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Big Changes at Home

Chapter One: A Harmless Evening Out

"But it's Wednesday," Owen said with a groan, and a roll of his eyes.

"I don't care! It's not every day that my young man turns Twenty-One. I'm taking you out on your birthday to buy you your first drink!" Taryn, Owen's mother, said firmly.

Taryn looked at her son with a confident look on her face that told him that she wouldn't be moved. She was determined to have an outing with her son, Owen. The two of them seemed to be drifting apart; they were not as close as they once were. Even her daughter, Rosina was far too caught up with school, to go shopping with her, like they used to. Both of Taryn's children were in College, and school dominated their lives. Now that they were growing up and didn't need her care, she felt useless all of a sudden. She had devoted her life to raising her children. Her crisis hit her once Rosina, her youngest, had started College last fall. It was since then that her feel that she had outlived her usefulness grew. This evening would be the start of a new and closer relationship between her son and herself, Taryn told herself.

Owen looked at his mother and shook his head. He had just spent the last ten minutes trying to argue with his mother that he didn't have the time to go out tonight. Sure it was his birthday but it was a

Wednesday, and everyone was busy. The family gathering would be on Saturday, like it always was. Rosina was frantically studying for a mid-term on Friday. His father was still at work, prepping for yet-another big case. What Twenty-One year old wanted to be seen partying it up with is mother! Besides, it wouldn't be his first drink anyways, Owen was in College, and alcohol wasn't exactly hard to get a hold of on campus. He glanced back at her and was about to say no, but the sad look in her eye, rather than the firm look on her face, convinced him to agree to it. He had been studying really hard these past few weeks and an evening out might be fun, even with his mother.

"Fine," Owen sighed, relenting to his mother's demands.

"Goodie! Where do you want to go, 'birthday boy?" Taryn said with giddy excitement that she couldn't contain. She threw her arms around her son in glee and shook him from side to side.

"Alright, Alright! I said I was going, already!" Owen grumbled. The grin on his face betrayed his gruff façade that he was trying to keep up. "Birthday man, thank you very much!" he said with a chuckle and a light scowl.

"Fine, 'birthday man', where are we going?" Taryn asked with a victorious smirk on her face.

Owen thought for a moment, after all, it was a good question. Where do you go to "party it up" with your mother? Nowhere that anyone

could recognize you, that was for sure! After a moment of thought, and picked a bar that was on the other side of town, yet away from the College that he and Rosina attended. The evening was set and the pair went to their rooms to get ready to go out for Owen's Twenty-First birthday.

Owen dragged his feet a bit in order to get dressed for the evening out. Even though he agreed to it, he wasn't looking forward to being seen in a bar with his mother! He only hoped that nobody he knew would ever hear of this night! With a groan of regret he walked out of his room and down toward the front door.

Owen was surprised to see that his mother was already ready and waiting for him by the front door. She hadn't seen him approach as she was taking the essentials out of her purse and slipping them into her jeans. She was clearly excited about this evening, you almost thought it was her birthday outing, not his. When Taryn bent over to pick up her keys that she dropped, Owen took in a sharp breath.

Taryn, his mother of Forty-Three, looked like a woman almost half her age! Owen couldn't help but trace the shapely curves of her rear with his eyes. Her large breasts peeked out from the sides as she swiftly stood back up. He had to admit that his mother looked hot, even though she was not "supermodel material". Sure, she carried a few extra pounds on her shorter than average frame, but she carried it well. She had an hourglass figure, just a slightly larger one than most people expect. Her breasts were larger than most women's, yet still in proportion to her "generously proportioned" hourglass figure. Her red hair was thick and wavy as it cascaded down her back to her

waist. A wave of red glinted in the hallway light as she flicked her hair once she stood back up. A gleam was in her green eyes when her eyes met his, as he descended the stairs.

Taryn looked at her son walking down the stairs toward her and pride filled her as she noted the man that he had become. He stood slightly taller than she did, and seemed to be the perfect height for hugging. His brown hair was short and cut in a side-part, just like his father's. His blue eyes could easily melt her resolve when he pleaded for this or that. He had a slender physique that his regular early-morning running routine had earned him. She was proud to have raised so handsome and respectable a son.

"So are you driving or am I?" Owen asked as he approached his mother.

"Are you kidding? Neither of us are driving tonight, we're drinking! The taxi is just outside," Taryn said with a queer look on her face as she pointed at the door.

They then left the house and soon were sitting in the back of the taxi as it sped them on their way for their evening out. Owen sat there and wondered what it would be like to see his mother drunk. Would he have to protect her, nurse her, "baby-sit" her? Never had he seen his mother so much as slightly tipsy and the thought of her drunk was an odd concept. He looked her over and for the first time he was curious to see what this evening would lead to. Just how "wild and crazy" would his conservative mother get? He had to stifle a chuckle

as he thought of his mother, "pissed to the gills" standing on the speaker dancing and screaming.

They pulled in front of the bar in what was a seedier part of town. Taryn looked around and wondered why her son would want to go here, rather than a nicer bar, closer to home. She looked around her and saw: dirt, filth, decay and poverty all around her. She stood closer to her son and glanced up at him with a quizzical look.

"Are you sure this is the right place? Do you really want to go here for your birthday drink?" Taryn asked Owen with a quietly pleading look. It was a look of "let's get out of here."

"It'll be fine. I know it doesn't look like much on the outside, but it's much better on the inside, so I've been told. I've heard great things about it." Owen said with a convincing smile that he hoped his mother wouldn't see through.

Owen also didn't really want to be there and normally wouldn't go to this end of town. Again, that was the whole reason for going here, so that nobody would see him "out on the town" with his mother. I mean if anyone recognized him he would forever be trying to live down the "momma's boy" image!

"It'll be great." Owen said with a confident smile as he put his arm around his mother's waist and ushered them inside.

The inside of the bar was as run-down as the outside suggested. It was dimly-lit, even for a bar. There were an assortment of tables and booths scattered about everywhere there was space. There was a modest sized dance-floor off in one corner and the DJ booth was in the wall overlooking the dance-floor. The crowd seemed to be the rowdier and rougher type, though they stuck to themselves. It was the kind of place that people went to "not be seen", and everyone ignored everyone else. That at least was a plus as far as Owen was concerned. The service was fast if not terribly friendly, before long Owen and Taryn were holding a beer each.

"To my little boy who finally grew up!" Taryn said with a proud smile as she raised her beer.

"Thanks mom," Owen replied with clenched teeth behind his gracious grin.

They took a sip of their beer and Owen had to admit that it was odd drinking beer with his mother. Taryn smiled warmly at her son as she sipped her beer and reveled in the thought that the dingy bar forced them to cozy up to each other. She was enjoying her evening out with her son anyways, despite her surroundings. A song that Taryn liked started to play and with a squeal of glee, she grabbed her son by the arm and pulled him up to the dance-floor.

The evening wore on and more beer was consumed, and many more songs were danced to. Owen was uncomfortable dancing with his mother, but after a few songs he got used to the idea. Eventually the

odd concept of being in a bar with is mother didn't seem so odd to him. He had to admit that she didn't look all that different to the other women in the place. She had jeans and a nice blouse on, just like the other women and in fact was one of the prettier women in the bar. There were a few women that Owen wouldn't have minded to make a move on, but you don't ditch your mother to hit on chicks.

Things took a strange turn, much later in the evening. Owen and Taryn were dancing to a fast tune that they both knew when it ended suddenly. Instead of another fast tune, a slow song started to play and everyone on the dance-floor started to pair up. Everyone that is, except Owen and Taryn; this fact was not lost on Owen. He looked around and saw all the "happy couples" dancing around him and the pain of being single hit him.

"Let's dance this one," Owen said with a smile on his face as he grasped his mother's wrist.

"I don't think so dear, I really should sit down," Taryn replied with a shake of her head.

Both Taryn and Owen were quiet tipsy at this point, and the pair of them were not too steady on their feet. The alcohol was starting to hit them now, and neither of them "were feeling too much pain." While they were not "falling down drunk," they were seriously buzzed to say the least. Perhaps it was for this reason that Owen did what he did next. His frustration and anger of being alone and rejected by a woman yet again flooded forth. With a firm tug on

Taryn's wrist he pulled her toward him and suddenly Taryn found herself in Owen's arms on the dance-floor, swaying to the slow tune.

"I said I want to dance this one." Owen said with a firm, if slightly arrogant tone of voice.

"I don't think so dear. I really should sit down for a bit," Taryn protested and started to leave.

Taryn found that she couldn't break free of Owen's powerful grasp. The harder she tried the harder he held on to her, after a bit she gave up and resigned herself to dancing the slow tune. With a gruff sigh she rested her head on his shoulder and decided to enjoy the moment with her son.

"Alright, we can dance this one, if you really want." Taryn said with a smirk on her face.

For a short bit, they danced the slow tune and all was well. Owen noticed that the other couples were dancing much closer than he and his mother were. Since Taryn was his mother she kept a close yet respectable distance from the waist down. Owen had trouble seeing her as his mother just then; to him she was a woman in his arms. Slowly, yet firmly he pulled her closer to him until they were flush against one another.

"Let me go, we shouldn't be this close," Taryn protested as she started to back away from Owen.

The trouble was, with Owen's firm grip of her, she was not able to back away at all. The most she could do was squirm and wriggle against him, but not put any space between them as she wanted to. The strangest thing about the whole incident was the wetness that was growing in her panties. For some reason the fact that she couldn't get her way was exciting her. It was inevitable, but soon enough Taryn's movements produced a sizable lump in Owen's pants. Taryn froze when she felt it, and knew she had to stop squirming, that instant. She was not able to break free from her son's powerful grasp and was only succeeding in turning him on. She then rested her head on Owen's shoulder and settled into the now very intimate, if inappropriate embrace with her son.

Taryn was conflicted and old feelings started to come back to her, feelings she long thought dead. The logical part of her knew she had to get away from Owen and sit down in order to cool off. Yet another part of her was excited to not be able to. It was a part of her that she thought she had conquered long ago; part of her liked it when a man took charge. Even thought it was her son who held her intimately on that dance-floor, she was excited. The phrase slipped past her lips before she could stop herself.

"I kinda like it when a man takes what he wants," Taryn said in a whisper before she drew a sharp breath of shock.

What was she doing? What was she saying? Did she know just who she was saying this to? Did she really tell her son she liked it when he forced them to dance so close? Taryn didn't understand what was going on but simply told herself that it was the alcohol talking. She clung to this and decided that it would be nice to open up to someone, someone who loved her.

"I sometimes wish your father would take me now and again," Taryn whispered in Owen's ear, with a light chuckle. "Heck, I'd settle for him simply taking notice of me once in a while," she lamented and sighed heavily.

Almost instinctively Owen started to rub Taryn's back in an effort to soothe his mother. As he comforted his hurting mother Owen was confused by the recent events. His actions of the last few minutes were certainly not his usual behavior. Worse yet was the fact that each time he took a bold liberty with his mother and got away from it, he felt a surge of power and excitement course through him. The fact that he could force someone to do what he wanted, turned him on greatly. As he stood there holding his mother skin tight in his arms, he had to admit that her body felt great right where it was.

Taryn sighed with content as the strong man in her arms started to caress her. She felt safe in his powerful embrace and reveled and relaxed because of that reassuring thought: she was safe. Her guard continued to fall as she held this man who she loved and felt herself opening up to him even more.

"We barely have sex anymore and when we do, it's boring and quick. He doesn't have energy for anything other than work these days. I'm still a woman, I have needs you know," Taryn said with a regretful lament and huffed a frustrated sigh.

It was as if by simply admitting her unsatisfying sex life, those feelings of loneliness, and unfulfilled desire flooded forth. Before she knew what she was doing Taryn clutched the man holding her just a little tighter. She then started to grind herself against the thick erection still pressing against her. It was just the right height and she could rub her clit against its hardness and waves of pleasure shot through her. At that moment the music changed and the slow song was replaced with one with a hard beat. She was lost in the moment of pleasure and continued to grind herself against the manhood sticking into her. When two hands slid down her body to find the cheeks of her ass, Taryn remembered just who was holding her.

Owen was past the point of caring and was on fire from the sensation of his mother grinding herself against him. Firmly Owen grasped each cheek of his mother's ass like he owned it and pulled her to him even tighter. Waves of intense pleasure shot through both of them as Owen ground himself against Taryn's pussy. Once again the feelings of power flooded Owen as he simply took another liberty with this woman, and got away with it.

Taryn had to bite her lip to stop herself from moaning due to the pleasure of the moment. She loved the fact that once again this powerful man had his way with her; made her do something she didn't want to do. Her pussy flooded as she felt powerless to stop

him from grinding himself against her on that very public dance-floor. Taryn closed her eyes tightly as she lost herself in the moment. Her intense pleasure built and built until it reached its peak. Taryn's eyes shot open and she looked into her son's eyes as her orgasm hit her. Her mouth opened and she had to stifle a scream at the last second as her body rocked with pleasure. Her eyes never wavered from staring deep into the eyes of the man who had brought her to orgasm. Once her climax subsided she slumped into his arms and enjoyed the tight and powerful embrace, his hands still squarely on her ass, practically holding her up.

Owen was beside himself now and the "dark feelings" as he called them were quickly taking over. He had just dry-fucked his mother to orgasm on the dance-floor. He had made her cum when she didn't want to even hold him, and she had let him! He knew that this was not normal; mothers and sons didn't usually behave this way. He still couldn't stop himself, he was more turned on than he had ever been before. He still wanted more, he wanted more power . . . more control . . . more submission from her.

"Come!" Owen commanded as he abruptly left the dance-floor.

Owen's departure was so quick and so unexpected that Taryn stumbled a bit because of it. She looked around to see that Owen was departing the dance-floor. Her legs started moving before she told them to, and she found herself following her son. Logic started to return to Taryn as she walked swiftly to catch up to her son. What the hell had just happened? Did she really just let her son dry-fuck her to orgasm on the dance-floor? All of the things that had just

happened to her, made no sense to her. Yet she couldn't deny the fact that she was more turned on now than she had been in quite a while! Without pausing to think about what she was doing Taryn followed Owen into the men's bathroom.

The dirty, yet vacant men's room brought her back to reality as she glanced around the room. It was filthy and in worse shape than the rest of the run-down bar. Three urinals were along one wall and a beyond them were three bathroom stalls. Along the other wall was three sinks with one large mirror. One more glance around the room found that the far bathroom stall door was open. Swiftly she walked over to it, still not of her own volition. There, seated on the toilet, looking like a king on his throne was Owen. His pants were still up but he just sat there on the toilet and emanated confidence and authority.

"Get over here and suck my cock," Owen commanded calmly.

Taryn shifted her weight and almost took a step towards him before she stopped herself. "Are you nuts? I'm your mother for Godsake!" Taryn snapped in a disgusted tone of voice. "You've had too much to drink young man! Let's go home," she said in a firm tone of her own as she pointed to the door.

"I'll decide when we're done here!" Owen snarled in an angry tone that he had never in his life used on her. "NOW GET OVER HERE AND SUCK MY COCK!" Owen screamed at his mother in an outraged tone of voice.

"GO FUCK YOURSELF! THERE'S NO WAY I'M DOING ANYTHING LIKE THAT!" Taryn leaned in and yelled at her son with all the disgust and outrage she felt at the moment. After a half-moment of staring each other down Taryn said. "Find your own way home. We'll talk about this tomorrow young man!" she said with a disgusted tone of voice.

With that Taryn turned and swiftly walked toward the door of the men's room. It was a room that she shouldn't have been in, preceded by an incident on the dance-floor that should never have taken place. She was confused and shocked over what she had done and why. She never heard Owen approach and the first time she felt his presence it was too late. Swiftly Owen grasped Taryn by both arms and held them to her side. As she sputtered her stunned protest she quickly found herself in the stall that she had just seen Owen in. With a sharp bang the door to the stall slammed closed and Taryn turned to see Owen backed up against the door, facing her. He had a look of determination and outrage on his face and she knew what he wanted.

"Sweetheart, you're not yourself," Taryn said sweetly.

As she looked at the firm and confident man who blocked her only exit from the cramped stall her insides did a flip. His eyes bored into her and she felt her knees and resistance weaken. She was starting to feel timid and meek, and that is what scared her more than her son's actions at that moment.

"Now, get on your knees and suck my cock," Owen said calmly, but with absolute conviction and authority, clearly he meant it.

"Let's just talk about this," Taryn said in one last attempt to talk her way out the frightful situation.

"I TOLD YOU TO GET ON YOUR KNEES AND SUCK MY COCK!" Owen growled through gritted teeth with seething hatred as he grasped a clump of Taryn's hair and pulled back.

Tears formed in her eyes as she knew he was serious and fear shot through her. Rather, fear and excitement coursed through her as her son towered over her in larger than life proportions. Even though he stood not much taller than she did, he seemed ten feet tall to her at that moment. She looked into his eyes silently pleading for him not to do this; it was her one last plea. Suddenly, Owen yanked down on Taryn's hair and she dropped to her knees before him. Now she was eye level with the bulge of his jeans, and she couldn't take her eyes off of it.

"Now. I'm going to let go of you, and then you're going to suck my cock . . . Right?" Owen commanded, in a calm and collected tone of voice as he looked down at her.

Taryn looked up at him and the last vestiges of her resistance vaporized in the heat of his stare. Meekly she nodded her reply, and

a tear ran down her left cheek as she looked back at his jeans-covered erection. The pain in the back of her head was now gone as Owen let go of her hair. Now was her chance; she could run for it, try to scurry under the bathroom stall and make a break for freedom. Perhaps he would catch her, perhaps not. She should at least try, shouldn't she? She did want to, didn't she? At that moment as Taryn looked up at the man who stared down at her expectantly, she wasn't sure.

Taryn was surprised to see her hands rising up to the fly of Owen's jeans. As if on auto-pilot her hands unbuttoned his jeans and unzipped his fly. She pulled back the flaps of his jeans and tugged on them to drop the jeans down to his knees. The bulge looked bigger than ever now as it throbbed slightly from within its tighty-whitey confines. Without pausing her hands rose up to the waistband of the undergarment and pulled down so that they joined his jeans, at the knees.

Taryn looked at the stiff, swollen member standing proudly out before her and looked it over in wonder. While this cock was about the same length as her husband's cock, the shaft was considerably thicker. As well the head of it swelled out like the exaggerated head of a mushroom. As she looked at the thick cock before her, she wondered if she could fit it in her mouth . . . or pussy. Speaking of which, her pussy was dripping at that moment, as she looked over the wonder of the male anatomy.

Taryn forgot her surroundings or just who's cock she was looking at. She didn't notice that she was kneeling on a dirty, tile floor of a men's bathroom. She didn't remember that it was her son's cock that she

had just reached up and grasped around its base. She completely forgot that she didn't want to be there or do what she was about to do. With one last lick of her lips she leaned in to suck this powerful man's cock. All Taryn knew was that this man had commanded her to suck his cock and she had to obey. She couldn't fight it anymore, the need to submit and obey him had won her over.

Taryn looked up into the eyes of the man who dominated her as she took the head of his cock into her mouth. As the thick head somehow made it past her lips she felt her whole mouth fill up with it. She took as much of his cock into her mouth as she could, before she backed off until she was kissing the head. Once more she pressed forward and took him deep into her mouth. Slowly she picked up the pace and started to bob her head up and down on the cock she quickly adored. She loved everything about it: the softness of its skin, the way it filled her mouth, the oversized head, and the heat of it. Even though she was sucking hard on the cock and bobbing up and down on it swiftly, this was not enough for Owen it seemed.

"Take it all! Swallow it all dammit!" Owen growled in frustration.

Taryn had only been able to get about half of it into her mouth before it hit the back of her throat. She couldn't seem to take more of it without gagging. On the next few bobbing attempts she tried to take more if it, she tried to comply, but she just couldn't. A minute later, with a growl of frustration Owen reached up and grabbed Taryn's head. Taryn panicked as she knew what was going to happen next. One way or another that cock was going down her throat, and at a pace that was not hers to set!

Steadily Owen pulled on his mother's head and pulled her toward his groin. The inevitable moment came when the head of his cock hit the back of her mouth. Something deep inside Taryn told her to relax and it would go easier. Since she couldn't stop the inevitable, she did just that, she closed her eyes, relaxed her throat and gave in to him. To her surprise that thick head entered her throat and while she started to gag for a bit, the feeling passed quickly. Soon she felt hairs on her lips and she opened her eyes with a shot to see that she had indeed taken all of him down her throat. For the first time in her life she had deep-throated a man, and was actually proud that she had! Just as steadily as it had gone down her throat, it withdrew until only the head remained inside. Once again the cock was forced into her mouth and down her throat. This time she didn't gag as much, and even reveled in the feeling of the phallic member sliding down her throat. The pace picked up quickly as Owen's grip on her head intensified almost to the point that it started to hurt.

Taryn knew that she was completely helpless in this situation. She was powerless, she was at his mercy, and she loved it! She couldn't deny the fact that she loved being used to bring him pleasure. Her mouth was a vessel for his satisfaction and her pussy was dripping because of it. Those desires to submit and be dominated that she thought she had conquered so long ago, consumed her at that moment, and she was in love with them. Nothing else mattered but pleasing him, bringing him joy and pleasure.

"Oh God! Cumming!" Owen said with a grunt and pulled swiftly on Taryn's head.

Taryn panicked as the cock slid down her throat one last time, she had never swallowed a man's cum before. She had only sucked on her husbands cock a few times and even then finished him off in a tissue. Now, not only was she going to have him cum in her mouth but down her throat! She wouldn't even have the option to spit it out afterwards. She barely had the time to think these thoughts when the head that was now lodged down her throat swelled up. She felt a blast of something warm hit the back of her throat and her first instinct was to swallow. This brought a moan of pleasure from Owen as the action served to "milk" his cock and prolong his orgasm. Spurt after spurt of cum shot down Taryn's throat and she kept swallowing until finally the spurting subsided all together. Just as suddenly as it started the pain on the sides of her head stopped as Owen let go of her head.

Slowly Taryn pulled herself off of him and the cock finally slipped past her lips. When she looked at it once more she smiled to herself at its beauty. Instinctively she reached out with her tongue and began to lick it clean. For the next moment she licked every last inch of the cock she loved until it was shiny, clean and hard once more. Finally she looked up into Owen's eyes but she didn't see her son anymore, she saw a powerful man, a man she had to obey, despite her better judgment.

"Ah, that was good! You must keep dad a very happy man indeed if you suck his cock like that!" Owen said with a satisfied smile as he leaned back against the door.

"I never take him that far into mouth, and I never let him cum in my mouth," Taryn replied meekly, looking down at the floor.

"Really? I find that hard to believe, you seemed to know what you were doing," Owen said with a slightly surprised tone of voice.

"I guess I was just waiting for a man to show me how to do it right," Taryn said as she looked up into Owen's eyes with a smoldering look in her eyes.

What did she just say? What was going on? Why did she feel the compelling need to submit to this man, to submit to her son? Why did that thought alone bring an extra twinge to her pussy everytime she thought it. Her son, she had just sucked off her son, there it was again. She, Taryn Thompson, wife of Richard Thompson the successful lawyer, mother of two, had just sucked off her son and swallowed his cum. What's more . . . she loved it! She didn't know what was happening to her but felt powerless to stop herself. Owen's sharp tone of voice brought her out of her private thoughts.

"I said, stand up!" Owen said in a demanding tone of voice.

Taryn stood up immediately; at that same instant her knees started to scream in pain. The tile floor had not been kind to her knees and she rubbed them for a moment. She looked into Owen's eyes and wondered what was going to happen next. She feared that he may take things too far, another part of her feared that he wouldn't. Most of her wanted this madness to stop, but part of her needed it to

continue. It was like a drug that once she got her first taste, it only left her wanting more. She glanced down at the cock that she had just sucked and knew that she wanted to feel that thing buried in her hot, wet pussy.

"Open your blouse," Owen demanded and looked down at Taryn's breasts.

Taryn shook with fear, she didn't move and only tensed up. She didn't hear him say that did she? He didn't just order her to expose herself to him, did he? She looked at him with pleading in her eyes and meekly said, "no." Almost as soon as that word left her mouth did his hand leave his side, contacting her right cheek with an unexpected slap.

"WHAT DID YOU SAY?" Owen roared an inch from her face. "I said open your blouse and I mean NOW!" he said in an angry tone of voice. He glared at Taryn and that weak feeling returned to her with a vengeance.

With shaking hands Taryn reached up and started with the top button. One by one she unbuttoned her blouse, with each button her mind was screaming at her to stop. Part of her wanted to refuse and end this dangerous game that they were playing. Yet, for some unexplainable reason Taryn couldn't stop herself, try as she might she couldn't stop unbuttoning her blouse. She didn't want to reveal herself to her son, but yet she was. That was the strange thing; she was standing there in that dingy bathroom stall unbuttoning her

blouse so she could show her son her breasts. She was doing this on his command; she was revealing herself simply because he ordered her to. She was under his spell and couldn't break free. When the last of the buttons were undone she pulled up the garment out of her jeans and pushed it all the way open, revealing her front to his hungry gaze.

"That bra fastens up in the front, doesn't it?" Owen asked with a cheeky smirk on his face.

"Yes," Taryn replied, and her stomach sank; she knew what was going to happen next.

"Good. Undo that bra and show me your tits," Owen said calmly and stood there glaring at her bra covered breasts.

Taryn felt like closing up her blouse and bursting past him, yet without hesitation her hands moved before she told them to. It took less than a moment for her to unfasten the front-clasping bra and let her sizable breasts spill free. Taryn was mortified to be standing there, effectively nude from the waist up in front of her son. The throbbing in her pussy and the excitement she felt about all of this pushed her onward. She looked down to the floor, too ashamed to see his reaction. How would he react to seeing his mother's breasts? Would he tell her how ugly and fat she was? She knew she didn't look like the girls his age, she knew her breasts weren't perky.

"Damn mom you're hot!" Owen said with conviction as he ogled his mothers breasts.

What did he say? In a flash Taryn looked up into Owen's eyes and intently scrutinized his face. The look on his face was not one of sarcasm or humor as she had expected but of wonder and lust! How could he look at his plump, forty-three year old mother and say she was hot? Taryn didn't understand it; she didn't look anything like the girls in fashion magazines. She knew she was a little on the plump side, her breasts sagged and had started to show their age. As she looked at his face she couldn't deny the fact that in his eyes at least, she was hot.

"Thank you," Taryn said, in a gratified tone of voice, a warm and thankful smile was on her face.

It was a strangely sensitive and touching moment in the middle of this bizarre scene. Richard, her husband, had long since told her she looked hot! Sure he would tell her she was beautiful now and again, but it never rang with the same desire as Owen had just used. For the first time in a long time she felt desired, wanted, sexy; alive!

"Nice tits," Owen said as he reached up and caressed her left breast.

Taryn's knees actually buckled and she almost collapsed at the shock and intense pleasure that his touch brought. For a moment Owen lightly caressed and stroked Taryn's breasts and it took all her concentration to remain standing or not moan. Openly and lazily the

son caressed his mother's breasts, occasionally tweaking a nipple. Taryn was lost in the pleasure of the moment and reveled in the long missed sensation of a man playing with her breasts.

"Turn around and bend over," Owen said with a husky tone of voice.

That brought Taryn back to reality and those words stirred up the fear and anticipation inside her once again. Even though she was in conflict over this development, she obeyed, as now seemed to be second nature to her. This change in behavior also troubled Taryn. She didn't even think about whether or not she wanted to do it, Taryn simply did what Owen said, just because he told her to. It was that troubling thought that dominated her mind as she reached out and braced herself against the far wall, bending over, lewdly.

Owen looked at his mother bending over before him, with her blouse and bra hanging open. He paused to drink in the vision before him and he was shocked and surprised about all that she was doing, just because he said so. He knew that he could get her to do anything he wanted now. He knew just as she did, that he was going to fuck her. He also knew that she wanted him to, he could smell her excitement. The smell of her heated pussy fed his excitement and he deeply inhaled the smell. Now, Owen was even more obsessed with the power he held over her than before. Simply to fuck her was not enough, he wanted her to ask for it, no, beg for it. He wanted her to admit to him that he was in charge. He was going to make her his Slave.

"Drop your pants," Owen said in a calm and confident tone of voice.

Once again, with shaking hands, immediately Taryn unbuttoned her pants. In one swift motion dropped her pants and panties down to her ankles. She then resumed the bent over position that she was in before. Taryn couldn't believe that she was actually bent over a toilet, her breasts hanging free, her pants and panties around her ankles, waiting for her son to fuck her.

She felt his hand touch the small of her back and she knew this was the moment. She expected to feel his cock splitting her pussy-lips at any moment, but this did not happen. Instead that hand started to roam and wander over her naked ass. This hand was joined by another; Owen openly caressed and explored his mother's shapely rear end.

Taryn's inside melted under her son's touch, somehow he knew just how to touch her. Somehow he could bring her exquisite pleasure from the simplest touch. Yet Taryn was not going to give her son the satisfaction of moaning out in pleasure. She bit her lip and kept silent as pleasure shot through her body as her son's intimate caresses of her rump continued. When his hands brushed over her pussy, she couldn't stifle a moan, and it was long, low and loud moan at that.

"You like this don't you?" Owen asked expectantly, as he traced the outline of her pussy.

"Yes," Taryn said quietly, with a tear in her eye.

"Your son is playing with your pussy and you love it don't you?" Owen asked with a sneer in his voice as he continued to circle her pussy.

"Yes," Taryn said and let out a solitary sob, as another tear streamed down her cheek.

Taryn realized that she had even lost the power of speech; she couldn't even keep her mouth shut when he asked her something embarrassing. She needed to obey him; she needed to answer him. Taryn was crying because she knew that she was losing the battle over herself, she was losing herself to her son. She was becoming his; she knew that things would never be the same between them. Were they changing for the better or for the worse?

"You're standing there, bent over, are you expecting something?" Owen asked arrogantly, as he brushed his finger over Taryn's clit, causing her to shudder.

"Yes," Taryn moaned out with burning lust as she hung her head.

"What are you expecting? What do you want?" Owen asked as he dipped a finger into her wet pussy.

"You know what I want," Taryn snapped, and glared at him over her shoulder with tears and fire in her eyes.

"No. I don't. Tell me exactly what you what me to do," Owen said with a victorious smile on his face.

"Fuck me," Taryn sobbed out, in a bare whisper as she hung her head in shame.

"What was that? I didn't hear you," Owen said with a cheeky tone of voice as he moved his caressing to his mother's inner left thigh.

"FUCK ME! STICK THAT GORGOUS COCK OF YOURS IN ME AND FUCK ME!" Taryn shouted with an urgent tone of voice before she burst into tears.

The shame of what she had just admitted was too much for her. She had just admitted to her son and herself that she needed this fuck. It had been a very long time, if ever, that she had been this turned on. She needed to feel that hard cock pounding into her, now! She didn't care what she would have to do to get it, she needed it; she needed that cock, her son's cock. Taryn sobbed as she was mortified with herself for wanting to fuck her son.

"But do you deserve it?" Owen asked with a curious tone of voice as he traced his finger from her slick slit and up the crack of her ass.

"What? I've done everything you've said! I'm bent over and ready for it! I need your cock!" Taryn said in a moaning whine in amongst her

open sobbing and tears. "FUCK ME DAMNIT FUCK ME! she shouted over her shoulder with a determined glare.

"You have been a good little girl, I'll give you that," Owen said with a chuckle as he slid his finger back down the crack of his mother's ass.

"Exactly! I've given you what you want now give me what I want! Fuck me!" Taryn pleaded as she tried valiantly to stop her crying that continued, unabated.

"Yes, I'm sure that you want me to fuck you, but is that what you really need?" Owen asked with an inquisitive, yet arrogant tone of voice. His finger now paused at his mother's asshole and circled it for a moment.

"You have your mother bent over, begging you to fuck her, begging her own son to fuck her! What more do you want?" Taryn asked with a shameful tone of voice as she hung her head and cried uncontrollably.

"It's not about what I want, but what you need . . . Slave," Owen said in a confident tone of voice as he thrust his finger into his mother's ass.

At the mention of the word "Slave" Taryn felt a bolt of pleasure shoot to her pussy. As well, a hunger cried out for satisfaction from

somewhere deep within her soul. Upon her being called a Slave, a part of her soul craved that title, like a man dying of thirst, craves water. Her need had a focus now, she felt it. She had always known it, but now it had been brought to the forefront of her mind. Taryn needed to be a Slave . . . she needed a Master.

"No!" Taryn moaned whiningly, in what was supposed to be an angry protest. "I just need you to fuck me!" she sobbed out meekly, and in an unconvincing manner.

"We both know it is exactly what you desperately need. Ever since the dance-floor you've been a good little Slave," Owen said as he drove his finger deep into his mother's ass, causing her to hiss her unexpected excitement.

"No," Taryn moaned but by now she had stopped crying.

The better part of Taryn was fighting with the "Darker recesses of her soul" as she called it. Part of her was crying out desperately to be his Slave, to have her son as her Master. What was left of her sanity and logic was screaming not to give in, that it was just the heat of the moment. Taryn was afraid of what the future held, afraid of what life would be like as the Slave to her son. That thought caused her knees to buckle as lewd images flooded her mind.

"No? You're not my Slave?" Owen asked daringly as he leaned forward and removed his finger from her ass.

"No," Taryn said in a weak attempt at a denial, a denial that rang false.

"Suck my cock," Owen said in a plain tone of voice.

As soon as the words left his mouth Taryn sprang to life. In an instant she spun on the spot and dropped to her knees so fast, knees hurt something fierce. Even before she knew what she was doing she had his cock in her mouth and had started her bobbing action. Owen looked down at his mother sucking his cock for a moment and smiled a cheeky smile at her.

"Sit on the toilet facing me," Owen said in the same, casual, off-handed manner.

Once again Taryn stopped what she was doing instantly, and hopped back up so she was straddling the toilet, looking up at him, waiting for another command. Taryn didn't like this game, she knew it was meant to demonstrate what they both already knew: she was his to command.

"Finger-fuck your pussy with your left index finger," Owen said with a victorious smirk on his face.

With a sparkle in her eye Taryn buried her left index finger in her pussy so fast her hand was a blur. That hand never stopped moving

as she thrust her finger madly, in hopes of achieving the release she craved.

"Stick that finger up your ass and fuck your ass with it!" Owen said firmly.

With a slight frown on her face Taryn did just that, she thrust her slick, left index finger into her ass. It was something she had never done before, never had even thought of doing before. Now, here she was with her legs spread wide finger-fucking her ass as a show for her son! Even her better self had to admit that she was powerless to resist him.

"See, you'll do anything I tell you, won't you?" Owen asked as Taryn continued to finger-fuck her ass while looking up into Owen's eyes.

"Yes," Taryn said with a husky growl in her voice, her finger never stopping, nor her eyes never wavering.

"Why's that?" Owen asked with a knowing look on his face.

Taryn only replied with a scowl. She refused to say it out loud; that would be the last straw. That was the last thing standing between sanity and insanity. She may actually be doing anything he said but she couldn't admit that she was his Slave. It would be too humiliating to be her son's Slave; and yet her soul was screaming out for it. She

still had the burning need to be dominated; she still needed to be owned, to have a Master.

"Why do you do anything I tell you?" Owen repeated with a firm tone of voice. He looked at Taryn with an expression that bored into her. She couldn't look away and so the last of her resistance faded, she was finished and she knew it.

"I'm your S. . . Slave," Taryn said in a quiet, meek tone of voice, looking down when she said it.

"What was that?" Owen asked as he turned an ear toward her.

"I'm your Slave," Taryn said in a normal tone of voice as she looked up into his with a fearful tone of voice.

"Are you now?" Owen asked with a cheeky tone of voice and smiled to himself for a moment. "Stop finger-fucking your ass and lick that finger clean," he said in a deadly-serious tone of voice, looking right into Taryn's eyes.

With a horrified look on her face Taryn removed the finger that had been in her ass and brought it to her lips. Her eyes never left his as she stuck the finger in her mouth and closed her lips around it. With a distasteful look on her face she withdrew her finger and sucked it as she did so. The look on her face portrayed her mood clearly; she didn't believe that she had just done that!

"I guess you are my Slave. So what does that make me?" Owen asked with an arrogant tone of voice.

"My Master," Taryn replied with a wavering tone as she closed her eyes.

"As my Slave, do you swear to serve your Master faithfully? Will you do anything I command, without question? Will your sole purpose in life to see me pleased with you?" Owen asked with a firm tone of voice.

"Yes, Master," Taryn said as she looked up at Owen with a look of love and devotion.

"Do you surrender your will completely, and pledge yourself to my service until death?" Owen asked as he stepped closer to Taryn.

"Oh YES, Master!" Taryn moaned dreamily; the way she responded surprised even her.

"The Slave, bend over and prepare to be fucked by your Master!" Owen commanded.

In a flash Taryn was bent over the toilet as she had been before. Once again she felt Owen's hands on her, but this time they were on her

hips. Taryn's right hand shot between her thighs to guide Owen's cock to her pussy. As expected, she felt the warm fleshy member touch her hand. She was so excited to finally be getting fucked that she pulled on it slightly to speed him up. A deep moan escaped Taryn's lips as that glorious head kissed her nether-lips. Owen didn't tease her at all, he pushed forward and the head passed into his mother's pussy. The moan that Taryn let out didn't stop until Owen was fully buried into her pussy.

"Oh, Master you fill me up so much! You feel so good in me." Taryn mewed with utter contentment.

Taryn was in a state of pure bliss, though her sanity wept. Taryn had that thick cock she had sucked twice that night finally buried into her pussy. It was the thickest cock she had ever had, the most wondrous cock she had ever let slide into her. At that moment she couldn't remember what her husband's cock felt like. Nothing existed but her and her Master. She belonged to her Master and her Master was finally fucking her. Now that she was a Slave to a Master, oddly enough, she felt complete. She felt like a hole in her heart and soul that had been left open to let in the wind was now filled. Taryn sighed and smiled to herself as her Master withdrew his cock and began the much-anticipated fucking.

"Oh Slave you have a tight little pussy," Owen moaned out as he slammed back into his Mother's pussy hard.

"Thank you, Master, Fuck your Slave, Master! I'm all yours, Master!" Taryn sobbed out tears of joy and relief that freely course through her.

"I know, Slave," Owen said with a soothing tone of voice as he slammed into her roughly.

"Oh God you fuck me good, Master! Better than anyone ever has!" Taryn mewed as smiled a smile that wouldn't vacate her face.

Taryn and Owen continued to fuck hard and fast in that bathroom stall. It didn't take long for Taryn to cum and cum hard. When her orgasm hit, she tensed up and moaned out while thrashing about. Suddenly, while she was still climaxing Owen grabbed Taryn by the hair and pulled her up so that she was standing up in front of him.

"Does my, Slave like what her Master has given her." Owen said into Taryn's ears with a husky growl.

"Yes, Master!" Taryn said with all the breath that she could manage and this sent her into another orgasm.

The combination of the two hit Taryn so hard that everything went hazy for a moment. After a moment Taryn awoke to find the cold plastic of the toilet seat against her cheek. Owen was still pounding into her pussy, relentlessly. The sudden wave of pleasure that hit her,

caused her to moan out once more as she stood back up to brace herself against the wall.

"CUMMING! SUCK ME! SWALLOW IT!" Owen screamed out and pulled out of Taryn's pussy with an audible pop.

Taryn dropped to her knees and immediately wrapped her lips around her Master's cock. This time she didn't go down on him, she kept the head of the cock just inside her mouth. This time she wanted to taste him, she wanted to know what her Master's cum tasted like. She didn't have to wait long for she had barely wrapped her lips around it when the head swelled up. Owen's cock blasted the cum she had been waiting for into her waiting mouth. As expected, Taryn loved the taste of him, and let it pool in her mouth. Once he was finished cumming she let his cock slip from her mouth. After savoring the taste and sensation of his full load in her mouth she swallowed it. After opening her mouth to prove to her Master that she had done as expected, she then smiled lovingly up at him, expecting praise.

"Good, Slave, you swallowed it all, now lick my cock clean," Owen said in a loving and tender tone of voice in return.

Taryn smiled up at him and the instant he praised her, she felt elated. Her Master had given her and order, she had obeyed and he was pleased; she had fulfilled her duty. Taryn sighed happily as she leaned in and proceeded to lick the cock she had just sucked off, clean. Before long it was clean and she smiled up at him once more.

"Good, Slave, now straighten up, we need to go home," Owen said with a tender and calm tone of voice.

It wasn't long before the two of them were in a taxi on their way home. Taryn snuggled up to her son, who was now her Master, and sighed contentedly. She didn't pause to think of the how or why it happened, all she knew was that it had; that she was happy. Taryn loved her son now more than he had ever loved him, or had loved anyone else. He had fulfilled a need in her life that she never knew was missing. She was fulfilling a need in his life that he had never know was there. They needed each other and had found each other; that was all she needed to know. She needed and loved her Master and her Master needed and loved his Slave. They were bound to each other with a bond that nothing in life or death could break.

As they walked up the steps to the house, Taryn walked beside him, hand in hand. Taryn wondered what would happen now, how would they incorporate this new relationship into their old lives. How would they keep this a secret from her daughter and husband? Would they keep it a secret? Could they keep it a secret? Then a chilling thought hit her, what if it was all a game to him? What if it was nothing more than the alcohol talking? What if Owen didn't really want to be her Master, what then? She barely heard the door close behind them and looked at the floor as she removed her shoes; she couldn't look at him. If it was true, she didn't want to know, not yet. Owen walked over to the hall phone and scribbled something on the notepad that was always by the phone.

"Goodnight Slave." Owen said in a whisper before he kissed Taryn on the lips with a lingering and loving kiss.

With that Owen turned and walked up the stairs, leaving Taryn standing there, elated. She was still his Slave, he was still her Master! All was right with the world, so she sighed a deep sigh of relief. It was then that she noticed that she was holding something in her hand. She looked down to see a crumpled up piece of paper and quickly read it.

'Bring me breakfast tomorrow morning at 6:30 sharp! You will deliver it to me wearing your bathrobe and nothing else! Breakfast will consist of: one egg over-easy (no runny whites), two strips of bacon, hash browns, one bagel, toasted and buttered with cream cheese, one glass of orange juice, one coffee (two creams, two sugars).'

Taryn sighed and clutched the note to her chest and knew one thing. While she didn't know what the future held, she knew that she would face it with her Master, and that would be enough . . . for now. She walked up the stars, weary for she knew that she needed to get some sleep. Tomorrow would be an early day if she was to continue to please her Master. She knew that she would, she couldn't think of doing anything else; what a difference an evening makes.

