and Caoimhe are lovers, too, even though they vehemently deny it.”

I knew, of course, but I couldn’t say anything about what I knew to Kath without revealing how I knew, so I asked questions about why she thought as she did and gently deflected her thinking to safer areas. I pointed out that Phil and Caoimhe were always close and affectionate, then added that she was with Mike and her children, too, but that didn’t mean they were all having sex together.

Then I said that the details of Siobhan’s and Phil’s relationship were between the two of them, and as long as her son was happy, what did she care? Next, I pointed out that even if Siobhan and her daughter were intimate unless they admitted it or she knew for sure they were, telling Phil her suspicions would only infuriate him, especially if they weren’t true.

“Our kids are over eighteen, Kath, and even though we can’t stop being their mothers, they no longer have to listen to us. Your problems are compounded by the fact they no longer live with you. If they did and you were supporting them, then you’d still have a say. But you don’t support them financially anymore, so all you can do is love them and be there to pick up the pieces when they fall.”

“Easy for you to say,” Kath mockingly groused with a grin. “Your two still live at home!”

“Yeah,” I laughed. “And they listen to me about as much as yours listen to you!”

“You and Krissy have always been close, though,” Kath pointed out.

Grinning, I replied, “My ‘mini me’? Yeah, we’ve always been close. But even she is exerting her independence more and more every day.”

“I’ve never been that close with my two,” Kath almost sobbed. “Mike has always been closer to them than me. My work hours have always meant I often weren’t there on weekends when they were home. Plus, my overseas trips covering world sporting events meant Mike spent way more time with them than I did. Sometimes it seems I hardly know my kids at all.”

“Kath, you are a great mom,” I assured her. “All kids ever need to know is that their parents love them and would do anything for them, and you made sure they knew that every day!”

“I was absent so often, Kate,” Kath explained. “I missed sports days, concerts, awards nights and all kinds of things.”

“So did John,” I pointed out. “And our kids don’t love him any less because he did.”

“I want to be closer with my kids, Kate,” Kathy sniffed. “But I don’t know how.”

Giggling, I said, “Well, if Caoimhe and Phil are lovers as you suspect, maybe you should join them!”

“Don’t even joke about that, Kate!” Kath said fiercely. “Incest most foul? I cannot condone that!”

Kath and I were sitting close, and despite her protest, I could smell her sudden exploding arousal and knew, given the right circumstances, Kath would be intimate with her children. So I teased, “Oh, I don’t know, Kath. Phil is a handsome, athletic, articulate, gentle young man. Surely you’re attracted to that?”

“By that criteria, Kate, you must be attracted to Tommy,” Kath responded, but I could sense the curiosity under her facetiousness.

Wondering how far I should take it, I grinned and responded, “I’ll admit to some unwholesome fantasies about my son, Kath. But they will always remain exactly that —fantasies!”

Staring at me intently, Kath nodded and admitted she'd had some about her son, too, but that she would never let them go beyond the fantasy stage. Then my best friend stared at me even more intently and asked, "About six weeks ago, Kate, you suddenly changed, and instead of being covertly sexy, you became overtly sexy. If I didn't know you better, I'd say you had an affair on John.

"It's been like someone threw a switch, and now your sexuality is the first thing people notice. Before, the first thing people saw was your beauty. Kate, you're a stunningly gorgeous woman, and except for around three years when you were a scabby-kneed, gangly prepubescent, you always have been. So, my love, what changed?"

I wanted to tell her and confess my sins. After all, if not my best friend, then who? Opening my mouth, I expected Edgar's prohibition of talking about what happened to prevent me from speaking. But, just like that, everything poured out. I kept my incestuous relationship with my parents and children secret. But I confessed what happened during my three visits to Edgar's clinic, having Frank use me during the photo shoot at the disused lumber yard. Being blackmailed into meeting him again, and my performance at the Chateaux, followed by my almost rape.

I described the Flicker: image: episodes and how they caused me to have many screaming orgasms, but how, through them, I learnt to be no longer only sexually submissive. I ended by describing what I'd done with Juana and attributed my night with Krissy and her daughter to a night with Juana, leaving out Krissy's involvement, of course."

When I finally reached the end of my tale, I fearfully sipped my coffee and waited for my nearly thirty-five-year-old friendship with Kath to end.

Kath had gaped as I described going to the clinic and what had transpired. She'd shuddered as I recounted my almost rape and, before that point, delighted in my disguised performance with Siobhan. She even whispered that doing something like that was so exciting that she wished she had the guts to do it.

I had, of course, left out having sex with her son's girlfriend after the second show, but she was angry that Siobhan had left me to face Frank and his mates alone. But when I described what had happened to her the previous time she'd helped one of Frank's intended victims, she understood why Siobhan had done what she had and was proud that the man Siobhan turned to for help was her son.

Kath gasped when I explained how I was bound and Frank's statement of what he and his mates would do to me, and then marvelled at my rescue by Tommy, Phil and Freddy.

In the end, I felt and heard no judgement from my friend, only happiness that I'd come through all of that to a safe, happy place where I could freely express my burgeoning sexuality. She did worry about what it meant to my marriage, though. But when I assured her that, more than ever, I needed John's firm hand on my buttocks to ensure my path remained positive, she agreed that my experiences had helped me to be a better person.

Kath hadn't had the same experiences of calm, forceful discipline I'd had. Still, her parents believed in physically correcting bad behaviour, and she, too, had learned to equate physical discipline with sexual arousal and orgasms. Although her relationship with her husband Mike wasn't as strictly Top and bottom as mine was with John, it was very similar, and Kath loved her husband correcting her when she erred or stepped over the line.

"I have to be the Queen Biatch at work most of the time," she explained. "A woman in a male-dominated industry has to be, so it is so nice to come home and have that balanced by serving my husband."

Kath had succinctly described the dichotomy many people lived through. How do they balance their alpha work persona with their innate personality? Many people at work were in positions of immense power when their very natures meant they needed to submit to someone. I believed the way to balance those needs was to serve at home.

Because of my early in-life pregnancy, I'd only joined the workforce briefly, so I'd never had to face that dilemma. My story was the opposite —

a woman who had submitted to dominant male figures all her life, learning to dominate others that needed it as she aged.

As Kath and I chatted, Tommy and Gina eventually joined us. Kath asked if they wanted breakfast and made Tommy a ham steak, bacon, eggs, mushrooms and hash brown meal. Gina opted for a fruit smoothie. Kath made that while waiting for Tommy's steak and bacon to cook.

After eating, Tommy and Gina left, leaving Kath and me alone in the house. I was still tired because John and I had only had around five hours sleep, so I took Kath's hand and tugged her after me. I debated going back to the guest room John and I had shared with our son and his girlfriend but feared it would stink of sex. So, instead, I walked down to Kath's room.

Entering, I turned and kissed her softly before I stripped and got into her bed. Then, holding my hands out, I encouraged Kath to cuddle with me. Kath hesitatingly stripped and got in the bed with me. I pulled her close and gently kissed her pouting lips before pushing on her shoulder to indicate she should roll so I could spoon her.

Kath took the hint and rolled over before backing her bottom into my groin. "Did you sleep at all, honey?" I asked as I moved my left arm up and over her shoulder onto her breast.

As I snaked my right hand across Kath's taut tummy, she replied, "A little. The last guests didn't depart until nearly 3.00 am, and by the time I'd cleaned the messes that would congeal and leave permanent stains, it was almost 5.00 am before I got to bed. Then Mike woke me before seven and insisted I make him and John breakfast before they went to golf."

"Then we both need sleep, my love," I told her. "And the best time to sleep is after an orgasm. So I insist you just relax and let me get you there, okay?"

Kath didn't respond, nor did she object, so I slid my fingers through her downy bush and onto her love button. Then kissing where her neck met her shoulder, I rolled her hardening nipple between my thumb and forefinger as I circled her clit with my index finger. Turning her head so we could kiss, Kath let me finger her to a soft orgasm before we both drifted off to sleep.

I woke some hours later to find my best friend still cuddled in my arms, sleeping peacefully. At some stage, as she slept, Kath had rolled, and I felt her tiny rock-hard nipples pressing against mine. Of course, that sent my libido racing, and I wanted to make love to her. However, I believed my first thought was correct —a rampant, rough, raunchy fuck wasn't the right way to consummate our thirty-plus-year friendship, so I ignored the wet heat in my pussy and waited for my friend to wake up.

As I lay holding her, Kath moved and stretched. Then, when her eyes opened, she smiled and kissed me. Hugging me tightly, she pressed her pussy against mine and said, "I can feel your need, Kate. Do you want me to do for you what you did for me?"

"Yes," I growled. "But I'll wait until Thursday week. We need to get up and moving before our husbands come home."

Looking at her phone, Kath agreed, and we reluctantly broke our embrace, got off the bed and dressed. But before I could even put my panties on, Kath rushed into my arms, nearly knocking me off my feet. Kissing my face, she gushed, "I love you, Kate, and I'm so sorry that I've been too scared to do anything about it all these years. I've fantasised about making love with you ever since we practised kissing together as teenagers, but I was always too chicken to say anything, let alone do anything!"

Kissing her back, I giggled and replied, "Well, it's not like I'm experienced with woman-on-woman sex myself, so I'll be a nervous wreck next week, too."

Kath looked at me pensively and then quietly said, "Juana told me you and she made love together. Juana was walking on air when she came home that night, and I knew that freshly fucked look, but how could that be when she was only with you? Then I twigged and asked if you and she had made love. She guiltily admitted that you had and confessed to being a lesbian.

"Gawd, Kate, I was so jealous! Juana got what I wanted for years, apparently just by asking, and I hated that I'd missed the chance to be your first. But I want to be your second, Kate. I want to explore together."

Of course, I didn’t have the heart to remind Kath that Juana wasn’t my first, so I smiled and repeated that I was thrilled we would spend four days exploring together.

We were sitting at the breakfast bar drinking coffee when our men arrived home. John was grousing good-naturedly about Mike cleaning up most of the skins when a birdie putt that Mike had hit way too hard, hit the back of the cup, jumped six feet (or so my husband claimed) in the air and went in the cup.

We stayed for dinner and a few drinks afterwards before heading home. It was a good night, culminating in John and me making slow, passionate love. When I rolled out of bed to go to the bathroom to clean my pussy, John grabbed me and pulled me back into his arms. Delighted, I slept in my favourite position —spooned into his arms with my lush bottom pressed against his soft cock. A cock I knew would be hard and stabbing into me in the morning.

Monday morning arrived with John filling my pussy with another delicious load of his seed. As usual, John’s semen gushing onto my cervix ignited my orgasm, and I came with him. Surprisingly, instead of immediately rolling out of bed and showering, John lay and cuddled me. Spinning in his arms, I faced him so we could exchange soft kisses. I sighed happily because everything was more than right in my world, in fact, everything was about as close to perfect as possible.

John eventually got out of bed to pee and asked if I could make breakfast. Of course, I agreed, so I skipped my shower, put some panties on to ensure I didn’t leak, donned my long nightie and robe and went to the kitchen. Tommy and Krissy were up, waiting to see if I would make breakfast.



I was, so they settled onto stools by the breakfast bar and sipped coffee while waiting for me to make something. Deciding to go all out, I made pancakes with maple syrup and lashings of bacon for John and Tommy and added another lot with golden syrup, berries and ice cream for Krissy and

me. However, I served them simultaneously, and everyone mixed and matched as they felt like it.

Krissy was still on semester break and was working virtually full-time, so she left for work.

The season was drawing to a close, so Tommy spent as many hours as he could working on his skills, hoping The Lions would decide to change their mind about dropping him. He said he was improving, but whether he'd shown enough for The Lions to keep him on the roster remained doubtful. His manager was making enquiries with other clubs to see if there was any interest in him, and maybe he could shift clubs.

The Lions are currently a top-four team, so they attracted much interest from good players at lesser clubs wanting to transfer to them. Therefore, their interest in a struggling nineteen-year-old was virtually nil. However, a battling club like The Gold Coast Suns may see him as a long-term investment and have the money and resources to invest in trying for that long-term payoff.

John had another meeting with his potential client, plus he needed to see his architect and confirm plans for the remodel of our granny flat, so he'd be gone for most of the day. It was a work day, and most of my friends would be at work, so I didn't try to make a coffee date with anyone. The house was still clean from when I'd done it last, and it only took a few moments to clean up the dusty areas and do a little vacuuming where people walked or had dropped food when they ate.

At a loss as to what to do, I opened my laptop and searched for online Bachelor of Business courses I could do from home. Finding some classes I could do through Open Universities Australia to help me transition from being a housewife to a student again, I signed up for a few. After receiving my confirmation email in my junk folder, I opened and scanned it. It turned out that I couldn't complete my sign-up because I didn't have a USI (Unique Student Identifier).

Going back online, I searched for how to get one and registered. That came through about an hour later, but by then, I'd gotten bored and had jumped in

my car. Driving around, I found myself near the sex store/sex on premises (SOP) building Krissy and I had entered earlier. My pussy tingled as I recalled that day, and I decided to go in.

When I entered, Betty greeted me enthusiastically and grabbed my hand. Looking around, she yelled at the other woman working there that she was taking an hour's break. Wondering what she could want, I followed Betty through the curtain and up the stairs to SOP part. Betty guided me into the lady's changeroom and handed me a large, fluffy white towel. She swiftly disrobed, wrapped the towel around her generous bosom, and looked at me expectantly.

Internally shrugging, I dropped my halter neck, backless cami dress, all I wore, put it in the locker beside Betty's clothes and wrapped the towel around myself. I let Betty retake my hand, and she led me to the steam room. Several guys were sitting in there naked, but we were the only two women.

Betty winked at me and moved to the middle of the five rows of bench seats, and sat in the centre spot. Unselfconsciously taking off her towel, Betty folded it and sat on it. Following her lead, I reluctantly dropped mine, and other than with my family, close friends and lovers, I sat naked in front of strange men for the first time in my life.

I was surprised the men didn't immediately ogle us, but other than taking surreptitious glances out of the sides of their eyes, the men remained with their eyes closed or staring straight ahead.

I whispered to Betty, "I'm surprised they're not ogling." She tittered and replied, "They know me too well, so they're waiting to see what we do. If you're game, Kate, we can put on a show for them." "What do you mean 'a show'?" I queried. Betty said quietly, "Lean back on your elbows on the bench behind you and lift and spread your knees. Then I'll kneel before you and lick your pussy."

"In front of these men?" I gasped. "Well, if you're too chicken, I guess we can have a quick dunk in the baths and get changed."

I sat there contemplating what Betty had said for a time, but I had to be honest with myself —my pussy was soaking wet and throbbing at the thought of these strange men watching the voluptuous, young Asian woman eating my pussy. As I had at The Chateaux, I found that I have quite a strong exhibitionist streak in me.

Casually leaning back, I rested on my elbows and lifted my feet until my heels pressed against my ass cheeks. Then letting my knees fall apart, I shook my hair and closed my eyes. I sensed immediate movement all around me, and I surmised the men were all moving for a better view of my tiny, sweet pussy.



Leaving my eyes closed seemed to enhance my other senses, and I became intensely aware of Betty’s hands on my hips, pulling me closer to the seat’s edge. Then I felt her soft lips kissing up my inner thighs and shuddered as

she flicked my clit with her tongue's tip. I opened my eyes and looked down. Betty smiled back at me from between my lewdly spread thighs and swiped her tongue from my taint, across my wet entrance, along my slit and onto my love button.

Sucking that divine little nub into her mouth, Betty battered it with her tongue, and I exhaled deeply as the pleasure she gave me overrode everything else. My hand instinctively found the back of Betty's head, and my hips waved up and down as I ground against her mouth.

Lost in the sensation of being expertly tongued, I didn't notice a guy moving close until he wiped his cock across my lips. He immediately jerked back, expecting to be admonished. But when I said nothing and licked my lips, he ran his throbbing member over my lips again. The third time he pushed his cock against my lips, I turned my head, opened my mouth, and let him slide inside.

"Fuck!" Someone exclaimed as I willingly took the cock into my mouth until its owner's abdomen pressed against my nose.

The cock in my mouth was long, easily longer than Tommy's, although it was quite thin, and it slid over my gag reflex readily. The cock's owner held still as I swallowed around his cock and did my best to run my tongue over it. The cock slowly withdrew until only the glans remained in my mouth. Taking advantage of the extra room, I slashed my tongue over and around the cock's head and stabbed it into the cock's eye.

"Fuck!" The groan came again, and I wondered who was saying it. I was sure it wasn't the owner of the cock in my mouth, but whoever it was sounded on the edge of an orgasm.

Opening my eyes as the cock began its journey back into my mouth, I saw that another man had taken advantage of Betty's kneeling position and had knelt behind her and slid his cock into her cunt. My pussy clenched at the erotic sight, and when I felt another cock rubbing against my wrist, I turned my hand and grasped it.

“Fuck!” The man whose cock I’d just grabbed moaned, confirming that he was the speaker all three times.

A third cock was pressed into my left hand, so I grasped that one, too. I was resting on my elbows and didn’t have much movement, but as best I could, I stroked the two cocks I held. However, their owners weren’t complaining, and the one in my right hand suddenly jerked, lengthened, and hardened. But before I felt its semen-laden load blasting through it, the man pulled it out of my hand, groaned and ejaculated onto my big, firm breasts.

The intensity of the feeling of his hot seed splashing onto my gorgeous breasts smashed me into a squealed orgasm, and I humped fiercely up at Betty’s devouring mouth. Betty, feeling my climax, backed away from my delicious pussy, but I wasn’t anywhere near satiated, so I grabbed the back of her head and guided her back onto my pussy.

Giggling, Betty lapped at my entrance, gathering the moisture pooling there. Opening my eyes, I saw another man had taken the other’s place behind Betty’s expansive ass, and I surmised she’d already taken one load in her big cunt. Not wanting to be outdone, I lashed and sucked the cock in my mouth. A few seconds later, the man’s hands held my head still as he spasmodically hunched into my mouth before holding my head tighter and blasting my mouth with his ejaculate.

Swallowing eagerly, I continued sucking and licking, trying to soak up every drop of man liquid he had until he pulled back. Opening my mouth, I let the deflated cock out, but another was swiftly presented to me, and I gleefully sucked that one, too.

There was a loud groan, and I opened my eyes long enough to see Betty’s second man cumming in her pussy. He was quickly replaced by a third, but Betty yelped when he pushed forward.

“Shut up, bitch,” the man snarled. “You love it in your arse at least as much as you do your fat cunt.”

Betty took her mouth off my pussy long enough to growl back, “Yeah, but you could have used some lube first, asshole!” Then, seemingly

unconcerned, she dove back on my fluttering pussy.

The owner of the cock in my left hand blew next. He'd surrounded my hand with his and had squeezed tight as he pumped his hips back and forth. This guy came with his cock still in my hand, so all I received for my reward was a smattering of cum over my wrist.

Seconds later, two more cocks filled my hands, and I could feel the one in my mouth was about to blow. Doing my best to pump the cocks in my hands, I lashed the cock in my mouth with my tongue, and it soon rewarded me with another delicious mouthful of semen.

My jaw ached, but I still willingly accepted a third cock into my mouth. None of these three guys would last very long, I realised. The ones in my hands were already grunting and moaning as they thrust into my gripping fingers, and the one in my mouth was twitching. I thought the fact they were about to cum so quickly was a massive nod to how sexy and attractive these men found me, not that it meant they had poor self-control, so I swirled my tongue and pumped my hands as best I could.

With a guttural growl, the guy on my left pulled out of my hand and spat his gooey essence onto my curved tummy. Then the one in my right hand unleashed over my breasts. I enjoyed these twin sensations immensely, but my satisfaction was complete when the man in my mouth pulled out and unloaded onto my face. The tripled feelings of hot man juice splattering onto my skin rocketed me into orgasm. Squealing, I bucked under Betty's gleefully probing tongue and gushed juices over her mouth.

As I twitched and shuddered in post-orgasmic bliss, the last guy filled her ass with his load. After taking his load, Betty kissed her way up my body. She cleaned every spot of cum off my belly, breasts and face she could find and then shared it in a cum kiss with me. Then one of the guys asked if any of my other holes were available, and when I said no, they left the room.

Betty helped me sit up, and we enjoyed the warmth for a while. When she decided we'd been in for long enough, she held my hand and guided me to the splash pool. Giggling, she jumped, pulling me in with her. The sudden, shockingly cold water surrounding me blasted all feelings of post-orgasmic

lethargy from my body. When I climbed out, every millimetre of my skin felt alive, and I was intensely aware that my pussy still ached.

I told myself, 'Kate, you know the only cure for that ache is your husband's thick cock shoving up inside you, so you'll just have to go home and wait for him to return!'

Betty had different ideas, though. Instead of leading me back to the changeroom, as I expected, she led me deeper into the complex. Behind the many closed doors we passed, I could hear the sounds of sex. However, some of the doors were open, and inside every open door, two men were fucking. I didn't see even one other female except for Betty. I asked Betty about the open doors, and she replied an open door meant the couple were prepared to let others play with them. A closed door meant they wanted to fuck in private.

I have zero problems with gay people. Several of my female friends are at least bisexual, and a number are lesbian. John's work bestie is a gay man, and we've had him and his partner for dinner many times, but I was shocked by so many men having homosexual sex in such a public manner. I asked Betty about it, and she explained that most of these men would consider themselves straight and only came to the sauna to ease needs that weren't being met at home.

She thought she needed to explain further because I'd shaken my head. So she expounded that the men came here to have sex with other men because they felt there was zero chance of developing a romantic connection with the men they fucked, and therefore, having sex here offered no risk to their marriage.

However, I hadn't shaken my head because I hadn't understood but because I felt there was an urgent need for something similar for women. Many of my friends complained of dud sex lives, with bland, unskilful lovers who made no effort to learn how to please them. I asked Betty if there was something similar for women, but Betty said they'd tried ladies only nights, but attendance was so poor that it made no economic sense to continue offering them. Women were welcome any time, and the staff were always present when females attended to ensure their safety.

She further explained that because women were so rare in these places, the few that did attend were often swamped with attention. Then she giggled and added, “It’s why I didn’t let you stay in the sauna very long. All the men you blew or tossed off and I let fuck me would be telling everyone they could what had happened, and if we’d stayed much longer, we’d have had another line of men to service.”

“You love being anonymously fucked, don’t you, Betty?” I asked.

“Yeah,” she replied. “No involvement, no caring about their needs, no boring post-coital chats, just plain raw sex where I don’t have to care about their needs and can concentrate solely on my pleasure. Plus, I orgasm every time someone shoots inside me, so the more, the merrier, really!”

Shaking my head, I asked, “Where are we going?”

“Here,” she smiled, opening a door with a key. Inside I saw that a sex sling was set up, ready for someone to use. “When you came in, Kate, I sent a message to Jumbo and Donkey to meet us in here in forty minutes. That’s them chatting in the corner.”

I saw two naked men standing in the dimly lit corner. Their cocks were only at half-mast, but both were massive!

“Yeah,” Betty tittered. “The smaller cock belongs to Donkey, and the bigger to Jumbo.”

“Smaller?” I gasped. “It’s huge!”

“Yes, it is,” Betty giggled. “Jumbo is solely for experienced big cock takers like me, Kate, but you might want to try Donkey on for size!”

With that, she climbed agilely into the sling and positioned her feet in the stirrups. Then making a chucking sound, she said, “Gidyap, Donkey. You can pave the way for Jumbo. Then when we’re finished, you can take a chop at my friend, Kate.”

I knew I should have left already. Sucking three guys off as I whacked off another four was bad enough, but was I seriously contemplating climbing into that sling after Betty and seeing if I could take Donkey's massive penis inside me? It seemed like I was because when Donkey moved between Betty's chubby thighs, I grabbed his cock and guided it into her.

"Play with my clit as Donkey gets me ready for Jumbo, Kate, please," Betty asked.

Betty's clit, like everything else about her, was big. It was also hidden beneath a thick clitoral hood, so I had to peel that back before I could finger her fuck button. When I'd exposed her clit, I dipped my finger inside her wet pussy and used that lubrication to circle her clit swiftly.

Donkey's enormous penis slid easily into Betty's gaping cunt, and he only needed a few quick thrusts before he slid smoothly inside her love channel. Satisfied that Betty was ready, he stepped around to where I was and proffered his slick cock to my hand. I released Betty's hood and wrapped my dainty hand around Donkey's enormous girth. Looking down, I saw there was a broad gap between my thumb and forefinger.

Amazed, I concentrated on stroking Donkey's cock until I saw Jumbo lining his gigantic cock up with Betty's dripping cunt. Letting go of Donkey's cock, I turned to watch. To my astonishment, the first half of Jumbo's cock slid effortlessly into Betty's big cunt. After that, he had to work it back and forth. Another quarter slid inside the hefty Asian woman, but now he was pressed against her cervix, and despite what you may have read, that was as far as it could go.

However, every time Jumbo pulled back and thrust against Betty's cervix, she'd squeal and have a petite orgasm. Fascinated, I wrapped my hand around Donkey's cock and stroked it again.

Slowly building his rhythm, Jumbo stroked faster and faster into Betty's gaping cunt. Eventually, there was no subtlety at all. Jumbo pulled all but his glans out of Betty's sloppy pussy before jamming it back in until it slammed against Betty's cervix, then he repeated the stroke.

Betty bounced from a screamed, to a gasped, and finally to a howled orgasm, until, with a final squeal, she passed out. Not caring his fuck buddy was unconscious, Jumbo hunched several more times before he stiffened into a rictus and unloaded into Betty's sloppy, gaping cunt. His semen spurting onto her cervix woke Betty, and with a faint smile, she experienced another soft climax as Jumbo came.

Jumbo backed out of Betty and helped her down. Then turning to me, they looked at me expectantly, waiting to see what I would do. My conscience, which seemed to have taken a permanent holiday, chose that moment to wake, and it screamed, 'Kate Ashley Muggleton, you are not getting in that sling and letting some big dicked stranger bareback fuck your slut pussy!'

It made a good point, but I concentrated on the *'bareback'* part and demanded, "If I'm going to attempt taking that colossal thing into my tight pussy, you need to use a condom!"

Chuckling, Donkey agreed, and I was soon up in the sling, nervously awaiting Donkey's push into my scaldingly hot, drippingly wet pussy. Once he was lined up, he placed the head of his enormous cock against my entrance. Then, as Betty and Jumbo held the sling to prevent me from swinging away from his rampant cock, he tried to push into me. But there was no way he'd fit, and I immediately realised that. The biggest I'd taken inside me was the eight-inch silicone 'cock' Siobhan had fucked me with. Donkey was at least ten inches and thick to boot. Frustrated, he pulled back and unsuccessfully tried again.

I didn't know what to do. Intellectually, I knew he should fit. After all, I'd had two children whose heads were much bigger than Donkey's cock, yet he still couldn't enter me. Betty fixed the problem. She slid two fingers inside me and worked on stretching my pussy open. She added a third and eventually a fourth before she was satisfied that I was gaped enough to take Donkey's enormous tool.

Betty took Donkey's cock in her hand, then, realising he'd wilted, sucked it into her mouth and sucked on it until he was rigidly stiff again. Now Donkey was hard, she guided him onto my entrance again. Donkey pushed

forwards, and with a grunt from me, my pussy's sphincter gave way, and I accepted about half of Donkey's massive penis inside me.

As soon as his cock popped through my pussy's sphincter, the head of his gigantic cock scraped across my G-spot, and I grunted again as I thrust my hips up, trying to take more of him inside. Only three-quarters of Donkey's cock slid into me before his cock's head battered my cervix.

As I've described earlier, my husband and son hit this delectable spot when they have their entire length inside me. Donkey, however, hit my cervix with at least a quarter of his cock outside my pussy.

Donkey pushed hard, trying to force my cervix open. But that couldn't happen, so he gave up, pulled back, and ripped into me again. Donkey's cock battering my cervix excited me beyond reason, and my head fell back as I mumbled. "Harder, faster. Fuck me harder and faster."

Grasping my lush breasts in his hands. Donkey wrenched me towards him as he slammed his cock against my cervix. Only three thrusts later, I screamed as the intense sensation overwhelmed me, and I blasted into a low-earth orgasmic flight.

After my swift orbit of the planet, I slowly became aware that Donkey still slid slowly in and out of my now severely gaped pussy. Opening my eyes, I saw Donkey smile, and he began to increase the force and frequency of his thrusts. I swiftly climbed towards another climax as I felt his enormous girth sliding across my G-spot and pounding on my cervix.

Suddenly, Donkey short-hunched into me several times before groaning and bathing my insides with cum. His semen gushing against my cervix sent me crashing into another orgasm, and I squealed as he came inside me.

But then it occurred to me that I shouldn't have felt him cumming in me because he wore a condom. I looked disbelievingly at where we were coupled as Donkey pulled out of me. When his cock was out of my sloppily gaped pussy, I could see the remnants of the torn condom hanging around his shaft.

“Fuck!” I yelled. “Donkey, if you’ve given me a venereal disease or worse, I swear I’ll cut your damned cock off with a blunt knife and scoop your balls out with a rusty spoon!”

Chuckling, Donkey picked up his pants and fished his wallet out. Taking out his pathology card, he showed me that, as of yesterday, he was clean of all known venereal diseases. Relieved, I relaxed but swore I’d never take that kind of risk again. However, I knew my raging libido probably meant I would.

Getting off the swing, I left the towel where it was and strutted to the changeroom. As I left the room, I heard Jumbo chuckle and say, “Wow, Betty! That is some woman! Where did you find her?” I didn’t hear Betty’s response.

I showered and cleaned my pussy as best I could before dressing and heading home, praying John wouldn’t be there, or if he were, wouldn’t want to make love immediately. Luckily, no one was home, and I could shower again and douche Donkey’s cum from my pussy.

As soon as Donkey had pulled out of me, I began doing my Kegel exercises to ensure my poor abused pussy wouldn’t remain gaped. I was worried I’d still be stretched when John came home, so I got my hand mirror and squatted over it to see if my vulva had closed. Looking at my pussy’s reflection, I thought it was already close enough to its normal size for John not to notice I’d had another man’s cock inside me that day.

I stood and turned to the bathroom mirror and looked at my reflection, and asked, ‘*Kate Ashley Muggleton, what the fuck were you doing in that SOP? Why on earth did you let Betty lead you into the steam room, and what the fuck were you doing sucking and jacking off complete strangers?’* The answer was quite simple, really. I was horny, and I wanted to.

Would I go back again? Maybe. But only to see if I could take Jumbo. I doubted it, but Donkey’s enormous cock had felt wonderful in my tiny, tight pussy, and I desired to feel what taking Jumbo’s extra girth would be like. Jumbo’s increased length wouldn’t matter because my vaginal canal couldn’t take all of Donkey’s cock, so the extra one or two inches Jumbo

had wouldn’t add anything to the experience. But Jumbo was significantly thicker than Donkey, and that might be fun to experience.

As I mused, Tommy walked in and wrapped his arms around my naked body. Pressing his swiftly swelling cock against my ass. He kissed my neck and smilingly said, “Hello, my delicious little Mommie slut. How was your day?”

Giggling, I turned and dropped to my knees. Then unzipping him, I fished his cock out and guided it into my mouth. Sucking until it was throbbingly hard, I released it, tipped my head back, and replied, “Boring! How was yours?” and then took his cock back into my mouth.

“Better now you’re sucking my cock, Mom. I miss doing this with you. Make me cum, Mom. Make your son fill your slutty mouth with his cum.”

I thrilled at him calling me his slut, and eagerly did as he asked. Shortly after, I was rewarded with a delicious mouthful of my son’s cum.

Tucking him back away, I asked, “Is anyone else home yet?”

“Dad’s with the architect in the rooms over the garage, explaining what he wants. Krissy left a note saying she’d gone back out but would be home for tea, and I’m here with you,” my son replied. “Do we dare risk having a quick fuck, do you reckon, or should we leave it at the blowjob?”

“When we next fuck, Tommy, I want you to take the time to blast me into the galaxy. I’m tired of quickies because that’s all the time we have, and I want you to make slow, languorous, passionate love to me. So, baby boy, no, we don’t have time for a quick fuck.”

Grinning down at me, my son replied, “I can do that, Mom. I’ll have time later this week when Dad should be out, and we’ll be home alone. I’ll come and find you then.”

“Thanks, Tommy,” I smiled. “I’m looking forward to it!”

Like a typical teenager, Tommy's following question was, "What's for dinner, Mom?"

"I've got lamb leg steaks defrosted," I replied. "I'll do them in Moroccan spices, with saffron rice pilaf and a crunchy chopped salad."

"That sounds delicious, Mom. But what if we go to the club tonight and have dinner there? My treat."

"Sure, Tommy," I replied. "Check with your father if he's happy to go out. Krissy won't care, so if he says okay, that's what we'll do."

John had no objection, so 7.00 pm found us sitting around a table at 5th Quarter, The Lion's Social Club restaurant in Rochedale. My family gets along really well, so conversation flowed readily, with plenty of jokes and barbs directed back and forth. John and I would have discouraged their cheeky interactions when the children were younger. But our children were adults now, and we allowed more familiarity in their interactions with us.

Krissy flirted outrageously with her father. She'd raided my closet and wore my sexy black, sheer lace cami crop top that exposed most of her delicious C-cup inner mounds and left her belly button bare. Below that, Krissy wore a micro-mini denim skirt. When my daughter sat, I saw she wasn't wearing underwear, and her waxed pussy showed clearly.

Deciding that tonight was another chance to advance Krissy's slow seduction of her father, I pretended to ignore that John blatantly stared at his daughter's exposed pussy lips.

When we returned home, I whispered to Krissy to wait up until I came and got her. Then I marched to my bedroom. Remembering my mother's stern visage when she disciplined me, I took down the cane case and took the antique school cane out.

"Kate?" John asked. "What are you doing?"

"Mister Muggleton," I said as I pointed the cane at his groin. "Your erection is caused by you perving on our daughter's waxed pussy. Don't think for a

minute that I didn’t notice you ogling her at the restaurant tonight!”

“She wasn’t wearing panties,” John protested. “I couldn’t help noticing her bare pussy.”

“You’re saying it’s okay to ogle a bare pussy because it’s bare? Come on, John, I know, you know, better than that!”

Defeated by my logic, John’s head dropped, and he mumbled, “What do you want me to do?”

“Strip and take your typical punishment position on the bed,” I replied. “Luckily for you, I’ve arranged for your little treat to join us tonight. She wants to fuck you, John. But I’m not ready for that yet, so you’ll be blindfolded as she sucks you off again.”

Of course, my husband was keen, so he almost leapt onto the bed and spread his hands and feet to the corners. I hadn’t removed the restraints from the last time we’d played, so I had John securely tied quickly. Once he was bound, I wrapped my scarf around his eyes.

“Your treat will be at our front door, John,” I told him. “Be patient and wait here until I bring her to the room.”

John chuckled and replied, “I don’t think I’m going anywhere anytime soon, Kate. So, yes, I will wait here.”

Walking out of my room, I paced down to the front door, opened and shut it, and then went to Krissy’s room and rattled my nails on her door. She opened it immediately and asked, “Tonight?”

Kissing her full, pouting lips, I replied, “Your dad’s not ready yet. But tonight will move him further along the path to accepting being your first.”

“I’m so fucking horny, Mom,” my daughter stated. “If I don’t get Dad’s cock inside my cunt soon, I don’t know what I will do! Maybe give my virginity to Tommy instead? If Phil Loughlin showed any interest at all, I’d let him have me!”

Kissing my daughter again, I said, “I know how you feel, baby. In the weeks before my eighteenth birthday, I struggled through every day as I anticipated your grandfather taking me. Then the prick announced he was taking your grandmother to Europe instead. He’d forgotten my birthday again, and I was devastated.”

“That’s terrible, Mom,” Krissy responded. “What did you do?”

Giggling, I replied, “Let your father fuck me bareback, and your brother was the result!”

Smiling, Krissy replied, “You left out that you were on the pill, Mom, and that’s why I’m so scared of letting someone take me. The one and only sexual interlude you had after turning eighteen made you pregnant despite being on the pill.”

I agreed, but I had a secret and knew she wouldn’t get pregnant the night she was first with her father. Taking her hand, I walked back to my bedroom. Krissy stepped through the door, dropped her nightie and climbed onto the bed between her father’s legs. Grasping his cock, my daughter pumped it gently before swirling her tongue over its head like it was an ice block. John groaned as Krissy licked him, and I could tell he wouldn’t last long by the arousal in his voice.



Wanting to extend Krissy’s enjoyment, I knelt on the floor beside John’s head and scornfully said, “I don’t believe it, John. Are you telling me you have so little control you can’t even wait until your mystery lover has your cock in her mouth before blowing your load?”

Of course, my husband took that as a mortal insult and swiftly clamped down on his arousal. Satisfied, I began sensuously running my long nails along his body. I tickled his ribs, jaw, neck, and stomach. Then switching to the pads on my fingertips, I wet them with my mouth and circled his nipples.

John’s hips undulated softly at his daughter’s deliciously sucking, swirling mouth and tongue as his breathing became hoarse pants. John struggled to hold on and not cum, but he was close to the ragged edge. I bent close to his ear and whispered, “I bet you wished it was our daughter blowing you, John. Can’t you just imagine her young, sweet mouth encircling your blood-engorged, rock-hard cock, sucking on it, swirling her tongue over it? Maybe I could suck off our son as you get blown by our daughter.”

The last part was a risk, and I knew that. I’d confessed to having impure thoughts about our daughter, but this was the first time I’d mentioned having lustful thoughts about our son. However, the image shattered John’s self-control, and with an expansive groan, he ejaculated into our daughter’s mouth.

Krissy let her father’s cock out of her mouth but continued to pump it gently as she ran soft kisses over its head and frenulum. It seemed John was hot to trot that night, and he hardly softened at all. I began whispering again. “Hmm, John. Just think, you have no idea whose mouth you just shot off in. Maybe it is your daughter’s. Maybe that’s still her kissing and stroking your magnificent cock. Do you want it to be, John?”

“Yes!” He groaned as his hips waved up at Krissy’s gripping hand. “Krissy’s beautiful and oh so very sexy, and I’d love to make love to her, but she’s our daughter, Kate. I can’t do that.”

Seeing he was close again, Krissy took him back in her mouth, cupped his big balls, and sucked hard.

I whispered, “Not even if she wants you to, John? Not even if she wants to give you her virginity?”

“Fuck, Kate!” John spat as he climaxed into his daughter’s mouth again.

“I’ll be back,” I told John. “I’m sending your mystery woman home, then we need to talk about tonight. Some correction is required, don’t you think?”

“Yes, Miss Kate,” John defeatedly replied.

I shooed Krissy out of the room and went downstairs to open and shut the front door as if letting someone out. I walked back to our room and took John's cock in my hand. I remained silent as I worked him back to fully erect and then swung my leg over his hips and settled my tight little pussy onto his thick cock. John's cock felt as big in my pussy as it ever did, so I figured the exercises I did after taking Donkey's enormous cock had returned my innards to normal.

John had also stayed quiet after I returned and began riding him. I placed my hands in the middle of his muscular chest and increased my hips' wave pace. When I heard John's moans, I spoke, "Do you want to fuck our daughter, John?" He didn't answer, so I increased my thrust speed. "Tell me the truth, John. Do you want to fuck our daughter?" John groaned but still didn't reply. I used my pussy muscles to clench on his cock hard and repeated, "The truth, John. Do you want to fuck our daughter?"

"No!" He gasped. "I want to take her in my arms and make slow passionate love to her. I want to show her a man's love, Kate. Show her how beautiful being loved and having sex with the one you love can be. There, I've said it, Kate. Are you happy now? You've discovered your husband is an incestuous creep that fantasises about making love with his daughter!"

"Cum in me, lover," I demanded. "I'm so fucking hot right now that I could fucking explode!"

Thrown by my sudden use of profane language, John lost control, hunched his hips up at me, and exploded semen into my grasping pussy. As it typically does, John's cock spurting semen onto my cervix crashed me over the edge, and I screamed my orgasm against his chest.

When I recovered, John's cock was still inside me and remained pretty hard. Knowing his shaft would buckle if I tried to ride it, I rhythmically clenched my pussy sphincter on and off it. The slow clenching rhythm swiftly returned my husband's erection. When he felt completely hard inside me again, I leaned forward and took off his blindfold. Then, placing my hands on either side of his head, I lowered my luscious breast onto his mouth.

Riding him gently, I asked, “How much of what you just said is fantasy, John, and how much is the desire to do precisely that?”

Letting my nipple out of his mouth, John answered, “It has to remain a fantasy, Kate. Incest is wrong.”

“Even between consenting adults, John? But you didn’t answer my question—are you only fantasising, or do you wish you could make love to our daughter?”

John suckled on my nipple a bit before tilting his head to look at me, “If she weren’t my daughter, I’d make love to her in a flash, Kate. And I know you’d accept that just as you’ve accepted my many other flings. But she is my daughter, Kate. Doing that would be wrong.”

“Stop with the moralising bullshit, John, and answer the damned question!” I snapped as I gripped his cock with my pussy as tightly as possible and slid up and down it.

Looking stricken, John admitted, “Yes, Kate, I do. I want to make love to our daughter.”

I immediately swung off him and undid his ties. Then, taking out my mother’s heirloom cane, I knelt, lowered my eyes, lifted it above my head, and offered it to him.

John climbed off the bed and crossed to me, “Kate?” He asked. “What’s going on?”

“I, too, have incestuous fantasies about our children, John. But worse than the fantasies about Krissy I’ve admitted, I also admit harbouring desires for our son.”

John stood, unmoving, staring down at me. Eventually, he asked, “Kate, how did you know caned corrections could be forgiven by making the corrected service you with their mouth and tongue?”

Hunching in on myself fearfully because this was a make or break our marriage moment, I sobbed, “Because I did that with my parents regularly, John. After they’d used the cane on us for at least half the number they’d stipulated, they’d offer us three girls the option of servicing them with our mouths and tongues instead of receiving the rest of our corrections.”

“Jaysus, Kate!” John exclaimed. “And you did?”

“It wasn’t really an offer, John. It was expected. But I swiftly came to enjoy doing it. I enjoyed sucking my daddy’s cock and licking my mother’s pussy, John. I loved giving them orgasms because they’d let me play with myself and have orgasms, too. So, there you go, husband. My crimes are way worse than yours, and your loving wife is nothing more than an incestuous slut Mommie.”

“Jaysus, Kate!” He exclaimed again. “I understand now why my spanking you turns you on so much. You equate being corrected with orgasmic pleasure.”

In a small, scared voice, I asked, “Have I lost you, John? Do I need to move into the guestroom until I can find somewhere else to live?”

John took the cane from my hand before saying, “Look at me, Kate.” But I couldn’t. “Kate,” he said more insistently. “Look at me.” I shook my head, and John said firmly, “Kate Ashley Muggleton, raise your fool head and look me in the eye!”

Of course, that was a demand, and as a submissive woman, I couldn’t refuse. Lifting my weeping eyes, I looked at the only man I’d ever loved. Oh, I love my father and son, but that’s not what I mean. I love my father and son as my father and son, not as romantic lovers. John is the only man I’ve ever loved romantically.

When I raised my eyes, I saw that John had put the cane aside and held his extremely hard and throbbingly erect cock.

Smiling, he said, “Foolish woman, your story excited me, and I wished we’d done something similar with our two. Kate, you should know me well

enough to know I wouldn't have left you over something like what you described.

"Looked at it one way, it's child abuse and paedophilia. At another, it's two parents lovingly correcting and guiding their daughters to be the best women they could be. I know your parents well, Kate. There's not an abusive bone in their bodies. What they did came from their love and desire to see you three happily married to strong, dominant men.

We may have gotten things backwards in their eyes, had sex and then married instead of marrying and having sex, but they got what they desired, Kate. You're married to a strong, dominant man who loves you to death and wants to grow old and grey with you!"

Then he chuckled and added, "Well, I'm already grey, but if I know you, Mrs Muggleton, you will never allow a grey hair to show! Not even if you're ninety!"

Feeling incredibly relieved that the risks I'd taken in exposing my incestuous desires for my son and revealing my incestuous past had panned out, I giggled and replied, "Not on your life will I let a grey hair show!" Then I cupped my big, firm breasts and added, "Can you imagine how saggy these big things will be when I'm ninety? Sheesh, John, I'll have to wear a bra then, or I'll trip over the silly things when I walk."

"That's okay, Baby," John joked. "I'll be lying on the floor with a broken hip, and your nipples will be at a perfect height for me to suckle on!"

"Oi!" I protested. "I'll probably resemble that remark!"

Picking me up and lowering me onto his stiff pole, John chuckled and said, "You won't, Kate. You and I both know it. You'll get breast reduction surgery to reduce and tighten them. I guarantee you'll be the prettiest woman in the nursing home, babe, and you'll probably still be an incorrigible flirt."

Wrapping my arms around John's neck as I wrapped my legs around his hips, I kissed my man as passionately as I knew how and responded, "And

you'll still be the only man I want between my shapely thighs, lover."

John lowered me onto the bed, grabbed my hands and pushed them above my head. Then spotting the restraints, he tied my hands to them. Backing out of my wanting pussy momentarily, John bound my legs before pushing a pillow under my luscious butt.

He re-entered me and reached across to my nightstand. I think he expected to find my standard vibrator, a hard plastic device with a pointed head for clit and G-spot stimulation. Instead, he found my new clitoral stimulator. Instantly recognising it for what it was, he backed out of me again and covered my clit, slit, and entrance with it.

John got a pair of my panties out of my drawer, released my legs, insisted that I let him pull them up my toned legs, and then snugged them around the stimulator. Then taking the remote, John set the vibrations low and took out the original item he had looked for. Setting that vibrator quite high, John rubbed it over my sensitive, puffy nipples.

The twin sensations were maddeningly stimulating, and I began undulating my hips as if to meet a lover's thrusting cock. Unfortunately, no matter how hard or far I pushed my hips up, it didn't increase my pussy's contact with the stimulator.

John left the clit stimulator on its low level as he stroked the vibrator over my nipples, breast globes, collarbones and neck. The soft, insistent vibration on my pussy was driving me nuts, and I began panting. Hearing my pants, John tapped on the stimulator with the vibrator. The sudden increased vibrations on my clit ramped up my arousal, and my pants changed to groans.

Taking my nipple between a thumb and forefinger, John tweaked and pulled on it as he held the vibrator's tip against the stimulator for longer. I couldn't stand the eternally slow climb to orgasm, and my mouth fell open, "Please, John," I begged.

"What was that, Kate?" John teased. "*Please, John, I have to cum," I pleaded.* "So cum, Kate," John replied coldly, though I could see a smile

playing on his lips. *"You're not doing enough to get me there, John. Please, I need to cum."* "You mean that unlike you, I'm not teasing you with images of how your children look and how sexy they are? I'm not providing graphic descriptions of what I think you'd like to do to them?"

I groaned and bucked my hips, trying to time my buck to when John pressed the vibrator against the stimulator. "John," I begged. "I need your big cock in me, please, baby, take your slut hard."

"My big cock, Kate?" John drawled. "What about Tommy's? Would you take his cock inside your wet cunt, Kate? Would you like to feel Tommy's cock's head splitting your slutty pussy lips open and driving deep into your hot, slippery cunt? I could go and get him now, Kate. I'm sure he'd love to fuck you while you're tied to the bed. Shall I get him, Kate?"

Shaking my head, I tried to keep the salacious pornographic images my husband created from forming in my mind, but it was impossible. I'd fantasised about being taken by two men simultaneously so many times that the added piquancy of imagining the two being my son and husband had me burning with the need to climax.

"You shake your head, Kate," John crooned. "Yet your arousal pours down your thighs. Kate, you're so turned on that your pussy is dripping like a faucet. I could get him, Kate. Shall I?"

I shook my head, but my denials were made moot by my following moan of desire and my swiftly bucking hips. "Please make me cum, John," I pleaded again.

Holding the vibrator over my clit until I was barely shy of my apex, John removed it at the last second and demanded, "Admit you want our son's cock in your slut cunt, Kate, and I'll make you cum!"

"Darn you, John," I snarled. "Yes! Alright? I want my son's cock shoved up my hot, wet cunt!"

Holding the vibrator firmly against where my clit was under the stimulator, John kissed me hard and whispered, "Good. Because I want to watch that,

and I want Krissy, too."

That image blew me apart, and screaming until I passed out, I climaxed. I woke later to find John had released me from the restraints and moved me so I was draped over his muscular chest. He'd placed my hand on his throbbing cock, and even in my passed-out state, I was gently and rhythmically squeezing it.

"Back in the land of the living, I see," John grinned. "That was some orgasm! I don't think you've cum that hard ever before, Kate. You like the thought of me watching Tommy push his cock up you, huh?"

Fearful of what it meant, I whispered, "But it was just fantasy, right? You wouldn't actually want to see our son do that, would you?"

John grimaced and seemed about to admit something, but then the shutters came down, and I realised I'd blown it.

"Of course, it's only fantasy, Kate. Just like when you fill my mind with images of me having sex with our daughter."

'Kate, you dumb fool.' I admonished myself. 'John was about to admit his incestuous desires to you, which would have segued beautifully into telling him of his daughter's desire for him to be her first, and you act fearful that he wanted to watch what you've already let happen.'

However, the damage was done now, so I kissed down my husband's body and took his cum messy cock into my mouth. I've always enjoyed our combined tastes, so I took care to ensure his cock, balls, and surrounds were clean before I rolled and presented my bottom to him. As I hoped, John cuddled into me, and his thick cock poked against my bum.

Reaching back, I guided him against my tiny brown ring and whispered, "Punish my evil thoughts by dry fucking my ass, please, Sir."

"No way, Kate," John chuckled. The last time I did that, my cock's head was raw for a week. Use your mouth to wet me again, then I'll spit on your ring and use that for lube."

So that’s what we did.

I woke when John stirred, and after relieving myself in the main lavatory, I put my silk robe on and went to the kitchen to make breakfast. I made ham steaks, eggs, fried mushrooms and tomatoes, along with hash browns and toast for my men and peach and banana smoothies for Krissy and me.

John was meeting with another potential client, and Krissy had to work, so they’d be out all day. Tommy said he was staying home for the morning but would head into the club after lunch for a weights and stretching session. I smiled because I knew my son would wait until the others left and come looking for me.

I hadn’t had his marvellous cock inside me for too long, and I looked forwards to him ‘finding’ me somewhere compromising where he could bend me over and slide into me. Even after letting John take me anally the previous night, I still had a hankering for some more, and my son hadn’t had me in there yet, so it would be a new experience for us both.

Tuesday is my standard top-to-bottom house cleaning day. I’d generally dress down for this day, but because I knew my son would come looking for me, I returned to my en suite and showered, douched my pussy and ass, did my makeup and fixed my hair. After brushing my teeth, I used a hand mirror to check my pussy was still bare. Krissy helped me wax it every other week, but stray hairs always seemed to appear between waxing. Satisfied I was hairless, I worked rose-scented moisturiser into the area and went to put clothes on.

I dressed in my army green mini cargo skirt. This item is another that clings to my curvy bottom but has a hanging hem that prevents anyone from seeing too much when I bend over. The only thing I had to watch was that if I squatted, it tended to pop off my cheeks and pool around my waist.

I added a clinging khaki-coloured crossover top, braless, of course. The top exposed most of my breasts, finished barely below my globes, and left my tummy bare. I swapped out the simple belly button ring I had on for an emerald-centred exploding sun one. Stepping into some low sandals, I left my room to start cleaning.

Taking my stepladder, I started by dusting the high ceilings, the tops of cabinets and doors and worked my way through the house, moving methodically from high to low and one end to the other. Reaching the front door, I put the duster and stepladder away and got the vacuum. Returning to the top, I vacuumed the whole house before following that by mopping the uncarpeted areas.

Looking at my phone, I realised I'd been working for nearly three hours and still no sign of my son. Disappointed, I took some cleaning rags and multipurpose cleaner and started on the bathrooms. Taking everything off the basins and benches, I ensured the surfaces were clean before wiping down the various bottles and ornaments and replacing them.

Next, I worked on the baths themselves, but they were quick to clean because they were hardly used. The showers took longer because we all preferred those to the baths. But using a product I'd recently discovered, CLR Brilliant Bath Foaming Bathroom Cleaner Spray, meant I could spray it on, move on to another task, and then return and rinse it off. The only cleaning I had to do was for the caked-on sections, and the spray and wipe I had in my kit worked for that.

Another hour had passed, and still no Tommy. Deciding he wasn't going to find me and play after all, I did the last and most distasteful task, cleaning the toilet bowls and cisterns. The only difficulty was the bowl in the main lavatory. For some reason, my son's aim seemed horribly inaccurate, if you get my drift. Krissy regularly complained that he didn't lift the seat, so she slipped into our en suite and did her business there as often as possible.

I was kneeling, cleaning behind the bowl in the shared lavatory when Tommy finally came looking for me. Laughing because he had me trapped, Tommy knelt behind me and smacked my lush bottom. Then, taking his cock out, he positioned it against my entrance and pushed firmly into me. Tommy reached around my body, slipping his big hands inside my top and onto my breasts. Then gripping them firmly, he pulled me back as he slammed his hips forward.

"Let me up!" I protested. "If you only want a quick fuck, then you can fuck off to your girlfriend's place and get one from her."

Chuckling, Tommy backed away and stood up. Then offering me his hands, he helped me to my feet, threw me over his shoulder, placed his big hand on my curvy ass, and carried me to his room. Laying me on his bed, Tommy unclipped my skirt, pulled down the zip and tugged it off my hips, down my shapely legs and onto the floor.

“You’re beautiful, Mom,” he whispered. “I’m honoured to be your lover. Please lie back and enjoy what I will do, okay?”

Nodding, I lifted my knees and spread my voluptuous thighs. Tommy grinned and picked my left foot up. Slipping my sandal off, he tossed it aside and then kissed my foot. Kissing along my foot’s top, Tommy sucked each toe into his mouth before licking up my toned calf.

Lifting my leg higher, Tommy kissed behind my knee before he licked along my hamstring. Moving back to my toes, he kissed along my shin, over my knee, and up my thigh. Stopping short of my dripping pussy, Tommy released my left leg and picked up my right and then repeated the actions.

Stopping short of my pussy again, Tommy helped me sit and removed my clinging top. Cupping my generous, firm breasts, Tommy pushed me back on the bed, covered my gorgeous body with his leanly muscled one and kissed my full, pouty lips. I felt his tongue sliding along my luscious lips, and I parted them and accepted his protuberance inside my mouth.

Our tongues battled in that age-old dance of love, and I was happy to surrender to my son’s greater strength. Letting Tommy take possession of my mouth, I moaned as my legs unawarely lifted to wrap around his narrow hips and tried to pull him into my soaking pussy

My scorchingly hot entrance brushed briefly against his cock’s tip, but Tommy chuckled and twitched his hips aside. Then he kissed my chin and neck, where my pulse fluttered between my collarbones, décolletage, and breasts, then lower still. Jumping over my belly button ring, Tommy kissed across my taut tummy and over my mound onto my clitoris.

Stopping there to suck and tongue my love button briefly, he licked along my pussy lips and down further onto my entrance. Then putting his hands behind my knees, he pushed until my hips raised off the bed and tongued along my taint. Pausing short of my tiny chocolate starfish, Tommy waited for my reaction. At my groan and attempt to lift my ring onto his tongue, I felt his grin as he tilted his head and slid his tongue onto my little starfish.

“That feels so good, Tommy,” I moaned.

“Have you had anal sex before, Mom?” Tommy asked innocently.

I didn’t know how I should answer. If I answered yes, would he think I was a slut? But if I answered no, would he stop and return to my pussy? Then I realised I was being stupid. Tommy already knew that I was a slut. His little Mommie slut, in fact!

“Yes,” I replied. “Your dad likes it as a change from regular sex, and I like pleasing him, so I do it for him occasionally.”

“Have you ever orgasmed from anal sex, Mom?” He asked.

“Yes. When your dad cums inside me, I almost always climax.”

“Cool,” Tommy said and began tonguing my starfish again.

Tommy worked moisture into my sexy butt with his tongue until he felt my sphincter flutter open, then sucking his finger until it was soaked with his saliva, he slowly worked it into my bottom. I’d never had it done like this before. When I allowed John to take my ass, I turned and presented it to him. John would lube his cock and my ass and push into me. There was some discomfort until my sphincter gaped enough for John’s cock to glide, but it was insufficient to cause any real pain.

Tommy worked diligently to stretch my ass wide enough to take his cock without discomfort. His care and love for me made my heart swell, and I had to swallow my happy tears lest he thought they were tears of pain. Reaching into his bedside table, Tommy removed some lube. Taking his

finger out of my ass, he added lubricant to my ring and his fingers before sliding two fingers back inside my bottom.

Tommy twisted his wrist back and forth as he forced his fingers apart. When the gap between his first and second fingers was wide enough, Tommy added a third finger and proceeded to force them apart, too.

“You’re ready, Mom,” Tommy stated. “You’ll still feel some pain when I push through your knot, but I should slide through easily.”



Tommy was correct on both counts. I jumped as his cock broke my knot open, but there was little pain.

“You okay, Mom?” My son asked.”

Instead of answering, I moaned, pushed my hips forward, then thrust back at his invading cock.

Chuckling, Tommy said, “I’ll take that as a ‘yes’, then.” and began stroking into me.

Having my son penetrate my ass was a surreal experience. On the rare occasions I’d let John take me in my bottom, it had been something I did for him. And although I orgasmed when John ejaculated into my ass, the act of being fucked in the bum did little for me. But when Tommy’s cock bottomed out (pun intended) in my bottom, it felt good! Moaning as he thrust into me, I pushed my curvaceous booty back to meet his thrusts.

“You’re so tight, Mom,” my son moaned. “I won’t last long, so get your fingers on your clit and cum with me.”

That was another new idea for me. When I let John take me in my ass, I concentrated on relaxing and gripping his cock with my ass’ sphincter. I didn’t think of my pleasure and only waited for him to cum, knowing feeling his semen boiling into my ass would ignite my orgasm. Tommy had brought me close to orgasm without me doing anything to aid it, so when my fingers found my clit, I gasped and immediately teetered on the precipice of an enormous orgasm.

Tommy was close but was trying his best to wait for me. Unfortunately, I still had the typical submissive’s need to be given permission to cum, and Tommy hadn’t given it yet. My son continued pounding into my ass, grunting and groaning as he fought to stave off his inevitable orgasm. The sensations had gotten so intense that I was gasping and mewling until I finally managed coherency and pleaded, “Let me cum, baby, please.”

Understanding, Tommy pulled back until only his cock’s tip remained inside me, then whacked my ass as hard as he could and jammed into me.

He roared, “Cum for me, my delicious little Mommie slut,” as his cock blasted cum into my colon.

Turning my face into the pillow, I pinched my thick clit hard and screamed as my climax shattered my thoughts. Tommy collapsed on top of me as my scattered wits drifted away, and I slept. I woke when I felt a warm washer cleaning my ass. Strangely, it didn't feel abused as it typically did after I'd let my husband use it. Instead, it felt like I could go a second round in there.

Noticing I was awake, Tommy rolled me over, moved between my shapely thighs and slid inside my soaking pussy. "That was special, Mom," he whispered, kissing my bee-stung lips. "We might make that our special thing to do when we want to show how much we love each other."

That sounded good to me, but, right now, I needed to be pounded. I raked my nails across Tommy's back to get his attention and hissed, "Enough of this maudlin sentimentality! Fuck me, Tommy! Pound me through this mattress onto the floor!"

Chuckling, Tommy grabbed my big, mounded breasts and pushed himself away from my body. He moved his knees up and spread them outside my hips. Then, resting on his hands and knees, Tommy wrenched me back by my breasts as he ripped into me with his cock.

Good, Lord, did it feel good! "Again!" I demanded. Tommy rammed into me again. "Harder!" I ordered.

Tommy got the hint, squeezed my grapefruit-sized breasts, and fucked me as hard as he could. My hips rose to meet every thrust, and as he drove into me, I pulled with my legs, trying to increase the force of his jam into me. Moving his hands under my armpits and onto my shoulders, Tommy ripped me down as he rammed his hips forward. The sensation of his pubic bone slamming into my clit drove me wild, and I bit his neck multiple times as I slashed his back with my nails.

Insane with lust, I squealed and moaned as Tommy's blurring hips rocketed in and out of me. Sweat poured from us as our passion raged. Tommy reached the end of his endurance, reared back, then slapped my face lightly and demanded, "Cum for me, you cock swallowing, cum guzzling Mommie slut!"

Pulling my son down and biting where Tommy's neck and shoulder met, I screamed as my orgasm exploded through me. Feeling Tommy's big cock spurting its goo into me ignited another orgasm, and I shuddered as his cock jerked inside me. As soon as my son stopped cumming, I pushed him off me, spun and took his slowly wilting cock into my mouth. Cupping his big balls, I carefully licked and sucked our combined juices off his magnificent cock.

Satisfied he was clean, I turned back. Tommy took me in his arms and kissed me softly before saying, "That was one hell of a ride, Mom. Your passion seems to be increasing, and you're becoming more relaxed about things sexual. It's good to see, Mom, but what's changed? And aren't you worried that Dad will question why you've changed?"

Giggling, I kissed my son again and replied, "Well, it's yours and your sister's fault. You ignited my inner Mommie slut, and now you get to reap the rewards! And your dad's never complained when I initiated sex before, so I doubt he'll start now!"

Tommy held me for a while longer before patting my bottom and saying, "I need to shower and head for the cub, Mom. Are you okay with me leaving you home alone?"

"Of course," I giggled. "I'm a big Mommie slut, not a little girl."

I saw what I'd done to his back when Tommy rolled and got off the bed. "Oh my Lord, Tommy!" I gasped. Then feeling guilty, I said, "I'm so sorry, baby boy. I didn't even know I was doing it!"

Turning so he could look in the mirror, my son grinned and replied, "Gina's going to be so jealous it wasn't her who did that, Mom! And when the guys at the club see it, they'll be jealous it wasn't them."

"You won't tell them it was your mom who did that, though, will you?" I worriedly asked.

Tommy chuckled, "Of course not, Mom. This needs to be our little secret forever. It's a shame because I'd love to shout to the world that my yummy

Mommie and I were lovers, but alas, it's not possible. Besides, I think Dad might object."

I carefully asked, "You know that Krissy and I are intimate, don't you? Chuckling, Tommy replied. 'Yeah. I was there, remember?' "Are you and Krissy doing things together?" Tommy shook his head, "No, Mom. When Krissy said she was still a virgin, I decided to leave anything we do together up to her. I know she has her heart set on someone to be her first, but I don't know who.'

Relieved, I hugged him and let him go to the shower. I went to my en suite to shower and douche so I'd be ready for my husband if he wanted to make love later. As I showered, I reflected on how full my sex life suddenly was, from hardly getting any at all, especially with John away so much, to having sex almost daily. 'Kate,' I thought. 'You really are earning the name 'Slut Mommie'!'

John came home around the time for dinner and announced he needed to go to Sydney over the weekend to meet two potential clients. He had meetings booked for Friday afternoon and Saturday morning, and if they went well, he would take them to dinner Saturday night.

Of course, I immediately asked if he wanted me to come and act as hostess, but John hung his head embarrassedly and said he'd asked our daughter if she wanted to visit Sydney as she'd never been. He apologised for not asking me first but explained he'd received the confirmations when he'd got home and that Krissy had been enthusiastically welcoming him home at the time, and he'd blurted out that she could come before he could think.

I thought Krissy going with her father to Sydney was a great idea because it would give her a chance to advance her plan to seduce her father. However, I didn't think John was ready to take that step yet and doubted she'd succeed this time. I knew my husband was creeping closer to breaking the incest taboo, but he wasn't quite there.

I looked around the table and saw children were both grinning. I smiled back at them, but we had differing reasons for our smiles. Tommy was smiling because he'd have me to himself for three days and two nights.

Krissy smiled because she thought she'd bed her father before they came back, and I smiled because I knew Krissy would come home with her hymen intact. However, if she did succeed, it wasn't a bad thing and only meant I could forget my plan to make it happen.

Thursday morning, I found my daughter and suggested we went shopping for some sexy outfits to wear to Sydney and after. Krissy swiftly agreed, and we were in my sunset red Audi A3 on our way to the Chermside shops. We started in Dotti but were mostly disappointed with the selections. We did make one purchase, however. An emerald green Ophelia gathered slip dress. This dress had a loose, low hanging scooped top that revealed plenty of Krissy's divine C-cups and a beautiful, sexy, gathered side split that, when she walked, exposed her shapely calves and thighs.

From there, we tried Forever New. I'd bought a few outfits from here before and hoped we'd have better luck than in Dotti. The first item we purchased was a Rhianna embellished satin shirt in salmon pink. The shirt clung to Krissy's globes gorgeously and, with the many buttons down the front, could be worn with several undone to create an alluringly sexy look or done up for more formal wear for work. We bought a black Gabi cargo skirt to go with this top with a front left split that exposed my daughter's inner thigh to barely below her panty line.

Unfortunately, those were the only two items I felt matched the look I was trying to create for my daughter. Because Krissy is still so young and doesn't have my mature curves, I wanted her to wear clothing even more risqué than I typically wear. When you're young, and you've got it, why not flaunt it?

We shopped in Veronika Maine next. I almost immediately dismissed it as being way too conservative for what I was looking for, but as I turned to guide Krissy back out, I spotted a Drapey weave blouse in black. The material was sheer enough to be barely opaque. I thought if Krissy wore a bra similar to my lacy black see-through half bra under this top, it would create a deliciously decadent look. From a distance, it would appear that if you walked close enough, you'd see my daughter's breasts, but that would prove to be an illusion.

We were a little disappointed in this year's conservative fashions, but we resolved to keep looking until we had a suitable wardrobe for her trip. Our next attempt was in Ally. As soon as we entered the store, Krissy saw a black, sleeveless, sweetheart's neck, faux-leather mini dress. A quick check confirmed it came in size 16 (12 US). The dress was a sexily gorgeous masterpiece with a plunging lace-up cleavage split and covered just enough of my daughter's curvy ass cheeks to be decent. It clung to every inch of her body, emphasising her sexy hourglass shape.

The next thing to catch my eye was a dark green, cut-out, crossover, high-neck, mesh maxi dress. The cut-outs were in diamond shapes between Krissy's breast globes and the curves between her ribs and hips. The skirt part of the dress had a sexy side split to Krissy's hips. We added a dark red bodycon mini dress with long sleeves, a V-neck and keyholes. The keyholes were spaced in the dress's cleavage, revealing delicious amounts of my daughter's cleavage.

Krissy and I decided that was enough dresses for now, and we'd look for some mix-and-match skirt and top sets. Ally seemed to have a good selection of these, but surprisingly, most of the tops seemed quite conservative compared to the dresses we'd chosen. We did find a canary yellow, long-sleeved knit crossover top that had a sexy gap that left a solid chunk of my daughter's cleavage exposed.

We'd just about given up on finding anything else, and we considered moving on when Krissy stumbled on a black corset top with a sweetheart's neck and laced long sleeves. This mini corset had half-cups that pushed Krissy's breasts up and out, deliciously leaving the tops of her mounds uncovered. Beside that was a sleeveless white lace cami crop top with a sweetheart's neckline. Like the corset, it came with half-cups that displayed Krissy's breasts as beautifully as the former item.

We had already bought one skirt but needed at least a few others to round out Krissy's new wardrobe, so we looked for those next. Our first purchase, of course, was a red-check, pleated mini skirt. This divine little number mimicked a schoolgirl uniform and would set men's libidos and fantasies racing. Like some of my skirts, this one had darts on either side that held the skirt to Krissy's ass cheek's curve, emphasising her lusciously curved

ass. We added a couple of basic short bodycon skirts in varying colours to round out our purchases.

We probably had enough dresses for now, but I love shopping, so we walked to the next store on our list. Entering Sascha Drake, I murmured, “We need something sexy but relatively modest for dinner on both nights.”

Agreeing, Krissy took down an apricot-poppy maxi wrap dress. The dress’ cleavage line was deep enough to be sexy but remained modest. The dress material was opaque, and my daughter’s long legs would show delightfully obscured, especially if the sun was behind her. That took care of one night, but we needed another for Saturday’s event.

We’d almost given up when I spied another wrap dress, this one in midnight blue. It was a midi dress with a deep split on the left leg. Because it had a deep V, it could be made more demure using a gold clip to hold the V closed. Or the shoulders could be pushed off onto Krissy’s upper arms and expose as much of her delicious chest assets as she chose.

We’d bought everything we needed, but more shops called, so we made our way to the next. Walking into Charcoal, I immediately spotted an onyx Opulence mini dress that I thought would hug Krissy’s curves delectably and emphasise her gorgeous body. The dress had tassels swinging from either side of the skirt’s hem that would bounce a jiggle with my daughter’s swaying hips and draw all eyes to her sexy ass. The top of the dress clung to Krissy’s breasts and was barebacked, with the skirt’s beginning barely above her ass’ cleft. It was divine, so we added it to our growing collection.

Unfortunately, after that promising start, we didn’t find much else we liked. The only other item we purchased was a canary yellow barely-there vest top with a see-through lace cardigan that went with it.

Tired, we stopped for lunch at the food court. After eating, we passed briefly through Decjuba, City Chic, and Dissh but didn’t find anything that we thought added anything different to what we had. Krissy thought we were done, but I had other things I wanted to get her. Although I tend to spurn underwear at every opportunity, I still have a vast collection of sexy underwear items I can wear to tease and titillate my husband.

Taking Krissy's arm, I guided her into Honey Birdette, and we spent a delightful hour trying on and selecting a range of bra and panty sets, bustiers, suspenders and stockings, all designed to try and drive John wild with desire.

We had one final stop to make. Krissy needed some shoes to go with the outfits she'd selected, so we made our way across town to 'Shoes of Hollywood'. After purchasing a basic set of four and seven-inch pumps in the primary colours of white, red and black, we moved onto strappy heels and sandals. Once we were happy with those, I showed Krissy a divine pair of 'thigh-high fuck me boots' I'd been eying the whole time we were in the store. I asked Shawna, the assistant, to take them down and help my daughter into them.

Shawna is a beautiful red-haired young woman with small boobs and a lithe figure, and I'd been surreptitiously watching the young woman as we'd shopped. It was blatantly obvious she found Krissy attractive. Well, she found us both attractive, but she mainly concentrated on Krissy.



Waiting until Shawna was on her hands and knees doing up the zip of the second boot, I knelt behind her and took her tiny breasts in my hands. Then kissing the back of her neck, I whispered, “You want to touch her, don’t you? You can smell her arousal and want to touch and taste her. Go ahead,

lower your mouth onto my daughter's pussy, but if you do, you have to eat me, too."

Shawna shuddered, hesitated, then slowly lowered her head onto my daughter's pussy. Moaning softly, she began tasting Krissy's sweet essence.

When I'd knelt behind Shawna and grabbed her breasts, Krissy's eyes were as wide as saucers, but when she heard what I said, she moved her bottom to the seat's edge and lifted and spread her knees.

Shawna lapped at Krissy's vulva briefly before pushing back, looking at my daughter's eyes and asking, "You're still a virgin?" Krissy nodded. "I can use my fingers and vibrator to cure that now if you want?"

Krissy shook her head and replied, "I'm keeping it for a special someone, so leave it be, please."

Nodding, the young woman returned her mouth to Krissy's pussy. I was still lying on the young woman's back, idly playing with her nipples as she ate my daughter, but my pussy felt wet and hot, and my clit ached for more. Standing up, I closed and locked the front door, then kneeling behind Shawna again, I lifted her short skirt above her hips and pulled her panties down.

Shawna helped me take her knickers off by lifting each knee in turn. Lying on the floor, I moved between Shawna's spread knees until I was under her pussy. Holding the assistant's hips, I pulled her down. Shawna took my hint and lowered herself onto my willing mouth. She'd clearly been excited for quite some time because her juices were intensely aromatic until my questing tongue elicited a fresh flood of arousal from her tender, young pussy. Now that Shawna's arousal flowed heavily, she tasted sweet and musky on my tongue, and I lapped eagerly at her entrance.

I was so involved in encouraging our new lover's climb to her peak that I hadn't noticed an older woman entering the store from the storage area. I first knew she was there when I heard, "Shawna! Oh, my lawd, not again!"

Thinking we were in trouble, I moved out from between Shawna's thighs and looked at the woman.

"Oh my Gawd, Kate!"

Stunned, I looked up at Gina's mother, Freya Matthews. Figuring that she'd either join in or freak out and kick us out, I smiled at her and then moved back between Shawna's thighs and began licking her pussy again. A few seconds later, I felt Freya's knee between my shapely thighs. Allowing them to spread, I waited to see what Freya would do next. I felt her hands on my breasts as she cupped and caressed them. Next, I felt her undoing my dress' buttons. All I wore was a midnight blue button-through shirt dress. Freya undid all its buttons and peeled it off my sexily curved body.



Sitting back, Freya admired my gorgeous form as she gently stroked her fingers over my breasts and nipples. She whispered, “I have a strap-on in the office. Would you like me to fuck you with it?”

I nodded eagerly and gave her a thumbs-up. Freya got up and momentarily left. A few seconds passed, and I felt her between my thighs again. She covered my body with hers and pressed her tiny breasts and rock-hard nipples against my breasts. Because I didn't stop licking Shawna to kiss her, Freya moved lower and suckled my nipples. Then, kissing across my belly, she slid her tongue across my prominent mound and onto my thick clit.

As I felt Freya's mouth on my pleasure button, I gasped into Shawna's pussy, eliciting a softly sighed orgasm. Kissing along my wet slit, Freya's tongue found my entrance and gently pried it open. Then, delving her tongue as deeply into my pussy as it would go, Freya began forcing me to climb to my crest. She snaked her hands across my softly curved tummy and onto my breasts. Then taking my nipples in her thumbs and forefingers, she tongue fucked me as she rolled my breast nubs in her fingers.

Freya's gifted tongue and hands swiftly brought me close to climax. Sensing that, she moved up between my lewdly spread thighs and positioned her 'cock' where her tongue had just left. Then, with a forceful shove, she filled my vagina. Freya's 'cock' was similarly sized to my husband's and son's. At its full depth inside my pussy, its tip brushed my cervix. This delightful pain stab had me climbing quickly to an orgasm, and I began panting into Shawna's sopping cunt.

Suddenly, as I thought I'd be the first to cum, Shawna groaned deeply into Krissy's pussy as her vagina fluttered on my tongue and gushed fluids. Shawna's loudly gasped groan set Krissy off, and she squealed as her orgasm hit. Feeling Shawna's pussy liquids pouring into my mouth, combined with the exquisite intermittent jab against my cervix, exploded me into orgasm, and I screamed into Shawna's cunt.

Of course, that left Freya as the only one not to have cum, so we attacked her and quickly had her naked on her back with my mouth on her clit and the other two on her nipples. We swiftly brought her to a climax, but I felt it was an unfulfilling one, so I continued lashing her love button with my tongue.

"Let me eat you," Freya begged Krissy.

Krissy willingly settled her pussy onto Freya's tongue, but then Shawna complained, "Aww, Mom. You always eat out the other girls first. Can't I have a turn at going first?"

I gasped as I realised Shawna was Freya's daughter and Gina's sister and immediately wondered if Gina and her mother got it on together, too. Krissy was happy to give up her spot on Freya's mouth and moved aside. Looking around, Krissy spotted Freya's strap-on and picked it up. This strap-on was a more traditional one without the double end, so Krissy could easily slip it on and buckle it into place.

A few seconds later, I felt my daughter kneel behind my voluptuous ass and place her 'cock's head against my entrance. I willingly accepted it inside me but didn't feel any urgent need to cum, so I encouraged Krissy to back out. Moving aside from Freya, I gestured that Krissy should lie on the small-breasted woman and fuck her. Krissy quickly slid the strap-on cock into Freya and experimented with a few different strokes before figuring out how to fuck Freya effectively.

Moving behind Shawna, I removed her top and bra and cupped her small breasts. As I cupped them, I mused that Gina seemed to have inherited her breast size from her father's side of the family. My son's girlfriend was similar in breast size to my daughter, although I thought both would develop breasts as big as mine with childbirth and age.

Shawna turned her head, and we exchanged a heated French kiss as I squeezed and kneaded her breasts. Looking over Shawna's shoulder, I saw that my daughter had figured out how to fuck using the strap-on and was pounding Freya as hard as she could. Sweat poured from both women as their bodies slammed together.

Shawna began panting again, and I knew she was close to cresting, so I lightly bit where her neck meets her shoulder and twisted and pulled her nipples. Then, with another loud groan, Shawna came on her mother's mouth. Freya lapped gamely at the liquids gushing from her daughter's pussy, but they flooded over her chin and neck.

Feeling her daughter's orgasm set Freya free to revel in the sensations Krissy was engendering in her cunt, and a few seconds later, she moaned as her entire body, from heels to shoulders, lifted off the floor, and she climaxed. Shuddering, Freya bucked twice more before collapsing to the floor. Her collapse pulled Krissy's cock from her pussy, and Freya smiled as she played her fingers over her clit, revelling in her post-orgasmic flutters.

Shawna pushed my daughter onto her back and straddled her hips before guiding Krissy's cock into her vagina. My pussy had heated back up, and I felt the familiar ache of need pulsing in my clitoris, so swinging my leg over Krissy's head, I lowered my sopping pussy onto my daughter's mouth.

Shawna and I exchanged heated kisses as we pinched and pulled the other's nipples. It didn't take long before we crested and moaned our orgasms into each other's mouths.

After our shared orgasm, Freya pushed her daughter off mine and unbuckled the strap-on. Then, after throwing it aside, she went down on my daughter. Freya's gifted tongue quickly elicited another orgasm from Krissy, and satiated, we all sunk onto the floor.

Krissy and Shawna snuggled against my breasts as Freya spooned her daughter, her hands idly playing with her daughter's boobs. After a restful few minutes, Freya sighed and said, "Kate, you and I need to get together and chat about this and what it means to our friendship and how to ensure your son, Tommy and my daughter, Gina, don't hear about it." Then pinching Shawna's nipple, she added, "That means no skiting off to Gina that you got to fuck Kate and Krissy, little one."

The 'little one' comment got my attention, and I asked, "Your daughter is your submissive?"

Freya looked at me pensively, considering how much to admit before answering, "Yes, she is. Gina and she both were, but Gina belongs to your son now."

I understood where Gina's ability to dominate me came from now. Plus, knowing she was her mother's submissive plaything enabled me to

understand why I'd been easily able to swap our roles because, beneath the bluster, Gina was at least as submissive in her nature as I was. Putting our clothes back on, Krissy and I exchanged hugs and kisses with the Matthews women and left for home.

On our way home, I suggested Krissy ask her dad if she could model her new lingerie for him and that I'd suggest Tommy get his camera and take pics. Krissy thought that was a great idea but suggested we could drive them both wild by posing together. Of course, being in Honey Birdette meant I'd purchased a whole heap of new lingerie sets to titillate my husband, too. Getting home, I sent Krissy to change and dress in the first of her various lingerie sets as I began dinner.

On our trip home, I'd stopped by our local seafood market and bought some scallops and shrimp for tonight's dinner. I'd do these in two dishes —the first course would be a warm bacon and scallop salad. Taking the lazy option, I bought a Caesar salad kit from the supermarket. I chopped the bacon into two-by-two-centimetre squares, then fried the bacon and scallops in lemon juice, chopped parsley, Dijon mustard, and honey, then mixed it through the finely chopped cos lettuce from the kit. Once that was complete, I mixed shaved parmesan cheese through the salad.

The second course would be a one-pot lemon-garlic shrimp pasta. First, I'd boil the linguini until it was soft but not soggy. After draining it, I'd set it aside before using the same pot to cook the shrimp. After melting butter into virgin olive oil, I'd add garlic and crushed red pepper. When these had mixed to the point of emitting their delicious aroma, I'd add in the shrimp, lemon, salt, and pepper and then stir them through until the shrimp turned pink.

Before the shrimp had completely cooked, I'd toss in sliced spinach and oregano and then put the linguini back in and mix it through. Once the spinach had wilted, the meal would be hot and ready to serve. Of course, I wouldn't do the last part of this meal until after we'd enjoyed our entrees. Krissy had returned from dressing in her newly bought lingerie and helped to complete the entrée, which gave me time to shower and dress for tonight's 'show'.

Everyone loved my dinner choices, and we enjoyed two bottles of Under Wrap Mornington Peninsula Pinot Gris with dinner between us. John had drunk a little more than usual and had a nice buzz happening. Tommy was happy and chatty, a sign that he, too, was buzzing along. Our men's slight inebriation meant that when Krissy suggested she and I model our latest lingerie acquisitions, they immediately agreed, and Tommy quickly retrieved his camera from his room.

Looking at each other and giggling, my daughter and I dropped our wrap dresses to the floor, revealing that we wore matching sheer black stockings clipped into black suspenders. The suspenders were black leather that cinched our waists and trailed down our shapely thighs. Over the suspenders, we wore black leather panties made in the form of Celtic runes. Our bras matched the panties.

"Oh, wow!" Tommy exclaimed as he held his camera and started clicking away.

John said nothing, but his pleased smile and bulging trouser front told the story.

Krissy and I didn't have any real idea what we were supposed to do, so we kind of milled around, waiting for directions. Eventually, my husband realised we were pretty aimless and suggested that Tommy direct us.

"Oh, of course!" Tommy replied. "The muse is there for the artist to direct, not to create the scene herself."

Tommy had me move through various poses, all of which were disappointingly modest. He then repeated those poses with his sister. When he'd finished this lack-lustre series, my husband's cock had wilted, and he looked bored.

Knowing if I didn't change things up, my husband would excuse himself and go to his office to work on his stock market projects, I said, "Surely, from what we did the last time you had Krissy and I pose, you want more than these bland photos for your portfolio and website, don't you, Tommy?"

Chuckling nervously, Tommy admitted what he'd taken so far probably wouldn't make the cut to feature in either place.

John broke in, "Then pose them as you want them to be, son. If you photographed them in more revealing poses before, why aren't you doing it now? Are you afraid of offending me? Come on, Tommy, you know me, your father, better than that!"

Tommy chuckled again and began encouraging Krissy and me to pose together. The first pic was of me bent over at ninety degrees with Krissy pretending to smack my ass. We swapped roles, but when it was my turn to pretend to hit Krissy's bottom, I spanked it for real.

"Ouch!" Krissy yelped as her father and brother laughed.

Next, Tommy instructed me to place my hand on the small of Krissy's back as I pushed my pudenda against her bottom and swung my head back. Once in position, I was to gyrate my hips and pretend to slap his sister's curvy bottom with a back-and-forth motion. Of course, I ignored the 'pretend' part and smacked Krissy's ass for real.

Tommy told us to swap roles, so I immediately knew what to expect. Krissy would take this opportunity to gain some revenge. Sure enough, as soon as my daughter's hot pussy pushed against my lush ass, she slapped my butt. Krissy would swing her hips away, smack my right ass cheek with her palm as she swung her hand from right to left and then hit my left with the back of her right hand as she swung in the opposite direction. After the second strike, Krissy thrust her pubis against my ass as if she were fucking me.

I glanced at my husband and noticed his hand inside his pants, playing with his cock. Pleased, I began pushing my bum back to meet Krissy's thrusts. Tommy took a few more pictures like that, then gulped and said, "Swap over again, girls. Krissy, put your hands on the sofa's armrest and spread your legs as wide as possible, then arch your pretty bottom as high as you can. Mom, I want you to kneel behind Krissy's ass and pretend to pull her panties down."

Wondering how far to push things, I knelt and did as my son had asked. At the start, I curled my fingertips into her panty's elastic band and held it there. But when I saw Tommy's rampant erection and John moving to get a better view, I pulled the elastic away from Krissy's skin and lowered her panties until her ass cleft showed. Neither my daughter nor my husband objected, so I lowered Krissy's panties until the waistband was barely above her delicious little brown ring. Any lower, and my daughter's starfish and perineum would show.

John was openly playing with his cock under his pants, and Tommy had a spreading wet stain on his sweatpants' front, which sent my rampant libido racing. My desire was a red-hot furnace in my dripping pussy, and I longed to pull my daughter's panties down and taste her sweet essence. But ignoring my want, I held my pose until Tommy told us to swap places.

I felt Krissy's hands on my leather panties and expected her to go further than I did and pull them down until my wet pussy showed. However, Krissy dragged them up until the leather strained against my perineum instead of pulling them down. With the soft leather pulled this tightly, my entrance, slit and thick clit were clearly defined through the leather. I heard my husband moan as he gazed at my sexily displayed vulva, and Tommy snapped away happily, his wet spot expanding all the while.

Tommy took more pictures before suggesting, "Krissy, sit on the sofa's edge near Dad with your knees up and spread. Mom, kneel between Krissy's knees and pretend you're about to peel her panties off and taste her pussy."

I gulped and glanced swiftly to see what John's reaction would be. But he smiled as he stroked his thick cock and sipped his wine. I looked at Krissy, but she shrugged and took up the requested position. Moving between my daughter's shapely thighs, I gripped her panty's waistband and lowered my head close to her pussy. This close, I could see and smell Krissy's arousal. She was at least as hot and wet as I was, and I knew I'd have to stop this, or she and I would be making love in front of John and Tommy.

"Get closer to her, Mom," Tommy requested, and I moved my lips near my daughter's dripping pussy. "Closer," Tommy crooned. But if I were any

closer, my lips would be on her leather-covered pussy. “Closer,” Tommy asked again.

That had to be it, I realised. My will was swiftly fading, leaving only the desire to taste my daughter’s divine essence. Pushing away, I growled, “You ask too much, Tommy. Your sister and I are not porn stars, and we will not denigrate ourselves by doing sexual things for your amusement.”

Tommy immediately apologised, but I stalked up to my room to wash my dripping pussy and get changed into something suitable to sit demurely in the lounge wearing. After a quick shower, concentrating on removing my arousal juices from my pussy, perineum and inner thighs, I rubbed some rose-scented moisturiser into my pussy area, dressed in my long backless silk slip nightgown and threw my long sheer lace see-through kimono robe over that.

I pushed my feet into my terry cloth sandal slippers and returned to the lounge. Krissy had put her dress back on and sat on the sofa beside her father with her head on his shoulder. I smiled when I saw that Krissy had turned to face her father’s shoulder and her sexy C-cup breasts pushed against John’s upper arm. John had moved a cushion onto his lap to hide his throbbing erection.

Crooking my finger at Krissy, I took her into the kitchen to make coffee. When we were out of earshot from our men, I whispered, “Go and put your new faux leather mini dress on sans underwear, pull on your new thigh-high boots, then return to the lounge.” Giggling, Krissy ran for her room.

I took the coffee I’d made back to the lounge and announced, “Boys, prepare to have your minds blown.” Then spotting my daughter marching eagerly towards the lounge, I added, “John, Tommy, I present The Mistress Krissy Ann Muggleton.”

Krissy strode in, and both men gasped. John was speechless, but Tommy wolf-whistled and said, “Oh, wow, Sis! You look spectacularly hot. Hot, as in you is one hot biatch!”

Of course, he immediately picked up his camera and began snapping away. He asked his sister to strut back and forth in front of the fireplace. Krissy did so, but as she neared me, I said, “Bounce.”

Krissy immediately added the heel lift and dropped I’d demonstrated for her and soon had her magnificent breasts jiggling back and forth as she walked. John’s hand had slipped under the cushion, and I could tell by his arm’s slight movement he was stroking his cock again.

After Krissy had bounced up and down the room twice more, I whispered, “When you get in front of your father, turn away from him and toss your hair. Then look back over your shoulder at him and bite your bottom lip. When you see him react, smile, look forward again, keep your legs straight and bend at the waist. As you do that, arch your bottom as high as you can.”

“I don’t have knickers on,” Krissy whispered back. *“I know,” I tittered. “That’s why I told you to do it!”*

Krissy giggled and flounced across to where I’d said. The only extra thing she did was to bend further over and grin at her father from between her legs. Her grin widened when she saw him looking at her young, sweetly exposed pussy. Dancing away, Krissy returned twice more to tease her father. Of course, that would give me an excuse to correct John’s behaviour when we went to bed, which was my plan.

John’s face was blazing red after Krissy’s third tease, and he called an end to the night by congratulating her and me for a great show and stating he was off to bed. We’d need to be up by 5.00 am so I could take him and Krissy to the airport.

I dutifully followed my man up to our room, but when I got inside, I donned my Mistress Kate persona and growled, “Once again, John, I find you perving on our daughter with an erection. What was worse this time was that you were openly masturbating as you ogled your daughter.”

“It was you I was looking at, Kate,” he tried to protest, then, embarrassed because he knew there was no chance of that flying, he shut up.

I told him to strip and then pointed imperiously at the bed, “Assume your correction position, John.”

Of course, every other time John had been in this position, I’d brought his ‘secret admirer’ in to blow him, so he quickly stripped and leapt onto the bed. After securing him, I wrapped my scarf around his head before muttering that I needed to pee. Racing down to Krissy’s room, I took her wrist and led her back to my room.

Opening the door, I let Krissy enter the room first, indicating she should climb on the bed and blow her father. Once she knelt between his legs, I leaned over her back and said, “John Peter Muggleton, once again, I find myself having to discipline you for having impure thoughts about our daughter. Tell me what happened tonight. Did you drink your wits out of your ears? I concede you were playing with yourself when Krissy and I posed together, but John, you were playing with yourself as your daughter posed for Tommy’s camera. That is not acceptable, John. You know that!”

I gestured that Krissy should take hold of her father’s cock and start pumping it.

“Krissy wasn’t wearing underwear,” John protested.

“Nor do I most of the time,” I pointed out. “You don’t wank yourself when you see my naked pussy anymore. Is that it, John? Are you wanting to throw me out of your bed and put your daughter in there instead?”

I motioned that Krissy should take John’s cock in her mouth.

“Of course not, Kate,” my husband protested. “But you must admit our daughter is a very sensual, sexy young woman!”

Krissy realised I couldn’t answer if she held her father’s cock in her mouth, so she let him out, and I replied, “And that excuses you fantasising about fucking our daughter, John?”

Krissy took her father back into her mouth.

“But you admitted having inappropriate fantasies about them, too,” John argued.

Waiting until Krissy released her father, I replied, “Yes, I admit I do. But I don’t sit on the couch masturbating as I ogle them, John. It’s one thing to acknowledge to each other that our children are sexy and gorgeous and that if they weren’t our children, we’d have sex with them. And another to hold our genitals and masturbate as they innocently pose for one another.”

“I’m sorry, Kate,” John apologised as Krissy bobbed on his thick cock.

“Do you think sorry covers it, John?” I snarled when Krissy released his cock. “You watched me with my mouth mere centimetres from our daughter’s pussy, and I bet you almost came in your pants, John.” I held up two fingers to indicate that Krissy should bob up and down twice. “And I bet that when I spanked her bottom, you wished you could spank her and too, and then make her blow you as you always do to me.”

I held three fingers up. Krissy quickly did her magic trick with her mouth. I added, “What were you thinking when she pulled my panties into a wedgie, John? Were you thinking she’d take your hard cock in your hand, kiss and suck it to make it wet and then guide it into me? Did you think she’d kiss you passionately as you fucked me, and she played with your big meaty balls?”

I held three fingers up again. When Krissy released her dad’s cock, I said, “I tell you what, John. I’ll let you fuck our daughter the moment after you let your son push his big, hard cock up my cunt!”

I’d firmly emphasised the word cunt as I pushed my daughter’s head onto her father’s cock, and with an expansive groan, John exploded into his daughter’s greedily sucking mouth.

As soon as I’d finished speaking, I quickly moved behind Krissy and tongued her love button, and with a loud squeal, she orgasmed around her dad’s spurting cock, spraying the liquids in her mouth over his balls and abdomen.

I chased Krissy out of the room and set about licking and sucking my husband clean. Once I was sure I'd gotten it all, I undid John's blindfold and released his restraints. When he was free, I lay on his muscular body and kissed his chin. Laying there happily as I relived the experience, I waited for John to speak.

Eventually, he tilted his head forward to look me in the eyes, "You're saying the price for me to make love to Krissy is to let Tommy fuck you?"

Kissing his jaw, I grinned impishly and said, "It's just fantasy, John. Remember?"

"I want to put our cards on the table, Kate. Are you prepared to lay yours down with me?" I nodded, and John took a deep, calming breath before slowly exhaling. "I want to make love to Krissy, Kate. She's beautiful, very sexy, and unless I'm misreading her signals, she wants me to. If I allowed you and Tommy to make love, would you allow Krissy and me to do the same thing?"

Hoping this wasn't some kind of test, I blushed shyly and said, "I wouldn't object if Tommy came onto me, John. Our son is a handsome young man, and if his unbidden erections when Krissy and I are around are any indication, he has a sizeable package. Maybe he's even bigger than you. So, yes. If you let your son push his bat up my pussy, I'll let you push yours up our daughter."

John chuckled and said, "It's still adorable that even at almost thirty-nine, you can't bear to say cunt or dick, Kate. Say it after me, please, 'John, I will let you push your big dick up our daughter's sweet, young cunt if you let Tommy shove his fuck stick in my twat.'"

"I will not," I replied primly.

Laughing, John added, "Do you realise that most people consider dick to be less offensive than cock?"

"My father insisted that women have pussies, but men have cocks, John. You already know that!"

“Did your father ever fuck you, Kate?” John asked curiously.

“You were there the night I lost my virginity, John,” I modestly replied. “Are your wits so scrambled that you don’t remember the blood stains on the sheet the following morning?”

“But he didn’t have you after that?”

“You, Mister,” I lied, “are the only man I’ve ever taken inside me!”

“I’m honoured, Kate,” John sincerely replied. “So if we decide to make love with our children, Tommy will be only the second cock you’ve had?”

Tommy already had been, but, of course, I wasn’t telling John that! So I responded, “Yes, Sir.”

John and I made love until only an hour before we had to be up to go to the airport. John assured me that a couple of black coffees and a can of Red Bull would see him right to make his pitch to his potential customers, so he drove us to the airport. I had to hold back the inevitable tears I always had when John went away for a time.

When I arrived home, Tommy was up waiting for me to make breakfast. Putting on eggs, bacon, mushrooms, hash browns and toast, I made myself a banana and berries smoothie as I waited for the hash browns to cook, and we sat at the breakfast bar enjoying each other’s company as we ate.

Tommy put his strong arm around me, and we exchanged a soft lover’s kiss. “You don’t like Dad going away, do you, Mom? All these years when he’s been away as much as he’s been home, you’ve hated him leaving you every time.”

“I’m a submissive woman, Tommy,” I sobbed. “I need my man close to ensure I don’t wander off the track. I need your father’s firm hand on my bottom to correct me when I err because it makes me know he loves me enough to do it. The only thing worse than hatred is indifference, Tommy. If your father hated me, then there was still passion between us. Passion that can easily be turned back into love. But if he’s indifferent, then I’m lost.

Bad things happen to me when your father isn't there to guide and correct me, Tommy."

"You need someone home all the time, Mom. If Dad's new venture is successful, he'll have to travel again, and you're back to square one." I nodded, agreeing, and Tommy added, "I'll have to think about this, Mom. Maybe I can do something that will help."

He held me for a moment before taking a deep breath and nervously saying, "I have a plan to delete your photos forever, Mom. But it has to be tonight, and I have to get Frank out of his house so we can break into his computer and delete the files. Then we'll need to erase them from the cloud and his phone."

Scared, I asked, "You need me to do something that would help?"

"Put your head in the lion's mouth again, Mom."

"What do you mean?" I asked trepidatiously.

Tommy handed me my phone and said, "Phone Frank and ask him to meet you out tonight. You'll need to put on an Oscar-worthy performance, Mom. Convince Frank that you've been fantasising about servicing him as his three mates and want to meet them somewhere and experience it."

"They will beat and rape me, Tommy," I fearfully replied.

"There is that risk, Mom," Tommy admitted. "But I've got two burner phones that I've added tracking apps to. You'll sow one into your handbag's lining and the other into your jacket's lining. I'll add the app to your phone, too. When Frank takes that one off you, he'll think he can take you somewhere I can't find you, and that will give me and Freddy time to break into his home and hack his computer, internet and cloud sites and delete all his photos.

"At the same time, I'll transfer his child pornography photos and videos onto an external hard drive and send it anonymously to the cops. Phil will follow you using the tracking app and let Freddy and I know where to get

you from when we've finished erasing Frank's files. Then we'll break into wherever you are, take all their phones from them, and ensure none of their phones have pictures. But they won't be able to take anymore, Mom, because Phil, Freddy and I will rescue you before they do anything to you."

Trembling, I said, "I'm scared, Tommy. Isn't there someone else that can do it?"

"Gina would do it for you in a heartbeat, Mom. But Frank won't accept her. He's always been fixated on you, Mom. Even when we started making representative age group AFL teams together, he talked about how beautiful you were and how much he'd like to make you his. So, sorry, Mom. You're the only one he'll risk raising his head for. He's been laying low since Phil, Freddy, and I rescued you last month."

Uttering a rare epithet, I spat, "Fuck! Okay, I'll do it. But Tommy, you must swear to me that I'll be safe!"

"Phil will always be close, Mom," Tommy promised. "Worst case scenario is that Frank doesn't spend any time 'playing with his food' like he typically does and tries to rape you straight away. In that case, Phil will call the cops and crash the room, hoping to survive long enough to keep you safe until the police get there."

"Play with his food?" I questioned nervously.

"You might have to give four blowjobs and probably at least a couple of handjobs before we can complete the hack, Mom. But you can do that without it affecting you too much, can't you?"

I nodded that I could and unwillingly picked up my phone and dialled Frank's number.

Frank answered on the second ring and guardedly said, "Kate?"

"Using my huskily smoky voice, I said, "Hello, lover. I've been dreaming about your big dick and wondered if you wanted to take up where we left off at the Chateaux?"

Frank was silent for quite some time before he answered, “Your son and his cockhead mates beat me and my boys pretty badly, Kate. You want me to believe you were willing if they hadn’t interfered?”

“Was I complaining when you and your friends said what you would do, Frank? If you remember, I was writhing on the chair, eagerly anticipating having your huge cock in my sweet, tight pussy again.”

“You looked like you were struggling to escape, Kate.”

“Then why wasn’t I screaming, Frank? Why was I silent? Surely if I were trying to escape, I’d be yelling to the heavens, hoping someone heard and rescued me. No, lover, when I saw you, I shivered, knowing my pussy would soon be filled as only you ever could. Filled to the brim with your large cock, Frank.”

Frank was quiet again, but I knew I had him because he hadn’t hung up. Tommy was correct. Frank was fixated on me and wouldn’t risk not seeing me in case I was serious about letting him and his queer mates bang me. At worst, he thought that if I turned up, he could snatch me away to where Tommy couldn’t find me, rape me and then dump me. For sure, he’d take more pictures so he could use them to blackmail my silence.

“Be at Bowen Hills station at 6.00 pm tonight, Kate,” Frank snarled. “If I see any sign of your son or his dickhead mates, I’ll cut your pretty face so you’re not so pretty any more. Do we understand each other?”

“Can’t wait to see you, lover,” I breathed before hanging up. Running to the sink, I threw up my breakfast. Crying, I turned my head into my son’s strong chest and wept, “Keep me safe, Tommy. I can’t lose your father over Frank fucking Pritchard.”

“We’ll ensure you’re safe, Mom. Well, other than a few mouthfuls of cum, but you can do that, right?”

I nodded before pleading, “Take me to bed, Tommy. Make love to me and show me it will be alright.”

Smiling, Tommy picked me up, carried me to his bed, and made slow, passionate love until after midday. Tommy slept after giving me many orgasms and cumming in my mouth twice and pussy three times. I was so scared and shaky that I couldn't sleep, so I slipped out of my son's bed and showered in my en suite. Then I threw a sheer robe over my shoulders, went to the kitchen, and made lunch.

I'd had some pork spare ribs marinating in a smoky hickory sauce that I intended for Tommy's and my dinner, so I cooked them for lunch instead. I didn't bother doing any for me because I knew I wouldn't hold them down and didn't want to puke again. Instead, I poured coffee and sat at the breakfast bar, wishing I still smoked. Before visiting Edgar's clinic, a day like today would be a two-packet day as I chain-smoked until I started drinking wine and passed out around an hour later.

The delicious smells wafting through the house brought my son to the kitchen with his tummy growling. So, putting some pre-bought shredded lettuce on a plate, I added some croutons and a Caesar dressing before serving the pork ribs to Tommy.

After eating, Tommy led me back to his bed and made love to me again. Fortunately, when we finished, I had enough time to sew Tommy's two burner phones into my handbag and jacket linings.

When I was satisfied that the phones were secreted from anything other than an intense search, I showered, douched, used my Phillips lady shaver to ensure my pussy was clear of all hair, and did my hair and makeup. I wanted to dress as provocatively as I dared, hoping my beauty and sexily exposed body would heat Frank's and his mates' libido so high that they'd think with the wrong head.

Opening my walk-in robe, I took out my Brynne maxi skirt. This skirt had what's called an 'ultra-high' split. In reality, the only thing keeping the dress together was an inch-wide piece of stretch mesh on my left hip. Without this inch-wide, inch-long strip, the two ends of my skirt wouldn't meet, and the skirt would fall to the ground.

Above my skirt, I wore a long-sleeved tube top barely wide enough to contain my large, firm breasts and left my midriff bare. For my belly button ring, I chose my dangling crystal butterfly pendant. Of course, I wore my black, strappy 7-inch heels on my feet.



Getting in my car, I nervously drove to Bowen Hills train station and parked. Frank spotted me as soon as I stepped out of my car and imperiously summoned me across to his.

“In the back,” he snapped. “Sit in the middle.”

“Kiss me first, lover,” I demanded in a sultry voice.

Frank pulled a face and replied, “Don’t be disgusting, Kate. I don’t know where your whore mouth has been and have no desire to get mouth herpes from you.”

Suppressing a grin, I wondered if Frank realised he'd confirmed his homosexuality. Without any false modesty, I am a red-hot, delectable yummy Mommie. No straight man on the planet would refuse to kiss me because of some imagined infection. Trusting Phil to keep me safe, I climbed into the backseat of Frank's car. Two of his mates immediately piled in beside me.

When I got in the car, I was so scared that I nearly screamed, hoping that a passenger would hear and rescue me. But as I opened my mouth to yell, my vision clouded, and I saw Edgar's devilishly handsome face saying, "You're free to enjoy your sexuality, Kate. You've never experienced rough sex before, and who knows? Maybe you'll enjoy it. If not, you will chalk it up to an experience you never want to repeat, and it will not affect you again."

Even though I knew Edgar hadn't said those words to me, I knew if I'd spoken about this to him, it's what he'd say, so I thought, 'Fuck it, Kate. Let's blow these perverted paedophiles' minds and enjoy every second of your time with them.'

Not waiting for Frank's instruction, I lifted my knees and swung my legs over theirs. Then I reached into their groins and ran my fingers over their swelling cocks. Both men swiftly unzipped and pulled their cocks out, and I grabbed and stroked them both. Moving onto the guy on my right's lap, I leaned over and gobbled down the cock on my left. As I'd hoped, the guy's whose lap I was sitting in lifted me, pulled my skirt aside and lowered my suddenly gushing cunt onto his cock. Then, carefully fishing the man whose cock I was blowing balls out of his pants. I gently kneaded and squeezed them, trying to milk his cum into my mouth.

Frank got in the car and turned toward the back, expecting to instruct me to grasp his friends' cocks. Instead, he saw one's cock buried in my wet cunt and the other's cock buried to the hilt in my eagerly sucking and swirling mouth.

"Jaysus, Kate!" He gasped. "I don't believe you turned up, let alone meant what you said when you stated you wanted this. Fuck her boys, but no cumming in her whore's cunt until I've dumped my first load in there."

Frank then grabbed my handbag and fished through it until he found my phone. Then he turned it off and threw it out the window. Putting my handbag down, he turned back, started his car, and drove towards where he planned to rape me.

At that, I giggled and thought, 'You can't rape the willing!'

The cock in my sweet little pussy came first, but before it exploded semen into my innards, its owner pulled out, reached around me and gripped his cock. Quickly changing laps, I bent down and took his cock's head in my mouth and received a delicious mouthful of sticky man goo.

The man whose lap I was now sitting in flipped my skirt aside and lifted me onto his cock. I moaned as a sizeable penis split me open again. The guy sitting next to Frank in the front insisted that Frank stop, and he and the man who had just cum swapped seats. This man extricated his cock, and with a sudden ache in my nether regions, I saw he was at least as large as Jumbo from the SOP venue. Delighted, I opened my mouth as wide as possible and took it into my mouth.

The cock was so wide I could only get the head into my mouth, so I settled for lashing it and delving my tongue into its enormous eye. What I did worked because it exploded in my mouth only a few seconds later, jettisoning its precious cargo down my throat into my stomach.

Then that man whose cock I was riding grunted urgently that he was about to cum, so I lifted off his cock and spun around to take him in my mouth. I received another mouthful of cum. This man's secretions tasted bitter, and I grimaced as I swallowed it down.

Frank saw my grimace and chuckled, "Charlie's a smoker, Kate. That's why his semen tastes bitter."

"And you know that, how?" I innocently asked.

Blushing because he realised he'd just admitted to sucking his friend's cock, Frank muttered, "I read it somewhere, Kate."

He turned the car into a driveway and announced we were there. As I'd feared, it was a private residence. I followed Charlie out of the vehicle and spotted Phil as he drove past. Relieved, I waited to see what Frank would do next. Unsurprisingly, he grabbed my nipples and forced me onto my knees. However, John likes to do that, if not as roughly, so I didn't mind the attention.

"Swallow, bitch," Frank snarled as he pushed his cock into my mouth. I willingly allowed him to fuck my mouth, but his tiny todger kept tickling my gag reflex, and I retched. "Can't handle my big cock, huh?" Frank crowed triumphantly.

He had to be blind not to realise his cock was by far the smallest one there, but maybe he thought the others were oversized. Well, one certainly was! Of the others, the first man inside me was only longer and thicker than Frank, and the second, Charlie, was slightly smaller than my husband. Ignoring Frank's crowing, I worked my oral magic and soon had him blowing into my mouth.

Of course, the pig that he is, Frank turned as soon as he pulled his wilting cock out of my mouth and snarled over his shoulder for the others to "bring that slut inside".

When I heard slut, I relaxed and remembered what that name previously did to me. My pussy was instantly a blazing inferno, and I looked forward to receiving multiple cocks inside it. In my mind, I'd labelled the men Weiner Frank, Tiny, Charlie and Jumbo II. Tiny and Jumbo II helped me to my feet and held my upper arms as they led me inside.

The hallway we entered was quite dark, and I couldn't make out much detail as Tiny and Jumbo II hustled me down it. Tiny opened the last door on the left and pushed me through before he bolted it closed behind us. The door looked incredibly thick and solid, and I worried that my rescuers wouldn't be able to break through it quickly enough to save me from being cut.

Walking down the stairs, I realised that this was a Bdsm dungeon. There were various apparatuses that someone could be tied to. Tiny led me to a

square, leather-covered box in the middle of the room. Then Tiny twisted my arm up behind my back, forcing me to bend over and collapse onto the box. He quickly removed my skirt and top and chained my wrists onto D-rings placed at the bottom outside corners of the apparatus. Two other chains were wrapped around my legs just above my knees. These also were chained to the box.

Protesting, I said, “Boys, I came here voluntarily because I wanted to fuck you all. One at a time or all at once. There’s no need to tie me up and rape me.”

Frank chuckled evilly and moved a camera on a tripod into my view. “But we want to rape you, Kate. We will record your beautiful screams as our cocks repeatedly plunge into your gaping cunt, ass, and mouth. The last of these we did earned us over a hundred thousand dollars, Kate. And that was with some drug fucked skank we picked up from under the William Jolly Bridge. I’m betting your video will make at least double that!”

As you can imagine, that doused my arousal completely. But I knew if I didn’t find a way to rekindle it, I’d suffer at the hands of these men. Unless Tommy and Freddy were able to hack Frank’s computer swiftly and were already on their way, I’d have to endure at least some sex play from these perverted creeps, so I’d best be aroused when it happened. So I closed my eyes and remembered what it was like up on the stage with Siobhan. I concentrated and could almost feel the fucking machine’s cock entering my soakingly wet pussy, and the delightful feeling of the second cock gaping my sphincter open and sliding inside me.

As my imagination boiled, I heard the appreciative oohs and aahs of the crowd, and I could feel Siobhan’s sure hand guiding my arousal and bringing me to a crashing crescendo. Feeling the squishy heat in my pussy turning into a blazing inferno, I opened my eyes and said, “I need a cock to suck.”

Looking at each other, surprised by my willingness, they seemed at a loss as to what to do next. I’m guessing the other women they’ve bought here were fighting and yelling, trying to escape. Yet here I was, demanding someone shove a cock in my mouth. Unfortunately, it was Charlie who took me up

on my offer, so I tried not to think about his acrid semen and sucked his cock as I swirled my tongue over and around his glans.

Charlie was pumping roughly into my mouth when I felt hands on my ass cheeks. Fearful that Jumbo II was about to push his massive penis into my tight pussy, I tried to relax. I couldn't see who slid into me, but when he said, "Fuck is this slut hot! Hot and fucking wet. Jaysus, what a slut!" I realised it was Tiny. Luckily for him, I do my Kegel exercises daily, and my pussy gripped even his miniature cock tightly.

Charlie blew in my mouth first, and I swiftly swallowed his bitter secretions. Tiny blew not long after Charlie, but as per Frank's instruction, he pulled out and came over my ass. Jumbo II took Charlie's place as Frank knelt behind me. Like the first time, I struggled to take more than Jumbo II's enormous glans into my mouth, but he seemed to like how I swirled my tongue and lapped at his cock's eye, and he was soon grunting as he pushed in and out of my mouth.

Even though Jumbo II's gigantic cock almost entirely filled my mouth, I remembered Mom's cock sucking lessons and ensured I kept my lips and tongue over my teeth, so I didn't scrape them on Jumbo II's glans. Concentrating on giving Jumbo II the best blowjob I could, I didn't notice that Frank had positioned himself at my tiny chocolate starfish until he brutally ripped his cock through my knot and into me.

I couldn't help my pained yelp as his dry cock forced my ring open. Frank snickered and said, "That's only the beginning of your torment, Kate. You'll squeal louder when Charlie dry fucks your ass, louder still when Jerry (Jumbo II) takes your sloppy cunt, and you'll howl in pain when you feel Jerry's massive tool splitting your dirt ring open. And we'll record it all, Kate. Record it and spread it over the dark web so millions worldwide can see you exposed for what you are —nothing but a cock sucking, cum guzzling piece of dick meat good to be nothing more than a man's cum bucket!"

As he yelled the last, he climaxed and spat his cum into my abused ass. Pulling out, he snarled, "Charlie, grab the camera and come around this side. Jerry, pull your cock from the whore's mouth and shove it in her fat

cunt. Jam it in until she screams and passes out, and then pull it out and jam it in her ass. The pain should wake the slut up again, and we'll hear her scream even louder than when you ripped her cunt open."

Jerry obediently pulled out of my mouth and moved behind me. I felt him positioning his gigantic cock at my entrance, and I prayed to a God I hadn't believed in for many years for rescue. Jerry pushed, I felt my pussy sphincter unwillingly give a little, and his glans popped inside me. Gawd, I felt full. Even with only his cock's head inside me, I felt fuller than I ever have before.

I felt Jerry pull back, and I tried to relax, hoping he wouldn't tear my poor vagina apart when he shoved in. However, I knew it was a forlorn hope, and I despaired, believing there was no way I could hide the damage from my husband and that my marriage was over.

Tears poured from my eyes as I waited for my life to be ruined. But, just when it seemed all hope had abandoned me, I heard the splintering sound of a door being smashed open. An authoritative voice commanded, "Police! Nobody move!"

Frank snarled, "Bitch!" and I heard the unmistakable sound of a flick knife opening. I screamed, knowing it was too late and Frank would slice my face open. But two shots rang out before he could, and Frank was knocked away from me and into the wall.

Tommy was beside me instantly, swiftly undoing the chains. Once he had me free, he took me in his arms, and I burst out crying. Stroking my hair, Tommy said, "I've got you, Mom. You're safe now."

Of course, that wasn't the end of it. The officer killed Frank when he shot him, so there had to be a full inquiry. That meant, of course, I had to tell John what happened and why I had willingly gone to the house. Tommy, Freddy, and Phil backed up my story that Frank had taken many pussy pictures when I got carried away during the lumber yard shoot and that Frank had blackmailed me into meeting him. I'd gone along with Frank's blackmail only to give Tommy and Freddy time to break into Frank's

computer and erase those pics, but Frank and the others had forcibly stripped me and chained me to the table.

I swore black and blue that I'd only given them a blowjob each, trying to give Tommy, Phil and Freddy time to save me. I don't think John fully believed me, but he accepted that I'd been forced to do what I did, and after some difficult times and a number of sessions with a marriage counsellor, he forgave me. During these sessions, John admitted to a long-time sexual relationship with his secretary and that he'd had many flings and one-night stands when he travelled. He agreed that not forgiving me for doing something I'd been forced to do was hypocritical, at the least, and downright ridiculous when considered.

I'd spoken with the boys on the way home from the police station, and they filled in the blanks. Hacking Frank's computer had been a relatively simple affair because the fool had used his birthdate as his password. Hackers know to try various combinations of middle names with birth years before trying more exotic combinations.

They were already heading to rescue me when Phil heard Frank explaining what he intended to do. Phil immediately phoned '000' (Australia's equivalent of 911) and reported a currently happening rape and warned the cops that the assailants had knives. Arriving silently at the address, the Tactical Response Team used miniature cameras to see into the room. Seeing that Jumbo II was raping me, they used a hand ram to smash the door open, and the rest, of course, I knew.

During these struggles, I had to put all my plans and shenanigans on hold, but John insisted I take my four-day break with Kath. When I returned from that break, we worked through our problems with a marriage counsellor, and John finally forgave me. When he accepted that I hadn't cheated on him, he returned to his usual happy, playful self, and our marriage swung back on track.

Chapter 8: Four Days with Kath



Hello, readers. Kate Muggleton again. I am so happy you're still with me, and I can't believe how many people are still reading my adventures! It

makes me feel humble that my story has touched so many. Let me remind you how the last chapter ended, and then I'll continue with my story.

I'd dropped my husband and daughter at the airport so they could catch their flight to Sydney. They wouldn't return until Sunday night, and I was looking forward to having plenty of time alone with my son. I'd stopped pretending I didn't desire him and had eagerly embraced him as the second most important man in my life. As such, I hoped we'd spend a lot of time together making love, interspersed with some good old-fashioned fucking.

That plan lasted until about thirty minutes after I'd returned from the airport. My son explained that he had a plan to erase my pictures from Frank's computer and cloud account. Unfortunately, his plan required me to distract Frank long enough for him and his friend Freddy to break into Frank's house and computer.

'Putting my head in the lion's mouth', as Tommy described it, I allowed Frank and his three mates, Tiny, Charlie and Jumbo II, to kidnap me from Bowen Hills train station. They took me to a private residence in Albion before taking me inside and to their Bdsm dungeon. They forced me to lie face down on a padded leather box and chained my wrists and knees to it.

I was made to blow Charlie and Jerry (Jumbo II) as Tiny raped my pussy, and later, Frank raped my ass. Then Jerry forced his enormous cock partway into my badly stretched pussy. But before he could force the rest into me, the door crashed open, and a police Tactical Response Team boiled into the room. Frank foolishly pulled a flick knife out and tried to cut my face, which caused one of the offices to fire upon and kill him.

As you can imagine, the shooting made Queensland and Australia headline news. Fortunately, my son and his friends had retrieved evidence from Frank's computer that he and his cronies were involved in multiple kidnappings, rapes and child pornography. Hence, the media were instantly sympathetic to my case.

Tommy, Freddy, Phil and I were subjected to several court cases where the Crown made its case against the remaining trio of Evan (Tiny), Charlie and

Jerry (Jumbo II). We four also had to attend the Coroner's inquiry into the police shooting of Frank.

These events put an enormous strain on John's and my marriage. John never was convinced that I'd been kidnapped. He accused me of going voluntarily with the four men and having five-way sex with them. After numerous counselling sessions and insistence from Tommy, Freddy and Phil, he accepted that Frank had blackmailed me and that I'd only gone with him to give Tommy and Phil time to hack Frank's computer and erase my pornographic images.

Eventually, John admitted to the psychologist helping us that he'd had an ongoing, almost eight-year sexual relationship with his secretary and had so many illicit affairs outside his marriage that an accurate count was impossible. When the counsellor pointed out the hypocrisy of his position, he shamefacedly agreed.

On our way home, John apologised for not believing me and said he forgave me for everything I'd done. When we got home, John took me upstairs, and we made love for the first time since that night.

When we'd both climaxed, I burst into tears. Holding me tenderly, John assured me he hadn't stopped loving me and was glad we were back on an even keel. "I cannot imagine life without you, Kate," he said. "You're the yin to my yang, the tail to my head." Then he stated that he wanted us to live together long enough to be a disgrace to our children.

Giggling through my tears, I replied, "You can stick your (cock's) head in my tail anytime you want, buster!"

Somehow, that broke the dam wall between us, and our love for each other flowed freely once more. We made love again, and all the old passion was there. When John came inside me this time, I screamed my orgasm as he roared his. I woke the following morning wrapped in his arms, and all was good in my world.

During this dark time, there was one highlight. John insisted I take the four-day break I'd organised with my best friend, Kath Loughlin. Kath had

stayed in constant contact with me during my troubles, and she thought that getting away for those four days would be good for me.

Readers, the events leading up to those four days and what Kath and I did during them are the subject of this chapter. Please don't judge me too harshly for what I did. As you'll see, I went a little nuts over these four days, but please, try to remember that I'd endured a seriously traumatic event and was mourning the seeming end of my nearly twenty-year marriage.

Waking up on Monday morning to an empty bed, I lay there and wept. I'd picked John and Krissy from the airport the night before, and they were agog with the news that the police had shot someone they knew. I didn't have it in me to confess in front of my daughter, so I remained silent during our trip home.

They both picked up that I was upset, and the conversation died. When we got home, Krissy whispered, "Nothing happened, Mom, if that's what you're worried about. I'm still a virgin. I tried to convince Dad to let me sleep with him, but he refused. The motel room we shared had two bedrooms, and Dad made me sleep in the other room. I tried to sneak into his the first night, and he firmly told me to go and sleep in my room."

I kissed my daughter's cheek and softly replied, "Please don't hate me when you hear what happened."

Concerned, Krissy asked what had happened, but I shook my head and said I'd tell her after speaking to her father.

I followed John up to our room and sat fearfully at my vanity as he unpacked. Eventually, he sternly said, "Out with it, Kate. What the fuck is up your ass?"

I explained what happened on Friday night, and John turned away from me for the first time since he took my virginity. I tried to hug him, but he remained stiff as a board and shrugged off my embrace. Taking his toiletries

bag, John walked out of our bedroom and went to the guest room. I followed him, but he shook his head, shut the door and locked it.

Rolling out of bed, I dressed demurely and walked to the kitchen. John and Tommy were having a heated debate. Tommy's eyes flashed, and his face was red, but he stopped talking when he saw me entering the room. John turned, saw me, angrily turned away and stalked out to the dining room.

Not knowing what else to do, I asked Tommy what he wanted for breakfast and then made it. Doubling what I had made for my son, I asked Tommy to take the extra plate to his father. Tommy returned a few moments later with a full plate.

"Dad's stormed off to his new office over the garage, Mom. He says he doesn't want breakfast," Tommy explained.

Trying not to weep, I accepted the plate from my son and put it aside. When Krissy entered the kitchen, I offered it to her. Krissy took it happily and sat at the breakfast bar to eat it. Tommy sat with me as I described Friday night's events. At the end of my description, Krissy hugged me and said she was glad I was safe. She hugged her brother appreciatively, kissed his cheek and thanked him for rescuing me.

Tommy tried to demur, saying if he hadn't suggested it, the whole thing wouldn't have happened, and I would have never been in that situation. Krissy disagreed, saying she thought the risk was worthwhile to ensure the salacious pics Frank had of me didn't make the net.

After the kids had left to go to work, in Krissy's case, and to his club, in Tommy's case, I walked up the stairs to John's new office. But when I opened the door, I saw John was in a deep conversation with his first client. Not wanting to distract him, I turned and left, hoping he'd come to find me when he'd finished.

Unfortunately, dinner time rolled by, and John still hadn't come inside. I sent Krissy over to tell him dinner was ready, but he told her he wasn't hungry. A few minutes after Krissy had informed me her father wasn't coming in for dinner, John drove out of our garage and disappeared.

John didn’t come to bed Monday night, either. I took the spare key to the guest room on Tuesday morning and opened the door. Walking into the bathroom area where he was shaving, I confronted my husband.

“Do you want a divorce, John?” I asked. “You’ve fucked north of a hundred women, many of them after we married. I’ve been orally raped by two guys, anally raped by one, and vaginally raped by two others. But if, in your mind, my sins outweigh yours, then I guess that a divorce is inevitable. Do I need to return to my parent’s home until I can find somewhere to live?”

“Need your Daddy’s cock in your slut cunt, Kate?” John sneered.

I slapped him as hard as I could and stormed out.

At the door, I turned back and said, “Fuck you, John. I am not without sin, but your high and mighty stance reeks of hypocrisy and false virtue. I did not purposefully seduce Frank and his three scumbag mates as you have seduced many women. They were only the price I had to pay to protect my privacy. How will your new business fare if your prospective clients can view pictures of my naked cunt online?”

I ripped the door open so hard that I tore some of the hinge screws out of the door sides. I was about to walk through it and slam it closed when John said, “Kate, wait!” Facing away from my husband, I held the door and waited. “We need, I need help to get through this, Kate. At the moment, I’m so angry with you that I can’t think. Intellectually, I know what happened wasn’t your fault, but every time I close my eyes, I see another man’s cock in your cunt, Kate, and I can’t stand it.”

“How do you think I’ve felt for the last nineteen-plus years, John?” I softly answered. “Every time you left, I knew you’d be nuts deep in Amanda’s saggy cunt virtually every night. The only times you wouldn’t have your cock stuffed up her sloppy vagina was when you were balling some other slut.

“Yet, here I am, John. Standing before the only man I’ve ever loved, praying to a God I no longer believe in that you’ll get past my rape and learn to love me again. My rape, John. Not my affair, not my dalliance, my

rape. I was raped, John, and you stand there accusing me of having an affair. Do you have any idea how betrayed by you I feel?"

"Find us a marriage counsellor, Kate," John pleaded. "I don't want our marriage to end, but I don't know how to get past this."

"Once again, I will do what you know you need to do," I exasperatedly replied. "Do you have a preference for a male or female counsellor?"

"Male, please," John replied.

"I'll let you know when, John. But, in the meantime, do I phone Kath and cancel this weekend?"

"Four days at some retreat, right?" I nodded. "I think you should go, Kate. I promise to be here when you get home, but I can't promise more than that."

Convinced my marriage was over, I walked numbly to my room, lay on the bed, placed a pillow over my face and cried. Huge sobs racked my body, and I briefly wondered if death wasn't a better alternative than facing the end of life with John. As I lay there, I heard the unmistakable growl of John's Audi Avant backing out of the garage.

Stripping, I cocooned myself with the quilt and fell asleep. I woke sometime later, wrapped in strong arms. Initially, I rejoiced because I thought the arms were my husband's, but I quickly realised that my son held what his father should have been. Rolling, I wrapped my arms around my son's neck and wept into his neck.

"It'll work out, Mom," Tommy tried to reassure me. "Dad's angry now, but he'll soon remember how much he loves you and rejoice that you're safe and still his."

"Will he, Tommy?" I sniffed. "When Frank took those pictures, you yourself said that if your father learned I'd let Frank fuck me, he'd divorce me. Well, now he knows that not only did Frank fuck my dirty little whore's cunt, he fucked my slut arse, too. And, as if that wasn't bad enough, he knows I sucked off two other men and had two others inside my cunt."

“You never use those words, Mom,” Tommy said fiercely. “Do not give up on yourself, even if it’s true that Dad’s given up on you. Dad loves you, Mom. I know he does. But even if he decides to be a hypocrite and divorce you, Krissy and I love you. We’re here for you, Mom. We always will be.”

My naked breasts pressed against my son’s leanly muscled chest, and as he moved, his chest hairs dragged across my nipples. The deep hollow ache in my chest needed filling, and Tommy’s hairs on my nipples fanned my arousal, and they hardened against him. Tilting my head back, I invited my son to kiss me. Tommy looked fondly down on me, and his eyes closed as our lips meshed.

My son’s erection throbbed against my belly, so holding our kiss, I rolled onto my back and spread my long, shapely legs. Tommy moved with me and quickly moved to cover my body. I reached between us and guided his rigid cock into my needy pussy. Tommy pumped into me with long, fluid strokes, and my climax swiftly approached. Wrapping my luscious thighs around his narrow waist, I thrust my pudenda up at his cock as I pulled him into me with my calves.

Kissing me softly, Tommy whispered, “I love you, Mom. Cum for me, please.”

My orgasm wasn’t my typically screamed one. Instead, it felt like it came from deep within my shattered soul. I climaxed again as my son spurted his seed against my cervix and burst into tears.

“Shh, Mom,” Tommy hummed. “It’ll be alright. I love you, Krissy loves you, and it’ll work out.”

“I don’t know if I can live without your father, Tommy. He’s my entire life,” I sobbed.

Tommy chuckled and teased, “And here I thought you lived for your children!”

His chuckle was so infectious that I grinned back at him. “I do,” I replied. “But your dad was and is always first.”

John didn’t come home that night. Krissy phoned him, and he said he was staying with his parents for a couple of nights as he tried to get his head together. To me, it sounded like the death knell of our almost twenty-year marriage. Of course, I put on a brave face for my children, but inside, I was a torn-up mess.

Wednesday morning, I had a session with Patrick, my personal trainer. Trying to forget my troubles, I wore my white leotard sans underwear, hoping he’d flirt with me again. We worked together on my core strength and flexibility before moving into the strengthening exercises.

Our final set of activities was for my cardiovascular health. They included thirty seconds of star jumps, thirty seconds rest, thirty seconds of crunches, thirty seconds rest, thirty seconds of burpees, thirty seconds rest, thirty seconds of up and down our stairs, and thirty seconds rest. After the final thirty seconds of rest, we returned to star jumps. Patrick usually puts me through this cycle three times, but giving up the cigarettes meant my lung capacity had improved, and he added a fourth set.

By the time I’d moved through the rotation the fourth time, my thighs trembled with exhaustion. On my way down the stairs the last time, my legs collapsed, and I pitched forward. Patrick jumped in front of me to prevent me from crashing to the ground. Unfortunately, my weight and momentum knocked him back. To prevent from falling over backwards, he swung me and guided me towards the exercise mat.

As we fell, he rolled us, and I landed on my back with Patrick between my sweaty thighs. Patrick’s cock exploded to erect almost instantly and throbbingly pressed against my leotard-covered entrance. He pushed his arms under my armpits and, resting on his elbows, held my shoulder tops as he looked longingly at me.

I stared at Patrick’s lips, hoping he’d kiss me, but he just lay on top of me. Feeling his meaty cock throbbing against my entrance, I tilted my head back, softly moaned and pushed my pussy up at him. Patrick’s eyes hooded, and he groaned as my legs lifted and wrapped his thighs. I softly moaned again as I relaxed my hips and then pushed up at him again.

Suddenly overcome with lust, Patrick lifted onto his knees, urgently ripped his exercise shorts down, pulled my leotard's gusset aside, and ploughed roughly into my soaking pussy.

Squeezing his hips tightly with my shapely thighs, I demanded, "Fuck me, Patrick. Fuck me hard."

Patrick didn't need any more encouragement than that, and he gripped me tightly as he pulled all but the tip of his magnificent cock out of my stretched pussy and slammed it back in. Almost at precisely the same time as Patrick's pelvic bone hit my clitoris, his cock's tip punched my cervix.

"Yes!" I grunted as he bottomed out in my tight pussy. "Yes!" I grunted again and then repeated, "Fuck, yes, fuck, yes, fuck, yes, fuck, yyyyyyyyyyyyyeeeeeeeeSSSSSS!" until my climax hit, and I screamed the last 'yes'.

When I orgasmed, my swiftly clenching and relaxing inner folds blasted Patrick into paradise, and with a vociferous growl, he came inside me. When his big cock spat semen onto my cervix, I climaxed again.

As I came down from my orgasmic high, I thought I heard a soft groan from above me, but I couldn't see anyone, so I threw it off as something else.

Patrick held me gently as he slowly rocked inside me until his wilted cock fell out of my cum soaked pussy. Then, kissing my pouty lips, he said, "I've wanted to make love to you since our first session, Kate. I understand if you never want to do this again, but I hope you'll keep me as your trainer."

Giggling, I joked, "Maybe you could reward every kilo I lose with another roll in the hay?"

Trying to be stern but failing miserably, Patrick replied, "Make it five kilos, and we've got a deal!" Then he chuckled and added, "I won't come on to you, Kate. But if you want to fuck again, let me know. It might be better if you don't 'let me know' by throwing yourself at me from three stairs high, though!"

I'd already let Patrick know that I'd be away for our Friday session. So after he'd tucked himself back away, he helped me to my feet, patted my bum, kissed my lips and said, "I'll see you Tuesday, Kate. How about this —if you wear your white leotard, I'll know you want to fool around. If you wear anything else, I'll know to keep it in my shorts."

I casually groped his cock and answered, "Deal!"

I watched Patrick tidy and gather his gear and showed him to the door. I couldn't resist goosing him as he walked through the door. He jumped, laughed, and jogged to his car.

I walked upstairs to shower and found Krissy sitting cross-legged on my bed. "Thanks for the orgasm," she said impishly. "But throwing yourself at him to finally get his attention? Mom, that's just tacky!"

"I did not 'throw' myself at him, Miss," I growled. "Patrick caught me when him making me do an extra set of stair climbs backfired on him, and my legs gave out."

Grinning, Krissy replied, "You certainly took advantage of the situation, though! Patrick looked like he had a pretty sizeable penis, Mom. How did it feel inside you?"

Answering guiltily, I blushed and replied, "His cock is perfectly proportioned. At the exact same time his pelvis hit my clit, his cock's tip hit my cervix. The twin sensations gave me an intensely satisfying orgasm. So, daughter, now that you've witnessed your mother proving your father right —that she's nothing but a slut. What do you plan to do about it?"

"If I can't convince you to make love to me, go to my room and masturbate as I relive your and Patrick's coupling!"

After a shared pair of orgasms, Krissy lay with me on my bed, cuddling. Feeling maudlin, I sighed and sobbed, "I think your dad and I are done, baby girl. John can't, or won't, accept that I didn't go with Frank and his mates just to have sex. He doesn't believe I was raped and thinks I had an affair."

“You just did, Mom,” Krissy quietly said.

“And I’m fucking you and your brother, Krissy,” I replied primly. “Does that count as an affair, too?”

Giggling, Krissy replied, “Only if I fail in tripping Dad between my gorgeous thighs and giving him my virginity!”

“That’s still your goal, baby?” I asked.

“Dad’s acting like an ass, Mom,” my daughter vehemently replied. “But he’s a dominant, sexy ass, and I still want him to be my first.”

“Unfortunately, honey,” I said sadly. “You’ll have to complete your seduction without my help.” Krissy stayed with me, and we slept with our arms wrapped around each other.

When I woke, I felt resigned that my marriage was at an end, and I resolved to enjoy my four days with my best friend. Trying to keep my mind off my troubles, I cleaned the house from top to bottom, changed the sheets in every room, including the ones in the guest room where John stayed, and cleaned the windows.

By the time I finished, it was time to make dinner. I had no motivation to do anything fancy, so I only did grilled sirloin steak with oven chips and eggs. Tommy enjoyed it, but Krissy split over half of hers off and added salad from a premade bag. I ate maybe two mouthfuls of steak and a few chips but couldn’t face anything else.

My son commented teasingly about how conservatively I’d dressed, but I chose to ignore it. After dinner, my kids disappeared, leaving me alone. I sat at the breakfast bar, drinking wine and wishing I still smoked. I checked the chamomile tea box but then remembered I’d thrown the packet out. I contemplated getting in my car, driving to the closest servo (petrol station), and purchasing some, but I knew I’d drunk too much to drive safely.

I woke early Thursday morning and made breakfast for my kids before kissing, hugging them, and saying I’d be back Monday morning. I didn’t

pack much clothing because I rarely wore underwear and thought a dress a day would suffice. I wanted to encourage Kath to buy a new wardrobe. My friend is a gorgeous woman, and I thought I would encourage her to dress a little more provocatively than she typically did.

I realised that she couldn't dress like that for the events she attended for Fox Sports News, but I thought she should have some sexy outfits to wear for her man. Our ages and marriage length meant we were in the 'danger' range. Neither of us was in our youth's bloom any more, but we were in, I thought, the best years of our beauty. It has always seemed to me that, as a woman's biological clock counted down the last few minutes, she blossomed and looked the most beautiful she ever would.

The problem is that our partners realised that our breeding years were ending, and men often sought younger, more fertile women as their partners reached this age. I hadn't thought I'd face that problem because I knew John had had many extramarital affairs. And I'd accepted them as the price I needed to pay to remain married to a successful, sexually dominant man.

Check-in time was 10.00 am, and I planned to be there then. Kath wouldn't join me until she had recorded the pregame sections for Thursday's televised game. I wanted to check out our lodgings and then head into Landsborough to buy food and toiletries for our stay. We'd eat out for dinner each night, but we needed breakfast foods. Kath and I were careful with our diets. She because the camera added over four kilos (10 lbs) to her weight, and me because I didn't want to look like my mother.

After I checked in and got the keys, I drove back down the hill into Landsborough and bought fresh fruit, almond milk, and acai berries for our breakfasts. I also purchased some lean steaks and salads in case we decided to spend a night in. If we didn't, I'd take them home and freeze them to use for my family. Of course, that made me wonder if I'd have a family to return to. Trying to stave off another maudlin attack, I entered the local liquor store, bought several bottles of wine, packed everything into my car, and drove back to our villa.

Kath arrived around 4:00 pm. I greeted her at her car, and we exchanged a soft kiss. Then I giggled, picked up two of her many bags and said, "Which

bag has the kitchen sink in it?"

Looking over her suitcases, Kath laughed and replied, "I guess I, ever so slightly, over packed, huh?"

"Not if you're staying for a month, babe," I teased.

After we'd brought everything inside, Kath wrapped her arms around me, kissed my down-turned mouth and said, "How are you doing, my love?"

Using a rare epithet, I replied, "Fucking awfully, Kath. John can't handle that I've had another man's cock in me, and he's refusing to even talk to me."

"You can't believe he's been faithful to you, do you, Kate?" Kath asked. "There's no way he spent all that time that close to his secretary and not fucked her."

"Amanda informed me that they were intimate, Kath. She thought I'd freak out and confront John at the party we were at. When I told her that she was merely a convenient receptacle for my husband's sperm and that he'd never leave me for her bony ass, she tried to convince my kids that she was about to become their stepmother. When Tommy told her that a 'cum bucket' would never become his father's wife, she flipped out and left the party."

Giggling, Kath said, "Tommy always did have an earthy prose." She waited to see if I'd say anything else, and then she added, "John's being an idiot. He's holding you to a standard that he can't achieve himself. Even if you did have casual sex with those four guys, they wouldn't add up to a quarter of the women he's fucked."

I questioned how she could know that, and she replied, "John has skited off to Mike about how many women he's fucked, Kate. Mike asked why he would do that, given how he had the most beautiful woman any of us know waiting eagerly at home for him. But your husband replied that it was his right as a man to fuck as many willing women as he could."

“It is,” I bitterly responded. “Kath, you know I’ve never been bothered by John’s many affairs. I recognised early on in our marriage that he would fuck others, but I always knew he’d come back to me. But now that’s been broken. Frank fucking Pritchard, and his tiny four-inch dick, has destroyed my marriage, Kath. But, if I weren’t such a fucking submissive slut, I would never have put myself in such a vulnerable position.”

Kath led me to the king-sized bed in the cabin and encouraged me onto it. Then, enveloping me in her arms, she replied, “What happened at the lumber yard occurred immediately after your first session at the clinic, didn’t it?” I nodded, and Kath continued, “Then the implanted ‘slut’ imperative drove your reactions, right?” I nodded again. “Then, Edgar fucking Fontaine is to blame for your reaction to Frank, Kate, not you!” Kath pointed out.

Kath’s ready acceptance of my crimes released most of my fears, and I burst into tears of relief. Kath hugged and kissed me as she slowly took my blazer mini dress off. She giggled and muttered, “Slut,” when she realised it was all I wore.

Standing, Kath stripped, too, and joined me on the bed. Pushing on my shoulder to indicate that she wanted me to roll, Kath moved in behind into the classic ‘big spoon’ position. We were lying on our left sides with my neck resting on Cath’s upper arm. She bent her elbow and stroked her long nails lightly over my right nipple.

“Relax, my love,” Kath crooned. “I’m going to make you feel good, and then we’ll sleep.”

My friend’s tiny breasts, with their diamond-hard, conically shaped nipples pressed against my back, and I moaned as her petite, soft hand stroked across my curved tummy and onto my clit. Turning my head back, I exchanged a gentle, loving kiss with her. I moaned again as Kath’s index finger slowly circled my thick button.

“I can’t believe we’re finally doing this, Kate,” Kath breathed. “I’ve wanted to for so long, and now that we are, it feels so natural and right. Cum for

me, my love. Cum on my fingers, and we'll sleep for a couple of hours before worrying about dinner."

Kath added a second finger and began sliding them over my clit, along my wet slit and dipping them into my dripping pussy. Kath's love washed over me, and a sensed but unacknowledged tension knot snapped. Surprised by the sudden intense feeling, my back arched, and I groaned out a deeply felt, shuddering orgasm. Almost immediately, I fell asleep. As I drifted off, I heard my best friend murmuring that she loved me and it would all be okay.

The sun shone warmly through the bedroom window when we first lay on the bed, but it was pitch black when I woke. I'd read that the units were so isolated that you'd need a torch to reach the walkways at night unless you'd left your outside light on, but I hadn't fully comprehended what that meant. Living in the city as I did meant there was always some ambient light around, but it was totally black here.

A little freaked out, I rolled over toward Kath. She'd fallen onto her back and lay softly snoring. I knew the light switch was beside the door and had a dimmer switch, but I didn't know how bright the lights were turned to. So I scrambled around on the bedside table's top, searching for my phone. I keep the backlight on my phone turned right down because it wakes my husband otherwise. Turning it on, I held it up and saw my friend sleeping with her legs parted.

I could see Kath's slit glistening with her arousal in the phone's dim light. Mine swiftly flared to match hers, and I wanted to taste my longest-time friend. However, I worried that my diving onto her soaking pussy would freak her out, so I settled for moving between her toned thighs and covering her lean body with my lusher one.

I pressed my pussy against Kath's and touched my lips to hers. Kath stretched and moaned, pushing her pussy hard against mine. "Hello, lover," Kath purred as our kiss evolved into a full-on snog.

Working my hand between us, I thumbed Kath's clit as I delved two fingers into her hot and wet vulva. Then, pumping my hips as if I wore my strap-on, I pretended to fuck her as I dipped my fingers in and out of her pussy.

“Oh, Gawd, Kate,” Kath moaned as she shuddered and climaxed on my fingers.

Pulling my fingers out of Kath’s pussy, I continued slowly circling her clit with my thumb as I softly kissed her. When her post-orgasm shudders stopped, I whispered, “I want to taste you, my love. May I?”

“Yes,” Kath breathed. “Turn the light on, please. I want to watch you.”

Swinging out of bed, I turned on the lights and turned down the dimmer until the room was bathed in a soft, warm glow. Returning to the bed, I moved between my friend’s long, toned legs and kissed her wide mouth. After several soft kisses, I slid my tongue out and touched it to her lips. Kath moaned softly and opened her mouth to let my tongue inside.

She passively allowed my tongue to explore her mouth for a few seconds, but then she moaned again, and her tongue lifted to meet mine. When I withdrew my tongue, she followed it into my mouth. I let her explore my oral cavity softly before batting her tongue with mine. Kath moaned again, and her hands found my head and pushed down.

Taking the hint, I kissed down Kath’s slender chest, avoiding her tiny breasts, across her stomach and onto her mound. Short of her button, I looked enquiringly up at my friend. “Please, Kate,” Kath begged, and I took her tiny nubbin into my mouth.

Sucking softly, I flattened my tongue and gently bathed Kath’s clitoris. Then, reaching across her stomach, I took her hard, conical nipples between my thumbs and forefingers. Squeezing firmly, I rolled them back and forth as I licked along her slit until I was over her entrance.

“Oh, Gawd, Kate,” Kath moaned as I lapped at her wet entrance. Moving my right hand down, I tickled along Kath’s perineum before touching my forefinger to her little starfish. She didn’t object, so I dipped my finger into her pussy and used her wetness to softly rim her little brown ring.

I felt Kath’s sphincter flutter open and slid my finger inside. I only had my finger down to its second knuckle inside my friend’s ass. Kath groaned, and

her ass sphincter rhythmically clenched on and off my invading finger. Knowing she was enjoying the sensations in her ass, I moved my thumb off her clit and pushed it inside her pussy. I bent my thumb so my knuckle dragged on her G-spot and twisted my thumb back and forth.

“My Lawd, Kate,” Kath groaned. “That feels so good!”

I smiled and dipped my head forward onto Kath’s button. Sucking her tiny pleasure node into my mouth, I lashed it hard with my tongue. Kath squealed, and her muscular thighs slammed shut on my head. Shuddering, my best friend climaxed again, then came another time when I pushed my finger further into her butt.

After she came down from her last orgasmic high, I pulled my finger and thumb out of her and moved up to kiss her. Kath held my head tenderly as she smiled at me and returned my soft kisses.

“I’m sorry it’s taken me this long to do this with you, Kate. Now that I know how good it is, I wish I’d explored with you more when we first practised kissing.”

Kath’s kisses turned more insistent before she broke them. Kissing my chin, she moved down my body. “I want to try making you feel as good as you did me, Kate,” she said. “I’ve never been with a woman before, but I’ll do my best, okay?”

I smiled at her as she looked imploringly at me. “You’ll be fine, Kath. Just do to me what you like being done to you, and I bet I’ll cum in seconds.” I was right! I was so excited that my best friend was about to go down on me that I climaxed as soon as her lips surrounded my love button.

Giggling, Kath moved up so we could kiss and cuddle again. After holding each other for a while, Kath’s stomach suddenly gurgled.

“Oops,” she tittered. “I didn’t get lunch, so I’m pretty hungry.”

I picked up my phone and checked it. “Too late to head into town and find a restaurant,” I said. “I bought some steaks in case we decided to eat in for a

night. I guess tonight's that night."

Even inside the cabin, it was quite cold. I turned the reverse cycle aircon on, and Kath and I cuddled until it felt warm enough to get out of bed. I purposefully remained naked, hoping Kath would do the same. She looked at me speculatively before she shrugged and stepped off the bed. I followed after Kath as she softly padded to the kitchen area.

"I suck at frying steaks, Kate," she said. "I'll make the salad if you're happy to do the steaks?"

I giggled, "The salad should be within your capabilities, honey. All you have to do is open the bag and tip it into a bowl."

It wasn't only frying steaks that my friend sucked at. Her husband, Mike, did most of the cooking at their place. When Kath cooked, she always got too involved in doing something else and burnt everything.

After eating, we decided to try to find the communal baths. According to the brochure, inside that building was a Jacuzzi tub capable of seating six comfortably and eight if you didn't mind being very friendly with your neighbours.

Using the torches in our phones, we found our way along the footpath from our cabin and onto the lighted thoroughfare. We walked the wrong way first, and when we reached the end of the path, we had to turn back and try the other way. Laughing at ourselves, we eventually found the large building that housed the heated indoor pool, Jacuzzi and splash pool.

There were two couples already in the hot tub when we walked inside. Kath and I looked at each other and were about to walk out when the couples called us over and insisted we join them. They parted strangely in that, when they moved, they left two gaps, one in between both couples instead of a larger one where Kath and I could sit together.

However, I didn't think about it at the time and walked around the tub to the furthest gap and climbed in. Swimsuits were compulsory unless you hired

the complex for a private party, so all four women wore skimpy bikinis. The men had traditional boardies (board shorts) on.

Once we were in the tub, they offered us a glass of chardonnay each, which we gratefully accepted, not having thought to bring anything ourselves. The couples introduced themselves as Bob and Margot (to my right) and Mitchell and Yolanda (to my left). It turned out despite the way they sat, Bob was married to Yolanda and Mitchell to Margot. That should have warned Kath and me what we'd sat in the middle of, but we were blithely unaware.

I introduced Kath and myself. Bob asked, "Kate and Kath? So they're both shortened versions of Katherine, right?"

I shook my head and explained that Kath's full name was indeed Katherine, but mine was shortened from Kaitlyn. The four we'd met were a happy, chatty group, and we soon laughed, joked and talked as the wine flowed.

After about half an hour of soaking in the tub, Yolanda turned to face me. She put her hand on my inner thigh and asked, "What do you do, Kate?"

"I'm a housewife, YoYo," I replied. "My husband is a big wig on the stock market, and he prefers me to stay home, raise the kids and look after the house."

I expected some judgement from her, but instead, she smiled and moved her hand a little closer to my pussy. I looked down and realised that with bubbles, you couldn't really see what was happening, so I let my legs part to see if she'd stroke higher.

"I stayed at home until our youngest was eighteen, Kate," Yolanda stated. "But I work with Bob in our real estate business now. Margot has an interior design business, and Mitchell has a construction company that works with Margot's business."

Yolanda moved her hand higher until her pinky finger brushed lightly over my bikini bottom. She turned to Kath and said, "Of course, we all recognise you, Kath. What brings you to the retreat this fine week?"

Kath blushed and replied, “Kate and I have been friends for over thirty years. She’s been a bit down in the dumps lately, so we’ve taken four days to do some relaxation and retail therapy.”

“Man trouble?” Margot asked archly.

I nodded and tried not to snap my head around and stare at Mitchell. His hand had joined Yolanda’s on my inner thigh. I tried to see if Kath had hands on her, but the frothing water obscured her lean legs, and I couldn’t see.

As I wondered if I should move their hands, I felt Yolanda’s fingers work their way under my bikini bottom and onto my clit. I couldn’t help myself and let my head fall back, then I scooted forward and moved my curvy bottom onto the seat’s edge. Sighing, I spread my legs wider and allowed Yolanda better access to my aching pussy.

To my utter surprise, Kath softly moaned and also moved to the seat’s edge. It seemed we were both being felt up, and neither of us was complaining!

I felt hands undoing my bikini bottom’s ties, and they tugged the garment off my luscious ass. More hands undid my top and cupped my large, firm breasts. I lifted my head and opened my eyes. Kath was naked, too, and everyone else was swiftly disrobing.

I protested mildly about everyone getting naked in the public pool, but Mitchell explained that they’d booked the baths for the night but had left the doors unlocked, hoping others would join them. Then he explained that the couples were swingers who travelled to venues similar to this one every year to swap and play. Kath and I had provided too good an opportunity to miss, so they swiftly decided to see if we’d play.

Kath looked at me doubtfully, but I grinned at her and said, “I won’t tell Mike if you don’t tell John!”

“You are so bad, Kate Muggleton,” Kath giggled. “I’ve never cheated on Mike despite knowing he cheats on me regularly, so, bugger it, why not start now?”

Kath's admission caught me by surprise because she'd never said anything about Mike's infidelities before. I filed it away for later, though.

"Sit on the tub's edge," Margot encouraged. I was unsure who she meant, but I moved up anyway. Yolanda immediately dove onto my pussy. Looking over at Kath, I saw that she had Margot eagerly lapping at her pussy.

Bob got out of the tub and offered his cock to my lips. I turned my head and willingly sucked it down. Kath gaped at me, but when Mitchell pressed his cock to her lips, she opened her mouth and accepted it inside.

Yolanda lifted off my pussy and said, "Margot and I are bisexual, but our husbands are strictly hetero. However, they delight in double-teaming us. Have you ever been double-penetrated, Kate? If you haven't, I'm sure Bob and Mitchell would love to show you what it's like."

Of course, the closest I'd been to that was when Siobhan guided the two dildos on her fucking machine inside me. I was keen but unsure if I should be that slutty in front of my best friend. However, Kath had her hand on the back of Margot's head and was holding the pretty woman tightly against her steaming pussy. Quite frankly, I was shocked by my friend's sudden turnaround. Only ten days ago, she'd confessed that she wanted to try sex with me since we were teenagers but was too scared. Yet here she was, eagerly allowing a complete stranger eat her out and enjoying every second of it!

"How does it work?" I non-committedly asked.

"There's two ways, Kate," Yolanda explained as the two men suckled on her pert breasts. One of the men lies on their back. You straddle them and take their cock in your pussy, then the other man kneels behind you and pushes his cock into your ass. Or, you sit on the reclining man and take his cock in your ass. Then the other man kneels between your legs and fucks your pussy."

"Who goes where?" I asked.

“That’s up to you, Kate. I don’t know how much experience you’ve had in taking cocks in your ass, but Bob is significantly longer and thicker than Mitchell. So I’d suggest you take Mitchell in your ass and Bob in your cunt.”

The two men turned their hips so I could view their stiff cocks. I looked at Kath, but she’d lain on her back and was sixty-nining with Margot and seemed lost in the new sensation. I thought about my home situation and thought, ‘Fuck it! Your marriage is done, Kate. You may as well have some fun!’

Decision made, I said, “Mitchell, lie on your back. I’m going to take your cock in my ass. Bob, once I’ve settled on Mitchell’s cock, I want you in my tight little cunt. Yolanda, I want your pussy on my face as the boys fuck me.”

Yolanda grinned and answered, “I knew you were a slut like me when you came in, Kate. You have that sexually aware air that I look for in women. It’s a shame we’re returning to South Australia tomorrow because I would love to spend more time exploring with you!”

Mitchell was already on his back, holding his rigidly erect cock upright. Taking a deep breath and telling myself to relax, I stepped over his reclined body and squatted down. Yolanda helped guide me until my little brown ring rested against Mitchell’s cock. Then Yolanda shook her head and told me to straighten up.

“I forgot you’re not all that experienced with anal sex, Kate,” she told me. “Let me get Mitchell’s cock soaked with saliva, and then I’ll tongue your asshole to ensure it’s ready to receive his cock.”

Yolanda bent over and sucked Mitchell into her mouth. She cupped his balls and gently kneaded them as she slurped saliva over his thin tool. Then she waved me closer and turned to rim my tiny starfish. Then, satisfied that I was ready, she guided me back onto Mitchell’s rigidly erect penis.

“Relax, Kate,” she softly encouraged. “As you bare down, push as if you’re trying to push a poo out, then relax.”

I did as she asked, and to my surprise, my ass hit Mitchell's abdomen without even the typical twitch when a cock passes through my knot.

"Good girl," Yolanda cooed. "Now lean back on your hands, put your feet outside of Mitchell's thighs and spread your knees."

I did as Yolanda instructed and watched as Bob moved between my shapely thighs. Yolanda took his cock in her hand, ready to guide it into me. Bob was bigger than Mitchell but nowhere near as big as my son or husband, so I knew he'd fit inside my tight pussy easily. Bob slid inside me, and I felt the delightful sensation of being doubly filled for the first time. It felt exquisite, and I knew I'd do this again in a heartbeat if my marriage ended.

Once Bob was fully seated inside me, he and Mitchell held still, waiting for me to adjust to simultaneously having two penises inside me. However, I didn't need to 'get used to it'. I needed to be fucked! Tossing my head back, I demanded, "Fuck me, boys!"

Mitchell's hands grasped my luscious, firm breasts and pulled me down. Bob chuckled and began stroking into me. Yolanda waited until I lay back on Mitchell and swung her foot over my head. Then she bent her knees and lowered her wet cunt onto my mouth.

I slashed my tongue across Yolanda's entrance and clit as Mitchell and Bob pumped into my ass and pussy. Surprisingly, Yolanda orgasmed first, but she demanded I keep using my tongue on her pussy. She climaxed again quickly before she moved off my lips and knelt behind Kath.

Kath was on her hands and knees, sucking and licking Margot's gaping pussy. Looking across at my friend, I saw that Margot had the biggest pussy entrance I'd ever seen. Her entrance gaped wider than I thought possible, and I fascinatedly watched as Yolanda curled Kath's thumb across her palm and then guided those four fingers into Margot's pussy.

Whispering to my friend, Yolanda encouraged my friend to rotate her fingers back and forth inside Margot's pussy. Margot started to raise her hips so she could fuck Kath's invading hand. Still whispering instructions to

Kath, Yolanda swiftly circled my friend's button. As I watched, I saw Kath spreading her fingers and stretching Margot's gape wider.

Yolanda whispered something else, and Kath pushed harder. Margot grunted, and Kath's hand disappeared into her pussy. Shocked, I climaxed on the cocks inside me.

When Yolanda spoke again, I heard, "Clench your hand into a fist and pummel my slut as hard as you can."

Watching this shockingly obscene scene, I orgasmed again. Given all of my recent experiences, I thought I'd done and/or seen very perturbation of sex. But seeing my friend fist another woman blew me off the charts.

Bouncing up and down between the cocks in my ass and cunt, I yelled, "Fill me with cum, boys! This fucking slut needs her fuck holes filled with man juice!"

Both cocks in my nether regions stiffened and swelled before they gushed semen into me. The twin eruptions of cum into my ass and pussy sent me crashing into another screamed orgasm, and I briefly passed out as the feelings overwhelmed me.

Waking, I heard Margot utter a stream of epithets as she orgasmed on Kath's pounding fist. Yolanda, Margot, et al. wanted to continue, but I saw that Kath was struggling with her sudden fall into sexual infidelity, so I cried off and helped Kath back into her bikini and robe. Dressing with her, I thanked the group for giving us several new experiences and helped Kath back to our cabin. When we got there, Kath and I fell into bed, exchanged a soft kiss, hugged each other close, and slept.

I was awake well before my friend the following day. Typically, I'd roll out of bed and start making breakfast for my family well before they usually awaken. I knew Kath would need to talk to me about our adventures the previous night, so I ignored my full bladder and waited for her to wake up.

I lay there for nearly an hour before Kath opened her eyes, yawned and stretched. Then, seeing my face mere inches from hers, she kissed me softly

and wrapped her arms around me. We exchanged another soft kiss before she smiled and said, “That was, umm, interesting last night!”

I didn’t hear any recriminations in her voice, so I giggled and replied, “Having two holes simultaneously filled was more than ‘interesting’!”

Kath slapped my back and giggled with me. “Fisting a woman’s pussy was more than just ‘interesting’, too.”

“That’s something I’d like to experience,” I confessed.

“Being fisted?” Kath asked. “It would be a bit ‘Ouch!’, I would think!”

Tittering and blushing, I clarified that I wanted to try fisting someone, not be fisted myself. Confirming that I thought it would be a bit ‘ouch’, too.

Kath’s fingers found my button, and she softly circled it, “What was it like having a cock in your ass and pussy at the same time?”

Grabbing her hand, I said, “Hold that thought! I’ve been lying here cuddling you, needing to pee for over an hour.”

Kath jokingly prodded my abdomen before saying, “Shoo! A waterbed this isn’t!”

I did my business, washed my face and hands, brushed my teeth and climbed back into bed. Kath smelt my freshened breath and held her cupped hand near her mouth. Breathing into it and sniffing, she grimaced and said, “Be right back.”

When she climbed back into bed, we held each other and snuggled. It felt so good because we hadn’t done this since we were teenagers. And we’d never done it naked before. Kath’s small, pointy nippled breasts felt divine against my larger ones, and her pussy felt awesome pressed against mine. I lovingly caressed her face, neck and back and occasionally ran my hands through her gorgeous blonde hair.

Although we were naked and pressed closely together, it didn’t feel sexual. It felt like two close friends sharing an intimate embrace. Eventually, I

kissed Kath's wide mouth and asked, "Are you okay with what we did last night?"

Kath giggled and replied, "I was conflicted, Kate. That was the first sex outside my marriage that I've ever had. But it felt good just to relax and enjoy my sexuality. I've put up with Mike's infidelities for years without objecting. First for the sake of our children and then because I know he loves me, and I love him, and I don't want the inevitable spotlight of a divorce."

"You never spoke to me about it, Kath," I said reprovingly. "Your best friend and you never talked to me about what had to be the most horrible thing for you to endure."

"I couldn't, Kate. You and John always seemed so much in love and so happy together. Then John and Mike got drinking after golf one day, and John started showing off about how many women he's banged. Only then did I realise your marriage was as much of a sham as mine is."

"I don't think my marriage is ... was ... a sham, Kath," I protested. "I was raised to serve a strong, dominant man, and I knew part of that was accepting that he would have affairs. My mother suggested that, for comfort, I should have lovers, too. But she emphasised that I could not get caught. If someone made me aware that John was fucking around, then I should smile and say that I already knew he was, and I was okay about it.

"Then, if they pushed the issue, make some cutting, disparaging remark about them being a convenient root for when my husband was horny, but they'd never be more than that to him."

"And you were happy with that, Kate?" I nodded, and she added, "You were a brain box at school and had all the boys chasing after you. I guess that I don't understand why you'd accept a husband you knew would cheat on you."

I smiled and reminded her, "And which two boys did we always fantasise we'd marry, Kath?"

“John for you and Mike for me.”

“How old were we when we made that pact to snare them?”

Kath giggled and said, “I think you were seven and me maybe nine. I can’t remember if I’d had my birthday, but it was around that time.”

“And we succeeded, right?” Kath nodded. “Did you have any regrets before you figured out Mike was screwing around on you?”

Kath shook her head and said, “No.”

“Do you still believe that Mike loves you?”

“I’m sure he does, Kate,” Kath answered vehemently. “That’s why I can’t understand why he’s screwing around.”

I laughed, “Because he’s a man, and he can, babe. What happened? You were home earlier than expected and walked down to Mike’s den to tell him you were home. Then, when you got close, you realised that he and John were telling ‘war stories’, right?” Kath nodded, and I added, “So until then, you never knew, and therefore it didn’t bother you.” Kath nodded again. “Do you still love him?” Nodding. “Do you want a divorce?” Head shake. “If you confront him about his affairs, what happens?”

Kath replied, “More than likely, Mike will get defensive and angry, and then because he feels guilty, he’ll lash out at me, and we’ll be headed for divorce.”

“Not physically, though, right?”

Kath’s eyes widened when she realised what she’d said and tittered, “Oh, heavens no! Mike has and would never hit me!”

Relieved, I asked, “Do you want to get divorced? If not, can you see yourself continuing to live with him until you’re old and grey?”

“I still love him, Kate,” Kath assured me. “It’s just that, at the moment, I want to pour gasoline over his balls and set them on fire!”

“Is revenge sex with me why you’re here, Kath?” I gently asked.

She hugged me fiercely and said, “No, my love. I’m here because learning that Mike cheated on me made me realise I’ve been a fool to push you away for all these years. Your love for me has always been loyal and steadfast, Kate. You never got jealous because I snared the second hunkiest guy at our High School...”

Laughing, I interrupted, “That’s because I snared the hunkiest, babe! And you didn’t have to catch yours by getting up the duff to him!”

Kath grinned at me and continued, “You were happy when I scored a job at Fox Sports News and supported me as I battled my way up the ladder. We both heard the snide comments about earning my promotions on my back, and you defended me every time. I love you, Kath. I’m glad we’re finally lovers and wish I’d had the courage to become so years ago.”

She paused momentarily, then her breath hitched, and a single tear rolled from the corner of her eye. “What should I do, Kate? I don’t want a divorce, but I’m so angry with Mike I could spit nails.”

“I say we go on a shopping, drinking, and screwing binge all weekend, babe. I’ve been the perfectly dutiful wife and mother for twenty years, and now my husband won’t believe I didn’t have an affair on him. Well, if that’s what he thinks, then damn him. I’ll find out if other men can please me sexually as well as he does. Then I’ll go home Monday morning, and if my marriage is over, I’ll see how many of his friends, except Mike,” I paused and grinned at her, “I can fuck before his head explodes!”

“You’re really pissed at him, Kate, aren’t you? Wow! I never thought I’d hear you talk that way!”

“Not so much ‘pee oh’d’ as feeling betrayed, Kath. John’s had numerous affairs on his trips and more than a few when he’s at home. I was raped and then blackmailed into meeting my rapist again. Then I was orally, anally and vaginally raped again, and John won’t accept it? Bugger him!”

“So, what was last night?” Kath asked.

“A chance to experience something I’d always fantasised about, Kath. Nothing more. What was with fisting Margot?”

Kath blushed and admitted she’d heard some girls at work discussing it and wanted to see if it was possible. I asked, “Do you want to try that with me?”

“Fisting you?” She asked.

I tittered, “Oh Lawd, no! My tiny pussy would never take a fist. Do you want me to see if I can fist you?”

Kath blushed and almost imperceptibly nodded her head. I hugged and kissed her before smacking her bum and saying we’d try before the weekend was over. After hitting my friend’s tight ass, I rolled out of bed and got the ingredients out to make our smoothie breakfasts. I suggested Kath have her shower as I blended the almond milk and berries.

She came out a few minutes later, and we swapped roles. Kath made coffee as I showered. Kath put on a conservative, solid-coloured long skirt and a clinging knitted top over her bra. I thought the top beautifully emphasised her widely spaced, smallish breasts, but it would look better without a bra. Kath reluctantly removed it but objected when I observed her skirt hid her gorgeously long, toned and tapered legs.

Swatting her buttocks, I asked, “Don’t you have at least a midi skirt so you show your sexy legs?”

Kath giggled and said she didn’t own an above-the-knee skirt or dress. Sighing theatrically, I said we’d have to fix that and put on my white Champagne slip mini dress. This was another dress not for the faint-hearted, as it barely covered my curvy ass and left my shapely legs bare from just below my hip joint. The dress had a deep V between my large, firm breasts and needed double-sided sticky tape to ensure it remained covering my nipples.

I put on a tiny, lacy white thong and white wedge-heeled sandals, did my hair and makeup, and turned back to Kath. I found her biting her bottom lip

with lust evident in her smile. Turning slowly, I giggled and said, “Like what you see?”

“Gawd, Kate,” my friend breathed. “What did that modelling agent say when you were sixteen? ‘You’re too much woman for the runway and films’? I have to agree with her. I’m your best friend, and even I am jealous of your looks and figure. If John throws you over, he’s an idiot!”

I hugged, kissed, thanked her and then looked her over with a critical eye. As you’d expect from someone who appears on TV, Kath’s makeup was impeccable. Her top was a dark navy blue and highlighted her breasts perfectly. Her long skirt clung to her shapely bottom but hid her long, toned legs. Worse was that her knicker line showed.

Giggling, I pulled her skirt up and pulled her panties down. I asked, “Do you have a thong?” Kath shook her head. Mine wouldn’t fit as Kath was a size 10 (6 US), and I’m a size 16 (12 US), so I laughed and told her she’d have to go knickerless because her panties were ruining her look.

She tried to demur, but I shrugged, said, “Live a little,” and refused to return her panties.

“Fine!” Kath pretended to huff. “I’ll walk about showing my twat to everyone who wants to see!”

“You’ll need a much shorter skirt than you’re wearing to do that,” I teased. Giggling, Kath wrapped her arm in mine, and we walked to my car.

Of course, when we got to Montville, our first stop was for coffee. It wasn’t quite spring yet, but the day was warm with flawless, crystal clear, blue skies. We chatted as we sipped, discussing anything other than our husbands’ infidelities and failing marriages. I smiled at the women who looked at us and grimaced and grinned at the guys who openly ogled.

Kath asked, “Do you flirt with every guy that pervs on you?”

Tossing my hair and bouncing my breasts as a guy who openly stared at my bosom tripped over one of the chairs, I replied, “If they’re not creepy about,

then yes. I like people looking because it makes me feel sexy and desirable. Plus, John gets a kick out of it. He likes that many guys lust for me because he knows I'll always remain faithful to him."

"And last night?" Kath asked.

"Do you have a problem with me fucking those two guys, Kath?" I asked. "This is the second time you've asked about it."

"Not a problem, Kate. I was just surprised, that's all. It never occurred to me that you could have casual sex so readily with two total strangers or do a slutty thing like taking a cock in your ass and pussy simultaneously." Then she giggled and asked, "What was it like?"

"Way better than the two dildos I told you about," I grinningly replied.

"What's it like having a dick up your ... you know?"

"Clacker?" I joked. Kath nodded. I looked at my friend wonderingly and said, "You mean you've never had anal sex?"

Kath shook her head and answered, "Mike's asks regularly, but I always thought it would hurt like hell, and it seemed a little dirty, so I've always refused."

"It's definitely not as good as oral or vaginal sex, Kath," I explained. "But it's naughtily erotic when it's done right." I had to bite my tongue before I described what Tommy had done for me and changed it into John making love to my sexy ass.

After I'd described what my son did to make it perfect, Kath said, "So you're saying that the next time Mike asks, I should let him have me?"

"No," I grinned. "I'm saying that if he prepares your ass for anal sex correctly, and you can relax, you'll probably enjoy it. But I have no idea if Mike knows how to prepare a sphincter for penetration properly."

Kath looked at me directly and said, "I want to be naughty this weekend, Kate. I want to do things that I've never done."

“Like kiss a girl and find out that you like it?” I teased. “Or fist another as someone else eats your pussy?”

Kath blushed but nodded, “I want to have casual sex with some stranger that I pick up. I want to go to a bar and let myself be picked up and go to his place and fuck.”

“You’ll bring him back to our cabin, not go to his,” I replied primly. “I rented a two-bedroom unit precisely for that eventuality. My best friend is not going to a stranger’s house where heaven knows what might happen to her.”

Kath giggled and said, “But what could happen?”

“Frank Pritchard,” I said severely.

Kath’s face dropped, and she whispered, “Shit! It could happen that easily, too.”

I nodded and then emphasised, “So if we go out tonight and pick up, either or both of us, we bring them back to the cabin so we can ensure each other’s safety.”

Kath grinned and said, “So we’re going out to pick up, then?”

I pretended to be exasperated and said, “Well, obviously, I’m not enough for you. So, yes, we’ll go out and try to pick up!”

Coffees done, we began shopping. I didn’t have any particular need for anything, having only recently been shopping with Krissy, but I kept my eyes peeled for something extraordinary that I thought John would like. Even though I believed my marriage was over, the ingrained habit of buying clothes I thought he’d like to see me in remained.

After flatly refusing to countenance Kath’s first selections, I eventually got her to buy a variety of mini skirts and dresses that would show off her gorgeously long and toned legs to perfection. The battle to get her to buy some tops that clung and/or revealed was even more difficult, but the

stubborn bitch that I am, I eventually prevailed, and Kath had a solid wardrobe of clothes that would tease and torment the men in her vicinity but would reveal nothing she shouldn't.

Stopping in at The Edge restaurant, we ordered grilled Barramundi and salad for lunch, along with a bottle of Margaret River Umamu Estate Sav Blanc. The outside area of the restaurant provided fantastic views across the Sunshine Coast Hinterland to the coast. We were eating our lunch and chatting when two younger, handsome men asked if they could sit with us. I looked around, and the restaurant was less than half full.

"Umm, why?" I asked. "There's plenty of empty tables."

The taller and (I thought) more handsome of the two men chuckled and said, "I'm sorry, Mrs Muggleton, but you obviously didn't recognise us. I'm Timothy Haines, and this is Des Edwards. We're teammates of Tommy's."

Now that they'd introduced themselves, I remembered having met and chatted with them before. Both men were members of The Lions' senior team and were close with my son. Now that I knew who they were, I invited them to sit. I introduced Kath teasingly as my 'oldest' friend but emphasised she and I were around the same age.

The men proved to be interesting company. Witty, well-educated and worldly, they had Kath and me in stitches as they self-deprecatingly joked and teased about their ability, or rather, inability to play well enough to earn a permanent spot on The Lions' roster. The guys had brought beers to the table with them, but when I ordered another bottle of wine, they switched to that, and we shared a few glasses.

Realising I had quite a buzz happening, I switched to water and coffee. Tim had sat on my right and Des on the left, and I found myself staring at Tim's mouth, wondering what he'd taste like if I kissed him. His height, strength and virility had my pussy squishily wet, and my clit throbbed with unrequited desire.

However, the men were perfect gentlemen, and I hadn't sensed any seduction attempts from them, which was a shame because a rip-roaring roll

in the hay with a dynamic young lover would do Kath and me a world of good. I thought they were politely entertaining their teammate's mother and her friend but harboured no sexual desire for us. After another hour of drinking water and coffee, I felt okay to drive, so I stood up and wished the young men well.

Tim stood with me when I got off my seat and asked, "What are you two doing tonight?"

Kath looked at me and nodded, so I replied, "We'll probably come back into Montville around seven and find a restaurant to eat in, but other than that, we have no plans."

"Where are you staying?" Des asked.

Kath nodded again, so I told him.

Timothy smoothly suggested, "Kate, Kath, would you do Des and me the honour of coming to dinner with us? There's a Tapas bar called The Double Barrel Bar on Ocean Rd in Maroochydore. We can share some Tapas and then stay for the music and dancing afterwards."

Kath watched me interestedly as I considered Tim's offer. She gave an almost imperceptible nod when I glanced at her, so I agreed we'd meet them at 7.00 pm.

"What was with that?" Kath questioned as we drove back to the cabins.

"Don't play Miss Innocent with me," I teased back. "You almost begged Des to kiss you!"

Kath giggled and replied, "And if Tim had asked, you'd have been on your back on the table, letting him fuck you!"

"What's not to like?" I protested. "Taller than me, stronger and heavier than me, and if the bulge in his trousers can be believed, with a sizeable package. Why wouldn't I be interested in that?"

We were hot and horny when we got to the cabin, so I took out my strap-on and spent an enjoyable hour or more fucking my best friend. The vibrating double-end meant that Kath and I orgasmed several times simultaneously before we slept peacefully in each other's arms until it was time to shower, change and drive to Maroochydore to meet the boys.

On the way there, I missed a turn, and we didn't arrive until nearly fifteen minutes after seven. When we walked in, I noticed Timothy scanning every newcomer, hoping to see us. He and Des stood as Kath and I approached and remained standing until we sat. Tim and Des sat on opposite sides of a square table, so I lowered myself onto the cushions next to Tim. Kath walked around the table and sat beside Des.

"I've ordered several dishes," Tim confidently stated. "Jamon Serrano, Tortilla Española (Spanish Omelette), Boquerones en Vinagre, Albondigas en Salsa, Croquetas (Croquettes), and Calamares fritos (Fried Squid Rings). The waitress will be here shortly to ask what you want. Check the menu out and add whatever else you want. Des and I are drinking Chablis, but if you'd like something else, feel free to order it,"

Kath and I looked through the menu, and when the waitress appeared, Kath ordered Espinacas con Garbanzos (Spinach with Chickpeas), and I added Gambas al Ajillo (Garlic Prawns).

Tim and Des were drinking 2021 Domaine William Fevre Petit Chablis. That sounded good to Kath and I, so we asked for another bottle.

Conversation flowed freely between the four of us, and before we knew it, it was time for the DJ to start. The first song was an old standard —You Should Be Dancing by the BeeGees. I was (barely) old enough to remember The Saturday Night Fever soundtrack, and I was seriously surprised that Tim and Des knew it.

Des took Kath to the dance floor as Tim took me. As I observed earlier in these confessions, John had taught me to dance, so I eagerly followed Tim's lead as we gyrated across the floor. Kath, Des, Tim, and I moved so well together that the other patrons cleared a space for us to dance in.

The DJ moved through various songs until, near midnight, Tim asked, “Are Des and I following you and Kath to where you’re staying? Or are you and Kath following us?”

Kath met my inquiring glance and nodded, so I said, “You’re travelling with me and Des with Kath to our cabin,” I stated.

“Nice car,” Tim said as we walked up to it.

Tim was so manly and forthright that I automatically handed him the keys. He looked at me surprised before nodding and moving to the driver’s side. “Do you know the way back?” He asked. I giggled and told him to look at the GPS unit and select the cabin’s address. I’m not exactly clueless when it comes to directions, but I wasn’t familiar with the Sunshine Coast, so it was easier to follow the GPS.

It was only a short drive back to the retreat, so less than ten minutes later, Tim and I were walking up the path to the cabin. A few minutes after that, we were sitting on the little sofa sipping wine. Kath and Des walked in as we sat down. Seeing the only couch was occupied, they pulled up chairs and sat holding hands.

Kath was obviously taking her cues from me, so when I turned to Tim and pursed my lips, she did the same. Both men took the hint, and four pairs of lips met in a soft exchange. Tim kissed me just as I liked to be. His lips were firm but not hard, and he waited until he felt my lips slightly part before he took it further.

We broke the kiss to smile at each other before several quick kisses ensued. Our next kiss morphed delightfully into a full-on snog. Tim’s hand moved to my hip, and when I didn’t object, moved higher onto my ribs beside my breast. I turned my head so I could prolong our kiss, and Tim took that as an invitation to cup my braless breast.

I put my hands around Tim’s head and softly moaned into his mouth. That encouraged Tim to circle my engorged nipple with his thumb lightly. I let my hand fall onto his hip before moving it onto the front of his severely

tented trousers. I could feel Tim's glans clearly defined through his pants, so I ran my fingertips over and around them.

Tim's hand left my breast temporarily as he reached behind me and undid my dress' zip. I let him slide my dress off my shoulders and down my arms, which exposed my large, firm Double-D breasts.

"Wow!" Tim murmured as he lowered his head and latched onto my nipple. Letting go momentarily, Tim said, "You have the most beautiful breasts I've ever seen, Kate." Then he sucked my nipple back into his mouth.

Lashing my turgid breast nub with his tongue, Tim placed the palm of his hand on my other breast and pressed firmly on its nipple before moving his hand in a slow, erotic circle.

I opened my eyes and saw that Kath had moved to straddle Des' thighs. He also had her dress top down and was alternating kisses, sucks and light nips across her small breasts and rock-hard nipples. Kath held Des' head between her tiny hands and moaned as he made love to her bosom.

Wanting to move things along, I slid off the sofa and onto my knees. Then turning to face Tim, I smiled seductively up at him as I slowly, teasingly, took off his belt, undid his fly and took his cock in my mouth. Disappointingly, Tim's sizeable bulge turned out to be about what I'd learned was average-sized. He was nowhere near as big as my husband or son, so his entire length disappeared into my mouth with one swift swallow.

Kath moaned, so I let Tim out of my mouth and turned to look. She'd dropped her dress to the floor and had turned to face Tim and me. Pulling her panty's gusset aside, she lowered herself onto Des' achingly erect cock. She bounced twice before she had Des fully enveloped in her tight folds. Des held her hips as Kath used her thighs to lift and lower herself on his throbbing cock.

Tim seemed close to the edge of climax, so rather than have him feel embarrassed by cumming too quickly, I took him back into my mouth, gripped his shaft tightly and milked him. A few seconds later, he groaned and spat his delightful nut juice into my greedily sucking mouth.

Smiling happily up at him, I made a show of swirling his spend around in my mouth before tilting my head back and swallowing it. After opening my mouth to show it was empty, I winked and turned around.

Crawling across to Kath, I encircled her small, sticky-out clit with my lips and lashed it with my tongue. Immediately, Kath squealed and orgasmed. Knowing Des was close, I lowered my head and bathed his big balls with my tongue. My tongue undid Des' resistance, and with a loud groan, he orgasmed inside my friend.

I wanted to taste their combined essence, so I stood and took Kath's hand. I offered my other to Tim, and he swiftly kicked out of his pants, stripped his shirt off and took my hand. I wriggled my hips and let my dress fall to the floor. I'd worn suspenders and stockings, and both men gasped as my sexy ass shook into view.

I tugged on the hands and walked toward the bedroom that Kath and I had shared the previous night. Kath quickly grabbed Des' hand and dragged him after us. Reaching the bedroom, I let go of Tim's hand and turned Kath to face me. Then, pressing my lush body against her leanly toned one, I held my friend's head and kissed her as passionately as I knew how.

Kath moaned into my mouth as her hands found my curvy ass, and she pressed her pudenda against my mound. Pushing her backwards until the back of her knees hit the bed, I lowered her onto the bed and swung her legs up onto it. Then I moved between her toned thighs and kissed her again.

Des dropped his clothes and knelt on the bed beside Kath's head, and as I kissed my way down Kath's sexy body, he placed his partially erect cock on her lips. When my questing tongue found Kath's sticky-out clit, she moaned and opened her mouth, sucking Des' cock inside.

I moved lower and lapped where Des' spend, and her arousal leaked. The mix of cum and pussy juice tasted sweet and musky on my tongue, and I sucked as much into my mouth as I could elicit from Kath's pussy.

"Gawd, Kate!" Tim groaned. "That is so sexy!" He knelt behind my lush bottom and ran his tongue from my taint, over my soaking entrance, along

my slit and onto my thick clit. He licked back and forth a few times until I pushed my hand between my legs and spread my pussy lips.

Taking the hint, Tim moved closer behind me and pushed gently through my entrance and into me. Although he wasn't as big as the cocks I was accustomed to having inside me, he still filled me nicely, and I moaned appreciatively into my friend's pussy as he slid inside.

Tim stroked slowly into me as I ate Kath's pussy, but Kath wanted more. She released Des' penis and turned. Pulling me off Tim's cock, Kath rolled me onto my back. Then she crawled down my body, stopping to kiss my pouting lips. Then she moved further down so she could tongue my pussy.

After pumping his cock for a few moments as he revelled in the sensually erotic vision of two beautiful women having oral sex together, Tim grabbed my ankles. Then he lifted me until he could move in behind me and push back into my soaking wet, steamy hot pussy. Kath's ass waved in the air in front of Des, so he closed in and slid into her pussy.

Grabbing Kath's hips, Des ripped his hips forward, jamming his cock into her. His abdomen hit Kath's taut ass with a loud slap, and he pulled out and repeated the action. As Des fucked my best friend hard, Tim's strokes into me became stronger and faster.

Both men built up a head of steam and pounded our pussies as hard as possible, making it impossible to keep tonguing each other. Kath was further from her orgasm than the rest of us, so I reached between us and pinched her conical nipples. The sudden pain/pleasure combination pitched Kath into her climax, and she squealed over my clitoris as it hit.

Des jammed into my friend a final time before he locked against her ass with his dick buried as far into her as possible. He grunted and twitched as he jetted semen into Kath's vagina. I was close but not quite there. However, I knew that when Tim bathed my pussy's inner walls with his spend, I'd climax with him, so I wasn't concerned. Above me, Des' cock wilted and fell out of Kath's pussy. When it fell out, some of Des' ejaculate flowed from Kath's vulva, and I enjoyed lapping and sucking it up as it flowed.

As I sampled Kath's and Des' combined fluids, I concentrated on rhythmically clenching my inner folds around Tim's cock. Kath moved off me to kiss and cuddle with Des. That enabled Tim to lower his upper body onto mine, and he swiftly gripped my shoulders and pulled me down as he pounded into me.

It became apparent that Tim was waiting for me, but I'd slipped into a submissive mindset and was waiting for him to give me permission to. Of course, no one here knew that, so we were locked into a cycle of Tim struggling not to cum, and me unable to because he hadn't permitted me to.

Eventually, as his endurance ended, Tim gasped, "Cum for me, my darling Kate." It was enough for me to leap over my barrier and squeal my orgasm into his shoulder. My fluttering with orgasm pussy blew Tim over the edge, and with a guttural roar, he gushed cum into my drenched pussy. Feeling Tim squirt into me lifted me to another climax, and I squealed into his shoulder again.

Although my twin climaxes had felt good, I wanted more. Tim rolled off me onto his back, seemingly spent for a time. Kath was idly stroking and kissing Des' semi-hard cock, so I rolled onto my hands and knees and crawled over to them. Kath smiled as I pressed my body along hers, and she offered Des' cock to my willing mouth. Sucking it into my mouth, I swirled my tongue over his glans and along his shaft. Des' penis swiftly hardened as I licked and sucked.

Kath and I swapped Des' cock back and forth until Kath saw that Tim was 'back in the game'. Kath pushed Tim onto his back and lowered her cum messy pussy onto his mouth as she took his cock in hers. I waited to see if tasting his friend's semen in Kath would bother him, but Tim licked avidly.

Des was around the same length as Tim but a little thicker. It filled my mouth nicely, and I knew it would feel even better in my wet cunt. I moved up to kiss him, and he readily accepted my kisses. By pushing my large breasts against his leanly muscled chest, I encouraged Des to slide down the bed. When he was low enough, I straddled his hips and guided him into my pussy.

I looked over at my friend and saw she was guiding Tim onto the bed close to where I was coupled with Des. Kath then straddled Tim ‘reverse cowgirl’ and immediately reached over to grasp and pinch my swollen, puffy nipples. Then she leaned toward me, looking for a kiss. I leaned toward her, and our soft lips met in a sexy kiss.

“Gawd, that is so beautiful,” Des moaned as Tim nodded his agreement.

I was riding Des, so I did most of the work. Kath sat on Tim passively as he held her hips and thrust up into her. The guys liked us kissing so much that Des gripped my ass to keep me still and began pumping his hips up and down as he plunged in and out of my tightly gripping pussy. That allowed me to lift my hands and cup Kath’s small breasts. I strummed my thumbs over her nipples before taking her tiny rock-hard nipples in my thumbs and forefingers. Pinching Kath’s conical breast nubs as she rolled mine firmly between her fingers and thumbs sped up our orgasms, and we soon moaned into each other’s mouths.

Watching two beautiful women kiss and caress proved too much for Tim, and he lost control and ejaculated inside Kath’s tight tunnel. However, he knew he’d left Kath high and dry and quickly spun around so she could ride his lips and tongue, seemingly unconcerned by his cum running out of her. Tim’s tongue on her clit and entrance shot Kath over her climax’s edge, and she moaned into my mouth as she trembled on his tongue.

Des seemed to know my trigger because he smacked my curvy bottom and demanded, “Cum for me, Kate.” I exploded into an orgasm as his cock hardened and lengthened and shot its sticky essence into my needy pussy.

We swapped partners back and forth until Kath and I were too exhausted to continue. Taking Tim with me, I staggered across to the second bedroom and fell into bed. Tim wrapped me in his strong arms, and I promptly fell asleep.

We drove into Landsborough in the morning and had brunch at a café. After eating, the guys said they needed to return to Brisbane, thanked us for a fun night, and left. Kath and I had another coffee before going back to the retreat and crashing.

Hunger pains woke me around 4:00 pm. Extricating myself from Kath's embrace, I cured my bladder problem, showered and went to the kitchenette. It was too late to bother going clothes shopping again, but too early for dinner. I mixed some tinned tuna through one of the bagged salads and had a light snack. Kath joined me as I snacked. I'd made an extra bowl in case Kath was hungry, too. She accepted it gratefully, and we chatted as only long-time friends can as we ate.

We were pretty much only talking inanities when Kath grimaced and said, "We were fairly slutty last night, Kate. Partner swapping, having sex with each other as the boys fucked us. Letting them cum in our mouths and pussies. Yeah. Fairly slutty."

Concerned, I asked, "You're bothered by what we did? You seemed to be right into it last night."

Kath tittered and replied, "It sure was fun at the time! But I guess I'm feeling guilty about cheating on Mike."

I nodded, "Yeah, babe, I hear you. When I got here on Friday, all I could think about was going out and having sex to get back at John for rejecting me. But then it seemed like fun, and I wanted to do more. What do you want, babe? Do you want to stay in tonight and avoid any possible complications? Or do we go out again and see what happens?"

"I want to be slutty again, Kate," Kath growled. "I love that those two young guys wanted us, that they found us attractive and wanted to have sex with us. That was such a turn-on. Then you crawled across your man, and we swapped, and then I realised that Tim wanted me, too. That was so hot, Kate. I want to experience that again. So, yeah. Let's go out tonight and see what happens."

Decision made, we went back to bed to make love and then dozed until it was time to go for dinner. Dressing sexily in clinging mini dresses, we drove to Solbar at Maroochydore. Ordering from their specialty pizza menu, we got a bottle of Cab Sav and sat to listen to the band.

The group playing was called DZ Deathrays. They combined, somewhat successfully, new-wave punk with dance music. Surprisingly, their audience seemed to be a good collection of different age groups. There were teeny boppers through to mid to late thirties and others who looked in their late forties or perhaps early fifties.