Chapter Two: The Morning After

The alarm clock screamed at five-thirty that next morning, Taryn groaned as she smacked the annoying device into silence. She laid there for a moment, staring at the clock, trying to decide whether or not to get up. With a mutter of protest, she rolled over and tried to go back to sleep. As she snuggled in for some more, precious sleep, a thought hit her: Master wouldn't be pleased with her if she didn't bring him breakfast. That thought caused her eyes to shoot open; Master, how could she forget about him. A sigh of regret escaped her lips as she looked up at the clock once more, and tried to remember just how the hell she had gained a Master. Then the events of the previous night rolled through her mind like a scary movie she couldn't turn away from. She remembered: the dancing, the dry-fuck, the bathroom, the submission . . . her submission . . . her complete and total submission to him. She had submitted herself to her son and swore to be his Slave. A sigh of contentment left her lungs when she thought that thought: her son was her Master, and she was his Slave. She pulled back the covers and knew that she had to get moving, in order to get ready for him.

Taryn took extra care as she showered and washed herself that morning. For the first time in a long while she took pride in how she looked. She had always made sure to keep herself presentable, but it was the little things that she had let slide. It had been a while since she had shaved her legs, years since she had paid any attention to her pubic hair. It was normal for Taryn to not shave for a week or so.

What did it matter? Nobody looked at her that closely anymore, certainly not her husband. Richard was far too busy with work to spend any serious time with his wife, when he was home he was too tired to have sex most nights. Even when they did have sex it was hurried and unimaginative: purely for his pleasure. Taryn couldn't remember the last time Richard had ate her out, or sucked on her breasts. It was no wonder why Taryn let her pubic hair grow wild, all that would stop that morning. Taryn took great care in shaving everywhere that a woman should shave. She cleaned and preened herself after the shower was over, trimming up her bush so that the "wild wilderness" was gone. The shower took longer than she had expected, but felt the time was well-needed, as she wanted to be presentable for her Master.

There was that word again that stirred up feelings of bliss and fear in her. Part of her loved having a Master, and she was happier than she had been in years because of it; she felt complete. Another part of her was scared of this development and wanted to find a way out of it, writing the whole experience off as a bad night of drinking. Taryn knew it was not the alcohol that made her do what she did last night. That was the most sobering thought, for this morning she was not drunk and yet here she was throwing on her sheerest robe in order to cook breakfast for her son . . . her Master.

All through cooking breakfast she checked the note and the clock regularly. She wanted to everything to be perfect for him; she wanted to show her Master that she was a good Slave. The argument of "what the hell was she doing?" continued in her mind, regardless of what she did to do to push it out. With no time to spare, at six-twenty-nine, she picked up the tray and walked up to her son's bedroom.

Owen woke up with a yawn and looked around the darkened room. He felt a little tired and sore that morning, and contemplated going out for a run, but decided against it. Glancing out at the window and seeing the rain that poured outside confirmed it, he would visit the gym instead. Slumping back down on the bed he rubbed his eyes and tried to shake the feeling that something was different this morning. He looked around the room and wondered what it was; nothing was different. He could see no new boxes to show any extravagant purchases, that one might regret the next day. He hadn't done any shopping yesterday, all that he had done yesterday was go to school, study and go out with his mother.

His mind froze as that last thought crossed his mind: his mother. What had he done to his mother? Why did he do it? How could he do it? He had completely dominated her and made her swear to be his Slave for life . . . but why? Sure, he had loved the whole experience and felt more alive and turned on than he had been in his whole life. The power and pure excitement that coursed through him during that experience was unbelievable, and yet natural. The strange thing was that everything seemed to be second-nature to him. Nothing seemed stilted, awkward or strange to him, and that what scared him the most. He could grow to like it, he already loved that feeling of power he had when he ordered his mother around and she complied. It was a double hit of excitement, one jolt of excitement when he ordered her, the next when she complied. The sooner and more diligently she complied, the greater the thrill. Was this what he really wanted? Until last night he had never thought of his mother in a sexual way. He had never harbored deep, lustful feelings for her, but last night he not only fucked her, he made her his Slave.

Was this really the way that he wanted to live? Did he really want to spend the rest of his life barking orders at his mother? What about other women, what about a girlfriend or wife? Did this mean that he wanted them to be his Slaves to? The man he was last night was not the man that he thought he was, or wanted to be. He sighed once more and rested his head back on his pillow to try to sort it all out.

Perhaps he was getting worked up for nothing, perhaps his mother didn't remember the previous night. After all, they had been drinking, perhaps she would just see the whole evening as a drunken game. Owen would see how his mother would react and follow her lead. He wouldn't apologize right away; he would wait until she talked to him about it. They could share a laugh over the silly and dangerous game they had played and see it as nothing more than the alcohol.

Owen looked at the clock: six-twenty-nine. A fuzzy thought hit his mind: Six-thirty, something was supposed to happen at six-thirty, and he wondered what appointment he had missed. Was there an early morning class that he had forgotten about? He searched his mind to figure out what he was supposed to do that morning, damn, he would have to skip breakfast.

Breakfast! there it was, he had ordered his mother to deliver him breakfast at Six-thirty this morning. He had given her very specific instructions on what he wanted and how he wanted it delivered. Panic settled in as he thought of what he would do if she actually did bring him breakfast in bed just like he told her to. What would that

mean? Would that mean that she liked this new arrangement and wanted to be his Slave? He glanced at the clock and saw it turn to six-thirty and watched it intently, hoping it would turn to six-thirty-one. If he could skip over this minute it would be okay, then he would know that she wasn't coming and . . .

Then the door opened up slowly and his mother backed into the room, pushing the door open. She was carrying a tray of breakfast and from where he lay he could see that she had indeed carried out his instructions to the letter. Owen glanced at the clock and saw that it was still six-thirty; she was even on time. One glance at his mother standing there, closing the door with her foot, holding the tray of breakfast, left him speechless. Her red hair fell down her back in its naturally body-wave. She was wearing makeup for the first time in a long time, and her face looked quite pretty. She was wearing a white, silk robe that floated away from her body and it was his guess that she was naked under that robe.

Taryn smiled at him with a look of fear and apprehension in her eyes, waiting for Owen to say something. Owen looked at her and at once he was turned on, and the dark feelings of power returned. It wasn't just the way she looked; it was the whole package. He had given her an order and she had carried it out, she had even put in a few extra touches here and there. She had prettied herself up for him, just to bring him breakfast. The morning paper was on the tray beside the breakfast and a flower was in a vase in the center of the tray. Owen's cock was hard and throbbing as he drank all this in, Taryn was the first to speak.

"Good morning, Master. I brought you breakfast, like you ordered," Taryn said with a timid and apprehensive manner.

Her son hadn't said a thing and as the seconds ticked by, Taryn felt like a monumental fool. Obviously she was wrong in doing this! He didn't expect her to be standing there with breakfast, dressed only in a robe! She waned to cry and run out of the room, she was mortified that she had read things wrong: it was only a one night game. He didn't want her there, he didn't see her as his Slave.

"Excellent work, Slave," Owen said and smiled at Taryn, in response she let out a sigh of relief. "Bring me breakfast, Slave," he said, and watched his mother immediately move towards him.

Just looking at her carrying that tray of breakfast towards him caused his cock to twitch. Man he was hard and needed to take care of it soon, he thought as Taryn floated over towards him. Then a nasty thought hit him as he smiled up at her.

"Put breakfast down over there," Owen said as he pointed at his dresser.

"Yes, Master," Taryn said, just before she did exactly as she was ordered.

"You've got me so hard this morning, I think you should take care of it first," Owen said with a lewd smile as he pulled back the covers,

revealing his nude form. "Come over here and suck your Master's cock, Slave," He said, looking deep into Taryn's eyes as he said it.

Taryn's knees got weak when he said that last statement. She loved being called his Slave, and loved the fact that that she could make him hard. She never answered him with anything other than a lustful growl as she rushed to him. Her eyes never left staring intently at his thick cock as she rushed to embrace it. As soon as was physically possible she desired to take it in her mouth, she needed to suck her Master's cock.

Bliss filled her as his cock filled her mouth. All was right with the world, for she had her Master's cock in her mouth and was endeavoring to please him. The only pleasure she would receive from this was the satisfaction of a job well done. This act was for him and him alone; yet another way for her to show her love and devotion to him. This morning, for the first time ever, she voluntarily took a cock down her throat. She relaxed her throat and pushed it down her throat, immensely pleased that she could do this on her own. This development was not lost on Owen, he knew she needed praise.

"Oh you are a good Slave!" Owen said as he stroked Taryn's hair lovingly as she continued to deep-throat him. "Yes, swallow all of me," he said as he smiled at her.

Taryn looked up into his eyes and gave him a look of love as she increased her sucking efforts on his cock. Steadily and quickly she

bobbed her head up and down on his cock. His cock now slid easily down her throat and she loved the feeling of pubic hairs on her nose, to her it felt like victory. For Taryn it meant that she had once more swallowed all of her Master's cock, his pleasure meant everything to her.

Taryn didn't let up her sucking until Owen came down her throat. This time she made sure to keep his cock lodged down her throat and swallowed continually. Owen let out a loud groan that lasted as long as he came. Eventually, he was spent and Taryn let his cock slip past her lips as she sat back upright.

"That was wonderful Slave, now feed me breakfast," Owen said with a grateful smile.

"Yes, Master," Taryn said as she hopped up and fetched the tray of breakfast that she had prepared for him.

For the next while nothing was said as Taryn fed Owen his breakfast. She would gather up a bit of everything on his plate and lift the fork to his mouth. When he wanted to drink, she would raise that to his lips, if he dribbled she would wipe his chin. She was taking care of him and it was a quiet, tender moment between Master and Slave that had nothing to do with sex. As silly as it was, she was happy to do it, she was happy to serve him, to be his Slave.

As she fed her Master she wondered why he did what he did. What had prompted him to take her as his Slave? What did he see in her

that made him know that she was submissive? How did he know that she would be his, that she would be happy like this? She needed to know, she had to ask.

"Can we talk?" Taryn asked in a meek tone of voice.

"Sure, Slave," Owen said, as he swallowed another bite of breakfast.

"No, just talk . . . as Owen and Taryn," Taryn said as she brought another forkful of breakfast to his lips.

"Sure, mom, what's on your mind?" Owen asked in a plain tone of voice, after swallowing his mouthful.

"Why did you do it?" Taryn asked with a hint of a pained expression as she looked deep into his eyes.

"Do what?" Owen asked, wanting to know exactly what part of last night she was talking about.

"Last night. Why did you do it? How did you know I would react favorably to you?" Taryn asked, with a hurt and slightly miffed expression.

"I guess it all started when you said that you liked it when a man takes what he wants." Owen said with a sigh as he gave his mother a thoughtful expression.

"But I only said that because you made me slow-dance with you when I didn't want to. What made you do that? What made you pull me to you?" Taryn asked curiously as she gathered up more breakfast for Owen.

"I don't know, I guess it was the frustration of seeing all the other happy couples dancing and I wanted a moment where I had a special lady in my arms, just for one song." Owen said with a softened tone of voice as he looked at his mother for understanding.

"So you didn't plan it? You didn't somehow know that I . . . that I . . . wanted it?" Taryn said and strangely enough, when she was talking to him like this she couldn't say the words "Master or Slave."

"No. All I can tell you is that everytime I got you to do something I wanted you to do; something I knew you didn't want to do, I got a thrill out of it. I guess it was that thrill that kept pushing me onward." Owen said in the same subdued tone of voice.

"I guess I can understand that. It sounds like the same thrill I got when you made me do what I didn't want to do. Each time you took charge and d . . . made me do something; I got a thrill out of doing it. As time went on it seemed to be more natural. I guess I was seeking

the same thrill." Taryn said as she looked up at her son and smiled at him an understanding smile, they understood each other.

"What about now? Do you want to continue this or drop it?" Owen said, with a serious look on his face. "If you're not happy like this, I won't make you stay my Slave," he said and looked at her for a moment before looking down.

"I don't think we can go back to the way things were, do you? I . . . I like the way things are between us now, I know it may sound weird for a mother to say to her son but I like serving you." Taryn said with a loving tone of voice as she picked up Owen's chin and looked deep into his eyes. "I never told you this but before I met your father I went for the 'jerk' type. You know, the kind of men who treated me like crap, the ones who would walk all over me, I didn't know why I liked it, until last night. When you told me that I needed a Master, everything clicked, it was then that I knew you were right. How did you know?" Taryn asked with a look of wonder on her face.

"I don't know how exactly, but everything that had happened up until then told me that you liked what we were doing. Somehow I knew that this was what you wanted," Owen said in a calm tone of voice, searching his mother's eyes for understanding. "So you really like things like this? You like being my Slave?" Owen asked with an excited tone of voice, anticipating the answer.

"Yes, Master," Taryn replied in a meek tone of voice looking down but her eyes looking up into his, conveying her love for him.

"Cool, Slave!" Owen said with an excited tone of voice.

"But what do we do from here? How are we going to keep this a secret? What about Rosina and your father? What about your friends? Do you really want me to follow you around on campus, carrying your books and so forth? You have a life, I have a life. What about them?" Taryn asked in a most worried tone of voice, almost fearful for being so bold around her Master.

"I admit that having you follow me around campus would be fun . . ." Owen said with a glint in his eye that his mother caught.

"Once in a while . . . perhaps," Taryn replied with the same sparkle in her eye and the pair shared a laugh.

"I guess you're right when you said that we both have lives that we need to live. I have school and you have . . . whatever you do during the day." Owen said, and for a moment he felt embarrassed for not knowing his mother better. "We will keep this a secret for as long as we can, and deal with things as they come," Owen said confidently and smiled at Taryn as he took a bite of his bagel.

"I hope nobody finds out about this, I mean I do love serving you, but I just don't know how I would explain to anyone about our relationship. Can you imagine trying to explain this to your sister . .

. or your father?" Taryn said with an incredulous look on her face that masked her fear.

"I know it will be difficult, but I don't think we have any other alternative. I mean, I don't want this to end, and I don't think you want it to end either," Owen said with a calm tone as he took his mother's hand in his.

"No, I don't." Taryn said with a loving look as she looked deep into her son's eyes. "I should be incensed with you for all that we've done since last night . . . but I'm not. I feel happier than I have been in a long time. I guess you were right when you said that I needed a Master, but not just any Master . . . I need you. I know you love me and would never hurt me; I can trust you implicitly. You're my son so I would do anything for you, naturally, but as a mother I would only go so far. I mean mothers don't have sex with their children, but I don't feel awkward or strange when I have sex with you. I can't explain it better than it was meant to be; I was meant to be your Slave. I Taryn Thompson was meant to be the Slave of you Owen Thompson, my son, my Master, my greatest love," Taryn said in a soft and loving tone of voice. By the end of it she had tears in her eyes, tears of love, of joy, of relief. "I love you Master," Taryn said and looked longingly into the eyes of her Master, waiting for a response.

"And I love you Taryn, Thompson, my mother, my Slave, my greatest love," Owen said in an equally moving manner.

The moment possessed him and Owen moved in and kissed Taryn on the lips. It was a tentative and unsure kiss that lasted but a moment. When the kiss was over they both looked at each other, eyes searching the other for how they felt. Only lust and love was found, so eagerly they kissed again, this time it was a passionate and kiss that may have led to more. The clinking the breakfast dishes on the tray between them brought them back to reality. Taryn had only just sat back and scooped up more breakfast when another voice broke the silence of the quiet morning.

"Owen, you lazy bag of bones, you up yet?" Rosina shouted out, from down the hall.

Footsteps could be heard and Taryn and Owen knew that Rosina would be there in a moment. In a flash Taryn leaned over and kissed Owen once more with a passionate kiss that lasted until the door started to open. As soon as the door opened up Taryn shoved a forkful of food into Owen's mouth. Owen nearly choked on the mouthful of food.

"Oh isn't this cute," Rosina said with a voice full of resentment as she stood in the open doorway. "Does little baby Owen need his mommy to feed him breakfast in bed?" She continued in an overly-thick "baby-talk" manner, complete with the pouting lips.

"I just wanted to do something special for him, because of his birthday," Taryn shot back defensively and held a superior look about her.

"Well, his birthday was yesterday; and oh yeah, you took him out for a drink, and finally . . . you've never done anything like this for either of us before?" Rosina said in a scolding manner. She counted on her fingers each point she made as she spoke. When she was finished she just stood there with her hands on her hips glaring at the pair of them.

Rosina was shorter than even her mother and everything about her could be described as Petite. Her blonde hair fell to the middle of her back and had a natural body-wave, like her mother's hair. Her exceptionally pretty gray eyes were scowling at her brother and mother now. She had an hourglass figure, but a very slender one. Instead of the generous curves of her mother, Rosina's curves were shallower, more conservative variation. Her hardworking attitude she took after her father, but her good looks she got from her mother, though her body was a combination of both her father's and mother's body types. She stood there in a tight blouse and form-fitting jeans, waiting for a response.

"Neither of you have ever turned Twenty-One. It's a big deal, your brother is a man now and I wanted to so something extra special to mark the occasion," Taryn said in a motherly manner that usually ended all discussions. "Now scoot young lady or you'll be late for school!" Taryn ordered, once again in a motherly manner.

"Fine," Rosina said, throwing her hands up in confused surrender before storming off down the hall.

"Where were we?" Taryn replied in a sultry tone of voice.

"We were about to take my morning shower." Owen said confidently.

"We?" Taryn asked with a sparkle of fear in her eyes.

"Yes, my Slave has fed me breakfast. You don't expect your Master to scrub himself, do you?" Owen said in an arrogant tone of voice, looking down his nose at his mother.

"Oh no, Master, it wouldn't do." Taryn replied with an excited tone in her voice that she tried to hide.

With that the pair of them got up, Taryn found Owen's bathrobe and put it on him. She looked both ways down the hall to see if anyone was coming. Quietly she padded down to the bathroom and made sure it was available before motioning for Owen to come. Owen strode proudly toward her and once inside he closed and locked the door behind him, ensuring their privacy. Proudly he walked over to the toilet and sat on it with the lid closed. Without a word he motioned for her to come closer and silently she did so.

"Let's have a good look at my Slave shall we? Lose the robe," Owen commanded and Taryn bit her lip slightly as she untied the robe and let it slip off of her body.

"Not bad, Slave, like I said last night you have a hot body," Owen said as his eyes leisurely walked over Taryn's completely nude form.

"Thank you, Master," Taryn replied, grateful that her Master approved of her body.

"This has to go," Owen said as he reached out and stroked the pubic hairs that covered her pussy-lips. "This, I want you to trim into the shape of an 'O', as a constant reminder of who owns it," Owen said as he looked up into his mother's eyes with a smirk on his face.

"Yes Master, but what will I tell your father when he sees it?" Taryn asked meekly, looking down at her feet, not sure if she liked that idea.

"If he does actually notice it, I will be amazed, but if he does say something, I'm sure you will think of something," Owen replied with an arrogant tone of voice as he looked up into Taryn's eyes where fear lived.

"Yes, Master, I hope your father never finds out, as I'm not sure what I would say," Taryn replied with apprehension in her voice as she looked deeply into Taryn's eyes.

"That brings up another point, don't call him that to me again," Owen said with a slight sneer on his face.

"Master?" Taryn asked, confused as to what Owen meant.

"Call him 'Richard' instead, don't call him 'my father' or 'your husband' again. For as of this moment he is your husband in name only, for you belong to me, don't you?" Owen said with a demanding tone of voice that conveyed his seriousness.

"But Master, he has been my husband for twenty-two years, I have a responsibility to him! What about sex?" Taryn asked with a fearful tone of voice her eyes starting to water.

"LISTEN!" Owen shouted. In a flash he reached up, thrust his index finger into Taryn's pussy and pulled it toward him until Taryn was standing in between his knees. "This belongs to me; you gave it to me freely last night didn't you?" Owen said firmly and in a quieter tone of voice as he started to slowly thrust his finger into her pussy.

"Yes, Master," Taryn admitted as pleasure shot through her from Owen's finger.

"Then you will have sex with nobody but me, unless I give you permission, understood?" Owen said with the same firm and commanding tone of voice as he removed his finger.

"But, Master, what am I to do about my h . . . Richard? Sooner or later he will want sex!" Taryn said with a downtrodden look on her face.

"Well, for one thing you are not to initiate any sexual play between the two of you," Owen said in a commanding tone of voice and looked into her eyes.

"Of course not, Master, I would never seek him for sex!" Taryn said in a fervent and convincing manner.

"But if he really wants it, and you insist on whoring yourself out to him, you must ask my permission . . . each time," Owen said with a deadly serious look on her face.

"Each time I am to ask you, Master?" Taryn replied with a horrified look on her face.

"Each and every time! I don't care where I am or what time it is, you are to contact me and ask my permission, understood?" Owen said in a confident tone of voice.

"Yes, Master," Taryn replied with a humbled and defeated tone of voice.

"Now, onto happier topics," Owen said with a chipper tone of voice. "I want you to go to a spa and have the full treatment! Anything you want, you do, make sure to spend as much of Richard's money as you can. I am sure that someone there should be able to trim your pussy in the manner that I have described, and yes, if you feel like

having sex with any woman there, you may do so, you don't even need to ask me, but you had better tell me later! I will inspect you tonight to make sure that you are trimmed up properly," Owen said and looked into the wide eyes of a surprised Taryn.

"Yes, Master, thank you! "Taryn said with as much joy and happiness that she felt. "You really expect me to have sex with another woman?" Taryn asked with an astonished and fearful tone of voice.

"Have you ever?" Owen asked with a devious look on his face.

"No, Master never!" Taryn replied with wide eyes of shock.

"Then you may not know what you're missing. In that case, Slave, I want you to try to have sex with the woman who shaves you. You needn't succeed, but you must at least try!" Owen said with a determined look on his face.

Taryn babbled for a moment and her mouth hung open in shock for a half-moment before she simply said, "Yes, Master."

"Now, let's get on to my shower shall we?" Owen said with a firm tone of voice as he stood up and kissed Taryn.

Taryn then removed his robe and hung it up, along with hers that she picked up from the floor. Then she ran the water and adjusted

the temperature to her liking. After gaining his approval over the temperature she pulled the leaver and the shower sprang to life. She stepped out of the way and let Owen walk into the shower first before joining him and closing the shower door behind her. It was a tub/shower so there was enough room for the two of them to be there. Taryn started with his hair, washing and rinsing it first. Then she grabbed the soap and lathered up his body starting at his head and working down to his feet, leaving his cock for last.

She loved the feel of his skin, even more so since it was slick with the soap. She loved serving him, she loved taking care of him, the more she served him the more she grew to understand; this was what made her happy. Everything about this simple act of washing her Master felt erotic to Taryn. Even though she was just running the bar of soap over his skin, his body felt electric to her. Once she finished washing his feet, she looked up at him from her place kneeling before him. With a silent nod he consented to what she obviously wanted to do: suck him.

Taryn quickly washed his cock and rinsed it off; she drew out the act to make it as sensual as possible. Once she was done washing it, she took it in her mouth and swallowed all of it. Nowhere in her mind was how odd it was for a mother to be sucking her son's cock. This was a natural as breathing to Taryn; she was sucking her Master's cock. To Taryn this was exactly what a good Slave did; she brought pleasure to her Master in any way she could. As that thick cock slid down her throat she didn't even start to gag. She was fast becoming adept at deep-throating him, she was proud of that. After barely a minute of sucking his cock, Owen pulled her head off of his cock.

"What's wrong Master? Didn't you like it?" Taryn asked with a hurt look on her face.

"I liked it a lot Slave, that was the problem, we don't have much time and there's something I would much rather do," Owen said as he looked down at his mother with a mischievous smile on his face.

"Oh yes, Master!" Taryn said with giddy excitement, her face beaming.

"Stand up and bend over!" Owen commanded with an arrogant look on his face.

Tarn stood up and turned to face away from him. She spread her legs as wide as the tub would allow and put her hands on the far wall to brace herself. She was full of excitement as she waited for her Master to fuck her once more. She needed to feel him inside her, she needed to feel compete once more. After a moment had passed and he had not entered her Taryn looked over her shoulder at him.

"Beg me for it," Owen said with a cheeky smirk.

"Oh, Master please fuck your Slave! She desperately needs it! She needs to feel your thick, gorgeous cock splitting her in two! Please, Master be good to your Slave and give her your cock that she needs so badly!" Tarn said in a mournful and pitiful, plea.

"You asked for it, Slave!" Owen said with a lustful growl as he thrust into Taryn with one quick thrust.

"OH, MASTER YES!" Taryn shouted out in a hissing tone of voice, before she could stop herself.

Rosina stopped packing her backpack and looked around her, did she really just hear that? For a moment she thought she heard her mother shout out something about "Master." She shook her head and decided she was just hearing things, her mother was the most conservative and boring mother she knew. There was no way that she would be doing anything as kinky as that with dad. She was sure they had only had sex twice in all their marriage.

"Keep quiet, Slave!" Owen scolded as he withdrew from her to begin their fucking.

"Yes, Master." Taryn replied in a quieter tone of voice as Owen continued to thrust into her madly.

Taryn hung her head and she had to concentrate on keeping quiet. She desperately wanted to shout out the joy and pleasure she was feeling, this time with him was better than last night, today she wanted him and had accepted that fact. She loved him immensely and to her, he was the only man she wanted, the only man she needed. His cock felt like pure pleasure as it slammed into her again

and again. All Taryn could do was growl or moan now and again and even those she needed to keep an eye on her volume. A knocking at the door brought the two of them out of their private moment of pleasure.

"Honey, did you call me?" Richard asked, as he stood outside the door of the bathroom.

"What?" A confused Taryn asked as her son continued to fuck her madly.

"Did you call for me just now?" Richard asked once again.

"That'll be the day I call you Master." Taryn mumbled to herself. "No dear," Taryn shouted loud enough for her husband to hear.

"I heard you shout out just now, are you okay?" Richard asked as he tried to open the bathroom door.

"You heard it to dad?" Rosina asked with great concern as she approached her father.

"Yeah, I heard your mother call out, I thought she needed something. Did you hear what she said?" Richard asked Rosina with concern.

"Um, no I didn't hear what she said, I just heard her shout out," Rosina said with a troubled look on her face.

"I dropped the soap and it hit my foot." Tarn said quickly as she growled with pleasure that she had almost let sneak into her voice. "Please, Master stop until they leave," Taryn said quietly over her shoulder to Owen.

"Not a chance, Slave!" Owen said as he intensified his thrusting into her pussy.

"Are you okay dear?" Richard asked with greater concern as he once again knocked on the door.

"Fine dear, don't worry about it!" Taryn said in a calm tone of voice, that time she had to focus on how she said each word.

Owen decided not to play fair as he then thrust a finger up her ass and started to finger-fuck her ass as he continued to fuck her pussy with his cock. Taryn just gave him a dirty scowl over her shoulder and it didn't take long before Taryn was cumming. It was a hard fight not to shout out as waves of pleasure shot through her while Owen continued to fuck her madly. That seemed to draw out the pleasure of the moment, knowing that her husband and daughter were outside while she fucked her son. Just one scream would cause her husband to break the door down and then their private relationship would be exposed. A dark thought in her mind tried to get her to shout out, to make the world know what she was doing in here. She

was able to keep her cool intact and rode through her climax in silence.

"Okay dear, as long as your okay," Richard said, and shrugged his shoulders as he walked away from the bathroom door.

"Oh you bastard, that was close!" Taryn said as she caught her breath, leaning up against the wall.

"I'm almost there! Get ready to kneel!" Owen said with hurried tone of voice.

"Master, please cum in me! I want to feel you cum deep inside me!" Taryn asked with a mournful tone of voice as she pleaded with Owen.

"Kneel!" Owen commanded as he pulled out of Taryn.

Taryn spun around and dropped to her knees before Owen. She opened her mouth to take him in her mouth but this time he just aimed his cock at her face and let the cum fly. Taryn closed her eyes just in time as the first blast landed on her left eyelid. Again and again ropes of cum washed over her face until Owen was spent and his knees got week from the intense cum.

"I'd better get outa here, see you tonight," Owen said as he stepped out of the shower. This let the water hit Taryn in the face, slowly washing away his cum from her face. "Love you, Slave," Owen said as he leaned back in and gave Taryn a peck on the lips.

"Love you too, Master," Taryn replied with a smile as she returned his kiss.

Owen picked up a town to dry himself off and Taryn was about to climb out and dry him off. Owen insisted that she stay and finish the shower, so everyone would think that she was taking a shower alone. Owen finished drying himself off and put his robe on when he was done. Opening the bathroom door carefully he looked up and down the hall making sure that nobody was coming. Confident that nobody would see him, he stepped out of the bathroom and walked toward his room.

Rosina's chin hit the floor when she saw her brother emerge from the bathroom. Her mother was supposedly in there alone and had said something about "Master." Something strange was going on here and she wanted to find out what it was. Why was her mother feeding her brother breakfast this morning? Why was her brother walking out of the bathroom looking freshly showered when her mother was in the shower? Could they actually have showered together? Rosina shook her head to get the unpalatable thought out of her mind. Shortly thereafter the shower stopped and not long after that did her mother emerge, also looking freshly showered. Rosina didn't know what to think but knew that she would keep an extra close eye on her mother and brother from now on.

Chapter Three: A Day at The Spa

Breakfast that morning was a quiet affair, with the family eating in silence. Taryn had to admit that she found her daughter's sideways glances, more than a little uncomfortable. Rosina kept looking at Taryn with a perceptive stare, almost as if she were trying to bore into her brain and leaf through its contents. Could her daughter somehow know about Owen's and her relationship? If so, how would she explain it to her daughter or even get her to keep quiet.

Richard seemed to be oblivious to these glances, but then he seemed to be oblivious to most things that happened around the house. Some days Taryn wondered he would be happier with a hide-a-bed in his office rather than bothering to come home. She held in her scowl as she looked at her husband and tried not to blame him for the situation she was in with their son. Though the thought crossed her mind, that if Richard had truly satisfied her sexually, could she have resisted Owen? Even if it were true, it was a mute point, for she was involved with Owen and he was her Master.

When Owen came in the dining room, Taryn felt her temperature rise. He kissed her in the typical way a son kisses his mother. That kiss was only a tease for what she really craved and only left her wanting more. She didn't dare grab him and kiss him in the way she wanted, even Richard would notice a deep, passionate kiss shared between mother and son. When Owen left, Taryn was left to cool down and not look too disappointed that he had left.

Taryn was so distracted with thoughts of her son that she didn't hear her husband and daughter get up. With a kiss and an "I love you, see you later," they were off. Now Taryn was alone in an empty house, and was left to gather up her nerve. The house wouldn't clean up itself, and with a groan, Taryn took one last sip of her coffee.

For the next hour Taryn cleaned and tidied up the house. It didn't take long, as she kept up on the housework but the family was adept at making a mess in record time, her husband being the worst. With a long sigh, the vacuum cleaner shut down as Taryn started to wind up the cord.

Taryn knew she was just delaying the inevitable, she was regretting her day at the spa. It was strange to regret a rare treat that she allowed herself. Her Master had told her to spend the day at the spa and treat herself, and she was happy to comply with that order. She was told to have her pussy shaved bare and her pubic hair above, trimmed into an "O". This order was not what she was dreading, though she didn't know how she would explain it to Richard. It was the order to try to have sex with the woman who trims her bush that she was dreading. Taryn had never in her life had sex with another woman and didn't know if she could go through with it. Thankfully, Master only ordered her to "Try," and not necessarily succeed; perhaps a little light flirting would be enough.

It was with this comfort that Taryn changed into a light, spring dress and walked out the front door. They lived in an upscale part of town and every convenience was within walking distance. It was a beautiful morning and the day seemed to beckon Taryn to go for a

walk. The air was sweet with the lovely scent flowers on the breeze; the tree-lined streets were filled with people with the same idea. The streets were not too crowded, but there were enough people abounding to show life in the streets. It was a good day and by the time Taryn had arrived at the spa she had forgotten her troubles.

The spa was a quiet little storefront in a trendy part of town, not far from where Taryn lived. This was one of those streets that were filled with older buildings that had been fixed up, yet retaining their old charm. It had become one of those nifty shopping districts where all sorts of offbeat shops sprang up. It was for this reason that people loved to come here and walk the street, just window-shopping and seeing what was now available. Taryn was one of those people and regularly walked up and down the street, just taking in the sights.

The particular building that Taryn was entering was a two-story brick building that was much longer than it was wide. This was the norm on the street, and added to the charm with all the buildings packed so tightly together, shoulder-to-shoulder, as it were. The inside of the building looked fresh and new, with a nice cream colour dominating the entrance. The small waiting room occupied the entire front portion of the building, but only went back about ten feet. The two bay windows let in lots of light and seemed to light up the place on their own. In the middle was a tall desk with a single archway cut into the wall and a few feet beyond that was another wall so as to block your view of the back.

Nobody was there at the moment, so Taryn decided to look at the various paintings around the walls. They were all scenic pieces, and

bursting with the colours of the four seasons. Taryn didn't have to wait long before she heard some noise coming from the back. The footsteps and chatter came louder and soon two women burst into view.

One women was smartly dressed in an expensive business suit, and the other was in hospital scrubs. The woman in the business suit walked in front of the counter and started fishing through her purse. The woman in the scrubs walked behind the counter and started tapping away on the computer. In short order the woman in the business suit had paid and walked briskly out of the spa, with a healthy glow about her. The woman in the scrubs then turned her attention to Taryn and smiled broadly.

"Taryn? Taryn Thompson?" the woman in the scrubs asked with an excited, yet questioning tone of voice.

Taryn had to give her a second glance as to see who she was. The woman standing behind the counter wearing the hospital scrubs was a tall, Italian, busty, woman, with a slender figure that even the drab, functional outfit couldn't hide. Her black hair fell to her shoulder-blades in a thick yet strait manner but was tied back in a ponytail. As she looked over the pretty face of this woman and took in her brown eyes, she then had a spark of recognition.

"Karen?" Taryn asked with a smile on her face.

"Yeah! Good to see you! I haven't seen you in ages!" Karen said with giddy glee as she walked toward Taryn with arms outstretched.

Taryn flashed back and suddenly remembered Karen's story. They were not that dissimilar, in the fact that they were both married to successful lawyers. Or rather that they both were, married to successful lawyers. Karen's story is a story of how a picture-perfect life can smash in an instant. Karen had been married to Tony Basilone, a partner in Richard's firm, and the two were good friends. Taryn had seen Karen at many of the firm's functions and had a good, but not especially tight friendship. Karen and Tony had a daughter, Veronica, who was finishing up high school this year. Karen had started this spa as a hobby, a reason to get out of the house and fill her days with something other than housework. When she started it, it didn't need to be successful; it didn't even need to pay for itself. That was until Tony swiftly divorced Karen and married a much younger lawyer in the office. Now this little spa needed to support: itself, Karen and Veronica. Karen didn't get anything from Tony other than the business because of some prenuptial agreement, and a bit of legal trickery. After the divorce a few years ago Karen just sort-of dropped off the radar and lost touch with Taryn.

"So this is where you're hiding out?" Taryn asked as she gave the room an obvious glance. "I never knew that this was your spa!" she said with astonishment as the two women hugged a friendly hello.

Perhaps it was the order that Master had given her, but Taryn was very aware of Karen's body. Taryn could feel the heat from Karen's lovely body that was now pressed up tightly against her in the

friendly embrace. There was nothing sexual about the embrace, as it was simply a warm greeting between friends. That didn't stop Taryn from momentarily wondering what she was wearing under those scrubs. With a shake of her head, Taryn pushed the nasty and troubling thought out of her mind.

"Yeah, this is mine," Karen said with a chipper tone of voice as she smiled to herself, glancing around the room. "About all I own, these days," she added with a somber sigh that somehow slipped out.

There was an awkward pause as Karen broke the embrace and took a seat in the many chairs scattered around the exterior of the room. Taryn didn't know just what to say, just what she was supposed to say. After a moment she spoke up and said what was on her mind.

"I should have made a better effort to contact you," Taryn said sympathetically as she sat down beside Karen.

"Hey, I know where you live and I never dropped by once," Karen said as she picked up Taryn's hand and held it.

"How are you and Veronica doing? Do you live nearby?" Taryn asked with her voice full of compassion and empathy as she looked into her friend's eyes.

"Oh, were doing okay, this place keeps food on the table and a roof over our heads, literally, we live downstairs. We turned the

basement into an apartment after the divorce. One of the last, nice things Tony did," Karen said and sighed heavily, looking down and looking quite ashamed. "I can't believe how far I've fallen."

"You have nothing to be ashamed of!" Taryn said forcefully as she shook Karen's hand and waited until their eyes met before they continued. "That bastard left you for a bimbo! You were the perfect wife! By the time he realizes that, it'll be too late. Just let him try and find a woman as great as you!" she said with certainty as she looked up and huffed in disgust.

"Thanks." Karen said as she hugged Taryn once more, quite tightly and let a few tears drop onto her friend's shoulders. "I guess I needed to hear that," she said gratefully and smiled warmly at Taryn.

"You're welcome," Taryn replied graciously.

"This is terrible for business! I shouldn't be blubbering all over a customer! What did you come in for?" Karen said as she wiped the tears from her eyes and sat up straight.

"I came in for the works! Richard has far too much money and I need a day of pampering! I didn't know this was your place or I would have come in sooner," Taryn said proudly as she sat up straighter.

"Great, I'll give you a good discount, it's been a little slow this week," Karen said as she stood up and walked toward the desk.

"DISCOUNT!" Taryn said with her voice thick of disgust. "I won't hear of it! Didn't you hear me, I said Richard has too much money, so I insist you give me the works and hose me for it to boot!" she said firmly as she walked up to the counter and the pair of women shared a conspiratorial giggle.

"I've never had a customer ask me to OVERCHARGE them before!" Karen replied in shock. "But I like the way you think," she added with a giddy grin on her face as she continued to tap away at the computer.

It wasn't long before Taryn's day at the spa began. From one area to the next Taryn and Karen went; Taryn felt very relaxed through the course of it. All manner of odd, yet relaxing things Taryn was subjected to, and all through it she was floating on a cloud. It wasn't until they entered the "waxing room" that Taryn tensed up. In a flash Taryn remembered all that Master had told her, she sighed deeply as she looked around the room.

"Take the robe off and have a seat," Karen said in a casual manner as she pointed at the table in the middle of the room.

The room wasn't that large and looked not that dissimilar to a doctor's office. The table looked shockingly similar to a Gynecologist's exam table. Taryn stood in the doorway and looked at the exam table and then over to Karen with a raised eyebrow.

"Yeah, Yeah, I got it from a Gyneo's office, alright. I find it's perfect for the waxing and trimming," Karen said with a frustrated sigh and shook her head and looked at Taryn, who still didn't move. "Just hop up there, will ya," she said with a chuckle as she pointed at the exam table.

Taryn chuckled nervously and then removed her robe, before hopping up on the exam table. Feeling self-conscious was an understatement as Taryn laid there with her feet in the stirrups. Karen pulled up a stool that was on wheels and sat right between Taryn's legs. Looking down between her legs and seeing her friend causally examining her most private of areas was an odd sight for Taryn. Karen looked at Taryn's groin area with the keen eye of a professional before looking up into Taryn's eyes.

"Geez woman, who did the hack job on you?" Karen asked with a slight shudder as she pointed at Taryn's pussy.

"Okay! It's been awhile since I've trimmed!" Taryn huffed with a defensive tone of voice and a slightly offended scowl on her face.

"Well it's a good thing that you came in and let a professional handle this," Karen said soothingly as she lightly ran her fingers through Taryn's pubic hair. "What did you want done down here?" she asked as she continued to run her fingers through the soft, curly hair of Taryn's nether region.

Taryn was surprised at how casually and calmly Karen was touching her most intimate of places. Taryn had to tell herself that because of the many times Karen had done this must be the reason that she was so comfortable with the female form. Taryn didn't know how comfortable she would be if their places were reversed. At that moment Taryn had an image flash across her mind of that very thing. Taryn shook her head to get the image of nude Karen spread before her, out of her mind.

"Well I want the bottom shaved completely and the upper portion shaved into an 'O'," Taryn said with a nervous flavor to her voice that she tried to keep out.

"Excuse me?" Karen asked with a puzzled look on her face.

"I want you to shave this completely," Taryn said as she ran her fingers over the lips of her pussy, getting a secret charge out of doing so in front of Karen. "But, up here, I want you to shave it into the shape of an 'O'," she said as she ran her fingers through her pubic hair above her pussy.

"I understood what you said but why an 'O'?" Karen asked curiously, as she looked at Taryn and waited for a response.

"I . . . I have my reasons, please just do it and don't ask why," Taryn said in an uncomfortable manner with a slight frown on her face.

"You're the customer, so I'll do what you say," Karen said as she put her hands up in surrender. "So we're shaving this completely," Karen said as she lightly ran a knuckle over Taryn's slit, causing Taryn to shudder as a bolt of pleasure shot through her. "And we're shaving this into an 'O', right?" Karen asked with a knowing sparkle in her eye as she ran her fingers through Taryn's patch of pubic hair.

"Yes," Taryn said with a slight hiss in her voice as she tried to keep her emotions in check.

For some reason this close intimate contact from her old friend was exciting her in ways she never imagined. Just the light touches here and there that she had received had fired up her imagination. Taryn hoped that her excitement would not be obvious and she tried to think of anything non-erotic. Karen set to work right away, starting off with a typical bikini-wax before moving on to Taryn's specific demands. Even though the pain of the waxing was present, it was the soft, tender touch of Karen's expert hands that Taryn couldn't help but find erotic.

Things got worse for Taryn when Karen began to shave her pussy. Every movement and contact brought Taryn pleasure, as with each pass of the razor, her pussy became more sensitive. Even Karen's breath that passed over her nether region was excruciatingly pleasurable. Once or twice Taryn even let out a mew or coo of approval, with the only acknowledgement from Karen being a knowing smirk.

Once Karen started to trim the patch of pubic hair, Taryn thought she would be safe, but this was not the case. For one, Karen used an electric trimmer and made sure to keep the vibrations to a maximum. As well the odd, carelessly placed thumb would pass over Taryn's pussy lips or clitoris. Taryn had to bite her lip in order to keep herself from moaning during this teasing and trimming.

"There, done," Karen said with a sparkle as she turned off the trimmer and put it down beside her. "What do you think?" she asked as she held up a mirror and showed Taryn her own pussy.

"Great, Thanks," Taryn said as she looked over her pussy in the mirror and ran her fingers over it.

"See, we trimmed this up," Karen said as she traced the 'O' shaped pubic patch. "And we shaved this bald," she said as she ran her finger up Taryn's pussy.