Kath and I had just received our pizzas when a pair of distinguished looking older gentlemen asked if they could join our table. Kath seemed doubtful, but the taller and larger of the men had the most beautiful blue eyes I'd ever seen, so I smiled and moved my chair closer to my friend to give them some room. They introduced themselves as Keith and David. Keith being the heavier man with the startling blue eyes.

After they'd sat, there was a delay as the men ordered drinks and something to eat, but when their drinks arrived, they swirled Kath and me into a lively conversation. Keith and David were urbane, witty and charming, and I felt that old familiar tingle making its presence known.

I watched interestedly as David deftly manoeuvred Kath into a one-on-one conversation as he subtly moved their chairs until he was sitting close enough for his knee to be touching hers. 'Mrs Kath Marie Loughlin,' I thought. 'You're letting yourself be picked up!

I got Kath's attention, and we excused ourselves to the lady's room. When we entered, I took a quick look around. Spotting that we were alone, I turned to Kath. But before I could ask her what she thought about the two men, she growled, "I hope you like yours because my cunt's aching at the thought of that man getting between my long legs!"

Giggling, I agreed that my partner had me wet, too. We quickly discussed what we'd do if they wanted to pair up and agreed we'd both return to the cabins. So, our evening planned, we linked arms and wandered back to the table. When we got there, feeling naughty, I directed Kath to sit with Keith as I sat next to David.

We chatted for a bit, and then he suddenly asked, "That's Kath Loughlin, right? From Fox Sports News."

I figured if Kath hadn’t told him already, it wasn’t up to me, so I replied, “Why don’t you ask her?”

“I did, but she refused to answer and changed the subject.”

That told me all I needed to know, so I grinned and said, “Does it matter? Kath’s a gorgeous wee chicky babe. If she wants to spend time with you, you should be happy.”

“The rings on your fingers,” David said flatly.

I winced and replied, “Again. Why do you care? Play your cards right, and you could both get lucky tonight. Look a gift horse in the mouth and piss us off, and I’ll guarantee we’ll have other offers to take us home.”

David laughed and said, “I guess I don’t, and yes. You two are the hottest women in here. Some of the younger crowd may be able to compete, but no one above thirty.”

I tittered, “Don’t worry, though. It’s very unlikely our husbands even know where we are, so they won’t be turning up with guns wanting to blow holes in you!”

David laughed, then he smiled and said, “You’re gorgeous, Kate. Easily the most beautiful woman I’ve ever spoken to, but you’re too much woman for me. May I return to talking with Kath? I know Keith thinks you’re stunning, too.”

Giggling, I decided to run through my gamut of teases. I started with my eyes wide open, followed by a shy blush. Then, I held my hands in front of me as I grasped the fingers of one hand with the other. Then I looked down demurely before peering up at him through my eyelashes. Next, I shifted to being overt and threw my shoulders back, tossed my head to send my luscious black locks flying and then leant forward enough that my breasts threatened to fall out of my dress top.

Finally, I slowly crossed, then uncrossed and then crossed my legs, giving David, Kath and Keith a brief glimpse of my waxed pussy. All three of

them stared, gulped, and then sighed. I caused two rampant erections and a wet pussy, and I loved it! Now that I had their undivided attention, I swished across to the bar and ordered refills before moving to sit beside Keith.

“You ready to blow this joint?” I asked after we’d finished those drinks.

Keith grinned and replied, “Maybe. Are you ready to blow me?”

I giggled throatily and quipped, “Right here, right now? Okay! Take it out for me!”

Shocked, Keith and David stared at each other before David said, “We can get a motel on the coast road if you’d like?”

I shook my head and answered, “No. Kath and I are staying at The Sunshine Coast Hideaways above Landsborough/Beerwah. If you two would like to follow us back there, we can chat some more over wine and see how things go.”

“One room?” Dave asked.

“If you’re shy,” I teased. “It’s a two-bedroom chalet. You and Kath can share one, as Keith and I share the other. Otherwise, we can share a bed until either Kath or I need sleep, and then we’ll split.”

Dave and Keith exchanged glances again before Keith reluctantly said, “We’re not into partner swapping, Kate. But I’d love to spend the night with you.”

“With or ‘in’?” I joked.

With a broad grin, Keith replied, “Yes!”

Because I insisted, Keith and David followed Kath and me to our cabins. The boys didn’t waste any time, and I was soon on my back with Keith’s head between my curvy thighs. He was good, I swiftly realised. His tongue found all the right places, his hands on my breasts and nipples felt assured and refined, and I swiftly climbed to my first orgasm.

After that, I was concerned by how excited my newest lover was, so I swung around and took him in my mouth. I was correct in my assessment because Keith deposited a load of delicious man goo a few seconds later into my greedily sucking mouth. After swallowing his cum gift, I turned to see if he would kiss me. Keith showed no hesitation as we locked lips and searched each other's mouths with our tongues.

Keith and I lay kissing and cuddling as I waited for his cock to 'recharge'. Keith wasn't as big as some of my previous lovers, but he was long and thick enough to fill my mouth perfectly, so I was keen to have him inside me.

It didn't take long before Keith had stiffened and was ready for round two, so I encouraged him between my shapely thighs and guided him into my soakingly wet pussy. Keith quickly built a heavy pounding rhythm, and I was soon swept along on a current that would lead to my climax. Keith was smaller than my recent lovers, but with the Kegel exercises I do, I could grip his cock tightly.

I clenched down on his cock as he stroked into me and released as he pulled out. With my sweet pussy squeezed around Keith's hard cock, it rubbed across my G-spot and felt fantastic. Next, I found the advantage of age and experience over youthful exuberance. When Kath and I had fucked with Tim and Des, they'd often 'lose their lollies' inside us before either Kath or I could cum. Keith, however, had perfect control. After I climaxed the first time, he kissed and hugged me until he felt my pussy clenching against his cock, and then he began stroking into me again.

Keith took me through three absolutely delicious orgasms before he unloaded into me, filling my tight pussy with his seed. As is typical, feeling his semen splash inside me sent me careering into another orgasm, and I screamed as he grunted with every spurt. After he'd finished cumming inside me, he rolled onto his side, pulled me close, and whispered how much he adored what we'd done and invited me to sleep with him. I was happy to oblige and slept happily in his arms.

When we awoke the next morning, I could hear Kath and David chatting as they sat in the lounge/kitchen area. I took Keith's hard cock in my hand and

guided it back into my messy pussy. He didn't seem to care that I was soppingly wet from the previous night's activities, and we shared a final orgasm before it was time to face the new day.

Kath and David grinned at us as we exited the room and offered to make coffee. Keith and I accepted, and I said I'd take a quick shower and change before it was made. After my shower, I walked out wearing only a short diaphanous gown and sat with the other three.

Kath and I offered to follow Keith and David into Landsborough and get breakfast, but they demurred, so after coffee, they departed. After they'd left, Kath and I ate some breakfast, showered and made slow, passionate love. My mind went to her stated desire for me to attempt fisting her, but I didn't have any lube, so I thought we'd wait for tonight to try that.

We slept cuddled close together until around midday before changing and going back into Montville for lunch. This time, we ate without interruption, although it seemed that several single guys wanted to approach us but were either too shy or too intimidated by our looks to do so. After lunch, we found a gorgeous lingerie shop, and I encouraged Kath to stock up on some sexy thongs, half-cup bras, slips, and negligees to wear to entice her husband.

After shopping, we briefly returned to the cabin to change and freshen up before returning to Montville to get dinner. A quick Google search before leaving showed that Montville Café Bar and Grill had a 4.5-star rating, so we chose to eat there.

Once we'd eaten, we sat at the bar and listened to the entertainment. It was a one-man show featuring a fine-boned young man with long honey-blonde hair and soft, almost delicate features. He played the guitar and keyboards and had a sound mixer where he could play and record some music on his keyboard and then leave it playing as he began strumming his guitar and singing. He sounded awesome, so we sat at the bar and listened.

As we'd eaten and sat at the bar, Kath and I had the same problem as at lunch earlier. Several guys seemed interested in starting a conversation with one or the other of us but were intimidated by there being two of us. So by

9.00 pm, Kath and I were the only two besides the singer and staff left in the bar. We moved closer so we could watch, and the singer's eyes followed us avidly. When we sat on stools close to where he sang, he smiled and asked, "Do you have a request?"

I asked if he knew Elton John's Tiny Dancer, and he smiled and said, "That's a tough one to play and sing, ladies, but I'll give it a go for you."

First, he set up the piano sounds on his keyboard, then once he had that repeating, he began playing and singing. Kath and I swiftly realised the man was good. Very good. Unfortunately, however, the bar closed at 10.00 pm, so at 9.30, he said, "Final song for tonight, ladies. What would you like?"

Kath requested John Mullin's Rockabye, and he sang it beautifully. As he packed up, I quietly asked Kath if she'd like to invite him back to our cabin and see where things led. Kath agreed, so once he'd packed up, I smiled at him and said, "I'm Kate, this is my friend, Kath. Would you like to come back to our motel and have a drink?"

The singer replied, "I'm Mark, and I was hoping one of you would ask."

I giggled and added, "Oh, Mark, it's not an either/or situation here. It's a both or none."

Mark gawped at us, but the sudden bulge in his trousers showed he wasn't opposed to the idea. "You're bisexual?" He asked.

"Yes," I replied. "We're long-time friends who have recently turned into lovers. We're both having marital problems and have come to get away from our troubles and have some fun. So, if you don't mind that we're married and want to have some fun, follow us to our cabin."

"Done," Mark said. "Let me stack my gear into my van, and I'll follow you to your unit."

Mark had nothing heavy, so Kath and I helped him pack his equipment into his old Kombi van. I told him my sunset red Audi was a bit hard to miss,

and he followed us back to the resort. When we got there, Mark parked in one of the visitors' parks and walked with us to the cabin.

When we got inside, I told him to sit on the two-seat sofa and got wine. Pouring three glasses, I gave one each to Kath and Mark before Kath and I squeezed onto the loveseat with Mark between us. As soon as I sat down, I ran my hand up his jeans-covered inner thigh until it was just short of his groin. Kath giggled and did the same thing from her side. Mark's trousers immediately tented, but he only smiled and sipped his wine.

"Is singing all you do for a living, Mark?" Kath asked.

"No," he replied. "I teach music at Mountain Creek State School. I'd prefer to sing for my living, but I haven't yet managed to write a hit song that anyone will buy."

"Could we hear some of your originals?" I asked.

"Sure," Mark replied. "Let me go and get my guitar."

Mark returned and sat on one of the dining room chairs facing us. He played through about six of his original compilations, and I could see why no record company would pick them up. It wasn't that they were bad. It was that they didn't have that particular something that hit songs have. I'd describe them as album fillers, but he'd need at least two chart-toppers before a record company would sign him, and none of these were.

Of course, once Mark had run through his repertoire, he asked us what we thought. I considered lying but decided the bald truth would work better, so I said, "I think the songs you've sung for us tonight will all be on your first album, but you need to work on creating at least two that will knock the audience's socks off, and unfortunately, babe, none of these are them."

Luckily, Mark didn't get upset or angry. Instead, he mused, "Yeah. That's pretty much what my agent said, too. These are good fillers but aren't top forty material." He sighed and stared off into the distance for a while before shaking himself, smiling and saying, "So what happens now?"

“We three go to bed and fuck,” I grinned.

“Sounds good to me,” Mark chuckled. “Kath?”

Kath blushed and agreed that it sounded good. When we went into the room that Kath and I shared when there were no men, I made a show of taking out the bottle of lube I’d purchased when Kath was paying for her lingerie. She gasped and blushed but had no idea what I’d planned.

I would be the ringmaster tonight, carefully guiding and directing my sexual masterpiece. First, I took one of the dining room chairs into the room and then said severely, “Kath, Mark, strip. No arguing, no demurring, just strip!”

They were both surprised by my sudden dominance, but they swiftly obeyed. The first thing I saw was that, as indicated by his trouser bulge, Mark was well endowed. Longer than even Tommy, I thought, but not as thick. Then I noticed that Kath was so wet that she was literally dripping her arousal down her muscular thighs.

Next, I sat on the chair, still fully clothed and demanded, “Kath, lick my pussy.”

Kath’s eyes widened, but she willingly knelt between my shapely thighs and pressed her mouth to my dripping pussy. Once she’d buried her tongue inside me, I said, “Mark, kneel behind Kath, spread her ass cheeks and rim her tiny chocolate star.”

I held my breath, wondering if Mark would let me dominate him. To my relief, he immediately dropped to his knees, spread my friend’s butt cheeks and nuzzled his nose into her ass. Kath moaned into my pussy as she felt Mark’s tongue run softly over her tiny ring.

“Kath’s an anal virgin, “I told Mark. “You and I are going to fix that for her tonight if you’re willing?”

Mark nodded but didn’t say anything.

“Kath, lie face down on the bed.”

Kath obeyed as Mark remained submissively kneeling where I’d told him to. I handed him the bottle of lube and asked, “Do you know how to prepare an ass to be fucked?”

Mark nodded and moved between Kath’s sexily spread legs and began kissing her taut ass cheeks. After lavishing kisses and licks over my friend’s bottom, Mark spread Kath’s cheeks and slowly swirled his tongue around her inner cheeks until he slid it wetly onto her tiny star.

“Oh, Gawd!” Kath groaned as Mark’s tongue pressed against her little brown ring.

As I watched, Mark forced his tongue inside Kath’s ring as far as he could before repeatedly stabbing it. With a soft moan, Kath climaxed. I took that as my cue, dropped my dress and thong to the floor, and climbed onto the bed beside her. Mark watched avidly as Kath and I kissed and I stroked her lean, slender back.

My petting and kissing her allowed Kath to relax. Mark took advantage of her relaxation and slowly inserted his index finger into Kath’s bottom. Initially, my friend clenched her sphincter hard onto Mark’s invading digit, but as I kissed her and softly stroked her back, she relaxed, and Mark was able to work his finger back and forth slowly.

I kept whispering encouragement and exchanging soft kisses with Kath as Mark slowly worked her ring open. She groaned deeply as her bottom fluttered softly open, and Mark could slide a second finger into her tightly gripping bum. Now that Mark had two fingers inside my friend’s ass, I worked my hand underneath Kath’s hips and onto her button, only to find that Mark was already firmly manipulating it as he thrust his thumb into her gushing pussy.

Smiling at Mark, I nodded approvingly as I forced both of my hands beneath Kath’s chest and stroked her tiny conical nipples. Kath began panting as her orgasm drew close, so I gripped her nipples and twisted them.

“Ahhhh,” Kath sighed as a gentle orgasm rocked her.

After her orgasm, Kath relaxed further, and Mark worked lube into her ass. Deciding she was ready, Mark covered Kath’s long, lean body with his and positioned his cock’s head against her ring.

“Relax, my love,” I whispered as I felt my friend tense.

“Will it hurt?” Kath asked fearfully.

“A little as Mark’s glans break through your knot,” I answered truthfully. “But once you’re accustomed to him being in there, you’ll love how full and naughty it makes you feel.”

However, Kath couldn’t relax enough to allow Mark to push through her knot. I gazed at Mark until he met my eyes. When he looked at me, I squeezed Kath’s nipples hard and twisted them as I nodded toward Mark. Fortunately, he took the hint, and when Kath yelped, he pushed through her sphincter and deep into her ass.

“Oomph!” Kath grunted as she took a cock in her anal passage for the first time. “Hold still,” she pleaded.

Mark kept his cock buried to the hilt inside Kath as he deftly manipulated her clit and gently twirled his thumb knuckle over her G-spot.

Eventually, Kath moaned and pushed her ass back at him, “Fuck me gently,” she said, and Mark pulled around half his length out of her before pushing back in. Kath grunted, “Oomph,” again as Mark bottomed out in her ass, but she immediately pushed her tight buttocks up at him.

Mark pulled back further and pushed a little harder back in. Before long, Kath was pushing her ass up eagerly to meet Mark’s rapidly thrusting cock as she moaned and shuddered under him. Knowing she was close, I reached under her and tweaked her nipples. The sudden extra sensation crashed Kath off the edge of her climax, and with a loud squeal, she orgasmed on Mark’s long, thin cock. Kath’s squealed orgasm tossed Mark off his crest, and with a low growl, he came inside her ass.

I rolled off the bed and fetched warm washers. After handing one to Mark, I carefully and lovingly cleaned my friend's gaping asshole. Once I'd finished, I took Mark's washer off him, knelt beside him and ensured he was clean before taking him into my mouth and getting him hard.

I'd guess that Mark was in his early twenties, so it wasn't long before he was rigidly erect again, so I rolled onto my back and encouraged Kath to straddle my face. Mark moved up behind her and reached up to guide his long, slender tool into Kath's pussy. He swiftly buried himself to his balls inside her, and I slathered them with my tongue as he thrust in and out of Kath's tight, wet pussy.

It didn't take Kath long before another orgasm overwhelmed her, and she collapsed onto me. Mark's cock slid out of Kath's pussy as she fell, so I took it into my mouth. Using all my cock sucking skills, I quickly brought Mark to the edge before sucking hard on his penis until he filled my mouth with his goo.

Kath had had one new experience that night, and now it was time to try to give her another. Telling Mark to rest on a chair near the bed and watch for a while, I coated my right hand with liberal amounts of lube before doing the same to Kath's entrance. Unfortunately, with Mark's lack of penis girth, Kath was still as tight as ever. I slowly worked on gently widening her gape as I played alternately with her clit and nipples.

Eventually, I could work a second and third finger into her, but I struggled to add a fourth. To help, Mark moved back onto the bed, and he and Kath kissed passionately before he lowered his mouth onto her swollen breast nubs. The extra pleasure sensation Mark's tongue provided allowed me to keep working on opening my friend's pussy wider.

Suddenly, my fourth finger slid inside Kath's relaxing pussy sphincter, and I had all four fingers down to my thumb inside her. Curling my fingers back, I found the rough spot behind Kath's pubic bone that indicated her G-spot. Forcing my fingers as wide as possible, I began twisting my hand back and forth, rubbing my fingers over her G-spot.

Kath's head fell back, and she squealed as a tremendous orgasm washed over her. As she climaxed, her pussy sphincter opened as she tried to eject my hand. When it relaxed, I gave a firm push, and my hand disappeared inside Kath's vagina.

"Kath," I said as she moaned underneath me, her eyes closed as she revelled in the new sensations. She didn't answer, however, so I said, "Kath, sit up. You're going to want to see this!"

She raised herself onto her elbows and groaned as she saw my petite hand buried to my wrist inside her gaping pussy. As she watched, I opened my hand as wide as possible before clenching it back into a fist.

"Do that again!" Kath demanded, her breath coming in sharp pants. So I opened and shut my hand again.

Kath fell back onto the pillows, and her hips raised, forcing my hand further into her cunt. When my hand wouldn't go any further in, I relaxed its clench and pulled back until my knuckles were about to pop out of her. Then I clenched my fist and pushed back in. Kath's hips pushed up at my hand again as I shoved it into her.

I repeated this slow in-and-out motion a few more times until I began hastening my strokes. Shortly I was pounding my friend's gaping cunt with everything I had. Kath cried out and gurgled deep in her throat with every inward thrust and sighed a complaint when I relaxed my fist and pulled back.

Kath hovered on the crest of an almighty orgasm but couldn't quite crash off the edge. But then Mark remembered what I'd done when he was buried in her ass, and he pinched and twisted Kath's nipples viciously. The sudden pain smashed my friend into a screaming, warbling, drawn-out orgasm until, breathless, she collapsed onto the bed and passed out.

I gently removed my hand from inside my friend and turned to Mark. He was lying beside Kath with his eyes wide, holding onto his cock and gently pumping it. I rolled onto my knees and crawled up his body until my soakingly wet pussy touched his rampantly hard cock. He moaned as I

lowered myself onto him, and my hot pussy settled around his throbbing member.

I rode Mark gently until I was sure he had control and then bounced enthusiastically as my passion flared. I came swiftly before sinking down onto his chest. Mark kissed me softly and said, “You’re beautiful, Kath. Please let me make love to you.”

“What are we doing?” I giggled.

“Fucking,” Mark said forthrightly.

“Hold that thought,” Kath chirped as she slid my double-ended strap-on dildo into her still gaping pussy and buckled it into place. “I’ve put the smallest of the three ‘cocks’ in the harness, babe. You’re going to ride Mark as if he were a bucking bronco, and I’m going to fuck your slutty ass with this!”

And there was that word again! It no longer controlled me unless I wanted it to, and I found I wanted it to! I let the words send me deep into a wantonly sexually submissive state and felt the instant white hot heat of arousal in my tiny, sweet little pussy.

I still rode Mark with his long, slender, rigidly erect cock buried in my tight cunt. When Kath uttered those words, my pussy tightened around his cock, and the heat inside it increased drastically.

“Oh, Lawd, Kate,” he moaned as I gripped his cock tightly and moved up and down.

I felt Kath move in behind me, and I leaned forward as her lube-covered finger invaded my bottom. Because her index finger slid inside me so readily, she quickly added a second and third digit before growling, “Hold still, Slut Kate. Your ass is about to be filled!”

Positioning her ‘cock’ at my tiny dark ring. Kath forcefully rocked her hips forward and pushed it through my knot in one slow, steady motion. She didn’t stop until her pelvis hit my ass with a meaty thump.

“I’m fucking your slutty ass, Slut Kate,” Kath crowed. “What do you think about that?”

Tittering, I replied, “I think you should stop showing off and fuck me properly!”

I was surprised by how dominant my longest-time friend was, but it felt so good to have her treat me like I was her submissive plaything that I was keen to play any game she wanted. But for now, that appeared to be doing nothing more than accepting her ‘hard cock’ pounding into my ‘slutty ass’.

Mark and Kath quickly built a heavy pounding rhythm as they bounced me between them. Then Kath moved a little higher, and with the angle change, her cock began rubbing across Mark’s with only the thin wall where my pussy and colon almost met between them. Kath forcing her cock tighter against Mark’s, pressed Mark’s cock against my G-spot, and I began having several back-to-back orgasms until Kath pulled all but the tip of her cock out of me and then, as she jammed it back in, she slapped my ass and demanded, “Cum for me, my little slut Kate!”

My submissive mind blown, I shrieked as a massive climactic event blasted me into orbit. The two cocks continued to pump into me as I jittered and shuddered through many after-orgasm shocks. Eventually, as Kath had done, I slipped momentarily into unconsciousness.

A few moments later, I came to see Kath and Mark in a classic sixty-nine with Kath on top. I crawled over to tongue my friend’s slowly closing asshole and swiftly exploded her into another orgasm. The rest of the night was spent pleasing each other until we fell asleep with the dawn sounds of birds surrounding us.

In the morning, when we woke, Mark sweetly asked if he could have the underwear we wore last night. When we handed them over, he kissed us both and gave us a card with his website address. “I post my gigs on my webpage, ladies,” he said. “If you want to play again, come and see me, and we will. Thank you for an awesome night, and hopefully, I’ll see you again soon.”

Of course, Kath and I both knew this weekend was a one-off thing that we'd reminisce about and enjoy forever but would likely never be repeated. Checkout was 10:00 am, so Kath and I packed up, moved everything into our cars, exchanged a soft kiss and a promise to do something similar again soon, and left for our homes.

Nobody was home when I got there. Walking up to my en suite, I saw that John had moved his toiletries back into it. Hoping that meant he was over his pique at me, I went looking for him. However, his new office over our garage was empty. Going back inside, I phoned The Couples Clinic in Birkdale and made an appointment for the following week for John and myself.

After that, I cleaned my house again. It had only been four days since I'd done it, so it didn't take me long. By midday, I sat at the breakfast bar with an apricot and apple smoothie, wondering if I still had a marriage. I'd only been sitting for a few minutes when Krissy drove up and parked. She came inside and asked if she could have a smoothie, too, so I swiftly made her one. Tommy arrived not long after that, and I made him a steak sandwich.

Tommy had barely finished his sandwich when the distinctive growl of John's Audi Avant sounded as he backed into our garage. He came into the kitchen and hugged his kids. I'd begun making him a steak sandwich when I heard his car, so I handed it to him on a plate a few minutes later.

John smiled, said, "Thank you," and sat at the breakfast bar. I glared at our kids, and they took the hint and left the kitchen. I waited until my husband had eaten his meal before neutrally saying, "We have an appointment with Burt Summers next Thursday at The Couples Clinic at Birkdale. Assuming you still want to work on fixing our problems."

John looked at me levelly before saying, "I want to, Kate. I love you and want to believe you, but I'm struggling to get past seeing another man's cock inside you in my mind. It's tearing me apart, Kate, but I don't want our marriage to end."

"So it's okay for you to fuck north of one hundred women, John, but not okay for me to have a rapist's penis inside me? Your dick going inside a

hundred-plus women's vaginas is okay, and I have to put up with it, but four rapist's cocks inside me means I'm no longer good enough for you?"

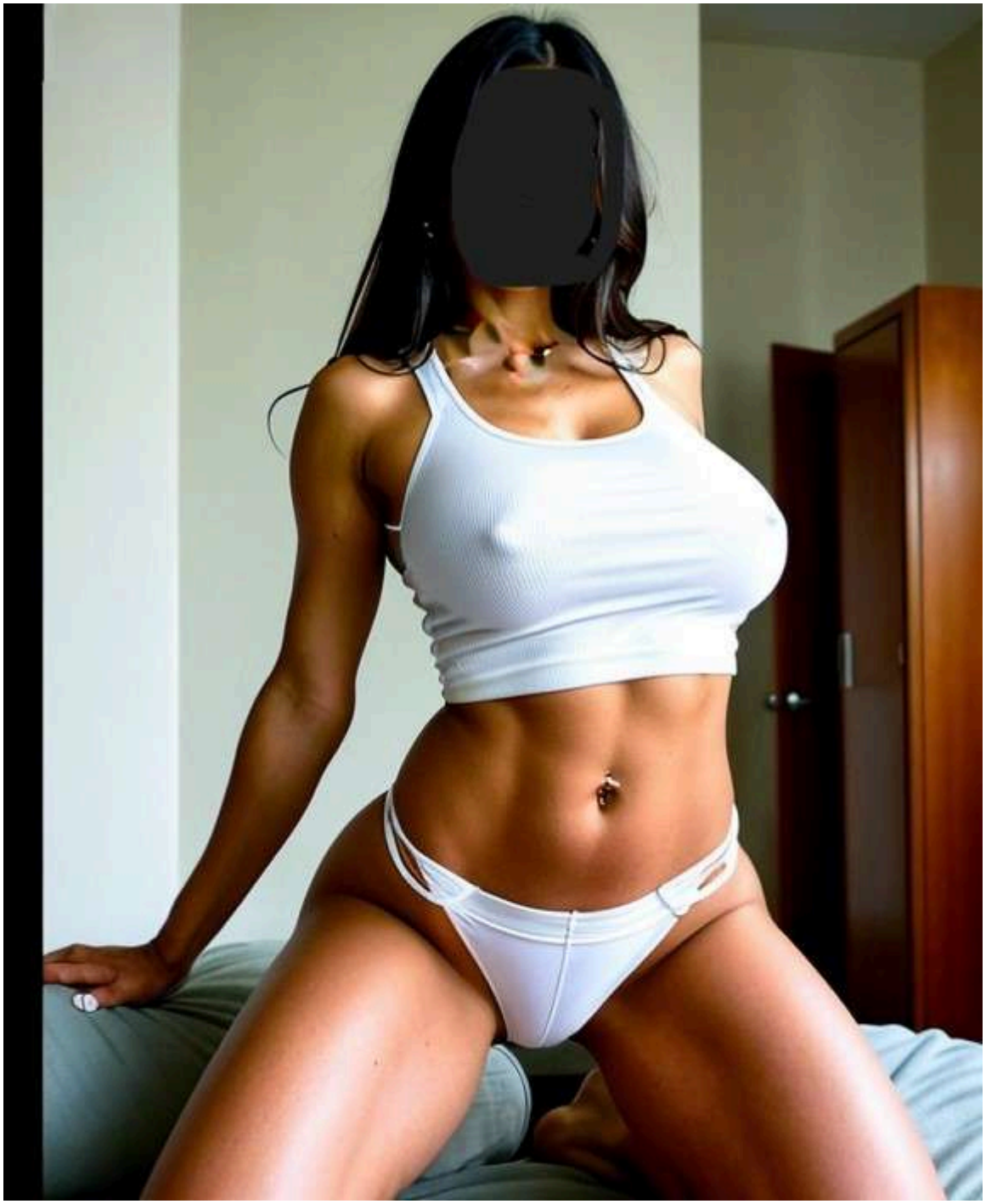
John winced and hung his head but refused to answer.

I was tempted to tell him about the six cocks I'd had inside me since Thursday morning but decided I was only being vindictive. So, sighing, I said, "Fine. I see your stuff is back in the en suite. Does that mean we're sleeping in the same bed again?"

John looked at me guiltily and replied, "I moved your stuff to the guestroom, Kate. Obviously, your wardrobe won't all fit in there, so if you need anything, you'll have to get it from the main bedroom, but all your makeup, personal hygiene items, typical day-to-day wear, and underwear are in the main guestroom upstairs."

Devastated, I turned and silently walked up to the guestroom. Tears leaked from my eyes as I walked, but I resolutely refused to cry as I strode from the room. Of course, I immediately broke down when I got in there and fell to the floor. Grasping deep breaths when I could, I leant against the door and sobbed like I'd never done before.

Chapter 9: The Mother and Child Reunion



Hello readers. I hope you're still enjoying my adventures. It's sometimes hard to know because although many people read them, very few comment.

I wish more people would take the time to write and tell me what they enjoyed and where they thought I'd erred. However, I'm grateful to everyone who has taken the time to read my story. I thank each and every one of you!

If you remember, my last episode finished with my best friend, Kath Loughlin, and I spending the night fucking a young musician. That was the culminating event of four days of delicious debauchery for my oldest friend and me. The following day, I returned home to find that my husband had moved most of my clothing and personal items into our guestroom. This 'room' was actually a series of rooms designed to be the maid's quarters. There is a separate combined laundry, bathroom, and toilet, a small kitchenette with a stovetop and microwave oven and a lounge area with a couch that pulls out into a double bed.

Although I'd refused to acknowledge to my husband how much this action hurt me, I was devastated that my nearly twenty-year marriage seemed to be over. John had stated he wanted to seek marriage counselling, but it appeared to me that he had already decided to divorce me and was 'going through the motions' so he could lie to our kids and say he'd done his best to get past my 'indiscretion', as he called it, with my rapists Frank, Jerry (Jumbo II), Charlie, and Evan (Tiny).

I made it to the guestroom before collapsing, but as soon as I shut the door, my tears flowed, and I bawled like a baby as I rested against it.

That, my friends, is where we take up my story.

I'm unsure how long I leant against that door crying my eyes out, but I eventually ran out of tears and staggered to my feet. Dropping my clothes behind me, I crawled into bed, wrapped the quilt around me and fell into an exhausted sleep. The last four days had been an erotic masterpiece, but this morning's emotional fallout had floored me.

I awoke alone the following day, feeling like my life was an emotional wasteland. I wasted some time cursing Edgar Fontaine, but I knew the blame lay within my slutty, incestuous, and submissive nature. Edgar

couldn’t make me do anything I wasn’t morally capable of doing. Therefore, all he did was release the inner slut that raged within me. I’d ‘let the genie out of the bottle’, and now I had to pay the price.

At the end of the day, I did excuse John for his many dalliances. After all, that is what I signed up for when I married him. My mother told me many times that John would take lovers and to not let it bother me, just as she didn’t let my father’s many affairs bother her. She even suggested that I take lovers, too. But, she explained, I’d need to ensure that my husband never found out because he’d never accept me once he knew another man’s cock had been inside me. I was finding out the bitter truth of that first-hand.

I made myself shower and do my hair and makeup, although I dressed more demurely than I typically do. I own several conservative dresses to wear for events like funerals where dressing provocatively is unacceptable. This morning, I’d chosen my purple lace patchwork half-sleeve dress. Although this dress clung to my shapely figure gorgeously, it showed no skin at all except for part of my shins.

Taking a deep breath, I opened the door and walked confidently to the kitchen. John was there, but he already had toast in his hands. He looked at me through pained eyes, turned his back and walked out. Through the window, I saw him cross to the outside entrance of his new offices and go upstairs.

Suppressing a sigh, I put on a brave smile and brightly asked, “Who wants breakfast?”

Tommy and Krissy both looked at me sorrowfully but put their sadness aside before my forced cheeriness and put their breakfast orders in. Tommy requested sausages, eggs and mushrooms. Krissy asked if I was eating and suggested we share an Acai bowl.

“Dad got up before you, Mom?” Tommy asked as he ate. “That’s unusual.”

In a brittle voice, I replied, “We didn’t sleep together last night, Tommy. Your father has banished me to the guestroom at least until we see the counsellor next Thursday.”

They both gasped before Krissy said, “He’s being a dick, Mom. I’ll go and talk to him.”

“You’ll leave well enough alone, Missy,” I stated firmly. “You are not to take sides between your father and me because, at the end of the day, I have been unfaithful to your father, and he has every right to cast me aside.”

“I can’t believe you’re defending him, Mom,” Krissy exasperatedly replied.

“Let me see,” I said heatedly. “I’m fucking Frank Pritchard, Tiny, Jumbo II, and Charlie. You and I went to a sex on premises venue and blew two complete strangers. Oh, and don’t forget I’m also fucking both my children! Yet, I also forget that you and I have fucked Caoimhe...” I suddenly realised that I’d said the part about blowing guys in the sex store and fucking my son’s best friend’s sister in front of my son.

“Good on you, Mom!” Krissy hissed. “Do you want to confess that you’ve fucked Tommy’s girlfriend, her sister, mother, and Juana, too?”

She stormed off as I turned guiltily towards my son. I expected to see anger and blame in his eyes, but instead, Tommy chuckled and said, “You forgot that you’ve also had sex with Jennifer and Charmaine!”

“I’m not blameless in your father’s and my problems, Tommy,” I whispered. “I was raised to accept extramarital affairs as the norm for a woman in my position. Your father was raised to expect that his wife would remain dutiful and obedient only to him. Yes, it’s a double standard, but it’s one that I willingly accepted when your father and I married.”

“I’m curious, Mom,” Tommy asked. “If you weren’t pregnant with me, would you have married Dad anyway?”

Despite my sadness, I giggled and replied, “Only since first grade have I wanted your father as my husband, Tommy. Then, when we were nine and seven, Kath and I set out to catch John for me and Mike for her. Nothing that’s happened since has changed my mind that we were meant for each other.”

“Then we have to ensure that Dad understands that, Mom,” my son mused. “I think Krissy and I need to show a united front with you and refuse to talk to Dad until he comes to his senses.”

“You will do no such thing!” I exclaimed. “Your relationship with your father cannot be undermined by taking sides against him. He has done nothing wrong to you or your sister, and it’s totally unfair of you to take sides against him.”

Tommy grinned and answered, “The advantage of being over eighteen, Mom, is that I no longer have to take your advice!”

With that, he turned and walked out the door. A few minutes later, he waved at me from the hall leading to the foyer, got in his car, and left. Tommy had his camera slung around his neck, so I assumed he would meet Phil and Freddy and take more pictures for their burgeoning photography business.

I had nothing to do. Something utterly foreign to me. There was almost always something that needed cleaning or washing—a garden bed to till or weed. Either Tommy or John did our lawn, but even if they didn’t, it was still too short to bother mowing again. At a loss for how to fill in my time so I didn’t break down sobbing again. I got in my car and drove around. I considered going back to the SOP venue and seeing if Betty wanted to play again, but I didn’t think that indulging in more hedonistic sex was the answer to my despair.

Eventually, almost unknowingly, I pulled into my parents’ driveway. Although Mom and I spoke on the phone regularly, we hadn’t seen each other face-to-face for over three months. That was mainly my fault because Dad tended to forget I was a married woman of nearly thirty-nine years and expected me to still bow to him as I did when I lived under his roof. That, and the fact my pussy still clenched and dripped when he spoke firmly to me, kept me away for long periods.

Opening the front door, I walked through the house, looking for Mom. From the kitchen, I heard the unmistakable sounds of an abdomen crashing into an ass. Thinking Mom and Dad were fucking, I tiptoed to the end of the hall so I could watch. The thrill of this forbidden view excited me as much

as it did when I spied on them in my younger years, and that little tingle I felt at the beginning of my arousal turned quickly into a blazing fire.

Reaching the end of the hall, I carefully peered around the corner only to find it wasn't my father fucking my mother. A man had Mom bent over the kitchen table, her dress pulled above her ample bottom, and her breasts swinging free. His large, dirt-covered hands gripped her big breasts. As I watched, he squeezed her mounds and pulled her back onto his thick cock.

A small gasp escaped my mouth, and I quickly ducked back to ensure I wouldn't be seen if I'd been heard. I knew I should have left, but the erotic sight of my mother being roughly fucked by a man a third her age had me hotter than three inches from Hades' furnaces. So, instead, I walked back to the previous entryway and quietly made my way through the living room until I could see into the kitchen again.

This time, as I peered around the corner, Mom had rolled onto her back. The man was between her thighs with Mom's legs thrown over his shoulders. Instead of gripping her whole mounds, the man had pinched Mom's nipples between his fists and thumbs and was mercilessly twisting and pulling them as he thrust vigorously into her squelching pussy.

"Harder!" Mom demanded as the guy pounded her pussy. "Fuck me harder!" With a deep growl, the man began thumping into Mom with everything he had.

As I watched this sensually erotic event, my left hand lifted my dress and pulled my panties down. My right thumb flew over my clit as my fingers delved into my searing cunt.

"I'm going to cum!" The man fucking my mother grunted.

"Fill me, you fucker," Mom yelled, spitting out a rarely heard epithet. "Fill my cunt with your fuck juice!"

The guy inside her hunched a few more times quickly as he short-stroked into her before slamming himself the whole way in and locking into a rictus. He jerked back and forth several times as he ejaculated into my

mother’s soaking pussy. When the first squirt of semen hit Mom’s flooded pussy walls, she tipped her head back and wailed as an almighty orgasm blasted her apart. When her shriek tapered into a soft warble, she let her head tip to the side.

My climax was on me, so biting my lip, I stifled my moans as an intense orgasm blew through me. It had almost passed when Mom opened her eyes, grinned and winked at me. The dissoluteness of suddenly discovering that Mom knew I was there and enjoyed me watching blew me apart, and I climaxed again, barely able to contain my moans.

I stepped out of sight in time to hear the man say, “So, Mrs Shephard, you want me to weed and till the rose garden before spreading mulch across all the flower beds and then use my rotary hoe to turn over your veggie garden?”

“Yes, Simon,” Mom placidly answered. “That should take you to lunch. When you’re done, come inside, and I’ll feed you.” Then she laughed teasingly and added, “After I’ve fed you my sweet little pussy, I might even make you some lunch.”

The young man laughed, and I heard footsteps before the side door to our yard opened and closed.

A gap of a few seconds passed as I waited, uncertain of what to do. Then Mom firmly stated, “Kaitlyn Ashley Muggleton, you will go to your father’s study and select a cane for your correction. I expect you to be kneeling outside my bedroom door before I get there.”

I didn’t even consider disobeying and ran for Dad’s study. My pussy dripped as I carelessly flung my dress and panties behind me. Taking the first cane I saw, a thick, almost metre-long one, I sprinted up the stairs and fell to my knees outside my mother’s bedroom door. I’d had to ease past my mother in the hall, where she’d hesitated to adjust her dress back to decency, so I barely had time to lower my eyes and hold the cane above my head before she reached her bedroom.

Mom stepped around me and through the door. I waited until she turned and took the cane before I shuffled into the room on my knees, closing the door behind me.

Mom tapped the cane on her palm as she stared sternly down on me. “Kate Ashley Muggleton,” she said. “I believe you have some confessing and explaining to do. Out with it, girl. Why is your husband telling me you and him are having troubles?”

I opened my mouth to speak, expecting Edgar’s prohibition on discussing what we’d done to prevent me. However, as with Kath, it all came pouring out. Everything. Everything from my first visit to the clinic to letting Tommy fuck me that same night to seducing Krissy. I told her about letting Frank Pritchard fuck me and how he’d used the pictures he’d taken to blackmail me into meeting him again. Mom marvelled at my rescue by her grandson and his friends and giggled when I described what Siobhan had done to me on stage.

Then, when I got to where Tommy had convinced me to allow Frank and his perverted friends to kidnap me so he could safely break into Frank’s house, Mom sighed and looked sorrowfully at me.

“John doesn’t know any of the rest, Kate, though. Does he? He doesn’t know about you and all the other men and women, only about Frank and his three mates tying you up and fucking you?”

I confirmed that was true, and Mom looked at me concernedly and said, “Did they hurt you, baby girl?”

I laughed bitterly and replied, “No. When they took me from the station, I made my mind up to enjoy everything they did so it wouldn’t scar me forever. Even when Jumbo II forced his big cock inside me, I was more excited to see how much of it I could take than him tearing me apart. The only time I was afraid was when Frank pulled out a switchblade and tried to cut my face.”

“Believe it or not, Kate,” Mom said. “That would have been a worse result than John discovering you were raped.”

“What?” I gasped.

“I know your man, Kate,” Mom continued. “I believe once he gets over his pique at you no longer being solely his, he’ll accept that you were forced and not willing. But if you were disfigured, he’d use your rape as an excuse to get rid of you. Your beauty and shapely body are as much a source of pride to your man as anything else, Kate. He adores that he has the hottest wife of anyone he knows or has met.”

“Isn’t that shallow, Mom?” I asked. “Shouldn’t he love me for more than my looks?”

Mom stared at me disdainfully before saying, “And if John looked like a smacked ass instead of the handsome SOB that he is, would you have been attracted to him?”

I had to admit that I probably wouldn’t have been. Then Mom added, “Physical attraction is how we first meet our partners, baby girl. But if it doesn’t move beyond that, it’s just sex and won’t last.” She looked at me severely for a time before saying, “But, my girl, you already knew that! If you didn’t, you would have given your virginity to him when you were what? Thirteen? Isn’t that when I caught you masturbating without permission, and you admitted it was to images of John?”

I admitted that I remembered too, and Mom added, “Yet you waited until your eighteenth, just as we asked you to. Even if it didn’t turn out as we thought.”

“You forgot my birthday, Mom,” I said bitterly. “Three years in a row, you forgot about your baby daughter.”

“Did we, Kate?” Mom asked archly. “Or did we know what you would do, and that is what we wanted? For legal and safety’s sake, your father would not take your virginity before your eighteenth birthday. Incest between consenting adults is rarely prosecuted, but incest with an underage girl? No, Kate, that would be prosecuted to the hilt.

“Your dad and I thought you’d throw your virginity at John on your sixteenth birthday. After all, in Queensland, where we live, that is the legal age. We thought you’d submit to John then, and we’d have a third son join our family shortly after that.”

I was stunned. Well, stunned isn’t a strong enough word. Gobsmacked? Shocked? Neither of those seemed enough, either. I asked, “So when I announced I was pregnant, that was all a charade? The calling out of John and the confrontation with his father? Was it all an act? Insisting I remain pure until my eighteenth birthday so that you and Dad could introduce me to sex and what it meant to submit to a dominant man. What was that??”

Mom stated, “Kate, those things were right for your sisters. Until your thirteenth birthday, we thought they were right for you. But, baby girl, when you got your period, everything changed. Quite frankly, my girl, your father and I were astonished when you announced not long after your eighteenth birthday that you and John had had sex once and were now pregnant. We were worried you’d give it to John immediately after you hit puberty, and we did what we thought was best to ensure you weren’t a child mother.

Mother paused and then giggled, “Kate, your father and I thought you’d give John your virginity, not a baby! We thought you were both smart enough not to do that! Did we hope you’d get married? You’d better believe it! If John thought he could take our baby’s innocence and not put a ring on her finger afterwards, he had better pack his bag and start running!

“But you were going to fuck him, Kate. Your dad and I both knew it! Doing what we did meant it was special for you both, and we hoped marriage would ensue. And if I do say so myself, it all worked out quite well!”

I knelt before my mother with a zillion thoughts racing through my brain. Everything I’d thought or thought I’d known had just been exploded as a myth. My ultra-conservative parents knew of and condoned my desire to be with John? They left me on my birthday so I could be alone with John and give him my virginity?

As with Edgar Fontaine, who had suddenly changed from the bad guy in my story to an almost good one, this was staggering news. I mean, what

next? Frank turns up not dead, and it was all a ruse to make me loosen my morals even further so I could enjoy uninhibited sex with anyone I chose?

“You have a lot to think about, my girl,” Mom kindly stated. “But the first thing we need to do is begin correcting your behaviour. Having the occasional discreet affair outside your marriage is okay, but to have as many lovers as you’ve had in the last twelve to fourteen weeks? That, Mrs Kate Ashley, reeks of the kind of sluttish behaviour your father and I could never condone. How many men and women have you fucked since first visiting Edgar Fontaine’s clinic?

Of course, that made me wonder if I could even remember them all. I went through them in my mind – Liz, my son, Frank, my daughter, Charlie and Tiny, Betty, seven guys in the sauna, Donkey, Siobhan, Caoimhe, Gina, Jennifer and Charmaine, Juana, two guys in the viewing room, Jumbo II, Kath, Shawna, Freya, Patrick, the four from the first night with Kath, although I didn’t actually have sex Margot. Tim and Des, Keith and David and finally Mark.

“Thirty-six all up, I think,” I informed Mom. “But I may have missed one or two.”

Mom gaped at me and disbelievingly repeated, “Thirty-six different people?”

Purposefully misunderstanding her, I said, “Well, if you’re counting repeat visitors, I’d put the number at more than twice that amount.”

‘This is not the time to be flip, Kate,” Mom stated primly. “I was thinking there had been three or four different lovers, but thirty-six? My girl, you have been a right royal slut! Thirty-six in less than six months? That’s crazy! What about birth control? The chances of getting pregnant?”

I giggled and replied, “After getting pregnant to John whilst on the pill, I now take the pill and have an IUD fitted. If I’m pregnant, it’s the second coming!”

“Still with the flip answers, Kate?” Mom asked. “It’s like you don’t care at all that you’ve acted like and become a total slut! Your father and I raised you better than this!”

My face crumpled, and I began weeping. “Mom, it’s either laugh or do this!” I bawled. “He’s going to leave me, Mom. You and I both know it. I have no skills, no prospects, and no money of my own. Nothing. Thirty-nine and on the scrap heap. I’ll be either on welfare or having to beg you and Dad to look after me! John is the only man I’ve ever loved, and until Edgar damned Fontaine, the only man I’d ever had sex with. Now look at me! A big, dumb, incestuous slut. That is all I am!”

Mom put the cane aside and knelt on my thighs. Holding my head to her bosom, she stroked my hair and crooned, “It’s okay, baby girl. I’m sure it won’t come to that. John is upset, but I believe he’ll get over it. John loves you, Kate. More than the world, does he love you. Have you booked counselling?”

I nodded, “We have an appointment on Thursday with a counsellor who specialises in long-time couples who are suddenly having problems.”

“Then, baby girl,” Mom stated. “I want you to unload both barrels into his face.”

“Mom?” I asked.

“Let the counsellor know about all John’s infidelities. All the ones you know, especially about travelling with and fucking his secretary for what? Eight years? Let rip, Kate. Do not hold a damned thing back. Get righteously angry about John cheating on you numerously, and if you are sure there’s no chance of John knowing about your sluttish behaviour, point out that you’ve been entirely faithful to him, except that you were raped!”

“How do you know about that?” I gasped.

“Come on, my child,” Mom responded. “I’m not blind. Nor do I refuse to see what is in front of me. Besides, your daughter and I are developing a very close relationship.”

“You mean, you’re fucking, right?” I bitched.

“You just added another five canes to your correction, daughter,” Mom stated. “Yes. As a matter of fact, Krissy and I are intimate. But I am doing what you should have been doing since her sixteenth birthday —teaching her how to serve a dominant man sexually.”

“She wants her father to be her first, Mom,” I stated.

“As he should be, Kate,” Mom pointed out. “Tell me you didn’t want your father to be your first. Who better than her father, with her mother’s encouragement, to teach her how to be the best wife she can be?”

“I didn’t think Dad wanted to be,” I protested. “I thought you and he had abandoned me. I mean, Jeez, Mom, I’m closing in on forty and only today have you explained what you and Dad were trying to achieve by ignoring my birthday.”

“Forty is bothering you, Kate. Why?”

“Because John recognises my biological clock is running out, Mom. If he wants more children, then soon, he’ll need a younger wife. I can’t help but worry that my perceived infidelity with Frank and his scumbag mates is John’s excuse to dump me for a younger, prettier model.”

Mom laughed, “Kate, he’d need to approach the acclaimed ‘hottest woman on the planet’, Rihanna, to have a younger, prettier wife than you! You don’t get it, baby girl, but you are ‘one hot woman!’ Sheesh, even your sisters acknowledge it!”

“Aww, Mom. That’s not true! Yvette and Mary are both hotter than me. Or they would be if they lost the weight they’ve both put on (my sisters are of a similar size to my mother, although both are a little taller).”

“I won’t argue with you, Kaitlyn, but in your heart, you know I’m right.” She stood up. “I was going to administer five corrections for every lover you’d taken, equally spread across your ass and breasts, but given the number, that seems a little excessive. Therefore, I will give you one for

each and four more to serve as a deterrent. That's a total of forty, Kate. Are you ready to start?"

"Yes, Mom," I stated as I stood and assumed punishment position one. If you remember, this is standing with my hands behind my head and my elbows wide so my gorgeously large and firm breasts are presented invitingly to the cane.

"Ten on your breasts followed by ten on your ass, and then repeat, Miss Kaitlyn," Mom explained.

"I'm sorry my behaviour has made you do this, Mom," I said quietly.

Mom tittered and responded, "No, you're not, Kate. I bet you loved every slutty moment of it. Just as I love my somewhat slutty moments. You're not being corrected for taking lovers, Kate. You're being corrected for being foolish enough to get caught. I know your father has lovers. That's where he is now. He's with a pretty young thing, not much older than Krissy. And, of course, you saw me with Simon, who's only twenty-five. No, taking lovers is okay as long as you don't force your spouse into facing the fact you have."

"Isn't that dishonest, though, Mom?" I asked. "If you're going to have an open marriage, wouldn't it be better just to be open? I know you and Dad brought me up to serve a sexually dominant man and accept his affairs as the price I pay to stay married, but Dad always said I had to remain faithful to my husband only. And I did, Mom. Right up until I let myself fall into the clutches of Edgar Fontaine. Until my first session with him, I'd never considered cheating on John."

"Really, Kaitlyn?" Mom said. "You weren't flirting with your son and fantasising about taking him to bed?"

My instinct was to shake my head and deny it, but then I remembered my behaviour in the days before my first session at the hypnotherapy clinic and had to admit that I was flirting with my son and hoped he'd take the hint and take me to bed.

“If you’d had a son or sons, Mom,” I asked. “Would you have raised them as you did my sisters and me?”

“Of course not, Kate,” Mom said exasperatedly. “We’d have taught him how to be the husband of a sexually submissive woman, how to be a sexually dominant man. But, I would have taken them to bed on their eighteenth birthday and taught them how to be a man. How to make love to a woman, how to please her until she screams with pleasure and begs you to cum inside her because she can stand no more. Your father would have accepted nothing less from me.”

“So, Mom,” I asked. “You think I should have had sex with Tommy?”

Mom looked at me levelly for a time before replying, “You had sex with him once or twice, Kate. But after that, you made love with him. That’s dangerous, baby girl, as it can lead to all kinds of inappropriate feelings and emotions. It’s why your father only had sex with your sisters once—not counting the many blow and hand jobs, of course. It is also why I hoped John would take your virginity before your father did.”

“What?” I gasped.

“Your father could easily have fallen in love with you, Kate.” Mom explained. “Not as a father with his daughter, but as a man with a beautiful woman. I knew the danger, as did he, which is why we left you alone on your birthday those three years.”

Once again, my mother had thrown me into a loop. My father could have fallen in love with me? As I’ve explained earlier, I remember my father being a strict disciplinarian as I grew up, but he was also a loving, caring father who let his daughters dress him as an old woman, complete with garish makeup and an old spotty wig, and happily sat at our dolls table exchanging sips of pretend tea from our little plastic cups.

If we messed up, which we rarely did, we would be corrected swiftly, but then we’d be equally as swiftly forgiven and welcomed back into the family fold. I was trying to incorporate the thought that my father could have fallen in love with me, but I struggled to fit the thought into my worldview.

“Earth calling Kate Ashley Muggleton!” Mom teased as she wrapped her arms around me and pressed her voluptuous body to me.

“Sorry, Mom,” I apologised. “This has turned everything I thought I knew on its head. I mean, Jaysus! What next? Frank turns up not dead, and was just another ploy to show me how to become sexually free?”

“Think about that for a moment, baby girl,” Mom said. “You already said that when Frank and his sick mates kidnapped you from the train station, you decided to accept and enjoy everything they did to you so it wouldn’t scar you forever. Is that not total sexual freedom?”

“It’s my submissive nature, Mom,” I explained. “If a sexually dominant man commands me, I’m powerless to do anything but respond sexually to him.”

“Is that not what Edgar Fontaine cured you of, Kate? We trained you to be submissive to your man, not to be a doormat for him to walk on. But, ever since you got pregnant by John, you’ve refused to listen to our advice or to hear what we wanted to tell you. Kate, if you hadn’t been so stubborn, we would have continued your training and trained your husband to be what you needed him to be. Instead, you let John turn you into a powerless slave. Something I am not, nor are your sisters. Neither Yvette, Mary, nor I would put up with our husbands shacking up with another woman every time they were separated from us.”

“Dad has fucked others all your married life, Mom,” I protested. “You said so yourself.”

“Fucked, Kate,” Mom pointed out. “Not lived as husband and wife with another woman. Monogamy is a ridiculous basis for marriage, Kate. We’ve explained that enough that you should know it! But emotional monogamy —loving only one person —is what you should aim for. Turning a blind eye to John effectively having two wives is not good for you or your kids, Kate.”

“You’re saying I should have confronted him?”

“Yes!” Mom averred. “As soon as she made a play for him, as you described, you should have confronted your husband and told him to get rid of her immediately. If he tried to refuse, you should have told him you were taking the kids and every cent he had unless he broke the relationship off and fired her as his secretary.”

“Why didn’t you say something to me?” I asked.

“Were you ready to listen, Kate?” Mom responded.

And I had to admit that until things had gone to hell in a handbasket, I hadn’t been. But the problem now was I could feel my mother’s wet, warm pussy pressing against my abdomen and the hard nipples on her large, droopy breasts pushing against my chin. Instinctively, I cupped her flabby ass and pulled her tightly against me as I lowered my head to suckle a hard nipple. Mom held my head as I nursed her breasts before regretfully pushing my head away.

“Corrections first, Mrs Kate Ashley,” she stated. “Then we can play. After that, I might let you watch when I let Simon have me again.”

She moved back, and I assumed the first punishment position, stoically awaiting my corrections. The first strike hit along the tops of my breasts. I kept my head up as I was supposed to, but I couldn’t resist tilting my eyes down and admiring the perfect red welt that Mom had raised across my skin.

The second welt was barely below my nipples, and the third, as expected, was evenly across both nipples. When the cane bit into my rock-hard breast nubs, I barely suppressed my arousal groan. This is what I’d been longing for, I realised. All the casual sex I’d indulged in since I’d confessed my transgressions with Frank and the others to my husband were attempts to assuage my guilty feelings.

My subconscious partially agreed with my husband —I had willingly gone with those four men with the intention of enjoying the sex I had with them, even if it was, effectively, rape. Yes, I had made that conscious decision so the events wouldn’t scar me forever, but that didn’t change the fact that

even though I was terrified of Jumbo II tearing me open, I was also excited to see if I could take as much of him as Betty had.

Whilst my mind spun through this realisation, Mom delivered the next two strikes of this rotation onto my breasts. The first of them was onto the undersides of both breasts, the second across both nipples again. That time, I couldn't stifle my moan of arousal. As was typical, Mom pretended not to notice and waited for me to steady myself for the following five strikes. By the time Mom had completed these ten, my large, firm breasts were striped red and white from just below my collarbone to my solar plexus.

Once the tenth correction was delivered, I dutifully turned and bent slightly forward so my toned, curvy ass was correctly presented to receive the next ten strikes. Strikes on my ass never excited me as the strikes on my breasts did, but they didn't turn me off, either. So, by the time Mom had completed my first twenty strikes, my pussy was a squelchingly hot, raging inferno, and I hoped she'd follow my parent's usual practice of allowing us to forego the rest of our correction in return for servicing them sexually.

Unfortunately for me, Mom said nothing after the tenth strike on my sexy ass, so I turned back and presented my bosom to receive the subsequent ten blows. Mom carefully placed three strikes in a row across both of my nipples. By the third, I was as close to orgasming as possible without actually crashing over the edge.

Mom knew this because she suddenly dropped the cane onto the floor at my feet and took my nipples between her fists and thumbs. Squeezing my nipples mercilessly, she dragged me onto my knees before forcing her soaking pussy against my mouth.

"Eat your mother's sweet pussy, Kate," Mom demanded. "Make her cum."

It had been so long since I tasted my mother's sweet juices that I dived in as swiftly as possible. Tipping my head back, I opened my mouth and surrounded her entrance with lips. Making a seal, I sucked as hard as I could and stabbed my tongue into her as quickly as possible.

“Oh fuck, Kate!” Mom moaned. “Literally nobody I’ve ever been with is as good at that as you,” Mom stated as her orgasm crashed over her.

Mom hadn’t moved away, so I continued to slash and lash my tongue over her slit and clit, occasionally stopping to stab it into her pussy. My mother shuddered, and her hands gripped the back of my head firmly as she ground her clit against my lips. Mom began moaning, and I knew she’d cum again soon, but just before she blasted into orgasmic heaven, the gardener spoke from the doorway.

“Oops! Sorry, Mrs Shephard. I’ll see you next week!”

“Simon, if you don’t bend me over and ram your big cock in me immediately, you won’t live to see next week!” Mom growled.

Again, I was surprised that Mom would be so openly slutty before me, but that thought was swiftly lost as I saw Simon’s magnificent cock loom over my eyes before its head disappeared into my mother’s pussy. Mom grunted as Simon’s pelvis smashed into her ass with an audible slap. Simon’s balls dragged over my chin as I knelt between my mother’s legs, and I couldn’t help but bathe his big balls with my tongue. Mom reached over me to grasp her dresser as she began pushing her ass back to meet Simon’s powerful thrusts.

“Fuck me, you big dicked man,” Mom demanded. “Fuck me hard and fill my cunt with cum!”

I had never heard my mom use those words before! Not once in my almost thirty-nine years! It excited me beyond all reason, and I moaned as I carefully sucked one of Simon’s balls into my mouth. Even though Mom hadn’t permitted me to masturbate, my hand flew over my pussy as I thumbed my clit and fingered my vulva.

Mom came first. She moaned, and I felt her pussy lips flutter over my searching tongue. The swift contractions of my mother’s vulva sent Simon over the edge, and he roared as his big cock spewed its load into my mother’s wet pussy. He came so copiously that some of his spend

immediately seeped back around his large penis. I lapped these secretions up eagerly.

Simon had softened enough that his cock fell from Mom's pussy. When it fell, I immediately sucked its messy head into my mouth and delightedly licked and sucked up his and Mom's combined secretions. After only a few seconds, I felt Simon stiffen again, and I guided him back inside Mom.

"Yes, you fucker!" Mom yelled. "Pound my cunt, you mother fucker! Kate, get your little whore's pussy up on the dresser so I can eat your cunt!"

Eagerly, I slid out from between my mother's legs and took the requested position on Mom's dresser. As soon as I leant back, Mom dived onto my sopping pussy and began devouring my swiftly flowing juices. I was so turned on by watching Mom get fucked and hearing her lascivious words that I orgasmed quickly. However, it was only a slight pause on the way to what I knew would be a genuinely gigantic explosion.

Mom came on the end of Simon's big cock twice more before she groaned and forced Simon back. Then she moved forwards until his cock popped out of her. Taking his long, thick pole in her hands, she pulled Simon close to my lewdly spread legs.

"Would you like to fuck my daughter, Simon?" Mom asked, much to my shock. "You've tasted my sweet little cunt. Would you like to see if my daughter's cunt is equally as sweet and tight?"

Simon eagerly nodded his assent, and to my amazement, my mother guided her lover's cock into my squelchingly wet and hot pussy.

"Oh, Gawd!" Simon and I moaned in unison as his big, thick cock slowly split me apart.

"She's so tight, Mrs Shephard," Simon added. "So tight, hot and wet! May I cum inside her?"

"Only if you promise to finish bringing her off by eating your cum out of her hot little cunt!" Mom declared.

“I love doing that, Mrs Shephard,” Simon averred. “So you know I’ll do it!”

“Then cum in my daughter’s sweet little cunt, you mother-daughter fucking cunt licker,” Mom demanded.

Simon slammed into me a final time before he short-hunched me several times. On the fourth mini-stroke, Simon pushed as deep into my willing pussy as possible, groaned and blasted rope after rope of his thick baby-making juice against my cervix. I experienced a series of delicious petite orgasms with every blast, each driving me closer to the enormous eruption I knew was soon.

Simon shuddered jerkily as the last of his climax shook him, and then he pulled out of me and dropped to his knees. Flinging my shapely thighs over his shoulders, Simon dove onto my squishy with cum pussy and began expertly servicing me. Sealing his lips around my entrance, Simon alternated sucking, licking, and swallowing. Very quickly, I teetered along the precipice of a gigantic climactic event.

With Mom present, I’d slipped into the submissive mindset of being unable to orgasm unless permitted to by my dominant. Frustrated at being unable to leap off the crest of my orgasm’s wave, I began mewling protests.

“Please, Mom. Please, Mom. Please, Mom,” I begged.

Thankfully, after initially unleashing her deep, joyful laugh, Mom grabbed my nipples and twisted and pulled them hard before growling, “Cum like the filthy whore slut you are, Kaitlyn Ashley Muggleton. Confirm what we all know —you are nothing but a cock hungry, cum guzzling slut!”

She then plastered her mouth to mine as I screamed my climax. I came so hard that it took several breaths before finally coming down. Mom dismissed Simon carelessly and helped me across to the bed. She wrapped me in her warm arms and stroked my hair as I cried myself to sleep.

Several hours later, when I woke, I had my father’s strong arms around me. Mom wasn’t in the room, but I could hear her in the en suite showering. I

rolled over and pressed my naked body against my Dad's still leanly muscled one.

"I'm so sorry, Dad," I sniffled.

"For what, Kate? Dad asked.

"Disappointing you," I replied.

"If what your mother, son and daughter say is true, Kate, it's not you that's disappointed me. It's my son-in-law for not adequately disciplining you because he was too busy getting his knob wet to do the job as he was taught."

That started me crying again, and Dad held me close. Mom climbed onto the bed and rolled so her bare body was pressed against mine.

"Do I need to know what Kate's correction marks are for, Elizabeth?" Dad asked my mother.

Mom replied, "No, Sir. Correction was needed and given. Kate took it as she should have, quietly, without flinching. Correction is over, and there's no need for us to revisit it unless the behaviour is repeated."

"Until you sort things out with John, Kate," Dad said, "I want you to drop in and see us once a week. If we've heard of or seen any behaviour that needs correction, we'll deal with it then. In the meantime, I'll drop by your house and talk with your man. I think it might be time for John's father and me to have a chat, too."

I felt my father's erection pushing against my tummy as he held me, and I couldn't help the slight shiver of excitement I felt.

"You may service your father if you wish, Kate," Mom said.

I leant back so I could look up at Daddy's eyes. He smiled and nodded, so I quickly slid down the bed and undid his pants before pulling them down far enough to free his cock. I took his rigidly erect penis in my hand. It was

sticky with the juices of his cum and the pussy of whoever he'd been fucking. However, I didn't care and swiftly gobbled down all he had.

Dad didn't measure up when it came to my husband's or son's erections, but his cock was an item I was intimately familiar with, and it felt comfortingly familiar as I slowly let it slide into my warm and wet mouth. I enjoyed the taste of the combined secretions from my father and whoever he'd been fucking, but my taste buds were soon overwhelmed by the delicious flavour of Dad's precum. As I sucked him, I gently massaged Dad's big, sagging balls until I felt his scrotal sack tighten against his rock-hard shaft. As expected, seconds later, Dad moaned as he filled my mouth with his semen.

After he'd climaxed, Dad pulled me up, and I was warmly enveloped in a parent sandwich, which did more to ease my troubled mind than anything else that had occurred lately.

After close to an hour of cuddling, Mom asked if I'd help her make dinner. She said she'd phoned Krissy and Tommy when I'd slept earlier and invited them here for dinner. I agreed and rolled out of bed. I began leaving the room when Dad suggested I use their en suite's shower and asked if he could shower with me. It was such a sweet thing to offer that I immediately agreed. To my surprise, Dad moved behind me and pulled me close before fingering me to a very satisfying orgasm. It was the very first time Dad had ever stimulated me to an orgasm. I wondered if, later, I would finally be penetrated by my father's cock, but I doubted it would happen.

Around 6:00 pm, Tommy and Krissy walked into my parents' house. To my surprise, Krissy immediately stripped off all her clothes and joined Mom in the kitchen. I followed her in, and she unceremoniously handed me a pair of beers to take to Dad and Tommy. Knowing that she and Mom wanted to talk, I graciously took the beers into the lounge where my father and son sat.

As I walked in, Dad and Tommy both eyed me appreciatively but said nothing. After accepting his beer, Dad suggested I grab a glass of wine and join them. Once I'd sat on the floor before them, Dad looked from me to my son.

“Kate, Tommy informs me you’ve been remiss in your training of him. He tells me that you have taken him to bed and shown him how to make love to a sexually submissive woman, but you and John haven’t even begun training him on how to be the best man he can be. My girl, you know better than that! Your husband has been seriously lax in controlling his family! Krissy is almost seven months past her maturation (eighteen) and is still a virgin? Why have you not brought her to your husband’s bed to be initiated into womanhood?”

“John wasn’t brought up like I was, Dad,” I tried to justify. “I have to lead him gently to deflowering his daughter. If, as Mom did with Yvette and Mary, I led Krissy in naked, wearing a collar and leash, and presented her to him, John would have completely freaked out and probably have divorced me immediately.”

Dad sighed before replying, “You’re probably right, Kate. And that is your mother’s and my fault. We should have been more rigorous about insisting that you and your husband spend time with us as we instructed John how to be the man you need him to be. Still, that is all water under the bridge now. However, Mrs Kate, you were also remiss when you told your mother and me to butt out.”

Daring to speak up, something that even now wasn’t wise for me to do with my father, I answered, “Dad, if Mom had told me why you missed my birthdays earlier, I would probably have seduced John on my sixteenth birthday. Until today, I had no idea you wished for him and me to get together.”

Dad sighed again before replying, “We messed up, child, and I hope you can forgive us. Your sisters were of a like, and your Mom and I knew exactly what to do with them. You, however, were always headstrong and wilful. Other than your obvious feminine attractions, you should have been born a male. The eldest son to carry on our family’s traditions. But you weren’t. Instead, you were born as you are —gorgeous, stunningly beautiful, and naturally able to slide between submissive and dominance without the need to adjust your thinking. John, however, I believe would be happier if he was the submissive partner.”

Dad stared into space before adding, “His father is peripherally aware of our extended family’s peccadillos and is definitely on the ‘D’ side of ‘D and s’. I’ll catch up with him and discuss how we can fix this problem between you and John. Perhaps between the two of us, we can make your husband pull his head out of his ass.”

Dad turned to my son before saying, “Sorry to insult your father in front of you, Tommy. But an ass is what your father is being. He can’t shack up with his secretary for literally weeks in a row and expect his wife to remain celibate. Kate, you should have come to your mother and me with this years ago. We could have nipped this rubbish in the bud when it first reared its ugly head.”

Looking down, I replied, “Sorry, Dad.”

Dinner was an enjoyable time with lots of laughter and conversation. Afterwards, Dad and Tommy went to his office to chat. Mom took Krissy and me up to her and Dad’s playroom. I watched, as she’d done with me, as Mom taught Krissy to deep throat a cock by practising with a banana. To add to all the other shocks I’d had today, Krissy quickly showed that she’d practised often because, after only two attempts, she could swallow the whole banana without gagging.

Mom then got out a dildo she called Goliath. Positioning it on the low table, Mom said, “Kate, show Krissy your stuff!”

It took a couple of attempts, but I managed to swallow Goliath down to its base on the third attempt.

“Have a go, Krissy,” Mom instructed.

My daughter managed about half of the dildo before gagging, which was an impressive first attempt. However, even after thirty minutes of practice, Krissy couldn’t take any more.

“It’s the girth that causes the problem,” Mom explained. “Once you’ve overcome having a penis scraping your gag reflex, the length doesn’t matter as it merely slides further in. However, when the girth is as thick as this

dildo is, you must learn to relax your throat muscles so the cock can slide down. Fortunately, most men are not as large as your father or brother."

After another practice attempt, Mom suggested we join the men in the lounge. Dad said to Krissy when we got there, "Demonstrate on your brother what you've learnt."

Tommy moved to the seat's edge and unzipped. Krissy knelt before him and gently fished his quickly lengthening cock out of his pants. She smiled submissively up at him as she held his cock's base and lowered her lips onto it. Then after lavishing his cock's head with her tongue, she opened her mouth wide and slowly deep-throated him.

"That should be her father sitting where your son is, Kate," Dad pointed out. "Your daughter should have been preparing your father to take her virginity as soon as she was old enough for him to do so. John was lax in this regard, as were you. Fortunately, your mother and I will step up. Krissy, you have my word that if your father won't do his familial duty, I will."

"Thank you, Poppy," Krissy said after letting her brother's cock slide out of her mouth. "May I say thank you by servicing you?"

"Yes," Dad replied. "Elizabeth, finish your grandson off. You may masturbate as you do, but you will wait until Tommy has cum in your mouth before you climax. Kate, you were not given permission to touch yourself. Select a cane from my office and return with it."

I hadn't even noticed that I'd found my clit with my fingers, so I was surprised by Dad's command. I knew better than to argue, though, so I swiftly crawled out of the room before getting to my feet and running to his office. I picked up the same cane as Mom had used earlier and ran back to the lounge. At the doorway, I dropped to my knees and crawled across the room to where my daughter was blowing my father and lifted the cane above my head with my head and eyes down, presenting it to him.

I'd barely taken my position when, with a loud groan, Dad erupted semen into my daughter's mouth. Krissy, of course, swallowed every drop before regretfully tucking Dad's penis into his trousers. Hearing his Grandfather

orgasming into his sister's mouth sent Tommy over the edge, and he climaxed into his grandmother's eagerly sucking, swirling mouth.

As I knelt, waiting for further instruction from my father, Krissy crawled across to my mother and pushed her onto her back before Krissy lowered her mouth onto Mom's pussy. Mom groaned deeply as she held Krissy's head to her hot, wet vagina. Tommy took himself in hand as he watched the erotic spectacle of his sister servicing his grandmother's pussy. My eye flicked between Tommy's swelling cock and the moaning couple on the floor, and I had to fight to keep my hands off my swelteringly hot pussy.

"Take punishment position two, Kate," Dad instructed.

I quickly assumed the demanded stance. This was effectively the same as punishment position one except that instead of my hands behind my head with my elbows wide, I clasped my hands behind my back. Typically, this position would be followed by number three, which was lying over my corrector's thighs with my sexy bottom pointed up.

"Not an egregious error, Kaitlyn," Dad stated. "But I want you to relearn asking for permission before you indulge in sexual pleasure for yourself. You and your husband can revisit this instruction once your marriage is back on an even keel. Three on your breasts, and then you will kneel over my thighs to receive three on your pretty bottom."

The three swats across my breasts were very light and only meant to remind me that my body belonged to my man, not me. The surprise came when Dad administered my bottom strikes with his bare hand, not the cane. After the third, he pushed his fist between my thighs, forcing me to separate them. Once my legs fell apart, Dad slid the middle finger of his right hand into my pussy as he manipulated my clitoris with his left fingers. Surprised, I squealed out an orgasm almost immediately.

After I came down from my surprise orgasm, Dad helped me off his thighs onto my knees before him. Lovingly combing my long hair away from my face, Dad hugged me before kissing me softly on the lips.

“Your mother and I love you, Kaitlyn,” Dad stated. “We love you and have always been incredibly proud of you. You are everything in a daughter we hoped you’d be. This rubbish with John will blow over. John Senior and I will ensure it. Don’t forget I expect to see you every Friday afternoon until you’re back sleeping with your husband.”

We were interrupted by my mother’s orgasm squeal as she thrashed on the ground. Dad instructed Krissy to finish her brother off with her hands and mouth when she came down. Tommy quickly climaxed into his sister’s mouth. That left Krissy wanting, but Dad suggested we stay here for the night. Then he grinned and said he and Mom were quite deaf and wouldn’t hear if I wanted to take care of my daughter’s needs before we slept.

We stayed together, chatting and laughing until bedtime. Tommy elected to go home because he was meeting Gina in the morning. Krissy and I shared my old bed, and we spent an enjoyable night cuddling and sleeping after we’d brought each other to several satisfying orgasms.

Dad was gone when Krissy and I ventured out of the bedroom. We showered together without fooling around and made our way to the kitchen. Mom had thoughtfully picked up my clothes and folded them. However, as was tradition in our home, I wouldn’t put them on until it was time to leave. It was a warm spring day, so being naked was comfortable.

Mom made breakfast —bacon, eggs and hash browns. And then Krissy and I left for home. Krissy had ridden to Mom’s place with Tommy, so she rode with me home. We chatted about this and that, but nothing specific until we were almost to our street. She turned to me with tears in her eyes and asked, “Mom, how am I going to complete my seduction of Dad if he won’t reconcile with you?”

I reached over and squeezed her hands but had to admit that I had no idea. I had planned to slowly introduce more and more play with John’s ‘secret lover’ until the night I admitted his lover was still a virgin and wanted him to make her a woman. Then, after the moment of penetration, I’d pull off his blindfold, allowing him to realise his lover was his daughter. I believed at that point, John would willingly complete his deflowering duties. Now, all my plans were in the air and spinning, with no clue where they’d land.

Tuesday morning, I had my session with Patrick. This week, however, I didn't feel like playing, so I dressed in my dark blue leotard and kept our conversation light and chaste. I could tell he was disappointed, but that wasn't my problem. When I saw him, I cancelled Thursday's session because I was apprehensive about John and my appointment with the counsellor.

Wednesday passed quietly, although John continued to refuse to speak with me. That lasted until Dad and John's father arrived together at our house early in the evening. After two quick hugs, I was told in no uncertain terms to go to my parents' home and wait with my mother until Dad phoned me. But to take an overnight bag, just in case.

Dad phoned around three hours later and suggested I stay with Mom because John Senior had taken John home with him. Dad assured me my husband would be at The Couples Clinic in time for our counselling session. Krissy arrived with Dad, and we had quite a pleasant night chatting and playing cards before my daughter and I shared a bed again. Krissy's monthly visitor had arrived, so there was none of our now typical sex play.

Our session with the psychologist was scheduled for mid-morning, so I had plenty of time to head home, shower and change before the appointment. John wasn't home when Krissy and I got there. Not knowing what else to do, I drove to the clinic after I dressed. I'd chosen a conservative maxi dress for the appointment. This one was even baggy around my breasts, so it was a real change from my usual attire.

I arrived at the clinic and got out. As I walked towards the entrance, I heard the distinctive growl of John's Audi Avant R6, so I waited until he parked and came up the steps. To my surprise, John enveloped me in a tight hug and kissed my lips softly.

"We'll work this out, Kate," he promised.

I squeezed him tightly to me and instinctively ground my pussy against his groin. His cock immediately twitched and hardened, something I took to be a very good sign. However, he did refuse to hold my hand as we walked into the clinic, so I wasn't sure where we stood.

Our first consultation involved a paired discussion where the psychologist discussed why we'd come to see him. Of course, John led with my 'promiscuity' with Frank and his cohorts. I countered with the fact that I'd been kidnapped and raped, not that I'd voluntarily entered into sexual relations outside my marriage.

The counsellor then asked why I was there, and I explained that since my rape, I was coping okay, but my husband wasn't. Then I calmly pointed out that even if I had broken my fidelity marriage vows, it was only after nearly twenty years of his infidelities. Taking my mother's advice, I aimed both barrels of my metaphorical shotgun at John's face and let him have it. I detailed the almost one hundred affairs I knew he'd had. Then I added the howitzer —his nearly ten-year sexual relationship with his secretary, Amanda, and her attempts to break up our marriage, including approaching our kids.

Although the psychologist tried to maintain an aura of neutrality, he was shocked by my accusations, especially when John didn't deny my assertions.

The ensuing phase was individual interviews where our partners were encouraged to be elsewhere. John stated he wanted to go first, so I strolled across to a nearby café and ordered coffee. John's session would last up to an hour, and I was expected to stay absent until at least fifty minutes had passed. I spent the time catching up on my various social media pages and noted there was a message from Kath to call her when I could. Nothing important, but soon would be good. Looking at the time, I decided to call her immediately.

"Hey, gorgeous," Kath gushed when I called. "What are you doing tomorrow night?"

I noted the 'you', not 'you and John', and replied that I didn't know at this stage and wouldn't know until after our counselling session. Kath didn't explain any further but asked if I'd call her later in the day and let her know if I'd be free.

After the required fifty minutes had passed, I returned to the clinic. John exited the room almost exactly ten minutes later, looking grim. He acknowledged me with a brief hug before leaving the clinic and headed for the same café I'd just returned from.

During my time with the psychologist, he first established that I was coping with my rape okay. Knowing he couldn't relate anything to John, I explained how I consciously decided to enjoy everything that happened to me that night so it wouldn't leave me emotionally scarred. Burt agreed that it was a good mindset to get myself into and then went on to explore how I felt about my husband's many indiscretions. He seemed shocked by my ready acceptance of John having many lovers outside our marriage yet still wanting to remain married to him.

I tried to explain why, but unfortunately, Burt couldn't reconcile a loving family with sexual promiscuity by the husband. I wondered if I hadn't erred in choosing Burt as John and my advisor, but he took a deep breath and said, "I disagree with your assertion that your husband is entitled to take lovers as long as they are not emotional contracts, Kate, but I accept that you do. However, living as man and wife with his secretary when he travels is beyond what is acceptable, and I'm shocked that you haven't confronted him about that before now."

Our hour together had passed, so Burt invited John to rejoin us. The subsequent hour was spent exploring what John and I hoped to achieve from counselling. John stated it was learning to accept that I'd taken four lovers despite our marriage vows, whereas I explained that I hoped John would accept that I'd been raped, not that I'd 'taken extraneous lovers', and that he'd accept me back as his wife and lover.

The end of our first session came, and although I felt pretty good about expressing my anger and frustration at not being believed, I didn't think anything, yet, had been achieved. In some ways, I felt even more distant from my husband than before. This was confirmed when John informed me that he'd stay with his parents until our next session the following Thursday.

Trying not to show my distress, I hugged John, told him I missed and loved him, and then got in my car to drive home. Figuring it would be more fun to spend time with Kath tomorrow than with my parents, I drove to their place, hoping Dad would count today as my weekly visit.

He hugged me when I arrived and took me to his study. After asking if I'd done anything that needed correcting and receiving a negative answer, he hugged and kissed me again before asking if I wanted to stay for dinner. I did, so I immediately got undressed and went to find Mom. She agreed with Dad that today would count as my once-a-week visit. I helped Mom do some basic household chores such as sweeping and mopping the wood and tile floors and doing her sheets and other bedroom linen.

At 5:00 pm, I helped prepare dinner. Krissy arrived not long after I'd put the pot roast into the oven. She stripped just inside the door and joined Mom and me in the kitchen. While waiting for the roast to cook, I took out Mom's laundry basket. Several pairs of trousers and shirts needed ironing, so I took them into the lounge and chatted with my father as I brought Mom's ironing up to date.

After completing that chore, I returned to the kitchen. Mom and Krissy had things well in control, so I did what I'd done when I lived here with my sisters and nibbled on various pieces of raw chopped vegetables my daughter was preparing for cooking. I teased Mom and Krissy mercilessly, something I wouldn't dare have done with my mom before my marriage but could get away with now I was an adult.

Krissy had taken it upon herself to ensure Dad had everything he wanted. Between her arrival and dinner, she'd made him cups of tea, but now we were nearing dinnertime, she brought him a can of beer. Five minutes passed after she'd left with the beer, and she hadn't returned. Mom giggled and gestured that I should follow her quietly. We carefully crept around the wall separating the kitchen from the lounge. As Mom had expected, my daughter knelt between her grandfather's knees, giving him a lovingly slow blowjob.

To my surprise, Mom moved me in front of her before she pressed her large, droopy breasts into my back and pressed her pussy against my bum.

Reaching around, Mom took my nipple between her thumb and forefinger, forced my thighs apart, and slid two fingers onto my clitoris.

“Don’t you wish that was you where your daughter is, Kaitlyn?” Mom asked. “Don’t you wish it was your mouth your father was about to ejaculate into? Don’t you wish it was your husband that your daughter was blowing as you played with her wet cunt?”

As Mom completed her sentence, Dad’s head tipped back as he lifted his hips off the couch, trying to force more of his stiff cock into his granddaughter’s mouth. Then, with a loud groan, Dad jerked as he climaxed into my daughter’s willing mouth. The sudden eroticism of Mom’s vision and watching my daughter so gleefully suck my father off crashed me off my orgasm’s precipice, and I vociferously moaned as I came on my mother’s fingers.

“Dinner!” Mom said loudly as she laughingly pushed me into the room.

Krissy turned and smiled at me before she wiped some of Dad’s goo off her lips. Dad chuckled and tucked his wilting penis away before helping Krissy up and walking to the kitchen.

After an enjoyable dinner, I remembered I’d promised to call Kath. I excused myself and went to the lounge to make the call. Kath asked if I could drop by her place tomorrow at midday but refused to say why. The only clue she gave was that if I had my visitor, she’d postpone for a week. Of course, that meant it was probably something sexual, but now Kath and I were sexually intimate, I looked forward to playing with her again.

At around nine o’clock, I decided to go home. Krissy elected to follow me in her car. When we arrived home, only Tommy was there. My kids realised their father’s absence saddened me and insisted on sleeping with me. Although the bed in the guestroom is a queen, three people sleeping in it was a bit of a squeeze. However, I agreed it was preferable to sleeping alone. We didn’t indulge in any sex play, but I did get lots of hugs, kisses and soft caresses, which did more to ease my hurt soul than anything else.

The following day I woke alone. Krissy was back at uni, so that was expected. I wasn't sure where Tommy was, but his car wasn't in the garage. I suspected he was with Gina, but at nineteen, that was his business. I made myself some breakfast and had settled onto a stool at the breakfast bar when my phone buzzed.

I took it out, it was from Kath and read: "See you at noon. Dress sexy!"

Most of the clothes John had moved to the guestroom were my day-to-day wear. My 'going out' clothing was still mostly in my walk-in robe. Because John wasn't home, I had no hesitation in walking into my room and selecting something 'sexy' to wear. I considered the 'Hollywood version of a street prostitute outfit' I'd worn to my second visit to Edgar's clinic, but then I spotted my white leather mini. This skirt is almost obscene. Barely two hand widths wide, it has four zippers that hold it together, two at the hips, front and back.

I matched it with a white corset. Using the doorknob to hold the laces, I pulled and tightened them until my waist was squeezed tighter than it had been since high school and my impressive breasts were about to pop out of their cups. I had a pair of white, thigh-high fuck me boots to wear with this outfit.

Once dressed, I did my makeup a little over the top because I felt it fit my appearance. Once I was done, I texted Kath that I was on my way and got in my Audi. On the way to Kath's place, several young guys either waved or whistled at me, whereas numerous women pulled faces and turned disgustedly away. Many more slapped their man's shoulder or arm as they openly ogled me as they drove by. I, of course, loved the attention.

Pulling into Kath's driveway, I swung my legs out of the car with my knees carefully together as my mother taught me and my father insisted. I'd been doing that ever since I began wearing skirts and dresses, so it was an instinctive action. No, 'Britney Spears beaver flashing' episodes for me.

I didn't knock, just walked inside, calling "hello." The house was strangely quiet, but I heard a deep man's voice call from the games room for me to come there. Wondering who it was, I walked to the house's end and entered

the room. Seeing what was inside, I stumbled to a stop. The same man that Freya had blown at Kath's party was dressed in only tight leather trousers and holding a cat of nine-tails whip. His leanly muscled body and bald head gleamed in the lights.

My second shock was Kath tied from her shoulders to her shins in rope and suspended from a hook in the ceiling. As she slowly rotated, I could see the man had used the cat on her breasts, ass and back.

When she turned, Kath tittered and said, "Hi, Kate! Surprise!"

Panicked, I ran across to her and tried to lift her off the hook she hung from. Kath laughed and said, "Relax, Kate. I'm here willingly. Rick has begun my training to be a submissive and rope bunny." Then she giggled and added, "Rick, meet my best friend, Kate. Kate, meet my Dom and Master, Rick."

Rick acknowledged me with a nod but remained focused on Kath. Confused, I let go of Kath and stepped back. Then Rick reached past me and made Kath slowly turn again. He flicked the cat across her breasts, back, or ass as she turned. Every time the whip hit her nipples, Kath's eyes closed, and she groaned. It was clear she was close to orgasm and would probably have already popped over the edge if I hadn't interrupted.

Blown away, I could only watch as Rick used his skills with the cat to bring my friend to her climax. He got her there by administering three quick lashes across Kath's nipples before roughly shoving three fingers into Kath's dripping pussy and thumbing her clit.

"Fuuucckk!!" Kath groaned as she gushed pussy fluids over Rick's thrusting hand.

As soon as Kath had finished orgasming, Rick turned her and used a winch beside her to lift her higher. Then, looking directly at me, he fished his medium-sized but extremely thick cock out of his leather pants, rotated Kath forward and slowly pushed into her soaking pussy. He kept his eyes locked to mine as he reached around my friend and grasped her tiny, conical-shaped nipples and squeezed them mercilessly.

Kath began climaxing again immediately. As I watched, dumbfounded, Kath peaked three times in quick succession before she warbled a fourth, almost shrieked orgasm and collapsed limply against her binds. Master Rick released her nipples and slowly backed out of my best friend's vagina. His thick cock pulsed and throbbed as he walked to me.

"On your knees, slut Kate," he demanded. I shifted as if to obey before I locked my knees and shook my head. "Slut Kate, get on your knees," Master Rick commanded in a deep, resonant voice.

Of course, I had no more hope of resisting that voice than if John had spoken that way. I unthinkingly dropped to my knees and obediently opened my mouth when Rick presented his cock to my lips. When his glans entered my mouth, Rick forcefully grabbed a handful of my long, black hair and thrust powerfully into my oral cavity. Fortunately, I easily managed his length, and his extra girth didn't matter because he wasn't long enough to reach my throat. Rick's abdomen crashed into my lips, but he couldn't make me choke no matter how hard he pushed into my mouth.

"Impressive," Rick muttered as he pulled back and began fucking my mouth.

After around a dozen strokes into my oral cavity, Master Rick pulled back and blew his load over my face. He wasn't to know, of course, that I like that and will often encourage my husband to do it when we're making love. I received another "Impressive" when I casually wiped his splodge off my eyelids, swallowed it, and smiled up at him.

"Eat her cunt," Rick demanded, gesturing towards Kath.

I obediently crawled across to my best friend, tilted my head back, and began licking her soppingly wet pussy. Once I'd sucked up the copious amount of moisture there, I tipped my head further back and sucked Kath's clit into my mouth. Darting my tongue over and around her clit quickly brought Kath to a screaming orgasm.

When I moved back, Master Rick offered his semi-hard cock to my mouth again. I eagerly swallowed him, and he was achingly stiff only a few

seconds later.

“Bend over the couch,” Rick commanded. “I’m going to fuck your slut cunt.”

I shook my head.

“Do it!” Rick demanded.

“No!” I answered.

“Kate slut, if you don’t immediately bend over the couch, I’ll take my cat to your fine ass.”

I shook my head again before saying, “I will not, and you will not! I am not your submissive, nor will I ever be. Yes, I have submissive tendencies, but you do not own me. Nor have I agreed to submit to you, and I will not without much more discussion than we’ve had.”

Rick smiled and asked, “Who has the power in a Dom/sub relationship, slut Kate?”

“The submissive, of course,” I replied immediately. “She decides the terms and conditions of any play and may stop all play by saying a simple safe word. We have not even discussed safe words or how they would be used.”

“And if I decide to punish whore Kath for your disobedience? After all, she promised you’d come and submit to me today.”

“Then I’d advise Kath to use her safe word and call an end to her session. If you didn’t immediately release her, I’d encourage her to have you charged with rape, sexual assault and common assault.”

“And if I decide to take you? I’m much stronger than you.” Rick questioned.

“Ask Frank Pritchard how well that worked out for him.” I retorted. “Besides, what kind of Dom has to rape his play partners?” I added

disparagingly. “I thought you showed promise, but you’re just another bully masquerading as a Bdsm Master.”

Rick grinned before lowering Kath and releasing her from the bar holding her in the air. He casually unwrapped the binds around her before gently holding and massaging her until her legs would support her weight again.

When she had control of herself, Kath knelt and assumed submission position one (On her knees with her back straight, head up but eyes down, and with her hands palm up on her thighs). “Thank you for the orgasms, Master,” Kath said. “How may this slut thank you?”

Rick looked challengingly at me before saying, “Slut Kate hasn’t received any sexual release yet. Don’t you think you should use your mouth and tongue to give her release?”

Kath looked beseechingly up at me, so I nodded my acquiescence, leant against the sofa’s armrests and spread my shapely thighs. Kath crawled between them and gently nuzzled my waxed pussy. She extended her tongue and swiped it along my perineum, over my entrance, along my slit and onto my clit. She bit that divinely thick nub between her teeth and gently pulled back.

Rick studied my eyes and somehow intuited what else I needed. He leaned forward, released my breasts from the corset’s half-cups, and took my nipples between his fists and thumbs. Then, squeezing harshly, he twisted them, kissed my mouth and said, “Cum for me, my darling Kate slut.”

My head tipped back, and I screamed as an expansive orgasm shattered me apart.

Rick instructed Kath to retake submission position one and sat on a chair as he waited for me to come down from my intense orgasm. As he watched me, he used his hand to bring himself to full arousal again.

Once he knew he had my attention, he said, “I want to fuck you, Kate. You’re one hot slut, and I want to taste your charms.”

I took a seat across from him and lifted my heels onto the seat beside my luscious bottom. “Then get on your knees and taste me,” I demanded.

Kath gasped, but Rick chuckled. “I can do that, Kate. I’m primarily a Dom, but I can submit if required.”

“It’s required,” I stated levelly.

Rick modulated his voice back to the level I knew to be his command voice, similar to what he used when he told me to suck him off.

“If it is a battle of wills you’re after, Kate slut, you cannot win. Now lie on the ground with that cushion under your sexy ass, lift and spread your knees. I want to fuck you, and I will fuck you.”

I tried to refuse, but unfortunately, my submissive nature wouldn’t let me. Almost dazedly, I rucked my skirt above my hips, took the cushion he’d indicated and lay on the floor on my back with my curvy bottom on the cushion. My legs seemed to raise and spread on their own.

“You may eat my slut’s cunt as I fuck you, Kate,” Rick gleefully said when I’d taken his desired position.

Kath immediately crawled across to me, swung her toned leg over my face, and lowered her squelching pussy onto my lips. I loved her taste and quickly delved my tongue into her sweet essence. I felt Master Rick’s strong hands on the backs of my knees, and he swiftly lifted my shapely legs higher and further apart. Immediately after that, I felt the head of his expansive cock pressing at my entrance. He hesitated there to see if I’d protest. When I didn’t, he stroked firmly into my soaking vagina.

“Lawd, Kate,” Rick moaned as he slid into me. “You’re so hot, wet and tight that it’s incredible. How, with how turned on you are, were you able to resist me?”

Of course, with my mouth pressed against my best friend’s willing pussy, I couldn’t answer him. But I felt his question was rhetorical, anyway.

Revelling in having Rick's thick cock stroking into me, I concentrated on bringing Kath to the best orgasm I could give her. I began by delving my tongue as deep into her as possible before withdrawing it. Then I began stabbing it into her repeatedly. I could tell by Kath's soft grunts that I was on the correct track. As her grunts turned to gasps and then to moans, I quickened how quickly I stabbed her. Then when her moans became drawn out, I surrounded her tiny clit with my lips and lashed it with my tongue as I forcefully sucked.

Kath came loudly as I swirled my tongue over her petite clitoris. When her after-orgasm shudders stopped, she moved to lie beside me, pulling and tweaking my right nipple as she suckled my left. Her doing that moved me closer to my crest, but I wasn't quite there. I'd slipped into my usual submissive mindset of needing my dominant to permit me to cum before I could. Master Rick was also near his climax, and I wasn't sure if he knew my need. It turned out he did because Rick slammed into me a final time before grinding his pubic bone firmly against my clit and lightly slapping my face.

"Cum for me, slut Kate," he demanded as his thick cock stiffened, lengthened and then began spurting cum into me.

Master Rick's cock wasn't long enough to squirt his man cream onto my cervix, so I didn't have my normal second orgasm when a man cums inside me. Kath took care of that by moving between my long, toned legs and going down on me when Rick shifted back to the chair. Kath cleaned my pussy and brought me to a soft but intense orgasm as Master Rick sat in his chair and masturbated to our spectacle.

Rick was semi-erect again by the time I'd recovered from my orgasm with Kath, so we knelt before him and serviced his widely girthed cock with our mouths until, at his instruction, we pressed our cheeks together and received his pulled climax over our faces. Rick watched as we licked his cum off each other and then thanked us for an enjoyable afternoon.

Once he had dressed, Rick said to me, "Kate, you need a dominant. Unfortunately, I'm not the correct one for you, even though I'd love to play with you again. Kath can give you the details of our local munch. I'd advise

you attend with her and me, and we'll look for a suitable Dominant for you."

I nodded but didn't agree. I thought that Dad would provide that role in the short term, and I hoped John, now he would be home more often, and once our troubles were overcome, would step up and become the husband I knew he could be. As I'd observed earlier in my adventures, I believed my husband's continuous absences and the lack of his large, firm hand on my posterior correcting my wayward behaviour was most of the reason for the troubles I've found myself in.

Kath and I shared a loving shower, bringing each other to several mutually satisfying orgasms. After dressing, we ate a late salad lunch and shared coffee before I returned home. There was a message on the house answering machine from John saying he was staying at his parents' place for the weekend but wanted to see me on Monday morning. There was nothing I could do except sigh and accept his decision. It left me feeling bereft, though, so I undressed and climbed into bed.

I woke when I felt a naked, extremely stiff cock poking at my bottom and beautifully soft lips pressing against mine. My children were home and had joined me naked in bed. When I stretched back, Krissy moulded her gorgeously curvy, young body to mine, our lusciously full breasts pressing sexily together and her pussy grinding gently against mine.

I turned my head and kissed my son before reaching between us and guiding him into my quickly moistening pussy. Krissy delved her hand between us, and after circling where her brother and I were joined, she found my thick clit with her fingers and deftly manipulated it, bringing me to a swift climax. Tommy then moved to his knees and rolled me onto my back. Re-entering me, he held my knees up and back and began pounding me for all he was worth.

Krissy rolled onto her hands and knees before crawling along my body and presenting her freshly waxed pussy to my lips. Smiling at my good fortune, I eagerly ate my beautiful, sexy daughter as my handsome, gorgeous son fucked my tight, willing cunt. After a mutual pair of delicious orgasms each, we cuddled, and for the first time since John moved my clothes, I felt

relaxed, loved and peaceful. I knew my kids loved me and would be there for me, no matter what. Happy, I lay on my side with Krissy pressed to my front and Tommy spooning me from behind.

The next morning, I carefully crawled out from between their embrace, washed my overflowing pussy in the bathroom, and made my way to the kitchen. I made coffee for everyone but left mine in the kitchen as I took Krissy's and Tommy's to the guestroom. They were cuddled together chatting when I entered, and I smiled at how well they were getting along. Not that long ago, it seemed they were at constant loggerheads. But since Tommy's club had informed him he was being offered as trade and they wouldn't renew his contract, Krissy had begun supporting him instead of being what I considered hypercritical.

I asked what they wanted for breakfast. Tommy asked for his typical Saturday morning feed of ham steaks, eggs and hash browns. Krissy asked if I would make a large enough fruit and yoghurt bowl for us to share. I happily obliged, and after lots of laughs and several hugs and kisses, Tommy left for his club, where he felt he still needed to train and try to change their minds before he was picked up during trade week or his career ended. I understood his determination and wouldn't have accepted anything less from him, but it saddened me that he hadn't, like his father, quite made it as a professional footballer.

Although my house wasn't particularly dirty, I worked through my usual cleaning regime. With the house being as big as it is, it's easier to stay on top of things than to let the dirt accumulate and have to really work to dig it out. I'd finished wiping down the flat surfaces and vacuuming and had filled the mop bucket when the doorbell rang.

I quickly checked myself in the mirror and decided I looked good enough to open the door. I'd put on a worn denim midi skirt and a tightly clinging tank top. I'd donned a support bra because I didn't like my large breasts bouncing around when I cleaned. The bra presented my breasts delightfully in my clinging, dark red tank top but didn't expose as much flesh as I typically did.

I opened the door, and Phil and Freddy chorused, “Hello, Kate. How are you?”

Stepping aside, I invited them and returned their ‘hello’. “Tommy isn’t here,” I told them.

“He’s at his club,” Phil stated. “He’ll pick Gina up after his training session and meet us for dinner later. We booked a model for a shoot today, but her daughter is sick, and she’s called to say she can’t make it. Freddy and I hoped to impose on you to model for us again, Kate.”

“Why me?” I reflexively asked.

“Mrs Muggleton, you’re the most beautiful woman any of us knows,” Freddy stated. “You should be on magazine covers, TV and movies. We’d love to have you be the face of our studio.”

“The agent from Vivienne’s Modelling Agency said I’d never make it in any of those jobs,” I replied.

Phil sighed before saying, “She said something like ‘Kate, you’re too much woman for modelling or films. Too tall, too developed and too overt’, didn’t she?”

I nodded, and he added, “That was the thinking in the nineties, Kate. The modelling standard was Kate Moss, the waif-thin, anorexic-looking almost child. Luckily, we’re past that ridiculous phase. Kate, you’re a sensually beautiful woman with the sexiest curves any of us have ever seen. We want to photograph that and for the world to see what we all feel —that you’re the sexiest mom on the planet!”

How could I possibly refuse their request now? Besides, both Freddy and Phil were sporting fairly large erections as they imagined me posing for them. I’m sure their fantasies involved more than ‘posing’, and my pussy tingled at the thought of what they’d do if I allowed it.

“Give me a half hour to shower and change,” I said. “Then I’m all yours.”

Freddy and Phil nodded, and I walked to my bathroom to shower. After my shower, I inspected my pelvic area. Krissy's constant waxing meant my genital area remained relatively hair-free, but I still needed my epilator to remove several recalcitrant hairs. Satisfied that if I did accidentally flash more than I intended to, I wouldn't be embarrassed by stray hairs, I dressed in my sunshine yellow Nahanee ruffle maxi dress, did my hair and makeup and made my way back to the lounge where Freddy and Phil waited.

They both stood when I walked into the room. "OMG, Kate!" Phil exclaimed. "You look hot! As in —'You is one hot biatch!'"

I wasn't surprised because I'd had to add double-sided sticky tape to my dress and nipples to prevent my dress from sliding off my shoulders and exposing my large, firm breasts. The dress had a side part that exposed my right thigh to almost its hip joint. I needed to be careful when I sat because the dress fell apart and would reveal that I'd gone pantyless.

Freddy had arrived at my place with Phil, so I somehow found myself in Phil's car's backseat, heading for their photography studio. When we got there, Phil had me relax and wander around their studio. He said I should 'strike a pose' whenever I felt relaxed and comfortable. Whatever that pose was was up to me. They took several pictures as I strolled around the studio. I wasn't comfortable at first, but when I decided to flirt with the boys and ignore their cameras, I completely relaxed and got into it.

I began by strutting across the room with an exaggerated hip sway and a slight heel lift that caused a bounce in my step and set my shapely bosom jiggling. Next, I stopped several times and cocked my right leg so that my long, toned legs were displayed sexily. Then I spread my feet wide and, with my legs straight, bent at the waist. The dress clung to my curvy ass, and the extra stretch on the fabric turned it almost translucent. It also made it clear that I wasn't wearing panties!

The boys were appreciative and generous with their praise for how I looked and how sexy my poses were, but then came the request I knew was coming from the moment they'd asked me to model for them.

"Can we get some more risqué shots, do you think, Kate?" Phil asked.

“What do you want?” I coquettishly answered.

“Would you let the spaghetti straps ‘accidentally’ fall off your shoulders and onto your upper arms, then repeat your strutted walk?”

I knew the result of that was that even with the tape holding the breast cups to my nipples, the dress would slide off my big breasts and show my rock-hard nipples. When I began flirting with Phil and Freddy, I noticed they’d both developed tented trouser fronts. Their arousal was so blatantly obvious that I’m sure their penises must have been uncomfortable in their pants. Of course, that thought led me to fantasise about kneeling before them and releasing their pent-up energy. I was so aroused that I could feel the moisture on my inner thighs.

However, I didn’t want to appear too needy or easy, so I asked, “If you take those pictures and post them on your website, someone will recognise me and tell my husband. Even if he is okay with it, which I doubt, it would have ramifications for his new business.”

“Yeah,” Freddy snickered, unawarely adjusting his cock to be more comfortable. “John will have a mile-long queue of men wanting to book an investment consultation with his sexy secretary. Each one with the fantasy of making love to you on your desk!”

I tittered because that image struck me as a great way to repay John for rejecting me. His joke informed me that word of John’s and my troubles hadn’t gotten out of our family yet.

Phil broke in smoothly, “Kate, the first series of photos we’ll use for our website. The next set is for my and Freddy’s personal collection. If you pardon my crudity, we’ll use these to fantasise and masturbate over.”

I liked the thought these two handsome, muscular and virile young men would masturbate over me. I was even more excited at the idea that despite Phil living and having sex with Mistress Siobhan and his sister, both of whom were exceptionally beautiful young women, he’d still fantasise and jerk off to my images.

Phil had moved to sit on the couch. I was nervously pacing as I considered if I should grant their request. Plus, I worried about even more salacious photos of me existing and what it would mean if either Phil or Freddy ‘accidentally’ released them or posted them on their website. Tommy had told me that they’d created an eighteen-plus gallery so they could advertise some of the more risqué picture shoots they’d done. I protested, but he assured me that none of my or Krissy’s photos were posted on there.

As I paced past Phil for the fourth time, he reached out, grabbed my wrist and pulled me onto his lap. I sat on a very large, extremely stiff erection. Phil’s lips found mine, and his tongue probed along my lips, insisting on entrance. Simultaneously, his hand slid inside my dress and cupped my large, firm breast. When his thumb strummed my thick nipple, I moaned, and Phil’s tongue snaked into my mouth.

I felt hands on my inner thighs, pressing them apart. I let them fall open, and Freddy blew softly on my clit before he sucked that juicy nub into his mouth. Phil slid my dress straps off my shoulders and pulled the tape off my nipples before he sucked the left one into his mouth and bit gently.

I couldn’t help myself, my right hand found the back of Freddy’s head, and I lifted my hips to mash my pussy against his lips. At the same time, I cupped Phil’s head and arched my back, trying to push more of my breast into his sucking, swirling mouth.

Phil gently pushed me onto my knees on the ground before him. Knowing what he wanted, my eyes hooded, and I groaned as I quickly fished his big, thickly erect cock out of his trousers and devoured it. Freddy tugged my dress down until it slipped off my hips and down my legs. Then he spread my curvy ass cheeks and softly tongued my entrance, discovering the wetness already pooling there.

“Why, Mrs Muggleton,” he chuckled. “I believe you want this as much as we do!”

In reply, I pulled Phil’s trousers down to fully release his impressive tool as I pushed my pussy back at Freddy. I could tell that Phil wanted me to blow him, but I felt sluttier than that, so when I got his trousers off, I knelt astride

his thighs, reached behind me, and guided his aching, throbbing, thick member into me. I slid down his long pole until it bottomed out in my pussy. I'd barely managed to fit it all in before its tip hit my cervix. As you all know, I love that sensation, so I moaned again as I felt Phil's cock press against it.

Freddy still knelt behind me, not moving. "Get naked, Freddy," I demanded. "I want to suck your cock, then it's going in my ass."

"Gawd!" The boys moaned.

Freddy swiftly stripped, stood on the sofa and proffered his stiff, nicely sized cock to my lips. Freddy wasn't a slouch in the cock-size department but wasn't as long or thick as most of the cocks I'd taken recently, so I believed he'd fit in my tight ass perfectly. Sucking Freddy's cock into my mouth, I began slowly bouncing up and down on Phil's rock-hard cock.

I revelled in having the two cocks in me, but Phil's shirt prevented skin-on-skin contact. Unluckily for him, it was a button-up, so I grabbed it and tore it apart, sending buttons flying everywhere. Letting Freddy's cock out of my mouth momentarily, I arched my back and bent my neck. Then I bit Phil's pec as hard as possible before growling, "Stick your beautiful cock in my ass, Freddy. Make me the biggest slut you know!"

Freddy moved behind me and knelt. He spread my ass cheeks and tongued my little chocolate star. Then he wet two fingers in his mouth and gently inserted the first. Noting it slid in easily, he squatted and positioned his throbbingly erect penis on my rosebud.

"Take me, Freddy," I demanded. "Stop pussy footing around and jam that big thing into me!"

The boys chuckled at my pronouncement, but Freddy obeyed, forcing himself balls deep into my ass in one swift thrust.

"Gawd!" I groaned, delighting in being twice filled with real cocks for only the second time.

It took a bit of time before the boys figured out a rhythm, but work it out, they did, and they were soon thrusting forcefully into me. Freddy, of a necessity, set the pace. When he pulled back, I'd lift with him and ride up Phil's long and thick cock. Then, when Freddy thrust into me, I'd let him drive me forcefully onto Phil's pubic bone. The paired sensations of my clit hitting Phil's pubis as his cock's head struck my cervix sent me careering through numerous back-to-back orgasms.

All were relatively mild, though, until Phil took my thick nipples between his fists and forefingers and pulled and tweaked them hard. Simultaneously, Freddy smacked my right hip and growled, "We're going to fill your slut holes with cum, Kate. Scream for us as you orgasm on our cocks!"

His sudden, unexpected dominance, combined with the sharp pain substitution, crashed me over the edge of my climax's precipice. I obeyed his command by screaming through an intense orgasm as I felt their cocks erupt inside me. I climaxed so hard that I momentarily passed out and sagged onto Phil's chest.

I came to still lying on Phil, but my love holes were empty of cocks. I lifted my head and smiled at Phil before offering my lips for a kiss. He lovingly held me as we kissed. Our kiss turned passionate when I felt his cock stirring against my perineum. Smiling again, I kissed down his body until I could take his quickly stiffening cock into my mouth. I got him hard in time for Freddy to return with a washer and some lube.

He grinned when he saw me looking at him. "We didn't dare dream you'd accept anal sex, Kate," he explained. "But, in case you want to go again, I got some lube from the supply cupboard."

I did want to go again. So far, I'd only taken medium-sized cocks in my rear love hole, and I wanted to see what a bigger one felt like in there. Phil was only a little longer and thicker than my son, so I was confident I could take him. Rather than answer Freddy, I held my hand out. He took the hint and placed the bottle in my hand. Then he knelt behind me and carefully cleaned my abused ass.

He then briefly left to rinse the facecloth and to ensure his cock was meticulously clean. I knew he expected to have my pussy this time, and I wouldn't deny him. When he returned, I let Phil's magnificent cock out of my mouth and coated it liberally with lube. Then I reached between my shapely thighs and smeared some across my tiny star.

Satisfied I was as ready as I could be, I stood and swung a foot over Phil's reclined body and then squatted. Phil, helpfully, held his cock so its head pointed at the ceiling. When I was low enough, I took it in my hand and guided it onto my little rosebud. I took a deep breath and exhaled, slowly lowering myself onto Phil's extensive protuberance.

When the head of Phil's cock hit my knot, I remembered what Yolanda had told me and pushed as if I was trying to expel Phil's cock and then relaxed and sank down. I grunted as Phil's glans split my knot but felt no real pain, only a divine feeling of fullness. I kept lowering myself until my curvy ass pressed against his abdomen. Then I pulled my legs out from under me and reclined onto him with my knees well spread.

Freddy took the hint and climbed carefully between my legs. Phil hadn't spread his legs, so I closed mine before tucking my toes under his calves and pulling them apart as I respread my shapely thighs. Freddy placed his left foot beside Phil's and my hip. Then he knelt on his right knee. Lowering his hips, he cupped his balls to hold them off Phil's and guided himself into my hot, wet and tight cunt.

This sexual journey was on the boys. I was nothing more than a passenger on their sex train. Freddy's lips caressed mine as he delicately slid his tongue along them, asking for entrance. When I softly moaned, he slipped his tongue into my mouth and touched it to mine. As we kissed, Phil forced his hands between our bodies and began mauling my luscious breasts, and I was soon on the crest of another intense orgasmic event.

This time, it seemed the boys were in no hurry to climax because they forcefully pumped me for what seemed like an age. They drove me to several petite orgasms, which I enjoyed immensely, but I hadn't gotten what I needed to leap off my cliff yet. Once again, Freddy intuited what I

required to climax truly. He growled, “Cum for me, you dirty, cock-in-the-ass loving slut! Cum for me, and I’ll fill your slut cunt with man juice!”

Although I could mostly control it now, that word in this circumstance still worked as it had since Edgar implanted it. As soon as he said ‘slut’ my orgasm blew me apart. My screams and swiftly clenching sphincters set the boys off, and they roared as they blasted cock juice into my twin love holes.

When we came down, Freddy carefully helped me and guided me into the adjoining room, where I saw a good-sized shower. The three of us fitted comfortably, and the boys gently and lovingly cleaned me. The sensations of their firm, gentle hands on my breasts, ass and pussy made me hot again, so I turned my rounded, sexy ass to first Phil and then Freddy and let them fuck me until I climaxed and they came inside me. I knelt in the water and tried to bring their cocks back to life. Freddy managed to stiffen enough for me to have him spurt into my eager mouth, but Phil was done for the day.

After our showers, the boys helped me into numerous poses, all showing my pussy, ass or breasts to their best advantage. Of course, posing for these naked, muscular, young and virile men made me hot and wet again.

Phil chuckled and joked, “We should have brought reinforcements, Freddy. The two of us are not enough man for one, Mrs Kate Muggleton!”

I tittered but was happy when the boys took turns to use their mouths, tongues and fingers to bring me to several more orgasms. I left for home late that day feeling happy, satisfied, satiated, sexy and desired. I was sure if the boys asked me to ‘pose’ for them again, I’d be glad to oblige!

I got home in time to cook dinner for my children. Tommy teasingly asked if he should ask Phil what happened in their photo studio today, but I giggled his question away. Krissy was blatantly curious about her brother’s question, but thankfully, she didn’t ask any questions. Not that I thought she’d have a problem with what I’d done, but I had to have some secrets, surely!

After dinner, we found a pair of movies on Netflix we all wanted to watch and shared a bottle of wine as we watched. At bedtime, Tommy and Krissy

insisted on joining me in bed again. I knew it was because they loved me and wanted to support me, but after all the loving I'd had earlier that day, I didn't feel like any more. However, having my daughter suckling on my nipples as her brother tongued my pussy soon reignited my libido, and we enjoyed several mutual orgasms before we slept.

Sunday was quiet. Tommy was out with the boys, and Gina and Krissy had work. John and I were financially viable enough to have paid for her studies and given her a sizeable allowance, but my daughter preferred the independence of earning her own income. A position John and I supported and encouraged. I believe it was one of the big reasons neither of our kids are typical spoiled rich kids.

However, the silence, which, when my marriage was on a solid footing, never bothered me, I found grating. I completed the cleaning tasks I'd put aside to accompany Phil and Freddy, but that only took me to mid-morning. I called Kath's number, but it went to her voicemail. Of course, being the weekend, she'd be busy at the TV studio, but I'd hoped to at least chat for a few moments. Finding myself at a loss for what to do, I called Mom. She immediately picked up on my distress and said she was on her way.

Around thirty minutes later, Mom walked in the door, "Put something pretty on, Kaitlyn," she announced. "Where going out for lunch."

I swiftly showered and changed, dressing conservatively in deference to my mother, and we were out the door. Mom drove to Red Hill, where she'd heard good things about a recently opened café called Gramp's Café. I immediately fell in love with the café's mismatched furniture and kitschy décor. The owners were happy, friendly and welcoming. Mom suggested we try the savoury mince and egg breakfast, even though it was lunchtime. It proved to be an inspired selection because the dish was delicious. Even their 'small' serving was too much for me, though Mom devoured all of hers before picking at mine.

"That's why you're a size sixteen while I'm a twenty-two," Mom tittered as she picked at my meal's remains.

“You need to get your weight under control, Mom,” I said quietly. “If you get your weight down to where it should be, I’m sure Yvette and Mary will follow suit, and that would be the best for all of you.”

“You’re right, Kate,” Mom admitted. “Now I’m in my sixties, my joints ache. My doctor insists I need to lose the weight before he even considers looking at new knees or hips for me.”

“Are they that bad, Mom?” I kidded. “You seem to be still able to get on your knees and suck Dad’s cock!”

“Cheeky!” Mom teased back. “But I don’t need to do that very often now that you and my granddaughter visit more regularly!”

“Thanks for helping Krissy, Mom. I had plans to get John to deflower her, but since my rape, they’re all blown apart.”

Mom squeezed my hand, “His and your fathers are working on him, Kaitlyn. The last Mark and I spoke about it, John had admitted that carrying on with his secretary as he had put him in no position to be critical of or judge you.”

“You warned me, Mom,” I sighed. “You told me never to let John catch me with another man when I married because he’d divorce me. You trained me to understand he’d have many lovers but that I should remain faithful to him only. And if I were to have an affair, to ensure I was never caught. Well, Frank fucking Pritchard and his tiny four-inch dick has ruined my marriage, but the real cause is Edgar releasing my slutty, incestuous desires. Before my session with him, I’d had exactly one cock inside me —John’s.”

“And now you’ve had what? Thirty-six, didn’t you say?”

I felt no need to admit that my number of lovers had increased to forty, but I thought I did need to correct Mom on how many cocks I’d had inside me. “I’ve had sex with almost as many women as men since my first session,” I answered primly.

“And that makes it better, Kaitlyn?” Mom asked with her eyebrow arched.

Sighing, I admitted, “No,” and then apologised for minimising my indiscretions.

Mom squeezed my hand again and said, “It’ll be okay, Kate. John loves you. We just have to get him to pull his head out of his ass and remember that he does.” She looked thoughtful for a moment before asking, “How did your first counselling session go?”

I grinned and said that I’d taken her advice and opened fire on his many indiscretions. She laughed and asked what the therapist had said about that. I said he was shocked, of course, but he hadn’t offered any judgment except to say it was unusual that a wife in that situation would only complain because of her husband’s hypocrisy, not because of his many affairs.

“When do you see him next?” Mom asked.

“Every Thursday for a minimum of four sessions. More if we or the therapist believe we need them.”

“Want to come and spend the days with me between now and then?” Mom offered.

“Can I play it by ear and call or come over if I find myself at a loss like I did today?” I countered.

“Of course, baby girl,” Mom replied, patting my hand and causing me to tear up because that’s how I regularly addressed my daughter.

After we’d finished our coffees, we went to The Broncos Leagues Club, which was just up the road from the café. I found poker machines boring, but Mom enjoyed feeding coins into the slots until they’d run out, which was nearly always the case. I got us a glass of Riesling each and sat and chatted with her as she fed the pokie. It was nice because we chatted more like sisters or friends than mother and daughter as we’d typically do. I’d always known my mother was a funny and articulate woman, but I discovered she had an earthy sense of humour, and I suspected she’d had many more lovers than Simon, who I’d caught her with.

Eventually, the constant noise from the machine irritated me, so I refreshed our drinks but returned to sit at the bar to drink mine. I'd barely sat down when a tall, muscly man sat beside me. He looked vaguely familiar, but I couldn't quite place him. He got his drink, a premium beer from Holland, turned to me, and said, "Hello, Mrs Muggleton. Nice to see you here. How's John?"

When he spoke, my memory offered up a name —Ben Beverly, a teammate from my husband's playing days. Unlike my husband, Ben had had a successful NRL (National Rugby League) career, playing over two hundred games for the Brisbane Broncos and representing Queensland in the annual State of Origin series several times. I looked him over and quickly ascertained that, like my husband, he'd kept himself in prime physical shape since ending his playing career.

I told him that John was well but wasn't with me today. He asked if I was here alone, but I pointed to where my mother sat and said I was with her. Ben smiled and said, "Shame!" but quickly stated he was teasing. I didn't think he was, but I chose not to call him on it. We chatted for close to another thirty minutes, with Ben lightly flirting the whole time. I wasn't concerned by it and felt no reciprocal attraction, so I let it wash off my back like a duck with water.

He saw my mother cashing out her machine, so he quickly said, "Kate, you're the hottest woman I've ever met. If you ever want to play, call me. I'm on the coaching staff here, so call here."

He reached an imploring hand towards me, but that's when I saw the white line and indentation from where his wedding ring should have sat. Moving back, I sneered, "Phone you here so I don't get the little woman at home, right? Rack off, you sleazebag!"

Blushing, Ben backed away, mumbled an apology, and bolted out the door.

"What was that about, Kate?" Mom asked when she reached me.

"A married sleazebag ex-teammate of John's that asked me to play with him."

Mom giggled before saying, He looked pretty hot and was in good shape. Shame he wasn't honest with you because married men, when you too are married, are the safest to play with!"

"Elizabeth Ann Shephard, I think you may not be as sweetly innocent as you've always had me believe!" I mock growled as I grinned.

"You saw and played with me with Simon, Kate. I'm fairly certain you knew he wasn't my first! And, no, I'm not admitting to more than that!"

Giggling, with our arms interlinked, we walked to the carpark, got into Mom's car and drove back to my home.

Monday morning, John, as he'd promised, came home. The kids made themselves absent, and I made John breakfast. I did scrambled eggs and bacon on toast for him before making a strawberry smoothie for myself. John was silent but watched me as I moved around the kitchen preparing our breakfasts. I felt his eyes riveted to my sexy, curvy ass when I bent over to load our breakfast things into the dishwasher. When I turned back, I was pleased to see that John sported a semi-hardon.

I stood before him, waiting to see what he wanted. He tried to say something a few times before he hitched a sob and opened his arms. I rushed across and melted into them. "I love you, Kate," John sobbed. "I'm sorry I'm being unreasonable, but I can't stop closing my eyes and see you with someone else's cock in your mouth or pussy. It's driving me around the bend."

I desperately wanted to remind him how many times I'd had to put up with that reality, but I knew it would only drive the wedge separating us deeper. Instead, I squeezed him tighter and remained silent. It seemed the right thing to do because John's arms wrapped around me tighter, and he kissed my cheek softly. "I love you, Kate," he repeated.

I tilted my head back and kissed his lips lightly, "You are my world, John," I told him. "Without you, life has no meaning. I'm sorry what happened to me has hurt you, and I will do anything I can to make you love me like you did before it happened. Please come home, I miss you."

“Probably after we meet with the marriage counsellor on Thursday, Kate,” John said. “Will you give me until then?”

“You have until you tell me you don’t want to stay married, John. I never wanted you to move out.”

“I have to get my head straight, my love,” John stated. “Our fathers have diligently beat my head for mistreating you. I’m getting there, but I need more time.”

Deciding to change subjects, I asked, “How’s your new business going?”

Again, I seemed to have picked the correct subject because John’s face glowed as he said he’d brought in twelve new clients, four of whom had portfolios exceeding ten million dollars and all with investments totalling at least a million dollars.

“I’ll need you to start answering phones and scheduling my appointments soon, Kate. Are you ready to come to work?”

“I think it will be difficult for us to work together before we sort out our differences,” I carefully said. “But, if you need me, I’m here for you.”

“I’ll always need you, Kate,” John said. “I’m struggling to tell you that at the moment, though.”

My heart sang because I thought that my mom and dad were right. John would eventually get past his mental block, and our marriage would be strong again. However, I admitted to myself I doubted I was ever giving up my slutty, incestuous ways. I was having way too much fun to want to stop. I’d need to be discreet, though, just as my mother had said. Her marriage was still strong after over forty years, and it certainly didn’t include marital fidelity, as I’d blatantly observed!

John and I held each other for a long time, and I was pleased when I felt his erection growing against my tummy. However, I wasn’t ready for him to take me to bed until he admitted his hypocrisy, so I offered coffee and broke our embrace. John sighed unhappily but let me go.

When the coffee maker began spitting out its brew, I asked, “Where are you sleeping tonight?”

“I’m assuming with you is out of the question?” he asked glumly.

“You moved my stuff out of our marital bedroom, John,” I gently pointed out. “Disposed of me like I was yesterday’s trash. That hurt, John. More so that you did it when I wasn’t even home and without asking me first. If you’d said you wanted to sleep separately, I wouldn’t have liked it, but I would have accepted it. What you did reeks of cowardice, John. I never thought I married a coward. Are you?”

“I acted from my hurt and pain, Kate,” John tried to explain. “I realise that I was wrong now.”

“I think we should sleep apart at least until after Thursday’s meeting with our counsellor. What do you think?”

John sighed again but admitted I was right. He asked if it was okay with him moving back into our home, and I said, “It’s your home, John. I never wanted you to move out, nor did I want to sleep apart. You made those decisions. I’m only reacting to what you did. Kicking me out of our bedroom hurt, John. Abandoning me when I desperately needed you hurt even more. Refusing to talk to or acknowledge me was worse still. But I love you, John. I’ve loved you since fifth grade. You’re the only man I’ve ever wanted to be with, to be married to.”

John said he had his things in his car and, assuming I was okay with it, he’d move them back into the house now. Of course, I let him, but when he returned to the kitchen, I said, “Your children are angry with you, John. They’ve been sleeping in the guestroom with me every night, so don’t be surprised if they give you the cold shoulder and stay with me in those rooms.”

Looking grim, John said, “I’ve made a royal mess of things, haven’t I?”

I nodded but felt no need to rub his nose further into his errors, so I stayed silent. We sat on our stools, drinking coffee. There was a physical distance

between us, but I felt we were mentally and emotionally close again for the first time since I'd confessed what happened with Frank and his mates. Not where we were before, but the ice in our relationship had begun melting, and I believed we'd get past our problems.

John stated he had numerous phone calls to make to ensure his clients were happy and to drum up more business, so he kissed and hugged me again before walking to his office above our garage. I took today's developments as a sign that I should complete my registration for my business degree. Now that I had my USI (Unique Student Identifier), I finished the sign-up quickly and received my first course materials.

My initial subjects were designed to transition me back into an educational state of mind. I began working through them, and considering it had been twenty years since I'd done any formal study, I was surprised by how easily schoolwork came back to me. I completed the first module before lunch and passed the test at the end with a perfect score.

After I'd completed that module, I logged out of the computer and made lunch for John and me — a steak sandwich with oven fries for him and a pulled chicken salad for me, and took it across to John's office. When I got there, John was on the phone but smiled happily and gestured that I should sit with him as we ate. He completed the call, and I encouraged John to share his work with me using the skills my parents had insisted I learned — how to ask insightful questions so my husband knew I was interested in his career.

The rest of the day passed uneventfully, and later, for the first time since John returned from Sydney, my whole family sat down to a shared meal. Because I had an abundance of beef mince and cheese, I'd prepared a shepherd's pie. As the pie baked, I wrapped corn cobs in tinfoil after seasoning them with butter, salt and pepper and placed them beside it. When the pie was nearly done, I made a mixed salad of lettuce, spinach leaves, diced pears, walnuts and cheese.

My family sat at the dinner table and happily chatted as we ate. The only problem was when it was time to bed, Tommy and Krissy kissed their father

goodnight and came to the guestroom with me. John looked pained but didn’t speak as we exited the lounge and went to bed.

Tuesday and Wednesday passed uneventfully. Other than not sleeping in the same bed, John and I were back to being as we usually were. I made his breakfast, lunch and dinner and performed those tasks for my children, and I kept the house immaculate as he went to work. I hadn’t had any chances to play, so other than having regular sex with my offspring, there was nothing to write about.

Thursday arrived, and I travelled with John to our therapy session. Today’s session would be two hours of intense couples therapy. We were to play the roles of speaker and then listener. In the speaking role, we had to tell our partner, without accusation or judgment, how we felt about what bothered us. When we were the listener, we didn’t have to agree with what our partner was saying, but we were to try and empathise and understand how they felt, even if we didn’t understand why.

John wanted to go first. And I had to listen to a litany of complaints about my supposed infidelity with Frank, Charlie, Tiny and Jumbo II. John stated that he felt hurt and betrayed by my ‘affair’ with those four men and that he couldn’t understand why I’d willingly have five-way sex with four men.

As instructed, I listened without comment and tried to show that I heard and understood him with my eyes and non-committal sounds. However, I couldn’t, for the life of me, understand why John continued to insist I’d willingly gone with Frank and his friends. His son, his son’s two best mates, and the police report all stated I’d been coerced into the car and taken to the house in Albion. The doctor’s report showed abrasions in my pussy and ass, indicative of forced penetration. Plus, there were confirmed marks on my wrists and lower thighs from where the chains bound me.

When John finished his part of our discussion, the therapist asked me to show my understanding of what my husband had just told me. I repeated what John had said about feeling betrayed and hurt because he believed I’d cheated on him, and indicated I understood he felt that way and acknowledged it must feel terrible. However, there was no way in hell I would confirm his thoughts because they weren’t true. Many of my

adventures would honestly give John reason to divorce me, but my experience with tiny dicked Frank and his asshole mates weren't one of them.

After showing my understanding of how my husband felt about our troubles to the counsellor's satisfaction, it was my turn to say how I saw things. As with John, I wasn't allowed to attribute anything to him. Instead, I had to tell John how his words and actions made me feel. Deciding I'd continue as I had at our last session, I let rip about John's many sexual encounters since we'd married.

Interestingly, for me at least, was that as I began to enunciate his many indiscretions, I realised they'd emotionally hurt me more than I realised. Because of my upbringing and training, I'd swept John's extramarital affairs under an emotional carpet and refused to think about them. I now realised that was what Edgar had freed me from. I no longer had to put up with my husband's many side women. I could put my foot down and insist he obey his marriage vows and 'forsake' all others. Plus, I could choose to take as many lovers as I wanted because I was sexually free.

After explaining how useless and worthless his constant cheating on me made me feel, I expressed how let down, abandoned and betrayed I felt when he rejected the evidence and accused me of having a five-way with my rapists. I wondered how he could think that when all evidence pointed to rape and extortion, including several tapes of other men and women they'd kidnapped, brought to their dungeon and raped.

John was now expected to relate back to me what I'd explained non-judgmentally, and he couldn't do it. Every time he began, he'd say things like, "You did this," or, "You said," or "You should have," and every time he did, the therapist stepped in and said his task wasn't to criticise me. It was to show he'd heard and understood how I felt.

John took a huge breath before slowly letting it out. He opened his mouth to try again, but his face crumpled, and he burst into tears. "I'm so sorry, Kate," he sobbed. "I've been self-centred and selfish. I thought you didn't care about the women I've been with because you knew it was only sex, and it was you that I truly loved."

I took his hand in mine and squeezed it, “I do forgive you your girls, John. But travelling as husband and wife for nearly half our married life with Amanda is beyond the pale.”

The therapist’s eyes widened at that, and when John tried to protest that I hadn’t said anything, Burt said, “She shouldn’t have had to, John. Come on, John. You’re a married man, and you shouldn’t have needed anyone to tell you that leaving your wife and kids at home to fend for themselves while you travelled the world and banged other women wasn’t on. Quite frankly, I’m amazed that Kate is only on your case about your hypocrisy and not demanding an instant divorce because of your many infidelities.”

John’s face crumpled again, and he began sobbing. I couldn’t hold my tears any longer and started crying, too.

“Do you want a divorce, Kate?” John sobbingly asked.

“No!” I said determinedly. “I want my husband back in my bed and arms. I want him to love me and know I would not do what he has accused me of. I want him to believe me when I say what happened, and I want him to hold me!”

John turned toward me and opened his arms. I rushed into them and felt his strong arms cradle me. I felt he loved me for the first time since he’d walked out of our en suite. As the counsellor watched and waited, we cried into each other’s shoulders for a long time.

After we’d held each other for several minutes, the counsellor gently said, “John, tell Kate how you feel.”

John sobbed and squeezed me tightly, “I love you, Kate. I’m so sorry I’ve hurt you so badly. I apologise for not believing you, and I promise to believe you now. I’ll help you through this, Kate. We all will. Tommy, Krissy, our parents, we’ll all help you to survive your rape.”

Of course, telling him that the rape didn’t bother me would be an extremely poor decision. I had, after all, phoned Frank and agreed to meet him. Plus, I’d gotten into the car willingly. During the first court case, I discovered

Frank had purposefully parked in a blind spot of the station's cameras. In my case, it worked against the three living co-conspirators because no evidence of my willingness existed. My phone call to Frank had been raised, but the prosecuting attorney explained it by pointing out Frank was blackmailing me and had threatened to post pornographic images of me on the internet.

The session ended, and we agreed to return the following Thursday to work more on restoring our marriage. The counsellor said he thought we had a good chance of returning to close to what we were, probably even closer now John knew how badly his affairs affected me because he thought John would at least stop blatantly cheating on me. As I said earlier, I wouldn't be hypocritical about it because I had no intention of quitting my incestuous, slutty adventures, though I'd be more circumspect than I've been.

We left the clinic at lunchtime, and John suggested we have lunch together. Our conversation was a little strained at first, but I made a smart-aleck comment about our waitress' ass and John openly ogling it, and he relaxed, knowing I wasn't angry with him anymore. After that, the conversation flowed, and it seemed like we'd never had a trouble in the world. I was especially encouraged when I purposefully flashed my waxed pussy at him, and I saw his thick cock jump.

I wanted John to take me to bed when we got home, but after a long, loving kiss, he sighed and said he needed to return some phone calls and put in some proposals to attract more business. I understood, kissed him lightly on his lips, and promised to have dinner ready for six-thirty.

I had more than four hours to fill in before I needed to begin dinner, so I opened my computer and started another course unit. I flew through this one, too, and scored another perfect mark for the end-of-unit test. Not long after I'd submitted it, I received a phone call from my course counsellor. She stated that she thought completing the rest of the pre-study courses, the ones designed to help me get back into an educational environment, were redundant. She told me to begin the units for my BSc in business management.

I’d gotten some sirloin steak out for our dinner. I marinated these in salt and Moroccan spice, seasoned some homemade potato wedges with all-purpose spice and put them in the oven. Finally, I got out the remains of the lettuce, spinach, pear and walnut salad I’d made earlier. Once the wedges had cooked, I seared the steaks, sliced them into slivers, and mixed them through the salad. I served this with the wedges on the side, along with sour cream and sweet chilli sauce.

We sat at the kitchen table because it was more intimate than our dining room. That table we only used if we were entertaining guests and needed to seat more than four. John sat next to me rather than across from me. I found out why quickly after when I felt his large, strong hand on my thigh. His fingers gripped my midi skirt and began slowly rucking it up. When his fingers reached the hem, he started stroking my inner thighs.

I don’t know how Tommy could possibly have known what his father was doing, but he suddenly stood and said, “Come on, Krissy. I’ve set up a corner of the garage again, and I want you to pose for me.”

John ignored him even as Krissy wonderingly followed her brother from the room. As I ate, John’s fingers stroked higher and higher. Loving the sensation, I coughed and spread my thighs so he could stroke higher. John continued to eat as he pretended to play some inane game on his phone. I acted as if I was unaware of what he was doing and chatted about his work.

John’s fingernails scraped lightly across my clitoris, and I groaned, “Lawd!” and sighed happily.

Encouraged, John rubbed my clit before sliding his index finger along my slit and dipped it into my soaking pussy.

“May I take you to bed, my love?” John asked.

Crying happily, I replied, “I feared you’d never want to again, John. Of course, you may take me to bed. You may anytime, anywhere you want!”

As he’d done on our wedding night, John swept me into his strong arms and carried me up the stairs to our bedroom. He lay me in the middle of our big

bed and helped me out of my clothes. Then he stood and swiftly disrobed. His thick cock bounced appreciatively as he climbed back onto the bed.

I sat partially up and held out my hand. John took it and allowed me to pull him on top of me. I spread my thighs and felt my man settle against me for the first time in weeks. I could feel his large member throbbing against my perineum, and I moaned, lifting my shapely hips, trying to get it inside me.

“Gawd, Kate, I’ve missed this,” John groaned as he adjusted position and slowly slid inside me.

He kept pushing until I felt his pubic bone hit mine. John held there and ground his pubis firmly against my clitoris. His lips found mine, and our tongues began the age-old love dance humans have done through the centuries. We kissed for several minutes as John ground against my clit. Eventually, it wasn’t enough for me, and my head tilted back, and I moaned as I tried desperately to push him away so I could feel his big cock stroking into me.

John chuckled as he pushed his arms under my armpits and gripped my shoulders. Pulling me down as he stroked into me, John brought me slowly along the path we knew would lead to orgasmic paradise. It was a path we’d travelled together many times, but this felt new. Felt like we were rediscovering something we’d lost.

I squeezed my pussy muscles tight as John pulled back and relaxed as he stroked back in. John’s breath became gasped and panted, but he refused to plunge any faster into me. His rhythm was maddeningly delightful. I didn’t think my orgasm would be my typical screamed one, but I knew it would rock me to my soul.

And so it proved. John groaned and said, “Cum with me, my darling Kate,” as he blasted semen into my grasping pussy.

The feeling of my husband’s thick cock spurting man juice onto my cervix sent me over the edge. As I’d thought, I didn’t scream my orgasm. Instead, I shuddered and shook as the most intense orgasm I’d ever had washed me away. I shook a final time as a last orgasmic aftershock jolted through me,

and I burst into tears. John held me lovingly, whispering sweet encouragements in my ear and telling me he loved me and wanted to be with me forever. It emotionally overwhelmed me, and I think my mind defensively shut down because I fell deeply asleep.

I woke in the position I almost always slept in. John flat on his back, gently snoring. I had my head on his shoulder, tucked under his chin, my arm and leg thrown carelessly across his body.

I lay happily as I watched John breathe. His flaccid cock was angled up to the left, but as I watched it, it twitched and began growing. Unable to resist, I took John's big balls in my hand and lowered my lips onto his lengthening penis. John moaned as I took him into my mouth but didn't awaken. I wanted to see how long I could blow him before he woke up and orgasmed into my mouth, but I quickly ascertained that he was only pretending to sleep so I'd continue sucking him off. I smiled around his cock and began to suck and bob harder and faster.

"Gawd, Kate," John moaned. "I'm going to ... uhhhhhhhhhhh!!" John came vociferously into my sucking mouth.

He pulled me up and mashed his mouth to mine. We shared a sticky French kiss before John moved to suckle my breasts. He gently rolled my left nipple between his thumb and forefinger as he sucked and nipped my right. I felt his left hand snake across my softly curved tummy and onto my clit. Then John rolled me onto my back and slid down my body. He jumped over my aching clitoris and tongued our combined secretions from my quickly flooding pussy.

"Yes, baby," I crooned as he tongued along my slit and mouthed my clitoris. Pinching my large nipples between his thumbs and forefingers, John brought me close to my peak. "In me!" I demanded. "I need you in me!"

John chuckled as he moved up and slid into my soppingly wet pussy. This wasn't the loving, reacquainting lovemaking we shared last night. This was two lovers showing their animalistic desires for each other. When John let his upper body rest on mine, I tipped my head forward and bit the top of his shoulder hard.

“Ouch!” He yelped, moving his strong hands onto my luscious breast mounds. Pushing down, John viciously mauled my tits as he began pounding into me.

I lifted my knees and wrapped my thighs around his hips, “Fuck me,” I yelled. “Show me how much you love me by making me your slut again!”

“You are my slut,” John asserted as my pussy spasmed at the word ‘slut’. “You’ll always be my dirty little, cock loving, cum slut! Now cum for me, my darling slut Kate!”

He slammed into me several more times before he thrust in as far as possible and locked into a rictus, his thick cock pressed lightly against my cervix as it erupted semen against it.

As it typically does, having my husband’s cock splashing his man juice onto my cervix sent me into paroxysms of orgasmic bliss, and I tilted my head back and screamed, “FUUUUUUUUCCCCCCCKKKKKKKKKK YEEEEEEEEEEEEEEESSSSSSSSSSSS!”

My orgasm was so wild that I bucked and shuddered so hard that John struggled to stay in me. I finally came down from my rapid climb and leap off my orgasm’s peak, and promptly burst into tears again. This time, however, they were tears of joy and happiness, not overwhelmed emotions. John held me tenderly, apologising for hurting me and telling me he loved and wanted to be with me forever. Feeling loved and relieved, I snuggled into my husband’s strong embrace and drifted back to sleep.

Chapter 10: Krissy Gets Her Wish



Hello again, readers. Kate Muggleton writing. Wow! Nine chapters in, and many people are still reading along with my adventures! If you remember,

we ended the last chapter with my husband, John, and I reconciling and making love. Our first lovemaking since our breakup was so emotionally intense that I burst into tears, and my feelings overwhelmed me, causing my mind to shut down and pitching me into sleep. We made love again the following morning, and I burst into tears again. This time from joy and happiness, not stress.

That is where we take up my story.

I slept in my husband's strong arms for close to an hour before my need to pee woke me. I tried to slip from the bed to put my nightie on and go to the main bathroom as I typically did, but John drowsily said, "For goodness sake, Kate. Use the en suite. That's what it's there for!"

Blushing, I replied, "I don't like waking you up when I use it. You complained that it woke you up when I turned the light on in there."

"Gosh, Kate," John said. "That was, what? Fifteen years ago? You mean because of one snarky comment when I hadn't slept enough, you've snuck out to use the main bathroom ever since?" I nodded, and John added, "Wow. You must think I'm an ogre or something. If I've been that bad, why have you stuck by me all these years?"

"But you haven't been bad," I denied. "You've been a fantastic husband and father to our children. My job is to ensure your needs are met, including getting enough sleep. And if that meant slipping out so the light didn't wake you, that was okay."

"All my needs, Kate?" John asked teasingly. He pulled the bedding back, exposing his swiftly lengthening cock. "Does that include all of my sexual needs?"

I couldn't help it. My eyes filled with tears, and I said, "Given how often you've looked for it elsewhere, John. Obviously, I haven't adequately met those either."

John sat up and grabbed my wrist before pulling me back onto the bed. He took me in his muscly arms and kissed my tear-stained cheek. “I’ve been an ass, Kate, but I’ll make it up to you, I swear. If you can put up with me shacking up with Amanda for all those years, I can accept you being forced by those four assholes. Death was too good for Frank! I wish he’d lived and had to endure twenty years of being made someone’s bitch in prison!”

I burst into tears again because those words, more than any other he could have said, proved to me that he now thought Frank and his cohorts had forced me.

“Shh, baby,” John whispered as he stroked my hair and face. “I love you, and we’ll be good again. Better than before, I believe, because we’ll explore together instead of apart.”

I momentarily wondered about that statement. Did it mean, as I suspected it might, that John wanted us to play with others together? Or did he mean he would be home more often, so we’d be together more? Either way, I was happy!

We cuddled for a while before I offered to make breakfast. John immediately agreed but insisted I shower with him before I did, so I relieved myself and joined him in the shower. In there, he surprised me again by sitting on the shower floor and tonguing my pussy. Typically, it would be me who knelt and serviced him. After he’d brought me off, he dressed in business casual whilst I threw my long robe over my shoulders and tied the sash tight.

When we walked into the kitchen, our kids sat together at the breakfast bar, smiling. They said nothing but insisted John and I sit as they made breakfast. As I’ve mentioned before, I’m usually careful with my breakfast and lunch meals to ensure I don’t put on any weight. Going with less then means I can relax and enjoy my evening meal, which was something I enjoyed doing. Making and serving a delicious evening meal and then sitting around the dining table with my family and/or friends as we ate, laughed, joked and teased was the highlight of my day.

However, Krissy and Tommy made Belgian waffles with caramelised bananas, strawberries, whipped cream and ice cream, all covered with our choice of sweet sauce. I chose strawberry, while John had chocolate. A large pot of brewed coffee was placed at our elbows, and the kids served us both. We had a great morning. Plenty of chats, laughs, giggles and teasing. And plenty of hugs and kisses between John and me. We only stopped when John said he needed to go to his office and make the phone calls to bring his customers up to date with their portfolios and discuss what should happen next.

Tommy headed to his club for possibly the last time. He'd have a final interview with the coach and player management staff and then pack his locker up if it was over. Krissy went to uni to meet with her study group, which meant I'd be alone again.

However, when he stood, John suggested I bring my laptop and follow him. Curious, I held his hand as we walked across to the garage and up the internal stairs to his office. For clients, there was a set of stairs and an external door. The builders had done the preliminary work to install a small, open-air elevator so the office would have disabled access, but it wasn't active yet.

When we walked inside, I gasped. A small counter now graced the area immediately inside the entranceway. Behind that was an expansive desk with room for two. I could see spaces for two large PCs that I assumed John would link.

"Room for you and Krissy," John smiled. "The computers should be here Monday morning. The broadband is already in with the modem there," he pointed under the desk, "the computer guy I've hired to set it all up will only need to plug it into the internet router. The cable here was split off the one running to our house, so it's fibre-optic the whole way. Internet speeds here should be as fast as in the house. That means we'll get our market updates swiftly and have no problems accessing our customer's files."

I looked around, amazed. Then my husband grinned again and said, "In the meantime, I've boosted the Wi-Fi signal from the house, so you'll have good coverage wherever you are in here. Why don't you man the phones

and begin working on your degree? Plus, we may have some clients visit. If we do, I'll get you to greet them and offer tea, coffee or a cold drink before you bring them across and introduce them to me."

"I'll need to change and do my makeup," I gushed and walked towards the door quickly.

"Kate?" John called before I reached the door. I turned back. "Wear something really sexy. No panties or bra, okay? If they're males only, feel free to flirt and/or flash them."

Dumfounded, I stared at my husband. John loved me flirting, but previously, if I'd shown too much flesh, he'd swiftly drag me home or upstairs and correct my behaviour.

John grinned wider, "Just do it, my little Kate slut."

I bit my lip and groaned as the typical tingle I felt between my toned and shapely thighs when my husband was close instantly blazed into an inferno of desire. I raced to my bedroom and showered quickly before opening my walk-in robe. I wanted something appropriate for a professional workspace but would knock my husband's socks off. I thought I had the right outfit, but I couldn't remember if I'd clicked 'buy' or dumped the cart before I logged out.

Luckily, I found it still in the box it had arrived in. It was a black and white Privé Hounds Tooth crossover bodycon dress. The crossover vee left vast expanses of my inner breast mounds exposed, and the skirt part of the dress clung to my gorgeous curves, ending barely past my panty line. I'd have to be careful not to slump because, if I did, the Vee would sag open, exposing my luscious breasts. Plus, I'd need to keep my knees tightly together to prevent flashing my sweet little pussy to anyone standing before me.

I didn't typically wear nylons, but I thought they were appropriate for office wear, so I carefully pulled on a sheer dark grey pair. I paired them with my black, patent leather 5-inch pumps. Satisfied I'd met my husband's 'sexy' requirement, I did my hair and makeup before taking my contacts out and donning a pair of designer eyeglasses.

I haven’t mentioned wearing contacts before, have I, readers? Well, a woman has to have some secrets. The truth is, without my glasses or contacts, I’d barely see the cock before me!

When I returned to John’s office, he was on the phone with a client, but when I walked in, his voice faltered, and his mouth hung agape. He swallowed twice before he could continue his conversation. To further tease him, when I sat on my computer chair, I purposefully turned it to flash my waxed, nylons obscured pussy. John lost his sentence and had to cough again to cover his loss of words.

Opening my laptop, I logged onto the Open University website, navigated to my course and began reading the course materials. As I read, I quickly realised that this subject was much more complex than the simple ones I’d done earlier, but that they weren’t particularly difficult. I’d reached the end of the readings when the phone in front of me rang. I looked over at my husband, but he was still animatedly chatting with his client.

Taking a deep breath, I forced myself to smile, picked up the phone and cheerfully said, “Muggleton Consultancy. Kate Muggleton speaking, how may I help you?”

“May I speak with John, please?” The man on the other end of the phone said.

“John’s on another call at this time,” I replied. “May I take your number and get him to call you back?”

“You have the sexiest voice, Kate,” the man said. “Are you John’s wife or daughter?”

“I’m not sure that matters, Sir,” I answered. “Would you like me to have John call you back?”

The man chuckled and said, “Have John call me back. Nothing urgent. I have a chance to buy some shares from a disgruntled former employee of a large manufacturing company. I’d like John’s opinion about the value of

those shares and where he thinks they're going. My name is Rex Mossop. John will know the number."

"He's off the phone now, Mister Mossop. Would you like me to transfer you through?"

We didn't actually have a switchboard, just three phones connected to the same number. We had 'call waiting' to cover a second call, but any more than that would receive a 'busy' signal.

"Yes, please, Kate," Rex requested.

I covered the mouthpiece with my hand and said, "Rex Mossop for you."

John nodded and picked his extension up. Trying to understand what my husband did, I avidly listened to John's end of the conversation. During the first part of the conversation, my husband ensured the shares were legal to buy and that no 'insider trading' was occurring. After he'd confirmed the trade was legal, John's fingers flew over his keyboard as he ran some complicated checks and algorithms, trying to establish the shares' trajectory.

After nearly five minutes of entering figures and information, as he chatted with his client, John announced he thought the shares were a good medium-term investment, meaning Mister Mossop should hold them for twelve to eighteen months before unloading them.

John hung up, and another call came through. John looked at me expectantly, so I answered as I had earlier. This call was from the contractor checking the NBN cables were ready for him to install the new computers, printers and modems. John had said they were, so I felt confident confirming his installation schedule.

"This is already much better, Kate," John acknowledged. "I'm getting way more done with you answering the phones. Would you like to man the office for me from nine to five every weekday? At the moment, I have to redirect the office phones to my mobile when I'm out of the office. It would be much better to have you answering them and taking messages. Then, if

there’s anything urgent, you can call or message me, and I’ll get right back to them.”

Of course, I was happy to help out, but I didn’t want my housework to fall behind, so John agreed that I could redirect the office phone to his mobile when I needed to clean or do other household chores.

Towards 3:30 pm, for some reason, John seemed jumpy. I figured out why when Kath and Mike walked in just before the close of business at five.

“Hello, gorgeous!” Kath gushed as she rushed around the counter and jumped into my lap. We exchanged a fierce hug and soft lip kiss, as we always did.

“What brings you here, babe?” I asked as I casually groped her firm ass.

“Your husband phoned Mike and said he’d gotten his head together and asked if we wanted to join you and him to celebrate.”

“Oh?” I teased. “I thought you were finally turning over your and Mike’s ill-gotten gains for us to hide from the taxman.”

“John, unfortunately, is the one honest investment broker in Australia, Kate,” Kath teased back. “He’s looked after our investment portfolio for years, as you well know, and we have no complaints about our returns!”

“Let’s shut up shop and send the phones to the answering service,” John suggested. “We’ll go to the main building, get a bottle of wine, order some takeaway and celebrate Kate’s and my reconciliation.”

Something was going on here. I could feel it, but I couldn’t figure out what. I knew Kath’s sexuality had suddenly blossomed since our weekend together, but I didn’t think she would have said anything to Mike about her and my adventures, and I seriously doubted she’d mention her D/s relationship with Rick. However, spending time with Mike and Kath was always enjoyable, so I quickly agreed. I shut down my laptop and turned off the phones. That meant they’d immediately go to the message bank, and John could get them tomorrow.

As we walked to the lounge, John whispered, “I told Tommy and Krissy to stay away until at least 2:00 am, Kate. So, go with the flow tonight, okay?”

“What have you got planned, Mister?” I asked.

“Just remember that you are my slut, Kate,” John demanded.

Of course, that word meant my pussy was instantly tingling, and I could feel moisture pooling between my pussy lips.

Kath and I went to the kitchen and got our men beers. I called our local Chinese takeaway shop and ordered a selection of meals along with plenty of special fried rice. Then Kath and I joined the men in the lounge. I walked towards John initially, but Kath took my hand and pushed me towards her husband.

I looked at her and then my husband confusedly, but John indicated with his eyes that I should sit with Mike.

I wondered again what the heck was going on, but I followed what John wanted and sat beside Mike. When I sat, Mike wrapped his strong arm around me. “It’s good to see you and John are happy together again, Kate,” he said. “John and I have arranged some surprises for tonight. Trust us, okay? All of us, John, Kath, and I, want this, but it might shock you. Hang in there, okay?”

Now, I was totally confused, but I trusted my two best friends and my husband, of course, so I said nothing. As I mulled over what could be happening, the front doorbell rang. I checked my phone and thought the Chinese delivery was fast, but I got up to answer the door.

Instead of a delivery guy, Rick and Siobhan stood at the door. They were both dressed as Bdsm dominants. Siobhan wore an outfit similar to what she wore at The Chateaux when we played. Rick was similarly dressed, except he had on the black leather pants he wore when I saw him at Kath’s place.

“Hello, slut Kate,” they chorused when I opened the door.

I controlled my now instinctual response to being called a slut and greeted them. Wondering what my husband had set up, I escorted Siobhan and Rick to our lounge. To my shock, Mike and Kath both slid off the sofa onto their knees.

“Hello, Master Rick, Mistress Siobhan,” they intoned as they took up submission position number one.

“Strip,” Rick demanded.

Mike and Kath stood long enough to divest their clothing before retaking their submissive position. I was amazed that Mike had removed all hair except what grew on his head. Kath had removed her pubic hair, but she’d regularly done that, so I wasn’t as amazed.

Siobhan had an amused expression on her face as she watched me observe the interaction between Rick, Mike and Kath. Then she assumed a severe mien and said what Rick had. “Strip,” she demanded.

I laughed, but that quickly cut off when John stood and disrobed before taking up the first submissive position.

“John!” I gasped. “What are you doing?”

“Siobhan will explain, Kate,” John said, keeping his eyes on the ground.

“Kate, my slutty little girl,” Siobhan crooned. “Get on your knees before I take my cane to your sexy ass!”

Siobhan’s voice held so much power and command that I didn’t hesitate. I dropped my dress and nylons to the floor, which was all the clothing that I wore, and knelt beside my husband.

“Good slut,” Siobhan praised. Then she explained, “After Kath’s four days with you, she started asking me questions about what it was like to be a Dominatrix. I quickly elicited from her that you and her were intimate. However, I also swiftly established that although Kath could joyfully and willingly have sex with you, she wasn’t bisexual or a lesbian. Rick and I

have been friends and mentors for years. I recommended Rick to Kath as a suitable dominant for her to explore with.

“Unfortunately, Rick has, shall we say, better morals than I. I couldn’t care less if my play partner is married or not, but Rick will not play with a married woman unless her husband is aware and forgiving of the relationship or an active participant. Rick is also one hundred percent bisexual, coupling with men and women with equal fervour.

“When he insisted that to become Kath’s mentor, she needed her husband’s permission, Kath confessed her desires to Mike. To her surprise, Mike admitted to bisexual fantasies, mostly involving your husband, and admitted he wanted to try submitting to someone.

“Their first time submitting as a couple was to me. However, in the review we three had afterwards, Kath said the sex between her and me wasn’t as satisfactory as she’d hoped. With Mike’s approval, I asked Rick to meet and chat with them. They set up a session the following day, and Mike watched Kath submit to Rick and take his cock in her three love holes. As Rick fucked her, Mike orgasmed twice without his cock being touched.

“After Rick had cum inside his wife’s cunt, Mike asked if he could suck Rick off. Rick made Mike clean his cum out of Kath’s pussy first. Then he allowed Mike to blow him. It turns out that Mike loves sucking cock, and Rick tells me he’s terrific at it!”

My husband broke in and said, “Don’t go getting any wrong ideas, Kate. I am not bisexual, nor do I ever wish to suck a cock. However, after those times you tied me to the bed, I’ve found I enjoy submitting to a dominant woman. Siobhan believes we both have the ability to become genuine Bdsm switches. Changing between domination and submission seamlessly.”

“When did you five work all this out?” I asked confusedly. I turned to John, “I thought you were going to leave me or force me out of the house. I mean, we weren’t even talking. Am I expected to believe you arranged all of this since our session yesterday?”

John laughed and explained, “I had to get past my hurt, Kate, but I never wanted to break up, nor did I want a divorce. But I needed to work through my visceral reaction to hearing some men had forced their cocks into you. Mike and Kath helped me with that.”

“And how did they do that, John?”

“You’ll rightfully be angry, Kate,” John answered. “But Mike is Kath’s bitch when Rick isn’t around. Kath made Mike kneel at the end of the bed as she and I fucked. Then Mike ate my cum out of Kath’s pussy. He wanted to suck my cock, but I couldn’t make myself let him. Later, Rick arrived, and Mike watched him fuck Kath, too. When Mike had cleaned Kath up for a second time, Rick let him suck him off as Kath sucked me.

“Kate, Mike orgasmed as he sucked Rick off. He hadn’t touched his cock because Rick hadn’t permitted him to, but he orgasmed when Rick came in his mouth. I saw then that married couples could enjoy sex with others together without jealousy rearing its ugly head. Kath loves watching Mike get it on with Rick, and she wants to watch him fuck you. I want to fuck Kath as I watch you and Mike fuck.”

I had no words, but my answer was in my blazing pussy. The thought of the debaucherous scenes Kath, Siobhan and John had described had me literally dripping my juices onto the floor beneath me. I wanted to fuck Mike. I’d fantasised about it ever since Kath and I had gone away for our weekend. I think I’d mentioned it earlier —the thought of having made love to every member of the Loughlin family had me hotter than a hothouse at noontime in the middle of summer.

“Say something, Kate,” John pleaded.

I didn’t reply. Instead, I crawled over to where Mike and Kath knelt and took Mike’s long, slender cock in my mouth. Kath lovingly stroked my hair as I sucked off her husband.

Rick opened his fly and pushed his cock against Kath’s lips, “Suck slut,” he commanded. Kath opened her mouth and let Rick slide inside.

Siobhan laughed before dropping her tiny miniskirt and grabbing the back of John's head. "Eat my cunt," she demanded as she forced her pussy against my husband's mouth.

I slightly turned so I could watch my husband with another woman for the first time. Instead of freaking me out and making me jealous as I knew it should, it excited me beyond all measure. I lifted my mouth off Mike's cock and kissed him passionately. Then, holding his head, I pulled backwards, dragging him on top of me.

Kath giggled and turned to offer her ass to Rick. Rick pulled her onto her hands and knees, knelt behind her, and shoved his enormously girthed cock deep into her pussy in one swift motion.

Siobhan clicked a collar and leash around my husband's neck and led him over to where Mike had pushed my knees back and apart. Mike knelt between my shapely thighs with his long, slender cock poised at my entrance. Siobhan straddled my face and lowered her steaming pussy onto my lips. She tugged on the leash and guided John behind her. Then she lifted her hips so John could push his thick, meaty cock into her cunt. I groaned as I watched my husband's cock slide into another woman's pussy and moaned as Mike slid into me.

I avidly watched as my husband's thick cock sawed in and out of Siobhan's soaking pussy. Although having Mike inside me felt good, watching John fucking another woman had me on the cusp of an orgasm. My eyes closed, and I lifted my chin. John's big balls dragged over my forehead and nose, and I began tonguing where he and Siobhan were coupled. My need grew exponentially as I tasted Siobhan's sticky essence around my husband's big cock, and I started pulling Mike back into me when he pulled out.

"Let Kate suck your cock, John," Siobhan demanded.

John obligingly slid out and lowered his hips so I could suck his dripping cock. I moaned around it as I savoured his heavy precum and Siobhan's divine juices.

"Put it back in me, Kate," Siobhan commanded.

I regretfully allowed my husband's cock to slide out of my mouth, grasped it, and pushed the head onto Siobhan's entrance. Fascinated, I gasped with pleasure as I watched John's thick cock spread Siobhan's pussy lips and glide inside her. Watching my husband's delicious cock slide into another woman was the hottest thing I think I've ever seen. That delightful visual spectacle was enhanced by hearing Rick powerfully fucking my best friend and feeling her husband stroke into my flooding pussy.

"Pinch my nipples," I demanded as I felt my orgasm peak.

Mike chuckled as he slid his hands over my gently curving stomach, gripping my nipples firmly. Holding my breast nubs tightly, Mike pulled them down as he forcefully shoved into me.

"Tell her she may cum," Siobhan reminded my husband.

"Cum for me, my darling Kate slut," John crooned as he viciously ploughed Siobhan.

My head tipped back, and I screamed as a gigantic eruption threw me off my orgasm's peak. My fluttering pussy muscles milked Mike's long cock, and he groaned as he unloaded into my pussy. He spurted so much into me that it immediately began leaking back out.

At Rick's instruction, Mike moved, and Rick and Kath crawled across, their coupling never failing, and Kath began eating her husband's secretions out of my twitching pussy.

"Control yourself," Siobhan barked as my husband neared his climax. "I have not permitted you to cum!"

John groaned but managed to hold his orgasm off. Siobhan moved forward and then stood. Picking up her light bag, she brought out a strap-on harness and swiftly buckled it into place.

"Fuck your wife," she commanded.

Kath moved aside, and John slid between my long, toned thighs. He positioned himself against my dripping pussy and shoved roughly inside. His pelvis hit mine with a meaty thump, and then he pounded me. There was no gentle lovemaking. This was raw, animalistic lust. My husband reared up on his hands and used his knees to allow himself to raise and lower quickly. As he drove powerfully into me, my hips rose to meet him, and the room filled with whap, whap, whap sounds as our pelvises smashed together.

“Hold still,” Siobhan instructed.

I moaned my disappointment, but then I saw her head loom over my husband’s back. She moved further forward, and I noticed she held her oiled strap-on cock. Squatting, she placed her ‘cock’ against my husband’s ass, growled, “Take it like the slut you are,” and viciously rammed it into his colon.

John’s head dropped onto my shoulder, and he grunted as Siobhan’s ‘penis’ roughly opened his back passage.

“Fuck!” I moaned as I felt Siobhan push my husband’s cock deeply into me when she shoved into him.

“John and Kate, hold still,” Siobhan commanded as she braced herself on my husband’s steely buns and pumped her ‘cock’ into him. “Look at Kath and Mike,” Siobhan added.

I turned my head and watched Mike slide into Kath’s gaping pussy. Once he was fully seated inside his wife, Mike held still. Rick copied Siobhan’s actions and squatted behind Mike’s firm ass. Squirting some massage oil onto Mike’s ring, Rick smeared it around with his cock’s head and then honed in on the centre of Mike’s rosebud.

“Take it like the bitch you are, you cock sucker!” Rick snarled as he violently shoved his cock into Mike’s ass.

“Gawd!” I moaned at the darkly erotic vision before me.

Siobhan gutturally laughed as she started pounding my husband's ass, powerfully driving him into my squelching pussy with every thrust.

I stumbled along my climax's precipice as I delighted in the debaucherous spectacle playing out in and around me. If anyone had commanded me to cum, I'd have orgasmed immediately. No one did, however, so the intensity of my emotions and feelings continued growing. I knew that when I came, I'd shatter into a million orgasming motes that would drift my consciousness into the ether.

John began groaning and grunting on top of me, his ass rising to meet Siobhan's thrusting 'cock'. Kath had experienced numerous petite climaxes and, by her sounds, was climbing towards a peak to match mine. Mike's hips were lifting to meet Rick's pounding cock just as John's were for Siobhan.

Siobhan was the only one not near her climax. Rick's face had screwed up as he concentrated on not coming before his two submissives. Mike seemed almost unaware of his wife's slippery pussy gripping his slim cock and focused on the thick cock in his ass. John appeared to be delighted with both sensations. Loving having his big, thick cock driving into his wife's tightly gripping cunt and enjoying having his arse roughly fucked by a Dominatrix's 'penis',

"You've forgotten again," Siobhan growled as my need to cum made me mewl in desperation.

"Sorry," John muttered before commanding, "Cum for me, baby girl. Cum for your man, and he'll cum inside you!"

My mouth opened, and I sucked a huge breath, meaning to howl my climax to the heavens. However, when my orgasm hit, my entire body locked down, and I couldn't breathe, let alone scream. Jerking, twitching and shuddering, I peaked many times until my tightly gripping pussy blasted my husband over his climactic edge. He groaned loudly as his thick cock shot his man goo onto my cervix. Feeling his hot seed splashing inside me unlocked my lungs, and I viciously bit my husband's shoulder as I shrieked through another climactic orgasm.

My shriek released Kath, and she bit Mike hard as her orgasm blasted through her. The sudden pain shattered Mike's control, and roaring, he spat cum into his wife's sloppy cunt. His orgasm caused his ass' sphincter to rapidly clench on and off his dominant's cock, and Rick groaned as his cock erupted inside Mike's ass. Feeling Rick's penis shooting inside him prolonged Mike's climax, which allowed Kath to cum again.

Pulling out of Mike's ass, Rick instructed, "Kath, get a washer and clean your husband's slutty ass and my cock. Quickly before I decide to make you use your mouth and tongue."

"He never would because that would be disgusting," Siobhan whispered before she demanded John clean my dripping pussy with his mouth. She then sent him to the bathroom to wash her strap-on.

As she waited for John to return, Siobhan sat on my hips and idly played with my large, firm breasts. "You have the most gorgeous breasts, Kate," Siobhan stated as she dipped her head and sucked my nipple into her mouth.

"Yes, she does," Rick confirmed. "May I let my male slut suckle them?"

"Sure," Siobhan answered. "Her husband has said anything goes tonight, so I'm sure you'll get to fuck her, too."

I wanted to protest that I had a say in it, too. But I kept my mouth closed because the sheer salaciousness of having sex with five different partners in the same sex session made my sweet little pussy moisten and my clit throb. Add in that my husband had organised this and seemed to enjoy submitting to Siobhan as much as I did, and I wanted to have all three cocks inside me simultaneously. When John returned, it was like Siobhan had read my mind.

"Rick, lie on your back. Kate, take Rick in your slutty pussy. Mike, your cock is the thinnest, so you get her ass. John, you get a blowjob from your wife, aren't you the lucky one? Boys, you are to pull out and cum on her face and tits, okay? Kath, I know you dislike eating pussy, but you will crawl over here and eat mine. Now, get to it!"

Rick was only partially erect. I glanced at John, and when he smiled and nodded, I used my exquisite oral skills to bring Rick to ‘full mast’. When he was, I kissed up his body as I crawled high enough to lower my pussy onto his thick cock. I slid up and down his rigid pole several times to ensure I was ready to be well and truly fucked. Mike settled in behind me next. Because he and Rick were bisexual, he wasn’t bothered by his big balls rubbing against Rick’s smaller, tighter ones. Mike slid home with only a slight twitch from me when his cock sundered my knot.

John groaned as he watched his best friend’s cock slide inside his wife, but he eagerly walked around and offered his throbbingly erect cock to my lips. We moaned together as it slid balls deep inside my mouth.

“Impressive,” Rick stated as he watched me take all of John’s long tool with one easy swallow.

“Best cock sucker I’ve ever had,” my husband gasped as he fucked my mouth.

Reader, is it weird to feel proud that of the hundreds of lovers your husband has illicitly had, he considers you the best? Pride in my skills is what I felt, though, and I was determined to bring him to fruition quickly.

Mike moved into a squat. I didn’t understand why until he began thrusting into me again. With him squatting, I had the freedom to move. I quickly learned that I could move down Rick’s long cock as Mike pushed into my ass and move back as Mike pulled out. John coordinated his movements with the other two, and I swiftly had three cocks driving into and pulling out of me simultaneously. It was easily the most sexually wanton thing I’d ever done, and I was soon teetering along my orgasm’s cliff again.

John moaned that he was about to cum. Siobhan countered that by demanding that he wait for me. However, Siobhan was also close to orgasm as she held Kath’s head tightly to her pussy. Kath may not have liked eating anybody’s pussy but mine, but she was eagerly servicing Siobhan. As I watched. Siobhan sighed and flooded her juices over Kath’s willingly sucking mouth.

Rick tensed under me and began soundlessly unloading into my grasping pussy. Mike felt Rick's cock twitching against his, and he gasped as his cock spurted his jism into my ass. John held on desperately, holding back his orgasm by sheer force of will. Feeling the twin cocks flooding my innards made me pant and moan, increasing my husband's need to climax.

Siobhan delightedly laughed before she moved and grabbed my nipples. "Cum for me, my little slut girl," she demanded.

My mouth opened around John's thrusting cock, and I warbled my orgasm. The vibrations of my tongue and throat on his cock overcome John's resistance, and with a deep groan, he ejaculated into my mouth.

Exhausted, we all collapsed. But Siobhan would have none of it. "Men are all such wimps. Come on, girls, seeing as the men disobeyed my instructions and came in Kate instead of on her, let's get this porno show rocking!"

She immediately sat on my face and pulled Kath closer. Siobhan tongued Kath's pussy as Kath swivelled around and dived onto my pussy. Rick pulled Mike into a 69, and they devoured each other's cock.

From the corner of my eye, I watched my husband pull a sofa chair closer so he could watch me lavishing Siobhan's sweet pussy with my tongue. His cock swiftly lengthened and stiffened into a ragingly hard erection. Watching me orally service another woman had him more excited than I remember him being since our wedding night. It was a lightbulb moment because I now knew how to get him to deflower our daughter.

However, that thought was washed away as Kath's talented tongue elicited a sudden, surprise orgasm from my ragingly hot pussy. I groaned into Siobhan's cunt, which crashed her over the edge. With a shrill chirp, Siobhan climaxed onto my delving tongue, my mouth filling with her tangy essence. Kath came as Siobhan panted around her clit. At Siobhan's urging, we swiftly swapped. I feasted my eyes on my best friend's swollen clit and eagerly sucked it inside. Siobhan dove between my legs and eagerly tongued me as Kath ate her. Another intense orgasm quickly followed.

My husband still sat holding his big cock. He'd begun pulling it as he watched us women play, but Siobhan had demanded he didn't cum, so he was too scared to tug on it any more lest he climax.

Siobhan tweaked Kath's nipples and said, "Suck John off." Kath crawled between John's legs and took his penis in his mouth. John erupted seconds later.

"Hold it in your mouth and share a cum kiss with your husband," Siobhan instructed.

Mike and Rick had shared a mutual orgasm in the other's mouth and were sitting watching Siobhan play with Kath and me. Kath crawled to her husband, and they swapped John's cum back and forth until they broke their kiss and swallowed.

"I'm going to try your husband out," Siobhan said casually. "Why don't you and Mike get it on as Rick fucks Kath?"

I warily looked at my husband, but he had already latched his lips around one of Siobhan's huge, surgically enhanced tits and was eagerly sucking her nipple. Siobhan took my husband's cock in her hand and slowly slid onto it. John's large purple head popped through her pussy lips and into her soppingly wet cunt.

"Gawd, he feels good, Kate," Siobhan moaned as my husband split her pussy apart. "No wonder you've kept him all these years despite his many indiscretions."

Strangely, now John and I had reconciled, I was no longer bothered by his infidelities. Confirming that his hypocrisy affected me, not his many lovers. I even forgave him, Amanda, although I'd never let that kind of relationship develop again. I went to roll onto my back so I could welcome Mike between my shapely thighs, but Rick insisted I knelt between John and Siobhan's knees and licked their coupling.

"Take him out and suck before you put him back in," Siobhan demanded as Mike slid into me.

I eagerly complied but grunted as Mike's long cock unexpectedly crashed into my cervix. "Fuck!" I groaned, "Do that again!" Mike pulled almost all the way out before he slammed back in. "Again!" Mike pounded his glans against my cervix again. "Fuck!" I groaned again.

Every time Mike thumped into me, I grunted, which blew hot air over Siobhan's clitoris. It proved too much for her, and to her chagrin, she orgasmed on John's cock before John shot off inside her. Angry, she climbed onto the sofa chair, spread her thighs and mashed her dripping cunt against my husband's mouth. I expected John to refuse to eat her, but he eagerly tongued her as she rode his face.

"Suck your husband off, Kate," Siobhan instructed.

Shuffling slowly forward, ensuring Mike remained deep inside me, I quickly gobbled my husband down. He came in my mouth seconds later. However, he was so excited by our orgy that he didn't soften. His cock continued to throb in my mouth.

"Mike, watch this," Rick growled. He pulled out of Kath's pussy and brutally shoved his big cock into her ass.

Instead of screaming, as I'm sure I would have done, Kath spasmed as a massive climactic event blasted her apart. She bucked and shuddered on Rick's impressive cock as he almost violently fucked her ass. After she came down, Rick pulled out, stood on his knees, grabbed his cock and tugged it as he blasted cum over Kath's face.

Watching his wife's ass being abused flashed Mike into an orgasm, and he gripped my big breasts firmly as he short-hunched several times before he pushed all the way in and blasted cum onto my cervix. Feeling his cum geyser into me sent me over the edge, and I moaned around my husband's cock as I climaxed heavily. The moaning vibrations around John's cock set him off again, and he groaned as he ejaculated into my mouth. Siobhan completed this round by softly sighing as she climaxed on John's searching tongue.

She got off my husband and collapsed onto the couch. John's face dripped Siobhan's juices, confirming how hard she'd orgasmed.

"Clean us up, sluts!" Siobhan demanded.

John's cock was already clean from cumming in my mouth, so I moved up and lovingly licked and tongued Siobhan's essence from his face. Kath and Mike were kneeling between Rick's legs, using their tongues to clean his cock, balls and pelvic area.

Kath's pussy dripped Rick's, Mike's and John's cum. I didn't think John could handle cleaning that with his tongue, but he surprised me and willingly circled Kath's gaping pussy as he cleaned her fluids up. Shrugging, I lay on my back and slid between Mike's thighs and took his cock into my mouth so I could suck it clean. It grew, of course, so I tried to bring him to fruition again. A few seconds later, he moaned, and his cock pulsed his jism into my willing mouth.

"Did you just cum without permission?" Siobhan snarled. Mike guiltily nodded his head. "Punishment position four!" She demanded. Mike pressed his forehead to the floor, spread his knees, reached back and held his ass cheeks apart, presenting his brown star to the world.

"Apologise to me and Rick and beg me to correct you," Siobhan commanded.

"This worthless worm is sorry, Master, Mistress," Mike dutifully said. "I forgot to ask for permission before I orgasmed and deserve correcting." Then he suddenly grinned and added, "But I've fantasised about fucking Kate and cumming in her mouth for over twenty years. The opportunity to do it was too good to resist!"

Everyone laughed, and Siobhan said, "Stand up, you pig. You get a pass, but that will be the only one. Am I clear?"

"Yes, Mistress," Mike replied as he stood and assumed submission position four, which was the same as punishment position two —Standing tall with his head up but eyes down. His feet slightly spread, and his hands clasped

behind his back. Because she hadn't been addressed, Kath moved into her default submission position, position one. To my surprise, John knelt beside her.

I began to move to kneel beside them, but Siobhan, who seemed to be running this session, shook her head and said, "Stand with the dominants, Kate." She handed me a thin, one-metre-long cane. "Address your husband's behaviour, Kate," Siobhan encouraged.

I shook my head, "He has done nothing I need to correct him for," I stated.

"Nearly twenty years of infidelity?" Siobhan said quietly.

"Understood, apologised for, and accepted by me." I shook my head again. "No, John has apologised for his hypocrisy. That, not his infidelities, is what hurt me."

"Amanda?" Siobhan asked.

Anger flashed across me, but I quelled it, took a deep breath, and stated, "Apologised for and forgiven. No correction needed."

"Even if your husband wants you to correct him for it to show he's genuinely remorseful?"

"Yes, even then," I said forcefully. "I cannot say I forgive him and then punish him for doing what I've already forgiven him for."

Siobhan looked at me wonderingly and said, "You're a better woman than me, Kate. If Phil casually shacks up with someone after we've married, I'll feed his balls into my food processor. With him still attached to them! The affairs, I get. Monogamy is a ridiculous concept to base a marriage on. But emotional monogamy? That should go without saying! And giving your heart to another whilst you're married? That is beyond the pale!"

"Even so," I emphasised. "I forgive him and look forward to many more years in his arms."

"And if he does something similar in the future?"

“Then he goes cock first into my meat mincer!” I stated firmly. “This once is forgiven. No further transgressions will be tolerated!”

“And today?” Siobhan questioned.

“Some fantastic sex between six friends. Add in that I genuinely love Mike and Kath, my and John’s longest-term friends and two experienced Bdsm dominants, and tonight has been an awesome experience. One I hope still has many hours to play out, yet!”

“Your husband will fuck Kath and me repeatedly. You’re okay with that?”

“Rick and Mike will fuck me repeatedly. Will John be okay with that?” I countered. “After all, his refusal to acknowledge and accept my rape caused our marital discord.”

“You have to admit that, to an outside observer, your seemingly casual acceptance of being roughly fucked by four men must have seemed like permission for them to have done it.”

I burst into tears, “But it did affect me!” I protested. “It left my body mostly untouched but tore me apart emotionally. And when I needed him most, the man I love beyond all others abandoned me, rejected me, and accused me of cheating on him.” I took a deep breath and added, “But we have discussed that with the counsellor, and I’ve forgiven John, so I’d appreciate it if you never brought the subject up again.”

“John wants you to correct him, Kate,” Siobhan softly said. “He needs you to do so, as you’ve said you need him to, even when he doesn’t think you need to be.”

I understood now. Gathering my determination around me, I pictured my father’s severe mien as he regretfully corrected my or my sisters’ behaviour and took Siobhan’s proffered cane.

“John Muggleton,” I said firmly. “Have you done something you need correcting for?”

“Yes, Miss Kate,” John replied.

“Explain,” I demanded.

“I’ve cheated on you with many women, Kate,” John confessed, his eyes filled with tears. “I’ve learned from our counselling sessions that you accept them but aren’t happy I’ve had them. I need correcting for those.”

“There’s more,” I stated.

“Worse than having casual affairs, Miss Kate, I had an ongoing nearly nine-year relationship with my secretary, Amanda. I even allowed her to introduce me to her friends and family as her husband.”

John hadn’t admitted that before. The new information roiled up all his previous infidelities, and I suddenly wanted to correct him. I breathed deeply until that desire faded. If I’d done that, I’d be punishing him for something I’d already forgiven him for. My parents never punished us. I know it’s a fine distinction, but our canings weren’t meant to punish our actions but were intended to correct our behaviour and prevent further indiscretions.

Even though I knew, I asked, “For how many years did you conduct yourself as man and wife with the slut Amanda?”

“For the last four years of our relationship,” John answered.

“Okay,” I said. “You are forgiven your many casual affairs, and I will only raise them again if you return to flaunting your conquests in my face. However, allowing your filthy whore Amanda to pretend she was your wife leaves me no choice but to correct your behaviour. Five for every year of your betrayal should suffice.”

John’s eyes widened as everyone else gasped. Of course, they didn’t know I’d rescind half of John’s corrections in return for him servicing me to an orgasm with his tongue. John should have remembered, but I thought letting him stew was better than reminding him. It would make his corrections more meaningful if he believed he’d receive all twenty strikes.

“Take punishment position one,” I commanded. John did, but he’d only taken this position once before, and I hadn’t followed through, so he didn’t know he needed to turn and ‘present’ his ass.

“Turn and push your ass out to receive the cane,” Siobhan growled.

John blushed and quickly turned, then bent slightly over so his ass protruded, ready for my cane. I took another deep breath because this was so foreign to me. Yes, I’d corrected him before to advance my plans to get John to make love to our daughter. But this was different. This was an actual correction, not something I’d concocted to further my plans.

I moved to make my first strike and immediately noticed John’s cock stood firmly erect. It bounced softly as his ass clenched, anticipating my hits. I pondered this but realised my father was correct. John was more submissive than genuinely dominant. Of course, that realisation caused more problems. Dad was also right when he stated I needed a firm hand on my shapely bottom to control my course. Without it, I’d slipped into increasingly more depraved and lecherous behaviour. Tonight being no exception.

I hadn’t used a cane to give corrections before, so I was unsure how hard I needed to hit. I hit my husband lightly and heard Siobhan mutter, “pussy!” so I increased the force of the subsequent strike. This time, I raised a perfect red welt across John’s buttocks. The next strike was a little too hard and caused John to jump. As my parents would have done, after two more hits, I took a break to ensure John knew why he was being corrected.

“Why do I need to correct your behaviour, John?” I asked.

“Because I’ve been a bad boy,” John said, his thick cock bouncing and drooling precum.

I barely managed to suppress a sigh. If John’s statement was how he felt, he’d missed the purpose completely and was associating being hit with sexual pleasure. I do. I admit that. But the correction comes first, and once the corrected knows why they’re being corrected, then the pleasure occurs.

I flicked the cane across his ass. “Try again.”

John grinned, and I knew he was teasing me. “I’ve broken my commitment to you, Kate. My behaviour during our marriage has been unacceptable and has caused you pain. I was wrong, and I apologise for my actions.”

I brought the cane around again. John’s ass was reddened from his upper thighs to his lower back, but none of the welts would leave a mark much beyond tomorrow morning. I decided he needed bruises that lasted at least a week to remind him of his promises tonight, so I lashed him hard. John jumped and bit off a swear word. As soon as he stopped moving, I viciously whacked him again, and then I followed this with a third, equally vicious strike.

That brought his total number of corrections to ten. At this point, if my sisters and I had accepted our corrections stoically, our parents would have offered us the chance to redeem ourselves and avoid further correction by orally servicing them. After the three severe strikes, John’s cock had slowly wilted, which I was pleased to see as, in his mind, correction equated with pain and not sexual pleasure.

“Would you like the chance to work off your last ten strikes, John?”

“Yes, Miss Kate,” John swiftly agreed. “What must I do?”

“Kneel before me and use your tongue to give me an orgasm,” I explained.

Siobhan and Rick chuckled. “An unorthodox response to corrections, Kate,” Rick chuckled. “But very effective, I’d assume?”

I grinned at him and replied, “It certainly worked for my sisters and me!”

John knelt, and I felt his gifted tongue swirling over my clit, slit and entrance. Having an audience added a delicious piquancy to our salacious activity, and I crested quickly. Holding my husband’s head tightly to my clitoris, I shuddered and groaned as an intense orgasm rumbled through me, leaving me panting and gasping.

“Good work, slut Kate,” Siobhan growled, indicating she considered I’d rejoined the submissive subset of our group. Siobhan gestured towards

Kath, “Fist my slut’s whore cunt as your husband fucks her in the ass,” she demanded. “Mike, you can tongue Rick’s anus as he fucks me.

Our lewd and debaucherous couplings continued until well after midnight. Rick and Siobhan took their leave, and John suggested we shower and sleep. I gently washed my husband’s welted backside, knelt, and blew him. He didn’t have much for me, but I still enjoyed swallowing what he had. We crowded into bed. Kath and I faced each other, kissing and cuddling as our husbands spooned with us. Someone’s hands cupped my firm breasts. Not caring who it was, I happily drifted off to sleep.

As I usually did, I woke first on Saturday morning. I needed to pee, so I wriggled out from between Kath and John. Kath complained but didn’t awaken. I’d already put my robe on and slipped out the door before I remembered John’s admonition to use our en suite. Deciding it was silly to chance awakening the others, I continued to the main bathroom.

I completed my business and moved to the basin to wash my hands. I hadn’t locked the door, and it opened. My son glanced around before he shut and locked the door. Tommy quickly crossed to me and took me in his strong arms. I hugged him back and tilted my head up. He took the hint, and our lips locked together.

After a long, passionate French kiss, Tommy said, “Siobhan says you need a dominant, Mom. She thinks Dad is too submissive to meet your needs, so things spiralled out of control.

“I think Siobhan’s correct,” I replied as I casually groped my son’s rapidly hardening cock.

Tommy pushed firmly on my shoulders, and I dropped to my knees before pulling his sweatpants down and grasping his big cock. “Are Mike and Kath still here?” He asked as I took his swelling penis into my mouth. I nodded around his cock. “Dad will have a client meeting booked for later today,” Tommy stated as he thrust into my willing mouth. “Bring me off, make breakfast for everyone, and come and find me when they’ve all left. I’ll be in my room or the garage where I’ve set up that film set.”

Forgetting everything else, I cupped my son's large balls and worked my oral magic on his delicious cock. A few minutes later, Tommy rewarded me with a savoury mouthful of his essence. After I'd ensured his cock was clean, Tommy carefully opened the bathroom door and slipped out. I waited a few minutes before casually following suit.

I walked to the kitchen and used our Breville coffee maker to make coffee for everyone. I knew how Kath and John liked theirs, but I wasn't sure about Mike. Deciding to make his medium strong, I added milk and sugar to my tray and took them to the bedroom. As expected, John was already up and in the shower. Mike was awake and casually playing with his wife's breasts as he cuddled her and waited for her to wake up.

I handed Mike the black coffee and said, "I couldn't remember how you liked yours, so I left it black. Add milk and sugar to your taste."

"Black is fine," Mike smilingly said.

I should have 'dopey slapped' my forehead because I remembered as soon as he said that.

I held the coffee under Kath's nose. She groaned, wrinkled her nose and pulled away before her eyes opened, and she sat up. "Morning, gorgeous," I said as I kept moving her cup out of her reach.

"Kate, I swear if you don't hand me that coffee instantly, the next time your husband's cock is in my mouth, I'm biting it off!" Kath snarled.

"You assume there is a next time," I teased. "Besides, if you bite John's cock off, I'll make Mike mine!"

"Don't I get a say in this?" Mike protested.

"No!" Kath and I exclaimed.

John exited the en suite totally naked. "What is all the racket?" He asked.

"Kath's threatening to bite your penis off," I quickly said before the others could answer.

With his eyes twinkling, John replied, “She’s assuming I’ll let her anywhere near me again!”

Kath giggled as she leant back against her husband. She lifted and spread her knees, exposing her pussy. Her arousal glistened in the overhead lights. “Like you can resist this delectable pussy,” she teased.

Of course, John had to call her on her bluff, and before I knew it, Kath and I were on our backs with John’s cock sliding in and out of Kath’s cunt as Mike thrust into me. Kath and I shared kisses as our husbands fucked us. Kath came first, Mike followed swiftly, and John filled Kath’s cunt as she screamed and bucked under him.

For some reason, I couldn’t quite get over the edge, but when John pinched my nipples and cooed, “Cum, Kate slut.” I immediately creamed on Mike’s long, slender penis.

John and I showered in our en suite. We sent Mike and Kath to the main bathroom, and they joined us for breakfast only a short time later. When I returned to the kitchen, I remembered I’d ordered takeaway last night. Opening the front door, I picked up the containers and brought them inside.

“No wonder I’m starving,” Mike exclaimed. “We forgot all about eating last night!”

I giggled and cupped Kath’s pussy. “Oh, I think you ate plenty, Mister Loughlin,” I teased.

“Yes, but that’s only a few measly teaspoons of protein,” Mike kidded back as he groped my ass.

“Ahem,” John joked. “Our kids are home and up, so take your grubby hands off my wife’s sexy ass!”

By mutual agreement, I reheated the takeaway and served it on plates. We sat around the breakfast bar, eating, joking and laughing. With our newfound intimacy, we all shared plenty of hugs, kisses and casual gropes. I especially loved the moment when John and Mike had their hands inside

my robe on my pussy. Mike slowly circled my clitoris as John dipped two fingers inside. Simultaneously, Kath had her hands on my breasts and gently tweaked my nipples. I could easily have orgasmed, but we heard someone clattering down the stairs. Krissy breezed into the kitchen, dressed for her shift at Cue in the city.

“Any of that left?” She asked.