For a frightening moment, Karen traced her finger up and down Taryn's pussy leisurely. Taryn was conflicted for on one hand she wanted this caressing to stop, but another part of her wanted it to continue. Karen looked at Taryn in the eye with a sparkle in her own and continued to caress and pet Taryn's now moist pussy.

"You like this don't you?" Karen asked with a knowing glint in her eye and a slightly husky tone of voice.

"I . . . it looks lovely, yes," Taryn said nervously as she smiled at Karen, trying to hide her nervous excitement.

It was the look in Karen's eyes that had Taryn scared, for she could see that Karen was interested. At the very least, Karen liked teasing Taryn and enjoyed the predicament that Taryn was in. What scared Taryn the most was the fact that she might actually be able to seduce Karen. Taryn was still unsure if she could actually have sex with Karen but she still had to at least try, Master's orders were very specific. Perhaps if Karen brought her off, that would be enough to satisfy both herself and Master's order.

"No, silly . . . you like, this, don't you?" Karen said as she then slipped her finger inside Taryn's pussy lips and ran her finger up to Taryn's clitoris.

"Oooooh Yess!" Taryn hissed out as the simple caress brought her intense pleasure.

"It's okay, a lot of women can't help but get excited over having their pussies shaved," Karen said soothingly as she continued the obvious teasing of Taryn's pussy. "Would you like me to bring you off?" she asked as she leaned forward and lightly blew on Taryn's clitoris.

"Ooooooooh GOD YEEESSSSS!!" Taryn hissed out in a desperate whine as her pelvis started to twitch, twist and convulse.

"Just relax, honey, this won't take long," Karen said confidently with a chuckle as she thrust her index finger into Taryn's pussy.

"Is this something you do for every client?" Taryn asked as she looked down at Karen lovingly; her body was quickly becoming overwhelmed with pleasure.

"Sometimes it is necessary to 'take the edge off' of a client," Karen said with a smirk on her face before she added with a chuckle, "You should see what I do for those women who tip heavily!" Karen laughed knowingly and winked at Taryn, hoping she would share in the joke.

"We'll I'm paying DOUBLE, so EAT ME!" Taryn said with a determined growl before she reached up and grabbed two handfuls of black hair and pulled Karen's face to her heated pussy.

"Hang on a second! I don't eat pussy! I'm not a dyke! Let me go!" Karen protested and urged, but the words didn't come out as anything intelligent.

Karen quickly realized that with her lips pressed so tightly against Taryn's pussy that like it or not, she was eating her friend's pussy. Karen struggled for another moment to break free but knew that even this effort to break free was simply resulting in her reluctantly munching on her friend's rug. She cursed Taryn inside her head and resigned herself to the reluctant lesbian experience.

She reached out with her tongue and licked the inside of Taryn's pussy-lips for the first time, eliciting a sigh of approval from Taryn. When her tongue returned to her mouth Karen found that the new taste it brought with it, was sweet and to her liking. Conflicted, yet reluctantly she went back for more of the delicious nectar. It wasn't long before Karen was licking and sucking at Taryn's pussy of her own desire, Taryn's hands returning to her sides. Karen had a need to make Taryn cum, she had a hunger to bring this woman to orgasm with just her lips and tongue.

Taryn felt incredible yet sick to her stomach as she looked down between her legs and saw her old friend eating her out. Even though the pleasure that was shooting through her was undeniable, she couldn't get over the fact that another woman was bringing her this pleasure. This was not something that Taryn would have expected to like in a million years, but indeed she was fast approaching orgasm.

It was the thumb glancing over her ass that was the final push that sent Taryn over the edge. Karen squealed with excitement on the inside as Taryn's pelvis bucked up into her face a few times. Taryn was ever so close to popping her cork, and Karen knew it. With the excitement of the moment Karen did three things at once: pushed a finger deep into Taryn's pussy, sucked hard on Taryn's clitoris, and brushed her thumb over Taryn's asshole.

"CUUUMMIINNNG!!!" Taryn screamed as she grasped Karen's head once more and mashed her friends face into her pussy as her orgasm hit her.

Karen lapped up madly at Taryn's pussy, trying to get every last drop of the sweet nectar that she now loved. No longer did she care about whether or not she should be eating another woman's pussy, all she cared about was savoring more of that sweet taste. Soon Taryn's orgasm subsided and slumped down and breathed deeply and quickly, trying to recover.

"That was incredible, thank you!" Taryn said dreamily as she looked down at her friend who was still lapping away at her pussy.

"You seemed to enjoy that," Karen said as she paused her licking of Taryn's pussy enough to smile up at her friend.

"You want a turn?" Taryn asked with a glint in her eye.

"No, we should move along, I have a business to run," Karen said as she stood up and wiped her face clean with a nearby towel.

Taryn didn't know what made her say it, surely this would be enough to satisfy her Master's demands. Karen had both shaved her pussy as directed and eaten her out. Something else within Taryn wanted to give something back to Karen, to repay her for the pleasure received with pleasure in kind. It didn't seem right for her

to have a wonderful orgasm like this and Karen to receive nothing. As well there was a dark part of herself that was curious about what a woman tasted like? What would it be like to actually eat out another woman? If she ever wanted to find out, this was the time; it was now or never.

"C'mon, it's your turn! You've more than earned it, you were amazing! How many times have you done that before!" Taryn said with a great big smile on her face as she untangled her weary legs from the stirrups of the exam table.

"No, really, that's okay I don't need a turn, let's just get moving along!" Karen said nervously as she started for the door, wanting some space from Taryn just now.

"Don't be silly!" Taryn said as she quickly caught up with Karen and grabbed her arm to stop her. "You've made me cum and I think it's only fair that I do the same for you," Taryn said as she tugged a reluctant Karen back toward the exam table.

"No! Really, I don't need you to, I'm fine!" Karen protested nervously but still found herself standing between the stirrups.

"I'm paying double so I say that it is!" Taryn said as she boldly reached up and untied the band on Karen's scrubs. "Now hop up there!" Taryn ordered as she let the scrubs drop to the floor.

"NO! Let's go!" Karen protested again but in response all Taryn did was push heavily on Karen's chest and she found herself sitting on the exam table.

There was a tear in Karen's eye as she sat there completely nude from the waist down. She looked up at Taryn's determined face as her friend stood right before her and breathed deeply. With one last glare, a final protest died on her tongue. Silently Taryn pushed Karen back softly, yet firmly, and for the first time Karen found herself lying on her own exam table. Taryn lifted each of Karen's legs and placed them in each stirrup.

Taryn smiled to herself as she looked at Karen who laid there expectantly with a fearful look in her eye. Even at that heated moment it was not lost on Taryn that she had made Karen lie down when she didn't want to. While Karen only needed a little nudge to get her to the exam table, Taryn was the one who gave her that nudge. That fact was not lost on her even now as she pulled up the stool to look at her first pussy up close.

"This is the first time I've been this close to a pussy," Taryn said as she leaned in and examined Karen's neatly trimmed pussy.

"You were the first pussy I ate, too," Karen said in a comforting tone of voice as she looked at her friend who by now had started to lightly stroke and caress her pussy.

"You were really good at it, I hope I'm half as good," Taryn chuckled nervously as she leaned in to begin the task at hand.

Taryn's tongue snaked out nervously and licked up the slit from the bottom to the top. A groan of approval escaped Karen's lips as Taryn's tongue flicked across her clitoris. The taste that Taryn was rewarded with was sweet and very much to her liking. This realization was at the same time both frightening and exhilarating. Taryn felt that she might actually like this, eating out another woman; she knew she was too far along to stop herself now. Her first lick was followed by another, then another until it didn't seem strange to Taryn to be licking another woman's pussy. Every so often Taryn would flick her tongue across Karen's sensitive little clit.

Karen would groan and deep moan of approval whenever this would happen. Tony was a man who had, on occasion eaten her out and she liked what he did a great deal. This was different and better at the same time. Perhaps it was the fact that she had not had sex in year, or perhaps it was the taboo of having sex with a woman. Whatever the reason, Karen liked this experience much better than any time with her ex-husband!

"Oh Taryn, eeeeaaaaat meeeee!" Karen said in a needy whine as she began to stroke Taryn's head as the woman ate her out.

"I am honey, I am!" Taryn said with a slur, as her lips never left contact with Karen's pussy.

"Lower drawer! Lower drawer!" Karen said as she pointed emphatically at a nearby rolling cabinet.

"What?" Taryn asked as she stopped eating Karen out to ask for clarification.

"I have a vibrator in this lower drawer! Get it! Use it!" Karen said with the passion of a heated woman, as she pointed at the cabinet in question.

Taryn then smiled knowingly as she retrieved the vibrator in question from the cabinet drawer. It was nothing special, just a plain white, ordinary six-inch vibrator. With a twist of the bottom the device sprang to life, humming and pulsing in Taryn's hand. This was a device that Taryn knew how to use, for she had to use one on a regular basis on herself to satisfy her desires.

Taryn started out slowly tracing the slit of the pussy from the bottom to the top, circling the clit when she was there. Down the slit she moved the device until the entrance to Karen's pussy was there. Instead of plunging it inside as Karen had anticipated, Taryn darted off to the side, tracing the insides of Karen's thighs with the buzzing, pleasure device. Taryn kept up this sporadic teasing now and again and soon had Karen moaning in a needy whine.

"Fuck me!" Karen finally moaned out in an almost cry.

With that, Taryn thrust the device into Karen's pussy as deep as it would go, and withdrew the device just as fast. Karen's moan's turned to screams as Taryn kept up the frenzied pace of madly thrusting the vibrator. What turned up the pressure even more on poor Karen was the fact that Taryn began to lick and flick her tongue across Karen's clit.

"YOU BITCH! CUUUUUMMMMIIIINNNNGG!!!!" Karen screamed as she grabbed the back of Taryn's head and tried valiantly to pull her head inside her pussy.

Karen was quite vocal as she screamed obscenities throughout her climax. If it wasn't for the fact that Karen's feet were in the stirrups her legs would be tightly clamped around Taryn's head. Karen felt as if her whole being was sucked out of her pussy and into her friend's waiting mouth. Taryn was cruel in the fact that she never stopped her sucking on Karen's clit, nor her thrusting of her vibrator. With one last scream and an arching of her back, Karen fell silent and slumped down on the exam table.

Taryn felt a sense of pride that she could make another woman cum so hard that she passed out! She licked up what remaining juices she could find before she pulled herself up and wiped off her face. By the time Karen started to stir, Taryn was already in her robe and standing beside Karen.

"Oh gez, honey, I needed that!" Karen said breathlessly as she looked up at Taryn with a weary smile.

"You're welcome, I was just returning the favor," Taryn said as she stroked Karen's head while smiling lovingly at her old friend and new lover.

"I think you gave better than you got!" Karen said with a chuckle as she leaned up and kissed Taryn on the lips.

What surprised Taryn most about the kiss wasn't the suddenness or the unexpectedness of it, but rather how good and natural it felt. With all that they had shared and experienced together, it seemed only fitting to kiss. When the simple peck on the lips was over both women smiled warmly at each other for a moment. It was Taryn who leaned in and kissed Karen on the lips this time and this time it was a lingering, loving kiss. As both women were heating up and really getting into the passionate kiss, something brought them out of their private moment.

"Hello?" came a faint shout from the front of the spa. "Anyone there?" the faint voice repeated.

"Damn, a customer," Karen sighed as she broke the kiss. "Be there in a minute!" Karen shouted as Taryn helped her up and off of the exam bed.

"You take care of her, I'll be out front in a bit," Taryn said as Karen quickly pulled on her hospital scrub pants and kissed Taryn one last time, snaking her tongue into Karen's mouth.

"Go on!" Taryn said as she smacked Karen on the as playfully as Karen rushed out the door.

Taryn walked to the change room, found her clothes, casually put them on before walking to the front. On the way she passed Karen and an older woman walking towards the change room. Taryn had intended to simply wait for Karen to finish up before paying and leaving. When she got to the front she found another woman standing there, looking lost.

"Oh hi, I was thinking about treating myself," the young woman said in a nervous tone of voice.

"Well, sh . . ." Taryn started to explain that Karen was in the back but quickly bit her tongue as an idea hit her. "You certainly have come to the right place to treat yourself," Taryn said with a bright smile and in a warm and welcoming manner.

"I was thinking of just a facial," the young woman said tentatively, in a slightly timid manner. "But I've never had one before, what's involved?" she asked curiously.

"Oh there's a number of things we can do for your face," Taryn said in a cheery manner before she started to explain all the things that Karen had just done to her face.

Since Taryn had a good memory and had just been treated to the works, she could easily explain what the spa had to offer. It didn't take that long for Karen to get the old woman settled in the first station of the spa. Karen got a mild shock to see Taryn standing behind the counter talking to the young woman, looking as if she belonged there.

"Hello," Karen said with a queer look on her face and a slightly raised eyebrow as she glanced between the young woman and Taryn.

"Hello, Sue here has decided to treat herself to a facial, but I convinced her to go for the works with regards to her face." Taryn said with a charming smile as she gestured to the young woman with one hand.

"A good choice, you need to take care of your face, after all, it is what you show the world," Karen said with a smile, trying to hide her shock. "Come with me and we'll get started," she said as she gestured toward the back of the building.

That started a steady stream of customers and after the first few Taryn got the hang of how to talk to them. She seemed to be able to sense what each woman wanted, beyond what they came in for. As well she began to get an eye for what each woman needed to have

done and even started to make suggestions. Time flew by as Taryn was enjoying herself, "playing hostess" as she called it. Later that afternoon a young woman walked into the front door like she owned the place, giving Taryn a strange look.

"Hello dear, what can we do for you today?" Taryn greeted the woman warmly, like she had greeted all the customers that day.

"Excuse me?" the pretty, young, Italian teenager asked Taryn with a strange look on her face.

The young woman looked to be in her late teens, somewhere around Rosina's age. Her olive skin, brown eyes and black hair that fell to her waist, made obvious her Italian heritage. She stood just a little taller than Taryn and was quite curvy and well shaped. Though, like Taryn she had a little extra weight on her, but carried that weight well. Instead of being collected at her middle or on her rump, it was evenly disbursed around her body. With the slightly larger figure of this woman came larger than average breasts. It seemed that this woman wasn't self-conscious of her body one bit as she wore form-fitting jeans and a tight t-shirt. Every last curve on this young woman was clearly evident and Taryn couldn't help but trace them with her eyes, admiring her body. A small backpack was slung over one shoulder as she continued to saunter toward Taryn.

"What did you come in for, just a facial perhaps?" Taryn asked as the teen walked toward Taryn with the same strange look on her face.

"I live here. Where's mom?" the teen asked as she eyed up Taryn with a dubious expression on her face. "Who are you?" she asked as she walked behind the counter and stood next to Taryn, dropping her backpack on a nearby chair.

"Veronica! My you've grown! It's been years since I've seen you but my you have grown into quite a beautiful young lady!" Taryn said warmly as Veronica rested an arm on the counter.

"That was creepy. Who are you, and what are you doing here?" Veronica asked in an ever so slightly annoyed manner.

"I'm Taryn, a friend of your mother's. My husband works at the same law firm that your father does. I came in to treat myself, and ended up helping out," Taryn said with a bright tone of voice, ignoring Veronica's attitude.

"A friend of dad's, great," Veronica huffed and rolled her eyes.

"No! I am a friend of your mother's. My husband happens to work with your father," Taryn repeated firmly and gave Veronica a gruff look.

"A friend of my mother's, eh? How come I haven't seen you in years?" Veronica asked daringly as she leaned in toward Taryn, waiting for an answer.

"After the divorce, we just, sort-of, lost touch I guess," Taryn admitted with a slightly weakened manner, looking saddened by that point. "I'm glad that I found her again though," she said and smiled warmly at Veronica.

Before Veronica could respond in anyway, the noise from the back made plain that Karen was coming up with a customer. Both Taryn and Veronica kept quiet as Karen finished up with the customer and watched the woman leave before anyone said anything.

"You're here sweetheart. How was school?" Karen asked as she and Veronica exchanged kisses on the cheek.

"Fine," Veronica said as she smiled at her mother before glancing at Taryn. "I met your friend here," she said with a, barely pleasant, tone of voice.

"Yeah, she came in for the works and ended up working the front. I didn't even ask her!" Karen said with astonishment before turning to face Taryn, "Thanks again, I don't know what I would have done without you today!" she said as she hugged Taryn tightly for a moment before breaking the embrace, "You really were a life-saver."

"I loved it! It was much more fun than hanging around the house all day!" Taryn chuckled and then reached for her purse that had been stowed under the counter. "I guess I should pay and leave. My brood will be home soon and they can be grumpy if I don't feed them quickly." she chuckled as she pulled out her bank card.

"Absolutely not! After all you've done today I can't think of charging you!" Karen said as firmly as she shook her head defiantly.

"I am a customer and I demand that you take my money!" Taryn said with equal determination as she thrust her bank card at Karen.

"No! You've eared it!" Karen said with a slight scowl on her face as she pushed Taryn's bank cared back at Taryn.

"I want to pay," Taryn said sincerely, with a serious look in her eye.

"Okay, but I can't possibly charge you more than full price." Karen said as she started to tap away at the keys of the computer.

"We agreed on double price!" Taryn said sternly as she poked Karen's shoulder.

"HEY LADY, we don't need your charity!" Veronica snapped at Taryn with a dirty scowl on her face.

"It's not cha . . ." Taryn started to defend but Karen spoke up quickly.

"She's right, full price and not a penny more!" Karen said with a stern and serious look in her eye.

"Alright," Taryn said, throwing her hands up in surrender, and paid quickly.

"It is good to see you, Taryn," Karen said as she gave Taryn one last hug before Tarn walked toward the door.

"See you tomorrow," Taryn said with a sparkle in her eye and winked at Karen.

"Tomorrow?" Karen asked with a raised eyebrow.

"Yeah, I had so much fun today, I've decided to give you a hand during the days, if you'll have me that is," Taryn said with a friendly tone of voice as she stood tall.

"I can't pay you much," Karen said sheepishly, with a slightly embarrassed look on her face.

"You don't have to pay me anything. You remember why you started this place, don't you? You needed a reason to get out of the house more than you needed the money. I'm the same way, my kids are grown and don't need me to mother them anymore. I am bored silly, hanging around the house these days, it'll do me good." Taryn said with a sincere tone of voice and a warm smile.

"Fine, but I'm not charging you for any more services you use!" Karen said sternly, with her hands firmly on her hips before she broke into laughter. "Bless you Taryn Thompson!" Karen said with a gratified look on her face and a tear in her eye.

"I love you too, Karen, see you tomorrow." Taryn said and left the spa before Karen could respond.

With that Taryn walked home with a spring in her step. She felt confident, happy and pleased with herself. It had been a very long time since she had any sort of job and was looking forward to the challenge. The work didn't seem like work and she was ever so truthful when she said she needed something to fill her days with other than dust-bunnies.

When she arrived home, it was the sight of Owen's bedroom that reminded her of her Master. She smiled to herself as she thought that she would have an ever so exciting story to tell him. She was pleased with herself for all she had accomplished that day. The fact that she had had sex with Karen didn't bother her at all. In fact the incident was a strange source of pride; she had done so on the orders of her Master. He would be pleased with her for doing so, she knew it. After changing into fresh clothes she headed down to the kitchen to start dinner for Owen and Rosina. She didn't expect Richard home until late, she never expected him home at dinnertime, but once in a while he did surprise her. She looked at the clock and knew that time was short, her kids would be home soon.

Evening would be interesting and she wondered what Master had planned. He told her that he would inspect her to see if she had complied with his orders. Taryn hoped that the inspection would lead to sex, as she needed to be with him again. She already felt herself getting wet just anticipating his arrival, he was a drug that she needed. Sex would be interesting with Rosina around and Taryn wondered how they would do anything without raising Rosina's suspicions. That little matter Taryn would leave to Master to figure out, she trusted him completely and would do anything he asked. She only hoped that she could live with what he would make her do, the fact that she would comply was a forgone conclusion.

Chapter Four: The Inquisitive Rosina

Curiosity is generally considered to be a good thing. Someone who has an inquisitive nature is usually looked upon as being intelligent; possessing a keen intellect. Some people possess a deep desire to know all secrets, to unravel all mysteries. To them, the search is almost as important, if not more important, than the answer itself. These people can't help themselves, for it ingrained deep within their nature, to discover the truth; all truth.

Rosina is one of these people, and has been so as long as she could remember. Perhaps it would have been better for her to become a police officer, private investigator, or scientist, rather than the nurse that she was studying to become. Rosina liked helping and caring for people, and it was for that reason that she decided to become a nurse. She was in her first year of college and had a ways to go, but already started to feel weighed down with her studies. The last thing she

needed was a distraction from her classes and studies, but that is what she had, something wouldn't leave her alone.

Last night her mother had dragged her brother out for a "birthday drink," since it was his twenty-first birthday yesterday. This morning there was something different between them, but Rosina couldn't pinpoint exactly what. For one thing Rosina found her mother feeding her brother breakfast! To bring him breakfast in bed was strange and unusual in itself but to feed him was just bizarre! That was odd in itself but Rosina couldn't help but notice that her mother looked fresh, complete with makeup. Now that Rosina thought about it she swore that she heard the shower running earlier that morning, before her mother's shower. During that second shower Rosina swore that she heard her mother shout "Master." Then to see her brother and mother exit the bathroom, both looking showered was too much to let slip. Rosina had many questions and no answers; something was going on, something concerning that birthday outing.

As Rosina stepped off of the bus not far from her house, she swore to herself that she would find out what was going on. A small part of her mind told her that she might not like what she found. For Rosina, she had no choice, there was a mystery afoot and she had to solve it. Just knowing there was a secret that she didn't know would gnaw away at her until she figured it out. As she walked up the stairs to the house, Rosina knew she would do nothing other than work on this mystery tonight. Thankfully there were no assignments due tomorrow and she had only planned to review that evening. Until she knew what was going on between her mother and brother, she

would not be able to concentrate. She opened the door and walked to where she knew her mother would be: the kitchen

"Hi, mom," Rosina said as she walked into kitchen and saw her mother preparing dinner on the stove.

"Hi, Sweetie, how was school?" Taryn asked with a warm smile as she hugged her daughter.

"Great, how was your day, what did you do?" Rosina asked her mother after kissing her.

"I treated myself to a day at the spa. Did you know Karen Basilone, Veronica's mother, runs the spa around the way?" Taryn said with excitement as Rosina broke the embrace and walked toward the refrigerator.

"Who?" Rosina asked curiously as she opened the fridge and looked inside for something to drink.

Taryn had to shake her head as she couldn't help but notice what a tight and shapely ass her daughter had. Taryn was troubled by "noticing" her daughter in such a way. She wrote it off as a result of the very strange events of the past twenty-four hours. Taryn had to return her attention to the stove for fear that Rosina would catch her staring at her ass.

"She was married to Tony Basilone, one of the lawyers at your father's firm," Taryn said as she stirred the pasta sauce quickly.

"Oh." Rosina replied nonchalantly, as she still searched for a can of coke. In truth she didn't remember any of the names mentioned and didn't care who they were.

"I ended up helping Karen out the rest of the day, and I'm going back tomorrow," Taryn said with pride and smiled at her daughter's back, steeling a glance at the tight ass.

"Okay, why?" Rosina asked as she pulled out a can of coke, closed the fridge and leaned against it to look inquisitively at her mother.

"I don't need to spend my whole day cleaning this place, you guys are grown up and don't need me as much anymore," Taryn said as she stirred the pot on the stove.

"So you're bored, I get it." Rosina replied with a nod of her head as she took a sip of the coke. "But we'll always need you mom!" she said as she gave her mother a hug from behind.

"Thanks, dear," Taryn said as she patted Rosina's hand and smiled at her daughter.

"So how was last night?" Rosina asked in a calm and casual tone of voice as she took a seat at the kitchen table.

"What?" Taryn replied as her face flushed with panic.

"That birthday drink thing with Owen, how did that go? You guys didn't get back until late, anything interesting happen?" Rosina asked in a manner that she tried hard to keep casual and not inquisitive.

"Oh nothing special, a few drinks, some dancing, quite boring really." Taryn said quickly and dismissively. "How are your studies coming for your finals?" she asked with a bright smile and looked directly at Rosina.

Rosina wasn't buying it; she could tell that her mother was being evasive about last night. Clearly, something happened last night that her mother didn't want to talk about. The odd behavior must be a result of whatever incident had happened during their outing. For a brief moment Rosina thought about pressing her mother further on this issue, but decided against it. Since her mother didn't know that she knew something was going on it would be wise to keep a low profile. If Rosina kept quiet she might be able to piece together the whole picture without raising suspicions. With a sigh Rosina engaged her mother in idle small-talk as her mother made dinner. Rosina set dinner for four at the dinner table, it was a tradition to set the place for dad but simply start without him. On an extremely rare occasion Richard actually made it home for dinner on time.

When Owen came home Rosina looked at him intently; she wanted to see how the two of them reacted to each other. In seeing the two of them together, it might provide some clues as to what was going on. After her mother's evasive answer about last night, it wasn't a question of IF something was going, it was a question of WHAT was going on. Rosina was in the dining room with her back to the door to the kitchen, and off to the side when Owen burst into the Kitchen. Rosina was not in the doorway but could see what was going on in the reflection in the glass of the china cabinet.

"Hello dear, how was school, Rosina's setting the table for dinner," Taryn said with a look of fear in her eyes as she turned to face the approaching Owen.

Hmm, that last part was clearly meant as a sly warning for Owen, Rosina thought to herself. Why would Owen care what she was doing? Why would her mother think that Owen would give a shit where his sister was, unless it was to tell him to watch himself, because she was in the next room. Rosina stood still, not moving a muscle; her eyes were glued to her brother as he hugged his mother and moved in for a kiss.

So far, this was not abnormal, for it was usual for the two of them to hug and kiss their mother hello. They did it whenever they left or came home, it was one of those things they always did. However, even looking in the reflection of the china cabinet, Rosina could tell that this was a different kind of hug and kiss. Rosina could see that her mother melted into the embrace of her son in a way that a mother

shouldn't; there was not an inch of space between them. That was strange enough but the kiss was even more bizarre, for it was a full on lip-lock! It was not a platonic kiss you give a family member. Even though it lasted only a few seconds, it was a hot kiss, full of passion. Rosina's chin hit the floor when she saw the sultry, satisfied smile on her mother's face when the kiss was over.

"Watch it! Rosina's in the next room!" Taryn said in a hissing whisper as she smacked Owen on the shoulder and broke the embrace.

"Couldn't help myself," Owen said with a cocky smile on his face as Taryn turned back to the stove and started to stir the pasta briskly.

"Cool it!" Taryn said in a scolding whisper over her shoulder.

"I will," Owen said as he openly groped his mother's ass, before departing the room from the direction he had come.

The fact that the only response that her mother gave to that obviously sexual contact was a dirty scowl over her shoulder at her departing son, cinched it. Now Rosina KNEW that something was going on! It was almost unfathomable to conceive that anything sexual could possibly be going on between a mother and son! What Rosina had just witnessed, made it clear that something sexual had happened between the two of them. What was harder to understand was that it was obviously an ongoing thing. How could either of them have allowed anything sexual to happen between them? Even if it did happen once, how could either of them do it again? Why would

either of them want to do it again? What mother would want to have sex with her son? What son would want to have sex with his mother? Owen himself was never a "momma's boy" and rarely showed affection to either her or their mother. He would be the last guy on the planet that Rosina would have imaged to have harbored any romantic feelings for his mother.

Rosina felt sick to her stomach as a result of all of these disgusting questions and concepts that rolled through her mind. It was at that point that a smart person would have washed their hands of the situation and pretended not to have noticed anything. Anyone could see that the truth of the mystery would not be pleasant. This was not in Rosina's nature, for the game was only beginning; there were many more questions that needed answering. As troubling as it was, Rosina would find out the truth of this situation. She told herself that once she knew exactly what was going on she would put a stop to it for both of their sakes. This sort of thing was not normal and would only hurt the whole family in the long run!

"All done," Rosina said in an informal manner, as she sauntered into the kitchen.

"Oh good, here, set this out," Taryn said with a smile as she handed Rosina the pot of spaghetti noodles.

Rosina tried hard not to outwardly look angry or otherwise lash out at her mother. She knew that if she let on that she was on to them, that she may never find out the truth. Her eyes closed to a slit only

briefly before she smiled to compensate. She then turned and walked to the dining room, placing the dish of noodles in the centre of the table. Rosina was followed close behind by her mother who put the dish of pasta sauce in the centre of the table, near the noodles.

For the most part dinner was a quiet affair, and everyone ate in relative silence. There was the sporadic small-talk about their days as they ate. The only thing of interest that happened between Owen and Taryn was the light glare that Owen gave Taryn when she mentioned that she was now working at Karen's spa. Rosina watched closely and saw the troubled look that her mother gave Owen in reply. There was more going on between them than had already been revealed. This only intensified Rosina's desire to find out what was going on.

Rosina knew that to find out what was going on she would have to observe them when they were alone. Only when the believed that they were in private would Rosina learn anything of consequence. Perhaps if she left and snuck back, she could watch them and get the answers she sought.

"Well, I'm off," Rosina said as she bounced up from the table, taking her dishes with her.

"Where are you going, dear?" Taryn asked curiously, trying not to show her excitement at the prospect of being alone with Owen.

"I'm going to the library to study," Rosina called out from the kitchen as she rinsed her dishes and put them in the dishwasher.

"How long will you be?" Taryn asked casually, giving Owen a wink that Rosina didn't see.

"Probably till they close at ten," Rosina said as she returned and gave her mother a peck on the lips. "Goodbye, mom," she said before rushing through the kitchen, picking up her backpack as she went.

Rosina walked around the neighborhood, even walking down past the spa that her mother had mentioned. Rosina wasn't going anywhere in particular, she just wanted to kill half an hour. That would give her mother long enough to do the dinner dishes and think that their privacy would be ensured. As well, it would be dark by then and she could spy from the outside of the house with relative safety.

After dark fell, Rosina returned to the house and tucked her backpack behind a front bush. Carefully she peered into the downstairs windows, trying to locate either of them. After looking into all of the downstairs rooms she had a feeling where they were. More than likely they would be upstairs in either their parent's room or Owen's bedroom. Even though they were on the second floor, observing them would not be a problem.

The house had a long sloping roofline broken up by gables at each of the four bedrooms on the second floor. The roof was easy to walk on

with little chance of slipping off, except in winter. The bathroom was at one of the ends of rectangle shaped house, with the stairs to the first floor on the opposite end. On the first floor there was a sitting room, dining room, kitchen and study. There was a small central hall that joined up the main entrance to the stairs and four rooms. While the kitchen opened up to the dining room and the main hall, the study only opened up to the main entrance. The sitting room opened up to both the dining room and the main entrance both with dual sliding doors.

While it was a small house it had the finer touches here and there that denoted that the owners had money. For example all of the trim around the walls were in oak and stained in a dark stain. The sliding doors that dominated the lower floor of the house were all in oak and were the pocket-door type, which retracted into the wall. The entertainment centre in the sitting room was full of the latest and greatest electronic devices. The study was expertly detailed and decked out for Richard's use at home, though rarely he used it.

The ivy that grew up the side of the house, which Richard had insisted must stay was what Rosina thanked herself for now. That trellis and ivy made a perfect ladder to the roof. On many occasions she had snuck out of and back into her room this way. She was surefooted on that roof, even more-so in bare feet.

With a smile to herself Rosina walked around to the side of the house and took one last look around her, to see if anyone spotted her. Confident that she was unseen, Rosina quietly climbed up the trellis

and onto the roof. The first thing she did, was take off her shoes and socks, this allowed her greater traction on the roof.

Quietly Rosina crept toward the side of Owen's window, making sure to stay out of the light that streamed out of the window. She looked at the window from the side and noticed that the curtains were drawn but they were open a crack. As well, Rosina noticed that the window was open just a touch, just enough to let a bit of air into the room.

Crawling on her belly, Rosina positioned herself to peek into the room through that crack with little chance of being seen. At first glance into the room, Rosina knew that she had hit the jackpot, for she could see and hear both her mother and brother clearly. Rosina now knew that she would finally get some answers. She feared that she may not like what she found out, but she needed to know the truth.

Owen and Taryn were both fully dressed when Rosina first looked into that room. Owen was sitting on the edge of his bed and Taryn was standing just inside the closed door. Owen looked upset about something and from the look on Taryn's face, she was ashamed about something that she had done. Rosina watched and tried to pick up on a conversation that had obviously been underway for a little while.

"I know it will be good for you, but that is not my point!" Owen said in an, almost out of character, firm tone of voice. "You made a major

decision without consulting me!" he continued with in aggravated manner.

"I'm sorry, Master, I . . . I didn't think," Taryn said and stifled a sob, knowing that she had upset and disappointed her Master.

MASTER!!! What the hell? Did she just hear that right, Rosina thought to herself as she stared at her mother in disbelief. Did her mother just call her brother, "Master?" Rosina watched the pair in the room with fervent interest, now more than ever needing to know what was going on.

"We're both new at this, so I shall be lenient this time. Do you agree that you need to be punished, Slave?" Owen asked in a commanding and demanding tone of voice that Rosina had never heard him use before.

"Yes, Master, I should be punished," Taryn said with a sorrowful and mournful tone of voice as she hung her head in shame. "I will ask you in the future, Master," she continued and looked up ever so briefly at her son and Master, hoping for some reassurance from him.

"I know you will, Slave," Owen said in a firm, but slightly softer tone of voice. He smiled up at Taryn and waited for their eyes to meet before he continued. "Let's get this over with, lie over my lap," Owen ordered as he brought his legs together and looked up at his mother expectantly.

Silently, Taryn stifled a sob and her eyes got wet as she looked down at Owen's lap for a second. It took only a stern look from Owen to get her to move. Slowly and steadily Taryn moved until she lay across Owen's lap and waited with her rear in the air. Owen then lifted up Taryn's skirt over her waist revealing her panty covered rump. Quickly and without pause Owen reached up and pulled her panties down and off of her body. With a flick of the wrist Owen tossed them against the bedroom door so hard the made a definite thump before they dropped silently on the floor.

"Now I want you to count off and thank me for each one. I think that five will do this time," Owen said in a determined look on his face and raised his hand in the air.

Rosina brought her hand to her mouth as she watched in horror at the scene in the room. Never in a million years would she have thought that such a thing was possible! From the way that her mother was lying across Owen's lap Rosina could see Taryn's face. Her mother was lying across her son's lap with her ass completely uncovered, waiting to be spanked! What parent would ever let their child spank them? What parent would call their child "Master" and let that child call them "Slave?"

CRACK! Owen's hand came down hard on the right cheek of his mother's ass; she squealed in pain.

"ONE! Thank you Master!" Taryn said with a look of fear in her eye and a tear on her cheek.

CRACK! Again Owen spanked his mother hard on the left cheek of her ass.

"TWO! Thank you Master!" Taryn called out and sobbed as another tear ran down her cheek.

CRACK! Again Owen spanked his mother, hard.

"THREE! Thank you Master!" Taryn called out but this time there was a slight smile on her face.

CRACK! Again the Master spanked his Slave.

"FOUR! Thank you Master!" Taryn said with closed eyes and bit her lower lip slightly as she breathed deeply.

CRACK! One last time the son spanked his mother.

"FIVE! Thank you Master!" Taryn said with a satisfied look on her face and opened her eyes where a look of lust lived.

"There, Slave, You have been punished, so I consider the matter closed. I must stress that you MUST ask me about all major decisions from now on, is that clear, Slave?" Owen said firmly as he started to rub his mother's red ass in a comforting gesture.

"Yes, Master but I've been such a bad Slave, I need more, Master!" Taryn said in a needy, lustful tone of voice as she stared blankly out the window.

Rosina almost shrieked in shock and she couldn't believe her ears. Did her mother just ask for more spanking? Could it be possible that her mother actually enjoyed being spanked by her son? Rosina was stunned by all that she had seen so far and part of her wanted to leave. Yet she couldn't move from that spot, she needed to see more of this disgusting scene. Rosina didn't understand why she wasn't able to tear her eyes away from the horrific scene. It was like when you drive past a terrible car accident, you look on in shock and horror, but still want to see the blood and guts. You are shocked and dismayed, yet morbidly curious at the same time, conflicted by opposing emotions to the same stimuli.

"You want more do you?" Owen asked with a cocky grin on his face.

"Yes, Master, your naughty little Slave needs more punishment!" Taryn asked in a husky growl as she looked out the window, seemingly right into Rosina's eyes.

Owen just chuckled as he raised his hand once more and brought it down sharply on his mother's ass. For the next minute or so Owen savagely spanked Taryn without mercy. Taryn shrieked in pain and Rosina considered busting into the room to stop it. If it wasn't for the obscene words of urging from Taryn, Rosina might have done just that. Words like: "Spank me, Master," "Spank your naughty little Slave!" "I've been so bad, Master, spank my ass." One comment more than any other sent Rosina over the edge, and almost made her vomit: "spank me son, spank your mother, spank mommy!"

When Taryn broke into uncontrollable tears, Owen stopped spanking her and started to rub her red ass in a soothing manner. He said nothing as he waited for her crying to subside and stop all together. He smiled at his mother who was still laying over his lap looking blankly out of the window.

"Thank you, Master, I needed that," Taryn said dreamily as her breathing returned to normal.

Rosina's mind was blown at this development! Not only had her mother allowed the spanking to take place, not only that, but she had actually enjoyed the corporal punishment, and even asked for more! Rosina couldn't deny the euphoric look on her mother's face now that the spanking was over and couldn't fathom it. What hit her harder than her mother's reaction to the spanking, was her own. Rosina could feel that her panties were soaked; she was wet and had gotten a sexual charge out of watching it.

"Stand up, Slave and strip, I need to inspect you," Owen said calmly as he lightly tapped Taryn's rear.

Taryn stood up and unzipped the dress that she had been wearing up before lifting it over her head. Taryn tossed her dress carelessly in the direction of her discarded panties. After what Rosina had just witnessed, it didn't seem too strange to see her mother casually strip for her son, on command. Though Rosina knew it wasn't normal, but this scene was far from normal, but still she couldn't tear her eyes away. Without stopping Taryn reached behind her and unfastened the unimaginative bra before removing it. She tossed the bra on top of her dress and panties by the door before standing up straight, like a solder at attention.

Rosina had seen her mother naked before but it was only ever in passing. When they went to the pool they would change together but never before had she looked at it with any interest. This time, as her mother stood straight and tall, waiting for her son to say something, Rosina's eyes walked over her mother's body and drank in every detail. Shockingly she liked what she saw and was silently impressed that her mother looked as good as she did. The size and shape of her mother's breasts were what captivated Rosina's interest, being that they were much larger than her own.

"I see you did shave exactly as I instructed. Good work, Slave," Owen said as he ran his finger through his mother's "O" shaped patch of pubic hair.

It wasn't until that moment that Rosina noticed her mother's pussy or pubic hair at all. With astonishment she saw that indeed her mother's patch of pubic hair had been trimmed into the shape of an "O." Rosina looked on, flabbergasted that her mother would do such a thing, yet part of her was excited by the sight of it. It was obvious what the "O" stood for: Owen, that was yet another bizarre detail of this encounter.

Owen stood up and said, "strip me, Slave."

Taryn did just that as she carefully removed each and every article of clothing that Owen was wearing. Rosina watched with morbid curiosity as her mother did just as her brother had ordered. Part of Rosina wondered why she was doing this? What was it like to be under his total control? The wetness in her panties grew as she watched her mother strip her brother. As more of her brother's body came into view, Rosina's excitement grew. Like her mother's body, Rosina had never given Owen's body a good look. He was her brother and so she never looked at him in that way. As his pants dropped to the floor Rosina couldn't deny that he did have a trim body, he wasn't a body-builder but he did look good. His underwear was the last item to come off and when it did, Rosina took in a sharp breath.

His cock was huge! Rather to say it was fat, deliciously thick would be a better description of it. Rosina started to understand why her mother may be coming back to her son over and over again. Nasty thoughts started to form in her mind as she imagined what that gorgeous hunk of man-flesh would do to a woman's body: her body.

Rosina's excitement was growing and she stared to involuntarily squeeze her legs together.

"Did you do the other thing I ordered you to do?" Owen asked as he sat back down on the bed.

"Yes, Master," Taryn replied meekly from her place still kneeling on the floor in front of him.

"Good. Did you succeed? How far did you get?" Owen asked with a raised eyebrow of curiosity.

"Well, Master, I did manage to get her to eat me out, and I ate her out as well." Taryn replied timidly, looking down as she spoke.

"Excellent! How did that make you feel? Did you like it? Would you like to do it again?" Owen asked with interest as he leaned in and looked at his mother.

"I didn't want to do it. I did it only because you ordered me to, Master. But looking back on it now, it wasn't that bad, I actually enjoyed it. With your permission, we may do it again, I don't know; Karen seemed to like it," Taryn said in a shaky tone of voice as she looked down at the floor but looked up at Owen with big, wet eyes when she finished speaking.

"Absolutely, you can have sex with Karen as often as you like, but remember if Richard wants to have you, you must ask my permission first, each time, understand?" Owen said in a commanding tone of voice as he sat up straight.

Rosina wasn't as shocked as she might have been, or perhaps should have been. Her nerves were shot due to the astoundingly bizarre revelations she had seen in the past few minutes. There seemed to be a strange sense of logic to what Owen was saying. While he encouraged their mother to have sex with another woman, he frowned on her having sex with another man, even her husband. On the one hand, most men found the concept of woman-on-woman sex erotic, but could be jealous of his woman having sex with another man. Since their mother was not just having sex with Owen but indeed his Slave, she was bound to him.

Rosina was visibly shaken that she understood what Owen was doing. She felt like a part of herself was being sucked down into their depraved world with each disgusting part of it she understood. As Rosina looked at her brother she started to see him in a different light. Now she saw the, strong, confident man that he had become. She could feel his power, even from her spot lying outside his window. Rosina began to understand why her mother was kneeling before him, and this was the most troubling realization of all.

"You've been such a good Slave, you may suck my cock," Owen said with a cocky smile as he opened his legs.

"Thank you, Master!" Taryn said with a squeal of delight and her whole being lit up as she rushed toward him.

Rosina watched as her mother grasped her Master's cock by the base and opened her mouth wide to take him in. As the head of his cock slipped past her lips Taryn closed her eyes and pushed her lips farther down his shaft. Rosina's eyes opened wide in wonder as she saw the entire, thick cock disappear into her mother's mouth. She knew that she should be disgusted by watching this, but she wasn't. Instead of wanting to vomit at the sight of a mother sucking off her son, Rosina involuntarily licked her lips. Taryn sucked on her son's cock so hard her cheeks hollowed out while she bobbed her head up and down. As Rosina watched the pair, she stared to wonder what it would be like for her mother to do that? What would it feel like to suck on that cock? Rosina couldn't get the image of herself kneeling before Owen, doing that very thing out of her mind. A tear rolled down her cheek as she knew that thought excited her.