I quickly built her a plate, and she sat close to her father as she ate. Amused, I watched as Krissy worked her charms on John. Krissy wore one of the top and skirt combos we’d bought when we shopped together. It clung to her young, gorgeous breasts and showed plenty of cleavage. Her skirt had a front split, and she casually spread her thighs to let her father see she wasn’t wearing panties. Mike had a clear view from where he sat, and he openly ogled my daughter until Kath dug him in the ribs.

At the sudden movement, Krissy spun her head to stare at Mike. When she saw where Mike stared, she smiled and spread her thighs.

“Krissy Ann Muggleton, march your ass to our bedroom,” I snapped. “John, pay attention to what your daughter is doing, for goodness sake! Mike, I’ll deal with you later! Kath, if you have to go into the studio, you will command your worm to remain until I’ve finished with him!”

Shocked at my sudden, loud dominance, everybody meekly obeyed. Kathy stood and quickly circled the table. She kissed my cheek, hugged me, and said, “I do have to go. Send Mike home when you’re ready.”

I nodded and pointed to my bedroom. John and Krissy meekly walked towards it. I turned to Mike. “What on earth do you think you’re doing, peering up my daughter’s skirt?” I growled. “You will strip and sit on the chair. I’ll deal with you when I return.”

“What if Tommy comes in?” Mike whined.

“You’ll have to explain why you’re sitting in his kitchen naked with a hard-on, won’t you?” I snarled dismissively. Mike looked guiltily down at his swelling erection. “If you even touch that before I return, I’ll cut it off and

stuff it so I can give it to Kath," I icily said. Mike gulped as he removed his clothes and promised to sit and wait for me, keeping his hands to his sides.

Taking him at his word, I marched to my bedroom to find John and Krissy hugging on the bed. Exasperated, I growled, "Krissy and John Muggleton, why are you not naked and in the correct submission position?"

"Dad wanted to cuddle, Mom," Krissy protested. "I didn't think you'd want us to do that naked!"

"Why wouldn't I want that, Krissy?" I severely asked. "I'm sure your father can control his baser desires and cuddle you naked without getting an erection." I was wrong, however, as I knew I was. John's thick cock strained against his pants, and there was no way our daughter hadn't felt it.

Reluctantly, father and daughter rolled off the bed and stripped. John knelt willingly, but I had to glare at my daughter before she obeyed. I first addressed John because I wanted him to stand with me and correct his daughter. Taking my mother's heirloom school cane from its box, I tapped it on my palm as I stood over my husband.

"John Muggleton, do you know why you need correcting?" I demanded.

Keeping his eyes down, John shook his head and replied, "No, Miss Kate, I do not."

"Your daughter sat beside you, and you were so busy ogling Kath that you didn't notice your daughter flashing her bare pussy to everyone watching, including your best friend? Or are you happy to have your daughter exposing her womanhood to anyone who wants to see it?"

"I'm sorry, Miss Kate," John mumbled. "I honestly didn't notice."

"Then you are failing her, just as you have failed me," I explained. "John, you are the head of this household. Tommy is your second-in-command. Your women need your firm hand on our bottoms to guide our way. Without it, we fall to errors and mistakes. If you can't step up and do your familial

duties, then hand them over to your son because I'm sure Tommy will assume them!"

John blanched because he realised part of his familial duties was to fuck me. Given we'd already discussed my incestuous desire to make love with my son, he knew I'd let Tommy do it. However, I was sure John didn't know his offspring, and I were regular lovers.

"I will step up, Miss Kate. On that, I swear," John averred. "I realise that I've failed my family in many ways, but I will be what you all need me to be from now on."

I hid my smile because John had just committed himself to deflowering our daughter, even though he didn't realise it yet. In my family, it was the parents' job to introduce their age-appropriate children to the joys of sex. Krissy was now over six months past when John should have taught her how to serve a sexually dominant man.

"Put your clothes on and stand by me," I commanded.

Confused, John donned his sweats and stood beside me. I handed him the cane and said, "Your daughter must be corrected for her behaviour. Or do you condone this morning's actions?"

John took the cane and drew a deep breath. The strong and dominant demeanour he showed everywhere except in sexual situations with me asserted itself, and he sternly looked at our daughter. "Krissy Ann Muggleton, do you know why you've been called for correction?"

Keeping her eyes glued to the floor, Krissy answered, "Because I purposefully flashed my bare pussy at Mister Loughlin."

"You realise that is unacceptable, Krissy?" He asked.

"Yes, Dad," Krissy said quietly.

"Five, I think. Do you agree, Kate?" John questioned.

"Five seems sufficient," I agreed. "Three on her breasts, two on her ass."

“Take correction position one, Krissy,” John demanded.

Krissy swiftly assumed the required position. Not wanting to hurt her, John’s first strike was a weak tap above our daughter’s breasts.

“If you won’t step up and do your duty, John,” I snarled. “Call your son in to complete the task. Then you can become my bitch!”

John squared his shoulders, and in front of my eyes, he became the man his daughter and I needed him to be. Speaking firmly, he said, “Krissy Ann Muggleton, you have disappointed me. I raised you better than to expose your genitals to anyone outside our family. Correction is required. You will receive three strikes across your breasts, followed by two on your ass. Do you accept your corrections and the reasons for them?”

“Yes, Sir,” Krissy stated quietly.

John snapped the cane across her nipples. Krissy kept her head up, but I smiled as I saw that she tried to peer down to admire her welt. The second strike hit below her nipples, and the third swiftly followed across both again. I hoped John remembered that he could allow Krissy to service him sexually in lieu of her last corrections, but he remained silent.

Disappointed because her father didn’t give her that option, Krissy turned and presented her ass. John administered two hits firm enough to leave welts I was sure would fade to bruises. Then he said, “Krissy Ann Muggleton. Corrections were warranted and given. Nothing more will be said about your actions unless future misbehaviour causes me to revisit it.”

John turned her and pulled her into a close embrace.

“I’m sorry I caused you to correct me, Dad,” Krissy sniffed as she sobbed onto her father’s shoulder. “I’ll try to make you proud in the future.”

“Never forget that I love you, Krissy,” John said as he held her tenderly.

“I love you, too, Dad,” Krissy said before dropping her arms and stepping back.

When she moved away, I saw John had an enormous erection. I stared at it until I was sure John had noticed me staring, then I raised my eyebrow and looked at him. He blushed, grinned and shrugged. I tried not to laugh.

Taking Krissy's hand, I said, "Come into the en suite, baby girl. I'll help you wash the tears and redo your makeup."

Krissy meekly followed me, but as soon as she locked the door, she mashed her lips to mine and kissed me fiercely. "I need to get off, Mom," she pleaded. "Help me, please."

Knowing exactly how she felt, I pushed her back against the basin and dropped to my knees. Pressing my tongue into her entrance, I swirled it over Krissy's hymen as I thumbed her clit. After a few seconds of circling her pussy, I moved my mouth onto her clit and sucked hard as I lashed her love button with my tongue.

"Gawd!" My daughter moaned as her orgasm rattled through her.

I continued sucking and lashing but slid my finger onto her rosebud and pushed it gently inside. A second, more intense orgasm shook her, and when I gently bit her clit and pinched her nipple, Krissy had to bite her arm to prevent her father from hearing her screaming orgasm.

When she came down, I helped her wash her face, washed mine, and then did her hair. Krissy quickly did her face using my makeup and returned to our room. She quickly dressed

"I'm going to be late for work," she muttered.

Krissy caught the train because parking in the city was so horrendously expensive. She'd missed her usual train, and the next one wouldn't get her in on time.

"Relax, baby girl," I told her. "Your dad or I will take you in. Are you coming home tonight, or are you going out?"

John offered to drive her in because he had time before meeting with a potential client. I dragged him aside and asked what I should do with Mike.

“Castigate him for perving on our daughter, give him what you think are appropriate corrections, allow him to masturbate before you, then send him home to Kath. Then you need to call Siobhan and tell her why you’ve corrected her submissive.”

“You’re okay about your best friend masturbating in front of me?” I disbelievingly asked. I wanted to point out that he freaked out at my rape, and now he was basically saying it was okay for me to have sex with Mike, but I couldn’t do that because a transgression, once forgiven, shouldn’t be raised again.

“We’ll talk more about it, Kate,” John assured me as he dressed. “But not in front of our daughter.”

“What?” Krissy said, pretending she hadn’t heard us, but I’m sure she’d have avidly listened to every word.

“Ready to go, honey?” John asked jovially.

“Of course, Daddy,” Krissy smiled as she linked her arm through her father’s. They left the room.

Gathering my thoughts, I donned my father’s correction persona and marched purposefully to our kitchen. There, I found Tommy nonchalantly chatting with an embarrassed and naked Mike.

“Give us some time, Tommy, please?” I asked.

Tommy saw my cane, and his eyes widened. “I’ll be in the games room, Mom,” he said as he stood. “Come and get me, and we’ll get some lunch.” He turned to Mike, “Good to see you again, Mister Loughlin. I’ll probably see you tonight at your place because Phil, Caoimhe, Siobhan and I plan to get together, and Siobhan wants Phil to pick her up from yours.”

Mike blushed even more deeply than he was and mumbled, “Sure, Tommy. See you then.”

I waited until Tommy had left before I walked to the coffee maker. “Want another cup, Mike?” I asked.

Shifting uncomfortably, Mike answered, “Yes, please.”

I made two cups and brought them back to the table. “Pull your chair out and sit in the middle of the walkway,” I commanded when I put Mike’s cup down.

Mike reluctantly moved to where I’d indicated. However, as with all men, his cock betrayed him. As I watched, it quickly filled with blood and raised itself to fully erect. Even though my mouth ran dry thinking about sucking it, I kept my face neutral.

“Tell me about this sudden change, Mike. You and Kath are mine and John’s oldest friends. Yesterday, well, that was out of this world, but it’s a sudden change. Don’t you think?”

Mike shuffled, embarrassed, before saying, “After yours and Kath’s weekend away, Kath and I had a long, intense conversation about where our marriage was. She confronted me about what I’d said to John about having affairs behind her back. She pointed out the hypocrisy of John’s and my position and asked how we could do that to the two most beautiful women we knew.

“I confessed that I’d lusted over you for as long as you lusted over John. She asked if she was second choice to you.” Mike’s breath hitched, and he swallowed several times before continuing. “I had to admit that, growing up, I wanted you more than her, but I assured her that I quickly realised that you and John are a perfect match, like two sides of the same coin. Then I explained that once I’d gotten past my infatuation with you, I realised Kath was my perfect wife.

“Quite frankly, Kate,” Mike continued. “You were too submissive for my needs.” He grinned, “But you don’t seem so subservient now. I think Rick

and Siobhan are correct. You will be able to readily switch between dominance and submission depending on your needs at the time.

“Kath is also quite submissive. During our discussion, we realised we wanted to submit to someone together. Someone that we could serve as a couple. Kath thought it might be Siobhan. Even though Siobhan’s engaged to our son, Kath was confident she’d want to play and keep our relationship secret from Phil and Caoimhe.”

Then he muttered, “There’s more going on there than those three will admit.” But he returned to his story. I, of course, knew what was happening there but couldn’t say anything.

“However, after our first session with Siobhan, Kath discovered she didn’t like making love with a woman. She loves having sex with you because of the spiritual and emotional connection you two have, but she found sex with Siobhan was, well, let’s put it this way —Kath didn’t have even one orgasm when playing with Siobhan alone. She could climax if I were involved simultaneously, but when it was only the two of them, Kath didn’t enjoy it.

“Siobhan wasn’t bothered by it and suggested we talk to Rick. That’s when I found my latent bisexuality and realised that I’d lusted for your husband for virtually all of my life.

“Rick made me eat his cum out of Kath’s pussy. I liked it and asked to suck him off. Kath was so excited watching me blow Rick that she demanded we fuck her immediately after Rick had cum. Next, Rick asked if I’d allowed Kath to finger my bum. I admitted that I had and that I loved it. Kath regularly uses her vibrator to fuck my ass, and I love it!

“Rick asked if I wanted to try being fucked in the ass by a man. I was scared because I thought it’d make me a homo. But Kath said she’d prove I wasn’t immediately after Rick had fucked me. Kath worked my ass open, and Rick knelt and put his cock in me. It took a few minutes before Rick found the correct angle, but when he did, wow! Having his thick cock rubbing over my prostate as he fucked me was just so wild! Even though no one touched my cock, I came as he fucked me. I guess you could say I’ve been hooked ever since.”

“So, are you a homo, Mike?” I asked teasingly.

“Bend over the table, and I’ll show you,” Mike kidded back. “But, seriously, Kath and I have never been happier. We feel fulfilled giving ourselves to Rick and occasionally Siobhan, and we’re closer than we’ve ever been.”

I decided Mike didn’t need any more correction. His baring of his soul to me, knowing I could have been nasty or confrontational, made me realise just how much I loved him. I’d always loved him because he was my husband’s best friend and my best friend’s husband, but now I realised he was a decent guy who had been exceptionally good to me and my family for many years. I was tempted to take him back to bed, but I wasn’t sure if John would accept us fucking as an extension of our play last night or if he’d regard it as a forbidden separate encounter. If the latter, John would be rightfully angry with me.

“You may put your clothes on, Mike,” I told him. “If I use my cane on you, we’re both going to want sex afterwards, and I don’t want to do that without John and Kath with us, or at least having given us express permission.”

Mike grinned and put his clothes on. When he had dressed, he kissed my cheek and pulled out his phone. I asked what he was doing, and he replied that he was ordering an Uber. I laughed and shook my head. “Why on earth would you think I wouldn’t take you home?” I asked.

Mike replied, “I didn’t want to assume, Kate.”

“You can assume you’ll wet your dick in my pussy again soon,” I teased.

Mike gulped and said he was looking forward to it. I got the keys to my Audi and drove him home. We exchanged a chaste kiss and hug before he got out of the car, and I went home.

Tommy waited in the kitchen when I returned. “Hi, Mom,” he smiled when I walked in. “Have fun with the Loughlins last night?”

I blushed but replied, “We had an awesome time together!”

“I bet you did,” Tommy teased. “I was with Gina, Phil and Caoimhe. Siobhan arrived around 3:00 am, totally exhausted. She said she had a great night playing Dominatrix with the rest of you.”

“Is there anything else about my sex life you want to know?” I pretended to growl.

“Yes,” Tommy teasingly replied. “Is Kath any good in bed? I reckon she’d go off, and Phil and Caoimhe would love to play with her.”

“Phil’s submissive to Siobhan, right?” I asked.

Tommy shook his head as he took me in his arms and pulled me onto his lap. I could feel his large cock swelling against my bottom.

“They swap back and forth. Caoimhe is submissive to them both, but Siobhan and Phil alternate depending on who’s feeling what.”

“You’re okay about Phil fucking his sister?” I asked.

“Once Krissy has given her virginity to whomever she’s holding it for, she and I will be intimate, Mom,” Tommy explained. “It’d be hypocritical to judge Phil for doing what I want to do, wouldn’t it?”

I lifted up so I could unzip my son. I fished his long, thick cock out of his pants and sat back down. I didn’t put it in me. Instead, I had it along my slit, pressing against my clitoris.

Tommy unzipped my sundress, which was all that I had on, and pushed its straps off my shoulders. He cupped my lusciously big breasts and nuzzled my neck. “You’re an insatiable slut, Mom,” he stated.

I let that word affect me as Edgar had initially programmed it to, and I needed my son’s rigid cock in me immediately. I shifted so I could grasp his cock, lifted up and sank onto it.

“Turn around, Mom,” Tommy insisted.

I slid off his throbbing cock, turned, straddled his thighs and slid back down his turgid pole. Tommy stood up, lifting me with him, clasped my curvy butt and carried me into the lounge. Sitting on one of the sofa chairs, Tommy encouraged me to ride his glorious penis. I pulled my feet up and placed them on either side of his hips. Then I wrapped my hands around his neck and began lifting myself up and down his lengthy cock.

“Gawd, Mom,” Tommy moaned. “You’re the best fuck with the tightest pussy I’ve had. Cum for me, my darling little slut Mommie!”

That did it! My head rocked back, and I shrieked and howled my orgasm to the skies. Desperate to feel my son’s cock explode inside me, I gripped it with my pussy muscles as tightly as possible as I slammed myself down onto his pole.

“Fuuuuuuccccck!” Tommy groaned as his cock hardened and lengthened inside me. One more pump of my hips, and Tommy erupted his man goo into my tightly gripping pussy.

As my perineum slammed against it, Tommy’s penis squirted semen against my cervix, and I howled again as another climax splattered me against his lust.

Tommy carried me to the shower. He lovingly cleaned me before handing the loofa to me. “Siobhan, Gina and I spent a lot of time discussing you last night, Mom,” Tommy said as I ran my hands over his leanly muscled torso.

“And?” I asked a little fearfully.

“Don’t get me wrong,” Tommy answered. “Dad’s and your relationship is incredible. Even with your troubles, you are more loving than any of my friend’s parents or any other marriage I know. But you need a firmer hand on your sexy ass than Dad provides. Dad is absent too often. He’ll be home regularly for now, but when his new consultancy business takes off, and you know it will because Dad is that good, you’ll be home alone again.”

“Your father has promised to take me with him,” I protested.

“And you’ll abandon Krissy and me to travel with Dad?” Tommy asked. “Yes, we’re old enough to look after ourselves, but can you leave us behind before we’re married?”

Tommy had a point. Yes, John was my world, but my primary focus, the main reason for my existence, was my children. Until Tommy and Krissy had married and left my home to create their own, I’d want to be there for them. That meant, once again, I’d remain at home as my husband travelled the globe enacting business deals that would reap his company and our family millions.

I had no answer to the issues my son had raised, but Tommy quietly said, “My photography business won’t take me out of the state, Mom, let alone out of the country. Gina has committed to serving me as wife, lover and mother to my children. There’s plenty of room for another to serve me as Gina does. And Gina loves you, Mom. She’ll serve you as you both serve me.”

I began protesting, but Tommy shushed me, “Think about it, Mom,” he advised. “I’ll be close enough always to be your man, but you’ll always be my Mom and Dad’s wife. The best of all worlds, if you will.”

Tommy helped me out of the shower and dried me off. Then he wrapped the towel around me, kissed my pouty lips, and said, “My interview with The Lion’s management didn’t go as well as I’d hoped, Mom. They’ve put me up for trade but aren’t hopeful of a deal.

“I’ll enter the draft, but I don’t expect to be picked up. I’m bummed, as you can imagine, but what can I do? The Aspley Hornets want me to play for them, and I think I will, but unless I get picked up in the draft, my AFL career is over.”

I turned and hugged my son, “That has to hurt, baby,” I said. “I’m proud of you. Proud of how hard you fought. Proud of how you tried everything you could to give yourself a chance. I know your father is proud, too. If you need money to tide you over until your photography business takes off, you know your dad and I will provide it.”

“Thanks, Mom,” Tommy said. “Now, my insatiable little Mommie slut, you need to let me out of the shower. Dad has clients coming in about an hour, and he asked me to ask you to be there to greet them. He said, and I quote, ‘Tell Mom I need her dressed to blow people’s minds and cause instant erections’.”

Of course, with Tommy using that phrase, I was hot and needed to climax again. However, Tommy only grinned at me and left my en suite. Muttering, “Bastard!” to myself, I checked my closet for something to match my husband’s request.

I chose my orange Avery miniskirt set. Its top was basically a bra with lace panellings hanging across my stomach from the cup’s bottoms. The top didn’t meet the skirt and exposed my belly button as well as most of the inner mounds of my breasts. The skirt clung to my shapely ass and parted on my right thigh. A tiny silver ring held it together. It barely covered my pussy, so I needed to wear underwear. I chose a matching orange ‘barely there’ thong that covered my slit and clit and not much else.

Happy with my outfit, I sat in front of my vanity and did my makeup, careful to do it day-neutral rather than nightclub sexy as I’d do for an evening event. Finally, I took out my orange strap suede wedge-heeled sandals and put them on. I checked myself in the foyer mirror a final time before walking to the outside entrance to John’s office.

John was on the phone when I entered his office. He turned when I opened the door, and his mouth fell open. I grinned because I knew that look. My husband immediately struggled to find room in his trousers for his rapidly swelling erection. To tease him, I did a slow pirouette until my sexy ass pointed in his direction, and then I casually bent over and touched my toes. My tight skirt popped over my curvy bottom and pooled around my waist, showing John my divine, wet entrance and my tiny pucker hole, both barely covered by a thin fabric cord.

John stuttered as he tried to pick up his conversation and had to turn away from me before he could continue. To tease him further, I casually walked back into his eye-line and bent over, showing him the vast expanses of my

breasts to barely short of my puffily erect nipples. John gulped and turned away again.

Knowing that any more teasing would anger instead of pleasing him, I walked to my desk and opened my laptop. It was Saturday, so I knew the chances of a rare walk-in customer were tiny. The sign John had commissioned for our front yard did attract the occasional passer-by, but most of his business were previous clients from his job at Pepperstone Australia and word-of-mouth referrals from his existing clients. That meant the only client John should see today was the one he had me dress to impress.

John ended his conversation and demanded, “Gawd, Kate, you hot slut. Crawl over here on your knees and suck me off!”

I let that word work its usual magic on me and felt my arousal ignite between my long, shapely thighs. Smiling coquettishly, I slid to my knees and crawled the short distance to John’s chair. John already had his thick cock out, so I cupped his big balls and gulped his throbbing manhood down in one quick swallow.

“I won’t last, Kate,” my husband moaned as I moved my head along his shaft and furiously licked. “Once the customer has left, I’ll take care of you, okay?”

I nodded around his cock but kept licking and sucking. Suddenly, the bell over the entrance door rang.

“Shit!” John swore. “They’re early!”

There was no way I could get off the floor and walk to the reception counter because it would become immediately apparent what I’d been doing. Thinking quickly, I crawled under John’s desk and moved to the end of the leg space. Fortunately, to fit with appearances, John’s desk was huge, the largest commercially made. I could slide out of sight of anyone who wasn’t looking under the desk.

John stood and welcomed his prospective clients, Bryce and Eugenie Matson. I couldn't see, but their voices informed me they were a husband and wife duo. John greeted them and then, as he typically did, sat on his chair's edge as he animatedly discussed prospective investments for a couple in their late fifties who had an eye on early retirement. The wife mainly remained quiet but offered well-considered opinions when John discussed various stock options. I got the feeling she was the 'power behind the throne' and Bryce would do nothing without Eugenie's permission.

I was comfortable in my hidey-hole but bored. When my eyes adjusted to the dim light, I saw John's fly remained open. Deciding to tease him, I ran my hands up and down his legs. John didn't try to stop me, so I became more daring and stroked closer to his groin.

To my delight, John's cock hardened and poked out of his fly. I took it in my hand and lightly gripped it before working my hand up and down. I stared at the precum leaking from its big purple head and let the raging fire in my nether regions guide my actions. Stifling a guttural groan, I moved my head forward and took his glans into my mouth.

Above me, I could hear John struggling to keep it together. I giggled quietly and started working his cock as quickly as I could, trying to bring him to a swift climax. I knew I had him when he shifted his hips forward and gripped the back of my head. He forced all of his thickly erect cock into my mouth, and it twitched twice before John unloaded into my greedily sucking mouth.

John's conversation momentarily faltered as he orgasmed, but he kept it together until he'd outlined what he thought were Bryce and Eugenie's best options. Smiling, I carefully tucked John away and sat, waiting for his clients to leave. Bryce and Eugenie moved away briefly as they discussed whether to go with my husband's suggestions. Eugenie overrode the more conservative Bryce, and they walked back and signed the necessary papers to transfer control of their stock portfolio to Muggleton Consultancy. A portfolio worth north of twenty million dollars.

Speaking firmly for her husband's benefit, Eugenie said, "Mister Muggleton, during your time at Pepperstone, you almost doubled our net

worth. I'm confident you'll achieve similar success now you're a sole proprietor. Show me your worth, and I'll encourage my friends to consider investing with you. You know what that will mean to your business!"

"Thank you for your trust, Eugenie," John said as he stood. "We've mapped out a safe path with enough invested in aggressive stocks that I believe doubling your worth in another five years is a likely outcome."

"I trust you until you fail me, John. You know that," Eugenie stated. Then she added, "Don't fail me, John, because that will be the end of your consultancy firm."

"I thank you again for your trust, Eugenie," my husband replied confidently. "I won't let you down. Bryce, good to see you again."

"Likewise, John," Bryce replied. "But before we go, I saw on our way up the stairs you have a pair of Audis parked in your garage. The station wagon, that's the Avant Rs6, isn't it?"

"Yes," John replied. "This year's model. I got it before the end of the financial year, which means it's a tax write-off for my firm."

"I'm looking at buying one for our eldest daughter to use as her kids-to-school car. Do you mind if I check yours out?" Bryce asked.

"I'd love to show you," John replied, walking toward the internal stairs.

"I'll wait here in the cool," Eugenie stated.

I heard the door open and close, but with Mrs Matson still in the room, I had no choice but to remain where I was.

I saw sleekly stockinged, toned calves appear at the foot well. Eugenie pushed the chair back, and more of her shapely legs appeared. Eugenie had her knees tightly together, but I could see her skirt's hem above her stay-up stocking tops. As I watched, Eugenie shifted her tight bottom to the seat's edge and spread her muscly thighs. I stifled a gasp as I saw Eugenie's tightly trimmed pussy appear between her parted thighs.

Mrs Matson pushed the rolling chair far enough back to give someone room to escape the well. “You may come out, Mrs Muggleton,” her culturally rich voice informed me.

Shocked, I hesitated, unsure what to do.

“Oh, come out, Kate,” Eugenie exasperatedly said. “Rick Olsen is, well, I’ll call him a friend, but I’m sure you know he is much more than that.” I hesitatingly crawled out of the well and began to stand. “Stay on your knees and crawl to me,” Eugenie commanded. “Your little game with your husband has me hotter than a fully stoked furnace. Be a dear, and use your mouth to quench that fire.”

I didn’t feel I had a choice. But, even if I did, her firm, commanding voice bade me to obey her. With Edgar’s training, I possibly could have thrown it off, but I found I didn’t want to. I crawled eagerly across to Eugenie and dove between her powerful thighs. Eugenie guided my mouth onto her pussy’s entrance, and she lifted her legs and wrapped them around my neck as she pulled me tighter onto her drooling vagina.

“Stick your tongue in me and fuck me with it, Kate slut,” she demanded.

I instantly obeyed and repeatedly stabbed my tongue into her vulva, sucking her juices as they flowed. Eugenie’s hips undulated as she rode my lips. “If John’s bisexual, Bryce will happily suck him off,” Eugenie moaned as her climax crested.

I couldn’t answer as Eugenie held me too tightly to her soaking pussy, so I continued tongue-fucking her. Eugenie rode me for a few more minutes before grabbing a handful of my long, luscious black hair and pulling me onto her clit.

“I love watching Bryce give blowjobs,” Eugenie groaned as my tongue battered her clitoris. “He used to hate giving them, but he’s my little bitch now and will suck cock as often as possible because he knows it makes me hot. And he knows when I’m hot, I’ll let him fuck our daughter. Those two would fuck like bunnies if I let them, but it’s much more fun to tie him to

the bed, helpless, as Kimmy and I play. Not that she minds making love to her mother!”

I couldn’t take it all in, so I concentrated on pleasing the pussy before me. I marvelled that only a few months before, I’d never considered touching a pussy other than my best friend, Kath’s. Now, here I was, an accomplished muff diver! Eugenie groaned again, so I gently bit her clit, pulled back and swirled my tongue over it.

Eugenie clenched her teeth together and suppressed her orgasm scream. As she climaxed, she pushed me onto her entrance and squeezed my lips firmly against it. I swiftly discovered why, because Eugenie’s pussy squirted juices into my mouth. I quickly swallowed and was almost drowned by another copious gush. I gulped and swallowed four more times as Eugenie ‘came’ into my willing mouth.

Eugenie shuddered several more times as post-orgasmic spasms rocked her, but she didn’t squirt any more juice. When the last spasm had passed, Eugenie pulled me up and kissed my soaking lips. Running her tongue over my face, chin and neck, she cleaned her spilt eruptions before guiding me around so I sat on her lap. Forcing my thighs apart with her fist, Mrs Matson slid two fingers inside my needy pussy and thumbed my clit.

“Cum for me, little slut Kate,” she demanded as she thrust into my vulva and thumbed my clit. I was almost there, and when Eugenie bent her head and viciously bit my nipple, I exploded on her delving fingers. I stuffed the fleshy part between my thumb and forefinger into my mouth to muffle my squeals.

I was still shaking when we heard footsteps on the internal steps from the garage. I dove back under the desk, hoping the room didn’t reek too badly of sex. Eugenie whispered, “You, John, Bryce, and I need to meet and play together, Kate.” Then she stood and adjusted her clothing before calmly walking around to the guest chairs and sitting.

“It’ll be perfect for Andie,” Bryce gushed as he entered the room. “Plenty of room for her two kids and a good-sized boot for the prams and bassinets. They’ll be ecstatic if we get Kimmy something similar to Kate’s A3.

Speaking of Kate. Where is she, John? I thought she was your secretary come assistant?"

"I'm sure she's around here somewhere," John grinned as he retook his seat. "She's probably working on her degree and forgot I wanted her here today."

I could hear the amusement in Eugenie's voice when she said, "Don't be too harsh on her for missing our meeting, John. After all, she was instrumental in us deciding to move some of our holdings across to you."

Obviously confused, John replied, "I'll be sure to tell her when I see her. Bryce and Eugenie, is there anything else I can help you with? I'm only starting to come to grips with the various life insurance plans, but I'm sure I can help you if you require more assistance."

"We'll keep that in mind as we watch our investments, John," Eugenie firmly said. "We'll talk again in six months. Sooner if our shares tank."

She stood, and she and her husband walked out. John escorted them to the door, where they shook hands and said goodbye.

John locked the door after them and called, "Kate. It's safe to come out!" I crawled out, and he looked at my face suspiciously. "Care to tell me the meaning of Eugenie's 'instrumental' comment?"

I snuggled into his chest and giggled. "Eugenie somehow figured I was under the table blowing you. She didn't want to go to the garage with you because she was hot and wanted me to eat her out."

"You and Eugenie had sex when Bryce and I were in the garage?" John gasped.

"Yes," I replied, taking my panties off, leaning against his desk with my arms supporting me and spreading my shapely thighs. "Did Bryce offer you a blowjob? Oh, and Eugenie strongly suggested that the four of us should play together."

I stretched my legs out, wrapped them around my husband's hips, and dragged him closer. When he was close enough, I undid his fly and pulled his pants down, releasing his swiftly inflating cock. I took it in my hand and guided it onto my entrance.

"Fuck your slut, John, "I demanded. "Fuck your slut and imagine her tonguing your big balls as you doggy-fuck Mrs Matson."

"Gawd, Kate!" John groaned as he slid into my ragingly hot pussy. "Did you really eat Eugenie's pussy?"

"I did," I confirmed. "I'll suck Bryce's cock if you want me to, too."

"I want to watch," John moaned as he pumped into me. "I loved watching Rick and Mike fuck you. It made me so hot to see my wife, the hottest, prettiest slut on the planet, taking other men's cocks inside her because I let her do it."

"I'm your slut, John," I avowed. "Please, baby, fill your slut with your thick man goo."

John short-hunched several times as he neared his peak. When he hit it, he pulled all but his big, purple glans out before slamming back into me. His cock bounced off my cervix and erupted semen onto it. When I felt the exquisite pain of my cervix being battered, combined with the sweet delight of semen spraying onto it, I turned my head, bit John's neck, and howled as an epic orgasm rattled my bones.

When I came down from my orgasmic high, I pushed John back until he collapsed onto his chair. Kneeling, I took his cock in my mouth and lovingly cleaned it as I tried to reignite his erection. After around five minutes of careful cleaning and stimulation, John's thick cock stiffened in my mouth.

I cupped his meaty balls and looked submissively up through my eyelashes at him. Letting his cock out of my mouth, I said, "You liked watching Mike and Rick fuck me?" John nodded as I stroked his shaft. "Seems like a massive change from before," I stated.

“I’ve been seeing another counsellor from the clinic to help me get over myself, Kate,” John confessed. “We discussed this a lot. It turns out that most of my anger at you was because I was turned on by imagining being one of the four doing those things to you, and I was disgusted at myself. I blamed you for my disgust, but I wasn’t disgusted by them forcing you to do those things. I was disgusted by being turned on when I thought of being there and doing and seeing those things.”

I’d worked John’s cock back into my mouth as he spoke, so I lifted off him before saying, “You’re forgiven, baby. Can you explain more?”

“When I told the counsellor about my arousal at thinking about being there and helping rape you,” John continued. “He explained about voyeurism and said it was a reasonably common peccadillo for men.”

John hesitated again, so I released him and quietly said, “I’m okay about it, honey. Hearing you talking about wanting to watch me with others is turning me on. Shortly, I’ll demand you fuck me again because I’m that hot!”

John grinned as I sucked him into my mouth. “We explored the aspects of voyeurism, and he mentioned cuckoldry. When he described that, I knew it wasn’t me. I do not want you to take male lovers and rub my nose in it. But if I know about it and agree to it, especially if I can be there and participate and/or watch, I know I’ll love it!”

“Interesting,” I said after I’d slipped off his cock. “But I can take female lovers and ‘rub your nose in it’?”

“Seeing you and Kath together was the hottest thing ever, Kate!” John declared. “Watching your threesome with Siobhan and Kath was right up there, too. You can do that anytime you want, especially if I can watch!”

I giggled and said, “I should have known that, given how hot me bringing your special present to our bed those times made you!”

“You have to let me see who it is next time, Kate. Please, you have to!” John pleaded.

“I will,” I promised. “But you might be shocked by who it is, so fair warning!”

“OMG, Kate!” John exclaimed. “It’s one of Krissy’s friends, isn’t it?”

‘Almost,’ I thought but didn’t say. Instead, I sucked harder and swirled my tongue as I gently squeezed my husband’s big balls.

“I’m cumming, Kate,” John warned, overcome by visions of who his secret lover might be.

Smiling, I eagerly swallowed John’s latest offering. When I released him, John encouraged me to sit on his desk. Then he knelt and used his tongue to bring me off three times before he said he needed to do his weekly reports.

Knowing he was back in ‘stock market genius’ mode, I adjusted my clothing, put my panties on, sat at my desk and completed the unit I was working on. I submitted it, knowing I’d get top high distinctions for it if not honours, and began working on the next unit.

The rest of Saturday and Sunday passed uneventfully. John and I made sweet, sexy love Saturday night and Sunday morning, but not much else happened. I dressed in business casual on Monday and sat at the reception desk, working through my second unit. According to the unit’s synopsis, I had three weeks to complete this unit, but by midday, I’d finished and submitted it.

Not long after submitting my current unit, my mobile phone rang. I answered it and spoke to the person on the other end. It was my course coordinator. She informed me she’d sent through a recommendation for an accelerated degree because she thought I was wasting my time doing a Bachelor’s degree. However, I couldn’t complete my Masters until I’d received my undergraduate degree. Nancy, my coordinator, stated she thought I could compress my three-year Bachelor’s course into eighteen months and start working on my Masters once I completed two-thirds of my Bachelor’s.

On Tuesdays, Krissy had a half day at Uni. I manned the desk and answered the phones until after midday, when Krissy took over. Entering my kitchen, I made John a roast beef, cheese and mustard sandwich and coffee, then took them across to him. I wasn't sure if my daughter had eaten, so I added a banana smoothie to the tray. John and Krissy smiled appreciatively when I put their meals before them.

I planned to spend the afternoon cleaning, but Kath called and asked if I'd drop over. I drove to her place. When I got inside, Kath handed me a coffee, then placed her head on my shoulder. "Phil and Caoimhe are fucking, Kate," she told me.

Keeping my voice neutral, I said, "How do you know, babe?"

"Siobhan and Rick wanted to use Siobhan and Phil's suspension frame to suspend me. Siobhan thought Phil had a photography session, so their Bdsm dungeon would be available. When we walked in, Caoimhe was suspended upside down. Phil's cock was in her mouth as he licked her pussy."

"That's pretty definitive," I giggled. "Did your kids see you?"

"You're laughing about my kids indulging in incestuous acts, Kate?" Kath asked, aghast. "But, no, they didn't. Siobhan quickly shut the door before they could see me, and Rick took me to his place to play.

I hugged my friend. "Kath, you and I have discussed how hot our sons are. Tell me the first emotion you felt wasn't jealousy that Phil was licking Caoimhe and not you!"

Kath nuzzled against my neck, and I felt embarrassment flush her face. "Okay," she said. "I admit that. But that makes it doubly wrong!"

"How old are your kids, Kath?" I asked.

"You know damned well how old my kids are, Kate," Kath growled. "Given we were pregnant at the same time both times. Phil is four days older than Tommy, and Krissy is a week older than Caoimhe."

“But you’re saying they’re not old enough to choose who to make love to?”

“It’s incest, Kate,” Kath insisted.

“And if Phil wanted to make love to you, Kath?” I questioned. “Could you resist?”

“You know I couldn’t, Kate,” Kath admitted. “We spoke about this.”

I took a deep breath and chose. Kath was my best and longest-time friend. She was hurting, and I needed to help her. Slowly releasing my breath, I said, “I let Tommy make love to me the night after my first session with Edgar. I could lie to you and say it was ‘the slut imperative’ making me act, but it wasn’t. Kath, I’d been flirting with Tommy for months, hoping he’d take the hint and bed me.”

I drew another breath before quietly saying, “Plus, I seduced Krissy. She’s terrified of getting pregnant and hasn’t done much with anybody. She wanted to experiment with me, and I let her.”

I waited for Kath to explode, denounce me and kick me out of her home, and when she didn’t, I added the final pieces. “Mom and Dad were sexually active with my sisters and me. Dad took Yvette’s and Mary’s virginities on their eighteenth birthdays as Mom watched and helped. As you know, Dad was away on my eighteenth, which is why John got mine. One last confession before you tell me how much I disgust you —Tommy and Krissy aren’t fucking because Krissy wants her father to be her first, but they do everything else but.”

I held back tears as I waited for Kath to react. Kath pressed her firm body against me and kissed my cheek as my tears began falling. “You think, after all we’ve been through, I’d judge you, Kate?” She said. “No, my first and greatest love, I don’t judge you. Instead, I feel proud and awed that you trust me enough to share those things with me, and I now understand why you weren’t shocked when I confessed to desiring my son and about seeing my son and daughter having sex.

“Your family of origin, Kate, is so awesome. Your mum and dad showed more care, interest and love towards their children than any other family I know, including Mike’s and mine. Yes, your dad was strict, but he was fair.”

Then she grinned and added, “I’ll never forget that day he let us girls dress him in some of your mother’s old clothes and sat on the floor with us, sharing our ‘tea party’.”

I wrapped my arms around her and squeezed tightly, sobbing onto her shoulder.

“So, your advice to me is to do nothing about my kid’s incestuous relationship?”

“Yes, Kath, that’s right,” I replied. “Then you need to ask yourself some serious questions. Are you willing to make love with Phil, and what will Mike think of it all when he finds out?”

“Mike and his aunty were lovers,” Kath said quietly. “You remember when we were sixteen, and Mike’s mom was sick? They thought she had cancer but had Crohn’s disease instead?”

“I remember.”

“Well, Mike had just turned eighteen and Denise took him to bed during that time. So, yeah, I think Mike will be okay with it.” Then Kath suddenly grinned and added, “Besides, he’s my bitch now. So if he says he doesn’t like it, I’ll tell him he does!”

I laughed before I carefully groped Kath’s bottom and pursed my lips. As I’d hoped, Kath turned her head and moved it forward. Our lips touched, and we melted into a soft, sensual, loving kiss.

“I want to taste you,” I huskily whispered.

“Can you act like my owner and carry me to bed?” Kath asked.

In answer, I picked her up and carried her to her room. Getting there, I lay her on the bed and slowly peeled her dress off, exposing that Kath was

naked underneath it.

“I think my horny girlfriend was hoping her best friend would fuck her today,” I teased.

“You know me so well, Kate,” Kath admitted. “I’m yours, Miss Kate,” Kath informed me. “I always have been. Make me yours by making me submit to you and cum.”

We made love until we were both satiated and lay cuddling together. Kath absently played with my luscious breasts before sighing and saying, “I wish I had something like these instead of the twin pimples I have.”

I pushed her on her back and nipped her right nipple. She yelped before moaning and pleading, “Do that again.”

I lightly bit her left nipple before saying, “Talk first, play later.”

“Okay,” Kath reluctantly said.

I pulled her close and caressed her back, “What’s up, babe?” I asked.

“My traditional conservative nature fighting with my sudden sexual awakening. Jaysus, Kath!” She said. “Can you imagine the scandal if my proclivities get out? Sex with multiple partners, Bdsm play activities, my husband having homosexual sex, me having lesbian sex with a professional dominatrix, and now I’m considering adding incest to the mix. If it gets out, my career is over, and that terrifies me.”

I thought about it and replied, “As long as you’re discreet and don’t attend sex shows like the ones at The Chateaux or start going to swinger clubs, I can’t see how anyone can find out. The only way would be if Siobhan or Rick invited someone to play with you and Mike, who would welch on you that you could get in trouble, and I doubt either of them would do that because, for Siobhan, it would be the end of her career.”

Kath’s caresses became urgent, and we made love again. After we relaxed onto the mattress, Kath rolled and lay partially over me. Her position was

similar to how I like to lie with John. She tucked her head under my chin and rested her arm and leg across my body. The only real change was that Kath was playing with my breasts instead of me playing with John's penis.

"Do you think I should confront Phil and Caoimhe?" Kath asked.

I shook my head. "You need to discuss it with Mike first, and then I'd bring it up with Siobhan the next time you play. Siobhan can decide if she wants to integrate the separate sides of your family she's playing with."

"You think I should make love to Phil?"

I reached down and pinched her bottom, "I think, my horny little slut, that you answered your own question when your pussy pulsed on my thigh," I teased. "You want to. The thought of having his big cock thrusting into your cunt has you wetter than a flooded hallway!"

"And how do you know how big my son's cock is?"

I thought I'd already shocked her too much today, so I carefully avoided her question by reminding her that I'd modelled for him and the other guys, and he'd gotten excited, so I saw his trousers bulge.

"Would you fuck my son if he was willing?" Kath asked.

"In a flash, assuming John could never find out," I admitted.

"I'd fuck yours, too," Kath admitted. "And I can do that by telling Mike I'm going to and allowing him to watch."

"You're assuming your ancient charms would work on my son," I kidded.

"Nineteen months, Kate," Kath protested.

"Yeah," I grinned. "But older, right?"

"Bitch!" Kath exclaimed as she worked a finger into my dripping pussy and thumbed my clit. "Sixty-nine?" She suggested.

We pleasured each other again before taking up our conversation again.

“What do you think I should do, Kate?” Kath asked after we’d made love.

“You already know, my love,” I replied. “What do you think you should do?”

“Be open and honest with my kids and let them decide when or if they want to tell me.”

“And?” I asked.

“Decide if I want to bed Phil.”

“You’ve already decided you do, Kath,” I firmly pointed out. “If he’s making love with his sister, he’s not averse to incest, but is the attraction mutual, do you think? Or is it one-way, you to him?”

“Phil always presses firmly against me when we hug, Kate,” Kath answered. “I’ve felt his cock twitch if we hold the embrace too long.”

“Then flirt with him and see if he’ll take the next step,” I encouraged.

“What about Caoimhe?”

“What about her?” I carefully asked.

“I thought she was a lesbian, Kate. In the past, she’s admitted to having the hots for you.”

“Teenage crush,” I said dismissively.

Kath giggled and said, “She’s still a teenager and still has the same crush!”

“Maybe I should let her seduce me,” I teased. “That way, I can say I’ve had sex with three out of the four of you!”

“Phil would fuck you in a New York minute, too,” Kath pointed out.

“Maybe I should leave John at home and come to yours for an all-night Loughlin family orgy!” I joked.

“I’m in!” Kath said mirthfully.

“Okay, but round one is where I fuck Caoimhe as you fuck your son,” I stated straight-facedly.

“You!” Kath gasped before laughing and slapping my curvy butt. Then she put her foot in it because she didn’t know her daughter and I were already intimate. “I’ll tell you what, Kate. I’ll invite Phil and Caoimhe to have lunch with you and me early next week, and then I’ll seduce Phil if you seduce Caoimhe!”

“Careful what you wish for!” I tittered before pinching Kath’s nipple.

We slid into another sixty-nine before we showered, and I went home to make dinner for my family. When I got there, I discovered that John had gone into town for a late appointment. It was a dinner meeting, and he didn’t expect to be home before ten o’clock. I enjoyed eating dinner with my kids and asked Krissy to meet me in my bedroom after Tommy had gone to his room.

Tommy shortened that time by announcing he was going to Gina’s and wouldn’t see us until Friday evening. Instead of in my room, I chatted to Krissy as we sat on the couch.

“Saturday night, baby girl,” I told her. “Your period is due on Monday, correct?”

“Yes, Mom,” she replied.

“Reducing to negligible the chances of getting pregnant. However, you know what they call couples who use the ‘rhythm method’, right?” She shook her head. “Parents!” I stated.

“You mean you’ll help me seduce Dad on Saturday night?” Krissy gasped, her face turning bright red.

“Yes,” I replied. “Your grandfather reminded me I’d been lax on insisting your father do his familial duties. We’ll use the same ruse we’ve used several times before—pretend I have a friend who fancies him but is shy. This time, though, you and I will make noisy love on the bed beside him. Then, when his dick is about to explode, you’ll position yourself over him and lower yourself onto his cock. Once he’s inside you, I’ll remove his blindfold and let him see who he’s fucking. At that stage, I think he’ll be beyond caring!”

“What about me getting pregnant to him, as you did? I know I’m on the pill, and the timing’s right to ensure I don’t. But, even so, Mom, I’m scared!”

I grinned and dropped the bombshell I’d been holding ever since Krissy first confessed her desire for her father to be her first. “Your father had a vasectomy after your first birthday, honey. We decided we didn’t want any more kids, and doing that meant I didn’t have to worry about some strange woman turning up accusing your father of having sired her kid.

Krissy gaped at me before she shook herself, “No wonder you told Amanda ‘good luck’ getting pregnant! I wonder if she ever knew she couldn’t trap Dad that way?” Krissy thought things through before asking, “Mom, why are you on the pill still, and why are you wearing an IUD?”

I blushed before admitting, “I knew I’d eventually find someone I was attracted enough to to have sex with, honey. If I got pregnant, it’d be blatantly obvious it wasn’t your father’s! Even if I tried to insist it was his, he’d have his ejaculate tested, immediately revealing my lie.”

Krissy giggled and said, “So you knew you were a slut well before Edgar Fontaine proved it?”

“I knew I was a slut well before I had my first period!” I stated emphatically. “But your grandfather would have killed me if I’d been intimate with anyone before turning eighteen.”

Krissy, overcome with emotion, threw herself into my arms and cried. “When you and Dad began having troubles, I thought it would never

happen," she sobbed. "I'd decided I'd need to get Poppy or Tommy to do it. There's no way I'll let someone else be my first."

"I've never had penetrative sex with your grandfather," I pointed out.

"Something he and Granny regret, Mom," Krissy told me. "They did what they thought was best for you, but they didn't realise how badly they hurt you doing it. Talk to them, Mom. Ask if they'll arrange a special night for you to experience love with your father."

"That's a great idea!" I told Krissy. "Next time I'm home, I'll ask them."

Krissy and I made love on the couch, regretfully separating when we saw John's car lights on the windows. When her father came inside, Krissy turned on her full flirtatious charm. I was amused to see John's erection tenting his pants only a few moments later. Of course, until Saturday, I had a role to play, so I growled at her to stop acting immodestly and leave her poor father alone. Then I stared at John's throbbing cock, raised an eyebrow and met his eyes.

John blushed guiltily and made an exit, saying he needed to use the bathroom. When his back was turned, I giggled behind my hand and absently played with my breasts as I imagined what would happen Saturday night.

John returned once his erection had subsided, and I chose not to make an issue of it. We sat close together on our sofa and shared a glass of wine as we chatted. I was so happy with how we'd reconnected that I began shedding tears. John was concerned at first because he thought I was upset with him. When I assured him they were happy tears, he picked me up and carried me to bed, where he made slow, passionate love to me until the early morning.

Wednesday passed without incident, except that Krissy found it increasingly more difficult to remain appropriate around her father. She took advantage of the revealing skirts and dresses we'd bought together and tantalised John with glimpses of her breasts and waxed pussy at every opportunity.

My husband walked around with a constant hard-on because whenever Krissy wasn't around, I took over teasing him. The advantage I had over my daughter was that I could erotically touch John, which I did every chance I got. I also suggestively licked ice cream off a spoon and theatrically swallowed it. I'd regularly take his hand and touch it to my wet pussy, but other than at night, I wouldn't let him consummate his lust. By Saturday night, I wanted him so hot he'd fuck his daughter without question.

On Thursday, we had our weekly session with the marriage guidance counsellor. We discussed how the dam wall between us had broken and that we were intimate again. John stated he accepted that I'd been raped and wasn't a willing participant. He stumbled over what to call his acceptance of what had happened, and we all agreed that 'forgiven', in context, was suitable.

I explained that although our sessions had revealed I did harbour some resentments for John's constant infidelities, I genuinely had forgiven him for those. I pointed out that John had asked me to forgive him for his grievous error with Amanda and that I had willingly done so.

The therapist agreed we were on the right track, and we decided to wait a month before we saw him again. If things were still humming along at that point, Burt would say our marriage was strong again, and we'd only see him if something blew up.

On Friday, John said he needed to complete several proposals for some potential clients, so he'd be busy all day. He suggested I take the day off because any phone calls would be a welcome distraction from his work. I got up early and began my housework, which I completed by eleven. I walked over to check on John, and he asked if he could have an early lunch because he had meetings from midday through to five o'clock.

I made him a steak sandwich with all the trimmings, along with some strong coffee and carried it to him. I sat and drank my kiwifruit and pineapple smoothie with him as he ate. I took the plates back inside in time to hear the home phone ring. Picking it up, I greeted Phil after he'd identified himself.

“I tried your mobile several times this morning, Kate,” he said. “But they went to voice mail every time.”

I forgot to charge it last night,” I explained. “It went flat, and I left it in the bedroom to recharge.”

“Freddy, Tommy, and I have a plan for a sexy photo shoot this afternoon, Kate. Would you model for us, please? Mom will be the other model if you’re willing.”

“Kath’s willing to do a ‘sexy’ photo shoot?” I asked doubtfully.

“She is,” Phil assured me. I could hear his grin in his following words, “At least Siobhan and Rick say she is!”

“You know about Siobhan and your mother, then?”

“Yes,” Phil confirmed. “I saw them the day they walked in on Caoimhe and me, but for Mom’s sake, I pretended I hadn’t. I asked Siobhan later that day, and she confirmed she’d become one of Mom’s two dominants.”

“How do you feel about that?” I asked guardedly.

“Happy Mom and Dad have sorted their relationship out and are back to loving each other as much as they ever have. Of course, Dad being submissive is quite surprising.”

I didn’t know what to say, but I had a thousand questions zinging through my mind. I wanted to ask if Phil knew about his father and Rick, but I couldn’t because I’d have given the secret away if he didn’t.

Phil must have intuited my unasked question because he said, “I’m okay with Rick and Dad, Kate. I’m in no position to judge, and if Mom’s okay with it, why shouldn’t I be?”

I was still at a loss for words but found myself agreeing to come to the studio. I took no notice at the time, but John backed out of our garage only a few seconds after I’d hung up. I quickly showered and did my makeup before putting on my one-shoulder, high-waisted rainbow dress. The bodice

clung to my gorgeously lush breasts instead of revealing them but had a hipbone high side part that flashed my shapely legs when I walked or sat. I wore my tan suspenders and silk stockings but didn't bother with underwear. I chose my black 7-inch pumps to wear with my outfit.

Arriving at the studio, I opened the door and entered the reception area.

"In the studio, Kate," Phil called.

Opening that door, I found the room was blacked out. Before my brain could register that information, hands grabbed my wrists and hauled me into the room. I opened my mouth to scream as visions of Frank's dungeon poured into me, but soft lips found mine, and Siobhan whispered, "Relax, Kate. We're doing this to overlay your bad memories of what Frank did with pleasant ones of what we'll do. However, if it's too much for you, yell 'red' at any time, and I promise we'll release you, okay?"

Scared, I nodded my assent before realising Siobhan couldn't see me. Taking a deep breath, I said, "Okay."

Siobhan turned a light on, and I saw she wore one of those headlamp thingies that are so popular now. Using only that light and being very careful not to let me see much of what was happening, Siobhan helped me out of my dress and guided me across a raised platform. She helped me lie on it, locked my hands above my head, and then my feet were spread wide and tied. I knew another body was tied close to me but didn't know more.

"Ready to see what's happening, Kate," Siobhan needlessly asked.

A blazing spotlight appeared over me, illuminating only the platform. I lifted my head and saw my best friend, Kath, similarly tied to me.

"Hi, Kate," she tittered. "Nice to see you again!"

"What on earth?" I mouthed as I peered around, trying to see what else was happening.

“Don’t worry, Kate, my love,” Kath soothed. “Everybody here loves you, and we’re here to make you feel good. So, just relax and enjoy the attention.”

‘Easy for you to say,’ I thought but remained silent. ‘You weren’t the one tied up and raped.’

A spotlight hit Siobhan, and she stepped closer to the raised platform Kath and I were tied to. “Welcome to Slut Roulette,” she intoned into her headpiece’s microphone. “Tonight’s players are Kate Muggleton and Kath Loughlin. Welcome them, everybody.” It sounded like at least ten hands clapped loudly. “Participants, stand in your allotted slots.”

Siobhan set the platform Kath and I were on, spinning. I could only see the ‘participants’ from their groins down, but every ‘slot’ had someone naked. To my surprise, there seemed to be at least as many women as men.

“By mutual agreement, John, you have the first spin. Mike, you’re next. John, set the wheel spinning. Phil, turn on the lights, and I’ll explain the rules to Kate.”

I had time to think, ‘John, Mike, Phil?’ before the lights turned on. As I slowly spun past my husband, he grinned and said, “This is for you, my slut. Enjoy yourself because I will!”

John gave the wheel extra impetus, and I tipped my head back to see who else was there. I saw Mike after John, followed by Freddy, Phil, Gina, Caoimhe, Jennifer, and Charmaine. Then came Rick, Juana, and Siobhan. The wheel moved one more place, and I gasped. The last one in the circle was my son, Tommy.

As the wheel rotated again, Siobhan explained, “When the wheel stops, Kath and your heads will face one participant whilst your feet face another. The participant at your head gets to use your face and mouth however they see fit. The one your feet faces gets your pussy or, if you’re willing, your ass. You have two minutes to make the cock or pussy in or on your holes cum. When the two minutes are up, the participants climb down, the next in the circle spins the wheel, and the clock resets.”

I knew I should have been disgusted and demanded they release me, but the thought of servicing all these cocks and pussies ignited my inner slut, and my arousal blazed. I couldn't wait until the wheel stopped to see who'd have me first.

It clicked a final time, and I lifted my head to see Freddy at my feet and Rick at my head. Freddy knelt on the platform and dove onto my pussy. He used his thumbs to part my labia and slid his tongue along my slit onto my clit. He repeated that long, licking action several more times before he sucked my clit into his mouth. I wanted to cum as often as possible, so I recalled my husband saying, 'My slut', and let my passion run wild.

Unfortunately, Rick interrupted my climb to a climax by tilting my head back and thrusting his widely girthed cock into my mouth. I knew if I made him cum, he'd be embarrassed and ashamed, so I tried to give him the best blowjob ever. My oral skills allowed me to do that, so I relaxed my throat and let him push all the way home until his meaty balls rested on my chin.

Holding my head firmly, Rick began vigorously fucking my mouth. As he sunk in, I sucked as hard as I could, then I relaxed my suck and swirled my tongue over and around his glans as he pulled out. I could hear Rick grunting as he neared climax, but unfortunately for me, his Dom training took over, and he clamped down on his orgasm before he climaxed into my sucking, swirling mouth.

Before I knew it, Siobhan announced that time was up and instructed Mike to spin the 'wheel'. I closed my eyes as the platform turned because keeping them open made me feel a little queasy. I waited for the wheel to stop before seeing who I had next. Charmaine was at my head whilst Mike had my feet. Mike immediately climbed onto the platform and slid his long, slender cock into me. I moaned as he slid in, but my moan was almost immediately stifled by Charmaine lowering her sweet, young pussy onto my mouth.

Beside me, Kath had my husband fucking her face as Jennifer ate her pussy.

Well before the allotted time was up, Mike popped over the edge and came in my tight pussy, and I received my first cum load that night.

Unfortunately, I didn't quite get there. Nor did Charmaine, despite my best efforts. When Siobhan called time, Kath and I still hadn't climaxed. The subsequent spin, initiated by Freddy, spun us around again. Kath stopped before her daughter, and she looked wide-eyed as Caoimhe climbed onto the table and slowly lowered her pussy onto her face.

Tommy was at Kath's feet, and he chuckled before saying, "I've wanted to do this for years, Mrs Loughlin," he slid between my best friend's toned thighs and into her pussy. "You feel so good, Kath," he groaned, gently stroking into her.

It proved too much for Kath, and she screamed into her daughter's cunt as she orgasmed on my son's cock.

Tommy smiled when he heard her scream and asked, "Kath came first, so I can fuck her until I cum, is that right?"

"That's correct," Siobhan confirmed.

Tommy grabbed Kath's nipples and punched into her slippery pussy as hard as possible. Kath moaned again as my son's long and thick cock pounded into her. A few seconds later, Tommy pulled out and spat cum over Kath's small breasts.

Simultaneously with Kath playing with her daughter and my son, I had my husband's cock in my mouth as Jennifer licked my clitoris and fingered my sopping pussy. I thought it would be amusing to see what my husband would do if he came quickly, so I slashed and lashed his thick cock with my tongue as I tried to make him cum.

John knew what I was doing, and, of course, he had a 'secret weapon'. When he started climaxing into my sucking orifice, John grabbed my puffy, proudly erect nipples and squeezed before saying, "Cum for me, my little Kate slut!"

With a loud squeal, I climaxed, gushing my sweet fluids into Jennifer's sucking mouth as John ejaculated down my throat.

“Kate takes the lead with her second load,” Siobhan announced and waited for Gina to spin the wheel.

I had the same partners, except reversed. John was now at my feet with Jennifer at my head. Kath had Charmaine at her feet and Freddy at her head. Freddy was at least as eager with Kath as with me and quickly shoved his averagely-sized penis into her mouth. Charmaine delightedly hummed as she savoured my friend’s sweet pussy, revelling in the combined secretions of my son and Kath.

John chuckled as he climbed on the rotating platform and slid his thick cock into me. “We meet again, my darling slut Kate,” he said.

Jennifer lowered her pussy onto my lips before I could answer. Feeling incredibly slutty, I did my best to bring her off, lashing and nipping her sweet little sex nub as swiftly as possible. Before time was up, Jennifer rewarded my efforts by orgasming on my tongue and soaking my lips and chin with her juices.

John held my aching nipples between his thumbs and fingers, brutally twisting them as he rammed into my soaking pussy. When he saw Jennifer’s secretions leaking down my chin, he lost it and unloaded into me. His thick seed squirting against my cervix sent me over the edge, and I squealed into Jennifer’s sopping pussy as I came.

“Free for all,” Siobhan announced. “Anyone and everyone may cum in either of these two sluts as often as they can. Boys and girls, you disappoint me. Kath and Kate have only cum once. Tonight is about their pleasure more than yours, so make these sluts orgasm, or I’ll ask you to step away from the wheel.”

I wasn’t sure if what Siobhan offered was a good or bad thing, but I loved the idea of multiple people cumming in or on me, so I was prepared to accept it. Gina spun the wheel, and I faced her with my feet toward Siobhan. I peered down as I felt Siobhan climbing onto the platform. I shivered with anticipation when I saw she wore the same strap-on she fucked me with during my night at The Chateaux.

I felt the enormous head of her ‘cock’ against my entrance and relaxed as she slowly forced it inside me. I felt a ‘pop’ as the dildo passed through my pussy’s sphincter and glided inside me.

“You’re doing great,” Gina whispered, stroking my face and kissing my lips. She continued kissing me as she tweaked and pulled on my nipples.

Siobhan had as much of her ‘cock’ inside me as I could take. Its head pressed firmly against my cervix as she rotated her hips, causing her ‘cock’s head’ to twist against it. I screamed into Gina’s mouth as a rapturous climactic event blasted me apart.

Meanwhile, Kath had stopped with her gaping pussy facing her son. Juana had her hands behind Kath’s head, supporting it so Kath could watch. “I’m going to fuck you, Mom,” Phil informed her as he moved between her muscular thighs. “I’ve wanted to for years, and tonight, my fantasies come true.

“I’ll fuck you and fill your cunt with my seed. Then your daughter, despite the rules, will eat my semen out of your pussy. Finally, Caoimhe will take your place and let Dad fuck her. We love you, Mom. It’s time all of us became lovers. Dad’s on board and wants to fuck your daughter. What do you say?”

“Do it!” Kath demanded. “I want you to, and have fantasised about it, too. Fuck me and fill me with your seed. Caoimhe, I want to lick you as you suck your brother’s spend from my pussy.”

Kath and Phil coupled joyfully together. Mike, with a massive smile on his face, moved to sit on one of the chairs, his cock throbbing and leaking precum. Caoimhe moved to kneel between her father’s knees. She looked pleadingly up at him, and Mike smiled encouragement as he leant back and offered his cock to his daughter’s willing mouth. Caoimhe smiled before amazingly swallowing her father’s entire cock in one slow, steady motion.

Gina let me turn my head so I could watch Phil fuck his mother, my best friend. I moaned along with Kath as Phil slid inside her. Phil balanced himself on his elbows as he gently pumped into his mother. He lowered his

face close to Kath's and whispered, "I love you, Mom. Cum for me, please."

Kath's knees tried to lift to wrap around her son, but the binds held her still. Rick chuckled and undid the padlocks holding Kath in place. She groaned as she crossed her shins behind Phil's back. "Cum in me, and I'll cum for you, baby," Kath moaned before she lifted her head, offering her lush lips for her son to kiss.

Phil grinned and said, "I love you, Mom," again before his eyes closed. He locked lips with his mother and, with a low, guttural growl, erupted his hot jism into Kath's tightly gripping pussy.

Caoimhe immediately shifted onto the wheel, lowering her young, drippingly wet pussy onto her mother's mouth. She lowered herself onto her hands and eagerly waited for her brother to pull out of her mother's cunt. When he did, she gulped him down and quickly cleaned his and their mother's combined secretions off his cock. When she was satisfied Phil was clean, she sighed happily and began tonguing her brother's seed from her mother's drooling pussy.

"Take her, Dad," Phil commanded.

Mike smiled as he swiftly climbed onto the platform and knelt behind his daughter. "Let me put you in her," Kath offered. Siobhan swiftly released Kath's hands, and Kath grasped her husband's long, thin pole and guided it into her daughter's willing pussy. Kath avidly watched as her husband fucked her daughter before her head tipped back, and she moaned, "Phil, I need to taste you!"

Unfortunately, to make it happen, Kath had to move her pussy from her daughter's slurping mouth so that Phil had room, but opening her mouth and taking her son's rampantly erect cock in her mouth caused her pussy to spasm, and she gently shook as a petite orgasm washed over her.

I watched my best friend's family coming together to love each other physically with a lump in my throat. I was so happy that I'd virtually forgotten my own pleasure and even everyone else in the room. My

attention was jerked back into the present when Tommy shifted from his position, pushed Siobhan aside and announced, “Dad, I’m about to fuck Mom.” He positioned his big cock at my entrance. “You need to do your duty and show my sister how to be a woman,” he continued. “I swear I’ll do it for you if you don’t!” Tommy pushed forward and slid into my hot and soakingly wet pussy. “I’m in your wife, Dad,” Tommy gloated. “I’m fucking my mother, and I will cum inside her. What do you think about that?”

“I think you need to stop gloating and fill my slut with your immature seed,” John growled. “A real man doesn’t need to boast about his conquests, so remember, no matter how often you fuck your mother, she will always be mine. Fill her with your cum, then watch her return to me and never be yours.”

Tommy erupted into me, and I screamed as an enormous climax shattered my body until it felt like I was tiny motes floating in the ether.

Tommy pulled out of me, and I begged, “Release me, please.”

Siobhan quickly undid the chains holding me, and I rolled onto all fours and crawled across to my husband. Lying on my stomach, I swallowed his wide cock and swiftly worked him until he exploded into my mouth. I devoured every drop before looking shyly up at him, hoping he still respected me.

John leant forward and kissed my pouting lips, “I love you, Kate. I understand what your dad tried to tell me now. Our family needs to talk, but it can wait until Sunday. But I know what we all need, and I’ll make it happen! Meanwhile, let’s enjoy an all-in orgy with our friends.

I nodded my assent, and he gestured towards Rick, offering me to him. John took Siobhan, and Siobhan groaned appreciatively as my husband’s thick cock split her apart. Phil pulled out of his mother and took his sister’s mouth as his father continued fucking her. Freddy ploughed into Kath as Juana and Charmaine coupled their pussies forcefully tribbing together. Tommy grinned at me before bending Jennifer over and driving forcefully into her cunt.

The group swirled around for the next few hours as everybody experienced everybody. I delightedly accepted Tommy into my squelching pussy as his dad fucked my mouth. I wanted Tommy in my pussy with John in my ass, but that was a step too far for my husband.

Eventually, the weaker sex, the men, were worn out. Kath, Caoimhe, Siobhan, Juana, Jennifer, Gina and I formed a daisy chain, and we pleasured the pussy before us as our pussies were pleasured. Somewhere near dawn, we all collapsed into a sweaty heap and slept. My only regret was that Krissy wasn't there.

Sometime later, John touched my face and woke me up. "Come on, baby," he said. "Time to go home."

I found my rainbow dress and put it on. Then I held John's hand as I carefully stepped across the strewn bodies and left the studio.

"We'll return for your car later, Kate," John stated as he opened his car's passenger door and helped me inside.

John drove us home, and we entered the en suite to shower. Turning on the light, I saw that I was a cum and pussy juice covered disgrace. Cum matted my hair, and my face, neck and upper body gleamed with dried secretions.

Giggling, I followed John into the shower and lovingly washed his body. He turned me and lovingly caressed my breasts as he thumbed my clit and delved his fingers into me. Shortly after he began, I climaxed before dropping to my knees and blowing him. When I'd made him hard, John insisted I stand. We dried each other off, and my husband carried me to bed. We made slow, sweet love before cuddling close together and sleeping.

Krissy woke us by banging in through the door. "I bear gifts!" She announced loudly. Wafting hot coffee under our noses.

"What time is it?" John groaned as he sat up and took his cup.

"Well, let me see, Dad," Krissy chortled. "It's Saturday, and I work the nine until three shift at Cue. Assuming I came straight home, what time do you

think it is?”

“You’re not so old that I can’t spank you!” John facetiously growled.

Flipping around onto her hands and knees, Krissy waggled her barely covered, sexy ass at her father and said, “Oh! Would you, please?”

Chuckling, John pulled her panties below her ass cheeks and smacked her ass hard. Krissy yelped and leapt away.

“I didn’t think you’d actually do it!” Krissy bitched as she rolled onto her back and pulled her panties back up, ensuring she flashed her father as she did.

“Don’t ask if you don’t want,” John piously said.

John put his coffee on his bedside table. As soon as he put it down, Krissy dove onto his chest and covered his face with kisses. I quietly giggled as I watched her purposefully rubbing her unrestrained C-cups on her father’s arms.

“I came for daddy kisses,” she demanded. “And I want them!”

Krissy snuggled against her father’s muscular chest and grinned triumphantly at me, delighting in dragging John’s attention away from me.

Hiding my delighted grin, I stepped naked from the bed before luxuriantly stretching, assuring I appealingly displayed every inch of my gorgeously toned and firm body to my daughter and husband.

Sighing theatrically, I stated, “I know when my presence is not required! I shall go and do my wifely and motherly duties and make food for my unappreciative family!”

I put on my skimpiest nightie, a dark red one that clung to my taut body like a second skin and revealed vast amounts of cleavage and upper thigh. Then, I flicked my hair with my fingers and sexily tossed my head back, emphasising my long, slender neck. I looked smokily back at Krissy and John before strutting from the room, swinging my hips outrageously. At the

door, I glanced back and smiled when I saw John and Krissy had bitten their bottom lips and wore identical lustful looks.

“Amateur,” I mouthed at Krissy, then grinned and went to the kitchen.

Tommy and Gina were sitting at the breakfast bar chatting when I entered. I hugged my son before hugging and kissing Gina. She wore a short skirt, so I casually groped her bottom as I hugged her.

“That’s just great, Mom,” Tommy teased. “My girlfriend gets a hug, kiss and a bum grope, and all I get is a nanosecond-long hug.”

I checked with Gina using my eyes. At her almost imperceptible nod, I moulded my sexy body to Tommy and fished his swiftly swelling cock out of his sweats. Passionately French kissing him, I stroked his cock until I felt it leaking precum onto my wrist. I wanted to kneel and take him in my mouth, but I heard Krissy and John chatting as they descended the stairs.

I backed away, but Tommy pulled me tight before saying, “I love you, Mom. I’m glad our relationship is out in the open. Gina and I have something to discuss with you tomorrow, but I want to talk to Dad first.”

I nodded and turned to smile at my husband and daughter. John held Krissy’s hand as she flirted with him. Tommy rolled his eyes as Gina grinned.

“Sit, sit,” Gina commanded. “I’ll make you all something to eat. What do you want?”

“There are chicken breasts defrosted in the fridge,” I pointed out. “There’s bags of mixed salad in there, too.”

“Do you have any Moroccan spice, Kate?” Gina asked.

“In the spice rack in the pantry,” I confirmed.

“Warm Moroccan chicken salad coming up,” Gina advised.

John, Tommy, Krissy and I sat on stools around the breakfast bar as we watched Gina prepare the chicken. She took three breasts out of the fridge and cut them into slivers. Then, spreading them out on the cutting board, she liberally covered them with virgin olive oil before coating them with Moroccan spices.

Turning the gas stove on, Gina melted garlic butter in a large pan before adding the strips. Keeping the heat high, she seared the slivers, then turned the heat down to ensure they'd cook through. Gina took out a large bowl as the chicken cooked and poured in the premix salad. She added sliced tomatoes and diced cheese and then put out an assortment of garnishes so we could choose our own.

Less than fifteen minutes after she'd started preparing, Gina mixed the chicken slivers through the salad and placed it on the bench. After getting out plates and cutlery, she asked what drinks we wanted. Krissy, Gina and I opted for white wine, but John and Tommy took beer.

We sat about eating and chatting until Tommy announced he and Gina were meeting Phil, Caoimhe and Freddy. Siobhan was hosting a bachelorette party and would join them around midnight.

Freddy, who seemed a sweet young man, struggled to hold onto a girlfriend. I thought it was because he was too diffident, but I knew my preferences could be clouding my judgment. The problem, I thought, was that Freddy wasn't submissive, so an assertive or aggressive woman would turn him off, but he was too shy to attract women who liked a strong, assertive man.

I briefly wondered if I shouldn't take Freddy under my wing and 'make a man' of him. But I had so much on my plate now that I didn't have time to do it. Plus, I felt John could easily take me bedding Freddy as 'rubbing his (John) nose in it'.

John pushed his plate and cup aside before saying, "I need to review some of our investments, so I'm going to the office. Kate, Krissy, you're welcome to join me if you want."

Krissy looked at me, and I gave a tiny head shake. “I think Mom and I need some Mommie, daughter time, Dad,” she said. “I might sit with you later and work on my project if that’s okay?”

“Sure,” John said as he stood and walked off.

“Come upstairs and cuddle, baby,” I said, holding out my hand.

Krissy eagerly took my hand, and we walked to my room. When I closed the door, Krissy wrapped her arms around me, and we exchanged a soft, loving kiss as we stroked and petted each other. I lay on the bed, and Krissy snuggled against me. Her hand slid between my shapely thighs, and her fingers absently played along my slit as she kissed my neck.

“What’s up, Mom? She eventually asked.

“Nothing, baby girl,” I told her. “I’m just checking that you’re still okay with tonight.”

“Dad taking my virginity and fucking my brains out, you mean?” Krissy teased as she gently circled my clitoris.

I giggled before replying, “No. Tricking him into doing it is what concerns me.”

Krissy sighed as she pulled away long enough to remove her thong panties. She pressed her hot, wet pussy against my thigh as she returned her fingers to my moist slit.

“It would be so much better if he’d do what Poppy has offered to do — arrange a day when you and Granny can be there, then take me to his bed and make love to me as you and Granny show me how best to serve him. But that isn’t an option, so we do it this way. I think it’ll be fantastic once Dad realises he’s already inside me, and I love it. When he sees that, I think he’ll delight in showing me how to be his woman.”

“It’s not about teaching you to be his woman, baby,” I pointed out. “I’m his woman. He needs to teach you how to be the woman of a sexually dominant

man and submit your desires to his so that you experience pleasure when you pleasure him. I hope you can be as your grandmother and I are. All we need is our man's dick ejaculating inside us, and we orgasm. That makes our man feel powerful and loved, and it makes us feel good because we're loved."

"Yes, Mom," Krissy exasperatedly said. "Granny has been teaching me and says I'm ready."

"I just hope your father is," I said apprehensively.

"You're not backing out of our plan, Mom. Are you?"

I pulled my daughter close and ground my thigh against her blazing pussy, "It's tonight or never," I replied as I heard her voice hitch. "And never is not an option!"

Krissy rolled onto her back and spread her luscious thighs, "Taste me, Mom," she pleaded. "I'm so excited about tonight that I can barely think!"

I moved until my mouth grazed my daughter's silky smooth pudenda and placed petite, teasing kisses around her clit and slit. Krissy groaned and lifted her hips, trying to achieve firmer contact. Giggling, I rose with her and continued my light touch.

"Mom!" Krissy growled, grabbing a handful of my gorgeous black hair and trying to force my mouth onto her pussy.

I giggled and ignored her pulls. Krissy started mewling as she pleaded for me to taste her sweet young pussy. I waited until she was almost screaming with frustration before I smacked her clit hard with my fingers. She yelped, and I latched onto her clit, powerfully sucking as I lashed it with my tongue. As I'd hoped, Krissy slammed a pillow over her face and squealed as a bone-rattling orgasm blasted through her.

"Do you need something, Mom?" Krissy sighed when she came down.

“No,” I tittered. “Your father’s hornier than he was during our honeymoon. Not that I’m complaining!”

Krissy playfully pulled my nightie straps down and flicked my thick nipples. “You’re an insatiable little Mommie slut,” she teased. Waiting for that word to set me flying again.

I grabbed hers and twisted hard before saying, “I can control that now,” I replied as Krissy yelped. “Now, my darling little daughter slut, are you ready for tonight?”

“Explain how it’ll work again, please, Mom?”

“Same as the other times, baby,” I replied. “I want you to wear something very revealing and tease your father until he’s leaking precum. Then I’ll firmly chastise him and send him to our bed. When he’s there, I’ll confess that I’ve only tied him because I want to reward him for being so good to me since we reconciled. Then I’ll say I’m getting his treat and bring you in.

“Then I’ll tease him about his ‘treat’ being a virgin and wanting John to be her first. You can suck him until he cums in your mouth, and then, when you get him hard again, you can straddle him and impale yourself on his cock. How does that sound?”

“When will you reveal it’s me?”

“I’ll play it by ear, honey,” I replied. “But not until he’s close to cumming inside you.”

“And there’s no way I can get pregnant?” Krissy fearfully asked.

“No, honey. John took all the checks afterwards and is one hundred percent safe!”

“Okay,” she said happily. “I should work on my project, so I’ll see you for dinner.”

I had time to spare, so I walked to where John was. I pecked his cheek and smiled lovingly as I passed him but kept quiet because I knew he was

concentrating on his work. Krissy joined us a little later, and we worked through our various tasks.

At six o'clock, I logged out of my computer, having completed one unit and started on another. I wasn't sure how many I'd have to cook for because Tommy hadn't mentioned his plans. However, he'd usually tell me if he would be home, so I assumed it would be just the three of us. I had steaks defrosted in the fridge. Enough to feed ten if Tommy turned up with Gina, Phil, Freddy and Caoimhe. Being Saturday, I assumed Siobhan would be working, but having two extra steaks was fine. If they weren't used tonight, I'd do them for my man's breakfast tomorrow. I barely got the meat from the fridge when my phone rang.

"Hey, Mom,"

"Hey, Tommy," I replied.

"Okay to bring some extras for dinner?"

"Sure," I answered. "How many am I cooking for?"

"The whole gang, except Siobhan, Mom," Tommy advised.

That meant Charmaine and Jennifer, too, so I had the right amount of steaks without halving some and adding something else.

"What time?" I asked.

"We'll be there shortly, so whenever you get it done."

"Okay, baby," I responded. "See you when you get here.

I put the phone down and returned to washing potatoes. Once I washed enough, I cut them into wedges, seasoned them with chicken salt, rosemary-flavoured olive oil and garlic flecks and put them in the oven. I kept the temperature high for the first ten to fifteen minutes so the skins turned crispy and then turned it down to ensure they'd cook through.

Once I had the wedges on, I seasoned the steaks with a dry rub of rock salt, smoked paprika, onion powder, garlic powder, dried oregano, coarsely ground black pepper, light brown sugar and ground cumin. Leaving the rub to soak in, I boiled eggs and diced tomatoes, carrots and cheese to add to the premixed salad I had in the veggie crisper.

I waited to see who walked into the kitchen first because it'd be better to do the steaks all at once on the outdoor barbeque, and my men were better at using that than me. John and Krissy joined me first, so John got cooking duties.

Krissy went upstairs to change, so I poured a wine for myself and brought John a beer. We chatted amiably as John flipped the steaks. The crowd arrived in three separate cars shortly after John began searing the steaks, and my house was filled with the joyous sounds of happy, young people.

Phil and Caoimhe walked out to the patio first, holding hands. I grinned at them and received twin hugs and kisses in return.

"How's the new family dynamic working?" John asked Phil and Caoimhe after I'd gotten them drinks.

"We're closer than we've ever been," Caoimhe answered. "I'd moved out and in with Phil and Siobhan because Mom and Dad couldn't handle what we were, but now I'm living with them again. That gives Phil and Siobhan space to be a couple."

"Siobhan's pregnant," Phil proudly announced. "We're marrying on February 6, with the baby due in July."

I hugged him again before John did the same. "Congratulations," we said together.

Caoimhe theatrically sighed before saying, "And this old spinster will continue trudging towards her grave alone!"

I laughed and spanked her tight buns before saying, "Eighteen is not old, Missy. I take it there's no one special yet?"

“Not unless you’re planning on divorcing Uncle John and coming to the dark side,” she teased.

“You’re exclusively lesbian, Caoimhe?” John asked.

“Hell no,” Caoimhe replied. “I’m bisexual with a strong preference for women.” Then she joked. “But when the mood takes me, I love cock almost as much as your wife does!”

“It must be a constant craving, then,” my husband kidded.

“Oi!” I teasingly snapped. “I resemble that remark!”

Through the glass patio door, I saw that Tommy, Gina, Charmaine, and Jennifer were in an animated discussion with Krissy. I looked around and saw Freddy standing to the side, looking calf-eyes at Krissy. Clearly, he was infatuated with my daughter but was too shy and diffident to attract her attention.

I wondered what I could do to help him because I thought he’d match well with Krissy. He’d undoubtedly treat her like the princess Krissy thought she was, but, like me, she’d need a man with a firm hand to correct her course when she wavered. Currently, at least, that wasn’t Freddy.

Tommy laughed and hugged his sister before he and the girls came outside. Freddy hung around, hoping Krissy would notice him. She did, but only to use him as a packhorse to bring beer and wine for everyone as she went upstairs.

When Gina, Jennifer and Charmaine walked onto the patio, I noticed they wore similar neck jewellery, almost collars. I figured it was a current trend and ignored the anomaly.

Around five minutes later, Krissy walked out onto the patio, and even my eyes widened. She wore a Bae, draped collar chain, backless, metallic halter dress. Its pink colouring contrasted beautifully with her olive complexion, and it clung to her firm 16-C breasts gorgeously. The hem barely covered her shapely ass and showed her sexy legs beautifully. Krissy had raided my

closet and stolen my pink strappy wedge-heeled sandals. The lift these heels gave her emphasised her calves and made her sexy bottom pop.

Carrying her father's beer, Krissy sinuously crossed to her father and, in a sultry voice, said, "I brought you another beer, Dad."

"Thanks, baby," John said, accepting the can and trying to keep his eyes on his daughter's face.

In the same voice, Krissy battered her eyes and said, "I'll give you anything you want, Daddy." She touched his arm and lifted onto her toes to kiss his surprised lips softly. "Anything you want," she emphasised.

John glanced guiltily at me before turning back to the grill and announcing, "The steaks are ready, so grab a plate and a steak. Kate has wedges and salad inside."

Because the night was warm, we took a steak and went inside to get wedges, sour cream, sweet chilli sauce and salads before gathering around our barbeque table. We were short two chairs, so Tommy grabbed a pair of kitchen chairs to make up the spaces.

I held my spot beside John until everybody sat, then relinquished it to Krissy and moved beside Freddy where she'd been. When she sat, Krissy cut her steak into bite-sized portions and put her knife down. Her hand quickly found the inside of her father's thigh.

John coughed and removed her hand, but Krissy shook him off and returned her hand to his inner thigh. Rather than making a scene, John decided to leave her hand there. I giggled to myself, realising Krissy's and my plan was on track because I could see John's severely tented trouser front.

Sitting beside Freddy meant I naturally fell into a conversation with him. I quickly learnt that he was intelligent and witty. We talked about his aborted attempt at an AFL career. He self-deprecatingly admitted his career 'failed to launch' when he wasn't drafted. He explained that not being drafted devastated him, and he hadn't even touched a football since.

Discussing that time with him established that it was a seminal moment in his young life and had greatly affected his self-confidence. John and I were never close with Freddy's parents like we were with Phil's. Nor had we been close with small-dicked Frank's parents. It seemed Freddy's father was domineering and controlling and held his son's failure to secure an AFL contract as a slur on him. According to Freddy, his father stated that he'd always known Freddy was a useless no-account and wasn't surprised he'd failed.

The more I chatted with him, the more I thought he'd be a perfect match for my daughter, assuming he could get past his issues with his domineering father and become a self-confident, dominant man. I thought again about taking him as a lover and showing him how to be a man to a sexually submissive woman. I decided to talk to John about it after I'd completed my plan for my daughter's defloration.

The night progressed beautifully. Conversation flowed as everyone laughed and chatted with everyone else. I felt happy and proud that my children wanted to spend time with us, even more so that their friends were comfortable in our presence. It seemed incredible that Tommy and Krissy's friends treated John and me more as friends than their friend's parents. Of course, it helped that I'd been intimate with everyone there and that John had been intimate with every woman except his daughter. An omission I hoped to fix later tonight.

Around ten o'clock, Tommy announced he and the girls were going to bed. Phil grinned and said he and Caoimhe would head home to wait for Siobhan to return. Bemused, I watched my son guide his 'harem' to his room. It left John, Krissy and me. I used my eyes to indicate Krissy should leave her father and me alone. She took the hint and theatrically yawned before stating she was going to bed.

John helped me stack the dishes into the washer. Once they were in and the dishwasher was on, I decided to change my plan. I thought 'punishing' John for getting aroused by his daughter was counterproductive. Instead, I asked, "Do you remember that friend I brought to our bed who wanted you to be her first?" John nodded, and I added, "Because you've been so good to me, I asked if she wanted to visit tonight." Suppressing my grin, I watched my

husband’s cock spring instantly erect. “She’s still incredibly shy,” I ventured. “That means I’ll have to tie you to our bed before she’d be comfortable playing.”

“You promised to remove the blindfold so I can see who she is!” John protested.

“And I’ll keep that promise,” I averred. “But you need to obey her desires until I decide she’s ready, okay?”

John eagerly nodded and rushed me upstairs. Seconds later, he pumped delightfully into my juicy pussy. I closed my eyes and imagined my daughter’s sweet, virgin pussy descending onto her father’s rampantly erect cock. I moaned as my imagination saw Krissy’s hymen blood splash on her father’s abdomen as her hymen gave way to John’s thick cock.

I screamed as my orgasm hit, and I felt John about to erupt into me. “Hold it for your virgin lover, John,” I demanded.

Groaning, John summoned his resistance and forced his imminent orgasm to desist.

My phone dinged, indicating I had a message. Controlling my urge to giggle, I straight-facedly said, “That will be your treat at our front door. Let me tie you up, and I’ll go and get her.”

John eagerly slid out of me and rolled onto his back, extending his feet and arms to the bed’s corners. Realising that John hadn’t removed them, I quickly tied him using the binds I’d used earlier. I placed the blindfold on his eyes when he was bound to the bed.

I then went through my usual routine of opening and shutting our front door, pretending I’d let someone in. When I’d returned upstairs, Krissy waited for me, completely naked. I grinned and hugged her as we exchanged a passionate kiss.

“Ready to become a woman, baby?” I quietly asked.

“Yes!” Krissy unequivocally stated. “Let’s do this!”

I opened the door and led us inside as I said, “Your virgin, but willing slut, wants you, John. Shall I let her suck you?”

“Yes!” John stated firmly.

“Oh, I don’t know,” I teased. “She’s at least attracted to me as she is to you. I think I should make love to her first. That way, she’ll be able to compare making love to a woman versus a man.”

“Gawd, Kate,” was all my husband could say.

Krissy and I exchanged grins before I said, “Your treat is the same age as your daughter, John. Meaning she’s eighteen. Do you want to listen as I lick her sweet, young pussy?”

“Lawd. Kate,” John moaned, “Of course I do!”

Krissy leant against her father and lifted her knees. She pulled her heels against her curvy bottom and spread her knees, exposing her hot, dripping pussy to my avid gaze.

“Oh, baby,” I gushed. “Her pussy looks so sweet and delicious. She’s wet, honey. So wet she’s dripping onto our bed. I want to taste her, John. Shall I taste your delectable little treat?”

“Lawd, yes, Kate. Please, though, I want to watch!”

“She’s shaking her head, John, because she’s still too shy. Let me get her really hot, and then maybe she’ll let you see.”

John groaned a long, drawn-out “Gawd!” as he imagined what I was about to do.

“Here I go, baby,” I cooed. “She’s holding her pussy lips open because she wants me to drink her juices. Hmm, I think I will. Just a little taste. Oh, yes, honey. She tastes so sweet. Don’t you wish you could taste her?”

“Fuuuuccck!” My husband moaned as his cock exploded, shooting jism onto his daughter’s back.

“Naughty boy,” I teased. “You made a mess!”

At my gesture, Krissy knelt and cleaned John’s cum from his chest and stomach.

“Who’s cleaning me, Kate?” John begged to know.

“Who do you want it to be?” I asked seductively.

“John grinned and replied, “There’s only one safe answer to that question! You, my darling wife, of course!”

Giggling, I told him it was his ‘little treat’, and then I described how I was licking his cum off her back and playing with her sweet little pussy as I did.

I wanted John to have at least one more orgasm before I let my daughter suck him off because, although I wished him to be horny, I didn’t want him urgently needing to cum. If he erupted into Krissy before he broke her cherry, it would cause problems for them both. I knew my husband well, though, and figured he would maintain control, especially if I goaded him about cumming too soon.

To add to my tease, I said, “Oh, John! Some of your man goo has dripped onto your treat’s butt cleft. Hmm, I think I might lick it off. Oh, my! Now that I’ve spread her curvy cheeks, I can see the cum has run onto her tiny star. Should I lick it off, baby? Should I tongue her little chocolate star?”

I indicated to Krissy that she should grasp her father’s penis and jack it. She grinned widely and eagerly took it in her hand.

“Hmm,” I teased. “Her little hole flutters as I touch it with my tongue, John. I think I’ll wet my finger and slide it in her little rosebud.” John moaned and then jumped as I pushed my finger into his mouth. “Make my finger wet, baby. Make it moist, and I’ll rim her little asshole.”

John moaned as he swiftly ran his tongue around my finger, ensuring it was soaking wet.

I pretended to finally notice that Krissy had his cock in her hand. “Oh!” I gasped. “The naughty minx has your cock in her hand. Does it feel good, baby? Does her soft, petite hand feel good on your hard shaft? I know! I’ll get her to lick your big balls, okay?”

John moaned again as his hips rose off the bed, trying to fuck Krissy’s gripping hand. Krissy looked at me wide-eyed before she lowered her head and softly ran her tongue over her father’s meaty balls. John immediately groaned and lost control, his cock spurting ropes of his thick goo into the air. Some of it landed on Krissy’s hair.

“Tsk, Tsk,” I chided. “That’s twice you’ve lost control. If you can’t maintain better control than that, I’ll be very disappointed in you! You’re supposed to be showing your young treat what it means to serve a dominant man sexually! Instead, you’re cumming every two minutes like an unschooled teenager!”

John blushed and mumbled that he’d do better from now on.

Krissy and I shared a grin before I said, “What’s that? Are you sure? No, I mean, are you really sure? You can only give it away once. Shouldn’t you save it for your wedding night?” Krissy looked at me nonplussed, sure I’d lost my mind. But I grinned and winked before saying. “John, your treat is still a virgin, as I’ve told you before. She wants you to be her first. I’m not sure if it’s a good idea. What do you think?”

“I think it’s up to her with your permission, Kate,” John replied as his cock quickly lengthened and stiffened.

“Your throbbing cock calls you a liar, John,” I growled, trying not to giggle. “You miss taking cherries. Before we married, you collected them like other kids collected footy cards!” I mimed taking a cock in my mouth for Krissy’s benefit.

“I wasn’t that bad!” John protested.”

“Yes, you were!” I teased. “I gladly gave you mine, baby, so stop worrying that you’re in trouble.” I moved so I could kiss him. I whispered, “I want to watch, John. I want to see your big cock sliding into a virgin pussy. You want to, right?

“Of course, Kate,” John answered. “But not if it will hurt or upset you.”

“John, I swear that I want to watch, okay?” I shifted and lowered my ragingly hot pussy onto his arm. “See?”

I nodded to Krissy, and she opened her mouth, ready to suck her father inside.

“Gawd, Kate,” John moaned as my squelching pussy pressed on his forearm. He tried to complete his thought, but his daughter swallowed his entire cock with one quick motion. Whatever he meant to say was lost in a gutturally groaned, “Oh my Gawd!”

Rubbing my fingers lightly over his nipples, I grinningly said, “She’s good, isn’t she? I’ve been teaching her how to deep-throat.”

I hadn’t, but her grandmother had. But John didn’t need to know that just yet.

Krissy worked her father until his hips rose and fell, trying to fuck her mouth. I’d knelt on the floor behind so I could tongue her entrance and little star, ensuring she’d be as wet and turned on as possible before trying to take her father’s cock.

Listening to John’s groans, I knew if my daughter kept blowing him, John would cum again. I tapped her back. Krissy looked back, and I gestured her closer. “It’s time, baby,” I whispered into her ear.

Krissy moved over John’s body eagerly and straddled his hips, staying upright on her knees, ready to lower her virgin pussy onto her father’s throbbingly erect cock.

“What’s happening, Kate?” John worriedly asked.

“You’re about to take your treat’s virginity, John,” I informed him. “I’ll hold your cock and guide you into her as she lowers herself onto your cock. I want you to hold still until I tell you it’s okay to move. Understand?”

“I understand, but are you both sure this is how you want to do it?” John replied.

I glanced at Krissy to see her vigorously nodding her head.

“She wants it, John,” I assured him.

“Can I please take the blindfold off and watch?” John pleaded.

“No”, I denied. “She’s shy and doesn’t want you to know who she is. That way, she won’t be embarrassed when she sees you after tonight.”

“You mean she comes to our house regularly?” John gasped, trying to work out who his mysterious lover could be.

“You’ll see her around the house tomorrow, for sure,” I told him, trying to keep the smile from my words.

John gasped but didn’t speak.

“Ready?” I asked.

John and Krissy nodded, so I wrapped my hand around my husband’s thick cock and held it so it pointed at the ceiling. Krissy smiled, excited she was finally losing what I knew was a burden to her. She slowly sank until she felt the head of her father’s cock nestled against her entrance. I wiped John’s cock back and forth a few times to ensure it was lubricated with her juices and then nodded.

Krissy hesitated as she felt her father’s penis pressing on her hymen. She was fearful, but I knew it would only be a thin, flimsy barrier at her age because it would have mostly atrophied. She raised her eyes to me, and I smiled in encouragement. My daughter took a deep breath and determinedly pressed down. She gasped slightly as her hymen shredded and her father’s cock slid inside her. She didn’t stop until she’d taken his entire length.

I could see she wanted to speak, but I hushed her because I knew her father had clamped tightly down on his arousal to ensure there were no accidents. I wanted John to be on the cusp of an orgasm and desperate to cum before I revealed he was fucking his daughter.

“You did it, John,” I cooed. “You deflowered your virgin lover. How does it feel, baby? How does her sweet, tight, young cunt feel around your big, stiff cock?”

“She’s so hot, wet and tight, Kate!” John exclaimed. “Please, I have to see who it is?”

“She still says no, John. She’d be embarrassed if you knew it was her when she saw you around the house again.”

“May I hold her hips?” John asked.

I thought about it and changed my plans. I was going to wait until John began to climax and rip his blindfold off when it was too late for him to stop ejaculating, but I had what I thought was a better idea.

“Only if you swear not to take your blindfold off,” I answered, and John nodded.

I undid John’s wrist ties, and he immediately placed his hands on his daughter’s womanly hips. Of course, now that John’s hands were free, there was no reason to leave his feet tied, so I undid them, too. John moved his feet together, held his lover’s hips and encouraged her to ride him. Krissy figured it out quickly and soon slid up and down her father’s rigid pole delightedly. She bit her bottom lip to prevent her moans, which would probably give away who she was.

“May I touch your breasts,” John asked.

Krissy grabbed his big hands and moved them onto her large C-cup breasts. John gently squeezed her luscious mounds as he lightly strummed her puffily erect nipples. With her father’s talented hands on her nipples,

Krissy's arousal moved swiftly towards its crest. Her hips frantically moved as she rode John hard, her breath coming in gasped pants.

Suddenly, her orgasm hit, and my daughter squealed as her first orgasm on a cock blasted through her. I kissed her proudly and whispered to keep riding. She did, and her eyes opened wide as she realised she was cresting again. Krissy shuddered and moaned as another intense orgasm rattled through her sexy body.

"Keep your blindfold on, John," I demanded. "But you need to roll your treat onto her back and fuck her into submission before you fill her sweet little cunt."

"Gawd, Kate!" John groaned as he carefully rolled his 'treat' over. I had to help Krissy pull her legs out so she could lie comfortably.

John held her close and tilted his head to offer a kiss. Krissy glanced toward me, so I smiled and nodded. She locked her lips lovingly to her father's before moaning as he slowly pumped into her.

"How does she feel, John?" I asked as I fingered my clit, excited by the erotic spectacle before me.

"So hot, tight and wet that I can't stand it, Kate," John moaned. "She feels incredible under me, and her pussy grips me deliciously."

"Do you want to cum in her sweet little cunt, John?"

"Gawd, yes, Kate," John groaned, pumping harder as he lost control of his arousal.

"She wants you to, John," I informed him. "She wants to feel your thick seed squirting inside her, filling her tight, little pussy."

"Then I will," my husband said as he closed in on his climax.

Stifling a grin, I said, "Not until you make her cum and scream her orgasm first!"

“That’s cruel, Kate,” John groaningly protested as he forced his impending orgasm down.

“Show her how to serve a dominant man, John,” I demanded. “Fuck her until she screams in ecstasy.”

John stopped diffidently making love to our daughter, and as a father should when tasked with showing his daughter how to serve her man with her body, he began fucking her. John moved onto his knees and slid his right hand under Krissy’s luscious ass. Then, holding her hips off the bed, John thrust vigorously into her. Next, he shifted his left hand onto her firm left breast and pinched her nipple.

“You’re my slut now,” he growled. “Show your man what a slut you are, and cum for him!” He squeezed his daughter’s nipple viciously as he twisted and pulled it.

“Fuuuuuuccccckkkk!” Krissy screamed as she peaked and threw herself off her orgasm’s peak. “Fuuuuuuccccckkkk!” She howled as another climax shattered through her. Then she grunted, “Fuck, fuck, fuck,” as her body spasmed on her father’s rock-hard, vigorously-thrusting cock.

“Here it comes, my little slut!” John growled as he jammed his cock into Krissy’s pussy and froze with all his muscles locked.

I waited for his first grunt, indicating he’d blasted cum into our daughter and pulled his blindfold off.

He looked down in time to see and hear his daughter scream, “Fuck me, Daddy!”

“Krissy!” John exclaimed. “Oh, Gawd, Krissy! I love you, baby girl. Oh, Gawd, my darling girl, I can’t believe it’s you! Take it, baby girl. Take your Daddy’s cream in your tight little cunt.”

John grunted four more times as he blasted his daughter full of cum.

I worriedly waited until John and Krissy came down from their combined orgasms. But Krissy held her father's head and wept as she covered his face with kisses.

"Thank you, Daddy," she gushed. "Thank you, Thank you, Thank you. Thank you for making me a woman. Thank you for teaching me how to serve my man. I love you, Daddy!"

"I love you, too, Bunny," John said, calling her a pet name he hadn't used since she was twelve and had admonished him that she wasn't a child anymore.

Krissy turned and held her hand out, "Mom!" She called. "I need you!"

Sobbing tears of happiness, I took my daughter's hand.

John looked sheepishly at me before checking, "This is what you wanted, isn't it, Kate?"

I pretended to huff, "Well, husband, it would have been better if you'd done your familial duties and initiated your daughter's transition to womanhood yourself instead of me having to trick you into doing it. But, yes, John, this is what I've wanted since your daughter came to me and asked for my help to seduce you."

"I'd have never done it without you doing it like this," John admitted as he lovingly held our gorgeous daughter. "The other times you brought a 'treat' to our room, that was Krissy, too, right?"

"It was," I admitted as Krissy giggled against her Daddy's chest, her hands idly playing through his chest hair.

John squeezed Krissy tight before kissing her cheek. "Am I allowed to do this again, Bunny?" He asked.

"I'm a bit sore, Daddy," Krissy said. "Worth it to feel as good as you made me feel, but it's a bit stingy now."

John chuckled before saying, "I mean, other than this one time, Bunny."

“That depends on you, John,” I interrupted. “Was the roulette wheel a one-off, or can I make love to our son again?”

“You didn’t make love to our son,” John kidded. “He fucked you as you screamed through an orgasm like the slut you are!”

“He filled your wife with his cum, John,” I countered. “Are you sure you’re okay with that?”

“I just filled your daughter with my cum, Kate,” John replied. “Are you sure you’re okay with that?”

“Yes,” I averred. “But if I see any sign that you prefer fucking our daughter to me, I’ll cut your balls off and feed them to you.”

“Deal!” John exclaimed. He sat up, lifting Krissy with him, swung his feet onto the floor and stood carrying Krissy. He said, “Come on, Kate. Help me wash our daughter, and then she and I will take care of your dripping pussy.

Epilogue. Readers, even though the inspiration for describing my adventures continues strongly, I feel the need to investigate other characters inhabiting this story’s peripheries. Therefore, it may be some time before I explain what happened the morning following John’s defloration of our daughter.

Chapter 11: Return to The Chateaux



Hello readers! Kate Muggleton back again. OMG! Did you read? Another Mommie wrote a story saying she was inspired by my tales and wanted to

emulate me! Watch out, boys, we slut mommies are taking over the world! Before you know it, you'll be married to one! One thing is for sure, though. If you marry one of us, you'll have more sex than any five of your friends! Well, unless your friends are also married to slut mommies.

Now, if you remember, chapter 10 ended with my husband, John, finally doing his paternal duties and deflowering our daughter. After they'd climaxed, and we all exchanged hugs and kisses and discussed what was next, John and Krissy took me to the shower. That's where we take up my story.

With my sex juices literally dripping down my thighs, I allowed my husband and daughter to guide me into our en suite. Krissy turned the water on and set it to barely short of scalding. As John and I waited for the water to heat up, he held me pulled to him, with my curvy bottom pushed hard against his swiftly swelling cock.

Krissy saw us and giggled as she knelt before me. John parted my pussy lips to expose my thick clitoris. My daughter sighed lustfully before encircling it with her soft, pouty lips and running her tongue over it. Now that his daughter had latched onto my clit, John shifted his hands onto my large, firm breasts and took my nipples between his thumbs and forefingers.

Biting where my neck and shoulder join, something I have always adored, John squeezed my puffy nipples and hummed, "You can't resist us, my darling little wife slut. Feel your husband squeeze your tit nubs as your daughter eats your slutty cunt. Feel it and cum, you sweet little Mommie slut!"

'Oh, lawd,' I thought as I squealed through an intense orgasm. 'John knows about the slut imperative. I am in deep do-do now.'

However, that was something to worry about later. Now was for enjoying making love to my husband and daughter. I turned and tried to drop to my knees to suck John off, but he wouldn't let me. Instead, he helped me into the shower, turned me, and pressed me into my daughter's front. Then he knelt in the sprinkling water, gripped my shapely bum, and pulled me onto

his mouth. Simultaneously, Krissy took over tweaking and pulling on my swollen nipples and kissing the nape of my neck.

As John tongued my entrance, forcing his tongue into my soaking pussy as far as possible, Krissy twisted and pulled my nipples, whispering, “We all love you, our sweet little Mommie slut. We’re all important, but you’re the glue that holds us together. None of us, especially Dad, can be who we are without you. Now, my little Mommie slut, cum for us!”

Wow! That did it. Hearing my daughter tell me how important I was to everyone and how my family needed me blasted me past my usual low-earth orbit and sent me spinning into the galaxy. I don’t know how long I screamed my stupendous orgasm, but I screamed for so long that I passed out. I awoke as John and Krissy carried me back to our bed.

“Your Mom’s always been a screamer,” my husband chuckled.

“So, like mother like daughter?” Krissy giggled.

“I’d like to make you scream again, Bunny,” John stated.

“I’m still sore, Daddy,” Krissy wistfully stated. “Hopefully tomorrow?”

“I don’t need to stick my cock in you to make you scream, Bunny,” her father assured her.

“You don’t?” Krissy asked doubtfully.

“No,” John stated before grinning and adding, “As a younger girl, you used to scream quite loudly when I smacked your bum!”

I heard my daughter moan before she pleaded, “Will you put me over your knee and spank me now, Daddy?”

“I finger fuck your mother when I spank her, Bunny,” John said. “If you’re too sore...?” He left the rest hanging.

“Would you use your mouth on me after you’ve spanked me?” Krissy hesitatingly asked.

My husband grinned before saying, “That was what I was going to suggest, Bunny.”

Deciding I wanted to watch this, I feigned unconsciousness and allowed them to tuck me into bed. Keeping my eyes slit and breathing evenly, I watched the action. Like a Heffalump, my daughter struggled to situate herself across her father’s thighs. John laughed and helped her into the correct position.

“Your mother assumes this position as gracefully as a ballet dancer dances, Bunny,” John chuckled. “Surely you can achieve some semblance of grace?”

‘Shut up and spank me,” Krissy giggled as she settled herself across her father’s thighs.

“As you wish,” her father responded. “Your mother loves it rough, but I doubt you can stand that much pain.”

I hid a smile because I knew that meant my daughter would take everything her father meted out and insist on more. John looked across at me, and I pretended to mutter and moved onto my back, pretending to sleep.

“Give me your best shot,” Krissy demanded, arching her sexy bottom into the air.

John chuckled before he forced his fist between his daughter’s thighs and caressed her pussy.

“That’s not a spa ... Ouch!” Krissy stated and then protested.

“I don’t hear you,” John stated.

“You didn’t hear me say ‘ouch’?” Our daughter wonderingly said.

“I didn’t hear you say, ‘One, thank you, Sir’,” her father explained.

“Oh,” our daughter replied. “One, thank you, Sir.”

“Too late,” John exclaimed before spanking her again.

“Two, thank you, Sir,” Krissy quickly said.

“Your count is off, little one,” my husband unequivocally stated.

Catching his meaning, Krissy amended, “One, thank you, Sir.”

“How many do you think you deserve?” John asked.

“How many can Mom take before she begs off?” Our daughter asked.

“No less than twenty,” her father responded.

I almost said something because I can take much more than that and never ‘cry off’. But I realised that John was setting a limit that he believed our daughter could take. Krissy would feel proud of her achievement if she reached twenty-one and feel good about the session. I hoped that John was correct in his assessment. If he’d overestimated, and Krissy called her spankings off, she’d feel she had failed to match her mother’s, my, standard.

John spanked Krissy’s luscious ass again. “Two thank you, Sir,” our daughter responded.

Trying to retain the impression that I slept, I struggled to keep my hands off my sweltering pussy. When John, my husband, is close, I continuously experience a vague tingle in my nether regions that quickly explodes into a boiling heat when he pays attention to me. I wasn’t precisely submissive to him, but I loved serving him. John, during our marriage, has fucked way more than one hundred women. Worse was that he’d travelled as ‘husband and wife’ with his secretary, Amanda.

I accepted his peccadillos as the price I paid to remain married to a successful, dominant man. However, during our sessions with our marriage counsellor, I’d learnt that I’d harboured a sneaky resentment towards him for his constant infidelities. That resentment had caused me to act out and have sex with numerous people.

Because my husband travelled so often, my numerous escapades hadn't been discovered. However, when the Police Tactical Response Team shot one of my rapists during my rescue, it made headline news all over the country. Of course, that meant I had to come clean to John about that incident. That led to marital difficulties between us, and we spent some time apart.

Now, it seemed that John wanted us to explore together, and I didn't know if I should reveal my previous escapades. Would admitting to them cause further problems? Would the problems be worse if I remained quiet and John discovered some of them himself? I didn't know, but I feared the result of taking either action.

As I watched and thought, my husband whacked our daughter three more times, bringing the total number of strikes to six, with only five counting towards the assigned number. From where I lay, I could see the moisture pooling between her thighs, and rather than moaning with pain, Krissy was biting her bottom lip and trying not to let her father know she was close to climaxing.

Her dad slid his fingers onto her clitoris and, with a motion I was intimately familiar with, stroked over it as he tickled her entrance. With me, he'd have thrust two fingers into my tight and wet pussy, but with Krissy complaining of being sore, he couldn't do that. However, it worked because, with a loud squeal, Krissy orgasmed on her father's fingers.

Rubbing Krissy's back, John chuckled, "You're just like your mother, Bunny. You came before you even got halfway. Would you like to work off your remaining slaps?"

My daughter grinned as she quoted the famous movie line, "Please, Sir, I want some more." She turned and settled herself across her father's knees again.

John whacked her five more times forcefully. By the end of this series, Krissy was whimpering. However, her sexual arousal continued to pour from her recently deflowered pussy.

Her father offered to allow our daughter to work her remaining smacks off, but Krissy refused and pleaded for him to continue. I knew why —Krissy wanted bruises she could show off to her friends later. I was, however, concerned she was trying too hard to emulate me and wondered if I shouldn't 'wake up' and take control of the play.

The reasons I thought I should step in were two-fold —the first was that her father shouldn't have offered that Krissy could service him to avoid her remaining strikes because he hadn't reached the halfway stage. And secondly, Krissy should have known that the offer wasn't really an offer. Instead, it was a command to pleasure her corrector.

"You will obey your father and kneel to suck me off," John commanded, as I hoped he would, removing my need to intervene.

"Yes, Daddy," Krissy acquiesced as she, gracefully this time, knelt and nuzzled her father's thick cock.

"I haven't seen you deepthroat me yet," John pointed out. "I've felt you do it, though. Show your father your oral skills, little Bunny,"

Through my slitted eyes, I watched my daughter hold her father's cock in her delicate hand and take its glans into her mouth. Smiling as she looked submissively up at him, Krissy slid her hand down John's cock ahead of her eagerly sucking mouth. Finally, she couldn't slide her hand lower, so she began lifting her slender fingers off her father's shaft until her dad's pubis pressed against her lush lips.

Grabbing our daughter's head, my husband moaned, "Fuck, Krissy. You are at least as talented cock sucker as your mother. Your mother has taught you well."

I blushed because I realised her grandmother, my mother, had taught her that skill, and I admitted to myself that I'd been derelict in my duty to teach my daughter what she needed to know to serve a sexually dominant man. John face-fucked our daughter until, with a guttural groan, he spat his manly juices down Krissy's throat.

“Lie beside your mother,” John demanded.

Krissy swiftly complied, and I rolled so I could watch my husband dive between our daughter’s thighs and throw her shapely legs over his shoulders. Latching onto Krissy’s love button, John sucked it into his mouth before gently biting and pulling back. Krissy held her father’s head tightly against her throbbing clit before she tilted her head back and screamed through an intense orgasm.

“Fuck me, Daddy,” our daughter demanded when she came down.

“You said you were sore,” John questioned.

“I need you inside me, Daddy,” Krissy rejoined. “Damn the pain.”

John moved up and covered his sexily curved daughter’s body with his. His big, thick cock pulsed as he moved to position it against our daughter’s dripping entrance.

“Jam it in,” Krissy commanded.

“If you’re sure, Bunny,” John hedged.

“I am, Daddy,” our daughter averred. “I want to feel your big cock thrusting inside my tight cunt.”

John forced his hands and forearms under his daughter’s armpits and gripped her shoulder tops. Pulling down, he forcefully thrust into her, his pelvis smacking against her clitoris.

“Fuck me, Daddy!” Our daughter demanded, already gasping as her climax swiftly approached.

John banged our daughter like the slutty drum she longed to be. His hips blurred as he fucked Krissy as hard and quickly as possible. Krissy crested swiftly, but instead of launching into the stratosphere as she expected, Krissy experienced several consecutive petite orgasms, each a little higher and longer than the last.

I watched, mystified as to why she hadn't exploded. An idea formed that pain from her recent deflowering had mixed too severely with her pleasure and was preventing her from erupting. Deciding I needed to intervene, I opened my eyes.

John grinned at me as I shifted to get closer. I asked, "Daughter, are you a genuine three-hole slut as your grandmother has taught you to be?"

"Yes, Mom," Krissy panted as another tiny climax washed across her.

"Then you're offering your virgin ass to your father, too?" I queried.

John stopped pumping as Krissy, wide-eyed, stared at me. "Yes, Mom," Krissy hesitatingly said.

Sternly, I said, "John, are you prepared to complete your familial duties and take the third of your daughter's cherries?"

"Yes, Miss Kate," my husband stated, knowing I was in charge of this part of our daughter's experiences.

"Prepare your daughter's ass," I demanded as I swung out of bed and looked for the lube. Finding it, I handed it to John, stroked my daughter's lustrous locks and whispered encouragement.

John encouraged Krissy onto her stomach and moved between her shapely thighs. Placing his hands on his daughter's butt cheeks, John spread them apart and lowered his head until he could touch his tongue to her tiny chocolate star.

"Gawd!" Krissy growled as she felt her father's tongue on her forbidden place.

John forced moisture inside our daughter's ass as he slowly worked her ring open. Eventually, Krissy's little rosebud fluttered open, and her father slid at least an inch of his tongue into her.

"Gawd!" Krissy moaned again as her hips lifted off the bed, trying to force her father's tongue into her partially gaped ass.

John chuckled before holding his hand out. I poured some sex lube onto it, and he transferred it to our daughter's ass. Then, smearing more lube over his index finger, John introduced it to Krissy's ring. Krissy gutturally moaned as her little star fluttered open, allowing the invading digit to enter her.

"Get on your hands and knees," I requested. Krissy swiftly complied, and I slid between her luscious thighs, gazing eagerly at her waxed pussy. "Lower your slippery pussy onto my mouth," I instructed my daughter.

I smiled at my husband as I locked my lips around our daughter's swollen clit. John worked a second finger into Krissy's ass. Seconds later, when he realised how readily our daughter's ass gaped, he added a third and a fourth. Convinced his daughter's ass could take his thick cock, John grunted as he squatted and forced his cock's head down so it would line up with Krissy's tiny starfish.

Slashing my tongue over my daughter's clitoris as I sucked, I avidly watched my husband slowly force his throbbing penis into our daughter's ass. Krissy bucked as John split her knot apart, but that sudden pain was swiftly replaced with exquisite pleasure as she felt a huge cock filling her dark fuck hole.

"I'm so full, Mom," she moaned. "So full that it's incredible!" I bit Krissy's clitoris. "Fuck!" she exclaimed before promptly exploding into a stupendous orgasm.

I waited until her father had fully embedded his throbbing cock into Krissy's ass, then I bit her clitoris again and sucked hard as I lashed her love button with my tongue.

"I can't..." Krissy protested before she tipped her head back and screamed as another extreme climax blasted her into the ether.

"Gaaawwwd," Krissy sighed as she seemed to deflate, sagging against me like a slowly leaking balloon, completely passed out.

“Shit,” John muttered as he carefully pulled out of our daughter’s ass. “I didn’t get there.”

“Help me roll Krissy into bed,” I giggled. “Then I’ll help wash your cock, and you can fill your slut wife full of cum.”

John swiftly complied before entering our en suite. Seconds later, I welcomed the love of my life between my toned thighs and into my tight, sweet little pussy. Moments after that, John groaned as his aching, throbbing cock exploded inside me, showering my innards with his seed. As it typically did, feeling my husband’s goo splashing onto my cervix caused my eyes to roll back, and my scream matched our daughter’s as I orgasmed on John’s cock. Moving so that Krissy was between us, John and I touched again before falling asleep.

I woke up on my back with sweet, soft lips around my clitoris, demanding that I ignore my need to urinate and climax instead. My hand grasped a handful of hair. Knowing by how long and thick the hair was that it was my daughter, I swiftly climaxed before rushing into the en suite to relieve my bladder. I returned to our bedroom to see my daughter lying on her stomach, sucking her sleeping father’s thickly erect cock.

“Want some help?” I giggled.

“Yes,” Krissy replied after lifting from John’s cock. “But I want to swallow his load.”

“It will contain quite a lot of urine,” I warned, knowing her father’s erection mainly was a ‘piss fat’.

Krissy shook her head, causing her dad to moan because his cock remained inside his daughter’s mouth. Releasing John’s penis, Krissy said, “I don’t care. I want to taste what Dad has for me.”

“Enjoy!” I stated firmly before gently cupping my husband’s balls.

John moaned as I cupped his big balls and then groaned as I flattened my tongue and bathed them, but when I touched my finger to his rosebud, he

grunted and blasted his load into our daughter's mouth. Krissy hummed delightedly as her father filled her mouth with his sticky essence.

"Gawd, Bunny," John breathed. "You're so good at that, but I'm not sure I want to know how."

"Same way Mom is," Krissy grinned after swallowing her father's gift.

"Same way as your..." John began to say before blushing and adding, "Oh! Yes, I don't want to know!" John picked up his phone to determine the time. What seemed like a crafty expression crossed his face, and he innocently said, "Time for breakfast, don't you think?"

"What do you have cooking, Mister?" I asked playfully.

Swatting my curvy bottom, John said, "You're cooking, remember?" before laughing heartily.

Krissy and I rolled our eyes and got out of bed.

"Shower first," John demanded. "No playing, but you may wash each other."

Krissy held my hand as we walked into the en suite to shower. A quick few minutes later, we stood back in the bedroom wearing only tightly wrapped towels. I reached for a robe, but John smacked my hand. Glancing at him wonderingly, I waited to see what he wanted.

"Full makeup, the pair of you," John demanded, pointing at my vanity.

I sat, ready to do a complete set from moisturiser to lipstick. Krissy gathered what she needed from my drawers and entered the en suite to do hers. I love dressing myself to the nines and do it every day. Often, if I'm going out for lunch and dinner, I'll redo my makeup several times a day, so it didn't take long for me to be completely made up.

I checked the mirror to ensure everything was properly balanced. My dark eyes glowed beneath pink, darkening to peach eye shadow. My mascara and eyeliner caused them to sparkle and look bigger than they were. Using a

bronze blush, I'd subtly defined my cheekbones to add more angle to my quite round face. I'd pencilled in my lip line with a dark pink lippy pencil before filling the lines in. This effect gave my lips an even fuller pout than I typically have.

I turned from the mirror in time to see Krissy walk out of the en suite. She'd done her makeup similarly to mine, and when I stood to hug her, John breathed out slowly, his eyes wide.

"You could be sisters, maybe even twins," he stated, his voice filled with awe. "How did I get so lucky to have two of the most beautiful women in the world in my bedroom?"

"You've got a big dick, you're a good fuck, and you're rich," Krissy answered mirthfully. "That's how!"

We all laughed, and I took my daughter's hand to walk with her to the kitchen.

"Drop the towels, ladies," John growled.

When he used that tone of voice, I'd have leapt into a lake of flaming lava if he'd demanded it. I'd have done it, safe in the knowledge he would never hurt me, so there must have been a way that I'd be uninjured. I didn't even hesitate as I pulled the towel's tucked-in end out and let it fall to the floor. Krissy also immediately obeyed, letting her towel drop, exposing her beautifully shaped young body, her large 16C breasts bouncing delectably.

I put my hand around my daughter's firmly toned hips and pressed mine against hers. Krissy grinned, and we began snaking our hips as we strutted before John, his eyes glued to our asses.

We walked into the kitchen and stumbled to a stop. Tommy stood behind Gina, Jennifer, and Charmaine, who were all naked. The girls still wore identical gold, almost dog collars, except they were now all attached to stainless steel-linked leashes leading back to my son's right hand. As I gaped at this surreal sight, Tommy shook the leads, and the girls immediately knelt and assumed submission position one (sitting on their

heels with heads up, eyes down, shoulders back, displaying their breasts proudly, and hands palm up on their thighs).

Tommy dropped the leads and walked to me. In his hand, he held a collar matching what the girls wore. He stood before me, and my eyes instinctively dropped to the floor as my knees weakened, wanting me to fall onto them.

Standing tall, Tommy said, “Dad has something to say. When he’s finished, I will offer you a choice, Mother. Until then, wait, listen, and remain quiet.”

Yes, Sir,” I meekly answered.

“Two of the largest international firms I dealt with when I was with Pepperstone have requested that I take over their investment portfolios,” John said. “Most of what I’ll do for them, I’ll be able to do remotely from my office. However, they need me to travel to London, Hamburg and Berlin to meet with their finance officers and review my strategies. I’ve booked tickets and accommodation for two.”

My heart sang because I thought I’d finally get to travel with my husband, and I began planning the shopping trips I’d take whilst John sat in the offices of the companies he visited. Unfortunately, John dashed those hopes.

“I need you to use that magnificent brain of yours to hold the home office together, Kate. We have a month for me to teach you everything you need to know to keep my business afloat. Kate, I know you want to accompany me, but I need you here, baby. I need you to run my business while I’m away.”

“Who are you taking?” I asked fearfully, worried that he was about to shack up with another slut disguised as his secretary.

John took a deep breath before saying, “Krissy.”

I turned to our daughter, whose wide-opened eyes and mouth confirmed she didn’t know either.

“Is this what must be, John?” I asked sorrowfully. “Must I stay and watch you walk away again?”

Crossing to take me in his strong arms, John held me tightly to his chest before answering, “Yes, baby. Once I have Krissy trained to your standard, you can travel with me. But until then, I need you here, Kate.” Then he tipped my head back and grinned. “At least you know I won’t be fucking around on these trips now.”

“If he does, he’ll return to you nutless, Mom,” Krissy averred sternly.

I pushed on John’s chest and smiled sweetly up at him, “What she said. I’m unsure why you needed Krissy and me naked for that announcement.”

“For this, Kate,” John said, taking a necklace out of a kitchen drawer.

“Not what he has, Mom,” Tommy emphatically stated, holding up the spare collar. “As you and I discussed before, Dad cannot be here for you as often as you need him to be. I can. Gina, Jennifer, and Charmaine have agreed to serve me, Mom. They wish to serve you, too, but only if you give your service to me in place of Dad.

“Dad will always be your husband, and you will always be first to him, just as you are now. But I will take over the role of your protector and corrector. You need a firm hand on your shapely ass to keep your course true, Mom. Without it, you make judgment errors. I’m offering to be that hand, Mom.”

I shook my head, “I will wear no collar except from your father, Tommy. You should know that.”

John shared a grin with his son and mouthed, “Told you!” Facing me, he said, “You’re not an animal or property for me to hand on to someone else or throw away, Kate, my deepest and dearest love. I ask you to accept what Tommy is offering because I think it’s best for all of us. Just as the decision to travel with our daughter is to reassure you that I will not stray without your permission and with you by my side again.”

“You’ll fuck our daughter, though,” I flatly stated. “Until she chooses a man for her own, she needs you in her bed and between her thighs. Step up, John. Show your daughter how to serve a sexually dominant man.”

John smiled and nodded, “I hoped you’d say that, Miss Kate. If that is what our daughter wants, then that is how it will be.”

“I want,” Krissy growled.

“You’ll accept my service collar, Bunny?” John asked, showing the ruby-centred leather collar he held. “You’ll serve me faithfully in every way I wish until you find your man?”

Kneeling, Krissy looked beseechingly up at her father, “Yes, please, Daddy. I’ve longed to serve you since I knew what it meant. That’s why I wanted you to be my first. My only wish is to remain as I should, below Mother in your service. I will serve you faithfully until I find a man worthy of my service.”

John knelt to fasten the collar around Krissy’s neck. She cried happily and melted into her father’s arms. Then, they all turned to face me.

“I will wear no collar other than John’s,” I stated stubbornly.

My husband chuckled before taking two other packages out of the drawer. He handed one to our son before addressing me. “This is a Bulgari Black Onyx necklace, Kate. The pendant has my name and ‘owner’ inscribed on its back. It fits snugly to your neck and has a platinum padlock that prevents it from being removed. Will you wear my service collar with pride, my love?”

With tears flooding from my eyes, I knelt and lowered my head, waiting for my husband to lock it in place.

“There’s more, Kate. Look at your son.”

I shuffled around to face Tommy and his three women. Tommy held a small pendant and chain in his hand.

“This is a matching to your collar, ankle slave chain, Mom,” Tommy explained as he held the chain for me to see. “On the pendant’s back, it says, Tommy Muggleton: Protector. Will you allow me to substitute for your husband when he is too far away to care for you?”

My emotions had overwhelmed me, and I sobbed. I was happy because everything I wanted was finally happening, but it was too much for me. From believing my marriage was over, and that I was losing the man I love more than the stars and moon, to suddenly being invited to be part of something that I believed was deeper than my marriage vows. Unable to speak, I pulled my feet out from under me and offered my delicate ankle to my son. He smiled and locked the chain in place.

“You may welcome her,” Tommy told his three girls.

Three naked, young and beautiful women leapt onto me. Before I knew what was happening, I was on my back, Jennifer and Charmaine were suckling and nibbling my sensitive, puffy nipples, and Gina had my knees up and apart.

“First,” Tommy commandingly said.

The girls helped me to sit before they lowered their eyes and pleaded, “Please, Miss Kate, may we serve you as the first of Tommy’s girls?”

“You want to serve me?” I asked, bewildered. “Don’t you serve Tommy?”

“Yes, Miss Kate,” Gina explained. “But we want you to be above us. We all adore you, Kate, and we need your guidance. We need you to show us how to serve a sexually dominant man. With that knowledge, we can find men to serve.”

“Well, except for me,” Gina clarified. “I have my man, although I, too, need your guidance, Miss Kate.”

“But Charmaine,” I protested. “Aren’t you a...” my voice foundered, knowing what I was about to say may have been hurtful.

“A lesbian, Miss Kate?” Charmaine asked, giggling.

“Well, yeah,” I answered.

“I am, I guess,” Charmaine said. “Well, bisexual with a strong preference for women. I could happily live my life without any cock, but living without pussy would hurt me badly. I need a dominant woman to serve. I wish it could be you, Miss Kate. But I’d never try to take you away from your husband.”

“Doesn’t stop her from being a stupendous cock sucker, though,” Tommy drawled, breaking the tension and making everyone laugh. I looked up and saw that he held three more ankle chains. “These young women need you, Mom. Gina’s mom, Freya, doesn’t want to train her, so Gina’s asking you. Charmaine and Jennifer’s moms are disgusted by their daughter’s behaviour and threw them out of their homes. They wish to learn at your feet, Mom. Please let them. Take them under your wing and show them how to serve.”

How could I possibly refuse that request? I had no idea what I’d do with the three young women, but I knew I had to try. *‘I need to talk to my sisters and Mom,’ I thought. ‘Get some advice and help.’* Mary and Yvette’s kids were a little older than mine and were all boys. I knew they both suffered from ‘empty nest’ syndrome and thought they’d relish the chance of moulding these beautiful nymphs into sexually submissive young women.

Crossing my legs and then standing up, I looked sternly at Gina, Jennifer, and Charmaine. I held my hand out, and Tommy placed the three slave chains in it. I’m unsure who had been working with them, but whoever it was had done a good job. When I stood, all three assumed sub position one.

Holding the chain, I turned the pendant to read its inscription, ‘Gina Matthews. Protector: Kate Muggleton’. Turning to Tommy’s future wife, I asked, “Gina Matthews, do you wish to serve me?”

“Yes, Mistress Kate,” Gina willingly replied.

“Give me your left ankle,” I instructed, holding my hand out. Gina shifted onto her backside and raised her foot. I locked the chain in place. “I accept

your service," I formally stated.

I repeated these actions with Jennifer Colley and Charmaine Mitford. Once I'd locked the final chain around Charmaine's slender ankle, the girls mobbed me again. The girls laughed as they forced me to the ground and pulled my ankles apart. Jennifer and Charmaine pulled them up and back as Gina slid between them and dived onto my flaming pussy.

"As Tommy's future wife, I demand first taste," Gina crowed, avoiding the fact we three had already played together. Something John did not need to know!

"Aren't you going to defend your wife's honour?" I mockingly teased my husband.

John chuckled and pulled out his thick cock. "No," he replied, "Because you look like you're having fun. Besides, I think our daughter wants to taste her father again."

"Oh, Gawd, yes, please, Daddy," Krissy moaned as she turned and took him in her mouth.

Standing beside his father, our son unzipped, too. "May I share, Dad?" Tommy asked.

"If Bunny is willing," John agreed.

"Bunny?" Tommy chortled. "Sis, you were what? Ten? When you demanded Dad stop calling you that?"

"Shut up," Krissy giggled as she took her father's cock in her hand, "It wasn't sweet then, but it is now. Besides, I was twelve."

She looked challengingly up at her brother before turning her head and swiftly swallowing her father's entire length in one quick gulp. John's hands found our daughter's head, and he held her pressed against his abdomen as he viciously face-fucked her.

However, no matter how hard he shoved his meaty penis into Krissy's mouth, it made no difference. Our daughter grinned up at him and slashed her tongue over John's glans every time he pulled back and readily accepted her father's cock down her throat when he thrust in. Reaching the end of his endurance, John groaned before pulling out and blasting thick ropes of semen across his daughter's luscious breasts.

"Next," Krissy giggled as she wiped her mouth and turned to her brother.

I couldn't see what happened next because Charmaine swung her knee over my head and slowly, sensuously, lowered her sweet, dripping pussy onto my mouth. Reaching up to cup Charmaine's tiny, tight bottom, I pulled her firmly onto my lips before stabbing my tongue into her tight vulva. I moaned into the young woman's cunt as Gina gently bit my thick clitoris and pulled back. The exquisite pleasure/slight pain combination softly tipped me into a petite but intense orgasm.

My moan caused a similar reaction in young Charmaine, and she unwillingly relinquished her position on my face to Jennifer. Instead of facing me, Jennifer turned and faced Gina. Positioning her entrance so it barely brushed my lips, Jennifer described what Gina was doing.

"OMG, Kate," Jennifer said. "Gina's holding your cunt lips apart, exposing your sexy, pink interior. Wow, Miss Kate, are you wet! Hmm," she added. "Gina's extending her gifted tongue. I think she's going to taste you! She did. OMG! How does that feel, Miss Kate? The tongue of a sweet young thing, barely the same age as your daughter, is sliding along your slit. Now Gina's mouth is opening. She's going to suck your fuck button, little slut, Kate. Come on her tongue, slut," Jennifer demanded.

I couldn't stand it! As we all know, for a woman, her brain is her largest and most sensitive erogenous zone. The images Jennifer's words created overwhelmed me, and an extreme, cataclysmic climax blasted me apart. As I squealed, I tried to grip Jennifer's plump ass and drag her onto my mouth, but a giggling Charmaine took my hands and held them above my head.

"Cum for us again, our sweet, little slut Mommie," Charmaine chanted, twisting my nipples mercilessly as Gina shoved two fingers inside my

squelching pussy and angled them back to scrape across my G-spot.

I shouldn't have. Heck, theoretically, after an orgasm as loud and intense as the previous one, I shouldn't have been able to. But I screamed as another bone-rattling climactic event launched me into the stratosphere. When I came down, the girls moved. Gina lay on top of me, softly kissing me as the others tucked into my sides. Feeling their love, I relaxed and let myself drift off.

Eventually, Gina's weight pushing me against our hardwood floor woke me up. Krissy, still naked, sat with her brother, drinking coffee. Tommy helped move Gina off me. He lay her on the sofa and helped me to my feet.

"Gina's mine, Mom," Tommy explained. "She'll serve me first, and when I'm not there commanding her, she'll serve you. Jennifer and Charmaine have chosen to serve me, but they are yours first. They will obey me if you're not there. Otherwise, they will obey you before me. They need you, Mom. Their parents cast them adrift. Cut them out of their lives. I know you and Dad won't do that. Jennifer is bisexual and prefers men, so let her have fun with Dad if you can."

Tommy supported me to a stool at the breakfast bar. Placing a coffee in my hands, he continued.

"As you know, Charmaine prefers women. But when she's horny, she loves something in her pussy. A strap-on works better, but a live cock will do if there isn't a strap-on available. What I'm saying is, share her with Dad, too, if you want. As long as you don't expect Charmaine to be one-on-one with Dad, she'll happily and eagerly fuck him."

"You're asking your father and me to host them?" I clarified.

"Yeah," Tommy replied. "I need alone time with my future wife, Mom — time for her and me to consolidate our love and, later, marriage. Unfortunately, with Charmaine and Jennifer being kicked out of their homes, Gina and I don't get any time alone."

Concerned, I asked, "Where are they living?"

They’re couch and bed hopping, Mom,” Tommy replied. Mostly, they stay with Phil, Siobhan and Caoimhe or Freya and Oliver. But they need a home, Mom.”

“They aren’t working?” I queried.

“They’re at Uni, Mom,” Tommy explained. “Their parents earn too much for either of them to receive AusStudy, and they’re having problems convincing CentreLink they’ve been kicked out of home.”

“What are they studying?” I questioned.

Tommy grinned and replied, “Jennifer’s doing the same degree as you, Mom. A BSc. in Business Management.” Tommy’s grin stretched before he added, “Charmaine’s studying journalism. She’s hoping to land a job with FoxSports.”

“Have you introduced her to Kath?” I immediately asked.

“First job for you to do, Mom,” Tommy teased. “I suggested that to Charmaine.”

“But I wanted you to bring me around to introduce us,” Charmaine filled in before settling onto her knees beside me, still naked. “I thought Kath would be, umm, more receptive if it were you and me.”

“You want to fuck Kath Loughlin!” I teased.

“She’s so hot, Miss Kate,” Charmaine admitted. “I never got a chance to play with her beyond the first two minutes of Slut Roulette, and I want to taste her so badly! I’ll even fuck Mike if I have to to have her.”

Stretching and yawning, Jennifer and Gina wandered around the breakfast bar and joined Charmaine, kneeling at my feet. I felt uncomfortable having them there, so I said, “I do not wish you to serve me 24/7, girls. I will tell you when I want your service and when training starts and stops. The rest of the time, you’re guests in my home. Now, go and get changed and then ask

Tommy to help you collect your stuff. I expect you to be back here in time to help prepare tonight's dinner."

"We can move in?" Jennifer disbelievingly asked.

"Until you find your life partners, this is your home. I'm pretty sure we can open a doorway through to the spare bedroom, so you have a room each."

"I don't understand, Miss Kate," Charmaine said.

"It'll be easier to show you," I said as I stood and walked towards the stairs.

The two young women looked at each other wonderingly before following me to the second floor. I indicated the first two doors. "This leads to our guestroom," I explained. "It was built to be the live-in maid's quarters, but we've never had one before." I grinned and added, "But it seems I now have two."

I opened the door but didn't let the girls walk in. Instead, I opened the second door. This room is almost as big as mine and John's room. The only thing missing was an en suite, although the room had a sizeable walk-in robe.

Running my hand over the wall between the adjoining rooms, I mused, "If we move this wall about two metres towards the bed and put a door between the rooms, we can create two bedrooms instead of a combined lounge/bed. The only bitch would be whoever has this room will either have to walk through the other's bedroom to get to theirs or walk out into the hall and then back in through this door.

"Same in reverse," I added. "If whoever is in this room wakes up first, they'd either have to walk through the first bedroom or out and in through the hall doors. But if they're going to do that, why bother with a connecting door?"

"If the first bedroom's big enough," Charmaine suggested. "We could run a curtain track along the ceiling and create a hallway along the front wall."

“That would work,” I agreed. “Make it like blackout curtains so you can’t see anything.”

“Not that Charmaine and I have much to hide from each other,” Jennifer giggled as she playfully smacked Charmaine’s tiny, taut ass.

“Like I want to see your saggy ass getting drilled again,” Charmaine joked, returning the smack.

“Yeah, you do,” Jennifer laughingly responded. “But only if it’s from up close as you eat my sweet cunt.”

“That’s the first thing that stops, ladies,” I frostily snapped. “That language desists immediately. Do you ever hear me using swear words?”

“Only fuck, or cock, occasionally,” Jennifer admitted. “Hang on. Why ‘cock’ and not ‘dick’?” She asked.

“Because men can be dicks, or they can act like dicks, but those who act like that aren’t men. Real men have cocks, big throbbing members that it’s our duty to serve and bring to fruition as beautifully and swiftly as possible.”

“Wait,” Jenifer protested. “What about our pleasure?”

“If your chosen man doesn’t look after your needs, why would you serve him?” I queried. The girls looked mystified, so I clarified what I’d said. “If the man you’re laying with does nothing to satisfy your needs, then he’s not worthy of you. As his woman, you will do everything within your power and experience to give him the best orgasms he’s ever had. Plus, you will be ready for him anytime, anywhere and any way he desires. If he doesn’t look after your needs after that, he’s a dick, not a man.”

“What if I’m not in the mood?” Charmaine argued.

“Change your mindset,” I dismissed. “Your man’s needs come before yours. Girls, men show they love you by having sex with you. That’s how they express their love. The feminist left has taught us that men need to prove

they love us before we have sex with them, or we only have sex when we want to. How selfish is that thought? Do we care so little about our partners that we make no effort to be what they need? Ladies, serve your man faithfully. If you do, and he does nothing to meet your mental, spiritual, emotional, and physical needs, then he's an abusive dick. Get the heck out of that relationship as quickly as possible."

"No cheating?" Charmaine asked doubtfully.

"If your man is a successful one, then opportunities to play will always be before him. But it's just sex, girls. Accept that he'll have casual sex, and don't let it bother you."

"You know about John's many affairs?" Jennifer gasped.

"Yes," I confirmed. "I knew about most of them before our recent troubles."

"And you're not bothered by them?" Jennifer disbelievingly asked.

"Twenty years later, who remains married to the best man she knows?" I asked simply. The girls looked doubtful about my assertion, so I drawled, "Jennifer, if Gina no longer wanted them, would you take her place in Tommy's affections?"

"In a heartbeat," my young student stated.

"Even though he's fucking Charmaine and me? Getting blowjobs, and I'd assume soon more, from his sister? He's probably fucked Siobhan and Caoimhe and likely many others. As many foolish women do, would you insist that he stop all of that and only be with you? If you do, could you be surprised when he plays behind your back instead of openly with you? Why is Gina happy to allow him to play with you and Charmaine? Why are you happy to play with her man if you believe your man should be faithful only to you?"

I turned to Charmaine, "And what about you, Miss? If I chose to leave John and join with you, would you do that?"

“Yes, Miss Kate, I would,” Charmaine avowed.

“Even though I’m fucking my son and daughter. Even though I’ve had sex with Gina and Jennifer, Kath and Mike, Rick and Siobhan, Phil and Caoimhe, and many others you haven’t met. Would you expect me, knowing that, to be faithful only to you? Even though I’m primarily heterosexual with a penchant for occasional lesbian dalliances? Even knowing I prefer cock to pussy, would you demand I forsake all others and have sex with you only? Could you be that cruel and unfair to me?”

“Does that mean I can have affairs, too?” Jennifer questioned.

“Yes,” I stated. “But look what happened with John and me when he heard of my kidnap and rape. Have affairs. Have many of them. Do not let yourself be put in the situation I was put in. Do not get caught unless you have an open relationship with your man where it’s agreed you can both play as you want.”

“That’s a double standard, Miss Kate,” Charmaine protested.

I shrugged. “So?” I asked. “I’m telling you how it is. Not what you think it should be.”

“But, it’s wrong,” Charmaine insisted.

“Okay,” I agreed. “You’ve convinced me. I, Kate Ashley Muggleton, renounce my marriage vows and announce my dedication to Charmaine Mitford.” I held my hand out to Jennifer. “Jennifer, join us in a sexual romp as we celebrate our upcoming nuptials.” Jennifer swept eagerly into my arms. Charmaine hesitatingly joined us. “I’m going to fuck Jennifer as you watch, Charmaine,” I informed her. “Then she and I will fuck you. Okay?”

“Yes, Miss Kate,” Charmaine accepted.

“How is what I’m suggesting different to what John does?” I questioned.

“Because we’re doing it together,” Charmaine protested.

“Charmaine, my love,” I stated firmly. “Wait for me on the bed next door. Jennifer and I are going to fuck each other silly. I’ll come and get you when we’re done, okay?” Charmaine stood mystified, waiting to see what I’d do. “Were my instructions unclear, Charmaine?” I asked. She shook her head. “Yet, you’re still here.”

“Oh,” Charmaine blushed and turned toward the door.

“You’re okay with me fucking Jennifer without you, my love?” I asked.

“Yes, Miss Kate.”

“Why?” I asked bluntly.

“Because that is the price I...” Comprehension dawned on her face.

Jennifer playfully nipped my puffy nipple before giggling, “‘Hoist with his own petard’,” She quoted. “I think your logic just came back and bit your skinny ass,” she teased Charmaine. “These are our first lessons?” Jennifer asked. “Put our partner’s needs before ours and serve them faithfully. When we play, ensure we’re never caught. Accept our partner will take lovers, and make sure we’re sexually available to them whenever they want us.”

“A few quick others, and we’ll get dressed,” I said after acknowledging she was correct. “Whenever you’re with your man, ensure you’re dressed to tease and titillate him, but never reveal your nipples or genitals to anyone but him. Learn to cook for him, and keep your house immaculately clean. Shower, do your makeup and dress sexily for when you know he’s due home.”

“Sounds like a 1950s household,” Charmaine growled.

Having had enough of her negative attitude, I snapped, “Charmaine, enough! You asked me to train and teach you everything you need to know to serve a sexually dominant partner. If you’re not interested in learning, remove the collar and chain and leave. Your negativity irks me.”

Charmaine immediately dropped to her knees and placed her forehead on the ground with her arms spread out and hands palm down on the floor (Also known as apology position one).

“This girl is sorry she has irritated you, Miss Kate. Please, may I stay and learn at your feet? If you believe that correction is due, this girl will accept all that you think she deserves.”

“Someone’s been training you,” I observed before adding, “You may sit up. We will discuss your behaviour after this lesson.”

“Freya has been doing her best to help, Miss Kate,” Charmaine admitted. “But she’s so busy with Rick, Shawna, Oliver, and her shop that she doesn’t have the time to train us full-time.”

“Plus, Freya’s training is more Dom/sub than what you’re doing, Miss Kate,” Jennifer pointed out, kneeling beside Charmaine and assuming sub position one. “I will be submissive to my man, but I will not be his possession.”

“That’s precisely what I’ll train you to be, girls,” I averred. “Do either of you think I’m a doormat?”

“No,” Charmaine acknowledged. “You’re the most emotionally strong woman I know.”

“Yet, if either John or Tommy command me in their deep, resonant voices, I immediately kneel and do as they ask. No matter what, where or when.”

“Jaysus!” Charmaine breathed, finally understanding. “Because you choose to!”

“Yes,” I agreed. “But the training I’ve received, and the many years I’ve lived that training, means I find it almost impossible to resist when someone uses a command voice on me.”

“The ‘slut imperative’?” Jennifer queried.

I put aside that I felt betrayed by my son revealing that to his girls and replied, “In a nutshell, yes.”

“Then what?” The girls asked together.

“I chose...”, but before I could complete that sentence, Charmaine exclaimed, “The right man to submit to. One that would never hurt you and do all he could to ensure you’re safe.”

“And?” I asked.

“Look after your needs as well as you look after his?” Jennifer added.

“Including?”

“Correcting you if you err,” Charmaine whispered as Jennifer nodded.

“Here endeth the lesson,” I joked, quoting Officer Malone from The Untouchables.

I turned to the smaller and darker of the two girls. Looking at her sternly, I said, “In my walk-in robe, on the highest shelf on the right-hand side, you will find a dark mahogany box. Bring that box to me.”

Charmaine jumped up and scurried out the door. A few seconds later, she returned, carrying the box.

Almost reverently, I removed my mother’s antique rattan school cane. Holding it in my hand and tapping my palm, I said firmly, “Charmaine Marie Mitford, you are called to account for impertinence and disparagement. Do you feel these accusations are warranted?”

Charmaine had assumed submission position one when she entered the room and handed me the cane. Keeping her eyes down, she replied, “Yes, Miss Kate.”

“You agree that correction is required?”

“Yes, Miss Kate.”

“Six, I believe, are deserved. Do you agree?”

“Yes, Miss Kate.”

“Assume punishment position two,” I demanded.

I apologise, Miss Kate,” Charmaine said. “I do not know that position.”

“Same as position one,” I clarified. “Except your hands are behind your back, not your head.”

“I’m sorry, Miss Kate. I don’t know that position either.”

“You’ve never been corrected?” I asked.

Charmaine shook her head. “Punishment was at Freya’s discretion. It could be given for any or no reason. Or she would do it because she enjoyed doing it. But she always told us to bend over the nearest convenient object. There was no ‘position’.

“They’re called ‘punishment positions’,” I explained. “But canings are never about punishment. They’re always about correcting your behaviour before that behaviour becomes an ingrained habit. No one in this household will strike you because they feel like striking you. Although, spanking is often part of our sex play, as is the occasional paddling.”

Charmaine and Jennifer nodded their understanding, and I asked, “The only place you’ve received punishment is on your asses, right?”

“Then this will sting like a bitch,” I stated with mock sympathy. “Position one is standing with your feet spread shoulder width apart and your hands behind your head. Your elbows should be back, and your head held high so your breasts are presented gorgeously, ready for the cane.”

“On my tits?” Charmaine gasped.

“Seven,” I calmly replied.

“What?”

“Eight.”

Swiftly jumping to her feet and assuming the required position, Charmaine apologised, “Sorry for not obeying immediately, Miss Kate.”

“And for?” I queried.

Charmaine ran through what she’d said, “I’m uncertain what else I did. Sorry, Miss Kate,”

I cupped her gorgeously firm B-cup breasts in my hands and strummed my thumbs across her nipples. “What are these, little one,” I asked.

“My tits,” Charmaine declared.

“Nine,” I answered. “What are they?”

“Freya instructed us that we were sluts, Miss Kate,” Jennifer explained. “We were also cock meat, holes for cocks, or cum buckets. We don’t have breasts, pussies, or asses. Instead, we have tits, cunts and a rear fuck hole. Or they could be called top, front and rear cock or cum holes.”

“I’m submissive to my men, Jennifer,” I countered. “Does that make me one of those things, or that I have one of those holes you so disgustingly described?” She shook her head vigorously. “Are you a slut, Jennifer? Are you, Charmaine?”

“I thought you were,” Charmaine wonderingly asked.

“I choose to act like one, but it is not what I am!” I unequivocally stated. “I would never refer to myself by those other words Freya saddled you with. Nor do I have any of those holes. Yes, I act like a slut when I want to, but I have breasts, a pussy, and a bottom. I may use ‘ass’ on occasion, but only rarely.” I pinched Charmaine’s nipples and asked, “So, tell me again. What are these?”

“My breasts, Miss Kate,” Charmaine said quietly.

“And they are?”

“Too small,” Charmaine wailed.

Seriously, readers, I can understand why Charmaine felt like that! With the sole exception of Freya, she was surrounded by women who were all at least a C-cup. Most either were or were just short of a D.

I tipped my head forward and ran my hot, wet tongue over her turgid nipple. “Perfect for you and me, little one,” I assured her.

“You like them, Miss Kate?” Charmaine wantingly asked. “They’re only tiny compared to Jennifer’s or yours. Even your daughter, who is younger than me, has a bigger pair.”

“And they are perfect for their body shapes, baby girl,” I reassured her as I casually switched nipples, cupped her sweet little pussy and gently thumbed her love button. “Yours are perfect for yours.”

Charmaine reacted as I hoped she would and melted into my embrace. She sighed heavily and shuddered as her peak quickly approached. However, before she could orgasm, I released her nipple and removed my thumb from her clitoris.

“How many, little one?” I asked.

“Nine, you said, Miss Kate,” Charmaine forcefully said as she reassumed the first position, looking fearfully down at her firmly erect nipples.

“Head up,” I gently reminded her.

Her head lifted, and I tapped her just above her nipples. Charmaine hissed but remained quiet.

“You’re forgetting something, Charmaine,” I chided softly.

Her face screwed up as she concentrated on what she might have forgotten. It smoothed out before she said, “One, thank you, Mistress Kate,” confidently.

I struck her more firmly, directly across both nipples.

Despite wincing, Charmaine immediately responded, “Two, thank you, Miss Kate.

Impressed, I ran my palm across her nipples, rubbing her hurt in and soothing it. “How many more?” I asked.

“Seven, Miss Kate.”

“Good girl,” I smiled before hitting her across her nipples again.

“Three, thank you, Miss Kate,” Charmaine panted.

Her pain hadn’t converted into pleasure yet, but I suspected that would occur soon. If it didn’t, I was inflicting pain for no reason other than to punish Charmaine for being impertinent. Not something I should accept, but not a reason to punish her as I was. I decided to ramp up the intensity, wishing my mother was here. Mom is the best I know at reading someone and discerning what they need to be the best they can be.

Holding my mother’s teachings firmly in my mind, I placed three swift strikes across Charmaine’s small but perfectly symmetrical breasts. Something you typically only see in women who have had their bosom ‘enhanced’.

“Four, five, and six, thank you, Miss Kate,” Charmaine moaned, the smell of her arousal suddenly heavy in the air.

“Would you like the opportunity to work off your remaining corrections, little one?” I immediately asked.

“What must I do, Miss Kate?” Charmaine responded.

“Make me cum,” I demanded, grabbing Charmaine’s eraser-sized nipples and forcing her to her knees. Charmaine happily shifted between my spread thighs and mouthed my flaming pussy. She lapped eagerly at my entrance, sucking up the sweet liquids pooled there before she tilted her head back and sucked my thick pleasure nubbin into her swirling mouth.

Clenching my hands around Charmaine's head, I squeezed her against my pussy as I ground on her nose, lips and tongue. Shuddering, I thrashed about as an intense orgasm blasted through me.

When I came down, I asked, "Do you need relief, little one?"

"Yes, please, Miss Kate," Charmaine panted, rhythmically squeezing her thighs together.

I forced Charmaine onto her back before grabbing her throat firmly and squeezing. Slapping her inner thighs, I forced Charmaine's legs apart and forcefully shoved two fingers into her furnace-like pussy. Spinning my hand back and forth, I squeezed her throat, cutting off most of her air.

Charmaine was close but hadn't quite blasted into oblivion. I didn't know her well enough to know what I needed to do to get her there. Fortunately, Jennifer did. She grabbed her friend's nipples and mercilessly tweaked and pulled them, "Stop holding back and cum for your Mistress," she snarled.

Charmaine's eyes shot open, and her mouth parted, "Fuuuuuuuuuuuuuccccckkkkkkkkkk!" She screamed as an orgasm rattled her bones.

Several minutes later, when Charmaine was aware of her surroundings again, I demanded she look after Jennifer's needs. We cuddled together afterwards before I sent Charmaine and Jennifer to put some clothes on, find my son and get him to help them gather their things, which were spread across several households.

I showered again, touched up my makeup and hair and then dressed in a simple, dark red, V-necked and backless dress. After pulling on my black, high-heeled sandals, I went looking for my husband and daughter.

"I need your help," I told John.

"Sure, baby," John replied. "What do you need?"

"It'll be easier to show you," I explained.

I guided my husband to the guestrooms and described what I wanted. John examined the internal wall and said he didn't believe it was a supporting wall, so it could easily be altered. He added that he had a client who specialised in home renovations and would call him.

A few days later, Andrew knocked on the door and introduced himself. Andrew looked to be approximately my age. He was at least as tall as my husband and son, and had a similar diffident intensity as Freddy has. Strangely, that 'old familiar tingle' feeling gathered in my sweet nether regions. Wondering why (I'm rarely attracted to diffident men), I showed him upstairs and described what I wanted.

My house encompasses seven bedrooms in total, including the maid's/guest room. Only the walls separating the master bedroom and the guest room and the wall between my children's rooms are support walls. It seemed that whoever built this house wanted to be able to modify the interior, so the whole place was crisscrossed with massive steel beams. This meant that most of the internal walls could be moved and altered to suit.

Narrowing the hallway by half a metre, still leaving a significant gap between the walls, meant we could have another hallway built connecting the guest room to the second spare bedroom. Moving the wall connecting the rooms and reducing the space of the spare room's walk-in robe meant we could convert the maid's room's combined lounge/bedroom into two separate rooms.

I left Andrew to make his drawings and take measurements and went looking for my husband or son. I had a tingle that needed scratching.

Entering John's office, I saw my husband stalling a walk-in client as he tried to soothe another on the phone. Immediately realising I was needed, I straightened my shoulders, smiled and glided across to the counter.

"Sorry to keep you waiting, sir," I smoothed. "John will be with you shortly. We're a little short-staffed at the moment, and I needed to run a quick errand. Take a seat on the couch." I guided the man to the sofa against the wall, allowing him to glance at my expansive décolletage and glimpse my

inner upper thigh when he sat. “Would you like a cup of tea or coffee? Water, perhaps?”

“C-cold w-water, p-please,” the man stuttered, his eyes wide and a tent swiftly appearing in his trousers.

“I can get a carafe of filtered cold water, or would you prefer a bottle?” I questioned, leaning forward so he could peer down my top again.

“U-umm, just a g-glass of filtered, p-please,” he continued to stammer.

“Coming right up,” I smiled, leaning so far forward that it seemed my large, full breasts would pop out and hit him in the face. I turned and sashayed towards the partition behind John, where he’d installed a small kitchen. Filling a glass from the filtered cold tap, I returned to give it to the new client, ensuring I added an almost imperceptible bounce to my step so my breasts swayed and jiggled as I walked.

Getting to where he sat, I leaned over far more than necessary, giving him another delicious view to perve on, and handed him the glass. “I’m sure John won’t be long,” I smiled, giving my shoulders a slight shake. The walk-in’s eyes almost exploded from his face as the best set of bosoms I’m sure he’s even seen up this close swayed before him.

I heard John hang up and turned to face him. John was trying hard not to laugh, having watched me completely befuddle his client. Something I’d done on numerous occasions to ensure John got the best deal possible. It’s the same reason, when we were younger and didn’t have much money, John got me to take our car to the garage to be serviced. For some reason, mechanics became tongue-tied and embarrassed when I was near. They’d often fix all kinds of things for free if I bent over the car’s engine and allowed them to show me what was wrong.

“What can I do for you, Mister...?” John jovially asked.

“Emery. Phil Emery,” Mister Emery replied. “My wife and I have had a recent windfall due to her mother’s sudden passing. We want to invest that

money for our retirement but have no idea how to go about it. Are you able to help?”

“Of course, Mister Emery,” John replied. “Take a seat at my desk, and we’ll have a look at what you have and what we can do with it. How much money are we talking about?”

“A little more than $300,000,” Phil answered.

“And you want to invest the lot?” John asked.

“We’ll just fritter it away if we don’t,” Phil admitted. “It was closer to $400,000, but we splurged on new cars for my wife and me.”

“Gotta love that new car smell, huh?” John grinned as he began entering numbers into his spreadsheet. “How many years until you want to retire?” John asked as his fingers flew over his keyboard.

“I’m fifty-five,” Mister Emery responded. “I figured I’d work until I’m seventy.”

“Call it fifteen years,” John muttered. A few seconds later, he spun his screen towards Phil. “Okay,” John explained. “If we look at this top figure, you’ll see what you’ll have at seventy if we keep all your money in secure blue chip stocks and bonds. I’ve assumed a conservative return of 4.1% per annum.”

“$548, 000+!” Phil breathed. “That’s almost doubled!”

John smiled and said, “The next column is what you should have if we invest 10% of your money in high-risk stocks and 15% in medium-risk, and the rest in the same conservative stocks as before. I’ve assumed growth of 10.5% for the high-risk stocks and 7% for the medium.”

“That’s $125,000 more!” Mr Emery exclaimed. He shook his head. “The numbers are extraordinary,” he stated. “What if I invested it all in medium to high-risk stocks?”

“You’d need another adviser,” John said firmly, showing the integrity that has made him so successful and popular.

“What are your fees?” Phil suspiciously asked.

“I charge a declining scale, Mr Emery,” John explained. “1.5% to $100,000 down to 0.5% for every cent over a million. However, if your stocks don’t make a profit, I do not charge that year’s fee and refund the previous year’s.”

“What do you think my strategy should be?” Phil asked.

John smiled knowledgeably, “As a first-time investor, you’re understandably nervous. I suggest we place all $300,000 into blue chip stocks for a year. I estimate that will return you a minimum of $12,300 up to $21,000. Then, after the year has passed, I take the profit and invest it aggressively whilst keeping your original investment in secure stocks and bonds. At the end of another year, I take the profits from both strategies and also aggressively invest them.

“If I repeat that strategy for five years, your wife and you will have enough invested money to be secure no matter what happens. Then, we can reinvest your original $300,000, as I described in the second column, whilst continuing to invest the seed money from your first five years aggressively. With that strategy, I believe I can triple your initial return by the end of five years and have doubled every year’s return since.”

“Have you any examples of someone successfully using these strategies?” Phil wisely asked.

“Yes,” my husband unhesitatingly replied. “I can give you the numbers of several clients who will vouch for me and my strategies, including the president of one of the world’s biggest banks.”

“I’ll need to discuss this with my wife,” Mister Emery stated.

“Of course,” John replied, nodding in my direction. “Having the wife on board and supporting your plans and goals should always be your first

priority. What do they say? ‘Happy wife. Happy life?’”

“This gorgeous woman is your wife?” Phil gasped. He looked incredibly embarrassed when he realised he’d been ogling me in front of my husband.

“Don’t be nervous,” John chuckled as he waved me closer. “You’re not the first man to react to her like you did.” He put his arm around my hips possessively. “Kate, do you mind taking Phil’s contact details and escorting him out? I’ll begin typing up a summary of my suggested investment strategies and get them hard-copied and emailed to you before the day is done.”

John stood and held his hand out, “Nice to meet you, Mr Emery. Here’s my card if you or your wife have any questions.”

Uncertain of what to say, Phil mumbled a goodbye and stood. I smiled brightly and walked with him to the reception desk. Opening a new client file, I entered Phil’s contact details, thanked him, and sent him on his way. Closing the file, I turned and grinned at my husband.

“You’re a genius,” I stated.

“Yes, I am,” John replied facetiously. “But for why, now?”

“You took a poor working man (I guessed from his clothing), made him feel comfortable and involved in investing, and showed him how he could retire a rich man as well as leaving a significant amount for his children. And you did all that without talking down to him or making him feel he was less than you. You even explained everything in simple terms that anyone, even I, could understand.”

“Even I, Kate?” My husband queried. “I remember someone acing all their exams and getting a higher OP (Overall Position, similar to percentile) score than I did.”

I batted my eyes and swayed my hips before slightly turning and looking back over my shoulder, breathily saying, “But I’m just a poor, dumb, blonde secretary, sir. Whatever could you mean?”

John chuckled and gripped my curvy bottom in his big hands. “Not one word of that was true, my love,” he stated as he nuzzled my neck and stroked my ass cheeks. “You’re not ‘just’ anything, nor are you dumb or blonde. You are about to be fucked, though!”

He grabbed a handful of hair and roughly bent me over the counter. He pulled my dress above my shapely bottom before undoing his pants and letting them fall. Holding his cock’s base, John lined it up with my swiftly flooding entrance and rammed it home.

“Like to tease, do you, my sweet little wife slut? Like the men to drool over your luscious assets? Well, my horny little slut, you’re mine. Remember that, always!”

With every sentence, John mauled my aching nipples and pounded into my sweet little cunt (yes, at times like these, I’ll use that word!). I let the word (slut) wash over me, and my mind blanked, remembering how many times I’d screamed my way through seemingly endless orgasms as that word affected my reactions. Feeling the still inground effect wash over me, I dropped my forehead onto the countertop and howled as I gushed lady juices all over my husband’s big balls.

“Take it, little Mrs Kate slut,” John grunted before tensing up and shoving as deep into me as he could.

I felt his thick pole lengthen and harden inside me before it blasted semen onto my cervix. I howled again as that delicious feeling shattered my mind into atoms. John shuddered and hunched a couple more times before he staggered back and almost fell onto the sofa. My knees wouldn’t hold me up, and I slowly sunk onto my knees, my hands still grasping the countertop.

“Wow! That was intense!” Krissy said from the inside office entrance.

I looked to where my daughter stood. She was unawarely cupping and squeezing her lush breasts as she bit her bottom lip, gazing at her father’s semi-deflated cock.

John chuckled as he took his shaft in his hand, “How long have you been watching, Bunny?”

“I heard you growl, ‘You’re about to get fucked’, just before I opened the door,” Krissy admitted.

“And you thought you’d sneak in and watch instead of giving us privacy? John asked amusedly.

“Heck, yes!” Krissy exclaimed, undoing her zip and shaking her sexy ass to make her denim shorts fall to the ground. “Hottest action ever, and the best part is, I can join in now that I’m your service girl.”

Giggling, I turned, sat on the floor leaning against the counter, and watched to see what our little minx would do. Her panties soon joined her shorts on the floor, as did her top and bra. Naked, she knelt and crawled across to her father. Looking shyly up through her eyelashes at him, Krissy stretched forward and slowly ran her tongue around John’s cock.

“Tease,” John chuckled.

Our daughter smiled submissively up at her father but continued slowly running her tongue around his glans, pausing only to lap at the cum still seeping from the eye. John tried to grab her head and force it down onto his throbbing member, but his daughter ducked her head under his first attempt and pulled away from his second. Grinning at him, Krissy waited until he stopped grabbing for her and then lowered her lips onto his big, purpled-headed cock.

This time, however, John was ready for her. When Krissy looked down, he whipped his hands out and grabbed her thick nipples between his thumbs and forefingers. He twisted them viciously as he forced her onto her back and moved between her long, shapely thighs. Moving his big right hand to her slender throat, John squeezed hard enough to make breathing difficult before positioning himself so his throbbing penis lined up with her pussy. Then, he slowly and relentlessly pushed himself inside her until he was buried to his balls.

“Oh, Daddy,” Krissy sighed, wrapping her toned legs around John’s hips. “Fuck me, Daddy. Fuck your little bunny like the slut she is.”

John placed his palms on either side of our daughter’s head and lifted his body off her. Spreading his knees, John created an angle that allowed him to thrust his hips powerfully. Having been under this delicious assault many times, I knew how good Krissy was about to feel.

Moving his hand back onto his daughter’s throat, John demanded. “Beg.”

Krissy smiled teasingly and shook her head. “Fuck me,” she commanded.

Squeezing a little tighter, her father demanded, “Beg.”

Krissy shook her head defiantly again. “Fuck me.”

John released her throat and slapped her face. Then he forced himself into her until his cock’s tip lightly pressed against her cervix. Changing his voice so that it rang with a deep, vibrant base, John insisted, “Beg before I take my belt to your defiant ass.” He slapped her again.

Krissy’s eyes rolled back in her head, and her hips bucked up against her father’s rigid member.

“Please, Daddy, fuck your little bunny slut. Fuck her sweet little pussy that only you have ever been inside. Make her your bitch all over again.”

John returned his palm to the floor beside Krissy’s head and began pounding her with long, fluid thrusts. Every time his pelvis hit her clitoris, his cock rapped against her cervix, and Krissy would jump and squeal. I moved and lay on the floor so I could see my husband’s cock thrusting into our daughter. My hands flew over my squelchingly hot pussy as I watched their salaciously erotic coupling.

John started grunting as he bottomed out in Krissy’s fluids-pouring vagina. As I watched, I vigorously pumped two fingers into my sopping pussy and flicked my thumb over my thick, swollen clit, wishing it was me under John being pounded into oblivion. John’s grunts became deeper and more drawn

out as Krissy's squeals turned into yelps, then high-pitched yips. Obviously, they were about to explode and launch into a low-earth sexual orbit. I knew I'd be right there with them.

Krissy came first. Her head tipped back, and her mid-body lifted off the office floor. Simultaneously, she gripped her father's forearms and dug her nails forcefully into his skin.

"Oh, my, Gaaaaaaaaaawwwwwwwwwddddddddddd!!!!!" She screamed as she jerked and shuddered under her father, juices gushing around his thrusting cock.

Feeling his daughter's tight pussy spasming around his thick cock, John lost control and roared as he filled our daughter with his thick seed. Watching his cum dribble back out of our daughter sent me over the edge, and I softly groaned as a small but intense climax rocked me.

Exhausted, we lay on the floor recovering. Eventually, I reluctantly rolled to my knees and stood up. "I'll go put dinner on," I offered. "Krissy, don't forget to ensure your father's clean before you tuck him away. If he stiffens in your mouth, do not leave him wanting." I grinned at John as I tucked my lush breasts back into my dress and pulled it back down over my sexy ass.

Getting to my kitchen, I saw that Tommy and his girls had returned. Gina, Jennifer and Charmaine had formed a production line and were swiftly slicing and dicing what we'd need to go with the chicken wings I'd marinated in a honey/soy glaze. As I watched, they swiftly produced a sizeable spinach, walnut and pear salad as well as a Caesar salad with mushrooms and tomatoes added. I could smell the chicken wings roasting, so surprisingly and unusually, I had nothing to do.

The girls swept past me, giving me a hug and a kiss and saying hello. Gina handed me a glass of sweet white wine, smiled and said, "Sit your sexy ass down and relax, Momma. We little subbie girls have this covered."

I sat side on to the breakfast bar, watching the girls work. I smelt my son's strong, manly essence before he snuggled up behind my back and wrapped

his arms around me. He slid his hands inside my dress and casually groped my puffy nipples.

“Somebody’s been fucking,” he teased as he gently squeezed my hardening nipples. “I can smell sex on you.”

Reaching back to hold his head, I pulled him down so I could kiss his firm lips. “Aww, you’re just jealous it wasn’t you,” I mirthfully answered. “Don’t worry, I won’t turn your three girls into lesbians that hate what you swing.”

“I think Gina and Jennifer like cock even more than you do, Mom,” Tommy laughed. “So, go for it, and good luck!”

I leaned into my son and sighed happily. But then my eyes went to where Charmaine laughed and joked with the others. “Finding an older, dominant woman to be Charmaine’s won’t be easy, Tommy. I don’t know of any. There are a few bisexual women I know that fit the mould, but they’re all married with children. I doubt any of them would welcome a full-time third.”

“You met with Andrew earlier?” Tommy casually asked.

“Yes, I did,” I replied, alerted by his casual tone.

“Did you notice anything unusual?”

I thought about the man I’d met with earlier, picturing in my mind. “He had a khaki shirt on that was buttoned to the top. Strange because it had to be 27°C (81°F).”

“He didn’t look familiar?” Tommy asked.

“Not really,” I shrugged.

“He’s Siobhan’s dad.”

“Cool, I guess. But what does that matter?”

“Think Krissy and Dad in reverse.”

“Siobhan’s Andrew’s dominant?” I gasped.

“Well, he’s more like her submissive sugar daddy, I guess. But, yeah, same, same. That’s why his shirt was buttoned to the top. It hid Siobhan’s collar. He does that when he’s with people he’s unsure will understand. Andrew’s almost as successful in business as Dad. He controls one of the biggest construction companies in Australia, plus several design and redecoration businesses.”

“Why was he here measuring and designing himself?” I asked. “Why didn’t he send an underling?”

“Because Dad asked, and Siobhan told him to.”

There was more, and I knew it. “Why did Siobhan do that?” I wonderingly asked.

“Because now you owe her a favour,” Tommy grinned.

“What does she want?” I, a little fearfully, asked.

“For you to meet her at our studio at 10:00 am tomorrow.”

“That’s it?” I clarified.

“No, Mom,” Tommy chuckled. “She wants you to meet her at the studio, and then she’ll tell you what she wants.”

“Why do I feel set up?” I mirthfully accused my son.

“Because you have been,” Tommy grinningly replied. “However, do you believe any of us would willingly do something to hurt or harm you?”

About then, a smiling John and a satisfied, giggling daughter walked in. Krissy had lost her bra somewhere, not that anyone cared. Her young, firm breasts gently swayed as she walked, and every eye followed them. Or if they didn’t, they followed her sexily swinging hips and ass.

The girls swept around Krissy and took her away. They were laughing and teasing as they walked her upstairs.

“We’ll get her cleaned up and bring her back by the time you’ve got dinner on the table, Miss Kate,” Gina said over her shoulder before running up the stairs after the others.

“We need more males,” John muttered. “Tommy and I are being overrun with oestrogen.”

Slapping his firm ass, I giggled, “And you love every second of it!”

John laughed before asking, “Did Tommy tell you about Andrew?” I nodded. “And?”

Confused, I asked, “And what?”

John exchanged glances with our son before Tommy shrugged.

“Ask Siobhan tomorrow, Mom,” Tommy said.

“When you do, Kate. Remember that I’m okay with it,” John mysteriously stated.

Figuring it had to be something sexual, I shook my head, “Nuh-ahh. ‘I’m okay with it’ is not good enough. You have to be either a willing participant or sure you’re happy about it.”

John and Tommy exchanged glances again before John smiled and said, “I’ll be a willing participant.”

“As your protector, so will I, Mom,” Tommy reassured me.

“I’m being set up,” I muttered as I wondered what the heck was happening. However, dinner needed to be served, so I put it out of my mind and emptied the marinated and roasted chicken wings into a serving bowl and took them and the salad to our outdoor BBQ setting table. It was a warm spring evening, and I thought being out there would be pleasant.

I’d barely put the cutlery in place when the girl gaggle reappeared. The larger Jennifer had a silk scarf folded into a triangle and tied across her generous bosom. Beneath that, she had on the tiniest thong bikini you could imagine. Petite Charmaine wore nothing but a slender bikini bottom under a see-through sarong and had pasties on her small nipples. Gina looked similar to Charmaine, except she had a bikini top on instead of pasties.

But my daughter stole the show. Krissy wore a black metallic low-back one-piece swimsuit. The suit looked almost like batwings over her breasts, and only a thin, gold link chain held the cups together. Her stomach was daringly bare to barely above her pubis, where another tiny chain held the waist piece to the suit’s breast cups. That chain extended down her slit, emphasising it dramatically, along her perineum and up between her butt cheeks, where it separated and looped around her waist.

Watching their daughter/sister strut through our lounge in her black 7-in heel pumps, John and Tommy unknowingly grabbed their cocks before Tommy spluttered, “Sis! Wow! Gawd, Krissy, I knew you were beautiful, but I mean, wow!”

“Oh?” Gina protested. “And what are we? Chopped liver?”

“Your charms are well developed and exquisitely displayed,” Tommy smoothly replied. “You know that I love you and have chosen you for my mate. However, my sister has only begun to realise her beauty and desirability. You know you’re gorgeous, Gina. Krissy is still struggling to become the woman we know she can be.” Then he grinned and added, “Now stop whining, or I’ll put you over my knee and spank that sexy ass of yours!”

Stopping before her father, Krissy turned slowly, “Do you like, Daddy?” She pleadingly asked.

Crushing her to his muscular chest, John fiercely replied, “I like, Bunny. Only your mother has ever appeared as beautiful to me.”

Tommy crossed and joined the hug, “You’re beautiful, Sis,” he breathed. “At least as beautiful as Mom.”

I gathered the other three girls into my arms and whispered, “You are all beautiful. Whomever you choose to serve will count themselves amongst the luckiest people on the planet.”

Crying softly, Charmaine sobbed, “Is there someone for me, Mistress Kate?”

“You’re mine until the day you find her,” I reassured the sobbing girl. “Even if it takes until you’re forty, you’re mine until then.”

Smilingly tremulously, Charmaine kissed my pouty lips and said, “Tommy chose well when he selected you as our teacher and protector.”

I winked at her before loudly announcing, “Enough of this mushy rubbish! Boys, your women have put you to shame with how they look. I’ll hold dinner for another ten minutes, but if you’re not back looking at least as good as they do by then, I’m taking them all to the guestroom, along with everything we’ve cooked, and we’re having an all-girl orgy as we eat and celebrate! You two can hold yourselves in your hands and weep, imagining what we’re doing!”

John and Tommy laughed, but they quickly left for their bedrooms. Well before ten minutes had passed, they were back. John had gone all out. He’d put his tuxedo on, for goodness sake! However, all of us girls were hugely impressed, and I’m sure mine and Krissy’s weren’t the only wet pussies when John nonchalantly strolled back onto the patio.

Tommy chose to match the girls and wore the tiniest pair of DTs (dick togs or speedos) I’ve ever seen. His big cock and meaty balls strained against the swimmer’s flimsy fabric. For footwear, he wore flip-flops, well, of course, he did! However, I’m stone-cold certain he dampened all of our pussies further!

The rest of the evening passed in a blur of conversation, jokes, laughing, teasing, and, of course, copious amounts of wine. Somewhere along the way, I looked up and noticed Tommy and Gina had disappeared. Smiling, I started cleaning up. The remaining girls helped, and we soon had everything in the dishwasher, fridge and cupboards, and the house was

clean and sparkling. I took my husband's hand and would have gone to bed with him, except I noticed Krissy, Charmaine and Jennifer looking sorrowfully at me.

Giggling internally, I casually asked, "How many do you think we can fit in our bed, John? Have we got room for five?"

His eyes widening as his cock jumped in his trousers, John equally as casually replied, "I think five will fit, Kate. Do you think we should ask the other girls to join us?"

"Yes," I calmly replied, hiding how excited I felt. Then I laughed and took off. "Last one there sleeps on the floor," I giggled as I ran.

"No fair!" Jennifer protested as everyone else bolted for my bedroom. Then she joked, "The doctor told me that the problem wasn't that obesity ran in my family. The problem was that nobody ran in my family. Who am I to go against my family's tradition?"

I laughed and stopped to wait for the beautiful, buxom young woman. Wrapping my arm around her waist, I smiled and said, "We'll be last together and sleep on the floor in each other's arms."

We chatted as we ambled towards my bedroom. When we got there, the other three had already formed a daisy chain. John had his head buried in his daughter's sweet young pussy. Charmaine enthusiastically sucked his thick cock as Krissy gleefully munched on Charmaine's waxed bare pussy.

Jennifer and I looked at each other and shrugged. Lying beside them, we moved into a classic '69', with me on top, and tasted each other's sweet and musky juices. By the time we were ready for sleep, John had fucked all four of us girls, cumming in everyone except Charmaine. Charmaine wanted to watch as he came on her small breasts.

When John pulled out of her to sit on her tummy, I latched onto her gaping pussy and delved my tongue into her. Feeling my husband's creamy essence splashing onto her small, tight breasts as my tongue stabbed into her pussy crashed Charmaine into an orgasm, and her breath exploded loudly from her

as she climaxed. With all the air in her lungs expelled, Charmaine's eyes tipped back, and she passed out.

I looked around our wrecked bed and saw three passed-out or sleeping teenagers. "Amateurs," I giggled as I snuggled into my husband. "If you've got anything left, I'd like it," I added, taking his slimy cock in my hand and feeling it pulse.

"With a bit of mouth to dick, I think I'll have plenty," John quipped as he shifted unconscious women out of the way to make room for us to lie down.

John tucked a pillow under his head and grinned at me as I shifted to lie partly over his thighs and take his slowly stiffening cock in my talented mouth. I sighed as I savoured the combined tastes of John's and the three young women's flavours from his magnificent penis. I worked my husband back to fully erect by gently sucking on and swirling my tongue around his swelling glans. As he hardened, I moved my delicate hand up and down his shaft, gripping it loosely.

When his member started to throb and leak precum, I released him from my mouth and swung my leg over his hips. Taking his fully inflated pole in my hand, I held it upright and slowly lowered myself onto it. I sighed luxuriantly as I felt my perineum settling onto his balls and my clit rubbing against his pubic bone. John's big, strong hands settled on my hips and held me in place as he slowly thrust up into me. Every time his pubis hit my clit, John's pulsing cock touched against my cervix.

Lost in this delightful sensation, my need swiftly climbed within me. Reaching for my nipples, I felt stinging slaps on my hands. "Let me, Mom," Krissy whispered, kissing me passionately. Krissy's strong fingers surrounded my nipples, and she twisted them before pulling them out. Her head tilted forward to nibble on where my neck and shoulder met. Looking over my shoulder, Krissy waited until John thrust hard into me. Then, simultaneously, she squeezed my aching, puffy nipples as hard as she could.

The sudden pain/pleasure combination spun my mind away, and it felt like a white-hot sun exploded inside my head. I know I started screaming, and I

remember feeling John’s thick cock jettisoning cum inside me, but that was the last I remember of that night.

I woke up cuddled between Jennifer and Charmaine. The smaller girl was snugged between my firm breasts with a beatific smile on her face. Jennifer’s head rested on her arm, and her breasts pressed against my back. She had snaked her left arm under my armpit and held my breast in her hand, her thumbs idly strumming my nipple.

‘Can’t complain that I’m not getting enough attention,’ I thought as I extricated myself from between the mildly protesting girls.

“It’s either get up or wet the bed,” I muttered at the girl’s complaints.

Admonishing myself to ease back on the wine, I did my business and began my morning ablutions. Looking in the mirror, I reminded myself once again to remember to remove my makeup before going to bed. I had panda eyes and lipstick smeared over my face. Plus, I’d cancelled too many sessions with Patrick lately and worried I’d start putting on weight. Still, he was coming three days next week, so I hoped that would get me back into the swing of things. My pussy vaguely throbbed as I remembered one special session, and I briefly fantasised about revisiting that day.

My reveries were interrupted by two vocal young women joking and laughing as they swirled into the en suite. “I swear, Jennifer, if you sit on the seat before me, I’m sitting and pissing in your lap!”

“Five!” I snapped. Two heads jerked in my direction. “What did I say about that language?” I growled sternly.

“Sorry, Miss Kate,” an immediately contrite Charmaine meekly stated.

“Get the cane,” I demanded. Charmaine hurried from the room and swiftly returned. Kneeling, she handed me the case. Taking out my cherished antique rattan school cane, I tapped it on my palm. “Do you have an excuse for your language, Miss Charmaine?” I queried.

“Only that I wasn’t thinking about it and having fun. Sorry, Miss Kate, this worthless wench will try to do better.”

I stifled a sigh and wondered about what Freya was teaching these girls. “Firstly, Charmaine,” I said warmly. “Never believe that you’re worthless. Run from anyone who tells you you are. You are a beautiful young woman with the world at your feet. You have a dream. Hold onto that dream and chase it with everything you have. The Lions didn’t renew Tommy’s contract, Charmaine. His dream of being a professional footballer is over. Do you consider him worthless?”

Charmaine vigorously shook her head, “Tommy’s a brilliant man, Miss Kate. We all look up to him.”

“Yet he failed at his dream. How is it that you still admire him?”

“Because that’s not on him. All Tommy can do is his best. If that’s not good enough, so be it. It doesn’t mean he failed.”

“Yet you, who haven’t even begun your career, think you’re worthless.”

“It’s what Freya has taught us,” Jennifer protested, “We’re submissive women. Worthless except as a receptacle for cocks and cum.”

“So I’m merely a receptacle for my husband’s and son’s cocks and cum? Is that what you’re saying?” I asked with a dangerous hardness in my voice.

The girls looked at each other, horrified by the implication of what they’d said.

“No, Miss Kate!” They said emphatically.

“I’m a submissive woman,” I reminded them. “Therefore, by your thinking, I’m nothing but something for men to stick the cocks into and fill with cum.”

“I think we’ve got it wrong,” a chagrined Charmaine replied.

“Too right, you have,” I admonished them. “I serve my man, but I am not a doormat for him to walk over. But the biggest thing is this —if that’s how John or Tommy treated me, I would refuse to serve them because they are unworthy of my service.”

“I think I understand,” Jennifer said. “John treats you like a princess, so you serve him like he’s your king. But if he treated you like a serf, you’d rebel as serfs often do.”

“Precisely,” I smiled at her. “Never believe for one moment that you’re less than the men you serve. You submit your needs to his because he’s worthy of you doing that. In literature, you’re the power behind the throne. You’re the foundation on which his empire is built on. You’re the quiet advisor in the dead of the night that he listens to before any other. You’re the only one who believes in him through thick and thin, giving him what he needs to succeed. Does that sound like a worthless woman?”

Charmaine and Jennifer shook their heads again.

I smiled and asked, “You’ve heard of Catherine the Great, of course.” The girls nodded. “The power behind the throne until her husband’s incompetence and unwillingness to throw off his Germanic roots caused her to become the power on the throne. If John, please, lord, not for many years, passes, who would you trust with his multi-million dollar empire?”

Eyes widening as they realised what I meant, the two gorgeous women before me breathed, “You, of course.”

Smiling because I thought my lesson had sunk in, I gave the girls time to comprehend what I’d said. Then, I forced my face into severity. “However,” I unequivocally stated. “That does not mean you’ve escaped your corrections for using profane language. Assume correction position one (I’d decided that calling them punishment positions was too negative).”

Charmaine looked momentarily confused but quickly worked it out and assumed the correct position. I waited until she’d settled in place before I told her to turn around. Charmaine still had bruises across her breasts from

the last time, and I didn't want to risk causing too much pain. However, she didn't 'present her ass' to the cane, so I had to remind her to do that.

"May I ask why you're correcting a minor slip in private company, Mistress Kate?" Jennifer asked.

"Swearing is a habit, Jennifer," I explained. "If you don't break the habit completely, your potty mouth will come out whenever you're excited or angry. To quote my mother and misquote Jerry Hall —a woman should be a lady in public, a wife in her home, and a willing slut in the bedroom. But the primary part of that is being a lady in public."

Jennifer thought about that before saying, "That's what we three girls noticed first," she said. "You glide when most women walk like truck drivers. You're always immaculately dressed and made up. Your voice is so melodic and softly spoken, but it's like a fist in a velvet glove —what you want people to do, they do, without question. And then you have that withering stare.

"Gina told us about how you ripped into Tommy at footy that day, castigating him for feeling sorry for himself, and you demanded he pull his socks up and give it his best shot. Then you reassured him that trying your best and not having things go your way wasn't failure. Failure was not trying your best." She giggled before adding, "She said it made her gush into her panties.

"That's why Tommy could accept The Lions chopping him. He knew he'd done everything possible to make them re-sign him, and he could walk away with his head held high, knowing his parents were proud of him."

"Of course, we're proud of him," I growled, a little emotional about Jennifer's passionate speech. "He gave it his best shot and held a position that very few people ever have —he was a listed AFL player for two years. That's an incredible achievement!"

I looked at my two new charges wistfully and realised they'd come so far despite their families abandoning them. Life had been hard, but they were happy, well-adjusted young women with the world at their feet. I realised

that I no longer believed Charmaine needed correcting. She needed love. Pure love with no reciprocity. A love for her because she was her and not because someone wanted something from her.

Placing my cane back in its box, I wrapped my arms around the beautiful, tiny woman and drew her into my luscious breasts. Towering over her petite 160 cm (5 ft. 4 in) frame, I enveloped my young friend in a bear hug. “I love you, Charmaine,” I whispered as tears ran down my face. “You’ll never be alone again because I’ll always be there for you.”

Then I turned to Jennifer, “You, too, honey. This is your home, and we Muggletons are your family. No matter how far you roam or how long you’re away, you’ll always have a home with us.”

Jennifer rushed into my embrace as she, too, began weeping.

“We will do our best to prove we deserve what you offer, Miss Kate,” the girls averred.

I smiled and said, “Yoda said, ‘Do or do not. There is no try’. But that’s rubbish. We’re human, and all we can do is try. And, come the end of the day, as long as we can face ourselves in the mirror and honestly say we tried our best, our day was a success, regardless of the outcome.”

I noticed Charmaine was shifting from foot to foot, trying not to show how desperate she was. Chuckling evilly, I casually put the lid down and sat on it. Charmaine bit her lip but remained quiet.

“I assume you girls need to go?” I teased.

“Yes, please, Miss Kate,” Charmaine pleaded.

Laughing, I stood up, letting Charmaine sit, and told Jennifer to use the main bathroom in the hall. She looked gratefully at me as she rushed out, grabbing a towel as she exited the room.

“Remain naked,” I called before she could wrap it around herself.

When Jennifer returned, I allowed the girls to go to their rooms to change, reminding them they should dress sexily but not sluttily. I also reminded them to do their makeup and fix their hair before they came down. With my dark skin colouring, I don't need a lot of makeup to look my best, so I made it to the kitchen well before the other two.

I expected to have to begin breakfast, but Krissy already had things well in hand. She had piles of bacon on a plate under the warmer grill. The hash browns were almost cooked, and she stood at the stove multi-tasking, cooking mushrooms in one pan and eggs in another. Tommy and Gina were back, and they sat with John, chatting and watching my daughter work. I asked Krissy if she needed help, but she handed me a coffee and said everything was under control.

To tease my husband and son, I pulled Gina off Tommy's lap and squeezed her lush body against my taller, firmer one. I groped her sexy bottom as I passionately French kissed her. Gina was up for the game, and she grabbed my ass and ground herself against me as we kissed. Charmaine and Jennifer walked in and, at my gesture, joined Gina and me. Hugging and caressing as we shared smoking hot kisses, we teased our men mercilessly.

I kept an eye on John and Tommy, and when their throbbing erections caused them to get off their chairs and head for us, I sent the girls to grab plates, cups and cutlery to set the table. Laughing, Krissy brought breakfast to the table and placed the serving dishes on the lazy Susan in the middle of our kitchen table.

"Tease!" She laughingly accused.

"Correct," I admitted as I settled my sexy ass on my husband's thickly erect cock. I wriggled there momentarily before sitting beside him. I noticed that none of the other girls took the seat on John's right-hand side. They left it for Krissy. Tickled by their politeness and concern for my daughter, I smiled and selected a small amount from the dishes before me. I hadn't seen Patrick for almost two weeks, and it was another four days before I saw him again. I did not relish the look I knew he'd give me when I got on the scales.

Breakfast done, the four younger women, including my daughter, headed off to their uni classes. Tommy announced he had a baby shoot booked and left to do it. Freddy's, Phil's, and Tommy's studio, Tres Amigos, was blossoming swiftly. The three fit, muscular men were especially favourites for young women's coming-of-age, twenty-first, and hen parties. Krissy's and my photos on their website still attracted hundreds of views and hits every day, and the boys admitted we were central to their success.

The girls lived with us rent-free and chose to contribute by doing most of the housework for me. Jennifer even mowed the lawns regularly. That left me plenty of time to roll through the various units for my Bachelor's degree.

Unfortunately, I'd reached the end of what I could do and remain within the allotted timeframe to complete my degree. I'd also completed all the units towards my Master's that I had been assigned. John was impressed and relieved because it gave him time to teach me how to use the various algorithms he used to predict what particular stocks would do in the short, medium, and long terms.

Looking at my phone, I saw that I had at least an hour before I needed to go to the studio and meet Siobhan, so I followed John to his office, typed up his proposals, ready to snail and email, and answered the phone when it rang. Muggleton Consultancy had already outgrown the two house lines we had, and John had a telephone system installed along with five lines.

John didn't have time to train me to use his system because he was busy developing an investment strategy for another potential corporate client. I worked until 9:15 am before shutting down my computer, getting in my sunset red Audi A3, and driving into Woolloongabba, where the studio was. I parked in front of the studio and, wondering what fresh hell I was getting myself into, took a deep breath and walked inside. As I opened the door, its bell chimed.

"Out back, Kate," Siobhan called.

I briefly wondered how she knew it was me but spotted the security camera above the counter. Walking through to where I'd somehow allowed Phil and

Freddy to talk me into the pornographic picture shoot that led to a threeway sexual romp, I saw Siobhan in the outfit she wore when I first met her at The Chateaux.

“No cameras,” I instinctively demanded.

Siobhan’s rich laugh washed through the room, and she agreed, “No cameras, Miss Kate.”

Entering the photo room, I gaped when I saw Andrew tied onto the ‘Slut Roulette’ wheel that Siobhan had tied Kath and me to. Siobhan spun the wheel, and it rotated slowly. Agog, I watched the wheel turn. As Andrew’s feet passed me, my eyes were drawn to his nicely sized, throbbing cock. Someone, I assumed Siobhan, had tied a thin leather strap around Andrew’s balls and another around the base of his shaft.

“Can’t have him going soft on us, now, can we?” Siobhan grinned as she stopped the wheel and casually jacked her father’s cock. I looked at Andrew’s face and saw that Siobhan had tied a ball gag in his mouth. “Keeps him quiet, too,” she joked.

Siobhan climbed onto the wheel with her back to her father’s head. Holding his rigidly erect cock in her hand, Siobhan sighed as she guided him inside her and settled onto Andrew’s hips.

“Not as big as your son or Phil,” Siobhan stated. “But plenty big enough for fun.”

“I’m unclear why you called me here, Siobhan,” I said as I tried to ignore the sudden blazing furnace burning in my sweet little pussy.

“Because I want you to star with me at next weekend’s Chateaux event, Kate,” Siobhan explained as she rode her father. “None of the shows I’ve done since the night you appeared have gone anywhere near as well. So, Miss ‘Kate Middleton’, would you like to stage another appearance for your many rabid fans?”

“No,” I stated emphatically. “Sorry to have wasted your time.”

Pulling her heeled feet out from underneath her, Siobhan leant back on her hands so I could stare at Andrew's cock appearing from and then disappearing into her pussy. Then she grinned and said, "Why not? John, Tommy, Phil, Freddy, and my Dad will appear with you if you wish."

Curious, I asked, "What would they do?"

"May I tell you what I envisaged?" I nodded. "As you know, typically, I do the show in two parts. For this show, we need to top what we did last time. I've racked my brains, trying to figure out what to do. Here's what I've come up with —We'll skip the first part from the last show, you chained up and a mechanical arm holding a magic wand against your sweet, tight cunt, and instead of a mechanical fucking machine fucking you, I'll fuck you with your favourite strap-on."

She pointed to where the strap-on she'd twice used on me sat. I gulped as I remembered the pleasure that 'cock' had given me. Then I wondered if somehow Siobhan had read my mind and learned the fantasies I played with when I thought about what I'd do if I ever returned to The Chateaux.

"What is part two?" I questioned, suspecting it would be close to what I'd imagined.

"We get you to blow 'random' attendees, who have been carefully selected beforehand. The last man standing, so to speak, gets to fuck you on stage. John, Tommy, Phil, Freddy, and my Dad have already volunteered to be the 'random attendees'."

With my arousal gushing, I shook my head. "Not happening," I declared. "But, if I did decide to do it, there'd need to be at least two genuinely random attendees who had been given the opportunity to be onstage with me and the others. And, instead of one lucky winner, there'd need to be two. One for my mouth, the other for my pussy. Then they'd swap ends after they've cum."

"You want to do it," Siobhan stated, amazed.

“I do not,” I huffed. “I’m only saying what I think should happen if someone did this show.”

“Kate,” Siobhan grinned. “You said, ‘One for my mouth and the other for my pussy’. You can’t lie to me, baby. You want to do this. In fact, I can smell that you’re so turned on right now that if I climb off my father, you’ll take my place.”

Giving in, I growled, “So get off, then.”

“No, Kate slut,” Siobhan commanded, her voice deep and resonant. “Eat my dripping cunt until I orgasm. Then you can take my place.”

With that word ringing in my ears, I had no choice. Climbing onto the wheel, I lay between Andrew’s and her legs and pushed my mouth against Siobhan’s pussy. The angle wasn’t great, but I managed to latch onto her clitoris, and I lashed my tongue over it. After I surrounded her clit Siobhan came quickly, bouncing and shuddering as her thick juices covered my tongue and lips.

Smiling happily, she climbed off her father’s rigid pole, “Your turn,” she said, gesturing towards her father.

However, the raging fire in my nether regions needed more. Blushing and shyly looking at the ground, I asked, “If I take Andrew in my ass, will you please fuck me with your strap-on?”

“You slut!” Siobhan exclaimed, and then she giggled. “Now, why didn’t I think of that?” She looked speculatively from Andrew to me a few times before deciding. “Lean over the wheel and use your mouth to ensure he’s wet enough to enter you easily. I’ll prepare your ass as you bend over.”

Now, that sounded like a good idea, and I quickly wrapped my lips around Andrew’s throbbing cock. I heard him groan around his gag, but I ignored him, trusting the ties around his balls and penis to prevent him from climaxing before I was ready. I moaned around his rigidly erect cock when Siobhan parted my toned and shapely ass cheeks and wetly ran her tongue over my little star.

After tonguing me until my tiny ring fluttered open, Siobhan slid her middle finger into my slippery pussy and rimmed my little rosebud with her forefinger. Using her tongue to ensure my chocolate star remained wet, she slowly forced her finger inside. I'd had quite a lot of 'back door fun' lately, so my ass sphincter gaped open easily.

Forcing more saliva into my ass with her tongue, Siobhan prepared me to take her father's cock. Satisfied I was ready, she smacked my shapely bottom and said, "Up you get, you cock loving little slut."

Grinning at her, I climbed onto the wheel and turned to face her. I began to squat but thought better of it and hesitated long enough to take my dress off.

"No panties," Siobhan laughed. "Little slut Kate came here wanting to get fucked this morning!"

I hadn't, but that didn't matter. My juices were pouring from me, and my sweet little pussy barely contained the blazing inferno raging inside me. Throwing my dress aside, I squatted until I could reach behind me and grab Andrew's pulsing cock. Holding it upright, I moved my sexy bottom over it until I felt it press against my soaking-wet little star. Taking a breath and slowly releasing it, I pushed as if trying to go to the loos. Then, besides a slight pause as Andrew's cock split my knot open, I glided effortlessly down his turgid member until my toned ass rested on his hips.

"Fuck that was hot!" Siobhan breathlessly stated as she stood before me, buckling up her strap-on. "Lean back, my little Kate slut. You're about to be fucked!"

"Will you please release Andrew's hands, Mistress?" I asked. "I'd like him to play with my breasts and nipples, please.

"Still not prepared to use swear words, slut Kate?" Siobhan queried as she did what I asked. "Say 'cunt, tits, and arse' for me."

"I will not," I replied primly. Then I grinned and said, "I might fuck like a fucking slut and love big cocks stuffed up my cunt and arse, but by all the

bastards in the world, I am a bloody lady first, Bitch! Oops, I mean Mistress Bitch."

Seriously, readers, I thought Siobhan would pass out because she laughed so hard. She finally got hold of herself and said, "You're right, my darling Kate slut. Swearing is not you, and it sounded so wrong from your pretty mouth. Now, where was I? Oh, that's right. I'm about to roger your slutty little cunt."

"Yes, please, Mistress Siobhan," I purred, leaning back on my hands and parting my shapely thighs.

I watched eagerly as Siobhan climbed onto the wheel. Her short leather skirt had a back zip that allowed it to separate. She undid it and let it fall. Adjusting the double end so it fitted into her pussy better, Siobhan knelt and leaned forwards until her massive, surgically enhanced breasts rubbed against mine. Moving back and forth, she watched as our nipples rubbed enticingly together.

"I can't believe your breasts are naturally at least as large and firm as mine, Kate," she moaned. "Gawd, I love doing this with you. I love it any more when you scream my name as I fuck your slippery little slut cunt. Scream for me, slut Kate."

On 'Kate', Siobhan thrust powerfully forward, and the biggest thing I'd ever taken inside me opened my juicy love canal and slid deliciously inside. My head tipped back as Siobhan's 'cock' pressed against my cervix, and I pushed up against it, increasing the slight pain and incredible pleasure. Then she pulled back, and I, wanting to maintain the pressure on my womb's entrance, lifted my hips to follow her.

This allowed Andrew's cock to slide from my sexy bottom. Then when Siobhan shoved back in, she forced me along his stiff cock, and I had my love holes filled again. It got even better when Andrew slid his hands around and caressed my globes. The problem was that he was diffident and timid in how he touched me. It wasn't what I needed. With the slut imperative blazing through my body, I needed rough. I needed to be taken, forced, even. I needed to be fucked! Not made love to.

“Stop playing with them, Andrew!” I snarled. “Squeeze them hard and pinch my nipples!”

“Do it, worm,” Siobhan commanded as she increased the speed and strength of her thrusts.

Andrew’s grip on my luscious mounds firmed, and he squeezed my nipples deliciously. He waited until Siobhan pounded into me, then pulled harshly on them as he twisted. My legs instinctively rose to wrap around Siobhan’s hips. This forced me further down onto Andrew’s throbbing erection and increased the divine sensation of two cocks thrusting into me simultaneously.

Siobhan pulled back and slammed in again, and with the angle change, the head of her enormous ‘cock’ scraped deliciously over my G-spot and launched me into a screaming orgasm.

Siobhan punched viciously into my squelching pussy a few more times. Then, seeing I was coming down from my orgasm high, she pulled out and undid the strap around her father’s scrotum. The sudden pressure release allowed Andrew’s balls to squeeze against his shaft, and he blasted semen into my colon. Feeling that warm liquid splashing into me caused another minor climax, leaving my arms shaky and weak.

Andrew’s cock wilted and popped out of my back passage, and I sank back onto him, feeling satiated and satisfied. To my surprise, Siobhan knelt between my thighs and softly, almost lovingly, licked and tongued my clit, slit and entrance. She gently slid her middle finger inside my sodden pussy and curled it back. Finding my G-spot, Siobhan brought me to a relaxing orgasm before she covered my body with hers.

“You’re doing a good thing for Tommy’s three, Kate,” Siobhan told me warmly. “I offered to help, but with Phil’s and my wedding coming up and a baby on the way, I don’t have the time to give them the attention and time they need.” She kissed me gently and added, “Phil would like to be one of the men onstage with you.”

“It’s next weekend, right?” I checked.

“Yes,” Siobhan confirmed.

“What do you need me to wear?” I asked.

“Will you let me collar you for the show, Miss Kate?” Siobhan asked.

I shook my head and pointed proudly to my necklace. “I will wear no collar but my husband’s,” I declared.

Siobhan smiled and said, “I was thinking more like a thick leather one that would go over that. Would you allow John to put something like that on you, Kate?”

“Of course,” I replied.

“Will you let me lead on a leash with you on your hands and knees?”

“If John permits it, then yes,” I answered.

“I’ll talk to him,” Siobhan said as she helped me off the wheel and back into my dress. “But, to answer your question —a masquerade mask but with eyes this time, the highest, sluttiest platform high-heels and the collar.”

‘*It’s my fantasy somehow made real,*’ I thought, fresh arousal wafting over me.

Siobhan saw the look in my eyes and grabbed the back of my head. Pressing her glorious, surgically enhanced body firmly against mine, she kissed me hard before saying, “You little slut, Kate. Thinking about doing this has you dripping!”

She was right, and I moaned as her thigh parted mine and pressed against my drooling mound. However, I felt a little guilty about fucking Andrew. Even though John said he was ‘okay with it’ and would be a ‘willing participant’, I was unsure if having Andrew cum inside my sweet ass as Siobhan pounded me was in the realm of what he’d be ‘okay’ with. So, making my excuses, I left for home.

Getting there, I saw my four girls were home. They were drinking coffee and gas bagging as they laughed, joked and teased each other. Charmaine poured me a coffee when I walked inside, and I sat with them and joined in the verbal horseplay.

I looked up and, seeing the time, moved to make my husband some lunch. However, as I started to move, Gina, Charmaine and Jennifer swung into action.

“We’ve got this, Miss Kate,” Gina assured me.

I watched as those three, along with Krissy, set up a production line and, that only a short time later, produced two steak sandwiches and a warm Moroccan chicken salad for us girls. I wondered why two sandwiches, but they’d no sooner made them than Tommy walked in. He kissed and hugged us all before accepting his sandwich from Gina. Krissy handed me the plate to take to John and followed me, holding a large cup of black coffee.

John was working on his client’s investments, moving the ones tagged ‘aggressive strategy’ around the markets, getting the most return for an acceptable level of risk, but ensuring the ‘seed’ investment amount remained untouched. It was a tactic he’d used many times to double and sometimes triple his client’s money in amazingly short periods of time.

He turned off the monitor and sat with us, happily chatting away as he enjoyed his lunch. I watched and marvelled at how much had changed. I saw my husband nearly every night now and could drop across and talk to him virtually anytime I wanted to. Plus, I spent between four and six hours a day sitting close to him as I answered phones and worked on my degree. As far as I was concerned, it was a bliss I wondered if I’d ever experience.

When Krissy sat on her father’s lap, I picked up the plates and cups to return to the kitchen. I knew, before long, she’d be under the desk blowing him as he continued working on his stocks. It was a position I’d taken many times over the last twenty years.

Gina and Tommy had left together, but Charmaine and Jennifer remained at the breakfast bar. Telling the girls to follow me, I walked upstairs to their

combined space. Although they had separate rooms, the girls usually spent their spare time together in the guestroom's combined lounge/bedroom space, and they typically slept in the queen bed in the first spare room. Of course, they'd have to temporarily move into one of the other rooms when the renovations to the guestroom were made.

When we reached their room, I told them to remove their clothes. Once they were naked, I took my dress off, too.

"I'm not entirely introducing Daddy's rules," I informed them. "If I were, you'd be required to strip as soon as you entered the house. However, we must work on removing any body issues you may have. The best way to do that is always to be naked." The girls looked doubtful, but I continued, "If we have guests, you will immediately dress and stay that way until they leave."

"Everyone, Miss Kate?" Jennifer asked.

I shook my head, "Only us girls. The men, as our betters, will remain dressed unless they choose otherwise."

"You mean that John will see us naked?" Charmaine gasped.

I looked at her wonderingly. "I'm pretty sure you fucked him during slut roulette," I said.

"Yes, but that was, like, a free-for-all or something," she said hesitatingly. "But to allow him to ogle me as I walk around? That's, well, weird. I serve you and Tommy, not him."

"First of all," I snapped. "My husband does not ogle or leer! Yes, he will admire your body, but he will do so respectfully and appropriately. Charmaine, you need to learn to be proud of your assets. Men and women alike will see and admire your gorgeous shape, and there is nothing wrong with that!"

"I have no shape," Charmaine despaired. "I have a tiny ass, fuck all hips and a pair of pimples on my chest."

“Five,” I firmly stated.

“I’m sorry, Mistress Kate,” Charmaine said contritely. “Shall I get the cane?”

“Perhaps, little one,” I said, impressed she immediately offered herself for correction. “But for now, let us continue with this lesson.”

“Sorry, Mistress Kate,” Charmaine stated. “I’m listening.”

“Charmaine, you’re comparing yourselves to the women in this house. Two of us, myself and my daughter, are Amazons. We’re tall, even when compared to most men, and with our workout regimes, we’re probably stronger than most of them, too. Our problem is maintaining our discipline and not becoming whales like my mother and two sisters. The other two, well, Gina is quite similar in size and shape to Krissy, only shorter. She, too, will need to watch what she eats and drinks as she ages, or she’ll run to fat.

“Clearly, Jennifer already has that struggle. At the moment, I’d describe her figure as Kate Winslet like lush, but if she doesn’t initiate a diet and exercise program, Jennifer runs the risk of toppling from luscious to fat.”

“How do you do it, Kate?” Jennifer asked. “Tommy has talked about his grandmother and aunts. How did you avoid following that path? After all, you’re the youngest.”

“By marrying a rich man,” I admitted. “Girls, you must understand that John had his pick of the girls at our school. I doubt we’d be together if he hadn’t made me pregnant on our first night in each other’s arms.”

“How does marrying a rich man stop you from getting fat?” Jennifer wondered.

“Because I have plenty of money to hire a personal trainer to kick my lazy ass five days a fortnight and make me exercise like crazy. Besides, you’ve seen how little I eat from sun up to sun down.”

“You certainly seem to enjoy dinner, though, Mistress Kate,” Charmaine chimed in.

“I do,” I confessed. “Patrick has set me a daily calorie intake target. I choose to save as many of those calories as I can so I can use them for dinner.”

“Why is that, Kate?” Jennifer asked.

“Because it’s the one meal we’re usually all home for. I love preparing scrumptious meals for my man and family. Watching them eat them as we laugh, tease, and joke is the highlight of my day, and I do not want to worry about calories as I do.” Then I giggled, “The problem is that I typically consume way more wine calories than I should and blow Patrick’s chart to smithereens.”

The girls laughed with me, and Jennifer agreed when she said, “Yup, those empty calories in alcohol are a b ... oops ... pain.” She cupped her generously sized breasts and added, “They do go straight on my breasts, though. So it’s not all bad news.”

I playfully leant over and flicked her nipple as I grinned at her. “Now, back to my point. You girls are too hung up on how you look. The quickest way to fix that is to be naked most of the time. You’ll find, only after a few days, that you’ll no longer care that you’re undressed or that someone can see you. That’s when you’ll realise that your body is just that, a body, nothing more.

“Charmaine, you need to learn that bigger is not better. Take Caoimhe; you’d agree that she is exquisite, yes?” Charmaine nodded her head. “Yet, she’s way smaller than you. So the size of your tits or ass doesn’t matter, does it?” The girls shook their heads.

“Getting comfortable with your body is part one of what I want you to learn. The second is to be ready to serve and please your man whenever he wants. There’s no ‘Sorry, dear, I have a headache’ bullshit. That means you have to allow yourself to be instantly turned on when he wants you.”

I looked intently at Charmaine and added, “It would be better if you allowed John to access your gorgeous charms, honey. But, at the very least, you must be prepared to suck or fuck Tommy whenever he feels like it. Plus, you need to be my bitch when I want my pussy licked or my little star tongued.”

Charmaine stared at me but remained silent. I outwaited her, though, and eventually, she asked, “Why? I don’t want a man to serve. I want a woman. So does Caoimhe.”

“You both want to serve me,” I tittered. Charmaine blushed guiltily but agreed I was right, so I pointed out that the only chance of that happening was if she also served John. Then I added, “Besides, you fuck Tommy all the time.”

“Not alone, though, Kate,” Charmaine pointed out. “It’s always with Jennifer and/or Gina.”

I looked at my sweet, young friend, “Honey, have you even tried to have sex alone with a man you’re attracted to?” I knew the answer and suspected why, but I needed Charmaine to open up to me before I could help her heal. Charmaine burst into tears, and I wrapped her in my arms. “Jennifer, can you give us a minute, please?”

“No!” Charmain exclaimed. “Jen already knows. I was ... I was ... raped by my uncle, Kate. I thought he was so tall and handsome, I thought ... I thought I loved him. But he used me. But worse was that I told my dad, and dad refused to believe me. He said his brother would never do something like that and accused me of trying to entice him.”

“How did you get away, baby?” I asked, tears pouring from my eyes.

“I was thirteen, Kate,” Charmaine explained. “Mum and Dad allowed me to choose to accompany them to family get-togethers or not. I chose not.”

“Did you get any help, honey?” I asked. “Did you see a counsellor, talk to someone?”

Charmaine shook her head. “I talked a little with the school counsellor, but Mum and Dad refused to admit what happened and wouldn’t pay for me to see someone.”

“What about the organisation ‘Headspace’, honey?” I asked, getting my phone out, ready to find a number and call them immediately.

“I’ve never heard of them,” Charmaine replied.

“They’re a counselling service for young people, baby,” I explained as I dialled the number. “It’s free for all students, but that doesn’t matter because John and I would cover all costs anyway. But they specialise in pre- and teenage counselling, so I think they’d be perfect for you. If not, I’ll find someone else, and we’ll get you help, okay?”

Charmaine began crying, “Just like that?” She asked. “You believe me, no questions asked? You act on what I’ve said and start things rolling?”

“Nobody makes that stuff up, honey,” I assured her as I listened to the on-hold music. “Of course, I believe you. Why wouldn’t I?”

I got through to a receptionist and made an appointment for Charmaine for the following day. However, I didn’t think exposing the poor girl to anything more today was a good idea, so I suggested we put on swimsuits and use the hot tub. Jennifer giggled and asked why we needed suits, so strutting proudly, we walked to the patio and climbed in. Seconds later, I had a beautiful girl tucked under each arm and two soft, petite hands caressing my throbbing pussy.

I was close to cumming when, with a slither, Tommy and Gina joined us in the tub. I opened my eyes and smiled at my handsome son. John and Krissy came out from his office, and seeing us in the tub, they stripped and joined us. Seven in the tub was a squeeze, so Tommy encouraged me onto his lap. As I sat, I gasped. Unbeknownst to me, Gina had held his shaft, positioned to enter me. When I lowered onto his groin, Tommy’s long, thick cock split me apart and slid inside.

John laughed, and Krissy quickly took the same position on her father's penis. Her eyes rolled back, and she purred blissfully. "I'm so glad we can do this openly now," Krissy cooed. "I love having my father's cock inside me, and having my Mom riding my brother's cock close to me is so exciting.

"It's all good for you, Miss Slutty," Jennifer teased. "I need some cock in me, and all I've got is the lezzie's mouth!" We all laughed as Jennifer moved to sit on the tub's edge and guided Charmaine's willing mouth onto her pussy.

Krissy whispered something to her father, and John's eyes flew open. Looking at me disbelievingly, his eyes flicked to Jennifer before returning to mine and to Krissy's. I guessed what Krissy must have whispered and smiled when he looked back at me before nodding and glancing at Jennifer.

Uncertainly taking the hint, John moved Krissy from his lap and crossed the tub to Jennifer. Charmaine looked up when she felt his presence, grinned and made room between Jennifer's thighs. Jennifer opened her eyes in time to feel John between her legs. Smiling, she opened her thighs wider and accepted my husband between them. Smiling blissfully, Jennifer reached between them and guided John into her tight, young pussy.

I didn't want Charmaine to feel left out, so I began to lift off of my son's cock to go to her. But before I could, my daughter lifted the tiny girl onto the tub's edge and moved between her thighs. Kneeling on the tub's seat, Krissy lowered her mouth onto Charmaine's clitoris.

"Yes!" Charmaine hissed as my daughter sucked on her sweet little love button.

That left Gina unattended, but before I could do anything about it, she wrapped her arms around Krissy and pressed her firm C-cups into my daughter's back as she tweaked and pulled Krissy's nipples.

Riding my son's deliciously big cock, I looked around at the debauchery occurring around me. I had my biological son's throbbing member buried deep in my slippery pussy. My husband had his thick penis buried inside a

teenager's tightly gripping vulva as my sweet, recently virgin daughter suckled the delectable fluids from another young woman's oozing pussy, while another gorgeous girl played with her tits. It was beyond my dreams. More exciting than I'd ever fantasised. As I'd always hoped, my family was a close, loving one, and I adored every moment of it.

But it was too much, and I couldn't stand it. I leaned back against my eagerly thrusting son and guided his strong hands onto my aching nipples. He squeezed them forcefully before crooning, "Cum for me, my delectable little Mommie slut." Barely keeping my voice to a level that wouldn't make the neighbours call the cops, I screamed as an orgasm ripped through me.

John turned and grinned at me, but the loss in concentration undid him, and with a loud groan, he unloaded inside Jennifer's tightly gripping pussy. Feeling John's cock erupting onto her cervix spilled Jennifer into an orgasm, and her squeal joined my scream. Charmaine came next, moaning and shuddering on my daughter's questing tongue. Gina made Krissy stand before she knelt in the frothing water and forced her head between Krissy's buns. Lashing her tongue along my daughter's perineum, clit and chocolate star, Gina brought Krissy to a body-shaking climax.

Grinning, I relinquished my spot on my son's still throbbing member and allowed Gina to take it. The rest of us watched as the two who hadn't already climaxed joyfully fucked each other. John had moved to get a better view, and to my surprise, Charmaine was between his thighs, sucking his large and thick pole. Smiling, I moved to the gorgeous, brown-eyed, sylph-like woman and knelt beside her.

"May I share, little one?" I asked.

Charmaine turned her head toward me before releasing my husband's cock from her mouth. "Of course, Miss Kate," she smiled. "He's your husband, after all."

The seven of us swapped back and forth until hunger made the boys demand a respite for dinner. I got up to see if I could fashion something for dinner, but John whipped his phone out and ordered a heap of Italian food before I could. When it arrived, there was pizza, lasagne, chicken pesto, and

a spag bog. John sent the four younger girls to greet the Ubereats driver naked, giving him the thrill of his life, I'm sure.

After dinner, everyone broke apart and headed off. Tommy and Gina showered and left for her parents' house. The other three younger girls, arm in arm, walked up to Charmaine and Jennifer's shared space, leaving me blissfully alone with my husband. After rinsing off the dishes and stacking them in the washer, I got John a beer and joined him in the hot tub. I settled beside him and lay my head on his shoulder. Sighing happily, I asked, "Are you happy, John? Stuck at home with just me?"

John chuckled and asked, "Just you, Kate? You, Krissy, Jennifer and Charmaine. The only one I haven't fucked is Gina, and both she and Tommy have said she wants to. Plus, I've fucked my best friend's wife, someone I've wanted to fuck for almost as many years as I've been fucking you, and I've fucked his daughter. It doesn't get much better than this, Kate."

"You know what Siobhan wanted to see me about, right?" John nodded. "And?" I asked.

"I want to do it, babe," he assured me. "I've turned into quite the voyeur, and I've found I love watching you being fucked."

I tilted my head up and kissed under John's chin. "And I love watching you fuck others, John. I accepted that you took lovers when you travelled and even here at home, but I didn't like it. I took those feelings of insecurity and jealousy, shoved them way down and pulled a cover over them. Now that we're sharing, I love it, John. I love being an incestuous slut Mommie, and I never want to stop."

"That's good, baby girl," John chuckled. "Because I don't want you to stop, and I love being an incestuous slut Daddy."

We made slow, sensuous love in that hot tub until the house awakened around us. Then, unashamed, we held hands and marched to our room. After a quick shower, we finally lay down to sleep.

Three days later, I stood in the performers-only room at Les Châteaux du Plaisir Tortueux. Once again, I shook my head and wondered how I managed to get myself into these predicaments. All I had on was a pair of 7-inch heeled strappy sandals, my husband's collar, my son's slave ankle chain, and a masquerade mask. This time, the mask had eyes, so I could see what was happening. Caoimhe was buckling my wrists into the armrests of the fetish gynaecological chair from my last visit as Mistress Siobhan did the same with my ankles.

With an electrical buzz, the chair's legs spread, exposing my sweet, waxed pussy to anyone before the chair. Siobhan wore a blood-red corset that squeezed her surgically enhanced breasts together, leaving them looking like they were about to pop out of the corset's breast cups. Beneath that, Siobhan had a clinging black leather skirt. It was longer than she typically wore because it needed to hide her strap-on 'cock'.

She wore the same thick, monster 8-inch rubber penis she'd used to fuck me in the earlier episode. Siobhan had tied it to her inner thigh using a Velcro belt. A quick yank would set the 'cock' free. How I'd be able to take that monstrosity inside me, I had no idea, but my sweet little pussy pulsed at the thought of trying.

Even though I was excited, I was also very nervous, and my pussy felt quite dry. Caoimhe, the darling little minx, fixed that for me. First, she covered the exposed parts of my face with sexy little kisses. Then she kissed down my neck and along my shoulder blades. Next, she suckled on and swirled her tongue over my puffy nipples as she fingered my clit, slit and entrance. Finally, she knelt between my lewdly spread legs and sucked my pleasure nub as she thrust two fingers into me. I was close to climax when the evil little witch, Gawd, how I love her, stopped and moved away from my dripping vagina.

"I think our little slut Mommie is ready, Mistress," she giggled.

I couldn't see the crowd, of course, but John described the scene later that night. A small access door allowed entrance from the performer's room to the stage. With her headset in place, Mistress Siobhan danced into the spotlight.

“Evening, Chateaux patrons,” she sang as Madonna’s ‘Like a Virgin’ played. “How are we all tonight? Are we good?” The crowd dutifully chanted, “Yes”, and Siobhan broke into her act, teasing the crowd with the evening’s entertainment, namely me. “I have a special treat for you tonight. How many of you were here when our little slut Kate Middleton last appeared and saw the tremendous show we put on that night?”

The crowd cheered, and I was sure it was louder than the previous time I was up here.

“Then, let’s give a rousing Chateaux welcome for the returning little slut Kate Middleton!”

I felt the familiar rock and shudder when the elliptical platform began turning towards the stage. My long-remembered fear of being exposed to strangers washed over me. But the raucous applause, cheers and wolf-whistles that showered over me as my naked, lewdly displayed body rotated into view, coming to a halt with my tightly toned ass and sweet little pussy facing the middle of the room, relaxed that fear, and I found I wanted to perform for them.

Unfortunately, or maybe fortunately, Caoimhe’s attention to my pussy had me literally dripping. When the stage stopped turning and the crowd saw my blatant arousal, there was a deafening silence followed by a raucous, rambunctious outpouring of cheers, OMGs, and wows. I heard, “Fuck, what a sweet little pussy,” and, “OMG! She’s creaming already!” and, “Gawd, look at her tight, toned ass. Fuck what I’d give to stick my cock in there!” My nervousness swallowed by base desire, I moaned and thrust my hips up, aching to feel Siobhan’s mighty penis spearing into my wanting insides (I’m still having problems even typing the ‘C’ word).

“I think The Chateaux’s little slut Kate wants to be fucked, guys and girls. What do you think?”

“Yes!” The crowd deliriously answered.

Smiling delightedly, Kate danced around some more, flashing her tits at the crowd but carefully hiding her surprise under her skirt. “Now, patrons, on

your way in, you were all given a lucky door number. You might want to hold onto those because you'll need them for part two of our show. Who's still got them? The crowd mostly held them up and yelled out that they did. However, a few looked chagrined, having tossed their number aside.

"Don't worry," Siobhan said. "For a small donation of a gold coin, those who have lost their tickets can purchase another from representatives of our favourite charity, Transgender Awareness Group, or TAG, as you better know it. Trust me, you want that number, and to pray it's selected for part two."

Siobhan wound the crowd up for a while longer as she danced and jigged around the stage. Then, suddenly, she stopped in the middle of the stage. The music crashed to a stop, and in the jangling silence, Siobhan quietly asked, "Would you like to see what I have for our little slut Kate tonight?"

"Yes!" The crowd hissed, and all the lights went out.

A single spotlight framed the pretty Dominatrix, and she dramatically grabbed her skirt. "I have this!" She crowed, ripping her Velcro-tied leather skirt off and exposing her 8-inch 'cock. Undoing its ties, Siobhan let the monster thing bounce up. Moving it so the double end showed to those close enough to see, eliciting an awed, "Ohh!" Siobhan settled the strap-on into its harness so she was ready to fuck me with it.

"How much of my cock do you think this slut can swallow, Chateaux crowd?" Siobhan queried, gyrating her hips so her 'cock' bounced back and forth. Before they could answer, she rhetorically added, "Shall we find out?"

Two large screens at either end of the main floor flickered on, showing Siobhan dancing and her huge fake penis bouncing. The camera panned around, showing me in all my naked glory. My dripping pussy and stiff, aching nipples got special attention.

"Look at the arousal pouring from our willing slut," Siobhan crowed as the camera closed in on my sweet little pussy. "Look how her nipples ache to be touched and licked.

The cameraman closed in on my breasts, and Siobhan leant over to run her tongue over them, causing me to moan and writhe my hips as pleasure raced through me. The combination of the ‘slut imperative’ that still caused me to react submissively when I was aroused and knowing my husband, son and daughter were in the crowd watching had my orgasm on a knife’s edge, and I knew the merest touch on my clit would send me over the edge into a howled climax.

Being the consummate dominatrix and performer that she is, Siobhan knew this, so as the camera closed in on my drooling pussy, she gripped my left nipple between her thumb and forefinger and pulled and twisted as she firmly suckled and then bit my right.

“Fuuuuuuuuuuccccccccckkkkkkkkkkk!!!!!” I howled as an enormous climax shattered my body and mind.

In the sudden silence after my screamed orgasm, I heard Jennifer loudly say, “Five!”

Even though they didn’t really understand, the raucous laughter that rocketed from my family and our two young charges made the entire audience laugh.

Siobhan continued playing with my breasts and nipples, waiting for the crowd to settle. When they had, she stood close to my head and held her ‘cock’s’ base. “Time to see how much our slut can swallow.”

“Do it! Do it!” The crowd chanted, and I felt the head of Siobhan’s rubber penis against my lips.

As I think I’ve described before, once you’ve gotten past retching when a cock hits your gag reflex, the length past that point doesn’t matter until it hits your throat. Being able to relax your throat and allow something to pass into it is a skill anyone can master, however, and I’d mastered it many years ago. Breathing deeply through my nose and swallowing quickly, I let Siobhan’s cock glide over my lips into my mouth, along my tongue, past my gag reflex, and down my throat. Vaguely aware of the camera close to

my cheek, I swallowed twice more before Siobhan's pelvis rested against my nose.

"Fuuuucccckkkk!" The crowd exhaled in awe of what they watched.

The camera panned back in time to capture Siobhan beginning to face-fuck me. The crowd sighed again as the lucky ones closest to the stage watched the action live. Those unfortunate enough not to be close enough to see had all turned to the two giant screens. A third screen showed crowd shots. From the corner of my eye, I could see many men holding their groins and an equal number of women cupping their breasts or with their hands on their pussies.

At that moment, I caught a glimpse of what a major pop or rock star must feel. Siobhan and I had the crowd's undivided attention, and every pump she thrust into me brought an "ooh" or "aah" from the patrons.

Siobhan face-fucked me until she sensed the crowd was becoming restless. Then, pulling out of me, she danced around the stage again, pulling the occasional patron up onto the stage and pretending to fuck them. More than one woman reached between them and tried to guide the cock into their pussies.

"You ready to see me fuck this slut?" She yelled at the crowd.

"Yes!" The crowd roared.

"Three lucky winners will get to kneel close to Kate and watch me split her slut cunt open," Siobhan announced, surprising all of us that were supposedly in the know about this act. "Phil, spin the numbers, but remember, it's only the girls this time. Boys, you get your turn in part two of our show tonight."

Above the crowd screen was a random number generator. As I watched, fearful of what Siobhan had planned, the numbers spun. "1,018," Siobhan announced. "Ticket holder, 1,018, if you wish a close-up view of my little slut being fucked, make your way to the stage."

I shouldn’t have been surprised, really. I should have known it was another set-up. I hid a grin as my best friend’s daughter wriggled her way through the crowd and climbed onto the stage before kneeling just to my left, leaving a clear gap for the patrons to view my slick pussy. Siobhan called two more numbers created by the ‘random’ generator, and Jennifer and Charmaine joined Caoimhe on the stage.

With my girls close, I wanted to put on a real show, but tied to the chair, I didn’t know how. All I could do was respond enthusiastically to whatever Siobhan did to me. I let out a small moan of frustration and was surprised to hear it echo through the room. It seemed this mask, like the previous one, was miked. I shivered with excitement, but partial embarrassment, too. When I came, I was loud. There might be a few patrons with sore ears after this performance.

Siobhan danced around, winding the crowd into a frenzy again. But what she did next explained why she’d brought the girls close. “Patrons, I think I’ve kept our little slut waiting too long, don’t you? Her slutty little cunt is barely wet any more. Earlier, she was leaking like a wide-open faucet. What shall I do to get her juices running again?”

“Get one of the girls to eat her cunt,” my husband’s unmistakable voice shouted from within the crowd.

“Yes!” The patrons chanted as one. “Eat her cunt! Eat her cunt!”

As the camera closed in on my swiftly reheating pussy, Caoimhe stood and bent over. Using her fingers to pull my clitoral hood back, she exposed my chunky clitoris to the adoring crowd. Then, tipping her head forward, Caoimhe extended her tongue and touched my love nub.

“Gaaawwwdd,” I moaned as the crowd sighed with me. Another cameraman moved between my salaciously parted thighs and closed in on my sweet, juice-leaking entrance. The patrons saw my best friend’s daughter slide two and then three fingers inside me before she hooked them back and found my G-spot. “Shivers!” I exclaimed before my body arched up off the bed, and I exploded, coating Caoimhe’s hand down to the wrist.

Siobhan sang, “I think she’s ready for some cock, Chateauans. What do you think?”

“Yes!” The crowd gutturally shouted, arousal evident in almost every voice.

Caoimhe reluctantly moved from between my thighs. I’d had one gigantic orgasm followed by several smaller but still exquisite ones. I lay there in an orgasmic high until I felt the enormous head of Siobhan’s ‘cock’ pressing against my soakingly wet entrance. My eyes flew open as it parted my pussy lips and speared into me. I barely noticed the two cameras sending split images to the TV screens. One showing Siobhan’s giant cock entering me from above, the other from below.

Patrons knelt at the foot of that stage, peering up between Siobhan’s toned thighs so they could better see her forcing the second biggest thing I’d ever taken inside me (Jumbo II being the largest). Others crowded the stage, trying their best to find a position that let them see Siobhan penetrating me. By far, however, the best views were up on the big screens. Each screen was split in half. One showing the action from above, and the other from below.

Siobhan worked another inch into me, and my inner slut ignited. Groaning from deep within my chest, I hunched my hips up at the invading protuberance, trying to take it all. From beside me, Caoimhe caressed and stroked my rock-hard, aching with need and desire nipples. She crooned, “There’s a good Mommie slut. Take all of Mistress’ giant dick in your sweet little fuck hole. Stop holding back, and prove to your adoring fans that you’re the horniest, sluttiest Mommie on the planet.

Siobhan forced another inch into my sopping pussy, but that was as far as it would go because its head was now firmly lodged against my cervix. I know we’ve all read about ‘cocks being forced through a woman’s cervix’, but it’s rubbish. The cervix dilates during childbirth but can’t be penetrated from the outside. However, the exquisite feeling of slight pain from Siobhan grinding her cock’s head against my cervix, combined with the ecstatic pleasure of its ‘veins’ pressing against my G-spot, blasted me into another screaming climax, and my juices flowed from around the cock and down my perineum.

“Fuuuucccckkkk!” The crowd sighed in response to my overflowing pussy and screamed orgasm. By the sounds, many audience members came with me. I guessed there’d be many male members scurrying for the toilets to clean up before their shame soaked through their pants.

Siobhan fucked me to two more orgasms. Each one drove more of the crowd to orgasmic bliss, and I saw many more quickly exiting the floor to clean up. After my final climax, Siobhan slowly pulled out of me. The cameras closed in on my gaping, slowly closing vulva, showing my juices pouring from it. As the stage rumbled, beginning to turn back to the performer’s room, Siobhan shouted, “See you in an hour for part two. Boys and girls, you do not want to miss it! So, get yourself a cold drink, a willing partner, or a dark corner, and get yourselves ready not to believe your eyes!”

The stage stopped moving. My girls had stayed on the platform with me. They undid the bands holding me to the chair and helped me to sit up. Charmaine briefly left before returning with a hot washer. She gently cleaned my aching pussy before placing soft kisses over it and my clitoris.

“You can only keep doing that for as long as you want to, honey,” I grinningly told her, my wits slowly returning.

The door opened, and John and Tommy boiled into the room. Unbothered by my nakedness or the young woman attached to my pussy, they quickly crossed to me. “That was so hot!” They exclaimed in unison, their cocks throbbing. Tommy looked at his dad with a raised eyebrow, “May I?” He asked, undoing his fly.

“No, you may not,” Siobhan growled from behind them as she entered the room. “Save it for act two.”

I would have loved both my son and husband to have taken me. Simultaneously or consecutively, I wouldn’t have minded, but the acts I’d done had sent me into my typical submissive mindset. With Siobhan firmly entrenched into her Dominatrix persona, my instincts commanded me to obey. I regretfully pushed Charmaine away from my inflamed pussy and closed my legs. I didn’t have much to change into for part two. All I needed

to put on was the thick black leather collar that would cover the one my husband had given me to show his ownership of me.

Siobhan moved to me and caressed my cheek in a proprietary way. “For tonight, this little slut’s all mine. You boys can tuck your dicks away until it’s time for the next show. Now, rack off and let me prepare my girl for the main event.”

Laughing, John and Tommy left the room, returning to their place in the crowd. They’d be amongst the seven called to be contestants, but until then, they had a role to play.

Siobhan helped me to my feet and into the shower. She gently, almost lovingly, washed the sweat and pussy juices from my long, toned body, her talented fingers fanning my arousal the whole time. By the time she’d finished, I badly needed to cum, and would have begged to be allowed to if I thought it would do any good.

After drying my body off, Siobhan wrapped the towel around my head. Before I could protest, she roughly forced my thighs apart. I felt a slippery pressure at my entrance, and something quite round slid inside me. Ripping the towel off, I began protesting, but whatever was in my pussy suddenly vibrated against my G-spot.

“Uhhhh!” I groaned, immediately on the cusp of an orgasm. “What the heck is that?” I gasped when the vibrations ceased.

Showing me the remote, Siobhan said, “Magic egg. Good, isn’t it?” She turned the vibrations way up.

Moaning with desire, I sat before I fell. “Yes, yes it is,” I managed to reply as I panted, about to climax.

“Would you like to cum, little slut Kate?” Siobhan asked, mischief dancing in her eyes. I knew that I wouldn’t get to no matter what I answered, so I chose to remain silent. Siobhan laughed and took the remote out. “The settings go from one to ten, slut Kate,” she informed me. “I have it on three

at the moment. How high do you think it will get before you can take no more and orgasm anyway?”

“I can take all you’ve got,” I panted, knowing it was a lie. I hadn’t been given permission to touch myself or climax, so the usual prohibitions of not being allowed to do either held me in place. However, the egg vibrating against my most sensitive inner pleasure node was inexorably driving me towards my climactic peak, no matter how much I denied it.

I was close to cumming, and soon would despite the prohibition, but before I could, Siobhan turned the egg off and held out her hand. “Push it out and hand it over,” she demanded. “You may only cum if you win the competition.”

“What competition?” I queried as I pushed and expelled the egg. Holding it in my hand, I regretfully handed it to Siobhan. I had quickly decided to buy one each of these delightful toys for my girls, daughter and self.

“Giggling, Siobhan said, “You’ll see.” She waved a hand dismissively. “Almost time to return to the stage. My darling little Kate slut, are you ready to give the performance of your life?”

What I was about to do was different to everything else I’d done. In every other appearance, I’d been tied or bound to something, helpless to prevent Siobhan from doing anything she wanted. This time, it was on me. Siobhan would lead me onto the stage. What happened next would be up to me. I was scared but also keen to show the audience and my men just how big a Mommie slut I could be.

I nodded my agreement that I was ready, and Siobhan placed unconnected handcuffs on me before placing the thick, black leather collar around my neck. She’d connect the cuffs once I knelt before her on the stage. After attaching a silver chain-linked leash to the collar, she led me back to the revolving stage. “Oops.” She giggled, nearly forgot. She placed the masquerade mask over my eyes before opening the side door and entering the main room.

Again, this part I couldn’t see, but John described what happened later. Siobhan had changed from her blood-red bustier to a purple one. It clung to her humungous, surgically enhanced breasts, holding them so high it seemed they had to burst from their confines at any moment. On her sexy ass, Siobhan wore a tiny, barely a hand width wide, leather skirt that left almost all of her taut ass cheeks exposed. A leather G-string thong hid Siobhan’s prominent clit until she moved or danced. Something she did ceaselessly.

Siobhan expertly readied the crowd for my second appearance. Once she had them at a fever pitch, she instructed Phil to use the ‘random’ number generator. I knew it had already been rigged to spit out the numbers we wanted. However, Siobhan called way more numbers than what we’d agreed. All up, Siobhan announced fourteen contestants. I inwardly shrugged and thought, ‘More cocks and cum for me!’

Now that the numbers had been announced, I expected Siobhan to step back through the door before rotating the stage and leading me out. However, to my confusion, the stage remained facing inward. Smiling at my confusion, Caoimhe picked up my leash and said, “Ready, Miss Kate?”

“For what?” I asked, wondering what fresh hell I was about to endure.

“For your show,” Caoimhe replied.

I nodded, suddenly nervous about performing again. Mainly because it no longer seemed I was doing the show I thought I was. We walked to the part of the stage that would face the crowd, and it rotated into the ballroom.

The crowd went nuts when I came into view, hooping, hollering, cat calling and whistling, demanding to see more of me. To titillate the patrons, Caoimhe led me in a circle around the stage, letting the entire crowd see my gorgeous, shapely ass, big, firm breasts and exquisitely displayed breasts. As I toured the stage, I saw fourteen men lined up in two diagonal lines with Siobhan in the middle. Caoimhe eventually led me to Siobhan. I looked up at her, wondering what the heck was going on when I heard the crowd gasp and then cheer almost as loudly as they had for me.

Turning, I saw the hugely breasted Betty crawling out of the same door Siobhan entered by. Walking serenely beside her was Jennifer. What shocked and excited me was their outfits. Betty had some kind of bondage bra on. It circled her neck before black leather straps descended to support bands around her humungous jugs. The bands had been cruelly tightened until Betty's breasts bulged tightly outwards and had turned to a dark purple shade. Beyond that one item, she wore nothing, not even heels.

Jennifer wore an outfit similar to Siobhan's except in pure, virginal white. With her tanned, glowing skin and blonde hair, she looked even sexier than Siobhan. It helped that her massively mounded breasts were over a decade younger than Siobhan's and all-natural. The corset had squeezed Jennifer's somewhat square shape into the epitome of an hourglass figure. Her breasts lewdly protruded wider than her waist, and her large, curvy ass matched her breasts.

Beneath the corset, Jennifer wore a tiny white thong with matching suspenders and stockings. Her white 7-inch pumps caused her sexy bottom to sway as she walked and made her shapely calves pop. Until that moment, I'd been somewhat indifferent to Jennifer's sexual charms. Playing with her in a group was fun, but I hadn't considered doing anything one-on-one with her. Now, I knew I'd ravage her at the first opportunity. My pussy clenched and throbbed at the thought of lowering my head between her superbly mounded breasts.

"Let's give a big welcome to our contestants, Chateauans," Siobhan said, immediately involving the crowd. "You've already met little slut Kate Middleton this evening, and some of you will recall the young woman to my left from a previous show. Ladies and gentlemen, I give you Betty Li."

The crowd cheered and yelled, welcoming Betty to the stage. I was still mystified about what was happening. I looked along the line nearest me. I saw John, Tommy, Phil, Freddy and Mike. They were the 'plants' I'd been expecting. I knew they all had pretty good control, so I was sure two of them would be the last to cum, therefore ensuring they'd be the ones fucking me. The remaining two men were the genuine randomly selected contestants. I figured they'd both last less than a minute with my talented mouth on their penises.

Looking along the second row, I saw Andrew and Rick, but the surprise was Donkey and Jumbo. I guessed they were Betty's 'plants'. The other three men, I had no idea who they were and assumed they were random selections.

I returned my gaze to Siobhan to see her grinning at me. Noticing that I'd seen her looking, she winked before addressing the crowd again. "Patrons, we have a special show and competition for you. Welcome to 'Blowjob Race'. The girls each have seven men before them. Their task will be to suck each and every one of them off. The first to receive seven mouth, face or breast fulls of cum wins. The winner gets to be fucked on stage by the men who the second contestant didn't get off."

I looked at Betty, stunned, wondering if she'd known about this or whether she had no idea, like me. If she didn't know what was to happen, she didn't care. She'd already moved to before the first in her line, one of the randoms, and was looking eagerly at his groin, licking her luscious lips. I sought John out with my eyes, worried about what he was thinking. He stood next to my son, and they both smiled. John nodded, and I recalled him saying he was up for me doing this.

Internally shrugging, I moved in front of my first man, also one of the randomly selected competitors.

"What do you think, Chateauans?" Siobhan crooned, her voice crashing over the silent, awed crowd. "Shall we start the race?"

"Yes!" The crowd demanded.

"The rules first," Siobhan stated. "Ladies, your job is to get the man before you off as quickly as possible. You may use anything you wish to make them cum except for your pussies or asses. Hands, mouths, and tits are all okay to use. Myself and Janey (Jennifer's stage name) are the sole arbiters of whether your man has climaxed or not. So, boys, no pretending to cum. Ladies, if your man cums in your mouth, you must hold it in there until one of us confirms you have his semen in there. Do you understand?" Betty and I nodded our heads. "Then, on the count of three, begin. One, two, three!"

I wasn’t sure of the best plan. Did I want to win and be fucked by however men Betty hadn’t gotten off? Or did I want to purposefully lose and watch Tommy and John, the last two men in my line, fuck the hefty Asian woman? Either plan had merit, but I wasn’t sure which I preferred. While I considered my options, I fished my first contestant’s cock from his pants. The poor guy had a case of ‘stage fright’ and was limp in my hands.

“Yes!” The crowd moaned.

I turned my head and saw Betty already wiping her first man’s splooge off her eyes. ‘Just my luck for her to get a ten-second wonder,’ I thought. Suddenly, my pride kicked in. Every man I’d had sex with since Edgar Damned Fontaine unleashed my inner slut said I gave the best head they’d ever had. I was not about to let some big-titted, hefty bitch beat me at my own game!

Smiling submissively up at the young man whose cock I held, I cupped his balls and the base of his shaft. Then, using my tongue in an exaggerated manner, I licked from his balls to his cock’s eye before stopping to dab it with my tongue. Stroking him up and down, I swirled my tongue over and around his glans before sucking his entire cock into my mouth. Bobbing up and down a few times, I swiftly brought him to throbbingly erect.

He had a reasonably solid six-plus inches for me, so I delighted in feeling him stiffen in my warm, sucking mouth. Letting temporarily out, I cooed, “You’re so big, baby. Please, honey, grab my head and choke me with your magnificent tool!”

The man didn’t need any further encouragement! He grabbed my head and rammed his cock as far into me as possible. He hit my gag reflex when around five inches of his penis entered my mouth. I pretended to heave and cough around his cock. It pleased and excited him tremendously, and after just one more thrust, he filled my mouth with his seed.

Turning so Siobhan could see, I opened my mouth to show it was full. Siobhan nodded, and I moved to the next man. Mike grinned at me and asked, “Are you even trying to win, Kate? Betty’s already on contestant number three!”

“Just hurry up and fuck my mouth,” I growled, grabbing Mike’s hips and pulling his solid seven-inch todger into my mouth.

Mike chuckled and grabbed my ears, “Ready to put on a show, my love?” He asked.

I knew what he wanted to do, so I relaxed my mouth and throat. Then, turning me so we were squarer to the crowd, Mike pulled all but his cock’s tip out my mouth before brutally thrusting back in.

“Ohh!” The crowd moaned as Mike’s pelvis crashed into my nose and lips. He didn’t hold back, though. Four more times, he pounded into my mouth before he groaned, pulled out and grabbed his shaft. Jerking it viciously, Mike erupted cum all over my face. He’d obviously been abstaining so he could perform for the crowd because his spend covered my entire face and dripped down onto my lusciously firm, big breasts.

The crowd groaned, moaned and exclaimed over my cum-covered face, and I moved to the next man. The second of my ‘lucky winners’ barely lasted until I’d taken him into my mouth. No sooner had I swallowed his entire length than he was orgasming into my gulping orifice. He was another with an enormous load for me, though. I couldn’t drink quickly enough, and his gift squirted through my lips and dripped onto my chin before sliding further down to mix with Mike’s on my breasts.

I turned my head quickly to see where Betty was up to. Her third man was Rick. Either wittingly or unwittingly, I don’t know, but Rick had exerted his typical iron control, and Betty had trouble getting him over the edge. That put me in the lead, but all I had left to blow was Freddy, Phil, and then my son and husband. All of them, I knew, had excellent control of their libidos. It would be challenging to get them off if they didn’t want to.

I moved to kneel before Freddy. He looked down at me and smiled, “It’s good to see you again, Miss Kate,” he said. “Now, tell me, are you trying to win or lose? If you want to win, I’ll relax and enjoy. But if you want to lose, I’ll hold on with all I have.”

I growled as I had done to Mike, “Hold on or don’t. It won’t make any difference because you can’t resist me!” With that exclamation, I devoured Freddy’s sturdy, around six-inch cock. I knew he desired my daughter but lacked the confidence to attract her. I filed a reminder away in my mind to ask John if I could take the young man under my wing and restore his self-confidence. I believed he’d make an excellent addition to our family and be a good husband to Krissy if only he would become more positive and assertive like her father and brother.

Freddy lasted longer than I thought he would. But when I wet my index finger and rimmed his butt, he lost control.

“Can I cum on your tits?” He asked, his eyes glazing.

I immediately leaned back and raised up so I could encircle his saliva-soaked member with my gorgeous breasts. Freddy joyfully pumped his cock between my breasts until he lost control and spurted his delicious man goo over them. He, too, must have been saving up because he dolloped my breasts, neck and chin with massive amounts of semen. I was currently a cum covered wreck, and I loved every second of it!

Rick had finally orgasmed into Betty’s mouth. Her fourth man was another ‘winner’. This one lasted about as long as the rest of the over-excited, randomly selected guys had, and we were now back on even par. Each with three guys left to get off. Betty’s next guy was Siobhan’s dad, Andrew. I knew from experience that he had good control but didn’t know if he would choose to exercise it now. I had a similar problem with Phil.

Phil was Siobhan’s fiancé and father to her unborn child. They had an open relationship where either could take lovers as they desired. I’d made love with Phil three times, but he was only aware of two. The first time was when my lusts overtook me at Kathy’s fortieth birthday party. I’d climbed on Phil and rode his magnificent eight-inch pole rather than succumb to my baser desires and fuck my son. His sister, Caoimhe, was riding his face as I rode his cock, so Phil didn’t know who’d used him to get off and then skedaddled from the room. Or at least, so I hoped!

“We want you to win, my darling slut Mommie, Kate,” Phil whispered as he held my head and slid his thick cock into my mouth. “I’m not even going to try and hold back, so be ready to swallow,”

To put on a show for the adoring, rapturous crowd, I opened my mouth wide and free-handed my head down until my nose nestled in Phil’s pubic hair. Phil groaned and held my head tightly as I closed my lips around his turgid shaft and sucked powerfully. I placed my hands on his muscular hips and pushed. Taking the hint, Phil grabbed my head and began face fucking me.

Moving my right hand from his thigh, I gently cupped and squeezed Phil’s swollen balls. By the evidence in my hand, Phil had also saved a load for me. He didn’t disappoint. Phil pumped into my mouth as I heard Betty desperately groaning as she struggled to get Andrew off. Then, with an expansive groan, Phil gripped his shaft’s base and pulled his cock from my mouth. Slapping my face with it as the crowd yelled, clapped and cheered, he then jerked on it until it exploded over my face, leaving me dripping cum from my hair, chin, ears and breasts.

Wiping Phil’s cum from my eyes, I shuffled across to Tommy. “Andrew’s got this, Mom,” he said. “Both Siobhan and Caoimhe fucked him before he came on stage, and he won’t cum until Dad and I have.”

I smiled submissively up at my son and protector. The warm, safe feeling I held inside me since he and his father had collared me flowed through me, and I felt my love for my family glowing inside me. After more than twenty years of marriage, John had finally become my owner in every sense of the word, just as I always hoped he would. Then, to show me how much he valued and cared for me, he’d assigned our son as my protector. Now, and for the rest of my life, I’d have a firm, powerful hand on my gorgeous posterior, guiding me, correcting me when I erred, and keeping me safe from harm.

My love for my husband and son swelled inside me, and I lovingly took my son’s big, thick cock in my hand. I kissed its swollen, purple head and wrapped my dainty hand around its solid shaft. Stroking upwards, I licked

Tommy's cock's head as if it were a Popsicle, delighting in the gooey, salty liquid that poured from his cock's eye.

"Swallow my gift, Mom," Tommy demanded as he grabbed my ears and forced his entire cock into my willing mouth.

I sucked hard and swallowed quickly as Tommy's penis ejaculated heavy gouts of semen down my throat. Tommy pulled out, and his last two spurts joined the cum already dripping from my face.

"One more, Mom," Tommy chuckled as I hesitatingly, embarrassedly moved before my husband.

I looked up, worried about what he'd think. Here I was, his wife, covered with the secretions of six men, two of whom he didn't even know. I was a cum covered wreck, that I knew. To his eyes, I must have looked like a two-dollar hooker who had greeted a navy boat that had been at sea for six months. However, John was smiling proudly at me, his eyes dancing joyfully and excitedly.

"Kate Ashley Muggleton, you are a cock sucking, cum covered disgrace," he chuckled. "First, I will fuck your mouth and cum on your face. Then I'll enjoy watching you get fucked by Betty's last two men. After that, I'm taking you home and caning your luscious ass and tits for being such a delicious whore!"

Grabbing a handful of hair, John roughly forced his thick, throbbing meat into my suckling mouth. Holding me tightly, John literally pounded me. But, this was something he regularly did, and I'd long before controlled my gag reflex so I could handle it.

Behind me, Andrew had finally succumbed to Betty's expert ministrations and orgasmed into her desperately sucking mouth. Betty moved to her second-to-last participant. I watched from the corner of my eye and gasped around John's cock when I saw the enormous length and girth of the penis in her hand. Even seeing it brutally rammed home into her mouth meant that assuming they both didn't climax almost instantly, the two remaining men would be Donkey and Jumbo.

I'd been able to accept Donkey inside me when I'd played with him, Jumbo and Betty at the sauna. Jumbo, however, was another matter entirely because he was thicker and longer than Donkey. When Frank had me tied helpless in his dungeon, Jerry (Jumbo II) had forced the tip of his gigantic cock into me. Because I had no choice, I desperately tried to relax my pussy's sphincter and allow Jumbo to slide inside, but I knew he'd tear me apart when he did. Luckily, Phil had called the cops, and they arrived before Jumbo had jammed his penis into my badly stretched vulva, rescuing me from a terrible injury.

Forcing my fear from my mind, I concentrated on bringing my husband to fruition. I knew every intimate detail of John's exquisitely muscle-defined body. That meant I knew each and every one of his trigger points, so I cupped his big, juice-filled balls, slid the index finger of my other hand along his perineum and rimmed his little star. Surprised I'd do that before an audience, John immediately lost it and climaxed into my greedily sucking mouth. He, too, pulled out and added to the growing cum pool on my face.

I smiled proudly up at him, and the camera closed in on my cum soaked face. The crowd was initially quiet before breaking into raucous applause. I heard many offers to join me on stage, the shouters keen to add to my already messy face. At that moment, I wouldn't have cared. I'd sucked seven guys off and had their cum splatter over my face and breasts, something I absolutely adore. I'd swallowed several loads as well and received no reward for my efforts. My pussy was on fire, and if someone had knelt and shoved their cock into my blazing vulva, I would have willingly welcomed it, no matter who it was.

Siobhan appeared by my side. She'd been dancing around Betty and me, extolling our skills and encouraging the men to 'fill our mouths up' or to cum on our faces or breasts. Now that she was close, I could smell she was at least as turned on as I was. Phil and Caoimhe would have a busy evening trying to quench the fire in her loins.

"I give you our winner, Little Miss Slut Kate. The camera closed in on my dripping, cum soaked face. "And our gallant loser, slut Betty Li!" Siobhan

danced across to the equally ‘wrecked’ Betty. It seemed that most of her men had decided to cum on and not in her.

Jennifer, Charmaine and Caoimhe came through the stage door with bowls and washers. I didn’t bother cleaning up too much. I had another show to do, and I thought leaving myself looking wrecked and slutty would add to the show. However, I was extremely nervous about what would happen next. It was one thing to blow several men as well as my two protectors, but it was another thing entirely to let strange men fuck me in front of them.

Siobhan was working the crowd, keeping them on edge for the next part of our show and allowing me time to prepare. I looked beseechingly up at John and Tommy, wanting them to reassure me that doing this was okay. However, they were listening intently to the hugely breasted, hefty Asian woman. Tommy and John turned and looked speculatively at me. They looked at each other and nodded. Tommy moved to crouch beside me.

“Betty wants a rematch,” he said. “Dad and I fuck her as you fuck Jimmy and Terry.” I assumed Jimmy and Terry were Donkey and Jumbo. “Once we’ve all cum, Siobhan puts it to the crowd to vote on who gave the best show. Dad and I are game, are you?”

I knew from personal experience just how kinky the chubby sex store operator could be, and I wasn’t confident I could even go close to competing. But, quite frankly, I didn’t care. Having the crowd lavish attention on me and oohing and aahing about the things I was doing or having done to me was an aphrodisiac giving me a burning desire I was sure would need satiating again. I wanted Donkey and Jumbo to fuck my slutty holes on stage, and I desired to see my son and husband watch me being done.

I giggled, “Given what I’m about to do, I can hardly complain, can I?”

“Are the contestants ready?” Siobhan’s voice boomed, cutting short our conversation and reminding me I was about to attempt to take the two of the largest cocks I’d ever seen inside me.

I didn’t know if Tommy or John knew how massively hung these two men were, but I doubted they’d seen them erect. Although, from my time with Betty in the playroom at the sauna, I knew Jumbo wasn’t a ‘show and grow’. Instead, his massive pole only hardened without gaining much in the way of length or girth. Donkey was a ‘grower’. Flaccid, his cock was around the six-inch mark. But when he stiffened, it was closer to nine inches than not.

I wasn’t sure how to proceed, but Siobhan took care of that. “Boys, why are you all still dressed? It’s a bit difficult to fuck in your clothes, isn’t it?”

John and Tommy were both sportsmen. They were used to being naked and showering in front of others, plus we were all often naked in and around our pool and hot tub, so they almost casually disrobed before turning and showing their long, thick penises to the crowd. Tommy was longer than his father but not as thick. Both were at least the seven-inch mark.

Donkey and Jumbo exchanged glances before Donkey stripped and turned to face the crowd. He was only at half-mast, but he was swelling rapidly. The crowd gasped when his magnificent dick rose to its full nine-inch glory. The crowd obviously stirred Jumbo on because he faced it smiling, peeled his T-shirt off and dropped his pants. He wasn’t wearing underwear, and the crowd was stunned to silence when his solid, twelve-inch cock dropped into view.

“Gawd! He isn’t even hard yet!” An awed female voice stated from the floor. Another voice gasped, “She’s never taking that monster in her cunt!” “I doubt he’ll fit in her mouth, either,” someone else observed.

The crowd’s awe inspired me, and I was determined to take at least some of Jumbo inside my soaking pussy. I was so turned on that I’d have willingly taken on all comers. Blowing seven men as the patrons watched without getting any relief for myself meant my pussy was a raging inferno of want and desire. With only a brief glance at my protectors, I knee-walked over to Jumbo, grasped his swiftly stiffening cock in my hand and forced my mouth over its head.

“Looks like we’ve started!” Siobhan crowed. “Betty, you’d better not fall behind!”

I observed Betty moving to my son. She took him in her hand before sucking him into her surprisingly small mouth. Once she had him at full mast, Betty turned and presented her ass to him. “Stick it in my cunt to make it wet,” she demanded as she grasped my husband’s cock. “Then shove it in my ass!”

“Ohh!” The crowd gasped as, chuckling, Tommy did exactly that.

Betty barely twitched as Tommy peeled her knot open and sank in until his pelvis hit her expansive ass. Meanwhile, Betty had her nose pressed against John’s trimmed pubic hair as she deep-throated his gorgeous cock.

I’d managed to force almost two-thirds of Jumbo’s stupendous dick into my mouth. However, his cock’s head was lodged in my oesophagus, and I couldn’t get it any further in. My oesophagus sphincter had relaxed and allowed Jumbo’s cock to pass through, but he was too thick for my throat canal to take. With it lodged so deeply in my throat, I couldn’t breathe, so I had no choice but to admit defeat and back off until I could.

I feared I wasn’t putting on much of a show for the crowd. That was driven home when I turned my eyes to Betty. Tommy was gleefully ploughing into her gaping ass as my husband ruthlessly face-fucked her. John powered into her sloppily sucking mouth as saliva poured out of her mouth from around his big, throbbing cock. Whereas all I was doing was failing to swallow Jumbo’s gigantic cock.

What I didn’t realise was that the crowd was way more impressed with my ability to swallow most of Jumbo than they were with Betty’s sloppy blowjob. My case was helped when Donkey walked to the edge of the stage and danced about, displaying his massive dong to the crowd.

When he turned, knelt behind me, lined up his magnificent tool with my sweltering hole and rammed the entire length into me in one brutal shove, the crowd exploded into cheers and applause. Catcalls and wolf-whistles

abounded as his penis' head crashed against my cervix, and I yelped around Jumbo's thick cock.

"Take it, slut!" Someone yelled from the floor. "Jam it in that slut!" someone else almost screamed. But what I heard most clearly was Krissy's voice disbelievingly saying, "I don't believe any part of that fit inside you, Mom, let alone almost all of it!"

I turned my head to see my daughter had joined us on the stage. All she wore was a black leather bustier, a tiny leather skirt, a matching black leather thong and seven-inch pumps. Krissy knelt beside me, stroking my back. "Let me help, Mom," she whispered. "Take a deep breath." Confused about why she would be there, I complied. 'Now, relax your throat and try to take him again."

I swallowed and tried to force my mouth down onto Jumbo's massively thick cock again. Krissy waited until Jumbo's penis lodged in my throat again, unable to pass through the narrow opening. Putting her hand on the back of my head, Krissy pushed hard, and my oesophagus opened, allowing the last three inches of Jumbo's cock to slide into me.

"Fuuuucccckkk!" The crowd sighed as they observed my nose pressed against Jumbo's abdomen, his entire penis in my mouth and down my throat. To emphasise where it was, Krissy squeezed just above my collarbones, outlining Jumbo's massive glans lodged inside me. One of the cameras closed in, and the big screens showed Jumbo's penis clearly. 'Fuuuucccckkkk!" The patrons sighed again.

"I don't believe it!" Jumbo groaned. "Nobody has ever swallowed all of me before. Fuck! It's too much! Sorry, baby, but I have to fill you up!"

My hands were on Jumbo's thighs, holding me in place. I felt his balls tighten against his shaft, and my stomach was sprayed with his almost burningly hot semen. I swallowed his first two spurts before I remembered the adoring crowd couldn't see. Reluctantly, I pulled back and grasped his colossal shaft; my thumb and fingers didn't even come close to touching.

Jumbo took my decision out of my hands, however. Pushing on my forehead, he pulled his stupendous cock out of my eagerly sucking mouth and slapped my face with it. Then, directing it so every spurt hit a previously uncovered part, Jumbo unloaded copious amounts of cum over my face, neck and breasts. He, too, must have saved his secretions for several days because his cock seemed like a fire hose, spraying me with his thick seed.

Meanwhile, Donkey had been pounding into my sweet little pussy. His enormous tool touched every millimetre of my tight vulva as he stroked into me. As he pulled back, Donkey's glans rubbed across my G-spot. Donkey fucked me doggie-style, and every time he slammed his penis into me, his big, cum-filled balls slapped against my clit, driving me mad with desire.

As Jumbo unloaded onto my face and bosom, I felt Donkey's deliciously big tool harden and expand inside my tightly gripping pussy. With a roar, he pulled out of me, gripped his thick shaft, pumped it, and squirted what seemed like gallons of cum onto my ass and back, some of it running between my ass cheeks and onto my tiny star.

I'd barely noticed, but the cameramen were covering every bit of this seriously debauched scene. One of them had lain down to film up from between my lewdly spread thighs and capture Donkey's enormous tool spreading my pussy lips. Now another zoomed in to film his gigantic cock spitting its juice onto my back.

With Donkey pulling out at the critical moment, I still hadn't been able to cum. My need raged within me and needed quenching, or I'd scream. Fortunately, when I looked down, Jumbo's massive cock was still throbbingly erect. Overwhelmed by need and passion, I swung around and offered my sweet, tight little pussy to him. I knew it would probably hurt like hell to take him, but my children had come out through there, and their heads were bigger than Jumbo's penis, so I knew it would eventually fit.

"Jaysus, Mom!" Krissy gasped. "Are you sure it'll fit?"

"Yes!" I growled. "Now help me!"

As the cameraman closed in. Krissy used her fingers to spread my pussy lips before she guided Jumbo's massive glans against my entrance. Surprisingly gently, Jumbo carefully worked his gigantic cock's head into my tight opening. Jumbo kept light but insistent pressure against my pussy sphincter, and it eventually stretched and parted, allowing his glans to enter my vagina. Now that the head was through my entrance, the rest should have slid in relatively easily, but his enormous girth still took time to adjust to.

Fortunately, Jumbo was experienced with this problem, and he only maintained the same gentle, insistent pressure as before. Slowly, inexorably, more and more of his gigantic cock slid into me, the camera capturing every extra millimetre as it slid home. Around seven of Jumbo's twelve inches entered me before his cock's head hit my cervix. That delicious pain, combined with the exquisite feeling of being fuller than ever before, smashed my mind to pieces and screaming, I climaxed, my pussy juices pouring out of my extremely dilated pussy and washing over Jumbo's humungous, cum-filled balls.

As I tried to gather my scattered wits, I heard, "Jaysus! I don't think this is an act! That slut's cumming on that monster cock harder than I've ever seen anyone cum before!"

I looked up to see if I could spot the awed speaker, but before I could, Donkey grabbed a handful of my hair and slapped my face with his swiftly inflating cock. Taking the hint, I opened my mouth and accepted his smaller but still stupendously big penis into my greedily sucking orifice. Breathing through my nose, I let Donkey push his cock down my throat before closing my lips around his thick shaft and sucking hard.

"Not going to last, my darling Kate slut," Donkey panted. "You're just too damned sexy for me to have any control. Do you want me to add to your facial disgrace, or would you like to swallow?"

"Swallow," the cameraman requested. "Then open your mouth, and I'll show it full of cum. The crowd will love it!"

I agreed that was a good idea, so I moved until only Donkey's glans were still in my mouth. Gripping Donkey's throbbing shaft in my delicate hand, I pumped his cock as I exaggeratedly slobbered over his massive tool, putting on a show for the cheering audience. Donkey revelled in my actions for as long as he could, but before too long, his head tipped back, and he groaned as he spat his bitter-tasting cum into my mouth.

Despite its bitterness, I opened my mouth so the camera could film that my mouth was full. Then I swirled it around before swallowing theatrically. Opening my mouth, I showed that I'd gulped every drop down. "Fuuuucccckkkk!" The crowd exhaled, showing their appreciation.

Now that I'd finished Donkey off, I could concentrate on the huge penis that had my sweet little pussy stuffed full. Jumbo, knowing we were putting on a show, had mostly held still other than to flex his magnificent tool and cause it to deliciously rub simultaneously across my G-spot and cervix. The combined slight pain/intense pleasure had my body screaming for an orgasmic release.

To see what my husband and son would think if I let go and enjoyed Jumbo fucking me, I looked to see what they were doing. Tommy was lying on his back with most of his legs hanging off the stage. Betty had lowered her big ass onto his long, thick cock and had him buried to his balls inside her. She had her chubby thighs spread wider than my son's, giving everyone in front of them an unimpeded view of their coupling. To help the people to see. Betty leaned back on her hands and pushed with her heels to lift and lower herself along Tommy's rigidly erect pole.

Simultaneously, John had knelt next to her gigantic melons. He had his cock shoved deep inside Betty's sucking, slurping mouth as he mauled her G-cup breasts. Both of my protectors were on the edge and about to cum again. By the amount of semen dripping off Betty's hair, chin and breasts and from her pussy, it wouldn't be the first time they'd cum in or on her.

Straightening so I could lean back and grasp Jumbo's head, I pushed my sexy ass back at the massive penis embedded against my cervix and moaned. Although I'd seen Tommy fuck others and watched John as he played with our daughter, Jennifer, and Charmaine, I'd never seen him with

another woman outside of that before. I knew he took many lovers in the years of our marriage, but I chose not to think of it. Now, John was roughly fucking a mouth that wasn't mine, and I found that it excited me enormously. I hoped he'd find watching Jumbo fuck me equally as exciting.

When I moaned, John's eyes snapped across to me. With me leaning back, my pussy was exposed to everyone in the crowd, including John. John's eyes lowered to where Jumbo's gigantic cock distended my sweet little pussy. "Wow!" he mouthed, lust raging in his eyes. John swiftly pumped into Betty's mouth until he lost control and orgasmed. He pulled out and added to the congealing mess already on her plump face.

Fascinated by seeing my widely gaped pussy, full of another man's humungous cock, John moved closer to see. Carefully keeping out of the crowd's sight lines and allowing the cameras to zoom in on my badly stretched pussy, John knelt close to me. He smiled into my eyes and leaned in to kiss me. As John's lips touched mine, Jumbo pulled back and pumped into me. The intense drag across my clit, which had been stretched down to almost where the beginning of my entrance would normally be, and G-spot smashed me into an immediate orgasm, and squealing, I came.

Knowing better than anyone how to extend and intensify my climax, John cruelly twisted one of my nipples as he viciously bit the other. My orgasm, which had begun to taper, immediately reversed, and I screamed again as another climax rattled through my aching pussy.

"Where can I cum?" Jumbo asked, desperately trying to contain his impending explosion.

"Cum in her slut cunt," my husband snarled. "Then the cameras can watch your seed drip back out of her whore's fuck hole."

Initially, I was terrified John was seriously angry with me, but then he grinned and kissed me again. "You're my slutty whore, though, my darling Kate," he whispered. "When I get you home, I'm going to stripe your deliciously large breasts and ass until you beg me to fuck you."

With a profoundly deep and guttural groan, Jumbo's extensive cock exploded inside my severely stretched tunnel. As the camera swooped in to capture the action, Jumbo squirted into me so hard that it immediately began pouring out of around Jumbo's stupendous cock that was buried between my badly distended pussy lips.

My eyes wild with passion, I looked over the crowd to see that many had hands inside their pants, others had their cocks out, and still more were openly copulating as they watched. Betty lay sprawled on the stage, her love holes gaping and spewing my husband's and son's cum. Charmaine had Jennifer pressed against the back of the stage, her fingers in Jennifer's panties. Krissy was on her knees, her hand flying over her pussy as she sucked her father's solidly thick cock.

Jumbo's cock spasmed inside me again, spewing another massive load onto my cervix. It crashed me off the edge of another orgasmic cliff, and I squealed as my juices blew out of my pussy around his cock, soaking his massive balls. Feeling me almost squirt onto his sack sent another orgasmic spasm through Jumbo, and his cock swelled and spat inside me again. Thrice more, Jumbo ejaculated his gift into my distended vulva, causing me to scream and climax with every pulse.

Jumbo finally finished cumming, and with a heartfelt moan, pulled his slowly dwindling cock out of my poor, abused love hole. I collapsed back, and he pushed my knees wide apart so the cameraman could zoom in on my gaping, cum leaking pussy. Unable to stand, I lay there waiting for one of my protectors to rescue me.

Siobhan had lost control and was busily riding Phil beside me on the stage. She suddenly became aware that the action had stopped and leapt to her feet, adjusting her head and earpiece as she did. "It seems like the contestants have finished their show, ladies and gentlemen. It's time to vote for a winner. All those in favour of Betty's show scream "Yes!" now." The ballroom echoed with many shouted replies. "Those in favour of Kate Middleton's show scream "Yes" now!" The ballroom shook as a thunderous chorus of "Yes" blasted out.

“Ladies and gentlemen, I give you our winner, our little slut Kate Middleton! That’s our show for the night, folks. The bar will remain open for another sixty minutes, so get your refreshments now. Don’t forget, you can leave your tribute, if you so want to, in any of the jars on the bar or on the reception counter. We hope to see you all in a month’s time, but I have no idea how we can top tonight’s show!”

Thankfully, the stage shuddered and rotated back into the performer’s room, leaving Betty and me still gasping on the floor. Tommy helped me to my feet and into the chair from the first part of my show, a seeming lifetime ago. Caoimhe was quickly between my legs with a soothing washer, bathing my slowly closing pussy. Jennifer and Charmaine helped Betty into another chair, equally as solicitous in helping her to get clean.

I couldn’t see Tommy or John, and I feared their reaction to tonight’s events. I shouldn’t have worried, though, because they’d merely been trapped on the wrong side when the stage turned. Siobhan had instinctively locked the door when she came through, and from previous, bitter experience, she’d ignored their knocking.

My protectors bustled into the room and immediately crossed to me. “Wow, Mom,” Tommy grinned. “If you hadn’t earned the title of ‘slut Mommie’ before now, you most certainly have tonight. That was freaking awesome! I couldn’t believe it when you swallowed all of Jumbo’s cock, and then you took most of him in your pussy. I mean, just, wow, Mom!”

I smiled nervously at him, worried about what his father would think and say. I couldn’t imagine that my dominant, ‘you are mine’ husband would cope with seeing his property being fucked by a giant penis. I was wrong, however. John looked at me proudly, kissed my freshly cleaned lips and said, “Freaking awesome, Kate. It was all I could do to watch and keep control. I had to because I wanted to give Betty a fair chance of winning. But seeing that massive thing lodged in your throat and then seeing it split you wider than any pussy I’ve ever seen, well, that was amazing!”

I began crying, knowing my marriage and life were safe. I loved my husband with all my heart, but I knew that I could never return to how I was —faithful only to my husband and prepared to let him fuck whomever he

pleased. Now, I’d take lovers as it pleased me, and he could either share with me or watch as I let them fuck me. Either way, I was never going to stop being a Slut Mommie.

Chapter 12: Making Freddy a Man



Hi readers, welcome back! I know it’s been a while, but even a sexually voracious Slut Mommie like myself has to work occasionally. My last

chapter ended with me winning the ‘competition’ at The Chateaux. My performance with the massively cocked Donkey and Jumbo was voted more exciting than the hefty Asian woman Betty’s one with my son and husband.

At the end of the show, I was terrified of how my husband would react. But, instead of being angry at and disappointed in me, John was turned on and proud of me. After a celebratory drink with Siobhan and her crew, we piled into several cars and headed home.

I take up my story around three weeks from that night.

With my bladder threatening to explode, I dug myself out from the tangle of limbs surrounding me. Tommy’s thick cock pressed between my thighs and against my entrance, reminding me of my urgent need to wee. Charmaine, as she typically was, was snuggled between my lush 16DD breasts. Her left hand unconsciously kneaded my right globe as she slept, a happy smile on her pouty lips. She protestingly moaned and rolled to cuddle Jennifer when I moved.

Managing to stand, I stepped over my son and his girlfriend, Gina, and stepped off the bed. In my absence, Tommy turned and cuddled his girlfriend. He’d shown me the engagement ring he’d bought for her. I briefly thought twenty was too young to marry, but I had to remind myself that I was only eighteen when John and I did. So, instead of objecting, I smiled and congratulated him.

Closing my en suite’s door, I sat down gratefully, letting my over-full bladder release and almost audibly sighing as it did. After cleaning up, I studied my body in the mirror. It was getting close to my thirty-ninth birthday, and I wanted to see how well I was aging. Turning back and forth, I admired my long, shapely legs, happy to see they were without a blemish. I cast a critical eye over my shoulder at my toned but curvaceous bottom.

‘Good!’ I thought. ‘Still firm with no sign of cellulite.’ I shuddered as I considered my mother and sisters. All of whom had ‘porked up’. The three were still beautiful women, but each weighed over 90 kg. I reminded myself to thank Patrick when I next saw him.

Cupping my large breasts, I lifted them and let them drop. ‘Excellent! Still only one minor bounce,’ I thought. I’d fail the pencil test, but my 16 double-D breasts are so large that I would have failed that test from the moment my pregnancy showed. I raised my arms and was pleased that I couldn’t detect any ‘chicken wings’ or ‘dish lady arms’. ‘I really should reward Patrick’s work,’ I told myself.

Since I’d seduced Patrick, my personal trainer, and let him fuck me, he’d been surprisingly standoffish. At first, it seemed that he expected me to fuck him every time we trained together. But then he stopped turning up in tight, clinging shorty-shorts that emphasised his long, muscly legs, his tight buns, and showed his large cock to advantage. Instead, he wore loose sweatpants. Worse was that he hardly met my eyes anymore. It wasn’t that he ogled me, which I would have enjoyed, it was that he didn’t look in my direction at all.

I realised he was probably embarrassed about expecting sex to be a regular thing, but that was ridiculous. Before he finally succumbed, I’d offered Patrick many hints to take me before I literally took things into my own hands and tripped him so he fell between my shapely thighs. Perhaps I needed to do something similar again.

I’d even, as he’d suggested, worn my white outfit when he came to train me. Patrick said if I wore that outfit, which becomes see-through when wet from my sweat, he’d know I wanted to play again and be keen to, too. However, that was a problem for another day.

Leaning closer to the mirror, I examined my face. If I was brutally honest, which I liked to be with myself, I had laugh lines appearing around my beautiful, dark brown eyes and frown lines between my sculpted eyebrows. However, I thought, for a nearly forty-year-old, I was looking pretty darned good! My naked son and the equally bare teenagers in my bed obviously thought so, too!

Re-entering my bedroom, I looked at the entangled foursome spread across my super-king bed and sighed. ‘I should climb into the middle of them and lie down,’ I thought. ‘Wake the whole lot up!’ However, I couldn’t do that, so I sighed again and took my robe off the hook on the door. Swinging the

long, flowing silk item over my shapely shoulders, I walked down the stairs to my kitchen. Using my Breville Oracle coffee maker, I made myself a flat white and sat at the breakfast bar.

Then, unsure what I still had, I checked the fridge. Fortunately, I still had three slices of bacon and plenty of eggs and hash browns for Tommy. Plus, there was still a large container of yoghurt and lots of almond milk, cereals and diced fruit to make fruit bowls or smoothies for us girls. Satisfied I had what I needed for breakfast, I relaxed onto my stool, sipped my coffee, and recalled some of the events during the last few weeks before John and my daughter, Krissy, had left on their European business trip. My memories started with the late night/early morning after my show at The Chateaux.

John, Krissy, Freddy, Rick and I had driven home from The Chateaux in John's car. With an embarrassed look on his face, Freddy looked longingly at my daughter, who sat between him and Rick, chatting and flirting excitedly with the latter and ignoring the former the whole way home. Krissy didn't notice his looks at all. Andrew, Gina, Jennifer and Charmaine had travelled with Tommy in his vehicle. Bringing up the rear, Phil had Caoimhe, Mike, and Siobhan in his. They would swing by Mike and Kath's place to pick up Kath. Kath is a journalist with Foxsports News, Australia, and couldn't risk being recognised at a venue like The Chateaux, so she had remained at home.

Arriving home, drinks were brought out, and an impromptu party started. Jennifer was the first to strip and jump into the pool, but everyone else was close behind. Tommy had inserted a flash drive holding many songs into our outside stereo, and music blared through our pool area. The prudish neighbours beside our long driveway would be over tomorrow to complain. But for now, it was 'beggar them'!

I was sitting on the pool steps, watching and smiling, when Kath, my oldest and dearest friend, swam up. I opened my shapely thighs as she swam between them. Lifting my knees and wrapping my calves around her toned, slender hips, I pulled her close, and we exchanged a tender kiss. We'd always been close, but our friendship blossomed into something way deeper

than mere friends after spending four debaucherous days together at a Sunshine Coast hideaway.

Kath rubbed her gorgeous A-cup nipples against my full D-cup ones and kissed me again. “You had fun tonight, I heard,” she teased.

“I did!” I giggled. “My poor pussy is so stretched you could drive your Benz SUV through it!”

“I doubt that,” Kath laughingly denied. “Knowing you, you started your Kegel exercises as soon as you were off the stage. But let me check!” She slid her fingers along my slit and dipped her middle finger into my vulva. “Nup! As tight as ever! She stated.

“You’re right, I did,” I admitted, becoming aroused despite having been as vigorously fucked as I’d ever been less than an hour before. “But despite what you say, my pussy muscles ache! It was fun, but I’m pretty sure I don’t want to experience that much stretch again.”

“What was it like?” Kath asked enviously. “Do you think they’d play with me?”

“Oh, your sloppy pussy would take them easily,” I teased. “After all, I’ve had my whole hand in there!”

“Bitch!” Kath mirthfully replied, knowing I was only teasing.

As we cuddled and chatted as only friends for as long as we’ve been can, we watched the others. It quickly became apparent which of us had been satiated at The Chateaux. John, Tommy, and I were merely relaxing and chatting, whereas the rest were openly flirting. The people already paired with another were the most interesting to watch. Mike, who should have been here with Kath and me, eagerly chased Jennifer. Jennifer certainly wasn’t complaining, but she was also not succumbing to his advances.

Rick was trying to chat up my daughter, Krissy. But, although she was happy to flirt, it was clear that Krissy only had eyes for her father. Tommy and Gina, as you’d expect from a soon-to-be-engaged couple, were sitting

together, chatting quietly and watching almost as interestedly as Kath and I were. Freddy and Andrew sat and talked with my husband, but Freddy's eyes never left Krissy. He winced every time Krissy flirted with the much older Rick. Caoimhe, Siobhan and Phil stood in a half circle around Mike and Jennifer. It appeared they were making bets as to whether Mike would succeed in his pursuit of their staunchly built friend.

That left Charmaine. Although she sat beside Gina, she didn't participate in any of the conversations swirling around her. Instead, she stared longingly towards Kath and me. She wanted to meet Kath, her long-term idol, but she didn't want to intrude on what was an obviously intimate moment between her idol and me. Not sure if she could see my smile, I waved her over. Charmaine hesitated nervously before gathering her courage and swimming to where Kath and I cuddled.

Kath saw I was looking behind her, so she moved from between my thighs. Kath glanced at me when she saw the petite, exotic-looking woman breast stroking towards us. I ignored her and gently smiled as Charmaine swam closer. When she got to us, I made the introductions. "Kath, meet my gorgeous South American descended friend, Charmaine Mitford. Charmaine, meet my oldest friend. And by old, I mean ancient!"

"Less than two years!" Kath protested as she typically did when I made that joke.

I completed the joke by adding, "Yeah. But older, right?" It was one of those quirks in the English language that baffled me because 'oldest friend' could equally mean oldest in age or the length of friendship. Of course, I have many friends who are way older than Kath.

"Pleased to meet you, Mrs Loughlin," Charmaine said excitedly, her breath coming in exuberant pants. "I've admired you for as long as I can remember."

"Gawd!" Kath groaned. "Now my mother-in-law's here. I'm Kath, honey," she admonished the exhilarated teenager. "The only Mrs Loughlin I know is my husband's overprotective mother." Kath paused to study the naked, petite-breasted, tiny woman before her. 'Hot!' She thought as she admired

Charmaine's exotic good looks. "I assume you want to be a journalist like me?"

"Yes!" Charmaine exclaimed. "Ever since I was little."

"You're still little," Kath drily observed. "Are you any good?"

"I think so," Charmaine said. "I'm averaging a 4.8 GPA in my course."

"So, you're good at the theory of journalism," Kath dismissively stated. "That doesn't count for much out in the field. You're Kate's friend? One of the young girls Kate's taken under her wing?"

Charmaine nodded. Kath watched how the beautiful, coffee-coloured woman carefully kept her eyes on hers, yet her tongue continuously touched her lips, and she blinked convulsively. It came together in Kath's mind. "You're a lesbian, and you fancy me," she stated, knowing she was right.

Charmaine's stapled-together confidence crumpled before our eyes. Tears sprung from her eyes, and she sniffled before trying to turn and flee. Kath grabbed Charmaine's arm, turned the gorgeous young woman and crushed her to her chest. They were of a similar height, so their small breasts and nipples pressed together. Despite the situation, it was an alluring sight, and watching them, I felt that old familiar tingle between my shapely thighs.

Surprised, Charmaine initially stood stock-still, stiff as a board, as her idol hugged her. Eventually, she couldn't resist her body's demand and eagerly returned Kath's embrace. Charmaine tilted her head back and hungrily gazed at Kath's lips. Taking the hint, my best friend lowered her head and softly kissed the petite, beautiful woman in her arms.

"Bring your portfolio and some of your writings to my office at Foxsports Brisbane tomorrow, honey," Kath managed to gasp out. "I'll look over them, and if they're as good as I suspect they might be, we'll do a screen test. If that goes well, I'll see about having you assigned as my intern."

Looking at my young friend, it was obvious she wanted to kiss Kath again but was too scared to follow through. So, reluctantly letting her crush go,

Charmaine stepped back and replied, “Yes, Ma’am.”

“Kath,” Kath interrupted.

Charmaine giggled nervously, “Yes, Kath. What time tomorrow?”

“10.00 am,” Kath advised.

Charmaine nodded and, even more reluctantly, moved away.

“Kath and Charmaine in the tree...”

“Oh, give it up!” Kath laughed. “What are you? Twelve?”

Kath and I cuddled some more as we watched the interactions around us. Rick was still avidly pursuing my daughter, who was equally as skilfully avoiding his flirtatious attempts. Freddy looked ever more downcast as he realised Krissy still hadn’t even noticed him.

Gina was now between Tommy’s legs, and it was clear he was ‘stimulating her erogenous zones’. Siobhan and Phil had Caoimhe pressed between them. Caoimhe’s thighs were wrapped around Siobhan’s hips, and Siobhan’s hands roamed over her bottom. Meanwhile, Phil’s thick erection was pressed between his sister’s tight buns, and his hands caressed Caoimhe’s perfect but tiny breasts.

The biggest surprise was that Jennifer sat in Mike’s lap, similar to how Gina sat in Tommy’s. Jennifer’s head was tilted back, and it almost looked like she was purring.

“Don’t look now,” I teased Kath. “But your husband’s feeling up a lusciously-sized teenager.”

“He is, too!” Kath exclaimed after spotting Jennifer in her husband’s lap. “Bastard!” She left me and swam across to pounce on Charmaine. A short time later, Kath sat beside her husband and was groping the gorgeous young Chilean woman as fervently as her husband groped the voluptuous Jennifer.

Grinning, I decided to tease Krissy by taking her father's attention from her. I swam across the pool and sat my naked, toned and curvy ass on his suddenly rapidly inflating cock. Reaching between my thighs, I guided him inside me. In response, Krissy humphed, turned to Rick and stuck her tongue down his throat.

I noticed that Freddy looked even more crestfallen. Things suddenly looked up for him when Phil whispered something to Siobhan and his sister. Siobhan grinned and turned Caoimhe into her brother's strong arms. Striding through the water, Siobhan sat on Freddy's lap, cupped her massive, surgically enhanced breasts, and stuffed them in Freddy's shocked face. Then Siobhan grabbed a handful of his hair, pulled his head back, and stuck her tongue down his throat. Everyone was naked, so it was easy for Siobhan to take hold of Freddy's sturdy, averagely-sized cock and guide it into her pussy.

Even though I'd instigated the debauchery, I knew I had to end it. A couple, or even a pair of couples, making love naked in the pool was okay. But a full-blown orgy? No! That would bring the cops, for sure.

"We'd better take this inside," I called. "Otherwise, the prudish neighbours will have the police on us."

Shifting on my seat, I tucked my robe under my shapely ass. My memories of that night were turning me on, and I didn't want to leave a wet spot on the bar stool. Taking another sip of my coffee, I grimaced, realising I'd been sitting there so long my coffee had gone cold. Pouring it into the sink, I made another and slipped back into my reveries.

Entering my living room, Siobhan took over. Tommy's mix flash drive was moved to the inside stereo, and Freddy and the other guys moved the chairs and sofas to the walls, creating a space to dance.

I have no idea why the rest of us girls agreed, but somehow, at Siobhan's suggestion, we all knelt in a circle in the middle of the room, our feet touching and our bodies facing out. Siobhan controlled the music, and we

began a game she called ‘musical mouths’. I looked wonderingly at Kath on my left and Krissy on my right. They exchanged glances with Gina, Caoimhe, Jennifer and Charmaine. None of us had a clue what Siobhan meant for us to do.

“Right!” Siobhan said loudly. “Same theory as musical chairs. Men, when the music stops, you stick your cocks in the woman’s mouth before you. She has two minutes to try and get you off. If she succeeds, you’re out, and she gets to do whatever she wants to you for five minutes. Men, you cannot object to anything she wants to do!”

I looked at Krissy and Kath. They shrugged and looked back. However, I knew from the gleam in Krissy’s eyes that she was keen to experience this. Kath had bitten her bottom lip, too. A sure sign that she, too, was horny and eager to play. None of the other girls offered a complaint, so the game was on! My only thought was, ‘I wonder how many mouthfuls of cum I can get?’

After waiting to see if there were any objections, Siobhan started the music. She left it playing for what seemed like an age. I knew she was building the anticipation in all of us, wanting us to eagerly anticipate whose cock we’d get to suck (the women) or whose mouth we’d get to fuck (the men).

The music stopped. As luck would have it, or knowing the perverseness of Siobhan, it was planned: My son stopped in front of me, her father before Krissy, Mike in front of Caoimhe and Phil before Kath. Regardless, all four men eagerly push their rampantly erect cocks into our mouths.

I’d blown my son many times, so I knew precisely how to make him cum. Siobhan hadn’t set any rules vis-à-vis using hands, so I cupped Tommy’s big balls, squeezed gently, and lashed his glans with my tongue. I had him close. So close that he was groaning and muttering, “No, no, no!” but I didn’t quite get him there before time ran out. None of the others came either.

The men danced around us again. Rick’s cock was surprisingly dry. But then I realised he’d been in front of Charmaine and guessed that, as a responsible Dom, he’d asked the gorgeous young thing if she wanted to

suck him. I assumed that Charmaine had said, “No”. My theory was tested when the music stopped next. My husband stood before the beautiful Chilean woman, offering his cock. Charmaine gulped but gamely opened her sweet little mouth with its lush lips and sucked John slowly inside.

I had Rick in front of me. I’d tasted his medium-sized but incredibly thick cock before. I wasn’t successful in bringing him off that time, nor did I succeed this time. In fact, no one did, so the music started again. I studied the bouncing cocks dancing around me and knew it was only a matter of time before some of them began to cum. Precum drooled from every eye, and the men’s balls had tightened against their stems.

The music halted with Freddy before my daughter. I smiled because I knew Freddy’s unrequited desire for her would mean he wouldn’t be able to control himself. Sure enough, well within the allotted time, Freddy spunked into Krissy’s eagerly slurping mouth.

“We have a winner!” Siobhan gleefully crowed. “Krissy, you have five minutes to do whatever you wish with Mister Freddy!”

They moved to the four-seater couch. Krissy lay on her back and lifted and spread her shapely legs. “I’m so freaking horny right now that I need you to make me cum, Freddy. Use your mouth on me!”

Although somewhat disappointed that Krissy didn’t want him to fuck her, Freddy dove onto her sodden, freshly waxed pussy and eagerly devoured her seeping fluids. I watched concernedly as Freddy orally serviced my daughter. However, it seemed that Freddy knew what he was doing because Krissy quickly climaxed on Freddy’s probing tongue.

I’m not sure that Siobhan had intended to or whether she, too, was caught up in watching Freddy tonguing Krissy, but the game had ceased as Freddy and my daughter went at it. As we all avidly watched, Krissy peaked again and moaned as another orgasm made her toss her gorgeous, shapely body on the couch. Finished, Freddy sat up proudly and gazed lovingly down on my daughter.

Unfortunately, Krissy didn’t notice Freddy’s look, or she ignored it. She bounced to her feet, announced, “I’m ready to go again,” and took her place in the circle.

Siobhan looked sympathetically at her fiancé’s friend but knew saying something would only make things worse. She turned the music on and said brightly, “Around and around they go. Where they stop, don’t nobody know!”

When the music stopped this time, Mike faced Kath. There were no rules except for the time limit, so Kath stroked Mike instead of sucking him. All the while, she described what it was like to feel Rick’s cock in her ass as she rode Mike. I doubt that it was a minute before Mike orgasmed onto her tiny, conically nippled breasts.

Siobhan announced, “Kath is our latest winner. Freddy, move to one of the sofas. Kath, you have five minutes of Mike’s undivided attention. Do with him as you will.”

“If Freddy’s willing, I’m going to make Mike watch me fuck him,” Kath announced. Freddy, you game?”

Freddy, who was defeatedly staring at the carpet, suddenly perked up. Getting to fuck the gorgeous sports news presenter, who was also his mate’s mom, and one of his regular fap fantasies, was too good an opportunity to resist. His divining rod swiftly lengthening and stiffening, Freddy eagerly rolled onto his back and held his rampantly erect cock so it pointed at the ceiling.

Freddy’s rod had accurately divined moisture because, with a deeply satisfied sigh, Kath lowered her ragingly hot pussy onto it. “Kneel with your head as close to our hips as possible, Mike,” Kath demanded. “Watch this handsome young man’s gorgeous cock opening your wife’s” ... Heck! I still struggle to write that word, even if it wasn’t me saying it. Okay. Here we go... “cunt and pushing inside.”

Mike obeyed. I’m not sure if anyone else was aware of Mike’s submissive proclivities, but it was soon apparent he wasn’t hurt by Kath fucking

Freddy. Indeed, he was turned on by it and began masturbating as he watched his wife getting fucked. Kath's libido was running rampant because it took way less than the five minutes allocated before she climaxed on Freddy's sturdy pole. Freddy came into her as she orgasmed.

Kath climbed off Freddy and shoved her cum-messy pussy into her husband's face. "Clean me," she demanded.

Mike did so eagerly. Kath rubbed Freddy's cum all over Mike's face, achieving a minor climax as she did. However, the surprise came when Mike tipped his head back, groaned, and orgasmed, too. Being forced to submit to his wife and having her dominate him was too much for his libido, and he lost control.

We had three more unsuccessful rounds before Jennifer suggested we swap. "The men can kneel where we are. When the music stops, we jump on the cock before us. The men have four minutes (because it takes us girls way longer than you men) to make us cum. Same rules: If the man succeeds, he does whatever he wishes with us for five minutes."

My reveries were interrupted by Charmaine staggering into the kitchen. Trying not to laugh at the dishevelled young beauty, I made an expresso coffee and gave it to her.

"Lawd!" Charmaine protested. "What time did we finally stop f ... making love and go to sleep?" Then she shrugged and added, "I'd sleep in my bed, but Jennifer doesn't like sleeping alone, and she's always horny, so I get very little sleep even then."

I examined the petite, dark-skinned woman before me. Charmaine had put on a pair of pink boy-cut panty briefs and a matching short robe. The only button she'd done up was the one immediately under the swell of her diminutive breasts. As Charmaine moved, her pierced belly button showed along with tantalising glimpses of the top and bottom curves of her breast mounds. Once again, I marvelled that I, Mrs Kaitlyn Ashley Muggleton, housewife and Slut Mommie, was making love with this gorgeous sylph-

like creature. That ‘little tingle’ I often feel between my thighs moved a little higher and centred on my thick clit.

“Maybe you should lock your door,” I suggested.

Siobhan’s dad and his crew had completed the alterations I’d wanted. The main hallway upstairs, which I’d always thought was out of balance with the rest of the upstairs area, was now a metre narrower. Initially designed as the maid’s quarters, our guestroom was now four separate rooms. It had a combined Kitchenette, lounge, and dining room. Plus, a combined shower, bathroom and laundrette were in a separate area off the kitchen. Then, two bedrooms off a short hallway were created by moving the house’s hallway wall, the wall between the guestrooms and the first spare room and adding another. What was the first spare bedroom was now part of the guestrooms. Charmaine and Jennifer shared this area.

I’d amended the house rules for the upper area. The lower area was clothing optional except when we had guests, and then it became clothing mandatory. The upper area, for us girls, was naked mandatory. Jennifer and Charmaine both had body image issues when they joined my household, and I wanted to rid them of their fears by making them realise a naked body was just that: a naked body. Whatever your body’s size or shape, there was no reason to be ashamed of it. And, no matter what shape, there were always people who were attracted to it.

My parents used a similar tactic with their three daughters. None of us, even though my mother and sisters are literal ‘whales’, have issues believing we are sexy and deserving of love and attention.

Charmaine giggled, “She’d just knock until I opened it.”

Charmaine was close enough, so I slid my arm around her slender shoulders and brought her closer. Opening my toned, shapely thighs, I moved my young charge until her tiny, upturned nipples pressed against me. Charmaine sighed happily and turned her face up for me to kiss.

“We haven’t spent enough time alone together lately, little one,” I told her after kissing her pouty lips. “Do you have uni today?”

“Just a morning class,” Charmaine explained. “Speaking of which, I should shower, change, and get ready.”

“I’ll have a fruit smoothie ready for you when you get back, honey.” I looked at the wall planner above the bench and saw that only the gorgeous Chilean woman and I would be home this afternoon. Well, assuming I closed the office and re-directed the phones to the service. Kath had offered Charmaine an intern spot working for her. It was only two days a week, but when uni finished for the year, she’d work the same five days Kath worked —typically Thursday to Sunday. Her internship was unpaid, but it was a start. Kath said Charmaine was popular with the editorial staff and floor managers. Today wasn’t one of her days interning, so I added, “Come to my room when you’re finished at uni.”

Looking at me lustfully, Charmaine nodded, kissed me again and skipped from the room.

‘If only it were so easy to make everyone so happy,’ I thought as I watched Charmaine’s delectably tight buns skipping away.

Yawning, a rumpled-looking Gina walked into my kitchen as Charmaine left. “Did I hear someone mention coffee and smoothies?” She asked as she stretched and yawned. All my son’s fiancé wore was a skimpy black thong, so I was treated to her magnificently rounded C-cups bouncing enticingly before me.

“You know how to use the coffee maker,” I pretended to grouse. “I’ll start on the smoothies.”

“Oh, I see how it is,” Gina teased. “You made Charmaine’s coffee, but I have to make my own? Now I know Charmaine’s your favourite!”

“Yes, you’re right,” I agreed disarmingly. “Charmaine’s my favourite smallest pseudo-daughter. You’re my favourite of Tommy’s future wives.”

“What about me?” Jennifer asked, entering the kitchen. Jennifer, as she usually is, was already dressed to the nines—showered, hair and makeup done, and dressed in a clinging white micro-skirt with a blue bra

constraining her D-cup breasts. Her breasts were covered with a soft pink scoop-necked singlet.

“You’re my favourite tallest daughter,” I deadpanned.

“Cool!” Jennifer straight-facedly responded. “I’m the favourite! Eat your hearts out, bit ... err ... girls!”

I smiled, realising my girls were taking their lessons to heart. I’d told them, on pain of corrections on their breasts and asses, that I expected them to clean up their language. They were beautiful young ladies, and it was time they started acting like them. The younger generation’s tendency to use obscene and profane language bothered me, so I was doing my little bit to clean up my part of the world.

Tommy wandered in next. He, too, looked a little worse for wear. I smiled as I realised the youngsters were more tired than I was. “What’s for breakfast, Mom?” He asked as he made himself a coffee.

“The usual?” I asked back. “Bacon, hash browns, eggs, and toast?”

“You’re wearing me out,” Tommy pretended to complain. “Better add a couple of sausages to that to boost my protein consumption.”

Gina and I laughed as we surrounded and hugged him. Tommy patted my sexy bottom familiarly before letting me go so I could start his breakfast. Thirty minutes later, my ‘children’ were all out the door. The girls were off to their uni classes. Tommy to his studio. Looking at my watch, I realised I had barely enough time to shower and change before I had to open our office.

I do my hair and makeup so often that it doesn’t take me long to get ready, especially if I’m alone in the shower. So, at about ten to nine, I was dressed in my black Clasi shawl collar, wrap hem romper and standing at the inside door to John’s and my business, Muggleton Consultancy. My outfit clung to and revealed large portions of my delightfully mounded breast globes. It looked like it was glued to my lean waist and then flared, barely covering my toned, curvaceous ass and hips. It looked like a micro-dress from the

front, but from behind, you could see the ‘skirt’ was actually pants. The pants did display my sexy ass and long, shapely legs beautifully, though.

Before leaving on his business trip with our daughter, John had contacted his existing clients and explained he’d be away for nearly two months. If they had any questions, they could contact me, and I’d help as best I could. Anything I couldn’t handle, he’d fix remotely from wherever he was. If it were urgent or important, I’d get a message through to him, and he’d call at a time convenient to them, despite any time differences.

I turned the lights and computers on and unlocked the front door before switching the phones to active and away from the answering service. I checked, but there were no messages.

The day’s first phone call was from Eugenie Matson. Eugenie and I’d had a quick liaison when she brought her husband, Bryce, in to consult with John. She’d made it clear to me that she wanted to play with my husband and me. John had put her off twice, saying he was too busy and would be until after his return. However, Eugenie wasn’t one you could say “No” to.

As I picked up the phone, I quickly brought up her account. As it connected to John’s investment software and the net, I cheerfully, trying to suppress my anxiety, said, “Hello, Eugenie. Nice to hear from you again.” I hid a relieved sigh when I saw that the Matson’s investments were tracking above where John had projected.

“Relax, my darling Kate slut,” Eugenie drawled. “I haven’t called about our stock market portfolio. I’ve already seen we’re ahead of the schedule your husband set.”

I closed my eyes momentarily and let that word flow over me so it didn’t ignite my libido as it still often did.

“What can I do for you?” I asked brightly, glad she didn’t want to grill me about that. I thought I had a pretty good grasp of the basics of John’s programs, but I was a babe in the woods compared to him or the formidable woman on the phone with me.

“You’ll come to my place for lunch on Thursday,” Eugenie announced. “Twelve O’clock. Wear something sexy and don’t be late. Oh, bring your favourite strap-on.”

She hung up before I could protest. ‘I guess I know what I’m doing for lunch on Thursday,’ I mused as I put the phone down and turned to the computer. After closing the Matson account, I shifted desks to the reception area and opened my online course website. I checked my latest submission and saw that my lecturer had marked and returned it. Forty-nine out of fifty, hmmm. I checked to see which question I’d missed and silently berated myself when I saw that a simple juxtaposition of numbers had cruelled my run of perfect scores.

‘Darn!’ I thought. ‘Dopey! You know to recheck every answer.’ John had been standing behind me, playing with my nipples when I finished that unit. Distracted by my arousal, I hadn’t checked the last page of my test and submitted it anyway. The resulting error ruined my run of nine perfect score tests. However, just as I was about to change web pages and begin my latest unit, I saw a note from the lecturer.

It read, “Ms Kaitlyn, I’m surprised that you managed to reverse the order of two numbers. I’d hate to ruin your perfect score, so please, assuming you know which two are reversed, repair and return so I can record your final result.”

I happily fixed the error and resubmitted it. A few minutes later, I received an announcement that I’d received a perfect score for that test.

I read through the learning material for my latest unit, Methodology for Business Research, and began the preparation exercises afterwards. I aced the exercises, but unfortunately, it was too early to do the end-of-unit test. However, I was able to begin my project. After spending time researching what I needed, I changed to my Masters course, but I’d completed everything I was allowed to do with that, too. Sighing, I closed all the web pages and made a cup of tea. Relaxing, I let my mind wander back through the last few weeks.

The second ‘musical chairs’ game we played that night, the one with the boys kneeling and us girls jumping on their cocks, was a complete disaster. An amusing one, but still a complete disaster.

Again, I was unsure if it was by good luck or by Siobhan’s desire, but Krissy was before Freddy when the music stopped for the first time. She didn’t hesitate and swiftly knelt on his medium-sized cock, took it inside her slippery tight pussy, and Freddy orgasmed almost immediately.

Of course, that meant he had to do whatever my daughter wanted him to do for the next five minutes. And, of course, Krissy made him clean his semen from her soaking pussy. We all laughed at Freddy’s pulled face and applauded when he went about the business of licking and sucking his cum from the confines of Krissy’s tight vulva.

Siobhan waited until Krissy rejoined the circle before she restarted the music. When it stopped next, Caoimhe was in front of her father. Mike lasted inside of his daughter for about as long as Freddy had inside Krissy. Caoimhe’s reward was to make her father use his tongue to clean her and bring her to an orgasm.

Once Mike had done that, Siobhan announced the men were all “hopeless” and that we needed a different game.

However, my vigorous activities from earlier that night, and now the games we’d played here, meant that I was starting to flag pretty badly. John realised that and announced he was taking me to bed alone. My girls groaned disappointedly, but John insisted. He picked me up and carried me upstairs. I don’t remember him opening our bedroom door, so I assume I fell asleep in his strong arms.

Hearing the office doorbell chime startled me from my reminiscing. I looked up and smiled when I saw who it was. “Hey, Freddy,” I said happily.

I liked the young man. His parents had severely damaged his ego and psyche, but he was still a good guy on the inside. I remembered one of the conversations I’d had with my husband before he’d left—whether he would

permit me to take Freddy Singleton under my wing and bring him out from the shadows his domineering, bullying father and submissive, weakling mother had cast over him. John had encouraged me to help the young man in the only way I knew best: I'd seduce him and fuck him into dominance. Well, assuming Freddy was prepared to take that journey with me.

The first thing I thought I needed to change was his name. I mean, Freddy is okay for a kid or even a teenager. But Freddy was about to hit twenty—soon, if I remembered correctly. I vaguely remembered his birthday being between Christmas and New Year. Other than Christmas Day itself, I couldn't imagine a worse time to have your birthday. I wondered how often Freddy got presents on his birthday. I guessed most would give him one present on Christmas Day and say it was for both events.

'Freddy, Fred, Frederick,' I mused. Fred sounded too old, Frederick? No. Australians would never use it. The rule here is to shorten names to their most diminutive form. If they couldn't be compressed, like Todd, for example, then, perversely, they'd length it. Todd would become Toddy or even 'Todster'. Hence, Michael became Mikey or Mike. Johnathon, Tommy, or John. Kaitlyn, Kate, Kate or even Kay.

Neither of the two Frederick diminutives was acceptable, but could I do something with the 'Rick' part of Frederick? I looked at him and thought, 'Ricky Singleton?' Nah! Still too childish sounding. 'Rick Singleton?'

"Earth to Kate Muggleton," Freddy teased.

Shaking my head, I smiled and pushed my chair back, purposefully spreading my toned, shapely thighs and giving him a flash of my scantily covered nirvana as I did. I'd let myself sink down in the chair as I pushed back. This forced my romper suit to ride up and press against my vulva. My camel toe and thick clitoris were clearly delineated through my suit's pants. Freddy gaped. He couldn't help it. And I smiled happily, knowing my ability to sexually excite the young man was still strong.

"I was thinking about your first name, Freddy," I told him. "It seems a little childish for a strong, handsome, virile young businessman like yourself. I was trying different names in my head to see what would suit you."

“Did you choose one?” Freddy smilingly asked.

“Yes,” I replied. “How does Rick Singleton sound to you?”

“Weird,” Freddy answered honestly. “A bit like our friend, Rick Coleman (The dominant we’ve been playing with). Still better than Freddy, though. Dad started that when I was only a baby, and it’s stuck ever since. And the only time I hear Frederick is when my mom’s pissed at me. Then it’s Frederick Albert Singleton; what have you done?”

“Anyway,” I dismissed. “A conversation for another time. What can I do for you, Rick?”

Freddy laughed before saying, “After an extensive fight with my father, I’ve finally taken control of my financial affairs. I needed Mom and Dad’s permission to sign because I was under eighteen when The Lions contracted me to their academy. They put all my money into a managed account—an account managed by Dad. Dad’s been siphoning off that money ever since.

“I didn’t mind when I was living at home because taking me to training and the games and paying for the incidental gear like socks, shorts, jerseys, etc., wasn’t cheap, as you well know. Plus, although I had a sign-on bonus, I wasn’t being paid to play. So it was only fair that my parents took some of the money I’d been paid to cover expenses. I live away from home now, yet he still takes money from the account. After a court battle, that’s all been fixed, so I need to invest my money and start making it work. You know? Just in case our studio doesn’t work out.”

Inviting Freddy to sit on a chair beside me at John’s computer desk, I brought up his investment program and began entering details. “How much are we talking about, Rick?”

Freddy smiled again and said, “All up, I’ve got around five hundred thousand left after what Dad pilfered. Is that enough to get started?”

“More than enough,” I assured him. “With that kind of nest egg, John and I will have you retiring as a multi-millionaire before you’re fifty.”

Stunned, Freddy said, “Really?”

I finished entering the variables and turned the screen so Freddy could see. “The top figure assumes an extremely conservative return of just the CPI (Consumer Price Index). Typically, CPI averages out at about 4.1% annually. That gives you a total of $1,669,136. The second figure is if we invest your stocks a little more aggressively. Placing some into high-risk stocks, more into medium-risk, and the rest remaining in low-risk. That should give us an annual return of about 7.00%. As you can see, that boosts your retirement fund to $3,806,123.”

“What happens if we move even more into the high and medium-risk areas?” Freddy asked.

“You find another financial management team,” I teased, knowing my husband would say the same thing. “Typically, John will spend some time every week sorting through your portfolio and moving your stock around to garner the greatest return. That means the returns I’ve shown you are at the conservative end of our predictions.” I turned the screen back to me and entered another series of numbers. After checking them, I showed Freddy.

Gobsmacked, Freddy looked at me, “What’s this?” He asked, seeing the almost nine million dollar figure showing.

“This, Rick, is what retirement looks like if your investment matches John’s average client return.”

“Wow!” Freddy sputtered. He sat contemplating things for a while. Then, a slow smile appeared across his face. “Nine mil., huh?” That’ll show the old bastard I’m not a useless piece of shit!”

I couldn’t help it! How could a parent say something so horrific to their child? How could you create life—wonderful, beautiful, vibrant life, and then shatter and beat it down until it barely shone? I burst into tears and hugged the handsome young man to my bosom.

Freddy’s breath hitched, and then he sobbed. “I tried everything, Momma. But no matter what I did, it was never good enough. Do you remember

Tommy's, mine, Frank's, and Phil's last year of age group football together? We won every game, including the final, and yet, when Tommy got 'Best on Ground' in the Grand Final and also won the club's end-of-year 'Best and Fairest' award, Dad told me that he always knew I was a loser and would never amount to much. I was voted best defensive back and club man, but even that wasn't good enough for the old prick."

What could I say? What was there to say? I didn't know, so I held him to my breasts, placed my cheek on the top of his head, and cried with him. Uncomfortable and with my back aching from leaning forward and hugging Freddy from my chair, I shifted to his lap. Freddy looked up with a sad smile, so I kissed him lightly and guided his head back onto my bosom. Freddy sniffled a few more times, but then his head shifted, and I felt his warm breath and soft lips between my full, luscious breasts. Simultaneously, Freddy's hands moved from my shoulders to my taut, shapely ass.

"Freddy!" I meant to warn but moaned instead as I felt his medium-lengthed but sturdy penis stiffening against my perineum.

"Please, Momma," Freddy murmured as he tilted his head back, hoping for a kiss.

He got his wish! I couldn't deny the sudden rush of desire that sent my usual tingle into a bonfire of sexual arousal. Freddy was such a sweet young man, so thoughtful and loyal, and from what I knew from our earlier escapades, a damned good lover. 'Thank goodness I asked for John's permission earlier,' I fleetingly thought before getting down to the serious business of kissing this gorgeous, young creature. Turning so I could press my luscious breasts against his muscular chest, I then kissed Freddy with every ounce of skill and passion I possessed.

"Gawd, Momma," Freddy groaned. "You're so beautiful. I want to make love to you. May I?"

"No," I growled. "But if you don't stick your stiff cock in me and fuck me like the slut I am, I'll scream!"

“Lawd, Momma,” Freddy crooned as he unzipped my romper and eased it off my toned shoulders. “You’re such a delectable Mommie slut, that I don’t what I’d do without you.”

Effortlessly, Freddy stood, lifting me as he did, and peeled my romper off. He chuckled when he realised that it was all that I had on. Sitting me on the desk, he quickly locked the front door and turned the sign to ‘closed’. Returning to where I squirmed on the desk, my pussy juices already pooling under me, Freddy dropped to his knees and moved between my firm, shapely thighs. Lifting, spreading and then lowering my thighs over his shoulders, Freddy spread my juicy pussy lips open, exposing my thick throbbing clitoris and attacked it with his tongue.

“Gawd, that’s good,” I moaned as I squeezed Freddy’s head to my soaking pussy.

Freddy alternated swift swirls over my large button as he sucked firmly with slow licks from my drooling entrance to my clit. I moaned again as my climax swiftly approached. Then, with a loud squeal, I found my mountain’s peak and threw myself off it. As my orgasm thundered through me, I grabbed the back of Freddy’s head and ground my pulsating pussy against his strong chin.

Slowly coming down from my orgasm high, I wriggled off the bench and gestured that Freddy should take my place. Before he could sit in my leaked pussy juices, I dropped to my knees, pulled down his khaki trousers, and peeled his jockeys off. When he sat, I took his throbbing member into my mouth. Swallowing his approximately 6-inch tool in my hot, wet mouth, I cupped and gently massaged his tight balls as I sucked hard and swirled my tongue. Freddy didn’t seem to have had much sex lately because it took me less than a minute to bring him to fruition.

“Oh, Gawd, Momma,” Freddy groaned as his ejaculate filled my greedily swallowing mouth.

It was time for the first of Freddy’s many lessons. Holding his semen in my mouth, I pressed my lips to his. Then, knowing he’d try to pull back, I grabbed the back of his head, parted my lips and pushed his cum into his

mouth. Freddy tried to pull away and refuse to accept it, but I was relentless and held him tightly until he had no choice but to accept my gift.

I let Freddy pull away. “Swallow,” I demanded. “Swallow, or neither I nor my girls will ever give you another blowjob.”

Grimacing, Freddy reluctantly allowed my gift to slide down his throat. “What the fuck was that?” He growled after swallowing.

“Do you expect your lovers to kiss you after you’ve gone down on them?” I asked as I ran my hands over his broad chest and tickled his tiny nipples, starting to rekindle his arousal. Freddy nodded. “After you’ve come inside them, but you’re not satiated yet, do you expect them to suck your cock and get you ready again?” Freddy repeated his nod. I smiled appealingly up at him and said, “What’s good for the goose is good for the gander, Freddy.

“If a woman’s considerate enough to give you a blowjob, you darned well better kiss her afterwards to thank her. If you’ve cum inside her, but she still needs more, you’d sure as heck better go down on her until she’s satisfied. Otherwise, you’re a user, Freddy. You’re not a user, Freddy, are you?”

“No, Momma,” Freddy asserted.

Freddy’s sturdy penis had reinflated, so I cut our conversation short and took him in my mouth again. Satisfied he was ready, I turned and lay my lusciously firm breasts on the desktop. “Take me, Rick,” I demanded.

Freddy stood and moved up behind my sexily presented ass. Then, standing on tip-toes, he slid his steel-hard penis into my slippery warmth. Realising he’d had to stand on his toes, I kicked my heels off, spread my feet wider and bent my knees. Now that he could stand firmly on the ground, Freddy began thumping into me. However, something was lacking in his strokes—a dominance I was accustomed to or a firmness that I needed to skyrocket from my orgasm’s launching pad properly. What he was doing felt good and would bring me to an eventual climax, but there was a diffidence to his actions, and my orgasm would be a soft, unfulfilling one.

“You’re a man, Freddy,” I sneered. “Surely you can make one weak woman submit to your needs? Own me, possess me, and make me yours, even if it’s for only as long as you’re fucking me. Dominate me, Freddy. Make me beg you to fuck me harder!”

“Momma?” Freddy questioningly called.

“Fuck me, Freddy,” I demanded. “I’m a woman who needs to feel possessed to orgasm properly. Take me, force me to submit to your will. Say to me, ‘You will cum, woman, because I command you to’.” Freddy’s hand lifted from my hip, and he half-heartedly slapped my ass cheek. “Harder!” I demanded. “I’m your woman, and I’m refusing to yield to your lovemaking. Force me to yield, Freddy.” His hand came down on my shapely rear with a little more force, but still way below dominance. “Is that the best you can manage?” I sneered. “Maybe I should get Tommy in here to fuck me properly.”

Suddenly, Freddy threw off the shackles. His hands—big hands. Hands that powerfully, dominantly forced other players’ grasping hands away from the AFL ball. Hands that forcefully shoved off opposing tacklers. Hands made to take ownership of his woman’s toned, shapely ass. Hands that lifted before coming crashing down onto my bare bottom.

“Yes!” I exclaimed. “Make my body sing to your demands, Freddy!” Freddy’s hands raised and came stingingly down again. “Tell me what you want, Freddy,” I asked. “Make me obey. Force me to respond to your dominance.”

He was like a madman, and I briefly worried I’d created a monster. However, his thrusts into me were powerful and not painful. His crashing hands stung but weren’t violent. He disciplined my smart mouth but did not punish me. He was the man, and I was the willing vessel for his manly seed.

“You like that, my darling slut Kate?” Freddy asked as he slammed into me and whacked my firmly muscled ass. “You love my cock slamming into your dripping cunt, don’t you, slut Kate? Show me that you’re my willing slut, Kate. Cum for your man.”

“Nipples,” I gasped as sweat dripped from Freddy onto my lower back and off my shapely nose onto the desktop. “Nipples.”

Freddy was no slouch when it came to making love. He only needed to know how to fuck, and how to tell when to do one or the other. Freddy had stopped ‘making love to his momma’, and Rick was now fucking his woman. And fuck me, he did! Leaning onto my toned, leanly muscled back, Freddy reached around my luscious body and cupped my large, bouncing breasts. Taking my puffy nipples between his thumbs and forefingers, Freddy pulled, pinched and twisted as he relentlessly slammed his sturdy, thick cock into my increasingly soppy pussy.

Then, Freddy let go of my right nipple and whacked my right ass cheek resoundingly. The sudden explosion of different sensations smashed me off my orgasmic peak’s precipice, and with a shattering scream, I climaxed on his throbbing, thrusting manhood.

Hearing my orgasmic squeal, Freddy smacked my ass a final time before short-hunching several times and ramming his cock as deep into me as he could. Freddy groaned vociferously as he unloaded his tight ball sack into my willing pussy. He wasn’t deep enough to squirt onto my cervix, so I missed my secondary orgasm when that occurred. Still, it was the best orgasm the young man had given me, so I gratefully pushed him away from me, turned and dropped to my knees. Guiding his slowly deflating penis into my mouth, I carefully and gently cleaned our combined secretions from on and around his cock.

Finished, I helped Freddy pull up his pants and tucked him away. Kissing his sweaty face, I grinned happily and said, “That’s a good start, Freddy. I’ll teach you how to love and make love to a sexually submissive woman yet.”

“Is this how I need to be with Krissy to get her attention, Kate?” Freddy longingly asked. “Do I need to force her to submit and make her take my cock?”

It was extremely poor form to ask a woman that you’ve just fucked to give advice on how to pick up another, but I forgave the forlorn young man for his faux pas. “Not in the beginning, Freddy. If you try to do something like

this without first establishing a relationship, Krissy's likely to cut your balls off."

"Then, what do I do, Kate? I try to talk with her, and she just ignores me. Either that, or she treats me like a brother from another mother or a guy firmly in the 'friend zone'. How do I get her to go out with me?"

I knew Freddy's ego was fragile, so I didn't want to say too much about how he behaved. His behaviour was diffident. He was reluctant to put himself forward. Too shy to take the spotlight. He'd have to learn how to fix all of those things if he were to be a suitable partner for my head-strong, too similar to me, daughter.

So, instead of saying anything about those things, I offered, "Let me teach you, Freddy. Let me help you to become the man for a sexually submissive woman. A woman who is fiercely independent but needs a man's dominant presence to stop her from straying from the path and to correct her when she does. Can you be that man, Freddy? If you can, you just might attract my daughter."

"It seems to come so naturally to John and Tommy," Freddy said wistfully. "I watch how John is with you and Krissy. How he is with the other girls, and I'm in awe of how he calmly and casually interacts with them. He's a powerful, confident, emotionally strong man. All the girls know it, and they're all attracted to him. Hell, even Charmaine, who's more lesbian than not, wants to fuck him. Tommy's the same with Gina, Jennifer, and Charmaine. I wish I could be like that."

"You can be," I assured him. "It's learnt behaviour, Freddy. It's knowing your worth and being confident in it."

"Well, now that I have control of my money, maybe my worth will be enough for someone like Krissy."

Suppressing an exasperated sigh, I answered, "Your self-worth has nothing to do with money, Freddy."

"It doesn't?" He doubtfully questioned.

“When John and I married, we had nothing. John was studying at university, and I was pregnant. I worked any kind of part-time jobs I could get, struggling to put enough money together to pay the rent. I admit we were proud and didn’t ask our parents for help, but we wanted to show we could do it on our own. Then, finally, John got his degree and was snapped up by Pepperstone, Australia. The rest, as they say, is history.

“The thing is is that present wealth is fleeting. It can be temporary. Shockingly temporary if you don’t invest wisely and control your budget and spending. However, future wealth is almost assured if you use your money cleverly, invest judiciously, and get the right help.

“But, remember, even without two cents to rub together, John was as he is now—emotionally strong, calm, and self-confident. Women throw themselves at my husband, Freddy. They have for as long as I’ve known him. He even had girls trying to attract him before we were teenagers.”

“Yeah, I’ve seen that with Tommy,” Freddy said thoughtfully. “Even when he’s out with Gina, who’s both beautiful and earthily sexy, other women flirt with him. I’ve even seen women slip their phone numbers into his pocket as he danced with Gina.”

I giggled, “Well, if the way to a man’s heart is through his stomach, then the way to a woman’s heart is through her dancing feet. Show a woman you can dance well with her, and you’ve already got her halfway in bed.”

“Will you teach me, Momma?” Freddy asked plaintively.

“I’ll teach you everything you need to know, Freddy. But this is your one chance, okay? You disobey, fight me, or refuse to do something I ask you to do, and you’re gone, and your chances with Krissy are gone with you. Do you agree?”

“Yes, Momma.”

“The first thing is this: Stop calling me Momma. In company, I’m Kate, and we act like the friends we are. When there’s just you and me, I’m your girl. Treat me like I’m your girl. You don’t own me, and you’ll never own any

woman, but you can show them, through your powerful presence and dominant manner, that they're yours and protected by you. I need to feel safe in your presence, Freddy. No matter where we are and who's coming onto me, I need to know that you're there to protect me from them.

"If you carry yourself confidently, with a calm, assured presence, guys will back off. If they don't, you need to make them. I don't mean by using violence, necessarily, although you might need to do that sometimes. I know you, Phil, and Tommy are into your martial arts, and I saw you take down Frank the minuscule dick (I may have explained before, but I don't use 'dick' when it comes to men's equipment. Men can act like or be dicks, but they have cocks. Throbbing, pulsating, semen-squirting cocks. However, Frank was a dick, and a tiny cocked one at that!) and his dick head mates, so that helps me to feel safe. Am I making sense, Freddy?"

"Yes, my love," Freddy replied.

"Good start," I smiled.

"What do we do now?"

Purposefully, I misunderstood what Freddy meant. "Well, first, I have to run you through the paperwork so Muggleton Consultancy can legally become your financial manager."

"No," Freddy grinningly protested. "I mean about training me to be the man to a sexually submissive woman."

"You date me as if I were your girl, Rick," I replied.

"What do you mean, Kate?"

"Surely you know how to date a girl, Freddy."

"Oh," he said, trying to raise some courage.

"I'm free for lunch tomorrow," I said helpfully.

Freddy immediately sweetly asked, “Would you like to go to lunch tomorrow, my darling Kate?”

“Are you asking your girl or telling her?”

Freddy grinned deprecatingly before saying, “Kate, my love, I’ll pick you up from here at one tomorrow and take you to lunch. Wear something pretty for me.”

Lowering my eyes, I agreed, “Yes, Sir.” I could tell he liked this side of me because his trouser front had tented again. My tongue unawarely touched my bee-stung top lip, and I quietly said, “I’m still naked, Sir.” Reaching out, I ran my fingers over his pants-covered cock.

“Kneel and take me out,” Freddy commanded.

‘This is more like it,’ I thought as my pussy exploded like a gasoline-doused fire. ‘A strong, emotionally powerful man commanding my obedience.’ I knelt submissively at Freddy’s feet, undid his fly and pulled his zipper down. Tugging his jockey briefs down, I eagerly slurped his sturdy 6-inch cock into my voracious mouth. Freddy’s precum poured onto my tongue as I gently manipulated his small, tight balls.

I felt Freddy’s balls tighten against his rigid stem and thought I’d receive another mouthful of his delicious cum. However, Freddy surprised me. Instead of coming in my mouth, he pushed me off his throbbing cock and told me to sit on the desk’s edge. Then, dropping to his knees, Freddy pushed my knees back and apart to expose my thick, swollen with desire clitoris. Sucking my aching love button into his mouth, Freddy bit gently before slashing his talented tongue over it.

“Gaaawwwwddddd!” I moaned as Freddy’s sudden dominance unleashed my inner slut. Then, just when I thought it couldn’t get any better, Freddy’s right middle finger slid inside my slippery, squelchingly hot vulva and massaged my G-spot. I moaned, “Ahhhhhhhhhh!!!!” as what I knew would be an explosive orgasm gathered around my ragingly hot pussy and in my mind.

Freddy must have known I was close, but he mustn't have wanted me to cum on his tongue. So, despite my moaned protests, he removed his sucking, slurping mouth from my gushing pussy and stood. Pulling me off the desktop, Freddy flipped me over, smacked my curvy bottom and demanded that I spread my legs and bend my knees.

I was in the same position I'd been in earlier, but this time, my lover was dominant and forceful, just like I needed them to be. Freddy smacked my ass firmly before lining his throbbing member up with my dripping pussy and slamming into me.

Grabbing a handful of my lush, long, black hair, Freddy slapped my toned bottom and snarled, "Show me you're mine, slut Kate. Cum on your man's cock!" With that, he drove his hips forward, and Freddy's pelvis hit my firm, curvy ass with the power of a sledgehammer. Then, before I could take another breath, let alone comply, he pulled back, whacked my bottom again and growled, "I said, cum, slut Kate!"

So I did! It was tremendous. An orgasm the size of Mount Olympus exploded through my body. It was so intense that my whole body locked into a rictus. Even my throat muscles had cramped, preventing me from screaming my pleasure.

Happy with his performance, Freddy stroked gently into me while waiting for me to return from my low-earth orbit. When I shuddered and gasped, Freddy petted my back before firmly saying, "I want to cum on your pretty face, Kate. Kneel and suck me off until I'm ready to blow."

Freddy pulled out of my satiated pussy and stood back. I obediently turned and knelt. When Freddy grabbed the hair on the top of my head and pulled it back, I opened my mouth and accepted his thick 6-inch cock inside. Freddy pumped viciously into me for about a dozen strokes before pulling out and squirting his delicious man seed all over my beautiful face, ruining my carefully applied makeup.

Smiling happily, Freddy looked down at my cum splattered face. "You look so beautifully submissive kneeling before me wearing my cum, my little

slut Kate. I'm tempted to make you stay like that until I leave, but you might have other clients, so I guess I should let you clean up."

Looking submissively up at the gorgeous young man, I quietly said, "I'm willing to take the risk, Sir. As long as you let me run behind the partition if someone does come in."

"Deal," Freddy agreed.

I moved onto my chair before my computer and created a new file for Freddy's investments. Then, I sent the documents I needed signed to the printer and printed them off before showing Freddy where to initial and sign. After he had, I scanned them and sent them back to my computer, deleting the unsigned files when I did. Then, after I'd taken his contact details, we were finished with the paperwork.

Freddy smiled and asked, "What's next?"

Handing him the signed copies, I replied, "You deposit your money in the bank account specified on the last page. Once you have, I'll invest them using the first strategy I outlined. If John has a chance in between working for his clients, he'll move them around until they match the second strategy. If not, he'll do it when he gets home."

"Smart alec," Freddy grinned. "I meant with you and me."

I looked at him levelly. "First of all, there is no 'you and me'. I am and always will be John's woman. I will train you how to be the man for a sexually submissive woman. If the Gawds be willing, that might allow you to attract my daughter's attention. I'll teach you how to show her that you're worthy of her and she's worthy of you. I'll teach you how to dominate her sexually so that her body instinctively reacts to yours. I'll train you how to make her feel safe in your presence, protected in your presence, and that, with you as her man, no one and nothing can ever hurt her.

"She'll know she is your most beautiful flower, your most precious gem, and that you would willingly lay your life down to ensure she remains

protected. And, whilst doing those things, you stay calm, self-possessed, and in control of your emotions. Your physical strength she will learn to covet, but your emotional strength will allow her to be the best woman she can be. If you learn these things, become these things, then she will become the foundation on which you can build your life and wealth. And, with you as her man, she has her rock, her emotional centre that will allow her to become all she can be.

“Now, Mister Rick Singleton, can you take that journey with me?”

“Yes, my dear Kate. Yes, I can.” Freddy stood and kissed my cum-messy lips. “I’ll see you here tomorrow at one.”

I smiled as Freddy opened the door. “Oh, Freddy?” I said sweetly. He turned to look at me. “Unless you’re taking me to the beach or a park, I’m not the girl to take out if you’re wearing only a T-shirt and boardies or a pair of jeans.”

Freddy grinned and left, closing the door behind him. I put my romper back on and went inside. I needed to shower, change and redo my makeup. At the last second, I remembered to flick the telephones over to the answering service.

Twenty minutes later, I was back at my reception desk. I opened my online course again, hoping something had come through for me to do. Unfortunately, there was still nothing. Remembering, I turned the phones back to live and checked the messages. There was a message from a client, so I called him back. Unfortunately, I wasn’t able to help him immediately, so I promised that John would get back to him that day.

Checking the time difference, I realised it was only three-thirty in the morning in Hamburg, where John and Krissy were. Instead of texting him, I wrote a quick email outlining the problem—the client needed to free up around three million dollars to inject some much needed cash into his distribution company—and sent it for John to attend to when he woke up.

With nothing else to do, I indulged my weakness and read some erotica on one of the two websites I liked. I realised again that almost every story was

written for a male audience. Even my confessions are written believing it would be mostly men who read them. I briefly considered trying to write something specifically for women. However, I decided that most readers would probably still be men, and they probably wouldn't enjoy the more romantic stories we women preferred. Maybe if enough women write to me asking for one, I'll try writing an erotica story explicitly aimed at a female audience instead of just writing my confessions.

As I mused the logistics of writing specifically for women, my stomach reminded me it was time for lunch. Looking at the time, I decided to take my lunch break now. Replacing the 'closed' sign with one that read 'Currently out of the office. Please call 07 -------- and leave a message'.

After turning off the computers and lights, switching the phones to the service, and locking the office doors, I walked to my kitchen and began making lunch for myself and my petite, beautiful South American lover. A knock on the door interrupted my preparations. After quickly washing my hands, I dried them as I walked to the door.

Opening the door, I almost staggered back away from the fumes as a heavily intoxicated Patty breathed, "Well, hello, dahling," in her best imitation of Patsy Stone from Absolutely Fabulous. Worried, I checked the driveway, thinking Patty had driven herself here. Understanding why I was looking, Patty, still in her best Patsy Stone, said, "Don't worry, dahling. Ah'm not so basic as to drive when Ah'm skunked. Ah caught an Uber with an absolutely dahvine Indian man. The bustard wouldn't roger me, though."

I helped Patty inside, guiding her into my living room and onto the couch. I sat beside her, and she virtually fell against me, burped and started crying. Knowing she was about to vomit, I pushed her upright and raced to the laundry to get a bucket. Luckily, I returned in time to hand the bucket to Patty. She tried to smile at me gratefully but had to lean forward as the alcohol in her stomach exploded up her oesophagus, out her mouth, and into the bucket.

Sympathetically, I held Patty's long, dark brown hair away from her face as she emptied her stomach's contents into the bucket. Only once have I ever been sick on alcohol. I was eighteen, and John and I had argued over some

little thing. Angry, I'd drunk almost an entire bottle of cheap white wine before finding out that drinking that much was a terrible idea. Of course, I hadn't realised I was pregnant at the time. But drinking when you're pregnant? That made it doubly bad! It took a year before I could face alcohol again.

Eventually, Patty had nothing but dry heaves left, and after a final one, she fell back onto the couch and passed out. Relieved, I fetched some towels from my linen cupboard. Bringing them to the sofa, I rolled Patty onto her side and then wedged some towels behind her to prevent her from rolling onto her back. I placed another towel under her face in case she drooled or hiccoughed vomit and set yet another on the floor under her head in case she vomited before I could return with the bucket.

Charmaine returned from her uni course as I walked back into the living room, holding the cleaned bucket. Spotting Patty, her eyes widened, and she ran to my side. "Just a little bit too, well, a lot too much to drink," I reassured her. "Come on. We'll get something to eat while waiting for Patty to sleep it off."

Seeing my partial preparations, Charmaine asked, "What can I do to help?"

"Umm," I thought. "Maybe slice some lettuce, tomatoes, and whatever else you want in your salad. I was going to fry some chicken slices in butter and Moroccan seasoning and do a warm chicken salad."

It didn't take us long before I was mixing the fried chicken through the tossed salad. Charmaine had added mushrooms, sliced spring onions, red and green capsicum pieces, and grated carrots and cheese to the lettuce and tomatoes I'd suggested. After sprinkling a balsamic vinaigrette over the salad, we took it out into the warm spring sunshine and sat at the outside table.

Despite the heavy pollen spores, early spring is a great time of year in Brisbane. It doesn't get too humid until the second half of spring, and the nights are still cool enough to encourage cuddling. I didn't like it as much as I liked late autumn, but it was still a fine time of year to be outside.

Charmaine and I ate as we chatted gaily about everything and nothing. We ranged around subjects, sometimes laughing and giggling like schoolgirls as we discussed the hot girls in Charmaine's classes and the TV shows she watched. At other times, we discussed world events like the ongoing crises in Ukraine. My husband and daughter were in Germany. Though they were more than fifteen hundred kilometres from the conflict's borders, it was still too close for my comfort.

Feeling thirsty, I gathered our lunch dishes and walked inside. Charmaine followed me. I smiled because I knew she was admiring my sexily swinging ass as I walked. After putting everything in the dishwasher or away, I was about to open a bottle of wine because I'd purchased a bottle of Orlando Lyndale Chardonnay to share on a special occasion, and I wanted this time with Charmaine to be special for both of us.

Then I remembered that Patty was passed out on my couch and thought, given how badly she would be suffering when she woke up, it would be rubbing her nose in it to drink. So, instead, I made a pot of Earl Grey tea. Charmaine, who had hopped onto the breakfast bar, watched amusedly as I brought out the wine and then put it away.

She thanked me for the tea when I handed it to her before putting it on the countertop and spreading her arms and legs. Taking the hint, I moved between her slender but shapely thighs and pressed my voluptuous breasts against her toned stomach before tilting my head back so she could kiss me with her full, pouting, soft lips. Of course, Patty chose that time to stagger from the living room into the kitchen. Stepping back quickly, I turned to one of my besties and blushed.

"Don't let me drive you from your Sapphic embrace," Patty airily stated. "I quite enjoy those, too." She stumbled closer before muttering, "Dry as a nun's cunt. Need something to drink."

I did it! I just typed that word without having to take a deep breath and almost close my eyes! It helped that this is how Patty typically speaks. Patty, one of my oldest and dearest friends, has always had a rather pithy prose despite being a doctor and my many attempts to clean up her language.

Before Patty could fall over, I guided her to a seat at my kitchen table. I poured her an Earl Grey tea and added a dash of honey, as I knew she liked. Patty sat at the table, holding her head and staring vacantly into space. I put the tea before her and sat beside her. “What’s up, honey?” I asked.

“What makes you think something’s up?” Patty asked, turning her teary, bloodshot eyes to me.

“Let’s see,” I replied. “It’s barely past midday, and you’re sitting in my kitchen, drunk as a skunk and hungover to all heck. You’re crying, angry about something, and about to take it out on me. Oh, and it’s barely past midday, and you’re drunk as a skunk! Patty, you and I have both sworn, at various stages, to stay off the booze, and if we couldn’t, at least not to ever drink enough to get drunk again.”

Patty puffed up as if to give me a mouthful of abuse. But then she realised she was about to fulfil my prediction and deflated almost as quickly. Instead of yelling at me, Patty collapsed, and huge, racking sobs shook her slender frame. “I left home to do the shopping this morning,” she wailed. “I got to the supermarket, put everything on my list in the trolley and went to checkout. But when I went to pay, I realised I’d left my purse at home.”

Patty paused as her sobs took back over. Knowing something had hurt her badly, I sat beside her and moved my chair close enough to hug her. I noticed Charmaine gesturing she’d give Patty some privacy and go to her room. I nodded as Charmaine turned and walked out.

“What happened when you got home, babe?” I asked, guessing whatever happened then was what had set her off.

“I walked into the lounge, and Mason was blowing Billy.”

Mason was our friend Allie’s brother. Mason was a ‘tail-end Charlie’ child, some twelve years younger than Allie and closer to my kids’ age than Allie, Patty or me. Billy was Patty’s husband.

Billy and Patty had never wanted children. Maybe this was my first real clue as to why not. Of course, given my adventures over the last few

months, I was in no position to judge Billy. Billy was the only ‘outsider’ in our group. The rest of us had been friends since we were in primary school. Allie’s husband, Paul, had played in our high school’s First Thirteen with John and Mike.

The problem was that I was in a quandary and had no idea how to respond to Patty’s statement. I mean, Kath and I had a close lesbian relationship. Mike was bisexual, and heck, even my husband, John, had tried sucking a cock, just to see what it felt like. Patty hadn’t seemed to be homophobic, and she certainly wasn’t religious, so that wasn’t the problem.

I imagined coming home unexpectedly and finding Mason blowing John. Would I be bothered? Before my sessions with Edgar Fontaine, I probably would have been. No, actually, there is no ‘probably’ about it. I’d have been equally as devastated as Patty was now.

“Is it that you’re worried that Billy’s gay or that he’s having an affair behind your back, Patty?” I asked.

Patty shook her head. “I knew Billy was gay before we got married,” she announced, shocking me to my core. “It’s that he says he’s done with hiding what we are from everyone and living in a sham marriage. He wants a divorce because he’s going to marry Mason.”

Wow! The punches just kept coming! Then, I filtered through my mind what Patty had said. I started as I realised what she’d indicated. “Wait,” I hesitatingly replied as I ran through her words again to ensure I’d heard correctly. “Patty, are you gay?”

Crying harder, Patty sobbed, “Congratulations, Kate. You’re the last of our group to work it out. It’s only been what? Twenty years?”

“But you and Billy got married right after John and me,” I protested. “You were never amorous with any of us girls, even when we were teenagers, and most of us were experimenting to at least some degree.”

“We married each other because our families were becoming suspicious, Kate. You know what a religious fruitcake my mother is, right? Well, Billy’s

parents attend the same church and are worse. We married to keep them off our backs and to hide what we are."

"But, heck, Patty," I pointed out. "It's the twenty-twenties. Nobody cares these days! You could have come out years ago, and none of us would have cared."

"Thirty million," Patty quietly said.

"Thirty million what?" I asked.

"That's what Billy's and my combined inheritance is worth if we stay married. His parents are pissy enough that we've never produced an heir. I told them it was my fault because I was infertile. That shut them up because divorce is a big no-no in their church. They wanted us to adopt, but smelly nappies, eww!"

"So, you're this upset because you're losing some money?" I asked doubtfully. "Patty, that doesn't sound like you. You're a doctor, for goodness sake! You must have a fairly substantial nest egg."

"John looks after my investments, babe." Patty pointed out. "I'd better have a sizeable nest egg, or I want you to serve me his knackers on a plate!"

"Did you change your accounts over to John's new business?" I queried.

"Not yet," she replied. "I wanted to make sure John could be as good on his own as he was when he was with Pepperstone. I can tell you that my shares aren't producing as much as they were when John managed them."

"A subject for another time," I said, wanting to move our conversation back to what was truly bothering her. "So, Patty, tell me what has actually got you so distraught. No more rubbish about Billy having his cock sucked or red herrings like massive inheritances. Tell me, what's up your flat, bony ass?"

Patty's face crumbled, and fresh sobs burst from her chest. "I don't want to be alone, Kate!" She wailed as I took her back into my embrace. "We

agreed we'd be with each other in our dotage. That we'd look after each other come hell or high water. We were supposed to be each other's rock. The one person the other could always rely on. We're best friends, not lovers. That's how best friends are supposed to be for each other.

That, I could understand. I felt similarly when John and I were having trouble. Yes, I was bothered by the fact that I had no assets or money of my own, but I knew I'd get a large enough divorce settlement to be okay. Things would have been tight until that came through, but my parents would have helped me through until then. The thing I feared most was what had my friend feeling so lost and abandoned. The loss of her best friend, the person she'd never imagined being without. No wonder she was sobbing into my shoulder and crying as if she had no friends and nothing left to live for—she was feeling abandoned. I knew exactly how that felt!

I held my friend until her sobs tapered off, and she sat up. I smiled sympathetically at her before I made a fresh pot of tea and sat it before her. "I'll be back in a second," I told her. "Charmaine and I were going to do something together this afternoon. I want to let her know we'll have to try again tomorrow."

"Don't let me interfere," Patty said, trying to infer she'd go home but not moving from the chair. "I'll grab an Uber and go home."

"You're going nowhere in that state, honey," I told her. "Wait there and drink some tea. It'll help with the dehydration and headache, plus it'll settle your stomach. I'll be back soon."

As I walked to Charmaine's room, I called Kath and explained what was happening. She sympathised with Patty and offered to pick up a change of clothes from Patty's place after she'd finished work and meet us at my place. I told her to grab a few days' worth because I wanted Patty to stay with me for at least this week. Kath agreed that was a good idea and promised to call Courtney, Maggie, and Allie—the rest of our 'girl gang'.

"Hey, gorgeous," I cooed as I entered Jennifer's and Charmaine's rooms. "Sorry about that."

Charmaine came out of the laundrette wearing only a long, sheer muslin cloth dress. She must have put it on whilst she was still wet because it clung to her petite, shapely body, tiny breasts, and slender but toned ass. Her perky, dark mauve nipples, stomach, and belly button ring showed through the cloth, making my mouth run dry and starting my pussy tingle. When she smiled and moved closer to kiss me, her neatly trimmed, black bush pushed against her dress, causing my ‘tingle’ to rise a little higher.

“That’s okay, Miss Kate,” she purred. “Your friend is upset and needs you more than I do at this time.” I smiled proudly at her, realising just how good a person my young lover was. Then Charmaine smiled impishly and added, “Besides, she’s hot! I’m not sure I could trust myself to be appropriate if I remain too close to her.”

I thought about my upset friend sitting in my kitchen. I guess I hadn’t really thought about it, but all my friends are beautiful women. Patty, who could probably make money as Susan Sarandon’s impersonator or body double, was a shade under my 183 cm (6 ft.) height. But whereas I’m a full-bodied woman, Patty is Susan Sarandon rake thin. Patty’s breasts probably aren’t even quite a full A-cup, but they sit proudly on her slender chest, and her nipples have the most amazingly sexy upturned look. It’s like they’re almost begging you to take them between your lips and suckle them.

Her wavy, bottle-augmented, dark brown hair hangs to her mid-back and draws your eyes to her tight, almost perfectly round ass (which it is, despite me insultingly calling it ‘flat’ and ‘bony’ earlier). Long, slender legs flow from her ass’ perfect roundness and end in delicate ankles that frame well-proportioned feet. Her toenails are almost always painted light green to go with the brown sandals she prefers to wear. Patty’s arms are leanly toned, and make clear that her thinness is not only from a restricted diet but also from hours of strenuous exercise. She’s so surprisingly strong that I’ve seen her grip an apple and prise it apart, breaking it perfectly in the middle.

“Patty might not object,” I said archly. Letting that simmer there, I apologised again for missing our proposed rendezvous and left her flatlet, as we were beginning to call it, to return to where my friend waited.

On my way to the kitchen, I stopped by the downstairs bathroom to get some Advil and Panadol. I found some Berocca tablets, and I took those, too. Entering my kitchen, I popped two Advil and two Panadol out onto the table. Then, I grabbed a glass and filled it with water before dropping in one of the tablets. Patty lifted her head off of her hands for long enough to smile a grateful thanks. She used the fizzing liquid from the Berocca glass to swallow the tablets before sighing and letting her head slump onto the table.

She sighed mournfully before saying, “What am I going to do, Kate? My best friend has abandoned me and wants to dissolve our relationship.”

Hugging my distraught friend, I sympathetically replied, “You know I can’t answer that, Patty. All I can do is help and support you as you search for your own answers. But you’re saying that you’ve never found someone with whom you wanted to make a real marriage? There’s no one who stirs your heart and loins?”

“Well, there is someone,” Patty grinned tremulously. “But she’s as straight as they get and is married to the most masculine jock we all know.”

‘Oh, lawd! She’s talking about me!’ I realised. My next thought was quite a selfish one, I’ll admit. It was: ‘Why does this always happen to me?’ However, I couldn’t let that be my final reaction, so I pulled my friend close and hugged her tightly. “You know I love you, Patty Cakes. But I can never be your girl. I won’t swamp you with platitudes like ‘There’s someone out there for all of us’ or, ‘There’s plenty of fish in the sea’. Just know that I know you hurt, and I’m here for you.”

Patty hugged me convulsively as her tears poured again. I held my dear friend close and pretended not to notice as her nipples tented against mine and her hands gently brushed the undersides of my gorgeous globes. Patty was needful, but rebound sex with someone who could never return her affections as she needed them returned wouldn’t help.

After about twenty minutes, Patty sniffed and leaned back. Seeing that her hands now cupped my luscious breasts, Patty blushed, removed them, and vaguely apologised. “Sorry, Kate. I got lost in the moment there.”

Fortunately, I was saved by Kath and Courtney knocking and then sweeping into the room carrying bags. Kath had packed more than the overnight bag I'd asked for. In fact, it looked like she'd brought Patty's entire wardrobe.

Remembering how much luggage she'd brought for our four days together, almost all of which was returned to her car unopened, I said, "Which one's got Patty's kitchen sink? I'll unpack that one down here."

"Hey, girls!" Patty almost joyfully exclaimed as Kath ignored me. "When was the last time we were all together? Kath's fortieth?" Then her mouth downturned, and she added, "I guess Kate told you that me and Billy are having problems."

"Of course, she told us, Patty," Courtney dismissed. "I'd have been pissed at her if she hadn't." She looked around before adding, "Maggie's picking up Allie, and they're getting Chinese. They'll be here about five-thirty." Taking another glance around, she said, "What's a breakdown without wine? Kate, you're being slack!"

"I think someone's had way too much wine!" I said primly.

"Gawd!" Patty exclaimed. "After what happened when I got here, I'm not sure I can ever look a bottle of wine in the eye again!"

"What happened?" Courtney, ever the stirrer, asked.

"Nothing more than what happens when a woman's having marital problems," I tried to explain as at the same time, Patty said, "I puked my guts up everywhere. Luckily, Kate got a bucket in time."

"Then you definitely need more wine," Courtney announced as she pulled out the bottle I'd prepared for Charmaine and me to share. "A bit of the old 'hair of the dog' will pick you right up!"

I knew it was a wasted effort to try and convince Courtney to leave well enough alone, so I remained quiet as she opened the bottle and poured four glasses. After pouring the wine, Courtney checked my pantry and selected

four more bottles. One she put in the freezer so it would chill before we finished the first bottle. The rest went in the fridge.

“Stop being a mother hen and drink your wine, Kate,” Courtney insisted. “I swear, you’re the oldest thirty-nine-year-old I’ve ever met.”

“Not yet!” I huffed.

“Not yet, what?” Courtney asked.

“I’m not thirty-nine yet,” I clarified.

“Pedantics!” Courtney grinned. “Now give me a kiss and drink your wine!”

After some more joking and teasing, I had to admit that Courtney was right and I was wrong. Patty had thrown off her funk and was laughing, playing, and joking with the rest of us. I watched, but Patty was taking only small sips from her glass and hadn’t completed even a third of it before Courtney was opening a second bottle, replacing that one from the freezer with another.

The laughs and jokes continued until Allie and Maggie arrived. Then we shifted to the lounge and sat on the floor with our backs against the various sofas and sofa chairs. I’d gotten plates and serving spoons out but didn’t bother with cutlery because we were all competent with chopsticks.

Soon it was just like a regular Friday night (except it was Monday) when we were all at uni. Well, they were at uni. John and I were living in a tiny flat in Mount Gravatt, struggling to pay rent and eat while they all went to their courses. The girls would come to ours every Friday night with beer, soft drinks for me, wine and way more food than we could possibly eat, then leave the extra food and drinks in our fridge when they left. It was often the only food we had to eat for the week. John would be at Mike’s for the night. He’d often come home laden down with extra food Mike’s mother had cooked.

Later, after John had graduated, started working for Pepperstone and received his first promotion, we bought our first home, a modest three-

bedroom house in Lota, Brisbane, and the party shifted to there.

“Lawd,” Patty sighed. “Don’t you wish we all still smoked? I’d kill for a fag right now.” Then she remembered, “Kate, you were the last of us to stop. I don’t suppose you’ve still got a pack stashed somewhere?”

“I do,” I deadpanned. Helping mom clean out some drawers, I’d found an ancient pack of the old ‘cigarette lollies’ that Hershey used to make. They were a white candy tube with some red food dye on the end. You sucked the end away from the dye and pretended to ‘smoke’. I’d brought them home because I knew this very situation would occur one day.

“Well, what are you waiting for?” Courtney asked excitedly as Kath, Allie, and Maggie tried to deter me.

Smiling enigmatically, I went to the ‘junk’ drawer in my kitchen cabinets and searched through it. I found the packet right at the back and on the bottom. Taking them and a packet of matches out, I turned the kitchen lights out and stood in the semi-dark and ‘lit’ one. Then, pretending to take an extensive drag, I tilted my head back and sexily ‘blew the smoke’ towards the ceiling.

“Bitch!” Patty yelled. “Bring those here!”

I mimicked taking another drag before complying. Walking past Patty, I dropped the ‘cigarettes’ in her lap before taking my place in the circle. She eagerly snapped them up and opened them before bursting into laughter. Taking one and passing the rest along, Patty accepted the matches and mimed lighting hers, too. Everyone joined the laughter as they realised that Patty and I were ‘smoking’ lollies. Shortly, we had put the Chinese aside and were lying in a circle, facing each other as we ‘smoked’, laughed, told jokes, and insulted each other.

Tommy and Jennifer had both come home. Tommy took one look at the six of us giggling in our lounge and immediately phoned Gina. Taking Jennifer and Charmaine, he wisely abandoned the house for the night.

The night drew on as we six friends sheltered, helped and mended Patty's shattered heart. Towards midnight, Kath announced that she had work tomorrow and needed to go home. Courtney had come with her, so she needed to go, too. Maggie and I walked those two to the door, and we all exchanged hugs and kisses before the girls left.

Returning to the lounge, I saw Patty and Allie engaged in a full-on snog. I mean, this wasn't a loving, friends-only kiss. This was a rampant, passionate, ragingly erotic lover's snog. Things shifted in my mind, and I realised how naïve I'd been. "You two have been lovers since high school, haven't you?" I asked, knowing it was true.

Not bothering to deny it, Allie and Patty kissed again, and Patty said, "Yes. You, Kath and Courtney are the only straight ones in our group."

Smiling, Maggie kissed Allie passionately.

"Paul?" I asked Allie as I dumbfoundedly watched Maggie and Allie snog, staggered that another of my friends since high school was bisexual or lesbian.

"Doesn't know and doesn't need to know I'm bisexual and that Patty, Maggie and I are lovers."

I wasn't too bothered by it. In fact, it only made me love them more and helped me to feel better about my own sexual proclivities. What I struggled to understand was why I'd never figured it out before. I was amazed at my naivety and inability to see beyond the surface of our group. I felt sad because it didn't seem I was as close to Maggie, Patty, and Allie as I thought I was. However, it then occurred to me that Patty, in her grief and despair, had come to me. Then my thoughts turned down again—maybe I was the mother hen Courtney described me as.

Looking at the time, Maggie and Allie disengaged from Patty and stood. Patty and I stood up, too. Holding hands, Maggie and Allie kissed Patty and me before looking embarrassedly at me. "Umm," Maggie said. "I told Chris I was staying with Patty tonight and wouldn't be home."

“I told Paul the same thing,” Allie added.

“Can we use one of the spare rooms to stay the night?” Maggie finished.

Even after combining the guestroom with the first spare bedroom, I still had three extra rooms. I used one as my craft room, leaving two unused rooms. They were of a similar size, i.e. huge, and both had king-sized beds in them. I had little else to do most of the time, so the rooms were kept spotless, and I stripped and remade the beds regularly, opening the windows to air the rooms out when I did.

“Sure,” I replied. “Do you want one or two rooms?”

Blushing, Allie replied, “One will be fine. But we’ll need to change the sheets tomorrow.”

Shaking my head and laughing, I took a couple of Patty’s bags as the girls grabbed the rest and showed them to the room. When I opened the door, I noticed the room smelled a little stale. It was a warm night but not warm enough to need the air conditioner, so I opened the windows to air out the room. The girls had stayed here plenty of times before, so they were unsurprised by the room’s opulence.

I kissed all three girls goodnight, getting my ass, breasts, and pussy groped as I did it. But that was typical of the teasing and hazing we subjected each other to, so I wasn’t surprised or bothered by it. Then I left them to it and moved two doors down to my bedroom.

After taking a quick shower, I stood in my en suite and carefully rubbed moisturiser into every centimetre of skin I had. With the flexibility exercises I do with Patrick, there isn’t a piece of my sublime body I can’t touch. Knowing my bladder would wake me earlier than I wanted, I tinkled, carefully cleaned myself, and got into bed. Using the remote to turn off the lights, I stretched my hand across to where my husband should have been sleeping. Feeling a little teary, I bunched a pillow up and rolled onto my side to sleep.

An hour later, I lay on my back, staring at the ceiling. ‘I must soundproof that room,’ I told myself for the twentieth since Patty’s, Maggie’s and Allie’s cries of passion began echoing down the hall. I’d done that with the girl’s flatlet, but I never thought the other two rooms needed doing, too.

Giving in to the inevitable, I opened my bedside drawer and got my vibrator out. Throwing the covers aside, I lifted my knees and let them fall apart. After rubbing some skin lotion onto my pussy with my delving fingers and playing with my thick, swollen clitoris, I picked the vibrator up and turned its base, waiting for the reassuring buzz that would let me know relief was close. And, wouldn’t you know it? The darned thing wouldn’t work!

Wanting to scream, I counted back how long it had been since I last slept alone and needed to relieve myself. ‘Flat darned batteries!’ I muttered to myself. Sighing, I turned the lights on, put on my robe, and walked to the kitchen, where I knew I had some double-A batteries.

Returning to my room, I paused at the door to my friends’ room, where they were still making love noisily. Shaking, I gripped the door handle, wanting to join them. After arguing with myself, I agreed that I wouldn’t join them, but a quick peek would be okay. It will help me climax quicker, that’s all, I told myself. Slowly opening the door enough to peer in, I looked toward the bed. Allie was lying on her back with Patty lying on her. Patty’s tiny breasts with their sharply upturned nipples were pressed tightly to Allie’s double D-cups as they exchanged heated kisses. Patty wasn’t moving as Allie powerfully thrust up into her with a strap-on cock.

I almost gasped before I caught myself, but then my mind was completely blown when I saw Maggie knee-walk up behind Patty and insert her strap-on into the slender woman’s ass. This time, I did gasp, causing the three to stop and turn toward the door. Fortunately, the door was only open a fraction, and I could close it before their heads completed their turns.

Running quickly but quietly to my room, I dove inside, shut the door, and turned off the light. Flinging my robe behind me, I leapt onto the bed, grabbed and hid my vibrator, and pulled the bedding up to my chin. However, it was all for naught because no one followed me. I waited until I was sure I hadn’t been spotted and then giggled at myself for reacting like I

used to do when I was a teenager and thought I'd been busted spying on my parents making love. Pushing the quilt down, I lifted and spread my knees again.

Taking out the toy's flat batteries, I replaced them and turned the base. When it began buzzing, I sighed happily. I wandered through my usual fantasies, looking for the one that would lift me off the edge and into a climax. And, of course, none of them worked. Amused by my stubbornness, I let my mind picture the gorgeously erotic scene I'd glimpsed through the door. A soft moan immediately escaped my lips as I imagined being where Patty was, is still, probably. I pictured my lush breasts rubbing sexily across Allie's double D-cups as our turgid nipples sent exhilarating thrills through our bodies to our soaking pussies.

Slipping the vibrator inside me, I searched for my G-spot as I thumbed my throbbing clit. Finding it, I moaned again and returned to my fantasy. Panting as I felt my beautiful friend thrusting her penis into my quivering quim, I shuddered in anticipation as I felt my gorgeous blonde-headed lover move closer to my deliciously swaying posterior. Suddenly, Maggie's cock probed at my rear love hole. I moaned as, with little resistance, it slid slowly into me, joining the other cock already thrusting into my needy body.

My climax hit when my fantasy created Patty's soft lips encircling my puffy nipple and biting gently. Holding a pillow over my mouth, I squealed as my pussy fluids coated my circling right hand. Feeling relaxed, I bunched the pillow up again, rolled onto my side, and fell asleep despite the continuing sounds of lovemaking emanating from the girls' room.

Sleep was good. Time passed. I have no idea how much.

"Hmm," I sighed as I cupped the back of the head between my shapely thighs and held it against my pussy. A soft, warm tongue was slowly, deliciously exploring my labia and delving inside my wet entrance. I was still mostly asleep, and my mind assumed it was one of my girls who was lapping eagerly at my sopping vulva.

Soft lips and delicate fingers found my puffy nipples, and I moaned again. I waited, hoping that either Tommy's long, thick and throbbing cock would push against my lips or that greedy feminine lips would. I wasn't disappointed when it was soft feminine lips. Typically, that meant one of my girls was on their hands and knees on the bed's edge with Tommy buried to his big, manly balls in their steaming vaginas. My turn to be impaled by his rigid shaft would come soon.

I moaned again and arched my back off the bed, pushing my needy pussy up at the invading tongue and trying to push more of my generous globe into the softly sucking mouth on my nipple.

"I can't believe how enthusiastically she's responding," Maggie whispered from between my lasciviously spread thighs.

"Shh, she thinks she's dreaming still," Allie admonished, releasing my turgid nipple from her mouth.

"Maybe," Patty added as she lifted from my plump, bee-stung lips. "However, by her enthusiastic response, this isn't the first time she's experienced Sapphic love."

"I told you I saw her sneaking a peek," Maggie grinningly said.

"You did," Patty agreed. "And I told you I thought I heard Kate gasp."

"I did sneak a peek and gasp," I admitted as I grabbed a handful of Patty's long, dark brown hair and pulled her down to kiss her again. "I wanted to join in but was afraid you wouldn't want me to."

"Why wouldn't we want you to, Kate?" Allie wonderingly asked. "We three have had a crush on you since high school, and Maggie and I have fancied John for almost as long."

"He's such a sweetheart that I'd fuck him, too," Patty confessed.

'Hmm,' I thought, 'My husband is many things, but other than to me, I'm not sure 'sweetheart' is a word to describe him. Strong, manly, focused,

positive and driven, those were words I'd use. Sweetheart, not so much.'

Patty saw my doubt and added, "He is," she assured me. "The way he dotes on you and is so protective of the rest of us. It shows what a real sweetheart he is on the inside. Bit of a slut on the outside," she added with a grin.

The sudden fear that he'd fucked or tried to fuck my friends must have shown on my face because, in a rush, they all exclaimed, "Not with us!"

"He'd never do that to you, Kate," Patty stated unequivocally. "And if he tried, nor would any of us let him."

Acknowledging I heard the truth in their assertions by smiling, I tugged on Patty's luscious locks and pulled her down for a kiss. Our kiss started as a soft, loving embrace between two dear friends, but when Maggie's mouth covered my soaking entrance and her tongue stabbed into it, it quickly evolved into a full-on passionate snog. My climax came swiftly when Allie's knowledgeable lips alternated firm bites, nips and sucks across my firm double-D breasts.

After screaming my orgasm into Patty's mouth, I wanted to share my bliss, so pushing Patty away, I dragged Allie up and rained kisses across her pretty face. Allie is the only natural blonde in our group. Shorter than the rest of us and quite plump, Allie's breasts look massive on her short frame. She's at least a double-D, as I am, but on a woman who is barely 163 cm (5 ft .4 in.) tall, she looks top heavy. I've joked that if Allie fell face forward, she'd bounce straight back to her feet.

However, despite being a little plump, Allie has a streamlined face, an upturned pixie nose, a small mouth almost always turned into an impish smile, and a pointy chin. Her teeth are white and even, and she has naturally coral-coloured lips. Although Allie shouldn't wear midi tops because her soft belly bulges slightly over her trousers, she has shape—40-26-36. Allie's thighs are perhaps surprisingly unblemished by cellulite and taper to shapely knees and ankles.

With her startling blue eyes, Allie was a huge favourite of the boys at our school. Boys she delighted in causing to chase her before she turned them

down flat. If, very early on, Kath and I had chosen Mike and John to be our future husbands, almost as early Allie had chosen Paul. However, Allie's pursuit of Paul took much longer than Kath's and my pursuit of our husbands. They didn't marry until after Paul had married Sigrid Thornton. Sigrid, other than perhaps me, was the most beautiful girl in high school. Sigrid was a Queen B bitch! They divorced after about five years, with Sigrid taking poor Paul to the cleaners.

Unfazed by Paul's marriage, Allie had 'played the field', waiting for what she knew would be their marriage's inevitable demise. When it came, Allie immediately took back up with Paul, and after merely berating him for being a fool, she set about rebuilding his confidence, career, and fortune. It's been close to fifteen years since they got married. John manages their investment portfolio, and now that I'm handling things whilst he's away, I checked. John has lifted their initial one hundred thousand dollar investment to almost four hundred thousand. They, too, are well on their way to being millionaires.

Grinning at the thoughts racing through my mind and wondering why I'd think them when hedonistic pleasure was so near, I spread my gorgeously toned thighs and welcomed Allie between them. As I hoped, she still wore her strap-on. Allie pushed her hips forward, but it required Maggie to reach between us before it slowly, deliciously parted my dripping pussy lips and slid inside me. I sighed happily as Allie braced herself on her hands and lifted her lusciously large melons off mine to allow Maggie access to them. Holding herself braced, Allie began firmly stroking her '6-inch cock' into my slippery vulva.

Reaching with my toned, shapely arms and delicate hands, I grabbed Patty by her long, dark-brown locks and dragged her down for another kiss. We passionately kissed as Maggie's mouth danced a delightful jig across my breasts, and her hands caressed and stroked Allie's.

"Taste me, Kate?" Patty pleaded.

I nodded eagerly, and Allie shifted onto her knees and lifted my knees up and apart to give Patty room. Swinging her slender thigh over my head, Patty pulled her clitoral hood back and slowly, tantalisingly, lowered her

tight but soaking pussy onto my mouth. I sighed again as I tasted her sweet apricot and lemon-tasting vagina. Patty moaned encouragement as my tongue bathed her from just short of her tiny dark star to her small, stiff clitty.

“I think this bitch has been holding out on us, girls,” Patty stated with a grin. “Mine is not the first pussy our little slut Kate has eaten.”

It wasn’t, but I wasn’t ready to confess that yet. Besides, it sounds like these three had been sharing passion and joy since we were teenagers, and I’d tried pussy for the first time less than ten months ago. And even then, I wasn’t aware of it until some weeks later. My first real taste had been of my daughter’s, I remembered with a guilty start.

“Dp?” Maggie asked.

“I get her ass!” Allie demanded as she rolled off me.

Maggie lay where Allie had just vacated, and the girls tried to roll me onto her. But, with the ‘slut imperative’ raging through me, it wasn’t what I wanted. Pushing them away, I stood and stepped over Maggie’s reclined form. Taking some lube out of my top drawer, I quickly oiled my rear passage and Maggie’s ‘cock’. Then, standing astride her, I squatted down. Patty realised what I was doing and held Maggie’s ‘cock’ so it faced the ceiling, ready for me to impale myself on it.

Then, with only a soft grunt when Maggie’s ‘cock’ parted my knot, I accepted Maggie’s fake penis inside my tight ass. When my luxuriantly curvy buns hit Maggie’s abdomen, I pulled my feet out from under me and leaned back so I could rest on my hands, which were placed beside Maggie’s body on the bed.

Stunned, Patty and Allie stared at each other. “Holding out, indeed,” Allie muttered before pretending to whine, “Aww! But I wanted her ass!”

“After this, I’m fucking yours,” I firmly stated as I spread my knees, offering my delectably juicy pussy to Patty and Allie.

The girls grinned at each other and dived. Patty shouldered Allie as she dove. Although Allie would have outweighed the slender Patty by quite a margin, Allie was unprepared for Patty's sudden shove, and protesting loudly, she fell off the bed onto the floor. Laughing at Allie's sworn complaints, Patty spread my pussy lips and exposed my thick, throbbing clitoris. Gazing hungrily at her treat, Patty licked her lips before lowering her head onto it.

"Oh, Lawd!" I moaned as Patty's tongue battered my divine nub.

With Maggie slowly pumping into my tight ass from below as she slowly rolled my puffy nipples between her thumbs and forefingers and Patty gorging herself on my pouring juices, it didn't take long before I exploded into a mind-expanding orgasm. My head tilted back, and I shrieked my pleasure to the ceiling as my entire body shook and shuddered. I didn't think anything could be better until Patty moved aside, and Allie slid her thick 6-inch strap-on cock into my blazingly hot, soakingly wet pussy.

I gasped and shuddered harder until I felt the rubber end of Allie's 'cock' press firmly against my clitoris and rotate. Then, mind and body blown, I screamed in ecstasy as another cataclysmic orgasmic eruption thundered through my quaking body.

I must have temporarily slipped from this world because when I awoke, my nether regions felt vaguely empty. I lay on my back with my head cradled on Patty's thighs. Maggie and Allie lay on their sides, their bodies pressed against mine, and their soft, delicate, gifted hands slowly stroked my skin, carefully avoiding my breasts and pussy. The erotic petting immediately caused the tingle that still tickled my thick clit to ignite, and it began burning with desire again. Fresh arousal flowed from my tight, slippery vulva.

Smiling down at me, Patty said, "Back with us, I see." She grinned widely as she held up my strap-on, "Somebody's been keeping secrets," she teased. "Well, unless your husband's become a pussy and likes being pegged?"

I smiled and decided to relate some of my story. It seemed Edgar's prohibition from telling anyone had been broken or overcome. I started with

my first visit and how, on my way home, I kept smelling something I assumed was pussy juice. I explained how horny it made me and how I couldn't wait to get home. Of course, throughout my story, I omitted my many incestuous acts with my children. I left out any mention of Kathy's and my shenanigans, too. Her story was hers to tell. I realised, however, that our friends knew us well enough to guess at least that the 'girlfriend' I'd gone to the Sunny Coast with was probably Kath.

The girls looked at me disbelievingly at the end of my abbreviated tale. The only part they knew of was my kidnap and rape by Frank the Tiny Dick and his dickhead mates. They were wholly unaware of the rest. I laughed as they exchanged shocked looks. Patty summed up their disbelief when she gasped, "But, Kate, Katey, Kaitlyn, you're always such a prude and so prim and proper. How did that girl go to Kate the Bisexual Megaslut in so short a time?"

"Edgar Fontaine," I informed them smugly. "When I went to see him to cure my nicotine addiction, Edgar took it upon himself to make me sexually free. To rid me of my uptightness and allow me to express my sexuality freely."

"So he could fuck you?" Maggie asked, disgusted by the thought.

"Edgar's gay," I denied. "His receptionist, Liz Donnelly, is bisexual, though."

"The one who rubbed her wet pussy on your lips when you were hypnotised," Maggie questioned. I confirmed her assumption. "You should have them charged with rape, Kate" she asserted.

"With what evidence?" I asked. "Besides, although I was angry enough to chew nails and spit bullets at them when I worked it out, I've had more fun in the nine-something months since my first session than ever before! John and I are having fun and exploring together. So all in all, I'd say what Edgar gave me was worth way more than what it cost me."

"John sucks cocks, now?" Maggie asked. "I'm trying to convince Chris to try it, but he's reluctant. If I can show him that John, the manliest man we

all know, sucks them, he'll probably try, too."

I shook my head. "John says he tried it once and didn't enjoy it, and I'm not particularly interested in seeing it happen, so it's no big deal."

"Damn!" Maggie grinned. "I hoped to see John sucking Chris' cock."

Chris, Maggie's husband, had always been on the periphery of our group. Not gifted enough athletically to be a jock and not intelligent enough to be a nerd, Chris was a middling student. He got two games as a reserve for the school's Second Thirteen, but never progressed beyond there. Chris studied hard but rarely received better than a B+ for his efforts. It seemed no matter how hard he tried, Chris couldn't break out of his mediocrity.

That was until he went to University. In chemistry, he found his niche. Not as the star that found or created new chemicals or new combinations of, but as the guy willing to do the grunt work. To sift through the unsuccessful and inert mixes to find the one speck of gold amongst the chaff that mass combinations of multiple chemicals create. Chris is a chemical engineer for Incitec in Murarrie, on the Brisbane River. He earns an income in the low one hundred thousands.

Maggie, who lived in the same area as Kath and me when we were growing up and often joined us for afternoon play time (not that kind, you wishful b ... ds), is an accountant who works for Moreton Bay Ford in Capalaba, in The Redlands, a suburb abutting Brisbane.

My friend Maggie is another beautiful woman. Around an average woman's height of 167 cm (5-ft. 5), Maggie is a natural redhead who colours her hair to burgundy. She has sparkling green eyes, pale skin, and delightful freckles sprinkled across her face and décolletage. Burning quickly in the sun, Maggie tends to avoid all sports and beach days. She has a natural-looking body, not fit and toned as Kath and I are, nor slender like Patty or chubby like Allie. Her breasts are perhaps a little saggy and need support. She's probably a little more than a B-cup but less than a full C. Maggie's best features are her sparkling eyes, ready smile, and infectious giggle.

I took my strap-on from Patty and lifted my hips so I could buckle it in place, and slide the double-end into my steaming pussy. Patty hadn't put a 'cock' in the harness yet, so I took the three that I had out. Showing Allie the thickest and longest, an 8-inch monster with a purple, bulbous head, I smiled and said, "I seem to remember promising to fuck you in your ass after I'd climaxed. With this one, I think!"

Allie paled and vigorously shook her head. "No way!" She exclaimed.

Teasing her, Patty grabbed her wrists as Maggie grabbed her ankles. Stripping her strap-on off, we flipped Allie onto her stomach, and Patty lay across her lower back as Maggie held Allie's feet, holding her still. Putting the smallest dildo into the harness's pouch, I applied lube to it and Allie's rear love hole.

Allie tried to fight us girls off until I growled, "Hold still, or I'll shove the whole thing in without preparing your ass!"

Everyone went quiet and didn't move when I yelled. Allie stopped fighting and burst out laughing. "Mrs Kaitlyn Ashley Muggleton, I swear you sounded just like your mother when you shouted that."

Laughing with them, I replied, "I hope like heck my mother has never offered to shove her 'cock' into your unprepared ass!"

We all rolled about laughing. It seemed fitting—yes, we'd become lovers, but we were primarily childhood friends who enjoyed each other's company. Shared memories and experiences made us closer than mere lovers could ever be.

I don't know what time we finally stopped coupling and tripling our bodies together, but my alarm woke me way before I wanted to be awake. I'd slept spooned to Allie, with Patty sandwiched between her and Maggie.

Struggling with my typically recalcitrant bladder, I was grateful that I could slip out of bed without having to disentangle myself from my lovers. After taking care of business, I showered, did my hair and makeup, put my silk robe on, and made my way to my kitchen. After making coffee, I idly

scrolled through my various social media pages and waited for my friends to appear.

None of them had appeared by the time I needed to dress and open the office, so I returned to my bedroom. I had a lunch date with the handsome, if still somewhat diffident, Freddy today and wanted to ensure I looked sexy and glamorous for the young man.

Trawling through my extensive wardrobe, I found my dark blue Cami crop top m-split maxi-skirt set. The skirt sat low on my hips, exposing my sunburst belly button ring and revealing vast amounts of my long, tanned, shapely legs. The matching crop top was barely more than a bra and exposed most of my décolletage. The cups covered my nipples but wouldn't if I caused my breasts to bounce excessively. I added a short black blazer to add some decency to the outfit. I wore my black, high-heeled, pointy-toed ankle boots to complete my look.

Only Patty was still in bed when I'd returned to my room. I guessed Allie and Maggie were taking showers because I heard water running in my en suite. Patty confirmed my guess by saying, "Allie's in your shower, and Maggie's using the main bathroom. I've called work and asked for a week's stress leave. If you don't mind, I'd like to stay here for a few more days while I get my head together." Then, after I'd finished dressing, she wolf-whistled and added, "Got a hot date today. Katekins? You look good, girl! Like, you look **damned** good!"

"She sure does," Allie echoed as she exited the en suite, drying her hair.

"Who looks ... wow!" Maggie stammered as she walked into the room. "Jaysus, Kate! You are any red-blooded man or woman's wet dream!"

Thanks for the compliments, girls." I grinned as I pirouetted so they could see me from all sides and then added, "Eat your hearts out, bitches!"

Maggie grabbed my ass as Allie slid her hand inside the m-slit. "You're not wearing panties, you slut!" Allie gasped as Maggie shouted something similar.

“Jealous much?” I giggled before turning serious and saying, “Patty, you’re welcome to stay as long as you need to. Maggie and Allie, you know you’re welcome anytime, so get your flabby asses here more often, will you? Especially until Patty’s got her life sorted. Now, there’s plenty of yoghurt, fruit, etc., in the fridge for your breakfasts, but I have to open the office, check for phone and email messages, and see if John’s left anything for me to do. After that, Tommy’s friend, Freddy, you girls all know him, is taking me to lunch. So, I repeat, eat your hearts out, bitches!” Laughing, I exaggerated my hip sway as I walked from the room.

“Still the hottest bitch any of us know,” Patty enviously muttered as I left.

“Yeah, but none of us would have believed how big a slut she is until last night,” Allie musingly added. “She said John’s away for close to another month yet, right? I think we’ll be here for at least part of most nights until then.”

Whatever else was said was lost as I walked down the stairs and across to the office.

Entering the office, I went through the usual opening regime. Once everything was set, I checked my messages and emails. There were no phone messages, but there were several emails from John outlining some stock movements he wanted me to make. John could easily have done them from his laptop in Hamburg, but this was more training for me. I knew John didn’t want me just to do the exchanges; he wanted me to track them and learn why he’d made them.

So, after entering each variable, I studied the result. I quickly learnt that John had replaced stocks that had reached their current cycle’s peak, and although they were holding steady, their next movement would be a temporary dip as investors consolidated their gains, much as we were doing now.

The trick, however, the one that made my husband so good, was knowing when stocks had taken a lull and would soon begin rising again and those that had peaked and would temporarily move backward in price. Smiling, I bought and sold the shares John wanted me to, and I watched all the clients’

accounts with these shares in their portfolios turn upward or further upward, as the case may be.

I'd completed all the share trades that John wanted me to do, and even though the office looked clean, I decided to vacuum and wipe down the flat surfaces anyway. Shrugs, it was something to do. About halfway through that chore, the doorbell chimed as I leaned over to get the vacuum's head under the sofa. I stayed bent over so whoever it was could admire my sheerly covered, sexy ass and long shapely legs breaking through the m-splits. After waiting for a time for them to say something to get my attention, I stood and turned to the door.

Pretending I hadn't heard the doorbell over the vacuum, I started and said, "Oh, hello there. I didn't hear you come in. How may I help you?"

"I got the email saying your husband is away," the short, dapper, older gentleman standing just in the door said, which, of course, told me nothing.

"I'm glad our mail merge program is working correctly," I said with a smile.

"You don't remember me, do you, Mrs Muggleton?"

I rifled through my memories but drew a blank. "No, I'm sorry, I don't," I said, turning my smile into a seductive one and holding my hand out. "Kate Muggleton at your service. May I know your name?"

"James Squire," the handsome older man said as he bowed over my hand and kissed its back. "That smile you're wearing is what caused me to blink and lose the Thompson Estate account."

I remembered now. When he still worked for Pepperstone, John pitched his team's services to Marjorie Thompson, the Thompson Estate's matriarch. James and his crew were next to be interviewed. I knew that John had brought me to flummox and bamboozle James. As we waited, John ran overtime on purpose so that James and his crew would be in the waiting area with me.

When James and his crew entered, I ignored the rest of his men and set about visually seducing the older man. I ran through my entire repertoire of flirts. I began with the wide-eyed, innocent look and finished by accidentally dropping my phone. When I bent to pick it up, I treated James to a delicious view of my unfettered, gorgeously mounded globes, which were almost bursting from my low-cut top. Then, as I straightened, I ‘dropped’ it again. Facing away from James this time, I bent, keeping my knees straight and let James ogle my shapely, barely-covered ass. He definitely saw the tops of my stockings and the suspenders holding them. He may even have seen a flash of my pussy hairs springing from the thong panties barely covering my entrance.

John heard later, from one of James’ crew who had defected to John’s, that James was so befuddled he spoke little but gibberish for the first part of his presentation and that Marjorie was so disgusted that she kicked them out before they could finish. John got the account.

Smiling as I ‘embarrassedly blushed’, I asked, “You’re not here for revenge, I hope?” I opened my eyes as wide as possible as I bent my right knee and lifted my right heel off the ground. Swinging my knee back and forth seductively, I twirled the hair beside my face with my right forefinger. Then I ‘giggled nervously’ and added, “So, Mister Squire, what can little ole me do for you?”

James chuckled at my antics. However, although I kept my eyes on his, my peripheral vision showed that his trousers were severely tented. “I’m not here for revenge, Kate,” James assured me. “That little episode showed me that my time had come, and it was time for me to bow gracefully from the arena. I retired not too long after that day. Once I had, I shifted all of my investments to your husband’s control, and now I’ve followed him to here, Muggleton Consultancy.

“I figured any man who could attract and control a woman such as yourself was worthy of my custom, friendship and respect. Please, Kate, I’d like to be your friend, and although I’m enjoying your flirtatious behaviour, it’s difficult to adjust myself discreetly standing as I am, and it’s getting uncomfortable.”

Seeing the broad smile on James' face, I stood straighter and laughed. "Come on, James," I took his arm and guided him to the sofa, "have a seat, and I'll get us a drink. That will give you time to adjust yourself without me watching. Would you like a cup of tea or coffee? Water or a soft drink, perhaps?"

"Do you have Earl Grey?" James asked. "A dash of milk and a squeeze of lemon, if you do."

"I'll make a pot," I offered. "The service can get the phones." I swung my hips seductively as I walked to the partition. I got out a teapot and added some leaves. Then, using the 'permaflow' boiling water system John had gotten installed, I filled it. After spinning it back and forth three times as my mother had taught me, I got down our tea service and brought them across to James. Setting the cups and saucers before him, I sliced a lemon into wedges, added a small pot of honey, and put them on a serving plate. Finally, I poured some full cream milk into a little jug before putting everything on a tray and taking it to the table.

"So beautiful, so graceful, and so gracious," James breathed as I sat. "John is a lucky man!"

I smiled with genuine warmth at James' gracious words. "Yes, he is," I answered truthfully. "But I'm a lucky woman, and I think I got the better end of the bargain."

I picked up the teapot and, turning so my expansive bosom brushed his upper arm, poured the tea. I allowed James to add milk and lemon to his taste before adding a tiny dab of honey to my black tea.

James smiled at me over his cup and said, "You're not helping with my discomfort."

I chuckled throatily and replied, "Yes, but I do so enjoy my power over men, and isn't it a nice discomfort?"

James smiled and admitted it was. I turned my gaze away from him to give him a chance to adjust himself again before saying, "You still haven't told

me why you've blessed me with your presence this morning."

"I was hoping you'd let me take you to dinner Friday evening, Kate," was James' surprising answer.