Her pussy was throbbing so hard that she needed release, badly! As her mother sucked on her brother's cock, Rosina undid her jeans and thrust her hand down to her pussy. Madly she played with her clit as the illicit and taboo blowjob continued. Rosina's envy grew as her passion grew, in her mind it was she who was sucking off Owen, not her mother! Passion had blurred her better judgment Rosina convinced herself as she thrust a finger into her pussy. She wasn't really tuned on by this, it was just the shock of it all, she told herself with shaky confidence.

"Close! Gonna Cum! Pull out; I want to cum on your face!" Owen groaned out and Taryn stopped the blowjob and aimed the thick cock at her face.

Taryn closed her eyes and waited as she pumped her fist up and down on the slick shaft. With a groan Owen leaned his head back while his cock came to life. Spurt after spurt erupted out of the head of it and splashed onto Taryn's waiting face. There was so much of it that it ran down off of her face and dripped onto her large breasts. When Owen's climax was finally over, he rested back on his hands and took a few deep breaths. After a brief moment he leaned forward and looked at his cum-covered mother eagerly looking up at him. The look on her face was one of love and devotion, she loved bringing him pleasure and being used for his pleasure, and it showed.

Rosina's finger thrust madly in and out of her hot and wet pussy at a blinding pace. She was so horny by what she saw and couldn't believe how hot watching her brother cum all over his mother's face and tits excited her. Once again, in her mind, Rosina replaced her mother with herself. She closed her eyes and envisioned that it was her face and tits that now dripped with her brother's cum. That image lived in her mind as she started to convulse in orgasmic bliss. She bit her lip so hard that she thought she was going to draw blood but knew that she had to keep quiet. She came harder on that darkened roof than she had ever remembered and for a moment everything went black. The shifting of her weight brought her back to reality as she started to roll off the roof. She caught herself before she had rolled one revolution but still the incident startled her

"Suck me hard again, Slave," Owen said with a determined tone of voice.

"Yes, Master," Taryn said and immediately started to lick and suck on Owen's cock in an effort to resuscitate it.

Rosina moved closer to the window, to get a better view, as she knew what was going to happen next. Rosina knew that her brother was going to fuck their mother; this was something she had to see. Rosina was far past any sort of logic now, way beyond idle curiosity about the odd behavior of her mother and brother. Rosina was hot and horny from watching the taboo scene and needed to see more. As she saw Owen's cock come to life from her mother's ministrations, she longed to see that monster plunging deep into her mother's depths.

"Good enough, Slave. Get on your hands and knees, on the bed," Owen commanded as he stood up and moved aside.

"Oh yes, Master!" Taryn gushed and scurried up on the bed and got into the position she had been ordered to.

Casually and with an arrogant smile on his face Owen climbed up on the bed and positioned himself behind his mother. He placed both of his hands on her hips and inched himself forward. Without being told, Taryn reached between her legs and gently grasped his cock, guiding it to the entrance of her womanhood. With a dreamy

expression on her face Taryn remained motionless, waiting for her Master to mount her.

"What do you want, Slave?" Owen sneered with a cocky manner about him.

"I want you to fuck me, Master," Taryn said in a needy whine, with her eyes closed.

"What are you?" Owen asked as he rocked his hips back and forth, casing his cock to slide up and down Taryn's slit.

"I'm your Slave, Master," Taryn said with a lusty growl as she stared blankly at the wall.

"And what am I?" Owen asked with a husky, lust filled tone of his own as he continued to tease Taryn's pussy.

"You're my Master!" Taryn insisted, as her body started to slowly rock back and forth, in reaction to his teasing.

"Who owns you?" Owen asked with a commanding tone of voice.

"You, Master!" Taryn said with a dreamy look in her eye as she smiled to herself.

"How long will you serve me, Slave?" Owen asked with a growl in his voice and a lust-filled expression on his face.

"For life, Master, I am your Slave for the rest of my life!" Taryn said with a needy whine as her head dropped down. "Please, Master, fuck me! I can't take it anymore, Master, I need you inside me! Fuck me, Master, Fuck me!" Taryn said in a pleading, teary cry as she hung her head and sobbed a few sobs.

"Okay, you asked for it!" Owen said as he pulled hard on Taryn's hips and in one quick motion he was fully inside her.

"OH, MASTER!" Taryn screamed out as her eyes shot open from the intense shock of him suddenly being inside her.

Owen never stopped to let Taryn get used to his size being inside her. Instead, Owen simply pulled back and thrust himself back inside her as quickly as he had the first time. At a savage and intense pace Owen ravaged Taryn's body, and her body instinctively reacted to him. Taryn rocked back and forth, making sure to meet his thrusts with one of her own. The stern look on her face was one of intense pleasure mixed with pure lust.

Rosina felt her pussy throb in time with her heartbeat as she watched her brother wildly fuck their mother. As she watched them fuck, she felt a few things changing within her. Rosina could understand a

little more what was going on. She could feel Owen's commanding presence, even from outside the window. She could sense his power and felt weaker just being near him, so much so that she couldn't look him in the eye. Rosina looked at her mother's face and tried to feel just what she was feeling.

Rosina wanted to know just what that lucky whore was feeling, being taken and claimed by that powerful man. She closed her eyes and listened to the sounds of their coupling. In her mind it was she that Owen was savagely fucking, not their mother; her pussy throbbed in time with their fucking. Rosina wondered just what it would be like to be with him, to belong to him, to serve him. The last thought caused Rosina to shudder as she imagined herself on her knees before Owen swearing to be his Slave for life. Her excitement grew so much so that she almost came at the thought of it, but why?

What was it about this scenario that Rosina found so enthralling and erotic? What was wrong with her that made her want to fuck her brother? Why did she have this compelling need to serve him, to be his Slave? The weakness that she felt was growing within her, and she was starting to feel incomplete without him, without knowing that she belonged to him. Rosina longed to feel his hands on her hips, his gorgeously thick cock plunging her depths, but she didn't know why that felt so right? She was excited and terrified at the same time by these thoughts that seemed to call to a dark part of her soul.

"Fuck me, Master! Harder!" Taryn urged over her shoulder as she threw more of her weight behind each thrust.

"Close, so close!" Owen hissed through his teeth as he quickened his pace. "CUUUUUMMMING!!!" Owen shouted as he threw his head back and slammed into Taryn one last time.

Taryn's eyes shot wide open when she felt the first ropes of his cum hit her deepest depths. Bliss emanated from her as she knew that she had brought her Master pleasure. The thought pushed her over the edge and Taryn climaxed as her son continued to cum deep within her. With one last gulp of air and a shout of, "OH MASTER!!" Taryn passed out, collapsing on the bed. Owen breathed deep and quick as he recovered from his intense climax deep within his mother's pussy. He pulled himself out of her and let her lower half collapse so that she was lying flat on the bed. He crawled up beside the woman he had just fucked and pulled her to him. He embraced her and held her to him as she started to stir to life, looking up at him with love and adoration when she did.

"Master, that was wonderful, I love you so much," Taryn said with a teary confession as she looked into Owen's face with a wide smile.

"And I love you too, Slave," Owen replied with an equally sincere confession of love and smiled at Taryn.

The pair of incestuous lovers snuggled down in that bed and held each other. Rosina looked at them and knew that they were serious in their confession of love for each other. They loved each other not as mother and son, but as lovers, as Master and Slave. Rosina longed

to be loved and held like that. She envied her mother the tender embrace of her Master at that moment.

Rosina started to cry as the conflicting emotions got the better of her, she desperately wanted something she couldn't accept. Part of Rosina hated her mother and brother for what they were doing, and how they had made her feel. The other part of her wanted to feel what her mother felt, to know exactly what it was like to be a Slave to a Master. Rosina couldn't accept her lust for her brother and knew she would never let herself do anything like she had just witnessed. But the soaked panties and crotch of her jeans were a testament to the fact that she wanted to. Even as she made her way to the side of the house, to the trellis, lewd images of what she had just seen flashed across her mind. Quite frequently in those images, she replaced her mother in those images. She saw herself sucking off Owen, she saw herself getting fucked mercilessly, she saw herself swearing to be his Slave for life, she saw herself holding him tenderly after the fuck was over.

As Rosina's feet hit the ground her tears flooded forth and she slumped down by the ivy to cry. Tears poured forth as she felt nothing but pain over her desires that she couldn't explore. For what seemed like hours she sobbed as she curled up in a ball and fell asleep.

With a start she awoke and looked around at the cold, dark surroundings and for a moment forgot where she was. Looking at her watch she saw to her horror that it was one-twenty-three in the morning; she was so very late! She sprang to her feet and rushed to

the front of the house. She grasped her backpack from where she had stored it, unlocked and entered the house.

The house was dark and for a moment she thought she was safe. Rosina started to walk up the stairs quietly, not wanting to wake anyone. When she got almost to the top of the stairs she felt someone's presence and looked up to find her mother standing there with a relieved look on her face. Instantly images of what she had witness crossed Rosina's mind as she looked at her mother.

"Where've you been, the library closed hours ago!" Taryn asked sternly but in a quiet tone of voice.

"Sorry mom, I met some friends and we went for coffee . . . time got away from us . . . you know how it is," Rosina replied quickly, looking only briefly at her mother as she continued to walk up the stairs

"I was so worried, I'm glad you're okay, dear," Taryn said as she hugged her daughter tightly, and sighed her relief.

Rosina was not at all comfortable being this close to her mother after all she had witnessed and experienced. She felt every curve of her mother's body, as she held her mother and flashed back to seeing that body in action. With a shake of her head and a stifled sob she broke the embrace and started toward her bedroom.

"I'm tired mom. Can we talk in the morning?" Rosina said quickly as she walked into her bedroom and closed the door.

Taryn stood there for a moment, looking at her daughter's closed bedroom door. Something was up, something was wrong with her daughter, but what? Perhaps, Rosina would talk to her about it in a few days as she always did. They always talked about what was bothering Rosina, but something told her this time it would be different. Her daughter seemed uncomfortable around her; could she know? Taryn's heart sunk as she pondered the real possibility that anyone, especially her own daughter might know of her special relationship with Owen. What would she do if it were true? How would she get her daughter to understand something she barely understood and accepted herself? Worrying would get her nowhere, and she needed her sleep, for her first day of her job was tomorrow. It was with that comforting thought that she went to bed, curling up to her husband.

Chapter Five: Richard's Dirty Little Secret

To the outside world, Richard Thompson was the picture of success. Many people envied him; many people wanted his life. He was a partner in one of the larger law firms in town. He had a beautiful wife who was devoted to him, and committed to raising their children, full-time. His two children were earning top marks in university. His son was even following in his footsteps and studying to become a lawyer, with the intention of one-day joining the firm. His house was an older house that had been his parent's home that he had renovated after their untimely death. Yep, to most people,

Richard Thompson was the kind of guy that other guys looked up to.

What people didn't see were, the long hours at the office researching cases, and the countless family functions and dinners that he had missed over the years. He felt like a stranger in his own house and didn't know his kids as well as he would have liked. Even his wife felt more like a roommate than a boon companion. He didn't blame anyone but himself for the hollow shell of his family life, he knew that his career success had come at a price of his home-life. There were times when he wondered if it was worth it, if the trade-off had been a good one. What good were money and prestige when the people you worked so hard for, didn't love you as much as they could?

The hollow shell of his life was not the most guarded part of his Richard's life. Anyone who looked closely at his life could guess what his home-life was like. The part of his life that he kept locked away from the world came up suddenly, ten years ago. It was then that his life took an odd turn that he was ashamed of, yet couldn't live without. What Richard would be mortified if anyone ever found out, was that for the past ten years, he had a Mistress. The Mistress that Richard had was not the typical Mistress; she was not a girlfriend he kept on the side. No, the Mistress that Richard had was the kind that he served, the kind that made him grovel, beg, please her, and beat him when he was wrong. Yes Richard Thompson was a Slave to a Dominatrix. He didn't serve her on a permanent basis, but for an evening at a time. They had a regular schedule to their meetings but the occasional time she would call and demand to see

him immediately. Every time she called, unless he was in court, he would drop everything and rush to see her.

All that ended two weeks ago, and since it ended he felt lost and confused. He had become so used to their regular get-togethers, along with the degradation and servitude, that he was having trouble going back to the "vanilla lifestyle." Something about the way he was treated by her almost seemed like penance for his monumental success. It was a strange and twisted way of keeping him grounded. He went through the routine of his life these past two weeks but life itself had lost its flavor, he was depressed.

Sex with his wife, Taryn had lost all interest for him because she liked it plain and ordinary, but he had developed a flair for the kinky. Richard needed the extra kick of being dominated and humiliated by a woman to really get off. While part of him wanted to go out and find another Mistress, the risk of being exposed, always kept him from doing so. A small part of him even thought of confiding in Taryn, to see if she would be willing to give him what he needed. The shocked and outraged reaction as well as the hurtful argument that he imagined always kept his mouth shut. Richard knew that this strange limbo couldn't last for long; sooner or later his needs would push him to seek satisfaction somewhere.

As Richard sat in his office at the law firm downtown, his thoughts drifted to his beloved Mistress. He sighed as he valiantly tried to stop his memories from forcing him to think of her. Unwanted and undaunted, the memory rolled up on him with the force and determination of a freight train. Richard closed his eyes, bowed his

head and let the memory of how it all started come back to him in graphic detail.

It all started ten years ago in this very office, it was the middle of the day and to Richard she was just another appointment, just another potential client. He glanced over the file and saw that she was being charged with assault and unlawful confinement. It was nothing out of the ordinary, or so he thought, as he closed the file.

"Send her in," Richard said he pressed the button on the intercom.

"Right away, Mr. Thompson," Julie, his secretary replied through the intercom.

The door opened up and in walked a tall woman in a business suit. She had black hair that fell in a dead-straight style, that her Chinese heritage had given her. Her brown eyes were little slits as she eyed up Richard, walking towards him with confidence in her stride. She was quite tall, unusually tall for a Chinese woman, and quite thin and slender. Her arms and legs were quite long and thin, almost appearing to be sticks attached to her torso. While she was an attractive woman, she didn't have an hourglass figure, her profile was fairly straight. Tight, trim and small would be the best way to describe her figure.

"Mr. Thompson, I'm Heather Lee, so good of you to see me," the tall Chinese woman said without the barest hint of an Asian accent as she shook Richard's hand firmly.

"My pleasure, Ms. Lee, have a seat," Richard said as he motioned to the seat in front of his desk.

"Thank you," Heather said curtly as she sat down.

"I've looked over your case and I think we can deal with this before it goes to trial. I have a few questions for you though. For one, how do you know the plaintiff, Mr. Jenkins?" Richard asked in a dispassionate and professional tone of voice.

"He was a client of mine," Heather said curtly.

"Are you in the habit of tying up and beating on your clients?" Richard asked with a raised eyebrow and a light chuckle.

"Yes, and they pay me well to do it," Heather said with a smirk on her face and eyed up Richard for a reaction.

"What?" Richard asked in a confused tone of voice. "People pay you to tie them up and whip them with a . . . riding crop?" Richard said as he momentarily looked at the file on his desk.

"I only deal handle men, and the beatings are just the beginning of what I do. And I never get any complaints from any of my clients,"

Heather said with a proud smile on her face and a laughing lilt in her voice.

"Well you have now," Richard replied with a slight chuckle.

"That idiot's only problem is that his wife found out about us, so he's just doing this to save his own ass!" Heather said in a voice full of loathing as she sneered at Richard.

"So you were having an affair with Mr. Jenkins?" Richard replied, asking for clarification.

"How can you be the great lawyer everyone says you are if you are this stupid?" Heather snapped with a disbelieving scowl as she shook her head. "I was not his girlfriend, I was his Mistress! He was my Slave and I was his Dominatrix! He would do anything I told him and loved it most when I whipped his bony ass! That is what I do Mr. Thompson, I have a select clientele of men who want to be Dominated, humiliated and made to serve me! I make a lot of money for it, mostly because I'm damn good at it, but also because I am very discrete," Heather said with an angry and commanding tone of voice as she stood up sometime during her speech.

"People . . . men like it when you . . . boss them around?" Richard replied in an absolutely flabbergasted manner, staring up at the aggravated and stern-looking Heather.

"A lot of rich and powerful men need to be put in their place now and again. They love being made to serve a worthy woman, a woman who knows how to treat a man like the worms that they are!" Heather said with a gleeful look in her eye, a growl in her voice and with a commanding presence about her.

For a brief moment neither said anything to each other as Heather and Richard just stared at each other. As they looked at one another they saw in the other's eyes that they were thinking about something. Richard was stunned and flabbergasted, for he had never really confronted anything like this. Sure he had heard about it but he had never had it described so vividly to him. The result left his head spinning and he barely noticed Heather walk over to him with long, smooth, definite strides. She stopped only when the chair touched her legs, she was standing right in front of him, between his legs. She looked down at him with a knowing look on her stern face and nodded to herself.

"I bet you're one of those men." Heather said with a laugh. "I bet you have a stiffie just thinking about what I might do to you, don't you?" Heather asked with a victorious tone in amongst her otherwise gruff manner.

"W. . . W . . . What?" Richard replied in a stammering stutter.

"Your cock is as hard as a rock, isn't it . . . Dickie-boy?" Heather said as she leaned in and towered over Richard who for some reason couldn't speak at the moment. "Thought so," Heather said with a

laugh after she reached down and grasped Richard's stiff cock through his pants. "C'mon then, show me what you got!" Heather said as she stepped back a step and looked at Richard's groin expectantly.

"What?" Richard asked in an open-mouthed expression of shock.

"Pull out your cock! I want to see if you have any redeeming qualities, Dickie-boy!" Heather ordered with a stern tone of voice and glared right into Richard's eyes and waited.

"I . . . I won't . . . I c . . . can't!" Richard replied in what was supposed to be an outraged scream but only came out as a whimpering snivel of a protest.

"THAT WASN'T A REQUEST!" Heather screamed as she lunged forward and in a flash had Richard by the throat and squeezed, choking him. "Now, I've been patient with you, Worm, 'cause you're new, but I've lost my patience with you now. I'm going to let go of you in a moment and when I do, you're going to be a good little boy, drop your pants and show me your cock . . . aren't you?" Heather said in a low voice that dripped with rage as she spoke so close to him that their noses touched.

Heather stared at Richard as he sputtered and fought valiantly for air. She looked at him dispassionately as she waited for some sort of affirmation from him that he would comply. Richard's mind was going a mile a minute as he panicked from lack of air. He was now

in fear of his life, so meekly he nodded into the woman who held his life in her hands.

"Good." Heather smiled with a self-satisfied smirk on her face as she stood up straight.

Richard inhaled deeply and coughed as fresh air filled his lungs. He looked up at Heather and thought about yelling at her, tossing her out or even calling the police. Such thoughts evaporated quickly as he looked up at her, standing over him with her hands on her hips. She towered over him and wore the expression on her face that she had little patience for the worm in front of her. Before he knew what he was doing, Richard did indeed drop his pants and underwear, as ordered.

"I've seen better, I've seen worse. Average is what I would say about that. Then again that is what I would say about you . . . average." Heather said as she glanced at Richard's hard and throbbing cock. "Average office," she said after giving the room a glance. "Average family," she said after picking up the family photo, glancing at it and tossing it on his desk. "Average life," she said looking Richard right in the eye with a look that pierced his soul.

"Yes," Richard agreed, though he didn't know why he did.

"Let's see if you know how to use that thing, Dickie-boy, give it a tug for me," Heather said confidently as she pointed at Richard's cock.

"Excuse me?" Richard asked with a queer look on his face.

"Give it a tug! Whack-off! Masturbate! Prove to me that a stupid little worm like you at least knows how to use that thing between your legs!" Heather spat with frustrated grunt as she shook her head.

While his mind was shocked and stunned, his hand wasn't, it seemed. For before Richard even realized it, his right hand had grasped his cock and started to stroke the shaft. As if, he was watching someone else do it, Richard looked down in great shock to see that he was indeed jacking-off in front of this strange woman. Heather looked down at him victoriously and laughed to herself as she watched him stroke his own shaft.

"That's enough!" Heather snapped as she grasped a clump of Richard's hair and pulled forward.

With a fearful look on his face, Richard found himself sprawled on the floor in frighteningly short order. He looked over his shoulder and back to the chair, his chair to see Heather now sitting in it like she owned the office. She smiled at him with daring, arrogant smile on her face for a moment, before she spoke up.

"Lose the pants and undies, Dickie-boy!" Heather curtly said, without moving a muscle.

"Yes," Richard replied, though he didn't know why he answered her

Nor did Richard understand why he was pulling his Armani suit pants off along with his silk boxers. In the end he was standing nude from the waist down, other than his socks. He looked in her face for a moment before quickly looking down at the floor, feeling small and scared. Richard didn't know why he felt weak in her presence, but not only did he feel like a worm, he felt excited because of it.

"Get over here and please me, Dickie-boy!" Heather said and Richard looked up at her and knew in instant knew what she wanted.

There she was, seated in his desk chair, with her skirt up around her waist, with no panties on at all. Her ass was scooted forward so that her crotch was at the edge of the seat. She leisurely stroked a finger up and down her slit as she glared at him, expectantly. Richard looked up at Heather's face, then back down at her pussy, and crawled over to her.

For some reason, Richard knew that he needed to taste that pussy. He also had a need to please her, to see her pleased with him, to serve her. Richard never took his eyes off of her pussy as he moved toward it. He licked his lips and then licked her pussy from the bottom to the top, without hesitation.

A satisfied sigh escaped Heather's lips as she leaned back in the chair, while Richard began to eat her pussy. Heather smiled to herself as she knew that he was hers, completely hers. Men were so easy, such

simple fools that easily succumbed to her power. She had not met a man yet that once she set her sights on him, she could not dominate. Having a top lawyer under her heel seemed like a smart thing to do. For now though she would enjoy the adequate job he was doing licking her pussy.

Richard was never a man who liked to eat pussy, of his own accord. Once in a while, for special occasions he would eat his wife's pussy, but it was always hurried and not something he enjoyed. He still couldn't understand why he was on his knees in his own office eating a woman he never met before who was seated in his chair! For some inexplicable reason he was under her sway, he willingly did what she wanted, and loved knowing that he served her.

Richard licked from the bottom of her slit to the top, making sure to flick his tongue across her clitoris. As the first taste of her sweet pussy reached his tongue, Richard loved the taste of it. For some reason, this woman was incredibly arousing to him. He wanted to please her, he wanted to know that she was happy with him. He licked that pussy the best way he knew how, bringing up a finger to thrust into her wet pussy. After a moment of Richard's licking of Heather's pussy her hips began to gyrate, a silent way of showing her excitement.

"That's it Dickie-boy, eat your Mistresses pussy! Prove to me that you are worthy to serve me, make me cum and I may give you the privilege of being my Slave!" Heather said in a lusty growl as she started to pet Richard's head as he still ate her out. "You'd like that wouldn't you Dickie-boy?" Heather said with a hateful growl as she

grasped a handful of Richard's hair and pulled his face away from her pussy.

"Yes Mistress," Richard said in a needy tone of voice from somewhere deep in his soul.

"Then what are you talking for? EAT ME SLAVE!" Heather said as she pulled on Richard's hair so hard that he was smothered in her pussy.

Richard redoubled his efforts to bring his Mistress to orgasm. He desperately needed to satisfy her, he loved the fact that he served her, even though he had been given little choice in the matter. He was too far along now to wonder what he was doing, he just accepted his place and ate that pussy with all he had, wanting nothing else to feel her come on his tongue, to come all over his face.

"Yesssssss!" Heather hissed as she slammed her legs around Richard's head, holding him in place between her thighs. "Cumming! Swallow it! Don't spill a drop Slave!" Heather moaned out as she thrashed about, snapping this way and that, while her orgasm ripped through her.

Eventually, her orgasm subsided and Heather's legs fell away from Richard's head. Richard continued to lick up all the abundant pussy-juice that abounded the satisfied Mistresses pussy. For a moment she laid there, luxuriating in the oral attentions of her new Slave. Without warning, she brought her right leg up and placed it on his

chest, near his shoulder. With a hard push, Richard flew backwards, landing hard on his ass, staring up at his Mistress with a look of hurt and shock on his face.

"Don't move Slave, I want your cock!" Heather said as she stood up and walked over to Richard who was still lying on his back beside his desk.

Without a word she positioned herself over his cock, lined it up and sank down, taking his whole length in her. When she was sitting on him, groin on groin, a satisfied smile on her face as she looked up and off into apace for a moment. When she looked down at Richard she had a sneer on her face.

"Don't you dare cum! This is for me, not you, Slave!" Heather said with a firm tone of voice as she bounced up and almost off of his cock.

At a quick and steady pace Heather bounced up on Richard's cock solely looking for her own release. Richard had to concentrate hard not to loose control and cum deep within her. Every so often Heather would slow down the pace of her bouncing to an excruciatingly slow, grinding fuck. Then she would start to bounce up and down, at a blinding pace. Near the end her whole body started to roll and convulse as her pleasure quickly reached its peak. Suddenly, Heather slammed down on Richard's cock one last time and opened her mouth and eyes wide. No sound came from her though as she deeply gasped for air as her body shook and twitched. With a

surprising suddenness, Heather fell forward, catching herself with her outstretched arms.

"Good, Slave, you didn't cum," Heather said with a satisfied smile before standing up. "You can cum in this," she said as she tossed Richard a box of Kleenex that had been on his desk. "Call that idiot and tell him that I'm not going to give him a penny, and that I will make sure we take this to trial where I will get up on the stand and tell everyone in detail what we did together. I even have pictures and videos, that should make him shit a brick," Heather said as she straightened up her clothes before she fished though her purse. "Be here, Friday at five," she said as she tossed Richard a business card that landed beside him.

"Yes Mistress," Richard said as Heather walked out, not looking back once.

That was how it all started for Richard ten years ago and was why he was sitting in his office, feeling especially depressed this Friday. This memory brought a smile to his face as he thought of her and the things they did together. Richard knew that it had been just a professional relationship, he knew that the only reason they got together was because he paid her. That didn't stop him from loving her, not only what she did to him, but the woman herself. That was what made this parting all the much harder, for he not only lost a Mistress, but a great love as well.

Richard took a long drink on his scotch and sighed heavily. He rubbed his forehead and wiped away the tears in his eyes, for he knew the next memory that would visit him. He knew his thoughts would turn to two weeks ago and how things ended between them. Was there something he could have done differently? Could he have said or done something that might have caused her not to break it off?

Two weeks ago to this night, Richard was at his Mistresses place, as he had been practically every Friday for the past ten years. As he looked back he could almost feel the collar around his neck, the restraints on his wrists and ankles. It was a large, studio space, converted from an old warehouse in a light-industrial part of town. Richard was standing with his feet chained to the floor and his arms chained above his head. He had a large but-plug stuffed up his ass with instructions to not let it slip out, no matter what happened.

His Mistress was standing nearby in thigh-high leather boots with stiletto-heels. She also wore a vest made completely of 1 inch wide leather straps that crisscrossed across her torso. Her leather gloves rose to her wrists and the whole outfit was made of highly polished black leather. In her hands she held her favorite item, her riding crop.

Richard's ass stung and glowed red from the whipping that he had just received. He had taken the beating like a good Slave, thanked her for each hit and made sure that the but-plug didn't slip out of his ass. There was a pause in the whipping and Richard wondered what would happen next, this was part of the excitement, the not knowing,

nor having any control over it. Whatever would happen, would happen and he would have to take it.

He could hear some rustling in some drawers behind him and knew that his Mistress was getting something out. At least he knew that the activity would change, but from the sounds he couldn't guess what it was. He didn't look behind him for he knew that he had to keep looking straight, to look anywhere but straight ahead was forbidden. The winch that was attached to the chains that bound his wrists sprang to life and the chains lowered towards him.

"Get on your, hands and knees, Slave," Mistress ordered him curtly.

"Yes, Mistress," Richard replied obediently and did as he was told.

Richard waited on his hands and knees on the cold concrete floor, not knowing what would happen next. He heard footsteps approach him from behind and could feel her presence, his Mistress was near and he smiled to himself, knowing that. With an audible pop and shocking suddenness, his ass felt cavernous without the large plug in his ass. It was now that Richard had an idea of what was going to happen and mentally prepared himself for the invasion. When he felt something pushing at rear entrance he knew without a doubt and momentarily tensed up.

"Relax, Slave or this will hurt much more," Mistress said as she aimed the lubed up strap-on dildo at Richard's ass.

Pausing only for a moment Mistress then leaned forward and pushed the plastic dick into her Slave's ass. With steady pressure she kept pushing forward until the whole thing was inside Richard's ass. Back she withdrew until just the head was inside his ass before she thrust forward, shoving the whole thing back in. She set up a quick and steady pace, not considering at all that Richard may need a moment to adjust to the size of the new anal invader.

Richard bit his lip as a tear rolled down his cheek, his ass was on fire, but he dared not shout out. He silently took the pain and quietly reveled in the knowledge that his Mistress, a woman, was fucking his ass with a strap-on dildo. The bizarre and taboo thought always heightened the pleasure for him, and strangely enough he got off on this.

At a quick and steady pace Mistress fucked Richard's ass, smiling to herself at her complete dominance of him. To Heather, this was the ultimate sign of her dominance over a man, for him to let her fuck his ass. This was the way she showed both of them that he was her bitch! She got a sexual charge out of doing the act and even more of a sexual hit when the men started to enjoy it. After a few minutes of this anal fucking, she knew that Richard was about to cum. After ten years of being his Mistress, she knew when Richard was about to cum. With a stifled grunt and a twitch, his cock started to spurt and Richard came all over the floor as she still fucked his ass. She continued to fuck his ass until his excitement had cause his cock to regain its hardness once more. She pulled out of him as suddenly as she had entered him, and left his ass looking cavernous, as it started

to close up. Quickly removing the strap-on pleasure device she returned to Richard who was still on his hands and knees, still saying nothing.

"Lie on your back," Mistress said as she approached him swiftly.

Richard scurried to get into position and made it just in time as Mistress stepped over him. She kneeled overtop of him, and lowered herself on his cock, making sure not to smile as she did so. He knew that she liked his cock, he could tell, even if she didn't show it outwardly, he knew she needed his cock. With swift and definite strokes she raised and lowered herself on his cock. Richard's ass was on fire from both the beating and the ass-fucking. This let Richard last much longer than usual because it detracted from the pleasure of his Mistress using his cock. The pain had a mixture of pleasure in it for him as she bounced steadily on his cock. Her bouncing turned especially hard and harried near the end as her excitement got the better of her. Richard was fast approaching orgasm and didn't want to be a bad Slave and cum inside her.

"Gonna cum, sorry Mistress," Richard said with gritted teeth as he fought hard against the impending climax.

"Do it, Slave! Cum in me!" Mistress ordered as she looked down at Richard in a deadly serious manner.

The shock and wondrous gift of being allowed to cum in her pussy for the first time eve, pushed Richard over the edge and he came

hard, fast and long inside the innermost depths of Mistresses pussy. From the first time feeling his hot cum shoot deeply inside her Mistress came quickly and in the most intense climax she had had in years. Heather moaned out a mournful scream as she came, remaining motionless on his cock for a moment.

Slowly she opened her eyes and looked down at him. For the first time there was a hint of love in them before that look turned to sadness then her eyes drained of all emotion. She let out a heavy sigh and got off of him, then without saying a word she removed Richard's restraints and then his collar.

"Get out, we're done, Mr. Thompson," Mistress said in a casual manner as she reached for a bathrobe and put it on.

"Mistress, I don't understand. What's going on?" Richard asked with a most troubled tone of voice.

The only time she had ever called him Mr. Thompson was when she first met him. After that it had always been: "Worm", "Slave" or "Dickie-boy." This was completely out of character, as well there time was not yet finished, usually they went for at least an hour more.

"I said we're done, now get out Mr. Thompson. Don't let me catch you around here again or I will call the police and then your wife . . . in that order." Mistress said to him in a calm but definite tone of voice as she lit a cigarette and began to smoke it.

"B . . . but Mistress? I don't understand." Richard implored in a hurt tone of voice as tears welled up in his eyes.

"You really are an idiot aren't you, Dickie-boy?" Mistress said with a disgusted scoff. "Do you know what today is? Today marks ten years to the day that you have been coming to me. Most men, by now, find some way to get what they need from the wife. You keep crawling back here like some dog who doesn't know what else to do," she said with a scoff as she picked up Richard's clothes and tossed them at his feet.

"But, I've been a good Slave! I love you, Mistress, let me stay. I need you," Richard said with all the love that he felt for her and looked deeply into her eyes.

"GET OUT!" Mistress screamed as she rushed toward him and slapped him hard across the face. "The only reason you were ever here is because you paid me for the pleasure of being my Slave!" she growled into his face with hatred, a tear running down her cheek as she did so.

"But Mistress?" Richard said with shock and confusion.

"You bore me, you pathetic little man, get out," Mistress said and walked away from him, facing away from him, smoking her cigarette.

Nothing else was said as Richard got dressed and left for the last time. That was it, after ten years of pleasing and serving her, it was over. It was over as suddenly as it had started, and the loss was something Richard was still dealing with. The two weeks since it happened had been hard to bear for him as he searched his mind for what he should do next. Since it was over there was little need to tell Taryn, but he still needed the dominance of a Mistress. He was lost and confused, not knowing which way to turn, what the right course of action was. It was with a heavy sigh that Richard drank the last of his scotch, before leaving his office to go home. He had no more answers than when he started brooding in his office, hours ago.

Chapter Six: Happy Birthday Owen

Owen was having one incredible dream that Saturday morning, a dream so vivid he could swear it was actually happening. He was dreaming that he was fucking Lisa, a tease of a hot chick who sat in one of his classes. The greatest part of the fuck was the victory, the fact that he had worn her down until she had given in to him. They were at school and in a janitor's closet and Lisa was bent over, bracing herself against the wall. Owen was standing behind the large-breasted blonde with a firm grasp on her hips.

"For a tease you sure do have a tight little pussy, Tease," Owen said with a sneer as he slammed extra hard into his dream-slut.

"That's 'cause I never put out," Lisa replied, her voice raspy as she tried to talk, while moaning in pleasure.

"But you like my cock don't you, Tease," Owen laughed a conceited laugh as he continued to fuck Lisa in his dream.

"If I knew you were this good, baby, I would have jumped you the first day in class!" Lisa squeaked out in a needy whine as she hung her head. "God, I love your cock, Baby. Harder, fuck me harder!" Lisa replied with a stern tone of lust through gritted teeth.

At that moment something about the sensations changed suddenly, and no longer made sense. Owen couldn't feel the wet and warm

sensation of being "balls deep" in Lisa's tight, wet pussy anymore. Instead, it was replaced with the sensation of cool air now surrounding his cock. Nothing but a wet, slick sensation ran down his cock from the shaft to his balls. Then one ball entered something warm, and gently there was pressure on in. This odd sensation didn't match with the ravaging of Lisa, so suddenly Lisa popped and vanished into a cloud of smoke. Then the walls of the janitor's closet started to melt and Owen knew that he was waking up, much to his frustration.

The wet and wonderful sensations on his cock didn't fade when he woke up, as Owen had anticipated. Instead they got more intense, until he could clearly feel something slick on his cock. It was a faintly familiar sensation, and it was a most welcome experience. With a fogy mind, Owen looked down to see just what was going on.

Owen let out a chuckle as he smiled to himself, he should have known. There, lying across the bed with her head between Owen's legs was his mother, Taryn. His faithful Slave of a mother was sucking on his cock and had a contented look on her face as she did so. More specifically she was sucking on his right testicle as her hand slowly jacked off the shaft. She was fast becoming skilled at pleasing him like this; as he looked at her he was filled with love.

As his mother slowly, yet expertly gave him a blowjob, nowhere in his mind did this strike him as strange or odd. It had been only half a week since this had all started between the two of them, only since Wednesday of this week when anything remotely sexual began. Already they seemed to fit together and welcomed their respective

roles as Master and Slave. It was on his birthday that his mother took him out for a birthday drink. It was during that evening, and for reasons that he still couldn't explain, he took control of her and made her his Slave. Rather than be repulsed and never speak to him again, she submitted willingly and quickly grew to love being her son's Slave.

"Good morning, sleepyhead. Who's Lisa?" Taryn said as she let Owen's ball fall out of her mouth.

"A tease at school I know," Owen replied with a wide smile.

"I'm not sure if I should be upset or not, you dreaming of some other woman, while I blow you," Taryn said just before she began to lick her way up Owen's shaft.

"She isn't here, and probably never will be. You are, Slave, now suck your Master's cock!" Owen ordered with a broad, loving smile on his face.

"Yes, Master!" Taryn replied with an excited giggle and a sparkle in her eye.

Taryn then returned to her efforts of sucking Owen's cock, she placed her lips on the tip of the cock she loved and lowered her head. She closed her eyes as more and more of the thick cock that had brought her so much pleasure disappeared into her mouth. Without pausing,

she relaxed her throat, as was almost second nature to her now. Slowly the cock slipped down her throat until the entire length of it had passed her lips. Slowly she lifted her head until her lips kissed the head, before she pressed back down. Taryn kept up this tortuously slow pace of the blowjob for a little while.

It was a way to tease Owen as well as draw out the act that she had grown to love; she loved to suck his cock. Of course she loved to fuck it too. She loved to do anything with him, to him or for him. It had only been half a week but the sex was far more intense than any sex with Richard had been, even when they were first married. Though, Taryn will admit that sex with Richard, early in their marriage, ran a close second to this time with Owen. It was the illicit and taboo sex of being a Slave to her son that gave it that extra kick.

Owen had had enough of the teasing pace it seemed as now he grasped the sides of Taryn's head and began to set the pace. Taryn growled in lust as Owen took control, she loved that, she loved it when he fucked her mouth. She loved being used for his pleasure, it always heightened the experience for her, and she knew Owen loved it as well.

"Suck it hard, Slave," Owen sneered with a scowl of disgust. "Let me show you the real way to suck my cock!" he growled with lust as he continued to guide Taryn's head up and down on his cock.

Owen set a quick and rough pace to the blowjob as he lifted and lowered his mother's head on his cock. At a fast pace, her lips flew

up and down his shaft, her mouth constantly sucking hard on his cock. Taryn's excitement was growing almost as quickly as Owen's was, and strangely enough this act was bringing her close to cumming. Owen was possessed with lust as he repeatedly forced his cock down his Slave's throat. Always on his mind was that this person sucking his cock was his possession, to do with as he pleased. This was only a sampling, an example of what he could do to this woman, anytime he wanted, anywhere he wanted.

"Cuming!" Owen groaned in a deep-throaty growl as he pulled hard on Taryn's head, forcing his cock down her throat. "Swallow it all! Don't you dare spill a drop, or else!" he ordered as he let go of her head and surrendered himself to the blissful climax.

Taryn sucked hard and swallowed repeatedly but quickly had to pull the cock out of her throat. She let the cock stay in her mouth but used her nostrils to fight for air as her own climax hit her. The sensation of her Master forcing himself down her throat and using her mouth for his pleasure, at his pace, sent her over the edge. She let the cum collect in her mouth and swallowed as often as she could. Somehow she fought to get both the air into her lungs and the cum into her stomach, both needing the same passageway.

A wicked thought crossed through Taryn's brain as the last of Owen's cum spurted into her mouth. If she let just a little cum slip out of her mouth, perhaps she would get a spanking. The last time he spanked her was an incredible rush for her, and she longed to feel that wicked joy again. So as she pulled her mouth off of his now

spent cock, she let just a little cum drop out of her mouth and onto his balls.

"Did you like that, Master?" Taryn asked in an innocent tone of voice, with big eyes to further convey the innocent image.

"That was great, Slave." Owen said as he stroked Taryn's head, petting her like you would a dog that had been a good puppy.

Something out of the corner of his eye caught Owen's attention and he glanced down to his balls. There on his left nut, were a few drops of cum, he looked up at Taryn with fire in his eyes. His hand that had been stroking her head now grasped a clump of her hair on the back of her head.

"WHAT DID I TELL YOU? I told you not to spill a drop! What is this?" Owen seethed with anger as he brought Taryn's head down to his balls. "Lick it up!" he snapped and immediately Taryn did so, fear and excitement coursing through her.

When she was done he pulled on her hair to pull her away from his body. Without letting go of the back of Taryn's head Owen swung his legs finally out of bed. Then with a tug he directed Taryn until she was across his lap, perfect for a spanking. He then let go of her hair and fully expected her to stay there. Taryn made sure not to squeal her joy or excitement at the prospect of being spanked again.

"You've been very naughty, Slave! You need to be punished!" Owen said with a disgusted snarl in his voice.

Owen then roughly and quickly removed Taryn's bathrobe so that she was now nude across his nude lap. Without warning he brought his hand swiftly and smarty across her ass; the sound of the spank bouncing off the walls. Again Owen spanked her ass with merciless force, again the sound of the slap was the only sound heard. After the third spank had gone unanswered, Owen spoke up.

"Listen, Bitch, you know full well that if you don't count them off, they don't count!" Owen growled as he once again spanked Taryn's ass.

"Sorry, Master," Taryn moaned out pitifully, though she knew full well what she was supposed to do, she was just drawing out the delicious punishment. "One, thank you, Master," Taryn said with a satisfied mew tainting her voice.

The spanking and the thanking continued for a short while yet, until both Taryn's ass was red and sore, and Owen was satisfied. With a shove, he pushed Taryn off of his lap and onto the floor, roughly. She landed with a thud from the unexpected expulsion from his lap. She gathered herself together and stood up slowly, smiling at him as she did so. She leaned over and kissed her Master, her large breasts hanging lewdly down from her body like lusty pendulums. Owen reached up and softly caressed Tarn's tempting tits as they kissed.

"I should go and make breakfast, dear," Taryn said with a loving smile as she stroked her son's cheek after the kiss was over. "I just wanted to give you a special wake up," she said as she smiled lovingly into his eyes with an unmistakable look of adoration.

Taryn bend down to pick up her robe from the floor, where Owen had tossed it. Owen reached up and caressed Taryn's ass in one large, round stroke. Taryn playfully swatted his hand away as she stood back up with robe in hand. She shot Owen a slight glare as a warning for him to behave himself. In response Owen looked back at her with a raised eyebrow and a daring look on his face.

"Where do you think you're going?" Owen said as he stood up and approached Taryn from behind.