I was so surprised that I almost blurted that I'd need my son's permission before saying yes. Fortunately, I managed to change 'son' for John in time. I was allowed to play with the many women I'd already been with whenever I liked because John and Tommy knew that even though I enjoyed sex with women, I wasn't and would never be a lesbian. I could only play with my previous male partners with permission from one of my protectors.

New lovers, especially male ones, needed to be approved by John or my son before I had sex with them. They both realised that without their powerful hands on my sexy bottom guiding my path, I tended to stray into increasingly sluttish behaviour. My submissive nature combined with Edgar's still active if somewhat sublimated 'slut imperative' almost guaranteed I'd readily fall into casual sex with powerful, dominant people. As I've explained in an earlier piece, if someone using a powerfully deep, baritone voice tells me to suck, I'll be on my knees and doing it before I realise I shouldn't be.

James looked at me speculatively after I said I'd need my husband's permission before allowing him to take me to dinner. I could see his sharp mind sifting through reasons why I'd say that. "You're submissive to your husband," James stated. I refused to acknowledge him, but, unfortunately, my head dipped, and my eyes lowered. "Interesting," James murmured as he observed my actions and thought some more. "Does he allow you to play with others?" he asked.

"That's a discussion to be had between him and you," I said dutifully.

"Ahh, but my dear Kate, that wasn't 'no', was it?" James smilingly said.

'Darn a smart man's logic!' I thought. I realised I was 'Hoist with my own petard', so I smiled enigmatically and remained quiet.

James swallowed the last of his tea and stood. “Thank you for the tea, conversation and company, my darling Kate,” James charmingly said. “I get so little of any of those since my beloved Annie passed. I shall wait until midday in Hamburg and call your husband to ask permission to take you to dinner and maybe more.”

James held my hands and gazed longingly into my eyes. He leaned towards me, so I met him halfway, but with my face turned so he could only kiss my cheek. Chuckling fondly, James squeezed my hands and said, “Until Friday, my darling Kate.”

I accompanied James to the door and smiled goodbye when he left. Sitting back at my computer, I shook my head, wondering how I kept getting myself into these situations. Not only did I have lovers piling up at my door, but I was stockpiling future ones as if I were a farmer filling his barns, worried about the next flood or drought. I had no doubt that John would let James take me to dinner and that James would use his dominant personality to entice me into his bed.

Things were uneventful until nearly ten a.m. I was following the changes I’d made at John’s behest and marvelling at how those I’d changed grew steadily in value, and although the gains weren’t huge, they were sustainable for at least the medium term. As I watched, my email program dinged to tell me I had a new message. Opening it, I saw it was from Krissy. I opened the attachment and gasped. John held Krissy’s phone as he recorded her sucking his magnificent cock.

Arousal flared in my already tingling pussy, and it was all I could do not to pull my feet up onto the desk and rub my hot, wet slit as I watched Krissy’s show. John had only begun recording when he was close to his climax, so the film was barely ninety seconds long. As I watched and wished it was me about to receive John’s load, his body jerked, and he unloaded the contents of his big balls into our daughter’s mouth.

Giggling happily, Krissy swallowed every milligram. Then she took her phone from her father and opened her mouth to show she still held John’s sperm. After swallowing, Krissy opened her mouth to show it was empty.

Then she waved at the camera as she and John said, “Love you, Mom (honey, in John’s case),” and turned off the cam.

I wanted to watch the salacious video again but was prevented from doing so when I heard someone coming up the internal stairs to the office. Shutting my email program down, I turned to see who it was. As I expected, Patty wandered in through the door. She’d obviously been crying, but Patty had taken the time to wash her face and brush her lustrous brown locks. She wore a quite boyish-looking outfit of denim shorts below a blue singlet. Her tiny breasts were braless, and her large nipples showed prominently.

“I smell pussy,” Patty joked as she entered and closed the door behind her. “Someone’s either been fucking or watching porn in here.”

Ignoring her ‘joke’. I took Patty’s hand and pulled her onto my lap. Wrapping my arms around her slender body, I kissed Patty’s cheek and asked, “How are you doing, gorgeous? Feeling any better?”

Patty leaned against me and sighed, tears welling from her eyes again. “I just can’t believe it, Kate. Almost nineteen years down the tubes just like that. I called Billy this morning, and he said he’s sorry, but he’s set on marrying Mason, and the only way he can do that is to divorce me.”

“What about the house and finances, babe?” I asked. “Will you be okay for money or will Bill be able to take you to the cleaners?” Billy works as a salesman for a national tyre company. He makes good, solid money but isn’t anywhere near Patty’s income level.

“I’m fine, Kate,” Patty reassured me. “Billy was worried about my student debts and being lumbered with them, so he insisted we have a cast iron prenup that explicitly states what is his, mine and ours. We’ve kept our bank accounts separate, and he has no claim on my investments or superannuation.”

“Something, at least,” I muttered, holding my weeping friend.

Eventually, Patty’s tears stopped, and she said, “I didn’t come in here to weep on your shoulder, Kate. I wanted to know if you’d like to go and get

coffee somewhere."

"Sure," I replied. "Let me lock up and change the phones over. I have to be back by one to meet Freddy for lunch, though."

"Oh?" Patty teased. "Is he why you smell like fresh fish this morning?"

"Better than smelling like old, stale fish like some I know," I teased back, not answering her question.

"I showered this morning, bitch!" Patty pretended to huff. "I do not smell like stale fish!"

"I didn't say I was referring to you," I deadpanned. "But, hey. If the shoe fits?"

I changed the door sign, switched the phones, turned the lights off, and locked up. I took a detour via my bedroom to clean my inflamed pussy and to put some panties on. I was sure my arousal would peak again while I was out, and I didn't want to leave a mess everywhere I sat.

We decided to try Dramanti Coffee House because we hadn't been there before. I ordered a small expresso because I didn't want to fill my stomach up before having lunch with Freddy. Patty had a tall black and added a caramel slice with it. It was another fine spring day, so we sat outside at one of the benches and watched the patrons coming and going.

I love watching people because their reactions are often so amusing. For example, the men only saw two sexy women sitting at the bench. They were both braless, and one had incredibly long legs showing sexily through her skirt's parts. Comparatively, the women saw too old friends laughing as they caught up over coffee. Perhaps if they were lesbian or bisexual, they might have noticed how alluring we were, but otherwise, we were only women like them enjoying the sunshine and each other's company.

After finishing our coffees, I took Patty to the waterfront so we could walk and chat some more. Eventually, though, we were out of time, and I needed to return home so I'd be there for when Freddy arrived.

Getting home, I checked my face, arms and hands before washing them all anyway. Then, I redid my makeup and hair, checked that my outfit was still pristine, and went to the lounge to wait for Freddy. Right on 1:00 p.m., Freddy knocked on my front door. I smiled because I'd seen him park his car outside my driveway around ten minutes ago. Freddy waited until a minute before one before starting his car and pulling into my drive.

I invited Freddy inside so we could briefly chat. As he stood in my entrance hall, I examined my young suitor. I smiled happily because it was clear that Freddy had gone all out. He wore a blue pinstriped, black three-piece suit with an unbuttoned dark purple business shirt. Shiny black ankle boots adorned his feet and made him appear taller than his actual height of 183 cm (6-ft.). Of course, that meant he was still only as tall as I was in my heels, but it was better than him being shorter than me.

Offering me a small bouquet of white roses, Freddy eyed me appreciatively. He said, "Only if my lunch date today was ex-Miss Universe Jennifer Hawkins could I have an equally beautiful woman on my arm. In fact, Kate, my love, I believe you outshine even her."

"Such smooth talking will get you absolutely everywhere, Mister Singleton," I hummed throatily. I opened my door, "Shall we?"

"Yes, we shall, my love," Freddy said, taking my arm in his and walking with me to his car. Freddy opened the passenger and held my hand as I kept my knees close together and lowered my toned, shapely ass onto the seat. Then, keeping my knees together, I swung my feet into the car. Freddy closed my door and walked to the driver's door.

Getting in, Freddy asked if I was buckled up and comfortable before starting the car and backing out of my drive. He had an automatic, so as soon as we were rolling, he took my hand in his and squeezed gently. "I hope you'll indulge me for the rest of the day, my darling Kate," Freddy said smoothly. "Lunch at The Water Ship Hotel, followed by a walk through the botanical gardens at Mount Coot-Tha and ice cream at its summit. Then, we'll catch a live band at The Victory Hotel until dinnertime. I've booked us into Fuego Nero (Blackfire) at 8:00 p.m. for dinner."

“Did you ask or tell me, Freddy?” I smilingly asked. I was somewhat perplexed about two of his choices, but Fuego Nero or Blackfire, as it was more commonly called, is a favourite. Jonathon, the Maître D, John, and I are friends. Luckily, Tuesday was Jonathon’s day off, so hopefully, that would stop any awkward questions.

Freddy parked in The Water Ship Hotel’s carpark and helped me out of the car before guiding me inside. We stopped at the obligatory ‘wait here to be seated’ sign for a waitress to appear. On her way from the bar, instinctively slapping groping hands away as she walked, Sue (from her name tag) stumbled as she saw how elegantly we were dressed. Recovering, she asked in an annoying Australian twang, “Didya have a booking?”

“Two for Singleton,” Freddy answered smoothly.

Looking intently at me before returning her gaze to Freddy, Sue said, “Are you sure you’ve got the right place, Mister Singleton? Our lunch crowd is a little rough for your lady, ya know what I mean?”

“We’ll be fine,” Freddy assured her. “I’ve been told the steaks here are massive and extremely good.”

“Yeah, they are,” Sue confirmed. “But don’t say I didn’t warn you.”

Hiding my headshake because I realised what Freddy had done, I ignored the leers from The Water Ship’s patrons and followed Sue to our table. Sue picked up the ‘reserved’ sign from one table and moved it to a corner table, as far from the other patrons as possible. Freddy wisely guided me into the corner chair—the one that had my back in the corner of two walls.

After the waitress gave us menus and took our drink orders, a white wine for me and a craft beer for Freddy, I quietly hissed at Freddy, “What on earth are you doing bringing me here? Are you trying to get in a fight?”

Freddy blushed before saying, “You told me to make you feel safe in my presence. What better way to prove I can keep you safe than in a rough worker’s bar like this?”

“How on earth am I meant to feel safe when every single guy in here is ogling me and deciding whether they could gut you and rape me before they were caught?” I snarled in a whisper. “Heck! Why not sit me in the middle of a knife fight while you’re at it?”

Blushing guiltily, Freddy said, “I’ve screwed up, haven’t I?”

“Yes,” I hissed, my temper starting to get the better of me. “Get me out of here!”

Then, of course, the inevitable happened. A large, pot-bellied man wearing a pair of stubbies and a torn singlet that didn’t cover his paunch bumped Freddy rudely before exaggeratingly saying, “Sorry, Junior, but you seem to be between me and my date. Move before I bash your head in and stomp on your brains.”

“We don’t want any trouble,” Freddy said. “We were about to leave.”

“You’re leaving,” the beer-gutted man said. “The trollop is staying and having fun with a real man, aren’t you, Lovey?”

He reached for my breast with a hand the size of a small ham. Freddy, who had stood, grabbed the man’s elbow. Freddy, digging his thumb into the drunk’s ulna nerve, said, “You don’t want to do that.”

“Oh, but I think I do,” ‘Pot belly’ said and swung a ham-sized fist at Freddy’s head.

Ducking and then popping the drunk on the end of his nose, Freddy said, “Next time I break it.” Unfortunately, ‘Drunken Man’ couldn’t take a hint and swung again, so Freddy popped him again, breaking his nose.

Holding his broken, bleeding nose, the drunk sat down heavily and mumbled, “I think shoo wight me wight, I shon’t wanna sho shish wow shore.” (“I think you might be right. I don’t want to do this no more.” Or, at least I assume that’s what he mumbled through his broken, bleeding nose).

Glaring at the other patrons and shielding me behind him, Freddy backed out the closest door. Once we were outside, we walked briskly to his car, got in it, and left the hotel.

“That was the stupidest thing anyone’s ever done in my presence, Freddy,” I snarled at him once we were safely on our way. “And given Tommy’s my son, that’s some achievement! If you ever put my daughter in that kind of danger, I’ll shoot you myself!”

Freddy sighed and briefly looked at me. I could see his regret and consternation written all over his face. “I am so sorry, Kate,” Freddy almost wept. “I asked some guys I know if there was a rough pub I could take you to and show you by staring down any inappropriate looks or gestures I could keep you safe. I had no idea that pub was that bad.”

“Freddy, you do not take women who look like me, who are dressed like me, to a rough suburban pub! Well, not unless you’re planning to join in a gang rape of her!” I looked around and noticed we were on the return journey to home. “Where are you taking me, Freddy?” I asked.

“Home, Kate,” he replied. “You’re so pissed at me that I assumed you wanted to go home.”

“First of all: Language, Freddy. I’m a cultured woman, and there is no need to use that language when on a date with me. Secondly: Lunch, Freddy. You promised me an afternoon and evening of fine dining, interesting walks and stimulating conversation. Do you give up so easily after one little setback?”

“The Summit restaurant at Mount Coot-Tha is open for lunch,” Freddy suggested. “We could eat, get our ice creams, and still make the guided tour through the gardens I’ve organised.”

“Are you asking, Freddy?” I smilingly said.

Laughing at himself and the situation, Freddy made a U-turn at the next set of lights and redirected us to Mount Coot-Tha. We had a pleasant lunch at The Summit restaurant before grabbing an ice cream cone each and driving down to The Botanical Gardens. Freddy had paid for a guide from the

gardens to show us around and teach us about the native flora displays for which the gardens are so famous.

It was a pleasurable afternoon stroll through the gardens. The guide was intelligent, quite witty and clearly knew her stuff. As we walked, I showed Freddy when he should hold my hand and when to put his arm around my waist. He eventually figured out that when he first took my hand, he should lightly kiss its back before guiding it around his waist or holding it.

After the tour, we wandered around the gardens, looking at some of the exhibits we hadn't already seen. Around three, I suggested we head home. Travelling through the 'Mom O'clock' crowd would be bad enough, and we certainly didn't want to risk peak hour traffic.

"Back to my place?" Freddy suggested.

I shook my head, and Freddy looked downcast momentarily. However, he perked up when I said, "I need to shower and change to get ready for tonight. You'll need to do the same. And Freddy?" I added and waited for him to look at me. "If you're wearing the same shirt, socks, and jocks when you pick me up tonight, I will be very disappointed. Even more so if you haven't shaved."

"Kate, how would you know if I wear the same underwear?" Freddy asked.

I smiled seductively and said, "I won't until I sexily take your clothes off after dinner. Then their sweaty smell will tell me. You wouldn't want me to tongue your stale sweat-smelling balls, would you, Freddy?" I smiled and ran my fingers over Freddy's suddenly tented pants front. "Hmm, I think little Freddy wants to play," I said in a soft, smoky voice. "Maybe I should take him out and see if he'll spit for me."

Freddy shifted uncomfortably but didn't protest as I unzipped him and took 'little Freddy' out. The poor boy must have been on a knife's edge because I'd barely begun stroking him when he groaned and his hips lifted off the seat. Desperately looking around, I couldn't see anything I could use to capture his essence in. I had tissues in my purse, but I wouldn't be able to get them out in time. So, hoping there weren't any cop cars around, I

unbuckled, got on my hands and knees and took Freddy's sturdy wang into my mouth. I was just in time because as soon as I wrapped my luscious lips around his cock's head, it erupted into my mouth.

Of course, there was a delivery truck in the lane beside us. I received a horn toot, a thumbs up, a massive smile, and a cheery wave for my effort. Giggling, I waved back and sat back down before buckling up again.

We reached my home without any further incidents. Once again, Freddy proved to be an interesting travelling companion. Once he'd relaxed and forgotten he was trying to impress me, Freddy showed himself to have a lively intellect. He was intelligent and well-spoken, plus his interests roamed over a wide variety of subjects.

One moment we were discussing our nation's economy and the work our current treasurer, Jim Chalmers, was doing to reign in and recover from the profligate spending of the former Morrison/Frydenberg government. The next, we discussed the Broncos and Lions seasons and the wasted opportunity they had to bring a rare double to our city. However, we agreed they'd both lost their respective Grand Finals to worthy opponents and that there was no shame in their losses.

When we got to my home, Freddy insisted on walking me to my door. A gesture I appreciated and rewarded with a long, loving tongue kiss. I unashamedly groped his sturdy tool as he did the same to my sexy ass. Freddy had me so hot that I would have taken him upstairs and let him fuck me, but Tommy would be home soon, and I knew he'd want to talk to me about my day. Reluctantly, I broke the kiss and shooed Freddy away.

"Sorry once again for the rather inauspicious beginning to our day, Kate," Freddy said as he stared into my eyes earnestly. "I'll see you at seven for our dinner date."

Laughing, I told him he was forgiven and stepped through my door, closing it behind me.

"Kate Ashley Muggleton, you slut!" Patty pretended to growl from my kitchen. "Wipe the smirk and cum from your luscious lips and come and tell

us all about your day!”

Even though I knew I didn’t have any on them, I still instinctively wiped my lips and blushed embarrassedly.

“See?” Jennifer tittered. “I told you she would have blown Freddy on her way home!”

“I don’t know what you’re crowing about,” I teased Jennifer. “You’d have made him stop somewhere so you could fuck him!”

“Well, maybe if someone waved a magic wand and changed him from my favourite brother from another mother into a man like your husband or Tommy,” Jennifer dismissively said, confirming my thoughts on my girls’ opinion of my latest ‘project’.

“Consider the wand waved,” I shot back. “The end result may be a few weeks or even months away, but I’m sure you’ll get your wish.”

Jennifer looked at me speculatively before saying, “You’re preparing him to be a suitable husband for Krissy.”

I nodded to show she had surmised correctly and turned my attention to the others in the kitchen. Only then did I realise that Patty and Charmaine were preparing a salad for everyone’s dinner. They were laughing and joking, which wasn’t a surprise, but the soft touches and flirtatious looks they were exchanging were.

Jennifer wrapped her arms around me from behind and nodded in their direction, “I think Patty’s found an antidote for her husband dumping her, and our little Miss Charmaine has found a dominant lesbian she can explore with.”

Turning so I could hug Jennifer back, I said, “Let’s hope it’s not just rebound sex for Patty and that she doesn’t break our young friend’s heart.”

Patty and the girls cracked open a wine bottle and continued to laugh, joke and tease as they went about preparing their dinner. Tommy and Gina were

due home at any moment, but it was too early to put dinner on. I refused a glass of wine and stuck to mineral water. I wanted to be at my best when Freddy arrived to take me to dinner.

Thinking of which, I excused myself from the kitchen's frivolities and went to my en suite to shower and change. I had time, so I did a full workup, from shampooing my hair to repainting my toenails and filling in where my fingernails had grown since I'd last had my extensions done.

As I sat naked at my vanity, blow-drying and styling my long, black locks, my bedroom door opened, and Patty slipped inside. I turned my hair dryer off and pulled her into my lap. Kissing her soft lips, I hugged her and asked, "How are you doing, my beautiful one?"

Patty sighed and then smiled tremulously. "I'm still bummed about Billy," she said sadly. "But young Miss Charmaine is a nice distraction. I'm only worried that I'm rebounding onto her, and it's the sadness and loneliness that's driving my attraction to her."

"Just be honest with her and yourself, babe," I told her. "If you're unsure it's anything more than a rebound affair, ensure she knows that. If Charmaine wishes to pursue a relationship with you knowing that, then it's on her if it blows up, and that's all it was."

"What if I don't know, Kate?" Patty asked. "What if she is the one, and I let her slip through my fingers because I think it's only rebound sex, and I'm too afraid to pursue it for fear of being hurt?"

"Only you know your heart, Patty," I reminded her as I gave her a comforting squeeze. "But, I say, give it a go. As long as you're honest with Charmaine and yourself, what's the worst that can happen? You have some great sex with a gorgeous teenager, which helps you get over the pain of losing your best friend, and you move on with your life. Charmaine will survive because I've promised her she'll be mine and with me until she finds her one."

"You're having sex with Charmaine?" Patty asked incredulously. "Wait," She looked intently at me as I blushed. "Shit!" She exclaimed. "You're

fucking Jennifer, too! What about John? Is he...?" Patty saw my guilty look and added, "He is!" Patty tipped her head back and roared with laughter. "Oh, my darling Kaitlyn, Kate, Kate. What happened to the prudish little girl with whom I went to high school?"

"She grew up and discovered sex was a whole lot of fun," I said primly, trying to hold a straight face.

"And tonight?" Patty asked. "You're going out with one of your son's friends, a young man barely more than half your age. Are you planning on fucking him tonight, too?"

"Again, you mean?" I mischievously asked.

"Again?" Patty queryingly asked.

"Am I going to fuck him again tonight?" I explained, grinning delightedly.

"Kate Ashley Muggleton, you slut!" Patty exclaimed. "You mean you've already fucked him?"

"More than once," I replied smugly. "In fact, Freddy has banged me like the slutty drum I am on several occasions."

Patty laughed again as her hands casually roamed over my luscious curves, stroking my already budding arousal. The last time someone had taken me to their home to make love to was early in my relationship with John. The first, of course, was a night after John had deflowered me and made me pregnant. I was really looking forward to being in Freddy's arms and bed and felt delightfully naughty knowing I'd wake up in someone else's bed tomorrow.

Slapping Patty's straying hands, I said, "Enough! Otherwise, I'll be leaving wet spots wherever I go!"

"Well, tart, wear some underwear for a change!" Patty laughed but ceased her exploration of my lush body.

Pushing her off my lap. I said, “Help me choose somewhere to wear, please?”

“Sure,” Patty replied as she stood and walked into my robe. Looking around, Patty added, “Fuck, Kate! You could open your own fucking clothes store in here!”

Patty looked through my collection before taking down my orange cut-out, short-sleeve, round neck, side split, ruched dress and bringing it out. The ‘cut-out’ part of the dress’ description refers to the series of panels cut from the dress’ front, which revealed delicious views of my large, firm breasts and exposed the belly button ring on my toned tummy. The dress clung to my every curve and only barely covered my sexy ass and divine pussy. With the dress clinging to my superbly mounded breasts, I could go without a bra, but I needed to wear underwear in case I bent too far over and my recently waxed perineum and entrance showed. I had a pair of beige with orange straps and wedge heels to go with this dress.

After putting everything on, I preened in front of the mirror, examining how I looked. Happy with it, I sat at my vanity table and did my makeup. As I said earlier, I do my makeup regularly, so it didn’t take long.

Patty, who was sitting on my bed admiring me, muttered, “I wonder if I could clone you, take you home and chain you to my bed?”

We laughed together before linking arms and going downstairs. Entering the kitchen, where my girls were busily adding to their dinner to cater for the extra people, I saw that Courtney, Allie and Maggie had arrived. As they’d promised, they were ensuring our friend, Patty, didn’t spend too much time alone. Kath wasn’t there, but Tuesday night was when one of the shows she hosted aired, so that was expected.

Seeing how I was dressed, Maggie wolf-whistled before saying, “Hubba, hubba, hubba, come to me, Momma. Kate, you look good enough to eat!”

The kitchen burst out with laughter as some agreed with Maggie, and others teased her for being so wanting and needy. I laughed along with everyone else but watched Charmaine move through the gathered people and press

her lithe, petite body to Patty. ‘Interesting,’ I thought as the two slender women embraced and shared a soft kiss.

Tommy and Gina arrived as Jennifer put some seasoned chicken pieces under the grill. Tommy took me aside and confirmed that I was going out with Freddy tonight and wouldn’t be home until tomorrow. “I’ll be home for lunch tomorrow, Mom,” he informed me. “You can explain last night to me then.”

‘Oops,’ I thought. I’d added Patty, Allie, and Maggie to my list of lovers without his permission. Because they were all female, it wasn’t too big of an infraction, but I knew there’d be a price I’d have to pay for not asking for his consent first.

Looking at the ground, I said, “Yes, Sir. I will see you then.”

Tommy chuckled as he tipped my face up and kissed me, “Have fun tonight, Mom. I know Freddy will.”

Hugging my son almost convulsively, I tried to smile and said, “I’m sorry I disappointed you, Tommy.”

“You haven’t disappointed me, Mom,” Tommy smiled. “I’m just ensuring that you know what you’re doing and not becoming hedonistic on us.”

I looked at the time, and it was close to seven P.M., so I hugged my son and promised to be here at noon tomorrow to meet him.

As if on cue, there was a knock on my front door. “I’ll get it,” I yelled, knowing it was Freddy. Surprising me, Freddy had changed his suit. Tonight, he wore a gunmetal grey two-piece suit with a white business shirt and the same black ankle boots he wore during our lunch. Freddy had on a subtle Armani cologne that had my senses soaring and my arousal peaking.

“Wow, Kate!” Freddy exclaimed when I opened the door. “You outshine the brightest stars in the galaxy and look like any man’s wet dream!”

“You’re looking pretty darn hot yourself, Mister Rick Singleton,” I replied as I lightly kissed him on his lips.

“Hey, Tommy,” Freddy said, blushing bright red when Tommy walked up behind me.

“If Mom isn’t glowing and giggling like an awe-struck teenager when I meet her for lunch tomorrow, you and I have a problem. Do you understand me, Freddy?” Tommy forcefully stated.

Freddy chuckled and made a mock salute, “Make her giggle like a teenager. Got it, Sir. Anything else, Sir?”

“Get out of here, you Muppet!” Tommy laughed. We all laughed as Freddy took my arm and steered me toward his car. “Have fun, you kids,” Tommy joked. “Don’t stay out too late because it’s a school night.”

Freddy drove us into town and parked in the Albert Street carpark, which was close to Fuego Nero. The restaurant would ‘validate’ our parking ticket, meaning our parking would be free. Freddy kissed me as he helped me from his car, hugged, groped and kissed me in the elevator to the Albert Street level, and then put his arm around me and pulled me close so that my hip matched to his as we walked up the street to the restaurant.

Entering Blackfire (Fuego Nero), Freddy told the Maître D his name and that he had a booking for two under that name. Dinner was its usual exquisite combination of textures and flavours. I ate heartily because I knew pushing a salad around my plate when a man takes you to dinner only annoys him. I allowed Freddy to choose my courses and the wine to go with them. Freddy proved an adept dinner companion. The dishes he chose for me were tasty and well-proportioned, allowing room for a small dessert at the end.

We finished our coffees just as Marc, the Maître D, brought the bill and said the restaurant was closing. I felt pleasantly full, as if I’d eaten just the right amount of food to sate my hunger without feeling bloated and uncomfortable. Freddy had been charming and witty during our repast. He

regularly took my hand and held it as he ate with his other. Or, he'd kiss its back and smile warmly at me before releasing it so I could continue eating.

Once he had ordered the coffee, Freddy moved to sit beside me instead of opposite me. He turned his upper body so he faced toward me and held both of my hands, occasionally releasing one so he could brush an errant hair off my face and tuck it behind my petite ear. We gazed into each other's eyes as only lovers do as we sipped our coffee.

His devout attention to me and my needs ensured that I was as hot and wet as I could be without actually climaxing. I was sure a mere touch on my breasts or nipples would have sent me into orgasmic bliss, so it was probably better that he had more class than to do so. At least in the restaurant, he did! In the lift on our way back to his car, Freddy grabbed the back of my neck and passionately kissed me. His gifted hands roamed my body before his powerful right one slid between my weakened and parted thighs and onto my love button. Groaning into his kiss, I climaxed on Freddy's probing fingers.

Supporting me, Freddy helped me into his car's front seat before getting in and driving us to his place. I smiled, anticipating what was to come (and who was to cum, if the truth was to be told). I hadn't brought a change of clothes, and I looked forward to making the 'slut walk of shame' into my house tomorrow, still wearing the clothes I'd left in the previous night. It wasn't something I'd done before, and I was looking forward to the barbs and jokes my girls would make at my expense.

The ride home was a lot of fun. I'd tease Freddy by flashing him my luscious, braless breasts or by lifting my feet onto the dash and playing with my slickly wet slit. But every time he tried to touch me, I'd playfully slap his hands away and cover up. By about halfway to his place, Freddy figured out that if he talked to me without trying to touch my lewdly displayed, divine assets, I'd keep them uncovered for him. However, as soon as he reached for me, I'd slap his hand and cover them up.

Everything was going well until we got to Freddy's place. We backed through the door, locked in a fiercely passionate kiss and embrace, our hands roaming over each other's bodies, and I noticed how musty Freddy's

unit smelled. At first, I ignored the smell, thinking it was probably only because the unit hadn't been aired that day. However, when I stumbled back onto the couch and realised I was sitting awkwardly, I pushed Freddy back, stood up and turned the living room light on.

I looked around, disgusted by what I saw. It wasn't just the unwashed clothes thrown over every flat surface; it was pizza boxes left beside the couch, takeaway containers piled on the coffee table, and dust in every corner.

"If you think I'm getting into your bed when your place looks like this, you have another think coming, Mister Freddy Albert Singleton," I stormed. "Given how this looks, Gawd knows what horrible germs and/or diseases lurk in there!"

"But I changed the sheets this afternoon, Kate," Freddy protested.

"It looks like you should have changed apartments!" I shot back. "Take me home, Freddy. Your chances of getting fucked tonight have gone from guaranteed to less than zero!" Looking around, I felt my blood boil. "You'd take my daughter home to this?" I screeched. "No self-respecting woman would allow you to bed her in this disgrace! And any woman who would, trust me, you do not want to bed her because lawd knows what diseases she's carrying!"

Huffing angrily, I adjusted my clothing back to decency, crossed my arms, tapped my right foot and glared at the young man. "Well, Mister Freddy? What have you got to say for yourself?"

Freddy looked around despairingly. Suddenly, tears welled in his eyes, and he looked absolutely miserable. "I've doubly fucked up again, haven't I, Kate?" Freddy stated.

Seeing the young man's misery, I felt horrible for lashing out at him. Relaxing my posture, I knelt before where he sat. Taking Freddy's head in my hands, I tipped his head back and kissed him. "Freddy, you must have more self-respect than this, honey. This is not an acceptable way to live by anyone's standards."

I took a deep breath, let my anger go, and slowly exhaled. “Tomorrow, you will bring me flowers to apologise. Then, on Thursday, you will pick me up at the same time as tonight and take me to dinner and a show. After that, and assuming your place is spotless, you will take me back to here, and we’ll try again.”

“Yes, Kate,” Freddy acknowledged, realising I was both castigating him and offering him a chance for redemption.

The drive to my place was quiet. I wanted Freddy to reflect on what had happened and how he was living his life. I’m not sure what Freddy was thinking, but I am sure he didn’t dare inflame my wrath again, so he remained silent.

It was still relatively early when Freddy walked me to my front door. When we reached it, Freddy looked fearfully at me, wanting to kiss me but afraid I’d reject him. My heart melted for the handsome young man again, so I smiled and moved my head towards him, indicating I’d like to be kissed.

After all, it didn’t seem like Freddy’s mother had educated her son on the necessity of good housekeeping if you’re planning on bringing women home to make love to. Either that or the latest generation of women are so lacking in self-respect that they’re prepared to be bedded in that kind of mess. Whatever the reason, it wasn’t solely Freddy’s fault, and I wasn’t ready to give up on him yet. We shared a soft, tender kiss before Freddy sighed and returned to his car.

Of course, as soon as I walked inside, I was hit with a barrage of questions. After all, the hetero and bisexual women in my kitchen when Freddy arrived had perved on my handsome, young date. Given the chance, almost all of them would have bedded Freddy in an instant. However, three women understood why I was in my kitchen and not Freddy’s bed.

“His apartment?” Jennifer asked as Charmaine and Gina looked at her and nodded their agreement.

“His apartment,” I agreed, leaving it at that. There was no need to embarrass Freddy by explaining further.

Fortunately, other than some good-natured teasing about being unable to hold the handsome young man's attention and that maybe one of them would be a better alternative, my friends let the subject lie.

Not too long later, Maggie and Allie said goodbye and left for their homes, and Patty said she was going to bed. Charmaine looked longingly after her as she left but didn't try to follow. Tommy rounded Gina and the other two up and sent them to bed. I was a little disappointed because it meant I was sleeping alone. I walked to my room thinking, 'I'm horny, darn it! Tommy could have sent at least one of the girls to sleep with me.'

Going into my en suite, I washed my makeup off and went through my pre-sleep rituals. I was sitting on my bed naked, rubbing moisturiser into my long legs, when my door opened, and Tommy walked in. Tommy stood tall, powerful, and stern before me, and my instinctual submissive nature took over. Sliding off the bed, I knelt and placed my forehead on his sports shoes.

"Fetch your cane," Tommy commanded.

Crawling quickly, I opened my walk-in robe and ducked inside. I had to stand to reach the box my mother's heirloom rattan cane was stored in, but as soon as I had it, I dropped back onto my knees and crawled out. Stopping before my son, I kept my eyes down and raised the cane above my head, presenting it to my protector.

"Correction position one, Miss Kate," Tommy instructed. I leapt to my feet and stood with my hands behind my head and elbows back, and my feet shoulder-width apart. "Tell me why you need correcting, Miss Kate," Tommy queried.

"I took three more lovers without your permission," I immediately answered.

"Anything else?"

I thought furiously. 'There's no way he knows about Eugenie calling me, is there? Besides, Eugenie is a previous lover, so I'm permitted to play with

her again. Could it be what she instructed me to do? Eugenie's instructions implied that more than just her and me would be there. Therefore, I'd be adding more lovers. But I couldn't see any way Tommy could know about the call.' Deciding confession now was better than the shame of having to confess after the deed. I said, "Eugenie Matson called and demanded I come for lunch on Thursday. Her instructions were to 'wear something sexy and bring my favourite strap-on'. I assume that means there will be more than only her and me, and therefore, I might add to my sexual partners."

"And?" Tommy questioned.

"James Squire visited me at our office. He wants to take me to dinner on Friday night. He said he would phone your father and ask for permission."

"He did, and Dad has given him permission," Tommy explained. "You may fuck him if you want."

"Thank you, Sir," I wasn't sure if I was thankful that my husband had 'given' me to another man, but that was the correct response, so I gave it.

Spotting my reluctance, Tommy reminded me, "The key phrase there is 'If you want', Miss Kate. Dad is not offering you as a party favour. No, not at all. Dad is merely saying he is okay with you playing with Mr Squire, assuming you want to."

That made me feel a little better, so I relaxed, waiting to see what Tommy would do next. Tommy stood, staring severely at me, waiting to see if there were any other confessions. I'd admitted to everything wayward I'd done, so I stood with my conscience clear.

Tommy realised I had nothing else to confess, so he said, "I thought you'd added only Patty—a little disappointing because I was there, and you could have asked me immediately, but not a big deal. However, I assume the other two are Maggie and Allie. Friends with whom you are close to but not as close as you are with Kath, Courtney and Patty. I will correct you for those indiscretions.

“Eugenie is another former, if very brief, lover, so you’re free to play with her on Thursday. If there are others, you will confess them to me when I see you Thursday evening.”

Tommy and I had a long discussion after I’d agreed to allow him to substitute for my husband when John was away. Tommy had insisted on full disclosure, so, with some trepidation, I compiled a list of all the lovers I’d taken since falling so heavily into my increasingly slutty ways. I’d only agreed to do so after Tommy promised he wouldn’t judge me for my many indiscretions. He didn’t, but I watched ashamedly as he read through them all, shaking his head at their sheer number.

Tommy considered what else I’d done and confessed. Then, satisfied he understood, he straightened and said severely, “Kaitlyn Ashley Muggleton, you are called to account for adding three lovers without first asking permission from your protectors. I will administer five corrections for each extra person. A total of fifteen corrections, with eight on your breasts and seven on your sexy ass. Do you agree you need correcting, and will you comply?”

“Yes, Sir,” I said submissively, arousal already gathering in my sweet, little pussy. This would be the first time that Tommy had physically disciplined me, and I looked forward to him doing it.

“Maintain your stance, but turn and present your ass, Miss Kate,” Tommy instructed.

That was already different from my normal corrections. Almost always, my parents and husband began with the breast strikes. However, I’d admitted to Tommy that I enjoyed those and could orgasm from receiving only them. Tommy remembered that conversation and started with the least favourite of my corrections.

However, mine was not to question why, as the famous line goes, so I turned and presented my delectably toned and curvy ass to my son. The first strike was perfectly across the nexus of nerves just above my tailbone. It stung like heck and immediately quelled my rising arousal. But pain was

just that: Pain. Nothing to fear and always something to welcome. Without flinching, I said, “One, thank you, Sir.”

The next blow was across the top of my thighs, just below where my buttock curves met my legs. It, too, stung like heck. I breathed out slowly before saying, “Two, thank you, Sir.”

Tommy, in quick succession, brought the cane stingingly down across my firm buttocks three times. The strikes were spread from the top of my ass cheeks to the underside of their shapely curve. The sudden, sweet pain relaunched my libido, and I had to bite my bottom lip to prevent my aroused moan. “Three, four, and five, thank you, Sir,” I evenly said as I struggled to avoid the sexual excitement showing in my voice. Having my tall, powerful, manly son discipline me was redlining my libido, and I was terrified that I’d cum before he had completed his corrections.

Fortunately, Tommy stepped closer and rubbed my severely welted ass. Rubbing the strikes in, Tommy asked if I was okay to continue. I didn’t answer, and even though I was supposed to maintain my posture, I couldn’t prevent moaning softly and leaning into Tommy’s embrace. With more good fortune, my son mistook my aroused moan for a pained one and didn’t admonish me for breaking form.

“Two more on your bottom, Miss Kate,” Tommy reminded me. “Then the ones on your breasts. Are you ready?”

“Yes, Sir,” I replied, correctly presenting my welted ass again.

Tommy hit that nexus point again, momentarily suppressing my arousal. I steadily said, “Six, thank you, Sir,” and prepared myself for the final strike. I knew Tommy would want to ensure this welt left a lingering reminder that my body belonged to him and his father and not to me. As I expected, Tommy’s final hit landed almost precisely over the two already existing on the nexus point of nerves just above my tailbone. I gasped before I could say, “Seven, thank you, Sir.”

I straightened and turned, presenting my large, lusciously firm breasts to my son’s steely gaze. I suppressed a smirk when I saw that his trouser front was

massively tented. It seemed that disciplining me excited Tommy as much as being disciplined by him excited me.

I briefly wondered how Tommy would go about completing my corrections. Typically, after the midway point, the corrector would offer the corrected a chance to work off their remaining strikes by servicing their corrector orally. With fifteen being an odd number, seven wasn't halfway yet. So, would Tommy strike once and offer me the choice? Or would he wait until after administering four strikes across my breasts? It turned out to be the latter.

Tommy lashed the cane across, barely above and barely below my puffy nipples, four times in quick succession. After the fourth, Tommy dropped the cane and caught me. My imminent climax had overcome my reticence and training, and I was about to orgasm.

Holding me up, Tommy stuffed two fingers into my spasming vagina and thumbed my clitoris. Screaming, I climaxed on Tommy's fingers. "Mrs Kaitlyn Ashley Muggleton," my son growled, amused by my sexual reaction to being caned. "One does not cum when being corrected. One is to accept them stoically, trying not to cry!"

"Oops," I giggled, coming down from my orgasm high. "I must have missed that lesson."

Tommy let me sink to my knees. He looked down on me fondly and said, "Would you like a chance to work off your last four corrections, Miss Kate?"

"Yes, please, Sir," I replied, trying not to lick my lips in anticipation.

With my son being almost as excited as I was, it didn't take long for him to give me his first gift. I swallowed that eagerly and swiftly worked to bring him back to being fully erect. When he was, I swallowed him whole again and cupped his big balls. Gently massaging them, I held the base of Tommy's shaft and bobbed my head up and down the entire length.

Once I had Tommy groaning his encouragement, I began following my lips with my hand, masturbating his thick shaft as I bobbed up and down, consecutively deep-throating him. Hearing and feeling my son trying to lock down his arousal so his pleasure would last, I added a twist to my wrist as I slid it along his tumescent pole.

Tommy was slowly getting on top of his rising arousal, so I let go of his huge, tight balls and dipped my fingers into my sweltering, dripping pussy. Using the moisture drooling from my vulva, I slipped my fingers along Tommy's perineum until I could reach and rim his tight, tiny chocolate star. When I first fingered his rosebud, Tommy groaned, but then he clenched down and suppressed his imminent orgasm. I waited until his butt cheeks relaxed and slid my fingertip into his butt.

"Faaaarrrrrkkkkkk!!!!!" Tommy groaned as his throbbing cock exploded in my mouth.

Working his shaft vigorously, I milked every drop from my son's balls and prostate before lifting off his slowly deflating cock with a loud slurp. Tilting my head back, I opened my mouth to show I'd captured all of his latest gift. Then, tipping my head down, I swallowed before opening my mouth to show I'd slurped it all down.

Tommy helped me to my feet, and I slowly assumed presentation position three (The same as correction position one). "Kate Muggleton," Tommy stated. "Corrections were due and completed. All transgressions are now forgiven and will not be revisited unless you repeat the actions that caused your correction."

"Thank you, Sir," I said meekly. "May this girl be allowed to cum?"

"I thought you already did," Tommy teased, taking me into his strong arms and kissing me.

Tommy's hug and teasing words indicated my correction time was over, so I was allowed to tease back. "That little thing? Thomas Peter Muggleton, if that's the best you can do, then your mother is very disappointed in you!"

“Open the door, Mom,” Tommy said.

Confused, I opened my door and Gina and my girls boiled in the room. They quickly surrounded me, hugging and kissing and unashamedly groping me, and I heard a cacophony of, “Show us, Miss Kate! Wow! That’s got to have hurt. Oh my! I wish I could take punishment like that. Having those welts would be so cool!” I laughed as I let them turn me around so they could admire my welted breasts and bottom.

It wasn’t until Patty pressed her firm, slender body against me and whispered, “I was worried about this when the girls told me what would happen, my darling Kate,” that I realised she was there. She continued, “But seeing you laughing and enjoying yourself shows that Gina was right. You need this in your life. This is what allows you to be you. I don’t care that your family is incestuous, Kate, because Clara (Patty’s older sister) introduced me to girl-on-girl sex when we were teenagers. We still get together occasionally even now. Besides, at the moment, I’m so damned hot that I’m even considering trying your son out.”

I laughed and then kissed my friend with all the skill and passion I had. Then, pushing her back, I pulled her singlet off, exposing her tiny, hard-nippled breasts, and lowered my mouth onto them. Someone removed Patty’s shorts and panties while the whole group guided us across to the bed. We kissed again before Patty turned so we could sixty-nine. Tommy and the rest of my girls joined Patty and me on the bed, and then the real debauchery began.

By the time we finally slept, everyone seemed to have coupled with everyone else at least once. Tommy was in his element, moving from one woman to the next, fucking us all into an orgasm before he moved to the next. Even Patty decided she needed to try his rigid, throbbing, and glistening cock. Although it wasn’t a large one, Patty still orgasmed on Tommy’s thrusting tool.

Chapter 13: Daddy Knows Best Part 1



Hello readers, welcome back to my adventures. If you remember, we parted after my date with Freddy Singleton ended in his uncleaned apartment. I

demanded that he took me home but forgave him enough to suggest he made it up to me the following day. When I got home, my son Tommy took me to task for adding three more lovers, my friends Patty, Maggie, and Allie. After he'd finished disciplining me, Patty, my son, my girls, and I spent the night making love. That's where I take up my story.

Looking back through my story, it seems as though I begin almost every chapter mentioning my recalcitrant bladder. So let's assume, as a given, that happened, and I was in the kitchen wearing only my shorty silk robe sometime after that daily event.

Jennifer was the first to join me in the kitchen on Wednesday morning. My robe, unnoticed by me, had ridden up, and my voluptuous bottom showed above the stool. Jennifer caressed my welts as she snuggled into my back. Her firm C-cups pressed against my back as her right hand slid inside my robe and cupped my heavy left breast globe.

"Morning, Momma," she hummed as she kissed along my shoulder.

Turning to face her, I kissed her sexy lips and asked, "What's with everyone suddenly calling my Momma?"

"What do you mean?" Jennifer asked innocently.

"First, Freddy. Now you. Are you telling me that I'm getting old?"

"Heavens, no!" Jennifer averred. "It's just that Kate doesn't really describe our relationship to you, and Miss Kate is only used when you're teaching us. Plus, you growl at us when we call you Mrs Muggleton. So, we decided to call you Momma because that's how you are to us. Our big, bad Momma, who is teaching us how to be better people."

"So now I'm getting fat as well as old?" I teased. She looked confused, so I explained, "You called me Momma—old. Now you're saying I'm big—fat."

Trying to look serious but given away by the ever-present twinkle in her eye, Jennifer replied, “Well, Momma, we’ve all been too scared to say something, but...”

“You’re not so big that I can’t put you over my knee and spank you,” I reminded her.

Immediately leaning over my thighs, Jennifer flipped her skirt up, revealing the tiniest thong you can imagine, and said, “Oh, Momma, would you? Please?”

Laughing, I pulled the ‘string’ from between her ass cheeks and caressed her clitty. Jennifer moaned and parted her luscious thighs, so I slid my middle finger into her pussy and slowly stroked it in and out. My first and third fingers stroked Jennifer’s clitoris as I did.

“Can any of us get some of that?” Patty asked as she wandered into the kitchen.

“Sure,” I replied, deliberately misunderstanding. “I made a pot of coffee. It’s on the warmer. Help yourself.”

Giggling, Jennifer stood and welcomed Patty to the kitchen by pressing her voluptuous body to the taller woman’s and then kissing her passionately before casually groping Patty’s barely covered ass. Patty returned the kiss as she fingered Jennifer’s vulva.

“Oi, slut!” Charmaine jokingly snapped from the doorway. “That’s my older bitch you’re groping!” She pressed her nightie-covered breasts against Pattie’s back and joined the hug.

I sighed loudly and theatrically put the back of my wrist against my forehead. “Thrown over for a skinnier model,” I joked. “Whatever shall I do?”

“Hah!” Jennifer playfully responded. “You’re not the one that petite witch called bitch!”

“Oh!” Patty, who gasped almost as theatrically as I had, responded. “That means Charmaine called me ‘slut’! Whatever shall I do?”

Laughing together, we moved into a group hug and exchanged soft, loving kisses. These weren’t what we shared earlier that morning. This was four people showing each other how much they were loved. My heart swelled as I saw how my two young charges had accepted Patty into their midst and were doing their best to help her through her breakup. I could not have been prouder of them.

Tommy and Gina came in as we broke apart. The girls swung into action and began making theirs and my breakfast as I turned the grill on and made Tommy’s. It was Wednesday morning, so I knew Tommy, Phil, and Freddy would only eat a light breakfast before they met at the gym. All three may have lost their AFL careers, but they trained as if they were still playing.

Tommy had an offer from The Aspley Hornets to play in the NEAFL for them. He hadn’t decided yet but was leaning towards taking them up on their offer. As a tall, big-boned, almost man, his physical development wouldn’t end until his mid-twenties at the earliest. Therefore, there was a good chance his best playing days were still ahead of him.

Phil had never wanted to be a professional footballer and was already playing for The Morningside Panthers in the third-tier QAFL. Freddy stopped playing when The Lions hadn’t signed him from their rookie list. Phil wanted Freddy to ‘come out of retirement’ and play for his team, but Freddy still carried the scars from his father’s disparaging dismissal of him and his abilities when The Lions hadn’t signed him.

I finished cooking Tommy’s two rashers of bacon and two eggs on toast ‘light breakfast’ and took a cup of coffee and a banana and pear smoothie from Charmaine. Repairing to the kitchen table, we laughed and joked as we enjoyed our repast.

After eating, my girls, Tommy and Gina, left to get ready for their days. Gina, Charmaine and Jennifer were off to their uni classes. Tommy would meet his mates at the gym before going into their studio.

That left myself and Patty at home. I looked at the clock and saw I, too, needed to shower and prepare for my day. Patty followed me into the shower, but other than some soft and loving kisses, we didn't do anything sexual. The previous night had been an erotic masterpiece, and even this insatiable slut mommie was satisfied ... for now.

After showering and doing my hair and makeup, I put on my pearl white, sleeveless, draped collar satin top. Below that, I pulled on my black, high-waisted miniskirt. The skirt had a side split held together by decorative gold buttons. It was long enough to be decent for the workplace but short enough to show off my long, toned, tanned thighs and legs. On my feet, I wore a pair of plain black wedge-heeled sandals. I didn't bother with panties or a bra.

Patty sat at my vanity with a towel wrapped casually around her waist. Her small, A-cupped breasts sat perfectly on her slender chest as she watched me dress. "Lunch?" She asked hopefully.

"Sure," I replied. "Well, assuming I don't have a client. But we get so few walk-ins that I'd be surprised if I'm busy."

"I'll bring coffee at about 10:00 am," she offered.

"That'd be good," I agreed. "I'll be bored out of my brain by then."

I walked to our office and followed the usual process of turning on the lights, switching the phones to 'live', unlocking the front door, taking down the sign, and checking for messages. There weren't any except for one from Krissy in my personal inbox. Seeing that it had an attachment, I eagerly opened it. My pussy throbbed in anticipation of something lewd.

I wasn't disappointed. John held the phone again as he filmed his thick, 7-inch cock, penetrating our daughter's ass. He had the sound on, so I heard and saw Krissy groan and jump when her father's cock parted her knot. John teased her by slowly easing his entire length into her. Before he was halfway in, Krissy was demanding that he "hurry up and fuck her" because she needed to cum. As with the previous clip, John must have waited until he was on the cusp of his orgasm before he began recording. Once he'd

sunk his whole cock in our daughter's bottom, he smacked her right ass cheek and started pounding her.

Krissy pushed her curvy ass back to meet her father's thrusts. Suddenly, she squealed as an orgasm hit. Simultaneously, I could hear my husband's grunts as his climax approached. "On your knees," John demanded as he pulled out of Krissy's ass.

Krissy spun around in time for her father to ejaculate all over her face. She took the phone from her father before turning it so she could show the sperm splashed over her beautiful features. "Love you, Mom," she said happily. John moved into the picture and added, "Love you, babe," to the film's end.

I queued the video again and moved my knees up onto the desk's edge. Sliding forward on my chair, I let my skirt ride up so that I could play with my pussy as I watched. On the second playing, I enjoyed a petite but satisfying orgasm. I wished again that I was in Europe with my husband but accepted that he needed me here more.

I wasn't jealous of my daughter like some would think. Krissy and John now had the exact relationship I wanted them to have. My only concern was the one my mother raised with my father and me—John would 'fall in love' with our daughter and want her as his full-time. However, our family had discussed that problem together. We agreed that if either thought or became worried that was happening, Krissy would immediately fly home. It helped that I had a similar relationship with John's and my son.

I'd played the clip from my browser instead of downloading it. Even so, I cleaned it from my computer's cache. Once I was sure my computer no longer had the video stored on it anywhere, I moved behind the partition and washed my sticky pussy.

The phone rang as I sat back down. Checking the ID, I saw it was Eugenie Matson. Picking the phone up and hoping she was about to cancel our lunch date for tomorrow, I said, "Muggleton Consultancy, Kate Muggleton speaking."

“Morning, my darling slut, Kate,” Eugenie said charmingly. “Confirming your attendance at mine tomorrow. Dress sexy, little slut Kate. I expect your outfit to blow minds even before you blow their cocks. See you there at twelve O’clock. Don’t be late!” Eugenie hung up before I could respond.

Sighing, I put the phone down and wondered just what trouble I’d gotten myself into this time. ‘I’ll have to tell Tommy,’ I realised. ‘She said that I’ll be blowing cocks. Shivers! Cocks? What on earth?’

I had no answers, so I opened a web browser and navigated to my Bachelor’s course. Bringing up the project, I started gathering the data I’d need to complete it. I was using Word to record everything, and my fingers flew over the board as I remembered all the touch typing training I’d done in high school. The doorbell dinging brought my attention away from the computer. A man stood there with the largest bouquet of roses I’d ever seen. The bouquet didn’t move, and I wondered, ‘wtf?’ Then it lowered, and Freddy’s grinning face showed above them.

“Morning, my darling Kate,” Freddy beamed. “Are these apologies enough for last night, or do I kneel before you and beg for forgiveness?”

“Some kneeling and begging sounds good to me, Mister Singleton,” I joked.

“Your wish is my command, Momma,” Freddy teased back.

“Come here, and I’ll ‘Momma’ you,” I threatened.

“Oh, promises, promised!” Freddy exclaimed as he put down the roses, walked around the counter to me, and tried to lie over my thighs.

“What on earth are you doing, Freddy?” I asked.

“You mean being ‘Mommad’ doesn’t involve being spanked for being a naughty boy?” He mischievously asked.

“Not with my hand,” I said threateningly. “Naughty boys get the paddle.”

“Oh no, Miss Kate. Not the paddle!” Freddy replied in mock terror. “Wait. You have a paddle? Kinky!”

“Freddy Albert Singleton, you are impossible!” I pretended to grouse. “Now, get off me before I decide to spank you for real.”

“Yes, Momma,” Freddy laughed as he almost fell off my thighs onto the floor.

I shifted in my chair and purposefully let my thighs part. Freddy’s eyes immediately snatched to my parted thighs, and his tongue touched his top lip unawarely. He swallowed convulsively before dragging his eyes up to mine. He looked at me in mute appeal. Knowing what he wanted, I moved closer to the seat’s edge, exposing my neatly waxed pussy to his avid gaze. I crooned, “Would you like to taste me, Freddy?”

Freddy begged, “Yes, please, Kate,”

“You know how to get your wish, Mister Rick Singleton,” I told him breathily.

“Lift and spread your knees, my darling Kate,” Freddy said in a commanding voice. His voice sounded so smooth and dominant that I doubt I could have resisted even if I wanted to. Moaning, I lifted and parted my shapely knees, exposing my sweet, tight, slippery pussy.

Freddy moved between my thighs and lowered his mouth onto my flowing pussy. He pulled my silk top out of my skirt and then slid his hands up my torso and cupped my firm, full breasts. Freddy slashed my clitoris with his tongue as he gently tweaked my nipples. Groaning, I placed my head on the back of Freddy’s head and tried to mash my pussy against his lips.

Resisting my hand, Freddy shook his head, demanding I let him go. “You will accept what I’m willing to give you, my little Kate slut,” he told me. “I control you. You don’t control me.”

It was like, wow, so much better than Monday! Freddy was dominant but not domineering. Strong but not overpowering. Insistent but not demanding.

In short, he was acting precisely how I needed my man to act. I'd have probably cum from that alone if Freddy had demanded it. Having his tongue exploring my clit and slit, too, was like adding a splash of chocolate sauce to strawberry ice cream. In a word: Divine!

Freddy slid a finger inside my dripping pussy and fingered my G-spot. Then, lifting his mouth from my clitoris, he growled, "Cum for me, my darling Kate."

Well, that was a demand that I was more than happy to obey! Gripping the armrests, I tilted my head back and howled my climax to the ceiling.

Grinning, Freddy stood and unzipped. Gripping his solid, 6-inch cock by its base, Freddy slapped my lips with it before demanding, "Suck, Kate."

Another command that I was happy to follow! And, of course, that's when Patty walked in with the promised coffees.

"Oops," she giggled.

I tried to pull back, but Freddy made me turn so Patty could get a better view. "You may kneel and share, if you wish, Doctor Bennett," Freddy confidently said as he stroked in and out of my sucking mouth.

"Ahh, no thanks, Freddy," Patty said. "Doctor/patient, and all that. You know?" Freddy nodded, and Patty added, "I don't mind watching, though."

"Take off your shorts and sit beside Kate," Freddy sort of suggested. It was more of a demand, though. Patty dropped her shorts and climbed up beside me. Freddy studied her as he judged what Patty would and wouldn't do. He looked at her intently as Patty's hands kept reaching for my softly bouncing breasts. Freddy grinned as he figured it out. "Why don't you eat her pussy as I fuck her mouth, Doctor?" He asked firmly. Again, Freddy had more demanded than suggested.

Patty's hesitation was only brief. Then, almost purring, she dropped to her knees between my thighs. Then pushing my knees back and apart, Patty

latched onto my clit. Her tongue stabbed and slashed it as her hands followed where Freddy's had been and pinched my throbbing nipples.

'Fuck, am I a slut!' Flashed through my mind as I orgasmed on Patty's mouth. My hands grabbed Freddy's tight, muscular buns, and I pushed and pulled on them, demanding he fuck my mouth harder and faster.

Freddy let me get away with that. Mainly, I think, because he was close to an orgasm. Grabbing a handful of my thick black locks, Freddy pounded into my mouth before short-hunching several times. Then, with an expansive groan, he blasted my mouth full of cum. Swallowing quickly because I was about to scream through another climax, I downed Freddy's gift before howling around his cock as Patty's skilled tongue elicited another orgasm.

Freddy pulled out of my mouth as Patty sat back. With my knees trembling, I struggled to my feet. Wetting three facecloths, I stumbled back to my chair before falling heavily into it. Handing one to Patty, I managed to clean Freddy's cock and tuck him back away despite my shaky arms and hands. Freddy smiled at me thankfully before collapsing into the seat beside mine. I washed my pussy before glancing at my friend.

Patty, the only one of us who hadn't orgasmed, still sat on her bottom with her legs apart, playing with her clit. I couldn't leave her like that, so looking apologetically at Freddy, I pushed Patty onto her back and knelt between her legs.

"Yesssss!!!" Patty hissed as I licked her swelteringly hot entrance. Spreading Patty's pussy lips to expose her tiny love button, I flattened my tongue and forced it against Patty's clitoris. Then, pushing as hard as I could with my tongue, I circled Patty's pleasure nub. Patty grabbed my head and pushed her hips up forcefully. Seconds later, hissing through clenched teeth, my slender friend orgasmed on my tongue. "Oh, Gawd, Kate!" She moaned as she climaxed again. Another orgasm caused her entire body to shudder before she fell back.

Sitting up, Patty grabbed the sides of my head and pulled me close for a kiss. "Lawd, my darling Kate," she hummed, "If only I'd known you were

into girls. You and I could have been playing together years ago!"

Kissing Patty again, I pointed out, "Less than a year ago, if you'd tried to do this with me, I would have totally freaked out. Before Edgar Fontaine freed me from my innate prudishness, there was no way I'd have let you caress me there, let alone put your tongue on my goodies."

"Still can't say 'cunt', Kate?" Patty asked before forgetting that Freddy was there and that what she was about to say shouldn't have been because it gave away secrets that weren't ours to share, "You've eaten my cunt as I've eaten yours. We've eaten Maggie's and Allie's cunts as we lay side by side, and yet you still can't say it?"

"A girl must have some standards," I replied haughtily.

Patty and Freddy both laughed delightedly. "Yes, but my darling Kate, sluts have no standards at all!" Patty pointed out.

"Then, I guess I'm not really a slut," I said primly.

Freddy helped me up and onto my chair. "Of course you're not, Kate," he assured me. "In sexual situations, you can relax and let your inner slut rage. Otherwise, you're the most prim and proper person I know. You're a contradiction, Kate. And those who love you love that you are." He stopped before leaning over and hugging me. "Thank you for before, my love," he told me. "I'll pick you up at six tomorrow night. I have tickets for the early show at QPAC, and then we're booked into OTTO for a late dinner. "Wear something clingy but quite conservative for me, please. I expect you to wear suspenders, stockings, panties and a half-cup bra for me to take off after dinner."

Freddy turned to Patty, "Doctor Bennett," he acknowledged as he helped her to her feet. "It was an absolute pleasure to play with you. If you ever want to play again, you have my number on file. Don't worry because, as far as I'm concerned, this never happened." Then Freddy grinned and added. "Thank you again, Patty, and I'll see you next time I'm sick or injured or tomorrow night when I come to pick Momma up."

“You!” I exclaimed as Freddy escaped out the door, laughing his fool head off.

Patty watched him go before saying, “I like him. Polite, handsome, manly. If I were into guys, he’d be the one I’d chase.” She turned to me and, seeing my cum, pussy juice and makeup ruined face, said, “Shall I dump these coffees, help you to shower and redo your makeup, and then take you out for coffee instead?”

“Sounds like a plan,” I answered as I flicked the phones to the service, put a plug in the sink and filled it with water before putting my roses in it. Then I put the door sign up and locked the door.

Patty and I shared another quick shower before dressing to go out. I liked what I had on before, so I put it back on and held Patty’s hand as we walked to her car. Allie and Paul had gone past Patty’s home and picked it up. Apparently, Allie had confronted Billy about breaking Patty’s heart. Later, when she got to my place, Allie said, “I feel sorry for them both, really. Billy deserves happiness, and he thinks Mason will give it to him, but he’s miserable, too, because he knows he’s broken Patty’s heart.”

Patty owned a bright yellow BMW 750i. To me, it was the epitome of gaucheness, but it suited Patty’s personality. On the surface, Patty is a conservative, successful suburban family doctor. Her business, Bayside Family Practice, is oversubscribed. They needed another doctor to fill the practice’s needs but didn’t have the space to fit anyone else. Patty should move to a bigger building so she could bring another doctor in, but she liked being able to walk to work. Her choice of bright yellow reflected the carefree spirit that lurked under her conservative exterior.

We returned to the Dramanti Coffee House but sat inside this time. It was overcast and threatening to rain, so we took an inside table. We’d pretty much only just sat down when Courtney called Patty. Patty told her where we were and encouraged Courtney to join us. Courtney lived only a few kilometres away in Manly with her husband, Ewan, so it wouldn’t take her long to get here. Courtney held a Masters in Information Technology and worked from home for a Singapore-based banking cartel.

Courtney is another beautiful woman. She's around 170 cm (5ft. 7in.) tall and weighs a buxom 75 kg (165 lbs). She has bottle-enhanced reddish-brown hair cut to a stylish collar length. Courtney has clear, olive-coloured skin and light brown eyes. She'd have, I guessed, a 38-26-36 figure with C-cup breasts. At high school, Courtney was our 'jock'. Tall and athletic, Courtney excelled at netball and softball, representing Greater Brisbane Schools at the Queensland inter-school champs in both sports.

Courtney and her husband, Ewan, have three kids. They are similar in age to my two, but her kids and mine never grew close for some reason. Perhaps it was because they went to different state and high schools. Ewan was good friends with Mike, my husband, and Paul. They'd often get together at state and high school to practice their football skills. Ewan has a solid job managing a store for a national home furnishings chain. He makes less than a third of what Courtney does, but it has never been an issue between the two.

Patty and I decided to order because we were waiting for Courtney, and it was getting close to lunch. We knew what Courtney was likely to want, so we ordered a selection of bagels. Asking the waitress to cut them into quarters, we created a mix-and-match selection for us to share. Courtney arrived at the same time as our bagels. She added her coffee order to our food and joined us at our table.

Hugging Patty, Courtney kissed her cheek and said, "So, you big old dyke. How are things going?"

"All in all, pretty good," Patty replied. "Kate has a veritable crowd staying at her place, so I'm never alone other than a few hours in the morning. Kate's girls seem to have adopted me as a virtual aunt, and they ensure one of them is always with me. It's so sweet. Of course, we both know what a darling Kate is, and that helps, too."

"Allie talked to Billy," Courtney stated. "Babe, I don't think there's any chance of you and him getting back together. I'm sorry, but I think it's better if you start figuring out what's next for you. You know that we'll all support you no matter what, but you need to figure out what's next."

“We’re all coming up forty,” Patty responded. “We’ve been lucky, and no one from our families or close friends has died. But that time’s coming—our grandparents first, and then our parents. Finally, it’ll be our siblings and each other. Billy and I knew we were gay, and because of our parents, we swore to be there for each other, no matter what. Then, he goes and falls in love with Allie’s younger brother, FFS! And now, I’m alone. How do I start again, Courtney? How do I rejig my entire life and begin again?”

“With our help,” Courtney and I said in unison as we held Patty’s hands.

“Babe, you can stay with me for as long as you need to,” I told Patty.

“And the rest of our girl crew will stand with you, Patty,” Courtney averred. “You aren’t alone and never will be.”

Patty’s smile was a little tremulous, but it was there. She changed the subject, and we ate our lunch as we joked with and teased each other. I invited Courtney and Ewan to dinner. Courtney accepted on their behalf, so Patty and I called the other four girls. Kath said she’d have to miss dinner because she had to record Thursday’s pregame show, but Mike would join us, and she’d get there when she could.

Paul, Allie, Maggie and Chris agreed they’d turn up, too, so I texted my girls, Tommy and Gina, that we’d have a full crew for dinner. Tommy agreed to man the BBQ, so cooking wouldn’t be too much of a problem.

Courtney finished another bagel quarter before saying she had to return home and finish her assigned work. On our way home, Patty and I bought some sirloin steaks and premix salads for dinner. I already had plenty of potatoes and salad dressings, so we didn’t need to buy those.

Everyone invited came straight to mine after work. It was getting warmer, and my pool was solar-heated, so they were all in it naked not long after arriving. Patty, Charmaine, and Jennifer sat cuddled together in the shallow end as Tommy, Chris, Mike, and Ewan played pool volleyball. I looked out the kitchen window happily as I watched them playing. I was adding grated cheese, mushrooms and sliced tomato to the premix salads to fill them out, so I wasn’t able to join the cuddles or volleyball game.

I was about to tell Tommy to fire up the BBQ when Kath entered my kitchen. Kath and I shared a loving kiss and embrace as I explained what had transpired with Patty and Billy.

Dropping a seeming non sequitur, Kath said, “Courtney doesn’t realise that everyone except her is intimate with everyone else?”

I looked at my best friend levelly, wondering what she knew. “What do you mean?” I asked. “I haven’t mentioned that you and I get it on. As far as I know, Patty is the only lesbian or bisexual in our group. Well, other than you and me, I mean.”

Kath squeezed her lithe, toned body against mine. “Don’t be daft, Kate. You might be late to the party, but Maggie, Allie and Patty have been lovers since high school. You, me and Courtney were the only ‘straight’ ones, and you and I are certainly not straight anymore.”

“How did I not know that, Kath?” I asked. “Am I really that naïve?”

“Yes,” Kath confirmed. “But you’re not blind. It’s just that you really didn’t care. We were, are, your friends, and you didn’t care whether we were straight, bi, or gay. That we are your friends is all you needed to know. Tell me, now that you’ve figured out that Patty, Allie, and Maggie fuck each other, do you care?”

“Not in the least,” I replied. “When the time comes, and I have to sit in the judgment chair and account for my sins, I’m going to have enough problems explaining my life without having to explain yours, too.”

Kath laughed before saying, “And that’s part of the reason we all love you, Kate. You don’t judge. You accept and support, no matter what.”

“I love you all,” I pointed out. “Love means accepting and not judging.”

“If only the whole world felt that way, Kate,” Kath sighed. “People watch and judge all the time. Then they decide they don’t like it and want it stopped. You’ve never done that, ever. You’re always the one saying to live and let live.”

“Which works all the way up to they refuse to let you live,” I explained. “Then, your only choices are to let them change the way you live or tell them to shove it and go to war to protect your way of life.”

“You’ve always been a staunch supporter of our police and military,” Kath mused.

“Do I think they’re perfect?” I asked. “No. But what’s the alternative? Lie down and let the terrorists win? If a world war erupted, I’d encourage Tommy and the others to join up and fight.” Then I stated the Edmund Burke quote, “‘The only thing necessary for evil to triumph in the world is that good men do nothing’. We have to stand against tyranny, Kath. You know that.”

“Yes, I do,” Kath confirmed. “But many mouth it, and few live it. You, my dear friend, live it every day.”

“I live it on my back with my knees up and spread,” I joked. “It’s my superpower—I’ll fuck the world into goodness.”

“You can fuck me anytime you want,” Kath kidded. “But, for now, I guess we’d better get dinner on.”

Tommy saw Kath and me bringing the salads outside, so he got out of the pool and turned the gas BBQ on. I hadn’t bothered with potatoes, so once Tommy had seared a steak to their specifications, my friends added salad and dressing and sat at the outdoor table to eat.

We ate our meals as we laughed, joked and teased. Time passed, and the visiting couples had to return home. I smiled as Jennifer and Charmaine gathered Patty up and took her to their flatette. Tommy, Gina and I were the last sitting at the table. I asked Gina if she’d give my son and me a chance to talk alone, and she kissed Tommy and said she’d see him in bed soon.

“I’m meeting Eugenie tomorrow,” I began. “There’s a problem.”

“Meaning?” Tommy asked.

I described the conversation with Eugenie and pointed out that it sounded like she expected me to suck a whole lot of cock, and that was before she expected me to use my strap-on.

“At the moment,” Tommy mused. “Having the Matson’s account is the central pillar to Dad’s business. If Eugenie removes her support, Muggleton Consultancy will struggle and possibly fail. Eugenie’s investments comprise nearly forty per cent of Dad’s business. If you piss her off and she takes her money away, it’ll set Dad and you back by years. I think you’ll have to go along with everything Eugenie suggests. There is no fault of yours in this, Mom, so go to Eugenie’s tomorrow and enjoy yourself. We’ll discuss what you did when you get home on Friday and decide together if any correcting is needed. But, I think you have to do this because of what it means to Muggleton Consultancy.”

“I’m not concerned about what might happen at Eugenie’s,” I told Tommy. “I just don’t want to disappoint you or your father.”

“Dad put his faith in me to control your wanton libido, Mom,” Tommy explained. “But I don’t think this is a wanton, slutty act. Eugenie has her hands on the reins, and all you can do is follow her lead. I’ll ensure I’m home in time to talk with you before Freddy takes you out. We’ll discuss it more then.”

I spent a rare night alone in my bed that night. Although I’m not averse to sleeping alone because John is away so often, I don’t like it. Generally, I sleep better wrapped in my husband’s arms. However, waking alone does make it easier to take care of business first thing in the morning.

As is typical, I was the first to enter the kitchen. I made a pot of coffee, knowing everyone would want some. Then, I checked my sliced fruit supply. It was a little low so I began peeling and slicing to fill it back up. I added kiwifruit, bananas, lychees, and peaches to what was already there. I tossed them to ensure the older slices were well mixed with the newer ones and put them back in the fridge.

Tommy and Gina arrived first. As I made my son his typical cooked breakfast, Gina started making acai bowls for us girls. She handed out

bowls as Jennifer, Charmaine, and Patty came in.

Patty added some almond milk to hers before taking an appreciative bite. After swallowing, she said, “I have to say that I’m impressed with your guys’ diets. Heavy on fruit and vegetables with plenty of grains. With dinner being more vegetables with solid pieces of fats and proteins, it’s no wonder you’re all looking so fit and healthy. Jennifer, you know you need to lose more weight, and Charmaine, you know you need to put some on. But Gina and Kate are just about perfect.

“I’ve lost five kilos since I’ve been living here,” Jennifer said proudly. “I keep meaning to ask Kate if I can work out with her when Patrick’s here, but I’ve been too shy to ask.”

“Of course, you can, silly,” I told her. “I’ll text him now and say there’ll be two of us tomorrow.”

“Make that three,” Patty said.

“Four,” Charmaine added at the same time Gina did.

“So, I’ll ask Patrick if he’s prepared to do a group class of five, is that right?” I asked.

“Yes!” They all called.

“I need to get dressed and open the office,” I told them. “I’ll call Patrick later this morning.”

I went through the usual process of opening the office. There were a couple of emails with minor questions about the sender’s portfolio that I could address without needing to contact my husband, so I dealt with those and had nothing else to do. Patty was visiting her lawyer to start the dissolution of her partnership with Billy, so I had the morning to myself. I worked on my project for about an hour and felt happy with my progress. I thought I had enough information now to begin predicting how the business I’d chosen to study would fare.

Eugenie's place was only a short fifteen-minute drive from mine, so at eleven, I closed the office and went to prepare. Eugenie's instructions were to 'dress sexy to blow minds'. Well, maybe other than the very top-end escorts, no one is better qualified to 'dress to blow minds' than me. However, how I dressed for Eugenie differed from how I typically dressed when John wanted me to blow the mind of some business associate of his. Those times, I dressed to tease but not reveal. Today, I'd need to reveal to achieve what Eugenie demanded. To be honest, I was quite looking forward to dressing sluttily rather than sexily as I typically do.

I opened my walk-in robe and looked for the right outfit. I momentarily considered the outfit I wore to Kath's fortieth, but then I wondered if there'd be people at the do who had already seen me wearing that. I kept looking before deciding on my black leather Apperloth A hook and eye lace-up, backless halter corset top. I paired that top with a black leather, zip front and low waist micro-skirt. I swapped out my citrine-centred sunburst belly button ring for a black onyx solid disc one.

I was happy with my choice until I passed my EVAbaby mini monokini. Although it was made from latex instead of leather, it had the leather look I was searching for. 'Perfect,' I thought as I imagined what my complete outfit would look like. The top and skirt would hide my monokini until I was prepared to reveal it. Plus, the thigh-high 'fuck me' boots I intended to pair with my outfit would stiffen cocks, wet pussies, and blow minds both before and after I'd taken the outer layers off.

I sat naked before my vanity and did my makeup before dressing. I did it 'night club sexy' rather than 'daytime neutral' as I'd typically do. Once I'd finished, I dressed and examined myself in the full-length mirror. 'Wow!' I thought. 'If that doesn't blow everyone's minds, I don't know what will.' Even though I'm praising myself, I thought I looked like one red-hot, extremely screwable, warrior Barbie, which gave me an idea. I searched through my accessories and found my pair of black snake upper arm cuffs. I added those to my arms, walked to my sunset red Audi A3, and drove to Eugenie's.

John and I have a large, beautiful 7-bedroom home on the east side of Brisbane, but Bryce and Eugenie's house could absorb ours, along with our

garage and pool area, and still have room left over. They have 15 hectares with a five-car garage, an indoor and outdoor pool, two full-sized tennis courts and an area set aside for Eugenie and her daughters to ride their horses. They keep three purebred Arabians in a stable at the back of the property. It kind of reminded me of the Chris Rock skit where he talks about the difference between being rich and being wealthy—Shaq is rich. The guy who writes his paycheck is wealthy. John and I are rich. Bryce and Eugenie are wealthy.

I followed the scantily clad male usher from Eugenie's driveway to the right side of her mansion. She has a ballroom there capable of hosting up to fifty people. The room was dimly lit, but once my eyes adjusted from the bright sun outside, I found I could see clearly. The ballroom had been decorated to look like the Lux Nightclub from the TV show Lucifer. Topless women and men danced in cages or on platforms throughout the room. Topless waiters and waitresses served drinks and nibblies from trays handcuffed to their wrists. A bar ran along the back wall, serving designer cocktails and drinks.

At tables dispersed through the room, many men and women dressed in business formal sat chatting and enjoying the sights. Every table had a provocatively dressed host or hostess to ensure that the guests had drinks and food before them. I guessed that Eugenie wanted me to host one of these tables. I looked for her but couldn't see her. I was early, so I figured she'd arrive right on midday.

I was right! Precisely at twelve noon, the ballroom lights went out, and a spotlight hit Eugenie. She wore a 'wet look' zip front, sleeveless full-length black leather dress above platform stiletto heels that accentuated her muscular lower legs. On her arms, she had wet look black latex gloves that stretched almost to her armpits. A peeled-back, smoky melody-only version of Peggy Lee's hit 'Fever' began playing as Eugenie accepted a cordless microphone from one of her 'boys'. Strutting across the raised area left of the bar, Eugenie sang her version of the hit song. I loved it! Deeper and raunchier than Peggy Lee's version, the song resonated deep inside me and sent tingles flowing to my pussy.

As she sang, Eugenie began removing articles of clothing. Well, readers, Eugenie might be closer to fifty-five than forty-five, but my oh my, did she

look sexy in that spotlight. Women less than half her age would kill for her muscular body and firm ass and bosom. And if she'd had some surgical help to get there, so what? Her breasts bounced delectably as she danced, and her nipples showed sexily through her dress. I'm sure that I wasn't the only one turned on by her dance and strip.

Finally, as Eugenie sang the repeating final words of the song, she unzipped her dress and flung it behind her. Peggy stood tall and proud in a black leather corset, a tiny, tiny micro-thong, suspenders, stockings and heels. As the last word rang from her lips, she thrust her pudenda forward, ripped off her thong and flung it into the gathered crowd. The light crashed into darkness as she exposed her pussy.

'Wow!' I thought as the lights came back on. I wasn't exactly jealous, but I felt some envy for that performance. It was something I couldn't do. Or if I did, I'd have to mime my song because when I sing, John holds his ears and pretends to wince. "Has someone got the cat's tail stuck in the vacuum, or is someone strangling geese?" He'd ask facetiously.

Eugenie, dressed in a black leather, floor-length coat, strutted through the cheering crowd to where I stood. "Welcome, Kate," she said as she took my elbow and guided me to a table. "This is your first time here, so let me explain what is happening. Once a year, I hold a fundraiser for my favourite charities. Your role today is to do whatever you need to do to get the members of your table to donate as much as possible. You have three men and two women. The guys are straight, but the women are both bisexual. Debbie and Samantha will help you to elicit money from the guys. So when I say 'whatever you need to do', I mean whatever you need to do, got it? I'm relying on you because your table holds three of the twenty richest guys in Brisbane. You won't let me down, will you, my little slut Kate?"

Eugenie looked at me sternly before adding, "After the function, I have a private party for Bryce, Kimmy, you and me planned. Don't let me down, Kate. I'll be very disappointed in you if you do."

We reached 'my' table, and Eugenie said, "Max, Eric, Phillip, Debbie and Samantha, this is your gracious host, Kate Muggleton from Muggleton Consultancy. Kate is here to ensure you have a good time, so make sure you

take advantage of that. Kate will do anything you wish to make your lunch a delight, won't you, Miss Kate?"

Deciding I had no real choice, I smiled and pretended to be hot. "Warm in here, isn't it, guys?" I said, fanning my face. You don't mind if I make myself more comfortable, do you?" Not giving them a chance to answer, I took my leather top off. As it was, my corset top already had my luscious breasts mounded high and presented delightfully, but taking it off left all but my puffy nipples showing. Max, Eric and Phillip gulped as I shook my shoulders to drop my top off, causing my firm breasts to jiggle enticingly.

I looked around the table and noticed that most of their drinks were low or empty. I stood and leaned over to get one of the waitresses' attention. The further I leaned, the more it seemed my large breasts would fall from my top. A blonde-headed bimbo roller-skated across to us. "Name your poison, guys," I said. "Let's get this show rolling."

I stuck to white wine but encouraged the others to get something stronger. The waitress returned with our drinks quickly. As I think I've explained before, I'm a natural flirt, so within minutes, I had everyone at the table vying for my attention.

Eugenie hadn't mentioned the women's wealth whilst emphasising the men's, so I decided to use the women to excite the men sexually. Samantha and I were similar in build and colouring, whereas Debbie was a complete contrast—pale-skinned, blonde-haired and blue-eyed versus my black hair, olive skin and brown eyes. I decided the contrast would be visually exciting, and I seduced her.

I began with little flirtatious looks and touches before taking her hand in mine and kissing its back. I moved our chairs closer so I could press my thigh against hers. Slowly, I moved my hand further up her arm until I could touch the outside swell of her gorgeous breast globes with the back of my hand.

Debbie was a willing accomplice as I increased the familiarity of my touches. Eventually, I held the back of Debbie's head and kissed her soundly. As my hands roamed around inside her blouse, I glanced at the

others at my table. Samantha and Eric were kissing as Eric groped her breasts. However, Max and Phillip were watching Debbie and me avidly.

Breaking contact with Debbie, I stared at Max and Phillip challengingly. “Well, boys. What does a woman have to do to get a sizeable donation from you? It’s for a good cause, and I know you’ll write it off against your tax, so tell me. What must a girl do?”

“You’re already doing much more than the table hosts usually do,” Max conceded. “Any chance we can adjourn to a private room and watch you and Debbie get it on? Maybe a lap dance and a blowjob after? Phillip and I promise to write sizeable checks if you do.”

“‘Sizeable’ amounts to how much each?” I hedged.

“Twenty thousand each,” Max offered.

I had no idea if that was a significant amount or not. But by Debbie’s widened eyes, I guessed it was. However, Eugenie had demanded that I maximise her returns so I pretended to be doubtful.

“Twenty-five,” Phillip said, immediately capitulating.

I felt both extraordinarily slutty and utterly daring, so I said, “Make it thirty thousand each, and you can take turns fucking me. Fifty, and I’ll let you fuck me simultaneously.”

“Thirty thousand each, and you can fuck me, too,” Debbie offered.

“Thirty-five thousand each if you and Debbie get it on together as we fuck you both,” Max countered.

Debbie and I gazed at each other before Debbie nodded. “Deal,” I said. “Let’s ask where there’s a room. But boys, signed checks first, and if you cancel them, I’ll sic Eugenie on you!”

Max and Phillip laughed heartily as I got a waiter’s attention. After whispering what I wanted, the waiter indicated a door to the bar’s right. Through that door were several rooms the patrons could use for ‘activities’.

Standing, I took Max's and Debbie's hands as Debbie took mine and Phillip's. Surprisingly, Samantha and Eric stood, too, and accompanied us to the 'playroom'.

The first two rooms were locked, but the third opened to reveal a spacious room with a king-sized bed and a loveseat. Eric dropped his trousers and sat on the loveseat as Samantha knelt and took his averagely-sized cock in her mouth. Debbie and I moved to the bed. All Debbie wore was a clinging, red bodycon mini dress. I quickly stripped it off her before discarding my leather miniskirt. I was about to take off my monokini when Max demanded that I leave it on.

Debbie is a little shorter than I am, heck, most women are. Her breasts pressed against my sternum as we cuddled. Debbie tipped her head back, and I closed my eyes as I lowered my head and kissed her. Our kiss swiftly turned passionate as we felt our stiff nipples rubbing against each other.

Parting, Debbie and I turned to our men. We smiled when we saw they'd both stripped. We knelt before them and took their cocks in our mouths. Deciding to see if I could milk more money from them, I leaned back and suggested, "How about a competition, boys? The first one to cum donates an extra thousand dollars to Eugenie's charity. To be fair, Debbie and I will swap lovers every two minutes."

Max and Phillip agreed, and Debbie and I started to work their cocks. Looking at her from the corner of my eye, I quickly realised that Debbie was a cock sucker par excellence. However, I was not prepared to surrender my title as queen of the slut mommies without a fight, so I renewed my efforts on Max's penis. What sent the battle my way was when I grabbed Max's hips and 'free-handed' my mouth down his shaft. Max was at least as thick and long as Freddy, and he was clearly surprised when my nose hit his abdomen without me choking.

"Fark, Kate!" Max groaned before unloading into my mouth. Max had a massive load to gift me, and I struggled to swallow it all before it leaked back out around Max's shaft.

Phillip had won, but only just. As Max shuddered and spat semen for a final time, Phillip moaned as he ejaculated into Debbie's mouth.

"Swap?" I suggested to Debbie. "Next one to cum is the loser."

Debbie and I shuffled sideways as we changed spots. I looked at the cock before me. Disappointingly, Phillip was less endowed than Max. I guessed that Phillip was probably 'averagely' endowed. However, I was used to cocks that were 'above average', and to me, Phillip's member was vaguely disappointing.

That didn't matter for our competition, though. It was how quickly Debbie and I made the cocks before us cum, not how big a cock could we swallow. I giggled to myself as I thought of Jumbo and Donkey. If it was who could swallow the biggest cock, I was sure that I'd win hands down.

Phillip proved to be a delightful mouthful. Not long enough to hit my gag reflex or thick enough to stretch my mouth, Phillip's penis slid in and out of my mouth effortlessly. I could release his shaft, fondle his balls and tickle his taint as he stroked into me.

Feeling sluttily naughty, I released Phil's cock and wet my finger with my mouth. Then, guiding Phillip's member back into my mouth, I rimmed his tiny chocolate starfish. Adding this to my voraciously sucking, swirling mouth undid Phillip, and with a strained groan, he emptied his nut sack into my mouth.

"Well," I grinned as I gently massaged Phil's balls. "I think you both owe Eugenie another two thousand dollars.

"Winner takes all," Max suggested. "Debbie, lie on your back. Kate, sixty-nine with her. Phillip, you get Debbie's cunt as I take Kate's. First one to cum adds another twenty thousand to Eugenie's charity.

I knew I'd won as soon as I slid my fingers into Debbie. I'd shoved two fingers into her, but three wasn't enough. Debbie's pussy was quite gaped and slack compared to mine. I guessed that she hadn't done her Kegel exercises after giving birth. With Phillip being undersized and Debbie's

pussy oversized, I was confident Max would ejaculate into me well before Phillip climaxed into Debbie. Unfortunately, it turned out that I was wrong because Phil was a bit of a ‘two pump chump’ and barely lasted any time at all before orgasming inside of Debbie.

Max, in comparison, struggled to get there. I tried everything from squeezing his cock with my pussy muscles as tightly as I could to moaning and groaning as I begged him to fuck me. I played with his nipples as I kissed him. I did everything I could think of, but no luck. Worse was that I could feel he’d gotten a little bendy. I hoped it wasn’t because he didn’t find me attractive, or worse, too loose to feel enough to get off. No one has ever directed that complaint at me, but most of the men I made love to are above average in size, so maybe, right?

Debbie, who had slid out from under me, whispered in my ear, “Max is submissive. You’re letting him dominate you when he needs you to top him.”

I understood now. Pushing Max off me, I demanded, “Kneel, slut.” Max, his penis rapidly reinflating, dropped quickly to his knees. I’d left my handbag just inside the door, so I growled. “Crawl to my handbag, worm. Inside it, you’ll find your present. Put it between your teeth and bring it to me.”

I’d put my strap-on in a clear plastic Ziploc bag to carry to Eugenie’s place. I’d put the three ‘cocks’ in the bag, too. Max crawled to my bag and opened it. He lustfully moaned when he saw what I had in there. Putting the bag between his teeth, Max crawled back to me.

“Select a cock, slut,” I commanded. “Then get on your hands and knees on the edge of the bed.”

“Max selected the smallest of the three ‘cocks’, but when I went to put it in the harness, I saw Debbie shaking her head. I moved to the mid-sized one, but Debbie shook her head again. Shrugging, I put in the 8-inch ‘monster cock’ and partly squatted so I could push the double end into my sweet little pussy.

The bag held a bottle of lubricant, so I oiled my ‘cock’ and Max’s ass. I knelt behind him and smacked his ass, saying, “Are you useless? Spread your legs, get lower and hold your ass cheeks apart so I can fuck you.”

“Yes, Mistress,” Max said as he complied with my instructions.

I lined my ‘enormous penis’ up with Max’s hole and was about to ease it into him when I saw Debbie mime smacking his ass and mouth “Hard”. I was quite doubtful because I’d never pegged someone before, but internally shrugging, I pushed in firmly until my abdomen pressed against Max’s ass. Satisfied that he could take my cock easily, I pulled back until only the tip was still in him and slapped his ass. Then, yelling, “Take it like the bitch you are,” I rammed back into him.

My sudden dominance had the required effect on Max, and he orgasmed within minutes of me penetrating him. However, I thought he needed more from me, so I demanded that “he lie on his back and lift and spread his knees like a good bitch for his girl-daddy”. Max grasped his cock when he heard me saying that, so I smacked his hand away and grabbed it myself.

I was on my knees with Max’s legs draped over my shoulders as I pummelled his ‘man pussy’. Gripping his cock firmly as I tossed him off, I snarled, “Cum for me, my little man bitch!” Max roared as his cock exploded, spraying cum over my hand and his stomach and chest. After he climaxed, Max seemed quite embarrassed. Getting off the bed, he quickly dressed. Before he left the room, he wrote a check for $45,000. Meanwhile, the other four in the room had satisfied their needs and were watching Max and me. When Max left, Phillip wrote a cheque for $27,000 and followed Max from the room.

Eric embarrassedly watched the other two men scuttle from the room. Then, he turned to Samantha and said, “Thank you for a wonderful afternoon, Sammy. I hope I get your table next year. I’ll transfer ten thousand dollars to Eugenie’s charity tonight. I hope you’re happy with that amount?”

“Very,” Samantha cooed, kissing Eric appreciatively.

We three girls all began to dress as Samantha excitedly said, “Ten thousand! That’s a new record for me! Eugenie will be ecstatic!”

Debbie and I didn’t want to dampen Samantha’s enthusiasm, so we didn’t mention our checks. We returned to the ballroom to find the event had ended. The dancers had all left, and the clean-up crew had started. Samantha and Debbie thanked me for hosting their table, told me I’d done well, and that they hoped I’d be back next year. Debbie gave me her check and asked if I’d give it to Eugenie.

I spotted a sink behind the bar, so I took my strap-on over to it and washed it clean. Eugenie found me drying it off.

“How did you go?” She asked as she kissed my cheek and hugged me.

“Pretty good, I think,” I replied, handing Eugenie the checks. Debbie’s was on top, and Eugenie’s eyes widened when she saw the amount written on it. They almost popped from her head when she saw mine. “What about Eric?” She asked. “Or do these two cover his contribution?”

“He promised to transfer ten thousand to your charity account tonight,” I replied. “Samantha was pretty happy with that.”

“That is a good amount for her,” Eugenie agreed. “But I’ll have to call Eric in a couple of days and remind him to transfer the money. Our Mister Eric Templeton is a bit of a tight ass, and I’ll probably have to threaten to get Sammy to phone his wife and tell her what she and Eric have done to get the payment.”

“That’s pathetic,” I stated, disgusted by Eric’s perfidy.

“Yes,” Eugenie agreed. “Last year, I threatened to let it be known that he’d welched on his payment. This year, I will quietly let a few of his friends in business know he promised ten thousand and hasn’t coughed the money up yet. That’ll embarrass him, and he’ll phone to apologise immediately.” Eugenie studied the forty-five thousand dollar check from Max. Her hazel eyes met my brown ones levelly. “How did you get Mister Maxwell Turner to hand over forty-five grand?”

“How do you know it wasn’t Debbie?” I asked innocently.

“Because Debbie isn’t worth the twenty-seven thousand Phillip gave her, let alone close to double that.”

Shrugging, I said, “I pegged him ... twice.”

“Get all Dominatrix on him, did you, my darling slut Kate?”

“Debbie suggested it,” I admitted.

“You, however, did it,” Eugenie mused. “No one before you had the cojones to do it, so, well done you.” Eugenie thought for a moment before saying, “I have my husband on a rack, and my daughter suspended off the ground on a suspension stand upstairs. I was going to take you upstairs to play, but I think you’ve done enough for today.” She thought again. “Yes. Thank you for what you’ve done today, my darling Kate. Go home and enjoy your afternoon. When your husband is home, I’ll have you both over for dinner and some play. I’m thinking we’ll swap husbands and play the dominant role with them.”

I knew there was no point in arguing with her. Mrs Matson is a force of nature and used to getting her way. Defying her led only to bad outcomes, so I kissed her cheek, thanked her for the day, and left. I checked the time when I turned my car on. It was only three p.m., so I had plenty of time to prepare for my dinner date with Mister Freddy Singleton.

No one was home when I got there. I shouldn’t have been disappointed, but I was. I knew that Tommy would still be at his studio and the girls at uni, but I hoped Patty would be home. Having sex is awesome, but as a submissive woman, I needed intimacy. Today’s events inflamed my libido because although I’d given several orgasms, I hadn’t had even one myself. Plus, today did nothing to satisfy my need for intimacy. Therefore, on my drive home, I’d looked forward to hugging and cuddling my friend. However, because my husband is often absent, I’m accustomed to having my intimacy needs unmet. To fill that ache, I did my housework.

Guys, no one cleans a house more effectively than a wife with unmet intimacy needs. Trust me on this: If your home is spotlessly clean, take your wife to dinner and shower her with love and affection. If you don't, expect to join the divorce queues.

I cleaned my house from top to bottom before it was time to dress for Freddy. I hoped he'd tidied his unit because I desperately needed a good rogering. Max and Phillip had cum for me, but I'd received nothing in return, and my clit and nipples ached with desire as I showered and dressed.

Freddy had requested clinging but conservative. Most of my tops and dresses clung to my breasts, but they mostly left my long, shapely legs free. I looked through my robe for what Freddy had asked for, hoping I had what he wanted. I'd almost given up when I remembered I'd bought a sunshine yellow mock neck, criss-cross cut-out, sleeveless dress. This dress fell in a solid pleat from my neck to my upper thighs at the front and repeated that at the back. The 'cut-outs' were at the sides, revealing the sides of my breast mounds, ribs, narrow waist, and luxuriant hips. Ending at mid-thigh, it precisely matched what Freddy had requested.

It was another purchased item I hadn't taken out of the delivery box, and I found it on the floor, waiting to be taken out and hung. Fortunately, because it was made from knitted cotton, the creases dropped out as soon as I put it on. I paired this dress with my peep-toe high-heeled party boots.

It was close to six p.m., and to my surprise, I was still alone in my home. At precisely six, Freddy knocked on my door. Looking me over appreciatively, Freddy said, "Wow, my darling Kate, you look like a Renaissance painter's wet dream! I have tickets to Trent Dalton's show at QPAC tonight. After the show, we're dining at OTTO. Now, before we leave, show me that you've obeyed my orders,"

Smiling happily, I lifted my dress to show my suspenders, stockings and thong underwear. "You can admire my half-cup bra when you take my dress off me," I told Freddy throatily.

"Good girl," Freddy said authoritatively. "No one appears to be home, my little Kate slut. I think you should kneel and suck me off."

I realised that Freddy was learning. Already, his shoulders were further up and back than when he first came to my office looking for help with his finances. His eyes held mine confidently, and he gave calm, authoritative orders without the almost pleading tone that was evident before. Shivering with unrequited need, I slowly sank to my knees before him. Then, looking submissively up at him through my eyelashes, I obediently removed his sturdy cock from his trousers and gobbled it down.

Freddy was already rampantly erect, so deciding to show off, I held Freddy's hips and free-handed my mouth down his shaft until my nose hit his hairy abdomen. Now, boys, I know the current trend is to be as hairless as your women, but I like my men to be men. I adore strong, hairy men. I love powerful shoulders and deep chests. Long, toned legs and muscular arms get my motors racing, but the most powerful aphrodisiac a man can use on me is self-confidence. Freddy was beginning to show the latter. The former, he had in spades, and by the time my nose hit Freddy's pelvis, I was on the cusp of an orgasm.

Freddy intuited my need and stretched his hands down. He gripped my sticking-out nipples and pinched them almost painfully. I squealed around his thrusting cock as my climax exploded. Moments later, Freddy joined me in orgasmic heaven as he pumped my stomach full of his cum.

"Well, that's my appetiser taken care of," I joked from my position at his feet. I examined Freddy's cock to ensure I hadn't missed anything, then satisfied he was clean, I tucked him back away and zipped up his fly. Freddy helped me to my feet and walked me to his car.

We parked in the pre-booked spot Freddy had reserved along with our tickets. Then we spent an enjoyable ninety minutes listening and watching as a troop of actors brought the characters in Mister Dalton's 'Love Stories' to life. The auditorium was quite bright, so I modestly kept my hands to myself even though I longed to hold and stroke Freddy's cock. The fact he continuously touched the outside of my breast globes as he pressed her shoulder against mine added to my arousal, and by the time the play ended, I was so wet that I was afraid I'd soaked through my dress. Freddy assured me I hadn't, but I was grateful I'd worn panties for a change.

OTTO was only a short walk along South Bank from QPAC, so we held hands and wandered towards it. We came across a group of drunken youths about halfway along our stroll. The young men began with the usual mindless, sexual innuendo youths their age indulged in. The stares were something I'd received all my life, and their derogatory comments were the usual blather that was directed at me by idiots, so it didn't bother me. I could feel that Freddy was becoming tense and angry, so I murmured, "Don't worry about it, Freddy. Just be glad you have better manners because it means a woman who looks like me will date you, but never date them."

I must have been a little angrier than I realised and spoken louder than I thought because the four drunken men stiffened and looked furious. "What did you say, bitch?" The tallest man snarled.

Well, that made me angry, so smiling sweetly, I replied, "I said that only men who are dickless or who have tiny dicks, and no balls or brains think that making sexually suggestive comments to a woman impresses her. Instead, they only impress his equally as poorly endowed, nutless and brainless mates. However, if you're trying to impress your boyfriends, why not leave the poor woman out of it and get on with impressing them? On your knees, sucking them off will probably work."

The ringleader was shocked by my little speech. So much so that all he could do was stutter, "Wh - What?"

In the same sweet tone, I added, "I'm sorry. Did I use too many big words for your underdeveloped brain to understand? Which ones have you stumped? Perhaps I could try using words you'll understand. You and your mates are tiny dicked wankers who'd be better off if you stopped pretending you like women and get on with sucking each other's cocks."

"Whoa, mate," the one I'd inferred was dickless said. "You'd better put a leash and muzzle on your whore girlfriend before I decide to slap her around."

"Poor language skills and violent," I replied, still pretending sweetness. "Your mother must be so proud."

Of course, dickless reached for me. Freddy dropped him with a flashing blow to his solar plexus. And, of course, his three nutless mates tried to come to his aid. Fortunately, before things got out of control, a security guard from The Plough Inn Hotel yelled, “I’ve called the cops!” Dickless, with his mates supporting him, ran for it. I’d bet none of them would remain unarrested if the police did arrive.

Furious, Freddy turned me to face him, “Kate, what the hell was that?” He snarled. “That was at least as stupid as what I did in that pub!”

“You’re right,” I apologised. I thought about why I’d acted like I had and realised the only time I ever did something like that was when I was with John. I have complete faith that my husband will keep me safe. Strangely, or maybe not so strangely, I felt the same with Freddy tonight. I leaned forward and kissed his cheek. “I knew you’d keep me safe, Freddy. I knew I could vent my spleen and get away with it because I had you to protect me. John is the only other man I’d do something like that with.”

I took his hand and guided it onto my sweltering hot and wet pussy. “Dinner, one course eaten as quickly as possible, and back to yours. I need you to fuck me senseless, Mister Rick Singleton. I need that like right now!”

In some ways, it was a bit of a shame. I’d only been to OTTO a couple of times, and it would have been nice to enjoy our meal. But all I could think of as we ate was sucking Freddy’s cock before taking him inside me. Freddy had the Rib Eye on the Bone. I had the Atlantic salmon with saffron cream and salsa verde. Freddy drank one bottle of beer, and I enjoyed a glass of white wine. We walked back to Freddy’s car less than thirty minutes after arriving.

We were one of the few cars left in the carpark, and I was tempted to ravish young Freddy in the backseat of his car. However, as I slid my hand inside his trousers and extricated his throbbing member, I noticed several security cameras monitoring the area. “I’ll blow you on the way home,” I promised. “Come on, let’s go!”

I kept my promise on the way to Freddy's, enjoying a nice mouthful of salty man goo around halfway home. I was so horny that I let Freddy finger me as he drove. I managed a soft orgasm, but it only served to inflame my desire more. By the time we got to Freddy's unit block, I would have bent over his car's bonnet and let him have me there and then if only he'd asked.

Freddy held my hand as we ran up the stairs to his unit. He opened the door and let me in. I looked around and thought, 'Wow! What a contrast.' Tuesday night, Freddy's place had been a total disgrace, and I was appalled that someone would choose to live in that squalor. Now, the place was spotless. It looked like the sofa and lounge chairs had been replaced, and even the windows looked freshly washed. The apartment smelled fresh and clean with no sense of the mustiness it held on Tuesday.

I placed my head on Freddy's shoulder and smiled happily. "Much better, Rick," I said. "This is a place that a woman would love to come back to. How did you get it so clean so quickly?"

Freddy coloured embarrassedly. "I had a bit of help," he admitted. "Gina rallied the girls for me, and we spent yesterday and this morning cleaning up. Patty even hired one of those steam carpet cleaners and did the floors."

That explained why I hadn't seen my girls or Patty since breakfast. I was proud of them for helping their friend out, but still a little miffed that Freddy had let it get as bad as it had been.

However, my most immediate need was to extinguish the blazing inferno in my sweet nether regions. So, peeling my dress off my shoulders, I let it fall to the floor and stepped out of it. Swinging my hips outrageously, I strutted a few feet away from my young beau. Stopping, I began swaying as if dancing to an unheard song. Then, keeping my legs straight, I bent over and clasped my ankles. My toned, curvaceous ass cheeks parted slightly, and my teeny-weeny thong squeezed tightly against my tiny dark star and entrance, leaving most of both exposed to Freddy's lustful stare.

"Gawd, Kate!" Freddy moaned as he stared at my long, toned legs and shapely ass.

I stood up but kept my ass poked back sexily. I wriggled it and put my hand on my hip as I looked over my shoulder seductively. Then I patted my bottom and said, “Well, Mister Singleton? This sexy ass won’t smack itself!”

Freddy was on me in a flash. Before I’d finished saying ‘-self.’ I was over Freddy’s shoulder with his firm hand smacking my curvy bottom and being carried to his bedroom. I’d worn my suspenders, stockings and panties the smart way. Panties are supposed to be under the suspenders, but that made weeing a chore because you had to undo the suspenders to pull your panties down. I’d put my panties on over the suspenders. I’m not sure it would have mattered, though, because Freddy virtually tore them off me.

Freddy forced me onto my knees on the floor beside his bed. My breasts and upper body lay on the mattress. Freddy pulled a soft leather paddle from his bedside drawer and whacked my luscious ass with it. Then he dropped it and got onto his knees.

Pushing my ass cheeks apart, Freddy stabbed my chocolate star with his warm, wet tongue. I briefly wondered if he intended to take me anally, but he didn’t. Balancing by putting his hands on my toned hips, Freddy probed along my perineum until his ‘moisture-seeking divining rod’ found my slippery entrance. He slipped over it with his first probe, but he lowered his hips so that his cock pointed higher. On the second probe, he slid deep into me.

Now that he was buried inside my glistening pussy, Freddy moved his hands to my shoulders. Pulling me back as he thrust into me, Freddy fucked me rough, fast and hard. Once he established a rhythm and I was more pushing my ass back than being pulled back, Freddy picked up the paddle again. It became whack, the paddle hitting my upper ass cheek. Thump, Freddy’s pelvis hit my firm bottom. Grunt, Freddy showing his arousal, and gasp, my appreciation of what he was doing.

Freddy swapped the paddle to his left hand and whacked that side, too. Then, he dropped the paddle and moved his hands to my neck’s base. Gripping firmly as if he would strangle me, Freddy ripped me back as he

literally pounded me like he was a sledgehammer. Then, leaning forward, Freddy snarled, “Cum for me, my little slut Kate!”

Freddy’s powerfully voiced demand did as much to crash me off my orgasm’s precipice as anything else. Of course, his gripping hands and pounding cock did their share, too. Grabbing a pillow to stifle my screams, I held it over my mouth as I howled my climax.

He didn’t leave it there, though. Leaning on my back, Freddy forced my strapless half-cup bra off my lush melons and then cupped them. Taking my engorged, puffy nipples in his fingers and thumbs, Freddy bit where my neck met my shoulder and demanded, “Cum again, my little slut. Show your man that you are his.”

My climax, which was ebbing, turned immediately around, and I raced back to an orgasmic peak before joyfully throwing myself off it. In the midst of a second howled orgasm, I felt Freddy short-hunch several times quickly. Then, with a series of low grunts, he unloaded into my dripping, drooling pussy.

I lay quiescent on the bed as I revelled in many orgasmic aftershocks. I’d been on edge since taking Max and the others to the room at Eugenie’s place. Now, as I felt Freddy soften and drop out of me and his sperm flooding from my abused vagina, I felt delightfully fucked and beautifully sated.

Freddy helped me onto the bed and then lay on his back. He encouraged me to roll on my side and snuggle into him. Resting my head on his hairy, muscular chest, I idly played with his pubic hair as we waited for our sexual batteries to recharge. We lay cuddling until I felt Freddy’s cock, roll and stiffen. Then, taking it in my hand, I gently squeezed and pulled until he was firmly erect again.

Smiling happily at him, I lowered my head and sucked him into my mouth. Cupping his tight ball sack, I softly squeezed and massaged it as I bobbed my head up and down his sturdy cock. I concentrated solely on stimulating him, slowly leading my young lover along the path to another orgasm. About ten minutes later, Freddy was close to his orgasm’s precipice. So,

sliding my fingers along his perineum, I tickled his rosebud as I sucked hard and bobbed my head quickly.

“Fark, Kate!” Freddy groaned as he blasted semen into my mouth. I was amazed, given how much cum still drained from my freshly fucked pussy, how much my man still had for me. Swallowing swiftly, I gobbled down his gift.

Then, surprising me, Freddy went down on me and sucked and licked his ejaculate from my sopping pussy. After cleaning my sperm-filled pussy, Freddy mounted me in the classic ‘missionary position’. Freddy’s new persona had my libido red lining, and I don’t know what time it was when I couldn’t make him hard again. Still, it seemed only seconds after I’d fallen asleep before Freddy shook me, saying he had to get me home because it was his turn to open their studio.

Throwing my destroyed panties and stockings in his rubbish bin, I removed my suspenders before donning my dress. Deciding to make Freddy breakfast, I looked in his fridge. Seeing what I was doing, he pushed the fridge door closed and said, “No time, my darling Kate. I’ll grab some Maccas on the way to the studio after I’ve dropped you home. Come on, we need to go.”

I followed Freddy to his car and got in. I grinned, knowing I was about to do the ‘slut walk of shame’ into my house. I hoped that everyone would be home and up when Freddy dropped me off.

I got my wish. Freddy walked me to my front door before lovingly kissing me and asking, “May I take you out again, Kate?”

I retorted, “Are you asking or telling, Freddy?”

Freddy grinned and said, “Keep Sunday free, my little slut Kate. I’ll pick you up at eleven a.m. and take you out for the day. You’ll dress in something casually sexy because we’ll picnic beside Lake Kurwongbah. Then we’ll go to the Jazz Bar under the Story Bridge for the afternoon before dining at The Story Bridge Hotel. I’ll bring you home Monday morning.

“Sounds good to me, Mister Rick,” I replied. “I’ll see you then.”

Freddy kissed me again, got back in his car and left. Smiling happily, I opened the front door and walked inside. The catcalls and ribbing began immediately.

“Someone smells like cum,” Jennifer joked.

“Someone’s still wearing the same clothes she went out in last night,” Gina added.

“Someone looks like she’s been ridden hard and put away wet,” Charmaine contributed.

Pretending severity, Patty said, “You look freshly fucked and full of cum, Kate, you little slut. If only your father could see you now! He’d spank your ass until it was black and blue.”

My son, grinning fit to bust a gut, came over and hugged me. “I know that look,” he teased. “Poor Freddy’s cock won’t raise its ugly head for a week, but you’ll be ready to go again by midmorning.”

“He’d better be ready to go again before then,” I pretended to growl. “He’s taking me out again on Sunday.”

Tommy held my hand and pulled me toward my bedroom. The others followed until Tommy glared at them. Then, taking the hint, they returned to the kitchen. I walked a meek half-step behind him as Tommy walked up the stairs. I didn’t think I was in trouble because he and I had discussed the previous day before I left, but I knew Tommy would want the details of my visit with Eugenie.

Entering my room, Tommy told me to strip. All I had left on was my dress because I’d thrown my panties and stockings out and put my strapless bra and suspenders in my handbag. Tommy gestured, indicating I should turn slowly. Seeing that I had no marks or bruises, Tommy concernedly said, “Is Freddy giving you what you need, Mom? If he is, where are the passion marks on your breasts and bottom?”

I giggled embarrassedly, “I’m still teaching him, Tommy. He’s getting better, and hopefully, by the time your dad and sister get home, he’ll be the kind of man Krissy needs.”

“You really like him, don’t you, Mom?” Tommy stated.

“I like both of your business partners, Tommy,” I admitted. “They’re good men with big hearts that know how to treat a woman right. Freddy’s too diffident to handle me, and he’ll need to be even more forthright to attract Krissy’s attention, but once I get him out from under the shadow his parents cast over him, I think he’ll grow into the type of man that I adore. If he does, your sister will like him, too.”

“Before I forget,” Tommy said, changing the subject. “Patrick phoned here because you weren’t answering your phone. He’s moved your training session to four p.m. He says that because there are five of you, he needs another trainer to help out, and that’s when his new business partner is available. The others are happy with that time.”

I acknowledged I’d heard this new information, and Tommy returned to the issue at hand. “Tell me about your visit to Eugenie’s house.”

I explained about hosting a table and being told to extract as much money from the men as possible. Tommy acknowledged that turning it sexual was the best way. He seemed amused when I told him how I’d turn their blowjobs into a competition between Debbie and me and how I’d switched into the dominatrix role when Debbie had explained Max’s submissiveness. At the end of my story, my son grinned and said, “$45,000 for less than three hours work. Mom, you must be the world’s highest-paid prostitute!”

“Oh!” I gasped, recognising the implications of what I’d done. But then it turned me on and looking at my son seductively, I breathily said, “Would you like me to demonstrate my skills?”

I began kneeling, believing that he would, but unfortunately, Tommy smiled wider and said, “I have a baby shoot at nine, Mom. Otherwise, I’d let you.” He thought about what I’d confessed before saying, “I think your behaviour at the fundraiser was exemplary, Mom. I’m proud of you and how much

money you raised. However, I'm surprised that Eugenie didn't do anything with you. What's happening there?"

I described how my time at Eugenie's party ended, and Tommy agreed I'd done all I could. He reiterated his pride in me and sent me off to the en suite. Looking at the time, I sighed because everyone would have left by the time I finished showering, dressing and doing my hair and makeup. I'd be late opening the office, but that didn't matter too much because the service would contact John if anything needed his urgent attention.

I sat to relieve my bladder, and Patty entered my en suite. It didn't seem to bother her that I was urinating because she crossed to lean against the sink beside me. Realising that I was naked, she dropped her shorts and underwear and took off her T-shirt. We chatted about this and that as I did my business, wiped, and turned on the shower.

After picking up my loofa, Patty joined me in the shower. I held still and luxuriated under the almost scalding hot water as Patty washed me from top to bottom. Her hands, perhaps, spent a little too much time cleaning my gorgeous breasts, tight, curvy ass and sweet little pussy, but I wasn't complaining. Having Patty wash my hair and massage my scalp drained all my tension away and reminded me how little sleep I got last night.

After rinsing the shampoo from my hair, Patty turned the taps off and towelled me dry before wrapping a towel around her still wet body. She kissed me happily before guiding me to my vanity's seat. Picking up my hair dryer, Patty brushed and blow-dried my hair, and by the time she finished, I was almost asleep. Helping me to my feet, Patty held my hand and led me over to my bed. She pulled the quilt cover down and encouraged me to lie down.

Once I was in bed, Patty quickly dried herself and slid in with me. After kissing me softly a few times, Patty slid down until she could mouth my slowly dripping pussy. Patty was so soft, loving and caring that I climaxed almost immediately. With the simple affection she'd shown me, Patty completely sated all my intimacy needs and returned balance to my soul. Pulling her close, I tried to say thank you in a meaningful way, but sleep hit me before I could find the words.

I woke up sometime later feeling relaxed and happy. Patty lay beside me with her head on my shoulder and lips against my neck. Her right hand held my left breast, and she gently kneaded it as she dozed lightly. I was only vaguely aroused, but I felt so warm and loving towards my svelte friend that I wanted to make her feel as good as she had made me.

Moving slowly, I extricated myself from under Patty and rolled her on her back. I pulled the quilt down, exposing her long, lean body. As they typically do, Patty's nipples sat high and proud on her thin chest. I moved onto my side and softly ran my tongue over her left nipple. Keeping my touch light, I circled Patty's right nipple with my fingers.

Patty rewarded my efforts with a soft moan and by arching her back to force her breasts more firmly against my mouth and fingers. Suppressing my smile, I ran my fingers down her slender body and lightly touched her delicate pussy. Patty's knees lifted and parted as her soft pussy lips opened like rose petals to the dawn sun. I circled her clitoral hood before pressing more firmly against it and forcing it away from Patty's clitoris.

I slid my index finger over Patty's love button, along her wet slit and into her slippery pussy. Patty's eyes opened, and she smiled before offering her lips for me to kiss. We kissed lovingly as I slowly brought Patty to an orgasm. She was close, and when I squeezed her nipple hard as I thrust my fingers into her pussy forcefully, Patty mewled and climaxed.

We shared another kiss before I went down on her soaking pussy. "Oh, Kate," Patty sighed as she held my head and revelled in my attentions to her swollen pussy lips and clitoris. I wanted to baste her clitoris with my tongue, so I used my thumbs and fingers to spread her labia and pull her clitoral hood out of the way. My lips surrounded her love button, and my tongue bathed it deliciously. "Gawd, Kate," Patty groaned. Her hips lifted off the bed as her orgasm hit, and she groaned again as a petite but profound climax washed through her.

I kissed Patty's pussy again, and from her reaction, I knew she was temporarily sated. I paused to kiss each of her nipples before snuggling against her. We gazed into each other's eyes as we exchanged soft kisses. "This is a dream and sexual fantasy in one come true, Kate," Patty

hummed. “I know that you can never be mine, but to share these moments with you is better than I ever dared hope.”

I smiled and told her it was more than I dared dream, too. It was quite romantic and lovely until my stomach gurgled, letting me know I was hungry. “Well, that was romantic,” Patty teased. “Shall we get some lunch?”

I checked my phone and realised that I’d slept the morning away. I felt a little guilty about leaving our office closed, but then I’d never promised John that I’d keep it open for every business hour, so I chose to dismiss my guilt and relish having spent the morning cuddling and making love with one of my best friends. I needed the intimacy, and Patty needed to know she was still a desirable woman and that love would find her again.

We put on panties to prevent leaving wet marks on the furniture and went to the kitchen. We made a simple salad from some cold meat cuts, lettuce, tomato, grated cheese and balsamic vinegar dressing. Then we sat at the breakfast bar and ate. I didn’t want to eat very much because I had a four p.m. training session and a seven O’clock date with the mysterious James Squire.

After lunch, I suggested getting in our hot tub. With the increased air temperature, I’d turned the heat down to tepid, so it should be warm enough to soak but not so hot that we couldn’t stay in it. Patty took a glass of wine with her but I stuck with sparkling mineral water.

We took off our panties and sat in the tub with our hips and shoulders touching, occasionally exchanging soft kisses. I’m sure that Patty would have liked more, but I guessed that I would be doing sexual gymnastics with Mr Squire later today and wanted to be ready and willing for it. I believed that James had fantasised about what he’d like to do to me ever since I’d bested him that day in Marjorie Thompson’s offices. I thought James would try to show me tonight that he was virile enough to be my man even though he knew I’d never leave John. It was a ‘male pride’ thing, or so I thought.

Gina and my girls crashed noisily into my house at around three. Gina wore only a tiny G-string leotard. It was so small that it disappeared between her butt cheeks and barely covered her clit let alone her slit and entrance. To make a point, Jennifer and Charmaine were chasing her and either smacking an ass cheek or wrenching the leotard so that it wedgied in Gina's ass and slit.

I got out of the tub and wrapped a large fluffy towel around my breasts. Tying it in place, I marched imperiously into the house. Gina was protestingly slapping the other two girl's hands away as she kept saying, "It's perfectly acceptable exercise wear for a home session."

Speaking loudly enough to be heard over the laughing, squealing teenage girls, I growled, "Gina Marie Matthews, you will immediately march to Tommy's room and change into something that at least resembles decency. Showing your ass and lady parts to a man you have just met is not how young ladies behave. You are a lady, are you not, Miss Matthews? You're not some cheap streetwalker who has somehow snuck in here with my girls?"

Immediately contrite, Gina lowered her eyes and bashfully said, "Sorry, Momma. I heard Krissy talking about your trainer and wanted to see if his cock is as long and thick as she said, and I dressed to excite him."

"And Tommy would find that acceptable, would he, Miss?" I snarled.

Gina blushed redder still, "No, he wouldn't," she squeaked. "Please don't tell him."

Looking regally down my nose at her, I offered a choice, "You can run to my closet and get my cane so that I can correct you now, or you can wait until Tommy comes home and confess your misdeed. If you do neither, I will correct you and then tell Tommy why I twice had to do it. Of course, if I correct you now, you'll have the welts when Patrick arrives, and when Tommy gets home, he'll want to know why you've been corrected."

"I'll confess to Tommy," Gina promised. "I'll take him aside as soon as he comes home."

“I’ll hold you to that,” I said coldly. Then I smiled and said, “Go change, little one. If you have nothing suitable to exercise in, check the right-hand drawer in Krissy’s room, second from the top. Her leggings and exercise tops should fit you.”

“I’ll need to, Momma,” Gina replied. “Thank you.”

Jennifer and Charmaine accompanied Gina up the stairs. I returned to the tub to grab my panties. Patty got out and walked naked with me to my room. She left me at the door and went to her room to change.

I usually wore a leotard over leggings when working out with Patrick, but Krissy had convinced me to change to yoga pants and tops. I have an electric pink combination that I thought made me look as sexy as heck. It is seamless and clings so tightly that my ass and vulva are clearly defined. The top is so tight that I can jog in it. The top doubles as an exercise bra, so I guess that makes sense.

Gina and my girls all wore something similar to me, but Patty had dressed in loose-fitting sweatpants and a T-shirt. I raised an eyebrow, and Patty grinned. “I don’t want your trainer to ogle me, Kate. I’m not into blokes, remember? The girls all want him to admire them, and I don’t care if he does or doesn’t do the same with me.”

I grinned and shrugged before casting a critical eye over my young charges. They were dressed appropriately this time. Their outfits clung as alluringly as mine but didn’t reveal anything that should only be seen by close friends and lovers. I nodded approvingly and then moved to open the door when someone knocked on it.

Patrick walked in carrying his usual assortment of ‘punishment instruments’. A gorgeous, short, muscular blonde followed him in, and I immediately realised why Patrick no longer flirted with me. I smiled as I watched them interact. We’d decided that the patio would be the best area to fit us five girls and Patrick and we’d laid our yoga mats out there. The covert looks and touches between Patrick and his ‘assistant’ as they set up confirmed my first impression—they were lovers.

Patrick looked around after greeting me first, “Ahh, I think I know you all,” he said. He pointed at each woman and said, “Gina, Jennifer, and Charmaine, right?”

“I’m Jennifer, not Charmaine,” Jennifer corrected.

“And I’m Charmaine, not Jennifer,” Charmaine added.

“Right names, wrong order,” Patrick embarrassedly muttered. He turned to Patty and said, “I was expecting Krissy, but clearly, you are not her!”

“Patty,” Patty grinned.

“Nice to meet you, Patty,” Patrick smiled. He put his arm around the petite blonde. “This is my fiancée, Bernie. She’ll help with your stretches and exercises today. Kate, will there be five regularly, or is this a one-off?”

I looked around the girls and saw they were nodding. “If we can do this time on the same rotating schedule we currently have, then I think it’ll be five most days, Patrick,” I responded. “Six when Krissy returns from Germany next month.”

“Four O’clock is a pretty popular time, Kate,” Patrick replied as he checked his Google planner. “We can do 4:oo p.m. Monday and Friday this fortnight and the usual 6:00 a.m. on the matching Wednesday. In the alternate week, we’ll have to stick to the 6:oo a.m. time spot on both days.”

Jennifer whispered, “I can’t afford to pay for five days a fortnight.”

“Nor can I,” Charmaine added.

Ignoring them, I asked, “Is everyone happy with those times? Patty, you’re staying with us indefinitely but are you happy to exercise with us at those times?”

“Do you guys do weights?” Patty asked Patrick. Then she looked at Bernie and added, “Stupid question, I guess.”

Bernie and Patrick chuckled before Patrick answered, “We have some free weights that we use, but if you want a proper weights programme, you’ll need to see Bernie at the gym where she works.”

“Which is?” Patty asked.

“Fitness 4173 on Wynnum Road,” Bernie confirmed.

“That works,” Patty said. “We’ll talk after this session and look at some times.”

“Sounds like there’ll be five where once there was one,” I jokingly said.

“You don’t want to discuss the price, Kate?” Patrick asked.

I shrugged and smiled. “You’ll send me a bill each week, and if I have a problem with it, I’ll call you and yell at you until you send a more reasonable one.”

“So nothing changes?” Patrick grinned back.

“Right,” I jocularly responded.

“Okay, all,” Patrick said firmly. “On your mats, and let’s get this show rolling.”

Patty nudged me as she passed. She snapped her eyes at the muscular but tiny Bernie before giving me a wink. “If I’d known, I’d have dressed more provocatively,” she joked.

Ninety minutes later, Jennifer, who had trailed the rest of us by quite a margin, staggered down the last two steps and across to her mat. Dropping to her knees before rolling onto her ample bottom, she gasped, “I hate you bitches,” as she pretended to glare at us. “Bernie, you’re a harsh mistress and Patrick, I hate you most!”

“Looks like our work here is done,” Patrick grinned. “Ladies, I’ll see you bright and early Tuesday morning.”

“Yeah, yeah,” Jennifer said dismissively before rolling back onto her knees and standing. She stumbled the three steps to the pool and fell into it without bothering to remove her shoes or clothing. “Gawddamn, that feels better,” she muttered as she lay on her back and floated in the water.

“Don’t forget to warm down,” Bernie smilingly said as she packed the last of their stuff up and left.

Patty took over and led us through some stretches and gentle exercises to ensure our bodies released the last of their lactic acid. Afterwards, we all stripped and joined Jennifer in the pool.

I swam to the steps and sat with only my head out of the water. Patty sat beside me, and Charmaine soon swam over to sit in her lap, facing her. Charmaine kissed Patty lightly before laying her head on Patty’s shoulder.

Patty put her arms around the youngster and kissed her cheek. “Bernie’s as hot as fuck,” she mused.

“Sure is,” Charmaine and I agreed.

“Can you imagine having your head between her thighs and making her cum?” Patty grinned. “Her thighs would slam together and pop your eyes out.”

“Patty, that’s terrible!” Charmaine gasped.

“Funny, though,” I giggled as I picked my phone up and checked the time. It was nearly six, so I needed to get ready for my date. I stood and said, “I need to get ready for Mister James Squire. To be honest, I’m a little nervous about this date, so I’ll come down a little late. Can you girls grill him and ensure he’s safe and you know where he’s taking me? Patty, if I haven’t called you by midnight, send the cavalry, please.”

I walked to my bedroom and went through the typical process I follow to ready myself to look the absolute best that I can for my man. It was night, so I did my makeup after showering and moisturising my entire body. Because of the harshness of artificial light, you have to do your makeup in

much warmer and more vibrant colours. Modern LED lights wash out your skin colour even more than the old fluorescent ones did. After I'd completed my look, I turned the lights on above my en suite's mirror. These were the brightest lights in the house, and if I looked good in them, I would look good anywhere.

Satisfied with my appearance, I searched in my walk-in robe for a suitable dress. I knew Mister Squires was rich, so I assumed he'd take me somewhere expensive, and I wanted to look elegant but sexy enough to excite him.

After rejecting a number of choices, I chose my emerald Nara maxi dress. This dress was strapless and off-the-shoulder. I could have gone braless, but something made me think that James would see that as tacky and inelegant, so I put on a lacy, white, strapless half-cup bra and a matching lacy thong before donning my dress. At the last moment, I rucked up my dress and put on a pair of natural skin-coloured opaque nylons. I wore a pair of black, chunky-heeled platform shoes to complete my look.

I almost changed my shoes because I was already close to six inches taller than James, and the platform heels would only exaggerate our height difference. In the end, I knew I'd tower over the diminutive older man no matter what shoes I wore, so I decided to remain with my first choice.

It wasn't seven yet, so I idly scrolled through my various social media profiles until it was ten past seven. Then, I walked down to the lounge, where I assumed James would be waiting. He looked a little harried as my girls and Patty 'entertained' him. He spotted me entering the room and stood.

"Stunningly beautiful, my darling Kate," James said as I walked in. James crossed to me, took my hand and stood on his tip-toes to kiss my cheek. "I fear that your friends do not approve of me, my love," he said with a teasing twinkle in his eye. "I was grilled less by the senate hearing into the Shaw and Partners debacle. I've assured them that I am not a serial rapist, nor am I an axe murderer or a molester of Grannies or young children, but I'm unsure if they believe me."

“I like him,” Patty said. “If you don’t want to go out with him, then I will.”

“What time shall I tell them we’ll return by, my dear Kate?” James suavely asked.

“Midnight for a first date?” I ventured.

“Hmm, Mrs Muggleton,” James teased. “A ‘first date’ would indicate that there will be more than one. Perhaps we should see how this one goes first.”

“Smooth,” Jennifer said admiringly. “Hey, Miss Kate? If you don’t want him, may I have him?”

“Now, ladies,” James joked. “There’s plenty of me to go around, so there’s no need to fight.”

“No, there’s not,” Jennifer pretended to growl. “There’s barely enough of you for a decent bite.”

James mockingly held his heart, “You wound me, young lady,” he teased. “Must I remind you that C4 comes in small packages?”

“So did C3PO’s friend R2D2,” Jennifer riposted. “And he wasn’t much ... wait ... actually, he was central to Hans’ and Luke’s success quite often. Never mind, carry on.”

Everyone laughed before James said, “Shall we, my beautiful friend?” he turned back to the others and added, “Thank you for your time and company, my lovelies. I hope that Kate, her husband, myself, and all of you will become fast friends and that we will chat and tease like this again soon. I promise to have Mrs Muggleton home by midnight looking at least as good as she does now.”

Patty was close to my side, so I leant over and whispered, “I hope he brings me back, walking bow-legged, sans underwear and covered in cum!”

James took my arm and guided me to his car. I was slightly surprised when he opened the back door and helped me sit. As I sat, James kept his eyes averted even though I had a long dress on and kept my knees pressed tightly

together. ‘What a gentleman,’ I thought as I swung my feet into the car. I was unsure why I’d been nervous now.

Only after I sat did I realise that James had a driver. James climbed into the back seat beside me and took my hand in his. “Vintaged Bar and Grill, Jimmy, please,” James told the driver. “It’s in The Hilton, as I’m sure you remember.”

I hadn’t been there before, so it would be a new experience for me. John and I had planned to go there a few times, but it seemed to open and close again almost immediately. However, the reviews of the food and service were always top-notch.

“Tell me about yourself, Kate,” James asked. “You’re way too intelligent to be ‘just a housewife’ or your husband’s secretary, so why are you doing those jobs?”

I wasn’t ashamed of what I was. In fact, I was quite proud of myself and my life. I know, in these modern times, being ‘just a housewife’ is seen as ‘betraying the sisterhood’, but I knew that was rubbish. Tell me another job as important as raising the next generation of children to be decent people. I’d watched as the other parents in my neighbourhood gave their children presents instead of their presence and watched despairingly as their children became self-centred, egotistical, me, me, me brats. I felt no need to justify my lifestyle choices and was incredibly proud of my two children.

I turned to James and answered, “I was a straight-A student, James. I intended to attend uni and become a business major like my husband. However, John made me pregnant on my eighteenth birthday, so we married, and I worked doing whatever jobs I could to support John until he graduated. When I was too far along to continue working, John took a leave of absence from uni and worked to support us until I could return to work. Mom looked after Tommy, our eldest, so I could return to work. I kept the money rolling in until John graduated with a Masters in Business.

“When he did, Pepperstone, Australia brought him on board, and the rest, as they say, is history. I chose to become a stay-at-home mom because John preferred it, and to be truthful, so did I. Krissy arrived less than two years

after Tommy, and that confirmed my desire to stay home and ensure my children grew up to be good people."

"I'm with you, Kate," James assured me. "Annie made the same decision as you under the same conditions. I have a son and a daughter, just like you," he grinned before facetiously saying, "My son, I'm ashamed to say, is a lawyer." Then he added, "But my daughter is a doctor. She's been at the P.A. Hospital for nearly twenty years but has decided it's time to go into private practice. She wants to join a GP service somewhere near where she grew up, here in Brisbane's east."

"Tell her to call me," I absently said as I compared mine and James' stories. "My friend Patty needs another doctor in her practice, but her current offices are too small to fit another doctor in, and she is loath to move premises. Maybe, with your help and encouragement, she and Patty could find offices to move to that are large enough for your daughter to have her own rooms."

"My daughter is a lesbian," James informed me. "Would that be okay with your friend?"

"It's the twenty-twenties, James," I reminded him. "Nobody would dare ask, let alone make an issue of that these days."

"You're not bothered about homosexuality?" James asked.

To be frank, readers, I was a little bothered by James' statement and question. I mean, other than a few religious nutbags like Patty's mom and Billy's parents, is anyone bothered by homosexuality anymore? If it isn't for you, don't do it. There, problem solved. Wondering if agreeing to go to dinner with him was a mistake, I answered, "Of course not."

However, James alleviated my concern by saying, "I'm glad, Kate. I just keep hoping that Penelope will find someone she can settle down with because she seems so sad and lonely."

"Doesn't she have any friends?" I queried.

“Penelope concentrated on her career instead of staying in contact with her friends. Over the years, as her friends got married and had children, Penny let them drift away. Now she’s in her mid-forties and alone. Her days off are spent with me most of the time. That’s sad for her, don’t you think?”

I pointed out, “I think she’s been worried about your mental health since her mom, your wife, passed away. The surviving partners in long-term marriages often swiftly follow their spouses into the grave.”

“Losing Annie was painful, Kate,” James said as he turned his head to wipe a tear away. “But I still have a full life. When they need help with their established clients, I consult on an ad hoc basis for some of my previous workplaces. I play golf and bowls and support my local theatre. So, I have plenty to keep me occupied. I could easily date, but until now, I haven’t met anyone who could hold a candle to Annie.”

I realised that he meant me, so I needed to stop that line of thought immediately. “You realise that I’m never leaving my husband, right, James? This is a dinner date, conversation, and seeing where it leads. It’s not the beginnings of a new romance with marriage somewhere up ahead.”

“I realise that, my dear Kate,” James replied. “Friendship is all I seek from you and your husband. If anything more than that happens, I’ll consider myself blessed.”

With that out in the open, I could enjoy the rest of my night. We were at The Hilton, and I must admit that I expected James to have a room booked to take me up to. However, after we’d eaten, James stood and offered his arm. I moved to take it and turned towards the lifts. We walked in that direction, but he surprised me by walking past them and out into the Queen Street Mall. James guided me to a whisky bar called Death and Taxes in Burnett Lane. Going inside, he helped me onto a comfortable two-seater couch and excused himself to the bar.

James brought a vodka and citrus-based cocktail back to the sofa for me. Once I accepted it from him, he sat beside me, keeping a respectful gap between us. James sipped his whisky as I sampled my cocktail. I liked it; it was sweet, with a little lemony sourness aftertaste.

We drank those, and James got another. My second cocktail was tequila-based. It was okay, but not a patch on the first. However, I loved that James had taken control and was ordering for me. It was the same during dinner. He chose a Spanish Quail dish with a matched wine for me without asking. James was attentive, calm and authoritative, all the things I love my man being. By the time we left the restaurant, I was almost literally dripping and would have gladly accompanied him upstairs.

Over our drinks, we chatted about all kinds of things. But every time I tried to get James to talk about himself, he skilfully turned the conversation back to me. I'm so used to being the listening board as the man I'm with tries to impress me with his many accomplishments that it took a little time before I could relax and expand my responses to James' questions.

I sometimes felt a bit of a fraud because he'd find worth in many things that I considered nothing more than my duty to my husband and children. Maybe if I'd been a working mother, then keeping my home spotless, the budget balanced and ensuring my kids were healthily fed, properly disciplined, and supported in their activities would have had more merit. But as a stay-at-home mother, I thought it was the least I could have done.

James, however, praised my efforts and described how having his wife, Annie, stay at home and do those things for him allowed him to concentrate solely on his career and providing for his family. He fondly recalled coming home to an immaculately clean and tidy home with the delicious smell of dinner cooking and how Annie would greet him wearing something subtly sexy, looking, in his eyes at least, like a glamorous movie star. He spoke warmly about getting home, relaxing, and then playing with his kids as Annie finished dinner and prepared the table.

By the time we'd finished our second drink, I was feeling much better about my contribution to John's and my marriage. James made his marriage, which had many comparisons to mine, sound like an idyllic meeting of minds and souls.

James looked at his watch and said, "Well, my darling Kate. As much fun as this has been, we need to get moving if I'm to keep my promise to your girls and have you home by midnight."

I was both disappointed that he didn't want to take me up to a room and filled with admiration that James would make the effort to take me on an actual date for the first time we spent together. James called his driver as we walked through the mall, and by the time we got to Edward Street, his car and driver were waiting for us.

We held hands as we drove home, and although my nipples and clitoris ached, I refrained from doing anything sexual. I did move our hands to James' upper thigh and smiled when I felt his erection stretch the front of his trousers.

Getting home, James escorted me to the door, and we exchanged our first-ever kiss. He was good! His lips were dry and firm, with just the right amount of pressure. James held my hip and the back of my head as we let the kiss lengthen. Finally, he stepped back and smiled. "Thank you for a most wonderful evening, my dear Kate. When I call during the week, I hope you'll allow me to escort you to dinner again."

"Of course, I'll say yes, Mister Squire," I replied equally as formally. "You'll need to clear it with my husband first, though."

"Perhaps I could invite you to dinner at my place and ask you to stay overnight."

"Perhaps you could," I replied as my arousal flared to a bonfire in my soaking nether regions. "You can suggest that when you phone John."

James stood on tip-toes to kiss me again. "Thanks again, my darling Kate. I'll talk to you next week."

"I'll look forward to it," I smiled as I opened the door and stepped through it.

"Well?" Tommy asked from the kitchen door.

"Well, I'm so freaking horny I'm about to jump you here in front of our clear glass entryway," I growled.

“Poor Momma,” Tommy teased. “Didn’t Mister James Squire satiate you tonight?”

I groused, “The closest we got to sex was the kiss outside the door just now. Emotionally calm and powerful, dominant and controlled. Precisely what I need in a man, and one lousy kiss. Well, the kiss was divine, but there was only one.”

Laughing, Tommy asked, “So, what do you need, Mom?”

I reached behind me and unzipped my dress. Then I stepped out of it and dropped my strapless bra on top of it. Then I turned and placed my hands on either side of the door. I bent over and waggled my sexy bottom. “Take me right here, right now,” I demanded.

Tommy strode to me and pressed his shorts-covered cock against my sexy ass. Reaching around, he gripped my lushly full and firm breasts. He hissed in my ear, “Beg, my little slut Mommie.”

“Please, Tommy, take your mother like the dirty little cock sucking slut she is. She needs your big cock in her slut cunt and your strong hand slapping her ass as you fuck her hard.”

“Third person, Mom?” Tommy disparagingly said as he pinched my nipples viciously. “Tell me what you want!”

“I want you, my son, to fuck me like the slut I am. Fuck me so hard that the asshole neighbours on our left come over to complain about my orgasm screams tomorrow.”

“That’s better, my little Kate slut,” Tommy crooned.

He moved back and took hold of my pantyhose. Ripping them apart, he pulled them off my sexily curved ass. Then Tommy tore a hole in my lacy panties. He dropped his shorts, moved closer and lined his long, thick member up with my dripping entrance. He slid the head a little way into my pussy before grabbing my hips and ripping me back as he slammed into me.

As Tommy's pelvis hit my toned, curvy ass, his cock's head crashed against my cervix, and I climaxed immediately.

"More!" Tommy demanded as he pounded into my vulva. I squeaked and had a minor orgasm every time his cock hit my cervix. I don't squirt, but I was so turned on and wet that my fluids poured from my pussy, soaking both our groins.

Of course, our vicious, shatteringly loud coupling brought Patty, Gina and my girls from their rooms. Soon, my entryway looked like a bedroom at a swingers' orgy. Patty and Charmaine were tribbing with Patty on top. Jennifer and Gina were in a classic '69' with Jennifer on top, and, of course, Tommy was fucking me about as brutally as anyone ever had.

As his orgasm hit, he roared and unloaded into my tightly gripping pussy. I wasn't anywhere near sated, though, so I pushed off him, turned and dropped to my knees. Then, taking Tommy's cock into my mouth, I cleaned our combined secretions off it and worked him back to full rigidness. When he was, I turned and put my forehead on the floor. Then, reaching behind me, I spread my ass cheeks, offering my bottom for Tommy's use.

"Yes!" Tommy growled as he knelt behind me. He pushed his cock back into my sopping pussy to lubricate it before slowly and remorselessly shoving it through my knot and deep into my rarely-used ass.

To me, it was the ultimate submission to my son's will. Doing this showed Tommy that I was his and that any hole, any time, was available to him. Tommy firmly smacked my toned ass as he slowly fucked my dirt hole, waiting until my sphincter relaxed.

I felt full, owned and dominated, and my libido exploded. "Fuck me!" I demanded. "Fuck my dirt hole as hard as you can!"

Tommy gripped my shapely hips and ripped me back onto his cock. He repeated that action, and I felt his meaty balls slap against my entrance. The sensation drove me wild, and I reached between my legs to finger my clitoris. After a few more thrusts, Tommy lay on my back and took my lush breasts in his hands. He gripped my swollen, puffy nipples in his thumbs

and fingers before squeezing and twisting them. That sent me into another frenzy of orgasms.

Every thrust into my tight back passage caused Tommy's balls to slap my entrance. The feeling of Tommy's balls hitting my entrance, mixing with the pain/pleasure signals emanating from my pinched nipples, gave me many minor orgasms. Every orgasm added to the others, sending me climbing toward a massive climax.

Suddenly, I was at the top of my peak, and surrendering my soul and will to my son, I leapt from it. I screamed as my entire body locked in place. My mind was gone—taken a vacation somewhere, maybe. But unawarely, I continued to rock back to meet my son's thrusting cock. The continuous slapping on my vulva, pounding against my ass cheeks and nipple stimulation brought me back from where my mind had gone. I was close to another epic climax, so I screamed, "Fill your mother's ass with cum, my darling boy!"

Tommy bucked and roared as his orgasm ripped through him. Feeling his warm seed splashing into my colon launched me into orgasm again, and I screamed and shook on Tommy's cock. Exhausted and spent, Tommy rolled off me onto the ground.

I collapsed onto his chest and smiled happily. "I hope that was only round one," I giggled.

"Slut," Tommy said affectionately. "Let me up so we can get clean and move to your bedroom."

The girls extricated themselves from each other, and we moved to the showers. After quickly freshening up, we met on my bed. I watched as Jennifer and Gina rode my son. They swapped back and forth from mouth to cock as one and then the other orgasmed. I was on my knees eating Patty's pussy as Charmaine lay on her back between my thighs eating mine.

'We need at least one more male,' I thought as I enjoyed Charmaine's efforts to make me cum. It was nice, but spending the evening with James

had me aching for more cock. Unfortunately, Tommy's was the only one available, and it was currently occupied.

Charmaine, Patty and I shifted mouths and pussies almost as often as Jennifer and Gina did, but even though I had several orgasms, I didn't feel satiated or that my emotional needs were met.

The bottom line was that I missed my husband, and even though I was having sex with multiple people, John and, to a lesser extent, Tommy were the only ones I made love with. Only being with him satisfied my deepest needs for intimacy. Oh, I wasn't going to give up being an insatiable slut Mommie anytime soon, but I yearned for John to come home.

When Tommy couldn't 'rise to the occasion' again, we all cuddled together and slept. Charmaine had abandoned her usual spot, sleeping with her head between my breasts, and was snuggled close to Patty instead. Jennifer had gratefully taken Charmaine's place. Tommy and I slept back-to-back, and he had Gina spooned against him.

I woke to find my son's magnificent cock buried deep inside my aching pussy. Tommy held my luscious left breast as he lightly rolled my puffy nipple between his thumb and finger. He kissed the back of my neck and along my shoulder tops as he slowly, gently stroked into me.

I moaned lustfully, and Jennifer's eyes popped open. Seeing Tommy's face over my shoulder told her what was happening, and she smiled happily. Jennifer moved a little away so she could slide her hand down my sexily curved tummy and onto my waxed clit. Then, sometimes fingering my love button and sometimes circling where Tommy's cock entered me, she worked with Tommy to make me cum.

I was close but not quite there, but then Jennifer lowered her head and bit my nipple firmly. Well, that did it! I woke everyone in the house and probably the people in the houses on either side of us as I screamed a stupendous orgasm to the ceiling.

The six of us cuddled and kissed as we each took turns getting up, doing our morning's business, showering, and changing. Eventually, only Tommy

and I were left in bed. Tommy rolled me on my back and slid back inside me. He rested with his arms under my shoulders and his weight on his elbows. Smiling, he gazed at me lovingly as he pumped slowly into my cum-sloppy pussy. “You’re missing Dad, aren’t you, Mom?” He asked.

Surprising myself, I burst into tears. I mean, how romantic, right? Here I was, making love to my son and protector, and all I could think of was how much I missed my husband. I mean, to be fair, my husband is my owner, too, but still.

Tommy stayed inside me but only hugged me as tightly as he could. He let me sob until I sniffed and opened my eyes. I was about to apologise when Tommy said, “I understand, Mom. Dad was away so often for all those years, and just when it seemed he was home for good, he took off again.”

And, I burst into tears again. Tommy moved to roll off me, but I needed to feel his love and desire for me, so I wrapped my legs around him tightly and refused to let him move.

“Make love to me, Tommy,” I sobbed. “I need to feel how much you love me.”

With slow, languorous strokes, touches and kisses, my son made beautifully passionate love to me. It wasn’t the loud, aggressive, almost angry, passionate lovemaking we often shared. This was two people who loved each other profoundly, showing the other person how much we cared. My climax, when it came, was only soft, but it resonated deep inside my aching heart and filled me with warmth and happiness. I sighed contentedly and kissed Tommy lovingly as he groaned and filled me with his warm seed. My husband was still gone, but I felt calm and relaxed, knowing that I was loved and he’d return to me when he could.

Tommy and I showered together. We exchanged hugs and soft kisses but didn’t do anything sexual. He left my room to get dressed, so I did the same thing and then walked to my kitchen.

Chapter 14: Daddy Knows Best—The Conclusion



From Daddy Knows Best Part One:Tommy and I showered together. We exchanged hugs and soft kisses but didn’t do anything sexual. He left my

room to get dressed, so I did the same thing and then walked to my kitchen.

I expected to find the four other women sitting around drinking coffee as they waited for me to make breakfast. I was wrong, however. Gina, Jennifer and Charmaine had set up a production line. Raw goods entered one end, and cooked breakfasts exited the other. I rarely eat a cooked breakfast, but I decided to make an exception this morning. I loaded my plate with toast, scrambled eggs, bacon, hash browns and mushrooms and sat at the BBQ table outside. The others, including Tommy, swiftly did the same thing and joined me out there. Patty arrived last bearing mugs and a pot of hot coffee.

None of us had anything much planned for the morning, so we sat around the table and laughed, chatted and teased until nearly eleven a.m. Tommy announced he had a lunchtime wedding to photograph and left, taking Gina with him. Patty said she had to meet Billy to discuss selling their home and dividing what shared assets they had. Patty hoped that Billy would agree to buy her half of the house and didn't care about virtually anything else they shared. It seemed they'd kept the finances separated, and dividing the few shared items shouldn't take much.

Jennifer and Charmaine needed to meet their respective study groups to work on their projects, leaving me home alone again. But, as I've mentioned before, that's pretty normal for me, so I wasn't bothered. I called my sisters, Mary and Yvette, and asked if they'd meet me for coffee here at my place this afternoon. When they said they would, I phoned Mom and asked if she could join us, too.

The three of them arrived in Mom's car. It seemed that Yvette and Mary were worried that John and I had broken up, and that was what I wanted to talk to them about. I laughed and showed them my 'slave collar', pointing out that John had finally stood up and begun doing his familial duties, including deflowering his daughter. They warmly congratulated me, and I made coffee and served cake and biscuits to share as we discussed why I'd brought them over.

Mom and my sisters were keen to meet my girls, Jennifer and Charmaine, although Mary and Yvette both pointed out that they hadn't done anything

sexual with another woman since leaving home and weren't sure if they would be much help with Charmaine. I explained that I wanted them to show my girls how being submissive to your lover didn't make you a doormat. I said that Charmaine and Jennifer needed to learn how to be 'the power behind the throne'. How to lovingly guide their owner into making the right decisions for their career and family and to do it in a way that leaves their lover believing they were the one making those choices.

We discussed how and when we'd get them all together, and once we'd worked that out, we caught up as family always does. Mary's and Yvette's marriages were both strong, and they'd accepted being empty nesters and rejoined the workforce. Mary was office temping, using the skills she'd learned in college years ago. Yvette is a checkout operator, or 'terminal tart', as I jokingly called her, at her local Coles supermarket. She seemed slightly embarrassed until I congratulated her on getting her first job. Neither of my sisters had to work because their husbands held high-paying positions, but they needed the jobs for their sanity's sake.

After about two hours, Yvette announced that she needed to get home and start dinner because her husband, Matt, liked to eat no later than six. Mom and Mary, of course, had to leave with her. Mom waited until my sisters had gone outside before quietly saying, "You will come for dinner next Saturday, Kate. Bring a change of clothes because you'll be staying the night."

"Yes, Mom," I said dutifully. "What's going on?"

Mom evaded, "You'll see next Saturday, Kate. Now kiss your mother goodbye, and I'll see you next week."

I did as I was told and then cleaned up. I'd made myself a cup of coffee and sat down just as Patty returned. Seeing her red eyes and tear-streaked face, I swiftly crossed to her and enveloped her in a loving embrace. "Bad, huh?"

"To see twenty years thrown away like that, Kate," Patty sobbed. "It's just such a waste. Billy won't even look at or talk to me; he just signs everything my lawyer puts in front of him. All he does is sob and say how sorry he is, but he won't change his mind about leaving me instead of us

staying married and keeping Mason as his live-in lover. Shit, Kate! To think it would be Allie's brother that broke us apart! Allie cussed Mason up and down the block, but all he said was that it wasn't any of her business."

Fortunately, Allie, Courtney and Maggie banged in through the door. They held bags of chips and dips and carried several bottles of wine. "Mason phoned and said you needed cheering up," Allie announced as she sat everything on the bench and hugged Patty. "If we can't rescue your marriage, the least we can do is get you as drunk as a skunk so you forget what your name is, as well as the fact you're married to an asshole."

"Cheers to that," Courtney said as she unscrewed the cap on the first bottle of wine. "Kate, we'll need those cigarettes from last time. It's time for the girl gang to get together and disparage our 'lesser halves'."

I got a couple of bowls to put the chips in, found the packet of 'cigarettes' in the drawer where I'd returned them, got some glasses and followed the girls into my lounge. Offering the 'smokes' to each woman as Courtney filled our glasses, I growled, "That's my last packet, so enjoy them while you can!"

"I wonder if you can buy them online," Courtney mused as she sipped her wine and pretended to light her 'cigarette' and draw deeply.

"Use your phone and see," Maggie suggested as she accepted her glass, rolled onto her back and 'blew smoke rings' into the sky.

"I've found them," Courtney said excitedly. "There's a company in America selling them." She scrolled down. "Shit! They don't post outside of America." Courtney searched further. "Fuck!" She added. "They're banned in Australia."

That's ridiculous," I pointed out after pretending to take a deep drag followed by a sip of wine. "Real cigarettes that kill people are available, but harmless candy ones are banned?"

"Looks like it." Courtney said, "I agree. How bullshit is that?"

“No tax money in candy cigarettes,” Maggie pointed out. “The government can point at the ban and say they’re ‘doing their bit to stop teen and preteen smoking’ without negatively affecting their tax revenue.”

“You’re just cynical,” I joked.

“Hey, it ain’t cynical if it’s true,” Maggie responded.

“As the only leftie in the group, I’d like to point out that teen and preteen smoking is at an all-time low,” Allie stated.

“Bullshit!” Patty and I said simultaneously.

“It is at an all-time low,” Allie defensively said.

“You’re about as left as Maggie Thatcher,” Patty explained. “And as for the other, care to show some stats that prove the low figure is caused by banning candy smokes?”

“No,” Allie admitted. “But if I’m as left as Ms Thatcher, you’re further right than Genghis Khan.”

“Hey,” Patty joked. “The most effective form of governance is a benign dictatorship. Which is fine, as long as I’m the dictator!”

“You don’t even like dick,” Courtney muttered amusedly. “Besides, I always thought that a dictator was someone whose dick was stuck in a ‘tater’.”

“The problem isn’t with the ‘dick’,” Patty airily replied. “Dick can be fun. It’s the useless piece of man meat the dick’s attached to that’s the problem.”

“Well, this girl quite likes a hefty chunk of ‘man meat’,” Maggie joked.

“Shame you married Chris, then,” I teased. “If seeing him in his DTs (Speedos, Dick Togs) is any indication, ‘hefty’ isn’t the description I’d use.”

“Oi!” Maggie protested. “Chris is a grower, not a shower.”

“He grows from ‘inverted’ to ‘perverted’?” Allie asked innocently.

“You’re all a bunch of bitches,” Maggie grumbled. “Tell me why I put up with you?”

“Because we’re the only ones who love you,” Patty, Courtney, Allie, and I said together.

“Fuck you!” Maggie jokingly said. “Chris, and his five-inch cock, love me just as much as you do.”

We sipped our wines and ‘smoked’ as we contemplated life. After a few moments, I asked, “Anyone hear from Kath? Is she hosting The Big Bash coverage this year?”

“Yeah,” Courtney replied. “I think she is. But it hasn’t started yet. She’s doing some preseason interviews and prerecording some stuff. She said she’d get here around eight and would bring Chinese.”

That was dinner taken care of, so one less thing to worry about.

Over the ensuing couple of hours, Tommy, Gina, and my girls trickled in. I texted Kath, saying we’d have two extras for dinner. Tommy and Gina were going out, but Charmaine and Jennifer were a little short of cash this week, so they were staying in.

I thought about that before deciding they needed an allowance. They were already doing most of my housework, all of my laundry, and a good part of the yard work. They also cooked at least as often as I did, so they deserved to be rewarded for their work.

Eventually, we split into the older and younger groups. Jennifer and Charmaine stripped and got in the hot tub, and the rest of us hit my games room. Uncovering the pool table, Patty and I challenged the others to a game. We thrashed Maggie and Allie, sinking the black when they still had five left. Patty and I then beat Maggie and Courtney when Courtney accidentally sank the black as she pocketed another ball. Then, when we beat Courtney and Allie, those three demanded we swap partners.

Readers, you have to understand that my friends are all gorgeous women. We all dress revealingly, if not outright provocatively. Seen from behind, every shot revealed vast expanses of silky-smooth, toned upper thighs and slender calves and ankles. If they really stretched to make the shot, barely covered asses would show. If you were before them, then, as they bent over, firm breasts that their tops struggled to contain threatened to fall out into view. I'm sure I wasn't the only one turned on by that view.

Knowing that Allie was the most daring of my friends, I challenged the others. "Allie and I challenge you three tarts to a game of strip pool. The losers of every frame have to remove an item of clothing. Footwear and jewellery do not count."

We'd all drunk enough to think it was a good idea, so we started, and Allie and I immediately lost. I didn't know what to take off because all I had on was a short skirt and tank top. As usual, I hadn't bothered with underwear that morning.

"Oh, just take something off, Kate, you little slut," Maggie teased. "You've already been flashing your bald pussy to us as you played, and we've all seen your big tits many times before."

Laughing embarrassedly, I pulled my top off and placed it on the wet bar beside the pool table. Allie winked at the other three and worked her bra out from underneath her clothes. "Not fair!" I complained.

"It's not our fault you don't wear underwear," Allie pointed out. "Besides, this was your idea."

"That it was," I agreed as I handed Maggie my pool cue and walked to the bar. I put an extra sway and bounce in my step as I walked. A quick glance revealed that all four of my friends were biting their bottom lip as they watched my breasts bounce and my ass swing.

"No one does 'earthily sexy' as well as Kate," Patty muttered. "Even Raquel Welch in that fur bikini doesn't do sexy as well as Kate does."

“Keep your eyes in your head, you big old dyke,” Maggie teased. “She’s taken.”

“A girl can dream and fantasise,” Patty innocently said, making everyone laugh.

I watched and listened to this conversation, knowing it was explicitly aimed at keeping Courtney unaware of the sexual activities the rest of us shared. The teasing, playful comments deflected attention away from stiffened nipples and aroused smelling pussies. I understood now why I hadn’t twigged that Patty, Maggie and Allie were intimate with each other. I then compared how Kath and I now acted around each other and realised it was no wonder the others hadn’t worked out that she and I were lovers because we acted as naturally with each other as they did.

With this new knowledge, I observed my friends, trying to see any sign of their intimate relationships. The only thing untoward I noticed was that Courtney’s nipples were poking her top out at least as much as the nipples on the rest of us poked out ours. Well, except for mine, of course. My breasts were uncovered, and my arousal was plain for all to see.

Maggie and Patty played Courtney and Allie, and Allie lost again. Courtney did the same ‘bra out through the sleeve trick that Allie had done, and Allie took her panties off. Then, Courtney and I played Maggie and Patty. My team won, and more bras exited from sleeves. Courtney and I won again, leaving Patty and Maggie pantyless. Because we’d won three in a row, the girls demanded that Courtney and I split. They decided that I should get more wine since I was already down to my last piece of clothing.

I was bent over getting the bottle from the fridge when I felt hands sliding up the backs of my thighs and onto my sexily curved ass. Pretending shock, I jumped, squealed and spun around. I smelled the food as soon as Kath came in the door and knew who it was. Looking at my exposed breasts and rock-hard nipples, Kath grinned. “Are you cold or just happy to see me?”

“The air from the fridge is quite cold,” I said teasingly. “However, my love, I’m always happy to see you!” I examined my best friend as we hugged. She wore a mid-length white dress that clung to her slender body,

emphasising her small, firm, high breasts, lean stomach and toned hips and legs. I ran my hands down her back and onto her tight ass. “No bra or panties, you tart,” I grinned. “Doesn’t Foxtel pay you enough to afford them?”

“The lines they create look terrible on the TV,” Kath answered primly. “So, my lusciously endowed, tarty friend, why are you topless?”

“We’re playing strip pool,” I explained.

Kath giggled, “And you’re losing badly, obviously.”

“Hey,” I protested. “I’ve lost one game!”

Kath held her sides laughing as she realised why I was already mostly naked. “Teach you to go about sans underwear all the time.”

The girls, young and old, had heard Kath come in through the door, so they appeared in the kitchen, looking for something to eat. Allie and Courtney must have lost because they were down to their skirt (Allie) and shorts (Courtney). Charmaine and Jennifer wore only towels as they got plates and serving spoons out. Kath and Charmaine shared a look and smile. I happened to be looking at Patty at the time, and I saw her eyes narrow as she picked up that they were close.

I nudged Kath and imperceptibly nodded in Charmaine’s direction. Kath clued in on why I’d done that and said, “Charmaine, my director loved your piece on Saya Sakakibara. I’m scheduled to meet her in Surfers next week. I’d like you to do the interview, please. I’ll be there to take over if it all goes pear-shaped.”

Patty and the older girls looked questioningly at Kath, so she clarified, “Charmaine is a journalism major. Kate introduced us, and after I saw her résumé and uni work, I made her my intern. It’s unpaid at the moment. But I think they’ll pay her something when she starts working four days a week over the summer uni break.”

Courtney, Allie and Maggie nodded understandingly, but I noticed that Patty wasn't having a bar of it. I hoped she'd keep quiet but then realised I was being silly. Of course, she'd stay quiet because she, too, was used to living a life with hidden secrets.

We used the outside table because it was larger and less formal than my two inside ones. Jennifer and Charmain were initially unusually quiet. But as we older girls teased them mercilessly, they came out of their shells and joined in the jocularity. They grew curious as we teased each other about our pool skills, or lack thereof. They looked at each other and nodded.

Jennifer said, "We challenge the reigning table champions, Patty and Maggie. Then, after we've taken their shorts, we challenge the two Ks."

"Two Ks?" Courtney asked.

"Kath and Kate," Charmaine clarified.

After quickly tidying up, we took our wine glasses and returned to the pool room. Patty had already set the table up, so she broke and the game began. True to their word, the youngsters almost 'pantsed' Patty and Maggie. Only a fortuitous double cushion pocketing of their red ball stopped Patty and Maggie from losing with seven of their balls still on the table. If that hadn't happened, they'd have 'lost their pants' as well as an article of clothing for losing the game.

That left the younger girls wearing only their towels and the rest of us, except Kath, in nothing but their skirts or shorts. Kath had only her dress on. The next pair to lose would be the first ones to be naked.

In a close fought game, I managed a difficult cut shot on the black, only barely putting enough side spin on the cue ball to prevent it from going in off the black. The problem was that Kath and I immediately lost the last game to Courtney and Allie, leaving them as the only ones still wearing some modesty.

"Ahh, fuck that!" The typically pithy Patty said as she grabbed Allie's skirt and pulled it down. "Now Courtney, you uptight bitch," Patty pretended to

growl. “Are you stripping with or without help?”

“Eek!” Courtney jokingly squeaked in a high-pitched voice. “The dyke wants to see my pussy.”

We laughed as Courtney unashamedly dropped her shorts and strutted naked to the pool. She put her wine glass on the pool’s edge and jumped in. The rest of us spread our glasses in a line beside Courtney’s and leapt in after her. The volleyball net was still up, so we made teams and began playing. Courtney’s team had a natural advantage because she was the only one of us athletically inclined, but it was still fun.

I begged off after the second game and got out of the pool. I picked up my glass and got in the hot tub. Courtney joined me moments later. Uncharacteristically, she sat close with our shoulders touching. Usually, she’d carefully keep her body separated from the rest of us. I’d always wondered why, and I was about to find out.

Taking a hefty swig, Courtney emptied her glass. Then she stood, took my glass, and said, “Be back soon.” She returned with two full glasses and sat so our shoulders touched again.

Courtney sniffed and then sobbed. “What’s up, babe?” I lovingly asked.

“You’re all so close and affectionate,” she stated. “Even your young charges are comfortable with physical affection from women. Kath was always a little aloof, but after you and she went away for those days, even she’s quite physically affectionate now.”

“And that bothers you?” I asked, wondering if Courtney was homophobic.

She took another large swallow of wine and sobbed again. I wanted to touch her to reassure her that everything was okay, but I wasn’t sure if that would be appreciated. Courtney sniffed again and said, “Do you remember Lilly Petersen, the girls’ softball coach at high school?”

I did. Ms Petersen was a severe-looking, tall, angular, mid-thirties teacher. She didn’t believe in body grooming, makeup, hair dye, or deodorant. With

her hairy legs, arms and armpits, Doc Martens boots and androgynous looks, we all assumed that she was a lesbian.

“She tried to rape me at summer camp during year 10,” Courtney shockingly said. “When I refused her advances and threatened to scream, she snarled, ‘Deny what you are, if you want, Ms Evans. But we both know you want me to eat your cunt.’ Kate, the scary thing was that I did want her to, just not like that, you know? I wanted it to be romantic and loving. Not forced and dirty like she was making it.”

“Did she rape you, Courtney?” I asked empathetically. “Is that why you’re uncomfortable with us girls showing you and each other affection?”

“No,” Courtney said firmly. “She tried to grab me again, but I twisted away and ran from the room. If you remember, I refused to play for the school after that and played for my local senior team.”

“Have you spoken to anyone about this before, babe?” I asked, wanting to put my arms around her but knowing I would probably be rejected.

Shaking her head, Courtney said, “No. I never said anything to anyone.” She sobbed again. “I wonder how many other girls I could have saved if only I’d been brave enough to put a complaint in.”

I thought about that before venturing, “I don’t know if there were many to save, babe. It’s been more than twenty years, and if she were a rapist and molester, at least one person would have come forward by now. Think about all those historical cases from years and years ago that are coming to light. If Lilly Petersen were a serial molester, one of her victims would have put a police complaint in by now.”

“In some ways, that’s even worse, Kate,” Courtney sobbed. “If it was only me, why did she pick me out? What did I do to make her think I’d be interested in lesbian sex?”

“Maybe because, at that age, you looked similar to her? Tall, skinny, almost no breasts, and little interest in clothes or makeup.”

“I filled out some,” Courtney self-deprecatingly said.

“You filled out gorgeously,” I said, aching to take her in my arms and comfort her.

Courtney sighed and lay her head on my shoulder. “May I ask a very personal question, Kate?”

“Sure,” I replied. “As long as you don’t mind me not answering.”

“What changed for you, babe? You were always beautiful and incredibly sexy, but you kept your light hidden beneath a bushel. Then, about ten months ago, your light suddenly shone brighter than the sun. Now, you exude sexual confidence. Men and women turn to watch you walk by, and you don’t even notice. Cocks stiffen, and I’m sure pussies get wet around you, and you walk on unaware they do. So, babe, what changed?”

“When I saw Edgar Fontaine to cure my nicotine addiction, he counselled me, too,” I explained carefully, unwilling to admit too much. “Edgar led me to understand that I was a sexual being, and that by hiding that I was, I hurt only myself and my family. Since then, I’ve chosen to show that side of myself, and trust me, I’ve had to beat suitors off with a stick ever since.”

“So, just like high school, then?” Courtney joked.

We laughed and had to leave our conversation there because everyone else wanted to join us. My tub sits four comfortably and six tightly, but there was no way eight of us could fit. It didn’t stop my friends, though, because Kath sat on my lap facing out, and Charmaine sat on Patty’s facing her.

Courtney’s, Maggie’s, Kath’s, and Allie’s eyes widened in surprise as Charmaine and Patty kissed and hugged. “What?” Patty asked. “Haven’t you seen an older woman kissing a teenage girl before?”

“No!” The other five shouted.

They looked at me, and all I did was shrug. “They make a cute couple, don’t you think?”

“Rebound sex?” Kath worriedly asked. “Is that fair on you or Ms Charmaine?”

“Charmaine and I have discussed it, Kath,” Patty explained. “I’ve been careful about telling her how I feel and that I, too, am worried about this being a ‘rebound relationship’. Having just had my heart broken, I have no desire to hurt Charmaine. We’re taking things slowly, but we’re enjoying discovering each other.”

“Yeah, but so soon after splitting with Billy?” Allie asked, with Kath agreeing.

“Don’t I get a say?” Charmaine asked as she turned to face the others. “I saw Patty and instantly felt attracted to her. I know our love might only last until Patty recovers from her heartbreak, but I’m prepared to take that risk.”

“The age gap is too much,” Maggie fretted. “In ten years, Patty will be close to fifty, and you won’t even be thirty yet.”

“And in a year, Patty will be forty, and I will not even be twenty yet. So, so what? I’ve always been attracted to dominant older women, and Ms Patty fits that perfectly.”

The girls began to protest, so I quietly said, “It’s their choice, ladies. You may not like it, and you can choose to reject Patty and Charmaine by not accepting it, but you will acknowledge their right to make that choice.”

“We’re not unaccepting,” Maggie protested. “We’re just worried about them both getting hurt.”

“So you’d tell them to reject the chance for happiness together in case they’re sad later?” I asked. “What if we’re here together in twenty years, celebrating their twentieth wedding anniversary? Would you still say they should never have started?”

“Them breaking up in a few weeks or months is more likely than twenty years together,” Kath stated.

“Then why aren’t more of us separated or divorced?” I countered. “Patty’s, which we all acknowledge was only a marriage of convenience, is the only one broken. The rest of us are happily married. What are the chances of that?”

“Kate’s right,” Kath acknowledged. “What’s that old Lord Tennyson quote? ‘Tis better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all’.”

We pulled Patty and Charmaine to the tub’s middle and surrounded them. Then, we covered them both with hugs and kisses and wished them the best. Once they’d settled back into place, we finished our wines and the girls got out, dried off, dressed and left. Patty, Charmaine and Jennifer went upstairs together after saying goodnight.

I returned to turn the tub and lights off and get the wet towels and my clothes. I re-entered my house and heard knocking on my door. I opened it and found a teary Courtney standing there. “Can we finish our conversation, Kate?” She asked.

“Sure,” I said. “Let me put these towels in the washer, and we’ll grab a drink and sit and chat.”

“I’ll help,” Courtney offered.

It didn’t take long to throw the towels in the washer and turn it on. I tentatively put my arm around Courtney’s hip and squeezed her lightly as we walked back to my kitchen. Courtney sobbed and leaned closer, so I guessed I got that right.

I poured two glasses of wine and took her to the lounge. Sitting on the sofa ensured Courtney had plenty of room if she needed to keep her distance. But Courtney sighed deeply, leaned against me and put her head on my shoulder.

“Tell me what’s bothering you, babe,” I asked.

“I feel that I’m missing out because I can’t accept affection from you girls, Kate,” she said. “I remember reacting sexually to Ms Petersen’s declaration

that I wanted her to have sex with me, and I've been terrified that I was a lesbian ever since."

"Have you been closeted all this time, Courtney? I mean, I'm sorry, but given what I recently learned about Patty, I have to ask. Have you secretly been gay all these years?"

"No, or at least, I don't think so. But I get turned on when I see you all naked and kissing and cuddling, so maybe I am."

"I get turned on when we're all naked and kissing and cuddling," I pointed out. "Heck, you and your tall, lush body excite me. Do you think I'm a lesbian?"

"I excite you, Kate?" Courtney wonderingly asked. "You don't think being attracted to women makes me gay?"

"Again, I ask, babe. I'm attracted to some women. Do you think I'm gay?"

Courtney shook her head. "No," she replied. "You're as heterosexual as anyone I know."

I took a deep breath and let it out slowly, hoping I wasn't about to scare her away and ruin a friendship. "You might be surprised," I said quietly.

Courtney disbelievingly asked, "You've had sex with a woman? Women? Who with?"

"No names," I replied. "The ones I've been with have their own story to tell. It's not up to me to tell them for them."

"Patty, right? You've had sex with Patty, right?"

"If you're going to grill me for names, then this conversation is over," I told her firmly. "How would you feel if one of your lovers went around telling everyone you'd had sex with them?"

"Michael fucking Thorpe did that when we were at uni, Kate. Do you remember? And all I did was give that bastard a handjob. He told everyone

that we'd fucked and that I was a dud root."

I risked a joke, "Were you a dud because you would have preferred to have been with a woman?"

"Bitch," Courtney said, flicking my nipple.

Ignoring her comment, I returned to her original question and said, "Yeah, I remember. Did you know Ewan, Mike, and John confronted him and offered to use him for tackle practice if he didn't stop?"

"No, I didn't," Courtney replied. "Hah, interesting. I began dating Ewan right after that."

"Yeah, until he heard Michael Thorpe bragging about being with you, Ewan was too shy to ask you to go out. He wanted to for ages before he finally did." I wanted to get to the truth about Courtney's sexuality, so I asked, "How is your sex life with Ewan, babe? Is it good? Has it always been good? Do you need to fantasise about someone else, a woman perhaps, to get off?"

"No," Courtney answered. "I don't have to imagine Ewan's a woman to get off. Our sex life has waned some over the last twenty years, but it's still fantastic when we do make love." She stopped before embarrassedly admitting, "I do sometimes fantasise about having sex with a woman. It's, well, weird because my favourite lesbian fantasy is being made to submit by someone resembling Ms Petersen. Is that it, do you think? Was she right? Am I a lesbian?"

"Only you know the answer to that, Courtney," I replied. "But, for what it's worth, I think you might be bisexual, and the only way to be sure is to experiment with someone safe."

"Will you experiment with me, Kate?" Courtney pleaded.

"No," I replied, and Courtney stiffened. "Not because I don't find you attractive. Look at my nipples, and you'll see that I'm turned on by you being pressed against me."

“Why, then?”

“Because that’s not what you need,” I replied. “You need to become comfortable with showing physical affection to a woman before you try having sex with one. Otherwise, you’re likely to freak out and run, hurting yourself and whoever you’re with.” I thought about how to help her with that and formed a plan. “Give me your phone, babe,” I demanded.

Courtney dug it out of her purse, unlocked its screen, and handed it to me. I found her husband’s number and called it. He answered quickly with, “Hi, babe.

“Hey, Ewan, it’s Kate,” I clarified. “Courtney’s had too much to drink, so I’m putting her to bed here, okay?”

“Thanks, Kate,” Ewan said. “Remind her she needs to phone her mom tomorrow. I’ll be out with Mike and Chris playing golf.”

“Will do, Ewan,” I replied cheerfully. “I’ll send Courtney and her headache home in time to do that.”

Mystified, Courtney stared at me. “Come on,” I said after handing her phone back. “Follow me.” I held her hand as we walked up the stairs to my room.

When we got there, I handed her one of my full-length nighties. Then I got out a new toothbrush and sent her to my en suite to prepare for bed. When she exited the bathroom, I went in and did the same. I came out wearing a nightie that matched hers, except mine was dark green to her red. I looked at Courtney and smiled. I’m a little taller than my friend, and although we weigh about the same, I’m much more firmly toned than she is. Plus, my breasts and hips are more prominent. But we looked pretty good in our matching nighties.

Pulling the coverings back, I encouraged Courtney into bed. “I want to lie, cuddling you as we talk about this and that,” I informed her. “I will keep my occasional kisses to your lips, cheeks and forehead and my hands to your arms, shoulders and back. I’ll stay away from your breasts, ass and pussy.

“I want you to kiss me where you want to. Anywhere you want to, okay? I will not object or complain. Plus, I want you to let your hands roam to wherever you want to touch, and I promise that the most I’ll do is moan to show my appreciation. However, Courtney, my love and friend, I will not be offended if all you can do is let me hold you, okay? Tonight is not about us making love or even having sex. No, it’s not. Instead, it’s about you becoming comfortable with sharing physical intimacy with another woman. Do you understand?”

“Yes,” Courtney answered.

She lay like a board—stiff and unbending. I took her hand and smiled before using the remote to turn the lights out. Then I turned on the bedside night light and turned its intensity down until there was just enough light to see, but not enough to see more than a vague outline.

Rolling onto my side, I snuggled my head on her shoulder with my lips close to her neck. I placed my hand across Courtney’s stomach, being careful to stay away from her breasts and pussy.

I kissed her neck and whispered, “Sleep well, beautiful.”

Courtney lay on her back, stiff and unmoving, until I’d almost drifted off. She suddenly shifted, “Kate?” She whispered.

“Yes, beautiful?” I answered.

“Can we swap positions? Could I lie on you like you’re lying on me?”

“Of course,” I said, rolling onto my back. “I’ll warn you, though. Sometimes, I snore when I’m sleeping on my back. Especially if I’ve drunk a lot of wine.”

“It’ll be just like sleeping beside Ewan, then,” Courtney giggled.

I smiled, feeling all warm inside. My friend was relaxing and becoming comfortable lying with only two thin pieces of satin between us.

Courtney moved to put her head on my shoulder. I was surprised when she kissed my neck but not when she placed her hand across my body as carefully as I had placed mine. A little while later, I smiled as Courtney lifted her knee and put her thigh across my hips.

She kissed my neck again before sighing and saying, “This is nice. So much softer and smoother than cuddling with Ewan.” She kissed my cheek and rubbed hers against mine. “Plus, no chance of stubble rash.”

Courtney’s pussy was pressed against my hip, and I could feel the heat rising in it. Of course, having my gorgeous friend pressed so intimately against me turned me on, too. But it wasn’t the time to do anything about that, and it probably wouldn’t be until the next time we shared a bed.

We lay together quietly, and I began drifting off again. I could feel Courtney smiling against my neck, and her occasional soft kiss felt delicious. However, I remained quiescent and kept my hands still other than to take the hand across my body in mine and softly run my thumb over its back. I tried to pour all my love and affection into her in that gentle rub. I hoped Courtney could feel how much I cared for her as I gently stroked her.

Courtney’s breathing turned soft, deep and rhythmical. She’d fallen asleep. I smiled, knowing it was a sign that she felt comfortable lying intimately with me. I drifted off to sleep, too.

My usual morning problem woke me. I shifted and realised that I’d rolled onto my side, a sure sign that I’d been snoring. Surprisingly, Courtney had rolled with me, and we were in the typical big spoon/small spoon position, with Courtney as the big spoon. Even more surprising was that Courtney had cupped and was kneading my luscious right breast. I moved to get out of bed, and Courtney mumbled protestingly and pulled me back to spoon.

“I have to pee,” I whispered loudly.

“Huh?” Courtney asked, opening her eyes. She froze as she realised what she held in her hand. Then gasping, “Sorry,” she released it like it was scalding hot and scuttled across the bed. “Sorry, sorry, sorry,” she repeated, turning her back and bursting into tears.

I wondered if I should touch her, but my empathetic nature made me. Touching Courtney's shoulder gently, I said, "Having you hold me so intimately is the best feeling ever, Courtney. To know you trust me so much and care about me so deeply to do that makes me the luckiest woman on this planet."

"You're not angry at me for molesting you?" Courtney asked, still curled in on herself.

"Courtney, honey, you did not molest me. It's impossible to molest the willing."

"You liked me holding your breast like that?" Courtney asked as she straightened out and rolled to look at me.

"Yes," I said simply. "It made me feel loved and cherished. Most of all, it showed me you trusted that I would not take advantage of what you did."

"May I hug you?" She asked tentatively.

"Anytime you want to, babe."

I knew what she meant. All the members of our girl gang, including Courtney, hugged, kissed, and casually groped each other. However, it was affectionate, playful, and not sexual, and our hugs and kisses were never intimately affectionate. Moreover, it was friends showing their friendship with quick hugs, kisses and casual gropes. Courtney wasn't asking for a casual hug and grope. Instead, she asked me to show her affection by lovingly holding her.

I pressed my breasts delicately against Courtney's, wrapped my arms softly around her, and hugged her gently. "I love you, my beautiful friend," I told her, then kissed her lips lightly.

Courtney momentarily froze as my breasts pressed against hers, but she soon relaxed and returned my hug. Then, surprising even herself, I think, she kissed me back. That was enough for today, so I apologetically reminded her that I needed to relieve myself and rolled out of bed to do so.

After taking care of my needs, I quickly showered and returned to my bedroom. To my surprise and delight, Courtney still lay in bed. She held her arms out, asking for another cuddle. I obliged her, of course, and we shared another sweet, delectable hug and kiss.

Curious, I asked, “You know about Patty, right?”

Courtney giggled, “Kate,” she said. “Patty, Maggie, and Allie have been intimate since we were teenagers. You, Kath, and I were the only ones who weren’t, and you were the only one who didn’t know the others were.”

“I was so naïve,” I admitted. “But, given what happened to you, why aren’t you bothered by that?”

“I’m unaffected by others being intimate, Kate,” Courtney explained. “I only have problems when a woman wants to be physically intimate with me.”

“So,” I started, trying to understand. “If John wanted to show you affection, you’d be okay with that?”

“Kate, before you snagged him, all of us, including Patty, would have fucked your husband in an instant, hoping he’d choose us to be his wife. But it was all so fitting when he and you announced you were getting married. The prettiest girl in school marrying the most handsome man? They write novels and movies about things like that, Kate.”

“But,” I continued. “If I’d hugged you the same way...”

“I’d have wigged out,” Courtney confirmed. “When I see women exchanging sexually based affection, I have a visceral reaction that I can’t control.”

“So Patty and Charmaine last night?”

“It’s like they were made for each other,” Courtney dismissed. “So it’s love and not just sex.”

“And that makes a difference?” I asked.

“Of course. Come on, Kate. You know the difference between love and sex.”

“Then, sometime soon, my dear, you and I will make love, But not until you’re ready.”

Strangely, Courtney didn’t seem fazed by my statement. Instead, she smiled and then sighed. “I guess I’d better get up, shower and go home.” She hugged me again. “Last night, sleeping with you felt so good, Kate. Can we please do it again soon?”

“Sure, babe,” I replied. “It’s another month before John and Krissy return, so any time until then, okay?”

I went downstairs to make coffee and a quick breakfast. Courtney ate, thanked me, and left. I hadn’t seen any sign of the others, but when I picked up my phone, I noticed that Tommy had sent a text. It read, “I’ve taken Gina and the girls out for the day. Have fun with Freddy, and I’ll see you Monday morning.”

I considered Freddy’s instructions and looked in my walk-in robe for something that matched them. Turning to the rack that held my summer beachwear, I saw my Oatmeal, crocheted cotton, tie-strap, mini dress. With the ‘Oatmeal shaped’ holes throughout the dress, I couldn’t not wear underwear. If I did, I’d show my puffy nipples and hairless pussy to everyone. So, before pulling the dress on, I put on some white hipster briefs and a solid white strapless bra. Then, I added some white Bravada 2.0 platform shoes and sat on my sofa, waiting for Freddy to arrive.

Freddy arrived at eleven. He knocked on my door and wolf-whistled when I opened it. “Wow, Kate, you look like one of Botticini’s angels,” he exclaimed.

I preened happily and did a slow pirouette so he could admire me from all sides. Freddy’s khaki cargo shorts were severely tented, so I ran my fingers over them. “Is that for me?” I purred.

Freddy nodded and replied, “Yes, but we’ll let the anticipation for later tonight grow. Then he took my hand and helped me into his car. Because I had panties on for a change, I purposefully put one foot in and then the other. This allowed me to give my young date a brief flash of my barely covered nirvana.

Freddy got in and drove us to Mick Hanfling Park on Lake Kurwongbah. We got the picnic basket out of the car, found a peaceful spot, and spread our blanket. I prepared our lunch. Freddy had stocked the basket with BBQ chicken, lettuce, tomatoes, mayonnaise, bread rolls, and a bottle of wine, so I happily made a roll for Freddy before making a salad for myself. Freddy popped the sparkling wine and poured us a glass each.

We sat close, drinking and eating as we watched the water skiers flying by and the various couples and families doing similar things to us. A group of seven, around thirty-year-old men, arrived and set up a volleyball net. I surreptitiously admired their leanly muscular bodies as they whooped and hollered when one side or the other won a point.

I smiled as the men overtly ogled me. It was a commentary on the difference between the sexes. Guys, we women ogle equally as avidly as you do, but we do it surreptitiously, and you don’t notice. I enjoyed them looking because I knew there was something sensually sexy about a beautiful woman with a hot body wearing a dress that revealed her underwear. To be honest, I revelled in their looks and glances.

After about an hour, Freddy announced that he needed to pee. There was a public urinal about a hundred metres away, so Freddy walked in that direction. As soon as Freddy was inside the urinal, the young men asked me to join their game. I smiled before deprecatingly saying that I sucked at sports.

Their numbers were uneven, with four on one side and three on the other. So, after they’d assured me I’d do just fine, I joined the side with only three. The young men ensured I had fun by purposefully setting the volleyball up for me to hit. Then one of the guys winked at another, and suddenly, the ball was always just out of reach. They’d gone from making it easy for me to making it difficult. Of course, every time I dove for a ball,

my short dress rode up and exposed my panty-covered ass and snatch, as well as my toned tummy and belly button ring. Of course, every lunge for the ball made my large double-D breasts bounce delectably.

When Freddy returned, I glanced at him and saw that he was furious. I smiled because I'd done this as a training exercise for him. Noticing that he was angry, I flirted outrageously with the seven muscular young men. Only two wore board shorts. The rest wore skimpy speedos, and stiffened cocks were evident on both sides of the net. The men on my side of that net slowly closed in on me, and every time I moved to strike the ball, my ass, thighs, or breasts rubbed deliciously against their firm bodies and firmer penises.

I waited until Freddy was about to explode before smiling and telling the men I had to return to my boyfriend. They reluctantly let me leave, and I walked to Freddy and sat down. "You should have joined in," I said innocently. "It was so much fun. I've never played volleyball on land before. It's much easier than playing it in my pool."

"I'm sure you and those men's stiff cocks enjoyed every moment," Freddy said through gritted teeth. "Come on, let's go."

"Are you upset with me, Freddy?" I asked archly.

"Not at all," Freddy grated. "I adore taking a woman out and watching her flirt with other men."

"Jealousy only proves your insecurity, Freddy," I patiently explained as my eyes flashed anger. "Or do you think that I'm a promiscuous slut? Careful, Freddy. The rest of today rests on your answer."

"You purposefully flirted with those men to make me jealous," Freddy snarled.

"Yes, I did. So what?" I riposted. "Beware, Freddy, because you seem to think I'm your owned property or some kind of slut that will fuck any guy that shows me attention."

“Why would you want to make me jealous, Kate?” Freddy asked angrily.

I looked around, perplexed because Freddy had gotten onto The Gateway instead of The Bruce Highway. Ignoring his question, I asked, “Where are we going, Freddy?”

“I’m taking you home, Kate. I do not appreciate you ignoring me and flirting with those other guys.”

“So, just like that, you give up and storm off sulking,” I sneered. “You’re right, however. You’re not man enough for my inexperienced daughter, let alone me.”

“What the fuck do you want from me, Kate?” Freddy yelled. “You want to fuck those guys? Fine. I’ll turn around and drop you back at the park, and you can fuck all seven of them at once.”

“Flirting is not fucking, Mister Freddy Singleton,” I snarled in return. “Do you know what John would do in that situation? Do you know what Tommy would do? They’d join the game on my side and show they were better than those men. They’d laugh at their puerile attempts to seduce me and demonstrate they were superior to them. Moreover, Mister Singleton, they’d find my flirting amusing because they **knew** I was going home with them. So, Freddy, take me home, rack off, and never darken my door again. Tell Tommy whatever you want so he doesn’t slap you silly for hurting me because I won’t contradict you.”

To my surprise, Freddy got off The Gateway at Kingston Smith Drive, drove through The Valley, and onto The Story Bridge. He took the Kangaroo Point exit and took us to The Jazz Club.

Parking his car, Freddy sighed and said, “You’re right, Kate. I was jealous and acting stupidly. Please, let’s enjoy some jazz and a few drinks, and then we’ll walk down to the hotel and have dinner. I’m unused to having a woman who is most men’s wet dream as my date. Please forgive me.”

“It will get worse,” I threatened as I got out of his car.

Secretly, I was amused. I was purposefully winding my young date up to teach him how to be the man for a sexually submissive woman. A sexually submissive woman will instinctively react subserviently to a calm, powerfully dominant personality. It's ingrained in her very nature and the primary reason why I need a continuous firm hand on my ass to keep my course true.

Most of my recent sluttishness can be directly attributed to my husband's regular absences. If his hand had been firmly on my rudder, I wouldn't have diverted into sexual voraciousness because, after my first visit to Edgar Fontaine's clinic, John would have recognised I'd changed and forced the reason from me. Heaven help Mister Fontaine if that had happened.

Unfortunately, Freddy had returned to diffidence, so he held my hand shyly and let me drag him into the club. We found a table close to the dance floor and sat. A waiter swung past and took our drink order. Tommy asked for a craft beer, and I ordered my typical glass of Sav Blanc. Because he was hungry, and it was more than three hours before our dinner reservation, Freddy stood to order a bowl of chips with an aioli dressing.

In his absence, a tall, grey-haired, portly, incredibly sexy older man asked me to dance. The man was right in my wheelhouse. Calm, positive, self-confident, and well-spoken. I accepted his proferred hand and let him lead me to the dance floor.

I may have mentioned it before, but John and I have learned most dance styles. John loved to dance even before I met him, and he delighted in teaching me the traditional female roles. In most dances, the woman did most of the work as the man created the stable framework around which she danced.

Jazz dancing had intrigued me for years, and I'd regularly brought up YouTube videos to learn how to do it. With my new friend, Martin, providing the stable centre, I moved around him. I began with a simple circular Jazz step. In time with the beat, I pushed my right foot to the side and then crossed my left in front of it. After circling Martin twice as he held my hand and turned with me, I shifted to a 'fall change' back-and-forth movement. I repeated that several times before adding the circular Jazz

step. I'd step forward, fall and change, step back. Jazz step to the right, repeat the step forward, fall and change, and step back.

Next, I added a pivot step. Instead of facing away from Martin and stepping away and then stepping backwards, I stepped away, pivoted, and stepped towards him. After returning to the first two moves for a rotation, I did what's called a 'chaine turn'. Holding my arms at breast level, I rolled my shoulders in a circle, allowing my upper body and hips to follow. I added a 'knee lift and point to the side' to my third time around my dance partner.

After that, I'd gotten as far as I'd learned to do elegantly, so I repeated those movements until three songs had ended. Then, kissing Martin's cheek, I said I needed to rejoin my boyfriend. Martin held my arm and walked me back to Freddy's and my table. He kissed the back of my hand and said that he hoped I'd let him dance with me again another time, bowed over my hand, and left.

"Having fun?" Freddy asked through gritted teeth.

"Yes," I airily replied. "Want to dance?"

"I can't dance to this." Freddy hissed.

"Why did you bring me here, then?" I innocently asked. "What's the point of taking a woman to a dance club if you can't dance?"

"You're being a bitch!" Freddy snarled.

"Am I?" I queried. "Or are you just jealous because you can't dance with me when others can?"