"I have to get out of here before anyone catches us!" Taryn said sternly, but the corners of her mouth were turned up in the beginnings of a smirk. "I have to make breakfast, dear," Taryn said as she leaned forward to give Owen a kiss goodbye

"Not yet you don't," Owen said as he grabbed Tarn and directed her to the bed.

With smooth motion that he carried out with confidence, Owen moved Taryn to the bed and on it so that she was on her hands and knees across it. She was across the short end of the bed, with her head inches away from the wall. Only after she was in this position did she snap back to her senses and realized what was going on. She

glanced back over her shoulders to see Owen lining himself up to mount her.

"We can't! Richard and your sister are home!" Taryn hissed as she tried to get off the bed, and away from Owen.

"Then keep quiet!" Owen snapped as he moved forward to stick his dick into Taryn's pussy.

The trouble was that at the moment he moved forward, was the very moment that Taryn moved to get off the bed. Owen missed her pussy altogether, instead hitting the back of her left thigh. Quickly he pulled back, though the pain was only minor and momentary. Sharply he brought his hand down across Taryn's ass, as he grasped a clump of Taryn's long red hair.

"STAY STILL!" Owen barked angrily as he tugged on the red hair of his mother.

"OW! Sweetie we have to go! We don't have time for this now!" Taryn urged but remained motionless nonetheless, for Owen still had her by the hair and the hip.

"No, we'll do it now, Slave!" Owen said as he lined up his cock to her pussy and slid it in, while still keeping a firm hold on Taryn's hair.

"Please, Master, I don't want to get caught!" Taryn moaned softly as Owen slid his thick cock into her wet pussy.

"Then keep quiet, Slave," Owen said as he leaned forward to whisper in her ear after he was fully imbedded into her pussy.

"Yes, Master," Taryn replied in a softer, subservient tone of voice.

"You only have yourself to blame for this, you know," Owen said with a chuckle as he quickly withdrew his cock and began the swift pace of fucking that they both loved.

"Why's that, Master?" Taryn asked with a husky tone of voice. The pleasure of the savage fucking, coupled by the tugging on her hair, excited her to no end.

Owen had on hand on the small of Taryn's back and the other had a firm hold on Taryn's hair like it was a rope. He would direct Taryn's thrusts back toward him with a slow, steady tug on the hair, or rather Taryn's rein. Taryn's protest to this fuck now forgotten due to the sheer heat of the moment, and the overpowering will of Owen. With each passing encounter, Taryn submitted sooner and easier to the man she loved to serve.

"You are one sexy bitch! When you bent over, I had to have you! Damn you have one hot body!" Owen said in between huffing breaths as he continued to pound Taryn's pussy mercilessly.

Taryn laughed as best as she could with her gasping for breath due to the heated fuck. They had fallen into a rhythm and the tugging on Taryn's hair was purely for show and to keep time, Taryn knew when to thrust back at Owen. Taryn laughed for a bit and then looked over her shoulder at the puzzled face of her son and knew she had to speak up.

"It has been years since anyone has called me a 'sexy bitch' and I can't remember the last time Richard has 'simply had to have me.' I love him but I swear he's lost all interest in sex," Taryn said with a plain tone of voice, her breath broken up with heaving breaths.

"Well, the limp-dick, doesn't matter anymore, does he?" Owen asked with an arrogant tone of voice as he quickened the pace of the fuck even more.

"No, honey, he doesn't. I don't need him for sex anymore. His dick can shrivel up and fall off for all I care. I don't care if he ever touches me again. I have all the man I need right here," Taryn said with a sincere and loving tone of voice as she looked at her son, her lover, her Master.

"Damn straight!" Owen said as he pulled wildly on Taryn's hair and savagely fucked Taryn with all the force of a wild animal.

Taryn couldn't help herself, she let out a low animal growl as her lust boiled within her. She was blinded by lust as her son fucked the shit out of her, and she loved it. Taryn was the first to cum but in reality they came at the same time. Taryn came and moaned out an unmistakable sexually satisfied moan that she couldn't hold in. Owen slammed into her one last time, hard and came deep within his mother's womb. Then he collapsed on top of her and the pair rested, catching their breath, holding each other as they did so. Owen was still deep within his mother, his cock softening and withdrawing from her pussy.

"Now I really do have to go and get breakfast started," Taryn said as she nudged Owen in the ribs, to get him to move.

"Damn straight, woman, I'm hungry, what's the matter with you?" Owen said in a snippy tone that was purely for show, the broad smile on his face was a testament to this.

"Someone, held me up because he couldn't control his hormones!" Taryn laughed back as she smacked Owen while she crawled from underneath him.

"Are you complaining?" Owen asked with a cheeky, yet arrogant tone.

"No, but if you keep this up, the whole bloody world will find out about us!" Taryn scolded as she put her robe on, briskly.

"Yeah," Owen admitted, sheepishly, looking down, embarrassed for a moment.

"If anyone does find out about us, it will be you who will have to explain our unique relationship, got it?" Taryn said in a motherly tone, wearing a demanding look, which only a mother could master.

"Yeah, sure," Owen said in an uncomfortable tone of voice.

"I love you, sweetheart, and I love what we do together, I just don't want to have to explain this to anyone! Already I'm sure your sister suspects something," Taryn said with a most troubled tone of voice, a tear forming in the corner of her eye.

"It'll be alright, mom, I'll be more careful, no one will ever find out," Owen said in an assuring manner as he embraced Taryn tenderly, Taryn winced when the last word was mentioned.

"From now on, when were alone, let's refrain from calling each other 'mother' and 'son.' Seems out of place, given our new relationship and all, Owen," Taryn said with a slightly uncomfortable look on her face.

"Sure, Taryn," Owen said and the name felt strange, leaving his mouth. "Don't worry about Rosie. Who would possibly imagine you

and I hooking up?" Owen said as he kissed Taryn on the lips and smiled confidently at her.

"Okay, I hope you're right," Taryn replied as she flashed Owen a brave smile, kissed him one last time and then departed the room.

* * * *

Rosina's dream that Saturday morning was not something that she could avoid. It was the same dream that she had dreamt the night before as well. The dream excited and scared her, it was a dream of what she wanted, and a dream of what she couldn't accept. The dream didn't only plague her during her night's rest, but during her waking hours as well. The strain of the struggle between wanting something, yet knowing with every fiber of her being that it is wrong, wore on Rosina's sanity. The relentless struggle within Rosina was beginning to drive her mad; something would have to give soon: her desire, her will, or her sanity.

The dream was the same whether it came at her by night or by day. It was a replaying of what she saw Thursday night, yet in her dream, the evening came out quite different. It started with Rosina perched outside Owen's window, like she had been, watching her brother and her mother have wild sex. Her brother and mother had just finished having sex, her mother had just cum so hard that she had had passed out. Rosina watched as Owen's slick cock slipped out of his mother's wet pussy. Taryn's lower section collapsed so that now she was flat on her stomach, out like a light.

Owen looked up suddenly and out the window, something outside caught his eye. Instead of cuddling up with his mother like he actually done, in the dream he rushed to the window and opened it wide. Before Rosina could think of moving she was staring her nude brother in the face with a shocked, slack-jawed expression.

"I thought I saw something out here," Owen said with a disgusted scoff before he reached up and grasped Rosina by the back of her head.

With a shocked sputter of protest, Rosina was pulled inside the room and tossed to the floor by the bed. She looked up in horror as her nude brother closed the window and turned to face her. The expression on his face was one of anger and cool determination.

"You saw a little too much out there I think, I can't let you leave, knowing what you know. You might talk, and that I can't have," Owen said with a determined growl in his voice as he looked down at Rosina.

Owen's firm expression bored into her soul and drained her of her will to resist. She felt weak from being near him and weaker still as a result of his stare. She kneeled before him, bowed her head, folded her hands in her lap and waited to be addressed. She didn't know why she did it, it just felt right. It felt like what she was supposed to do, to show her obedience to him, that she wanted to be good.

"You want a little taste of what you saw . . . don't you?" Owen asked Rosina with a knowing smile on his face as he nodded to himself.

"Yes, sir," Rosina meekly replied, not looking up at him still.

"The by all means, have your taste," Owen said in a cock-sure manner.

Rosina looked up at him, not sure what he meant but found his gaze obviously looking down at his cock. When her eyes fell on the slick, fat cock before her, her eyes widened. She knew that his cock was slick from not only his cum but her mother's juices as well. If she sucked his cock now it would be like tasting them both, like sucking him off and eating her mothers pussy at the same time.

"Okay then," Owen said as he turned away from Rosina and toward the bed.

Rosina's eyes watered instantly as she saw her opportunity to suck him off evaporating. She lunged forward and pushed his hip so that his pelvis turned toward her. That cock swung back into view and was before her in no time. She licked her lips and with great anticipation she lifted the cock with her right hand, and brought it to her lips. She opened her mouth wide and closed her lips around it, sucking hard as it slipped past her lips. Since it was a dream she was able to take his thick cock down her throat without any effort. She found the combined taste much to her liking and the knowledge that she was tasting her mother and her brother fueled her fire. Rosina

sucked hard and fast, bobbing her head up and down faster than she had seen her mother doing. She was rewarded soon enough with a blast of cum down her throat and swallowed the whole load, relishing in the tasty, illicit seed.

"You did well, but I know what you really want. Ask me, sis, I dare you," Owen laughed a taunting and slightly evil laugh as he looked down at her, expectantly.

"I . . . I want to serve you M . . . Master," Rosina said in a whispering reply that was barely audible, her eyes fixed on the floor between her knees.

"You want to be my Slave?" Owen said with a sarcastic tone of voice.

"Yes, Master," Rosina replied in a slightly more confident tone of voice.

"You really want to be your brother's Slave . . . for life?" Owen asked with a challenging tone of voice as he looked down at his sister's bowed head.

"More than anything, Master!" Rosina said in a pitiful and whiney tone of voice as she looked up at Owen with the most desperate expression imaginable.

"Do you surrender yourself, your will, and your body to me?" Owen asked with a serious tone of voice as he looked down at Rosina with a demanding tone of voice.

"Oh YES, Master!" Rosina gushed with worshipful reverence to her new Master.

"Then I claim you as my new Slave!" Owen said with a confident tone of voice. "Get the fuck out of those clothes, Slave!" he commanded as he sat down on the edge of the bed, next to the sleeping Taryn.

"Right away, Master!" Rosina said with joy as she pulled and tugged at her clothes in a rushed effort to get them off.

Rosina felt complete, now that she had a Master, her life was now worth something. As long as she belonged to him, served him, she was okay. She needed to know that he was happy with her, to have him unhappy with him even for the slightest thing was an unbearable thought. Her hands shook with excitement as she was to reveal her body, her Master's body rather, to her new Master.

"You have been hiding a tight, hot little body there, Slave," Owen said with an impressed tone of voice as he nodded his approval. "Get over here and fuck me," he said casually.

"Yes, Master," Rosina said and walked toward her, Master.

Without another word said, she straddled him and lined up his cock to her pussy. She was facing away from him, it was an awkward position to fuck, but she would do so because her Master ordered her to. When she felt the thick cock of her Master slitting her slit, she strained to memorize each sensation of this entry. She felt him slide deeper and deeper within her until she was sitting on his lap. He was fully inside her, or rather he was as deep as the awkward position would allow. She steadily bounced on his cock and soon she felt his hands on her hips, guiding her bouncing efforts, to regulate and set a pace of their fucking. Soon her breath became raspy and strained as she gasped for air. The intense pleasure that the thick cock gave her was overwhelming, further enhanced by the fact that she was being fucked by the man who owned her.

The fuck continued for a blissful few moments yet, the inevitable came soon enough. Owen was the first to cum and he pulled Rosina down until he was fully inside her. When she felt her brother, her lover, her Master cum inside her, she came and came hard. It was at that point, as she screamed out in orgasmic ecstasy that the dream ended.

Rosina awoke with a start that Saturday morning and looked around the room, something had stirred her from her sleep but she didn't know what. She was relieved to be awake and away from that disturbing dream, a dream that always left her pussy soaked. This morning was no exception, as her panties, nightshirt and sheets were soaked with her pussy juices. She sighed her relief from being away from that terrible dream, a dream that always filled her with dread, guilt and fear when it was over.

The worst part of the dream was that always took the same course. In the dream she surrendered and succumbed to her innermost desires, in her dreams she became Owen's Slave. In that damn dream she asked Owen to be her Master, she actually asked for it! The euphoric feelings of being complete, knowing that her brother owned her was what wore on her mind the most. The dream had run through her mind so many times that she was starting to have trouble figuring out what really happened and what was the dream.

A sharp sound that came from next door startled Rosina and she looked at the wall where the sound came from. She tried to identify the sound but couldn't, and shook her head to dismiss it. When the sound came again, she understood way too much. The sound was the sound of a hand spanking a bare ass, she had heard that sound before. From the direction that the sound came from Rosina knew that at that very moment her mother was in her brother's room being spanked.

As if she had X-ray vision, Rosina's mind painted a picture of exactly what was going on. In her mind's eye Owen was sitting on the bed, with their mother across his lap and the image synchronized with the spanking sound that steadily came from the room. Rosina let out a lustful groan that doubled as a frustrated growl as she sobbed a few tears.

Rosina's pussy didn't care that it was wrong, sick, twisted, and bizarre what was going on next door, it just knew the scene was hot! Her pussy throbbed and ached for relief as the lewd image of the

spanking played, larger than life, across her mind. Rosina laid back, thrust a hand down to her pussy, and played with herself.

In her mind's eye, Rosina substituted herself for Owen, as a way to placate her shattered psyche. Rosina focused all of her frustration on her mother, and made her the one who started all of this. Now the one who was responsible for her current predicament was across her lap and she was going to punish her. Rosina smiled a wicked smile as in her mind she spanked her mother hard as she told her how horrible a mother she had been. Rosina's mother begged for mercy and swore she would never touch her son again if the spanking would stop. The Rosina in her mind laughed menially and continued the punishment unabated. After a bit, though, the spanking did stop so the image in Rosina's mind vanished quickly.

Rosina hoped for a brief moment that the amorous activities in her brother's room was over. She sighed her relief and was about to get out of bed when she heard a struggle next door. Exact words were hard to make out but she got the idea that Owen wanted their mother do to something and she didn't.

A deep moan came through the wall near the foot of Rosina's bed. Despite her better judgment Rosina laid her head down on that end of the bed, so she could hear the scene better. A thump came from the wall and Rosina actually felt the vibration shake the bed, ever so slightly. Again the thump shook her and she knew that Owen was fucking their mother right next door, at that instant! Repeatedly and steadily the thumping came and the fertile imagination of Rosina painted the picture of what they were doing, in living colour.

For a fleeting moment Rosina thought of crawling out the window to watch them from the outside. She dismissed this as improper and immoral. The moral part of her mind suggested that she burst into the room and stop them. Although, her greatest fear was that when she did open that door and saw them going at it a few feet away from her, that her will would weaken. She was afraid that if she ever saw them having sex in the same room as her that she wouldn't stop them, she would join them. That last thought lingered in her mind too long for Rosina's comfort.

Rosina moaned out a pitiful moan of frustration as she resumed her masturbation efforts. The image in her shattered mind was too much for her, it was too hot to resist, she had to cum with them. The moans, mews, and coos of approval and pleasure that came through the wall fueled Rosina's imagination and lust. Thanks to the vivid dreams she could almost feel what it would be like to be her mother at that moment. Her fingers flew within her pussy and she was focused on nothing but her release. In her mind she saw her brother fucking their mother and their mother loving it. Rosina's passion and excitement reached its peak, and when she heard her mother cry out in orgasm, Rosina's eyes shot open.

That was the final straw, that was the final push she needed to make her cum. With the image of the son cumming deep within his mother, Rosina shook and came. She bit her hand to keep from shouting out her blissful, yet tortured orgasm. Even as she shook and thrashed about in the much needed release, her guilt came upon her like a wave.

Rosina was mortified for what she had done, she had gotten off to the images of her brother fucking their mother. Rosina knew that none of this was right. It was not right for them to be doing what they were doing. It was certainly not right for her to be excited by it, or even think of participating in it!

As the guilt washed over her, the tears poured out of her so Rosina curled up in a ball and cried. The conflicting emotions to the same scene wore on her, she couldn't keep this up for long; Rosina knew that. Now that she knew what they were doing, she couldn't ignore it. Somehow she would have to get them to stop, but she would do it in a discrete way. Dad didn't have to know, that would only serve to split up the family and no good would come of it. No, Rosina would talk to them, talk to her mother and find a way to get them to stop, that was the best thing for everyone.

For the rest of the day, Rosina kept her distance and sequestered herself in her room. She told everyone that she needed the quiet to study, but the truth was she couldn't face anyone. She couldn't look at either her brother or mother without the images of wild sex flashing across her mind, or her eyes wandering over their bodies. Both of which scared and confused Rosina, so the best course was to stay away from them. Studying went poorly, but while she may not have retained much information, it served as a good distraction.

That evening was the "official" birthday outing for Owen, even though his birthday was this past Wednesday. It was an odd tradition that the family had, as the closest weekend to the actual

birthday, the family would go out to dinner. It was a dinner just for the four of them to a nice restaurant, the same restaurant as a matter of fact. They never stayed out that late, so the need to hold the celebration on the weekend no longer made sense. The real reason for the weekend celebration was when Owen and Rosina were younger. The birthday parties with all their friends would have to be on a Saturday so everyone could attend. As the years went on, it changed to a simple dinner with the family but the day never did. So now at all special occasions, the family went out. It was one of the few things the family did together.

The dinner was a tasteful affair with plenty of superficial conversation all around. Everyone was careful about the face they showed the rest of the family. Richard didn't want to appear depressed or disappointed over the loss of his beloved Mistress, though he was still dealing with the loss. Owen and Taryn tried to act as mother and son, not lovers, Rosina tried to behave as if nothing was bothering her, that she wasn't disgusted and excited over what her brother and mother were doing. For the most part everyone was successful, though there was one perceptive person in the group: Taryn.

Taryn kept an eye on Rosina, trying to figure out if her daughter knew about her and Owen. While she couldn't determine that, she could tell that something profound was bothering her daughter. As a mother this concerned her greatly, and she wanted to comfort her child. What if the matter that troubled her child was in fact her relationship with Owen? That thought always chilled Taryn and kept her from pressing Rosina about her troubles. When Taryn saw

Rosina look at Owen with a pained look on her face that she tried to hide, Taryn knew she had to risk it.

As luck would have it, Rosina excused herself to visit the ladies room a little further in the evening. Taryn knew that this was her chance to talk to her daughter about her daughter's troubles. Taryn excused herself as well and followed Rosina to the ladies room. Rosina wasn't at all comfortable with the thought of being alone with her mother. She was afraid that she might forget herself and berate her mother for what she had witnessed. Even thought the thought was tempting, Rosina couldn't bring herself to do that to her mother, especially in public.

After the pair had finished using the facilities and were washing their hands, Taryn turned to Rosina. With a breath of courage Taryn decided to press Rosina about her troubles. Taryn put her hand on Rosina's shoulder and waited until their eyes met before she spoke.

"What is it, honey?" Taryn asked in a compassionate tone of voice with a tentative look in her eye.

"Wh . . . what do you mean, mom?" Rosina replied with a troubled tone of voice and a furrowed brow.

"Something's bothering you, I can tell," Taryn said as she tugged on her daughter's shoulder causing Rosina to face Taryn.

"Don't worry about it, mom," Rosina said in a subdued tone as she fought hard, not to cry.

"You can tell me anything, you know . . . anything," Taryn said with a piercing look that Rosina couldn't look away from. "Even if it is about me," she added with a pained look of her own before she looked down in shame.

Rosina's mind froze, could she know? How could her mother know that she knew? Did her mother actually see her Thursday night outside the window? Was it simply the fact that Rosina wasn't as good at hiding her pain from her mother as well as she thought? Rosina looked at her mother, who was looking at the floor, and sighed with compassion. Her mother knew something was up, and Rosina needed to talk about it, but now was not the time or place. Perhaps later tonight, or even perhaps tomorrow she could talk to her mother in private. Not now, not here, not in a restaurant bathroom during her brothers birthday outing.

"Don't worry, Mom," Rosina said as she lifted her mother's chin so that their eyes met.

"Are you sure? I know something's wrong and I want to talk about it," Taryn implored as she looked intently into Rosina's eyes.

Rosina was about to say not to worry about it but the intently pleading look in her mother's eyes tugged at her heartstrings. Rosina's resistance weakened as she looked into her mother's wet

eyes. Rosina opened her mouth to confess everything to her mother, but caught the words before they left her mouth.

"I said don't worry about it!" snapped Rosina as she turned and ran out of the bathroom, fighting the tears as she went.

Rosina was in such a hurry to get away from her mother that she didn't look where she was going. Pure chance and dumb luck caused her to run right into Owen's chest. Talk about going from the frying pan and into the fire! Rosina had just run away from her mother only to find herself in her brother's arms. His powerful presence already started to work its magic on her and she felt herself weaken, just being held by him in those initial few seconds.

"Watch where you're going, sis," Owen laughed as his arms encircled his sister.

"Sorry, bro," Rosina chuckled nervously as she tried to laugh off dismissively. She looked up at him to give him a smart-aleck comment, but words failed her when she looked into his eyes.

"What's wrong?" Owen asked with a perceptive look that was mixed with brotherly concern for his little sister.

"Don't worry about it," Rosina said with a saddened, subdued tone of voice that she had intended to be a dismissive one.

Rosina turned to walk away from Owen and return to the table but instead she found Owen's embrace, constricting. She had expected to easily break free of his embrace but instead of opening up his arms and letting her go, he held her firm. She lunged again to break out of his arms but they didn't budge as she expected. She looked up to his eye with a dirty look, as a silent warning for him to let her go.

"Tell me about it," Owen said calmly with a concerned look on his face.

"No," Rosina huffed in a tone that was close to a pout, rather than the angry tone that she had intended.

Still Rosina struggled to get out of Owen's embrace; she knew she needed to get away from him quick. His strong arms and masculine chest felt far too good against her, a feeling which comforted and scared her at the same time. The trouble was that time was on Owen's side and Rosina knew this. The longer Rosina struggled to break free of Owen's embrace, the more of her will to fight was drained away. That damned powerful presence of her brother, caused the weakness within her to grow at an alarming rate. It wasn't much longer than a minute that her struggling ceased altogether. With a deep sigh she resigned herself to remaining in his arms and rested her head on his chest.

The most troubling thing was that once she stopped fighting it, she enjoyed it. In Owen's arms she felt safe and her troubles were kept at bay for the time-being. A tear ran down her cheek as the thought of

seeking comfort in her brother's arms scared her. The truth was that she felt loved, protected and cared for in his arms. As long as he held her, everything was okay, she felt her heart start to go out to him in a most un-sibling type way.

"Oh good, why don't you two go for a dance," Taryn said lovingly as she put a hand on Owen's shoulder and a hand on Rosina's shoulder.

"Sure, Mom, good idea," Owen said and started to lead Rosina toward the dance floor.

"Oh I don't think that . . ." Rosina started to protest but she was cut off.

"Nonsense, a dance with your brother on his birthday won't hurt you!" Taryn said in a motherly way and at that Rosina fell silent.

On the dance floor they embraced again and she enjoyed the embrace this time. Rosina smiled up at Owen warmly as they swayed to the soft music. A moment later the siblings saw their parents walk onto the dance floor and start to slow-dance. Owen's eyes rested on the two of them for a long time yet and a twinge of jealousy rose up in him as he saw his mother dance with his father. Rosina looked up at him and perceived exactly what was going through his mind. His eyes looked down at the troubled, yet understanding look in them and feared that he had been caught.

"What?" Owen snorted in a defensive huff.

"You love her, don't you?" Rosina asked with a curious look on her face.

"She's mom, of course I do, don't you?" Owen shot back in a nervous snort.

"No, I mean really love her," Rosina said with a serious tone of voice and a perceptive look on her face.

Owen looked down at his sister and his instinct was to lie and tell her that she was nuts. When his eyes met hers, his will to lie evaporated in the intensity of her stare. In her eyes it was clear that she knew, really and truly knew about his relationship with their mother. Any attempt to lie to her would be fruitless; Owen felt it deep within his bones.

"Yeah," Owen meekly admitted with a shameful manner.

"I saw you two Thursday night," Rosina said with a lowered tone of voice, her face wearing an uncomfortable expression as she looked deep into her eyes.

"What?" Owen replied in a shocked whisper, his eyes wide, his mouth wide open.

"I didn't go to the library," Rosina confessed and looked down as she was filled with her own shame. "I snuck back and watched the whole thing," Rosina said looking up at him with a furrowed brow of a stern look.

"What did you see?" Owen asked, hoping she didn't see that she didn't see much.

"Everything from when you told her to consult you on all major decisions to when you held her," Rosina said with a troubled tone of voice. She paused for a moment before she added in a whisper, "After you fucked her."

Owen looked at Rosina in shock and words failed him, he didn't know what to say. How would he explain that he and his mother needed something from each other? How do you explain that it was a mutually beneficial arrangement between consenting adults? He sighed heavily and opened his mouth to explain, but he didn't know what words would come out of his mouth.

"Rosina, you just don't understand . . ." Owen started to say with a deep sigh of regret but he was cut of abruptly.

"You're damn right I don't understand!" Rosina snapped in a tone that she tried to keep down. "I don't understand how you could fuck mom! I don't understand why you would want to! I don't understand

why she would let you . . . repeatedly! Don't get me started on this whole 'Master-Slave' crap!" Rosina growled in an angry but lowered tone of voice and glared her displeasure at her brother.

"Let me explain Rosie," Owen said with a pained and troubled tone of voice. He had only paused to breathe but Rosina spoke up to cut him off before he could continue.

"Not here! We can talk about it later, but I need to understand what is going on!" Rosina snapped with a hurt look on her face as she stared at Owen for a moment. Owen looked at back at her with a look of fear in his eyes. Her anger drained from her face as she saw the fear in his eyes. "Don't worry, I won't tell dad, I'm not going to blackmail you either," she added with a softer tone of voice and at that Owen let out a relieved sigh. "I just want to understand this . . . sick thing between you and mom. I can see that you love each other, but I don't understand any of it!" Rosina said with a look that conveyed her sincerity.

"Okay, Rosie, we'll talk later, I promise," Owen said as he leaned down and kissed Rosina on the forehead, like he had done many times before.

"Thanks," Rosina said and smiled at Owen for a moment before she snuggled back into his arms once again and for a tender moment yet nothing was said.

"What is the chance of me dancing with the 'birthday boy'?" Taryn asked with a chipper smile as she and Richard danced close by, after a bit.

"What if I don't want to give him up?" Rosina teased back at her mother with a playful grin on her face.

"Are you saying you won't dance with 'dear old dad'?" Richard quipped as he feigned a hurt expression on his face.

"Don't be silly dad, I'll always dance with you," Rosina replied with a sarcastically condescending tone of voice as she let go of Owen and walked toward her father.

"That's more like it," Taryn said with a contented flavor to her voice that she tried to keep under control as she felt Owen's arms wrap around her.

The new couples danced silently for a moment, enjoying the quiet time with a loved one. Taryn looked up at Owen after a bit and asked the question that was on her mind. A fearful look was on her face as she did so.

"Did she tell you what was bothering her?" Taryn asked with an apprehensive look on her face.

"Yeah, she knows," Owen said with a deeply troubled sigh. "She won't cause any trouble, she just wants to understand," Owen said in as calm a manner as he could, since the development troubled him as much as it did Taryn.

Taryn felt like she had been kicked in the gut. It was one thing to suspect it, to fear it, but quite another to have it actually happen! Her daughter knew about her special relationship with her son, and she didn't know how to explain it. Her private world of love and pleasure with her son, her Master was now torn open for another to examine. While Taryn felt outraged for her daughter to be so nosy as to demand an explanation, she knew that her daughter was owed an explanation.

"I don't know what to say to her. How are we going to get her to understand this, baby?" Taryn asked with wet eyes of fear as she rested her head on his chest, taking comfort in his arms.

Taryn knew that she shouldn't be seen to be so intimate with Owen in public, especially with her husband and his father so close. She took comfort in the belief in Richard's unperceptive nature. He wouldn't suspect a thing; he barely noticed anything that happened around the house unless she pointed it out to him. Taryn needed the warm and tender embrace of her Master as she feared for their future. Would their relationship withstand the scrutiny of an outsider? If Rosina couldn't understand what had happened between them, could Taryn continue, knowing that to do so would cause her daughter pain? This dance may well be the last time she could hold her Master, the man she loved more than anything else in

the world. A tear rolled down her cheek as she pondered the thought of actually losing him. She would do anything to get her daughter to understand and approve, that much she swore to herself.

Chapter Seven: The Fateful Talk

A dark cloud hung over the Thompson house from Saturday after the birthday dinner outing. The dark cloud didn't dissipate once the morning sun hit the house the next day; in fact, it thickened. It was clear to Rosina, Owen and Taryn, that nothing would be right between them until this matter was resolved. If it wasn't for Richard's presence, they would have had that talk, Saturday night. Instead, the talk would have to wait until Monday evening; even then it was only a chance. For the first time in years, the family hoped that Richard would have to work late, very late. When Richard was home, no discussion could be had. None of the three of them wanted Richard to know, for fear it would shatter the family. Owen, Taryn, and Rosina avoided each other all day Sunday.

Taryn and Owen didn't do anything together Saturday night, or even Sunday. For the first time since the momentous Wednesday night, they were uncomfortable with each other. It was one thing to have their private, intimate relationship, their own private world of wicked pleasure between the two of them. It was quite another thing to have someone else, someone close to them, know about them. It was as if they now had to admit their relationship to the world, and suddenly felt uncomfortable with it. Owen and Taryn were at a loss, as during this time of tribulation, they wanted to seek comfort from each other. The irony was that it was that very comfort which was the cause of the pain they were in. Silent and irrational resentment toward Rosina grew within the minds of both Owen and Taryn.

Taryn herself took the news of Rosina's discovery much harder than Owen. She had accepted and loved the relationship with her son on one level, yet on another level she couldn't really accept it. Taryn knew that "normal mothers" did have sex with or were Slaves to their sons. Taryn hadn't completely resolved the issue within herself, so how was she to explain and defend it to another person, especially her own daughter! A part of her wanted to tell Rosina to go to hell; her relationship with Owen was none of Rosina's business. Taryn knew that a daughter had a right to understand and discuss an incestuous relationship between her mother and her brother. Taryn knew that she was lucky that her daughter hadn't told Richard yet, and was behaving so calmly about something she should be ranting and screaming about. Taryn renewed her resolve to find someway to convince Rosina about how special and wonderful her relationship with Owen was. Taryn needed Rosina to understand and accept the relationship that by all logic shouldn't exist, but did.

The one who was suffering the most of the three of them was Rosina, herself. She could feel the resentment from her brother and mother, almost as if they blamed her for the current situation. That was of little consequence to what was truly wearing on her mind. The dreams continued Saturday and Sunday nights, yet got worse and more intimate. It had changed in that as soon as Owen and Taryn finished having sex, Taryn left the room. After Rosina had sex with Owen, after they came together, Rosina cuddled up to Owen and fell asleep in his arms, feeling content and loved. When she awoke the next morning, finding that Owen wasn't there, she felt the loss, and genuinely felt incomplete.

On one hand, Rosina hoped that once she understood exactly what was going on and why that she could get past it. She hoped that once she understood everything about the relationship, it wouldn't excite her anymore. Her greatest fear was that once she actually understood what was going on, she might accept it. If she accepted it, she knew it would be a very slippery slope down to their level of depravity. Part of what she feared the most was that by the end of the talk she would wind up living out her dream, her nightmare. Rosina knew that she was taking a real risk by talking to them about it. She could feel the darkest part of herself calling out to Owen to own her, to make her, his newest Slave. That fear always made Rosina cry, for as time moved on, she felt that perhaps it was inevitable, yet she would struggle against, regardless.

Owen was borderline indifferent about the upcoming talk with Rosina. He wasn't ashamed about what he and his mother was doing, and wasn't planning to stop. Owen knew that things between he and his mother weren't normal and he didn't like the thought of explaining the relationship to anyone. He knew that he could have forced things with his mother that Sunday to have sex with her. He decided against it, out of respect for his mother's silent wishes. She could barely look at him and didn't let him touch her. Taryn only looked at him from a distance with a mournful look in her eye. Owen was quite agitated with Rosina for stirring up this trouble. Things were fine between Owen and Taryn until Rosina blurted out that she knew about them and demanded an explanation. Who did she think she was, demanding him to explain and justify what he did with his own Slave? Owen started to brood over the situation and his thoughts continued to darken as time went by. Like the other two, he just wanted this talk over and done with.

Monday was a rough day for all three, as they took little joy out of their regular routines. Owen and Rosina, learned little that day at College. Taryn found even the nicest of customers start to grate on her during her shift at the spa. Eventually the day was over and the evening ritual and routines started. Taryn made dinner as Rosina set the table while telling Taryn of her day. They talked small talk and ignored the elephant in the room, for just a little while longer. When Owen came home, he walked up to his mother and gave her, what he thought was an appropriate hug and kiss for the woman he loved. The uncomfortable stare from Rosina, made it clear that she didn't like to see any sort of intimate contact between them.

Owen wanted to start the talk during dinner, but Taryn shut him down, insisting that the talk wait until after dinner. All three people ate in silence and looked at each other as the tension thickened and grew. When dinner was over, the dishes were piled up by the sink, and the trio walked out to the living room to finally have their fateful talk. Nobody knew what to say or how to start the discussion as they each sat in a different chair. Owen felt, without anyone saying anything outright, that it was his responsibility to start the ball rolling.

"The first thing you need to understand, Rosie, is that neither of us, planned this," Owen said with a deep sigh, as he looked at Rosina with a sincere look on his face.

"So how did this all start? When did it? How long has it been going on?" Rosina blurted out. She quickly cut herself off before she could rattle off a thousand questions.

With a deep sight he looked over at his mother and in reply she nodded at him, agreeing to his silent question. Owen told Rosina about their outing on his birthday that Wednesday and all that happened in the bathroom. Rosina's chin hit the floor as she heard her brother tell her things that she would have never imagined possible.

Even though Owen was as delicate as he could be when talking about the sex that took place, Rosina couldn't help but picture it. Much to her annoyance, she found the picture in her mind, hot, her pussy started to moisten. Rosina was not at all comfortable with this reaction from herself, and felt it was the first step down toward their level. Already she felt her feet start to slip on that slippery slope toward actually joining them in their sick world of incest.

"How could you, Owen?" Rosina asked with her mouth agape in utter shock.

"Like I said, it's hard to describe, it's like I'm discovering a part of myself that I didn't know was there," Owen said and looked down, pausing as he gathered his thoughts together. "After it happened, we talked and found out that we liked what we did . . . we needed something from each other," Owen said looking up to Rosina with a piercing look on his face, a look that begged to be understood.

"Needed? Needed what?" Rosina asked with a wrinkled forehead and a shaky voice.

"I need to dominate her," Owen said, his eyes never wavering from looking into Rosina's eyes.

"And I need to submit to him," Taryn said, completing Owen's thought.

Rosina's eyes shot over to her mother once she spoke and looked intently at her. It was the first time Taryn spoke since the talk began, and for Rosina it was mind-boggling to actually hear her mother admit to this. Rosina's eyes never wavered from looking at her mother and silently implored her to continue. Rosina desperately needed to hear what her mother had to say, to understand this bizarre relationship from her mother's point of view.

"Before I met your father, I always went for the 'jerk' type. I always dated the kind of men who would treat me like dirt. Time and time again I wound up with men who didn't respect me and walked all over me. Your father was the first man who treated me like a person and I loved him for it. I made myself go out with him because I knew I needed to get away from those jerks that I craved so much. I thought that I had locked up that part of me, the part that wanted to be treated like that. I didn't understand then, as I do now, that what I was really searching for was not a jerk, but a Master." Tarn looked down for a moment and then back up to her daughter's piercing eyes. "Yes,

Rosie, I need to be dominated, I love it when Owen takes control, makes me do things. I love serving him, and he gives me the control and dominance that I need from him and I give him the submission and servitude that he needs from me." Taryn paused to gauge Rosina's reaction to what she had said and Rosina's eyes were starting to get wet as she stared back at her mother.

"But you're mother and son! You're related, how can you two be so casual and comfortable with that?" Rosina blurted out in shock and amazement.

"Yes, we're related, and I suppose, if we had realized what we needed before it happened, we may have found other people to get what need. Since we are related, it's so much better . . ." Taryn said with a troubled tone of voice, but Rosina cut her off in mid-sentence.

"BETTER!" Rosina shrieked in disbelief.

"We love and trust each other, because we're family. I know Owen could never hurt me or abuse me. I know him; it just isn't in his nature! Because of that fact, and the fact that I love him as a son, I can give myself to him, as a lover . . . submit to him . . . as a . . . Slave." Taryn said, though her words were harder to get out, the longer she spoke. When she finally got the last of the words out, she hung her head and sobbed a few sobs that she fought to control.

There was uncomfortable silence in the room as Rosina looked at Taryn with compassion. She looked over to Owen and scowled at

him, it was his fault her mother was like this. Owen did this to her, Owen was the cause of her mother's pain. Rosina wanted to hit him for it, she looked away from him to her mother who had stopped her crying and looked back up to her with a smile. It was a teary smile that Taryn tried to let her daughter know that she was okay. The scowl that Rosina gave Owen afterward made one thing clear to Owen; she didn't understand the relationship at all. Clearly Rosina viewed the relationship as some sort of oppression.

"I think you need a demonstration, Rosie," Owen said with a cocky smile on his face.

"Demonstration?" Rosina asked, with a curious tone of voice and a fearful look on her face.

"Yes," Owen replied casually to Rosina before turning to Taryn to say, "Slave, remove your blouse!"

Taryn hesitated only for a short bit before she reached up and began to unbutton the blouse, one button at a time. Her red face made it clear that she wasn't comfortable doing this in front of Rosina, but couldn't help herself. Taryn's damn need to submit to her Master was too strong to resist, each time she submitted to him, it made it harder to resist the next time. It didn't take too long before the last button was undone, so she then removed the garment the rest of the way and placed it over the arm of the chair. She then folded her hands on her lap and waited, wearing only her skirt, panties and her bra.

Rosina looked at her mother, flabbergasted by the fact that her mother had actually done that just because Owen told her. Rosina glanced back at Owen, who smiled at her with an arrogant smile, her insides did a flip. She looked back at her mother expecting to see her put the garment back on, but she just sat there, motionless.

"Good, Slave, now show us your marvelous tits, take off that bra!" Owen ordered with a commanding tone of voice.

Rosina's eyes bugged out of her head when she heard that last command and looked at Owen in shock but only saw a satisfied, yet self-assured smirk on his face as he gave her a chuckle. Rosina looked over to her mother in time to see her lower the cups of the bra down and off. Then she placed the bra on top of her blouse and waited patiently, she still remained silent and had not said a word of protest. Much to her dismay, Rosina's eyes wandered over her mother's full, round, large breasts with envy and desire.

"I think she has a great set of tits, what do you think, Rosie?" Owen asked with a cheeky tone of voice as he looked over at Rosina, whose eyes were fixated on her mother's breasts.

"Lovely, yes," Rosina mumbled in reply, not sure of what else to say.

"Seeing them, sure has got me hard," Owen said to Rosina with a laugh before turning his attention to Taryn. "Get over here and give your Master a blowjob!" Owen commanded Taryn, while keeping an eye on Rosina out of the corner of his eye.

Taryn didn't move and only glared at Owen with a stern look of disapproval. Owen glared an evil look back at Taryn and let out a low growl, similar to what a beast makes before it pounces. Taryn bowed her head and got off the sofa that she was sitting in and walked on her knees toward Owen, who was sitting in the large chair. Rosina sat there, with her mouth hanging open and watched in morbid curiosity as her mother approached Owen.

Taryn reached up and unbuckled Owen's belt and then unbuttoned his pants. Rosina licked her lips, involuntarily as her mother opened his fly. Taryn figured that if she was exposed from the waist up, he was going to be exposed from the waist down. With that thought in mind Taryn grasped the waistband of Owen's jeans and underwear down until they were at his ankles. With a tug on one pant-leg, the jeans came off and Owen was able to spread his legs wide.

Taryn licked her lips and leaned forward to take the rock-hard shaft in her hand and brought her lips to the head of her Master's cock. Taryn pushed all thoughts out of her mind as she lowered her lips down the shaft of that cock. As the cockhead hit the back of her throat she pushed the thought that she was doing this in front of her daughter out of her mind. As the cockhead slipped down her throat, she focused on one thing and one thing only, pleasing her Master. She was ordered to suck on her Master's cock and that was what she was going to do, just what she was ordered. When her lips hit bottom she tried to slip her tongue out and lick at his balls, though it was barely a flick. She lifted her head until the cock came out of her mouth and she then ran her lips down the side of the shaft, licking

all over it as she went. Once she was at the base of his cock, she continued down until she was licking at his balls. Gently she took one of his balls in her mouth and sucked, before she did the same to the other one. She licked her way back up the shaft, until her lips were once again at the head of the cock. Slowly she lowered her head down, taking in all of his length before she lifted her head back up. Taryn wanted to draw out her worship of her Master's cock and had already forgotten that anyone else was in the room.

"You're too slow sometimes, Slave!" Owen said with a frustrated scoff.

Owen then reached up and grasped two handfuls of Taryn's hair from the sides of her head. He pulled her head down abruptly so that her lips hit the bottom of his shaft in half the time of her previous stroke. Quickly he lifted her head up and down on his shaft as he forced his cock down his mother's throat at his maddening pace. Owen's head fell back and he groaned out his pleasure, while still fucking her face.

"Cumming!" Owen moaned out in a satisfied groan. "Save some in your mouth, Slave!" Owen said as he abruptly let go of Taryn's head.

Taryn raised up her head until just the head was in her mouth. She let as much collect in her mouth as she could, swallowing only what she had to. After what seemed like an eternity, Owen's cock was spent and stopped spurting and Taryn carefully let it slip from her

mouth. She made sure not to let any of his cum drip out of her mouth as she sat back and waited for his next command.

"Show her what's in your mouth, Slave," Owen said to Taryn directly while pointing to Rosina. Taryn turned toward Rosina and opened her mouth wide, yet still at an angle as to keep the precious liquid in her open mouth. "No! Go up to her, show her up close. Let her have a real good at what you have in your mouth," Owen said with a wicked tone of voice.

Taryn got up and her breasts swayed and crashed about wildly and lewdly as she did. Rosina couldn't take her eyes off of the hypnotic sway of them as her mother approached. When they were less than an arms length away and hanging down, motionless, Rosina looked up with a start. She saw her mother's cum filled, open mouth only inches from her face and she couldn't help but smell the sent of her brother's seed, Rosina quivered inside.

"Kiss her, give her a taste," Owen said with a growl of desire in his voice.

Before Rosina could protest, her mother leaned forward and planted a kiss on her lips. A second after that, a foreign tongue forced its way into her mouth, and then a gush of something warm and salty past her lips. As quickly as it started, it was over, leaving Rosina stunned and mortified. Rosina sat there and swished the substance in her mouth, savored the taste of it on her tongue and her lust grew. Rosina knew full well that she was tasting Owen's cum. Her brother's cum

had been forced into her mouth by her mother who had just sucked him off. The concept alone was overwhelming, but the sudden gush of pussy-juice that rushed out of her, soaking her panties even more, was undeniable. Her mind was horrified, but her body loved it!

"That's enough, Slave, you can dress yourself now," Owen said casually to Taryn who casually did just that before she took her seat. Owen pulled up his pants and underwear up. Now Owen and Taryn looked like they did when the talk started. "So, Rosie, that is a sample of what Taryn and I do together. I give her and order and she complies . . . what do you think?" Owen said casually, as if he was talking about sports scores or the weather.

WHAT DOES SHE THINK? WHAT DOES SHE THINK? Rosina was outraged, disgusted, shocked, and scared by all that she had seen and heard so far. She was outraged for all that they had done together and how they were actually defending it. She was disgusted by what Owen had made their mother do right before her eyes! She was shocked about how she was starting to understand how and why it started. Worst of all she was scared that by understanding it, she was inching toward joining them. Rosina's soaked panties were a testament to this, fact. She was confused and terrified; her mind had already started to shut down. The only impulse left in her brain was to flee so she got up and rushed for the door.

"ROSINA, SIT DOWN!" Owen shouted with a roar that even made Taryn jump. Rosina only took two steps before, to her shock and horror, she sat back down, instantly.

Rosina sat there and blinked in stunned disbelief as she waited for something to happen. That was the first time in real life, that the need to obey and submit kicked in. Owen had ordered her to sit down and she had complied, without question; her pussy throbbed as she sat there. Her mind was reeling as she was filled with a thrill of submission and it shocked and excited her. Rosina didn't know what to do. She only hoped that nobody would pick up on what was going on in her mind.

Someone did pick up on what happened, even though she remained silent for the moment. Taryn could read in her daughters face the mixed feelings over her submission. Taryn knew the conflict that was raging in her daughter's mind, because she had fought that same battle Wednesday night, and lost. Taryn looked at her daughter with a perceptive eye and wondered what to do over this development.

Taryn's darker side knew that Rosina wouldn't make Taryn stop serving Owen if Rosina was also Owen's Slave. Taryn could never force her daughter into anything like that and wasn't sure she was comfortable with her daughter willingly doing so! Taryn was still unsure about her servitude to Owen and didn't want Rosina to be damaged by a relationship with her brother. As Taryn looked at her daughter, and her daughter looked back at her with fear in her eyes, it was clear that her daughter needed to talk about all that had gone on.

Rosina sat there and looked at her mother with terror gripping her heart. Did her mother know? Could her mother see that she liked to be ordered about? Was it that obvious what she was going through?

Rosina wanted to flee more than ever but her legs just wouldn't move. She glanced over at her brother who looked at her with a stern look on his face. Rosina's weakness within her started to grow and she felt herself getting meeker and meeker in his presence. Her eyes fell to the floor and she didn't look up at anyone, waiting for someone to say something.

"Owen, honey, could you leave us alone for a while?" Taryn said as she looked at Owen after her long stare at Rosina.

"Sure, how long do you need?" Owen asked with a curious tone of voice as he looked at Taryn.

"Go see movie or something, I'll call you when you can come back," Taryn said to Owen with a definite look in her eye, a motherly look of silent instruction to obey.

"Sure, Taryn," Owen said as he walked over to Taryn and gave her a lingering goodbye kiss and then left the house.

Taryn got up and walked over to the loveseat where Rosina was sitting and slowly sat down beside her trembling daughter. Taryn drew a deep breath and prepared herself for what she figured was going to be the oddest portion of this talk, yet. Taryn picked up Rosina's hand and held it in hers, looking into her daughter's eyes with a loving look. Taryn waited for Rosina to look at her, before she spoke but after a moment of Rosina still looking at the floor, Taryn spoke up.

"Rosie, honey, why did you sit back down just now?" Taryn asked in a soothing tone of voice.

Rosina looked up at her mother with wet eyes and a quivering lip. The expression on her face was one that told Taryn that she didn't want to answer that question. A silent pleading to leave her alone was in her eyes, yet at the same time Taryn sensed a part of Rosina that needed her mother to help her understand these conflicting feelings and impulses within her. Yet still, Rosina didn't answer, she couldn't answer. All she could do was fight the impulse to cry as she sat there in that loveseat, holding her mother's hand.

"You sat back down before you realized it . . . didn't you?" Taryn said with a perceptive tone of voice as she looked ever so more intently into her daughter's eyes. "When you did sit down, you wanted to get up and leave, but you couldn't . . . right?" Taryn asked and again sat quietly, waiting for Rosina's response that never came. "When you did do what Owen told you to do, you felt a sudden thrill within you, didn't you?" Taryn asked and again patiently waited for some kind of response from Rosina.

Rosina sat there, not saying anything, trying hard not to do or say anything to admit that her mother was right. Rosina didn't want to admit to anyone especially her mother about how right she was on all three questions. If Rosina held out a little more, perhaps her mother would get bored and go away. If she just held herself together she wouldn't have to admit that her need to submit had flared up, exciting and scaring her at the same time.

The quiver started inside before it found a weakness in her lower lip, and exploited it. Her lower lip started to quiver and soon it spread to the rest of her, then the tears came. Rosina buried her face in her hands and let the tears come, she cried heavily. Tears were nothing new to Rosina since Thursday night, though crying in front of another person was. Taryn put her arm around Rosina and pulled her daughter to her. Rosina resisted at first, wanting no comfort from her mother but after a bit, she relented and leaned in, curled up to her mother and cried even harder. It was for some time yet that Rosina cried and wetted Taryn's blouse with tears of pain, until she was cried out but still held her mother.

"I think you understand Owen's and my relationship, more than you let on, don't you?" Taryn asked perceptively, and waited as she stroked her daughter's hair, in a soothing manner.

"I don't know if I understand it, exactly," Rosina said in a quiet, cracking voice.

"But you feel the need, don't you?" Taryn asked, with a calm tone of voice.

"The need?" Rosina asked with a fearful flavor to her voice.

"The need to serve, the need to submit, the need to be dominated. You felt it, just now, didn't you? That is what made you sit down

when Owen commanded you, isn't it?" Taryn asked with a tone of certainty, which was not devoid of compassion.

"Yes," Rosina admitted in a tearful sob of shame as she clutched her mother tighter. "What's wrong with me? Why did that excite me? Why have I not been able to get these images out of my head? How do you make the dreams go away?" Rosina asked in a quivering tone of voice as she looked intently into her mother's eyes for some words of wisdom.

"Dreams?" Taryn asked with a curious tone of voice and a raised eyebrow of interest. "What dreams?" she asked and looked at a momentarily horrified Rosina before the young woman sighed heavily.

"Since I s . . . saw . . . what I saw on Thursday night, I have had dreams about it since," Rosina replied in a timid tone of voice, clearly ashamed over what she had admitted.

"Were they exactly the same as what you saw or were they different somehow?" Taryn asked in a knowing tone of voice, waiting for the answer she suspected.

"Different," Rosina said, looking down and away from her mother.

"Different how?" Taryn asked Rosina, who never answered, until Taryn shook her daughter and asked again. "Different how? How

were the dreams different from what you saw?" she asked again and shook her daughter's shoulder until she answered.

"In the dreams after you two finished having sex, Owen opened the window, dragged me in and then . . . and then . . . then he made me his Slave too!" Rosina admitted and then broke down into tears once again, crying and sobbing another round of pain.

"How did that make you feel? Is that something you want?" Taryn asked in a calm tone of voice that Rosina didn't expect coming from a parent talking about this!

"I . . . it shocked me! It isn't normal! Other women don't want to have sex with their brothers. Other women don't want to serve their brother, to become his Slave!" Rosina said in a sobbing, mash of tears and pain as she looked at her mother through tear-blurred eyes. "How did you get rid of the dreams?" she asked with a hopeful look in her eyes, hoping for a way out of her dilemma.

"I never had the dreams," Taryn said with a saddened tone of voice as she looked into her daughter's eyes. "For me, it happened too fast, I guess. I realized the need to serve as Owen was making me submit, I never had the time to think it over rationally before I gave in to it," Taryn said in a sad and sympathetic manner.

"Oh," Rosina said in a dejected tone of voice.

"How do these dreams make you feel?" Taryn asked another question, which she felt she knew the answer to.

"I cry every time they're over! Part of me loves what happens in the dream, but the realistic part of me, knows I could never do anything like that! I couldn't be my brother's Slave! I just couldn't!" Rosina replied in an emphatic manner and looked sternly into her mother's eyes.

"But you want to, don't you?" Taryn asked with a raised eyebrow.

"I . . . just said that part of me likes that thought, yes," Rosina replied in a hesitant tone of voice.

"No, I mean deep down, at your core, you want to, you really want to serve Owen. That need to submit that is ingrained so deeply in you wants you to submit to him," Taryn said in a low tone of voice, almost in a husky growl.

"Are you saying I should? Are you telling me to become my brother's Slave?" Rosina asked in a horrified manner, unable to comprehend the words coming from her mother's mouth.

"I'm not telling you what to do, that is up to you. What I am saying is that, perhaps, the reason you are in so much pain is because you can't accept what you want at the most basic of levels." Taryn spoke

in a compassionate and tender tone of voice as she looked at her daughter's wet eyes that nodded their agreement.

"I don't know mom . . . maybe . . . do you think I should? Are you happy?" Rosina asked in a teary and confused muddle, not sure of what was right, wrong, good or evil anymore.

"That is something you need to determine for yourself. I am happy serving Owen, yes. A deep part of myself is satisfied. For years I ignored it, tried to pretend that it wasn't there. I thought I had long since conquered it," Taryn said in a sincere tone of voice, speaking directly into Rosina's eyes. "Until Wednesday night that is," she added in a light tone of voice and had a laugh that Rosina joined her in on.

"So it never goes away?" Rosina asked in a defeated tone of voice, sincerely unhappy to hear that she would have to fight this urge the rest of her life.

"You can push it down and ignore it, but it will always be there," Taryn replied with a saddened sigh.

"Are you happy?" Rosina asked with a tentative tone of voice.

"Immensely! I actually feel myself blossoming because of it. Since I began serving Master, I feel more content and confident than I have in years. I feel satisfied on a deep and subconscious level . . . yes . . .

I am happy . . . I never thought I would say this to anyone but, yes I am happy being a Slave to my son," Taryn said with a light and relieved tone of voice, a smile on her face as she spoke.

It was at that moment, that very moment that the last vestiges of doubt and regret over submitting to Owen were swept away. It was in the act of explaining to Rosina how she felt about her servitude to Owen, that it clicked in Taryn's mind. She was happy, Taryn actually liked to serve her son and suddenly she didn't feel ashamed or weird about it. She needed him as much as he needed her; they needed each other and were happy because of it. While she had been uncomfortable being made to serve him in front of Rosina and had planned to sternly chastise him over it, later. Now she felt differently about it, now she would suck him off in the middle of the food court at the local mall if he ordered her to. Taryn loved to serve him and trusted him implicitly, whatever Master wanted is what the dutiful Slave would do.

"You are! You really are!" Rosina asked with an astonished look on her face as she looked her mother.

Rosina couldn't completely accept that anyone could want to serve another person. How could anyone be content and truly happy being a Slave to another person? Yet it was clear in the way that her mother answered that she was happy. Rosina wanted that happiness, she wanted to be that happy and her mother had already told her that this burning need to submit wouldn't go away. Could she really do it? Could Rosina Thompson actually become her brother's Slave, and

love it? A wrinkled forehead signaled to Taryn, her daughter's confusion.

"What are you thinking, dear?" Taryn asked as she stroked the hair out of Rosina's eyes and held her daughter's head.

"I was wondering if I could be happy like that . . . do you think I could?" Rosina asked in a fearful and quiet tone of voice.

"I can't answer that, only time can. You have to be sure that it is what you want, dear?" Taryn said as she looked deep into her mother's eyes.

"You didn't think about it, and you're happy," Rosina asked in a confused muddle. "You didn't have to ask Owen to become your Master, it just sorta happened . . . and you're happy," Rosina said with a frustrated tone of voice and a most uncomfortable manner about her. "Why do I have to humiliate myself by asking him?" Rosina added in a soft tone of voice that was sounding suspiciously like a pout.

"Is that what you need? For Owen to take charge? Do you want him to take you? To claim you and make you his Slave?" Taryn asked in a husky tone of voice and she had to admit that the thought of her daughter also serving Owen was hot.

"Maybe," Rosina replied so quietly, her voice was barely audible as she looked at the floor.

Nothing was said for a moment yet as daughter and mother held each other in silence. Taryn thought over all that was said and tried to consider what was best for her daughter. How could a mother consider helping her child become a Slave to her other child? What mother was a Slave to her son? Taryn couldn't deny that she was happy serving Owen and felt complete as his Slave. Her daughter had expressed may of the same feelings and tendencies that she herself had. If Taryn could be happy as a Slave, perhaps Rosina could be, too. Why should Rosina be denied happiness if it was what she really wanted?

"I'll tell you what, Rosie," Taryn said and waited for Rosina's eyes to meet hers before she continued. "I'll call Owen and have him come home now. You go upstairs and go to your room if you don't want to serve Owen or just need more time to think. If you do want to become Owen's Slave, then go wait in his room. I promise you, you won't have to say or do a thing, he will take care of everything. But you have to make sure that it is what you want, okay?" Taryn said in a calming and reassuring tone of voice.

Rosina looked up at her mother and for a moment had a troubled look on her face. That expression then warmed up and she smiled and nodded. Silently Rosina walked up the stairs, still unsure of what she was going to do, of which door she was going to open. Her mind was still in a muddle as she stood there between the two doors

and looked at each of them for a long while. It was a hard choice, but one she had to make on her own.

Taryn waited downstairs with baited breath, not moving from the chair. After what seemed like an eternity, Taryn heard a door open and then close. That was the signal that Rosina had made her decision so she called Owen and told him to come home. Waiting for Owen was another excruciating eternity but eventually he walked in the front door. Taryn's face lit up when her strong Master walked in the door. She rose to greet him and kissed him a lingering hello kiss, no longer afraid if they would get caught. She led him to the loveseat and held his hand like she had done with Rosina before she started her talk.

"I had a good talk with Rosie and I know what has really been bothering her," Taryn said as her heart started beating in her chest.

"I thought it was just her shock over us, wasn't that it?" Owen asked with a confused tone of voice, his eyebrow raised in a perplexed expression that dominated his face.

"It was shock alright, but not shock over us, shock over herself, of how she reacted," Taryn said as she looked into her Master's face and smiled, unable to do anything else.

"Herself?" Owen asked, still unsure as to what his mother was getting at.

"She and I are so very much alike it seems . . . she's also a submissive," Taryn said calmly as she looked into Owen's eyes and paused, momentarily. "A submissive who is searching for a Master to make her his Slave . . . she needs you," she added in a sincere tone of voice.

"What?" Owen replied in a shocked and stunned tone of voice, his breath leaving him momentarily.

"She is grappling with whether or not she can actually do it but I believe she really wants to but simply can't come out and say it," Taryn said in a compassionate tone of voice.

"Rosie?" Owen said in utter disbelief.

"You and I are happy, why can't Rosie also be happy, if that is what she wants?" Taryn asked with a wrinkled forehead.

"I guess, but I never figured that Rosie would want to be my Slave!" Owen replied with a stunned chuckle.

"Well we never gave it much thought in that bathroom, Wednesday night either, but here we are. I couldn't think of being any other way, could you?" Taryn asked in a light hearted manner and finished up with a chuckle.

"I guess, but wow, I still never imagined she would want it too!" Owen said with the same shocked chuckle as his cock started to get stiff at the thought.

"Are you saying you don't find your sister attractive?" Taryn asked what even struck her as a strange and bizarre question coming from a mother to her son.

"Well, hey she is her mother's daughter and is quite cute with a hot little body, sure!" Owen said emphatically as he looked at his mother with a cheeky smile on his face.

"Oh, Master, you say the sweetest things," Taryn said with an appreciative gush as she leaned in and kissed Owen with a heated kiss of gratitude. "As much as I would love to play around with you, Master, you need to go upstairs and see to Rosie. I told her that if she wanted to be your Slave she was to wait in your room. If she isn't there then either she doesn't want it or isn't ready yet. If she is in your room, you need to take charge and make her submit. Like you did for me on Wednesday," Taryn said and then looked down, not able to look him in the eyes yet.

"Okay," Owen said calmly before he leaned in and kissed Taryn again. As he kissed her he made sure it was a hard kiss of roughness and dominance. Owen reached boldly under Taryn's blouse until his hand met her breast. Tugging up, he moved the cup of the bra out of the way, making it quite uncomfortable for Taryn. But when his hand found her nude breast, she wasn't complaining. When his fingers ran

over her nipple, the pleasure that shot to her pussy made her forget where she was.

"You are such a hot Slave," Owen said with a loving look on his face as he stood up.

"Thank you, Master," Taryn said dreamily as she lay there, her clothes all askew.

Owen chuckled as he walked upstairs and wondered what he would do if his sister was indeed in his room. It was true that he had dominated his mother and was quite happy doing it. It happened so quickly that he was in the middle of it before he realized what he was doing. Now he had an actual choice, he had to decide to take his sister, by force! Sure, if she was there, it meant she wanted him to, needed him to assert his dominance over her. Could he actually do that to his kid sister? At nineteen she wasn't a kid anymore but she was still his sister, regardless.

Owen reached his door and took a breath to steady himself and he wondered if she really was in there. He pondered if his sister was really in there, waiting for him to make her his Slave. That thought brought a wicked smile of satisfaction on his face before he shook it off. With apprehension and excitement he reached up and opened the door. There, sitting patently, timidly and fearfully was Rosina, looking down at her knees. She didn't raise her eyes to meet his when he entered the room.

Rosina's heart was pounding in her chest as she heard the door close. She could feel his presence, she could feel the heat of his stare and her pussy got that much wetter because of it. Rosina shouldn't be here and she knew it, she should be in her own room, logically. What was she doing here in Owen's room, knowing what it meant! It was too late now, he was there and blocking the only exit, or was he? She could rush out the window and escape this madness; she didn't really want to be her brother's Slave, did she? What was she doing here, waiting for him to claim her? And why had he not said anything yet? The wait was killing her! If he was going to do it, do it quick, put her out of her misery already. If her destiny was to be her brother's Slave then get it over with quick; like taking off a band-aid, you do it fast not slow. Rosina let out a huff of dissatisfaction but otherwise remained silent and still.

Owen closed the door and leaned up against it, looking his sister over in disbelief. There she was, Rosina; she was sitting on his bed, looking quite small, with her hands folded in her lap. Her eyes were looking down and she hadn't looked up to him yet. Even though he hadn't done anything to her yet, she was already submitting to him. Owen chuckled to himself, that his mother was right, Rosina was a submissive; dominating her would be easy. It still seemed unreal that he was about to make his kid sister his Slave. A week ago he had never looked at either his mother or sister in a sexual way. Now his eyes walked over Rosina's body and liked what he saw. Rosina then let out a huff and Owen knew that he had to get things moving.

"So, you're actually here in my room," Owen said with a self-satisfied tone of voice as he walked toward Rosina.

"Yes, Sir," Rosina said meekly and quietly, not looking up yet.

"You know what that means, don't you?" Owen asked with a cocky tone of voice as he stopped and stood right in front of Rosina, who still hadn't moved.

"Yes, Sir," Rosina said and tensed up, cringing as she sat there, waiting for Owen to do or say something.

Don't make her say it! Don't make her say it! Don't make her say it! Rosina kept repeating the phrase in her mind as she sat there with Owen standing before her, larger than life. She felt small and insignificant in his powerful presence, and kept feeling smaller, the longer he stood there. The feeling was a great rush of wicked excitement but also a source of great fear. She was going to cry if he didn't do something to break the tension soon.

"Well, I Owen Thompson, do hereby claim you, Rosina Thompson as my Slave, to serve me faithfully until death," Owen said in a commanding tone of voice down to Rosina.

Rosina didn't move or acknowledge the statement at all; wrong thing to do. Owen reached down and grabbed a clump of Rosina's hair at the back of her head and jerked it down. The motion forced a, now terrified Rosina to look up into Owen's eyes, who brought his face so close that their noses almost touched. Owen's face was right over her

face as she looked almost straight up, his face loomed over hers, she felt like she was looking into the face of a god. The stern look on Owen's face made it clear that he was not pleased with her.

"I AM YOUR MASTER!" Owen shouted, his face still an inch from hers. "Is that clear, Slave?" Owen asked in a calmer tone of voice.

"Yes, Sir," Rosina squeaked out, panic gripping her heart.

"What did you call me?" Owen snarled as he tugged on Rosina's hair, causing her scalp to scream in pain.

"MASTER! Yes Master," Rosina said and sobbed a few cries before she stopped her tears.

"Better," Owen replied with a sultry and pleased tone of voice as a broad, satisfied smile crept across his face. "Do you willingly submit yourself to me? Do you pledge yourself to my service, until death, Slave?" he asked with a stern, yet calm tone of voice.

"Yes, Master," Rosina said with a tear forming in the corner of her eye, her rational mind was sobbing.

"As my Slave, do you swear to serve your Master faithfully? Will you do anything I command, without question? Will your sole purpose

in life to see me pleased with you?" Owen asked with a firm tone of voice, damn-well knowing the answer.

"Yes, Master," Rosina said and looked up into his eyes, her apprehension and fear started to subside.

While Rosina didn't feel any different, she didn't feel like the word "SLAVE" had been tattooed across her forehead, she knew something inside her had changed. She looked up at Owen's eyes and started to see him differently, he looked so powerful, so commanding, towering over her, the only word that fit was, Master. Her rational part of her mind was screaming for her to leave and forget this nonsense, but the dark part of her soul, the part that she knew was the source of the dreams, was sighing in contentment. While her rational mind panicked, her deep-seated need to submit and be dominated was elated and happy to have a Master. A loving smile crept across her face as she looked up to the man she wanted to serve, her Master. She, Rosina Thompson, was now the Slave of her brother, and so far, she loved it. She started to feel content and complete, knowing that the difficult choices in her life was no longer hers to make, her Master would look out for her, take care of her. All she had to do was obey her Master, and serve him faithfully.

"I think it's time that your Master got a good look at his new Slave, don't you?" Owen asked with a smirk on his face as he stood up and backed away from Rosina.

"Yes, Master!" Rosina said and her eyes lit up with excitement and fear.

"Then get those clothes off, NOW!" Owen said as he grasped Rosina by the shoulder and shoved her up and off the bed in one motion.

Owen sat down on the bed calmly and watched Rosina fumble with her clothes. She was so nervous that she had trouble getting her T-shirt off. She pulled the slim-fitting garment up and over her head. She tossed it down on the floor by the door before she reached up to the centre of her bra and unfastened the garment, slipping it off her shoulders. Her small breasts came into view, they suited her slender, athletic build but were by many standards quite small. With shaky finger she unbuttoned her pants and hooked her thumbs in the waistband of her panties. With a wiggle of her hips and a steady tug, the pants and panties came down and off her body. The socks were next and there Rosina stood, nude before her brother for the first time since they took baths together when they were toddlers.

Rosina looked into Owen's eyes, desperate to know what he thought of her body. What did her Master think of her body? Did he think she looked like a boy, like so many guys told her? Rosina didn't know what she would do if Owen told her that she was ugly, skinny or just didn't appeal to him. She knew that she didn't have her mother's large breasts or accentuated, hourglass figure. Rosina couldn't help the way she was built, she was the way she was, wasn't that enough? Why did everyone have to look the same before they were considered beautiful? Rosina's mind was going a mile a minute, she didn't hear Owen's command the first time, he had to repeat it.

"I said turn around!" Owen commanded in a stronger tone of voice and slowly Rosina turned on the spot. "Damn, Slave you have the tightest little body I have ever seen! You have one killer ass!" he said with a genuinely impressed look on his face.

Rosina's eyes snapped to look at her Master and she scrutinized his face for a full minute. She wanted to believe that her body pleased him. It was important to her that he found her body to be appealing, but couldn't stand be lied to, or made fun of. The look on his face made it clear that he was serious, he loved her body, he thought she was hot! Her Master thought she was hot! That was all she needed to know, he loved and accepted her, just as she was.

"Thank you, Master," Rosina said with wet eyes of absolute satisfaction and gratitude.

"Now, get over here and remove my clothes, Slave," Owen said with a calm yet confident tone of voice.

Rosina started to move before she told herself to, she was eager to see Owen nude. Rosina's excitement grew as each piece of her Master's clothes were removed. She loved running her hands over her masculine body. Her joy and lust trickled down her leg and was obvious for the world to see and smell as she kneeled down to pull off Master's pants. When his underwear came off she was still kneeling before him, her eyes never left his cock. She drew a quick breath as she looked at the thick cock with worshipful reverence. She

glanced up to his face and smiled a nervous smile to the now nude Owen.

"Suck it, Slave, show me you know how to suck cock," Owen said with a sneer as the cock Rosina was looking at twitched in anticipation.

The fun screeched to a halt all of a sudden for Rosina. It was one thing to play at being his Slave, call him Master, strip for him, strip him, but it was quite another to actually have sex with him. The rational part of Rosina's brain kicked up enough of a fuss that Rosina started to panic. Her eyes got wide, and no longer did she look at Owen's cock with excitement but rather fear. With terror in her eyes Rosina got up and bolted for the door.

"SLAVE GET BACK HERE!" Owen shouted and Rosina slowed down but did not stop her rush for the door.

Rosina had just grasped the doorknob and pulled the door open a foot or so by the time Owen reached the door. He pushed on it to slam it shut so hard that the doorknob slipped out of Rosina's hand. She spun around quickly and looked up into an incensed Owen's face. Rosina feared for her life and her mind froze, and she trembled before him. Silently, Owen reached up and grasped Rosina by the back of the neck and directed her back to the bed. When Owen sat down on it but kept his knees together in front of him, Rosina knew what was going to happen. Rosina fought and punched Owen everywhere she could get a hand in as she was swiftly directed over

his lap. Even though she was over his lap, Rosina still fought and punched Owen to let her up.

Seeing his belt down on the floor gave Owen a wicked idea. He picked it up and before Rosina knew what was happening the belt was cinched up around her neck like a collar and leash. It was a braided belt so that he was able to tighten it up around her neck but he only did so loosely, he just wanted to keep her under control, not kill her. Rosina clawed at the makeshift collar but couldn't undo it. Owen pulled the leash and with a gasp, Rosina rose to her feet and was directed around the room by collar. Rosina's fear and shock kept her in line for the moment; she didn't know what she had gotten herself into. Owen rushed toward the closet and fished out one of his less favorite neckties. Roughly he pushed Rosina, face first against the wall, pulling her hands behind her back. Quickly and effectively he tied her hands together, behind her before she could pull them away.

"You did this to yourself, Slave. If you would only behave this would go much easier on you," Owen growled as he kept Rosina's body pressed against the wall, while she struggled for a moment more.

"This isn't funny anymore, Owen, let me go!" Rosina said in amongst the tears that flowed down her face at the moment. She struggled against her bonds and Owens grip, but it was no use.

"When you stop fussing about, we can begin your punishment, Slave," Owen said with a calm and determined tone of voice.

For the next few minutes Rosina cried, begged, fought and struggled to get free, but she couldn't. The rational part of Rosina's mind was in charge and fighting to get free before it was too late. That part of Rosina knew that if this evening went the way it feared, there would be no turning back. Rosina's body however grew tired of the fight and struggled less and less, until eventually it gave out and Rosina just stood there motionless, pressed up against that wall.

"Are we ready to receive our punishment?" Owen asked in the same, calm and firm tone of voice.

"Yes," Rosina snapped back in a huff. Owen cleared his throat, loudly. "Yes, Master," she added in a slightly snippy tone of voice that Owen chose to ignore.

Gently, Owen led Rosina back to the bed by her arm and sat down on the bed, like before. Without a word, Owen directed Rosina to lay across his lap, she shot him a defiant glare but complied all the same. She didn't struggle this time and just lay motionless, waiting for the spanking to begin.

"I know you're new and I am trying to be lenient on you, but you seem to have a problem listening but let's see if you understand the basics. Tell me, why are you being punished?" Owen asked in a slightly perturbed tone of voice.

"Because I won't suck your cock," Rosina said in an angry tone of voice.

"Yes, but more specifically because you disobeyed a direct command by me to suck my cock and then you tried to leave before I told you, you could go. That is two offences, so you must be punished for both. Your actions have earned you ten spanks," Owen said with an authoritative tone of voice.

"TEN! FUCK YOU!" Rosina shouted and started to get up. Owen pulled down on the leash and a coughing Rosina was pulled back down across Owen's lap. "Since I know you watched me spank Taryn, I know you know what is expected of you, but I will refresh your memory. You are to count off each spank and thank me for it, if you fail to do either, the spank doesn't count, got it?" Owen said and raised his hand above Rosina's ass.

"Yes, Master," Rosina said through gritted teeth.

Just get through this, do what you have to, to get through this, Rosina told herself. So your brother is going to spank you, just be a good girl and when he unties you, you can run for the door. This whole thing was a mistake, a mistake she wouldn't have to do again. Rosina's logical mind was fighting to stay in control of Rosina. The greatest challenge for its supremacy was coming up and it didn't even know it.

Whack! Owen's hand came down on the unsuspecting ass of Rosina and she howled in pain and shock. Owen waited for a second before he brought his hand down again with a resounding smack that filled the room. It wasn't until the third one landed that Rosina realized that she hadn't counted any of the spanks. So when the fourth one landed she forced herself to speak up.

"One! Thank you, Master," Rosina called out after the forth spank landed.

After each following spank landed Rosina felt something different growing inside her. Once the last spank had been landed Rosina felt so very different. Her pussy was dripping, for one and now that the spanks were over she kinda missed them. The pain was double-edged, it hurt but in a wicked way, a deliciously naughty way that called out to that dark part of her soul. It was that dark part of her soul that told her that she had been a bad Slave and that she deserved the punishment she got. Tears formed in Rosina's eyes as the regret hit her that she had hurt her Master by her disobedience. The submissive part of Rosina was winning the battle for Rosina, that much was clear by what she said next.

"I'm sorry that I disobeyed you, Master, can you forgive me?" Rosina said in a teary admission of what she considered to be her despicable behavior.

"You have disobeyed, you have been punished, the matter is now closed," Owen said with a pleased tone of voice as he gently rubbed Rosina's ass to soothe the pain of the spanking.

"You are most gracious, Master. Does that mean you'll untie me now?" Rosina asked with a hopeful tone of voice as she looked over her shoulder.

"No, that you have to earn," Owen said with a confident tone of voice. "Now, let's try this again, suck my cock, Slave," he added with a firm tone, to make sure she knew he meant it.

"Yes, Master," Rosina replied meekly.

Rosina's logical mind shouted at her to run for the door, but her submissive-self was still in control. Rosina slid off his lap and walked on her knees around until she was kneeling between Owen's widespread legs. She looked at the cock once more and knew this would be much more difficult with her arms tied behind her back. She looked up at Owen and smiled, hoping to relay her will to comply, along with her desire to please him.

Rosina leaned forward and brought her lips to the head of the, thick, hard cock before her that was ever so slightly pointing down. Once she got the large head in her mouth she lifted it up until the cock was standing out straight. She lowered her mouth on his cock and the fat head went further into her mouth. When the head hit the entrance to her throat, Rosina gagged and pulled back. Again she slowly

lowered her mouth on his cock, taking about half of it in her mouth before she gagged and had to pull back. Slowly Rosina bobbed her mouth on his cock and was starting to get into the act of pleasing her Master when things took a sharp turn.

"You have talent, Slave, I'll give you that, but you suck too slow. Let me show you how it's done," Owen said as he reached up to the sides of her head.

Before Rosina knew what he was talking about he had a firm grasp on her head from either side of it. He pulled her head toward his groin and Rosina freaked when the cock hit the back of her mouth. He pulled her off of his cock until just the head was inside. Again he pulled her mouth back down his cock before he pulled her off. Rosina relaxed and let her head be directed around by Owen, and she found that she liked it. As Owen took control of the blowjob, Rosina could relax and surrender herself to the moment and therefore to him. She was content to be used for his pleasure, she was a mouth for him to fuck, nothing more. Rosina growled with lust as she delighted in being nothing but a piece of meat for her Master to toy with and use anyway he wished. The delight of being controlled and dominated started to really reveal itself to Rosina during that blowjob.

The intensity of the blowjob was too much for Owen as well it seemed as it didn't take long for him to reach his peak. Without telling her to, or without warning, Owen pulled her mouth off of his cock until just the head was inside her mouth and held her head firm as his cock exploded. Quickly Rosina's mouth filled with cum and she had to quickly swallow it to make room for more. The fact that

Rosina had never let a man finish off in her mouth was not a remote concern for her now as she quickly and happily swallowed her Master's cum again and again. Once Owen's cock was spent, he let go of her head and she let it slip from her mouth, looked up to him.

"That was great, Slave," Owen said in a satisfied tone of voice with a magnanimous smile on his face. "Suck it hard again, I'm gonna need it hard to fuck you, and I will fuck you, Slave," Owen said with a determined growl in his voice.

"Yes, Master!" Rosina squealed with excitement.

Rosina lunged forward and took his cock in her mouth and sucked hard on it as she bobbed up and down. She was eager to get her Master hard again, because she wanted to see what the thick cock could do to her little pussy. Her logical mind was weeping in a corner, begging for some sane part of Rosina to but it back in control again. This was getting too real, this was going too far! Sucking him off was about as far as it could go, but to fuck him was crossing a line. To actually fuck her brother was way too intimate, twisted and sick to be allowed to happen! The fact remained that the submissive-self of Rosina was firmly in control at the moment and the dripping wet pussy agreed that it wanted the fat cock!

"Good enough, Slave, get on the bed, on your knees," Owen said as he stood up and got out of Rosina's way.

Rosina struggled to stand up and get on the bed with her arms still tied behind her back. Once she got on the bed she flopped over and her face crashed into the mattress. Her ass was sticking up in the air lewdly but she was across the bed diagonally. Owen picked up Rosina's hips and turned her until she was in line with the length of the bed. He got up behind her and positioned himself to mount her.

"Are you ready, Slave?" Owen asked with a cocky tone of voice.

"Yes, Master," Rosina moaned as she felt the head of his cock sliding down her slit, toward her clitoris.

"I'm going to fuck you now, do you want that?" Owen asked with a firm tone of voice.

"YES, MASTER!" Rosina cried out with such intensity that it shocked even her.

Owen just chuckled in reply and he quickly lined his cock up with Rosina's pussy and pushed. He felt like he was entering a virgin, she was so tight, he paused just after entering her and waited before pressing into her some more. Rosina just let out a growl that sounded almost like a cross between cat purr and a lusty growl.

"FUCK! You're so big, Master! Don't stop! More! Give me more!" Rosina called in a needy moan as she started to thrust back toward Owen.

In reply, Owen steadily pushed forward and Rosina continued to purr as more of his cock sank into her virgin-tight pussy. Finally, Owen hit bottom and all of his thick cock was inside Rosina, and he remained still for a moment. Both Rosina and Owen marveled at the exquisite sensations that just the entry had given them. Rosina was so tight that Owen almost lost it just pushing it into her. He needed a moment to calm down just as Rosina needed a moment to get used to his substantial girth. After a moment, Owen pulled back and almost out of Rosina's pussy before he shoved his fat cock back into her. Once more she purred and moaned as Owen repeatedly fucked Rosina in slow, steady strokes. She was so tight that fast strokes just weren't possible at the moment. A few times Owen had to stop for a moment for fear he would cum too soon. The tight pussy of Rosina was quite intense and very different from the way that Taryn's pussy felt.

Rosina was out of her mind from the moment that Owen's fat cock split her slit and started to enter her most intimate of places. She had expected the sex to be good and knew that his fat cock would make it that much more pleasurable. This went way beyond anything in her wildest fantasies! Her whole body was on fire as he slowly stroked her pussy with what felt like the blunt end of a baseball bat! Rosina never stopped making some kind of noise the entire time that she was fucked. If Owen was afraid that he would cum first he needn't have worried, for the intensity of the slow, grinding fuck was working her quickly into a frenzy. Her pussy started to quake and quiver at first and then her whole body started to shake and thrash about as her orgasm hit her full force. Rosina let out a howl that sounded like a cat in heat and he had little choice but to stop fucking

her. His cock was held in place from a quivering pussy in midst of orgasm. Owen could only take so much of the hot pussy milking his cock before he exploded into Rosina's pussy.

Tears flowed down Rosina's face as she felt the first waves of his cum hitting the insides of her pussy. They were not tears of pain or regret but of joy, it was the most intensely romantic moment of her life. She felt such an intense wave of love for him at that moment that it overwhelmed her and she cried. Rosina loved him, she really loved Owen not as a brother, or even as a lover, she loved him as a Slave loves a Master. Her love for him was closer to worship from a disciple to a god. She knew that she could never leave him, she could never refuse him anything. Her fall down into the depraved world of incestuous Slavery was complete; there was no going back for Rosina. Yet one thing would finally seal her bond to her Master for all time. There was one more thing she could give him to signify her complete and total submission to him.

"Fuck my ass, Master," Rosina sobbed out as her crying started to subside.

"What?" Owen asked in confusion as he pulled his slick cock from her tight pussy.

"Please, fuck my ass, Master!" Rosina repeated, a little more strenuously.

"Why?" Owen asked curiously as he looked down at Rosina who turned her head to the side in order to try and look at him.

"Make it complete, make my submission to you complete!" Rosina mewed out in a dreamy tone of voice as she tried to return her emotions to an even keel.

"What do you mean, Slave?" Owen asked, unsure of the connection.

"You've taken my mouth, fucked it, and cum in it. You've taken my, pussy, fucked it, and cum in it. Now take my ass, fuck it, and cum in it. Then and only then will I be completely, undeniably yours, Master. Make it complete, make your dominance over me complete, Master," Rosina pleaded in an urgent tone of voice.

"Okay, but it'll hurt!" Owen said as he lined up his now hard again cock up with her asshole.

"I'm sure it will, Master. Nobody has ever fucked me there, you're my first; I want you to be the first to fuck my ass. Do it, I don't care about the pain, Master, please just fuck my ass, I need it!" Rosina said in a mournful tone of voice and Owen wasn't sure if she wasn't about to cry.

Owen figured his cock was slick enough from the intense fuck he had just received from her tight pussy. Slowly, and steadily he pushed forward, trying to force the fat head of his thick cock into her tight

little rear. For a moment they both thought that it wasn't going to happen but Rosina focused on relaxing, and Owen kept pushing. Suddenly her back door gave way and the head slid into her ass, and Rosina let out a cry of pain and shock. Owen remained still and stroked the back of Rosina, whose hands were still tied up at this point. When she looked over her shoulder and nodded, Owen pushed forward and sank a little more of his cock into her ass. After a few inches had gone in, Owen withdrew until only the head was inside before he pushed back inside. Rosina let out a deep, guttural moan when she felt the first fucking of her ass. Owen didn't go any further into her ass than before on this stroke or the next. Slowly he fucked her ass with only a few inches of his cock, every so often he would push just a little further into her ass and then fuck that depth for a while. Eventually all of Owen's cock made it into Rosina's ass. She let out a victorious sigh when she felt Owen's stomach rest against the cheeks of her ass.

That was when the real fucking began, for Owen withdrew his cock like before but pushed it back in, much harder and faster than before. Again and again he forced his thick cock up her ass and the pain was intense but that only seemed to enhance the pleasure. Rosina was happy to give this to her Master, she was happy to give her ass to him. The fact that it hurt her only made the gift that much more special. The pain was subsiding now and the wicked pleasure was more than she could have expected. The hard and fast ass-fucking was fast driving her toward another orgasm. It was having the same effect on Owen it seemed, for he was the first to cum this time as he slammed into her ass one last time.

"OH GAAAWD, CUUMMING!" Owen shouted as he let loose a torrent of cum deep into her ass.

Rosina felt the first ropes of cum hit the deepest part of her bowels and the knowledge of the wicked place that cock was cumming, pushed her over the edge. Rosina cried out in a wordless affirmation of her own orgasm as her lithe body rocked in orgasm again that night. Tears flowed again as Master and Slave came together in a literal and real sense.

The logical part of Rosina knew that it had lost and the only thing left was servitude. It knew that its failure to save Rosina from a life of being a Slave to her brother was complete. There was only him now, she existed to serve him and bring him joy. She was to be used by him for whatever purpose was required to bring him pleasure. She was happy in that knowledge, that she was to serve her Master with complete devotion. The storm within her dissipated and Rosina was finally at peace, everything made sense to her now that she was a Slave and had accepted it.

"That was intense, Slave!" Owen gushed with adoration as his cock popped out of her ass leaving a large hole that slowly started to collapse.

"Thank you, Master," Rosina said over her shoulder with tears in her eyes. "I'm yours now, yours for all time, Master," she said with a satisfied mew as she looked at him with unmistakable love.

"You'd best get cleaned up," Owen said as he untied her hands, after seeing how messy she was.

"Yes, Master," Rosina said as she got up and walked as best she could with a sore and tender ass to the bathroom to do just that.

Owen looked down at the bed-sheets and saw how stained they were and knew they had to be changed. He had just started to pull the corners of the bottom sheet off the bed when Taryn looked into the room. She saw what he was doing and quickly disappeared from the doorway. When she returned she was holding a fresh set of sheets.

"I'll do that, Master!" Taryn chipped happily as she graciously brushed Owen aside and continued to make the bed. "How was it?" she asked with a sparkle of naughty curiosity as she looked at him over her shoulder.

"Intense!" Owen said with wide eyes as he nodded boldly.

"I should think so! I heard you two all the way downstairs, I still have to clean up the loveseat, I came all over it, thankfully it's leather and should wipe right up!" Taryn chuckled as she finished making the bed.

"Master?" Rosina said as she stood in the doorway of the room, looking down at the floor.

"Yes, Slave?" Owen asked Rosina but he noted that both Taryn and Rosina looked at him, expectantly.