Another suave-looking older man asked me to dance, and ignoring Freddy, I accepted. This man introduced himself as David and led me through several dances. David wanted to hold me close as we danced the Charleston, and I was happy to oblige. His thick, throbbing member pressed against me as we gyrated around the floor, and I felt my arousal peaking. After another number, I reminded Dave that I was with my boyfriend, and he reluctantly guided me back to my table.

“This is bullshit,” Freddy protested. “You’re flirting with every man in here.”

“No,” I disagreed. “I’m only flirting with those who ask me to dance.”

“They were both old enough to be your father,” Freddy bitched.

“And you’re young enough to be my son,” I pointed out. “Your point is?”

“I didn’t bring you here to dance with other men, Kate,” Freddy continued to whinge. “I brought you here because I thought you’d like the music and atmosphere.”

“I love the music and atmosphere, Freddy. Dance with me?”

“I told you I can’t dance to this,” Freddy snarled.

“No problem,” I replied, accepting another man’s invitation to dance.

I quickly ascertained that this man couldn’t dance either. However, that was perfect because it would teach young Mister Freddy Singleton another lesson. Jeff was my current dance partner, and he couldn’t seem to find the beat at all, so I pressed my body firmly to his and made him sway in time to the music with me. After two songs, Jeff moved seamlessly with me. Jeff’s throbbingly erect cock pulsed against my entrance, adding to my arousal.

“Thanks, Jeff,” I said at the end of the second song. “But my boyfriend’s head is about to explode, so I’d better return to my table.”

“Thank you for making my day, Kate,” Jeff replied. “I hope to see you here again.” Jeff helped me back to where Freddy sat, then he kissed my cheek and walked away.”

“Jeff couldn’t dance,” I pointed out. “Want to dance, Freddy?”

Freddy was about to refuse angrily, but I interrupted him. “Freddy, I will dance with every man who asks me until you agree to dance with me.”

“I don’t know how, Kate,” Freddy admitted.

I ignored him. “Freddy, FFS, dance with me.”

“Fine,” Freddy growled. “Kate, would you like to dance?”

“Yes, Freddy,” I replied. “I thought you’d never ask, and I’d love to dance with you.”

I took his hand and walked to the dance floor. Freddy had no clue, so I moved his left arm until it was bent at ninety degrees, and our hands pointed to the sky. Next, I moved Freddy’s right hand onto my ass and pressed my pudenda against his groin. Then, I let the strident beat wash over me and, holding Freddy tightly to me, began moving in time with it.

“Simplest dance in the world, Freddy,” I murmured. “Step to the left, bring your feet together and stop. Step forward, bring your feet together and stop. Step to the right, bring your feet together and stop. Step back, bring your feet together and stop. Repeat.”

It took three songs, but Freddy finally stopped fighting my lead and moved with me. At the end of the third song, we returned to our seats, and the patrons watching us applauded and congratulated Freddy for learning to move with his partner.

Two songs later, Freddy asked me to dance again, and this time, I added a simple ‘walk away, pirouette, and return’ to our dance. Freddy learned to stay in the same position and sway his hips in time with my steps as I pirouetted and walked back. We received more applause, and several women asked if Freddy would dance with them. Most of those asking were women older than my mother and were happy to help Freddy learn. By the time we needed to walk to The Story Bridge Hotel and have dinner, Freddy had danced with at least fifteen women of various ages; some were as old as my mother, and some were his age. Freddy was positively glowing as we held hands and walked.

“What did I tell you, Freddy?” I asked as we ambled along the path together. “If the way to a man’s heart is through his stomach. Then the way to a woman’s heart is through...?”

“Her dancing feet,” Freddy completed. “Have you done educating me, Kate?” Freddy asked. “Can we enjoy dinner and go home and make love?”

“It gets worse,” I growled, despairing that he’d ever learn.

“Worse, how?” Freddy asked.

I shrugged, “You’ll see.”

We were a little early for our eight p.m. booking, so the waitress asked if we would wait at the bar until she called us. Freddy went to the urinals, and a tall, wide-shouldered forty-something-year-old man immediately hit on me. Of course, it was a repeat of everything else happening this day.

It wasn’t that the men didn’t notice Freddy because they did. However, they dismissed him as unimportant because he was so much younger than me. The men approaching me believed that I was either Freddy’s mother or older sister and, therefore, available. Of course, some were just assholes who thought so highly of themselves they’d approach Princess Catherine, The Crown Prince’s wife.

Today, it seemed that Freddy sulked every time a man came on to me, and I was disappointed in him because he didn’t seem to have learned anything from our time together. So, because The Story Bridge Hotel has a live band playing on Sundays and has a small wooden dance floor in front of the band, I accepted the wide-shouldered man’s invitation and accompanied him to the dance floor.

The band was playing The Beatles ‘Twist and Shout’. It was a song right in my wheelhouse, and I was quickly dancing around my partner, doing the twist and the stroll. My partner couldn’t dance to save his life, but that didn’t matter because I did enough for the both of us.

Seeing my dancing ability, the band followed Twist and Shout with Ray Charles’ version of ‘Shake a Tailfeather’ from The Blues Brothers movie. Mr Wide-shoulders stood stupefied as I danced around him, doing all the dances from the song. I grinned at Freddy, who had followed the crowd to the dance floor when he saw I wasn’t at the bar. Then, as the band played, I

did the twist, fly, swim, bird, duck, monkey, watusi, food, mashed potato, boogaloo, bony marony, and then returned to doing the twist.

The band repeated the final verse because the crowd was clapping and cheering. They drew out every step this time, hoping I'd continue dancing. During the second rendition, a few other patrons, trying to imitate what I was doing, joined in with the steps. It was such a hoot that the band repeated the verse for a third time. By the end, probably twenty people were doing their best to follow me through the various dance steps. The notable exceptions were Mr Wide-shoulders and Freddy.

Finishing the last steps, I waved and blew kisses at the band. When I turned to go back to the bar, Mr Wide-shoulders tried to take my arm and guide me back to his table, and of course, Freddy intervened. I moved between the two men to prevent an argument. "I'm here with my boyfriend, Mister," I said. "He doesn't like to dance, and I do, so I let you have one dance. But that's all it was, one dance."

"This child can't be your boyfriend," Mr Wide-shoulders sneered. "You need a real man. Send the boy-toy home to play with his trains and stay with me."

"A real man would know when to politely back away," I sneered back, using the same tone he had.

Fortunately, Mr Wide-shoulders' mates dragged him away before he caused too much trouble.

As we walked to the bar, the waitress from earlier got us and took us to our table. We sat opposite each other, and Freddy either refused to look at me or glared.

"Problem?" I asked.

Freddy snapped, "I leave you for two seconds, and you're flirting with another man!"

“First of all,” I replied sweetly. “I was dancing, not flirting. Second, so what if I was flirting? Flirting is not fucking, Mister Singleton. In case you haven’t noticed, Mister Singleton, I’m a compulsive flirt. I like being noticed, and I like people lusting and drooling over me. But very few people get anywhere near my charms.”

“Very few, Kate?” Freddy sneeringly questioned. “I can name ten without even thinking.”

I slapped him as hard as I could. “Take me home,” I said icily. Then, I stood. “In fact, forget it. I’ll get an Uber.”

Freddy took my hand and looked at me shamefacedly. “I apologise, Kate. Please sit down. I’ll make this up to you somehow.”

I sat. The thing is, I knew how he felt. For all his life, Freddy had been told by his overbearing father that he wasn’t good enough, and when he was out with me and I flirted, those feelings of doubt and unworthiness flooded out. When he was with me, Freddy could hear his father telling him that he wasn’t good enough for a woman of my calibre, and I confirmed that by flirting with other men. However, my daughter is fast becoming at least as accomplished a flirt as I am, and if Freddy wanted to date her, he’d have to at least figure out how to accept that she flirted. It would be better if he learned to enjoy that she flirted and lost the thought he was unworthy of her. However, that task fell to me, and I wasn’t ready to give up on the young man yet.

Our conversation was quite stilted as we calmed down from our altercation. But after I’d politely declined several invitations to dance, Freddy relaxed, and we were able to enjoy our meals. By the time we’d finished, we’d forgiven each other and were talking like lovers again.

Holding hands, we walked up the hill to where Freddy had left the car. After he’d helped me to get in and gotten in himself, Freddy asked, “Where am I taking you, Kate?”

“Have you given up, Freddy?” I asked. “It’s too hard, and you don’t want to be my man anymore?”

“You’ve categorically stated that I’m not your man, Kate, so why would I think I was?”

Mimicking President ‘W’, I joked. “You have misunderestimated me, Freddy. I said that you’ll never be my man other than when we’re out on dates like this or interacting as lovers. In fact, I have repeatedly told you to act like my man when we’re together. So, Mr Singleton, where are you taking me?”

“Home,” Freddy stated.

My heart fell because I thought I’d lost him, but I hopefully enquired, “Yours or mine?”

“Mine, of course,” Freddy said positively.

I smiled and said I was glad, and we chatted about this and that as he drove.

When we arrived, Freddy was keen to make love immediately, but I needed to address his earlier behaviour. Of course, if he were one of my girls, it would be done by explaining why their behaviour was unacceptable and administering corrections. However, I wasn’t training Freddy to be submissive. Freddy needed to learn that if he found my behaviour unacceptable, he needed to calmly and firmly address it and not throw tantrums like a sulky twelve-year-old girl.

Freddy turned me into his arms and kissed me passionately, and the sweet little tingle between my thighs immediately flared, causing my knees and will to weaken. I managed to force him back, though. Then, I made myself say, “Freddy, we need to talk about today.”

Freddy kissed me again as his hands wandered over my back and curvy bottom. I managed to pull away and say sternly, “Freddy! We have to talk about today.”

“After we’ve made love, Kate,” Freddy replied wantingly.

“There might not be an ‘after’ unless we talk now,” I growled, holding Freddy away.

Freddy sighed and said, “Must we? I’ve apologised already.”

“And yet, even though you admit your behaviour and apologise, you continue to do what you’ve apologised for.”

“What do you want from me, Kate?” Freddy wearily asked. “Please, no more lectures.”

With my eyes flashing fire, I growled, “Lose the attitude, buster, or I’m going home.”

“Kate, please. What do you want to discuss?”

“How have I told you to act when we’re together like this?”

“You’ve told me to act as your owner. Be powerful and dominant and demonstrate that you’re safe with me.”

“And does throwing hiss fits every time a man shows me attention do that?”

“No,” Freddy freely admitted.

“It makes me have to step up and be the dominant one, Freddy,” I explained. “Me, a woman who has joyfully served her man for twenty years, has to become dominant because you’re sulking like a child. Do you have any idea how much I hate doing that?” Hoping he’d get the hint, I said, “Did you find my behaviour today acceptable?”

“No, I didn’t,” Freddy said. “You continually ignored me and danced and flirted with everyone but me.”

“And did you calmly and authoritatively tell me that? Did you say that you would take me home and correct my behaviour if I didn’t stop? Or did you pout and whine like a bitch?”

“I pouted and whined like a bitch,” Freddy admitted.

Throwing everything into the pot and betting on drawing an inside straight, I said, “Now’s your chance, Freddy. Make me strip and assume submission position one. Tell me what you didn’t find acceptable and why, then correct me.”

“The welts you occasionally have, especially the ones early this week. They’re correction marks?”

“Yes.”

“I don’t have a cane.”

“You have a belt and hands,” I pointed out.

Freddy trembled, tears leaked from his eyes, and he agonisingly whispered, “You’re not good enough, and you’re not worthy of a woman like her.”

“I think you are,” I said quietly but firmly. “I chose you to be my lover and man and to help you be who you need to be to attract my daughter. Did I choose unwisely? I think you’re worthy to act on my son’s and husband’s behalf, Freddy. Will you let me down?”

Freddy swallowed twice, and before my eyes, he grew into the man I knew he could be. Freddy straightened up and stood proudly with his head held high and shoulders up and back. He said, “Strip, my darling little slut Kate. Then, kneel, take my belt off, present it to me, and assume submission position one.”

I quickly did the tasks that Freddy had assigned me and was soon kneeling naked with my head up, eyes down, shoulders back, and hands palm up on my thighs.

“That’s submission position one?” Freddy said amazedly. “Wow, sexy! Assume submission position two, please.” I raised myself off my heels, moved my hands behind my head, and pushed my elbows as wide as possible. “Lawd!” He exclaimed. “Submission position three, please.”

This position is also presentation position one. I turned to face away from Freddy and moved onto my hands and knees with my left arm crossed before me. Then, resting my forehead on my crossed forearm, I spread my knees, reached between my thighs with my right hand, arched my sexy bottom into the air, spread my pussy lips, and exposed my entrance, slit and clit.

“Fark!” Freddy breathed lustfully. “Every position gets sexier.”

Of course, the submissive shouldn’t say a word as she’s being directed, but Freddy is only new and needs direction so he can learn. I suggested, “Perhaps you’d like to inspect your girl, Sir.”

Confused, Freddy asked, “What am I searching for?”

“Hair,” I explained. “Depending on your thoughts about pubic hair, a good girl should be hairless from the neck down. If she is not, she needs correcting.”

“If I instructed you to grow a ‘landing strip’ of hair above your clitoris, would that conflict with what John and/or Tommy have told you?”

“It would not,” I replied.

“You will begin growing one.”

“Yes, Sir,” I answered.

Freddy knelt behind my voluptuously displayed ass and ran his fingers over my body. He spent an inordinate time ‘inspecting’ my nipples, clit, slit, entrance, and tiny dark star, but that is his right.

After enjoying inspecting my body over and over again, Freddy stood. “I’m sorry, Kate, but this is all new to me. What should I do next?”

Although I was ‘topping from the bottom’, I had no choice but to guide Freddy on his journey. “You have yet to correct my behaviour,” I explained. “You should do that now.”

“Is there a correction position?”

“There are several,” I supplied.

“Take correction position one, please, Miss Kate.”

Keeping my eyes lowered, I stood, placed my feet about shoulder-width apart, put my hands behind my head and spread my elbows. Having my hands high and elbows wide raised my large breasts and delightfully presented them to Freddy’s eyes.

“Wow!” He muttered, touching his tongue to his suddenly dry lips. Freddy picked his belt up from where he dropped it and held it hesitatingly. “I don’t know how to proceed,” he mumbled.

“Calmly and firmly tell me what I’ve done wrong, explain what behaviour you expect from me, and assign a punishment suitable for my error.”

“Kate, for most of today, even though we were on a date together, you ignored me and danced and flirted with everyone except me. You are mine when we are out together, and I will not tolerate you flirting with others. I believe that correction is due for your indiscretions. What say you?”

I replied, “I agree that I flirted and danced with others, Sir, but you did not tell me I was not allowed to. You know I am an incorrigible flirt, Sir. And if you did not like it, you should have warned me that it was unacceptable.”

“I understand your explanation, my girl,” Freddy responded. “But you acted inappropriately simply to teach me a lesson. That is not acceptable. You will avoid flirting with others on future dates and concentrate on serving me.”

“I understand, Sir, and will obey, but I think you are making an error.”

“Explain,” Freddy demanded.

“Your insecurity and lack of self-esteem is not my problem. Have I, even once, gone beyond teasing and flirting? Have I ever gone home with another when I’m on a date with my man?”

“You think I should accept your flirtatious behaviour even though I find it distasteful?”

“No,” I explained. “I think you need to work on your self-image until you’re able to believe you’re worthy to date someone of my or my daughter’s calibre.”

“And how do you suppose I do that?”

“Continue dating me, and I will show you,” I replied.

“Expound on that,” Freddy requested.

“Five women are regularly sleeping at my place,” I stated.

“And?”

“Currently, there is one male.”

Perplexed, Freddy repeated, “And?”

“Five women, one male, Freddy,” I sighed, amazed by how dense he was being. “Do you think any of us girls are sexually satisfied?”

“What are you suggesting, Kate?” Freddy asked.

“That you practice being dominant with the other women living under my roof.”

“Tommy won’t mind?”

“Five sexually frustrated women and one man?” I pointed out. “I think that Tommy will pay you to help him out.”

At the very least, I could tell that Freddy’s cock liked the idea because his cargo shorts were tented severely. “I’ll be there for dinner tomorrow night,” Freddy stated.

Things drifted because Freddy gave me no more instructions. Eventually, it stretched for too long. “You haven’t assigned my correction yet, Sir,” I said helpfully.

“Looking back at what has happened today and after your explanation, I am no longer sure you need correcting, Kate,” Freddy stated.

“You can still correct me because I continued to flirt even though I knew it bothered you,” I almost plaintively said.

Freddy took my hint. “Kate,” he said. “I find it unacceptable that you continued with your flirtatious behaviour, even though you know it bothered me. Correction is due to ensure you don’t do it again. Three, I think.” I met his eyes and then lifted my chin. “Make that five,” Freddy said. I lifted my chin again. “Ten, it is.”

“To where will you administer them, Sir?” I asked.

“On your buttocks,” Freddy stated.

Disappointed, I hinted, “And where else?”

Freddy thought back about what he’d seen, “Five on your breasts and five more on your backside.”

“May I suggest that you start on my behind, Sir?”

I’d used reverse psychology there, and Freddy fell neatly into my trap. “No,” he stated. “On your breasts first.”

Freddy doubled his belt over and showed it to me. Posing, he snapped it twice before saying, “How do I know if I’ve hit you too hard?”

“I’ll yell ‘red’ if you’ve gone too far,” I explained. “However, I doubt you’ll even come close to my pain thresholds.”

Freddy struck me across my firm globes, but the strike was so light that I lifted my eyes, looked at him disdainfully and refused to admit he’d even hit me. He hit me in the same place. That strike was also way too light, so I

raised my eyes to look at him and lifted my eyebrow. “Is that it?” I asked scornfully.

Forgetting he was supposed to be hitting my breasts, Freddy let go of his belt’s end and lashed my curvaceous ass. “One, thank you, Sir.” I intoned as I looked over my shoulder, hoping to see a blood-infused welt—I did, and my arousal flared.

“Why is that only one, Kate?” Freddy queried. “I’ve hit you three times.”

“The first two were too light to count,” I answered dismissively.

Freddy slashed the belt across my nipples. He hit me so hard that I had to bite my bottom lip to prevent from crying out. “Two, thank you, Sir.” I didn’t want to say anything, but if Freddy had checked, he’d have found that my arousal was pouring down my inner thighs. Freddy had discovered that sweet spot between dominance and brutality. One was an orgasmic high—the other, nothing but abuse.

Freddy struck my globes three more times in quick succession. “Three, four, and five, thank you, Sir” I intoned.

“Should I switch to your backside now, Kate?” Freddy asked.

“That’s up to you, Sir,” I answered. “You can forgive my remaining corrections by making me orally serve you.”

However, Freddy was having too much fun correcting me. I guess he realised that I’d orally service him sometime soon anyway, so instead, he asked if there was a distinct pose for receiving corrections on your posterior. I showed him several different ones. All of them displayed my firm, sexily curved ass delectably, and he chose the one he appreciated the most. It had me standing with my legs parted and slightly bent and my hands gripping my thighs just above my knees so my arms supported my upper body. I arched my back to prominently present my bottom.

Freddy admired my ass as he stroked it. Then he let his fingers run into my crack and onto my tiny star. Next, Freddy tickled along my perineum before

dipping his forefinger into my damp entrance. “I’m not sure the one being corrected should enjoy her correction,” Freddy teased as he brought his wet finger to his mouth and tasted my essence.

“And I’m not sure the corrector should finger the pussy of the one being corrected,” I joked.

“You’re probably correct,” Freddy replied with mock sternness. “Kate, I’ve never used a belt on anyone before, and I’m afraid of hurting you. How do I know how hard to hit you?”

“You decide how hard a strike you think I can take, and then you hit me twice as hard as that,” I told him.

“You can’t be serious,” Freddy gasped.

“Freddy, I’ve been being corrected since I was a child. Trust me, it takes a lot of force and pain before I’ll complain.”

Freddy stood back and lashed the belt across my bottom. It certainly stung and left a short-term welt that would last for less than an hour, but it wasn’t even close to my pain threshold, so I remained silent.

“Did you forget to count and thank me, Kate?” Freddy asked.

“No,” I curtly replied. “When I feel something that I need to count and thank you for, trust me, I will.”

I’d succeeded in irritating young Mister Singleton, and he reared back and lashed my firm buttocks with his belt. The belt’s tip curled around my hip in a whip-like action, spiking into the skin just above my left hip bone. That strike would leave a gorgeous arrowhead-shaped bruise that would fade to a circular black and yellow one.

“One, thank you, Sir,” I almost purred.

Freddy gaped at me disbelievingly when he heard my almost orgasmic response. After waiting to see if I’d shift or wince to indicate pain, he shrugged and whipped his belt across my shapely rear again. The belt didn’t

snake around my hip this time, but it still left a gorgeous welt that would turn black and take a week to fade.

“Two, thank you, Sir,” I intoned quietly.

“You’re short a correction on your breasts, Kate,” Freddy said firmly. “Turn and present them to me.”

I straightened from my bent-over position, turned and pulled my shoulders back, placed my hands behind my head, and pushed my elbows as far back as possible.

“You’re saying that you can take a strike across your breasts that is as powerful as the two you have just taken on your ass?”

“There’s only one way to find out,” I challenged.

“A strike on your nipples will be the most painful, Kate. Are you sure you can handle it?”

“There’s only one way to find out,” I repeated.

“Cup your breasts and hold them up,” Freddy instructed.

I’m unsure if Freddy knew, but doing that lessened the pain for me. When my large, firm breasts hang freely, the skin across them is taut. As such, there’s little give in them to absorb something striking them. Cupping them lifted them higher, reducing the tightness of the skin covering them and making them softer and more pliant. However, the important thing was that Freddy felt confident enough in himself and his role to instruct me to do something that would please him, so I did as I was told.

As soon as I had cupped and lifted my breasts, Freddy flashed his belt over them. His strike didn’t feel as firm as the ones on my posterior, but it was heavy enough to immediately raise a dark purple welt across both globes. It was the first mark he’d left on my breasts that would fade to a long-lasting bruise, and I couldn’t be happier.

Correcting me had both Freddy and me as hot as heck. My arousal poured down my inner thighs, and Freddy's cock was drooling so much precum that his trouser front had soaked through. Eager to receive more instruction, I waited to see what he'd do next. If he wanted to complete my corrections, I'd happily accept that. However, I hoped that he'd act on our joint arousal and get to the making love part of our date.

Freddy, trying to reign in his excitement but almost quivering with desire, said, "Undress me, Kate."

I took hold of the bottom of Freddy's polo shirt and pulled it over his head. Then, I knelt and undid his pants and pulled them down. Freddy's sturdy 6-inch cock strained against his boxer briefs, and I took it in my wanting mouth. I moaned when I tasted his salty precum and felt his cock throb through his Jockeys.

"Fuuuuccck!" Freddy groaned as he ripped his briefs down and grabbed his throbbing member. Gripping tightly, Freddy jerked himself three times before unloading onto my face. His urgent need was made clear by the amount of cum he anointed my face with. My entire face, from my hairline and above to my neck, got covered with Freddy's thick goo.

Freddy held his partially deflated cock in his hand and used it to spread his cum over my face and lips and into my eyes. "Open," he commanded, and I parted my lips to allow his cock into my eager mouth. Letting him pump into my mouth as I lashed his shaft and glans with my talented tongue, soon had Freddy rigidly erect again. He moaned, "Sooo goooood!" and pulled out. Gripping his tool again, Freddy blasted cum over my neck, collarbones, and breasts. The amount of ball juice he still had for me was incredible, and it quickly ran down between my globes and off my nipples.

Staggering across and collapsing onto his sofa, Freddy gripped his still hard cock and idly stroked it. Then, he instructed, "Slut Kate, use your fingers to wipe my cum from your face and tits and feed it into your mouth."

Well, readers, now we were talking! Doing it as eagerly and sexily as I could, I gathered every drop of nut milk I could feel from my face, neck and breasts and erotically fed it into my pouty-lipped mouth. Every time I

swallowed, I closed my eyes and smiled as if his juice was the sweetest nectar I'd ever tasted, and by the time I'd finished, Freddy was rock-hard and ready to go again.

He stood and tried to lift me onto my feet, but I resisted. "Stand, Kate, please," he instructed.

"You must complete my correction before taking me to bed and making love," I advised him.

"That makes sense," Freddy admitted. "But I do not know how, or do you mean I have to administer the last two strikes you're owed?"

"You could do that, too, Sir," I explained. "But you need to advise me that correction was warranted and given, and now it is forgiven and forgotten, and that it will only be re-raised if I repeat the behaviour."

"Oh," he replied. "That, too, makes sense." He thought about what had transpired that day and said, "Kaitlyn Ashley Muggleton, although I now realise that my behaviour caused some of yours, I still do not find it acceptable that you purposefully wound me up just to teach me a lesson. However, corrections were due and have been given. You are now forgiven for your actions, and the issues dealt with here will not be raised again unless I see a repeat of that behaviour."

"Thank you for correcting me, Sir," I said contritely. "This girl is sorry that her behaviour made you do so." Then I grinningly teased, "And if Sir refrains from acting like a petulant school girl, his girl will not act the same way again."

"I can still put you over my knee and spank you!" Freddy threatened.

Batting my eyes coquettishly, I breathily said, "Oh, Sir, please. Would you? Please?"

Laughing, Freddy took me to bed and made love to me. It was nothing short of divine! Freddy made love to me powerfully and dominantly. Using his fingers, mouth and hands, Freddy gave me so many orgasms that, in the

end, I had to plead that he stopped because my clit had become overly sensitive. In return, I let Freddy take me in my sweet little pussy, my eagerly sucking and swirling mouth, and my tight ass. I believe Freddy was thankful when I begged him to stop because he hadn't pushed his cock into me for at least an hour beforehand.

When he woke me the following morning, we made love again, and then I made him breakfast. I didn't dress until after I'd washed the dishes. Freddy regretfully watched me putting my clothes on and said, "It's such a shame that I have to go to work, my darling Kate. I'd rather spend the day in bed with you."

"How do you get that wish, Mr Rick?" I impishly asked.

"Hmm, let me think," Freddy mused. "I have a wedding shoot to do on Saturday and a twenty-first to photograph on Sunday, so those days are out."

"Maybe you could take next Monday off," I offered.

"That would work," Freddy mused. "My booked photoshoot on Sunday is a twenty-first birthday lunch, so I'll be done by three O'clock. I'll come straight to yours, and we'll have an early dinner somewhere. Then we'll go to mine and spend until Monday evening in bed, getting out only to use the facilities and eat."

"Sounds like you have a plan, Mister Singleton," I said as I followed Freddy to his car and got in. "Do I write it in my diary now?"

"I'll check that Tommy doesn't have any other plans for you, and it's past time I spoke with your husband, but I don't think either will object to me taking you out." Freddy mused as he drove me home. "However, I will confirm what we're doing by Wednesday."

Freddy got to my place with enough time for me to do another 'slut walk of shame' into the house. This time, it was even worse because Freddy's semen leaking from me had soaked through my white underwear and had even dampened the back of my short dress. To further add to my 'disgraced'

look, I hadn’t washed my face or repaired my makeup, and I carried my sneakers as if I hadn’t had time to put them on as my ‘now reluctant lover’ hurried me out the door.

Freddy kissed me lovingly at my front door, opened it and patted my bum familiarly as I walked through it. “I’ll see you tonight, Kate,” he said before closing the door.

As I expected, Tommy, Gina, Patty and my girls sat at the breakfast bar waiting for me to come home. The comments came thick and fast, but I thought the funniest by far was Patty’s “If you were Charmaine or Jennifer returning home, I’d call you ‘young, dumb, and full of cum’. But since you’re not young, or dumb, I’ll just point out that you’re so full of cum it’s leaking out of you from both ends and leave it at that.” Of course, I instinctively wiped my lips even though I knew I hadn’t sucked Freddy off this morning, which made everyone laugh even harder.

Jennifer asked if I’d eaten, and when I said that I had, she cleaned up and put everything away. Seconds later, everyone was out the door, leaving just Patty and me.

“Want to share a shower?” Patty asked hopefully.

“You just want to play with my pussy again,” I teased.

“Well, yes,” Patty admitted unashamedly. “But that’s because it’s such a sweet pussy that I can’t get enough of it.” Then she blushed. “I’ve had more sex since moving in with you than I have in the last twenty years living with Billie.”

“You weren’t sexually active when you and Billy shared a home?”

“I haven’t had a steady girlfriend since uni, Kate. Even then, I was careful about where and when I’d be seen with her. Billy was so tied up with ensuring that his inheritance was safe that he discouraged me from seeking lovers. If it weren’t for Maggie and Allie, I’d have gone completely stir crazy.”

“So, my love,” I said as my anger towards Billy rose. “You were in a controlling, manipulative, loveless marriage with a man even though you were both gay? I can see what Mister Billy Bennett got from that, but what, my love, did you get? No physical affection, that’s for sure. What about emotional support, intimacy, and closeness?”

Patty defended Billy, “Billy and I were close, Kate,” she explained. “We didn’t make love or have sex, but we cuddled and hugged each other and supported the other when they were down. Other than the lack of sex, our marriage was pretty idyllic.”

“I wonder what has suddenly changed to make Billy stop caring about his inheritance.”

“Mason told me that he had given Billy an ultimatum. Commit to him, or he was out of there. Billy decided to commit.”

“Yeah, I guess I understand,” I told her. “I’m just angry that he hurt you. I am somewhat surprised, though, because you guys hid it so well that I don’t think any of the guys know you’re both gay.”

“Oh, I think your husband and Chris at least suspected Billy was. But, like you, they just didn’t care. He was my husband, and that was enough for all of you to accept him.”

We were in the shower, softly cleaning each other by now. I smiled, contrasting how it currently felt being pressed intimately close to Patty versus what it felt like doing the same with Freddy. Patty is lean and angular, and you could even argue that she is quite masculine in her appearance. Well, you could, all the way up to when you exposed her sexily upturned nipples and tiny, heavily hooded clit. But she’s incredibly soft and smooth to cuddle against. In contrast, Freddy is a man’s man—hairy, muscular, and tough.

Thinking of her petite clit hidden beneath the largest hood I’d ever seen ignited my libido, and I sunk to my knees. Then, grabbing her tight, round ass, I pulled her sweet pussy onto my mouth. I sucked her hood and clit into my mouth and lightly bit it. When Patty moaned, I placed my hand so I

could pull her clitoral hood off her love button and laved it with my tongue. Patty groaned as she ground her pussy against my lips. Then, suddenly, she shuddered and climaxed, her pussy swamping my questing mouth with her tangy pussy juices.

We got out of the shower, dried off and got into bed. We made love several times before I finally dressed and opened my office.

John had sent through a list of trade exchanges he wanted me to make, so I made those and then checked my other mail. There was only one message, but it asked for something I couldn't do. I replied that I had forwarded their request to John and then did precisely that, along with a note saying I didn't know how to handle it.

The phone rang twice as I sat, working on my project. They were both general enquiries seeking information about our services. The first caller apologised for misunderstanding what we did and hung up immediately, but the second wanted to make an appointment to discuss investing through us. He said Eugenie Matson had recommended our business and that he should talk to me. I demurred, saying he'd be better to wait until John returned home, but he insisted on making an appointment with me. I made it for Wednesday morning and hoped Mrs Matson wasn't 'pimping me out'.

Patty brought lunch to the office at midday, and we sat and chatted, drank coffee, and ate. Patty and I had always been good friends, and her temporarily moving in with me only brought us closer. I'd be saddened when she returned to work because I was really enjoying having a close female friend with whom I could share my day. Kath and I shared a similar friendship at high school and when she was at uni, but since her career took off, our times together have been limited. I understand why that has happened, and I don't resent her success; it's just that I miss our daily chats and get-togethers.

Patty stayed with me until I closed the office at two. Then she quickly changed, and we went to get a drink at our local club. The club had a pool table, so we played a few frames while enjoying our drinks. A couple of the older guys there made half-hearted attempts to pick us up, but they took a smiled 'no' graciously and left us alone.

We returned home after a second glass, and I began dinner. I told Tommy, Gina and my girls that Freddy was coming for dinner. Charmaine and Jennifer rolled their eyes and pretended to yawn as if bored. I hid my grin because I hoped the changes I'd engineered in Freddy over the last few weeks would be apparent and would impress them. Tommy winked at me over Gina's head as she joined the 'bored yawn'.

I'd put some seasoned, homemade potato wedges in the oven and was preparing the chicken wings to go in next. My baked wings are made from a simple recipe of flour mixed with a dry rub of paprika, garlic powder, salt and pepper. I placed the wings on baking paper and separated them with small dobs of butter. The butter melting would help keep the chicken meat tender and help the skin to crispen.

Patty helped by making a fresh garden salad. I joked, "Check us out! We look like a couple of old dykes living in domestic bliss."

"Call yourself old, bitch," Patty said with mock severity. "They say you're only as old as the woman you're feeling, and I'm feeling a teenager."

"Not this morning, you weren't," I teased.

"That was you feeling me," Patty airily responded. "It doesn't count."

"Then, I wonder whose tongue was stuffed so far up my cu ... pussy I thought it would come out my mouth?"

"Say 'cunt', Kate," Patty demanded before laughing.

Jennifer and Charmaine had entered the kitchen as Patty made her demand, and they joined in. Then they, too, stopped before saying 'that word' because they knew I'd take them upstairs to correct their language.

"Can't any of you say 'cunt'?" Patty teased. "Has big, mean old Mrs Kaitlyn Muggleton told you that you're not allowed to?"

Trying to be haughty and failing abysmally, Jennifer said, "We can say it if we're prepared to pay the price. It's just that we're not prepared to pay the

price.”

“Good old-fashioned physical discipline,” Patty continued teasing. “I’ve been quite a fan of that for most of my life.”

“You have been?” Charmaine doubtfully asked.

“Oh, yes,” Patty assured her before grinning wickedly. “I love physical discipline because being spanked makes my pussy so wet!”

“Hold her down, girls,” I laughingly demanded. “Let’s test her statement!”

“You wouldn’t dare!” Patty gasped, beginning to back away.

“We would,” Gina stated, coming up behind Patty and enveloping Patty’s slender body in her arms.

We quickly had Patty bent over the breakfast bar and her shorts around her ankles. We left her the modesty provided by her boy-cut panties and took turns spanking her perfectly rounded bottom. It was hilarious because Patty protested but didn’t once try to struggle out of our grip. In the end, her arousal became apparent when she soaked through her dark pink panties. When we let her up, she grabbed Charmaine’s hand and ran upstairs with her.

“That was interesting,” Gina said. “Did you know Patty liked being spanked, Momma?”

“Goodness, babe,” I replied. “Until ten days ago, I didn’t even know Patty was a lesbian, so what the heck would I know?”

Tommy came inside and walked over to us. He hugged and kissed Gina before doing the same with me and Jennifer. “What time is Freddy getting here?” He asked.

“In time for dinner,” I shrugged.

“Come with me,” Tommy demanded, taking my hand and guiding me upstairs. I followed him to my bedroom, my usual submissive half-step

behind. Tommy took me in his strong arms when we got there. “James phoned Dad again today,” he informed me. “He asked if you could come to his place for dinner on Friday night and stay the night. Dad says he’s okay with it but emphasises that it is yours and my decision.”

“It sounds like your father no longer cares if I screw around on him,” I said fearfully and a little tearfully. “I think I preferred it when I had to sneak around behind his back. At least then, I knew he loved me.”

“I think Dad carries several guilts, Mom,” Tommy explained. “The first is that even though he knew you desperately wanted to go with him, he took Krissy instead, and to make it worse, he’s fucking her. The second is all the slutting around he did on you when he travelled before. The third is that travelling with Krissy and making love with her most nights is too much like what he did with what’s her face, his secretary.”

“Amanda,” I filled in.

“Yeah, her,” Freddy grinned. “Such a sallow-faced bitch that it’s easy to forget her vapid mush.”

“So, you think that he does care? Would it be better if I stopped and became like I was before Mr Edgar damned Fontaine?”

“Can you, my little Mommie slut?” Tommy asked as he fingered my suddenly sweltering pussy. “Can you stop being my darling little cock sucking Mommie slut who loves taking my stiff cock in all her slut holes?”

“No, probably not,” I admitted as I bent over and offered Tommy my pussy. I was hotter than Patty appeared to be earlier. Tommy took me rough and hard, and after I climaxed, I quickly spun and accepted his gift down my throat. “I’d better get back and check dinner,” I regretfully said as I tucked my son’s cock away.

“Gina will take care of it,” Tommy said absently. “Strip and show me the gifts Freddy bestowed on you.”

I removed my clinging top and short skirt and proudly stood in correction position one so Tommy could inspect me. He admired the welts across my breasts and bottom, and when he saw the vicious arrowhead mark above my hip socket, he exclaimed proudly. “That must have stung!”

“It did,” I admitted. “But I was so horny by then that I hardly noticed it.”

“Is what you’re doing working, Mom?” Tommy asked concernedly. “Will he ever escape from the pall his parents cast over him?”

“He should be here by now,” I replied. “Let’s go have dinner, and you can see if there have been any changes.”

I took my emerald green skater dress out and put it on. Then, I took Tommy’s hand and followed him back to my kitchen. Gina had taken over cooking as Tommy had predicted and was taking dinner out of the oven as we arrived.

Freddy held a beer and happily and confidently told amusing stories about some of his photoshoots while the others drank wine and listened. Patty and Charmaine had returned and sat with Freddy and the others. Patty glanced my way and blushed guiltily. Charmaine held Patty’s hand and giggled at her discomfort.

I moved into the group as Tommy kissed Gina before getting a beer from the fridge. Then, waiting until Patty’s attention was elsewhere, I pinched her recently spanked bum.

“Bitch!” Patty exclaimed as she winced and jumped away from me.

“Pussy!” I riposted and flicked my skirt up to expose my welted bottom.

“Oh, wow, Momma!” Gina and Jennifer exclaimed enviously. “Who gave you those?” Jennifer awedly asked.

“The same person who gave me these,” I giggled as I leaned over to show the girls the welts across my breasts.

Four pairs of eyes turned to Tommy, but he held his hands up and said, “Don’t look at me. Mom’s been nothing but a good girl for me.”

The eyes turned to Freddy. “You?” Jennifer disbelievingly asked.

“Kate and I discussed her behaviour during our date, and we agreed that she had been discourteous to me. Corrections were warranted and delivered, and the results of those corrections are clear for you to see.”

“Momma misbehaved, and you, you Freddy, corrected her?” Jennifer asked disbelievingly so Freddy could clarify.

“Yes, he did,” I giggled. “And quite deliciously, too, I must add.”

“You let Freddy discipline you, Momma?” Jennifer asked, still disbelieving what Freddy and I had said.

“I told Mister Rick Singleton that if he wants to take me on dates, he has to act as my man, and if he does not, I’m not interested,” I explained. “Yesterday, although we disagreed on the reasons why, I did act quite brattily, and Rick needed to address my behaviour.”

“Rick Singleton?” Charmaine asked.

“Freddy is a child’s name,” I explained. “Freddy has started to move beyond that, and he deserves a name more suitable to his new stature.”

“Frederick, so, Rick instead of Fred or Freddy. Yeah, that works,” Patty mused. “The little interaction I’ve had with the new Freddy indicates he’s close to deserving that name.”

“Thank you, Doctor Bennett,” Freddy said as he took Patty’s hand and bowed over it.

“Smooth,” Gina admitted. Then she spoke to everyone, “Come on ladies, Tommy and new gentleman, Mister Rick, let’s get dinner before it goes cold.”

Dinner was eaten at my dining room table because it was a bit thundery outside with rain threatening and lightning strikes. Everyone enjoyed their meals as they teased and joked with the others at the table. However, Tommy, Patty, and I exchanged knowing looks as Gina, Jennifer, and Charmaine eyed Freddy speculatively. It was plain that the three younger women found Freddy's newfound calmness and confidence sexually attractive.

Later, when Tommy excused himself to use the downstairs bathroom, I picked up my wine glass and followed him as if I were getting another drink. When he exited the bathroom, I explained that I was uncomfortable with taking a man other than him and his father to my marital bed and asked for advice.

Tommy thought as he watched the others around the table. "I wonder," he mused. "I know Charmaine enjoys cock occasionally, but is Doctor Bennett exclusively gay, or does she swing the other way occasionally, too?"

I thought through everything that Patty had confided to me and then remembered her saying, 'Dick can be fun. It's the useless piece of man meat the dick's attached to that's the problem'. "I think she does enjoy having a cock up her sometimes," I said. "She's not attracted to men, though."

"Then, follow Charmaine and Patty to Patty's bed, bring Freddy and Jennifer with you, and let whatever happens, happen."

Disappointed, I asked, "You're not coming to bed with me?"

"No, Mom," Tommy replied. "I know we're putting a lot on you, but Gina and I have had so little time alone together that we're really enjoying having some. I'll spend all day Thursday with you, if you want?"

That sounded good to me, so we rejoined the frivolities around the table. Somewhere around midnight, Tommy announced that he and Gina were going to bed and left. The others looked at me speculatively, so I shrugged and said, "Patty, Charmaine, do you want some company in your bed?"

“Yes!” Charmaine immediately agreed despite Patty looking less comfortable with the idea.

“I’m keen,” Jennifer stated.

“Of course, you are, you little slut,” Charmaine joked before turning to Freddy. “What about you, Mr Rick? Ever been alone in bed with four women before?”

“No,” Freddy replied eagerly, earning frowns from the others. I could see my girls were reconsidering their invitation to Freddy. Momentarily, they’d seen him as ‘Rick’, but his almost childish eagerness swiftly re-established him as Freddy, their favourite ‘brother from another mother’.

To reset their thinking, I demanded, “Show these women you are my man, Mister Rick.”

“Of course, my darling Kate,” Freddy said urbanely. “Little Miss Kate, strip and kneel before me.” He was so powerfully dominant and urbanely controlled that I was instantly naked and on my knees before him. He looked calmly at Patty and suggested, “Doctor Bennett, why don’t you taste my little slut’s cunt as she sucks my cock?”

Patty didn’t answer, but she slid off her chair, lay on her back and moved between my thighs. Before I could extricate Freddy’s cock from his trousers, Patty’s lips latched around my entrance, and her tongue delved into me.

“Charmaine,” Freddy smoothly continued. “I know you and Doctor Bennett are lovers, but Patty looks otherwise occupied. However, Jennifer’s pussy is clearly gushing. Why don’t you help her with that?”

Charmaine began doing as Freddy had instructed before she even realised she was. Then, shrugging, she pulled Jennifer’s panties off and pushed her voluptuous thighs apart. Charmaine’s tongue joined Patty’s in being shoved into a willing woman’s pussy.

Now that he had established his dominance, Freddy suggested, “Let’s take this to bed. Patty, will you please show us the way?”

“Can I have him first?” Jennifer pleadingly whispered as we walked up the stairs. “I swear I will explode into flames if he doesn’t douse the fire in my pussy. I have no idea what you’re doing to him, Momma, but please, keep doing it, and I might have to fight Krissy for him.”

“Sure,” I giggled, amused by the desire evident in Jennifer’s voice. “I’ll jump Patty when we go through the door. That will attract Charmaine and leave you with Mister Rick Singleton.”

I have to say that Mister Rick Singleton dished up an erotic masterpiece that night. He started with Jennifer as planned, and he ploughed her firmly and masterfully. Not cumming even once, Freddy fucked Jennifer in positions too numerous to count until she gurgled happily, and passed out. I was kneeling between Charmaine’s slender thighs, licking her sweet young pussy, when Freddy moved up behind me. But before he could shove his thick, sturdy cock into my dripping nether regions, Patty, surprising all of us, including possibly herself, pushed him on his back, swung her leg over Freddy’s groin facing his feet, and slid onto his throbbing pole.

“Don’t fucking talk to me, and don’t fucking touch me,” Patty growled in her typically pithy manner. “When you hear and feel me orgasm on your fuck stick, you may cum in my cunt. Cum in me before then, and I’ll rip your fucking balls off.”

Freddy grabbed the sheets on either side of himself and clung on for dear life as Patty bounced vigorously up and down on his shaft. Patty closed her eyes and concentrated fiercely on the sensations Freddy’s throbbing cock caused inside her pussy. She rode him almost brutally for close to ten minutes before squealing as a bone-rattling climax tore through her.

Lost and a little confused, Freddy decided the safest option was not to cum inside his doctor. However, when Patty demanded that he did, Freddy lost control and splashed his seed into her.

“Fark, that feels good, Rick,” Patty groaned and then slid off him. Then she grabbed Charmaine’s hair and dragged her onto her pussy. “Clean me, my little slut,” she demanded, mashing Charmaine’s face against her vagina.

Once Charmaine had cleaned her, Patty asked her if she’d like to try Mister Rick’s cock. Charmaine shyly admitted that she would, and Freddy took her into her arms. Compared to how he’d previously fucked me and how he’d fucked Jennifer and Patty that night, Freddy was gentleness personified as he made love to Charmaine. It took him close to twenty minutes to bring Charmaine to a shuddering orgasm. He tried to pull out of her, but Charmaine, too, insisted he fill her with his seed. After Freddy rolled off her, Patty lowered her head onto her young lover’s pussy, and Charmaine smiled happily.

Jennifer was working on making Freddy hard again when I suggested they go to her room. They did, and Patty, Charmaine, and I cuddled and kissed until we fell asleep.

Delicious sensations in my pussy woke me the next day. I was on my back, and Charmaine lay between my voluptuously spread thighs, lapping at my sopping entrance. She smiled joyfully up at me and said, “You didn’t get any last night, Momma, so I thought I’d make you feel good this morning.”

“That does feel good, baby,” I purred as I stretched, luxuriating in the feelings Charmaine elicited from my juicy pussy.

Charmaine slid two fingers inside me and curled them back. Finding the rough area behind my pubic bone that defined my G-spot, Charmaine twirled her fingers over it and swirled her tongue over and around my clit. I enjoyed a soft but satisfying orgasm before pulling my young friend around so we could ‘69’. I smiled as I tasted Freddy as well as Charmaine’s sweet excretions. We shared another soft orgasm before moving to cuddle. I’d shifted Charmaine until we were on our sides, and her bum was in my groin. Holding the beautiful, sylph-like woman close, I ran my right hand up and down her torso, revelling in her small, firm breasts and the tiny, rock-hard nipples adorning them.

“I’ve missed sleeping with you nearly every night, little one,” I told her softly as I ran my hand over her slender, toned stomach and down to her sweetly engorged love button. I fingered her button gently as I kissed along her neck and shoulders.

“I know, Momma,” Charmaine purred, gently thrusting her pussy against my exploring fingers. “But Patty needs me more.” She writhed gently against my fingers before plaintively saying, “Momma?”

“Yes, baby?” I responded.

“Sometimes, when Patty is feeling aggressive, she likes to trib our cu ... pussies together with her on top.”

“Tribbing is the same as scissoring, right?” I asked.

“Pretty much, Momma,” Charmaine explained. “But scissoring more often means having your legs entwined with your lover’s like scissor blades as you grind against each other, whilst tribbing means rubbing your clits and vulvas together in any way that feels good.”

“Okay, I understand,” I replied. “So, Patty likes to be on top when you two do that?”

“Yes, Momma. But, when Patty is feeling butch, and we’re tribbing, she likes to wee on me after she’s cum.”

I thought it was a little weird but strangely erotic. However, I couldn’t deny the sudden arousal flare I felt when I heard Charmaine describe what Patty did. “And you don’t like it?” I asked. If she didn’t, I would suggest she tell Patty and demand she stop. However, that wasn’t what my young lover meant.

“No, Momma. Oh, heck. I don’t know if I mean no or yes. What I mean is that I do like it. In fact, it makes me feel incredibly submissive and delightfully subjugated. I’m just worried about what it means that I like being peed on. Am I some kind of freak or something?”

“I think this is one of those ‘whatever feels good for you’ moments, Charmaine,” I told her as I slid my middle finger inside her. “I’ve never tried water sports, but I have to admit that I find the thought of weeing as you rub your pussy against your lover’s one sounds pervertedly exciting.”

“So, I’m not a freak for enjoying it?”

I shook my head, “Well, not unless I’m one, too.”

“Cool,” Charmaine sighed. Then she shuddered and moaned, “Pinch my nipple, Momma, please. I’m about to cum.”

I shoved my middle finger deep into Charmaine’s pussy before pulling it back far enough to scrape my nail over her G-spot. Simultaneously, I pinched Charmaine’s rock-hard nipple and demanded, “Come for your Momma, little one.”

Charmaine cried out, “I love you, Momma!” and climaxed on my fingers.

“I love you, too, baby,” I whispered as we drifted back to sleep.

I woke again when Charmaine’s phone told her it was time to get ready for her uni class. I blinked a few times, trying to ease the sharp pain in my tired eyes. ‘Get some darned sleep tonight, Muppet!’ I told myself. ‘You’re no longer a teenager able to simultaneously burn the candle at both ends.’

Charmaine and I shared a hurried shower, and she dressed and was out the door. I’d walked to my room to dress before I thought to wonder about Patty’s absence. After dressing, I went to the kitchen to make coffee. I found a note propped against a pre-prepared Acai bowl. It read, “Hey Gorgeous, I can no longer hide away from work because things are piling up there that need my attention. I’m only doing a half-day, though, so I’ll see you around three.” It was signed “Patty Cakes”.

A little sad and lonely, I opened my office and looked to see if I had any tasks. I made the suggested changes that John had sent through and was surprised at how quickly and easily I could make and follow them now. I understood almost immediately why my husband wanted those changes

made, which amazed me further. I looked through a randomly selected assortment of our client's portfolios, using that new knowledge to see if I could predict what changes John would have me make next. Although I didn't make any, I noted which ones I'd change so I could compare them to John's instructions.

With nothing much to do, I began working on my project. I had all month to get it done, and I'd already gathered my data, done my analysis, and written my projections. Writing my summary justifying my predictions and sending them in were the only things I had left to do. The project's purpose wasn't for me to be right, although I knew I was; it was to explain and defend my predictions logically. Even if my predictions were wildly speculative and fanciful, it wouldn't matter so long as I could justify them logically.

The office door opening took my attention away from my screen. Turning to see who had come in, I smiled. "Hello, Mister Squire," I said happily.

"Mrs Muggleton," James nodded. Then, smiling, he added, "I must admit that I'm disappointed you're not bent over vacuuming with your gorgeous bottom pointed in my direction. However, I'm certain the material on my trouser front appreciates that you're not!"

"You know, Mister Squire?" I answered with mock severity before giggling coquettishly. "Compliments will get you absolutely everywhere!" James grinned at me. "Would you like tea?" I asked.

"I hoped you'd ask, Kate," James charmingly said as he sat on the sofa.

For me, I'd dressed quite conservatively today. However, my skirt clung tightly to my firm, curvy ass, and I swayed it seductively as I walked behind the partition to make a pot of tea. When I returned carrying a tray with everything needed to make tea, I inwardly smiled at James' severely tented trouser front. Momentarily letting my eyes drop to where his cock strained, I said, "It looks like your trouser front is not quite so appreciative anymore."

"You, and only you, have that effect on me, Kate," James unembarrassedly replied. "Erections are rare at my age." I sat with my knee against his thigh

as I poured his cup of tea and added a squeeze of lemon and a dash of milk. As I handed him the cup, I leaned forward so he could peer down my top at my unfettered globes. James smiled as he tasted his tea. “You remembered,” he smiled.

“Of course I did,” I smiled back. “Suave, handsome, well-spoken men rarely come to my office and charm me so convincingly.”

“But they do come?” James teased.

“Of course they do,” I smugly replied. “You’re here now. Would you like a biscuit?” I asked, looking for an excuse to bend over in front of him. “I have some delightful Griffins Gingernuts from New Zealand. I don’t know if you’ve had them before, but they’re twice as nice as the Australian-made ones.”

“You’ve talked me into it, Kate,” James said smoothly. “However, you must not do the ‘I’m on a diet’ rubbish that women often do and have one with me.”

“Oh, if you insist!” I theatrically protested. “But I’ll need to spend an extra month on the stationary bike to take the weight back off my bottom!” James chuckled as I stood. Then, I gathered the spoons and stepped toward the sink before ‘accidentally’ dropping one. “I’m such a klutz,” I muttered. Keeping my legs straight, I bent over and picked up the spoon. After reaching it and standing, I looked back over my shoulder. As I hoped, James’ eyes were glued to my sexy ass. Shaking it seductively, I walked to the sink, dropped the spoons in it, reached into the cupboard above, and brought down a packet of gingernut biscuits.

There was an opened packet in a plastic box beside the water urn, but doing what I did allowed me to turn side on to James. Then, when I stretched to get the biscuits, my top pulled out of my skirt and exposed my taut tummy. Plus, being side on meant James got to admire my large, swelling breast mounds.

“I like your belly button ring,” James said as I sat, opened the package and offered him a biscuit.

I leaned back and pulled my top up to expose my rhinestone belly button ring. It joined a silver chain with beaded crystals that circled my waist. The rhinestone fitted perfectly inside my belly button. “I like it, too,” I smiled. “I think it’s understatedly sexy, don’t you?”

“I think everything about you is sexy, Kate,” James admitted. “Your beautiful face, dark brown eyes and olive skin. Your long, toned legs and curvy body. All of you is gorgeous and as sexy as heck. Plus, you have a melodic voice and a sweet disposition that hides a steel-trap mind and razor-sharp wit.” He sighed. “I only wish you’d met Annie because I think you and she would have hit it off like peas and carrots.”

“I think you’re right, James,” I said, moving so that my thigh sat along his. I turned my upper body to face him and rested my full, unfettered breasts against his arm. “I would have loved to meet her. I don’t suppose you have a picture, do you?”

“Yes, I do,” James said as he leant into me, enjoying the feel of my heavy breasts on his arm. He pulled out his wallet and took out a photo. It was only in black and white, but the woman it showed was stunningly gorgeous. Annie was naked, with her knees pulled up in front of a rack that looked at least as impressive as mine. Her feet were slightly to one side and covered her bare pussy, leaving nothing exposed. I immediately decided I’d get Tommy to do a similar one of me posing like that for his and his father’s benefit.

“Wow, James,” I said breathlessly. “She is beautiful!”

“That was taken on our first wedding anniversary,” James tearily said. “I’ve kept the negative and made new pictures every time one wears out ever since. Of course, I’ve scanned it to my computer now, and I merely reprint a copy when needed.”

“How old was Annie when you took that photo?” I asked.

“Eighteen,” he unashamedly said. “I was twenty-one.”

“I’m sure you have others even more sexy than these,” I stated coquettishly, my sweet little pussy throbbing a little as I imagined viewing them.

“I do,” James admitted. “And if you’ll come to dinner at my place on Friday, I will share some with you.”

“What time would you like me there?” I asked.

“I’ll send my driver to pick you up at six-thirty, Mrs Kate. I’d like you to stay the night, please. So bring an overnight bag and a change of clothes. We’ll have breakfast, and then my driver will take you home.”

“I can drive,” I pointed out, worried about being stuck at James’ place without any way to get home.

“At some stage, Mrs Muggleton, you must begin trusting me. I mean you no harm, and I promise that nothing will happen on Friday night that you won’t enjoy immensely. So, please, stop fretting and relax. Your fear of me is disappointing and unsettling.”

“You saw in the papers and the news what happened the last time I was taken to another’s house, didn’t you, James?” I haughtily replied. “So, please be more understanding of my fear and reluctance.”

“I understand, Kate,” James answered. “I truly do. Perhaps one day, you will trust me with the complete version of that story. However, I promise to allow your husband to shoot me himself if any harm comes to you in my presence, regardless of who perpetrates it on you. I assured John that you would be safe and well looked after when you’re with me. John trusts me. Can’t you?”

“I do, James,” I replied. “But sometimes my fear overrides my common sense.”

“Understandable, my dear Kate,” James smoothed.

Our conversation moved to generalities and banalities after that. The sexual tension between us continued to grow, but neither of us acted on our

desires. Eventually, I realised that James was gently guiding our discussion and my thinking to the various stock portfolios my husband's consultancy firm controlled and about which I was now learning.

James didn't ask for any information about our customers and instead asked about their volume and the mix between high, medium, and low-risk stocks. He wasn't interested in details but was encouraging me to understand why John had divided the capital as he had. I was receiving invaluable training from an experienced, highly successful stockbroker without fully comprehending that I was. However, when my curiosity spiked later that day, I looked at the earlier changes I'd made and understood why they needed changing. Plus, I could envisage the future adjustments necessary to generate the best possible return. Thinking fondly of him, I sent a quiet thanks in James' direction.

James stayed with me until I said I needed lunch. I hoped he'd ask me to get some with him and was disappointed when he said he needed to go. However, I hadn't expected to go out for lunch, so I'd made a chicken salad to put in the office fridge. I got it out and ate as I brought up a story I was avidly reading. The story was called 'Arlene and Jeff' and contained many storylines that imitated my life. Even though science fiction isn't usually my cup of tea, I was thoroughly enjoying RoustWriter's story.

Patty arrived with coffee a little after three, so I closed the office and accompanied her inside. "Someone called Penelope Squire called today," she said levelly, handing me a takeaway cup and sitting on my lounge.

"Oh," I blushed. "I guess that I should have warned you."

"No need," Patty answered. "I've actually met Ms Penelope Squire before. We're acquaintances rather than friends, but I think we may become more than mere friends."

"She asked about joining your practice, then?" I asked.

"Yes," Patty acknowledged, remaining a little frosty. "Coincidentally, she mentioned a new office block opening on Cambridge Terrace that has

ground-floor offices large enough to accommodate a five-doctor medical centre with room to add another doctor later, if need insists."

"Umm, that's good ... I hope," I said hesitantly.

"Yes," Patty continued in that same frosty tone. "It seems that Ms Penelope Squire's father has bought the entire complex, and he's offered to finance my fifth and the fifth shares of the other doctors if needed."

"Patty, that's good, isn't it?" I said hopefully, scared she was angry with me.

"Good?" Patty squealed as she leapt onto my lap and covered my face with kisses. "It's fanfuckingtastic, Katey! I can use the money from the house sale to purchase all new equipment! We'll have the most modern medical practice in the whole Wynnum/Manly area. More! I can rent the offices on either side of ours and employ specialists. Then, my practice can send our patients to our own specialists and get them seen much earlier than otherwise!"

Patty kept plastering kisses over my face as she mauled my breasts and enthusiastically expounded her plan for a multi-level medical practice that would cover all aspects of her patients' health. I understood probably less than half of what she told me, but I didn't have to. All I had to do was nod and say, "Oh?" or "Really?" or "How would that work?" in all the right places. There's a hint for there, boys. Stop offering advice and trying to 'fix' your woman's problems when she talks to you. Instead, listen intently and say one of the above three when appropriate. Plus, you can include "I told you that bitch was crazy!' if she's complaining about a work colleague.

Charmaine came home about an hour later, and Patty grabbed her hand before running upstairs with her.

Jennifer, who had come home with Charmaine, amusedly drawled, "I take it that Doctor Bennett is a little excited about something?" and sat beside me.

"Yes," I confirmed, putting my arm around her. "It seems that a life-long dream is about to come true for her."

“Cool,” Jennifer said. She knew I’d say that Patty’s story was hers to tell, so there was no point in asking me for details.

I smiled and got out my phone. Five minutes later, I’d contacted every member of our girl gang and booked us a table at Alchemy to celebrate. Even Kath said she’d get one of the other hosts to stand in for her on her show and be there for Patty. The only partners who would miss were John and Billy (of course). I called Freddy, and he said he’d be happy to attend. Tommy, Gina and my girls would come, too.

Patty and Charmaine came back down around an hour later, looking dishevelled and a little worse for wear. I told them we were going out to celebrate and sent them to shower and change.

When we got to Alchemy Restaurant and Bar, Patty was curious about why our entire gang and their husbands were there. I waited until everyone was there and had sat and said, “Patty has an announcement to make.”

She described today’s events and was overwhelmed by their show of support and care. “There’s still a lot of work to do to get this off the ground,” she said. “We have to work out costs and profit sharing before incorporating our practice. It’ll be close to a year before everything’s ready, but with Kate’s friend, James Squire, underwriting the set-up costs, we’ll hit the ground running when we open.”

Patty asked if she could sleep with me when we got home later that night. After we’d undressed and gotten into bed, she held me and kissed me softly, “Thank you, my love,” she said. “Doing this for me is the most amazing thing anyone’s ever done.”

“Me?” I asked confusedly. “All I did was tell James to tell his daughter to call you.”

“You didn’t ask Mister Squire to help me out?”

“Not really,” I admitted. “All I said was that you needed another doctor, but your clinic wasn’t big enough to accommodate another medical practitioner.”

“I wasn’t actually at work today,” Patty admitted guiltily.

“I figured that out,” I replied. “I’m guessing you were with James, Penelope, and yours and their lawyers working out how to set up your new business.”

“That I was, babe,” Patty said. “But James spent all day talking you up, which is why I assumed you’d asked him. James said you told him that I needed new premises to fit a fifth doctor in, and when he explained that his daughter wanted to join a private practice, you suggested he arrange one large enough to accommodate all of us.”

“Mr James is overstating my contribution, babe,” I told her honestly. “All I did was suggest he got Penelope to call you when he said she wanted out of the P.A. Hospital.”

“But that’s you to a ‘T’, Kaitlyn,” Patty said. “You put two and two together, suggest the right thing to the right person, and magic happens.”

“You’re piling it deep, babe,” I told her sleepily. “You, James, and Penelope put this together yourselves. My contribution was only incidental.”

“Maybe,” Patty admitted. “But without it, none of this would be happening.”

“Okay, I’m a genius,” I told her wearily. “Now shut up, kiss me and let me sleep.”

Patty’s soft giggle followed me into sleep.

Patty and I shared a shower the next morning. “I really do have to go into work today,” she sighed. “These new premises are exciting, but there’s going to be a shitload of work before we move into there. Somehow, we have to equip the new offices, keep our current equipment functional, buy furnishings, redo our stationary entirely, and keep our patients happy and move them to our new premises in a region that hates change.” Then she glared at me with mock severity. “Kaitlyn Ashley Muggleton, you know

how I thanked you yesterday? Well, today, fuck you for dropping all this bullshit on me!"

"Hey!" I protested. "All I did was tell James to get his daughter to call you. You all did the rest to yourselves!"

Grinning, Patty admitted, "Well, okay. Maybe we did. But, Kate, seriously, thank you from the bottom of my heart."

I squeezed Patty's bum familiarly and said, "You're welcome, babe. But, I repeat, I only told James to get Penelope to call you."

"You didn't think he'd work out what he needed to do to get his daughter into a medical practice with one of your friends? I looked him up, Kate. James is higher on Australia's rich list than Bryce and Eugenie. In fact, he's one of the top fifteen richest men in Australia."

"I did not know that!" I protested. "He's just a sweet older man who comes into the office and drinks tea with me. Sure, he wants to get into my panties, but, as you well know, babe, most men do."

"You didn't know because you didn't care, Kate. And that's why we all love you. James is polite, cultured, well-spoken and well-behaved, and that's enough for you to give him your friendship. I'd bet any money that James wouldn't have a bar of you if you'd been anything other than what you were when he first spoke to you—unaware and disinterested that he's one of Australia's wealthiest men."

I smiled when we got to the kitchen because my girls had left two fruit bowls for Patty's and my breakfast. The coffee pot was full, and on the warmer, so we poured coffee, got our bowls, sat at the breakfast bar and ate.

After the daily routine of opening the office, I checked my various emails. In my private email, a few messages from readers asked about my (this) story. They'd finished the last posted chapter and hoped for a preview of what was next. I answered without giving anything away. Then, at about ten a.m., my computer dinged, saying I had a new message. It was from Krissy,

so I moved to the computer at the front counter. Because I faced out, anyone walking in couldn't see the screen.

I opened the message and watched my husband's recording of our daughter riding his magnificent cock 'reverse cowgirl'. Slipping my hand up my skirt, I fingered my pussy as I waited for Krissy to spin around and accept her father's gift. This time, however, John closed in on where his cock entered our daughter and recorded his grunts as he filled her tight pussy with cum. The clip ended with Krissy holding her ass cheeks apart, pushing her father's seed from her fluttering pussy and letting it drip onto his wilted cock.

"Love you, Mom/babe," they said together before turning off the camera.

My days were a little barren from there because not much happened except daily living. I'd have the occasional thing to do when I first opened the office. Sometimes, the phone would ring, and rarely, someone would enter the office. The only walk-in had misunderstood our sign and was looking for finance rather than wanting to invest. Most of the callers were trying to sell me something, and I didn't feel competent enough to help the two who weren't, so I noted what they wanted and emailed it to John.

The only thing of interest was Mr Tom Middleton coming in for the appointment he'd booked last week. He seemed pretty happy with my advice and what Muggleton Consultancy offered but didn't commit any funds. He left after making another appointment for a time when John would be home. I had the distinct opinion that he'd only come in to size me up. That was confirmed when Eugenie phoned me later in the day and asked what I thought of him. I answered that he seemed like a nice guy and wouldn't let her draw me into further discussion about whether I thought he was attractive.

Tommy had taken a photography booking for Thursday. Therefore, he had to cancel our planned day together, but Freddy dropped in to say hello instead. He said he had a date with Jennifer on Friday and asked if I minded. I told him that, of course, I didn't. I think he hoped I'd be jealous, but that would never happen.

That brings us to Friday and the weekend. On Friday, I had my second date with Mr James Squire and an invitation to stay the night. Then, on Saturday, I had Mum's mysterious command to be at her place for dinner.

I had no idea what to wear to James' place. I would have had some clue if we were going out, but James hadn't indicated if I should dress formally or casually. Mentally shrugging, I decided to try for something in between. I put on a matching lacy bra and panty set and got out my square-neck, cinched-waist, short-sleeved, fluorescent green mini dress. It reveals large expanses of my décolletage and barely covers my sexily curved ass. I thought it was decent enough not to scream 'available' but showed an appropriate amount of sexuality. I wore the same white sneakers I'd worn on Sunday.

James' driver arrived at 6.30 as he had promised. Uncommonly, I was already home alone by that time. Tommy and Gina had gone on a double date with Freddy and Jennifer, and Patty had taken Charmaine to see the first round of the 'Women's Big Bash' cricket competition.

I had a small bag with everything I needed for an overnight stay, including another dress to wear to breakfast on Saturday. Jimmy, the same driver as the previous week, took my bag and put it in the boot before opening my door and helping me to sit. He kept his eyes averted, but he wouldn't have seen anything even if he had looked. If I'd done a 'Britney Spears-type beaver flash', my father would have peeled the skin off my backside and nailed it to his garage wall.

When I get into a car, I face outward, and holding my dress hem, I sit my pretty bottom on the car's seat. Then, keeping my knees and ankles tightly together and holding onto my hem, I simultaneously swing both feet into the car. Getting out, I repeat that procedure in reverse.

Jimmy helped me out of the car, got my bag, and led me into James' home. He placed the bag at the bottom of the stairs before saying he'd put it in the room I was staying in when I had chosen which one. That surprised me because I thought James expected me to sleep with him. Then, I smiled warmly when I realised that James would let our night together develop naturally, and if that led me to his bed, that was good but not expected.

I smiled even more warmly when I learned who the deep, baritone voice singing Frank Sinatra songs in the kitchen belonged to. I followed the voice into the kitchen and delightedly watched James dancing and singing as he cooked up a storm.

James spun in his dance and saw me leaning against the entranceway, smiling. “Dance with me, my darling Kate,” he requested, waving his sauce-covered spoon around in time with his song.

“Gladly, as soon as you put the spoon down,” I grinned. Then I saw his tomato sauce-spattered apron and added, “And taken off your apron.”

“Jimmy, turn up the music and take over in here,” James requested. “The beautiful lady needs a handsome dance partner.”

“Then why am I taking over the cooking?” Jimmy joked.

The men shared a loving kiss as they passed, which shocked me. The kiss seemed to go way beyond ‘good friends intimate’ and leapt completely over Employer/employee friendly.

James pushed his kitchen table aside, and we slowly waltzed around the room. James was impressed, and when the song changed to a faster one, he changed to foxtrot, jive and finally an East Coast bop. The East Coast bop was the only dance I struggled to follow James through. In fact, I didn’t even know the dance’s name until the song finished and James told me.

James held my arm and walked with me to the dining room. Holding my chair so I could sit, he kissed my cheek and said, “Be right back.”

He entered the kitchen, and Jimmy came out holding a bottle of Argiano Brunello di Montalcino 2017 red wine and three glasses. Putting a splash in my glass for me to taste, Jimmy checked that I was happy before pouring three full glasses.

Jimmy sat opposite me before saying, “James is finishing the spaghetti and will be in shortly.”

He introduced himself as James' cook, driver, housemaid, and home handyman, but only a blind woman couldn't see that he was way more than that. However, although I was curious, it wasn't mine to question or judge, so I let Jimmy guide the conversation. I asked insightful questions in the correct places and only put my thoughts in when there was a gap in the conversation.

Jimmy and I had only just gotten beyond superficiality when James entered carrying a big bowl of spaghetti sauce. Jimmy stood and rushed into the kitchen before returning with a steaming bowl of spaghetti pasta. He placed that beside the sauce before hurrying back to get plates and cutlery.

"I got so involved with getting to know you, Mrs Kate, that I forgot to set the table," he said apologetically.

He didn't need me to comment because he already felt bad enough, so I smiled and sipped my wine.

James dished me a heaped plate of spaghetti pasta covered with meat sauce before serving Jimmy and himself. Then he refreshed Jimmy's and my glasses and offered a toast. "Here's to the most beautiful woman we've had gracing our home since my beloved Annie passed."

"Here, here," Jimmy agreed.

I had way more food on my plate than I could possibly eat, but I knew James hated 'I'm on a diet' women, so I ate as much as I could. James and Jimmy exchanged happy glances as I managed all but the last few forkfuls.

"Second course coming up," Jimmy joked as he cleared the table.

I kidded, "If you try to feed me another bite, I swear I'm doing my best Mr Creosote impression."

"It's only wafer thin," Jimmy kidded as he left the room.

"We can't have you exploding everywhere now, can we, my darling Kate?" James smiled. Politely waiting until Jimmy had left the room, he asked.

“What do you think of my man, Jimmy?”

I considered my answer before stating only the obvious. “He’s much younger than you.”

“Which tells me nothing whilst answering politely. Now come on, Mrs Kate. You must have some opinion on my relationship with Jimmy, surely?”

I shook my head, “I don’t think my opinion matters,” I replied. “The only thing that matters is that you’re both happy with what you have together.”

“Would you be shocked or surprised if I said that Jimmy and I have been intimate since his eighteenth birthday?”

“I would stick with believing it’s none of my business and that my opinion doesn’t matter,” I replied. I knew that James was leading me to a revelation he thought would shock me and maybe cause me to storm out, but I was happy for him to arrive at that revelation when he was ready.

“If I said that Jimmy was also intimate with my darling Annie, could we remain friends?”

“Of course,” I replied emphatically. “My friendship with you is dependent on how you treat me, my family and friends, nothing else. What you and your wife do in your own home has nothing to do with me unless it involves rape or paedophilia.”

“One final question before we enjoy the rest of the evening, please, my darling Kate.”

“Sure,” I answered firmly. “But, you seem uncertain you should reveal these things to me. I like you and hope we will become firm friends and even lovers, so please, do not feel you must share your secret with me.”

“Well said, my love,” James smiled. “But, certainly by most modern sensibilities, my secret is quite heinous.”

I instantly understood and should have seen the resemblance immediately. “Jimmy’s your son,” I stated, knowing I was right.

“Yes, he is,” James admitted as tears surged. “Shall I order you a car to take you home?”

I was shocked, and I’ll admit that, but I suddenly understood why I’d immediately felt so close to the handsome older man when he first visited my office—I’d seen a bit of myself and my father in him. But, even though the above flashed through my mind, my mouth was already forming the words I knew I wanted to say. “Of course not!” I firmly stated. “Your relationship with your son is clearly consensual, and it’s blatantly obvious you love each other, so why on earth would I care if you’re intimate?”

I thought for a moment. “The kiss was a test, was it not? So was casually mentioning that your daughter is gay. If I had freaked out at the former, we would have had dinner, and you would have suggested I go home. And if I’d done so at the latter, I would not have been invited.”

“Observant and insightful, just like Mom,” Jimmy said as he returned to the table, refreshed our glasses and sat. Then he tentatively took my hand. “You’re so much like my mother, Kate,” he said tearily. “You look nothing like her, but in your heart and soul, you and her are sisters cut from the same cloth. Please, my dear Kate, stay with us tonight, and if you cannot make love to us together, perhaps you’ll allow us to visit your room separately.”

“You’ll have to help me dance that meal off before I can even consider your offer,” I joked. “Seriously guys, if I had eaten even ‘a wafer’ more, Mr Creosote would have looked like an amateur compared to me.”

“Sounds good to me,” James agreed, and we returned to the kitchen.

I guess the kitchen table and the island bench were in our way, but I trusted my two dance partners, and we danced around the room without encountering either item. Both Squire men were excellent dancers, with Jimmy being better at the more modern dance moves like ‘running man’, ‘the lawnmower’, ‘water sprinkler’, ‘the robot’, and ‘T-step’, and James being better at the more traditional waltzes, foxtrots, etc. However, they were great rock and roll and disco dancers, which are dances I’m also accomplished at.

I was dancing a traditional swing with James when he tossed me in the air, and when I spread my thighs to accept him between them, he held my bottom tightly to him and kissed me passionately. It was only our second truly intimate kiss, and I poured my heart and soul into it.

Despite his diminutive stature, James easily held me in the air as we kissed. Then, as our kiss morphed and extended into a full-on passionate snog, Jimmy moved up behind me and pressed his thick, rampantly erect cock into my ass cleft. Jimmy's hands moved onto my breasts, and he caressed my aching nipples as he ground his cock against me. Him doing that, pressed my entrance against his father's equally stiff member, and I received a preview of what would happen later that night.

"Take me to bed, boys," I breathily gasped. "It's no longer my stomach that's threatening to explode."

Father and son held my hands as they raced me up the stairs to the master bedroom. When they got me there, they lovingly undressed me as their hands and lips roamed all over me. They had me hot! I was hotter than the noonday sun blazing into a hothouse in the middle of a desert. Naked and pressed between their firmly erect cocks, I couldn't move as they explored my luscious body. "Please," I mewled, dying to hold and suck their rampantly erect penises.

Jimmy stepped back and swiftly disrobed before turning me to face him and letting James do the same thing. They quickly pressed against me again, and I had a cock throbbing against both of my love holes. I thought they'd take me like that—standing in the middle of James' bedroom, but they moved me to the bed.

They'd let me go, so I slid off the bed and knelt. Then I grabbed their cocks and pulled them close. I tried to fit both cocks in my mouth, but they were too big, and no matter what I did, I couldn't fit them both. Resigning myself to sucking them alternately, I did my best to bring James and Jimmy to fruition simultaneously.

I had them close, but my lovers had different ideas. James demanded that I, "Climb on the bed and watch, Kate". Then James held his son tenderly and

kissed him passionately. Next, he took Jimmy's cock in his hand and masturbated it. Jimmy quickly returned the favour, and my two lovers kissed as they worked each other's cock.

I'd never watched two men getting it on together before, and I will say that it didn't do much for me. I mean, clinically, it was interesting because I'd never witnessed it before, but it didn't excite me sexually. Fortunately, James and Jimmy recognised their act wasn't turning me on and returned their attention to me.

We formed a daisy chain with James' thick cock in my mouth and his son's mouth on my pussy. James sucking Jimmy off, completed the chain. Next, the men rolled me onto my side, and James attacked my front as Jimmy prepared my ass. James kissed and suckled my breasts as Jimmy kissed along my spine and into my ass cleft. Then, holding my leg in the air, James tongued my clit, slit and entrance as Jimmy swirled his warm, wet tongue over my tiny dark star.

James caressed my breasts as he worked two fingers into my swelteringly hot pussy, and Jimmy forced his wet thumb through my knot. I had the traditional 'two in the pink and one in the stink' done non-traditionally by two men. Next, James worked his plus-sized cock into my pussy and then rolled onto his back, bringing me to the top. I shifted to my hands and knees and felt Jimmy moving up behind me. At first, he contented himself with tonguing my ass and occasionally licking my juices off his father's balls. But he quickly aimed his cock at my dark star and slowly pushed into me.

Having two cocks in me simultaneously was still a new and wild experience, and I climaxed almost as soon as Jimmy had fully penetrated me. My lovers fucked me to two more orgasms before Jimmy pulled out. I was amazed to see that neither man had cum. Jimmy used the en suite to clean his penis before rejoining us in bed. He knelt beside his father's head and offered his sturdy cock to my lips. I eagerly turned my head and gobbled him down." Jimmy rewarded me with a pleasant mouthful moments later.

Surprisingly, Jimmy didn't soften at all, and he encouraged me to turn and remount his father. I expected James' cock to press against my chocolate

ring, but it slid back into my pussy. Then James grabbed my knees and pulled them back and wide apart.

“Lie back on your hands, my darling Kate,” he told me.

I did as he’d asked, and Jimmy moved up between my legs, holding his cock. I wondered what he was doing because, in this position, his cock wouldn’t reach my mouth nor go in my bottom. But then I felt his cock’s head press against my pussy lips.

‘There’s no way that fits in there!” I thought. But after sliding away twice, Jimmy got the angle right, and, to my amazement, his cock slid inside me, resting beside his father’s.

Having two cocks inside my pussy for the first time completely blew my mind. I couldn’t believe they’d fit, let alone feel so naughtily erotic. Then, with their big balls and thick, rigid cocks sliding across each other’s, the Squire men fucked me into oblivion. An unimaginable time later, I squealed as a final orgasm shattered my mind, and I finally felt both cocks swelling, lengthening and spurting their delicious man goo inside me.

Jimmy slid out of me and left the room. Then, James rolled me onto my side and held me while we slept. Twice more before morning, I felt James stroking into me before filling my pussy with his seed. I was in awe of the Squire men’s ability to remain rigid even after filling me with their cum many times.

In the morning, James and I made soft, passionate love. To be honest, the previous night was an experience that I was glad I’d had, but watching two men getting it on as they ignored me, or having one sucking or fucking one man as the other man licked or fucked me, did little for my libido. I was happy that I’d experienced it, especially with someone as wonderful as James, but I didn’t want to experience it again. However, that morning, James made love to me so passionately and delightfully that I hoped he’d like to invite me to stay again.

After his climax, James and I kissed, cuddled and chatted. I felt incredibly loving towards James, and I could well imagine being his wife and

experiencing this daily. We lay together for a good part of the morning before we reluctantly got out of bed. We shared a shower, exchanging more kisses and cuddles, and then we dressed and went to the kitchen for breakfast.

Jimmy made a traditional cooked breakfast of eggs, bacon, toast and hot coffee. We sat at the kitchen table and ate. Conversation was a little stilted because no one wanted to talk about the previous night. Eventually, James urbanely said, “Watching two men making love does nothing for you, does it, Kate?”

“It was interesting at first because I’d never seen anyone do that before, but I found it boring, really,” I admitted.

“You weren’t the centre of attention,” James pointed out, and I realised that was precisely the problem.

“You’re right,” I admitted. “I’m one red-hot chicky babe, and I’m always the one that everyone wants to fuck. Men, women, it makes no difference, both are equally attracted to me, and they want to fuck me. When you two made love to each other, I was sidelined and felt unappreciated.”

Then James nearly exploded my head because he fearfully said, “I suppose this means you don’t want to return, and our friendship will be only a business one from now on?”

I nearly cried but suddenly felt incredibly relieved and burst out laughing. “James, my dear, dear friend,” I said when I recovered. “I was terrified that I’d blown our friendship because you thought I couldn’t accept your incestuous homosexual relationship with your son. That couldn’t be further from the truth. I’m glad you have a close, loving relationship in your life.

“I feel warm and happy when I’m with you, James, and I hope you’ll let our friendship thrive and develop. Jimmy, if you’re willing, I’d like to make love with you the next time you invite me over. But just you and me, okay? Or, you and me and another woman. I’m sorry, but two guys and one girl do nothing to get my motors running.”

“You seemed to like two cocks inside you, though, Kate,” Jimmy stated.

“That was the first time I’ve had two cocks inside my pussy,” I confessed. “And you’re right, that part was awesome, so maybe you’d like to do that to me again?”

“You don’t care that my son and I are incestuous, Kate?” James asked curiously.

I knew confessing my home situation would relieve James’ and Jimmy’s anxiousness and cement our relationship, so I took a deep breath and exhaled slowly before saying, “Should it? I’m incestuous with my mother, father, son and daughter, and I’ve had incestuous sex with my sisters. Should I judge you because you have something similar?”

“Just like Mom,” Jimmy said tearily. “Mom didn’t mind that Dad and I made love, but she didn’t find it exciting either.”

I smiled, “Which reminds me, James. You promised to show me some photos of Annie.”

James turned to Jimmy and said, “Get the special folder.”

Jimmy smiled before racing off to get it. We sat at the table, and I admired the many pictures James had of his wife. Some featured only Annie dressed modestly, but others were erotic masterpieces. James obviously enjoyed sharing his wife because he had dozens of pictures of Annie sucking or riding cocks and many more of her making love to other men. He had close-ups of her cum covered face or cum drooling ass and/or pussy. Others were of Annie with cocks in her mouth, ass, pussy, and both hands. Still more were of her making love to her son.

By the time we reached the last page, I was a dripping mess sitting at their table. James and Jimmy looked at each other and nodded. Next moment, I was naked and on my back on the table. James had his face buried in my soaking pussy as Jimmy thrust forcefully into my mouth.

After I orgasmed for the first time, Jimmy lay on his back on the table and encouraged me to ride him. We established a fast rhythm until I felt James climbing onto the table behind me. I assumed he'd take my ass, but he knelt before doing anything to prepare me. I was about to object when James positioned the head of his cock against where his son's shaft entered my pussy. Then he pushed firmly forward, and his cock slid into my surprised vagina (can a vagina be surprised? I mean, I was surprised when his cock joined his son's inside me).

I'd thoroughly enjoyed being double penetrated in my pussy last night, and having it done this way was equally as exciting. James and Jimmy pulled back before thrusting firmly back in, and with my pussy so full, every movement slid part of a cock across my G-spot. What made it even better was that when they pushed in, it pulled the skin above my entrance down and exposed my thick clit. Then, Jimmy's hairy pelvis rubbed against it at the end of his stroke. These twin, delectable sensations sent me careening through a series of almost mind-breaking climaxes. But, as they seemed wont to do, the Squire men refused to cum inside me until I nearly passed out.

Deciding to beg, I pleaded, "Please, boys, I can't take anymore. Fill this slut with cum, I beg of you."

That did it, and with twin roars, James and Jimmy blasted my vulva with their cum. They filled me with so much that it immediately leaked back out around their thrusting cocks. With my pussy sucking and squelching as they stroked in and out, the sounds were obscene but somehow erotically exciting.

James and Jimmy slowed and then stopped before James got off me and helped me back to the shower. Both Squire men joined me, and I rewarded them by kneeling and sucking them off. I happily allowed them to cum on my face before their cocks finally wilted.

After we'd cleaned up, James and Jimmy left me so I could dry my hair and do my makeup. I reviewed the previous night and was amazed by their stamina. James had to be sixty-something, which made his son forty-

something, so it didn't add up. I checked the medicine cabinet and grinned when I saw the twin bottles of Viagra, one for each of them.

'That means the Squire boys can keep up with even a voracious Mommie slut like you,' I giggled to myself as I put the bottles away.

The pale yellow sundress I'd worn to breakfast had a massive wet stain from where I'd leaked whilst perusing Annie's photos. Fortunately, Annie's blow drier was still in the basin drawer, and I could dry it off. The stain remained but was no longer as prominent now that my dress was dry.

Jimmy waited for me in the kitchen, ready to take me home. He opened the front door, and James kissed me fondly and promised to visit and have tea sometime during the week. On my way home, I suddenly thought, 'Oh no! I've added yet another lover without asking for Tommy's or John's permission!' I briefly considered not telling Tommy, but after chastising Gina for wanting to lie by omission, I knew I had to.

I returned to a mostly empty house with only Patty and Charmaine home. It was close to midday, and they were in my hot tub, drinking wine. I stepped through the door, dropped my clothes, and joined them in the tub.

Patty asked, "Good night?" archly as Charmaine tittered.

"Not as good as yours if your pussy juice matted hair is any indication," I replied dryly.

Charmaine laughed and spat wine out her nose as Patty's hands flew to her hair. Mortified, she gasped, "But I shower..." Then she realised I was teasing and added, "Bitch!"

"That stings!" Charmaine laughingly protested as her eyes watered, and she wiped the wine off her nose and face. "Can you say things like that when I don't have a mouthful of wine, please?"

"Oh, I don't know," I continued in that same dry tone. "Seeing you snort wine like a horse snorting phlegm was funny to me."

Charmaine added her barked “Bitch!” to the conversation.

I moved closer and took Patty in my arms. “How you doing, gorgeous?” I asked her.

“Do you remember puberty when our emotions were all over the place?” Patty asked. “That’s kind of how I feel now. One moment, I’m as high as a kite thinking about the new clinic. Next, I’m lower than a weasel sneaking into a henhouse, thinking about Billy and the end of my twenty-year marriage. Then, I look at Charmaine, and I feel warm and gooey, but then I’m fearful because I’m worried that I’m rebounding onto her, and all I’ll do is hurt her. But if I think of trying to ease back from her, I feel teary because I don’t want to lose her. So, yeah, like a hormonal teenager going through puberty probably describes me best.”

“Wow, babe,” I sympathetically said. “That’s awful! But you’re hiding it well, honey. Maybe you should stop trying to be a stone-hearted doctor controlling her emotions and let yourself be vulnerable.”

“That’s what I told her,” Charmaine said, snuggling into Patty.

Patty collapsed into big, whooping sobs. Tears sprung from her eyes, and her face crumpled. She turned and took Charmaine in her arms and hugged her fiercely. “I’m sorry, Charry,” Patty wept. “I don’t want to lose you, but I can’t promise anything, and I hope you’ll stay long enough to see if I can.”

“I’m happy with what we have, Patty. Let’s get you through your separation and divorce and reassess. Until then, let’s enjoy what we have without thinking about it too much.”

I thought the girls needed some privacy, so I hugged Patty, patted Charmaine’s arm, and got out of the tub. Then, after wrapping a towel around my lush, naked form, I walked into my house. I locked the sliding door, something we did if we wanted privacy in the hot tub, and went to make coffee.

Tommy and Gina came home, and after greeting them, I told my son I needed to talk to him upstairs.

Gina looked out the window and saw Patty and Charmaine holding each other and crying. “Everything okay out there?” She concernedly asked.

“I think it will be,” I explained. “Charmaine’s helping Patty with a bit of an existential crisis.”

“Patty’s afraid she already loves Charmaine and what that means,” Gina said insightfully. “She’s also concerned about what it will do to her medical practice if she comes out openly and begins dating Charmaine.” She turned and shooed us out. “Go. I’ll start some lunch and see you when you get back.”

When we got to my bedroom, I dropped my towel and knelt, putting my forehead on Tommy’s feet. Before I could say anything, Tommy said, “Jimmy, James’ driver, you fucked him?”

I explained what happened the previous night. Usually, I wouldn’t tell anyone the secrets another had shared with me, but Tommy is my protector, and he can’t be that without full disclosure.

“Jimmy is James’ son, interesting,” Tommy mused at the end of my tale. “James left that detail out when he spoke with Dad.”

Feeling a little P.O.’d, I heatedly asked, “James told your father he expected me to sleep with his driver?”

“James said that he and his driver were lovers and asked if it was okay if Jimmy and he made love to you together. Dad left the decision to me, and I chose to let you make up your mind when the situation occurred.”

“And you didn’t think I should know that beforehand?” I disobediently snarled. “Tommy, James is a supremely confident, dominant male, and you know I find that type of man almost impossible to resist and that I cannot refuse anything they ask me of me when I’m in that mindset.”

“You’ve been too controlled lately, Mom,” Tommy replied. “I like that you’re a voracious Mommie slut, so does your daughter, and so does your husband. We love hearing you confess your sluttish behaviour, and Dad and

I love correcting you for it. So, get off your high horse, or I'll turn your pretty bottom black and blue, and you'll have to explain to Grandpa why I had to correct you."

'If you want uncontrolled, then I'll show you uncontrolled,' I angrily thought. 'I can probably triple my number of lovers in a month if I set my mind to it.'

"Stand up, Mom," Tommy told me. "Taking Jimmy as a lover was expected, so I have nothing to correct you for."

I stood with my eyes flashing fire and said, "For the moment, Tommy, forget that you're my protector and remember that you're my son first and foremost. I feel like you and your father are pimping me out! First to Eugenie and Bryce in return for keeping their account, and now to James Squire to keep his. I **do not** like it! I am not a two-hundred-dollar whore you can rent out for party favours! I choose my lovers, and **you do not** choose them for me!"

"Of course, you're not a two-hundred-dollar hooker, Mom," Tommy joked. "More like a forty-five-thousand-dollar one!"

I tried to slap him, but of course, he was way too fast for me. Tommy forced my hands behind my back and pulled me forward until my body pressed firmly against his. My son's long cock pressed against my abdomen as it lengthened and stiffened. Keeping my hands bent up behind me, Tommy turned me and forced me to bend over my vanity. I heard a rustle as his shorts hit the floor, and then his long, throbbing tool slid into my slippery pussy. Holding my wrists with his left hand, Tommy walloped my bottom and powerfully drove his rigid erection into my grasping vulva.

"Tell me what you are, Mom," Tommy crooned as he slammed his cock into me.

"Pissed off!" I snarled, using a rare epithet.

Tommy whacked my ass and powered into me again. "No, Mom," he cooed. "Tell me what you are."

“Being handed out like a ten-dollar hooker at a sailor’s convention!” I barked even as my climax climbed towards its peak.

“No, Mom,” Tommy sighed disappointedly. “Tell me what you are.” He smacked my bum again and thumped into me.

“Your mother!” I growled.

“Yes,” Tommy agreed. “And my mother is a what?”

I was so close to orgasm that I was shaking on the cusp of it, but Tommy stopped smacking me and held still with only his cock’s tip inside me. I needed, needed ... needed. I couldn’t take any more and surrendered. “A cock loving, cum swallowing, pussy munching, slut Mommie who loves being fucked and used.”

“Cum for me, my darling little Mommie slut,” Tommy crooned as he pounded my aching pussy. His big, meaty hand crashed down onto my ass as he slammed his magnificent cock against my cervix. Tommy pulled back and repeated this action, and squealing loud enough to raise the dead, I climaxed on my son’s thrusting cock. Tommy ground his cock against my cervix before short-hunching several times and jamming back against it. Then, with a deep growl, Tommy jettisoned his cum over my cervix, causing me to squeal and orgasm again.

With his cock still inside my dripping pussy, Tommy picked me up and carried me into the shower. Pulling his polo shirt off, Tommy set the water temperature and moved us under the water. We soaked there until Tommy’s cock softened enough to fall from my vulva.

Tommy turned me and hugged and kissed me lovingly. “Never forget that you have a choice, Mom,” he said softly. “You can say “no” to Eugenie, James, and anyone else you want to, and if they withdraw their accounts to punish you, then we don’t need them as clients anyway. However, I don’t think they will because Dad is too good at making them money for any of them to refuse to use his services.

“But you said I should go to Eugenie’s to protect Muggleton Consultancy,” I protested.

“Did I, Mom?” Tommy asked questioningly. “Or did I give you the excuse you needed to do what you wanted to do anyway?”

“You’re right,” I guiltily conceded after considering what he said. “And I have to say that I loved dominating Maxwell and pegging his ass.”

Tommy teased, “And like a butterfly from a chrysalis, the switch inside my mother finally emerges.”

“Careful,” I playfully grumbled as I washed my son’s back. “Or I might bend you over and peg you.”

“Gina already did that,” Tommy said dryly.

Surprised, I yelped. “You let her?”

“I was curious about how it felt, so I let her try out her new strap-on on me.”

“And?” I asked, kneeling to clean Tommy’s cock, balls and ass.

“It was like ‘meh’,” Tommy answered as I took his long cock in my mouth. “It was neither pleasant nor unpleasant. Mostly, I just felt full.”

“Not even when Gina rubbed her ‘cock’ over your P-spot?” I queried after releasing Tommy’s cock.

“That made me feel like I needed a dump,” Tommy moaned as I swallowed him down again. “Mom, I don’t know if I can go again because Gina gave me a pretty good workout this morning.” But then I slid my saliva-covered finger into his bottom and stroked his prostate gland, and shocked, Tommy orgasmed into my greedily sucking mouth.

I swallowed my son’s gift before standing and kissing him, “Just as well you didn’t ‘dump’,” I giggled.

“Wow, Mom! Umm ... why? How? Umm ... why did that feel good when what Gina did just made me want to go toilet?”

“Tell her to use her smallest vibrator next time,” I advised him as I stepped out of the shower and towelled him dry. “It’s the movement against your P-spot, not that something’s pushed against it.”

“How do you know that?” Tommy asked wonderingly. “I don’t remember anything like that when we discussed your liaisons.”

Widening my eyes and batting my eyelids coquettishly, I said, “I have internet access and lots of spare time, so I read and watch.”

Tommy thought for a minute before saying, “Are you happy, Mom?”

I sat on my bed and sighed. “Mostly, Tommy. Strangely, because I thought having the girls here would allow me to do more things, I find that having Charmaine and Jennifer do most of the chores around the house kind of invalidates my reason for existing. I have always been proud of my home and the fact that it is spotlessly clean. It still is, but not because I made it that way. I loved cooking delicious meals for you, your sister and your dad. But now, Patty, Charmaine, or Jennifer cook most of the meals, and I feel like a fraud because you all still thank me.”

“Things are changing, Mom,” Tommy said sympathetically. “And change is always challenging. But, in a few years, you’ll be an empty nester, and I bet you’ll wish Patty, your girls, Krissy, and I still lived here then.”

With teary eyes, I admitted, “That’s not something I’m looking forward to.”

“As Muggleton Consultancy grows, Dad will need you in the office more often and for longer. That will leave less time for you to do your housework and cook meals. You’ll be grateful for the help then.”

“You’re right, Tommy,” I said. “I just wish the stupid Uni would let me do more of my course faster because that would give me more to do.”

Tommy laughed. “It’s been what? Five months? And you’ve already skipped past a semester of ‘back to study’ courses, the first two semesters of your Bachelor of Business Management, and the first semester of your Masters course. You must be driving your instructors and course coordinator spare!”

“I could have completed my Bachelor’s by now if they’d have let me,” I groused. “It’s not my fault the subjects are so easy.”

“Have you asked if they can put you on the ‘accelerated track’?”

“I am on the ‘accelerated track’,” I bitched. “It’s still too slow.”

“Mom, just how smart are you?” Tommy asked.

“I averaged ninety-eight per cent across six subjects during high school.”

“Averaged ninety-eight per cent? Meaning, some subjects were more than that?

“I got one hundred per cent for Maths and Physics, ninety-eight per cent for Chemistry and Biology, ninety-seven for English, and ninety-five for Geography.”

“With those marks, why on earth are you doing a Business degree? Why didn’t you want to go into medicine or something like that?”

“I wanted to work with your father,” I replied. “But primarily, I did not want my career to outshine his. I wanted to support my man and be a mother to his children more than anything else. Besides, your grandmother, my mom, is at least as intelligent as I am. She helped me with all my homework across all my subjects and would sit with me and help until I understood what I’d gotten wrong and corrected it.”

“What about Aunty Yvette and Aunty Mary?”

“They’re not stupid,” I replied. “But unlike me, they didn’t bother with school and married as soon as possible. Don’t forget your sister,” I reminded him. “Krissy’s intelligence is right up there, too.”

As he dressed, Tommy asked doubtfully, “Krissy?”

After putting on a pair of panties to prevent from leaking everywhere, I donned another sundress and explained, “She hides it to fit in with the other girls. But her GPA is 4.9, and higher than mine.

“Krissy?” Tommy repeated.

“Yeah,” I grinned. “How does it feel being the family’s dumbass?” Tommy wasn’t because he was a solid ‘B’ student. It was just that he concentrated on his sports and skated through school doing the least his father and I let him.

“Like I should spank some bottoms so they’re less cheeky!” Tommy growled.

Speaking with wide-eyed innocence as I accompanied Tommy back to the kitchen, I said, “But aren’t bottoms supposed to have cheeks? And how does spanking them make them less? I thought hitting skin made it swell?”

“Yeah?” Tommy growled as he hugged Gina. “Well, while I don’t have a witty response for you now, check your messages regularly for a real doozy!”

“All sorted?” Gina asked, looking at me.

“Yes,” I said, taking Gina out of her boyfriend’s arms and plastering my body to hers. Then, casually groping her luscious ass, I kissed her with everything I had. “When are we going to play again, baby?” I asked seductively. “Momma wants to taste your lush charms again.”

“I’ve got a day off uni on Monday,” Gina breathily answered. “I can come over after Tommy’s gone to work.”

“Sounds good to me,” I replied, dragging her into the lounge. I sat on one of the sofa chairs and pulled her into my lap. Before Tommy could even enter the lounge, I had Gina’s bra undone with my hand roaming across her firm C-cups and my tongue down her throat.

“I guess I’ll go see if Jennifer or Charmaine need help?” Tommy chuckled.

“We don’t mind you watching, baby,” Gina giggled as she undid my dress buttons and snaked her hands inside. “But no touching until Momma says so.”

Theatrically tossing his hands in the air, Tommy pretended to complain, “I know when I’m not wanted!” Then he ‘stormed’ from the room.

Once he’d gone, Gina and I made ourselves decent and sat cuddling and talking until it was time for me to go to my parents’ place. Home, in some ways, I guess. Strange, isn’t it? I haven’t lived with my parents since getting married nearly twenty years ago, yet I still consider their place home.

I ducked back upstairs to put a bra on because even though I’d be expected to strip as soon as I stepped inside the door, if I’d turned up braless, my mother and father would both lecture me about ‘loose morals’. Then, I got in my Audi and drove to their place. As I pulled into their driveway, I noticed that Yvette’s and Mary’s cars were parked there, too. Worried, I ran inside. “Momma?” I queried fearfully. “Is everything okay?”

“Of course it is, Kaitlyn,” Mom said from the kitchen. “Why do you ask?”

“Oh, I don’t know, Mom,” I said exasperatedly, hanging my dress on a coat hanger and taking my bra and panties off. “Maybe because the last time we had dinner with just our family was after Grandma Shephard had died?”

“How do you know Matt and Ian (Mary’s husband) aren’t here?” Mom asked.

“Because they would have driven their cars, not Yvette’s and Mary’s,” I explained as I joined my mom and sisters in the kitchen. They all looked smooth and freshly washed and smelt clean and fresh. I think Mom had lost some weight, but Yvette and Mary seemed as big as ever. I thought they were sexy and beautiful, though.

“Does Dad need anything?” I asked automatically. After eighteen years of living with him, my first instinct is to ensure Dad’s needs are met before

doing anything else.

“Yes,” Mom answered as her eyes sparkled with mirth. “He needs his youngest daughter to come and say hello. You may as well take a beer, too.”

I grabbed a can of Heineken from the fridge and entered the lounge. Dad was reading a report of some kind, but when he saw me, he put it aside and patted his lap. “You’re looking good, Kaitlyn,” he told me as I gave him his beer and arranged myself on his lap. “I swear, you get better looking every year.”

I snuggled my firm, curvy buttocks against Dad’s groin and lay my head on his shoulder. I hid my smile as I felt his sturdy, less than six-inch cock, stir against my bottom. “Thanks, Dad,” I purred and kissed his jaw. He wrapped his arms around me and unawarely cupped my right breast and strummed its nipple. It was an action he’d done for years and felt welcoming and natural.

“So, baby girl,” Dad teased. “Has John’s business imploded with his absence? Have all his customers run screaming, holding their hands over their ears?”

“We’re doing exceptionally well,” I replied, not rising to his bait. “Every portfolio is above projections, and I’ve had nary one complaint.”

Dad kissed my cheek and said, “I’m proud of you, Kaitlyn. Tell me, how’s your course going?”

“I’m acing it,” I said proudly. “If they’d let me go faster, I’d have finished my Bachelor’s by now.”

Amazed, Dad asked, “You’ve compressed five years of study into three, and they’re still not going fast enough for you?”

“Well, I have plenty of time with Jennifer and Charmaine doing most of my household chores for me,” I said self-deprecatingly.

We talked about this and that as we sat together, and I was secretly delighted when Dad had to ask me to shift onto his hip because his cock had grown painfully stiff. Well, that wasn't his 'official' reason, but I knew that was why he got me to move.

"Dinner," Mom called from the kitchen.

I stood, helped Dad up, hugged and kissed him, took his hand and walked with him to the dining room. To my surprise, Mom sat me at the place of honour on Dad's right-hand side. That spot is usually reserved for her. Mom sat on Dad's left with Yvette and Mary beside us.

I looked around the table and realised we were aging. Mom has age lines around her eyes and mouth and between her eyebrows. Her large breasts have sagged, with her nipples staring mournfully at her feet instead of at Dad like they had for years. Yvette and Mary carry too much weight, and their skin has stretched and puckered, leaving stretch and cellulite marks across their bodies. All four of us are still beautiful women, but if the truth were told, I was the only one who should be seen naked in public.

Dinner continued with our usual combination of serious conversations, jokes and teasing. My sisters enjoyed being 'working mums', but they couldn't wait until their children had babies so they could play 'grandmother'. Yvette's daughter, Steffie (or 'Stiffy', as my husband jokingly calls her because she has a straight-up banging body and pretty face), and her husband, Josh, are trying for their first child. Steffie wants her mother to look after their children when they are born. Yvette is happy about that.

At the end of our meal, I still had no idea why I'd been 'summoned'. Don't get me wrong, sharing a meal with my 'family of origin' is pleasant, but there seemed no reason why it had to be this particular Saturday. Then, Mom sent Dad into the lounge with a glass of his favourite scotch and told him to remain there until she got him. Next, Yvette and Mary left the dining room, exchanging smiles and knowing looks.

Mom let me help her clean up and put the dishes in the washer. I was wiping the table down when Mary returned and said they were ready for

me. Mom put her tea towel down, took my hand, and said, “Come with me, baby girl.”

Mystified, I followed Mom to the upstairs bathroom. In there, Yvette and Mary stood in the bath in shin-deep water. They held ceramic bowls in their hands. “Get in,” Mom encouraged. Internally shrugging and with no idea what was going on, I got in the tub between my sisters. “Sit, silly,” Mom said, and my sisters giggled. Mentally shrugging, I eased my sexy bottom into the water.

The water was warm enough to stand but still a bit ouchy to put my backside in. Once I was settled, Yvette and Mary sat on the tub’s edge and filled their bowls. Mom picked up a loofa and said, “Kaitlyn, because you missed out on your night with your father on your eighteenth birthday, we and your father have decided to give you that experience.

“Mary is a little jealous because she, as the eldest, had only me to help her father initiate her into womanhood. But we all want you to experience this because it is what should have occurred on your birthday.”

As Mom wet and applied soap to the loofa, Yvette and Mary poured water over my head and down my body. I sat softly sobbing because my heart was too full of my love for them to do anything else. To sacrifice a night with their families to do this for me? I mean, wow! What an incredible display of their love for me.

Once I was wet all over, Mom asked me to stand, and the three of them took turns washing my hair and body. Particular attention was paid to my pussy, bottom, and breasts. Mom and my sisters were not shy about stirring my arousal, and by the time I sat to be rinsed off, I was close to an orgasm.

Now that I was clean and rinsed off, Yvette removed the bath plug, and we stepped out of the tub. I was told to hold my hands out to the sides, and my sisters dried me as Mom began the laborious process of blow-drying my long, thick, lustrous black hair.

“We might still be here at sun up,” Mom joked.

My hair eventually dried, and Mom left the room. Yvette and Mary worked rose-scented moisturiser into every inch of my body and then helped me put on a white muslin cloth, long-sleeved maxi dress. Once I had it on and settled firmly into place, my sisters held my hands and led me to my parents' bedroom.

Entering Dad's bedroom, I saw Mom in the flickering candlelight, standing beside their bed. She pulled the quilt aside and gestured that I should get into bed. Yvette and Mary helped me into the middle of the bed and shifted my dress hem up until it revealed my long, toned and tanned thighs tantalisingly. Mum covered me with the quilt, and Mary and Yvette stood on either side of the bed, holding my hands.

Next, Mom stepped into the en suite and brought my Dad out. She held his hand and guided him to the bed. "Mark Anthony Shephard, are you prepared to do your paternal duty and initiate your daughter, Kaitlyn Ashley Muggleton, into womanhood?"

"Yes, Elizabeth, I am," Dad said formally.

Mum spoke to me, "Kaitlyn Ashley Muggleton, Are you ready to become a woman?"

"Yes, Mom, I am," I replied, struggling to match my father's formal tone.

Intoning formally, Mom said, "Mary Elizabeth Baxter, as the eldest daughter, your duty is to prepare your father to deflower your sister, Kaitlyn. Do you accept your duty?"

"Yes, Mom, I do," Mary answered gravelly.

"On your knees and prepare him, my daughter."

Mary knelt and took Dad's already precum-drooling cock into her mouth.

"Yvette Nancy Knowles, as the second daughter, your duty is to prepare your sister, Kaitlyn, to be deflowered. Do you accept your duty?"

"Yes, Mom, I do," Yvette intoned.

“Climb under the quilt and prepare her, my daughter.”

Yvette lifted her side of the duvet and slid under it. She moved between my parted thighs and pushed my dress higher. Letting the hem go, Yvette’s fingers found my nipples as her mouth homed in on my dripping entrance. Dad and I gave twin moans, and Mom tittered, “I think they’re almost ready already.”

Yvette slid a finger inside me and scraped its tip across my G-spot as she tweaked my nipples. Then, with a final kiss on my clit, Yvette pulled my dress down and slid out of bed. “Your daughter is ready, Mom,” she said quietly.

Mary let Dad’s cock out of her mouth with a loud slurp. She stood and firmly said, “Your husband is ready, Mom.”

Mom pulled the quilt aside, exposing my shapely inner thighs to barely short of my glistening pussy. Dad gulped but unhesitatingly moved between them before pushing my dress higher. He lowered himself until he rested on his hands with his throbbing cock only millimetres short of my dripping entrance.

“Kaitlyn, I will guide your father home. Mary and Yvette, suckle and stimulate your sister’s nipples. Kaitlyn, you will feel a sharp sting as your father’s cock breaks your hymen. It’s nothing to fear and will only last a second before it feels good. Are you all ready?”

“Yes, Mom (Elizabeth),” we and Dad said, then Mom gripped Dad’s cock and slowly eased him into me.

It was only my imagination, and I knew that, but when Dad’s cock entered me for the first time, I could swear I felt the remembered sting from when John had deflowered me on my eighteenth birthday.

Mom held my head tenderly as Yvette and Mary kissed and suckled my breasts. “Welcome to womanhood, my love,” Mom told me. “You are no longer a girl but a woman ready to experience the joys of sex. Your sisters

and I will see you for breakfast tomorrow. Then, they each kissed me lovingly and walked out the door, shutting it behind them.

Wrapping my arms and legs around my father's strong back and narrow waist, I sobbed, "I love you so much, Daddy. This has been the best night ever!"

"I love you, too, my darling Kate," Dad said, and we kissed slowly and deeply as he began gently thrusting into me.

My first orgasm came swiftly, and I bucked and cried out with joy as I spasmed on the end of my father's cock. I started sobbing, and Dad held me until I cried myself out. Then he kissed me and began pushing into me again. He fucked me in this missionary position until I crested again, and then he moved me onto my side. After a third climax for me, Dad rolled onto his back and encouraged me to ride him. I had a fourth, fifth and sixth orgasm before he pulled on my hips insistently. Following his lead, I moved up and lowered my juicy pussy onto his mouth.

Two more climaxes followed until he asked if I'd 'like to learn how to suck a cock'. We chuckled because we both knew I had nothing to learn. After I took my father's cock into my sweet, sucking, swirling mouth, he gave me my first cum gift of the night. I swallowed it down joyfully and moved to lie on his chest, waiting for him to recover. We chatted and exchanged soft kisses and hugs until I felt his penis move and lengthen against my pelvis.

Moving down, I took Dad's cock back into my mouth and slowly massaged his big, heavy balls until he was fully inflated. Then, my father got me up onto my hands and knees and slid his slender cock into me. Gripping my hips firmly, Dad fucked me hard until I squealed and climaxed, then he filled my pussy with his second gift.

As he should have done on my eighteenth birthday, Dad led me through every 'standard' love-making position—missionary, female superior, from behind, Cowgirl, Reverse Cowgirl and doggie. His control was supreme, and that, combined with his manly dominance, careered me through close to twenty orgasms before he spat his final gift into my aching pussy.

After I'd staggered to his en suite and brought back a washer to clean him, I lay on his broad chest like I used to do when I was a girl and slept.

Dad woke me in the morning by sliding his rigid penis into my pussy. I was on my side with him as the big spoon. He reached across my sexily curved stomach and slid his fingers through the sparse 'landing strip' I was growing because Freddy had asked me to. Finding my button, Dad slowly but firmly rubbed it until he felt my juices seeping from my inflamed pussy. Then, increasing the power of his strokes into me, Dad pinched my clitoris hard and demanded, "Cum for me, my darling Kaitlyn."

I bit Dad's wrist and immediately climaxed, feeling his jism spraying into me as I did. I rolled over happily and kissed my father's ruggedly handsome face before sliding down and cleaning him with my mouth and tongue. Disappointingly, Dad couldn't 'rise to the occasion' again and suggested we shower instead.

We got in the shower, and I washed my dad from head to toe. When I'd finished, Dad pulled my bottom into his groin and fingered me to a final orgasm. I was a little teary when I came down because I knew I'd never get to make love to my father again. The firm rule from Mom was 'one and done'. I'd still occasionally get to service him orally when I visited, but this was the only time I'd get to make love with him.

Dad seemed to realise that I was a little sad because he hugged me tight and said, "I love you, baby girl, and I'm incredibly grateful we finally got to do that. I'm sorry it didn't happen on your eighteenth birthday as it should have, but we were only doing what we thought was best."

"I know, Dad," I replied, reluctantly putting the muslin cloth dress on. "I'm very grateful to you, Mom, and my sisters for doing this for me, and I'll cherish last night and this morning forever."

"As will I, baby girl," Dad said with a slight catch in his voice. "As will I."

We walked to the kitchen, holding hands before reluctantly parting and sitting. We shared breakfast, and then everyone had to go about their lives. I hugged and thanked my sisters before kissing their cheeks and saying

goodbye. Then I turned to Mom, kissed her all over her beautiful face and thanked her for planning and executing last night. I asked if she'd describe Mary's and Yvette's first times, but she said that it was up to them to tell me about it if they wanted to.

Finally, I turned to Dad and modestly hugged and kissed him. No more words were needed. But, as I was about to leave, Mom told me I had to take off the muslin dress before I could walk out the door. I was disappointed but didn't want to argue, so I took it off and handed it to her before putting my sundress back on.

"Wait here," Mom said before running up the stairs.

I looked at Dad questioningly, but he only grinned and shrugged. Mom returned carrying an opened small wooden box. She showed me that she'd folded the dress and placed it carefully inside. She shut it and showed me the box's top. Engraved on it was 'Kaitlyn Ashley Muggleton defloration dress' and the date. Overwhelmed, I hugged her and Dad again tearfully, got in my car and drove home. About halfway home, I remembered the effort my 'family of origin' had put in just to make me happy, patted the box and smiled. The box would share pride of place on the shelf next to my mother's heirloom rattan school cane.

Chapter 15: Truth or Dare Part 1



Hello, everybody. I’m glad so many of you are still with me. However, we are almost caught up to the present day, and when we, I, as well as you, will

have to wait to see what happens to me next. I have two more tales to tell you before I put down my pen and paper (so to speak).

If you remember, my last tale ended with my father doing what he was supposed to have done on my eighteenth birthday and ‘introducing me to sex with a dominant partner’. It was possibly the most emotionally powerful thing that I’ve ever experienced. After receiving a ‘parting gift’ from my mother, I made my way home. I wished my husband would be there, but alas, he and my daughter were still in Germany. They would soon be moving to Amsterdam, where he would pitch his business to another major banking chain. An account that, if we got it, would secure Muggleton Consultancy’s immediate future.

I take up my tale the morning after making love to my father.

I arrived home to find everyone except my son, Tommy, was gone. A little deflated because I really wanted to share my experience with everyone, I walked inside. Tommy took me into his strong arms and hugged me tightly. I relaxed against my son’s powerful chest and sighed. “Where did everyone go?” I asked.

“I asked everyone to give us some space,” Tommy explained. “I wanted to check in with you and ensure everything is good in your world.”

And suddenly, I was teary. “Everything is mostly okay,” I sniffled, showing that everything really wasn’t.

“Mostly?” Tommy asked as he picked me up and carried me to my room.

“Well, after I’d first seen Edgar damned Fontaine and you and I made love that same day, I began my journey into becoming a world-class slut Mommie. In the beginning, it was really exciting because I was sneaking around behind your father’s back, doing the kinds of things that he’d done to me for years. Plus, I was experiencing new things all the time. But after our plan to seduce Frank the wiener dick away from his house so you and Freddy could wipe my photos from his computer and cloud account went to

poo, and the cops had to shoot Frank, your father found out some of what I'd been doing.

"Tommy, I thought my marriage was over, you know? Plus, I thought that even if it survived, I'd be back on a short leash again, limited to only making love with my husband. Then, your father tosses all that up in the air by telling me he loves that I've become a 'hot wife', or maybe more accurately, a 'slut wife'. Now I'm having even more adventures than before, and I have no regrets, but it's not as much fun as it was when it felt like I was punishing your dad for all those years he screwed around on me."

Tommy lay me on my bed and quickly stripped my clothing off me. He stripped off, too, and joined me on the bed.

"Would you like to stop, Mom?" Tommy asked. "I could call Dad, and we can take away our permission for you to play with others. I'm not sure how that would affect you and me, or Krissy and Dad, though. Would we and they have to stop playing with each other, too?"

"I'm not sure I can stop, Tommy," I admitted as I slid down the bed to take my son's already rigidly stiff erection in my mouth. I wrapped my hand around Tommy's long shaft and danced my tongue over its head, stabbing repeatedly into Tommy's cock's eye. Feeling my son's big balls tightening against his shaft, I quickly slid my hand down and engulfed his entire cock. When my nose hit his hairy abdomen, I locked my lips around his shaft and sucked voraciously.

"Faaarrrkkk, Mom!!!!" Tommy hissed as his prostate cramped, and he filled my mouth with salty man goo.

Knowing Tommy's cock was quite sensitive immediately after he'd blown, I reluctantly let him out of my mouth and moved up to face him. Tommy kissed my sticky lips and pressed his forehead to mine.

"I'm not sure what you want, Mom?" He said. "How can I make you feel better?"

“I don’t know, either,” I replied as I thought about why I was feeling like I did. “I think it’s because you and your father don’t seem to be controlling my sluttish behaviour but are almost encouraging it. Is it because your father wants to continue fucking everything that moves like he did before that night Frank got shot? Is that it? If he lets me fuck around, then he can, too?”

“Dad and I have talked about this a lot, Mom,” Tommy assured me. “Dad has promised the only one he’ll have sex with while he’s away with Krissy is Krissy. He looked me in the eye and swore he would ‘keep it in his pants’. Well, that’s what he said. I think he feels guilty about all the women he’s banged behind your back and doesn’t think he has the right to tell you “no”.”

“So, if I fuck enough men outside our marriage, then his sins are forgiven because we’re even?
Tommy, if that’s why he’s encouraging me to be ‘less in control’, then this stops immediately. I never minded that he fucked others because I was brought up to know that it was the price I paid to remain married to a rich, successful, sexually dominant man. Despite his many affairs, I never doubted your father’s love for me and that I was always first in his affections. I will admit that hearing he allowed Amanda to introduce him as her husband when they were overseas was distressing, but that’s water under the bridge now.”

Tommy held me as I sobbed quietly, and he contemplated what his father had told him. Eventually, he replied, “I don’t think Dad is a cuckold, i.e. I doubt he’d react well to you bringing a man home and forcing him to watch you fuck him. However, I think Dad’s realised he’s quite the voyeur and loves fucking in a group with you. Therefore, he’s encouraging you to expand your sexual horizons, knowing he’ll get to share a lot of those horizons with you. Besides, Mom,” he added. “You know there’s a whole genre of homemade porn out there dealing with hot or slut wives, and I think Dad’s right into it.”

That, kind of, made sense, so I snuggled closer to my son and wrapped my hand around his still swollen but mostly deflated todger. I tipped my head back and turned my face up, hoping for a kiss. Tommy obliged briefly

before sliding lower and suckling my puffy nipples. My nipples have always been one of my most prominent features. Even when I wear a bra, my nipples tend to tent my tops. I know that a lot of women don't like how their nipples protrude because everyone stares at them. However, I love the attention, so having my nipples on display excites me rather than embarrasses me.

After nursing my nipples for a while, Tommy slid lower and used his thumbs to spread my pussy lips, exposing my thick clit. Then, looking delightedly up at me, Tommy ran his tongue from before my sweltering entrance, over my vulva, along my slit, and onto my clit. Taking that delightful nubbin in his teeth, Tommy gently bit and pulled back as he slashed his tongue across it. With my clitoral hood pulled back, stretching the skin around my clit, and his light bite, combined with his slashing tongue, my orgasm smashed into me almost immediately. Gasping for breath as my world began turning grey, my thighs slammed together onto my son's leonine head.

"Ohh, Gawd, Tommy!" I panted as I arched off the bed, trying to force my entire pussy into his mouth. I was still panting when Tommy covered my deliciously shapely body with his, and his throbbingly erect cock slid inside me. "Fill me," I demanded as I slammed my hips up to meet his possessing cock.

Tommy's head threw back, and his jaw and neck muscles locked into a rictus as he groaned before spurting his thick baby-making seed into me. Just briefly, I imagined being fertile and that my son was making his mother pregnant. My screams rose to meet my son's grunts as we both climaxed ecstatically.

Tommy rolled off me onto his back, and I rolled so I could lie across his chest, just as I typically did with his father. I dozed as I smilingly listened to my son's snores emanating from deep within his chest. I lay on Tommy's chest, listening to his heartbeat until my typical problem raised its ugly head. Then, sliding carefully and silently off the bed, I relieved myself and showered. Being Sunday, I didn't bother with doing my makeup, not that I needed much anyway. All I did was pull on a mid-thigh denim skirt and a stretch-cotton midi tank top that exposed my belly button ring. I changed

out the simple stud I had in there for a sunburst one with a large blue sapphire centre.

Tommy still slept as I quietly left the room and went to the kitchen. Patty and my girls, Jennifer and Charmaine, were already making a chicken salad for our girls' lunch, and Gina had a steak on the grill for Tommy's. I welcomed them all home with hugs, kisses, and casual bottom gropes. As Gina and I exchanged a soft kiss, I confirmed we were still on for tomorrow. I'd promised her a day together to do some mother/daughter-in-law bonding that I was sure wasn't in any family counselling help book!

When I hugged Patty, she informed me that our girl gang, along with their husbands, would be over for dinner. Patty had gotten plenty of steaks for one of the men to 'burn' on the big outdoor BBQ. I already had plenty of premix salads in the fridge and would bake some potatoes to fill the meal out. Patty, Charmaine, and Jennifer were making enough salad for dinner tonight. It was a simple task to take a prebagged salad mix out, tip it into a bowl and then add some extras like olives, capsicum, mushrooms and tomatoes to expand the basic lettuce salad premix I'd bought.

As I've observed earlier, early spring is a gorgeous time of year in Brisbane. So, when Allie and Paul, Maggie and Chris, Courtney and Ewan turned up, they all swiftly divested themselves of their outer clothing and jumped into my pool. It helped that the pool water had been solar-heated all day, but even without that, it was warm enough to swim. Kath and Mike weren't there yet because Kath had to complete the pregame recordings for Foxtel Sports, but they'd be there about the time dinner was ready.

To my surprise, Courtney swam across to sit with me when I swam to the shallow end and sat on the steps. Even more surprisingly, she wrapped her arms around my waist and laid her head on my shoulder. I awkwardly turned my head and kissed the top of her head, "What's up your flabby ass, babe?" I asked.

"Nothing," Courtney grinned. "That's the problem!" She laughed to indicate it was a joke before kissing my neck. "Ewan has to leave early because he has to drive to Bundaberg to relieve the manager there. She's off on maternity leave starting next week, which will give Ewan a week to

settle into the store. I told him I was going to stay over tonight and maybe stay here for a few days if that's okay?"

"You guys moving to Bundaberg?" I queried.

"No," Courtney replied. "It's just that Bundaberg isn't big enough to have an assistant manager where Ewan's Carindale store does. So his assistant will take over Carindale while Ewan looks after Bundaberg."

"You can work from anywhere where the internet connection is fast enough, can't you, babe?" I asked. "Why aren't you going with him?"

"Because Bundaberg is so boring!" Courtney groused. "Do you remember when we did the same thing about three years ago? I was so damned bored for those three months that I thought I'd go insane. In fact, I was so bored that I tried to take up golf so I could go with Ewan on Saturdays."

"I hear you, babe," I told her. "John tried to teach me, too. What a disaster that was!"

"Kate, you're many things," Courtney giggled. "Beautiful, funny, thoughtful, and intelligent, but sporty, you are not!"

"Hey!" I pretended to complain. "Unlike some men, I can at least walk, breathe and chew gum without choking or falling on my face!"

Courtney pulled her head a little away so she could look at me, and without thinking, I moved forward and kissed her softly on her lips. Courtney's eyes closed, and she sighed happily. "May I sleep with you again tonight, Kate? Please say yes."

Smiling at my friend, I said, "Of course, gorgeous. We don't have to do anything except cuddle like we did last time, okay?"

"Sure," Courtney replied. "But if I wanted to do a bit more than cuddle?"

"That would be up to you," I soothed. "I won't pressure you into anything, but neither will I rebuff you if you want to explore."

“Good,” Courtney almost purred as she watched her husband swimming across to her with a smile on her face.

Deciding to tease my friends, I waited until Ewan was close before plastering my sexily curved body to his. As I’d expected, Ewan blushed bright red, and his medium-sized but impressively girthed cock expanded against the tiny bikini I had on to cover the ‘landing strip’ I was growing above my thick clit. Pretending not to notice his swelling erection, I ground my beautifully firm, 16 Double D breasts against his chest and kissed his surprised mouth. “Going away for a few months, I hear?” I said after releasing him.

“Uh-uh-uh, umm, yeah,” Ewan spluttered as he sank as low as he could in the water to hide his erection.

“Don’t worry,” I archly told him, raising my eyebrow. “I promise to look after your wife and not to do anything with her that you wouldn’t.”

Courtney and Ewan caught my blatant double-entendre, and they both blushed before Ewan stammered, “Ah-ah, umm, tha-thanks, Kate.”

We held cooking the steaks off for as long as we could, waiting for Kath and Mike to arrive, but by eight O’clock, we were all starving, so Tommy, with Paul, Chris and Ewan supervising, fired up the grill and began searing the meat. They’d only just filled the grill tray up when Phil, Siobhan, and Caoimhe arrived. I hadn’t seen any of them since the night at The Chateaux, so I unselfconsciously got out of the pool and walked over to say hello.

Of course, being mostly naked in the semi-dark of the pool is one thing, and strutting almost bare-assed naked into the glare of halogen lights is another. All the men’s eyes were riveted to my full, sexily bouncing breasts as I walked over to hug each of them and say hello.

Copying what I’d done to Ewan, I pressed my lush body firmly against Phil and kissed him soundly. I repeated that with Siobhan but was a little more circumspect with Caoimhe. After kissing my best friend’s daughter, I turned to look challengingly at the men. “Like what you see?” I asked as my son grinned.

“Very much,” Chris answered smoothly. “But John will spank your sexy ass when he finds out you’ve been strutting basically nude in front of us.”

“Yeah, he will,” I replied. “But I like that so, win-win!”

Everyone laughed as I returned to the table to grab a wrap and give the illusion that I had some modesty. We’d only just sat down to eat when Mike and Kath arrived. As she typically did, Kath squealed when she saw me and raced around to jump into my lap and plant a full-on snog onto my luscious lips.

“Now, if only she loved me as much as she does her best friend,” Mike joked as he exchanged handshakes and hellos with the others.

Kath stood for long enough to strip her dress off, revealing a skimpy bikini that barely covered anything, let alone her modesty and then sat back in my lap. We exchanged another soft kiss before she jumped up to grab a plate for her and Mike and put together their dinner.

The women had all put wraps on as they got out of the pool, and most of the guys wore boardie shorts. The only exception was Mike, who wore a pair of DTs (Speedos) almost as revealing as his wife’s bikini. His thick cock, with a hint of impending arousal, stretched his Speedos’ front out lewdly. I smiled as I saw every woman there surreptitiously check out Mike’s package. I’m sure that none of the guys, especially Mike himself, even noticed we’d ogled Mike’s impressive cock, but all of us girls exchanged knowing grins as our pussies throbbed, thinking of having that luscious treat inside us.

Guys, trust me on this: We girls love to ogle and fantasise just as much as you do. However, we do it subtly with quick glances, sideways looks, or when we know you’re not looking in our direction. If your girl is suddenly all over you when you’re out somewhere, it’s almost guaranteed that she’s seen some hunk she briefly dreamed of bedding. That is not to say she would do so, even if you said it was okay. But as Zsa Zsa Gabor said, ‘It doesn’t matter where you get your appetite, as long as you eat at home’.

Dinner was eaten with the usual teasing, banter, insults and sexual innuendo. After we'd cleaned up, the weather turned a little chilly, so we shut the doors and windows and gathered in the lounge. Drinks flowed as the laughter and insults continued. Each married pair had assigned a driver, so the jokes and teasing from those of us drinking probably weren't as funny as we thought they were. However, everybody enjoyed themselves. Paul and Allie were the first to leave, and Chris and Maggie quickly followed. Around ten p.m., Ewan said he needed to be up early the following morning to drive to Bundaberg, and after kissing Courtney, he left.

I had Caoimhe sitting on my lap, Kath pressed to one side, and Courtney to the other. Mike had pushed up against Kath. Patty and Charmaine shared one of my oversized sofa chairs. Tommy and Gina shared another while Phil and Siobhan shared the loveseat. Siobhan's pregnancy had begun showing, so she had temporarily given up hosting bachelor and bachelorette parties and the monthly gig at The Chateaux. I hadn't known, but Siobhan had a day job at one of the local factories making glass louvres. She still worked there and would until her pregnancy made it impossible.

I sat holding onto my best friend's beautiful petite daughter, listening as Mike and Tommy took turns regaling us with jokes and fanciful retellings of some of their footy exploits. Kath had stopped drinking so she could drive home, and, of course, Siobhan hadn't drunk anything.

As I sat, I felt a hand slip between my slightly parted thighs and start sliding up towards my pussy. At first, I assumed it was Kath because of what we had shared before, but I soon realised that she was 'speaking with her hands' as she regaled the room with a story about interviewing some sports star who had made a complete fool of himself on camera. Then I wondered if Caoimhe had slid her hand under her tiny but cute bottom to grope me, but then I remembered that I was holding her hands in mine. Disbelievingly, I turned to Courtney to see her smiling mischievously at me as her fingers probed beneath my tiny thong bikini and onto my thick clit.

To say that I was shocked was far below what I felt. However, I certainly didn't want to upset my gorgeous friend by refusing what she was doing, so I slid a little lower in my seat to give her better access to my swiftly

flooding entrance. Courtney's fingers were unskilled, but she's a woman, so she did to my pussy what she liked to do to her own. The whole naughtiness of being fingered sitting on the couch in front of everyone had me hotter than midday in Hades, and I had to bite my bottom lip to prevent from screaming my climax to the room. Courtney giggled as she pulled her fingers out of my sweltering vulva and put them in her mouth.

Not long after that, Phil and Siobhan announced they were going home. Mike, Kath and Caoimhe went with them. Tommy picked up Gina, who had fallen asleep against his wide shoulder and said he was going to bed. Patty asked Jennifer if she'd like to join her and Charmaine, and when she nodded, they went to bed. Courtney held my hand as we walked to my bedroom.

Once we were inside, I casually said, "So, Mrs McKenzie, what was with that?"

"With what?" Courtney innocently asked, batting her eyes.

"You know darned well what I mean," I mock growled at her as I undid my wrap and let it fall to the ground. My bikini soon followed. Not letting Courtney think too much about it, I grabbed her hand and dragged her into the shower with me. Pouring some shampoo into my hand, I told Courtney to put her hair in the water. Once it was wet, I rubbed the shampoo into her hair and began massaging her scalp.

"Hmm," Courtney hummed. "That feels so good."

Smiling, I got my loofa and added soap to it. Being careful only to wash my friend, I still made sure I stroked it sensually across Courtney's breasts and nipples and paid intimate attention to her hairy pussy. Eventually, I dropped the loofa and slid my fingers across her glistening slit. Courtney must have been hovering on the edge because she stiffened, shuddered and then climaxed on my probing fingers. "Enough for now," I whispered, supporting my friend until her legs stopped trembling. "Let's towel off and blow-dry our hair before going to bed."

“Sounds good to me,” Courtney said huskily before kissing my mouth lightly.

When we were dry, I offered Courtney the nightie she’d slept in the last time she was over, but she asked if we could sleep in the nude together, so shrugging, I slid into the left side of the bed where I’d usually sleep. Courtney got in beside me, lying on her back with her head on the pillow. She giggled and said, “I normally sleep on the left, too. It feels kind of weird being on this side.”

“We can swap if you want?” I offered.

“No,” Courtney refused. “I think weird is the right feeling for tonight. You know, Kate? I have never been naked in a bed with anyone other than Ewan before. You’re the only one other than my husband that I’ve slept in a bed with since before my teenage years.”

“That was true for me, too, babe,” I assured her. “Before I saw the hypnotherapist, I was almost as uptight about sex as you.”

“Do you think he could help me?” Courtney asked.

“You might get more than you bargained for like I did, Courts,” I warned. “I mean, I’ve talked a little about my adventures since going to Edgar damned Fontaine to cure my nicotine addiction. But do you really want to run the risk of swapping a nicotine addiction for a sex one, as I have?”

“You think that you’re addicted to sex, babe?” Courtney asked.

“It’s as good as an excuse for my slutty behaviour as anything else,” I shrugged. “But I don’t really care. I love the adventures I’ve taken, well, except for the one with Frank the wiener dick and fuck head mates.” Then I blushed and admitted, “However, I knew there was a good chance I’d be raped that night, so I had put myself in the mindset that I would enjoy everything they wanted to do to me, so there were some aspects of that night that I actually enjoyed.”

“You mean you went with them willingly?” Courtney gasped.

“Fortunately, Courts,” I replied. “Nobody thought to ask what I was doing at the Bowen Hills train station to be kidnapped from it. But, yes, I went there willingly to give Tommy and Freddy time to hack Frank’s computer. So, there you go, babe. You have information that would get Jumbo II, Tiny, and Charlie off their sentences and me, Phil, Tommy, and Freddy in a lot of trouble.”

“You say Jumbo II, Kate?” Courtney asked curiously. “Does that mean you know a Jumbo I? Am I right in assuming Jumbo relates to the size of their cocks?”

“Yes,” I admitted. “I’ve met them both. They’re both close to twelve inches long and so thick that when I held their cocks my fingers and thumbs didn’t touch.”

“And you’ve had them both in your pussy?” Courtney disbelievingly asked.

“Well, Jumbo II only got the tip of his cock in me before the cops busted down the door. But I had Jumbo in me so far that his cock’s tip was pressed against my cervix, and he still had at least four inches outside of me.”

“Jaysus, Kate!” Courtney exclaimed. “Where was John when this was happening?”

Courtney pretended to be shocked, but her nipples had tented the sheet covering them. Smiling to myself, I rolled and pressed my hot, wet slit against her thigh as I pushed my engorged, puffy nipples against her upper arm. “John?” I pretended to ask confusedly before dismissively saying, “Oh, he was fucking the beautiful, big-breasted, chubby Asian woman, Betty, from our local sex store on the stage beside me.”

“Beside you?” Courtney gaped. “Wait ... on the stage?” Courtney’s voice was almost a screech by the time she said ‘stage’.

“Yes,” I replied before rolling on my back, hoping Courtney would roll to lie against me as I had been with her. When she did, I described the scene from my last show at La Châteaux du Plaisir Tortueux (The Chateaux of Tortuous Pleasure). By the time I got to where I’d managed to fit Jumbo

into my slippery but extremely tight pussy, Courtney was subconsciously grinding her pussy against my thigh and softly moaning.

I moved slightly so I could look into my friend's eyes. Courtney looked hungrily back at me, her lips parted and tongue darting out to touch her top lip. I raised an eyebrow, and when she nodded, I tilted my head forward and kissed her softly. Gently covering Courtney's right breast with my hand as I kneaded it softly, I broke the kiss and whispered, "Use your fingers and cum for me, baby."

"Will you do it for me, please, Kate?" Courtney panted.

I was a little doubtful, but when I pushed Courtney onto her back and moved to press our breasts together, she moaned and spread her legs. I slid my fingers down her sexily curved tummy, across her hairy mound, and onto her clitoris. I circled that delicious nubbin momentarily before sliding my fingers along her slit and gently inserting my first two fingers into her slippery quim.

Courtney groaned as her hips lifted unawarely from the bed, trying to force my fingers deeper inside. Hearing her moan, I twisted my hand so I could reach her cum button with my thumb. Then, as Courtney panted, I closed my lips with hers again before sending my tongue out to touch her soft lips. Courtney groaned deep down within her chest as my tongue touched her lips, and her arousal coated my thrusting fingers. Courtney moaned again as her lips parted and allowed my probing tongue to enter.

Suddenly, she broke our kiss, put her head on my shoulder and lifted her hips off the bed, "Oh, my darling Kate," she moaned, "I'm going to ... ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!" Courtney's sighed climax extended for quite some time before she shuddered and fell back against the bed.

"Good start," I giggled as I ran my thumb in soft circles over her clit. "Want to try for another one?"

"What must I do?" Courtney asked as her hips subconsciously began to undulate against my thumb and fingers.

“Let me taste you,” I offered.

“Promise that you won’t get angry if I have to stop you?” Courtney demanded.

“I promise, baby,” I told her as I kissed her soft lips again.

Ensuring I continued stimulating my friend’s love button and G-spot, I kissed my way down Courtney’s pliant body before blowing softly on her engorged clitoris.

“Oh, Gawd, Kate!” Courtney groaned as my lips encircled her cum switch, and I sucked it between my luscious lips. “That feels so good,” she panted as I lashed my tongue over her clit repeatedly.

Turning my hand over, I pulled my fingers far enough out of my friend’s dripping pussy to let me slide my middle finger along her taint and onto her rosebud. I dipped my fingers back into her a few times before I was satisfied her tiny dark star was wet enough for what I wanted to do next. Happy that her bottom was ready, I dipped my thumb into Courtney’s drooling vulva to wet it before slowly forcing it through her ring and into her warm colon. Simultaneously, I shoved my first two fingers into Courtney’s pussy. Next, I squeezed my thumb and fingers together before pulling down as I ‘pulse-sucked’ Courtney’s cum switch.

“Ohhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!!!!!!!!!” Courtney gasped as her thighs banged shut against my ears again. She arched her body up off the bed as my tongue lashed her clit. I felt my friend shudder as a second and third orgasm ripped through her, but if she sighed loudly again, I didn’t hear her.

Eventually, Courtney came down from her orgasm high and collapsed back onto the bed. She giggled as I kissed my way back up her body, pausing to nip her breast nubs before presenting my lips to be kissed. I was a bit worried about how Courtney would react to me kissing her with her essences smeared all over my face. Courtney didn’t hesitate, though. When my head was close enough, Courtney cupped the back of it and pulled me until our breasts pressed together and our lips met. She kissed me passionately before lying back and smiling.

“That was so good, Kate! OMG! If I’d known how delicious receiving love from a woman was, I’d have tried it years ago!” She giggled before yawning wide enough to crack her jaw. “Sleepy now,” she mumbled as her eyes closed, and she began softly snoring.

I was pretty horny, so I rolled onto my back and used my fingers to get myself off before joining my friend in sleep.

An unknown time later, I hummed, “Hmmmmm,” as a warm, soft tongue slid along my slit and delved into my swiftly flooding pussy. “Oh, baby,” I added as I cupped the back of the head and pressed it harder against my entrance. “That feels so good!” I forced my eyes open, and in the partial light of dawn peeping through my blinds, I saw Courtney peering sexily up at me as she tongued my dripping vulva. Blown away by my friend’s willingness to eat me, I groaned again and climaxed on her probing tongue.

After shuddering through a ragingly intense orgasm, I dragged Courtney up and hugged her tightly. “That was awesome, babe,” I told her as I revelled in post-orgasmic bliss. “Very daring of you, though. Especially given our last discussion about woman-on-woman sex. Are you doing okay?”

Courtney giggled as she rubbed her nipples across mine. “Yes, Kate,” she reassured me. “I’ve been fantasising about making love with you ever since we slept together. And let me tell you, the reality was way better than the fantasy! Can I stay with you for a few days and experiment some more?”

“Sure,” I replied after kissing her softly. “Why don’t you stay here the whole three months Ewan is away?”

“Could I?” Courtney eagerly asked. “That would be so cool. But not every night because my youngster, Maddie, is only eighteen and still living at home, so I’ll need to be there for her.”

“I’m almost out of rooms,” I said. “But if you want to help me shift my scrapbooking stuff out of the bedroom I use for my craft room, Maddie could stay here some of the time, too.”

“Where would you put it all?” Courtney asked, having seen my craft room.

“It all fits in the big cupboard under the internal stairs in the garage,” I replied. It’s not too hard to pack it up and move because I have plastic boxes and cases that stack together to put everything in.”

I was lying on top of Courtney with my pussy pressed against hers, and I could feel the heat of my friend’s arousal emanating from her. I moved my hips slightly so I could rub my thick, slickly-wet clit across her equally wet but much smaller one. Courtney’s eyes closed as her hips raised to press her pussy against mine. Cuddling and softly kissing, Courtney and I slowly tribbed our wet pussies together until, with twin satisfied sighs, we shared a joint climax.

Of course, that brought me to my perennial problem, and I had to rush into my en suite to take care of business. Courtney followed me in and turned on the shower. We swapped places after I’d finished, and we shared a shower. I’d already put Courtney’s overnight bag in my last spare room, so after our shower, Courtney wrapped a towel around herself and went to get dressed.

Patty and my girls had already eaten and headed to work and uni, respectively. Gina was cooking Tommy’s breakfast, so I checked with Gina if she wanted a fruit bowl, and when she nodded, I made bowls for myself, her, and Courtney.

After eating, Tommy announced that he was going to his studio to take some baby photos for a mothers’ group, who had booked a group photo as well as individual shots for themselves and their babies. For some unknown reason, my handsome son and his two equally muscular and virile partners were very popular with young women wanting baby or school formal (Australia’s equivalent of prom) photos done. Tommy has joked that he could ‘dip his wick’ three or four times a week with his customers, some of whom were married and looking to play behind their partner’s back.

Courtney stated that she needed to get some extra clothes and her top-of-the-range work laptop. After kissing my cheek, she said she and Maddie would be back for dinner and walked to her car.

After closing the front door, I returned to the kitchen and sat beside my future daughter-in-law. I asked about her missing a lecture or two today, but

she said she was so far ahead that it wouldn't matter if she missed the whole week. Knowing that sharing a day together wouldn't be a problem, I suggested we go and do some retail therapy, get some lunch somewhere, and finally, come home for some intimate mother/daughter-in-law bonding.

Gina thought it sounded great, but I wasn't sure what kind of wardrobe she had in Tommy's room, so I offered to let her choose an outfit that would dazzle passers-by from my walk-in robe. We looked through my outfits without finding anything that Gina immediately wanted to try on, probably because I'm a little bigger than her (size 16 (12 American) with Double-D breasts versus a size 14 (10 American) with C-cup breasts), so my clothes would hang from her.

Eventually, I remembered a skirt and top combination I'd bought online from Zara Clothing. I thought John would love having Krissy and me in matching outfits when we went out with him one night, so I bought a matching combination in Krissy's sizes. My daughter is taller than Gina, but her hips, waist, and bust sizes are close enough to the same.

The dark blue, denim-look micro skirt appears like the fastening catch at the top of the zip is undone. But in reality, the top corners of the skirt are stitched open, leaving my abdomen to the top of my 'landing-strip' pussy hair exposed. The skirt is indecently short, ending barely past the luxuriant curve of my sexy ass, but it comes with a built-in gusset that is just wide enough to cover my clit, slit, and entrance, as well as my little dark star.

The bright red crop top that goes with the skirt has a halter neck with a back knot that leaves little to the imagination. The top's cups are barely wide enough to contain my deliciously full breasts, and the minute straps that tie behind my back leave most of my smoothly toned back exposed. Krissy's combination was precisely the same as mine, except a size smaller.

Fortunately, the black, 7-inch heeled open-toe pumps I'd bought for Krissy fit, so I put on my matching pair, and we off to the races, so to speak. Of course, I drove because, dressed as we were, we sure as heck weren't taking public transport. The cost of off-street parking in the Brisbane CBD is prohibitive but still better than subjecting oneself to the lecherous stares, or

worse, on the trains or buses. So, less than thirty-five minutes later, Gina and I were walking through The Queen Street Mall, looking for inspiration.

We had an absolute blast, picking up several outfits for my son's fiancée in the process, but mostly just enjoying each other's company and revelling in the many looks and stares we received. It's another commentary on the differences between men and women. The men, every single one of them, even those who outwardly seemed gay, ogled us. Many tried to catch our eye or smiled, wanting to initiate a conversation.

The women had differing reactions. Some were clearly threatened by our overt beauty and sexuality and muttered deprecations as we swayed by, our hips swinging outrageously as our breasts jiggled and bobbled in our close-fitting tops. Others enjoyed how we looked and smiled happily as we strutted past them. Still others, who were either gay or bi, or maybe gay or bi-curious, admired us with equal fervour to the men.

After a morning of shopping, we ate lunch at The Riverbar and Kitchen before parting with an arm and three ribs to pay for parking and heading home. On the way to my place, on impulse, I decided to drop into the sex store where Betty (from my show at The Chateaux and earlier escapades) works. As I'd hoped, the store was empty except for Betty herself. The girls quickly reintroduced themselves to each other as I wandered around, having a look at the various sex toys on sale.

"Hey, Momma?" Gina called. "Come over here for a second, please."

"Hang on," Betty interrupted. "Monday is our slowest day, and it's school pick-up time, so the entire place is empty at the moment." Betty closed the front door and put up a sign 'back in 10 minutes'.

Curious, I watched as Betty returned to the counter before ushering us behind the partition, hiding the storeroom door. Through that door and to the right was a small employee lunchroom. When we reached there, Betty unselfconsciously peeled her top off, showing us her recently pierced nipples. Nipple piercings were something I'd considered numerous times, but with my preference for wearing clinging tops braless, I wasn't sure if my husband would accept my nipple rings showing through my clothes.

“It gets better, Momma,” Gina informed me as she unconsciously wet her lips with her tongue, obviously aroused by Betty’s enormous bosom or perhaps her piercings.

Betty dropped her mid-thigh length skirt and leaned back against the bench so she could spread her chubby thighs. Betty was clean-shaven, and her thick clit protruded from her puffy clitoral hood prominently. I gasped as she pulled her hood back, exposing her pierced clit. However, that shock swiftly changed to one of imminent arousal. My mind imagined having sleeper earrings in my nipples attached to a springy chain that led to my belly button ring and then another springy chain from that to the piercing in my clit. I imagined walking as my breasts bounced and pulled on the chains, stimulating me with every step.

Then I imagined being on my hands and knees with my handsome, leanly muscular son gripping my shoulders as he pounded my sweet, tight pussy. His thrusts would make my large, firm breasts rock back and forth and delightfully pull on the chain on my protruding clit. My imagination leapt into overdrive as I could almost feel how that tugging on my cum switch would send me into paroxysms of orgasms.

I looked at my daughter-in-law. Well, I guess she wasn’t because Tommy hadn’t proposed yet, but I knew she would be soon. Gina and I looked at each other and nodded. “I’ll ask John if you’ll ask Tommy, and we’ll get it done together, if you want?” I asked.

“I think that would be a great idea,” Gina said huskily, her arousal close to mine, I thought.

Betty put her clothes back on, and we all returned to the store. As Betty unlocked the door and put the sign away, I brought several items I’d been looking at online to the cash register for Betty to ring up. Gina’s eyebrows raised, but she offered no objections even though she must have known I would use them on her.

We were back in my sunset red Audi A3, driving home a little while later. To tease me, I think, Gina propped her feet on the dash and spread her knees. Pulling her skirt’s gusset aside, Gina played with her waxed bare clit

as I drove. However, I managed to keep my concentration on the road, and we made it home safely. But now it was time for me to become Miss Kate the Dominatrix.

“You will cover yourself decently and run to my closet and fetch my cane,” I growled at her as I fixed my face into a severe mien.

“Yes, Momma,” Gina replied as she got out of the car. “May this girl ask what she has done?”

“Do you think it’s acceptable to flash your pussy to every truck, van and SUV driver on the planet?” I queried.

Gina’s eyes instantly dropped. “No, Momma,” she whispered before turning on her heel and sprinting for the stairs.

Keeping my giggles to myself, I followed her from the lounge and walked to my bedroom. As I reached the top of the stairs, Gina came boiling back out of my room. When she saw me, Gina dropped to her knees and held my mother’s heirloom old-school rattan cane above her head, offering it to me.

I accepted the cane from my daughter-in-law and marched into my room. Gina crawled after me swiftly and took up submission position one: On her knees with her sexy bottom on her heels, and her knees slightly parted. Gina’s shoulders and head were up and back, with her eyes lowered to the ground before her and her hands palm up on her thighs.

“Gina Marie Matthews,” I said sternly. “You are called to account for flashing your lady parts to any passing vehicle high enough to see into my car’s cabin. What do you have to say for yourself?”

Looking contrite, Gina responded, “Other than to say that I just didn’t think about the fact those drivers could see into your car, no. I was horny and wanted to tease you, so I played with my pussy, hoping you’d want to make love when we got home.”

“Teasing is always okay,” I reminded her. “Part of our role as the submissive woman to a dominant man is to sexually entice and please our

man. However, revealing yourself to anyone who is not your husband, family, or close friend is unacceptable. I believe that punishment is due. Five strikes, three to your breasts and two to your ass. Do you concur?"

"Yes, Miss Kate," Gina answered submissively.

"Assume correction position one," I told her.

Gina quickly stripped and stood with her legs parted, hands behind her head and elbows as wide as possible. As with submission or presentation position one, her head and shoulders were up and back, but her eyes were firmly fixed on the ground about three feet in front of her. I tapped the cane in my palm as I studied the beautiful young woman before me. Gina's and my son's twentieth birthdays were coming up soon. They were only a little more than a week apart, with Gina's being first. I knew that Tommy would propose to her on that day because he'd told me his plans when he showed me the ring he'd bought her.

I walked around my future daughter-in-law, admiring her lush but firm body. Similarly to me, Gina has luscious curves and big breasts, but now she was training with Patrick five days a fortnight and with Tommy in between, her body had firmed up, and the remnants of the baby fat she had carried were now lean muscles. Her skin had tightened with the emergence of her pec muscles, and her breasts now sat a little higher on her chest. I was wet from imagining what we'd do together next, but first, I had a task to complete.

I struck Gina across her firm breasts. My strike, which was barely above her thick, puffy nipples, raised a gorgeous welt and caused her to gasp. "One, thank you, Mistress," she intoned. Moving to her other side, I struck Gina slightly below her nipples. She stifled an aroused moan and quietly said, "Two, thank you, Mistress." I'm sure that Gina anticipated where the last blow would fall, given I'd outlined her engorged nipples with two delightful welts. But, even so, she bit her bottom lip, waiting for me to strike.

I didn't disappoint my young lover and whipped the cane across her arousal-engorged nipples. Her knees trembling as she fought to stave off an imminent climax, Gina moaned, "Three, thank you, Mistress."

Gina started to turn to present her curvy ass to me, but I stopped her when I grabbed her puffy nipples between my thumbs and fingers. “Would you like to work off your remaining corrections, little one?” I asked.

“Yes, please, Mistress Kate,” Gina almost purred. “What must this girl do?”

Pulling on Gina’s nipples, I dragged her down to her knees before pulling my skirt down, spreading my thighs and pushing my swelteringly hot pussy against her mouth. “Make me cum,” I demanded as I ground my wet pussy against her mouth and nose.

Gina’s hands moved straight to my curvaceous ass and pulled me tight against her mouth. Her tongue slid firmly over my throbbing clit before curling up to taste my dripping essences. I bit my bottom lip as I revelled in my daughter-in-law’s lavish attention to my hot pussy. Gina nodded her head as she licked from my dripping vulva to my over-sensitised clitoris. Before long, I was teetering along the cliff of a truly tremendous orgasm.

The leap from my orgasmic peak came when Gina encircled my flushed deep red clit with her pouting lips and sucked firmly. Cumming hard, I grabbed a double handful of Gina’s plentiful black hair and ground my pussy against her face. Understanding my need, Gina nodded her head furiously as her gifted tongue lashed across everything she could reach. “Oh, my Gawd!” I screamed as my climax lifted me on its crest and dashed me against the cliff of my need.

I staggered away from Gina’s questing tongue on trembling knees, and trying to reel in my wanton desires, I shakily said, “Gina Marie Matthews. Correction for your behaviour was due and given. That error is now forgiven and will not be mentioned again unless you exhibit similar behaviour again.”

“Thank you for correcting me, Mistress Kate,” Gins replied from her position at my feet. “This girl is sorry she caused you to correct her. She will remember her lesson and won’t do it again.” Then she giggled and added, “Well, unless I want further discipline from my Mistress.”

“Would you like to cum, little one?” I asked her.

“Yes, please, Momma,” Gina immediately replied. “I’m hotter than midday on Mercury (>167 °C).”

“Up on the bed on your back,” I commanded. Gina leapt to her feet and then almost jumped onto my bed from where she was kneeling. I’d never removed the binds I’d used on my husband when he deflowered our daughter (finally), so I quickly had my daughter-in-law tied to the bed’s corners. After forcing a pillow under Gina’s ample bottom, I took out a blindfold and tied it tightly around her eyes. Then I got out the first of the toys I’d bought earlier that day. After placing the body of the ‘butterfly’ vibrator on my daughter-in-law’s flushed clit, I quickly slid the ties around her waist and thighs and bound them firmly in place.

Next, I took out the remote-controlled vibrating nipple clamps and attached them in place. Unfortunately, the butterfly and clips weren’t interconnected, but I had two hands and thumbs, so I figured I could time the sensations okay.

Gina lay on the bed, writhing and moaning as she anticipated what would happen next. However, her shocked yelp when I turned the vibrations on almost made me laugh out loud. “Oh, Gawd, Momma,” she moaned. “What are you doing to me?”

I turned the nipple clips to a medium setting and the butterfly to a pulsing one. The butterfly would crank up from the minimum setting to the maximum one and hold there for several seconds before winding back to the minimum. The rotations repeated every ten to twelve seconds, driving the wearer inexorably up to the peak of their climax. However, the first six or seven trips up their orgasmic peak would end in frustration as the vibrations would reduce before the wearer leapt off.

I left the remotes on my bedside table and got out my double-ended strap-on. After semi-squatting to seat the double end inside my sweltering pussy, I buckled the ties around my hips and thighs before inserting my biggest dildo. This dildo, at eight inches long, was only slightly longer than my son’s actual cock but was significantly thicker. My husband’s appendage is somewhat shorter than our son’s, but its width matches my ‘cock’.

Climbing back onto the bed, I momentarily stopped to pick up the butterfly's remote. I sped up the rotation from minimum to maximum, which also lengthened the time it remained on maximum. Happy that my daughter-in-law was now scurrying up her orgasm's cliff, I balanced myself on my left hand, which I placed beside Gina's right breast, and guided my 'cock' into her.

"Oh, lawd, Momma," Gina breathed as my 'cock's' head nudged her cervix. I shifted my hips back until I'd pulled all but my cock's tip from her gripping pussy, then I grabbed Gina's breasts and rammed back in, bouncing my cock's tip off her cervix as I did. "Yes, yes, yes," Gina panted as her hips writhed under me, causing my 'cock' to spin across her cervix. Suddenly, Gina arched her entire body from her shoulders to her heels off the bed as an enormous orgasm thundered through her.

Eventually, my daughter-in-law shuddered and collapsed onto the bed. I stayed on top of her with my 'cock' shoved hard against her cervix, but I moved my weight from her luscious C-cup breasts onto my elbows. Moving my hips in a slow circle so that I spun the dildo across her cervix, I kissed Gina's pouty lips as I waited for her to recover. But to both our surprise, my cock's head rubbing across her cervix sent Gina scurrying back up her climax's peak, and she launched herself off its edge into orgasm again.

When she finally came down, Gina giggled, "Wow, Momma! That was awesome. But what can I do for you now?"

I matched her giggle as I climbed off her and onto the floor. Then, after releasing Gina from the cuffs, I took the second item I'd bought from Betty's store. Next, I pulled Gina's blindfold off and showed the item to her before undoing my strap-on and taking it off.

"What is it, Momma?" Gina asked.

"A double-ended dildo," I explained as I slid one end into my recently vacated pussy.

"Oh, wow!" Gina exclaimed. "That cock looks so life-like and exceptionally sexy sticking out of your pussy!"

“I got the smallest one Betty had,” I told her. “Total length is only a little over twelve inches, so I’m hoping we can take it all the way inside and rub our clits together.”

“Oh, far out, Momma. That sounds so naughty and horny. Let’s do it!”

Gina lay on her back and lifted her left leg. Turning sideways, I straddled her right leg and shifted until I could position the dildo at her entrance. Then, getting Gina to hold it so that it didn’t enter too far into me, I pushed my hips forward until I’d forced the entire remaining part of the dildo into her slickly wet pussy. After a few misstarts, our pussies were pressed hard against each other, with the whole dildo inside us.

Gina was squeezing her breasts and pulling on her nipples. Her breaths were coming in short sharp pants as I held her thigh tightly and ground my thick clit across her equally wet but much smaller one. I carefully pulled back a little before slamming my pussy against hers. “Oh, shiiittttttttveeeeeeeeeeerrrrrrrrrrrrrrssssssssss, Momma!” Gina moaned, trying to change her epithet into a non-swear word. Holding my daughter-in-law’s shapely thigh tightly, I started bucking my pussy against hers. “I’m cumming, Momma!” Gina screamed as her hips thrashed against mine, our clits deliciously mashing together with every shake.

“Me, too!” I yelled as my climax battered my mind away. We both collapsed onto our backs as our vision greyed out, and we struggled to stay conscious.

Gina and I spent another couple of hours experimenting with that double-ended dildo until somewhere around four O’clock when Patty and my girls were expected home, then we reluctantly stopped and shared a shower. We used our fingers to give each other a final orgasm (for that day) before drying ourselves off and dressing back in the same outfits we’d worn shopping. We knew the outfits would give Tommy an instant erection and make Patty’s, Charmaine’s, and Jennifer’s pussies wet.

“Thank you, Momma,” Gina said warmly as she pressed her luscious body to mine and softly kissed me.

“You’re very welcome, my girl,” I told her as we held hands, walking to my kitchen.

Getting there, I got out the lamb shanks I planned to roast for dinner. As I prepared the rosemary, tomato, and garlic marinade for them, Gina began peeling potatoes to roast with them. To ensure the potatoes would be crisp on the outside but soft and fluffy on the inside, I’d boil them in the microwave for about ten minutes before placing them in seasoned olive oil and roasting them in the oven.

Courtney called to say that she and Maddie would join us for dinner. Fortunately, I’d anticipated that and had enough shanks for us girls to have one each while Tommy would have two. I’d steam some green beans, broccoli and spinach to round out the meal.

Patty arrived just ahead of Charmaine and Jennifer. The girls’ classes synchronised reasonably well this semester, allowing them to use only one car to get to uni most days. Being the first one through the door, Patty saw Gina’s and my outfits first. Her eyes grew wide, and she swallowed twice before rushing over to grope my sexy bottom. “Darn!” She complained. “Panties on!”

“Feel again,” I teased.

Patty’s fingers explored my gusset’s edges before she pinched my bum. “You’re right,” she said. “The skirt has a liner to cover your twat, but you’re not wearing panties, you tart!”

“Gina and I went shopping wearing this. So, jealous much?”

“You know I am,” Patty grumped. “You have way too much fun without me.”

Hugging my friend as I kissed her soft lips, I asked, “How goes the transfer to the new offices?”

“The shop builders are in there now, completely gutting the whole space. They’ll strip it back to the brick walls and then rebuild it to the

specifications that James and I, along with the architect, came up with."

"How has working with James been?" I queried.

"Even as a self-confessed dyke, I could fall for that man," Patty admitted. "He's powerfully dominant, but not in an overbearing way. When he asks for your input, he listens intently and asks cogent questions to ensure he understands. Then, he thinks about it for a time before offering logical solutions that will actually work. Also, he's calm and self-assured, even when the contractors are railing about something or other. Then, he settles them down and quickly gets them back to work."

"Yeah," I admitted. "I really like him. If I weren't so committed to John, I'd be tempted to take up with him, you know?"

Patty looked at me with a teasing look in her eye before saying, "Well, beautiful, Mister James Squire asked if I thought you were free this Saturday night. If you're available, he has something planned for you at his place."

My pussy tightened and gushed as I remembered the previous Friday's events with James and his son. Having two fairly large cocks in my tight little pussy simultaneously was a unique and very enjoyable experience. One that I'd have again in a heartbeat if it were offered.

Courtney and Maddison (Maddie, as she prefers) arrived as Gina and I served dinner. I hadn't seen Maddie for a few years and was immediately struck by her resemblance to her mother at the same age. Then I noticed how hungrily Maddie's eyes slid over Charmaine, Jennifer, and me and realised that she was more than likely a lesbian. Strangely, though, Maddie's eyes only briefly paused on Patty, who was the only confirmed lesbian in the room. Charmaine still insisted that she was bisexual with a preference for women. I guess it could be argued that Patty had become more or less bisexual since she began living with me, given how often she and my son fucked. She'd even had a satisfactory orgasm with young Mister Freddy Singleton.

‘Strange that even though Tommy and Freddy are about the same age, I think of Freddy as young and my son as fully matured,’ I mused. Then I thought, ‘I need to make Rick (Freddy/Frederick, therefore Rick) take me on a few more dates to complete his education. He’s obviously massively improved because it seems that Jennifer is keen to date him.’ However, although I wouldn’t try to stand between them if Rick and Jennifer became an item, I was educating Freddy on how to be the man for a sexually submissive woman, namely my daughter, Krissy.

I greeted my friend and then hugged Maddie as I kissed her cheek. “Hey, Maddie,” I said. “How long has it been? Your sweet sixteenth birthday, maybe?”

“Yeah, Aunty Kate,” Maddie replied, surreptitiously pressing her firm young body against mine. “About then, I guess.”

“Bummed about your dad being away for a few months?” I queried.

“Not really,” Maddie surprisingly replied. “I mean, I’ll miss him. But he works so many hours that he’s rarely at home at the same time I am or when I’m awake, so it won’t make much difference that he’s in Bundaberg. It’s actually good because I won’t have to be at another school this time.”

“Year Twelve, right?” I asked. “What is your ATAR (Australian Tertiary Admissions Rank) looking like?”

“I’ll finish in the top fifth percentile,” Maddie said dismissively. “Way more than I need to do my Bachelors and then Masters in Information Technology like Mom has.”

“That’s what you want, though?” I wondered. “With that score, couldn’t you do medicine or law?”

“Yeah, but I like programming,” Maddie said succinctly as she took the tray of roasted lamb shanks from me and placed them on the kitchen bench. I followed her with the tray of seasoned roasted potatoes and put them beside the other tray. “Besides, if I do decide to do medicine or law, I’ll have a massive student debt that will take years to pay off. With programming,

after my second year, Microsoft or someone similar will more than likely bring me on board and pay me to work for them as I study."

"Sounds like you have a plan," I replied. "Good for you. Doing what you enjoy is more important than doing something you hate just because it has prestige attached to it."

"Cool, Aunty Kate. Now, can you convince Mom and Dad of that for me?" I looked at her, slightly flummoxed about how to respond, but then the little minx giggled and added, "Nah, just kidding. They mostly accept that I want to program and don't care a whit about anything else."

Because my hands were empty, I smacked her muscly butt and said, "Cheeky wench! Hasn't your mother turned you over her knee lately?" Then I remembered. "Didn't you try out for the Queensland Firebirds (Brisbane's team in the national netball competition)? How did that go?"

"I didn't quite make it," Maddie shrugged. "Ms Bulley (the coach) said that I was close, so play and train hard this year and try again next. But by then, I'll be too busy studying to play anyway. A rookie player just doesn't get paid enough for me to justify taking a couple of years off uni."

I turned to Courtney. "How long are you staying, babe?" I asked.

"Just tonight," Courtney replied. "It's impossible for Maddie to get to school from here by public transport, so I'll have to drop her off. Therefore, we'll stay tonight and come back on Friday, if that's okay?"

"Sure is," I replied, immediately thinking I needed to get Caoimhe (pronounced Quee-va. Caoimhe is my best friend's daughter, Kath) to come to dinner that night. Something told me that Maddie and she would hit it off instantaneously.

To my delight, we had a full crowd for dinner tonight. Maddie quickly joined in the banter, insults, and jokes that flew back and forth across the table. I'd bought a pair of pies for dessert, so we hung around the table for longer than normal as we consumed the apple and peach crumble pies I'd heated in the oven. I added some ice cream smothered with Baileys Irish

Cream to the bowls. Tommy did as I typically did and mixed the liqueur into his ice cream before eating it.

Patty, Jennifer, and Charmaine were the first to finish, so they tidied up and put the dishes into the washer as the rest of us finished.

It seemed like a good night for liqueurs, so I brought out several different ones and made cocktails. Once everyone had a drink, we adjourned to the lounge where Tommy, in his typical fashion, regaled us with funny stories and jokes from his time travelling with The Brisbane Lions AFL team and things that had happened at his photo shoots.

Tommy sat on the largest sofa with Jennifer and Gina on either side. The girls' hands were active as Tommy told his stories. Charmaine and Patty shared one of the oversized sofa chairs, with Charmaine sitting on the older woman's lap. They were exchanging soft kisses. I was in the middle of the loveseat, delightfully squeezed in a McKenzie woman sandwich. Both McKenzie women had their heads on my shoulder and soft bosoms pressed against my upper arms.

I excused myself to use the bathroom. Because I'd let everyone know what I was doing, I didn't expect anyone to follow me, so I didn't bother locking the door. I'd just rearranged my clothing when the door opened, and Maddie spun through it, locking it as she turned back. She turned to look at me with hooded eyes, "I'm eighteen now, Aunty Kate," she almost hummed.

"I know, honey," I said, perplexed about why she'd tell me what I already knew.

"I'm a lesbian," Maddie added.

"I pretty much guessed you were," I shrugged. "You know it doesn't matter to me or any of my family."

"I'm worried about how Mom will take it, though," Maddie stated as she slowly moved closer to me. "Mom's not really homophobic, but open displays of affection between gay people upsets her."

I didn’t know how to answer. I could have said that I knew already because Courtney and I were working on that together, but that would mean sharing a confidence that wasn’t mine to share. So, avoiding, I asked, “Have you talked to your Mom about it?”

“It’s difficult, you know, Aunty Kate,” Maddie replied as she moved so close that we were almost touching. “I’m the youngest, and I swear, sometimes it’s like I never got older than twelve the way Mom and Dad treat me.”

Maddie stood so close that I could feel the heat from her pussy. The gorgeous, athletic young woman was clearly aroused, as shown by her rock-hard nipples and sweltering pussy. Of course, my first fleeting thought was an unflattering one. It was, ‘Why does this always happen to me?’ I should be used to it because my overt sexuality has attracted people to me like bees to the honey pot for all my adult life. However, I often get attention from people who, if I accepted their advances, would affect my friendship with their partners or relatives, especially their moms and dads.

“Is there something that I can do to help?” I managed to ask, ignoring the young woman’s blatant come-on.

“Let Mom catch us making love,” Maddie said as she pressed her athletically toned, youthful body against mine and locked lips with me.

I have to admit, readers, that, despite myself, I reacted sexually to the young woman’s actions. That delicious little tingle that I often have between my long, shapely thighs immediately lifted onto my thick clit and ignited a raging inferno in my pussy. My imagination immediately conjured an image of being on top in a sixty-nine with Courtney as Maddie used a strap-on to fuck my dripping pussy. The thought of having sex with mother and daughter simultaneously was an enticing one, to say the least!

I let Maddie’s kiss linger before breaking it and saying, “I couldn’t do that to your mother, Maddie. You know that. Your mother and I have been friends since high school, and I want to remain so. However, I will sit with you both when you tell her.”

“Then we can make love without having to worry about Mom catching us,” Maddie insisted as her fingers sought entrance into my gusset-covered pussy.

“Maybe,” I replied as my resistance weakened. “But not here and not now.”

“Okay,” Maddie replied, reluctantly stepping back. “But I’ve fancied you forever, Aunty Kate, and I’m not waiting beyond this weekend to have you.”

“We’ll see,” I muttered as Maddie slipped out the door. The thing is that I didn’t want to resist my young friend. I’d made love to her mother once and hoped to do so again soon, and the thought of making love to another mother and daughter was an exciting one (If you remember, I’ve made love to Kath and her daughter Caoimhe, just not simultaneously).

I waited a few minutes until I was sure no one would equate Maddie with being in the bathroom with me and then returned to my lounge. The banter and discussions continued until around eleven O’clock when the majority who needed to be somewhere in the morning decided it was time for bed. I watched them leave as I gathered up the glasses and added them to what was already in the dishwasher. After that, it was time for bed.

I needed to open the office in the morning and see if there was anything that John or our clients required me to do. I hadn’t bothered opening the office today, but that isn’t a problem because I’m mainly there for any walk-in clients. Krissy was monitoring our company’s emails remotely from Germany. Then I frowned and brought up my planner on my phone as I walked to my bedroom. I was right; John and Krissy would be driving from Hamburg to Amsterdam at the moment. I was a little bummed that they hadn’t called, but John didn’t typically phone home when he was away on business, so I sucked it up.

It was as if my thinking about them summoned them because the Zoom app on my phone rang, showing it was my daughter calling. I answered joyfully, only to gasp as I realised that my daughter had her father’s cock out and was on her knees, sucking furiously. Letting her father’s cock out of her mouth, Krissy giggled, “Hi, Mom. Don’t you wish you were me?”

“Yes,” I replied as I ripped my skirt off and flopped onto my back on the bed. “Just don’t distract your father so much that he crashes!”

Krissy took her father’s cock back into her greedily sucking mouth as John’s big hand descended onto her head. I heard him groan as he subconsciously raised his hips off the seat, trying to force more of his thick cock into our daughter’s mouth. I had two fingers stuffed into my pussy as my thumb flickered over my clit, watching the lecherous scene unfold on my phone. I’d done something similar many times as my husband drove us somewhere, so it was almost like I was about to receive John’s sticky, salty gift.

I was close to orgasm when John groaned and unloaded into his daughter’s eagerly sucking mouth. Krissy hummed as her cheeks hollowed, sucking every last drop from her father’s heavy ball sack. It was enough for me, and I climaxed on my stabbing fingers. At the last second, I managed to get a pillow over my mouth to stifle my orgasmic screams. I opened my eyes in time to see Krissy and John waving goodbye as they said, “Love you, Mom/babe.”

I sat up and saw Courtney standing just inside my door, smiling at me. “Looks like you found something hot to masturbate to,” she giggled before dropping her robe and slipping into bed with me.

“It’s my favourite porn,” I confessed, trying not to blush embarrassedly.

“Oh?” Courtney questioned. “What kind is it?”

“Umm...” I mumbled as my brain thought furiously. “Umm, May/September relationships.” I was quite proud of myself because that was precisely what I’d watched, but I hadn’t mentioned that it was incestuous.

“Those can be pretty exciting,” Courtney stated. Then she blushed. “I sometimes fantasise about your son,” she admitted in a rush, scared I’d judge her.

I was a little taken aback that she admitted her fantasy but not shocked. “Join the queue, babe.” Another true statement that didn’t admit to my incestuous relationship with my son.

“You fantasise about him, too?” Courtney asked wonderingly.

“I only meant that a lot of women fantasise about my son,” I replied, skirting around her question.

“Yeah, I can see that,” Courtney said. “He looks like John but with your earthy skin tone and brown eyes. Plus, like John, he’s so dominant, calm, and masculine. I’d imagine that poor Gina has to beat other women off with a stick.”

“Other women have put their phone numbers in Tommy’s pocket even when he’s dancing with Gina,” I said proudly.

Courtney giggled and said, “Well, you know what they say about the way to a woman’s heart.”

Paraphrasing the typical response to ‘the way to a man’s heart’ response, I laughed and replied, “If a man’s trying to get to a woman’s heart through her feet, he’s aiming three feet too low!”

“Oh, yes,” Courtney exclaimed. “If a man has good finger and oral skills, he’s a definite keeper!”

We’d turned so that we faced each other with our heads on our hands, supported on bent arms. I moved my head closer so I could kiss my latest lover. Courtney’s hand found the back of my head as I did the same with her, and our chaste kiss turned into a full-on snog. I let my head fall onto my outstretched arm and moved my hand onto Courtney’s pillowy breast. I smiled as I felt her breath catch and her nipple harden in my hand. Strumming my thumb over her crinkly-hard nipple, I deepened our kiss as my other hand stroked Courtney’s shoulder.

Pushing with my head, I rolled Courtney on her back and pushed myself up on my hands. Looking lovingly down on one of my dearest friends, I moved

so I could press my ragingly hot pussy against her thigh as I pressed my thigh against Courtney's swelteringly wet vulva.

Lowering my upper body, I rubbed my engorged nipples across my friend's equally turgid ones. Then, I tilted my head down and kissed Courtney's soft lips before I lightly bit her bottom lip. Courtney moaned vociferously as a petite but gratifying orgasm washed through her.

Courtney and I were totally focused on each other, so we were both shocked to our cores when Maddie swept in through my door and gasped, "Mom! What are you doing? I thought you hated lesbians? Are you one now? Is that why Dad has left? Aunty Kate ... I ... well ... I don't know what to think!"

Courtney squealed and tried to leap from the bed as I tried to grab the sheet and cover us up. Courtney's feet got tangled in the sheet as she tried to jump, and I attempted to lift it. She tumbled off the bed onto her ass and looked despairingly up at her daughter.

The whole situation suddenly appealed to my sense of humour, and I started giggling before dissolving into big, whooping laughs. Maddie tried to stay serious, but she quickly saw the funny side, too, and she also began laughing.

"Here I am, about to sneak into Aunty Kate's bed and seduce her, and what do I find? My mother rubbing her pussy against Aunty Kate's thigh! Mom? I thought you hated lesbians?"

"That was the most uncoordinated thing I've ever seen you do, Courts," I teased as Courtney embarrassedly struggled to her feet, trying to cover her breasts and pussy.

"Oh, give it up, Mom," Maddie exasperatedly said. "I've seen your tits and pussy many times before."

I looked at my friend as she blushed and stammered, unsure what to do. "It's time to tell Maddie what happened to you, babe," I told her. "Maddie needs to understand why you cringe when women show affection to each

other. There's a robe behind the door if you're uncomfortable with being naked."

Courtney sighed as tears welled in her eyes. "You're right," she said. "I should have told Ewan and all my family years ago, but I was so embarrassed."

She stood and got one of my robes from behind the door before tossing me another. I got out of bed and put it on before encouraging the two McKenzie women to sit on the loveseat and talk.

"Do you want me to stay or to leave and give you some privacy?" I queried.

"Stay!" They both said at once.

I sat opposite them on my bed and waited for Courtney to tell her daughter about what had happened at summer camp all those years ago. When Courtney came to the end of her tale, both women were hugging and crying. Courtney was relieved that her tale was told, and Maddie was sympathetic to what her mother had endured, as well as the years of self-doubts and recriminations that had been her mother's lot to bear.

When their tears settled, I looked searchingly at Maddie and said, "Now, Ms Maddie. Don't you have something to confess to your mother?" Maddie looked doubtful, but I smiled and nodded my head to encourage her.

Maddie sighed before sobbingly confessing that she'd had a similar experience at Netball Camp with one of the senior girls, except that she, Maddie, loved every second of it and quickly turned the tables on the older girl and made that girl her bitch.

"I'm a dominant lipstick lesbian, Mom. Oh, cock occasionally is okay, but I prefer to dominate other women. I don't mind guys as long as they're either quite effeminate or confident and serenely calm like Uncle John or Cousin Tommy. But most guys my age are arrogant tossers that, if they were on fire, I wouldn't cross the road to piss on."

Just to be clear here. We Muggletons and McKenzies are not biologically related, but Courtney always insisted her children addressed us as uncle or aunty as a sign of respect.

Maddie ended her tale as she and her mother cuddled and cried together, but then her famous (infamous?) teasing grin spread across her pretty face, and she asked innocently, “So, Mom, what exactly were you and Aunty Kate doing?”

Courtney started to answer, but I overrode her, “Your mom got tired of reacting negatively when two women showed affection to each other around her and asked me to help. I won’t tell you my story except to say that I’ve had quite the sexual awakening this year, and I wanted to help Courtney get over her historical hurts. We’ve slept together, as in slept in the same bed twice. Once, all we did was cuddle while we slept. The second time, we made love. I wasn’t expecting her to join me in bed tonight, however. Nor was I expecting you to come into my room uninvited.

“Now, I will not ruin my friendship with Courtney by having sex with her daughter and Courtney, my dear, I do not think we should rub your daughter’s face in our affair. So, if you ladies would like to return to your rooms, I’ll see you in the morning.”

The two women looked at each other briefly before nodding and smiling. Then, to my surprise, they leapt on me and dragged me onto my bed. Courtney lowered her flooded pussy onto my lips, blocking my view. Simultaneously, Maddie flicked my thighs over her shoulders, and I felt the unmistakable pressure of a cock against my dripping entrance. Maddie gave a soft push, and my pussy lips parted, allowing her cock to possess my creaming vulva.

To begin with, I was so shocked at their willingness to share me that my brain overloaded, and all I could do was groan into Courtney’s pussy as Maddie owned and dominated my sweet, tight pussy. However, as my lust began to rage, I grabbed Courtney’s slightly flabby ass and pulled her tightly to my sucking mouth and probing tongue.

Courtney had a soft orgasm on my questing tongue, but I think she struggled to relax and let go in her daughter's presence. I'd had several petite orgasms from Maddie's forceful fucking but hadn't climbed to the kind of epic peak I knew would come. Maddie realised that her lovers weren't cresting as quickly or as high as she wanted and decided to take charge.

As I've observed numerous times in these stories, my innately submissive nature means that I'm vulnerable to manipulation by powerfully dominant, emotionally calm people. So when Maddie demanded that I get off the bed onto my hands with my lush breasts on the mattress, I instantly obeyed. The surprise was when Maddie smacked her mother's slightly wobbly bottom and demanded she kneel beside me.

"I've always wanted a pair of Mommie sluts to serve me," Maddie cooed as she lined her strap-on cock with her mother's entrance and roughly shoved it inside. "Whooda thunk one would be my mother?"

Maddie smacked her mother's flabby bottom several times as she viciously fucked her. Courtney had lost all control. I guess her mind was blown away by her instinctual submission to her dominant lesbian daughter. I watched enviously as Maddie powerfully fucked her beautiful mother. Courtney started cresting every few minutes, each climax adding to the intensity of the next. Her head tossed back and forth as she repeatedly moaned, "Fuck me, Maddie. Fuck me hard. Fuck your mom with your beautiful girl cock. Oh, fuck me, Maddie!"

"Cum for me, my darling Mommie slut!" Maddie demanded as she fell onto her mother's back and grabbed her swinging teetahs.

Hearing those words catapulted me back into Edgar Fontaine's post-hypnotic suggestions, and even though they weren't directed at me, my mind pictured my children demanding the same of me in those exact words, and I climaxed as Courtney did.

"Good Mommie slut," Maddie cooed as she mauled Courtney's breasts. She pulled her 'cock' out of her mother's drooling pussy and smacked her ass. "Hop up onto the bed and play with yourself while I fuck Aunty Kate," she

instructed. Courtney complied as I reached between my long, shapely thighs and spread my pussy lips. Unfortunately, or maybe fortunately, Maddie had different ideas. She wiped her cock's head along my wet slit a few times to ensure it was well lubricated before she held my ass cheeks apart and spat on my tiny dark star.

"Good Mommie sluts like you, Aunty Kate," she crooned. "Need a good hard cock in your sweet little ass just as much as you need it in your dripping ... sigh ... here we go ... your dripping cunt! (I wonder if I'll ever be able to just type that word without feeling guilty?) Hold your slut ass cheeks apart so I can roger your dark fuck hole."

As soon as I complied, I felt Maddie's 'cock' against my little rosebud. I tensed, expecting her to take me as roughly as she had her mother. However, Maddie eased the dildo inside me until her pelvis pressed against my toned but curvy bum and then held still to give me time to grow accustomed to it stretching my ass sphincter.

I'd just opened my eyes and pushed back at the cock buried in my dark love hole when I spied a dripping, hairy pussy sliding under my mouth. Seeing and smelling Courtney's arousal flamed my desires even higher, and with a guttural groan, I lowered my mouth onto my friend's engorged clitty as her daughter began fucking me.

Maddie was soft and gentle, waiting to see if I could accept and enjoy anal sex. Of course, if you've been following my adventures, you'd know that I've been using my dark pleasure hole fairly frequently recently, so I soon needed more than the tender thrusts that Maddie gave me. I pushed my bottom back hard, lifted my mouth from Courtney's drooling pussy, and demanded, "Fuck me, Maddie! Stop prissing about and fuck your Aunt Kate!"

It finished up being an almost all-nighter. Maddie and I spent the night showing her mother how to serve two dominant lesbian women. The finale was Courtney riding my strap-on as her daughter fucked her nearly virgin ass. In between, Maddie dominated me and her mother as the one not receiving her 'cock' helped by suckling breasts or eating pussy.

By my phone, it was almost 4:00 a.m. before Courtney climaxed one more time and collapsed unconscious. Maddie took her strap-on off and sat on my face as we sixty-nined until we orgasmed, then she rolled me into the ‘little spoon’ position, cupped my lush left breast, and we slept.

I woke up back in a McKenzie woman sandwich. Courtney had rolled during the night, and now her pillowy B-cup+ breasts pressed against my firm Double-ds. Maddie’s strong left hand still cupped and gently kneaded my globe as her breath tickled the back of my neck. I kissed Courtney so she’d wake up and smiled when she smiled and opened her eyes. “Morning, beautiful,” I told her. “You need to let me up before I wet the bed.”

Courtney playfully tried to poke my curved but toned tummy, but I’d been sleeping with teenagers and was used to those kinds of hijinks, so I kept my abdomen muscles taut to prevent her from doing so. “Aww,” she protested as her finger bent and my tummy didn’t. “You’re no fun!” She rolled and let me get out of bed before pinching my shapely bottom as I walked past her.

“Payback’s a bish, you know?” I teased as I closed my bathroom door.

I hadn’t bothered to lock my en suite door, so I wasn’t surprised when Maddie joined me in the shower. After we’d hugged and kissed, I leaned back and asked, “So, Miss Maddie, what was that all about?”

“Whatever do you mean, Aunty Kate?” Maddie innocently asked, acting the ingénue.

“You know darned well what I mean, Miss Maddison,” I pretended to growl. “Incest is not that common, and lesbian incest rarer still, I’d presume.”

“Krissy and I are good friends, Kate,” Maddie said mysteriously.

However, my skin crawled as I feared what she’d say next. “Since when? And that matters because?”

“Krissy contacted me through her TikTok account about nine months ago,” Maddie explained. “Krissy knew that I was a lesbian and wanted some

advice. Eventually, Krissy confessed that you and she had been intimate. Krissy wanted to learn how to make sex good for you because, as a virgin, she felt that she was getting way more from your lovemaking than you."

"So, did you and Krissy ... umm ... you know?" I asked.

"Isn't that between Krissy and me?" Maddie queried. "But no, we did not 'you know' together. However, it did make me remember that I've desired you forever and made me wonder what it would be like to make love to my mother. Then, last night, it all came together, and I got to fuck you both." She grinned broadly as her fingers slid onto my swelling clit and spread my labia.

"I just hope that your mother can handle what we did last night," I muttered as I returned Maddie's favour and fingered her slippery slit. "From being terrified of showing affection to another woman to having a three-way lesbian romp with one of the three-way being her daughter in a few short weeks. That's a massive change in a short period of time."

"Mom was on the phone to Dad when I came in here," Maddie explained. "If she's bothered by last night, she certainly isn't showing it. In fact, I'm unsure of the last time I saw her so happy and chatty. I think that thing she spoke to us about last night has weighed heavily on her for quite some time. And now that it's out, she feels much better."

"I hope so," I said sincerely. "Now, as much fun as fingering your tight little pussy is, I need to dress and open our office."

"Let me make you cum first, Aunty Kate," Maddie insisted as she pushed me against the shower wall and moved her thumb onto my thick clit. Maddie slipped two fingers into my hot pussy as we kissed passionately. "Cum for me, Aunty slut Kate," Maddie demanded as she bit where my neck meets my shoulder.

There was that word again. That, combined with the still hovering 'slut imperative' left me powerless to resist, and with a barely stifled scream, I climaxed on my young lover's thrusting fingers.

“Good Mommie slut,” Maddie cooed as she pushed her fingers into my mouth for me to clean. “I’ll see you in the kitchen for breakfast shortly.”

“Yes, Ma’am,” I instinctively answered as I stepped from the shower and dried myself. “What would Mistress like for her breakfast?”

“What is my slut having?” Maddie asked.

“If I’m the first into the kitchen, I’ll make fruit smoothies for everyone,” I informed her. “But if Gina or one of the others is already up, they’re as likely to have made acai bowls for us girls, but they would have started a cooked breakfast for Tommy, and I can get Gina to make one for you, too, if you want.”

“Bacon and eggs sounds good to me, my little slut Mommie,” Maddie said before turning to rinse the shampoo from her hair.

I swiftly did my hair and makeup and dressed in my Ion collared, striped, button front, slim fit, black tank top and a white leather midi skirt with my white 4-inch heeled pumps. The tank top was made to look like a suit waistcoat, and it clung to every centimetre of my lush breasts, leaving vast expanses of my décolletage uncovered. With only two buttons, my top left my belly button exposed, so I swapped out my sunburst ring for a round opal one that completely filled my ‘innie’ belly button. The ring had a small platinum chain that led to another smaller opal in a teardrop shape. My skirt adhered to my shapely ass like a second skin, of course.

Patty and my girls had already begun breakfast, so I added Maddie’s order to the process chain, took a coffee, and sat at the dining room table. Given how many people were living/staying/eating with me every day, we had to use this table more often because the kitchen table was too small to fit us all. Maddie and Courtney joined me there soon after I’d arrived. I watched as they walked in, worried about Courtney’s reaction to having sex with her daughter the previous night. However, both McKenzie women seemed relaxed and chatty as they entered the room.

Courtney looked a question at her daughter, who nodded her head. Courtney released Maddie’s hand and came around the table to sit in my lap. “Thank

you, Kate,' she breathed after kissing me about as fiercely as I've ever been kissed.

"For what?" I wondered.

"Freeing me from my fear of physical intimacy with women and showing me that loving and sexually desiring my daughter is okay." Then Courtney blushed. "Maddie told me that you and Krissy share like Maddie and I do."

I suppressed a wince because I knew it would hurt my friend, but the last thing I needed was even more of my friends knowing that I was an incestuous slut Mommie. Hugging Courtney as we shared a soft kiss, I replied, "You're very welcome, honey."

"Unhand that woman," Patty joked as she brought Maddie's and my breakfasts to the table. "You don't know where she's been!"

Of course, with Patty living with us almost permanently, there were few secrets left between us, so I lengthened my kiss with Courtney as I casually slipped my hand inside her T-shirt and fondled her soft breasts. "I know exactly where she's been," I teased. "She's been here," I indicated my lips. "Here," I pointed at my breasts," and here," I touched my pussy.

Patty's eyes widened as she watched me pet and stroke our uptight friend. "You've become lovers!" She stated disbelievingly.

"Weren't you the one that said I was irresistible when I set out to seduce someone?" I archly asked when Courtney and I broke our kiss. "What chance do you think Courts had when I decided to bed her?"

"Absolutely none at all," Patty admitted as she almost enviously watched Courtney and me making out.

Courtney giggled before separating from me and sitting on a chair. Breakfast was eaten with the usual teasing and banter, and before long, Courtney, Maddie and I were the only ones left. Then, Courtney finished her coffee and announced they needed to get going to ensure Maddie got to school on time.

I picked up the few remaining dishes and put them in the washer before crossing to the garage and going upstairs to open our office. After following the usual opening procedures, I turned on the computers and checked my emails. My only mail was in the spam folders, so I deleted those and opened my uni courses. A new unit had appeared in my Masters course, so I opened that and began reading the learning material.

It only took me about forty minutes to skim through the reading lists, so I tried the preparation exercises. I got two out of the twenty questions wrong, so I highlighted those and went looking for the relevant passages in the text. I'd gotten so involved in studying that I was only vaguely aware that the bell on the door had rung, indicating that I had a visitor. A little annoyed by the interruption, I looked up and broke into a smile. "Mister Rick Singleton," I grinned. "I thought you'd cast this old girl aside to pursue Ms Jennifer?"

Freddy pulled his hand out from behind his back and handed me a single red rose. "Never, my darling Kate," he smoothly said. "You are and will always be my favourite slut Mommie."

"I'm not sure that precludes you from chasing Jennifer," I pointed out. "Given she's not a mommie."

"Not through lack of trying on my behalf," Freddy joked. "Thank modern miracles such as the pill for her lack of pregnancy!"

"Show off," I teased.

"Joking aside, Kate," Freddy said earnestly. "I know I can never have you as mine, so given that, my heart is set on Krissy. Jennifer is a welcome diversion as I struggle to become the type of man your daughter deserves, but my heart belongs to Krissy if only she'd notice and accept it."

"The very fact that Jennifer is prepared to date and fuck you is a massive step up from where you were," I reminded him. "You were firmly planted in the friend zone with all the girls. Anyway. What brings you darkening my doorstop this fine morning?"

“I have tickets to the Home Free concert at The Triffid Hotel tomorrow night, my love,” Freddy explained. “You will dress in something spectacularly sexy and be ready for me to take you to dinner at 5:30 p.m. We’ll catch the show after we’ve eaten, and you will stay the night at my place.”

“Yes, Sir,” I replied, my submissive nature responding to Freddy’s calm dominance. “Thank you for my rose and for inviting me.”

“Kneel, Kate,” Freddy confidently commanded, and before I knew it, I was on my knees with my mouth parted, waiting for his sturdy six-inch cock.

Freddy didn’t disappoint me as he undid his trousers and dropped them to his knees. Seeing my prize, I knee-walked across to him and placed my hands on his hips. Then, lowering my head, I took the tip of Freddy’s already-erect cock in my mouth and free-handed down until my nose pressed against his hairy abdomen.

“Gawd, my little Kate slut,” Freddy groaned as I cupped his tight balls and gently massaged them. “You’re the best cock sucker in the world!”

Even though I knew Freddy’s sample size wasn’t that big, I still preened under his praise and redoubled my efforts to suck him dry. Freddy tried to be cool by keeping his hands behind his head as he peered down at me. However, I looked submissively up at him through my eyelashes and smiled, and Freddy immediately lost it. His large, powerful hands snatched to my hair, and he grabbed two big handfuls as he started fucking my mouth as hard as he could. In response, I opened my mouth a little wider and relaxed my throat. Even though Freddy’s rigid cock bounced off my gag reflex with every inward stroke, I ignored it and concentrated on lashing his glans on his outward stroke.

“Oh, Gawd,” Kate!” Freddy moaned as his prostate cramped and his cock gushed seminal fluids into my greedily sucking mouth. My young lover jerked and shuddered several times before he held my head tightly and forced his entire shaft into my willing mouth. Holding my nose against his abdomen, Freddy revelled in the last few mostly dry twitches of his orgasm before he released his held breath and pulled out. Smiling happily down at

me, Freddy said, “Pull your skirt off and jump up on the counter, please, my little slut Kate.”

The sheer naughtiness of sitting bare-assed on my front counter had my already steamingly hot pussy literally dripping, and I almost leapt from where I was to there. However, it proved to be an awkward position for both of us. Too low for Freddy to comfortably eat my pussy, and too high for him to fuck me.

Showing the strength his years of training had given him, Freddy picked me up and lowered me onto his ragingly erect cock. Then, as my powerful, shapely thighs locked around his slim hips, Freddy pushed me against the glass window beside the front door. With my bare, shapely ass pressed firmly against the glass, Freddy powered his sturdy but averagely-sized penis in and out of my blazingly hot pussy.

Again, the sheer public lewdness of the act inflamed my libido, and I began cresting repeatedly as Freddy stabbed his rigidly erect penis into my welcoming pussy. I was close to another climactic peak when my young lover growled deep within his chest and began rough-humping me as hard as he could. Freddy’s hands moved from my toned, curvy ass onto my shoulders, and he ripped me down as he rammed powerfully into me.

“Cum with, my darling slut Mommie,” Freddy demanded as he slammed me onto his pelvic bone and rotated his pubis across my clit.

“Yesssssssssssssss!!!!!!!” I hissed into his mouth as Freddy sprayed my vulva with his thick man goo. Although Freddy’s cock wasn’t deep enough in me to spray his semen onto my cervix, the feeling of his warm gift pulsing into my vagina crashed me into another orgasm, and I screamed again.

Freddy carried me to the office sofa and sat down. But after only a few seconds, I was worried about staining the leather, so I regretfully slid off his lap and fetched a pair of wet washers from the kitchen area. Then, kneeling before my lover, I carefully cleaned Freddy’s cock and balls before kissing his cock’s tip and thanking him for my orgasms.

Freddy thanked me in turn before standing to put his trousers and underwear back on. I cleaned myself as best I could, but after Freddy left, I'd need to go to my bathroom to douche or at least put panties on. I thought about that and realised I needed to bring several pairs to the office for such occasions. Especially given how often I've been fucked in our work office lately. I offered Freddy a cup of coffee, and after we'd chatted and drunk that, he excused himself and told me he'd see me tomorrow evening.

I temporarily flicked the phones back to the service and locked the front door so I could clean up. Only a few minutes later, wearing a fresh pair of panties and carrying some extras, I returned to the office and started working on my course again. The rest of the day passed uneventfully, and at five O'clock, I closed up for the night and went to my kitchen to start dinner.

However, when I got there, Patty and my girls were already in the midst of preparing our meal. "Just the four of us for dinner," Jennifer announced. "Tommy's staying with Gina tonight." She opened the fridge, got out a bottle, and poured me a wine. "Sit, Momma. Relax. We've got this."

I know it probably seems weird to you, but I was a little put out by being sidelined during dinner preparations. But you have to understand that for nearly twenty years, my sole task was to look after my husband and children and to be an ornament on John's arm when we attended the various functions he was expected to frequent. With Charmaine and Jennifer taking over most of my household chores, I had little to do anymore, and it bugged me because I felt I was failing at my job. However, my young projects were helping in the only way they knew how, so I smiled, sat at the breakfast bar, sipped my wine and joined in the banter as the others swirled through my kitchen.

Dinner passed with the usual chatter and playful teasing. After we'd tidied up, we poured glasses of wine and adjourned to the lounge. Charmaine had been chatting about the movie The Best Exotic Marigold Hotel, and Patty hadn't seen it yet, so we found it on Foxtel and settled in to watch it. Unsurprisingly, Charmaine sat in Patty's lap, and the two slender women made out, hardly watching the movie at all. I smiled because I knew that

most of the reason that Patty hadn't bothered trying to find a place to live was because she had fallen in love with my petite, dark-haired friend.

The movie ended, and it was time for bed. I'd resigned myself to sleeping alone, but when we got to Charmaine's and Jennifer's flatlet, Jennifer followed me farther down to my room.

"I've missed making love to you, Momma," was all Jennifer would say when I looked at her searchingly. But when I raised a questioning eyebrow, she added, "It seems everyone's found someone except me. I'm feeling a little alone and left out."

"No designs on Freddy?" I queried. "You seem to have enjoyed your nights out with him."

Jennifer grimaced and replied, "He's now precisely what we both want in a man. He's mature, calm, self-assured, and dominant without being overbearing. Now, if he'd just stop talking about Krissy and you all the time, I might have a chance with him."

I sympathised with her as we undressed and got into bed. Of course, I'd spent a good part of my morning playing with said Freddy, so I didn't need to climax for myself. But Jennifer was clearly a little wanting and needy, so we made soft love together until we shared a minor but gratifying orgasm and then slept in each other's arms.

It was my turn to be first into the kitchen that morning, so I made fruit bowls and coffee for everyone before returning to my en suite to shower and change for work. This morning, I wore another item I'd bought online. It was a Privé vintage-look blazer and skirt combination. The outfit was in a midnight blue, and it set off my dark eyes and tanned skin beautifully. Underneath the blazer, I wore a canary yellow square neck top that barely covered my puffy nipples and left the tops of my mounded globes bare. I wore a strapless bra because the top's square was so low, and I chose to wear panties for a change. You know? Just in case ... again!

The morning began uneventfully, with only a few stock changes that John wanted me to make. Using the knowledge I'd gained from my discussions

with James, I studied the stocks and was sure I knew why John wanted these changes. After I'd made the swaps, I watched the portfolios they'd been made from and smiled as their worth steadily increased.

I was about to close the office for lunch when the door opened, and a tall, suave, confident man entered. I moved from my computer chair to beside the front counter to greet him. I couldn't quite pick his accent, but I guessed from his dusky skin tone that he was from somewhere in Africa. We chatted and flirted for a while, but it soon became apparent that Muggleton Consultancy couldn't help him because he was looking for venture capital to start an accountancy business.

I was enjoying the chat and gentle flirting, but we were both aware that the other wore wedding rings and knew it wouldn't go beyond that. However, one can never have enough friends, so I invited my tall visitor to stay and chat over coffee. To my delight, he asked for tea, English Breakfast, if I had it. I did, so I made a pot and took it and cups to the coffee table before the office's lounge. I poured for us both and offered milk and sweetener. Akiki (please call me Andrew) asked for black with a taste of honey, if I had it. I did, and of course, I had that, too.

Akiki Amina, my visitor, was Ugandan born but Australian raised. However, his family was large, and his accent reflected his Ugandan heritage. With his exceptionally tall, well-muscled physique and deep, resonant voice, Akiki had my motors running, and I was glad I'd worn panties this morning.

We'd consumed two cups each, and I'd run out of excuses to keep Andrew (Akiki) talking. However, before he could say his goodbyes, James entered the office. I introduced the pair, and they immediately fell into an involved conversation about Andrew's monetary needs, his experience, and what assets he had to support the loan.

It turned out that Andrew was a junior partner in one of Brisbane's largest accounting firms. However, he'd grown disillusioned with the company's direction and management structure and wanted to break away from what he called the 'drudgery of his current existence'. I was a little surprised that I could keep up with the conversation and impressed by how both men

deferred to me and asked for my opinion on things. I then realised that financing a business venture and investing in the stock market bore only a faint resemblance to each other. However, many of the terms are interchangeable, and I could comprehend most of what was being said.

James made an appointment to meet Akiki (Andrew) at the site he'd chosen for his premises. It turned out that it wasn't far from where James had bought the property for his daughter's and Patty's new medical practice. I grinned because I knew I'd just met Patty's first tenant. I insisted on getting Andrew's number, too, and told him I'd invite him and his wife for dinner when my husband got home from The Netherlands. After Akiki promised to drop by again, I let him go and turned my attention to my dapper, older lover.

I took James' hands in mine and leant forward to kiss him. The vague tingle I'd felt ever since the tall Ugandan man had entered my office shifted a little higher and settled on my thick clit. Shaking off an image of lying on the older man with his cock buried in my dripping pussy as his son slowly forced his cock inside me to join his father's, I asked if James wanted a cup of tea.

James agreed quickly, so I emptied the pot and rinsed it before adding Earl Grey tea leaves and making a fresh pot. I grabbed a clean cup for James and carried the pot back to the low table. After I poured his cup and added a dab of honey, I ensured my lush breasts dragged across his upper arm as I handed it to him.

James chuckled before fondly saying, "You do like to tease, Mrs Muggleton, don't you? Poor Akiki must have been in pain from his hard cock straining against his undershorts."

Reaching out and touching James' cheek, I pursed my pouty lips and batted my eyes. "Well, of course I do," I replied. "Giving men a hardon is pretty much my job these days."

"And if it were a job, you'd be the highest-paid person doing it!" James exclaimed.

“Flattery will get you absolutely everywhere,” I told him as I pressed my long, shapely thigh against him. “Now, Mister Squire, I’m sure you didn’t come here just to compliment me and drink my tea, so what can I do for you?”

“Actually, my darling Kate,” James said smoothly. “I pretty much did ‘just come over to compliment you’ and share a cup of tea. When you’re retired, as I am, finding things to fill your day becomes your occupation. I played golf this morning, showered, got in my car, and came to see you. Your company is a delight, your conversation scintillating, and, of course, you’re as sexy as all hell, so what better way to spend some of my day?”

“By taking me to lunch?” I offered.

“If you’re able to leave the office unattended for that length of time, then I’d be delighted to take you to lunch,” James replied, pleased. “Where shall we go?”

“Coopers on the Esplanade at Manly?” I offered. “We could get some fish and chips and then walk along the foreshore.”

“Sounds like a plan,” James smilingly said. “Shall we?” He stood and offered his hand.

“We shall,” I replied, letting him help me to my feet.

I switched the phones to the service and put up the ‘out to lunch sign’. Then, taking James’ arm, I let him guide me to his Mercedes-Benz Maybach and got inside. A short drive later, we sat in the cool breeze outside Cooper’s Speciality Coffee and Tap House.

I was tempted to order a glass of wine but decided that going back to work smelling of alcohol was unprofessional, so I stuck to coffee. As usual, James’ conversation was sparkling, witty, and full of self-deprecating jokes. As a man who had successfully built an empire worth a fortune from a very basic beginning, James felt no need to be grandiose or self-aggrandising. In fact, his conversation contained only passing references to his successful career and how much he was worth. Instead, we spoke of his life with his

beloved Annie, his pride in his children, Jimmy and Penelope, and the places he'd visited.

James' descriptions of the exotic places he'd travelled to made me long to visit them myself. He talked about how, in his early career, and much as my husband has needed to, too, he despaired about leaving Annie and his kids behind and longed to return home to their embrace. Then, he described the joy he experienced when Jimmy and Penny were in boarding school, and he could take Annie on his trips, and how that joy expanded when Penny, who was the youngest, graduated university and they travelled as a family.

By the time James got to talk about travelling as a family, we were walking hand-in-hand along the foreshore. I was snuggled against James' right side, holding his slender hand as close to my blazing pussy as I dared, hoping he'd realise how hot and horny I was. However, even if he noticed, James was too much of a gentleman to take advantage of my need in public, so I tried to 'cool my jets', so to speak, and just enjoy his company.

After two pleasant hours, James returned me to the office, and we shared another pot of tea as we chatted. Finally, around 3:00 p.m., James sighed and regretfully said he needed to return home. After my conversation with Patty, I thought James would invite me to his place for dinner on Saturday night, but he hadn't mentioned anything about it. However, as he took my hands in his and kissed my cheek, James asked, "My darling, Kate, I hope you're free this Saturday evening? I'd like you to come to dinner at my place, and then, if you're willing, I'd like to share with you and Jimmy one of the things that Annie and I loved to do together."

"Do I get a hint about the 'thing' you and Annie loved to do?" I queried. I didn't really care because I knew I was safe with the dapper older gentleman, and whatever he had planned would be an exciting proposition, but I was curious.

"No, you don't," James chuckled as he opened the door. "But I know you'll enjoy it. Annie used to, immensely."

James left, and because it was close enough to closing, I locked the office up and walked to my house. No one was home, and I had some lamb steaks

I wanted to prepare for dinner, so I got them out and began. After making a marinade of olive oil, garlic cloves, finely chopped, pinch-dried chilli flakes, and a small bunch of chopped mint, I rubbed it into the steaks and covered them with paper towels. Next, I wedged some potatoes and covered them with olive oil, rosemary and garlic flakes. I covered those, too, and put them beside the lamb steaks to allow the seasoning to permeate the wedges and meat. Finally, I made a Greek salad and placed it in the fridge.

Satisfied that dinner was prepared, I walked to my bedroom to shower and change into something casual so I'd be ready for my returning family. I wanted to wear something understatedly sexy that would stir the libido of everyone there, so I took my time selecting my outfit.

After discarding several choices, I decided on my white lace-trim camisole tank top. This top, made of stretch cotton, clung to my luscious sixteen Double-D breasts and shapely waist. I paired it with a pleated, pink, high-waisted miniskirt and my white wedge sneakers, which were sockless, of course.

When I returned to my kitchen, everyone was home. Gina had put the wedges in the oven, and Tommy was preparing the outside BBQ grill to cook the steaks. I accepted a glass of white wine from Patty and joined her at the breakfast bar. I put my arms around Patty's slender waist and rested my head on her shoulder. "You doing okay, gorgeous?" I asked.

Patty sighed as she leant back against me and relaxed. "Mostly, babe," she replied. "It still pisses me off that Billy decided to end our nearly twenty-year relationship, but if he hadn't, I'd have probably never met Charmaine, nor would I have the business opportunity James is giving me. So, maybe things have worked out okay for me, you know?"

I pulled Patty's singlet out of her jean shorts and slid my hands up her toned stomach onto her large nipples. Pinching and rolling them between my thumbs and fingers, I lightly bit her neck before saying, "Plus, you've had more sex in the few weeks you've lived with me than in all those twenty years you were married to Billy Bumble."

"Did you ever like Billy, Kate?" Patty wondered.

“Yeah, I did,” I assured her. “Billy is a good guy. I just hate the way he ended things with you. Did you know that he and Mason were lovers before you caught Mason blowing him?” I moved my right hand from Patty’s nipple and onto her inner thigh, but she giggled and twisted away from me.

“Behave,” she admonished. “Or I will make you eat my pussy here at the breakfast bar.”

“Jump on the bar, then,” I offered. “None of the others will care.”

“If you’re blowing Patty, then I’m next,” Tommy stated as he walked past and smacked my taut, curvy buns.

I patted the top of the bar and said, “Hop up. Me and Patty will share.”

“Horny, Mom?” Tommy queried. “What’s got your motor running?”

I giggled and described Akiki’s visit and how I’d spent a delightful couple of hours with James.

My son chuckled and said, “Taller than me? That alone would have your thighs squelching as you walked.”

I admitted that was true, and we fell into a laughing conversation about who we found a turn-on. Of course, for us girls, the usual suspects of Brad Pitt, George Clooney, Tommy Depp, and Chris Hemsworth were all in there. But then I confessed that I thought Brian Dennehy was the hottest male actor, just ahead of Sam Elliott, and the others lost their collective minds. I tried to explain that I found their calm, dominant personalities attractive, but I was mercilessly teased for my choices.

After eating and spending time playing pool, swimming, and watching TV, it was time for bed. Tommy told the others to give him and me some space because he wanted to be alone with me. I grinned because it felt a lot like when Mom and Dad needed to discipline me. Initially, I wasn’t concerned because I hadn’t done anything wrong, but then I guiltily remembered that I’d added Maddie to my extensive list of lovers without receiving permission. It wouldn’t be too big of a deal because Maddie was a woman,

but I should have refused her advances until I'd checked with my husband or son.

"I like your outfit, Mom," Tommy stated as he closed my door and leant against it.

"Thanks, baby," I replied. "I chose it specifically for you."

"So, Momma. It's been a few days. Do you have anything to confess to me?"

Kneeling and placing my forehead on his feet, I replied, "Yes, Sir, I do. Maddie, Courtney and I spent Sunday night making love."

"Courtney had incestuous sex with her daughter?" Tommy, disbelieving, queried. "I would never have seen that coming!"

"Well, apparently, I've been Maddie's favourite fantasy forever, so when she caught her mother and me making love, she joined in. It turns out that Maddie's a dominant lipstick lesbian who has always wanted a mommie slut or two to serve her. Her mother and I fit the bill, so she dominated us as we fucked."

"Okay," Tommy muttered. Then, in a stronger voice, he asked, "Are there any other lovers you've added without permission?"

"No, Sir," I confirmed.

"Akiki?"

"He's male and married, so I wouldn't do that without permission, Tommy," I firmly said.

"But you wanted to," Tommy chuckled.

"Yes," I admitted. "I've never had a lover who wasn't basically white. Charmaine and Juana are South American but barely darker than me, so they don't count."

So, if Dad and Akiki's wife want to play, you'll be keen?"

"Yes," I confessed. "I wonder if the rumours about black men being more endowed than white men on average is true."

"You turning into a size queen on me, Mom?" Tommy teased.

"You mean, am I looking for someone larger than Jumbo?" I giggled. "Not only no, but heck no! You and your father are plenty big enough for me." I waited for Tommy's response before raising something that was bothering me. He didn't reply, so I added, "James has invited me for dinner at his place on Saturday night."

"Yes," Tommy answered. "James checked with Dad if that was okay."

"James wants to share something with me that he shared with Annie," I explained.

"And?" Tommy asked.

"I've seen Annie's photos, Tommy," I clarified. "Some of them are pretty wild. Cocks in all of her three holes as she tugged on two more. Sitting on two cocks that were in her ass as she leant back and took another in her pussy. As I said, pretty wild!"

"You're worried he might want you to do that?" Tommy queried.

"Well, worried and maybe a little excited," I confessed embarrassedly.

"You want to try what Annie did?" Tommy wonderingly asked.

"It looked really hot," I stated as my pussy flared, imagining being thrice penetrated **and** holding two more cocks in my hand. I'd done something mildly similar with Betty at her sex shop. But all I'd done there was suck a cock as I tugged two more. Betty was feasting on my slippery pussy as I sucked and jerked.

Tommy considered my statements before coming to a decision. "I'm not concerned about you taking Maddie as a lover, so there's no corrections due

for that." He thought some more. "I, too, am interested in what James and his son have planned for you so you may attend James' dinner and enjoy everything that happens that night. However, when Jimmy delivers you home on Sunday, you will find me and confess everything that you did and have an accurate count of the extra lovers you took the previous night."

"Yes, Sir," I replied, hoping Tommy would take me roughly. This morning's romp with Freddy was enjoyable, but the subsequent meeting with Andrew (Akiki) and James had roused my libido to a fever pitch, and I needed dousing.

"Get on your hands and knees on the bed, my darling slut Mommie," Tommy hoarsely demanded. "Hold your pretty ass cheeks apart because I'm going to fuck your tight little dark hole."

Moaning with unrequited desire, I got onto the bed and spread my knees as far apart as possible so Tommy could reach my tiny dark star. My son used his powerful hands to part my toned butt cheeks and spat on my ring. Then, he lined up his throbbing member with my rear love hole and firmly thrust it inside. I moaned and jerked as my son's cock pared my knot open and possessed my craving ass.

"Tell me how much you love your son fucking your dirt hole, Mom," Tommy required of me.

"I do, baby boy," I told him. "I love having your magnificent cock in any of my love holes. Now fuck your Mommie and fill her with your baby-making seed."

Tommy set up a pounding rhythm that had me cresting almost immediately. However, a sudden image of my son's gigantic cock spewing its load against my cervix and his swimmers immediately powering toward my womb sent me crashing into a climactic orgasm. Tipping my head back, I howled my climax to the ceiling before I felt Tommy's extensive cock swell even larger and begin spurting into my warm colon. Feeling his scalding jism exploding into my tight rear canal sent me into another caterwauling climax that caused the world to turn grey around me.

Jennifer and Gina, who must have been listening at my door, boiled into the room as my breath left me. They helped me onto the bed, and I slept the sleep of the just—as in ‘just been fucked’.

Wednesday, after the girls and I had done our session with Patrick and his new fiancée, passed without anything of importance happening. The office was quiet with no emails, phone calls or visitors, and it was soon time for me to close it up and prepare for my date with my ‘project’, Mister Freddy (aka Rick) Singleton. I giggled to myself, thinking about ‘enduring’ another ‘slut walk of shame’ into my home on Thursday morning.

Freddy had requested that I wear something ‘spectacularly sexy’, so I trolled through my extensive wardrobe, looking for an item that fitted his requirements. Eventually, I settled on my azure blue, deep V-neck, backless, sleeveless, skort romper. To the viewer’s eye, my romper appeared to be a micro micro-skirt that covered only about seven-eighths of my shapely, curvaceous ass. However, underneath the skirt part of my outfit was a gusset that kept my divine assets safely covered. The deep Vee of my romper exposed my generous globes almost to my nipples, and I needed to put double-sided tape on them to ensure they remained inside my outfit.

I added some large, hoop-ringed earrings and a matching Aztec necklace. Then, I did my makeup in Gothic black, with purple eyeshadow and plum red lipstick. I outlined my pouting lips around 5 mm wider than their actual size and carefully filled them in to create an even more prominent pout in a perfect cupid’s bow. The final addition to my look was the same thigh-high fuck me boots I wore to Eugenie’s function. At the last second, I decided to put my luscious black locks into a top knot, a la Barbara Eden in I Dream of Jeanie.

I examined myself in my full-length mirror and happy with how I looked, strolled into my kitchen, swinging my hips outrageously. The kitchen was full of my extended family, who were all engaged in chatting and teasing each other. However, when I walked in, the conversation immediately faltered.

“OMG!” Jennifer breathed. “Lucky Freddy!”

“You like?” I preened as I did a slow pirouette so they could all admire my outfit.

“Like?” Patty drawled in her typically pithy fashion. “You’re a walking cock hardener and cunt wetter. You’re going to a standing-only concert? That fine ass of yours is going to be groped all night!”

“Oh,” I fretted. “Do you think I should change?”

“Nah. Fuck ‘em,” Patty replied. “Let Freddy sort out the ones who overstep the line.”

Freddy knocked on the door at precisely 5:30 p.m. I opened it to see that he’d gone with an all-leather look. Tight leather pants that delightfully outlined his solid package and clung to his leanly muscled legs. Freddy had patent leather black boots beneath his leather trousers. Above those, Freddy wore a black leather waistcoat that adhered closely to his broad, powerful chest and exposed the sexy chest hairs between his well-formed pecs. Over his waistcoat, Freddy had a black bomber jacket that emphasised his wide shoulders. Seriously, readers, it was all I could do not to drop to my knees and beg to suck his partially inflated cock!

“Oh, wow, Freddy!” Gina huskily breathed. “That is ... you look ... just ... wow!” She turned to me, “Momma, whatever you’re doing to him, keep doing it!”

Patty, Charmaine, and Jennifer agreed enthusiastically, so I put my arm around Freddy’s waist, grabbed the back of his head, and kissed him with everything I had. Turning back to the envious women, I said, “Eat your hearts out, bishes! For tonight, he is all mine!”

Freddy complimented my outfit as he walked me to his car, and I got in, happy that I’d impressed my young suitor. We drove to Fortitude Valley and stopped for dinner at Mr. Vain Restaurant & Bar. I’d never been there before, so it was a new experience for me. The venue had live music, with a Jazz band doing covers of various 90s hits. I found the mix-up a little jarring at first but swiftly began to appreciate the band’s ability to put a new swing on some songs from my childhood.

After eating, it was time for the show. I came across this group ‘Home Free’ on YouTube while browsing for some other music I remembered from when my kids were preteens. When I first listened to their versions of various country music classics, they described themselves as ‘the world’s only acapella country music group’. Because of their popularity, several groups are now singing similarly, so they now say they’re ‘the world’s first acapella country music group’. Given the band covers such artists as Tommy Cash and The Oak Ridge Boys, I was a little surprised that Freddy had even heard of them, let alone wanted to see them.

The Triffid Hotel, the venue for the show, is a ‘first there, best dressed’ type of place. With no allocated spots, you found a place to stand when you got there. Freddy and I arrived relatively late, so we had to stand near the back. However, the stage was clearly visible, and from the music playing, the acoustics were good, so we weren’t concerned.

Everything proceeded without any problems to begin with. Oh, I was ogled, and a number of men pushed past me, letting their upper arms brush across my luscious breasts or the back of their hand across my sexy ass when there was no need to pass that closely. But that is par for the course for women as sexy and beautiful as I am, so it didn’t bother me.

However, when the lights dimmed, I quickly realised that dressing so provocatively was a mistake. Hands immediately groped my curvaceous ass as fingers poked my puffy nipples. Freddy swiftly came to my rescue. Pulling my back into his front, Freddy wrapped his arms protectively around my extensive bosom. A short time after that, I felt Freddy’s hand flash down, and then a man gave a stifled yelp before staggering away, holding what, even in the dim light of theatre, I could see was a broken finger. The asshole had tried to finger me, so Freddy had persuaded him it was a bad idea.

The rest of the creeps in our vicinity took the hint, and Freddy didn’t have to make any more examples of people. Of course, Freddy’s swift handling of the perverts had my motors running, and my puffy nipples popped against his arms. Feeling my arousal, Freddy stealthily rearranged his throbbingly erect cock so it stood straight up and pushed it into my butt’s cleft.

Reaching between us, I unzipped Freddy and took his cock out. Then I moved my skirt's gusset aside and pressed Freddy's sturdy cock between my butt cheeks and began rhythmically squeezing it between my muscular ass globes.

"Keep that up, and I'm going to cum on your ass, Kate," Freddy muttered into my ear.

Giggling, I squeezed harder and longer between pulses. Freddy moaned and began to almost imperceptibly hump his cock along my crack. It felt good, and no one seemed to notice, so I took Freddy's hands and moved them to my nipples. Freddy squeezed and released them in time to the music, driving my arousal even higher.

We continued stimulating each other through several songs, but then the young woman, about Freddy's age, who stood before us, turned around. "I've been watching and listening to you two," she said, looking longingly into my eyes. "And I'm so hot that I swear my pussy is about to burst into flames!" With that, she pressed her jeans-covered pussy against my thighs and stood on tiptoes to kiss me.

"Charlotte!" a young blonde man standing close to her hissed. "What are you doing?"

"Shut up, Steven," Charlotte snapped back. "You're supposed to be grounded. If I tell Mom you snuck out to come to the concert with me, she'll ground you until you're fifty!"

"Your brother?" I asked. Then, when she nodded, I added, "Ages?"

"I'm twenty, and this concert is my brother's eighteenth birthday present. He turned eighteen last week. He's a virgin."

"And you know this, how?" I queried as the young woman continued grinding her pussy against me, the heat coming from it impressive.

"We tell each other everything, and Steven would have told me if he scored."

“For how long have you two danced around becoming lovers?” I asked shrewdly.

“Ever since Steve’s birthday,” Charlotte admitted, blushing bright red.

“You have some experience?” I presume.

“Yeah, but it was a disaster. Besides, I think I prefer women, you know?”

The patrons around us hadn’t said anything yet, but I could see they were getting antsy about us talking during the show, so I said, “Stay close, and we’ll get a drink together after the show. In the meantime, back your sexy ass up against me, and we’ll watch the show.”

Steve hadn’t said anything while Charlotte and I talked, but he blushed and fidgeted when she accused him of being a virgin, so I presumed that he was. I’d never made love with a virgin before, and the thought of taking this young guy’s virginity was quite intoxicating, so I smiled, took his hand and pulled him close enough for my lush bosom to press against the back of his upper arm. I risked a quick glance down and smiled when I saw how tented his chinos were.

Charlotte leant back against my breasts, her head resting underneath my chin. Unfortunately, this meant that Freddy couldn’t strum my nipples without also rubbing against Charlotte, but his throbbing cock, barely covered by my skort, still rested between my butt cheeks. Once everyone had settled and quietened to watch the band, I started squeezing Freddy’s slightly less than 6-inch but thickly girthed cock with my ass again.

Freddy’s cock was pouring precum, and it soon slid deliciously along my cleft, its path well-lubricated by his drooling fluids. Leaning back and turning my head, I whispered, “Cum for me, Freddy,”

“Oh, shit, Kate!” Freddy sighed as his sturdy cock twitched and spat semen onto my tailbone. I felt several more splashes before he stopped pumping his penis along my ass cleft. “What am I going to do about the mess?”

Giggling delightedly, I opened my handbag and handed him a packet of tissues. Freddy surreptitiously cleaned me and himself and tucked his cock back away. Only then did I realise that Steven had seen Freddy cleaning his cum from my ass and his cock. The young man's tongue was between his teeth, and he was unawarely, rhythmically rubbing the front of his severely tented pants. I grinned and winked at the young man before leaning close enough to kiss his cheek and then hummed the line from The Pussycat Doll's song, 'Don't cha wish your girlfriend was hot like me?" Then I let my fingers brush lightly over his straining cock.

Unconsciously mimicking Freddy, Steve groaned, "Oh, shit!" and bolted from the arena, headed for the loos to clean up.

Charlotte, who had watched closely everything I'd done, giggled before saying, "That was just plain evil," But she quickly refrained from saying anything else because people's heads turned towards us.

Steven returned after not very long, and we settled in to watch the rest of the show. Home Free impressed me with their vocal range and fresh covers of many classic country and western songs. They'd increased the tempo of most of the songs they covered, and with beatboxer, Adam Rupp, providing thumping accompaniments, I was soon dancing in place as the music inspired me.

Of course, I ensured my ass remained glued to Freddy's trouser front as I bounced and gyrated and often turned so that my large, firm breasts rubbed across Steve's upper arm. Plus, with Charlotte still pulled firmly against me, my extended nipples swayed across the bare skin of her back and shoulders. The arousal of the boys was immediately apparent, of course. However, when Charlotte tilted her head to the side so she could kiss my jaw, I knew I had all three of them on the edge of a climax. Smiling happily, I moved even more seductively against my three young companions.

We enjoyed the remainder of this half of the show, and when Steven and Freddy went to get drinks during the intermission, Charlotte and I worked our way closer to the stage for the second half. When we got to our new position, Charlotte pressed against me and said, "We don't even know you or your son's name."

I laughed, “Freddy is my lover, not my son. You don’t really think I’d do something like what I did with my son, do you?”

“No, I guess not,” Charlotte said. “So, what’s your name?”

“I’m Kate, and my friend is Freddy, but I like to call him Rick because Freddy sounds so juvenile.”

“You’re a lot older than him,” Charlotte observed.

“Yes, I am,” I admitted. “Rick and my son Tommy are friends, and Rick and I became lovers about six months ago now.”

“You’re wearing wedding and engagement rings,” Charlotte mused. “Are you and he married?”

I laughed out loud. “Heavens, no! Rick wants to date my daughter, who is currently in The Netherlands with her father.”

“Then why is he out doing ... umm ... sex stuff with you?”

“Because I’m teaching him how to be a man. The type of man that my daughter needs.”

“That sounds so hot!” Charlotte stated. “I wish I’d taken an older man as my first lover. Then maybe it wouldn’t have been as horrid as it was.”

“My daughter took a man my age as her first lover,” I told her, avoiding the fact that it was her father. “She said it was the best experience of her life and hardly hurt at all.”

“I didn’t even get to cum because it was over so quickly,” Charlotte groused. “Three humps and a grunt, that was all. Luckily, I made him wear a condom even though I was on the pill, so there wasn’t any mess on his dad’s car’s backseat.”

“I have a plan,” I teased my new friend.

“Oh?” Charlotte giggled. “What’s that?”

“I’ll seduce Steve, then you can come back to Rick’s place with us, and I’ll show your brother how to make love while Rick shows you what it’s like to fuck a man that knows what he’s doing.”

“I’d rather you seduce me,” Charlotte muttered before saying. “I’m not some kind of slut that fucks just about anyone.”

“I am,” I giggled. “And you and your brother are both pretty hot.”

Freddy and Steve returned with our drinks just in time for the lights to dim for the second half of the show. We assumed the same positions as before, which kept the groping hands away. However, this time, I slowly pulled Charlotte’s top out of her jeans and slid my hands up to cup her bra-covered breasts. When she didn’t object, I pushed her bra above her A-cups and strummed my thumbs over her nipples.

Charlotte didn’t complain about that either, so I daringly undid her jeans’ top button and slid my hand inside. Seconds later, my fingers slipped over her engorged clit and dipped slightly inside her. I briefly waited for Charlotte’s response, and when none came, I slid my fingers a little deeper inside and thumbed her button.

Charlotte turned her head and locked her soft lips to mine. Then, shuddering and near collapse, she squealed into my mouth and came on my fingers. Freddy, who knew what I was doing to our new friend, had secretly slipped his hand inside my gusset and reached along my perineum to tickle my entrance. Unfortunately, the angle was all wrong for him to reach any further. However, the sheer naughtiness of what we were doing amongst the concert crowd overloaded my libido, and I moaned into Charlotte’s mouth as I climaxed on Freddy’s fingers.

By that time, people were definitely noticing what we were doing, so we adjusted our clothing back to decency and changed positions in the crowd. We kept the same arrangement because it protected Charlotte and me from being felt up, but we kept our hands in publicly allowable places.

When the show ended, Freddy and I encouraged Steven and Charlotte to remain at the bar with us. Of course, every time Steven ordered a drink, and

much to his chagrin, the bartender carded him. We got talking, and to my delight, the young pair were witty conversationalists and not so brainwashed by our vapid education system that they couldn't form opinions for themselves. The pair, who lived in Belmont, had come into The Valley by public transport. Belmont was on the way home for Freddy and me, so we offered to drop them off.

On the way to Belmont, I turned to the siblings who sat in the backseat and blatantly said, "I want to have sex with both of you. Come with us to Freddy's place, and I promise you'll have the time of your lives! Freddy, here, is a magnificent lover, and if there's a better one than I, no one knows who it is."

Steve was a lot keener than Charlotte, and his eyes pleaded with his sister to say yes. Obviously, I was old enough to be their mother, but I doubt their mom looked half as sexy as I do. I'd bet that even the porn stars that Steve masturbated to aren't a quarter as sensual as I am.

"You're not going to kidnap us and keep us as sex slaves?" Charlotte worriedly asked.

"Hmm," I teased. "I hadn't thought of that. Have you, Rick?"

Freddy chuckled and acknowledged that he hadn't.

I turned towards the backseat again. "No, we won't. However, even if I was going to, do you think I'd admit it?"

Steve enthusiastically agreed to come home with us, but Charlotte's assent was hesitatingly half-hearted. I offered to drop her home and take only her brother, and I think that was what made Charlotte agree to come with us. She was protective of her younger brother and perhaps worried that Freddy was a gay rapist or something. However, I knew that once we were at Freddy's place, I'd overcome her fears swiftly, and we'd have an erotically fun time.

When we got to Freddy's, I excused myself to the bathroom and phoned my son. "Hey, Mom," Tommy breathlessly said. "Everything okay?"

“Yes,” I replied. “But Freddy and I have made friends of a young twenty-year-old and her virgin eighteen-year-old brother. I’ve never made love with a virgin male before. Do I have your permission to seduce him?”

Gina yelled, “Go for it, Momma!” as Tommy chuckled and wished me luck.

I returned to Freddy’s lounge to find that Charlotte and Freddy were already kissing up a storm. Steven sat on one of Freddy’s sofa chairs, watching enviously with his trouser front severely tented. He hadn’t quite gotten to the stage of playing with himself as he watched, but it was only a matter of time before he did.

Steve’s eyes snapped to me as I entered the room, and smiling warmly at him, I strutted across the lounge, adding an extra bounce to my step to make my unfettered breasts sway and jiggle. Steve’s eyes grew as wide as saucers, and his tongue unawarely touched his suddenly dry lips.

Striding close, I sat on Steve’s lap and leaned against him. “See something you like?” I coquettishly asked.

Steve blushed bright red but nodded vigorously. Then, with a schoolboyish grin, he said, “Two somethings, actually.”

“Oh, these little things?” I seductively hummed as I cupped my large breasts and lifted them until the tape almost gave way, and they sprung into view.

Steve gulped and mumbled that they were hardly ‘little’. I looked over at Freddy and Charlotte and saw that Charlie had straddled Freddy, facing towards him. Freddy had her top and bra off so he could suck and lick her breasts. I pointed at the couple with my chin and suggested, “Rick has a spare room. Why don’t you and I try the bed in there?”

I think that poor Steve came in his pants at my suggestion because he replied that he’d love to but had to visit the ‘little boy’s room’ first.

I told him I’d wait right here for him, and he was back a few minutes later. Holding the young man’s hand, I led him to Freddy’s spare room.

Fortunately, the room had a double bed, making it comfortable for two people. Closing the door behind us, I guided Steve to the bed, had him sit down, and knelt before him. At 183 cm (6-ft.), I'm tall. Not 'for a woman', but tall anyway, regardless of gender. My young prospective lover was less than averagely tall for an Australian man. I guessed his height was about 170 cm (5-ft. 7), which meant that, with him sitting and me kneeling, we were close to the same height.

Steve gazed longingly at my lips, aching for the courage to kiss me. I chuckled throatily, took his hands in mine and guided them onto my large, firm breasts. Steven gulped, and his hips jerked as he struggled to stave off another embarrassing orgasm. "Honey, I love that you find me so sexily attractive that you orgasm whenever I touch you," I reassured him. "You're young and inexperienced; that's not your fault and typical of someone your age. Let's remove our clothing, and I'll help you relieve some of the tension, okay?"

Steven eagerly agreed and stood to strip. "Let me," I insisted. "Then you can undress me, okay?"

Steve, too nervous to talk, nodded vigorously again and waited for me to undress him. He wore a button-down shirt, so I moved behind him and pushed my hard nipples against his back as I slowly, seductively undid each button. Once I had the top half undone, I slid my hands inside his shirt and ran them across his slender chest. To my pleased surprise, Steven was much more toned than I'd thought. His physique wasn't that of a football player or swimmer, but more that of a long-distance runner.

"You run?" I breathed onto the back of his neck as I ran my knowledgeable hands up and down his washboard stomach and leanly muscled pecs.

"Yes," Steve mumbled as he concentrated on not cumming.

Pulling his shirt off his slender shoulders, I tossed it aside before pushing Steve onto his back on the bed. I quickly undid his Chinos' fly and pulled them off his muscular legs, taking his shoes with them. In the soft light of the room's opened blinds, Steve's runner's physique became deliciously

apparent. He had little to no body fat showing anywhere on his body, and I surmised he was serious about his running.

Admiring his leanly muscled physique, I touched my dry lips with my tongue and almost panted, “How good are you? I’m assuming that you’re right into your athletics, so how good are you?”

“Pretty good,” Steve answered self-deprecatingly, refusing to answer my question.

Knowing that was the best answer I’d get from him, I pulled my naked lover to his feet and said, “Undress me. There’s a zip at the back of my romper. Start there, and take the time to enjoy what you see.”

I got back on my knees on the floor with Steve’s long but thin penis at my eye line. I resisted the urge to take it in my mouth and let him undo my zip. “That’s good, honey,” I told him as he peeled the romper off my shapely shoulders. “Now, push it down to my waist.” Steve complied, and I added, “Kneel behind me, baby. Then reach around and give me your hands.” Steve did that, too, and I guided his hands onto my lush bosom.

Holding Steve’s hands in mine, I gently squeezed my thumbs and fingers together, encouraging him to knead my breasts. “When you start making love to a woman, you need to show her your love and affection, so soft touches and stroking and gentle kneading is the way to go,” I instructed as I took his left thumb and forefinger and moved them to my nipple. “A woman’s breast nubs are amongst her most sensitive erogenous zones, so you need to pay lots of attention to them. However, don’t start there.”

I spread his fingers apart and moulded them around my full globes again. “Begin by lightly stroking around the outer edges of her breasts. As you do that, tell her how beautiful she is and how much you care for her. Simultaneously, you should compliment her on how delightful her breasts feel in your hands as you kiss along her shoulders and lightly bite where her neck meets her shoulders.”

“They do!” Steve gasped, struggling to do what I wanted him to whilst fighting off an imminent climax. “They feel fantastic!”

I knew that Steve would orgasm onto my back at any second, and that would embarrass him and make him feel like less of a man. So I asked, “May I suck you, honey? I want you to cum in my mouth so I can taste your delicious man goo.”

“Oh, Gawd!” Steven groaned as his cock twitched against my mid-back.

I swiftly spun and managed to cap my mouth over his cock’s head before he erupted jism all over the place. Steve’s libido had exploded, leaving him with little control over what he could do. I recognised, despite my sparse experience with inexperienced male lovers, that premature ejaculation was common in teenage males, so I took it as it was: A compliment to my overt sexuality.

“Shit!” Steve muttered inconsolably. “I’m so fucking useless at this.”

“So, tell me, Steve,” I queried. “When you decided to be a runner, you immediately stepped out and ran a marathon without doing even one lick of training?”

“Of course not, Kate,” Steve replied. “I haven’t run one yet, nor do I think that I will. But it takes months of training to be competitive.”

“Oh, so you’ve made love with many women before tonight so that you’re competitive on your first outing?”

Understanding what I was driving at, Steve chuckled and replied, “Well, does masturbating count? If it does, I’m a sexpert like twenty-thousand times over.”

“Okay,” I replied. “Then let’s assume that I’m an Olympic-level athlete at making love, and you’re what you are. What can you learn from me?”

“Everything I need to know to be good at making love to a woman.”

I smiled seductively at him and replied, “Correct. Steve, I’m flattered that you find this old girl attractive and want to fuck her. I love the taste of semen and love it splashing on my face, breasts, or body. So, every time

you’re about to lose it, let me know, and I’ll happily swallow every drop, okay? Shall we return to exciting a woman via her breasts?”

Steve nodded eagerly, so I took his hand and pulled him up on the bed. Knowing how things typically progress with new lovers, i.e. those not slut Mommies like me, I lay on my back, kept my thighs together and made Steve lie beside me. Steve grabbed my left breast immediately, squeezing quite painfully. “Easy, Tiger,” I giggled. “They’re not a kid’s squeeze toy. There will be times when your woman will want you to take her roughly, but rarely is that where you should start.”

Steve apologised and then implored, “Show me, Kate, please.”

“Start by cupping my cheek and kissing me,” I instructed. “You’re trying to seduce me by showing your control of yourself and your desires.”

Steve swamped my mouth. Knowing he was new at making love, I put up with his slobbery kiss for a time before easing my lips away from his and saying, “Like this, honey.” I wiped his and my lips, and then, keeping my lips firm, I pressed them against his. Steve’s lips remained soft, and he parted them immediately. Moving back, I shook my head, “Too much, too soon, baby. Match my lips’ firmness and keep our first few kisses relatively short.”

We tried again, and Steve kept his lips dry and firm this time. We repeated that type of kiss a few times before I moved Steve’s hand onto my left breast. Ensuring he kept his hand spread, I showed him how to knead it gently as he kissed me. Pulling back, I asked, “Can you feel how my nipple has gone hard against your palm?” Steve nodded, and I added, “That means I’m beginning to be sexually excited. That I’m responding to you, that’s good, huh?”

Steve nodded, so I explained, “Now is the time to see if your lover wants to take things further, so you do something like this. I locked my lips with his, keeping them firm and together as I’d done earlier, only this time, I sent my tongue out and touched it to his lips, seeking entrance. Moving away, I encouraged, “Try that, honey.”

Steve's tongue tentatively touched my full, pouty lips, and even though it was more diffident than I liked, I allowed myself to respond by moaning and parting my mouth to let his tongue in. Of course, Steve immediately became overexcited again and tried to stuff his tongue down my throat. Turning my head, I said, "Too much again, baby. Take your time and seduce me. You must understand that guys go from cold to red hot and ready to blow in seconds. We girls take between ten and twenty minutes for our motors to be really revving."

Steve tried again, and he did well. His tongue touched my lips and when I parted them, he touched his tongue lightly to mine. I lifted my tongue, and we began that age-old dance of erotic mouth-love battle.

With Steve finally getting his kissing right and his long, slender cock throbbing and drooling precum along my thigh, I was about ready to explode. But Steve's breaths were coming in harsh pants, and I knew he was at the end of his control's tether.

"Let me help you with that, baby," I hummed as I rolled him onto his back and wrapped my firm Double-D cups around his aching cock. "Cum on my tits, honey," I throatily pleaded, and Steve groaned as his cock spurted sticky man goo over my luscious bosom.

Steve rolled off me onto his back and lay panting. I knew it would be mere seconds before he was rock-hard again, so I wasn't concerned that I hadn't received anything in return yet. To titillate my virgin lover, as he watched, I gathered his slippery spend with my fingers and fed it into my mouth. Doing that reversed his fading erection swiftly, and it grew before my eyes to its impressive 7-inch length. If Steve's cock filled out a little, he'd have a magnificent weapon to take into his sexual conquests.

I moved to lie draped over my young lover as I twirled my fingers through his sparse pubic hair, carefully avoiding his bouncing cock. When Steve's pants settled into regular breathing, I smiled at him and said, "Let's take some more pressure off your aching balls, okay?"

"Sure," Steven eagerly agreed, so I lowered my mouth onto his throbbing cock and free-handed it down until my nose pushed into his curly pubic

hair. Although Steve's pubes tickled my nose, I loved that he hadn't taken what seems like the typical route now and shaved his pubic hair off. I may have observed before, but I like my men to be men. Masculine men, who are my weakness, should be hairy. Not necessarily like a bear rug or an overstuffed teddy bear, but I even find men like that attractive if they're the requisite dominant and calmly controlled.

Steve lasted until I cupped his tight balls before ejaculating into my greedily slurping mouth. Then, knowing men's penises are often very sensitive after they've cum, I let him out of my mouth and instead wrapped my dainty hand around his long, slender shaft and gently tugged it. As I'd hoped, Steven didn't really soften at all. His young cock got a little bendy in my hand before it roared back to its fullest inflation. Lowering my head, I blew my virgin lover again, causing him to fill my willing mouth with his seed.

This time, Steve's cock wilted and shrank. However, I knew it wouldn't take long before it throbbed and bounced again. Now that I had Steve temporarily sated, it was time to begin his lessons on how to be a giving lover, not one that took without regard to his partner's needs. Gathering as much spittle in my mouth as possible, I rinsed it around to remove as much of his leftover spend as possible.

Next, I insisted that Steve tongue-kiss me. Of course, he tried to pull away, unwilling to taste his cum in my mouth and on my tongue. Holding him forcibly by the back of the neck, I insisted that he share a deep soul kiss with me. When I ended the kiss, he grimaced and complained, "Why did you make me do that? I'm not gay and have no desire to taste cum!"

"If you want a woman to blow you a second time, then you damned well better kiss her after the first one to show how much you appreciate her sucking you off!" I growled. "Or are you another man who only takes, Steve? If you are, get dressed, and we'll sit in the lounge and wait for your sister. I can guarantee that if she's blown Rick, he will be kissing her enthusiastically. Or are you admitting that Rick's a better lover than you?"

Steve stuttered, "What? Umm ... no ... I ... umm ... of course I'm not a taker, and of course, Rick is a better lover than me. I'm a virgin with no idea what

I’m doing!”

Well, Steve,” I said almost exasperatedly. “You can learn by fumbling around with a girl your age, with you embarrassing yourself every time you prematurely ejaculate. Or, you can learn with me here tonight, and I promise that I love you cumming in or on me. What will it be? Shall we dress and go wait for your sister? Or do you want to experiment with me?” In answer, Steve rolled me onto my back, covered my lushly toned body with his and kissed me deeply. “That’s good, baby,” I moaned when he let my lips free. “Suck my nipples, please.”

Steve kissed down my chin and neck and between my breasts before moving sideways onto my left nipple. “Gently,” I admonished him before he began sucking. “I will need you to be rougher with me as my orgasm nears. But start slow and soft and encourage me along the path to my climax.”

Steve surrounded my firm globe with his hands and gently squeezed, forcing my breast to bulge forward and press out against my nipple. I don’t know if it was something he’d seen in a porno, but it intensified the feeling of his sucking on my breast nub and caused me to moan my appreciation. Encouraged by my reaction, Steve sucked hard before gently biting.

“That’s good, baby,” I hummed and felt Steven smile around my engorged nipple. Using my hands, I encouraged Steve to swap to my right breast, and he repeated his actions on that pap. He had me close to an orgasm, but his inexperience and reluctance to use dominating force prevented me from jumping off my climax’s peak. “Taste me,” I pleaded as I exerted downward force on Steve’s shoulders.

“I don’t know how,” Steve muttered as he willingly slid down to my pussy.

“Would you like me to show you?” I asked, knowing guys can be self-conscious about women telling them what to do, especially when it came to sex. When Steve nodded, I added, “What I will tell and show you start at the basics. Some of it, you will already know, but it’s important to know how the various parts work together to make a woman climax or be ready

for you to fuck her, okay? So don't get angry if I'm showing and telling you things you already know."

"I won't," Steve promised.

I pulled my knees up and apart before reaching between my long, tanned, shapely thighs and spreading my labia and entrance. "Obviously, this is my vagina," I told Steve as I touched my inner sanctum. "You shouldn't even try to slide a finger in there until I'm wet and ready for you." I moved my fingers along my slit and stopped at my urethra. "This is my urethra, or U-Spot, where I pee from," I explained. "Some women will enjoy you lightly licking that, but for me, having that done is too intense. However, when you run your tongue from my entrance (vagina) to my clitoris, your tongue will run over it, and that feels good."

Steve's head was very close to my pussy, and with his hot breath blowing over my clitoris, I was close to cumming. However, I managed to control my arousal and continue instructing. Moving my finger higher until it sat on my thick clit, I said, "This is my clitoris, also known as my cum switch/button, love switch/button, or more crudely, my fuck button. It's one of the two most erogenous zones a woman has. The other is inside her pussy, and there's an ongoing debate as to whether it exists or not. I assure you that it is real. It's just that men suck at finding it. I suggest you practice finding it every chance you get."

Steve nodded as he eagerly stared at my cum switch. I suppressed a giggle before admonishing him, "Do not immediately try stimulating a woman's nipples or clit, because, chances are, she will not react well. A man can go from flaccid to ready to blow almost instantly. However, a woman needs to be seductively encouraged along her path to sexual bliss. Trying to leap over the steps to get her there will end disastrously for you both."

Steve still stared longingly at my pussy, but there were things he needed to know and learn, so I continued. "I'm lucky because my clit is thick and quite prominent, whilst my clitoral hood is the opposite. However, for most women, it's the other way around. Their clits are small and hidden beneath thick hoods. Either way, it's easy enough to expose a woman's clit so you can stimulate it with your tongue. Would you like to try?"

“Yes!” My young lover exclaimed excitedly. “What do I do?”

“Place your thumbs here and here,” I showed him the proper spots. “Then pull your thumbs gently apart. That’s it. See how my clit bulges forward when you do that?” Steve nodded, so I said, “Kiss that and then dab it with your tongue.”

Of course, having a young, virgin man, less than half my age, eagerly tonguing my scaldingly hot pussy had me stumbling along my orgasm’s peak, and it was all I could do not to climax on his inexperienced mouth. Steve got into dabbing my pussy with his tongue, but then he instinctively added a long swipe from my boiling entrance, along my slit and up onto my engorged love button. This sudden extra sensation overwhelmed my resistance, and with a loud squeal, I climaxed on Steven’s inexperienced but eager tongue.

“I done good, huh?” Steven said from between my shuddering thighs, his pleasure at making me orgasm evident in his voice and beaming smile.

“You done real good, babe,” I assured him. “Do you want to see if you can make me cum again?” Steve nodded eagerly, so I continued. “Place your thumb above my clitoral hood. Yes, right there, perfect. Now pull it up a little, not too hard, because it stretches some very sensitive skin. Yes, that’s good. You’re doing good, baby (Steve’s hot breath was panting over my sensitive clitoris). Do the same as before.”

Steven kissed and then sucked my love button, and my hips arched off the bed as the delightful sensation on my engorged clit sent me close to my climax’s precipice. “That’s so good,” I moaned. “You’re a quick learner, honey.” My hips sunk back on the bed as I overcame my need to cum, and I continued teaching my young lover what he needed to know.

“Next, Steven,” I continued. “Slide your middle finger into my hot pussy with your hand palm up.” He did as I asked. “Now pull back until your middle knuckle is just through the sphincter. Feel that? Yes, right there is good. Now curl your finger up and back.”

The pad of Steve's finger rubbed across the rough area that delineated my G-Spot, and I jumped and twitched, my thighs slamming shut against Steve's ears. Forcing myself to relax my legs so Steve could hear, I shrieked, "OMG, Steve!!!! I'm cumming!!!!"

When my bucking and shuddering ceased, Steve slid back up my body to lie between my obscenely spread thighs. I kissed and then smiled at my young man. "Are you ready to become a man, baby?"

"Oh, Gawd, yes!" Steve exclaimed.

"Move higher, honey," I encouraged. When he'd moved high enough, I clenched my thighs around his slender hips to stop him moving and said, "I'm going to guide you into me, okay? Now, there's a pretty good chance that you'll cum as soon as I take you in my hand and climax again before you're all the way inside me. But don't worry about it, okay? You're so turned on that I doubt you'll even go soft. But even if you need help regaining an erection, it won't matter to me because I understand and will use my mouth to make you hard again."

As I warned, as soon as I took my young lover's straining erection in my hand, he orgasmed, spewing lava-hot semen across my engorged clit. Because I was so hot myself, feeling Steve's jism splashing onto my love button set me off, and I climaxed with him. Me cumming, too, allowed Steve to relax, and I could seat him fully inside me without him cumming again.

"Slide your hands under my armpits and grip my shoulders," I explained. "Then, when you pump your magnificent cock into me, pull me down with your hands."

Steve took three or four awkward thrusts before he figured out the rhythm, but after that, he fucked me about as vigorously as I've ever been. The best part was that every time his pelvis hit my swollen clit, the tip of his long, slender cock rapped deliciously against my cervix. To Steven's wonder, I began having minor cum events every time he bottomed out inside my tightly gripping pussy. Every minor climax built upon the previous until I

was slamming my hips up to meet his powerful thrusts, my mind in rapture as I careered from climax to orgasm to screamingly cumming.

My enthusiastic reaction to his somewhat clumsy attempt to fuck me into oblivion allowed my previously virgin lover to maintain his control, and Steve was able to pummel my needy pussy without cumming himself. It probably helped that he'd orgasmed at least eight times since meeting me at the show.

Finally, for now, I'd taken as much pleasure as I could, and I demanded, "Cum in me, baby. Fill me with your seed and make me yours!"

With a deeply growled moan, Steve ejaculated into my gripping, slippery vulva, filling my greedy pussy with a surprising amount of man fluid. Steve's length meant his long, slender cock spat his semen against my cervix, which sent me into another paroxysm of delicious orgasms. Every spurt sent me higher until I tipped my head back and screamed my delight at the ceiling.

Steve lay on me panting until his wilting cock slid from my cum-messy pussy, and then he rolled onto his side. I smiled at him happily before handing my previously virgin lover a final lesson. "Last lesson for tonight before you take what you've learned out into the world, okay?"

Steve nodded, and I broadly smiled because I knew what my final lesson would do to him. "If you've cum before your lover, or if she isn't satiated, you need to go down on her and finish the job with your mouth and fingers. If you stiffen, you can slip back into her, okay?"

"That's disgusting!" Steve exclaimed. "I'm no homo, and I sure as hell ain't eating cum!"

"Which is a fine attitude to have, Steve," I growled. "But when we women start comparing notes. And we do. How many women will want to go out with you when you get a reputation for getting what you want and leaving them unsatisfied? Conversely, if every woman you go out with tells of how you looked after her even after you came inside her, then every woman worth her salt will want to go out with you."

Steve thought about what I'd said, then propped himself on his elbow. "That makes sense, Kate," he admitted. "It still sounds disgusting, though." He thought some more before deciding he needed to step up. Reluctantly swallowing his distaste, Steve slid back down my body and used his fingers to spread my labia again. After another unenthusiastic sigh, Steve ran his tongue along my cummy slit and onto my love button.

After a few unwilling swipes, Steve realised that the taste wasn't so bad and began to get into making me climax again. As I observed earlier, Steve was a quick learner and soon had me racing towards another climactic crest. I knew his cock would be diamond-hard and throbbing again, so before I leapt from my peak, I dragged him up and guided his rigid member back into my pussy.

Surprised by my willingness to take him inside me again, Steve swiftly lost his lollies and came inside my slippery channel. I wasn't quite there, but feeling his spunk erupting onto my cervix sent me over the edge, and I came, too, screaming my delight as I did.

To drive home my final lesson, I waited for Steve to roll off me and then went down on him to clean our combined secretions. After I'd sucked and licked everything I could gather from his wilted but quickly reinflating cock, I swung my long shapely legs out of bed and said, "Be back in a second. I need to clean up, and then we'll see what's next."

"May I clean you, Kate?" Steve asked. I nodded, and he leapt off the bed and headed for the bathroom. He returned, grinning, "Charlotte and Freddy are almost as noisy as you," he said. Steve climbed on the bed and knelt between my lasciviously spread thighs. Using a warm washer, he cleaned our combined secretions from my dripping pussy. When I was clean, Steve kissed my love button. Then, when I moaned my appreciation, he lay on his tummy and began tonguing me again.

From the earlier conversation with Charlotte, I knew that she and her brother had tiptoed around becoming lovers. So, as Steve licked my swiftly flooding pussy, an evil thought percolated through my brain. Deciding to act on it, I pushed my young lover off me, swung my leg over his head, and

stood up. I grabbed Steve's throbbing member firmly and tugged, dragging him off the bed with me.

Steve stood and let me lead him by his cock into the lounge and across to Freddy's room. "What are you doing, Kate?" Steve hissed quietly.

"What you've always wanted to do," I informed him, dragging him into the room after me.

Charlotte sat astride Freddy with his cock buried to his balls in her drooling pussy. Freddy peered around Charlotte to see me miming to cover her eyes. Freddy, no stranger to group sex, pulled Charlotte down and locked lips with her. Then he pulled her lower, holding her by the back of her head firmly against his shoulder.

I motioned to Steve that he needed to be quiet and carefully climbed onto the bed behind his sister. Charlotte must have noticed a body climbing onto the bed, but she was panting and puffing into Freddy's neck so hard as her climax approached that she chose to ignore it. That was until I spread her sweet ass cheeks and tongued her rosebud. Shocked by the sudden sensation explosion, Charlotte erupted into orgasm and soaked Freddy's balls with her womanly fluids.

She squealed and came again as my tongue bathed her little dark star, and she slumped against Freddy, almost passed out. Freddy rolled Charlotte onto her back and lay back, grinning at me. Charlotte's eyes opened, and she stared wonderingly at me, taking in my lush, naked appearance. She gaped when she realised that I still wore my thigh high fuck me boots but nothing else. Then her eyes swept to her brother and widened as she saw his long, strainingly erect, slender cock, precum dripping from its eye. Charlotte's eyes riveted to Steven's cock, and her tongue touched suddenly dry lips.

It was time for me to take over, so I donned my Mistress Kate persona and forcibly asked, "Charlotte, have you ever had anal sex?" Charlotte shook her pretty head vigorously and opened her mouth to object. Riding over her concerns, I said, "Give it up. You loved having my tongue in your sweet little ass, and you'll love Rick's cock being in there even more."

I turned to Freddy and added, “Get her ready, Rick.”

Ignoring Charlotte’s weak protests, Freddy rolled Charlotte onto her stomach and moved between her already parted thighs. Charlotte mewled protestingly until Freddy spread her ass and slurped from her entrance, along her perineum, and onto her chocolate star. Then, she screamed and creamed onto Freddy’s chin. Charlotte’s pussy fluttered with orgasmic spasms, and her dark little star copied her vulva’s movements, so Freddy could slide his index finger a little way into Charlotte’s sphincter in between flutters.

Charlotte momentarily froze and clenched down on his finger, but then she muttered, “Oh, why the fuck not? I couldn’t believe how good Rick’s cock felt inside me, nor how awesome having my butt licked was. Maybe this will be good, too.”

I looked at a wide-eyed Steven, giggled, and lay on my back beside Charlotte, taking his hand to drag him with me. Spreading my long, shapely thighs, I said, “Steve, show your sister what you’ve learned.”

Steve eagerly dove between my thighs, and then, as I’d shown him, he spread my labia and kissed my swollen clit. Amazed, Charlotte braced herself on her elbows so she could lift up and watch her brother eating my pussy. The view clearly excited her because she groaned and climaxed on Freddy’s probing fingers.

Freddy winked at me and mouthed, “Ready”, so I pushed Steve off my pussy. Steven growled disappointedly but moved to see what I’d do next.

“Rick, lie on your back. Charlotte, stand astride Rick, facing his feet.” The pair achieved my required positions quickly, and I instructed, “Rick, hold your cock so that it points at the ceiling. Charlotte, squat until you feel Rick’s cock against your tiny dark star.”

They quickly complied, and Freddy guided Charlotte down until his sturdy appx. 6-inch cock pressed against Charlotte’s sphincter.

“Charlotte, take a deep breath, hold it momentarily, and then let it out heavily, letting every muscle relax as you sink onto Rick.”

It worked precisely as I planned, and other than a stifled protesting yelp as Freddy’s cock parted her knot, Charlotte settled on Freddy’s groin without any problems. I let her sit like that until she acclimated to Freddy’s cock being buried in her virgin ass. Then, I said, “Rick, support Charlie until she can lean back onto her hands and support herself.

They followed my instructions, and soon, Charlotte was lewdly spread on Freddy’s body. From where her brother stood at the bottom of Rick’s bed, he could see Freddy’s cock buried to the balls in his sister’s ass and her glistening, fluttering pussy drooling fluids onto Freddy’s balls above that.

“Oh, Gawd!” Charlotte moaned as her lust ignited. “That feels so full and naughty! I feel deliciously dirty and ready to be fucked. Fuck me, Rick. Fuck my asshole and make me your bitch!”

“Ahhhhhhhhhh!!!!!!!!” Steven groaned as he unawarely gripped and pumped his long, slender tool.

It was time to initiate part two of my diabolical plan. Freddy had his hands on Charlotte’s A-cup breasts, kneading them firmly as he rhythmically squeezed her conical nipples. Charlotte’s eyes were tightly closed as she revelled in the deliciously new sensations Freddy had elicited from her slender body. So, keeping my eyes on the young woman, I whispered my instructions to her brother. Steve shook his head, but I insisted, informing him that his sister had admitted to her desire to have him as her lover.

I could tell by Steve’s clenching and unclenching butt and his throbbing bouncing cock that he wasn’t opposed to the idea of fucking his sister. Instead, he was nervous about her reaction and unwilling to risk her wrath. But with my encouragement, he climbed onto the bed and moved between Charlotte’s lewdly spread thighs.

“She might object,” I whispered into Steve’s ear. “But don’t stop until you’re buried to the hilt inside her.”

Sure enough, when Charlotte felt her brother's body covering hers, her eyes flew open, and she shrieked, "Steve! What the hell are you doing?"

"What I've always dreamt about," Steve muttered as he ignored his sister's protests and slowly slid his entire cock into his sister's incredibly wet pussy.

"Oh, shit, Stevie!" Charlotte gasped. "That feels fanfuckingtastic! Fuck me, brother! Fuck your slutty sister's tight" ... sigh ... here goes... "cunt!"

Of course, Steve lost control immediately and came inside his sister's grasping quim. But, being eighteen and not having had an outlet for his desires for years meant he didn't soften at all. Reaching a concerted rhythm with Freddy, the two young men pummelled the slender woman between them until Charlotte, howling louder than anything I'd heard before, climaxed. She lost all control of her body and fell back against Freddy, her head narrowly missing Freddy's face.

The boys didn't stop, though, and soon Charlotte was back in the land of the living and bouncing back and forth between them, screaming her head off as numerous climactic events rocked her world.

Steve had cum several times, and with Steve giving a disappointed groan, his wilted cock dropped from his sister's cum-drenched pussy. Steve reluctantly moved so he could lie on his side, hoping for his cock to recharge in time.

I knew how to re-spark his libido, though. Grinning and winking at him, I took his place between his sister's lasciviously parted thighs and lowered my mouth onto her semen-drooling vagina.

"Oh, shit!" Charlotte gasped as my slurping tongue probed into her cum-oozing pussy. Her hands snatched to my head, and she tremblingly held it, scared I'd shift and remove this sudden new and exciting sensation from her nether regions. "Oh, shit! Oh, shit! Oh, shit!" Charlotte repeated before her knees lifted and slammed shut against my ears, leaving them ringing.

Charlotte screamed so loudly that I could hear her even though her thighs were clamped against my ears. Eventually, her screams changed to an

almost comical warble as her breath ran out and consciousness left her. Freddy gently rolled Charlotte onto her side and pulled his still, ragingly erect cock from her no longer virgin ass.

Getting up, he staggered to the bathroom as I turned and took Steve's re-hardened tool in my gifted mouth. Working my hand around his slender shaft, I blew him until he was close to orgasm. My plan was to roll onto my back and let Steve fuck me again, but when Freddy returned to the room, he had other ideas. Before I could roll, Freddy grabbed my muscly, divinely curved hips and rammed his thick, sturdy cock into my dripping vagina.

I grunted as his hips slammed against my ass cheeks, blasting hot air over Steve's pulsing cock. It was too much for the young man, and he blasted off in my mouth. I'd sucked and fucked the poor boy almost dry, so he didn't have much to gift me, but I swallowed what he had eagerly. Steve was temporarily done, so I braced myself against the bed and rammed my hips back to meet Freddy's powerfully thrusting cock.

Neither of us lasted long, and Freddy groaned deep in his chest as he held my hips tightly, with his cock buried in me as far as possible. He shuddered and jerked before holding still and gushing his man goo into my slippery pussy. Feeling that delightful warmth spraying inside my vulva set me off, and I bit a pillow to stifle my orgasmic screams.

Freddy, also temporarily done, collapsed on the bed beside Steve. But I was ready and raring to play, so I turned to Steve. "I'm going to eat your sister's pussy while you recover, baby," I told him.

"Rick isn't going to try and suck my cock or anything, is he?" Steve asked nervously.

"You're about as likely to suck Freddy's cock as he is to suck yours," I reassured him as I spread his sister's slender thighs and lowered my mouth.

Charlotte shuddered as I delved my tongue into her drooling pussy, and her hands grabbed my head again. This time, instead of holding it fearfully, Charlotte guided me higher onto her love button. I allowed her to place me where she wanted and then slid my middle finger into her tight little pussy

and curled it back. Finding the rough area behind Charlotte's pubic bone that indicated her G-Spot, I twirled my fingertip over it as I sucked, nipped and nibbled on her love button.

"Oh, fuck!" Charlotte exclaimed as her knees slammed shut against my ears again. "I can't fucking stand it!" Then she screamed, creamed and flooded my mouth with hers and Freddy's love essences.

The rest of the night was a blur as we swapped and changed about. I had my turn with Freddy in my ass and Steve in my pussy. Charlotte sucked her brother off as Freddy fucked her. The night ended for the boys when they couldn't get it up again. However, Charlotte and I shared a sixty-nine after they'd wilted and climaxed together several more times before finally falling asleep.

"We're in so much trouble," I heard Charlotte saying as she shook her brother awake. "You especially because you're grounded! How are we going to get home?"

I struggled awake and said, "Relax. What's done is done, and the last thing you want to do is meet your angry parents reeking of sex and looking like you've just been fucked."

"Shit!" Charlotte exclaimed, almost in tears. "They will think I'm such a slut!"

"No," I denied. "Shower, don't wear deodorant, and have breakfast with Freddy and me. By the time we drop you home, you won't smell like you've bathed, and you can say you met up with some school friends and went back to their place. Then, say you both fell asleep and got dropped home as soon as you woke up. Finally, apologise and offer to accept any punishment your parents think is appropriate."

"You've done this before," Charlotte giggled. Then she looked at her brother, shrugged, and added, "We're so fucked anyway that we may as well do what Kate has suggested."

I made everyone breakfast, and we dropped Charlotte and Steven home. Their parents opened their front door when Freddy pulled into their drive. So I enthusiastically waved, and Freddy double-tapped his horn as we drove off.

It wasn’t Freddy’s turn to open their studio, so he accompanied me inside, and we smilingly accepted the barbs that were flung our way. Gina had told the whole house that I’d bedded an eighteen-year-old virgin last night, and I was mercilessly teased about having a raw pussy that was full of cum. I pointed out that Freddy and my virgin lover wimped out and that Charlotte and I had to amuse ourselves, but that didn’t stop the teasing.

Chapter 16: Truth or Dare. The Conclusion.



Hi there, readers. Well, we're on the front straight, heading towards the end of my stories. I have only a few more tales to tell before you've caught up with where my life is now, and we both will have to wait and see what happens next.

If you remember, my last story finished when Freddy took me home after we'd spent the night fucking a young brother and sister couple we'd met at the Home Free concert. Freddy and I shared coffee with my housemates, and when they left for work or uni, Freddy did, too, leaving me home alone. That's where I take up my story.

After my extended family had left, and because I hadn't showered at Freddy's, I went to my en suite to wash the previous night's excesses from my luscious body. I luxuriated in the almost stingingly hot water as I

carefully washed all traces of cum and pussy juice from my face, lips, breasts, body, pussy, and bottom.

I'd started doing my Kegel exercises as soon as I'd woken up, so my tight, delicious pussy and ass remained so. Readers, you must remember that one of my primary roles is to adorn my husband's arm as he hosts or attends events that will advance his business. Having an adornment with a saggy ass, pussy, and/or tits will not do! So far, as my thirty-ninth birthday neared and my fortieth approached, my breasts, stomach, bottom, arms and legs have remained delectably firm. However, I am not above having someone surgically intervene to keep me that way if it becomes needed.

I work hard to maintain my looks and figure, and although I don't always mention Patrick's visits, I work out with my personal trainer at least five times per fortnight. I also use my treadmill or ride my exercise bike every day. My beauty regime includes using face scrubs, exfoliants, collagen, and moisturiser and doing various exercises to keep the skin on my face and décolletage firm, supple, and unwrinkled.

My makeup is of the highest quality and free of any harsh chemicals that could damage or occlude my skin. I will admit to a few grey hairs that I have carefully died out when necessary, but they are still quite sparsely spread across my scalp.

My delightful 183 cm (6-foot), 75 kg (165 lbs), 36-25-36 figure with my deliciously rounded and firm 16 Double-D breasts shames women half my age and compares favourably with most film or TV stars. I've been mainly compared to Mariska Hargitay, but my larger, fuller breasts has also had me compared to Terri Hatcher. I take those comments for what they are: Compliments. But I also know I'm beautiful enough on my own not to need those comparisons.

I delight in my ability to seduce and entice men and women equally. However, my sudden emergence into bisexuality is only a recent event. Before my first adventure at The Fontaine Clinic, the only same-sex experience that I'd had was some teenage playing with my best friend, Kath Loughlin. However, my friends have commented that I am impossible to

resist when I set out to seduce someone, and I do love my sexual power over others.

I guess, readers, that I'm feeling a little maudlin because it seems my adventures are ending. Plus, there are fewer of you reading them every time I release another chapter, and the ratings have gone down as the number of negative comments has increased. But, anyway, enough of that.

I finished my shower and spent the time needed to blow dry and style my long, luxuriant black locks. For a change, I used my heating iron to straighten my typically wavy hair. Then I tied it in a simple ponytail, did my makeup, and got dressed. Because I felt a little down, I dressed in my three-piece black skirt suit. It was an item I wore to formal events where my usual revealing outfits were disrespectful or inappropriate.

However, it wasn't without its palette tantalising charms. The skirt has a long split along my left leg with several concealed buttons that can be closed or opened according to modesty. Of course, I opened all of them today except for the one on my left hip joint. Now, every time I took a step, my long, shapely leg peered sexily through my skirt. Underneath my skirt, I wore black suspenders attached to sheer silk black stockings. The suspender straps and my stocking top showed as I walked, too.

On my upper body, I started with a lacy black camisole top with a built-in half-cup bra that lifted my deliciously full breasts even higher and presented them delectably to the eye. Next, I put on a sheer mauve deep-vee, ruffle front blouse that left my camisole top and delicious breast inner mounds displayed. Then came my black waistcoat. The waistcoat has darts that mould it to my sexily rounded globes. With it done up beneath my ample bosom, it further emphasised my extensive rack. The final item was the suit jacket, of course. The jacket, when done up, also clung to my breasts, but when undone, it covered them and was quite modest.

Satisfied with how I looked, I crossed to our office and went through the typical start-of-day procedures to ensure I was ready for any customers who walked in the door. However, our business is only new and not the type that attracts much walk-in traffic anyway. So, my day was spent answering the occasional phone call, and most of them were seeking finance rather than

wanting to invest, which was what our consultancy firm did. I did manage to complete all the preparation work for my latest Masters unit, so my day wasn't entirely wasted. All I had to do tomorrow was write up my project's findings, email them to my professor and then sit the end of unit test.

Disappointed with my day and wondering why I'd bothered making the effort to dress so well, I wandered back to my kitchen and listlessly began preparing dinner. In the end, I couldn't be bothered and decided to order pizza. Then, I thought I'd change my clothes and clean my house. I've mentioned before that I feel a calm sense of pride and accomplishment when my house is spotless from top to bottom.

My home is enormous. Upstairs, there are six bedrooms, three bathrooms and the four-room flatlet that Charmaine and Jennifer share. There's also mine and John's en suite, a shared bathroom between Tommy's and Krissy's rooms, and a main guest bathroom.

Downstairs, we have the front room that ironically looks out at our back lawn and garden but beautifully captures the late afternoon sun. Then, there's the games room with our various games platforms, including an X-Box and PlayStation, and our full-sized pool table. Next is the lounge, and beside that is the formal entertaining room. Finally, there is the dining room, which is open-planned with my kitchen, breakfast bar, and food preparation area. If we're entertaining guests, my dining room can be sealed from the kitchen with a folding door.

We have two bathrooms downstairs, a smaller one with an extra commode and a larger one with a separate toilet.

My lounge exits onto our massive patio that fills the inside of the 'L' formed by my kitchen/dining room and the lounge.

Beyond the patio is our solar-heated pool. The pool is twenty metres long and eight metres wide—long enough for us to swim laps and wide enough to play pool volleyball or host up to twenty playful swimmers.

I have flower gardens around the outside fences and rose gardens against the house. My lawn is so immaculate that a golf course's greenkeeper

would be proud of his work.

Before Charmaine and Jennifer came to live with me, the only thing that I didn't keep pristine and immaculately presented was the lawns. Either John or my son mowed those. Lately, Jennifer has taken over that chore. Now, my two young charges take care of almost all of my chores, leaving me with only the simple day-to-day tidying and cleaning to do, and I have to say that it bothered me.

The problem is that without these chores to do, I feel like I'm in limbo. Most of the time I spend in our office is redundant because we're yet to establish a broad enough customer base for me to be busy. In addition, I haven't learned John's prediction algorithms well enough to be competent enough to make the changes myself. I had no problems following the changes he sent to me to make, and the predictions I'd made regarding what I thought he'd do next were mostly correct. Still, I was unwilling to instigate those changes until John sent them through in case I destroyed a client's portfolio and fortune.

Plus, I could no longer work off my irritation by attacking my housework with a vengeance because my girls' work rendered doing that redundant, too.

Conversely, I was also worried that my behaviour was becoming increasingly sluttish and hedonistic. What's more, it seems like Tommy, as my protector, is encouraging my whorish ways instead of guiding me into less promiscuous areas. I needed my husband home and his firm hand to descend stingingly onto my lush posterior to correct my path. But he is in The Netherlands with my daughter, building our consultancy firm's future and simultaneously teaching her how to serve a sexually dominant man. Therefore, I didn't want to burden him further with my fears and insecurities.

At a loss as to what to do, I went to my bedroom's en suite and showered. Then I changed from my glamorous outfit and put on a casual skirt and top. I didn't feel sexy or desirable, so I wore a bra and bikini briefs, too.

I was worried about how I felt, but then I pulled out my phone and checked my planner. ‘That’d be why,’ I thought, realising my monthly visitor was due. However, knowing why I was blue didn’t stop me from being so. Also, typically, I was as horny as heck in the few days before my period began. Today, I only felt bloated and undesirable. Worse, I’d have to phone James and tell him my ‘lower parts’ would be closed for play on Saturday.

I returned to the kitchen, determined to shake my funk and make my family dinner. However, only Jennifer sat in there. She had her laptop open and was working on her course. I asked where Patty and Charmaine were, and when Jennifer informed me that they’d ducked out to the shops to buy something for dinner because no one had thought to get something out, I felt guilty and useless—like I’d failed my job and family, and I burst into tears.

“Whatever is the matter, Momma?” Jennifer concernedly asked as she encouraged me onto a bar stool.

I sobbingly told her my small, ridiculous tale of woe that only seemed like a mountain to climb because of the hormones racing through my body. Jennifer immediately intuited the real problem, and she hugged me lovingly.

“What you need, Momma, is a sweet, intense orgasm,” she informed me. “You’ll feel much better afterwards. I always do.” Jennifer spun my stool and knelt between my shapely thighs. “Panties?” She giggled. “You must be feeling bad!”

Jennifer wriggled them off my firm but curvy ass and tossed them over her shoulder. Then she pushed my thighs apart and flattened her tongue against my freshly cleaned entrance. Pulsing it there had the heat and moisture in pussy swiftly rising. Maintaining her forceful pushing, Jennifer slid her tongue along my slit and onto my love button. Then, circling that delightful cum switch with her soft lips, Jennifer sucked as she battered it with her tongue. Almost immediately, my neediness crashed over me, and I had a soft but intense orgasm on her pretty face.

“Can I get some of that?” Tommy teasingly asked as he entered the kitchen from the foyer.

“What about us?” Patty and Charmaine asked as they followed my son into the room.

“Me, too,” Gina added.

Jennifer suddenly turned into a military martinet, “Tommy,” she instructed. “You’re on dinner. I’m sure even you can successfully burn steaks, boil potatoes and empty a premix salad bag into a bowl. Girls, come with me. We need to ensure Momma feels good.

The girls surrounded me as Jennifer and Gina held my hands and dragged me back to my bedroom. They had me naked and on the bed only a short time later. A few moments later, Patty was nursing and nipping my puffy nipples as Charmaine feasted on the juices pouring from my sweltering pussy. I wasn’t aware that Jennifer and Gina had left my room, but I certainly noticed when they returned naked, wearing only matching strap-ons.

I was on my back, and the girls helped to lift me high enough for Gina to slide beneath me. Fingers spread some lubricating gel on my tight, dark star as hands smeared gel across Gina’s cock. Gina positioned her strap-on on my little rosebud, and then the girls lowered me onto it. I grunted as Gina’s cock parted my knot, but I accepted it inside my tightly gripping ass without a problem.

Charmaine immediately dove back between my lewdly spread thighs and encircled my engorged clit with her mouth. After battering my cum switch momentarily, she slid her middle finger into me, curled it back, and then tapped on my G-Spot. Simultaneously, Patty cupped my left breast and gently kneaded it as she suckled my right nipple. My nipples get sensitive when my visitor is due. But Patty’s solution was to ignore my slight whimper and suck harder as she firmly pinched and twisted my other nipple. It worked because I immediately climaxed and screamed my orgasm to the ceiling.

Charmaine giggled happily and moved aside, then Jennifer moved between my quivering legs. Charmaine helped position Jennifer's 'cock', and when it was in place, Jennifer pushed gently into me. When Jennifer was fully seated, Charmaine moved to suckle on the breast that Patty held.

With the dual attention on my luscious breasts and the twin 'cock's thrusting into my slutty nether regions, I started repeatedly cresting. Each minor climax lifted me higher as the intensity of my orgasm increased. Finally, I could feel that I was on the crest of an enormous climactic wave that would lift me higher than Everest and dash me against the cliff of my aching need.

The girls recognised my impending explosion, and the ones with cocks, drove as deeply into me as possible and held still as the other two bit down on my nipples and sucked voraciously.

It felt as if my entire being and world contracted to a bright pinprick and then exploded outward, taking all my tension and self-doubt with it. I howled my orgasm so hard and for so long that I was quite hoarse the next day. The eruptions continued as my girls sucked on my nipples or pumped their 'cocks' into me. My breath expired before my climax did, and the world turned grey as I temporarily passed from this world.

I woke with my head resting on Patty's naked pussy, Gina and Jennifer pressed to my sides, and petite Charmaine lying between my lasciviously spread thighs and her head on my abdomen.

"Hi, girls," I giggled, feeling much better than I had earlier.

My girls all smiled before Jennifer concernedly asked, "Do you feel better, Momma? Are you ready to eat? Or do you need us to make you feel good some more?"

Smiling, I turned so I could kiss her and replied, "I feel really good now. Thank you, my loves. And, yes. I'm starving!"

"You're welcome, Momma," they said in unison.

“I’ll ‘Momma’ you!” I threatened Patty, but all she did was giggle and get off the bed to dress.

I didn’t bother dressing and just slung a long silk robe over my shapely shoulders before accompanying the girls to my kitchen. Tommy was emptying the water out of the spuds’ pot as we entered the room.

He mock saluted Jennifer and jokingly said, “As commanded, Ma’am, your lackey has sufficiently burnt enough steaks for everyone, boiled potatoes without burning them, and emptied a bag of premix salad into a bowl without spilling any. Is there anything else you require your servant to do?”

“Yes!” Jennifer threateningly growled. “Carry your Momma to her bedroom, hug her, tell her that you love her, and ask what is wrong.”

Tommy laughed before casually throwing me over his shoulder. But he didn’t carry me to my room. Instead, he walked us into the lounge before sitting on a sofa chair with me in his lap.

“What’s up, Mom?” He asked, genuinely concerned.

“I’m just a little blue,” I told him. “But it’s probably more that it’s that time of month than anything else. Plus, I know it’s been more than a month since Krissy and your dad left, so it’s less than a month before they come back, but I’m missing your father, you know?”

“Yeah, I get you,” Tommy said lovingly. “Being your protector is an honour, but it’s also more work than I appreciated. Don’t get me wrong, Mom, I adore being your man while Dad is away, but I’ve found it difficult to know when to discipline you and correct your behaviour and when to let the reins loose and let you run free. I’m not sure I’ve got the balance right very often.”

“Well,” I admitted. “It’s good practice for when it’s just you and Gina. And I’m not the easiest person to control. I sometimes wish I’d never started my journeys into sexual exploration. Before Edgar damned Fontaine and his cursed clinic, controlling my behaviour was easy because I would never have stepped out behind your father’s back.”

“Not even with me, Mom?” Tommy asked, perhaps a little hurt. “You were flirting with me before you first went to the clinic.”

I snuggled in a little closer and pressed my face against his broad chest so he would feel me smile, and said, “I wanted to be your lover, Tommy,” I told him. “In my family, it’s the parents’ job to introduce their offspring to sex and love. I had no brothers, so Mom didn’t get to do that for her sons. But I felt it was my task to teach you how to be the man of a sexually submissive woman.”

“You’ve done a wonderful job, Mom,” Tommy assured me. “You can see that by how deeply Gina loves me and how Charmaine and Jennifer act around me. I’m what you and Dad taught me to be: Calm, responsive, and dominant. Mom, I could have fucked hundreds of girls and women, but you taught me to have more respect than that.” Tommy thought for a bit before adding, “What do I need to change so you are getting what you need, Mom?”

“I need you to talk to me every day, Tommy,” I told him. “Too often, things begin spiralling out of control, and you’re not here to help me choose the best option. I’m vulnerable around people who are similar to you and your father. It’s part of my social conditioning to react submissively to someone who is emotionally calm and dominant. That leads me to respond to them sexually when they demand it of me. I can’t help it, Tommy. If someone uses a command voice to tell me to do something, I do it before I even think about whether I should be.”

Tommy agreed to spend part of each day talking with me, and after we hugged and kissed, we returned to the kitchen to eat before our dinner got cold.

The following morning, I phoned James and explained that I needed a week’s rain check. James seemed to intuit why and didn’t ask any awkward questions I didn’t want to answer. After finishing my call with James, I phoned Kath and got Caoimhe’s number. Then, I phoned Courtney and asked for her daughter’s. I invited them both for dinner tomorrow night, knowing my visitor would probably show up tomorrow.

Maddie was coming with her mother to stay for a few days anyway, so she immediately accepted. Caoimhe, who had, in one of my earlier adventures, admitted that I was her favourite crush and she longed for us to be a permanent couple, also quickly accepted my invitation.

I told my extended family, including Patty, that I expected them to be absent that night so I could entertain Caoimhe and the McKenzie women. Of course, I didn't need Tommy's permission to play because all three women are current or former lovers.

Friday was another unproductive day for me, although I did manage to finish the two current units for my courses. I did the end-of-unit tests for both since they were available online, receiving perfect scores for both. Then I emailed my course advisor and told her I was out of units to do despite it being less than two-thirds of the way through the semester. I was already on an accelerated plan, but I hoped she would agree to send more units for me to do.

I received a return mail complaining that I hadn't attended any of the online lectures and threatening to hold releasing my pass/fail mark until I had. Well, that got my gander up, and since she'd been foolish enough to include her mobile number in the email, I called her.

After a brief, intense argument with her assistant, I was put through to Hannah Chainey, my course coordinator. When she answered my call, Ms Chainey immediately went on the attack, accusing me of plagiarism, using Google to find my answers, and paying a graduate student to do my projects and answer the test questions. She challenged me to a Zoom meeting with her and my professor, during which she'd ask the professor to give me a pop quiz on the subjects I'd already passed.

I was so furious at her that I almost swore. However, I managed to control my temper. I stated that my lawyer would call her back to challenge her assertions and that she'd better have proof of her accusations, or I'd raise the issue with the University's board.

Disconnecting the call, I thought for a moment, unsure who I could call to sort this mess out. Shrugging, I rang the only person I could think of who

could help. James answered on the second ring, and after I explained what the woman had said and accused me of, he told me to relax, make myself a cup of tea, and he'd be over in less than an hour with someone who would fix this for me.

About an hour later, James arrived with his son, Jimmy and another older but very handsome man. James introduced his friend as Brian Haddin KC (King's Counsel). Brian was probably about James' age and matched his diminutive stature. However, Brian's piercing blue eyes indicated a shrewd intellect and an intense awareness of his surroundings. James explained that Brian was probably Queensland's top lawyer and certainly one of the best in the country.

Brian smiled deprecatingly and said, "That may have been true before I retired, but these days, I only come out of retirement for cases that I find especially interesting. Of course, when my good friend James called and told me of your plight, I immediately agreed to come and help. So, Kate, tell me as accurately as you can about your conversation with this, Hannah Chainey, was it?"

I sat on the sofa with James and Jimmy on either side of me, holding my hands. Brian pulled up one of the chairs, and I told him everything I could remember about the conversation and how incensed I was that she accused me of cheating. Brian assured me he had enough information to begin. He reminded me that my conversation with Ms Chainey was most likely recorded for 'training and quality' purposes and that he would subpoena that recording if necessary.

Brian told me to call Ms Chainey again, and once her assistant had passed me through, I immediately told Ms Chainey that I had her on speaker phone, that my lawyer was with me, and that he wanted to talk to her. Brian took over smoothly and refused to answer any of Ms Chainey's questions. Instead, he patiently explained to her that she needed to get in touch with the university's in-house lawyer and make a time for a conference call. He continued to refuse to answer her questions and reiterated that he expected a call from the uni's lawyer within the hour, or he would instigate a claim against her and the uni for slander.

Brian hung up, and I nervously asked, ‘What happens now?”

“Unless I miss my guess, their lawyer will play games and wait until the hour is just about up. Then he’ll call and try to bluff and bluster me into agreeing to that Zoom meeting your advisor demanded. Next, he’ll point out that I’m going up against the whole university apparatus. At that point, I’ll rudely interrupt him, suggest he check who I am, and tell him he has another hour to make some calls and do some research. Then I’ll hang up. He’ll do his research and, within five minutes, call back and ask how this can be quietly resolved.”

Brian chuckled and stretched his legs out, amused by his suggested scenario. The shift tightened his pants across his groin, outlining a solid cock that was at least a match to James’. My ingrained, instinctual reaction to emotionally calm, dominant men had my libido racing, and I quickly grabbed my right wrist lest I reached for that meaty treat.

Standing and moving away from the sofa where my thigh had been unconsciously pressed against James, I offered refreshments. James asked for a cup of Earl Grey, which Jimmy and Brian wanted, too.

For me, I’d worn a reasonably conservative outfit to work today. It did, however, cling seductively to my taut, curvy ass and long, shapely legs, so I added a little hip sway as I sashayed across to the sink to make a pot of tea. I checked when I got to the kitchenette, and sure enough, all three men’s eyes were glued to my sexily swinging ass.

James saw I was watching, so he cleared his throat and turned to Brian. They were conversing quietly, and I couldn’t hear what they were talking about. However, their eyes kept flicking to me, so I guessed that I was probably the subject of their discussion. I made the pot and added milk, honey, cups and saucers, along with a packet of Griffins Gingernut Biscuits, to a tray and took them to the coffee table before the sofa.

I purposefully kept my knees straight so that I had to exaggerate my waist bend to place the tray down. I’d worn a lacy white half-cup bra beneath my opaque white blouse. Bending over so deeply meant my generous globes strained against my blouse’s buttons, and they threatened to fall from my

bra. I looked up and smiled, catching all three men overtly ogling my lush, barely constrained bosom.

After pouring the tea for everyone, I sat back between James and his son. Because James had been talking about me, I decided to see if I could wind him up by ignoring him and concentrating my attention on the other two. The first thing I did was to turn my sexily curved bottom so that it pushed against James' hip. In turn, this caused the puffy nipples on my full, firm breasts to drag across Jimmy's upper arm. As he and Brian watched, I casually undid another button, exposing more of the deep vee of my cleavage.

Then, lifting my shoulders up and back, I let them drop, making my luscious bosom bounce delectably. Of course, their eyes riveted to my décolletage as my breasts bounced, but I ignored that and throatily hummed, "So, Jimmy, you've taken over most of your father's interests and only go to him when you need help or advice? How is that going? Have you managed to step out from your father's shadow?"

"I believe so," Jimmy urbanely said, flashing a grin at his father. "Squire Holdings is growing steadily at a little less than eleven per cent per annum, which is slightly ahead of our growth during Dad's full-time reign."

James chuckled and put his hand familiarly on my hip, aware that I was teasing him and maybe guessing I was miffed about him talking about me beyond my hearing. He rubbed his thumb in small, tantalising circles over my ass cheek, igniting my libido and sending that delicious tingle I've often described onto my thick clit.

Leaning my heavy breasts against Jimmy's upper arm, I turned and battered my eyelashes at Brian as I smiled seductively. "So, Mister Haddin QC. Oh, I guess it should be KC with the Queen's passing?"

"KC is correct," Brian assured me as he unawarely adjusted his trousers to reduce the tension on his straining cock.

"So, Mister Haddin KC," I repeated. "Tell me about yourself."

Acting casually and keeping my eyes on Brian, I put my hand on Jimmy's hip, close to the front of his tented pants. Brian began his answer by saying that he and James had attended high school and university together. They even shared a dorm room for most of their time at James Cook University in Townsville. After they graduated, they began working in Townsville, but they both quickly realised that to reach the pinnacle of their careers, they'd have to transfer to one of the state capitals.

The young men tried Melbourne first, but it was too cold for a pair of North Queenslanders to handle. Next, they tried Sydney but found the crush and bustle of that city too much. Finally, they moved to Brisbane and began their paths to the pinnacles of their chosen professions.

By then, James had married his beloved Annie, but Brian continued to play the field, cutting a swathe through Brisbane's social circles, at least according to him, although James smilingly agreed.

While James concentrated on generating wealth for himself, his family, and his clients, Brian became one of Australia's most accomplished lawyers. The government recognised his skills, and he was awarded the title of Queen's Counsel in time to join the team assembled to see through the handing back of Singapore to Chinese control.

During his time in Singapore, he met a Thai national named Apinya Tong and fell head over heels in love. When the handover was complete, Brian asked Apinya to marry him, and they moved back to Brisbane. Three children followed in quick succession. But then, some years later, a drunk driver crashed into Apinya's car when she was bringing hers and Brian's three boys home from a soccer game, killing his entire family.

Brian's tale took almost the whole hour he predicted it would take for my uni to call back. At its end, I was openly weeping and grateful that my family remained safe. Overcome with emotion, I stood and crossed to where Brian sat. I lowered my curvaceous ass onto his lap and hugged the handsome older man to my ample bosom.

Of course, that was when Mr David Evans, the university's lawyer, phoned. I answered and immediately informed him that he was on speakerphone

with my lawyer and two witnesses present. That caught him by surprise, and he took a breath before continuing in what I was sure was a much more reasonable tone than he had planned. Despite the lawyer's more reasonable tone, the conversation went pretty much as Brian had predicted. However, when Brian mentioned he was a KC, the uni's solicitor immediately backpedalled.

From there, it only took a few minutes to bring Ms Chainey and my professor into the call. Mr Evans put us on hold briefly after Brian said that unless my course advisor had proof of my cheating and invited her to present it if she did, then she should withdraw her allegations and apologise. When they returned, Ms Chainey gave a full, if unwilling, apology.

Brian went on to demand that I have another advisor appointed and asked my professor to review and sign off on all my previous submissions. The uni's lawyer agreed to Brian's demands and promised Professor Inglis would review my work and confirm my perfect scores. My run of fourteen perfect test scores was what had apparently convinced Ms Chainey I was cheating.

That brought an end to my problems and left me feeling weak, trembling, relieved and grateful to my 'rescuers'. To further show that my troubles were over, I received an email from Professor Inglis shortly later stating he was personally taking over as my course coordinator and would see to it that I could finish my dual degrees as quickly as I could pass the remaining units.

Of course, I thanked my three saviours the way I knew best. I pressed my divinely shaped, luscious body against them in a full-frontal body hug and kissed them as passionately as I knew how. With the three men's diminutive stature, that got me three substantial erections, one after the other, pushed between my long, toned and shapely thighs.

When I hugged Jimmy, he kissed my cheek and whispered, "John told us to check with Tommy. Tommy says it's okay if you want a little fun, but you should call him first. Brian doesn't know about you, but he and Dad have

been lovers since high school, and you've seen him featured in some of Mom's photos. Well, his salient feature, if you know what I mean."

I wondered if I shouldn't be at least a little miffed that John and my son had permitted me to fuck yet another man, but, in reality, my typical pre-period horniness had suddenly asserted itself. I was hotter than butter on the grill and ready to play.

Under local council rules, we'd had to install a bathroom for our clients, but there wasn't enough room upstairs to put one in. Instead, we took away some of John's workshop space and installed a shower, basin and commode in that area. I excused myself and walked to it so I could call my son privately. Tommy confirmed what Jimmy had said, causing my sweet little pussy to flutter with anticipation.

Happy that I could play guilt-free, I marched upstairs, sat on Brian's lap, shoved my enormous breasts against him, and deep-soul kissed him. As we kissed, Jimmy undid my buttons and stripped off my blouse. My bra quickly followed it onto the floor, and Jimmy forced his hands between Brian and my breasts to hold and gently roll and pinch my puffy nipples.

Chuckling, James stepped across to my office door and locked it before putting up the closed sign. Turning back, he quickly stripped and returned to my side. James pushed one of his son's hands aside and took possession of my deliciously full left breast.

Brian's and my kiss deepened and lengthened, but I needed more, much more. My pussy was flooded worse than a bathroom with a burst pipe, and my sweet, thick clit throbbed and ached. Breaking our kiss, I stood long enough for James or Jimmy to remove my skirt and panties. Brian wisely unbuttoned his shirt, revealing his slender but toned chest and stomach. Next, he dropped his trousers and underwear and stepped out of them before sitting on the couch with his tight buns on its edge.

Brian held his cock up invitingly, and I swung a leg over his thighs and lowered my ragingly hot and wet pussy onto his impressive seven-plus inch todger. I worked my hips feverishly back and forth, seating his swollen cock deep in my tightly grasping pussy. Brian's rigidly erect cock was long

enough to bounce off my cervix when he bottomed out in my glistening vulva. The sharp pain at the bottom of my drop added to my lust, and I felt a substantial climax swiftly approaching.

I was close to cumming, but before I could crash over the edge, Jimmy knelt behind me and ran his tongue along my ass cleft and onto my tiny dark star. The shock of feeling a wet, warm tongue sliding over my little rosebud backed my orgasm up, but the sheer naughtiness of having it done exploded my desire, and I screamed as a gigantic climax shook my very bones.

Waiting for me to come down from my orgasmic high, Brian maintained control even with my tight, soaking, fluttering pussy pulsing on his rigid cock. It didn't take long before my hips, unawarely, began their sex dance on Brian's groin again. But before I started cresting, Jimmy replaced his tongue with his bulbous-headed cock. Then, with a slight whimper from me, he split my knot apart and slid into my tight ass.

Being double-penetrated by men was still a new and rare experience for me. The first time was my inaugural night with Kath on our little sabbatical in the Sunshine Coast Hinterland. However, more than the act itself, I enjoyed the sheer lasciviousness of being slutty enough to allow two men to do me like that.

I hadn't quite cum again, so I decided to reward Brian further by letting him fuck my tight little rosebud. Pushing with my thighs, I backed off Brian's rampant cock and turned. Then, I took his throbbing member in my left hand and guided it onto my tiny dark star. Taking a deep breath, I exhaled as I lowered my ass onto his cock. My knot had already spread to accommodate Jimmy's cock, so Brian's slid in without any protest from me, and I soon settled my firm, curvy ass on his groin.

Jimmy wiped his clock clean with some wet wipes I kept on my desk and then squatted before me. Lining his thick cock up with my dripping entrance, Jimmy rammed forcibly into me, his bony pubis crashing against my engorged clit. Brian and Jimmy quickly worked out a delightful rhythm, and I soon teetered along my climax's cliff.

I had closed my eyes to better luxuriate in the pleasure the twin cocks were eliciting in my quivering pussy and ass when I heard Jimmy grunt. Opening my tightly closed eyes, I saw James grinning at me over his son's shoulder. James had squatted behind Jimmy and shoved his big cock into the younger man's ass.

The men began slowly as they timed their triple thrusts, but when they got the timing right, Jimmy, Brian and James fucked me at least as hard as I've ever been fucked. Now, readers, I've been the pussy-meat in a teenage male sandwich when being pummelled between Phil and Freddy. I've been double-fucked by several women simultaneously and had other men inside my lower love holes at the same time. But never have I been fucked as hard as I was this afternoon.

It was seriously like being between a cutting board and a meat tenderising mallet. James driving viciously into his son, resoundingly crashed Jimmy's pelvis against my clit and rapped his cock against my cervix. That, in turn, smashed my shapely ass against Brian's pubic bone and forced his rampantly erect cock to push Jimmy's against my G-Spot, sending my lust and desires raging even higher.

Suddenly, my climax was on me, and I came like a freight train crashing through an Alpine tunnel. To say my orgasm was loud and intense was an understatement by magnitudes. All I know is that my climax spiralled higher and higher until I lost consciousness, and my soul swept through the multiverse with it exploding around me in multicolours. I may not have met God, but I'm sure I saw many archangels on my travels.

When I collapsed unconscious back onto Brian, my lovers patiently waited for me to return from my orgasm high. Opening my eyes, I gazed wonderingly up at Jimmy, unable to believe my climax's intensity. But then, Jimmy flexed his cock inside me, and it scraped across my G-spot. The effect was like gasoline being poured on fire because my lust exploded, and, unawarely, my legs lifted to wrap around Jimmy's slender hips. My hips bucked, and my mouth fell open. Unaware of what I was doing or saying, I bucked again and demanded, "Fuck me, boys. Fuck this bitch's cunt and arse like the dirty fuck toy she is!"

Yes, I know! Me, little Miss Prim and Proper, who never uses swear words or epithets, swore like a drunken sailor and spoke like a common street whore! Whatever! Because it worked. The twin looks of lust and wanton desire that flashed across James', and his son's faces delineated their desire more succinctly than mere words could ever say.

Brian got hooked up in the sudden lecherous lusts we three exhibited, and he ramped his activities up. Showing surprising strength, Brian moved us downward until his bottom was off the sofa and supported by his legs only. He held us in that position momentarily before letting his hips drop and then powering them upward, smashing his solid 7+ inch cock into my dark fuck hole with overwhelming power.

His actions were so violent that James was bucked out of his son's ass. Unconcerned, he raced over to the sink to wash his cock before returning and presenting it to my pouty lips. With how powerfully Brian rammed me upward, I worried that I might accidentally bite James' thick erection, so I limited myself to using only my lips and tongue to get him off.

My breath came in gasped pants as the men brutally fucked me between them. But things amazingly accelerated when Jimmy altered his thrusts. He positioned himself so that the tip of his lengthy member was barely still in me when Brian's hip drop ended. Then, when Brian rammed me upward, driving my hips higher, Jimmy jammed down and into me. The result was Brian's pelvis resoundingly smashing into my taut ass cheeks simultaneously with Jimmy's pubic bone powering against my thick clit, driving me backward onto Brian's invading cock, and forcing it even deeper into my colon. Simultaneously, Jimmy's cock's tip rapped on my cervix.

My orgasm seemed to start in my thick, aching clit, expanding exponentially outward until it consumed my mind and entire body. Every millimetre of my body felt like it was reacting to the cocks pounding into my twin lower love holes, driving me into a state of exquisite bliss that I'd never felt before. My head tipped unawarely back, releasing James' throbbing cock. Then, my mouth opened subconsciously, and I shrieked as my body and mind climaxed harder than I ever had.

My shriek set the men off, and their cocks swelled and lengthened inside me before their balls snapped against their rigid shafts, their prostates cramped, and they jointly spat gushes of delicious man seed into me. Jimmy filled me so full that my pussy made a loud sucking sound as he pulled out and squelched and oozed his cum as he thrust back in. Not to be left out, James took advantage of my open mouth and shoved his cock through my lips to cum down my throat.

The boys weren't done and lowered me to the floor. Then, kneeling in a half circle around my shoulders and head, my lovers cupped and squeezed their big balls as they viciously masturbated their magnificent cocks. Brian, who was above my head, came first. Moving so that he could lower and drag his heavily hanging balls across my forehead and nose, he briefly tea-bagged me before pulling back and unloading onto my face, covering it with a surprising amount of salty man goo. James and Jimmy weren't far behind, and they added their loads to my already dripping face.

Next, James, showing no fear of his son's oozing cum, dove between my lewdly spread thighs onto my drooling pussy. Pushing my knees up and apart and lifting my well-toned, curvy ass off the floor, James ran his tongue from my little chocolate star, along my perineum, and into my cum-messy vulva. Licking and sucking up all the juices he could find there, James drove me inexorably towards another hectic climax.

My pre-period lust was raging higher than I ever remember it being before, so when Brian presented his freshly cleaned cock to my lips, I turned my head and eagerly gobbled it all. Looking submissively up past his cock, I saw Jimmy standing beside Brian. Jimmy offered his cock to Brian, and to my thrilled shock, Brian willingly sucked it deep into his mouth. That salacious view inflamed me further, creating the first of what I knew would be a series of cascading orgasms, each a little higher and more intense than the last.

Brian pulled out of my greedily sucking mouth and directed his cock at my lush bosom. Growling low-down in his chest, Brian pumped his thick seed over both of my nipples, with some dribbling off their tips. Jimmy knelt beside Brian, and his jism splashed onto my stomach and his father's busily licking face.

James, who was the only one yet to cum inside me, rubbed the cum into my breasts and tummy before covering my tall, shapely body with his and sliding his thickly-girthed cock into my needily wanting pussy. My poor, abused vulva was so full of cum that it made an almost farting sound when James' cock ploughed the semen already in there aside. As James drove deeper, I felt cum oozing out around his cock and running down my ass crack.

Jimmy moved to the opposite side from Brian, and he placed his wilted, cum-slimy cock in my left hand as Brian did the same with my right. Gripping them firmly, I tried to remember to tug on them as James's pile-driving cock lifted me onto the crest of another stupendous orgasm. I came when James shuddered and orgasmed into me. His warm jism spraying into my tight pussy dashed me against my climax's cliff, and I screamed again as my orgasm seemed to shatter my bones.

Brian took over, tugging on his cock as Jimmy replaced his father between my shaking knees. Knowing I was tripping through the cosmos again after my latest orgasm, Jimmy concentrated on achieving his release quickly and adding to the oozing mess inside my quivering vagina. Feeling him spray into me set off a minor orgasm for me that repeated when Brian mounted me and added his load, too.

I was a naked, cum drenched disgrace when the guys had finished with me. Cum drooled from my ass and pussy. It dripped from my eyebrows, chin, and nipples and was drying on my sexily toned and curved stomach and in my hair. I could taste my lovers' semen as I used my tongue to clean it from my teeth—all-in-all, I felt happy, relaxed and sated for the first time that week. The underlying tension that had haunted me since coming home from my parents' place was gone, and all I wanted to do was sleep.

Brian and James helped me to my feet despite my desire to rest and supported me downstairs to the bathroom. Turning on the water, they held me as Jimmy lovingly washed their combined secretions from my sublime body. I felt fresh and clean once they'd finished, so I knelt and blew them to show my appreciation. Of course, because I love feeling hot spunk splashing on my face, I needed further cleaning after they'd all cum.

Finally done, each of us completely satiated, we returned to the office, where I made a fresh pot of tea. We talked about this and that as we shared our beverages. I felt incredibly close to these three men who had taken me to the heights of ecstasy as well as fixing what would have been a major problem before it became one. I subtly asked Brian how much I owed him for his services, but he chuckled and replied that he'd had more fun overcoming Ms Hannah Chainey than he'd had in years. Plus, I'd given him so much delight when I enthusiastically shared my body with him that he felt he owed me.

After thanking my three older, distinguished lovers, I kissed them all and wished them goodbye. James whispered he'd see me tomorrow week, and surprisingly, Brian did, too. I wondered again about what James meant by 'something he and Annie loved to do', but my shiver was more anticipatory than fearful.

When they'd left, I sat at my computer and perused the flurry of emails I'd received since Brian had cleared my problem with my previous course coordinator. They mainly confirmed my test and project results, but there were also new units for me to do and a note saying I'd receive more as soon as I passed these. Happy that things seemed sorted, I checked the time and realised I needed to get moving if I were to have dinner cooked in time for Caoimhe, Courtney and her daughter to arrive.

I walked to my bedroom to shower and douche my love holes to ensure I showed no trace of my afternoon's sexual exploits. As I did those things, I unwittingly recalled some of the play time that Caoimhe and I had shared, and, of course, that sweet little tingle between my shapely thighs made itself known.

Giggling at my neediness and voracious sexual appetite, I sat before my vanity and carefully did my hair and makeup. With my olive complexion, unless I'm trying to make a bold statement like I was at the Home Free concert, I don't need much makeup to look sensational. Therefore, all I did was outline my eyes, add mascara to lengthen my lashes, and then add coral lippy, a shade darker than my lips' natural colour.

My hair had, of course, returned to its natural curvy shape with the showers I took, so I straightened it again before tying it back in a high-knot ponytail. With the hair pulled back off my pretty face, I thought I looked even younger and more glamorous than usual.

I wanted to excite and titillate my guests, so I chose my preppy-looking, green plaid, metal button, pleated A-line mini skirt to wear. This skirt is barely two hand-widths wide and only covers the top two-thirds of my sexily curvaceous ass. The pleats narrowly covered my skirt's built-in gusset, and neither my little star nor my sweet, waxed pussy showed.

It was a warm spring night, so I paired my micro mini with a black stretch cotton boob tube. The tube was four separate pieces of cotton stitched together at the back that met in front of my breasts through two separate brass rings. The top two pieces adequately covered my gorgeous mounds and puffy nipples, but only just! The lower two were more for decoration and false modesty than anything else.

Putting on my black sneakers sockless, I went to the kitchen to start dinner. On the menu tonight was chicken cacciatore with steamed broccolini and snow peas. I mixed the ingredients for the cacciatore before taking a whole, boneless, butterflied chicken from the fridge and putting everything into my deep dish fry pan. Leaving it on low heat so the simmering juices would infuse the chicken, I checked my wine supply and added a couple of different varieties to my fridge's wine shelf. I wasn't sure if Caoimhe and Maddie preferred dry or sweet wines, so I ensured I had both.

Caoimhe arrived around six because she'd come directly from her uni lecture. Tripping gaily over to hug and kiss me, Caoimhe blatantly groped my barely covered bottom and danced away. "You look hot as, Kate," she said. "But I need to shower and change." She walked toward the downstairs bathroom, then stopped and coyly suggested, "You can wash my back," then, with a cheeky, seductive smile, she added, "or anything else you'd like to!"

"I'm not above spanking misbehaving teenagers," I threatened.

Batting her sexy eyes, Caoimhe smiled and throatily said, “Oh, Miss Kate! Would you, please?”

“Go, you cheeky tart!” I pretended to growl as Caoimhe skipped down the hall to the bathroom.

Caoimhe returned about twenty minutes later wearing a tiny black leather micro mini skirt with shiny belt buckles across its front. She paired that with an emerald green, open front, halter neck cami top with a ruffle trim. The green set her dark eyes and blonde hair off beautifully and immediately raised the intensity of my slight tingle. She also wore black suede ankle boots on her petite feet. The thick heels forced her calves to pop and her tiny, sexily rounded bottom to protrude.

Caoimhe sat on my breakfast bar, occasionally parting her slender, shapely thighs to allow me to see her waxed pussy. Because I was worried about the cacciatore cooking in time, I turned the heat somewhat higher than I typically did and wasn’t prepared to leave it unattended. Staying in my kitchen, I regularly exchanged hugs and soft kisses with my best friend’s sexy daughter.

Caoimhe asked who else was coming, but I put her off, only saying that it was another of her mother’s and my girl gang and her daughter. But then I worried that maybe Caoimhe and Maddie had already met and hated each other, so I admitted who it was.

“Maddie McKenzie?” Caoimhe wondered. “I haven’t seen her since Mom’s thirtieth, so, what? Ten years?” She thought before adding, “Of course, I saw Mrs McKenzie at Mom’s fortieth, so that’s not very long.” Caoimhe considered some more and said, “I thought Mrs McKenzie was uncomfortable with gay women?”

“What makes you say that?” I asked worriedly.

“Oh, nothing, really,” Caoimhe said frowningly. “She merely grimaced when Siobhan and I were affectionate towards each other at Mom’s party.”

“Well, I think you’ll find there isn’t a problem now, even if there was one before,” I said as I casually ran my thumbs up the inside of Caoimhe’s thighs.

Caoimhe giggled and wriggled her legs aside. “I’m already wet, Kate,” she pointed out. “Any more, and I’ll be leaving puddles!”

“Hmm, pussy puddles,” I teased as I pretended to take an appreciative sniff. “How delightful!”

“You’re incorrigible!” Caoimhe pretended to gripe.

“Yes,” I answered. “Yes, I am. Now, my darling girl, how are things at home?”

“Well,” Caoimhe replied. “If you mean at Mom and Dad’s, then things are exceptionally good. I was worried before you seduced my mother that they were headed for divorce, but Dad loves being Mom’s bitch, and Mom loves that Dad’s so attentive to her now.”

“That’s good,” I absently replied before concernedly asking. “And how do you know that I seduced your mother?”

Caoimhe looked at me levelly before giggling and saying, “C’mon, Kate! Mom and I share everything!”

“Including the fact you seduced me?” I queried.

“Oh, hell, yes!” Caoimhe confessed. “We share everything, and I told her the next morning! She was so jellie that I made love to you before she did. I think it was the biggest reason why she agreed to go away with you on your Sunshine Coast trip!”

“You wait til I see her,” I growled. “I’ve been terrified of our ‘secret’ getting out and destroying our friendship, and you’re saying she knew the following day?”

“Hasn’t Mom said anything to you?” Caoimhe wondered. “She said she was going to.” She shrugged before dismissing that thought and saying. “As you

know, I’m living with my brother and Siobhan. That’s great, and the sex is awesome, but I’m starting to feel a bit like a third wheel on a scooter. Maybe I add some balance, but what actual use am I? I’ve even considered moving back in with the olds, but Mom’s not truly bisexual, and I’m afraid that I’ll spend too much time fucking Dad, and she’ll get jealous. Especially given how often she’s away from home.”

“What about you, babe?” I asked as I slid my hands inside her silk top and strummed her tiny nipples with my thumbs. “Do you still prefer women, or are you leaning more towards the middle these days?”

“Oh, I’m still definitely bisexual with a strong preference for dominant women. However, my age range has expanded from women your age and above to any age, as long as they’re genuinely dominant and not just in the bedroom.”

“So I’m no longer your favourite?” I pouted, pinching her nipples forcibly in retaliation.

“You still would be if I ever thought you’d leave John,” Caoimhe responded, her pout matching mine. Then she giggled and grabbed my nipples, too. “Two, three, four, I declare a nipple war!” She stated, twisting mine mercilessly.

In response, I surrounded Caoimhe’s firm A-cup left breast with my hand and palm, moved my left hand to the back of her head, dragged her down and kissed her passionately. Kneading and gently massaging her petite globe, I poured my soul into our kiss.

Caoimhe finally broke our kiss, giggled and said, “Leaving puddles? Keep that up, and I’ll be leaving flooded lakes!”

“You know I love you, and I sometimes wish I could be what you need. You know that, right?”

“I know you do, Kate,” Caoimhe told me wistfully. “But I accept that it can never be, and I’m looking for my one, you know?”

“Well, you know that your mother is my dearest friend in the entire world, and there’s nothing I wouldn’t do for her. And, my girl, I feel the same about you. The only reason you and I aren’t as close as your mother and I is because we don’t have the years of loving each other that your mother and I do.”

“Thanks, Kate,” Caoimhe smilingly replied. “But you haven’t stirred that pan for a while, so you’d better look at it.”

“Shivers!” I exclaimed, turning to the stove. Fortunately, I hadn’t burnt anything, so all was good.

I turned the heat back down, happy that our meal was on time. But before I could return to Caoimhe, I heard a knock, and the door opened. Maddie strode in, wearing black leathers from throat to toe. Clinging to her muscly ass and legs, she wore a pair of leather pants that looked sprayed on.

Seriously, readers, I could not fathom how she could possibly have gotten them on.

Her pants emphasised her muscular legs and firmly rounded bottom. Above that, she had a biker corset shaped like a ‘V’. It adhered to her high, firm B-cup breasts like a second skin, presenting them deliciously to the eye. It finished well above her trousers, leaving her belly button exposed.

On her feet, she wore stiletto-heeled, lace-up calf boots with a mirror finish.

But that wasn’t so shocking because she held a dog leash in her right hand attached to her mother’s wide, studded, red leather collar. Courtney also had a corset on. Hers was red and cupless, leaving her pillowy B-cup+ breasts naked. Courtney had a cross of electrical tape on each nipple, keeping her at least somewhat publicly decent. But, all Courtney wore was a skimpy, red leather G-string below her corset. I noticed she’d ‘shaved’ since she was last here.

On her feet, Courtney had unbelievable 9-inch stiletto pumps. How she could even stand, let alone walk, was beyond me.

“Hi, girls!” Courtney nervously waved and giggled.

Maddie ignored her, dropped Courtney’s leash, and marched up to Caoimhe. “Caoimhe,” she said firmly. “It’s been years. How the fuck are you? You look spectacular!”

“Ah ... umm ... ahh,” Caoimhe stammered, her tongue touching suddenly dry lips. Caoimhe’s eyes unwittingly dropped to examine Maddie’s delectably mounded breasts and then went lower. Her eyes saw the bulge along Maddie’s inner thigh. She followed the bulge, spotting Maddie’s ‘cock’s head’ outlined through her tight trousers. She gasped, with her arousal apparent in her widened eyes, flushed face, and bitten bottom lip. “Ahh, shit!” Caoimhe muttered as she sank to her knees before Maddie. Her head and eyes lowered, and she answered, “This girl is fine, Mistress. She is pleased that you deigned to notice her.”

Winking at me, Maddie instructed her mother to kneel beside Caoimhe. Then, she walked around the slender, petite woman, admiring her slim but shapely and womanly figure. Stopping before Caoimhe, Maddie demanded, “Look at me. I expect my sluts to meet my eyes when I talk to them.”

It differed from how I did things, but many dominants expect similar behaviour, so it wasn’t unusual.

When Caoimhe met her eyes, Maddie asked, “You’re a submissive lipstick lesbian? I assume from your reaction and pose that you’re uncollared at the moment?”

“Yes, Mistress,” Caoimhe replied. “I serve my brother and his fiancée, but they do not own me.”

Insightfully, Maddie queried, “But you wish that Kate would take the step and become your owner?”

“I do, Mistress,” Caoimhe admitted. “But I know it can never be.”

“I’m interested in being your Mistress,” Maddie firmly stated. “You’re a delectable piece of cunt fluff (I typed it without hesitating! Well, not too

much.), and I'd like to explore a Mistress/sub relationship with you. Interested?"

"Yes, Mistress," Caoimhe stated, trying not to appear too eager.

"Good," Maddie smiled. "I'm already anticipating later, after we've eaten. Two submissive Mommie sluts and a young, lipstick lesbian one. This weekend went from okay to freaken awesome in seconds!"

She turned to me, "What's for dinner, my little slut Kate? I'm starving."

"Ahh, Maddie," I chuckled. "That works on me when I'm in the mood, which I'm currently not. Let me steam some vegetables, we'll eat, and you and your mother can tell me what the heck is going on because it seems like you've made some changes."

I already had the broccolini and snow peas soaking in salted water inside my rice cooker, which was inside my microwave. I pushed the button to start them steaming and opened the fridge. "Who wants dry, and who wants sweet?" I asked, holding the bottles up.

Caoimhe was the only one to request a sweet wine, so I poured glasses for everyone according to their preference. A few moments later, the microwave dinged. I took the cooker out and emptied the water into the sink before tipping the veggies into a serving bowl. Then, I got four bowls from the drawer and handed one each to my friends. I told them to help themselves, and we were soon sitting around the kitchen table chatting as we ate.

After dinner, I heated in the microwave a chocolate mud cake I'd bought, added ice cream and Baileys Irish Cream, and brought it to the table. I'd poured shot glasses of the Baileys liqueur, too.

Tipping my glass to my friends, I asked, "So, Courts and Mads. Seriously, what the heck?"

Courtney giggled guiltily but didn't respond. Maddie grinned at her mother before answering. "As you know from Monday night, Aunty Kate, I've

longed for a submissive Mommie slut to serve me. After that fantastic night fucking you both as you submitted to me, I decided to make Mom my bitch. To both of our surprise, Mom has taken to being a submissive lesbian slut like a duck to water, and I'm wondering if I can get Dad to bow to me, too.

"At the moment," Maddie continued. "It's only role play when we're playing, but we, well, I decided you'd love how we look, and it'd make you wetter than the Ganges in the rainy season." She grimaced and added, "I guess that backfired."

"Heck, no, it didn't!" I emphasised. "I'm hotter than midday in the Sahara, but I didn't want to embarrass Caoimhe." I grinned at my three friends and added, "I figured that two submissive sluts were enough."

The night continued with Maddie and Caoimhe spending more and more time talking exclusively with each other. I grinned at Courtney happily before taking her hand in mine and saying, "Maddie, I'm taking your mother to bed. I'll see you and Caoimhe for breakfast in the morning."

"Okay, Aunty Kate," Maddie said dismissively. "Caoimhe and I have a lot to discuss. Did you finish cleaning out your craft room, and is there a bed back in there yet?"

"Yes, and yes," I confirmed. "It's only a queen because that room's too small to take a king like the rest. Is that okay?"

"I'll be on top of Caoimhe for most of the time we're in there," Maddie teased. "So probably, a single would do."

Caoimhe giggled before saying she needed to phone her brother and confirm she was staying the night. Courtney and I left the two younger women to explore their burgeoning romance and went to my room.

Entering my bedroom, I donned my Mistress Kate persona and told Courtney to remove her G-string, kneel on the bed and hold her pussy lips apart.

Courtney had wholly embraced her new submissive role and quickly obeyed my demands. As I passed her, I smacked her slightly flabby bum as I took off my clothing. Then, reaching into my bedroom drawer, I removed my strap-on and squatted to seat it inside me.

When I joked that I was hotter than the Sahara desert at noon, I wasn't kidding. Maddie's growled comment about me being a 'submissive slut' had me aching to kneel with Courtney and Caoimhe and submit to the beautiful, dominant teenager. As a result, my pussy was positively drooling, and my thick clit throbbed and ached, needing attention.

I did up my strap-on's ties, inserted my '8-inch cock', and I was ready to fuck my friend into oblivion. I moved up behind Courtney and placed my 'cock' in her ass' cleft. Then, reaching forward, I picked an end off one of the tapes on her nipples and ripped it off. Courtney didn't react to the top tape coming off but yipped when I ripped the lower one from her engorged nipple. I repeated the actions on Courtney's other breast and then stroked and massaged them to ease any residual pain.

My original plan, because I was so hot, was to fuck my friend as hard as I could. That would jam the rubber stop on my strap-on's harness against my aching clitoris and thrust the double end into my squelching pussy. But Courtney was being too passive for my liking, and I knew I needed to check in with her before we made love.

I shifted onto my bed and lay on my back before holding my hands out to Courtney and saying, "Come and cuddle, gorgeous. Tell me what's going on."

Courtney almost leapt into my arms and lay her head on my expansive décolletage. Her head was under my chin, and she forced her hands under my lower back to wrap her arms around me.

"You okay, babe?" I asked as empathetically as I could.

Courtney tilted her head back and kissed under my chin as she squeezed me tightly to her. "Yeah, mostly, Kate," she replied. "It's just been such a sudden leap, you know? Monday morning, I'm Maddison's (Maddie for

short) mom, and then Monday night, I'm her submissive lesbian slut. Now, I wonder if Lilly Petersen wasn't right all those years ago, and I'm nothing but a closeted lesbian who's been lying to herself all these years."

"So, I take it that you and Maddie have played a lot since Monday?"

Courtney nodded and replied, "The sex has been amazing. I've cum harder and more often than I ever have before. Maddie plays me like a virtuoso plays his violin, and I can't stop cumming as she fucks with me."

"But it's just casual sex, right?" I asked, knowing what was going on. "You're not playing Mistress/sub or anything like that. You and Maddie are just fucking, right?"

"No, the other way around, Kate. We never make love or fuck. It's always Mistress/slave or Domme/sub."

Hiding a smile because I knew Courtney would think I was laughing at her and it would hurt her, I said, "Courtney, honey, I want you to do something for me, okay? I need you to trust me on this and do what I ask, yeah?"

"Of course, Kate," Courtney replied. "I'd trust you with anything."

"Good. Lie on your back in the middle of the bed and stretch your hands and feet to the corners. I'm going to bind you in place and then show you what's happening with you, okay?"

"Sure, Kate," she replied before giggling. "Sounds kinky and a lot of fun!"

I quickly tied my friend to my bed and then pushed two fingers into her glistening pussy. Placing my thumb on her clit, I massaged that delightful little button and said, "Baby, I want you to close your eyes and picture the most handsome, masculine, dominant man you know." I waited a few seconds before continuing, "You pictured John, right?" Courtney shifted uncomfortably, but I giggled and assured her that probably all of our girl gang, and many others, would, too.

“You don’t mind that I sometimes fantasise about your husband?” Courtney disbelievingly asked.

“You and probably ninety-nine per cent of the women he meets,” I giggled. “He is one hot hunk of man meat!”

“Yes, he is,” Courtney admitted. “I love Ewan beyond the moon and stars, but your husband is the alpha male in our group, and we’ve all confessed we’d fuck him in a minute if you weren’t our best friend.”

“I know,” I said theatrically, placing the back of my hand on my forehead and tossing my head back as if in despair. “It’s my row to hoe—having all my friends and acquaintances lusting over my man!”

Courtney laughed, and I continued with my explanation of why she had reacted as she had. “Now, Courts,” I said earnestly. “I don’t want you to feel guilty about what I’ll ask you to do, and just go with your imagination, okay?”

“Sure, babe,” Courtney replied.

“Imagine this, my love. “You’re dressed as you were when you entered with Maddie, except it’s me leading you by your leash. My husband stands beside the island bench wearing skin-tight black jeans, boots, and a see-through, white button-up shirt. The buttons are undone to his navel, and his broad hairy chest shows in the shirt’s vee.”

I suppressed a laugh because, with my fingers stuffed in Courtney’s pussy, I could clearly tell my scenario had made her hot. Unawarely, as the heat and juices rose in her pussy, Courtney began thrusting her hips up at my fingers and thumb.

“Next,” I expanded. “I lead you across to John and tell you to kneel. You do what you’re told and kneel with your bottom on your heels. Your knees are slightly parted, and your palms face up on your thighs. You keep your head and shoulders up and back but your eyes on the ground before you.”

Feeling Courtney's arousal climbing exponentially, I started thrusting my fingers in and out of her soaking pussy. She moaned, and her entire body arched up off the bed.

"John moves to stand with his large, semi-hard cock only inches from your mouth," I continued as Courtney writhed. "He looks down at you sternly, but then he suddenly reaches and tears the tape from your aching nipples. Next, he grabs your breast nubs, then squeezes and twists them mercilessly." To add to Courtney's illusion, I pinched and twisted her left nipple as I thrust my fingers into her slippery pussy. "In his deep, baritone voice, John demands, 'Cum for me, my little Courtney slut!'"

I'd tried to deepen and strengthen my voice to imitate my husband's rich baritone. I don't know if it added anything, but after I'd spoken those words, Courtney's eyes sprung open, and she bucked against my hand. Panting hard and close to orgasm, Courtney rammed her pussy up at my probing fingers, forcing me to quickly open my hand to stop my fingers from being broken. With my four fingers pressed together, Courtney thrust viciously up again, and my whole hand down to my thumb slid into her soaking pussy.

"Oh, shiiiiiiiiiittttttttttt, Kate!!!!!!!" She screamed. "I'mmm cuuuuuummmmmmmmmmming!"

I firmly pumped my hand in and out of her sopping vagina as Courtney creamed over and over. "Oh, shit! Oh, shit! Oh, shit!" She repeated as several after-shocks caused her entire body to shudder, jerk, and shake.

Courtney collapsed, so I released her from the binds and lay beside her, gently stroking her face until her eyes focused. She grinned guiltily and asked, "What the hell did you do to me, Kate?"

I giggled and replied, "Are you still worried that you're a lesbian?"

She thought for a time before shaking her head. "A lesbian wouldn't react at all to that fantasy. I doubt if even someone bisexual who didn't strongly prefer men would react as I did. So, Kate, what happened? Why have I been

reacting so strongly to my daughter and now even more powerfully to fantasies of your husband?”

I shook my head and explained, “You’re not reacting to the person, babe. Instead, you’re responding to the submissive situation. What you’ve discovered is that you are, as I am, innately submissive. A dominant personality commands that you react sexually to them, and your subconscious demands that you obey. Next thing you know, you’re on your knees begging them to allow you to cum, and willing to offer up your mouth, pussy or ass in return.”

Courtney considered my words before fearfully asking, “Won’t that leave me vulnerable to sexual harassment and bullying? Will I start dropping my knickers for anyone who commands me to?”

“Yes,” I honestly replied. “It’s what has caused me so much trouble over the last nine to ten months. If an emotionally calm, dominant person commands my obedience, I’ll be on my knees, willing to serve them before I even realise I shouldn’t be.”

“How do you stop it?”

I looked at her intently before deciding to take a leap of faith. “By ensuring my husband or son is close enough to keep a firm hand on my shapely ass and forcibly correct my direction if I err.”

Courtney’s stare matched mine’s intensity. “You’re intimate with your son,” she breathed. However, she didn’t sound disgusted and seemed more turned on by the thought than anything else.

“I am,” I confirmed. “With Krissy, too.”

“OMG!” Courtney breathed. “That is so hot! Do any of the others know?”

Of course, there were ones that did. But that was their tale to tell and not mine. So I avoided the question by only admitting that because Patty lived with me, she’d figured it out.

My confessing my incestuous relationship with my kids seemed to set Courtney off because she rolled me onto my back and kissed me more forcefully than she ever had. She slid down my lush, curvy body and gobbled my strap-on like it was a real dick. A few seconds later, she lined it up with her dripping entrance and dropped forcefully onto it. Her pliant pelvis smacked into my taut one with a loud whack.

Courtney climaxed almost immediately and then continued to crest every few minutes until she lifted off me until only my ‘cock’s very tip was still in her entrance. She then grabbed a double handful of my plentiful breasts, squeezed hard and let herself drop. My ‘cock’ roared up her tight tunnel before slamming against her cervix.

“Ouch!” She exclaimed but immediately repeated the movement. She did it a third time before falling onto my breasts and screaming as an enormous climax ripped through her soft body.

Courtney was still screaming when Maddie and Caoimhe flung my bedroom door open and marched in. The girls were naked. Caoimhe’s tiny breasts were bound with rope, and her hands were tied behind her back. In her mouth, Caoimhe had a red ball gag, and when Maddie spun her, we saw that she had a butt plug inserted. I giggled when Maddie tapped on it because it lit up like a strobe light.

“Hmm, two delicious submissive Mommie lesbians fucking like the sluts they are,” Maddie hummed before calmly and firmly saying. “Mom, get on your knees with your saggy tits on the bed. And, Aunty Kate, no more of this bullshit about ‘needing to be in the mood’. I say you are in the mood, so get on your knees beside Mom.”

Courtney and I looked at each other and giggled. However, we were already sliding off the bed to take our positions, kneeling before Maddie. I hesitated long enough to remove my strap-on before taking my spot.

“Make room for my girl,” Maddie demanded as she rubbed massage oil onto her ‘cock’. The strap-on and her black, shiny boots were all the young woman wore.

Caoimhe joined Courtney's and my giggles, but she, too, obediently knelt between us with her tied breasts on the bed.

"When I say 'swap'," Maddie instructed. "The slut on the right will move to my left. The slut in the middle will move to my right, and the slut on my left will move to the middle. Am I clear?"

We all dutifully intoned, "Yes, Mistress," and eagerly waited to see what was next.

Maddie knelt behind Caoimhe, who was in the middle, of course. But Maddie was too tall to penetrate my best friend's daughter no matter what she did. However, the diminutive Caoimhe had had this problem before, so she got onto her toes and braced her knees against my bed. Then, doing a kind of squat, she lowered her gorgeous, tiny bottom low enough for Maddie to ease her 'cock' inside her.

Maddie held Caoimhe's hips until they established a rhythm where Caoimhe lowered down as Maddie thrust up and in. My room swiftly filled with the delightful sound of a toned abdomen smacking against a womanly ass. Now that she had the rhythm for fucking the tiny girl before her, Maddie moved her hands to her mother's and my bottoms. Placing her thumbs on our little dark stars, Maddie shoved her middle fingers into our pussies and finger-banged us.

Courtney was still as excited as she was when we stopped fantasising and started making love, and she orgasmed almost immediately. Maddie ignored her mother's climax and finger-fucked us even harder. After several minutes of vigorous thrusting into our juicy pussies, Maddie pushed her thumb through our rings and into our tight asses. As soon as Courtney and I moaned, appreciating the extra sensation, she resumed fucking Caoimhe as she fingered us.

Caoimhe came next, spasming and jerking on the end of Maddie's cock. Her orgasmic squeals were muffled by her ball gag and sounded quite comical. Of course, that meant it was time to swap positions, and I was next to have my hot, slippery snatch filled with Maddie's 'girl cock'. I was already on the edge from fucking Courtney without receiving any relief for

myself, so it didn’t take long before I squealed and came on Maddie’s cock, too.

We shifted again, and Maddie, I have to say, fucked her mother brutally. She didn’t fondle Caoimhe’s and my pussy. Instead, she gripped Courtney’s pliant hips so tightly that her fingers left ten circular welts that faded into bruises. Holding her Mom firmly, Maddie ripped Courtney back and slammed her hips forward as powerfully as possible. Next, Maddie took a handful of her mother’s dark locks and hauled her head back as she rammed her cock into her mother’s pussy.

I thought to intervene, but before I could, Courtney screamed, “Oh, Jaysus, Maddie!!!!!!!! Fuck your mother’s dirty whore” ... sigh... “cunt! Fuck her cunt and make her your slut!”

Courtney came hard! She didn’t quite squirt around her daughter’s cock, but fluids pulsed heavily from her boiling vagina, soaking Maddie’s groin and pussy.

“Oh, fuck, Mom!” Maddie exclaimed. “That feels so hot!”

She orgasmed when Courtney’s vulva flushed liquid again.

Courtney collapsed onto the bed, exhausted. But, even after my vigorous afternoon sex session, my pre-period lusts were still raging. I stepped back into my strap-on’s harness, seated its double-ended cock inside me, then I peremptorily tossed Maddie onto my bed. Leaping after her, I slammed her onto her back, yanked her ‘cock’ aside, and rammed mine into her.

“Oh, fuck, Aunty Kate!” Maddie bellowed. “Fuck me, fuck me hard!”

That set off an all-night fuck session. Maddie and I generously used our divine ‘girl cocks’ on the other two and also each other. Sometimes I fucked her, other times, she, me. Caoimhe happily ate or sixty-nined with Courtney as Maddie and I went at it. My lust raged, and I was totally insatiable as I drove my lovers to the peaks of passion. I don’t know how many times I and the others came except to say that the last time I penetrated Miss

Maddison, she whimpered that she'd had enough. It didn't stop either of us from achieving a final orgasm, though.

We finally collapsed into a heap sometime after dawn reared its ugly head. Maddie undid Caoimhe's binds, and Caoimhe stretched out on top of the much taller Maddie, a small, satisfied, happy smile on her pretty face. Courtney insisted that I lie on my back, and she lay on her side with her head on my shoulder, despite me warning her I'd probably snore in that position. Courtney's hand covered my large, rounded left globe, and she softly kneaded it as she smiled against my neck and slept.

Abdominal cramps woke me about an hour later, and I had to take the usual steps to ensure I didn't mess up the bed or my panties. Deciding I was too uncomfortable to sleep, I showered and washed my hair. Then, I swallowed a couple of Mersyndol tablets, swung my long, sheer robe over my shapely shoulders, and made my way to the kitchen.

I used my machine to make a strong coffee, sat down, and thought about the previous day. How had I gone from being grumpy and irritable to wanting to and then fucking everything in sight? I'd taken three cocks simultaneously, let those same three cocks fill my slutty pussy, cum in my ass and on my face. I'd let Brian, James, and Jimmy swamp me with their semen, and worse, I'd loved every second of it. What had I degenerated into?

My feelings for hypnotherapist Edgar damned Fontaine had swung from hatred to grudging admiration and now back to resentment. But I kept having to admit to one simple fact: Hypnotherapy could not make me do a single thing that I did not innately want to do. This meant that my previous prudish behaviour and lifestyle were mere masks that my social conditioning had forced upon me, and my current degeneracy was the genuine me.

I sipped my coffee and thought some more before shifting guiltily. I knew I was punishing my husband for abandoning me again. When John announced that he was quitting Pepperstone and starting his own firm, I mistakenly thought that meant I'd accompany him if he needed to travel again. But when John rightfully explained that he couldn't leave his office

unattended for two months and that I was the only one qualified to manage it, I had to accept that, once again, I'd be staying home as he travelled the world, probably fucking anyone he could entice into his bed.

Taking our daughter as his assistant and travel companion somewhat mitigated his abandonment of me, but I couldn't quite wholly forgive him for leaving me behind again. In the short term, nothing could change because, although I was racing through my Bachelors/Masters degree courses, my daughter, Krissy, was stuck doing hers at the glacial pace the uni set. Another difference was that I was doing my course online, and Krissy was attending Nathan University. That meant I could complete my subjects as quickly as my uni was prepared to send them through.

My previous coordinator, Ms Chainey, complained that I hadn't attended any of the streamed lectures. She wasn't wrong, but typically, I had already completed the readings and projects associated with the subject before the first lecture was on. Therefore, I felt no need to waste an hour a week watching a redundant lecture for each unit.

I know that I'm intelligent, probably way more intelligent than most. I do not have an eidetic memory, but I can skim an article or course book, quickly pick out the relevant information, and remember it for later questions. After that first hurried reading, typically, I would do the practice exercises. My first attempt was usually in the eighteen to twenty out of twenty range, more than enough to pass the subject with a distinction. However, I could recall the approximate place/s in the reading material where my error/s came from. I'd re-read that section and correct my mistake/s. Then, when the end-of-unit test became available, I'd pass with a one hundred per cent accuracy.

I believe I could successfully manage our client's investment portfolios and maintain a similar return to John's. Admittedly, I would use his algorithm program to do so, but that didn't alter the fact that I could run Muggleton Consultancy prosperously in my husband's absence. What stopped me from making the changes myself was a lack of self-confidence and not ability. However, James Squire, one of Australia's top fifteen wealthiest men, is also tutoring me on investment finance, and I learn more every time we talk.

My maudlin thinking continued until I'd finished my coffee. I rinsed the cup out, put it in the dishwasher, and then put the kettle on to boil. After filling a hot water bottle, I held it against my abdomen and returned to my bedroom. Courtney had rolled onto her opposite side and had snuggled against her daughter. But she returned to sleeping on my shoulder when I slid back into bed. Smiling, I closed my eyes, sighed deeply, and concentrated on trying to hear my heartbeat. Of course, I couldn't, but attempting to do so always calmed my racing mind and allowed me to sleep.

The remainder of the weekend passed uneventfully, except that Caoimhe stayed over in Maddie's room. Phil and Siobhan visited on Sunday morning to check on their lover/sister. They met and chatted with Maddie and then exchanged smiling glances. Phil, of course, knew Maddie well, but Siobhan had never met any of Courtney's children and only vaguely knew her (Courtney) from Kath's party.

"You done well, Momma," Phil said when he kissed my cheek in a goodbye. "I think they're perfect for each other."

I blushed guiltily before objecting, "Me? I didn't do anything except ask Caoimhe to dinner."

"By herself, with strict instructions for Siobhan and me to stay away. Nah, Momma, you didn't do nuffink!" Phil teased. "Patty and Charmaine, Maddie and Caoimhe. You're good at this, Momma. Maybe you should set up your own dating service!"

"Training Freddy to match with my daughter is all I'm concerned with, Mister!" I emphatically said.

Siobhan chuckled before saying, "Sheesh, Momma. Even I would date Mister Rick Singleton now. The changes in him have been astronomical. He stands taller, looks you in the eye, and speaks calmly and authoritatively now. It's difficult to believe he's the same person he was before you took him under your wing."

“The very fact that you, Siobhan, have called him Rick is enough for me,” I said proudly. “He was, indeed, an immature Freddy. But if he’s earned the moniker ‘Rick’, I’m glad indeed.”

“You know that sometimes you speak like a dictionary, right, Momma?” Phil teased.

I’ve observed earlier that of all of my son’s friends and the young men I know, Phil is far and away my favourite. If I were of an appropriate age, I could easily see myself pursuing the young man at least as adroitly as I pursued my husband. So, to tease him and perhaps teach him a lesson, I took his large, masculine hands and placed them on my curvaceous bottom as I full-frontal hugged him. Phil is as tall as I am, so I pushed my hot pussy against his swiftly swelling cock, and kissed him. Then, locking my pouty lips to his and kissing him as well as I knew how, I lifted and lowered myself onto my toes, rubbing my inflamed vagina against his manhood.

Next, I stepped back, holding his elbows in my hands. Then, I kissed Phil’s cheek and whispered loud enough for Siobhan to hear, “Careful, darling boy. You’re biting off more than you can chew. It would take me mere moments to have you naked on your back and to be riding your rampant cock here in my foyer!”

“Oh, shit, Momma,” Phil gasped, near an orgasm. I let him go, and he staggered back a couple of steps, trying to control his imminent climax. “I now know how that proverbial deer in the headlights feels.” Then, showing why I loved him so much, Phil grinned and said, “Well, now that I know I’m out of my depth, I’m out of here before my future wife decides to collect my balls!”

Siobhan grinned at me with her eyes sparkling. Then she waved goodbye, grabbed Phil’s hand, and they left.

Maddie and Courtney stayed until Monday morning, but I’d had to hang an ‘out of order’ sign on my typically wanton pussy, so I couldn’t play. Because I couldn’t ‘play’, Maddie and Caoimhe joined Courtney in her room. Unable to sleep, I listened to their passion cries on both nights,

swearing I would soundproof that room at the earliest opportunity. Thankfully, Jennifer slept with me on Saturday, and I wasn't alone.

Monday morning broke with the weather having turned stormy and thundery. Being spring meant that the temperature was still in the mid-twenties (Celsius. 75F), but it was as humid as heck. In other words, it is typical for this time of year. I got up from bed, did my hair and makeup, and dressed, ready to open our office. Because I tend to perspire heavily when the humidity is high, I settled for a black, stretch-knit, sleeveless T-shirt over a high-waisted, dark grey, mid-thigh cotton skirt. I added a pair of low heels before going to make breakfast.

Tommy and Jennifer had stayed with Gina overnight, so there were five of us to prepare breakfast for. I opted for fruit and cereal bowls because no one had come down yet. They hadn't appeared by the time I needed to open the office, so I left their bowls covered with napkins on the bench and started my work day.

I handled the few email enquiries we had, mostly by explaining that we were an investment and not a finance firm and directing them to one of James' companies. I didn't feel capable of handling one and forwarded it to Krissy to show to her father. I answered the other by copying their investment returns into Excel (without the embedded algorithms) and forwarding it to them. Their returns were tracking above our predictions, so I was happy to forward this information.

The highlight of my day was when Akiki dropped by to thank me and excitedly talk about his new accountancy firm. I pointed out that it was mere happenstance that James dropped by when he was here, but Andrew, as he prefers to be called, insisted that I didn't have to introduce James as a financier. Therefore, I was responsible for creating the circumstances that allowed the two of them to form a partnership.

John and I have been with the same accountancy firm for many years, but the man who handled our tax returns retired at the end of the previous financial year. This year, we'd been unimpressed with the junior partner assigned to manage our returns. Twice, I've caught errors in our monthly BAS (Business Activity Statement) that could have cost us fines or worse. I

knew if James trusted Andrew enough to finance his new office, he must be good, so I invited Andrew and his wife, Acanit (Anne), to dinner on a day after John returned. We'd discuss giving Andrew our business over a nice meal.

Tuesday to Thursday were uneventful, and by Friday, I could take my 'out of service' sign down. I waited until that evening to ensure there wasn't any late spotting and then promptly jumped my son when he and Gina dropped by to change before going out. After quite a few badly needed orgasms, I tongued my daughter-in-law to a delicious climax and then teasingly shooed them out of my room, telling them I'd had enough. I slept well that night.

I awoke Saturday morning with Jennifer pressed against my front. Her generous C-cups were pushed against my Double-Ds, and her lips were close to mine. I knew she must have been upset to have crawled into bed with me during the night, so I kissed her luscious lips and flicked a nipple. "You okay, baby girl?" I asked when Jennifer's eyes opened.

"Nah, yeah, well, mostly," Jennifer sleepily drawled. "I'm lonely and feel left out."

A comment on Australianisms: Nah, yeah, means yes. Yeah, nah, means no.

"Why's that, babe?" I queried.

"Everyone's got someone except me," she griped. "Even Charmaine and Caoimhe, who both despaired because they wanted you and you couldn't be theirs, now have someone. I've never seen Charmaine so sickeningly happy, and I've known her since State School."

I avoided pointing out that she wasn't twenty yet and had plenty of time because I knew that could be a sensitive subject for teenagers. I didn't like the modern trend that saw teenagers being infantilised at the same time that preteens were being sexualised. I found with my kids that as they showed more responsibility, I needed to release the reins and let them find their own way. Otherwise, I faced resentment and rebellion.

However, at the same time, I had to ensure that I had firm, nonnegotiable boundaries in place. Simple things like no underage drinking or drug use and no sex until they were of an appropriate age. Be at home in time for dinner, be in bed at a reasonable hour if it were a school night, and let me know where they were going and who they'd be with. And, of course, keeping their mobile phones turned on and answering them if I rang.

My kids needed to return home after school and complete their homework before doing anything else. Even when Tommy had signed with The Brisbane Lions, I insisted he did his homework before going to training. Fortunately, The Lions supported me in that. When their homework was done, they needed to present it to me. I'd check it, point out any errors, and send them to correct them. After completing their schoolwork, they could go about their afternoon activities, which always included some chores.

John and I only gave our children a small allowance and insisted they needed to find a part-time job if they wanted more money. I'm proud to say that both of my kids had paying jobs at age thirteen. From ages thirteen to seventeen, Tommy worked at our local Fish and Chip takeaway on Friday and Saturday nights. At the same age, Krissy worked weekends at K-Mart. Then, when she turned seventeen and could drive to our local train station, she started work at Cue Fashion in the newly named Uptown Shopping Centre in Brisbane's CBD. She still works there part-time. Well, she will when she returns from her travels.

Anyway. All the above rushed through my mind as I tried to come up with an appropriate response. In the end, all I did was kiss the beautiful young woman and then hug her tightly to my lush bosom. "Sometimes life just sucks, huh?" I asked after our kiss.

Jennifer sighed mournfully before saying, "It sure does, Momma. I don't suppose you know of another man my age you can direct my way?"

"I can't think of anyone specifically at the moment, babe," I admitted. Then I grinned and added, "But if I seduce one, I'll be sure to send him your way!"

Jennifer laughed and kissed me. Of course, our kiss quickly turned passionate, so we made love before showering and getting dressed.

Even though it was mid-morning, we were still the first into my kitchen. Deciding I wanted something more substantial than my typical smoothie or fruit bowl, I cooked a pile of bacon, eggs, mushrooms, tomatoes and hash browns. Patty and Charmaine wandered in next, with Courtney, Maddie and Caoimhe trickling in sporadically behind them. Then, Tommy and Gina came in through the garage door just as we sat to eat.

I got up to cook them breakfast, too, but Gina said, “I got this, Momma. Sit and enjoy your breakfast.”

After eating, Patty said she was meeting with James and Andrew to discuss Andrew’s needs for the office he’d be renting from her. Patty mentioned that another junior partner from Andrew’s previous firm had also defected and that he and Andrew were setting up an office together. Between them, they’d created a sizeable amount of start-up capital so their new business would have a solid foundation from which to start. She left, taking Charmaine with her.

Courtney said that she and Maddie would go home after breakfast and asked if they could return on Sunday. I told them not to be silly; of course, they could come back Sunday and any other day they wanted. Just let me know in time so I can get something out for our dinner.

They left, leaving only me and Jennifer. I was vaguely horny and wondered if the staunchly-built young woman would like to play. Unfortunately, she sighed before saying she had to go to uni to meet her study group, which left me alone. I didn’t mind because I had decided that ‘Momma’ needed to follow up on my girls’ cleaning and do it ‘properly’. I giggled at myself because I knew it was only an excuse to do something that didn’t need doing, but I wanted to do it anyway.

It took me until late afternoon, with a break for lunch at about one, to clean my entire house from the eaves in the farthest bedroom to the floor inside the door in my foyer. I made a coffee and wandered around my sparkling

house, smiling happily. My house looked and smelt brand new, with only the scent of freshly cut flowers wafting through it.

An interesting text from James arrived as I ate lunch. It read, “My darling, Kate. I hope tonight will be as beautiful and exciting for you and me as it was for Annie and me. My dear, I want you to dress to the absolute nines for me tonight. Please, if I may be so bold, I want you to start with towering high-heels, silk stockings and suspenders. They should be followed by a sexy bra and panty set. In addition to that, I’d like you to wear a half-slip of silk and a cami top. Next should be a billowy, flowing maxi dress complete with full-length white satin gloves. Finally, although it is quite warm, you should wear a flowing full-length cloak.

“The colours and colour combinations, I shall leave to your discretion as I’m certain you are more competent than I at combining colours.” He ended the text by saying, “I will send a car for you at 7:00 p.m. tonight. Be not concerned that the driver isn’t Jimmy because he will be eagerly awaiting your arrival, as shall I.”

I smiled at James’ audacity to tell me how to dress but admired the smooth way he’d insisted. I wondered again what I’d let myself in for, but that vague little tingle settled with increased intensity on my sweet, thick love button, and I was undeniably aroused and looking forward to later that night.

After washing and carefully styling my luscious black locks, I dressed as James had requested. I decided on midnight blue as the primary colour base for my outfit but chose ivory white for all my undergarments. My long, white opera gloves completed my look, and at precisely seven, I sat in my foyer, waiting for my driver.

I’d barely sat my gorgeous bottom on the bench when there was a sharp rap on the door. The rest of my extended family was conspicuously absent, and no one wished me goodbye. I wondered why. I opened the door to find a handsome young man, perhaps a little older than my son. He wore a black two-piece suit with a white shirt. The shirt’s buttons were undone to his sternum, and the jacket was open. In the exposed gap, I could see the

gorgeous young creature's broad, muscular, hairy chest, and my arousal shifted a couple of notches higher, imagining how the rest of him looked.

Smiling politely, the driver introduced himself as Adam and held my elbow as he guided me to James' car. He opened the back passenger door and respectfully averted his eyes as I got in the car. I was chuffed with his tactful actions and smiled warmly at him as he closed my door, after ensuring I was wholly inside the vehicle.

Adam remained silent during the drive to James' place, and I couldn't think of a subject to begin a conversation with, so we arrived without exchanging a word. I felt a little embarrassed because I thought I'd been rude. But when Adam opened my door to let me out, he bowed and said, "Thank you for trusting me to deliver you safely, Mrs Muggleton. I hope you'll allow me to carry you again."

I smiled before impulsively kissing his cheek and thanking him. Adam held my elbow once again as he walked me up the stairs to where James and Jimmy smilingly waited.

James and Jimmy gently held my hands as they guided me in a slow pirouette, enthralled and delighted by how I'd dressed and presented myself. "Lauren Bacall in Woman's World?" James breathed.

"I agree," Jimmy replied. "Superb is the word that comes to mind. I wonder if we could convince our darling Kate to dye her hair auburn red?"

"Not a chance in Heck!" I growled, secretly delighted by the comparison.

Holding my hands, James and Jimmy walked me to their dining room. After taking my cloak, they sat me at the place of honour at the head of the table. James sat to my right as Jimmy moved to my left. Adam, who had taken my overnight bag upstairs, returned with a bottle of Dom Pérignon and poured three glasses. He waited attentively until I'd taken a sip before filling my glass.

Another man, whom James introduced as Noah, followed Adam, placing an entrée of oysters before each of us. Next came another small dish of duck

crepes and then the main course, which was braised beef cheeks cooked in a red wine jus with scalloped potatoes, Yorkshire pudding, green beans, and asparagus. Finally, the dessert was a strawberry torte cheesecake with a tiny dollop of French vanilla ice cream. Each course was a masterpiece, with each serving a titillating delight in a size small enough to encourage me to eat without worrying about being overfull. At the meal's end, I felt nicely sated without feeling like I'd overeaten.

Adam kept my glass delightfully full during the meal, with a nice red replacing the Dom Pérignon after the first entrée. Noah made sporadic appearances, ensuring each dish met my satisfaction. As usual, James and Jimmy kept me entertained with their interesting conversations and sparkling wit. I felt special, loved and desired, and horny as heck from their covert and sometimes overt flirting. Obviously, there is no one better at flirting than me, and all four men sported tented trouser fronts by our meal's end.

After dinner, we adjourned to James' sitting room, where we indulged in some port wine and more conversation. I could hear muffled sounds from the dining room but assumed it was Noah and Adam cleaning up from dinner. Adam briefly entered the room and flashed a thumbs-up at James sometime later.

James grinned anticipatorily before turning to me. "Kate, my darling girl," he told me. "We're ready to move onto the entertainment part of the evening. Things will get a little intense and quite raunchy over the next few hours, but I want you to trust that I will not do anything that would hurt you, your family, or your marriage. However, if it becomes too much, simply say 'orange' if you want the intensity to back off. If you feel that you cannot continue, say 'red' firmly, and I will immediately release you and ensure you are left alone to dress and leave."

John and I have often indulged in our version of Bdsm play, so I knew what James was explaining. I will admit to being somewhat nervous about it, but I couldn't deny that my primary reaction was sexual arousal. I knew I was safe with my diminutive, older lover and his equally handsome son and that there was no way they'd harm or allow harm to be done to me. So, smiling, I nodded and said I was ready to play.

Jimmy excused himself as James helped me to my feet, saying he'd see me soon. I wonderingly watched him go, but shrugged internally and allowed James to lead me back into the dining room. Getting there, I saw that someone, I assumed Adam and Noah, had removed the furniture from the room.

"A clear space to dance in," James explained as he helped me back into my cloak and long gloves.

I wanted to question why James wanted me back in my cloak and gloves, but it seemed I'd become tongue-tied, so I didn't ask.

James took a black sleep mask from his jacket pocket and showed it to me. "Kate, my love, I will use this to blindfold you. Then, music will play, and we will dance. At the song's end, I will remove an article of clothing from your sublime body, and another will take my place. The music will then restart, and you will dance with your new partner. Again, when the song ends, your dance partner will remove another piece of your clothing, and another will take his place.

"This pattern will repeat until you are left wearing just your suspenders, silk stockings and heels. Then, your dance partners will have a song's length to arouse you in any way they want. If they succeed in making you climax, they can use any of your holes to get themselves off. Now, my darling Kate, are you ready to play, or will you say 'red' and leave?"

My bosom heaved as arousal poured down my thighs. I wanted this! OMG, the mere thought of what James had suggested had me close to cumming! The whole scenario sounded sublimely sexy and slutty, and I couldn't wait to begin. "No 'red' from me," I chuckled throatily and eagerly. "But do I have to wait until I'm in my suspenders before I cum and have someone fuck me?"

James laughed before saying, "Just like my darling Annie, indeed. Kate, may I use your phone to photograph and record some of our play tonight? Then, if you're willing, will you please send me the pictures?"

I dug my phone out of my cloak's pocket and handed it to him. Then, I told him the PIN, trusting he wouldn't abuse this privilege. After all, readers, we know what happened the last time somebody photographed my cum-filled pussy!

James took my phone and happily took some pre-play snaps. Then, putting my phone in his pocket, he tied the mask around my head, taking away my sight. James held me tightly to him as the music started, and we danced a slow foxtrot around the room. It took a little time before I adjusted to dancing blind, but with James skilfully guiding our steps, we were quickly dancing rhythmically.

The song ended, James removed my cloak, and another took his place. This man was of a similar height to me, and our bodies melded sweetly together as we danced. The song ended with my dance partner departing with my left glove.

I stood alone only briefly before a man even more diminutive than James took my hand and placed his on my supremely curved bottom. Squeezing with his arm caused my deliciously toned stomach to push tightly against him, and we danced in slow circles to the beat. My right glove disappeared when the song stopped.

A fourth man took his place. My nose informed me that my fourth partner was Jimmy. We also danced a foxtrot, except a faster one this time. When the music stopped, Jimmy unzipped my maxi dress and helped me out of it.

I was sure my fifth partner was Brian because he matched James' and Jimmy's stature. But he, too, stayed quiet, and it was only a guess. Brian removed my cami top, exposing my mounded breasts safely but barely ensconced in my half-cup bra. My thick clit and puffy nipples were engorged and aching as my mind and shapely body anticipated what was next.

A much taller man than the previous three was my sixth partner. Being taller, his throbbing cock pressed delightfully against my sweltering nether regions as we danced. Unawarely, I started moaning and writhing my hips against the rigidly stiff penis pushing against my dripping entrance. I was

precipitously close to an orgasm, but the song ended before I leapt from that cliff. He pulled my half-slip down and helped me to step out of it.

I was down to my bra and panties and already ready to explode. It was all I could do not to grab the throbbing cocks of my dance partners, drop to my knees, and gobble those delightful treats down. I know it's rare for me to speak like this, but I needed a big, throbbing cock in my horny, slutty cunt!

My next partner was slightly taller than the previous one. He immediately took me into his arms, bent his knees until his enormous feeling todger was below my arousal-leaking pussy, and straightened. His steel-hard pole pushed hard against my panties, forcing them a little way into my vagina. As we moved, this man's shaft rubbed against my clitoris, and I nearly came. The only thing that encouraged me to fight my climax back was that I wondered just how many different men James had gathered to fuck me this night. I'd already danced with seven separate men, and after this dance, I still had one piece of clothing to go.

The song ended, leaving me panting, severely aroused, and breathless. Skilful fingers undid my front-catch half-cup bra, releasing my enormous, firm, Double-D breasts. It felt sublimely wicked and freeing to be blindfolded and exposing possibly my best asset to my unseen admirers.

I couldn't tell if my next partner was one of the previous two or another new one because he seemed to be around about the same height and width as them. However, when he turned me so the top of my deliciously curvy bottom pushed against his gigantic cock, I knew I was dancing with an eighth man.

When the music stopped, my thong was pulled down and removed. I was in the state that James had indicated would mean that my dance partners would concentrate on trying to make me cum without penetrating me. I guiltily realised that I wanted to be penetrated. My lust and libido raged, and I desperately needed cocks in at least two of my slutty holes. My submissive mind had exploded, leaving me unable to control my aching needs.

All modesty gone, I frustratedly screamed, “I need a cock in my fucking whore’s cunt! Will somebody please bend this cock-whore over and ram his big cock in her cunt?”

“Patience, my darling slut Kate,” the man chuckled as he exited the room. “All good things come to those that wait.”

“I don’t want someone to come to me!” I snarled. “I want someone to cum in me!”

The music played, and knowing hands tickled across my engorged, throbbing nipples. The fingers on those hands were exquisitely skilled, and they quickly elicited a powerful sexual response from my shapely body. But every time I raced towards a mind-blowing orgasm, they were removed, only to touch me elsewhere softly. I was convinced I’d cycled through all the men that James had gathered, but when the song ended, I heard James in the doorway saying, “Not me, Kate.”

That made, I thought, nine different men. Somewhere way back in my conscience, I heard my mother’s voice disgustedly saying, “Nine different men fucking your dirty whore’s cunt? Kate Ashley Muggleton, if there’s a slut bigger than you in this world, no one knows who it is!”

I ignored that judgemental little voice, of course, and eagerly waited for the music to resume. When it did, soft, determined hands stroked across my body. These hands were firmer, more insistent, and my body reacted accordingly. Aching with need, my mind and body galloped toward my climactic peak, but before I could throw myself from it, more hands separated my firm, toned, and curvy ass cheeks, and an oiled finger slid into my ass.

The shock of being suddenly anally penetrated jolted my wandering mind back to reality and backed my orgasm up. Then, before I could leap over the unanticipated block, I was picked up by my armpits and the backs of my knees. They moved me backward a few steps before lowering me down. I knew I was close to the floor when I felt a rigid, throbbing cock at my back entrance. A hand adjusted that cock’s position, and I sank onto it. It slid deliciously into my tight ass, and I sighed gratefully, expecting to be

viciously and deliciously rogered. Instead, strong arms slid under my armpits and locked behind my head. Then, feet slid behind my Achilles tendons, hooked around, and spread my legs as wide as possible. My back lay against a slender but toned body, and when he leaned back, it exposed my dripping entrance to anyone in the room.

I found out I was lying on James when he said, “Relax, my darling Kate. I’ve decided that you’re too turned on to endure the teasing we were going to subject you to. My boys are all extremely sexually excited, too. So, we will run a train through your slutty cunt to relieve your and my boys’ frustrations before we get to the really fun stuff. Feel free to relax and cum as often as you can.”

As soon as he finished talking, a body knelt between my legs and a cock pressed at my entrance. The man pushed, and his averagely lengthed but quite thick cock slid into my soaking pussy. My needs were rampant, and I orgasmed almost as quickly as the cock came inside me. That man pulled out, and I immediately felt another slide home. The sheer sluttiness of what I was doing crashed me into another orgasm when I felt the cock spunk into me.

James began flexing his sturdy cock inside my ass as a third cock entered me. This time, before I could cum, the man pulled out and came on my tummy. But with James’ cock pulsing in my tight ass and loving having cum splash on me, I yowled as another orgasm claimed me.

Next, my swamped pussy received another cock and a third load. Numbers five and six also quickly spat inside my overfilled pussy. So far, I’d received five loads inside my sopping pussy and one on my taut abdomen. However, the fun had only just begun because three more cocks were consecutively forced into my amazingly tight pussy. All three added their loads to my swamped vulva.

After all nine men who had removed my clothing and played with me had orgasmed in or on me, strong hands grabbed my armpits and legs, lifted me off James and turned me over. I felt James slithering out and someone else sliding into his place. The hands lowered my squelching pussy onto an

enormously long, deliciously rigid tool. It slid into me until its head nestled delightfully against my cervix.

“Your ass is still amazingly tight, my darling slut Kate,” James breathed as he shoved his broadly girthed cock back into my willing ass.

“Oh, Gawd!” I moaned as my slutty desires smashed me against another climax’s cliff.

An unknown number of men took turns on the bottom in my sweltering pussy, or on top, fucking my gaping ass. I assumed they were the nine that had helped to remove my clothing, but there may have been one or ten more because cocks were constantly shoved into my holes, making me orgasm before cumming in me. Both of my love holes gushed cum from them, but I wasn’t close to being satiated and felt cheated because I hadn’t sucked a single cock.

“Patience, my love,” James soothed as if he’d heard my thoughts. “You had my boys so excited that I had to use your sublime body to ease their aching balls so they’d gain control. We’re ready for the good stuff now.” James had spoken from beneath me, so at least I knew who was currently in my oozing pussy.

I expected another cock to penetrate my ass. But instead, it pushed against my drooling pussy lips and forced itself in beside James’. Doubly penetrated in my tight, slippery pussy, I opened my mouth to voice my approval and a throbbing, rubbery cock filled it. Powerful men’s hands gripped mine, and when they turned them, I opened my palms, and more cocks filled them.

Having two cocks in my grippingly tight pussy and one each in my hands and mouth further ignited my raging libido, and I screamingly orgasmed. The cocks in my vagina worked out a pounding rhythm, and I swiftly climbed to another climactic peak.

Then, the cocks inside me jerked roughly before hesitating, expanding, and exploding inside me. They pulled out of me, and I felt their slimy loads oozing from my abused pussy and ass and oozing along my perineum. The

men moved clear, and I was lifted again and lowered onto another rampantly erect cock. Then, I felt another penis pushing at my entrance, and I was doubly filled again. The cock that was in my mouth returned, and I made it cum before the cocks in my pussy filled me with their seed. The thick cocks in my hands were pulled out, and I sensed their owners were vigorously jerking them. With twin groans, the men spat their sticky goo over my breasts and chin.

Next, I was lifted and turned again. I almost protested when I felt two cocks on my tiny dark star. ‘There’s no way two cocks fit in there!’ my mind protested before they popped in almost without an effort.

Hands gripped my massive rack and dragged me back until I lay prone on one of the bodies whose cock was in my ass. Someone lay between my lewdly splayed thighs and rammed his thick cock into my cum-dribbling pussy. Then, cocks filled my hands and mouth. Revelling in being quadruple penetrated, I gripped and tugged the cocks in my hand firmly.

I was close to a titanic climax when James ripped my mask off. I blinked to clear my sight and then looked about. Adam and Noah lay on their backs with their bums pressed together. Noah’s right leg was under Adam’s left, and his left was over Adam’s right. They’d held their cocks upright against each other as I was lowered onto them. Jimmy lay on me, fucking my sloppy pussy, and James was in my mouth. I held two cocks in my hands, belonging to Brian and a man I didn’t know.

My position matched several of Annie’s photos, and the visual of being multiple fucked like that exploded my mind. I clenched my eyes closed, screamed, opened them, howled, closed them, and picturing Annie quadruple pierced as I was, orgasmed louder and harder than ever.

I didn’t realise that I’d passed out until I awoke with cocks passively possessing my nether regions. “Do I hear you saying ‘red’, Kate?” James asked.

“Heck, no!” I giggled. “You boys will wear out before I do.”

The boys laughed before they fucked me again. I experienced two cocks in my ass with two in my hands, one in my pussy and another in my mouth twice more before they lifted and turned me again. Then, I had two in my pussy and one in my ass as well as the others in their typical positions.

Sometime later, as the birds sang their awakening song in the dawn's early light, we collapsed into a messy, cum-soaked heap and slept.

When I woke up, only James, Jimmy and Brian were left. I don't know what happened to the others, and I even wondered if it had all been a wine-fuelled dream. But my sodden, aching pussy, ass, and jaw, as well as the dried cum covering seemingly every inch of my shapely body, hair and face, belied that thought.

James insisted that I remain naked and wouldn't let me shower as he led me to the kitchen table. Jimmy made breakfast as James and I perused the pictures and video he'd taken the previous night. I giggled guiltily at the photos of my severely stretched asshole and pussy with two enormous cocks stuffed in them. But strangely, during the whole sordid experience, I'd somehow maintained my aloof, alluring demeanour. Instead of slutty, my photos showed a lusty, rambunctious woman enjoying being fucked by multiple cocks. I hate to say it, but I looked classy. A classily fucked whore, to be sure. But classy, nevertheless. I thought it was the type of 'leaked sex tape' that had launched the careers of the likes of that Kardashian woman.

Jimmy took me home after I'd eaten breakfast and dressed. James still laughingly refused to let me shower, saying that he knew how much delight my extended family would have when I returned home, a cum filled and covered, disgraced mess. Weirdly, but probably because of the only partly sublimated slut imperative, I found that image an erotic turn-on.

When we got to my place, Jimmy helped me out of the car. This time, he openly admired my swollen, cum oozing pussy when I purposefully put one foot on the ground first and turned so my short dress rode up. I had no idea where the rest of the clothes I'd worn when I arrived at James' place were. All I had on was the short opaque sundress I'd taken to return home in and my stockings, suspenders, and heels. Weirdly, everything remained whole and undamaged despite the vigour of the previous night's sex.

After walking me to the door, Jimmy kissed my cheek lovingly and thanked me for a wondrous night. I smiled at him and then turned and entered my home to the tune of my extended family giving me grief about my night of slutty shame. The whistles and catcalls screeched to a stop when I got close enough for them to see that every part of me not hidden by my dress was covered with flaking and powdery dried semen.

“OMG, Momma!” Jennifer enviously exclaimed. “It looks like every inch of you is covered with cum!”

“It is!” I answered triumphantly, dropping my dress and doing a slow pirouette. As I turned, I alternately spread my ass cheeks and pussy lips to better display the cum that still oozed from them.

“Grab her, girls,” Tommy commanded. “Let’s get her in the shower and clean before we mess her up again!”

We were all laughing as the girls picked me up and carried me to the main upstairs bathroom. The shower in there was the biggest in the house, and we managed to squeeze the six of us in. Hands flew over my luscious breasts, sweet, tight little pussy, and along my ass crack, delving into my little chocolate star. Surprisingly, none of my love holes felt raw or overstretched, and I revelled in the sensuously skilled hands wandering over my abused but still willing body.

I was carefully washed from head to toe, carried to my room and sat on my bed, where the girls blow-dried and styled my hair. Next, they pushed me onto my back and dragged me to the bed’s centre. Then, as the girls took turns to kiss me and suckle my aching, puffy nipples sensually, Tommy covered my tall, shapely body and slid his long, rigid cock into my slippery pussy.

Holding me with his arms under my armpits and on my shoulders, my son gazed lovingly down on me as he gently slid his enormous cock in and out. “Tell us about it, Mom,” he requested. “How many extra lovers did you take last night?”

“Only nine, I think,” I confessed.

“Why do you only ‘think’ it was nine, and how does ‘only’ go with nine, Mom?” Tommy grinningly asked. “Why don’t you know an exact number?”

I explained how the night went and how I was blindfolded for most of it. I did explain that I saw and fucked nine guys in total after James had removed the blindfold. Three were previous lovers: James, Jimmy, and Brian. The new ones whose names I knew were Adam and Noah. I didn’t know who the other four men were. Plus, I didn’t know if there were others who had fucked me and then left after I’d worn them out.

“What was it like being helpless and unable to see whilst many unknown men used you, Momma?” Gina asked wonderingly and enviously.

“Well, first,” I explained. “I knew that James would never do something that would hurt me or cause me emotional distress, so I felt totally safe. If I hadn’t, I’d never have been able to relax and enjoy the delicious sensation of an unknown cock sliding into me and possessing my tight love holes. Then, I knew that one of the other men using my divine body to get off was Jimmy, and he, too, would ensure I remained safe, so that helped.

“Finally, it was that all the men who took me were so gentle and loving with how they did me. Wait, that doesn’t make sense because I was pounded about as firmly as I’ve ever been, but I never felt that the men in me were only trying to get off. Instead, it seemed they were trying to make me cum. And, cum, I did,” I giggled guiltily. “Too many times to have any idea how many.”

My story clearly excited my lovers because the girls quickly formed a daisy chain, each with their mouths locked to another’s pussy. Tommy held me tightly as he ravaged my well-used pussy. “Cum for me, my little slut Mommie!” He demanded, and I did! Tommy waited until I crested a second time before he did as he had threatened and messed up my momentarily clean pussy by filling it with his seed.

Tommy rolled onto his back, taking me with him. I stretched across his tall, leanly muscled, powerful body and slept happily. The girls beside us each had a nice orgasm before they surrounded my son and me and dozed with us.

Courtney ringing my phone woke me up. I climbed off my son groggily and stumbled about, looking for it. It rang out before I found it, but it rang again almost immediately. “Hey, babe,” I sleepily mumbled. “Sorry, but I was asleep and couldn’t find my phone.”

“All good, Kate,” Courtney cheerily responded. “Just confirming that Maddie and I will be there by mid-afternoon and will stay the night. Caoimhe is coming, too.”

“What time is it now?” I asked, forgetting I could look at my phone.

“Midday, babe,” Courtney replied. “Did you pull an all-nighter? You seem completely out of it!”

“Something like that,” I replied, refusing to feel guilty.

“Okay, Katekins, I’ll let you go back to sleep,” Courtney chuckled and hung up.

I got back on the bed and snuggled my back and sexy bottom against my son’s front, where his cock bulged lewdly from his groin. It was probably only a piss-fat, but I was horny and backed onto it anyway.

“Insatiable Mommie slut,” Tommy quietly chuckled into my ear as his strong right hand brushed across my puffy nipples before snaking across my sexily curved tummy and onto my thick clit. He played with my love button as he gently pumped into me. As I said, I was horny, so it only took a few minutes until I bit his hand to prevent a squeal and came on his lengthy cock. “Hmm,” Tommy softly moaned as he spat his delicious spunk into his mother’s sweet pussy. Tommy hugged me tightly, whispered, “Thank you, Momma,” and smiled against my neck. We were both asleep moments later.

I woke up about an hour later feeling like I could finally face the world. The girls had all disappeared, leaving only my son. Tommy muttered as I rolled off the bed but didn’t wake. I gazed at his bouncing cock lustfully, amazed by his youthful vigour, but decided to let him sleep. After showering and douching my ‘lady bits’, including my tight little star, I dressed in a middy, bright yellow sundress and went looking for something to eat.

I waved at Patty and my girls, who were all in the pool and made a BLTC (Bacon, Lettuce, Tomato, Cheese) sandwich. As the bacon cooked, I made a pot of black tea. Then, after assembling my sandwich, I took it, a cup, and the pot of tea outside to the patio table.

Tommy staggered into my kitchen about half an hour later. I made him two sandwiches of the same type that I had and another for me, and he joined me at the outside table. I'd remembered to take my phone with me when I came downstairs, so I opened the lock screen and handed it to him. Tommy opened the photos first, whistled, and immediately suggested the girls should come and watch with him.

They were still awedly scrolling through the many photos and videos James and others had taken when Courtney, Maddie, and Caoimhe walked through my kitchen and joined us on the patio. Tommy casually closed my phone and put it on the table as the new arrivals sat.

"What were you watching?" Courtney disinterestedly asked.

"Some naughty sex videos and pictures featuring Mom," Tommy truthfully deadpanned. However, his flat, deadpan delivery turned his truthful answer into what sounded like a teasing joke, and everyone laughed.

"Are we calling you Kim Muggleton now?" Maddie joked. "Or is it Paris?"

"Given how big her tits are," Courtney teased. "Maybe it's Pamela?"

The names continued. "Chyna?" Someone called.

"Jennifer?" Another offered.

"Tila?" Was next.

It was all good fun and immediately took the attention away from the raunchy pics and videos on my phone.

A little later, when everyone else was distracted, Tommy whispered, "I checked, Mom. It doesn't look like anyone forwarded any videos or pics from your phone. Of course, there's no way of knowing if anyone else took

photos or recorded things on their devices until they start leaking. But I doubt that James would allow that."

Gina and my girls offered to cook dinner. We were having a good old-fashioned fry-up with lamb chops, steak, sausages, bacon, eggs, and sliced potatoes and tomatoes. Maddie and Caoimhe offered to help, but I waylaid Caoimhe as she was on her way to my kitchen and took her up to my room. Entering my room, I wrapped my arms around the petite young woman and asked, "How are things with you and Maddie?"

"Well, Kate, it's been barely over a week since you put us together. Thanks for that, by the way." Then she giggled, "But it is going fanfuckingtastic! Other than when I'm at uni and she's in school, we haven't been apart."

"Maddie's what? About nine months younger than you? Is that a problem?"

"No!" Caoimhe averred. "Her natural dominance makes her seem much older than her physical age." Caoimhe giggled again before adding, "She has my pussy constantly wet and my little love button throbbing all the time. Plus, her mom has wholly embraced her new submissive persona, so the three of us fuck all the time, and the sex is awesome!"

Just then, Maddie banged through my door. She glared at me, put her hands on her hips and snarled, "And what exactly do you think you're doing with my girl?"

"Fucking her if I wanted to," I sweetly said. "Luckily for you, I wouldn't come between Caoimhe and her new Mistress like that."

Maddie stared daggers at me, but before she could speak, I added, "Madison Barbara McKenzie, think before you bite off more than you can chew. You do not want to try yourself against me because you will lose. If I desired, I could take Caoimhe, your mother, and your father from you. I love you and adore the sex we've had together, but I will not put up with you throwing jealous temper tantrums. Jealousy only confirms your insecurity. How can you pretend to be the calm, dominant, forceful personality Caoimhe needs when you're throwing hissy fits?"

Maddie's glare softened, and she bashfully replied, "You're right on all counts, Aunty Kate. You're twice as beautiful and sexually attractive as I am, and I have no doubts you could take everyone I love away from me. It is your very beauty and elegance that has me jealous and insecure around you. I apologise, and Caoimhe, I'm sorry I doubted you."

"Maddie, my love," I told her. "You are every bit as gorgeous, sexy and elegant as I am. It's just that I've had many more years of experience using my feminine wiles than you. I'm told that I can switch between dominance and submission quickly and easily. However, you must know that I am innately submissive, and you will always be a superior Domme to me. If you wish, I can help you with your hair, makeup and clothes to further enhance your beautiful face and gorgeous figure?"

"You always look so beautiful and elegant, Aunty Kate," Maddie wistfully said. "I'd give my left tit to look as good as you!"

"Ahh, it's all just smoke and mirrors," I demurred. "The right makeup with the right clothes and hair, and you jump from a seven to a ten instantly."

"And precisely how much makeup are you wearing now, Kate?" Caoimhe asked.

"Well, none," I blushed.

"And yet, you're still a ten," Maddie stated. "More, if the scale allowed."

"Okay," I said embarrassedly. "Enough about me. Maddie, I do not believe you came to my room to berate me for trying to seduce Caoimhe. Instead, if we were fucking, you would have dropped your trousers, exposing your 'cock', and joined in. Now, Miss McKenzie, what has your knickers in a bunch? And what did you want to talk to me about?" I gazed at the two pretty young women before me and intuitively added, "Hmm. Caoimhe, better go get Courtney, too."

"How do you do that, Aunty Kate?" Maddie wondered as Caoimhe scampered from the room to get Courtney.

“What?” I asked absently, wondering what could have my three visitors worried.

“Jump over the bullshit and intuit the real problem. You do it all the time,” she accused.

“Voodoo,” I joked. “You know how your left knee occasionally twinges?” Maddie nodded. “It’s because I’m sticking a pin in your voodoo doll.”

“But my knee does twinge,” Maddie said wonderingly.

“I know,” I giggled. “Remember when you twisted it at school while staying at our place when your mom and dad had their Caribbean holiday?”

“I was like, five,” Maddie protested. “How do you remember things like that?”

“Because I love you, silly,” I told her. “Of course, I remember those things.” Then I grinned and teasingly said, “And I remember you eating all my ‘chocolates’ when you stayed with us when you were eight.”

Maddie grimaced and said, “They were laxatives.”

“Yup,” I grinned. “Dosage: one tablet, twice daily. How many did you eat?”

“The whole damned box!” Maddie growled, not remembering the incident fondly. Truthfully, neither did I. Who knew that an eight-year-old girl’s bottom could hold that much poop? Or how far it could spray?

Caoimhe returned with Courtney, and I encouraged them to squeeze in beside Maddie on the loveseat. Then, I sat on my bed and asked, “Okay, you three obviously have something you want to ask me. So, girls, what’s up your,” I pointed at Caoimhe, “tiny,” I moved my finger to Maddie, “muscular,” I aimed at Courtney, “and saggy bottoms?”

Maddison spoke for the three, “Mom and I don’t want to stop being lovers when Dad comes home. But neither do we want to sneak around behind his back. The only solution I can see is for him and me to become lovers, too. Caoimhe says that her dad is her mom’s bitch, and she fucks them both. I

want to make Dad my bitch, and for all four of us to be lovers. But, Aunty Kate, we have no idea how to make that happen. As you know, Dad is pretty straight-laced, and I'm worried that if I try anything, he'll freak out, and it will destroy my family."

"What makes you think that I can help?" I asked.

Maddie looked at the other two before saying, "Because Caoimhe and Mom say that if anyone can, you can. Caoimhe says you fixed things with their family, and we think you can do the same with ours."

I was about to say I had no idea how to make what they wanted to happen happen. But then, I got a flash of, well, not exactly, inspiration. It was more of a fledgling idea that might work if I could make the various parts gel. Instead of saying "no", I replied, "Let me think about it. I have an inkling of an idea that might create the scenario you need to convince your dad to play with his youngest daughter, but I need to map it and the possible consequences out. Including, am I prepared to risk your mother's and father's friendship to do this for you."

I held my hand up to quell Maddie's protest. "Before you argue, Miss Madison. That is the best you will get from me tonight."

Maddie grumblingly agreed, and we returned to the kitchen in time for Patty and my girls to serve dinner.

Because it was a warm night, we girls wore little more than bikini bottoms and tops or wraps as we gathered at the patio tables to eat. Freddy had come over to hang out, and I'm sure he enjoyed the view at least as much as my son did. He rudely paid less attention to Jennifer than he should have, given they were regular lovers and even mostly ignored me. Instead, he tried to seduce Maddie, even though she was the only woman wearing boardies and a T-shirt instead of a bikini and/or a wrap. If he'd paid any attention at all, he would have seen that Maddie had a 'cock' pushed along her shorts leg, much as he had.

Of course, that was not something I could put up with, so when Freddy went to the kitchen to get more beers for him and Tommy, I followed him in

and confronted him. “So, Mister Freddy Singleton, we have returned to our childish, pre-pubescent ways, have we?” I said sweetly but with an undertone of steely indignation.

Freddy knew he was in trouble because I’d used ‘Freddy’ instead of Rick as I’d begun to. But being a typically dense male, he did not know why and missed the sarcasm and anger in my ‘sweet tone’. “I’m not sure why you’d say that, Momma,” he hesitatingly replied.

I wore only a Microkini bottom with a see-through wrap in a tube around my extensive bosom. My puffy nipples showed delightfully through my wrap.

It was time to drive home my earlier lessons, so I lovingly wrapped my arms around his neck. I pressed my barely covered breasts against his muscular chest and my sparsely covered pussy, with its tiny landing strip I’d explicitly grown for the young man in my arms, showing against his groin. Of course, his body reacted in the usual way. I smiled and swayed my hips, rubbing my clit across his swiftly inflating cock. “Let me see, hmm,” I hummed. “Why would I say that, little boy Freddy?”