"Can I sleep with you, tonight? I would love to hold you all night. These past few days have been hard on me," Rosina said and looked at the floor, ashamed for asking anything of her Master.

"Sure," Owen agreed with an understanding and gracious smile on his face.

"Are you sure that's a good idea, Master?" Taryn protested as respectfully as she could. "What about Richard?" she asked with a raised eyebrow.

"When is the last time he ever stuck his head in my room at night?" Owen asked with a challenging tone of voice. "It'll be fine," he added confidently.

That was it before Taryn left the room and Owen and Rosina crawled into bed together. They snuggled up and held each other in the bed trying to get some sleep. Rosina was happy, blissfully happy. Not only did she have a Master, and felt complete because of it, but the pain and confusion of the last few days were gone. As she held her Master, peace and contentment reigned within Rosina; she fell asleep and slept like a baby, until morning.

Chapter Eight: The Giggle-Twins

"Mom!" Rosina said in a hushed tone as she shook her mother by the shoulder. "MOM!" she said again, slightly louder, while shaking her mother a little harder.

"What?" Taryn replied with the slur of a sleepy, groggy manner that next morning.

"I need help," Rosina replied in a quiet tone of voice and paused for a moment. "I need help making breakfast for Master," she added in an even quieter tone of voice.

"Don't call him that in front of your father!" Taryn hissed as her eyes shot open; she glared at her daughter who was kneeling beside Taryn's side of the bed.

"What else would I call Master, but Master?" Rosina asked with a most puzzled look on her face, genuinely confused over what she saw as a silly question.

Taryn groaned and rolled her eyes; Rosina had it bad, hopefully she would calm down a bit in a few days. It was almost cute to see such fervent devotion to their collective Master. She smiled at Rosina, stroked her head and pulled her daughter toward her and kissed the young woman on the forehead. Taryn got out of the bed and tossed her bathrobe as she ushered her daughter out of the bedroom.

"Don't you know how to make breakfast?" Taryn asked with a queer look on her face as she walked downstairs with her arm around Rosina's waist. "Why did you need to drag me out of bed?" she added with a slightly perturbed chuckle as she squeezed her daughter at the shoulder.

"I want to make Master breakfast in bed, exactly the same as you did Thursday morning," Rosina said with a slightly subdued manner. A smirk was on her face as she spoke, while she watched her mother out of the corner of her eye.

"You mean the morning after he made me his Slave," Taryn said with a mock-serious tone of voice but once their eyes met the two women burst into laughter.

Taryn felt happy that morning as she walked into the kitchen with her daughter. She felt closer to Rosina this morning than she had in a few years. It was odd, and to an outside, rational mind it was a sick situation inside the Thompson household, but the three of them were happy. Taryn felt a connection to her daughter for helping her through the difficult time that the past few days had been for Rosina. There was something else that bonded them together closer than most mothers and daughters, they had something very important in common: Owen.

"So what exactly did you make him for breakfast Thursday, do you remember?" Rosina asked with apprehension, hoping that she would be able to recreate that scene exactly.

"Yeah I do," Taryn said with a smile and a chuckle.

"Oh good!" Rosina said with a most relieved manner.

"This is really important to you, isn't it?" Taryn asked with a sincere tone of voice as she rummaged around in the cupboards, looking for pans.

"Yes it is," Rosina said with a firm tone of voice as she saw Taryn stand up with pan in hand.

"NO!" Rosina said as she took the pan out of Taryn's hand while wearing a scowl on her face. "I need to make breakfast, you just need to tell me what to do," Rosina said as she pointed at the kitchen table while looking at her mother, expectantly.

"Okay!" Taryn said as she released the pan and put her hands up in surrender.

Shortly after Taryn sat down at the table, Rosina placed a fresh cup of coffee in front of her mother. Taryn then told Rosina everything that she made for Owen that morning and Rosina quickly scribbled

it down on some scrap paper. Taryn then watched Rosina as she started to cook breakfast, constantly checking the paper she wrote. There was a familiarity in the way she was constantly referring to the piece of paper. It reminded Taryn of herself that fateful Thursday morning when she did this while wondering what the hell she was doing. Rosina didn't have any of those doubts, it seemed. This morning after she appeared to be completely devoted to Owen and had no regrets or second thoughts about being his Slave. The abrupt change struck Taryn as odd, so she had to speak up and ask her daughter about it.

"How do you feel this morning, dear?" Taryn asked Rosina who still was cooking breakfast, monitoring every detail.

"I feel great, mom, finally at peace," Rosina said with a satisfied smile on her face as she looked at Taryn for a moment and smiled.

"Really, why?" Taryn asked curiously.

"Because there is no more conflict within me; I have accepted what I am." Rosina said with a relieved smile and genuinely looked at peace.

"And what is that?" Taryn asked a might obvious question, but wanted to hear Rosina explain, in her own words. "I am a Slave to Master," Rosina replied with a strange look on her face that she gave to her mother.

"How do you fell about that, dear? Do you regret it? Is it still what you want?" Taryn asked and chuckled inside as she knew that she was beginning to sound like a therapist, rather than a mother.

"I LOVE IT!" Rosina gushed, "I am no longer in pain because of it; you saw in me what I couldn't accept. You got me to see that I couldn't run away from what was ingrained deep within me. Master then broke me, and made me accept what I am, and he forced me to take my rightful place at his feet." Rosina said with a teary-eyed admission of genuine honesty that Taryn couldn't deny.

"But are you really happy as Master's Slave?" Taryn asked, still unable to accept that Rosina could have accepted her servitude to quickly.

"I am not filled with pain anymore, I only feel love! I love Master for taking that terrible pain out of my heart. I am forever grateful to him, and you because of it." Rosina said as she looked at her mother with tears in her eyes and a look of joy on her face.

"Me?" Taryn replied with a start.

"I never would have seen my way out of the darkness if you hadn't shown me the light. You helped me realize what I needed and why I was really in such pain. Because of our talk, I realized that I was in pain because I didn't want to accept what I couldn't deny. Thank you

mom for helping me through this," Rosina said as she walked toward Taryn and Taryn stood up to hug her daughter.

"I knew you were hurting, I just didn't know why. I only wanted to help you through that terrible time. I hope that you won't regret the decision you made," Taryn said with a sincere look of regret on her face as she looked into Rosina's eyes while she held her daughter's head in her hands.

"If it is a mistake, mom, we'll find out together, won't we?" Rosina added with a conspiratorial grin which forced the pair to giggle uncontrollably.

That comment broke the tension so after they stopped laughing, Rosina returned her attention to breakfast while Taryn gave her some pointers on cooking. It was a special time between mother and daughter that they both enjoyed. Even Rosina felt happy, knowing that she was starting to reconnect with her mother. It was a much needed time that both needed and the pair chatted like old friends. They even discussed their sexual experiences with Owen and giggled like schoolgirls as they described the pleasures they had known so-far.

Before long, Rosina ascended the stairs that Tuesday morning and waited for Taryn to open the door. Taryn had wanted to leave Rosina to wake Owen on her own, but Rosina insisted she come in with her. Rosina had also originally intended to spend the time with just her and her Master. However, that changed after the wonderful time she

had just had with her mother making the breakfast. Now, it didn't seem right to just cut her mother out of the special time with their Master. Both women stood for a moment inside the closed door and looked at the sleeping Owen. They thought that the closing of the door would wake him up, but that didn't do it. Rosina looked at Taryn and wondered what they should do next.

"Put that down over there, I know how to wake him up," Taryn said to Rosina with a wink as she pointed at Owen's dresser.

"Sure," Rosina replied in a giddy and knowing manner as she did just as her mother said.

Taryn pulled back the sheets covering Owen's sleeping body. When Owens flaccid cock came into view, both mother and daughter looked at it with satisfied reverence for their favorite male member. The looked at each other and instantly knew that they were thinking the same thing and giggled together. Taryn leaned over the end of the bed, on the side of the bed closest to the wall, making sure that her head was at Owen's crotch. She looked at Rosina and motioned for her daughter to join her on the bed. Rosina did the same on the other side of Owen and both mother and daughter looked at each other and the cock that they were about to share. Rosina looked at Owen's cock and then at Taryn, with a sparkle in her eye and an expectant look on her face.

Taryn winked at her daughter and grasped the cock in her hand, flipping the soft cock up so that she could get her lips around it.

Taryn sucked hard on the soft cock and bobbed her head up and down on the cock she loved so much. Since it was soft, she didn't need to push it down her throat, but she gave her all when sucking her Master's sleeping cock. Even asleep, Owen moaned his approval to Taryn's oral ministrations and his cock also stiffened to show its approval. When it was hard, Taryn then began to deep-throat the cock and this fact was not lost on an astonished Rosina.

"How the fuck do you do that without choking?" Rosina asked in amazement as Owen's cock slid down Taryn's throat with ease.

"You need to relax your throat, and just force yourself to ignore the gagging reflex," Taryn said plainly as she pulled her mouth off Owen's cock, to explain this to her daughter. "Here, you try," she said as she held the slick cock upright and looked at Rosina in anticipation.

Rosina leaned over and took Owen's cock in her hand and wrapped her lips around his cockhead. Rosina lowered her head down on his cock until the head hit the back of her mouth. Once the head hit the entrance to her throat she gagged and started to cough. Undaunted, Rosina tried to relax and open her throat and pushed her mouth down again. She was able to get the head into the entrance of her throat before she gagged so badly that she had to pull her mouth off his cock as she coughed up a storm.

"That's as far as I can go," Rosina huffed her disappointment as her coughing fit subsided.

"Well, the first time it went down my throat, Master forced it there. We could try the same thing with you, if you'd like? I could push your head down on his cock, that might help you get past it, wanna try?" Taryn asked Rosina calmly, as if she were talking to her daughter about helping her with homework.

"Yeah! That would be great, I really want to learn to take him all the way down my throat like you!" Rosina said with excitement before she wrapped her lips around the cock once more.

Rosina lowered her mouth on his cock until she had as much of it as she could get inside, comfortably. She glanced at Taryn who took that as a signal to begin pushing, so she reached up and grasped the sides of her daughter's head. Slowly Taryn helped Rosina shove that fat cock down her throat. When the cockhead slipped into the entrance of her throat, Rosina gagged and her body fought the invader. Taryn never let up the pressure until the whole of her son's cock was down her daughter's throat. Rosina was not at all comfortable with the thick shaft and fat head down her throat and was gagging something fierce. When the cock was pulled out of her throat she had to spit it out and coughed again. Tears were in her eyes as she looked over at her mother with a frustrated look.

"Sorry mom, I just can't handle it like you," Rosina said in a defeated tone of voice. She was saddened that she couldn't suck her Master's cock as good as she felt she should.

"It takes time and practice dear, you did have it down your throat that time, you just need to get used to it. Don't worry dear, it'll come," Taryn said in a motherly manner of reassurance, and Rosina took some comfort in that.

"Thanks mom," Rosina said with a genuinely satisfied smile that mother and daughter shared for a tender moment.

Owen had been awake for a little bit but couldn't help but look at the bizarre scene unfolding at his crotch. There lying on either side of him was both of his Slaves, his mother and his sister. His mother was teaching his sister how to deep-throat him, and they were carrying on like it was the most natural thing in the world. Owen thought it was incredibly hot and loved the sight of both of the beautiful women in his family taking turns pleasing him. Both women looked at each other and the cock, both feeling naughty. They leaned in and started to lick the cock from either side, their tongues touching briefly and randomly.

"That is a sight I could get used to!" Owen said with a cheeky tone of voice and a shit-eating grin on his face as he looked down at Taryn and Rosina.

"Good morning, Master," both Taryn and Rosina said in a sultry chorus. The sound caused a shiver of wicked pleasure to shoot through Owen.

"Good morning, Slaves," Owen replied and the same wicked shiver shot through Taryn and Rosina.

the trio looked at each other for a moment before Owen said, "Did you come in here to start my day right or was there something else you wanted?"

"Right, you sit upright," Taryn said to Owen with a motherly sounding tone of voice, "You feed him while I take care of this," she added before giving his cock a long lick.

In less than a minute everything had been done as Taryn instructed. Owen was sitting up, leaning against the headboard. Rosina was feeding Owen just like Taryn had done almost a week ago. Taryn herself had settled herself between Owen's widespread legs and was leisurely sucking his cock. Needless to say, Owen was in heaven and couldn't imagine wanting to leave that bed anytime soon.

"Oh, Slave that's great," Owen said in a satisfied and gratified tone of voice with a mouthful of breakfast.

Both Taryn and Rosina looked at him with a broad smile on their faces. It was clear that they both thought that he had just praised her for what she was doing. Owen knew then that calling them both 'Slave' wasn't going to work. How would they know who he was talking to and who he wasn't? He thought about using their names but how would they know when he was talking to them normally and when he was giving them an order? He knew then that he had

to give them nicknames, names that each would know he would use when he was giving them an order but others would think was just a pet name within the family. Owen thought the problem over for a bit longer, while Taryn sucked his cock and Rosina fed him breakfast.

"Slaves, we have a problem," Owen said with a contemplative tone of voice.

"What's that, Master?" Rosina asked first, as Taryn's mouth was full of Owen at the time.

"I can't call you both 'Slave' because you won't know who I am referring to," Owen said in a calm tone and paused for a brief moment before he continued. "For that reason, I will give you each a pet name. When I use that name you will know that I am giving you an order as your Master. When I use your real name, you know that I am talking to you normally as just plain Owen, understand?" Owen asked and looked at both Taryn and Rosina, expecting an answer from each of them.

"Sure, Master," Rosina replied as she gathered up more breakfast on her fork.

"Yes, Master," Taryn said as she took his cock out of her mouth long enough to speak.

"You, Rosie I will call 'Cat', because of the catlike sounds you made while we fucked last night," Owen said to Rosina plainly and Taryn choked on Owen's cock as she had to laugh at the humorous truth of what he said.

"Yes, Master," Rosina said, feeling a little embarrassed and made fun of at the moment.

"You, Taryn I will call 'Big Red' or 'Red' for short, because of your beautiful, long, red hair and your great big tits!" Owen said with feeling to Taryn, this time it was Rosina's turn to laugh and Taryn's turn to feel embarrassed.

"Yes, Master," Taryn replied respectfully in any event.

"Rosie, after collage, you are to stop by the spa and have you're pussy trimmed," Owen said to Rosina before he turned to look at Taryn. "See that it's trimmed properly and to my specifications, understand?" Owen said to Taryn with a definite and expectant tone of voice.

"Yes, Master," Taryn replied with calm manner as she nodded her head to signal her agreement.

"Take the car with you and both of you are to stay at the spa until I get there." Owen said to Taryn in a firm tone of voice.

"Yes, Master, but why?" Taryn asked with a confused tone of voice.

"Because I am taking my two special ladies out tonight, so make sure you both pack a change of clothes for dinner and a movie," Owen said with a magnanimous smile on his face.

"Thank you, Master!" Taryn and Rosina squealed with excitement at the prospect of going out with Master.

"That was great breakfast, Cat, absolutely delicious!" Owen said with an appreciative tone of voice as Rosina moved the tray of empty dishes to the dresser.

"Thank you, Master" Rosina said as she returned to the bed and cuddled up to Owen.

"Don't think I didn't notice that you made me the same breakfast as Red did the morning after she became my Slave," Owen said to Rosina with a smile as he tossed Taryn a wink. "Was that your idea?" he asked Taryn with a cheeky tone of voice.

"No, Master, it was all her idea," Taryn said as she shook her head momentarily.

"Well, Cat, that breakfast was so good that I think you've earned a reward," Owen said with a wicked smile on his face as he glanced at Rosina, who was still hugging him tight from the side.

"Reward? No reward is needed, Master, I love serving you, that in itself is reward enough!" Rosina asserted strenuously with a slight frown on her face.

"Tough! You're getting one!" Owen said to Rosina before he turned to Taryn. "Move aside, Red, I just gotta have some more of Cat's tight pussy!" Owen said before he looked back at Rosina. "Get up here and ride my cock, nude, Cat!" Owen commanded.

Rosina tore off her bathrobe and hopped up to hover over Owen's cock so fast that she almost kicked Taryn in the head. Taryn had to move quite quickly and duck to get out of the way of the swinging right leg of Rosina. Rosina didn't pause at all as she hovered herself over Owen's cock, lined it up and sank down as quickly as she could go. The fat cock, still had a hard time sliding into the tight pussy, but eventually it did go all the way in. Rosina let out the purr that had given her the nickname 'Cat' as she sat on Owen's cock. Rosina looked over at Taryn with a look of pure bliss and after a few seconds the pair burst into a giggling fit. Mother and daughter knew well the joys of the cock that was in Rosina's pussy. It was that intimate knowledge that made their bond even stronger at that moment.

Taryn watched as Rosina bounced up and down on Owen's cock and she felt strange as her children fucked right before her eyes. She

watched Owen's cock slide in and out of Rosina's pussy, her eyes fixated on their joining. The thing that struck Taryn as the oddest thing was that she had no problem with this act. She should be angry with her Master for fucking another woman, but she wasn't; she didn't feel threatened. She should be angry and disgusted for her son to be fucking her daughter so boldly, right in front of her, but it seemed natural. She was in love with her son, as a lover and as a Master; she only wanted the best for him. She also loved her daughter, more so now than she ever had before, if that was possible; she only wanted the best for her too. Taryn knew first hand how good a man and Master that Owen was, so why shouldn't Owen make Rosina happy as well? As two people she loved as family and more fucked right before her, she wasn't angry or disgusted, but turned on. Taryn had only walked over to Owen and kissed him when Richard's alarm clock brought the outside world crashing into their private world.

"I'd better get out there and start breakfast for Richard," Taryn said with a disappointed sigh, while tearing herself away from Owen. "You two better finish up quickly, Richard will expect to see the pair of you getting ready for the day . . . like brother and sister!" Taryn said as she looked between Owen and Rosina who were still fucking.

"Yeah, I know," Owen admitted as he slammed up into a descending Rosina's pussy.

"And you'd better keep quiet, you sound like a Cat in heat!" Taryn said in a scolding chuckle as she shook her finger playfully at Rosina.

"What are you talking about; I am a Cat in heat!" Rosina said with a sultry tone of voice before she let out, her now trademark, moaning-purr.

"You are a horny little bitch aren't you?" Taryn laughed as she leaned in and kissed Rosina on the lips.

"So are you!" Rosina shot back defensively and at that the pair giggled intensely.

"We're not talking about me!" Taryn laughed as she kissed Owen quickly on the lips before rushing to the door. "Now I really have to go!" Taryn said as she departed the room.

"How does she expect me to keep quiet when I have your cock stretching and stuffing my poor little pussy, Master?" Rosina moaned out in a needy whine as the pair continued to fuck in a steady rhythm.

"Listen! I know it's intense, I feel it too, but we need to keep quiet or Richard will burst in here and blow a gasket!" Owen growled as quietly as he could.

Owen reached up, grasped Rosina by the throat and pulled her down to kiss her. Rosina moaned into Owen's mouth as the pair fucked for a while yet, both breathing through their noses. The kiss was the longest that either of them had experienced in their lives as their lips

never left contact. It was Owen's best attempt to keep Rosina quiet, but she still moaned up a storm.

Owen knew that they couldn't stand to be sequestered in private for much longer. Without warning, Owen grasped Rosina and flipped her over so that now she was on her back and he was on top of her. Owen put Rosina's legs over his shoulders and hammered away at her tight little pussy as fast as he could.

Rosina's eyes rolled back into her sockets as she fought with everything she had not to cry out. That added to the excitement of the act, knowing that one loud scream from her lips would cause their father to discover them in the act. She felt the wicked desire to cry out on purpose, to force the world to know what they were doing in that room and with whom.

It seemed that neither of them could handle the intense pleasure of the fuck for much longer, but it was Rosina who came first. She moaned a low, guttural moan that she tried to stifle as he locked her lips on Owen's shoulder. Her orgasm hit her hard and the fight to keep quiet is what made it last much longer than usual. Owen's cock was clamped in place by the constricting walls of Rosina's climaxing pussy. Like last night this was all it took to force Owen to erupt deep within his newest Slave's pussy. Breathlessly he collapsed on top of his sister, his Slave, his lover and the pair held each other as they recovered from their fucking.

"That was wonderful, Master," Rosina said dreamily as she stroked Owen's hair in a loving way.

"It was FUCKING AWESOME!" Owen said in an astonished and rapturous manner as he looked at Rosina with an awestruck look.

"We really should go though," Rosina said with a depressed tone of voice, not wanting to leave the bedroom, but knowing they needed to.

"That we do, Cat, that we do," Owen said as he got up, off the bed and scoped up Rosina's housecoat and tossed it at her.

Owen and Rosina kissed one last time before they went their own way to get ready for the day. Owen went into the main bathroom for his shower, Rosina snuck into their parent's bathroom to use their shower. Once each was ready for the day they walked down the stairs, one by one to join the family in the kitchen.

"Hello, sleepyhead, finally managed to tear yourself away from that bed?" Taryn asked Owen with a sparkle in her eye and a hidden, teasing tone to her voice as she stood by the stove.

"Yeah, as much as I would have loved to lay in bed all day, the day awaits," Owen replied as he gave Taryn a wink.

In reply Taryn looked at him and turned up the corners of her lips in a lustful grin. She even was daring enough to blow Owen a kiss, as Richard ate his breakfast, reading the paper. Owen just blew her a kiss back and smiled at her a wicked grin.

"Anything left, I could stand with a light breakfast," Owen said as plainly as he could and Taryn looked at him with an astonished look on her face and stifled a giggle but smirked heavily.

"Don't give him the last of breakfast, I'm starved!" Rosina said as she bounced and floated into the room. "Good morning, mom," she said in a chipper tone of voice as she walked up to Taryn and gave her a quick peck on the lips. "Good morning, daddy," Rosina said in a sweet little girl manner as she leaned over and kissed Richard on the cheek.

"Good morning, sweetie," Richard said as he looked up at Rosina with the look of a loving father. "Hungry eh? Just got out of bed and already worked up an appetite?" he chuckled as he watched Rosina sit down while taking a sip of his coffee.

"I don't know why but I tumbled out of bed with a wicked hunger," Rosina said as she snuck Owen a lusty look when Richard wasn't looking.

"I know what you mean," Owen replied with a naughty smirk on his face as he winked at Rosina.

Taryn then walked up to Rosina with her breakfast and scowled at her as she approached. As she put the plate down she managed to time her swat at the back of Rosina's head to the instant the plate touched down, so as to disguise the noise. Owen, Taryn and Rosina all smirked at each other and stifled a giggle. When Taryn delivered Owen's light breakfast, Owen had already taken the hint to settle down and had engaged Richard in idle conversation about news of the day. Taryn then approached with her breakfast and sat down between Richard and Owen.

Taryn got a sly smile from Rosina over the significance of her seating choice because Rosina was sitting right across from Taryn, in a similar position. The family chatted and visited for the brief time they had before each had to go their own way. As they chatted, Taryn and Rosina each decided to have a little fun with Owen. Both reached over with a foot each and ran it up the closest of Owen's leg. Each lady thought she was being unique and daring all on her own. When her foot got to Owen's crotch and felt another foot there, her eyes shot up at an instant. When her eyes fell on the shocked face of the woman sitting across the table to her, they couldn't help but giggle for a moment before quieting down. For his part own just gave each woman a conspiratorial smile as he continued to eat his breakfast with a smirk ever present on his face.

It wasn't much longer before the family split up and each went their own way for the day. Owen and Rosina went to College, but today they left together and only separated when they got to campus and had to go to their respective classes. Richard went to the office to

burry himself in work and the hollow routine that was his day. Richard was the only family member who was still suffering and found relief in the distraction that was a full work schedule. Taryn went to work at the spa and liked leaving the house for work, even though she wasn't getting paid for it. The routine of a regular life outside of the house was an even larger payoff for Taryn.

The day passed well and quick and unlike yesterday, today Taryn found that even the most difficult of customers couldn't get under her skin. She was happy and content with herself and her life, as strange and odd as it may now seem to an outsider. Karen even noticed Taryn's good mood and tried to get Taryn to tell her the reason for her joviality. All Taryn would say is that she was enjoying life, now that she had an interest outside of home. That was partly the truth, her work at the spa did make her feel good, but that wasn't the real reason. It was her improved relationship with her children, albeit a bizarre and twisted one. Taryn couldn't deny that they all were much closer than they ever had been before.

Much to Taryn's surprise, Rosina showed up around three O'clock that afternoon. Rosina had a short day Tuesday, so she could show up at the spa a few hours before Owen would arrive. Unlike the casual, bare acknowledgment greeting that had become the norm over Rosina's teen years, this time she was excited to see her mother.

"MOM!" Rosina squealed with delight as she walked in the front door of the spa.

"ROSIE!" Taryn shouted with glee as she swiftly walked toward her daughter. "How was your day?" she asked as she embraced Rosina and hugged her tightly.

The pair giggled their glee and excitement for seeing each other as they sat down in two chairs in the waiting room. The fact that they had indeed missed each other so much was not lost on either of them. They chatted about their days and visited, appearing more like friends than mother and daughter. When Karen came out she almost had to do a double take for it was a pleasant surprise to see Taryn and Rosina chatting and giggling so energetically. They didn't notice Karen come out with the latest client, take her money. As the lady left there was a slight touch of envy on her face as she looked at the mother and daughter getting along so well.

"Well, aren't you a pair of giggle-twins?" Karen said in an astonished tone of voice, with a broad smile on her face. "I haven't seen you in a few years, Rosina, my how you've grown!" she added with a cheery smile on her face.

"You're being too kind, I haven't grown an inch in years and I still have the body of a thirteen year old boy!" Rosina huffed back with a disappointed scowl; it was a sore point with her.

"I can think of someone who might disagree with that last point," Taryn said in a sly, yet knowing tone of voice.

Rosina's eyes went wide as she realized her mother was talking about Owen. It filled her with a sense of satisfaction and joy knowing that at least one man thought she was attractive, and that man was her Master at that. She looked over at Taryn and the pair giggled once more, while Karen shook her head.

"Anyone I should know about?" Karen asked with interest and hope in hearing some good gossip.

"Sorry, our little secret," Taryn replied with a Cheshire-cat grin that she held for a moment before, once again, Taryn and Rosina giggled like schoolgirls.

"Fine, keep your secrets then!" Karen huffed as she rolled her eyes in mock offence. "Did you come here to entertain the customers or would you like a spa treatment, on your mother's nickel," she added and tossed Taryn a wink to make sure Taryn knew that it was free.

"Well if mom's paying, give me the works!" Rosina replied with glee, her whole being lit up.

As she disappeared into the back of the spa, she tossed Taryn a wink and blew her a kiss. Rosina was treated to the same round of spa treatments that Taryn was on her first visit to the spa. The spa treatment was something that Rosina had indulged herself in, once in a while but never the 'whole enchilada' like today. Rosina felt quite pampered and privileged, and by the end of it that she had a near permanent, satisfied smile on her face. When Karen and Rosina

entered the bikini-waxing room, Rosina had only just given Karen the expected, odd look, when Taryn arrived.

"I'll do this part," Taryn said in a delicate manner to Karen who nodded her agreement but didn't say anything as she left the room.

On Friday of last week, one of the regular customers allowed Taryn to tag along during her visit. Karen had agreed to give her the full treatment at a reduced price in order to show Taryn how to do each and every station at the spa. Taryn was interested and if Taryn was skilled enough then they could handle twice as many customers. When Taryn asked to do the bikini-wax, while anyone else may have thought it was odd, she just realized that Taryn wanted the practice.

"Alright you, get out of that robe and hop up on the table," she added as she closed the door behind Karen and pointed at the exam table.

"Geez, are the stirrups really necessary?" Rosina chuckled as she removed her robe and approached the gynecological exam table.

"Absolutely, it keeps you from squirming!" Taryn said as she pulled up the stool and settled herself between Rosina's legs.

"So are you going to make me look like you?" Rosina asked with eager curiosity as she looked down to her mother who was examining her pussy up close.

"Yep, that was what I was supposed do to," Taryn said as she gathered up the necessary supplies to begin the waxing.

"You mean, that's what Master ordered, don't you?" Rosina said with glee in her voice as she eyed up her mother for a reaction.

"Don't call him that outside the house!" Taryn scolded Rosina as she began the waxing.

"I have to call him something! It doesn't feel right to call him 'Owen' when we're talking about him as 'Master.' What should I call him then?" Rosina said before she squealed in pain, as the waxing began.

"I don't know, but not that!" Tarn said with a slightly less perturbed manner as she continued the waxing.

"I mean, he has given us nicknames so he can refer to us as 'Slaves' in public without anyone knowing, why can't we give him a nickname so we can call him 'Master' in public?" Rosina asked curiously but when Taryn pulled the wax off Rosina didn't make a sound.

"Good idea, do you have any ideas on what to call him?" Taryn asked as she continued to perform the waxing.

For the next while both women thought of what nickname would be appropriate to give Owen. The waxing gave way to the pussy shaving, and then to the pubic hair trimming. For Taryn that was the most difficult, trimming Rosina's pubic hair into the required "O" shape. Taryn and Rosina should have been uncomfortable being in this intimate of contact to each other, but they weren't. Taryn was shaving and trimming her daughter's pussy and yet she wasn't unnerved by it. Neither was Rosina embarrassed to have her mother handle and trim up her most private of areas. There was a strange easiness with which they regarded each other's bodies that was not normal for mother and daughter. When Taryn was almost done Rosina let slip a purr that made it obvious that she was turned on.

"You are a horny little bitch aren't you?" Taryn chuckled as she finished up the last trim of Rosina's patch of pubic hair.

"Sorry, just the shaving and vibrations feel reeeeaaaaaal good!" Rosina added in a deep, guttural tone of voice as she shot her mother wide eyes, to further show her excitement.

Taryn looked into her daughter's eyes and she could tell that indeed Rosina was horny and needed to take the edge off. The sensible thing to do would be to leave the room and allow her daughter to finish herself off in private. Taryn looked up into Rosina's eyes and sighed while a smirk crept across her face. She reached into the lower drawer of the rolling cabinet and retrieved the vibrator that lived there.

"Not a word of this to anyone!" Taryn said while waving the vibrator at Rosina, giving her a stern look before she turned the buzzing pleasure device on.

"Are you gonna?" Rosina asked with shock and excitement as she watched her mother plunge the vibrator into her pussy. "Oh MOM!" Rosina moaned out in blissful satisfaction.

"Don't call me that NOW!" Taryn scoffed as she shot Rosina a dirty look.

"Sorry, Red, it just feels sooooo good!" Rosina said as she laid back and reveled in the wondrous sensations that filled her body.

"Damn, Cat, you are tight! How the hell does he even fit in here!" Taryn chuckled as she continued to thrust the vibrator in and out of her daughter's pussy.

"It feels like he splits me in two but DAMN does it feel incredible!" Rosina said with a look of reverence on her face as she looked down at her mother.

"He does have a gorgeous cock," Taryn admitted in a hushed tone of voice as she glanced up into her daughter's eyes and the pair giggled.

"Tell me about it, I still can't believe you get that fat thing down your throat!" Rosina chuckled as she let out another purr of satisfaction, while collapsing back on the exam table.

"Practice my dear, practice," Taryn purred in a naughty tone of voice as she shot Rosina a wink.

"Oh, Red, yes just like that!" Rosina moaned as quietly as she could while her lower body started to gyrate. "Cumming! Cumming, Red, you're making me cum!" Rosina hissed out, as her orgasm overtook her and her whole body shook and vibrated.

Taryn pulled the vibrator out of her daughter's quivering pussy only after Rosina's orgasm was over. As her daughter laid there legs spread and dripping, satisfied pussy, breathing heavy to catch her breath, a wicked thought flashed though Taryn's brain. It was a thought to lean forward and taste Rosina, but it vanished as quickly as it entered. Taryn stood up, tossed Rosina a towel that had been folded neatly on a pile across the small room.

"Do you feel better now? You'd best clean yourself up, dear," Taryn said as she leaned on a counter and waited for Rosina to stir.

"That was wonderful, just what I needed, Mom," Rosina said with a satisfied smirk on her face and a dreamy quality to her voice. "Kinky, hot and just what I needed, thanks," she added with a naughty wink to Taryn.

"Just remember, not a word of it to anyone, especially to 'you know who,' got it?" Taryn warned sternly as she shook her finger at Rosina while wearing a smirk that wouldn't go away.

"I GOT IT!" Rosina shouted as she bolted upright, after taking her legs out of the stirrups.

"What?" Taryn asked curiously, with a raised eyebrow.

"I know what we can call 'you know who,' when we're in public!" Rosina said with a giddy giggle as she wiped her pussy clean with the towel.

"Okay, what?" Taryn asked curiously as handed Rosina her robe.

"We can call him 'Moe,' what do you think?" Rosina asked with eager anticipation to see how her idea would be received.

"Moe? Why 'Moe,' dear?" Taryn asked with a slightly confused look on her face.

"Don't you get it? It stands for 'Master Owen,' silly," Rosina chuckled as she shook her head and put on her robe.

"That's not a bad idea, Moe, I like it!" Taryn chuckled as she approached her daughter, put her arm around her waist and escorted her out of the room.

"Do you think Moe will like my 'new look,' mom?" Rosina asked with a giddy tone of voice.

"I know Moe will love it!" Taryn said as she squeezed Rosina tighter and the pair giggled, yet again.

Karen was escorting a new client to one of the rooms in the back, the facial room. She looked up and saw Taryn and her daughter walking toward the change rooms, arm around each other. Karen shook her head as she thought she had just heard sounds of sex coming from the bikini-wax room. She knew that the long day had been playing tricks on her. Sure, occasionally she had to bring a client off who got a little worked up from the trimming and waxing, as she had to do with Taryn herself. The thought of a mother bringing off her own daughter was too bizarre a concept to even contemplate. Karen pushed the thought out of her mind and focused on the job at hand, the client's facial

Karen escorted the new client to the facial room, to begin her facial. It didn't take long to get settled into the usual routine of talking to the client about what was going to happen. During the talk she noticed that she was out of an item needed in the process of the facial. Karen excused herself and walked to the back storeroom to get a fresh jar.

As she passed the change room she noticed that the door was not quite closed. Her instinct was to close the door that was notorious for not staying closed if you didn't close it right. What she saw through the barely open door took her breath away and shocked Karen who thought she had seen it all. There was Rosina, Taryn's daughter who was getting changed into her clothes. That is not what shocked her, it was the way her pubic hair had been trimmed; it was done in an unusual but familiar style. As Rosina bent to pick up her panties Karen could see that her pussy was shaved bare. As the young woman turned and pulled up her panties, Karen could clearly see that her pubic hair had been trimmed into the shape of an "O;" she was flabbergasted.

Karen had trimmed Taryn's pussy in exactly the same way and in all her years running this spa she had never had anyone else ask for that exact style. What was the significance? Why did a mother and daughter want their privates shaved exactly the same way? Karen didn't get it, but the thought left her with an uncomfortable feeling. Karen tried to shake it off and ignore it as a family quirk, but she knew something strange was up. Perhaps she did hear sounds of sex coming from the bikini-wax room earlier? Could something be going on? They did seem so close and tight? Where the too close? Karen tried not to look upset or unnerved as she returned to the facial room and the client at hand.

Since the client had only wanted a quick facial before a date that evening, the facial didn't take that long. The client had not changed and instead had been covered with a large bib to protect her clothes.

After the facial was over, Karen walked out to the front with the client and saw four people talking and visiting amongst themselves. Karen finished up with the client and turned her attention to the people in the room.

She now noticed that Taryn was talking to Rosina and another young man who had a striking family resemblance. He was handsome and seemed to tower over Rosina but was only noticeably taller than Taryn. Both Taryn and Rosina were quite happy to see him and were talking to him almost exclusively. Occasionally Veronica, Karen's own daughter would be involved in the conversation.

"Hello, who's your friend?" Karen asked as she approached the four chatty people.

"He's no friend he's my brother, Owen!" Rosina said in a playful scoff as she swatted Owen on his chest, her hand resting on his chest after the smack was over.

"Nice to meet you, Owen, what brings you here, a facial perhaps?" Karen teased with a wink and a chuckle.

"No, no, I just came by to pick up my two favorite ladies, to take them out for the evening," Owen said with a broad smile as he put his arm around the waist of both Taryn and Rosina.

"Isn't he such a wonderful son?" Taryn beamed with motherly pride as she smiled up at her son with a look that was a touch too affectionate.

"Yes, quite," Karen said with a smile to cover her nervousness as she looked at the three happy people before her, arm in arm, in arm.

"Well, we gotta go, it was nice to meet you, Karen," Owen said with a confident smile as he reached out to shake Karen's hand with a firm grip.

"Affectionate family," Veronica said with a queer look on her face after the trio had left.

"Yes, quite," Karen said and still something struck her as odd about the way the three of them related to each other.

It wasn't until she passed the change room on the way to the tiny bathroom in the back that a disturbing thought crossed her brain. As she saw the door to the change room, she suddenly remembered seeing Rosina's "O" shaped pubic hair and stopped in her tracks. Her chin dropped as she wondered if the "O" stood for "Owen," but she couldn't believe it. Why would a mother and sister shave his initial into their most private of places unless something wasn't going on? They seemed to be so nice and decent; it wasn't possible, wasn't it? Karen shuddered as she, once again told herself that she was imagining things. There must be a logical explanation for the "O" shaped pubic hair, and the affection between the three of them.

Karen knew she needed to get some answers before she could put the matter to rest.

Perhaps she could talk to Taryn and get the answers out of her somehow. Maybe she could get Taryn to open up and tell her what was going on. What if they went out for drinks one night? It would give them a change to talk outside of work, and with a bit of wine, maybe Taryn would talk. Karen didn't like prying into the personal life of a friend that she had just become reacquainted with, but felt it was important. If something intimate was going on between the three of them, clearly it was up to a true friend to help straighten them out. Karen needed to know and help them out of the sick world that she feared they had fallen into.

Chapter Nine: An Evening Out

"So, where are we going, sweetie?" Taryn asked Owen as they neared the car.

Owen cleared his throat and raised an eyebrow as he stood beside his mother by the driver's door. Neither said anything for a moment, but they looked at each other expectantly. Rosina stood by the passenger's side rear door of the late model Cadillac, wisely saying nothing for the moment.

"Where are we going, Master?" Taryn asked in a subdued tone of voice, whispering the last word of her question.

"For me to know and you to wonder about. Give me the keys, Red," Owen said with a confident tone of voice, standing up straighter. Owen held out his hand, while his eyes never wavered from looking into Taryn's eyes.

"Yes, Master," Taryn said with a subdued tone of voice and a slightly red face as she handed Owen the car keys.

"Thank you, Red." Owen said with a satisfied smile as he gave Tarn a peck on the lips. "Now, both of you get in the back," he said as he glanced at both of them.

"Yes, Master," both Taryn and Rosina said as quietly as possible.

Owen pushed the button on the remote and opened up all the doors. All three of them got in the car and shortly thereafter they were off for an evening out. Owen was smiling to himself as he drove to the largest mall in town. He made sure to take odd streets and unexpected turns, so as to keep Taryn and Rosina guessing. The ride was quiet for the first stretch of the drive, as both Taryn and Rosina sat in the back, quietly wondering where they were going. Fresh on Taryn's mind was the exchange outside the car and Owen's instance to be called 'Master' in public. Taryn hoped she could tactfully convince Owen of the wisdom of being referred to as 'Moe' and not 'Master' in public.

"Rosie and I were talking, Master, and we have an idea we want to run by you, don't we dear," Taryn said as she shot Rosina an urging look.

"Oh! Yes, Master, would you like to hear it?" Rosina asked respectfully, yet with an excitement that she tried to contain.

"What is it?" Owen asked as he looked at Taryn and Rosina in the rear view mirror, he could see that they were sitting close together.

"Go ahead, it was your idea," Taryn said as she shook Rosina about the shoulder.

"We want to say that we like the idea of you having nicknames for us, so you can call us 'Slave', in public and nobody else has to be the wiser." Rosina said in a pleased and cheery tone of voice.

"Well, it seemed to make sense, as well it let's you guys know who I am giving an order to," Owen replied calmly and shrugged his shoulder in a nonchalant manner.

"We thought that perhaps it would be wise for us to give you a nickname. That way, we can call you 'Master' and give you the respect you are due when in public but not arise attention to ourselves." Taryn said in a calm tone of voice, looking at Owen in the eyes through the rear view mirror.

"Yeah, why not!" Owen said in an agreeable tone of voice after he paused to think it over for a moment. "What name were you thinking on?" Owen asked with a raised eyebrow of curiosity as he looked over his shoulder at both women.

"We were thinking of 'Moe,' what 'cha think, Master?" Rosina asked with an eager tone of voice and a face that was lit up in anticipation.

"Moe? Why 'Moe?' What does 'Moe' have to do with anything?" Owen asked with a perplexed manner, not understanding or liking the name at all.

"MASTER OWEN!" Rosina shouted in a frustrated grunt. "She didn't get it either!" Rosina said as she pointed at Taryn and chuckled.

"OH! In that case, sure you can call me 'Moe,' once you explain it, it makes sense," Owen said with a smile as he glanced up at the two ladies in the rear view mirror.

Rosina was happy that she could call Owen "Master" in public. Taryn was relieved that she didn't have to call Owen "Master" in public. While she loved serving him and would happily call him "Master" in private, she didn't like doing so when others were around. At least by calling him "Moe" in public she could still give him the respect he was due in public. Paying him respect, or obeying his commands in public wasn't the issue for Taryn, others knowing about their odd relationship was. Little did Taryn or Rosina know, this evening was a test as to how far Owen's authority would go, in public.

"So are you going to tell us where we're going yet, Master?" Rosina asked with a cutie-pie manner, hoping to sweet-talk the destination out of him.

"No, almost there," Owen said, without taking his eyes off of the road ahead.

Owen was right in that they were not that far from the mall that he had intended to go. The mall was one of those massive malls that had a little of everything, including two multiplex movie theatres, a stretch of fine dining restaurants and an assortment of all kinds of stores you could think of. If there was one place to window-shop, this was the place, but window shopping was not on Owen's mind. Owen had a few very specific things he wanted to do here, and this allowed him to do them all without driving all over the city.

He parked near one of the more central entrances of the mall and abruptly got out. Taryn and Rosina got out of the car without being asked and quickly followed after Owen, who didn't wait for them. Taryn noticed that Owen pocketed the keys to her car, she said nothing but it was something that irked her. Owen walked swiftly through the mall at a quick pace, never once looking behind him to see if the ladies were following him. He managed to keep a sly eye on them through the reflections in store windows. Without warning he strode into a woman's clothing store that had a wide selection but didn't appear to be busy at the moment. Taryn and Rosina looked at each other with and odd look but followed along regardless.