Freddy stiffened and tried to back away from me, offended by me calling him a ‘boy’ and a little one at that, but I wouldn’t let him. “Oh,” I continued. “I remember, instead of lovingly and warmly greeting your two current lovers, Jennifer and me, you totally ignored us to pursue a forlorn romance with Maddie. Then, when I confront you about that, you immediately revert to calling me ‘Momma’ despite me saying that you should call me Kate or endearments like ‘my love, honey, etc.’ Is this acceptable behaviour for a real man who knows how to be the man for a sexually submissive woman, *little* Freddy Singleton?”

“Ahh, shit,” Freddy breathed. “Forgive me, Kate, I’ve been an ass. But why is my pursuit of Maddie forlorn, if I may ask?”

I sighed as I continued to use my sublime assets to turn Freddy on. “Even you must know that Caoimhe is a lesbian who only occasionally indulges in heterosexual sex, right?” Freddy nodded. “Then you must have ignored that Caoimhe was sitting in Maddie’s lap, and they were kissing when you

arrived. In case you're still missing the obvious, Mister Freddy Albert Singleton. Maddie's a lesbian, you dolt!"

"Ahh, shit," Freddy muttered again. "I've been doubly an ass. In my defence, Kate, my love. I didn't do it on purpose. It was more of a careless, unthinking act."

"Yes, it was. And precisely, how do you think Jennifer feels right now? She knows that she's only a substitute until my daughter returns and you resume your chase of her, and now you ignore her to chase another woman she feels she can't compete with."

"Ahh, shit," Freddy said yet again as the realisation of his hurtful behaviour washed over him. "I need to fix this. Kate, please accept my apologies, and I promise to meditate on what I've done and learn from it. But, if you will excuse me, I need to apologise to Jennifer and fix what I've done."

"Yes, Rick, you do," I smiled as I released him, job done.

Freddy hurried outside and around to Jennifer. He knelt before her and took her hands before sincerely apologising. Then, he pulled her to her feet and said, "There's a delightful little chocolate and coffee shop in Bulimba that's open late, my love. Would you please accompany me there so I can show you how sorry I am for my behaviour?"

Everyone clapped when Jennifer said "Yes", and the two disappeared upstairs so Jennifer could change. I knew my young charge would be smiling and walking funny when I saw her after uni tomorrow. Well, assuming she stayed the night and went straight to her course instead of coming home first.

"Well done, Momma," Charmaine said approvingly. "But she needs a man she can call her own."

We enjoyed a night of laughter and conversation until it was time for those who needed to be up early to go to bed. I didn't know how much time Caoimhe was getting alone with her new Mistress, or even whether Maddie

had considered Caoimhe’s needs, so I encouraged those two to sleep together and took Courtney to bed with me.

We talked as we snuggled, with Courtney confessing her fears about being a lesbian now but not wanting to give up the orgasms. She wondered why, if she were genuinely submissive, it had taken her daughter to bring it out.

I observed that away from work, Ewan was quite placid and laid back with the way he handled things with their kids and her. At work, Ewan is a dynamo who inspires his staff to heights of service that are rarely seen in large department stores. His staff is motivated and knowledgeable, which is why we do all our furnishings and electrical shopping in his store.

I considered that before asking, “Why haven’t you two bought a franchise store instead of Ewan managing one for someone else? We manage your finances, so I know you can afford to buy one, so why haven’t you done so?”

“Ewan doesn’t like being ‘the man’,” Courtney explained. “He likes being the guy ‘the man’ relies on and goes to to get things done. He says it’s ‘all care and no responsibility’. When the store closes, he’s done for the day and doesn’t have to worry about ensuring the bills are paid. All he has to do is finalise the day’s sales and the employee timesheets, ensure the stock’s ordered, and...,” she trailed off, realising that Ewan pretty much did the owner’s job except his house and finances weren’t in trouble if the store failed.

“He’s too passive to accept being the guy who is ultimately responsible,” she muttered.

Listening to my friend speak as we cuddled in the bed convinced me my burgeoning plan had some merit. But I needed a lot more information before I could swing it into action. “At home, babe, who made most of the important decisions?”

“Like what, Kate?” Courtney asked. “If you mean things like where to school the kids or where to buy our house, then they were joint decisions. If you mean the day-to-day stuff, that’s all me.”

“No, I mean like when it’s time to buy a new car or appliance, and where you invest your money. Like, umm,” I thought for an example. “Like, did Ewan decide to shift your money to us, or was it a joint decision?”

Courtney shifted uncomfortably before admitting, “Ewan wanted to stay with Pepperstone because of the safety of being with a large firm, but I convinced him to trust John. And, Kate,” she rushed to assure me. “We’re very glad we did because our investments are growing way faster than when John was at Pepperstone.”

“I wasn’t bothered, babe,” I told her as I considered her responses. Full of thoughts, I asked, “Would you say that Ewan is more passive than dominant? That maybe he’s even submissive to you? That he prefers to follow than lead, except when he’s at work and has to act ‘the alpha male’?”

“You know, Kate,” Courtney answered after thinking about her and Ewan’s relationship for a moment. “That’s exactly what he’s like. I just hadn’t thought about it like that before. I remember getting frustrated many times because he would defer seemingly all decisions to me, and I had to make them without his input.”

“Do you think that’s why your natural submissiveness has been hidden until now?”

“Possibly,” Courtney replied. “Ewan was so dominant when we were at uni, and he set his sights on me. But once we got married, he’s become more and more passive.”

“Which left you vulnerable to your very dominant daughter. She took the role Ewan should have had in your life.”

“So you think I’m still basically straight, but what? I react sexually to being dominated?”

“Yes,” I replied. “I call it being dom-sexual. The gender of the emotionally calm, dominant person instructing your behaviour doesn’t matter. It’s that they’re calm, dominant, controlled and patiently insistent.”

“Oh, I don’t know, Kate,” Courtney denied. “I still wonder if Ms Petersen didn’t get it right, and I’m nothing but a big old dyke.”

“I can prove you’re not, Courts, if you want,” I assured her. “But you will have to do something naughty that I’m not sure you’re up for.”

“Like what?”

“Fuck my son with me.”

“No way!” Courtney exclaimed. “It’s bad enough that I’m cheating on Ewan with you, my daughter, and Caoimhe. But at least you’re all women and guys like that, right? But if I fuck Tommy, then that’s just plain cheating, and if Ewan finds out, he’ll totally freak out! And rightly so!”

Her problem was that we were naked and cuddled closely together. Courtney’s tiny nipples on her pillowy B+-cup breasts were against my much larger, puffy ones. Plus, her shaved pussy was pushed against my hip. When I suggested she fuck Tommy, her nipples stiffened and bored into mine, and her pussy spasmed and suddenly blazed against my hip.

I giggled before teasing, “It seems like your diamond-tipped nipples and sweltering pussy like the idea!”

“Bitch!” Courtney spat, then laughed, too. But then she held my curvy bum and subconsciously ground her suddenly soaking pussy against my hip. “Okay,” she mumbled. “If I do agree to do this, what does it prove?”

I drawled, “How many lesbians want a 7+ inch flesh cock attached to a real man in their pussies, do you reckon?”

“None, you’d assume,” Courtney agreed.

“Tommy is precisely what I think you need in a lover, honey,” I told her. “He may be just short of his twenty-first birthday, but he is emotionally mature, calm, and dominant. If you react to him as eagerly as you have to Maddie, then you have your proof that you’re reacting to their dominance

and not because you're a lesbian." Then I growled, "Besides, what's so wrong with being a lesbian?"

"Nothing!" Courtney emphasised. "Though it would ruin my marriage, and I don't want to get divorced. I know I love Ewan, but I need to understand why I'm reacting the way I am." She thought about what I'd said and made a decision, "Fuck it! Get him in here, and let's do this!"

"You're going to get strange cock in your slutty pussy," I teased as I sat up and got my phone.

"Jaysus, Kate!" Courtney gasped. "Don't say it like that because it makes me feel..."

"Like a dirty slut?" I innocently asked as I rang Tommy's phone.

"Bitch!" Courtney amusedly spat, knowing I was only teasing.

I'd put the phone on speaker, and Tommy's voice rang through the room when he sleepily answered, "Mom? Is everything okay? Why are you calling me?"

"I need you down here, baby boy," I told him. "Bring Gina, and assume you'll sleep here for the rest of the night."

"Ah, okay, umm, why?"

I giggled and replied, "Because someone in here needs a big stiff cock up her wet cu...," and I couldn't say it! Good lawd, I'm such a prude!

Tommy knew why I'd suddenly shut down and chuckled, but I'd tanned his hide many times for using that word, and he wouldn't say it, either. "We'll be right there," he said and hung up.

Tommy entered my room with Gina a few seconds later. They'd thrown robes over their shoulders but wore nothing else.

I'd slid out of bed and put a robe on to wait for them, and Tommy looked at me quizzically when he came in. I shifted my eyes to Courtney and back to

him. “Courtney and her daughter have entered a Dom/sub relationship with Maddie as the Domme,” I explained. “Courtney, until a few weeks ago with me, has never had an affair with a woman before, and she’s worried that she’s become a lesbian. I’ve assured her that it’s submitting to someone that’s exciting her, not that Maddie’s her daughter and a woman. But Courtney’s having problems believing that. I’ll leave her to explain if she wants, but there is a good reason for her fear.”

“What do you need us to do?” Tommy asked.

“Just you, babe,” Gina intuited. “She needs to know she’s still a red-blooded woman to whom a red-blooded man is attracted. She needs you to show her what it means to be fucked by a caring, dominant man who will take her to the heights of ecstasy. In other words, Tommy. Courtney needs you to fuck her brains out, and if Kate and I were to join in, Courtney would worry she was sexually reacting to us and not you.”

“You don’t mind?” Tommy asked.

“Of course not,” Gina replied with a wicked grin. “Momma and I will watch from the loveseat, and I’m sure we can keep ourselves entertained.”

Tommy turned to examine Courtney. Courtney had sat up against the headboard, with the sheet and quilt pulled up to her chin. She looked at Tommy nervously before grinning weakly.

“Mrs McKenzie, you will step out of the bed and stand here before me,” Tommy demanded, pointing to a spot before him, his voice deep and resonant.

Gina and I looked at each other before grabbing each other’s hands to prevent us from standing where our man had instructed.

I’m sure that it was much to her surprise, but Courtney slowly, hesitatingly, moved the quilt and sheet aside and got out of bed. Her hands waved nervously as she thought of covering herself, but she forced her hands into fists beside her hips and walked to where Tommy had indicated.

Tommy commanded, “Interlock your fingers behind your head and push your elbows as wide as possible. Also, spread your feet about shoulder-width apart. You will hold your shoulders back and your head high, but you will look at the ground three feet in front of you.”

Courtney reluctantly took the position that Tommy had demanded. Her entire body was suffused red with her embarrassment, but her wanton needs betrayed her, because arousal positively flowed down her inner thighs.

“This position is known as a presentation pose,” Tommy explained as he circled my trembling friend. “It is also correction position one. If you displease me, I will be forced to correct you,” he continued. “When I say, ‘Assume correction position one’, this is the pose you will take.”

Courtney nodded, but Tommy insisted, “The correct answer is, ‘Yes, Sir’. Do I hear that, or do I need to begin correcting now?”

“Yes, Sir. Sorry, Sir,” Courtney said humbly.

“Good girl,” Tommy told her, and Courtney blushed again, pleased to be told she was a ‘good girl’. He walked around her again. “Mrs McKenzie, I will not do anything you do not want me to do to you. To that end, you have two warning words you can use to ensure your safety. They are ‘orange’ and ‘red’. Orange means that things have gotten a little too intense for you, and you need me to slow down before you lose it. Red indicates that you’re overwhelmed and want things to stop immediately. If I hear you say ‘red’, I will immediately get off the bed or step away from you. If that happens, I will get Mom and leave you in her capable hands.”

Courtney nodded, then remembered and said, “Yes, Sir.”

“Tell me your understanding of what I just said,” Tommy urbanely demanded. Courtney answered his query satisfactorily as Tommy continued his slow walk around her. He stopped before my friend and said, “I will touch and inspect you now. My inspection will include your entire body from your head down, including your breasts, ass and pussy. Do you object?”

Settling herself more firmly on her heels, with fresh arousal pouring down her inner thighs, Courtney said, “No, Sir.”

Tommy moved behind Courtney and began by softly patting her hair, getting my friend used to being touched sensually by someone other than her husband. I knew that Maddie had touched her sexually often, but I doubted there’d been any sensual love between the two women.

Courtney took a deep breath before shuddering, relaxing, and slowly exhaling. Unawarely, she began following my son’s stroking hands as he petted her head. Courtney’s eyes had closed, and she didn’t see the smug grin that Tommy flashed me and Gina. Tommy extended his pets to Courtney’s shoulders and upper arms. Then he stroked down her elbows, forearms and hands. On his upward strokes, my son lightly touched Courtney’s inner wrists and elbows, letting the backs of his fingers brush across the outsides of her slightly saggy breast globes.

Staying behind her, Tommy pressed his barely covered, long cock against her flabby bottom and cupped Courtney’s pillowy breasts. Next, he bent his left elbow and held her right breast cupped in his big hand. Pinching and rolling Courtney’s tiny nipples in between his thumb and forefinger, Tommy stroked his right hand across my friend’s pliant stomach and over her recently shaved mons.

“You’re not overweight, Mrs McKenzie,” he told her. “But neither are you fit and toned. That’s disappointing because it takes away from your innate beauty. If I am to be your dominant, then you will start exercising with Mom.

“Yes, Sir,” Courtney willingly said, stifling her aroused moans.

Tommy inscribed small half circles up and around Courtney’s clit, and my gorgeous friend protestingly moaned and lifted onto her toes, trying to get Tommy’s fingers to touch her clitoris. Of course, he simply rode up with her and left his fingers precisely where they were.

Tommy chuckled when Courtney moaned frustratedly but warned, “There’s no going back beyond here, Mrs McKenzie. If I thumb your clit and finger

your pussy, you will climax, and my cock will go inside you. Then you'll orgasm many times after that. Do you want me to continue, or will you say 'Red' and escape with your honour intact?"

Courtney looked beseechingly at me, but I was so turned on that I had Gina between my splayed thighs and my fingers stuffed in her slippery pussy. She gaped at that luscious sight, and her head fell back against Tommy's broad shoulder.

"Please, I want you to," Courtney mumbled as her entire body shuddered with unrequited need.

"What do you want me to do, Mrs McKenzie?" Tommy asked. "Tell me specifically what you want."

"I want you to make me cum and then fuck me," Courtney pleaded as my son's thumb inched tantalisingly closer to her clit.

"Your wish is my command," Tommy chuckled. He instantly moved his thumb onto her clit and manipulated it as she thrust two gingers into Courtney's pussy.

Tommy must have found my friend's sweet spot immediately because Courtney gasped, "Oh, shit!" and gushed fluids over Tommy's hand.

My son grinned at his girlfriend and me and mimed rubbing his fingernails on his tunic to show he was pleased with his effort to get Courtney to orgasm so quickly. However, he was far from done. Tommy spun my friend around and bent her back as he reinserted his fingers, curling them back and instantly finding Courtney's G-spot again. Supporting her upper body effortlessly, Tommy thumbed Courtney's clit, and she quickly climaxed loudly for the second time.

Tommy held her suspended backward as he softly circled her clit with his thumb, waiting for her to return from her brief orgasmic trip. When Courtney's eyes opened and she looked at him, he said, "I'm going to lay you on the bed and fuck you, Mrs McKenzie. This will not be two lovers

making sweet love. It will be two raunchy individuals fucking each other like the sluts they are. You ready?”

Courtney stared back at him like a deer caught in the headlights. Her married, sane brain may have been sending signals for her to refuse, but her instinctual body knew what it wanted, and her head tipped back, her pussy unawarely rose to force more pressure against her aching clit, and she moaned deep back in her throat.

Tommy read Courtney’s body language, scooped her up in his strong arms and lay her in the middle of my bed. Grabbing my friend’s calves, Tommy threw them back over his shoulders, grabbed his lengthy cock by its shaft, lined it up with Courtney’s dripping entrance, and rammed it home.

“Ohhhhhhhh, shhhhhhhhhhhhiiiiiiiiiiitttttttttt!” Courtney screamed and immediately gushed pussy fluids over my son’s big, tight balls. She crested again almost immediately and then continuously climaxed over the next few minutes, each one slightly more intense than the last.

Tommy held my friend by her ankles, and he splayed them as far apart as possible as he pounded Courtney harder than she ever had been before, of that, I’m sure! My son’s muscular abdomen crashed into my friend’s clit with a resounding force that shook the bed and maybe the walls, too. Courtney’s mouth was wide open, but the only sound that came out was a high-pitched keening that changed to excited yips when she experienced another orgasm. As her orgasms intensified, Courtney’s keening went higher, and the yips were louder. It was blatantly obvious that she was about to explode into the stratosphere, with her body shattering into motes that would scatter across the cosmos.

“Play with your fuck switch,” Tommy growled demandingly.

Courtney complied, and her world went bang! She lost all control of her tall, soft body and began bouncing and juddering on my son’s enormous cock. Tommy continued pounding her until Courtney’s breath ran out and her eyes closed. Then, Tommy rolled her onto her tummy and positioned his throbbing cock on Courtney’s ring.

“You don’t get off that easily, my slutty little Mrs McKenzie,” Tommy snarled into Courtney’s ear. “Sluts like you always need a good anal rogering to finish them off.” Tommy increased his cock’s pressure on Courtney’s tiny dark star, but it wasn’t enough to break through her knot yet.

Courtney tossed her head back and forth, but it was difficult to know if she was denying what Tommy said he would do or if it was still from her loss of bodily control. I was one proud mommie when my son took no risks and quietly asked, “Unless I hear a ‘Red’? Mrs McKenzie, do you want me to stop?”

“No!” Courtney yelled vehemently. “No! Please, I need, I need ... I’ve never felt like this. Please, I need you to fuck my arse!” The last part of her sentence grew in volume and intensity as Tommy, hearing Courtney saying ‘I need’, forced his cock through her ring and into her tight ass.

Tommy again showed sexual maturity beyond his years. Instead of rutting my friend like most guys his age would, he held still, whispering endearments in Courtney’s ear, allowing her to accustom to having a large, lengthy penis shoved up her rarely used ass.

Using what seemed to be her phrase of the night, Courtney shuddered and muttered, “Ohh, shit!” But as she did, her hips dropped down before pushing challenging back up at Tommy’s possessing cock.

Tommy chuckled in Courtney’s ear as he forced his hands under her body. His right hand moved to Courtney’s tiny clit as his left rolled a nipple between its forefinger and thumb. “Tell me how much you like having my big cock in your dirt hole, Mrs McKenzie. Tell me how big a cock slut you are.”

Hearing my son showing my friend cleverly that the last thing that she was was a lesbian should have had me beaming with pride, but I was too hot to pay much attention then. My imagination, of course, had me in Courtney’s place. I guess Gina felt that way, too, because she balanced herself on her hands on the loveseat’s edge and then turned herself upside down. Swing her shapely thigh over my head and using her knees to balance. Gina

lowered her ragingly hot, dripping pussy onto my upturned head, which I'd rested on the sofa's backrest.

I moved slightly forward to allow Gina better access to my pussy which was equally as wet and hot as hers. The angle was visually exciting—a kind of sitting 69 with Gina upside down and between my long, toned thighs. My arms were wrapped around her slender waist to support her, and her mouth was pushed against my soaking pussy. It wasn't the most comfortable way to share oral sex with another. However, it didn't take long before we gushed pussy liquids into each other's mouths as we orgasmed.

As Gina and I played, I heard Courtney moaning, "Oh, Gawd, Tommy! I do love having your big cock in my tight ass. It feels so nasty and naughty having my best friend's son's huge cock shoved up my arse! Especially so, given she's watching from less than a metre away! Fuck my ass, Tommy. Fuck my slutty ass and fill it with your cum!"

So Tommy did! My son came in Courtney's ass twice before rolling off her. Courtney, who had climaxed numerous times as my son fucked her ass, lay exhausted, her ass gaping and oozing my son's thick man seed. But he gave her only a slight respite before rolling her over and going down on her sloppy pussy. Tommy angled his hips, pointing his flaccid cock in our direction. Gina and I took the hint, fetched washcloths from the en suite, carefully cleaned Tommy's cock and then took turns blowing him until he was rigidly erect again.

Moving up Courtney's soft, untoned body, my son sat on her pillowy breasts and slapped her face with his long cock. "How good a cock sucker are you?" He taunted. "I bet you choke before you swallow half of this." He slapped Courtney's nose with his cock and added, "In fact, I bet you can't take even a third without retching!"

Of course, with my friend being an ex-jock, he hit the sweet spot by challenging her physical abilities. Courtney grabbed Tommy's long, powerful cock and shoved it in her mouth. She did, indeed, choke before she got half of it in, but she swallowed determinedly and pulled on Tommy's ass cheeks until her nose pushed against his hairy abdomen. She'd done it! Swallowed my son's entire cock. My friend's determination

and willingness to debase herself to prove a point impressed me. I thought it also confirmed how innately submissive my beautiful middle-aged friend was.

As he'd done when in Courtney's ass, Tommy held still as his lover acclimated to having her tonsils examined by his stupendous cock. Eventually, Courtney learned to breathe inward through her nose and outward around Tommy's cock, and she began sucking in earnest.

"You're good, Mrs McKenzie," Tommy complimented her. "Your husband's a lucky man!"

A jolt of fear shot through me because I feared what reminding Courtney she was cheating on her husband with a man half his age would do to her psyche. Fortunately, Tommy had read her right, and she moaned, reaching for her sweltering pussy to stimulate herself.

I was sorely tempted to go down on my friend's glistening pussy and suck my son's cum from it, but I knew it would make Courtney fear she was reacting sexually to me and not my son. That would feed her fears and set her back, so I tongued my future daughter-in-law instead, wishing she were Courtney.

I heard my son growl, "Swallow it all, Mrs McKenzie. Every single drop, or I'll spank that soft ass of yours!" from between Gina's shapely thighs and instantly climaxed as I imagined his long pole ejaculating directly into my stomach.

Tommy put Courtney through her paces for so long that even Gina and I were sated from cumming together. Eventually, we gave up and went to Tommy's bed to sleep.

As is typical, I was the first to enter my kitchen the following morning. I smiled, wondering if Tommy had woken my friend for some morning glory sex or if they were still asleep, exhausted from their fucking. My sexily thick clit throbbed as I remembered many mornings of waking up with a stretched and sore feeling pussy and ass, which were still drooling my lover's semen. Then I remembered that my son or husband would typically

join me in the shower those mornings and use their hands and/or mouths to give me pleasure again, and I shifted uncomfortably on my stool as my arousal climbed.

Patty and Charmaine arrived next, closely followed by Gina. Caoimhe and Maddie stumbled in, looking and smelling like they'd only just stopped fucking. Which they probably only just had.

Maddie looked around blearily before asking, "Where's Mom? She didn't sleep in her room last night."

"She's still in my room," I dismissively replied. It wasn't up to me to tell Maddie that her mother had spent the night being right royally rogered by my son!

However, that sentiment mattered none because Tommy carried a beaming Courtney into the kitchen and sat on a chair with my friend still in his lap. They kissed passionately as Tommy openly groped and fondled Courtney's barely covered breasts.

"Mom!" Maddie stranglingly shrieked. "What the fuck do you think you're doing?"

"Kissing Kate's son," Courtney said smugly. "Get off your high horse, Madison," she continued. "You want to be your father's lover? Well, it starts here with Kate and Tommy convincingly proving to me that I'm not a lesbian. Now, Maddie, your Aunty Kate has a plan to get you what you want, and you will shut up, listen to it, and follow what she wants us to do. Or, Mads, Gawddammit, I will spank your tight ass and make you my bitch instead of your father yours!"

"You have a plan, Aunty Kate?" Maddie queried, suddenly submissive to her mother's anger.

Still more of a general idea than a plan," I confessed. "But you two need to get your father home on Saturday night so he can come over here with you. Plus, I need to rope Kath and Mike into this. Caoimhe, I assume you're

willing to help? Of course, your mother will do anything for me, so she's in."

"Assuming she doesn't have to work, then I'd think so, yes," Caoimhe confirmed. "Let her know you need her ASAP, though, so she can get someone to cover."

"What devilry have you got planned, Mrs Muggleton?" Patty mirthfully enquired. "You know I'm in!"

"Sounds like someone's planning on taking yet another lover," Tommy teased. "Were you planning on asking my permission?"

I blushed because we hadn't discussed our family's position with the McKenzies yet, but if my plan for Friday night was to work, I needed both of them to be on board with it. So, taking a fearful breath, I asked Courtney and Maddie to sit down and explained to them how our family's dynamic worked. I began by showing them my ankle chain and what it said, as well as explaining the significance of the onyx necklace that I always wore now.

At the end of my lengthy explanation, I sat back fearfully, expecting to receive my friends' judgement and wrath and have them denounce me and walk out. Instead, Maddie leapt into my arms and covered my face with kisses.

"That's exactly how I want my family to be," she said excitedly. "Only with me as the dominant and not Dad. Mom's carried the emotional load for our family for too long, and Dad's always been a wimp. No, Mom, don't argue," she told a clearly flummoxed Courtney, who had given no sign she was going to. "We'll make Dad my bitch, and we'll have our house running the way we both know it should be. You'll be my lover, and we when fuck, my bitch. But outside then, we'll remain mother and daughter as we should be."

Courtney had remained silent despite her daughter's excited utterances, so I turned timidly towards her to accept her judgment. But Courtney surprised me, too. "Society says that I should judge and censure you and your family for your incestuous acts, Kate," she said thoughtfully. "But then, how can I

when I make incestuous love with my daughter?" She frowned as she considered all that I'd said. Then, insightfully, she asked, "Your family of origin is incestuous, too, right? But if there is a more caring, loving family than yours, I cannot imagine it!"

She grinned before laughing hard, "Gawd, I remember your Dad and us sitting around that miniature table you had, sharing 'pretend cups of tea' as we had a 'doll's tea party'. Then there was that day you made him dress in one of your mother's old dresses, and you, your sisters, and Kath did his makeup. That was so funny for us and pretty demeaning for him. But he put up with it and even seemed to enjoy playing with us and making us laugh. Plus, he never said or did anything inappropriate in front of any of us. No, Kate. If there's a judgement to be made, it should be against the absent, uncaring fathers that most, like me, had."

Of course, that brought my tears, and when Patty said, "Courtney, that's the most beautiful, sweetest thing I've ever heard," I burst into big, racking sobs. The girls surrounded me with Tommy standing protectively near. We all had a good bawl, as women are wont to do, while sharing comforting hugs and kisses. Eventually, everyone left to go about their day, leaving only Courtney, Maddie, and me.

"So, my darling Katekins," Courtney drawled. "Are you going to tell me your big plan?"

"Not yet," I refused. "I need to hear from Kath and Mike if they're coming over and are prepared to help. Then, I can start to put my ideas into shape. I'll run it past Kath to ensure I'm not blowing smoke out of my bottom. Plus, if it works like I think it will, it will be better if what happens is a surprise to you, Ewan and Maddie. That way, your responses will be natural and not forced."

"Well, it'll certainly be a surprise to Dad," Maddie said mirthfully.

"I will probably have to fuck your father to make my plan work, Maddie," I told her. "Will you cope with seeing that?" Maddie nodded, but I rammed my point home. "I will push your father onto his back and ride his cock,

Maddie. Ewan's, your father's big cock will be in my tight little pussy right there before you. You sure you'll handle that?"

Maddie insisted she could, but then I added something risky for the Loughlin family and me, "Plus, you'll see your new lover riding her father's cock. How will you feel about that?"

"Caoimhe and I have already discussed that, Aunty Kate," Maddie surprisingly explained. "She and I didn't want any secrets between us that might raise their ugly heads and cause problems later. So we lay together and confessed all of our previous lovers. Caoimhe left her brother, father and mother out until I explained that I wanted to be my Dad's Queen B and have him as my submissive lover. Then she admitted to having fucked Phil, Mike and Kath. Her parents have the type of relationship that I want with Mom and Dad, except that in theirs, Kath is Queen B and not Caoimhe."

After that, there didn't seem to be much more to talk about, so we cleaned up the kitchen, and the McKenzie women left to take Maddie to school.

I dressed for work, eschewing my usual daring outfits and wearing a mid-length A-line skirt that was quite conservative. My top was a burnt orange fitted T-shirt that clung to and emphasised my luscious Double-D breasts. The day passed with its typical lack of business, and if it weren't for my new course advisor trying to make up for the previous one's errors and sending me units as quickly as I completed them, I'd have little to do. If I could maintain my current speed, I'd have my three-year Bachelor's course completed in just eighteen months and my four-year Masters course concurrently done in around two years.

Monday ended without a phone call or visitor, as did Tuesday and Wednesday. I'd called Kath on Monday morning and spoken to her about my plan to introduce Ewan to incestuous sex with his daughter. After some serious questions about the advisability of me being the instigator of their first sexual encounter, Kath giggled and said it sounded hot and horny to help them out and, given that her daughter was helping anyway, agreed to my formulating plan.

Thursday began auspiciously with Freddy dropping in to say hello. Freddy brought me coffee and a beautiful yellow rose. I smiled happily at him, knowing he was close to being the type of man my daughter needed. He was still occasionally a little thoughtless, but most young men are, so it didn't bother me.

Freddy left, and a little later, James turned up to take me to lunch. He, too, brought flowers. James had called regularly to ensure I hadn't suffered any negative reactions to what we did on Saturday night. But in truth, every time I thought about that night, I got wet and wondered if I'd ever get the chance to experience it again. I knew I'd do it again if James ever asked me to.

Yes, I was a complete slut that night, but being fucked simultaneously by multiple cocks was a wildly exciting adventure. Then there was my insatiable curiosity. I'd been investigating gangbang and bukkake porn and realised that Saturday had been at least as good as those films. But there was an added dimension to one flic that really excited me but filled me with nervous trepidation. The middle-aged star of the movie I watched looked distantly like me, which made the fantasy even more vivid.

In the film, the star, after having been fucked by fifteen different men, sat in a kid's paddle pool in the middle of her lounge. Then, the guys surrounded her as she leant back on her hands and took turns cumming on her hair, face, tits, stomach and pussy. The woman received fifteen separate loads, some of them simultaneously. But once every man had cum on her, four of them gathered around her and hosed the cum off her face and body with their wee. I've watched that clip probably a dozen times, and every time I do, I orgasm when the woman, who is clearly enjoying her degradation, opens her mouth and lets a man urinate into it.

Readers, as my adventures close in on the present day, and we both have to wait to see what I do next, I'd like you to write to me, or leave a comment if you'd like to read about me doing something similar to what I've just described. I promise to follow my reader's choices and either make it happen or not according to your letters and comments.

It was less than two weeks now before John and Krissy returned, and although I longed for their return, I also worried whether I would have as much fun after they came back as I'd had in their absence. I guess, now that I think about it, I'm doing and experiencing a lot of the things that girls do during their university days—carefree sex with many people.

With my absent family member's imminent return, I probably needed to rein in my wanton, slutty activities and become the sweet prudish housewife I was before they began. However, I neither wanted to nor thought that I could. Edgar damned Fontaine had opened my Pandora's Box, and it would take a Herculean effort to close it!

James casually mentioned on our way to lunch that Akiki (Andrew) and his son would join us. The office fit-out for Andrew's new business was complete, and now they were waiting for the electricians and Telstra workers to wire in Andrew's phones, cable internet and computers. Once the phones were running, James and Andrew had an advertising strategy mapped out to ensure his new business would flourish immediately. The business name that Andrew and his partner had chosen rolled nicely off the tongue—Amina, Rogers, and Partners. However, there were no other partners currently. I liked Andrew and looked forward to meeting him again.

James had booked us into The Manly Deck for lunch. Andrew immediately ordered a sparkling wine to celebrate the successful fit-out of his new office. He must have discerned my slightly surprised look because he laughed and explained that he and his extended family were all non-practising Christians, which was one of the reasons they'd emigrated to primarily secular Australia.

We'd only just sat down when Andrew's son arrived from his uni class. I began to stand, but the gorgeously tall, muscular young man grinned broadly at me and insisted I stay seated. He walked to my chair with his hand held out and said, "Hi there, beautiful Momma. My name is Aadan, but you may call me Aaron. Dad has told me so much about you that I already feel like I know you." He kissed my hand's back before releasing it

‘What a smooth charmer,’ I thought, immediately liking the handsome young man. I reacted in my usual flirtatious manner by smiling gleefully and tossing my hair back. Of course, that set my deliciously full, unfettered breast mounds bouncing delectably, which got all three men’s instant attention. “Oh,” I said as if slightly flustered. “Umm, I’m Kate. But you can call me anything you like as long as it’s not late for breakfast!” Then I suddenly blushed at the obvious double-entendre in what I’d said. My hosts graciously laughed, however, accepting it was just me flirting as I’m wont to do.

Andrew engaged James in a serious conversation about how to attract some of his previous clients to his new business. He couldn’t blatantly approach those clients under the terms of his contract with his former firm, but he wondered if there wasn’t a way to let them know about Amina, Rogers and Partners without getting himself in legal trouble.

James smiled and said that ‘word of mouth’ would ensure at least some would come to him. It was merely a matter of dropping the ‘right words’ in the ‘right ears’.

Aaron, meanwhile, was glancing longingly at me, wondering how to initiate a conversation. Taking pity on the poor young man, I asked him about his uni course and if he planned to join his father’s new firm after graduation. Aaron explained that he was in the final year of a law degree and wanted to work as a Crown Prosecutor when he graduated. The Amina family had lost relatives to murderous criminal activity, Aaron explained, only to see those criminals walk away with little to no punishment for their crimes. He then said that he wanted to change that.

Aaron was smooth, polite, calm, mischievous, and dominant, and although I felt an instant warmth in my nether regions at the thought of bedding this delicious young creature, I knew precisely the young woman for him. Excusing myself to the loos, I phoned Jennifer. “Hey, gorgeous,” I said when she answered ‘Hi, Momma’. “You need to get your pretty ass to where I am at The Manly Deck, like yesterday! Catch a darned helicopter if you have to! How long before you’re here?”

“I’m at home, so ten minutes?”

I knew from daily observation that Jennifer would be dressed to the nines despite only having just returned from uni and knew she could get in an Uber immediately and come down. “Done deal,” I told her. “I’ll delay lunch until you get here.”

I returned to our table, exclaiming, “Darn! Jennifer called as I exited the bathroom. I’d forgotten I’d said I’d meet her for lunch today. You guys don’t mind waiting for her to join us, do you?” Then I grinned teasingly and added, “Actually, it doesn’t matter if you do mind because she’s on her way, and I won’t eat until she joins us.”

James’ dancing eyes told me he knew why I’d suddenly invited my young charge to join us and was amused by my antics. Andrew and Aaron graciously acceded to waiting, and Andrew refilled our glasses before swinging into conversation again.

Jennifer appeared not long later, and I stood and waved so she’d see where we were sitting. Jennifer smiled at the greeter and gestured to say that she was with us. I watched my sturdily built young charge walk across to our table, transfixed once again by her buxom, earthy sexuality. My Jennifer really did look a lot like Jennifer Coolidge, complete with the same voluminous blonde hair and gorgeous, upstanding breasts. Jennifer struggled with her weight, but our regular workouts with Patrick and Bernie had slimmed and toned her figure into what I considered to be sublimely sexy curves.

I surreptitiously watched Aaron as Jennifer crossed the room, and was pleased to see his dark, handsome face suffuse even darker than it had been. I stood to introduce my young charge, who was dressed as sexily as I suspected she would be. Jennifer had on a shiny gold satin miniskirt that accentuated her gorgeously rounded bum and emphasised her shapely legs. Over that, she wore a white, low-scoop top that deliciously exposed the swelling mounds of her large breasts. On her feet, Jennifer wore plain white, wedge-heeled sandals. I thought her look was casually gorgeous and captured her carefree spirit perfectly.

I introduced Jennifer to Andrew first, and then she and James exchanged ‘hellos’, having already met at my place. We turned to Aaron, and he stood.

Even with Aaron's dark skin, his blush was plain to see, and where he was smooth and confidently spoken when we were introduced, Aaron was totally tongue-tied when he spoke to Jennifer.

When I introduced Jennifer to him, Aaron amusedly said, "Hello, Aaron. I'm Jennifer. No, wait. Hello, Aaron, I'm Aaron ... ahh, shit!"

"Hello, Aaron Ah Schitt!" Jennifer straight-facedly replied. "Pleased to meet you."

Everyone laughed as Aaron looked mortified, but he eventually saw the funny side of it and laughed with us. With the ice broken, I shifted so Jennifer could sit beside Aaron, with James and me at the table's ends and Andrew opposite his son. James and I exchanged knowing grins as Jennifer flirted seductively with Aaron. Andrew looked concernedly for a moment but eventually shrugged and turned his attention to James and me.

We ordered and ate a delicious lunch. Conversation flowed readily, with the two Amina men being swept up by Jennifer's and my flirtatious teasing. By the meal's end, we had all three men competing for our attention and interest, as it should be. Although indulging in the flirting and conversation, James remained amusedly aloof as he watched young Jennifer work her charms on the two Amina men, especially Aaron.

I watched almost as amusedly as James did. Jennifer was flirting at least as seductively as I could, and I wondered who she'd learnt it from. Of course, it may have been from the best there is, namely, me!

James, Andrew, and I were enjoying a coffee after our lunch when Jennifer and Aaron said they were taking off together. Aaron had come to Manly by bus and told his father that Jennifer would drop him home in time for dinner. Then he asked if Jennifer could stay to eat. Andrew immediately agreed, and holding hands, the young couple almost ran from the restaurant.

"You weren't having lunch with that beautiful young woman," Andrew laughingly accused. "You were setting my son up!"

“Well, I would have eaten with her if James hadn’t brought me to lunch,” I said innocently. “But seeing how handsome, well-mannered, and respectful he is, pairing him with a gorgeous young lady whom I know well seemed like a good idea. I hope you’re not offended by what I did?”

“No, not at all,” Andrew assured me. Then he sighed and thoughtfully said, “Aaron is running from his Ugandan heritage as fast as those long legs of his can carry him. I don’t know if you noticed, but his accent is as nasally Australian as the basest bogan you could hear. Plus, he insists on playing Rugby League, not football, as most of his African friends do. Then, it seems that he moves further from his school friends every week. It’s not that he’s ashamed of his heritage but that he doesn’t want it to define him.”

“I can understand that,” I assured Andrew. “But you must have some understanding of how he feels, given that you’ve anglicised your name.”

Andrew grimaced before grinning and saying, “I just got sick of having to spell it!”

We broke up soon after that, with James returning me to my office. I checked the service for any calls and emails and found none, so I closed it up for the night.

Patty and Charmaine accosted me the second I walked through the door from the garage to our foyer, wanting to know who Aaron was and how the heck I knew someone of African heritage. I laughingly pointed out that I knew all kinds of people descended from all sorts of places, so why was it surprising that I knew someone from Uganda? Which, of course, set off another round of questions as to how I knew someone from there. After I assured them that my mothering instincts told me that Aaron was a good match for our friend, they eventually left me in peace.

Let me just say here that Patty’s and Charmaine’s interests weren’t motivated by racial concerns. As far as I’m aware, none of my friends are bigoted or racist, although I will acknowledge that they are mostly Caucasian. I do have friends from various Asian countries, and of course, you’ve met two of my friends who are from South America. Patty and

Charmaine would have asked the same questions, no matter Aaron's racial background.

Tommy was with Gina, so with Jennifer eating with the Aminas, there were only we three for dinner. We gathered in the kitchen and shared the cooking duties while gossiping and drinking wine. I sliced chicken breasts into slivers as Patty and Charmaine diced vegetables. Then Patty and Charmaine made a raspberry cheesecake as I seared the meat and stir-fried the vegetables.

We ate at the kitchen table before taking our glasses out to the patio to enjoy the warm spring night. Unfortunately, the mosquitos were rife that night, so we fled back inside and shut all the screen doors and windows. Instead, we sat in the lounge and watched Love Actually again. I love that movie and watch it with my family every Christmas.

At the movie's end, Patty and Charmaine joined me in my bed, and after making gentle love together, we slept. Patty was the last to climax before we cuddled together and kissed.

Patty giggled before saying, "I never imagined that I would have sex so often with so many different people before Billy Bumble (Her husband, A.K.A Billy Bennett) dumped me. For the sake of never being alone, I'd virtually sacrificed physical love. Although I still hate that Billy broke up our marriage, if he hadn't, I'd have never found true happiness as I have with Charmaine and living here with all of you. Plus, I would never have learnt that fucking a man who is a skilful lover is actually quite fun! Especially if you do it in a group."

"A bit late to the party," I teased. "The rest of us figured that out when we were teenagers. Besides," I continued to tease, "If you love Charmaine so much, why are you cuddling me?"

"Good point!" Patty exclaimed as she rolled and turned Charmaine so she could spoon with her.

I laughed and moved to spoon with Patty.

Friday was uneventful except for a few emails, most of which I could easily handle. Eugenie Matson phoned to enquire if John had returned and to reiterate that she wanted us to come for dinner at our earliest convenience. I hung up, confused, intimidated, and more than a little turned on by the staunch, powerfully built, exceedingly dominant older woman. Why she'd taken such an intense interest in John and me, I couldn't fathom.

Friday night, it seemed that everybody had a date except me. Gina and Tommy were triple dating with Patty and Charmaine, and Jennifer and Aaron. I reminded Jennifer that I needed her home on Saturday to help initiate the McKenzie family into incestuous sex. She giggled and said she wouldn't miss it for the world!

Resigned to spending the night alone, I reheated some leftover chicken, added some salad, booted my laptop and logged into my favourite literature sites. I'd gotten about halfway through Arlene and Jeff and wanted to see what the Matthews family was up to next. I could easily see myself being one of Jeff's harem. I fitted his requirements of being outstandingly beautiful and extremely intelligent and thought I'd be a great addition to their clan.

I'd finished two chapters and had begun another when someone knocked on my door. Safe behind my security screen, I unlocked and opened the door. To my delight, Freddy swept inside and wrapped his strong arms around me. "Tommy said you were home alone, my darling Kate," Freddy informed me. "I couldn't bear that thought, so I came to keep you company."

"You came because you were horny and wanted your brains fucked out," I teased, nevertheless delighted by his thoughtfulness.

"While that might be true," Freddy said urbanely. "It's your brains that will 'fucked out'!"

We both laughed before I squealed when he casually picked me up and threw me over his shoulder. Bounding up the stairs, Freddy instinctively passed by my room and took me into the room that Courtney used when she

stayed. I was still uncomfortable about having sex in my marital bed with any male other than my husband or son.

We spent a delightful night sucking and fucking in as many ways as we could imagine, and it was past midnight before we finally fell asleep.

Early Saturday morning, Freddy woke me as he climbed from the bed. “Sorry, Kate,” he apologised. “But it’s my turn to open the studio this morning. My love, keep Sunday evening free because I’ll pick you up at seven to take you to my unit. I’ll cook you dinner, and we’ll see what happens from there.”

“Sure, Rick,” I replied, snuggling deeper under the quilt and almost back asleep.

I spent Saturday cleaning and tidying even though my house didn’t really need it. But I like doing that, so I did it anyway. Tommy, Gina, and my other housemates wandered in and out, with my two girls offering to help. It was Patty’s turn to open the clinic for the Saturday morning ‘walk-in’ crowd, so she was absent for most of the day.

It’s a sad indictment on the Government, I thought. The Medicare rebate has not even remotely kept pace with inflation and cost increases; therefore, fewer and fewer medical practices can afford to ‘bulk-bill’ their patients. To help make up the shortfall and to reduce the reliance on the hospital emergency departments for non-urgent cases, Patty and her fellow practitioners saw as many people as possible from 8:00 a.m. to 2:00 p.m. every Saturday. Unfortunately, Patty doubted that even limiting the visits to fifteen minutes per patient made even the slightest dent in the number of people who needed treatment but couldn’t afford to see their doctor. I tended to agree with her!

Saturday evening came, along with those I’d asked to join me and my extended family for dinner and ‘fun and frivolities’ afterwards. All of our ‘girl gang’ were there, but as I’d instructed, only Kathy’s husband, Mike, and Courtney’s husband, Ewan, had attended. The others, of course, were Charmaine, Jennifer, Maddie, my son, Gina, Caoimhe, Phil, Siobhan, and me. No one other than me fully knew what was going on, although I’d

primed Patty and Tommy with suggestions as to what I needed to happen during the ‘game’.

However, because Patty, my girls, my son and Gina, Courtney and Maddie knew that I had something planned to help Courtney and Maddie induct their husband/father into their incestuous relationship, they would have to act as shocked and surprised as Ewan would be when I made my demands.

As planned, Ewan, Courtney, and Maddie were the first to arrive, and I immediately set about seducing Ewan. My plan wasn’t to fuck him, but that might be the inevitable result of some of the ‘dares’ proposed this night. However, I needed Ewan at least a little tipsy and as horny as heck!

Maddie and Courtney helped my cause by ensuring Ewan’s hand was never empty of a beer can and by ‘accidentally’ rubbing their breasts across his chest, arms or back and occasionally letting their hands brush across his impressive cock when they handed him his beer.

Sometime around ten O’clock that night, we were all well-fed and at least ‘three sheets to the wind’. Well, I wasn’t. I’d carefully pretended to drink wine when I’d mostly drunk water. The night had turned unseasonably cold, and Tommy had lit our brazier. Everyone had gathered around the fire, and the jokes and tall tales began.

Eventually, I challenged, “Seeing as all of us girls are here, and I haven’t the foggiest the last time we played, I challenge you all to a game of ‘Truth or Dare’!”

On cue, Tommy said, “How does that work, Momma?”

“We’re already in a circle around the fire,” I explained. “So we’ll start with me. When it’s your turn to speak, you can challenge anyone in the circle to ‘Truth or Dare’. If they select ‘Truth’, then you can ask any question you want, and no matter how personal your question, the person asked has to answer. However, they may opt to change to ‘Dare’ if they don’t want to answer the question. If they do, they must do the dare their questioner asks them to do.

“But,” I further explained. “If the dare is beyond them, they may choose to answer the ‘truth’ question instead. The same works in reverse. They may change to ‘ Truth ‘ if the ‘Dare’ is too much. Then, if that is too much, they can revert to the ‘Dare’. Is everyone clear about the rules?”

“I think so,” those who hadn’t played before replied, while those in my girl gang answered a resounding, “Yes!”

“I’ll go first,” I stated. “Patty, ‘Truth or Dare’?”

Patty replied, “Truth!”

“Are you a lesbian?”

Of course, we girls and Tommy already knew the answer to that question, so we were not surprised when Patty answered, “Yes.” However, her answer elicited shocked gasps from Ewan and Mike.

I gazed at them both wonderingly, thinking, ‘How did you not know that? Haven’t you listened as your wives explained Patty’s situation?

Her answering meant it was Patty’s time to choose someone to challenge. As planned, she asked Courtney, “Courts, Truth or Dare?” Courtney chose ‘Truth’. “Have you ever kissed a girl and liked it?”

“Yes!” Courtney embarrassedly answered to more gasps from the older men and Kath, Maggie, and Allie.

“Who?” Kath immediately asked, although, by her look, she guessed it was me.

“One ‘Truth’ question at a time,” I interrupted before Courtney could answer. “Courtney. Your turn.”

Courtney smiled and said, “Kath, Truth or Dare?” Kath, too, chose ‘Truth’. “Have **you** ever kissed a girl and liked it?” She teased.

Kath blushed bright red, which answered the question without her having to say so. It also created measuring stares from the rest of our girl gang. “Then

I choose ‘Dare’,” she equivocated.

“Okay,” Courtney considered for a moment before saying, “I dare you to sit in Kate’s lap and kiss her as best you know how.”

“I change to ‘Truth’,” Kath stated before adding. “Yes, I have.”

I think my best friend was a little P.O.’d. at being outed like that because she immediately turned to me. “Kate, Truth or Dare?”

I grinned challengingly at her and replied, “Dare!”

“I dare you to sit in Courtney’s lap and kiss her so you both like it!”

Unknown to Kath, that was part of my plan, but it was much earlier than I thought it would happen. Her dare brought gasps from her husband, Ewan, Maggie, and Allie. The latter two also exchanged speculative glances as they wondered if I’d do it and whether Courtney would accept me doing it. Courtney smiled mischievously up at me as I swanned seductively around the fire to where she sat. Then, turning so I could watch Ewan, I took Courtney’s face between my hands, tilted my head slightly to the right, and kissed her as well as I knew how. When Courtney moaned into my mouth, I casually moved my hands to her pillowy B+ breasts and cupped them.

Of course, Ewan reacted precisely as I’d imagined he would. His right hand dropped to his groin, and he gripped his impressively thick cock.

Releasing my friend and returning to my seat, I said brightly, “My turn. Boys, we girls are answering embarrassing questions about our sexuality, so I have a question for one of you. “Tommy, Truth or Dare?”

“Truth, Mom,” Tommy replied teasingly.

“Have you ever kissed a boy and liked it?”

“No, Mom,” Tommy answered but didn’t offer anything more.

The game stretched on with the questions and dares becoming more and more personal and sexual in nature. But things weren’t progressing as

quickly as I'd hoped, and it was time to risk offending the members of the girl gang who, as far as I knew, weren't having incestuous sex with their offspring. So, the next time it was my turn to ask the question, I addressed myself to Caoimhe. I had primed Caoimhe with what I would dare her to, so she grinned amusedly at me when I dared, "Caoimhe, I dare you to sit in your father's lap and kiss him like a lover would."

There was a gasped silence at my dare, and it seemed like everyone held their breaths as Caoimhe walked to her father and sat in his lap. Then, she wrapped her slender arms around his neck, pushed her tiny A-cups against his powerful chest and kissed him sensually.

After a good, long snog, she stood, bowed to the crowd, and strutted back to her seat. The silence was deafening until Caoimhe casually said, "Kate, Truth or Dare?" I chose 'Dare', and Caoimhe challenged me to kiss my son the same way she'd kissed her father. Of course, we were at the moment of truth. If any of my girl gang or Ewan couldn't handle our incestuous kissing and fondling, they would make it known now.

Pretending confidence, I swayed to my son and sat in his lap. Tommy took me in his muscular arms and tipped me back before kissing me as only a long-term lover could. By the time he'd finished, my nipples had popped, tenting my stretch top, and I'm sure the other women there could smell my arousal.

Eventually, Tommy lifted me back up before casually kissing me again as he strummed my nipples with his thumbs. I looked at the ones who didn't know that I was incestuous with my son, Ewan, Maggie, and Allie, expecting to see disgust and condemnation in their eyes. Instead, I saw arousal and excitement, so taking a chance, I pulled Maddie from her seat and pushed her in her father's direction. Then I grabbed Maggie and Allie and pulled them over to sit on Tommy's knees. Tommy kissed Maggie first, and after a brief resistance, she melted into his embrace and returned his kiss fervently.

Tommy released Maggie and turned to Allie. Unlike her fellow girl gang member, Allie didn't even pretend to resist. Instead, she unashamedly groped my son's long cock as she kissed him passionately.

Not to be outdone, when Tommy turned back to Maggie, she unzipped his fly and took him out. But Allie got the last laugh because as Maggie kissed my son, Allie dropped to her knees and sucked Tommy into her mouth, her lips pushing Maggie's hand aside.

Things looked promising, except that Ewan was staring around, looking shell-shocked at the sudden erotic couplings breaking out around him. His daughter and Caoimhe were kissing and openly caressing each other. Patty was doing the same with Charmaine as Jennifer and Gina cuddled and petted, watching Tommy with Allie and Maggie.

Phil had Siobhan on her hands and knees, Siobhan's bulging pregnancy stomach hanging low as he fucked her doggy-style. I wasn't sure if Ewan was about to freak out, but the worried look on Courtney's face had me concerned, so I hoisted my short skirt up, straddled Ewan's thighs and lowered my ragingly hot pussy onto his thick, throbbing bulge.

"Kate, please, I can't do this to John," Ewan mumbled, ineffectually pushing on my shoulders but caressing my enormous bosom instead.

"Don't worry," I purred into Ewan's ear. "I've already fucked your wife and daughter, and it's only fair that I fuck you, too."

"You've what?" Ewan gasped as I pulled my top off, exposing my generously proportioned globes.

"Watch," I advised, nodding to Courtney.

Courtney grinned nervously before stripping her dress off, which, it turned out, was all she wore. Then, she joined her daughter and Caoimhe on the grass beside the fire. First, she exchanged soft, loving kisses with Caoimhe before glancing guiltily at Ewan and doing the same with Maddie.

Ewan was beside himself as he watched wide-eyed. I guessed he wanted to object or yell at them, but I had his incredibly thick cock out and was sliding my soppingly hot pussy onto it.

"Over there," I said to Ewan, turning his attention to the Loughlin's.

Mike was lying on his back with Kath sitting on his face. Then, as we watched, Caoimhe straddled her father, wiped his solid cock through her soaking pussy lips a few times and then lowered herself onto it. Ewan gasped as he watched Caoimhe fuck her father, and I could tell by his pulsing cock that he liked the idea.

“Watch your daughter,” I demanded of Ewan. “She’s about to put her mother through her paces.”

Maddie stood and instructed Courtney to kneel before Ewan. When Courtney was in place, Maddie squatted behind her mother and reached around to pinch Courtney’s nipples. “My slut mother has something she needs to tell you, Daddy,” Maddie stated. “Then you have a choice to make. Choose well, Daddy-dearest,” she told him. “Because there is no going back for Mom and me!”

I slid off Ewan’s cock and moved aside so he could look at and address his family without me distracting him. If either McKenzie woman was surprised or bothered by me fucking their husband/father, they didn’t show it.

Knowing she had her husband’s full attention, Courtney calmly and quietly stated, “I’ve become our daughter’s bitch, Ewan. With your increasing diffidence and timidity, you have forced me to unwillingly become the dominant one in our marriage. However, Kate and her son have shown me that I am innately submissive. I need to serve someone, Ewan, and unfortunately, you’re not up to the task. Therefore, I propose that we both submit to our daughter and become her bitches.

“My mind is made up on this, baby. So, if you can’t commit, it’s going to make it difficult for our marriage to endure. So, my love, please join me on our knees before our newly dominant daughter and let’s serve her together.”

“Kate and her son?” Ewan began angrily, guessing rightly that his wife had fucked us both.

But before he could continue, Maddie snarled, “Don’t go getting all high and mighty on us, Father! Not with your throbbing cock still dripping Aunty

Kate’s... (sigh) ... cunt juices!”

“So you’re a lesbian now, Maddie?” Ewan sneeringly asked.

“I am a dominant, lipstick lesbian/bisexual woman who has a strong preference for other women and submissive, effeminate men, Dad. That suits you to a ‘T’, doesn’t it, Daddy? Or do I need to tell Mum that you often dress in her clothes and masturbate on your bed? Shall I tell her about all the tranny porn you watch?”

Of course, as soon as I heard, “That suits you to a ‘T’” I’d absented myself from their discussion as quickly as I could. However, Maddie was being pretty vehement with her father, and her voice echoed across the pool and patio area, and everyone heard. There was a moment’s stillness and quiet before everyone decided they shouldn’t be listening and returned to their play.

Allie and Maggie had Tommy on his back, with Maggie riding his enormous tool and Allie grinding her pussy on his face. Kath and Caoimhe were doing the same with Mike, except that Phil was behind his mother with his nicely-sized penis buried in Kath’s ass, and Siobhan was behind Caoimhe cupping and squeezing her tiny mounds and whispering in her ear. Jennifer had brought her strap-on out and put it on. She had Gina bent over the patio table and was fucking her vigorously. To my left, Patty and Charmaine were naked, their skin shining in the firelight. Patty was on top with her pussy scissored against Charmaine’s. She was firmly tribbing against her young lover as they moaned their appreciation to each other.

Deciding that I needed to test Allie’s and Maggie’s willingness to accept my incestuous relationships with my children, I knelt behind Maggie and cupped her soft breasts. “Tommy’s cock feels so good inside you, doesn’t it, honey?” I cooed into her ear as I rolled her nipples between my thumbs and forefingers. “Tommy’s cock is so long that it raps against your cervix before your clit hit’s his pubic bone. Doesn’t it feel good? That sharp pain at the bottom of your drop as Tommy tries to push your womb out your throat? Makes you want to cum, doesn’t it? Cum for me, Maggie. Cum on my son’s thrusting cock!”

Maggie climaxed with a squeal that would bring complaints from the nosy neighbours the following day, but I didn't care. Earlier in my story, I'd stopped another night from expanding into a full-blown orgy in and around my pool, but this time, I would let it happen. Well, it was already happening, and I had no intention of stopping it!

After her orgasm, Maggie sunk bonelessly off Tommy onto her side. Allie's eyes were glued to mine as I bent over and sucked my son's cock into my mouth. Her eyes grew disbelievingly wide as I 'free-handed' my lips along Tommy's thick shaft until my nose pressed against his hairy abdomen.

"Fark!" Allie said awedly. "Paul's much shorter than your son, and I can barely accept half of what he has inside my mouth before I want to puke!"

"It fits inside my tight pussy equally as well," I teased. "Want to see?"

"You know I do!" Allie exclaimed. "Mother/son incest is one of my favourite fantasies. Shame that I only had girls!"

Well, that answered at least one question—Allie, at least, wasn't bothered by my incestuous relationship with my son. However, I wanted to keep pushing her boundaries, so as I mounted my son, I casually said, "Having incestuous sex with your daughter is pretty exciting, too!"

"You don't?!" Allie asked/exclaimed.

"I do," I admitted as I rode Tommy's stupendous cock. "Krissy gave her virginity to her father, and they'll have fucked all over Germany and The Netherlands by the time they come home."

"Gawd!" Allie moaned as she tweaked her nipples and thumbed her clit.

I was already pretty close to an orgasm, so I relaxed my mind and let it happen. A few seconds later, I groaned as I felt a petite but intense climax wash over me. Cumming with an audience was fast becoming one of my favourite things to do. I rolled off Tommy and offered his cock to my friend. "Want to try him out?" I teased. "He's pretty big!"

“Far outstrips Chris’ five-inch dick,” Maggie giggled from the side. “I couldn’t believe how far inside my vagina I could feel him!”

I left my friends in my son’s capable hands and recrossed to where Ewan, Courtney, and Maddie were still in serious discussions.

“Do you deny that you’re a submissive slut, Dad?” Maddie demanded. “You crossdress and watch Tranny porn where the tranny fucks the bloke. Tell me you don’t want that to happen! Lie to me and Mom if you can!”

Reaching the warring family, I could see that Ewan had dug his heels firmly into the ground and wasn’t conceding an inch despite the fact that his daughter had him dead to rights.

Look, I completely understand the difference between watching fantasy porn and indulging in those same acts because, after all, I watch and read a lot of porn, too. The significant difference is that I have lived most of my fantasies. One of the few remaining ones was happening around me—a full-blown orgy with the opportunity to have sex with multiple partners. It was a shame that I was too scared to invite the rest of my girl gang’s husbands. But we had four men, and I knew at least three had good staying power, so I hoped they’d last the night.

I stepped in after listening to the three go around their argument again. Donning my full ‘Mistress Kate’ persona, I growled, “Mister Ewan McKenzie, get on your knees before me!” Ewan obeyed immediately without hesitation. Somewhat surprised but realising that Maddie was right—her father was a submissive slut, I changed what I wanted to do and say.

“Stand and strip,” I demanded. Ewan reacted less willingly to that instruction but complied, nevertheless. Only a short time later, he stood naked before me. Unfortunately for him, as it does with most men, Ewan’s cock indicated his arousal and willingness to obey me. I took his cock in my hand, marvelling at its extreme girth. I’d guess that my friend’s husband’s cock was around five inches in length, but it had to be almost as thick around as Jumbo’s was. With my hand around Ewan’s todger, my thumb and fingers touched, but barely.

I growled, “Do you want to cum?”

Ewan nodded eagerly as his hot shaft throbbed in my hand. But, of course, that wasn’t an answer I could accept. I needed Ewan to admit that he found being dominated sexually exciting and submit to my whims. Then, after he’d admitted his submissive proclivities, I’d switch his submission to his daughter.

“I asked you a very simple, basic question, “Mister McKenzie,” I snarled. “Yet all you do is nod your head like one of those stupid bobble-headed kid’s toys. What’s the matter? Has all the blood run from your brain into your throbbing cock, and now you can’t think? Now, Mister Ewan McKenzie, do you want to cum? And you’d better not do so before I grant you permission!”

“Yes, please, Kate,” Ewan gurgled, desperately holding his orgasm at bay.

“Yes, please, Mistress Kate. Is that what you meant?” I asked as I mercilessly tugged on his pulsing cock.

“Yes, please, Mistress Kate,” Ewan begged.

“Oh, I don’t know,” I pretended to equivocate. “I’m not sure that I want another whining, snivelling, submissive man under my feet. As I spoke, I continued masturbating Ewan’s extremely girthed cock. I’d had it inside me earlier, but even so, I was amazed by its width. However, with Ewan’s cock pouring precum over the back of my hand and his shaft twitching in my hand, I knew his climax would be imminent.

Unwilling to let him cum without my permission, I grabbed Ewan’s balls with my left hand and squeezed hard. “You will **not** cum without permission, Mister,” I snarled. Then, I grinned and winked at Maddie before saying, “Close your eyes and think about something else,” I advised. “Once your eyes are closed, I’ll suck you off.”

Ewan’s eyes closed, and as soon as they had, I motioned that Maddie should kneel and blow her father. Maddie quickly took her father’s cock in her mouth, and her cheeks hollowed as she sucked hard.

Kneeling beside Maddie, I gestured that she remove her dad's penis from her mouth. When she had, I growled, "Cum for me, my little slut!"

Maddie locked her luscious lips around Ewan's unbelievably wide cock and sucked hard.

"Ahh, Gaaaawwwddd!" Ewan groaned as his balls tightened against his shaft before adding their semen-laden load to the other fluids blasting from his prostate.

Maddie coughed twice before frantically swallowing another massive burst from her father's spurting cock.

"Look down," I demanded from beside Ewan's ear.

Ewan opened his eyes to see his daughter looking appealing up at him through her eyelashes. "Oh, shit, Maddie!" He moaned as his prostate cramped again, filling his daughter's greedily sucking mouth.

Ewan spat three more globules into his pretty daughter's mouth before he staggered back and collapsed into a chair. However, the last thing he or his women needed was for him to start feeling guilty, so I encouraged him, "Are you going to leave Maddie sexually frustrated, Ewan? I thought you were a more considerate lover than that. Look at Mike; his daughter has ridden him through several climaxes (for her), and now he's taking care of his wife. Surely, you will do the same?"

Without waiting for his reply, I helped Maddie to sit astride her father and offer her freshly waxed pussy to his lips. Ewan hardly hesitated before tonguing his daughter's vagina. The thought of what he was doing clearly excited him because his wilted cock sprung immediately back to life and began drooling precum again.

I motioned Caoimhe over and whispered that she should climb onto Ewan's cock. Maddie's body hid from Ewan who it was that was sliding onto his rigidly erect pole. I'm sure he thought it was his wife, Courtney, but that was my next surprise. I waited until Maddie had orgasmed on her father's tongue and then helped her off of him. Then, I got Courtney to lean forward

into his eye-line and kiss him passionately. Ewan's eyes bugged when he realised that whoever was riding his about-to-explode cock, wasn't his wife or daughter. Nor was it me!

Ewan tried to force Courtney aside so he could see who rode his cock, but I grabbed his hands and told Courtney to climb onto her husband's face. It was a little awkward for Courtney to position herself, but she eventually lowered her soaking pussy onto her husband's mouth. At that point, Ewan gave up and surrendered to what his wife and daughter wanted. I released his hands, and Ewan grabbed Courtney's bum firmly as he lashed her dripping pussy with his tongue.

I watched to see what Maddie would do and smiled when she moved to kiss and finger Caoimhe. With Maddie's help, Caoimhe orgasmed twice in quick succession before Maddie growled, "Cum in my slut, Dad!"

Ewan lost control immediately and climaxed into his daughter's girlfriend's willing pussy. Courtney had enjoyed a panted climax on her husband's tongue, so she slid off Ewan's face and joined her daughter and Caoimhe at Ewan's groin.

Maddie took over. "Dad, agree to submit to me, and your sex life will include Mom, me, and my girlfriend, Caoimhe," she offered. "Deny Mom's and my desires, and you sleep alone in the spare room as we three fuck in the master bedroom. Well, Dad? Decide! Will you be my pussy slave?"

"Yes, Maddie," Ewan replied, sliding off the recliner chair to kneel before his daughter. "I, your father, submit to you, Maddie, and acknowledge you as my dominant. I will endeavour to serve and please you as best I can."

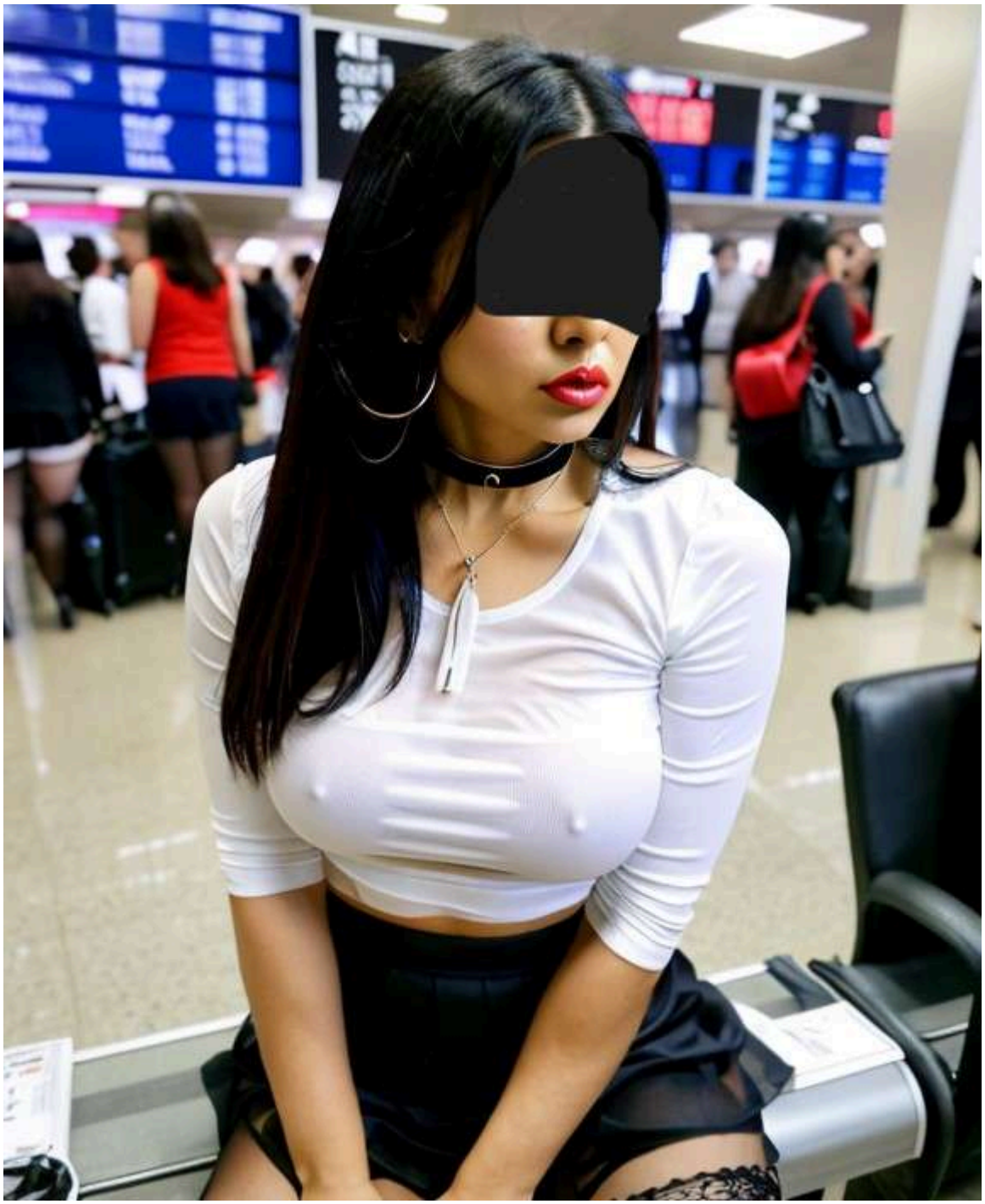
"Good choice, Dad," Maddie answered, relief evident in her voice. "As your reward, and assuming that Aunty Kate is up for it, you may consummate your long-term fantasy of fucking her."

Smiling, I joined Courtney, Ewan, and Caoimhe at Maddie's feet before turning and offering my sweltering pussy to Ewan. As he took me, I proudly wondered how many other slut Mommies had managed to seduce and bed almost two entire families.

The rest of the night evolved as various groupings and couplings swirled around my yard and the fire. Throwing caution to the wind, and with Maddie's permission, Allie and Maggie rode Ewan's extremely girthed cock, enjoying it at least as much as I had. Tommy fucked me as the others cheered him on. Then I rode Mike as Kath fingered my clit, and we kissed. To amaze and titillate the men, all of us girls formed a circular daisy chain and ate each other's pussies.

Somewhere in the early morning, we all staggered inside and formed groups to sleep. I slept with Patty and Charmaine, Tommy, Jennifer and Gina. I have no idea who the others slept with.

Chapter 17: The Return of The King—All Good Things Must End



Well, readers, here we are at the last of my adventures. From here, both you and I will have to wait and see if there are any more. My previous adventures ended with an orgy around my pool, where I successfully introduced the McKenzie family to incestuous sex. My last adventures begin some two weeks after that night.

‘Great,’ I thought, looking at the flight board. ‘Delayed due to fog.’ I’d checked on the ‘flightradar’ app before leaving home, and it informed me that the flight bringing my husband and daughter home from Amsterdam was on time. I’d left home to meet them too early already, and I knew that. But I was anxious and eager to see them after being apart for two months, and I couldn’t stay at home any longer. I’d have been standing waiting nervously for my family to clear customs anyway, but now, with the delay, I’d be trembling in anticipation for ages.

I caught my reflection in the windows leading outside and checked myself out. I’d worn my most towering heels, so the first noticeable thing was my height. With the heels, I was easily over 183 cm (6-ft.) tall, standing at least as tall as many others and taller than most—the tallest woman in this part of the airport.

My breasts were my next most obvious characteristic. The dress I wore clung to my large, firm globes and exposed generous amounts of my décolletage. I’d bought this dark red Nalini, draped, open-back, A-line mini dress on a whim as I passed by a designer boutique store. The item left my back and arms bare, meaning I couldn’t wear a bra, but I rarely do, anyway, so ... I had a matching thong on because the dress clung so tightly to my shapely rear that it tended to pop over my bottom and pool around my hips if I bent too far over. John would not be happy if I exposed my divinely heart-shaped ass to the public, even though I’m sure most of them would appreciate the view!

Apart from my height, gorgeous breasts, and prominent, shapely ass, my extremely long and toned legs are my next best asset. My personal trainer, Patrick, has me doing many stair runs, squats, star jumps and burpees to ensure they remain as slender and shapely as they were when I was a teenager. For a girl who hates exercise, I certainly do enough of it.

Sighing, I found a seat a little further away from everyone else and sat down. Carefully crossing my long, sculptured legs so that I didn't flash my barely covered snatch to any passers-by, I briefly wished that I still smoked and that it were still legal to smoke in places like airports. When I'm nervous or anxious, a contemplative cigarette always soothes me.

Thinking of having a cigarette flashed my memory back to the beginning of my adventures. My feelings towards Edgar damned Fontaine still wavered between anger and condemnation to grudging admiration. Mister Fontaine had taken upon himself, in his own words, to 'free me from my sexually repressed life'. The problem was that I now acted like the world's biggest slut. What was worse is that my husband, my owner and guardian, and my son, my protector, seemed to encourage my wanton behaviour instead of controlling it.

Smiling a little bitterly, I wondered if my marriage would survive my sexual exploits whilst my husband was away. Then I wondered if I could even remember all the different people I'd had sex with since my first visit to Edgar Fontaine's hypnotherapy clinic. Deciding it would help to fill in the time waiting for John and Krissy to arrive, I began to see if I could recall them all.

My first extra-marital sexcapade was unknown to me at the time. It was with Edgar's receptionist, Liz Donnelly—a woman with the largest knockers I've ever seen. Seriously, mine are a firm double-D. Liz's are at least a double-G. I'd gone to The Fontaine Clinic in East Brisbane for help to end my nicotine addiction. The hypnotherapist, Edgar Fontaine, decided to 'free me from sexual repression' as well—not something I wanted.

If not for Edgar Fontaine, I would have happily spent my entire life making love to one man: My husband—the man who claimed my virginity on my eighteenth birthday.

Edgar, whilst I was under hypnosis, encouraged my carnal desires to emerge. Now Edgar, as he so proficiently proved to me, could not make me do anything that I did not want to do. Therefore, my sexual exploits since that day are all on me. However, if Edgar hadn't taken it upon himself to 'free me', I would never have discovered my 'inner slut'. Undoubtedly, I

have thoroughly enjoyed almost all of my adventures since that fateful day, but I still have guilt pangs about how big a trollop I have become. Hence, my ambiguous feelings about Mister Edgar Gawddamned Fontaine.

So, Liz Donnelly, Edgar's receptionist, was only the second person I'd had sex with. Well, assuming you don't count my teenage sexual explorations with my best friend, Kath Loughlin. Those never went beyond some kissing and light petting, though.

Smiling to myself, I remembered my first adventure. That adventure culminated with me surrendering my sweet little pussy to my tall, muscular, incredibly strong son. So, by the end of my first chapter, my sexual partners had tripled—from one to three.

I'd hoped that my adventures would end with that episode. When I awoke the following morning, my guilty conscience kept me in bed until I was sure my son had left the house. The problem was that my eighteen-year-old daughter, all innocently, set my libido raging again. Her innocent actions triggered a flicker/image flashback episode, which further inflamed my desires. I managed to avoid doubling down on my error with my son and having sex with my daughter, but I was only staving off the inevitable, and my daughter became my fourth lover only a little later.

Frank Fucking Pritchard was next. A slimier, more disgusting man than I'd ever want to meet. Frank caught me urinating in the open and somehow took advantage of the 'slut imperative' I had controlling my actions at that time. Edgar had implanted a post-hypnotic suggestion into my deep psyche that had me reacting with sexual excitement to being called a slut. Frank discovered this accidentally and used it to force me to have sex with him. It certainly didn't help my self-esteem that I climaxed on his pathetic four-inch cock. Unfortunately, Frank Effing Pritchard would feature heavily in later chapters.

I'd fallen into making love with my daughter regularly. Somehow, even though I could resist my son's advances, I had little resistance to my daughter's burgeoning sexuality. Part of it, I knew, was because, like her, I wanted her father to be the one to introduce her to physical love.

It was in the midst of this that, in part 3, Frank phoned and demanded that I meet him again. My mind was in turmoil, and with the slut imperative raging, I could see no option but to agree. His constant use of the word ‘slut’ had me fingering myself and creaming on my fingers, despite my skin crawling at the mere thought of Frank touching me again.

Of course, before that fateful meeting, I had to revisit The Fontaine Clinic. Edgar’s instructions had left me seemingly without the will to resist, and I dressed as he had instructed. Upon meeting with Mister Fontaine, he conclusively proved that he wasn’t controlling me. Yes, he had planted the suggestions into my psyche, but I was acting on them because I wanted to, not because he had instructed me to. Sometime after my session, I remembered having wanton sex with his receptionist again, making me wonder if I was unwittingly becoming a lesbian.

Later in the week, following Frank’s instructions, I dressed like a tramp and caught a train to the Fortitude Valley train station. On that platform, I met and briefly played with a voluptuous Asian woman named Betty. Betty would reappear in later episodes, much to my surprise and delight.

Frank met me when I arrived at Bowen Hills Station. He had brought three friends, and it was clear that he expected me to service all four of them. I had no intention of letting that happen, but with the slut imperative controlling my mind, I allowed two of his friends to play with my breasts and pussy on the way to La Châteaux du Plaisir Tortueux (The Chateaux of Tortuous Pleasure). One wanted to fuck me, and by Gawd, I would have let him, too. Luckily for me, we arrived at The Chateaux before he could.

At The Chateaux, I met the Dominatrix Siobhan—another person who would feature regularly in the chapters to come. Siobhan used me as her prop for a sex show in front of close to three hundred onlookers. Before the show, Mistress Siobhan fingered me to an orgasm, preparing my sweet little pussy so it would gape lewdly and shine with my juices for her adoring audience.

In the first half of her show, Siobhan used a magic wand vibrator to force a stupendous orgasm from my willing body. After I’d cum, part one ended, and I was mercifully moved back behind the partition and into the

performers' room. Unfortunately, my torment wasn't finished because, as Siobhan chucklingly pointed out, she had to prepare me for part two.

In the interval between shows, I somehow managed to add another lover to my ever-increasing list. Caoimhe, who I discovered was my best friend, Kath Loughlin's daughter, tongued my dripping pussy, preparing me for the second half of Siobhan's show.

In the show's second part, I was bound to a leather gynaecologist's chair. Mistress Siobhan then slid a dildo which was attached to a fucking machine, into my squelchingly hot pussy. The machine started agonisingly slowly and crept upwards in only small increments. As my arousal slowly burned, so did my impatience to reach my crest and cum again. The 'cock' on the fucking machine spun as it thrust slowly in and out of me, deliciously stimulating my G-spot. Unawarely, my hips rose to meet the dildo's thrusts, and my moans echoed throughout the ballroom.

I had gotten close to my peak when Siobhan turned the machine off completely and removed it from my grasping pussy. Next, she added a secondary dildo to the first before reinserting the larger fake cock into my dripping vulva. The second dildo pressed momentarily against my knot before slowly splitting it open and delving into my tightly clenching ass. My climb towards another stupendous climax quickly began.

Earlier, Mistress Siobhan had prohibited me from cumming until she gave permission. I was about to shatter that edict and cum anyway when the crowd started chanting, "Let her cum! Let her cum!"

Mercifully, Siobhan relented and gave me permission to reach my peak. Squealing louder than I thought possible, I orgasmed on the twin cocks in my tight love holes and, for the first time in my life, squirted pussy juices from my exploding vagina. This set the crowd into raptures, and they roared their approval. Siobhan removed the dildos from my slippery nether regions, exposing my gaping holes to my adoring fans before rotating the stage back behind the partition.

All evening, Mistress Siobhan had been insisting that I badly needed a solid rogering. Once the stage had fully returned into the performers' room, she

positioned a massive strap-on dildo at my entrance and slowly forced it into me. The delight in being so completely filled by Siobhan's enormous fake cock had me pleading and begging to be fucked even harder. To add to my lust, Caoimhe climbed onto the chair and offered her sweet young pussy to my lips. I eagerly lapped at her flowing juices, all the while begging for Siobhan to fuck me harder.

After Siobhan had satisfied my wanton desires, she abandoned me to Frank and his depraved cohorts. Frank entered the room and prepared to rape me. Bound to the chair, there was less than nothing that I could do to stop him and his friends from using me. Everything seemed lost, but then, like an avenging angel from a movie, my tall, handsome, muscular son, along with Freddy and Phil, burst into the room and rescued me. After dealing with Frank and his perverted friends, Tommy took me home, and we made slow, passionate love until the early hours of the morning.

Of course, that was where I ended that chapter of my adventures. My story took up the morning after the events at The Chateaux.

Little happened that day until Phil and Freddy came over and somehow induced me into posing for them again. Then, after they'd taken numerous glamour photos, I found myself agreeing to be made up to look sexily different and allowing Phil and Freddy to take much more daring and salacious pictures.

As I strutted and posed for the two strapping young men, they became more and more daring in their touches and how close they were to me. As things progressed, I knew I'd eventually let them have me. However, before we quite reached that point, my daughter arrived home from uni.

To my surprise, Krissy only made a token show of offence at her mother posing sexily for two men and quickly changed to an outfit as sensuously decadent as mine and allowed the two young men to photograph her, too.

Again, the path we were on would probably have led to us allowing the two handsome young men to have us, but my son's imminent arrival sent Krissy and me scurrying for our bedrooms.

Tommy had brought his girlfriend, Gina, home for the first time. Gina is a pretty young thing with a more than fleeting resemblance to Catherine Zeta-Jones. Somehow, not long after meeting her, I found myself on my knees in our kitchen, eating her succulent, young pussy.

Later that same night, I made love to my sexily lush daughter, too. Using my experiences as the lesbian daughter to a dominant mother, I showed Krissy how to mash our pussy lips together and scissor and/or trib together. This led to many satisfying orgasms for us both and very little sleep.

Gina repeated her dominance of me the following morning, making me eat her sweet little pussy in my kitchen. The sheer naughtiness of eating my son's cum out of his girlfriend's vagina had me swiftly closing in on a massive climax. However, before I could leap from the precipice of my orgasm, Gina bent me over the kitchen bench and spanked my firm, lusciously curved ass. I will embarrassedly admit to delighting in being spanked by my dominant, especially in moments of intense passion. The climax I had as my son's girlfriend spanked me was a cataclysmic event that I could barely stop myself from screaming to the stars about.

Not much happened for a number of days after these events. It wasn't until I decided to tease my personal trainer, Patrick, that I had more fun. Unfortunately, I wasn't quite able to seduce him at that time.

Later that same day, my son phoned me from his girlfriend's house, drunk and wanting to come home. Of course, I immediately jumped into my sunset red Audi A3 and raced to Gina's place to get him. Getting there, I found three stunningly gorgeous girls and my son in Gina's parent's hot tub. Gina was one of the three girls, and the others were two more who would often feature in my subsequent stories. Their names were Charmaine and Jennifer.

Learning that Tommy was passed out, I reluctantly allowed Gina to dress me in the tiniest bikini you've ever seen and encourage me to join them in the tub. When Gina and I returned to the tub, I discovered that Jennifer was casually blowing my son. Gina was seemingly unbothered by this and hastened me up the steps and in between Tommy and Charmaine. She sat on the other side of Jennifer.

Charmaine, a truly stunning young woman of Chilean heritage, immediately pounced on me. But she did it in such a sweet, unassuming way that I found myself responding by returning her kisses and tonguing her gorgeous breast mounds. Seconds later, I had her bikini top off and one of her nipples in my suckling mouth.

Gina interrupted what was inevitably going to happen by fetching glasses of wine and some nibblies. I hadn't eaten dinner, so the bubbly wine on my empty stomach soon gave me a nice mellow buzz. My mellowness meant that I didn't resist when Jennifer crossed the pool and also began kissing me and playing with my lush charms. However, I was (barely) able to retain some modicum of self-control and slid from between the two gorgeous women and moved away, leaving them to entertain each other.

Gina then teased me by offering my son's cock for me to suck. Despite wanting to severely, I managed to stop myself and refuse her tease. With my decency barriers slowly collapsing, I watched as the three girls played with my son, and I knew that if I didn't get out of there shortly, I'd be on my knees with the others, sucking my son's enormous cock. Unfortunately, my control wavered before I could leave, and I found myself licking my son's big balls and Gina's clit as she rode Tommy until he climaxed inside her exceptionally tight pussy. Now that I'd crossed that incest taboo barrier, I eagerly ate my son's essence from his girlfriend's pussy as she continually orgasmed on my lips and tongue.

Now that my libido had exploded, I willingly swapped my attention to Charmaine's glistening pussy, and I ate her, too. As I ate Charmaine, the other girls caressed my nipples, clit and entrance, and before I knew it, I screamed as an orgasm shook my generously proportioned, supremely toned body.

My mind was lost in lust, and I was teetering along a cliff that would lead to a shaming fall. Any second now, the last of my will would crumble, and I'd ride my son's fabulous cock as the three girls watched. Dredging up my last vestiges of control, I wrapped my dress around me and staggered to the car before I could commit the ultimate sin before my son's three girlfriends.

Returning my thoughts to the present, I glanced at the arrivals board to see that John and Krissy's plane had been further delayed. 'Four chapters into my adventures, and so far, I'd only taken an extra nine lovers,' I thought. However, I knew my sexual conquests only accelerated from here. Sighing, I shifted position and let my reveries overtake me again.

My memory returned to the night in Gina's parent's hot tub. I'd already started my car when my naked son jumped in beside me. Tommy almost immediately passed out, leaving his thickly erect, 7+ inch tool waving and bouncing in the streetlights. On the way home, I couldn't help but take that delicious todger in my dainty hand, marvelling at its length and thickness. Getting home, Tommy rewarded my ministrations to his rampantly erect cock by filling my warmly sucking mouth with a delicious mouthful of his sticky man goo.

Tommy is way too heavy for me to try to drag inside, and in his drunken state, I didn't want to endure his drunken, fumbling attempts to make love to me, so I carefully locked my door. As I expected, Tommy tried to enter my bedroom when he awoke sometime later. However, he accepted my refusal and went to his bed.

The following day, I joined my best friend, Kath Loughlin, in West End for coffee and a snack. Kath sat with another stunningly gorgeous, early-thirties woman. Her name is Juana, and she is a Venezuelan exile. Working for one of the few papers that were openly critical of President Maduro, Juana had to flee when her paper discovered she had a death threat hanging over her head. Finding the gorgeous South American woman almost irresistible, I decided to seduce her.

To my delight, Juana offered almost no resistance, and I quickly took her home to my place and made love to her. To my surprise and Juana's joy, I took the dominant role in our lovemaking. Being the dominant sexual partner was a new experience for me. Typically, I'd only occasionally, for brief periods and only for my partner's pleasure, take the more powerful position. I'm an accomplished cock sucker and have become an excellent muff diver, but I rarely accept being thrust into being in control. However, with Juana, I dominated her deliciously, giving us both many screaming orgasms.

Our lovemaking stretched into the early evening, eventually leading us to be caught in a compromising position first by my son, Tommy, and then, later, by Krissy. That caused a bit of a ruckus for a short time, but when Krissy admitted that jealousy drove most of it, it settled down quickly enough.

My next adventure came from a strange direction. Returning to Edgar Fontaine's clinic for my third session, I took the opportunity to vigorously fuck the hugely mammary-endowed Liz Donnelly with a strap-on. Using my brief experience of dominating Juana, I controlled and owned Liz and her massive breasts and tight pussy, causing many scintillating orgasms for us both.

A few days passed before my adventures began again, and they started innocently enough. Because I was a little hot and horny, on our way home from watching Tommy play football, Krissy and I stopped at an adult toy store. Entering the store, I discovered that the proprietor was none other than the hefty Asian woman I'd seen being vigorously fucked by numerous men on the platform at the Fortitude Valley train station.

Discovering there was a movie viewing area behind the central curtain, Krissy and I purchased tokens for the player and entered the middle room. We'd barely begun playing our selection when a man on the other side of the wall pushed his rather lengthy cock through what I now know is a 'glory hole'.

Intrigued, I got on my knees in the corner, and when the man shoved his cock back through the wall, I grasped it in my hand. My daughter was, of course, shocked and demanded to know what I was doing. "Holding the biggest cock I've ever seen," I informed her before adding that I was going to taste it.

I gleefully sucked that turgid monstrosity into my mouth and, as best I could, considering how much of my mouth it filled, lashed it with my tongue. My actions fascinated my daughter, and Krissy joined me on her knees in the corner. I let the throbbing member out of my mouth and offered it to my daughter. Kissing the tip before taking the head of it in her mouth,

Krissy released it long enough to observe that it tasted nice but different to her father's.

It was then that I noticed another cock vaguely bouncing in another hole in the opposite corner to where we knelt. This cock was still impressive, even though it was nowhere near the length and girth of the one currently in my daughter's mouth. Grabbing it, I delightedly slurped it into my warm, willing mouth and tasted its dripping essence.

After sucking on it for a time, I turned back to Krissy and said, "Try this one, honey. I think you'll find it easier to suck."

Krissy agreed, and we swapped cocks. Not long after I'd returned to the first cock, its owner muttered that he was about to cum. Smiling happily, I pumped and sucked harder before being rewarded with a delicious mouthful of salty cum. The second man swiftly followed his friend by ejaculating into my daughter's voraciously questing mouth.

Now that I'd received my cum reward, reality set in, and I wanted to be out of that place as quickly as possible. The two men we'd blown tried to prevent us from leaving, but after a brief confrontation, Betty intervened before they became a real problem.

Getting home, Krissy and I played, and for the very first time, I went down on my daughter, eating her succulent pussy and devouring her sweet juices. Krissy's thighs had clamped around my ears, and I failed to hear that my son had slipped into the room. Seeing what we were doing, Tommy stripped and climbed onto the bed behind my gently swaying, supremely shapely and toned ass. Sliding his throbbingly erect, 7+ inch cock into my dripping pussy, Tommy gripped my womanly hips firmly and proceeded to roger me vigorously.

This chapter ended after making delectable love with my children until the early morning of the following day.

That morning arrived with me awakening to the delightful feeling of my son's rigidly thick member sliding back into my willingly wet vagina. Not knowing that Krissy was awake, I turned my head to kiss Tommy. Krissy

claimed my lips with hers before I could, and figuring, ‘In for a penny. In for a pound,’ I made love with my children again. The immoral decadence of it turned me on as much as anything else, I guess. But I certainly loved every single moment of it!

Of course, after we’d climaxed, Tommy desperately wanted to fuck his sister but responded honourably to her denial. Instead, we settled into mutual oral stimulation, all of us cumming at least once before I mounted my son again and rode him to a truly stupendous orgasm.

Phil and Caoimhe were coming to dinner that evening, and my fascination with my best friend’s oldest child hadn’t abated one little bit. Dressing provocatively just for him, I began preparing our dinner. I amusedly watched my daughter do the same thing when she discovered Phil would be here for dinner.

Dinner was a happy event with much hilarity and many conversations across numerous subjects. I moved to get our desserts, and Gina, spying an opportunity, tried to force me into a sexually submissive role again. However, I swiftly turned the tables on her and had her at my feet, servicing my divinely small, tight and wet pussy with her gifted mouth. Caoimhe caught us in the act, and she quickly joined in the raunchiness, allowing Gina to tongue her to a satisfying climax.

After dessert was over, Caoimhe and I cleaned up, discussing her situation the whole time. Caoimhe threatened to seduce my daughter. I wasn’t against the idea of my best friend’s daughter and mine becoming intimate, but I warned Caoimhe that Krissy was still a virgin. Caoimhe was surprised but agreed that seducing Krissy was best left until Krissy had surrendered her virginity to her chosen beau.

After the others had gone home or to bed, I took Caoimhe to my bed and readied my new strap-on to use on her. As luck would have it, no sooner had I begun my seduction of the tiny daughter of my best friend than I discovered that Krissy had slipped from her room to mine, hoping for some sex play to relieve her frustration at not being able to seduce Phil. Deciding that I didn’t want to stop, I buckled my strap-on in place and fucked Caoimhe doggy style as she licked my daughter’s sweltering pussy. The

night exploded into a sexily raunchy round of sexual exploration until the sleepy chirping of awakening birds finally sent us to our rest.

The following day, after everyone except for Gina, Krissy and I had left for work or home, Gina and I decided to explore her burgeoning submissive desires. Playing as Mistress and slave would also help me understand my sudden need to dominate, too. However, as we kissed and caressed, Krissy interrupted us with a false pretence of anger at me playing with another woman behind her father's back.

Quickly divining that Krissy was jealous that I would play with Gina instead of her and realising that my daughter was finally beginning to realise her submissive desires, I chose to use my newfound dominance to discipline her physically, too.

I encouraged Krissy to complete Gina's corrections, and after they were done, Gina rewarded my daughter by servicing her sweltering pussy with her tongue. I was very tempted to join the two young women on my bed and engage in a passionate three-way. Fortunately, as my will crumbled, my husband John called, rescuing me from committing lesbian incest before a witness.

John was home only a few days later with the news that he'd quit Pepperstone and would be opening his own financial consultancy firm. He also confirmed that he'd finally got rid of his long-term assistant and fuck buddy, Amanda, and asked me to take her place. Of course, I was delighted that he would be home more and ecstatic that he seemed to be saying that he would no longer play behind my back. However, I doubted that I alone would ever be enough for him.

The night my husband came home, I encouraged our daughter to sneak into John's and my bedroom. On the premise of 'disciplining him for his many infidelities', I planted images of our daughter's beautiful face and lush body into his thoughts. Eventually, the images I invoked overcame his natural reluctance to consider making love with his daughter, and he orgasmed into my firmly stroking hand and swiftly sucking mouth.

Pretending I had arranged a female surprise for him, I tied John to the bed, blindfolded him, and mimicked fetching her from the front door. Instead of another woman, I brought our daughter into our room instead. Then, ensuring that John would never know who was sucking him, I sat on his face and clamped my thighs tightly around his ears. Krissy did an excellent job of blowing her father, and he came in her voraciously slurping mouth quickly.

Watching my daughter blow her father had me hotter than the gates of Hades, so I swiftly moved and took John's thick 7-inch cock in my delectably tight pussy. Krissy licked her father's big, heavy balls and my clit as I rode John's cock, causing us both to orgasm incredibly hard and quickly.

The night became perfect when John, with no small amount of encouragement from me, finally disciplined my lustful behaviour. Of course, another round of delicious sex ensued.

A few days passed until it was the weekend, and John and I were due at my best friend Kath Loughlin's birthday party. Kath and Mike's house is at least as big as ours and has a pool, yard and gardens that match ours, too. John and I were sleeping the night at Kath's, so we could relax and really enjoy the night.

After greeting my friend, the other members of our 'girl gang', and Juana, I introduced myself to the ones I didn't already know. Then, I headed upstairs to place our jackets and the overnight bag in the room allocated to us.

Entering the room, I found my son, Tommy, and his three girls having sex. Gina was blowing my son as Charmaine ate Jennifer's pussy. Shocked and incredibly turned on by the scene, I barely managed not to join in the debaucherous scene before me. Gina tested my will by offering my son's cock to me. I was able to resist, that time.

However, after wandering around the party for a time, I found myself returning to the room we were staying in. The scene had changed with Tommy now fucking Jennifer as Charmaine ate Gina's pussy. On my arrival, Gina moved in front of Jennifer, and Charmaine approached me. I

was hot and horny imagining that it was me who knelt on the couch with my son's beautiful cock spearing into my quivering vagina, so I didn't protest when Charmaine kissed me and fondled my breasts.

I was revelling in Charmaine's touches when the door opened, and Phil, Siobhan, and Caoimhe entered. Seeing the erotic couplings occurring all around them, Siobhan pushed Phil onto the bed, pulled his pants down and mounted him. Then, to my shock and amazement, after sharing a soft kiss with me and Charmaine, Caoimhe stripped her dress off and sat on her brother's face.

Charmaine encouraged me to admit to my carnal, incestuous desires for my son and take Jennifer's place, receiving his thrusting manhood into my dripping vagina. My will slowly crumbled, and I knew it was only seconds before I succumbed to that desire and let my son fuck me.

To prevent that, I gave into my needs and mounted Phil. The girls were delighted and helped me to ride my best friend's son. I had no idea how I would face her in the morning. But, at that moment, all I could think was that I needed to cum, and more, I needed to feel Phil's nicely thick cock erupting into the blazing furnace my pussy had become.

Deeply ashamed and terrified that John would discover my infidelity, I virtually ran from the room and found a bathroom so I could clean my disgrace from my still throbbing pussy. Fortunately, John didn't associate my soaking pussy with it being full of another man's seed, and he washed away my error by adding his seed to the mess already inside me.

A mechanical-sounding voice brought me from my memories, and I checked the board to see that John and Krissy's flight now had a landing time. However, that landing time was still ninety minutes from now. A man had sat opposite me and was clearly checking me out. In my typical teasing way, I stretched and preened, causing my full, firm bosom to lift and drop delectably. Of course, the man took that as an invitation to talk to me, but I smiled and showed my wedding rings, and he took the hint and sat back down.

My next adventure almost cost me my marriage. It was ‘Fixing the Frank Problem’.

They started innocently enough, with Kath and I kissing and cuddling in her kitchen the morning after her party. We were inching closer to becoming intimate, and we both knew it. Kath had me so turned on that I nearly took her in her kitchen, but I managed to quell my rising arousal, and we agreed upon a time we would get together and explore this side of our friendship.

Not long after that, I noticed Kath could barely keep her eyes open. Taking her to bed, I convinced her to let me finger her to a soft orgasm, making Kath the thirteenth person I’d had sex with since I began my journey to sexual freedom. After giving Kath a soft orgasm, we slept in each other’s arms until it was near the time our husbands would return.

The following day found me alone again. My house was spotless, and being a workday meant most of my friends weren’t available to meet with me for coffee or lunch. Bored, I decided to go for a drive, little knowing that that decision would be the beginning of my true sluttishness.

My travels had led me close to the adult store where Krissy and I had blown those two men. Deciding that I’d get some tokens and watch another porno movie, maybe play with any cocks that were shoved through the glory holes, I parked my car and went inside.

Betty greeted me warmly and somehow convinced me to follow her upstairs to the Sex On Premises part of the store. Betty encouraged me to strip and tie a big, fluffy towel around my sensually luscious body and follow her into the steam room. The room held several men, but Betty and I were the only two women.

Following Betty’s lead, I reluctantly took off my towel and sat on it naked. This was the very first time I’d been naked before people who weren’t family or close friends. I’ll admit to being quite turned on by that fact. Then, Betty dared me to put a show on for these men and let her eat my pussy in front of them. I initially declined, but as my need grew, I admitted that I wanted to do it and lifted and spread my legs to give Betty access to my steamingly hot and wet pussy.

Betty eagerly dove between my lasciviously spread thighs and began tonguing my drooling pussy. It was clear that eating pussy wasn't a new experience for her, and I was quickly rocketing towards an orgasm.

Betty had my hips undulating as I held her mouth against my spasming pussy. I was so lost in the delicious sensations that I didn't notice someone kneeling beside my head until he wiped his cock's head across my lips. It took three wipes across my pouty lips before I gave in to my slutty desires and opened my mouth to take him inside it.

The man's cock was longer but thinner than John's and Tommy's. However, as I've said, I'm an accomplished cock sucker, and it glided down my throat without affecting my gag reflex. Sucking on the delightfully hard and long pole, I opened my eyes to find that Betty had a suitor buried chock-a-block deep inside her willing pussy. This view excited my passions further, and I quickly grasped the cocks that were pressed into my hands, masturbating them as best I could, given my limited mobility.

I was totally lost in the new sensation of being eaten as I sucked a cock and masturbated two more, but before my arousal could peak, the cock in my mouth was withdrawn, and its owner jerked it viciously before he splattered my chest and breasts with his cum. Having cum splash onto my face and/or body is one of my favourite things. Feeling his hot jism erupting onto my skin smashed me over the edge, and I screamed as my climax shook mine and Betty's bodies.

Seconds after the first man had orgasmed onto me, another offered his slim cock to my mouth. Betty already had her second lover buried in her gaping vagina, and I wanted to keep pace with her. So, swirling my tongue over and around the cock in my warm, wet mouth, I worked to bring it to fruition as quickly as I could. A few lashes later, this man held my head tightly, with all of his meagre cock in my mouth, and ejaculated down my greedily swallowing throat.

A third cock was swiftly shoved into my mouth after I let the second drop out. As I gobbled this one down, I saw Betty's second man hunch viciously forward before unloading into Betty's sloppy pussy. A third man quickly took his place. This man rudely shoved his cock in Betty's ass, causing her

to yelp and protest. The man ignored her and began pounding Betty's fat ass as powerfully as he could.

The cocks in my hands blew next, but I was disappointed that they chose to cum over my hands and wrists and not my body. However, two more quickly took their places. I'd barely gripped the extra cocks when the man I was sucking reached his crescendo. The man on my left beat him to the punch, though. Growling gutturally, the man moved beside my toned, softly curved stomach and unloaded on top of it. That was swiftly followed by the man in my right hand, who blew his load over my lusciously firm D-cups. My joy was complete when the man in my mouth pulled out and blasted his gift all over my pretty face.

As I lay there, replete in orgasmic bliss, Betty kissed and licked her way up my body, hoovering every drop of man spend from my gorgeous body. Reaching my lips, we shared a cum kiss before Betty cleaned the splooge from my face. The men asked if I was willing to fuck them. I refused, and they graciously left.

Betty and I sat in the sauna a little longer before jumping into the splash pool. The sudden cold revitalised my desires, and I became intensely aware that I was beyond turned on and needed a good, solid rogering. After we got out of the pool, I expected Betty to lead me back to the changerooms. However, it seemed she wasn't done introducing me to new experiences just yet; instead, she led me deeper into the complex.

As Betty led me up the corridor, I could hear sex happening behind many of the doors. Some were even open, and men were openly having sex in those rooms. I was shocked and a little titillated because I had never imagined such places existed before. One other fact was glaringly obvious: Betty and I were the only two women in this part of the premises.

Betty guided me to a locked room. Inside were two men, Donkey and Jumbo. They had the biggest penises I'd ever seen! Giggling, Betty climbed into a sling set up inside the room. Then, patting her pussy, she instructed Donkey to 'pave the way for Jumbo'. Donkey was quick to comply and gobsmacked, I watched him slowly insert his massive cock into Betty's stretched pussy.

Donkey fucked Betty briefly before he pulled out and let Jumbo take his place. I was even more amazed when Jumbo slid seven of his almost twelve inches into Betty's severely gaped vagina. Jumbo began pounding the hefty Asian woman, rapping his gigantic cock against Betty's cervix with every thrust. Remember, boys, despite what you might have read, a man's cock cannot enter a woman's cervical canal, so that was as deep as Jumbo could get.

After watching Jumbo fill Betty's spasming pussy with cum, it was my turn in the sling. I wasn't prepared even to contemplate taking Jumbo, but I wanted to at least attempt to take Donkey. It needed Betty to use her fingers to stretch my sweet little pussy open, but I eventually accepted most of Donkey's 10-inch cock inside me. From there, Donkey gripped my luscious breasts and ripped me back as he rammed into me with vicious force. Donkey's enormous tool battered my cervix, shattering my will and sending me into orgasmic bliss.

Donkey came inside me, and to make things worse, the condom had shredded, meaning his cum splattered into me and against my cervix. I panicked, threatening him dire consequences if he'd given me a venereal disease. Donkey assured me he got tested regularly, the most recent only the day before, and he was clean.

Happy at my reprieve, I quickly left the premises and drove home, praying my husband wasn't home yet. He wasn't, and I was able to wash and douche my sins clean before John discovered them.

Later that night, and using the same premise as earlier, I allowed Krissy to blow her father again. John was closing in on being prepared to initiate our daughter into physical love, but he wasn't quite there yet. To prepare him, I whispered descriptions of what it would be like to have his daughter blowing him and surrendering her virginity to his rampantly erect cock. John came into our daughter's mouth twice before I sent her from the room.

Next, I confessed my incestuous fantasies to my husband, and to my shock and delight, he turned the tables on me and forced me to orgasm to visions of fucking our tall, handsome son. That night ended with my taking my husband anally and enjoying every second of it.

Tommy and I made love the next day. It was a surreal experience for me because Tommy showed me just how divinely wonderful being anally fucked could be. I'd taken John in my ass numerous times, but that was only for his pleasure. Tommy showed me I could enjoy anal sex and orgasm from it, too.

The following day, I took Krissy shopping for her upcoming trip to Sidney with her father. We trawled through various shops, putting together a wardrobe that better fitted her new adult, sexy young woman persona. Krissy's burgeoning sexuality needed better expression than her typically frumpy clothing that she wore to minimise unwanted advances from the boys.

We'd gathered quite an extensive wardrobe for my daughter before we exited from the Chermside shops and went to Brendale, where we entered the Hollywood for Shoes store. There, we met Shawna, a very sexy saleswoman. I quickly ascertained that Shawna was quite submissive and was incredibly attracted to Krissy. Taking the bull by the horns, I casually groped Shawna's barely A-cup breasts and encouraged her to taste my daughter's dripping entrance.

Shawna obeyed eagerly, lapping Krissy's slippery juices from her over-inflamed entrance. Watching this erotic event turned my libido to the maximum, and I soon had Shawna's panties off, and I lay under her and ate her pussy as she ate Krissy's.

Suddenly, we were interrupted by the store's owner. Moving from between Shawna's thighs, I confronted Gina's mother, Freya. Deciding she'd either accept and join in with what we were doing or completely freak out, I moved higher and began tonguing Shawna again. Freya quickly joined the debauchery on the floor, stripping my dress from my luscious curves, strapping on a dildo, and piercing my wanting pussy.

Taking Freya and Shawna as lovers brought my total number of extra-marital affairs to twenty-four. Precisely twenty-four more than I thought I'd ever have. But did I feel any guilt? Some, I will admit. Hardly any about the female lovers I'd taken because I knew John wouldn't mind those very much, especially if I occasionally brought some home for him to share.

After we'd shared a cascading orgasm, our couplings morphed into a different arrangement. Freya wanted to eat Krissy, but Shawna complained, "Aww, Mom. You always eat out the other girls first. Can't I have a turn at going first?" Only then did I realise that Freya and Shawna were mother and daughter.

Krissy shifted off Freya's mouth and picked up her discarded strap-on. Buckling it in place, Krissy initially fucked me with it before lying on Freya and fucking her instead. I moved so I could help stimulate Shawna, and another series of climaxes flowed across us four women.

After a final round of soft climaxes, we relaxed into each other's arms. Freya insisted that my son and her other daughter, Gina, must not learn about this tryst and wanted to get together with me later to discuss this event and what else may happen in the future. We're yet to get together again.

Later that night, Tommy had Krissy and me pose in our new outfits. It was another chance for Krissy to tease and titillate her father, bringing him closer to the realisation his daughter needed him to make her a woman by taking her virginity. Of course, what was to happen a little later in this chapter put a serious crimp in those plans.

I took John and Krissy to the airport the following morning and returned home. Tommy waited until I'd prepared our breakfasts. As we ate, Tommy explained his plan to get my pictures deleted from Frank's home, cloud account, computer, and anywhere else he may have stored them. It involved me voluntarily meeting with Frank and his goons and allowing them to kidnap me. I won't write about that particular event again because it is still too painful to recall. However, it ended when Frank tried to cut my pretty face with a flick knife, forcing a police tactical response team member to shoot him.

My next adventures were almost all because of how John reacted to the news I'd been kidnapped and raped. John refused to believe that I'd gone with my four attackers unwillingly, and he kicked me out of our marital bedroom. To say I was angry at him would be to understate how I felt, but it in no way excuses my behaviour during my four-day getaway with Kath. It

wasn’t until quite some time later that I realised I was punishing John for abandoning me when I needed him most.

I’d already booked my four-day escape, and John encouraged me to go. I was really looking forward to exploring Kath’s and my slowly developing physical relationship. I’d had many erotic interludes with numerous women since my first visit to Edgar Fontaine’s clinic, and I was eager to show my best friend the joys of lesbian love.

But before I left for my retreat with Kath, I decided to take a final swing at seducing my personal trainer. Patrick had flirted with me and ogled my delicious charms, but so far, he hadn’t taken the extra step into expressing his desire for me physically. Since it appeared my marriage was over, I decided I’d fuck him and as many other men as I could—mostly to rub John’s nose in his own infidelities over the years. Yes, I was being massively hypocritical because you’ve often read me saying, ‘That is the price you pay to remain married to a successful man’, but I didn’t care at that stage!

Although I intended to seduce Patrick, how I did it wasn’t as I’d planned. My plan was to ask him to massage my upper thigh before taking his hand and putting it on my hot pussy, and kissing him with all the exquisite skill that I have. Instead, my legs collapsed running down the stairs, and I fell into his arms before we both fell onto the exercise mat. Patrick rolled me as we fell, and I ended up on my back with Patrick deliciously nestled between my shapely thighs.

Patrick’s meaty cock immediately flashed to full rigidness and pressed delightfully against my barely covered entrance. He felt me clench him tighter to me as I thrust my blazingly hot pussy up at him. Overcome by lust, Patrick ripped my gusset aside and ploughed his throbbingly hard cock into my soaking vagina. At its full seated depth, Patrick’s cock rapped sharply on my cervix. That delectable pain, along with the incredible feeling of his massive cock spearing into my depths, swiftly crashed me into a screamed climax. Patrick followed me through that barrier, ejaculating into my tightly clenching vulva.

Krissy had caught my tryst with Patrick, and we brought each other to mutually satisfying orgasms, relieving my daughter's needs.

Kath's and my four nights together began sweetly. I'd gone up earlier to prepare our rented bungalow for her arrival. Concerned for my well-being, Kath took me to bed and elicited a deeply relaxing, intense orgasm from my tired body, and we slept the afternoon away, spooned together.

I moved our physical relationship to the next level when we awoke. Using my fingers as a pseudo cock, I fucked my best friend with them until she came on my fingers. Next, I slid down my friend's svelte body and mouthed her glistening pussy. Pushing her boundaries, I wet my finger in Kath's dripping vagina and rimmed her little dark star. Then, pinching her perineum between my thumb and forefinger, I pulled down as I lashed her love button with my tongue.

To my delight, after she'd come down from her twin climaxes, Kath insisted on returning the favour and went down on my drooling pussy. Fortunately for us both, I was so turned on by finally making love with the woman I'd desired for almost as many years as I had that I climaxed quickly on her inexperienced lips and tongue.

After cleaning ourselves up, we made dinner before deciding to try the communal baths. Getting there, we found the hot tub already occupied by two married couples. We were about to return to our bungalow when the couples insisted we join them. The couples were Bob and Margot, and Mitchell and Yolanda. Although I took no notice at the time, Mitchell sat close to Margot, with Bob closer to Yolanda. I soon learnt why. The couples were swingers who shared a holiday together every year and regularly played with others at home.

The men were solely straight, but Yolanda and Margot were bisexual, and Yolanda immediately set about seducing me as Margot did the same to Kath. I was an eager subject to be seduced and swiftly fell under Yolanda's spell. Before I'd fully come to grips with her seduction, I found myself being impaled on Bob's and Mitchell's impressively girthed cocks. Mitchell lay on his back as I straddled his reposed form and slowly sank my tight asshole onto his strainingly erect cock. Seconds later, Bob slid between my

lasciviously spread, shapely thighs and slowly pushed his throbbing member inside my soakingly wet pussy. To cap this delightful coupling off, Yolanda spread her muscular legs and lowered her sopping pussy onto my mouth.

Yolanda was the first to orgasm, and she quickly moved to join Margot and Kath. With Yolanda's expert guidance, Kath fisted Margot's gaping pussy. Watching this lewdly erotic spectacle crashed me over the edge into another stupefying climax. The men fucking me had willingly delayed their climaxes so I could get what I wanted and needed. But, after climaxing to the sight of my seemingly innocent, sweet friend fisting another woman, I pleaded with them to 'fill my fuck holes with man juice'. The two men dutifully filled my spasming pussy and clenching ass with their delicious goo, leaving me feeling temporarily satiated.

However, after our sexual interlude, Kath seemed a little distressed by her sudden fall into moral decrepitude and marital infidelity, so I quickly made our excuses, and then we dressed and left the area swiftly. Kath and I slept, holding each other tightly.

The following day was spent shopping, drinking coffee and eating. During lunch, we made the acquaintance of two handsome young men, Timothy and Desmond, who were teammates of my son Tommy. Wine was drunk, food was eaten, and much flirting and jocularity ensued. Eventually, Kath and I agreed to meet the two strapping young men for dinner at a tapas bar in Maroochydore.

Reaching our hideaway, I fucked Kath with my newly-acquired strap-on, giving us both many orgasms. After that, we slept peacefully together until it was time to meet our prospective beaus for dinner.

We met the two sexily handsome young men at the tapas bar, and much dancing and flirting followed. Eventually, Kath and I invited the young men back to our chalet. Tim and Des were perfect gentlemen, but they were unwilling to make the first move. However, when I pursed my lips and looked expectantly at him, Tim gently and then eagerly kissed me. I flowed into his kiss and embrace and allowed him to cup my firm, luscious breast as he began seducing me.

Tim’s stroking of my breast and his tweaking of my turgid nipple excited me, and I allowed my hand to wander over his swiftly swelling member. Becoming bolder, Tim unzipped my clinging dress and peeled it off my shapely shoulders, exposing that it was the only item I wore. Tim admired my large, firm, Double-D breasts before lowering his lips and sucking my painfully erect nipple into his greedily sucking mouth.

As Tim made love to my aching breasts, Kath had Desmond doing similar things to her beautiful but tiny breasts. I watched them through heavily lidded eyes as my arousal soared. With my sexual excitement peaking, I needed things to move faster, so, sliding off the couch, I knelt at Tim’s feet and offered to blow him. Much to my disappointment, Tim’s promising bulge turned out to be only around an averagely-sized cock. Still, it disappeared into my mouth and down my throat quickly.

Watching me blow Tim had Kath wound up. She eagerly allowed Des to strip her dress off, and she pulled her panties aside and lowered herself onto his rampantly throbbing member. Meanwhile, I had sensed that Tim was too close to the edge to last much longer. To lessen any embarrassment he may have felt at losing control so easily, I quickly returned his twitching cock into my mouth and milked him as I sucked. Tim filled my greedily sucking mouth only a few short seconds later.

Still horny, I slid across the fall and snuggled my lips around my best friend’s clitoris and bathed Desmond’s big balls as he pumped into Kath’s dripping pussy. This caused them both to climax immediately, and I licked and sucked their combined essences as they drooled from Kath’s overfilled pussy.

I wasn’t close to sated, so I dragged the party into the bedroom so we could continue our debauch. Knowing the guys would take some time before their penises would recharge, I made love to my dearest friend, putting on a real show for our young lovers. I kissed Kath as passionately as I knew how before kissing down her svelte figure and latching my mouth around her dripping vulva.

My show had the boys’ cocks hardening immediately, and Des offered his still slimy member to Kath’s willingly pouting lips. Kath, overcome with

the lust my ministrations to her inflamed pussy engendered, groaned and sucked Des' lengthy penis into her mouth. Tim, not wanting to be left out of the sensuous scene exploding before him, began eating my slippery vagina. It felt good, but I needed to be filled, so I waggled my sexy ass and spread my pussy lips, encouraging him to fuck me, which Tim did willingly.

Kath, whilst enjoying me eating her pussy and sucking Des' cock, wanted more. She released Des' leaking penis from her mouth before spinning one hundred and eighty degrees so she could tongue my pussy as Tim fucked me.

Seeing Kath's sensually swinging ass, Des swiftly moved up behind her and slowly ploughed his rigid cock into her tight slit. Kath moaned into my slippery pussy, extolling Des' cock's virtues. Kath's and my willing acceptance and aroused moaning encouraged our younger lovers to increase the vigour of their fucking, and soon their cocks were slamming viciously into our willingly wet vaginas.

Kath came first, climaxing to the combined stimulation of my tongue rasping across her sensitive clit and Des' rough usage of her tiny, conical nipples. Des came next, filling my best friend's gaping pussy to overflowing, and I delighted in sucking their combined fluids into my voracious mouth.

Tim was gallantly waiting for me to orgasm before filling my super-tight pussy with his thick seed. However, I'd slipped into a submissive mindset, and I needed his command for me to cum before I could leap from my climax's cliff. At his commanded words to 'cum for me, Kate', I squealed and orgasmed on his sturdy, if somewhat disappointingly lengthed cock.

The night had been excellent so far, but I needed more. Leaving the exhausted Tim, I joined my best friend as she sucked Des back to total hardness. Des recovered more quickly than Tim, probably because having two beautiful, sexy, and entirely willing women sucking his semi-flaccid cock was better than his most extreme fantasy. However, as we sucked Des' rapidly reinflating cock, Kath became aware that Tim was also rapidly achieving another rampant erection. She wanted to be naughty and push her previously narrow boundaries, so she crawled across to his reclined body

and lowered her sweltering, messily filled pussy onto his lips. Tim licked eagerly, bringing Kath careering toward another orgasm.

Meanwhile, I'd taken Des into my supremely tight and slippery vagina, revelling in feeling his throbbing cock vigorously pumping into me. Shifting so that we were riding our lovers, Kath and I kissed and fondled each other as we lifted and lowered our hips on the steel-hard poles delved deep inside us. The boys loved our exhibition and, soon after, filled our grasping vaginas with their sticky spend.

The four of us continued to swap back and forth until we could no more. Then, I dragged Tim to the other bedroom to sleep. When we awoke, we showered before driving into Landsborough for a late breakfast, and the boys left to return to football training. Kath and I returned to our chalet for some much needed sleep, waking around 4:00 p.m. We discussed the previous night's excesses before deciding we'd been exactly as slutty as we wanted to be. Then we debated repeating our sluttishness again that same night, agreeing we'd head back to Maroochydore, only we'd go to The Solbar instead.

A greeter guided us to a free table, but no sooner had we taken our seats than two distinguished older gentlemen asked if they could join us. Kath wasn't too keen, but the taller and heavier of the two men had the most startling blue eyes I'd ever seen. His eyes alone garnered that oft-spoken-about tingle in my sweet nether regions. Of course, that meant I ignored Kath's doubts and asked them to join us.

The men proved to be cultured and urbane, with dry, self-deprecating humour. I liked them both a lot! Keith, the one with the amazing blue eyes, cornered me as his friend, David, deftly engaged my friend in a one-on-one conversation. I smiled at how smoothly the two men overcame the typical problem of seducing a woman who was out with her friend and unprepared to leave her friend out of the night's activities.

Kath and I excused ourselves to the restrooms so we could discuss our seductors. We agreed that we were attracted to the ones trying to lure us and agreed to invite them back to our bungalow if they wanted. To check the men's willingness to share, I changed up the seating arrangements,

engaging David in a serious discussion. However, David only had eyes for Kath, asking me to confirm if my friend was, indeed, the sports reporter Kath Loughlin.

I asked why David hadn't asked Kath herself that question. He admitted that he had and that Kath had refused to answer him. Of course, that meant I wouldn't confirm, either, simply pointing out that my friend is hot and he should be grateful she was willing to get to know him. David then pointed out that Kath and I wore wedding and engagement rings. I suppressed a wince and then asked if it really mattered. Well, neither David nor Keith are dim, so he quickly agreed that it didn't.

Next, David mentioned that I intimidated him with my lush, overt charms and asked if I minded that he returned to chatting with Kath. I wasn't bothered by his admission, but I decided to tease them and ran through almost my full gamut of flirts and teases, trying to drive the two men wild with lust and desire. I needn't have bothered because the men were keen to accompany Kath and me back to our Chalet.

Unfortunately, our new lovers weren't keen to share or swap, so our play was limited to the partner that had chosen us. However, Keith proved to be a gifted lover who adored giving oral sex, and he gave me many orgasms before sliding between my toned, shapely thighs and sliding his turgid pole into my sweet, glistening, extremely tight vulva. Keith proved that an older, more experienced lover could easily replace a younger, more exuberant one. The previous night, with Tim and Des, the boys often lost control and deposited their seed inside us before we could climax with them, leaving Kath and I somewhat frustrated. Keith had exquisite control, joyfully guiding me to many orgasms and leaving me deliciously replete.

The following morning, the men only stayed to have coffee. That didn't bother me because the last thing I needed was someone to want to involve me in a romantic entanglement. I took Kath back to bed, and we made love again before getting some much-needed shuteye.

We woke around midday and washed and dressed before returning to Montville to do some more shopping—this time for sexy lingerie for Kath. We lunched at a local café without being bothered this time. However, it

was clear that several men wanted to approach us but were too intimidated by our beauty to do so.

We returned to the bungalow to drop off our purchases and change for dinner. We then drove to The Montville Café and Bar. After eating, we noticed a gorgeous but slightly effeminate young man setting up to entertain the patrons. We listened as we ate, hoping, like the previous nights, someone or ones would approach and try to pick us up. Unfortunately, like at lunch, it seemed like many were interested but too insecure to join us at our table. Kath and I exchanged glances and shrugged, deciding we'd try to seduce the young guitar player. We were successful, and he followed us back to the chalet.

Mark was somewhat shocked when I explained that he needed to take care of us both or he could have neither. Mark, the singer/guitarist, agreed to my terms, and Kath and I began removing his clothing.

When we moved to the bedroom, I chose to bring out my inner Domme and took charge of the evening's activities. Kath soon joined Mark naked. I commanded Kath to kneel between my shapely thighs and tongue my glistening pussy. Kath blanched but obeyed. Next, I instructed Mark to prepare Kath's ass for his cock. I explained that my friend was an anal virgin and asked if he knew how to prepare an ass for fucking. Mark nodded that he did and began working Kath's knot open so he could penetrate her tight ass.

Kath and I kissed, and I caressed her as Mark slowly worked her tight brown ring open. Kath was obviously right into it because she orgasmed with a soft sigh as Mark's probing tongue eased into her dark love hole. Following on with his finger, Mark carefully, seductively, widened Kath's gape until he could insert a second finger. Then, knowing that my best friend was getting into being buggered, I slipped my hand under her bony hips and onto her throbbing clitoris.

Finding that Mark's thumb was already probing into Kath's soaking snatch, I shifted my attention to her tiny, conical nipples. Kath climaxed again as I pinched and twisted her sensitive breast nubs.

With Kath's sphincter pulsing open and shut, ready to be penetrated, Mark worked lube into her gaping anal cavity and prepared to mount her and take her anal virginity.

"Will it hurt?" Kath queried when she felt Mark's cockhead pushing on her tiny rosebud.

"Yes," I admitted. "But once you become accustomed to his length inside you, you'll discover how decadently naughty and sexy it feels and swiftly learn to love it."

Mark looked at me as I slid my hands under Kath's body and gripped her nipples again. At my nod, Mark shoved his turgidly erect cock through Kath's knot and into her previously virgin ass. Simultaneously, I pinched and twisted Kath's nipples, and the sudden pain/pleasure combination allowed Mark to fully penetrate her ass in one will-crushing plunge.

Kath rested momentarily as her body adjusted to the ravager in her tight asshole. Suddenly, her lust hit, and Kath thrust back at the invading member. Before long, Mark was vigorously fucking my best friend's ass as I watched enviously. I passively waited until I could feel that Kath had begun to crest, and then I squeezed her rock-hard, conical nipples viciously, crashing her over the precipice into a shattering climax. Kath orgasming allowed Mark to loosen his restraints and fill her delightfully tight back passage with his hot, sticky man goo.

After I'd cleaned my two lovers up, ensuring their 'bits' were ready for further play, I took Mark into my skilful mouth and quickly returned him to firm rigidity. Once he was throbbingly erect again, I encouraged Kath to sit on my face. Mark mounted her doggy-style and fucked her sodden pussy as I sucked and swallowed their swiftly flowing excretions. Kath orgasmed again quickly, doubling down on her climax when Mark came inside her drenched vagina.

My arousal bubbled along below the surface as I guided Mark and Kath in their mutual exploration. However, now I decided that I needed a reward, so, taking Mark's pussy juice and semen-covered cock into my mouth, I worked to bring him back to full arousal. Luckily, with Mark being young

and having the delicious sight of two very attractive women naked in bed with him, Mark sprung back erect rapidly before shooting his gift down my eagerly accepting throat.

However, I wasn't even close to being finished yet, and I decided to see if I could fist my best friend. I slid two fingers into Kath's slippery with juice and cum pussy and slowly worked her gape open. It took time and help from Mark, but I eventually forced four fingers inside my friend's gaping vagina. Then, curling my fingers back, I stroked them across Kath's G-spot as I applied inward pressure and twisted my hand back and forth.

Kath suddenly climaxed, and with the sudden relaxation of a climax, I pushed a little harder, and my whole hand slid inside her severely gaped vulva. Grinning, I said, "Kath. Sit up. You're going to want to see this!"

Kath lifted herself onto her elbows and looked across her body to where my hand disappeared inside her svelte body. As she watched, I opened my hand as wide as possible before clenching it back into a fist.

"Do that again!" Kath demanded as her arousal and lust soared.

I began slowly, giving Kath time to adjust to having such a large item inside her slender body, but before long, I was pounding her vagina as hard as I could, my fist clenched tightly as I fucked her with it.

Mark added to Kath's swiftly cresting arousal by mauling and pinching her A-cup breasts. Then, with a warbled scream that ended with her passing out, Kath orgasmed on my fist.

Of course, by now, my need for sexual relief almost had me climbing the walls. Mark, who was also aroused by what I'd done to Kath, was lying on his back, stroking his deliciously long pole. Moving myself onto his reclined body, I guided his rigidly stiff member into my dripping snatch. My climax occurred bare moments later.

Mark wanted to change things up, but a recovered Kath had other ideas. Buckling up my strap-on, she pushed down onto Mark's slender chest before inserting her 'cock' into my dark star. Kath and Mark pounded me

between them until she slapped my curvaceous bottom and demanded, “Cum for me, my little slut!”

I crashed into a low space orbit as my orgasm ratcheted through my toned, curvy body.

The remainder of the night was spent experimenting with as many different couplings and positions as we could imagine. In the morning, Mark sweetly asked for our panties before taking his leave.

Unfortunately, that was our last day holidaying together, and we regretfully packed our cars and headed home. Things worsened in my absence, with John moving my stuff out of our marital bedroom and into the spare room. I gallantly tried to quell my despair and phoned a marriage guidance clinic, hoping beyond hope that my twenty-year marriage had a future.

That same mechanical voice coming through the speakers took my attention away from my memories. Unfortunately, the voice wasn’t announcing my family’s plane’s arrival. I stood and stretched before taking a walk around the arrivals hall. After working the kinks out, I returned to the seat I was in before taking a walk. I reviewed what I’d remembered and guiltily realised that I was up to thirty-six extra-marital lovers. I checked the board to see that it still said the plane’s ETA was ninety minutes away.

A young, late teen or early twenties woman sat opposite me, and her flirtatious smile indicated she wanted to chat. However, I wasn’t in the mood for a dalliance and closed my eyes, pretending to doze. We were up to the ninth chapter of my adventures, and I shamefully recalled that I added even more lovers in this edition.

My first sexcapade in this episode occurred barely after chapter nine began. At a loss as to how to fill in my day, my aimless driving eventually had me pulling into my parents’ drive. Strange, isn’t it, no matter how old we are, how we almost always wind up back at Mom’s when we’re in trouble?

Entering my parents’ house through the unlocked front door, I first noticed the unmistakable sound of an abdomen slamming against a generous ass. Thinking it was parents fucking in the kitchen and remembering the illicit

thrill of spying on them when I still lived in the house, I crept through the house, hoping to watch them fuck.

To my surprise, it wasn't my parents screwing; it was my mother, with a young man that had to be barely more than a third her age. Enthralled by the lascivious sight of a tall, muscular man gripping my mother's heavy breasts as he yanked her viciously back onto his strainingly erect cock, I barely stifled a gasp before fleeing from the room. I crept back through the lounge, hoping to catch a safe, hidden view of the deliciously decadent scene occurring in my mother's kitchen.

Finding a place I could safely watch from without being caught, I peered around the corner. Mom was now on her back on the kitchen table. Her chubby calves were locked around the man's leanly muscular ass, and she eagerly pulled him into herself as he rammed his lengthy cock into my mother's inflamed vagina.

Watching the man viciously grip and twist Mom's nipples as she demanded that he fuck her harder had me hotter than three inches from Hades. My fingers unawarely found my clit, and I frigged myself, wishing it was me being pounded.

The man grunted that he was about to cum, and my mother, using language I'd never heard her use before, demanded, "Fill me, you fucker. Fill my cunt with your fuck juice!"

Hearing her swear like that crashed me into an orgasm, and I had to bite my hand to prevent my orgasm scream. But, as I climaxed, my mother opened her eyes and winked at me, making it clear she knew I was watching. I orgasmed again as I stepped away from the door. Mom gave Simon, the man fucking her, instructions that would take him through to lunch. She then told him she would feed him and maybe let him fuck her again.

My mind blown, I waited to see what would happen next. Mom addressed me from the kitchen, instructing me to retrieve a punishment cane from my father's study and meet her in her bedroom. Of course, I obeyed without questioning and raced to do her bidding. Barely managing to reach her

bedroom door before her, I knelt submissively and offered the cane over my head.

Mom looked down at me sternly before telling me to explain. I expected Mister Fontaine's prohibition on discussing what he'd done to prevent me from telling her, but it all came pouring out.

When I got to my rape by Frank and his depraved mates, Mom interrupted, concernedly asking if they'd hurt me. I bitterly confessed that I'd decided to enjoy everything those perverts did to me, hoping it wouldn't scar me for life. Even confessing that I'd accepted Jumbo II's cock inside me willingly, wondering how much I could take.

When I described the cops' entrance and how the sergeant had to shoot Frank to prevent him from cutting my face, Mom sorrowfully explained that my being disfigured would have sounded a larger death knell to my marriage than my rape did.

The ensuing discussion brought the realisation that Mom and Dad had purposefully forgotten my birthdays from age sixteen, knowing I'd throw my virginity and John to punish them. They were only surprised I'd waited until I was legally allowed to have sex before I'd taken my future husband into my willing pussy.

Of course, this information blew my head apart, and I wondered what revelation would come next. Edgar Fontaine was almost a good guy? My stiff, prudish parents encouraged me to give my virginity to John Muggleton when I was just sixteen? What revelation would be next? Would Frank bedamned Pritchard turn up still alive and merely another life lesson for me? I ... just couldn't ... just couldn't get my head around it!

However, my mother chose to put that aside for the moment, and she asked me to explain my sudden sluttish behaviour. And, of course, I couldn't. I mean, I really didn't understand it myself, so how could I make another understand? Yes, I'd spent the previous four days being purposefully as slutty as I could because I was angry and resentful of my husband's abandonment of me when I needed him most. But what about the episodes before then?

Then there was the ‘slut imperative’, but if I were truly against what the imperative demanded, then I wouldn’t have responded to it. Resistance to its commands would have come easily to me. Meaning, of course, that I wanted to be and act like a slut. The imperative merely gave me the excuse I needed to act as I was.

Mom was aghast at how many extra-marital lovers I’d taken over the last few months and tried to make me explain why. I answered flippantly, trying to hold the despair I felt at bay. However, as Moms are able to do, she broke my façade, and I burst into tears. I confessed that I was terrified that my marriage was over and that I’d be cast out with barely a penny to my name. Unskilled, middle-aged, and alone.

Mom assured me that she felt John would get over his anger at me and come to realise I hadn’t had any choice in the events that led to me being raped and Frank being shot. She advised me to ‘unload both barrels’ into John’s face when we were at the counsellor’s and take him to task for all of his infidelities. Then to point out, ignoring that it now wasn’t true, that other than my rape, I’d been entirely faithful to him.

Of course, that meant Mom knew about John’s affairs. Something I did not know that she knew. I then discovered my mother had taken it upon herself to educate my daughter, her granddaughter, in the things I’d been avoiding —i.e. how to serve a sexually dominant man.

Mom then picked up her cane and assigned my corrections. One each for the extra-marital lovers I’d taken, plus four more to deter me from taking any more. Knowing that I needed this ensured I took up correction position one—standing with my feet approximately shoulder width apart. My hands behind my head with my elbows wide, and my head up but my eyes down.

I apologised for my slutty behaviour, but Mom pointed out I was being punished for being caught, not for taking extraneous lovers. She pointed out it would be hypocritical of her to discipline me for taking lovers when I’d just caught her fucking a man other than my father. She then pointed out some more home truths, cutting me to my core and, more effectively than anything else, making me understand what I needed and why.

Mom began my corrections by lashing her cane across my large, firm, delectable breasts. She followed those with ten more across my sensationally curved and toned ass. The welts had me as horny as possible, and I hoped she would offer to excuse the rest of my corrections in return for servicing her juicy pussy. However, Mom said nothing, so I turned and presented my breasts for further caning.

Mom struck me three more times before she dropped the cane and gripped my nipples forcefully, dragging me down onto my knees. Forcing her steamingly hot and wet vagina against my face, she demanded that I eat her sweet pussy. Something I was more than happy and eager to do. It'd been too many years since I last served my mother, and I was keen to do so again. I tongued my mother's sweet little vagina as she held my head to her pussy tightly.

Mom must have been as needily wanting as I was because she climaxed almost as soon as I delved my tongue into her drooling slit and latched my mouth over her entrance. She showed no sign of wanting to stop, so I lashed her clit with my talented tongue, steadily forcing her toward the crest of another orgasm. However, just before she crested again, Simon, the man she'd been fucking when I entered her home, interrupted from the doorway.

Well, Mom wasn't going to let a little thing like incestuous sex with her daughter prevent her from receiving the rogering she so desperately wanted, so she encouraged Simon to join us. Holding me in place, latched to her pussy, Mom bent over and excitedly guided Simon's enormous cock into her dripping gash.

Made lustful by the lecherous act happening above my beautiful face, I couldn't help but bathe Simon's big balls with my tongue and lick where his rigid stem disappeared inside my mother. With my mother yelling obscenities as she demanded that Simon "Fill my cunt with cum," I sat beneath them, quivering, hoping that I'd be next.

Simon obliged my mother by cumming copiously into her grasping pussy. As his stupendous cock dropped from my mother's overflowing pussy, I took it in my greedy mouth and sucked their combined secretions off it. To my delight, Simon quickly returned to full rigidness almost immediately.

Once he had achieved a full erection, I guided him back into my mother's still wanting vagina. I watched avidly as Simon's cock forced his deposit to squeeze from her overfilled pussy.

I was about to lap at that delicious nectar when Mom demanded that I sit on the dresser so she could eat my pussy. Of course, I eagerly complied, spreading my shapely thighs to accept my mother's questing tongue into my drenched folds. Having Mom eat my sweetly wet pussy as a strange man brutally fucked her spat me over the edge into an intense but only vaguely satisfying orgasm. However, I knew my climax was only a brief stop on my way to another gigantic sexual explosion.

Mom came twice more as Simon gripped her big ass and ploughed her for all he was worth. He showed suitable restraint, not having cum since his first time. Mom decided I should share her pleasure and asked Simon if he wanted to fuck her daughter. Seriously, only a man without a heterosexual bone in his body would refuse that offer. Even if I do say so myself, I am one red-hot, super-sexy, chicky babe, so, of course, Simon was keen to jam his magnificent tool into my spasming snatch.

Simon, upon finding how hot, tight, and wet I was, begged my mother to be allowed to cum inside my grasping vulva. Mom said he could, but only if he agreed to eat me out and clean his spend from my drooling vagina.

Simon began spurting his thick man seed inside immediately after my mom said he could. Each explosion from his throbbing cock splashed his hot seed across my cervix, sending me into a delicious series of minor climaxes. However, I hadn't achieved the gigantic eruption I knew was near if I just received the right stimulation.

After filling me with sperm, Simon knelt and attached his gifted lips and tongue to my drooling pussy. He swiftly had me careering along the precipice of a truly massive orgasm. Unfortunately, though, I'd slipped into a submissive mind frame and couldn't leap from it without my mother's permission.

I pleaded to my mother to be allowed to cum. After teasing me for a time, Mom grabbed my nipples and twisted them viciously, then she growled,

“Cum like the filthy whore slut you are, Kaitlyn Ashley Muggleton. Confirm what we all know —you are nothing but a cock hungry, cum guzzling slut!”

Well, that did it! I came so hard that Mom had to help me into bed, and I cried myself to sleep in her arms, overcome by the intense emotions of my marriage troubles and what I’d learned about why she and Dad had done what they did.

My dad held me when I awoke, and I unconcernedly plastered my naked body against his. It never occurred to me to wonder why he was naked, too, but I felt so much better being held in his powerful arms. Sniffing as tears flowed again, I apologised for disappointing him. He assured me that he wasn’t disappointed in me, only dismayed that my husband hadn’t done his husbandly duties and corrected my sluttish behaviour well before it became a problem.

Mom joined us in bed shortly after that, and for the first time in more years than I could remember, I was held in a parent sandwich. It felt equally good as I remembered, and I revelled in their soothing presence. As we cuddled, I felt my father’s sturdy <6-inch cock stiffen against my convexly shaped, toned tummy. Mom felt it, too, and encouraged me to service my father.

Sliding down the bed, I took my dad’s erection into my soft mouth and quickly brought him to fruition. I hoped that he would want to fuck me, but alas, that wasn’t to be this time.

After another hour of cuddling, my mother asked me to help her prepare dinner. Dad suggested that I shower and asked if he could join me in there. I readily agreed, hoping for more play time as we cleaned ourselves. To my surprise and delight, Dad turned my curvy bottom into his groin, and he fingered me to a pleasantly satisfying orgasm—it was the very first time that Dad had stimulated me to a climax.

Mom had invited my children to join us for dinner, and they arrived just as I exited from the shower. Of course, I hadn’t bothered putting any clothes on because of the house rules. What surprised me was that my daughter, Krissy also stripped as soon as she came through the door. She joined her

grandmother in the kitchen, and I was summarily dismissed and sent to take beers to my father and son.

I poured myself a wine and sat submissively at my father's and son's feet, where dad chastised me for only teaching my son how to sexually service a submissive woman without instructing him on how to be the man for such a woman. He then railed about John's laxity in not introducing our daughter to sexual pleasure and showing her best to serve a dominant man. I tried to explain that John hadn't grown up in the same environment as I had, but Dad was having none of it.

Dad then admonished me for telling him and Mom to butt out of my marriage. But I pointed out that I'd only learned today why he and Mom had 'forgotten' my birthday. Dad sighed and admitted that he and Mom had made errors, too, which only reinforced my love for them.

My dad was thought to be a cruel martinet who ruthlessly controlled his wife and family, but that couldn't be further from the truth. My dad is a firm but loving father who raised his daughters to be polite and respectful women. My childhood memories were full of the times we'd all played and wrestled with my father as my mother looked indulgently on.

Yes, we were expected to remain naked inside the house at all times. Yes, we were expected to play with each other and Mom for his enjoyment, and yes, we were expected to service him at his request. But I never felt that I was abused because I was never forced to do those things, and it was never a 'dirty little secret'. It was merely how our family and the family from my dad's side of the family were. Let me emphasise here: We were never passed around the aunties and uncles. That would have been child abuse and paedophilia, and nobody in our extended family accepted that.

Then, to my surprise, Dad ripped into John for expecting a different standard from me than he chose for himself, pointing out that living as husband and wife with his secretary when they travelled was beyond the pale. He then castigated me for not bringing that problem to him and Mom when it happened.

Sighing, I stood and stretched again. I checked the arrivals board only to find that John's and Krissy's flight no longer had an arrival time. I crossed to the inquiry desk and was told they'd been diverted to the Sunshine Coast to land and refuel. They'd remain there until the fog cleared, and they could safely land at Brisbane. I asked if I should return home, but the assistant assured me that it should only be another couple of hours before they were in the air again. Home was less than a half-hour car trip from the airport, but that still meant I'd barely get home before needing to return. I decided to stay.

I returned to the seats I'd been reminiscing in. The young woman who had flirted with me earlier had come back, too. She smiled invitingly, indicating she'd like to chat, but I still wasn't in the mood for a dalliance. However, my eyes studied her, and I liked what I saw. Voluptuous to the point of being almost fat. Tall, with shapely legs and ankles above slightly wobbly thighs barely encased by a tight miniskirt. Large breasts nearly flowing from a sexy, push-up bra and straining against her tight, button-up peach blouse. The woman screamed sex, and I momentarily reconsidered my decision not to play.

However, I stuck with my decision and ignored her blatant 'come-on'. Closing my eyes, I thought back to the night at my parents when I discovered that they wanted John to seduce me.

There were a number of other sexual activities that night that I'm sure you have read about and bear no relevance to this story. Which, after all, is remembering the many lovers I'd taken since my first appointment with Edgar Damned Fontaine.

My next adventure was a complete surprise. Kath had asked me to visit, and when I got there, I found her suspended in rope as a tall, bald, muscular man whipped her breasts, back and ass. Not understanding, I rushed to her aid, only to be told she was loving every second of it. Further inspection showed she was close to orgasm.

I watched, fascinated, as Rick, the man's name, whipped Kath to a frenzy before rudely shoving three fingers into her pussy. Once she'd cum, Rick adjusted the swing until he could fuck my friend. Then, staring at me

challengingly, he reached around and grabbed her pointy nipples. Rick fucked Kath through three back-to-back orgasms before she temporarily passed out.

Rick backed out of Kath, and my eyes dropped to his impressive, cream-covered, bouncing and throbbing penis. I unawarely licked my lips as he crossed to me. Rick stood tall and commanding, demanding that I kneel and service him. Of course, I had no chance of denying him. As I've observed before, if a powerfully dominant man commands my obedience, I will be on my knees before him well before my rational mind realises I probably shouldn't be.

I willingly knelt and sucked Rick's cock into my mouth when he offered it to me. Rick tried to choke me with his widely girthed cock, but I was too accomplished a cock sucker for him to do it, and I accepted him thrusting forcefully into my mouth without complaint. Rick acknowledged my skill before pulling out of my mouth and unloading onto my face. Clearly, Rick was unaware of how much I liked that being done to me because when I smiled gratefully, he muttered "Impressive" again.

Rick then demanded that I eat Kath's pussy, which I did eagerly. Next, he wanted me to suck him again. Something I was also happy to do. But then he told me to bend over so he could fuck me. Rick tried to use his dominance to make me do what he demanded, but my stronger inner self asserted herself, and I refused. Rick threatened to use a cat 'o' nine tails if I didn't obey, but I forcefully replied that I wasn't his submissive and, therefore, he had no control over me.

Realising I wouldn't submit to him, Rick threatened to use the cat on Kath until I obeyed him. I pointed out that I would instruct Kath to use her safe word, and then he wouldn't get to play with either of us. I knew Rick was testing me to see what I knew and what I'd learned, so I knew his threat wasn't real when he said, "What if I decide to take you by force?"

Rick acknowledged that he could do nothing to make me do anything, so he grinned and returned his attention to Kath. He instructed my best friend to eat my pussy until I came. Something I was more than happy for her to do.

Rick’s calm dominance had my motors running, even if I refused to admit to their rumbling.

Of course, now I was hotter than butter on the grill, and my arousal was nudging into the red; when Rick calmly, dominantly instructed me to lie on my back and let him fuck me, I was unable, or unwilling, to resist. Kath moved to cover my face with her dripping pussy as Rick slowly pushed his thick cock into me. It felt so good to eat a pussy as a cock fucked me that I swiftly closed in on an enormous orgasm. However, I wanted to ensure Kath enjoyed it as much as I did, so I narrowed my concentration to giving her the best tongue-lashing I could.

Kath moved so she could bite and suckle my nipples, which brought me closer to climax. Unfortunately, I’d slipped into my typical submissive mindset and couldn’t crash over the edge until Master Rick permitted me to. I enjoyed a nice but somewhat limited orgasm because Rick’s cock wasn’t long enough to squirt his seed onto my cervix. Kath helped by eagerly licking and sucking his cum from my flooded pussy, giving me a much more satisfying climax as she did.

The session ended with Rick masturbating as we knelt at his feet before coming over our faces. Something Kath had only recently discovered she enjoyed, but something that I loved.

Rick offered to help me find a dominant, but I wasn’t interested. I was sure that Dad would step into that role until I’d, hopefully, sorted my marriage out, and John stepped up to that role. I was still convinced that my sudden fall into bisexualism and sexual promiscuity was mainly caused by my husband’s frequent absences and the absence of his large, powerful hand descending firmly onto my luscious bottom when I strayed from the path.

My next adventures involved my son’s friends, Phil and Freddy. They arrived at my place, pleading for me to accompany them to their studio for a model shoot. Their chosen model had cried off at the last minute, so they hoped I’d take her place. Of course, I was still incredibly attracted to my best friend’s handsome son, so it didn’t take much for them to convince me to model for them.

I showered, did my makeup and dressed. Then, I got in the backseat of Phil's car and accompanied them to their studio. The shoot started innocently enough, with me posing fully clothed. But, as the boys encouraged me to relax and loosen up, the shoot became more and more provocative.

Phil wanted to take things further, but I was still doubtful. However, Phil grabbed my wrist and pulled me onto his lap. At the feel of his rampaging member throbbing against my bare pussy, my will evaporated, and I eagerly returned his kiss. Next, Freddy knelt between my shapely thighs and blew hot air over my extremely sensitive clit. Phil, showing a dominance I didn't know he had in him, forced me to my knees before him. With barely disguised glee, I fished his rock-hard cock from his trousers and gobbled it down. Meanwhile, Freddy divested me of my maxidress and probed my slickly wet inner folds with his tongue.

Phil clearly wanted me to blow him to fruition, but my needs were already way past that. Holding his throbbing shaft in my delicate hand, I straddled Phil's thighs and lowered my ragingly hot pussy onto his diamond-tipped todger. I was so wet and hot that I glided down his shaft effortlessly until I bottomed out on his pubic bone. The best part was that as I bottomed out on Phil's magnificent member, its head rapped against my cervix. That intense pleasure/slight pain combination had my lust roaring, and I demanded that Freddy fuck my tight, curvy ass.

Freddy swiftly prepared my tiny dark star for penetration, and I felt the delightful pleasure of being doubly filled for only the second time. It didn't take long before my two lovers worked out a pounding rhythm between them, and I was soon the meat between two muscular, young meat tenderiser mallets. My two beaus slammed mercilessly into me as I revelled in the sensations and concentrated on nothing but reaching my crescendo and throwing myself off.

With Freddy powering into my tightly gripping ass and Phil slamming up into my clenching pussy, pounding his pubic bone against my clit as his cock's head rapped against my cervix, I began a cascading series of minor orgasms, each building on the other. But, when Phill gripped and viciously squeezed and twisted my nipples, I almost literally exploded, screaming my

climax into his broad shoulder. Simultaneously, Phil and Freddy erupted their semen deep inside my body, causing me to orgasm again and pass out from the sublime pleasure.

I woke still lying on Phil's muscular chest, but alas, my love holes were despairingly empty of cocks. A seductive kiss from me had Phil's cock stirring again, so I slid down and took his reinflating member into my mouth. I knelt in time for Freddy to return with a washer and lube.

I was keen to feel Phil's bigger cock in my rear canal, so I lubed it up, turned so I was facing Freddy, and slowly lowered myself onto it. The feeling of having Phil's enormous cock splitting my dark passage open was indescribable but incredibly erotic and exciting. Lying back on Phil's broad chest, I spread my voluptuous legs wide apart and welcomed Freddy into my glistening pussy.

With the boys fucking me languorously, I had several petite orgasms but hadn't had the screaming one I knew was coming. Freddy got me there by suddenly and crudely demanding that I cum for them. I screamingly complied, and my clenching/unclenching love holes milked orgasms from my lovers. With twin roars, they blasted my divine body full of their gooey man seed again.

The day ended with my new lovers washing me clean in their studio's shower. I rewarded them by taking them back inside my juicy pussy and letting them cum.

Fucking my son's two friends was the last adventure, other than reconciling with my husband, that happened in chapter 9. However, even though my lovers now numbered forty (forty-one if I included my husband), I knew my sluttishness only increased from there.

Realising my bottom hurt from the hard airport seat and how long I'd been waiting, I stood up and strolled around the terminal, trying to loosen up my muscles. The pretty young thing that had flirted earlier watched me avidly as I stretched and turned. I let my eyes wander casually across her again, and I felt that slight tingle as I imagined her kneeling before me and tonguing my sweet, little pussy. I pushed that fantasy away firmly, knowing

an airport terminal wasn't the place to have casual sex. However, as I walked back to my seat, my imagination shifted into overdrive.

Checking the board, I saw that there still wasn't an estimated arrival time yet. Sighing, I decided to relieve my bladder and maybe wash my face, hoping my sudden arousal would cool. The restrooms were surprisingly empty, given how many people were milling around the arrivals lounge waiting for the delayed flights. After using a stall, I carefully wiped my drooling pussy so that I wouldn't leave wet spots wherever I sat. Opening the door, I walked from the stall straight into the arms of the voluptuous woman who had been vaguely flirting with me.

"Sorry," she muttered, looking longingly at my full, pouty lips.

The woman was of a similar height to me, and her rock-hard, pointy-out nipples rubbed deliciously across my swiftly stiffening ones. She pushed her pubis against mine, and I felt her desire radiating from her inflamed pussy. Lust raged through me, and I grabbed her arms, dragging her back inside the stall. Rucking my dress' hem up, I sat on the commode, lifted and spread my feet, and placed them on the door, holding it closed. Patting my suddenly squelching pussy, I said, "Kneel and eat!"

With a needy moan, the woman knelt. Then, lifting and spreading my knees higher and wider, she dipped her head and ran her tongue from my little brown star, along my perineum, over my pulsing quim, and onto my big, thick love button. Nipping that pleasure nub between her teeth, she pulled back before lashing it with her tongue. Her repeating that slow, languid lick brought me close to an orgasm swiftly. However, she wasn't licking or biting firmly enough to send me into orbit completely, so I grabbed the back of her head and mashed her mouth against my drooling pussy.

"Harder," I demanded, shoving my hips up at her firmly.

The woman took the hint and bit firmly down on my aching clit and slashed her tongue across it. Her forefinger dipped briefly into me before sliding along my perineum and rimming my pulsing rosebud. Feeling it flutter open, she pushed firmly, and her finger sank into my bowels. I was close but not quite there. I didn't know what I needed to leap from my climax's

cliff, but the woman did. Releasing my clit, she slapped my vulva hard before growling, “Cum for me, you little slut!”

I got my hand in my mouth just in time to stifle my orgasmic scream. But she wasn’t satisfied with that. Standing and smiling indulgently, the woman unzipped and dropped her skirt. To my surprised delight, a solid, 6-inch strap-on dildo sprang into view. Gripping and seating it more firmly in place, the woman growled, “Put the lid down and kneel on the commode.”

Pulling my dress higher, I obeyed quickly.

“Lower your ass,” she demanded, swatting my left ass cheek firmly.

Now that I was in the right spot, the woman held my his as she sawed her ‘cock’ along my soaking slit. “Now,” she muttered. “Cunt or ass? Cunt or ass? Hmm ... decisions, decisions.” She hesitated briefly before lining her ‘cock’ up with my squelchingly hot pussy and ramming it in. “Get my cock nice and wet in your sloppy cunt before I ram it in your fat ass, I think.”

I found the woman’s sudden dominance and casual use of epithets almost overwhelming. At that point, I’d have done nearly anything she wanted. Holding my hips tightly, her fingers digging painfully into my buttocks, the woman ripped me backwards as she slammed her ‘cock’ into me.

I was on the precipice of a magnificent orgasm when she pulled out. I had no chance to protest before she pointed the tip of her strap-on at my tight brown ring and shoved it into me viciously. My mouth opened to squeal my protest, but before I could, the woman reached around my shapely body and gripped my nipples between her thumbs and forefingers before twisting and pulling them mercilessly. My sudden pained yelp transformed into a barely stifled orgasmic scream as the delightful pleasure/pain combination crashed me into a climax.

The woman held my breasts and softly massaged them as she stroked gently into my ass. “There’s a good slut,” she cooed. “Now, when you’re ready, you can get off the commode and kneel before me. I’ve given you two orgasms, and it’s only fair you give me one in return.”

She continued to softly pump into me and massage my breasts until, with a shuddering breath, I got hold of myself. When I did, the woman backed out of my aching bottom and moved back. Unbuckling and removing her strap-on, she took my place sitting on the commode as she lifted her knees, exposing the hairiest pussy I'd ever seen. "Eat me," she demanded, holding her pussy lips open.

The intense smell of her flooded pussy was almost too much for me, but when I tentatively tasted her, her essence was heavily sweet with a slight aftertaste of musk. Enraptured by her hairy pussy and her heavy, heavenly taste, I pushed the woman's fingers aside and spread her pussy lips with mine. I delved my tongue as deeply into her vulva as I could, revelling in her soft moans of encouragement.

It didn't take long before she gripped my hair painfully and rubbed her hairy vagina forcefully across my face. "Yes!" She exclaimed. "Such a good cunt licker you are, you little slut. I'm cumming!"

It was the woman's turn to bite her wrist to stifle her orgasmic groans. She shuddered with several climactic aftershocks before she pushed me away and stood. "Sit on the commode, my sweet little slut," she told me. I obliged and watched yearningly as she replaced the strap-on, adjusting the double end so it sat snugly inside her vagina, and then put her skirt back on. "It was good, my submissive little slut," the woman purred as she gently tweaked my nipples. "Wait a few minutes before you follow me from the rooms."

I adjusted my dress back to decency as I waited until I heard the outer door open before exiting the stall. I got a strange stare from the woman washing her hands, but I shrugged and smiled, and she blushed guiltily and avoided my eyes. Washing my hands, I looked at myself in the mirror and thought, 'Jaysus, Kate Ashley Muggleton! You are a slut!' Then I grinned at my reflection and thought, '41!' However, I knew that wasn't accurate; the woman I'd just made love to was number 41 from the first nine chapters of my adventures, and I knew there were many more to come.

I washed my face and retouched my hair and makeup before wandering back to the board. It told me that the plane was back to being ninety

minutes out. Unfortunately, that meant it was still on the ground at Maroochydore, and I wondered if it wouldn't be quicker to drive up there and fetch them. I checked with information and was tartly told that the passengers weren't being unloaded, so they hadn't cleared customs, and I'd have to wait for the plane to arrive here.

I returned to the seats furthest from everyone and relaxed when I saw no sign of my sexual partner. My mind soon wandered to the tenth part of my adventures, and I tried to remember who else I'd let have my luscious, responsive, slutty body.

I remembered the night not long after John and I had reconciled. He'd invited Kath and Mike, her husband, to dinner. There was nothing too surprising there, except that Rick and Siobhan turned up only a little later. To my utter shock, Kath and Mike slid off their chairs and onto their knees before intoning, "Evening Master Rick, Mistress Siobhan."

"Strip," Rick demanded, and to my further amazement, Mike and Kath immediately stood and removed their clothing before kneeling again. I noticed that they'd both removed all hair from below their chins.

I was coming to grips with that when Siobhan turned to John and me and commanded, "Strip!" I laughed, but to my horror, John stood and obeyed. I hadn't moved other than to gape disbelievingly. So, Siobhan said, "Kate, my slutty little girl. Get on your knees before I take my cane to your sexy ass!"

There was no possible way for me to refuse that command, so I swiftly stripped off my dress and nylons and joined the others naked on the floor. Siobhan then explained that she knew that Kath and I had been intimate with each other and that Kath had asked her (Siobhan) about being a Dominatrix. Siobhan further explained that she and Kath discovered that Kath wasn't really bisexual and was more 'me' sexual. She wasn't attracted to women in general, just me in particular.

Siobhan continued, describing how she'd insisted that Kath tell Mike her desires and how Mike had admitted to wanting to try submitting to a dominant. Siobhan did a combined Bdsm session with Kath and Mike, but

the post-play review exposed that Kath hadn't found the sex between herself and Siobhan to be satisfactory. That was when Siobhan suggested that Rick could be a suitable Dom for them both, especially after Mike had confessed to having some bisexual fantasies and desires.

Rick did a session with Kath, with Mike watching, which excited the married couple immensely. Mike discovered that he was quite the voyeur and loved to eat creampies. He also found that he adored sucking Rick's cock.

The revelations continued, blowing my mind and making me wonder what they had in store for me that night. My husband confessed that he adored the nights I had dominated him and wanted to explore that side of himself more. However, he wanted to do that with Siobhan in the dominant role, not me.

As you can imagine, I was pretty shocked by these revelations, especially the one where my husband had fucked my best friend (Kath) whilst his best friend (Mike) watched. I was further astounded when Mike admitted he'd eaten John's cum out of Kath's pussy afterwards. I was shocked and incredibly aroused by these revelations but confused about how John could fuck Kath yet be upset with me because I'd been raped.

I decided my arousal far outweighed my anger and confusion, so I crawled across to Mike and sucked his long, thin cock into my warmly wet mouth. Seconds later, Kath was sucking Rick off as my husband ate Siobhan. It was a gloriously decadent and debaucherous scene. One that had me hotter than a re-entering space shuttle. My arousal soared further as, for the first time, I watched my husband have sex with another woman. It was a little bit weird, but I discovered that I loved watching him doing it and regretted that I'd only allowed the occasional female lover I'd brought to our bed to put on a show for him with me. It was a pity I hadn't allowed her to put on a show with John for me, too.

Mike pushed me onto my back and knelt between my lasciviously spread legs, ready to fuck me. But before he could, Siobhan collared my husband and led him across to me. She then planted her juicy pussy on my lips, and I

got to watch my husband's long, thick cock split her pussy open and slide inside. Simultaneously, Mike slid into me.

Although having my best friend's husband fucking me in front of her and my husband was hot, watching my husband's solid cock fucking Siobhan's dripping pussy above my eyes was what had my motors redlining. Excited beyond reasoning, I tipped my head back and licked John's big balls and swirled my tongue across where his cock entered Siobhan. The taste of their combined secretions drove me towards a sweet climax swiftly.

Then, Siobhan demanded that John pull his penis out of her and let me suck it. When he did, and I had, she commanded me to put it back in her. It was such a deliciously wrong thing for a wife to be doing for her husband that it almost made me cum when I did it!

I was close to a massive climax, driven to it by the decadent scene above me, the delicious cock driving into my slippery pussy, and hearing Master Rick vigorously fucking my best friend, but I needed something more. "Pinch my nipples," I pleaded, and when Mike did, I exploded, juices pouring from my pussy and leaking out around his thrusting cock. My orgasm extended as I felt Mike hunch quickly and begin ejaculating into my tightly grasping vagina.

There were many highlights and new experiences that night, but the peak for me was when I got to be fucked by my husband as Siobhan fucked him with a strap-on. I hoped that that night wasn't a one-off experience and wished it would be a regular event. It then occurred to me that I'd made love to every member of the Loughlin family. It seemed both an incredibly erotic and an amazingly slutty thing to have done. I wasn't sure if I should be proud or ashamed of myself.

My next adventure happened the following day. John had asked me to man the front counter of our burgeoning business. He had a customer coming, and I was needed to impress them. Of course, I dressed in a miniskirt and top set that was provocatively conservative, if that makes sense. My outfit threatened to reveal all but actually showed nothing; it was all hint and illusion. As I expected, my sensual strut across the office to my husband

ignited his libido, and he demanded that I kneel before him and suck him off.

I was on my knees in a flash, and I had John close to a climax when the front door opened, and his prospective clients came in. Unwilling to let them catch me on my knees blowing my husband, I ducked into John's desk's foot well, which hid me from anyone not standing directly behind it.

The clients were a husband and wife team named Eugenie and Bryce Matson. They'd been clients of my husband's previous firm, Pepperstone Australia, where he'd managed their portfolios. Bryce and Eugenie were here to discuss moving at least part of their wealth to our new firm.

I waited in the foot well as John and the Matsons discussed what John thought were their best options. I was still very horny from having John's blowjob aborted, and, well, his fly zipper was right there, and his thick cock strained against it, so I unzipped him and took his throbbing, precum-leaking cock into my soft, warmly wet, talented mouth.

I giggled as John tried his best to concentrate on his presentation to Bryce and Eugenie, but I knew I'd won when he gripped the back of my head firmly and forced his entire cock into my willing mouth. Seconds later, he erupted into my mouth, filling it with his delicious, salty gift.

John completed his presentation and leant back, waiting for their response. Bryce and Eugenie moved to the reception area to discuss it. Bryce wanted to leave most of their investments where they were: At Pepperstone Australia. Eugenie, however, the real power in the marriage, chose to move a solid portion to my husband's control, although she warned of dire consequences if John failed them.

Bryce then asked about John's recently purchased Audi Avant Rs 6. John offered to show him the car because Bryce was considering buying one for his daughter. They used the internal garage stairs to go to it, leaving me stuck in the foot well. Unbeknown to me, Eugenie had intuited that I was there, and my sexcapade blowing my husband had excited her. She moved to sit on John's chair before spreading her muscly thighs and showing me her closely trimmed, soaking-wet pussy.

“Come out, Kate,” she instructed. “Your little display with your husband has me hotter than a fully stoked furnace. Be a dear, crawl across to me and use your tongue to quench the fire.”

I couldn’t have resisted her cultured, powerful voice, even if I wanted to, which I didn’t! I crawled between Eugenie’s toned, shapely thighs and, following her instructions, repeatedly stabbed my tongue into her red-hot, dripping vagina. Eugenie pulled on my hair until I’d centred over her clit, explaining that she loved making Bryce service men while she watched, even though Bryce didn’t wholly like to.

With me lashing her clitoris with my talented tongue, Eugenie crested quickly, grinding her hairy pussy against my nose, mouth, and chin. Barely in time, Eugenie forced her glistening entrance against my lips, and then she squirted what seemed like a copious amount of pussy juice into my shocked and surprised mouth. I swallowed as much as I could, but some leaked over my chin and down my neck.

After she’d finished cumming, Eugenie licked her excess secretions off my face before making me sit on her lap. Next, she forced my thighs apart as she slid two fingers into my dripping pussy, fingering me to a confused and bewildered climax.

The men returned, and after exchanging the usual ‘goodbye pleasantries’, Bryce and Eugenie left. John knew something had happened, so he confronted me. I confessed that I’d eaten Eugenie out and had cum on her fingers. That had us both hot, so I stripped and bent over John’s desk. His beautifully long and thick cock was sliding into my drenched pussy only seconds later.

Things changed again when John confessed that he’d been seeing a separate counsellor, working on himself. He then admitted that most of the reason for our marital problem was that he was secretly turned on, imagining being one of the men raping me. His disgust at himself he took out on me because if I hadn’t been raped, he wouldn’t have that fantasy in his brain.

It was quite a shock to hear that my husband fantasised about being one of four men raping me, but it also excited me, and I could imagine feeling

relatively safe and enjoying the event if John was one of my ‘rapists’. Then I wondered about what that meant for who or what I was. Was I such a slut that I would enjoy being raped? Had I become that much of a pain and humiliation slut that having that done would be sexually exciting for me?

Then I remembered how I’d decided, even before I left my home to meet them, that I would enjoy everything they did. I’d put myself in that mindset deliberately so that whatever happened that night didn’t destroy me emotionally and psychologically. It worked because I’d sailed through the events that evening virtually untouched by them. Well, other than the marital problems, I mean.

A few days passed before I experienced another sexual adventure. This time, it came from an unusual direction. My husband and son had set up a pseudo kidnap and simulated rape experience for me to help ‘overwrite’ my previous experience.

Phil got me to turn up at his studio under the guise of having me model for him and Freddy. Siobhan grabbed me and tied me to what I discovered was a large flat wheel. My best friend, Kath Loughlin, was tied beside me. I’d freaked out initially, but with Kath’s, John’s and my husband’s soothing presence calming me, my arousal ignited, and this event, slut roulette, suddenly sounded like a deliciously slutty thing to have done to me. And we all know how much I like being treated and spoken to like a slut!

I leave you to read that chapter rather than explain what happened again, but although it was an incredibly erotic night, I added no new lovers to my expanding list, but did have sex with many people. The interesting thing was that Phil and Caoimhe revealed to their parents that they were incestuous lovers and wanted to have sex with their parents, too. Mike and Kath welcomed their children into their love lives.

Chapter 10 ended with my husband finally doing what he should have done on our daughter’s eighteenth birthday and introducing her to sex with a sexually dominant man. It still required Krissy and I to trick him into it, but he succumbed to our trickery and made his daughter a woman by taking her virginity.

The events in chapter 11 began the morning after my daughter's defloration. That's when John became the man I needed him to be. He stood strong, tall, and commanding before me as he offered me his collar and made me his slut for all time. That was followed by taking our daughter as his service slut until she'd found her man.

Then, the end was simply perfect. My son, Tommy, put a slave chain around my ankle and promised to be my protector and step into the role of my dominant when John was absent. The surprise came when Gina, Jennifer, and Charmaine expressed their desire to serve me. How could I, in all good conscience, abandon these three women? So, of course, I placed slave collars around their ankles, naming me as the protector.

Days passed without any new adventures, but that seemed to be the pattern. I'd have long periods of not much happening, followed by a day or two of intense sexual exploration. Having said that, my next escapade came from a completely unexpected direction. It was with Siobhan's dad, Andrew. Andrew was a submissive man—not someone I would not typically be attracted to.

I later discovered that his appearance at our place had been kind of a test. One to see if there was any attraction between us. A little later in the day, John and Tommy tricked me into meeting with Siobhan at my son's and his friends' studio—in the middle of the morning the following day, I drove to Woolloongabba to meet Siobhan. I walked in to find Andrew naked and tied to the slut roulette wheel. Siobhan had tied leather braids around her father's balls and cock. One to keep him hard and the other to ensure he couldn't cum.

Ignoring the sudden blazing arousal in my swiftly flooding pussy, I asked Siobhan why she'd insisted that I meet her here. Ignoring her became more difficult because she mounted her father and guided his thickly erect cock into her gaping pussy.

Siobhan stated that she wanted me to appear in another show with her at Le Château du Plaisir Tortueux (The Chateaux of Tortuous Pleasure). I dismissed my arousal and refused. But Siobhan changed her position. Now she had her feet and the ground on either side of her father's body and was

leaning back on her hands. My arousal soared as I watched Andrew's cock appearing out of her pussy before sliding back into it as Siobhan rode it.

Siobhan grinned and said that John, Tommy, Phil, Andrew, and Freddy had agreed to appear with me. That made me curious, and Siobhan explained what she had envisaged. Strangely, it almost perfectly matched an earlier fantasy of mine, and my arousal grew higher. The only real difference would be that Siobhan wanted all the 'randomly selected' participants to be, in fact, the men mentioned above. Whereas I wanted there to be at least two actual random men.

Siobhan then stated that it was clear that I wanted to do it, so why was I equivocating? I huffily replied that I wasn't going to do it, only that, if I were, that would be how it had to be. Siobhan then challenged me to ride her father. By now, I wasn't thinking with anything other than my inflamed pussy and quickly took Siobhan's place, riding her father's beautifully sized cock. Well, I licked Siobhan to orgasm before she'd get off her father's cock, but same, same.

With some encouragement from Siobhan, I ended up sitting on Andrew, with his cock buried in my ass, as Siobhan fucked me with a strap-on. After several orgasms, I agreed to appear in her show.

I appeared in that show a few days later, but it turned out a little differently than what I'd thought. I'll leave you to read the chapter if you want, but I added another three lovers two my ever-growing list that night, although two were only blowjobs. The best part of that night was successfully taking Jumbo into my severely distended pussy. Jumbo was not only extremely long, but he was massively girthed as well. However, I managed to fit the first seven inches of his 12-inch tool before he hit my cervix. Having him crashing against it made me cum quickly. The best part of the evening was that I was declared the winner of the two competitions Betty and I had played.

That brings us to Chapter 12 and the events contained therein. I was up to 46 extra-marital lovers, and there were a lot more to come. Clearly, even at this point in my adventures, I was well deserving of my moniker 'Slut Mommie'.

My adventures took a three-week hiatus after the events at The Chateaux, but it was like I was storing energy for the activities ahead. Things began to ramp up when Eugenie Matson called and insisted I attend a fundraising event at her mansion on the upcoming Thursday. I wanted to decline, but Eugenie Matson wasn't someone to say no to. Not if you wanted your business to prosper. With that in mind, I accepted her invitation. Although her instruction to wear something sexy and bring my strap-on was chilling, it was also sexually stimulating, making me wonder what she had in store for me.

That phone call was followed by Freddy dropping by. As I've mentioned often, I like Freddy because he's a good guy. At this time, Freddy was too self-conscious and diffident to be a regular partner for me, nor would he achieve his desire to seduce my daughter if he didn't change.

Watching him smile and walk across to me, I remembered that I'd fleetingly said to John that I thought I should seduce Freddy and then mould him into a man suitable for our daughter. John had laughed before agreeing it was a good idea. As Freddy crossed our reception area, I mused about a name change for him and decided that if he could be a man Krissy would admire, then Rick, rather than Freddy, should be his name.

We got back to why Freddy had come to see me, and it turned out that he'd finally gained control of his trust account and wanted us, Muggleton Consultancy, to invest it for him. It was a relatively modest $300,000, but, at twenty-four, that was more than enough to have him retire as a multi-millionaire in forty years' time.

A bitter denunciation of his father explained Freddy's somewhat shy and timid nature. His father was an overbearing man who never once had anything but condemnation of and disappointment in Freddy. It broke my heart, and I instantly decided to seduce the young man and begin to rebuild his confidence and show him the love and respect that was due him as a man.

Freddy was a willing participant, and I was soon bent over, with Freddy's sturdy cock ploughing deliciously into my slippery and tight nether regions. During our sexcapade, I began instructing the young man on how to please

a sexually submissive woman. Insisting he kissed me after I'd swallowed his cum, explaining that he should show his appreciation if he ever wanted another blowjob.

After a lot of encouragement from me, Freddy finally began owning and dominating my body and mind as I needed my man to do for me to feel satiated, and so began his training to become the man he would need to be to attract my daughter.

We made love again before Freddy asked me to lunch the following day. I agreed before Freddy took his leave. I looked forward to seeing him again and seeing if I could make him the man for a sexually submissive woman. I'll leave you to read that chapter and the next to see how it turned out.

That same day saw one of my best friends, Patty Bennett, arrive drunkenly on my doorstep. Patty and her husband, Billy, had broken up, leaving Patty devastated. She turned to me for help, and little did I know but Patty would become another lover and long-term resident in my home.

Patty's distressed state caused me to call the entire girl gang to my place to help. Kath, Courtney, Maggie and Allie all arrived not long after. I won't repeat the details of what happened here. They're described in Chapter 12: Making Freddy a Man, if you want to check it out. All I'll say is that before the night was over, I added three more lovers to my list: Patty, Maggie, and Allie.

A dapper, older man named James Squire dropped by the office the following day. I found the smooth-talking talking, urbanely confident older man almost irresistible. However, I was able to resist him for long enough to say that he needed to chat with my husband if he wished to see me outside of office hours. I did outrageously flirt with the distinguished gent, though, and I hoped he would contact John and ask to meet me away from the office.

I'll skip over the events from lunchtime on because you can read those in the relevant chapter. I will say that Freddy confirmed his naiveté about some things, getting us both into a spot of bother. Then, when he took me

back to his place, I discovered that his unit was a rubbish tip, and I demanded he take me home.

That brings us to Thursday and the events contained in Chapter 13: Daddy Knows Best Part 1.

I opened the office on Thursday morning as I normally would. However, my mind focused more on the event I was supposed to attend at midday than on the work I had to do that morning. At 11:00 a.m., I dressed as provocatively as I dared and made my way to Eugenie's mansion. As I observed during this episode, there's a massive difference between rich and wealthy. Stephen Curry is rich. The man who writes his contract cheques is wealthy. Arriving at Eugenie's place emphasised that. John and I are rich. Bryce and Eugenie are wealthy, even to the point of having a ballroom capable of holding up to fifty people.

Gathering my courage, I entered the ballroom, only to see that Eugenie was on stage entertaining her guests. Once she'd completed her song, she showed me to the table I was expected to host. The table held three men and two other women. Eugenie explained that it was my task to elicit as much money from those three men as possible. She firmly hinted that I was to use any and all means at my disposal to achieve that goal.

Again, I'll leave you to read that episode to discover how I added three more lovers to my list and, with the help of my two female partners in crime, earned Eugenie's charity the princely sum of $82,000. Making me, as my son pointed out, possibly the highest-paid whore in the world. It was also the first time I'd ever dominated a man other than my husband.

I had another adventure that night, but it was with Freddy. I finally got my wish and did something I'd always wanted to do, even before I'd married John: I came home the next morning a cum and pussy juice-covered wreck and was forced to do the 'slut walk of shame' into my house.

Later that same day, I was due to meet with the enigmatic James Squire. I was both nervous and excited, swinging between dread and anticipation about what would happen. I needn't have worried, though. James turned out to be funny, articulate and a perfect gentleman. He did, however, leave me

feeling extremely sexually frustrated by the time he dropped me home. So frustrated that I demanded that Tommy fuck me as soon as I walked in the door.

That event brought us to the end of Daddy Knows Best Part 1.

In the early part of the following episode, I had some more adventures with Freddy, furthering his education in how to be the man for a sexually submissive woman. He took me to various venues where I shamelessly flirted with other men. He eventually blew up, and I slapped him for disparaging me. Freddy realised he'd royally stuffed up and took me back to his place.

When we got there, we discussed his behaviour and attitude while we'd been out. Freddy eventually admitted he'd acted the exact opposite of how I need my man to act. Instead of being calm, positive and dominant, he'd acted like a spoiled, petulant brat. The evening finished with Freddy disciplining me deliciously before we fucked like lust-filled teenagers, which, I guess, he still was. I got to do another slut walk of shame into my home the following morning.

James visited the office later in the week, asking me to come to his for dinner. I was happy to accept, of course. And I shivered inwardly, anticipating what could happen on Friday night.

James' driver picked me up and took me to James' elegant home in the Kenmore suburb of Brisbane. I enjoyed a night of dancing and an excellent spaghetti Bolognese. The dancing and the intelligent, articulate conversation had me more than ready to accept James' advances. However, before we got to the 'frivolities' part of the evening, James confessed that his driver, Jimmy, was, in fact, his son and inheritor of the family's investment company. Moreover, they were also lovers and had also been intimate with James' late wife (Jimmy's mother). None of that bothered me because I was in no position to judge another family's incestuous peccadillos!

The evening culminated with me being double-penetrated in my sweet little pussy and adding two more lovers to my list of shame (not that I considered

it to be). There were many other exciting events that night, but I'll leave you to read that chapter if you'd like the whole story.

James and I made love the following morning before we showered and ate the breakfast that Jimmy made. We discussed getting together again, and because we were all keen, we agreed to let things develop and play again when we felt the time was right. During breakfast, I pointed out that James had promised I could see pictures of his late wife, Annie. The pictures were an erotic masterpiece that had my motors redlining in a record time. It was evident from the photos that James liked to share his wife's charms and that Annie was not objecting in any way.

I quickly found myself astride James on the kitchen table, eagerly riding his magnificent appendage. Jimmy climbed onto the table behind me. I expected him to take my willing ass—being double-penetrated anally and vaginally had quickly become one of my favourite things. But instead, he forced his throbbing member into my squishy pussy, joining his father inside me. After the Squire men had filled my delectably tight pussy with sticky, salty man goo, I returned home to prepare myself to meet my parents for dinner.

That event finished the adventures in Chapter 14. With the help of my sisters Yvette and Mary, Mom guided me through how my eighteenth birthday would have been if Mom and Dad had done it with me as they had my sisters. I'll let you read that adventure, but it culminated with my father becoming the fiftieth person other than my husband whom I'd had sex with. I hadn't counted the earlier episodes because that night was the first time that I'd had my father's cock inside anywhere but my mouth.

Standing to stretch and loosen up by walking around, I checked the board and saw the arrival time for my husband's and daughter's flight was now less than an hour away. They would still have to clear customs, but I'd be in their arms reasonably soon.

I returned to my seat to find the man from earlier, trying to garner my attention. I still felt no attraction to him, so I held my rings up again. He took the hint and moved away regretfully. The young woman I'd had casual sex with returned, but I was already feeling guilty enough about taking yet

another lover without permission that I refused to acknowledge her presence.

I turned my attention to Chapter 15: Truth or Dare Part 1.

Those adventures began innocently enough with some casual horseplay amongst family and close friends as we relaxed and ate dinner. Later in the night, when all the others except Courtney had gone home or to bed, Courtney became my fifty-first extra-marital lover. I'll leave the details for you to read. Still, Courtney had come a long way from being uncomfortable about women showing physical affection to each other to being my lesbian lover.

Some days passed, and I hosted Courtney and her daughter, Maddie, for dinner. Maddie reminded me of her mother at the same age. I thought her height, athleticism, and obvious dominance were quite appealing. I had no intentions of doing anything with one of my best friend's daughters, though. But what do they say? Do you want to make God laugh? Tell Him your plans!

Things happened, and Maddie caught me making love to her mother in my bedroom. I once again cursed that I hadn't locked the damned door! More things happened, and Maddie became my fifty-second extra-marital lover.

Not long after that, Freddy asked me to accompany him to a Home Free concert in The Valley. Of course, I was keen to do that, and that was where my next adventure happened. We met a young brother and sister couple at the concert. I seduced the younger brother and convinced him to give me his virginity. The concert was the young man's (Steven) eighteenth birthday present from his sister (Charlotte), and whilst I'm sure he's received more expensive presents than me, I'm sure he's never received a better one!

I enjoyed Steve's and my first experience, having never made love to a virgin male before. Steve turned out to be a quick study, and he was able to bring me to a satisfying orgasm. Next, I introduced Steve and Charlotte to incestuous sibling sex. Something they'd been tip-toeing around doing but were too scared of to make happen.

Seducing the two youngsters brought Chapter 15 to an end, but, of course, there were still many adventures to come before we get to tonight.

The beginning of Truth or Dare Part 2 was relatively tame. My monthly visitor was due in the days after my conquest of the two siblings. Initially, my hormones caused me to be quite morose and to feel uncomfortably bloated. My girls figured out my problem, and they set about giving me many orgasms until my mood improved.

A confrontation with my course coordinator led to my next adventure. Hannah Chainey, my coordinator, accused me of cheating on my essays, course work and tests. I was furious with her but had no idea how to counter her aggressive demands to 'prove myself' by taking a pop quiz in a Zoom meeting with her and my professor. With it being nightfall where my husband and daughter were, I did the only thing I could think of—I called James Squire. James quickly offered to help and said he would meet me at the office with a friend who would sort out my problem.

That man was Brian Haddin KC, a King's Counsel of quite some repute. Brian swiftly brought the out of control coordinator to heel and, shortly thereafter, became my fifty-fifth extra-marital lover. He, James and Jimmy then took me in as many different ways as there were for three men and one woman to fuck. At various times, I was triple-penetrated, ass, mouth, and pussy. Double-penetrated, either ass and pussy, ass and mouth, or pussy and mouth. I was a cum covered and filled disgrace by the time the men were finished with me. The session ended in the shower, with me giving them consecutive blowjobs and me needing to wash again.

Over the next few days, I had numerous adventures but added no more lovers to my extensive list. I'd invited Caoimhe, Maddie, and Courtney to dinner, and we four spent a night having delectably debaucherous sex together. Courtney had become her daughter's submissive lesbian lover, a position she relished. But then the McKenzie women blindsided me; they wanted me to help them introduce Ewan to incestuous sex with his daughter and for him to also become Maddie's bitch.

That leads us to Saturday, and where my body count becomes a little hazy. After a delicious meal, the games began. It started with me being

blindfolded and led through several dances with at least eight men. At the end of the eighth dance, I'd been stripped down to my suspenders, silk stockings and heels. It was now that the games were to truly begin. However, James had realised that I was beyond turned on, and any more teasing would be counterproductive. There was one more dance where talented fingers stroked my arousal to a fever pitch before James changed tactics and began allowing me to orgasm. That made at least nine people who had danced with me that night.

The music restarted, but instead of someone dancing with me, an oiled finger slid into my ass, preparing me for anal penetration. The next thing I knew, strong hands picked me up and lowered me onto a rampantly erect cock. I gasped as my knot broke open and accepted the intruder. Then, the man who I'd been lowered onto wrapped his arms around mine, and his feet spread mine until my drooling, blazingly hot pussy was exposed for all to see.

James, the man buried in my rear passage, told me to relax and enjoy, which I was happy to do. James further explained that he was about to 'run a train' through my soaking pussy so his men could ease some of their excitement. Mine, too, he added. After his explanation, I felt a medium-sized but sturdy cock sliding into my sodden vagina.

That man came almost instantly, and so did I. A third cock entered me as soon as the previous one had been removed. This man pulled out and came on my stomach before I could climax again. However, a fourth cock quickly replaced the emptied third. This cock filled my pussy with cum. So did the fifth and sixth, leaving my pussy gaped open and drooling seminal fluids. The seventh cock took a little time before shooting its nectar into me, but an eighth and ninth load swiftly followed. That meant all nine men who had danced with me had also fucked me. If my reckoning was correct, three of the men who had penetrated me that night were previous lovers, meaning I'd taken six more lovers.

Now is where it gets hazy because the men began alternating between being in my pussy or my ass, all of them exploding their seed inside of me. It may have only been the original nine men who had stripped me as I danced with them, but it may have been any number of extras. I didn't know or care. All

I knew was that the more the men came in me, the higher, harder, and more frequently I orgasmed. It seemed that no matter how many men fucked me and no matter how often I climaxed, I needed more. Plus, because I'd been denied the opportunity to suck a cock, I felt vaguely cheated. James, however, assured me that we'd only just begun.

I was about to complain when another cock was forced inside my pussy. I opened my mouth to moan my appreciation. Being double-penetrated in my pussy was a new and thrilling experience. But when I opened my mouth, a third cock was shoved into it. Next, my hands were filled with a cock each. The twin cocks in my vagina deposited their loads in me, and I was then lifted and lowered onto two more. The cock in my mouth returned, as did the two in my hands. Next, the cock in my mouth spat its essence down my throat. Then, the two penises I'd been jerking were pulled out of my hands before they ejaculated over my breasts and chin. The cocks in my pussy added their load shortly after that.

I was given no respite as powerful hands lifted me off the cocks in my pussy and lowered me onto two more. These two were positioned at my dark star, and before I could protest, the cocks forced my knot apart and slid into my bowels. That was the first time my ass had held two cocks simultaneously. But before I could adjust, I was pulled back onto someone's muscular chest by my luscious breasts. Then, a man knelt between my lasciviously spread thighs and rammed his thickly erect cock into my cum splattered pussy. A fourth was forced into my mouth and two more into my hands.

The men used me like this until the early hours of Sunday morning. By the end, my entire body was drenched with sweat and cum. It poured from every orifice, dripped from every part of my body, and matted every inch of my hair. I loved it! And that night brought me to sixty-four extra lovers in less than a year since I'd first visited Edgar Fontaine's clinic. My parents would be horrified to learn of that number, but I felt I was barely getting started.

Various deliciously debaucherous events occurred over the next week, but alas, I didn't add any new lovers to my list. I'd like to add a few, namely Akiki, his son, and hopefully, his wife, although I'm yet to meet her.

The final adventure occurred on the previous Saturday to today. I'll let you read the full details in Chapter 16 because it's enough to say that I added my sixty-fifth lover to my list: Courtney's husband, Ewan.

Of course, the above means that we've reached last night—the night my husband and daughter finally returned home. I'd added a sixty-sixth lover while I waited for them to arrive, something I'd have to confess when I got home. But for now, I wasn't concerned.

The arrivals board finally showed 'landed' beside my family's flight. All I had to do now was wait for them to collect their luggage and pass through customs. Because it was so late, and the flights had backed up due to the fog, it was another hour before Krissy and John came through the sliding doors. I watched my daughter clinging to her father's arm as their eyes searched for me. Krissy's eyes were very bright, and her face animated. I could see in the way she carried herself that she had matured and gained a lot of self-confidence.

Krissy saw me first and, with a happy squeal, ran across the terminal and leapt into my arms. We shared a very un-mother/daughter kiss as Krissy's hands wandered over my erect nipples. She released me, and I turned to face my husband. Unsurprisingly, I felt shame at my actions and nervousness at how he would be. I knew that he and our son spoke almost every day. That meant he knew of my adventures except the one tonight. Would he be accepting, or would he denounce and reject me?

John stood tall, looking severe and imposing, and my heart dropped. Then he grinned and wrapped me into a bear hug. My feet left the ground as he hugged me and kissed my upturned lips. "You've been having fun," he grinned. "Do not think you won't be disciplined for your behaviour when we get home. But, Kate, my love, I am glad to be home and look forward to whatever happens next."

I looked submissively at the ground as I revelled in John's powerful embrace. "Yes, Sir," I murmured. "Your girl looks forward to feeling your large hand descending stingingly onto her lush posterior."

"Let's get out of here," John smilingly replied.

I smiled, knowing all was right in my world again and handed him the car keys. Then, taking his hand and walking a submissive half-step behind him, I guided my family to John’s Audi.

Epilogue:

Well, readers. The events described above brought us to last night and the end of my story. I’m hopeful that there will be more adventures to come. But as of now, I’ve yet to experience them. There are a few unanswered questions. What does the inimitable Eugenie Matson have planned for my husband and me? Why hasn’t James introduced me to his daughter, Penelope Squire? Do Gina and I dare admit to our men that we wish for nipple and clitoris piercings?

Plus, I’ve invited Akiki (Andrew) and his wife for dinner because I fancy the tall, hypermasculine Ugandan man. Will I admit to and do anything about my desire to experience pee play? Freya, Oliver, and Shawna seem to have been forgotten. Will they return as Freya has promised? And finally, my thirty-ninth birthday is only ten days away. What will my husband and son do for that event?

The End