Owen walked confidently to the centre of the store and stood there with an expectant look on his face. Taryn and Rosina walked up and stood behind him, wondering what he had planned. They never got the chance to voice their question because almost as soon as Owen walked into the store did an attractive, blonde haired woman in a business suit walk toward him with a confident stride of her own.

The woman walking toward them was dressed in a dark purple business suit and was a thin woman with wide hips. She was quite pretty and slender in a very shapely way, though she apparently tried to downplay her natural beauty with the conservative business suit. Her legs were the most eye-catching part of her that could be seen. Her breasts, while appearing to be large from the bulge in the suit jacket, could not be seen directly at all. She showed no cleavage whatsoever and her jacket had every button done up. Her long honey-blonde hair was pulled back into a ponytail that hung dead straight down her back when she stood still. Right now her hair swished from side to side in time with her quick pace.

"Hello, Sir, I'm Mandy, how may I help you this evening?" The blonde woman asked Owen as she arrived in front of him. She spoke in a calm and professional tone of voice. Indeed her whole manner exuded professionalism as she shook Owen's hand in greeting.

"I want an assortment of skirts and dresses each of these ladies," Owen said to Mandy as he gestured to Taryn and Rosina behind him,

barely pausing to do so before he continued speaking. "They are to range from knee to mid-thigh in length. As well we will need blouses to match the skirts, all of which should range from casual to dressy." Owen said in a commanding tone of voice and still stood up straight and tall.

"Certainly, Sir, we have just what you're looking for," Mandy replied with a charming smile to Owen before her eyes took a quick tour of his body.

"Excellent, I'll be over there and I'll pick the five outfits that I like for each lady," Owen said as he pointed at a chair near the change rooms. "And you can call me, 'Moe,' Mandy," Owen said with a wink as Mandy motioned for Taryn and Rosina to follow her.

"Certainly, Moe," Mandy said in a professional manner as she continued to walk toward a far corner of the store.

Taryn and Rosina did their best not to laugh over Owen having Mandy call him Moe, even though she didn't know the significance of the name. Owen sat down exactly where he said he would and watched as Mandy called over another sales clerk to help. Rather that poor girl had to carry the large pile of clothes that Mandy, Taryn and Rosina picked out. Near the end she couldn't see over the pile that she carried and had to walk sideways as they made their way back to the change rooms. The four of them walked back to the change rooms and in less than a minute Mandy walked out, alone.

"Well, Moe, we are just about ready to show you what we have picked out. Normally we don't put on fashion shows for customers . . . but for the big spenders we make an exception, now and again," Mandy said with a calm and professional tone of voice but added the last sentence with a giggle and a wink.

That started a long line of outfits that both Taryn and Rosina trotted out and displayed for Owen. Without bothering to count he simply stated the ones he liked and the ones he didn't. Each time he spoke, he did so with confidence and authority and each time his decision was not questioned. When it was all said and done, he had picked out eight outfits for Rosina and seven outfits for Taryn. With a displeased look on her face, Owen then told her to pick out one outfit that she liked from the pile that he rejected. Once it was over Owen called Taryn and Rosina over to him and he spoke in a hushed whisper to both of them.

"Cat, I want you to put on that light blue dress, for this evening. Red, you will wear that little peach number for this evening, understood?" Owen asked with a firm tone of voice and a bright smile on his face.

"Thank you, Master!" They both said with gratitude as quietly as they could, while clearly being excited.

"One more thing, neither of you are to wear anything under your dresses tonight. I want you to put your clothes in this bag, I will be checking for bras and panties." Owen said with a firm and determined tone of voice, his expression conveyed his serious

intentions. He held out an empty shopping bag from the store they were in, Rosina took it from Owen, almost immediately.

"Master, I can't go without a bra in public! I'll bounce and jiggle something awful! It'll look obscene!" Taryn said in shock and horror, still protesting quietly, so that nobody other than the three of them could hear.

"I know. My order stands . . . Red!" Owen said again and stared intently at Taryn, waiting for her to respond.

Taryn's eyes closed to slits and her face turned red, her anger boiling inside, she really didn't want to do this. In private was one thing to obey Master and do what he wanted, but in public was another. Taryn never left the house without a bra, her breasts weren't as perky as they once were and she was larger than most women. As a result, without a bra to restrain her breasts they bounced in all different directions when she walked, drawing far too much attention to them. She wasn't embarrassed about her breasts she just liked to be restrained and a little conservative in public. As Taryn glared at Owen she knew that protesting was pointless. Even now her mind was telling her it was shameful for her to even think of defying Master's order. Taryn knew that she would do as her Master had ordered; she could do no less it seemed.

"Yes, Master," Taryn said in a defeated tone of voice as she bowed her head.

"Good, scoot along and get changed," he said as he smiled at Taryn and Rosina as they walked off to the change rooms. He made sure to give Taryn's ass a light swat as she walked away; she shot him a wide eyed expression of surprise in response.

It wasn't long before Taryn and Rosina walked out of the change rooms, fully changed into the dresses Owen had picked out for them. Taryn was hiding behind Rosina, who was holding the bag of clothes in front of her. When they arrived in front of Owen she presented the bag of clothes to Owen and Taryn stepped out from behind Rosina. Owen looked them over and indeed each dress made the already beautiful woman look that much more stunning.

The peach colour of her dress brought out and highlighted the deep, rich red colour of Taryn's hair. It was a slender dress that hugged her curves but was not restrictive, not a dress she would usually wear. She was more used to outfits that hid and downplayed her body that she knew wasn't like the bodies of girls Rosina's age. Never would she think of wearing such a simple and slim-fitting outfit that put her ample curves out there for all to see, including her, now unrestricted, breasts. While the dress did have a plunging neckline that showed a conservative amount of cleavage, it was the lack of a bra under the slender dress that worried Taryn. She shifted her weight uncomfortably as she waited for Owen to say something.

"Gorgeous, absolutely gorgeous!" Owen said with reverence as he looked Taryn over. She looked at him with skeptical look and once again had to remind herself that he did see her as beautiful; that was enough for her.

Rosina's dress was similar to Taryn's in the fact that it was a sleeveless number that stopped above the knee. Her dress was different in a few ways from Taryn's comparatively conservative dress. For one Rosina's dress was light blue in colour and clung to her body much tighter than Taryn's did her. As well the cut of the dress was more enticing and daring, with a much deeper neckline, narrower shoulder straps and slits up the sides. One last touch that made it a hotter dress was that the hemline was a touch higher than Taryn's dress. Rosina had no problem with the order not to wear a bra under the dress. For, not only would the cut of the dress make a bra impractical, her young breasts were small and perky enough, not to require one.

"Stunning, simply stunning," Owen said with a smile on my face and in silent reply Rosina beamed her happiness over gaining her Master's approval.

"I take it that we have decided to wear these dresses out?" Mandy said with a pleased and charming manner as she approached the three. "Mary, pack up and process the rest of Moe's purchases," Mandy said with a firm yet pleasant tone of voice to the other sales associate who then scurried off to the change room. "I do believe I have some shoes to match those dresses," she said in a leading tone of voice to Owen with an expectant tone of voice.

"Absolutely, what are new dresses without new shoes?" Owen said with a bright smile, almost immediately after Mandy had suggested it.

As Mandy hurried off to get the shoes needed for the dresses, Owen then took the bag of clothes that Rosina held out. Owen looked through the bag and found the fact that the clothes were still warm an oddly erotic thing. There, hidden at the bottom of the bag, were indeed two bras and two damp panties.

"Excellent, my dears, excellent; I am pleased," Owen said with a warm smile as he looked at the smiling faces standing before him.

"Here you go," Mandy said as she approached and handed Taryn a pair of peach pumps. "And, here you go," she said as she handed Rosina a pair of light blue pumps.

"And this is for you, Moe," The other sales associate said as she presented Owen with the bill, "I have already run in the shoes, sir," she added pleasantly and held out the bill.

"Here you go, and make sure you add ten percent for a tip," Owen said as he handed her his credit card, not looking at the bill once.

"You are most generous, both to your lady friends and to us as well. Please feel free to come back anytime," Mandy replied with a look that beamed her joy and satisfaction of the big sale and healthy tip.

Owen then signed the final bill and pocketed his credit card and receipt. Then he stood up and took one third of the bags that were

neatly lined up along the counter and walked out the store. Like most men, Owen probably could have taken all the bags and carried them to the car himself. By taking only a third of the bags he knew that Taryn and Rosina would pick up the hint and take one third each. This would ensure that Taryn's hands would be full so that when she walked she couldn't hide or cover up her breasts.

Taryn was quite ashamed and embarrassed as she walked through that mall, following Owen to the car. As expected her breasts were jiggling wildly with each step she took, she was mortified to be so unrestrained in public! What made matters worse was that with her hands full she could do nothing to stop their swaying. She held the packages close to her sides so that the sides of her arms could brace the sides of her breasts but that just hampered her ability to walk. With a frustrated grunt she held the packages away from her sides and allowed her breasts to sway freely.

Not long after they had left the store did something funny happen. Owen, Taryn and Rosina heard someone curse as they crashed into something solid. They looked over in the direction of the sound and saw three teen boys laughing at a fourth teen as he rubbed his head and staggered right next to a pillar.

"Watch where you're going next time, Steve," a blonde haired teen laughed as he slapped the shoulder of his buddy that had obviously just walked into the pillar.

"Fuck off, Matt," the brown haired boy, who obviously was Steve replied, "Did you see that babe though?" he added emphatically as he pointed in the direction of Owen, Taryn and Rosina.

"You mean that blonde in the blue dress? Yeah she's hot!" Matt replied with an enthusiastic nod.

"No man, I mean the MILF in the peach dress, the one with the HUGE TITS!" Steve replied with fervor as he pointed right at Taryn. "Watching those puppies bounce about was almost worth hitting the pole," Steve replied with a chuckle that his buddies joined him in on.

"No doubt, man, she's hot!" Matt added as he nodded his agreement as he stole another glance at Taryn's breasts.

Taryn just about stumbled a step, as she couldn't believe what she had just heard. Taryn Thompson, HOT! Taryn was just a forty-three year old, plump, housewife. How could she be considered to be a MILF by boys younger than her daughter? Taryn was amazed that she could illicit such a reaction from teenagers, and it almost overwhelmed her. She had always assumed that Owen looked at her with a blind eye because he was her son. She knew that she didn't look like the models in magazines, so how could she be hot. Taryn was amazed and impressed that she could be considered to be a hot, at forty-three! The perplexed wondering took up the rest of the trip to the car. It wasn't until she heard the trunk pop open that she realized where they were and she was brought out of her thoughts.

"Now, on to dinner!" Owen said with a smile as he put the bags that he was carrying in the trunk.

"I don't think so, young man," Taryn said in her best "motherly" tone of voice as she put the bags she was carrying in the trunk.

"What? Who are you to question me?" Owen shot back in mock offended manner.

"I am your mother, and as such, I'm telling you that you can't escort us anywhere looking like that!" she said sternly as she pointed at Owen for a moment before a smirk crept across her face. "You need new clothes," she added with a wink.

"Yeah! You bought us new clothes, so I think that you need to get something appropriate in order to escort us this evening, Moe," Rosina added with excitement for the idea as she put her bags in the trunk.

"Why not, I must admit, standing next to you two right now, I feel a bit shabby," Owen chuckled as he closed the trunk and turned to the ladies, offering them an arm each.

"I know this mall, I know just the place, too," Taryn said with a wink as she linked her arm with Owen's arm.

"Does this mean we can make HIM model all sorts of clothes for US?" Rosina asked Taryn in a teasing chuckle as she linked her arm in Owen's other arm.

Owen felt ten feet tall as he escorted Taryn and Rosina through that mall again. Taryn led the way and directed them to a men's clothing store that was not that far from where they were. As they walked into the store, Taryn's body language made it clear that she was going to take charge of this purchase. They all stopped about a third of the way into the store and watched as a tall, slender man in a suit approached them with a cool demeanor about him.

"Hello, my name is Marcus, how can I help you this evening?" the tall, dark haired man asked with hands clasped in front of him.

"Hello, Marcus, I'm Taryn and this is Owen, and that is Rosina. We're going out for the evening and as you can see Owen, darling, needs a little help to look more . . . appropriate. I was thinking of something in a dark-grey, classic suit, can you help?" Taryn said in a charming tone of voice as she smiled at Marcus in an almost flirtatious manner.

"Certainly, we have just what you're looking for," Marcus said with a smile as he turned to walk away, motioning for them to follow him.

Just like when he bought clothes for Taryn and Rosina, Owen had to model a few suits. Thankfully, he had to try on considerably fewer outfits, only three suits in all. All three of them agreed on the one suit that looked the best on him. It was the last suit he tried on and so he

never changed out of it. Just like with the ladies they bought the whole outfit including: shirt, tie, shoes, socks and belt. Owen's old clothes were packed into one shopping bag and before Owen could grasp the bill, Taryn snatched it away from him.

"Put it on this and add fifteen percent for the tip," Taryn said with a firm smile as she shot Owen a sly grin from the side while handing Marcus the bill and a credit card.

"Thank you, Madam," Marcus said with a grateful smile as he quickly processed the sale.

As they walked out of the store back to the car once more, the three of them felt giddy and playful. Taryn no longer worried about her free and bouncing breasts; in fact she found that she liked the free feeling and all the extra attention. On the way back from the car, Taryn even tossed a light spring in her step to make her breasts bounce a little more.

"Now we can go to dinner, sweetheart," Taryn said as she kissed Owen on the cheek.

"Soon, I hope because I am starved!" Rosina added as she too gave Owen a kiss on his other cheek.

"Come my ladies, dinner awaits!" Owen said with a proud smile as he guided the trio toward the wing of restaurants.

It didn't take long before they found themselves turning down the hallway specially dedicated to the finer restaurants. It was one area of the mall where a string of nice eateries were located. It was tastefully laid out and not simply a fancy food court. Indeed it was one long strip which had its own entrance to the outside and along this one hallway you could find any type of food you liked at one of the many restaurants. Owen picked a cozy, romantic, Italian place about half way down the strip. They were seated quickly, as the night was a little slow and the waiter was happy to see more business walk in the door. With a quiet word and little cash slipped to the waiter, they had a secluded table in a quiet area of the restaurant. After ordering their meals, the trio was enjoying the ambiance, and chatting each other up in some light conversation.

"Thank you, sweetie for this evening, it has been too long since I have been out like this," Taryn said with a genuinely touched manner as she reached across and took Owen's hand in hers.

"The evening's not over yet," Owen said with a wicked grin as he leaned forward and kissed Taryn in a soft, romantic kiss. The both glowed with love once the kiss was over with and smiled at each other for a moment yet.

"Yes, Moe, I wanted to say how much appreciate all that you've done for me," Rosina said as she leaned across the table to kiss Owen.

"I'm just glad I could help, Rosie. So you don't regret . . . last night?" Owen asked as delicately as he could, once the kiss was over.

"No, Moe, everything is clear and calm within me now. I'm not confused or angry, like I was before. I don't think I could go back to the way things were before, even if I wanted to," Rosina said with a look of love as she took Owen's hand in hers. "I love you, Owen," she added with absolute sincerity.

"I love you too, Rosie," Owen said with a warm, loving smile back at Rosina.

"Me or my tight little pussy?" Rosina mumbled with a wicked grin on her face.

"Both," Owen winked back.

"Honestly, you two! Behave yourselves," Taryn chuckled as she shook her head.

"Don't think I could forget about you, Taryn. I have been happier this past week than I have ever been. I love you not just as a son loves his mother or just as someone I'm sleeping with," Owen said with a loving and serious manner and for a moment he paused as he pondered just what to say to express how he felt. It was not easy and his fight to find the right words was evident on his face until he said, "You're so much more to me than that!"

"I know and I can't believe all that we've done this past week, and I know that as your mother I should be horrified . . . but I'm not." Taryn said with a slightly uncomfortable manner. "I know that it's a strange way to reconnect with your kids but I feel so much closer to both of you now than I ever have!" she added with a warm smile to both Owen and Rosina.

"I know what you mean, mom, before yesterday, I never really was that close with either of you," Rosina added with a sincere tone of voice and a slightly embarrassed manner. "I was too caught up in my own life: school, friends, studying, and now college. I loved the time we spent together today, mom, and hope we can all spend much more time together in the future." She spoke with a warm and friendly manner as she smiled at her mother. "And of course I look forward to many hours spent alone with you, Moe," she added in a sultry tone of voice, with a wicked grin spread across her face.

"As do I, look forward to each moment we spend together," Owen said with a naughty grin on his face as he looked first at Rosina and then at Taryn.

"But we do need to be careful or Richard will find out. He may be wrapped up in his own little world of that law firm, but if you two do a repeat performance of this morning when he's home again, even he will wonder what's up!" Taryn said with as firm a manner as she could muster in the loving mood that permeated the table. She held that, firm look for a moment before all three of them burst into laughter.

"Perhaps we should see how quiet you can be, eh Red?" Owen asked with a naughty flavor to his voice as he raised an eyebrow.

"What do you mean?" Taryn asked with a curious, yet fearful flavor to her voice.

"I mean why don't you just hop on up here and take a ride. We'll see if you can keep quiet enough, so as not to draw any attention to us?" Owen asked with a naughty, yet teasing flavor to his voice as he pushed back away from the table.

"Later, dear, I'll show you just how appreciative I am for this evening, but here in the middle of the restaurant is hardly the place!" Taryn replied with a nervous chuckle and wide eyes that betrayed the fear that she tried to hide within her.

"Red, get over here and ride my cock like a good little girl!" Owen said in an unambiguous tone of voice as he unbuckled pants, pulled them down and fished out his hard, fat cock.

Taryn looked at Owen's cock with absolute shock as her eyes bugged out and her chin hung open. She looked at it and then up into Owen's face and was flabbergasted. Quickly she looked around the restaurant to see if anyone had noticed her son exposing himself. To her frustration and horror she realized that they were in a secluded section with only one way in or out.

"Geez, mom, if you don't ride him, I will, and you know I can't keep quiet with that monster in my pussy!" Rosina said as she shifted in her seat, here eyes fixated on Owen's cock.

Taryn's lust grew within her and her decorum and restraint fought to keep her from fucking her son in the middle of the restaurant. Her need to obey her Master along with the longing to feel him inside her again won out in short order. In a flash she was hovering over his lap, facing him. She placed her hands on his shoulders and lowered herself on the cock of the man she loved more than life itself. A satisfied sigh escaped her lips when she felt the fat cock invading her innermost depths. Slowly Taryn rose until the cock was almost out of her pussy before she slowly lowered herself down again.

"I hope you know what you're doing, Moe, cause, God help me, I can't resist you," Taryn said with a troubled look on her face while her body was awash in pleasure.

"Fuck him, mom! Fuck your son in a public restaurant while your daughter watches!" Rosina said in a hushed voice that was so full of lust that her voice sounded like a hiss.

"You horny little bitch, you just love this, don't you! Your own private little sex show!" Taryn said with a lustful growl as she turned her head and looked at her daughter.

Taryn steadily bounced on Owen's cock and tried to keep herself quiet, letting out only a sigh or quiet moan now and again. Boldly Owen reached up and slipped the straps of the dress off of Taryn's shoulders, pulling the top of the dress down. Once Taryn's breasts were in view, Owen leaned forward and took a nipple into his mouth. Taryn grasped a handful of Owen's hair and hissed her excitement where otherwise she would have moaned loudly. Her bouncing on his cock quickened, it was her way to show her love of what he was doing to her body.

"This, my dear Slaves is the exact reason why you are not wearing bras or panties." Owen said with a commanding tone of voice that was polluted with a satisfied flavor. "In the future, around the house you will only wear skirts or dresses and the hems will be no longer than to your knees. As well you are not allowed to wear bras or panties in the house ever again! You may wear what you like outside the house, but once you come home, you must change, is that clear, my Slaves?" Owen said with a growl in his lust filled voice, his words slurred due to the fact that he didn't stop licking Taryn's breasts.

"Yes, Moe," Taryn and Rosina replied, somewhat in time.

"Excuse me?" Owen growled with a snarl.

"Yes, Master," Taryn and Rosina corrected themselves.

"That's better," Owen said with a pleased flavor to his voice.

They had almost forgotten the very public place that they were in and Taryn began to start bouncing up and down wildly. She desperately wanted release and her lust had possessed her, the wickedness of the situation was quickly pushing her over the edge. The sharp breath from the other end of the room brought everyone's attention and their heads snapped to look at the source.

There, standing in the entryway to the private section of the restaurant was their waiter carrying a tray with their dinners. He stood there with a stunned look on his face as Taryn continued to ride Owen's cock; her body was practically on auto-pilot. For thirty long seconds the waiter stood there, dumbfounded as to the hot scene unfolding before him.

"Y . . . you shouldn't be doing th . . . that," The waiter squeaked out with a stunned tone of voice, his lips barely moving and his eyes never blinking.

Owen looked at the man in question and could see that he was horny as hell, the bulge in his pants attested to that. He stood not much taller than Owen did was and looked to be somewhere in his early twenties. In fact he looked familiar, like someone he may have seen in one of his classes at college, but couldn't place him at the time. His brown hair was cut quite short in a typical "GQ" side part and his blue eyes were as wide as saucers. He looked thin and a little on the lean side, like he could use some time spent in the gym to put some muscle on his skinny frame. All in all he wasn't that homely looking, but he wasn't "Brad Pitt" either.

"Why don't you come over here and get better acquainted?" Owen asked as calmly as he could with his mother's pussy tightly gripping his cock at the moment.

"Cat, why don't you show our friend here how much we would appreciate his discretion on this matter," Owen said to Rosina with a wicked smile on his face as he tossed her a wink.

"Yes, Moe," Rosina replied with a giddy tone of voice as she stood up and walked with an exaggerated saunter towards the waiter.

It was clear that Rosina had no trouble following any order that Owen gave. The moral struggle that raged within her as to whether or not to serve him drained her of any fight she had. All she knew now was that she was a Slave to Owen and as such she would faithfully do anything he commanded. She was completely his to do with as he pleased, whenever he pleased and to whomever he pleased. It was with her eagerness to prove this to Owen that she walked confidently toward the waiter, who was still holding their dinner.

"That looks heavy, Honey, put that down over here," Rosina said with a sweet smile and a sultry tone of voice as she lightly tugged on the waiter's arm.

"Wha . . . wha . . . what are we going to do?" the stunned waiter said as he allowed himself to be led toward the table.

When they were near, Rosina unloaded the tray, placing the dinners at the appropriate place on their table. She then took the tray from the young waiter's hands and put it on a nearby table. Pulling a chair out from the table she lightly pushed the stunned waiter down onto the chair. When Rosina walked toward the waiter, starting to lift the hem of her dress Owen spoke up.

"We're not that appreciative, Cat," Owen said with a disapproving tone of voice.

Rosina stopped in her tracks and dropped to her knees right in front of the slack-jawed waiter. She reached up, unzipped his pants, yanked them and his underwear down, and grasped his hard cock in her small hands. She smiled up at the waiter whose name she didn't even know, leaned forward and wrapped her lips around the head of his cock.

As Rosina's mouth descended on his cock, John looked down at the hot blonde who was now blowing him. Nothing like this had ever happened to him before! Sure he had a girlfriend and was having sex with her, but she only had made him wait until they had been going together for two months. Here a woman he had just met was now on her knees giving him a blowjob just because another guy told her to! It was wild and he almost didn't believe it was happening, but if it was a dream, he didn't want to wake.

"I like your cock, baby. It's the perfect size for this," Rosina said with a satisfied purr as she briefly took her mouth off of his cock to smile up at the man who owned the cock she was sucking.

John felt immensely proud, for never had anyone described his cock as perfect! He knew his cock wasn't as large as some men's but he knew his wasn't the smallest cock either. Just knowing that a hot chick like the one he was with could appreciate what he had to offer made him feel great. He let his head fall back as he sighed heavily and surrendered to the magical work of her mouth on his cock.

Rosina smiled to herself as she saw the gratified and relieved smile on the waiter's face. She didn't have the heart to tell him that the reason she saw his cock as perfect was that it was considerably shorter and thinner than Owen's comparative monster. She had a good shot at deep-throating this cock and planned to do so as quick as she could. Perhaps in deep-throating this cock, she could ready herself to finally take Owen's cock down her throat. With determination she closed her eyes and thrust her mouth forward. She soon felt the head of the cock hit the entrance to her throat and slip past it. She started to gag but that feeling passed quickly as a few inches of the cock slipped down her throat. When she felt pubic hair tickle her nose she opened her eyes to see her lips kissing the base of his cock. Rosina was pleased because she had voluntarily deep-throated her first cock. Energetically she withdrew the cock from her mouth and immediately thrust her mouth back down. She didn't pause at all when the head of the cock hit the entrance of her throat. She gagged again, but since she expected it, it didn't hit her as hard

so she pressed on until again all of the cock was past her lips. Again and again, Rosina deep-throated the cock and she got more accustomed to the cock slipping down her throat. Her pace quickened as she became so focused on practicing her deep-throating technique. Rosina almost forgot that a man was attached to the cock she was sucking with all she had.

The suddenness and shock of the amazingly unbelievable experience accompanied with the best blowjob of his life was too much for John. With a grunt his hips bucked up and slammed his cock down Rosina's throat as it erupted with his cum. Rosina hadn't given a thought to what she was going to do with the strange man's cum. Once she felt the cum erupt down her throat she knew the question was answered for her. She swallowed repeatedly and John groaned nonstop as her throat milked his cock with all the cum he had to offer.

Taryn looked over her shoulder when John moaned to signal that he was about to cum. She saw that at that very moment that Rosina had all of his cock in her mouth and felt happy for her daughter. As strange as it was, she didn't feel odd to see her daughter sucking off a total stranger, instead she was proud. She knew that it meant a lot to Rosina to deep-throat Owen's cock and to see her doing so to this cock was a step down that road. It was the first time that Taryn looked at Rosina and felt closer to being her friend than her mother. The sight of her little girl's throat milking the young waiter's cock that had by now erupted was not repulsive, but hot.

Taryn let her head flop back as the complete decadence and wild abandon of the situation pushed her over the edge. A guttural moan

escaped her lips before she snapped her head forward to kiss Owen with all the passion that she had at that intense moment. Her abundant red hair flipped forward and cascaded over Owen, covering both of their heads as they kissed through Taryn's and then Owen's orgasm. The clasping pussy of his dearest Slave pushed Owen over the edge and he let loose a torrent of cum up inside his mother's pussy. Taryn let go and slumped forward, melting her body against her beloved Master, both lovers breathing heavy as they tried to catch their breath. Taryn flipped her head to tame the wild mane of red hair, as she smiled at the man she loved and kissed him with a soft romantic kiss.

Everyone looked at each other with the satisfied smile of post-orgasmic bliss. With the exception of Rosina, who was simply happy to have achieved deep-throating a cock, even if it was a below-average, thin cock. To Rosina it was a major accomplishment and she couldn't wait for her next opportunity to try to deep-throat her Master's cock. Owen looked around the room and saw that there was an unmistakable air of sex in the room. Anyone who walked in would know in a second what had transpired, they had already tempted fate too much.

"As hot as this is, dinner is getting cold," Owen said with a slightly disappointed smirk on his face.

"Yeah, I'd better get back to work, or my boss will come looking for me," John said with a nervous chuckle. "Thanks for the . . . well, thanks," John said nervously. My name is . . ." John started to introduce himself, but Rosina cut him off.

"DON'T!" she shouted. "It's hotter this way, don't you think?" she added with a wink and a sultry smile. "And you're welcome," she said as she stood up.

Taryn separated herself from Owen reluctantly and pulled the top of her dress back up. Owen pulled his pants back up and straightened his clothes up as Rosina took her seat by the table. Without saying a word, John flashed a nervous smile at the three people at the table and walked away, not sure of what to say. The three people then enjoyed their dinner, albeit only slightly cooler than it could have been but they weren't complaining. It was a strangely causal dinner and nobody felt self-conscious about the wildly dangerous sex that just took place. They chatted and talked more like friends than family, strangely enough, they were a mixture of three: family, friends and lovers. Dinner was over and nothing of consequence happened during the rest of dinner. John refused to take any sort of tip from Owen and even gave them a discount on dinner.

"Where are we going? I thought we were going to the movies?" Rosina asked as she pointed in the general direction of the movie theater.

"You guy's look too hot for the movies! We're going dancing!" Owen said with a certain tone of voice as he motioned in the direction of a nearby nightclub.

"Sweetie, Rosie's only nineteen, we can't all get in," Taryn said in a motherly manner. She looked at Owen with a look of concern as they started walking to one of the few nightclubs that was mixed in amongst the restaurants.

"Please, she's hot, you both are, when have you ever known them to card a hot chick?" Owen laughed as he confidently strode toward the nightclub in question.

As expected the trio was waved on through only after the doorman let his eyes walk all over both Taryn's and Rosina's bodies. Once inside they grabbed a table near the dance floor and quickly ordered drinks. Rosina was excited to finally being given the chance to have her first drink in a bar. She had drunk beer at the odd college party this past year but this was the first time to be drinking in front of her mother. Owen restricted himself to one beer because he was driving. The ladies had a few drinks each and were quickly feeling tipsy. They were up dancing as a trio for almost every song, sitting down only when they needed to rest. Being in a bar with Owen brought back memories of one week ago when Taryn's life took a drastic turn.

"Hey my studly, Moe, why don't you take that horny little bitch over there and fuck her in the bathroom, eh?" Taryn said with a giddy giggle as she leaned over to talk to Owen. She leaned over a little too far and crashed into Owen and elbowed him in the ribs before bursting into laughter.

"What?" Rosina squeaked, not sure if she should take offense or be excited over Taryn's last comment.

"Good idea, Red," Owen said with a mischievous grin to Taryn before turning to Rosina. "Cat, go into the men's room, go to the farthest stall and wait for me," he said with confidence to Rosina and turned his attention back to Taryn.

"WHAT?" Rosina shouted, not sure if she felt safe doing this.

"NOW!" Owen shouted without looking away from Taryn whom he was chatting with at the time.

"Yes, Moe," Rosina replied in a subdued tone of voice.

Rosina then stood up and walked toward the ladies room before slipping quickly into the men's bathroom. She scanned the room, hoping to find it empty, but to her horror she saw a man washing his hands. He chuckled and gave her a queer look before his eyes wandered over her body in an obvious way as he wavered slightly in his stance.

"Wrong door huh, honey?" The man asked with a chuckle; a sparkle of desire lived in his eye. As he spoke it was clear that he was seriously buzzed at the very least.

Thinking quickly, Rosina acted very drunk and staggered towards the far stall. The man just laughed as Rosina crashed through the far bathroom stall door, slamming it closed behind her, clumsily. Her heart thumped in her chest as her embarrassment hit her. In order to keep up her drunken front up, Rosina made retching sounds until she heard the man leave.

The look of desire that had been in the man's eye made Rosina worried, and the incident had scared her. What if the man had decided to take advantage of her drunken state? Even since she was, more or less sober, with his considerable size advantage, there would be little she could do to stop him from having his way with her. Sure she wanted to please Owen and would willingly do what he said without question. Owen was always around when she obeyed him, she felt safe with him around. She felt protected in his presence so she could easily do anything he asked of her then, he was her comfort zone.

"You need help, honey?" The drunken man asked from behind her.

Rosina snapped her head to look over her shoulder and to her terror she saw that the man that she had thought had left was now standing in the open stall door. Rosina was still bending over the toilet from when she was faking to vomit. This meant that she was bent over and in perfect position for the man to fuck her, her ass was offered up as if on a silver platter.

"I. . . I'm f . . . fine," Rosina stammered out in a weak tone of voice, still bending over.

Rosina's mind had frozen, she didn't know what to do or how to react. Panic had gripped her mind tightly and she was so confused and terrified that she didn't even struggle or fight back. This drunken man was much larger than she was and she was all alone. Her worst fear was about to be realized as she watched in dread as he stated to unbuckle his pants. He laughed a cocky, laugh as he staggered in toward Rosina, his pants fully undone, and his dick now waving in front of him. He had just put his hand on the small of Rosina's back when the bathroom door opened up.

"WHAT THE FUCK?" Owen shouted as he saw the drunken man whose pants were hanging down as he walked into the last stall.

"Piss off pall, I'm trying to get some pussy," the man said in an angry slur towards Owen before he turned his attention to Rosina and walked forward slightly.

"GET YOUR HANDS OFF OF MY GIRL!" Owen shouted as he rushed towards the mountain of a man who towered over him.

Owen was in an absolute rage beyond the reach of any logic as he quickly spanned the distance between the drunken man and himself. As soon as he was in reach of the man, Owen grasped his shoulder and tossed him back, sending the man staggering backwards, until he hit the far wall. With his pants down at his ankles the stunned

drunken man presented a very visible and tempting target for Owen's foot. With a swift kick not unlike a kicker in an NFL football game punting the ball, Owen punted the drunken man's balls. This caused the drunken man to break into tears like a little girl, holding his injured balls. He was no danger to anyone, nor would he be anytime soon but Owen was in such a rage that this was not good enough for him. He rushed toward the crying man with his fist raised to punch him. Had it not been for Taryn, Owen may have beaten the man to death without even realizing it.

Taryn had rushed to investigate the instant Owen screamed after opening up the bathroom door. She arrived just in time to see Owen toss the man to the wall and punt his nuts. Once she started to pull Owen off of the drunken man Rosina joined in and the pair got him out of there. They swiftly left the nightclub and dropped a hundred dollar bill to smooth any possible troubles with the establishment. By the time they had found a small coffee shop around the way, Owen had calmed down. The adrenaline rush of the whole incident had quickly sobered up Taryn and Rosina. As they sipped their coffee, while Rosina was in the washroom, Taryn decided to discuss the incident with Owen.

"Owen dear, you have to be more careful in the future," Taryn said with an urging tone of voice, as she leaned over the table and grasped Owen's hand.

"I know," Owen replied in an ashamed tone of voice as he sighed a deep sigh of regret.

"That girl loves and trusts you implicitly, as do I!" Taryn said with a firm and loving tone of voice. "Both of us will happily do whatever you ask, you know that," Taryn added with a tone of touching conviction.

"I know, Taryn," Owen smiled a loving smile back at Taryn to convey how much that meant to him.

"But you have to think about what you're having us do, dear. You must take into account how safe it is, what the risks of us getting exposed are? That incident in the bathroom is an example of you giving an order that wasn't safe. Ordering a pretty girl to walk into a men's room in a bar all by herself? What were you thinking?" Taryn said in a shocked tone of voice as she lightly glared into his eyes with a look of disbelief.

"I wasn't. I just thought it would heighten it for her if she had to go and wait for me, you know build the anticipation," Owen said with a sad tone of voice before he sighed heavily and continued. "I didn't think that anything might happen to her in there . . . I just didn't think about it," he said with a dejected tone of voice.

"You have to consider the consequences of your orders, Honey. What if someone who knew us had spotted you and I having sex in the restaurant?" Taryn said with a fearful tone of voice. "How were you planning on explaining that?" Taryn asked with a daring tone of voice. It wasn't a moment later before both she and Owen burst into laughter over the mental picture of Owen trying to do just that.

"That would be a hard one to explain," Owen admitted as their laughter died down.

"I don't regret what we do. I just don't want to have to explain to anyone about what we do in private," Taryn said as Rosina returned and slid into the booth next to Owen.

"Hey, Rosie, how you doing?" Owen asked Rosina as she slid right up to him and embraced him from the side in an unmistakable, tenderly intimate manner.

"I'm okay, I was quite scared there. I was sure that he was going to . . ." Rosina said in a fearful tone of voice before her voice cracked and she couldn't continue, so she buried her face in Owen's shoulder for comfort.

"I'm so sorry, Rosie, I will be much more careful with what I have you do in the future. Can you forgive me?" Owen asked Rosina with a sincere and loving look that implored for understanding.

"I know you didn't mean for that to happen, and you did save me. So in my books, you're still my hero." Rosina said with a teary smile on her otherwise troubled face as she kissed him a loving kiss.

"I won't let anything happen to either of you two. I won't put either of you at risk again." Owen said with a certain and firm tone of voice, with a tear in his eye.

"We know, dear," Taryn replied with a loving and genuinely touched manner as she smiled at him and squeezed his hand.

The trio casually walked back toward the car with their arms around each other. While part of them knew that they were holding each other in far too intimate an embrace for family to be seen in public, they didn't care. The incident in the bathroom scared the three of them as it highlighted the risks of tossing out commands without due consideration of the consequences. Rosina was almost raped because of Owen's thoughtlessness. The fear of anything happening to any of them made them treasure each other that much more. Little was said on the ride home as Taryn and Rosina cuddled up in the back, with mother comforting daughter after a troubling time. When they did arrive at the house and saw Richard's car parked, they decided to leave the bags of purchases in the trunk.

"Ah there you three are!" Richard said with glee from the living room as Taryn, Rosina, and Owen came into view. "Where'd you guys go?" he asked with a light and curious tone of voice and it was clear that he wasn't mad.

"We got tired of staring at these four walls so we decided to go out to dinner, and the evening got away from us," Taryn said with a

loving smile as she walked toward her husband who had been watching TV.

"New dress?" Richard asked as Taryn leaned over and kissed him.

"No, I've had this for ages," Taryn laughed with a dismissive chuckle as she sat down in the sofa next to her husband. "Goodnight you two," Taryn said with a warm smile to Owen and Rosina that she tried to keep parental and calm.

"Goodnight, mom, dad," Owen and Rosina said as they walked upstairs with their arm around each others waist.

Without saying a word, nor needing to, they walked silently into Owen's room. Striping nude calmly and casually they slipped into bed, once they were nude. Soon they were settled into the tender embrace of lovers and fell asleep in each other's arms. Rosina felt safe, being held by the man she loved, her Master. Despite the trying time in the bathroom that night it didn't bother her, for she was with the man whom she knew would always protect her.

Chapter Ten: Owen And Rosina

Owen awoke the next morning to a blast of light. He squinted so that he could see in amongst the wash of light. He heard the door close and knew that someone had turned the light on. It was the favorite trick of his mother to quietly and effectively wake him up. Much to his frustration, it always worked. Owen blinked and groaned as he slowly got used to the brightly lit room. He looked at the sleeping form of his sister and smiled lovingly at her.

Rosina had slept in his bed for the second night in a row, and he was fast becoming used to this pleasure. Her lithe and petite body seemed to melt into his and her warmth felt incredible as she slept, cuddled up to him. Her blonde hair spilled all about as a result of her tossing and turning; Owen took a moment to comb and smooth it out. Owen knew that they both needed to get going so he shook the sleeping beauty awake.

"Time to get up, Rosie," Owen said as he gently shook Rosina's arm.

Rosina stirred awake and looked around the room with squinted eyes for a moment before she shut them tightly and hid her face in the pillow. She groaned her complaint of the bright light with wordless protest and Owen laughed at her discomfort. For some reason the groggy-way she woke up struck him as cute and he laughed, despite himself.

"Damn light! It's not funny, Master!" Rosina scoffed as she lightly smacked Owen's shoulder while still hiding her eyes in the pillow.

"Sorry, but you just wake up in the cutest way," Owen said with a dying chuckle, as he leaned over and kissed the back of Rosina's head. "We need to get up," he said as he started to roll to get out of bed.

Just then, a hand shot out and grasped Owen's arm and tugged him back into bed. An unsuspecting Owen found himself rolling back into bed. As soon as he was near enough, Rosina cuddled up to him, practically covering him with her body. She giggled as she got comfortable, resting her head on his shoulder, holding him tightly so he couldn't go anywhere.

"NO!" Rosina shouted in a mock-pout as she held him firm. "We're not leaving this bed all day!" she said in a firm tone of voice that was heavily tainted with a giggling chuckle.

"Really?" Owen asked with a laugh. "What about school?" he asked as he looked into the smiling eyes of his newest Slave.

"Fuck school, now that I have you in bed, I don't ever want to leave," Rosina said with a loving tone of voice before she moved in and kissed Owen square on the lips.

It was a kiss that started out soft and romantic but quickly grew in passion and intensity. Both siblings were pulling and pawing at each other as they started to roll around that bed, kissing madly. At the end of the kiss Owen was on top of Rosina and his rock hard cock was throbbing against her clitoris. Rosina started to gyrate her hips to grind her pussy against his cock.

"Damnit! We gotta get moving," Owen said as he got off Rosina and up out of bed.

Not to be outdone or refused the morning fuck that she was after, Rosina quickly turned over in bed. In a flash Rosina had tossed the covers completely aside and rolled over onto her stomach. She brought her knees up and rested her head on the pillow. The result was that her ass was in the air with her knees spread shoulder-width apart. She had her head turned to the side so that she could look at Owen as she talked.

"But, Master, I need you soooo badly!" Rosina said in a sultry as she started to stroke her slit with her index finger. "I have an itch that only you and your fat cock can scratch," she continued in a needy tone of voice as she watched Owen eye her up.

"We slept in, we have to get moving," Owen said as he looked over the tempting sight of his sister.

"Yeah we need to get moving, we need to get your fat cock moving in and out of my hot little pussy. I need you, Master, your Slave

needs you, Master, I've been a good Slave, and we never did get the chance to fuck last night, give it to me. Fuck me!" Rosina whined out and her voice started to break up in a frustrated growl.

Owen looked at his sister who began to probe her pussy with her index finger. She started to moan as she brought herself pleasure with her own finger. It was clear that she was hot and needed his cock, sure they were running late, but was anyone too busy for pussy? Owen walked back to be bed and knelt behind his sister. She quickly grasped his cock when it was near enough and lined it up to her waiting pussy.

"Just remember to breathe through that pillow and try to keep quiet!" Owen said as he slid forward and into Rosina's pussy with the help of her guiding hand.

"Yes, Master," Rosina said with a blissful sigh, her voice was muffled and distorted by the pillow that she clutched to her face.

Owen sank his cock further and further into his sister's pussy and still couldn't believe his luck. She was the tightest pussy he had ever seen, let alone thrust his cock into. Yet not only did he have the good fortune of fucking her, she was his. Not just as his lover, she was his Slave, and eagerly performed any task he required of her. If she wasn't his sister, he could see himself falling hard for her and perhaps one day marrying her. The fact was that she was his sister and so marriage and kids wasn't an option. Once his cock had fully

imbedded itself inside the pussy of the woman in question, Owen no longer cared that she was his sister, she was one hot fuck.

"I'll never get tired of this, Master." Rosina mewed in a contented voice that sounded like a drug addict that had just been given their latest hit. "Thanks, Master, I needed this. I really did!" she added with a deep, guttural voice as she began to rock back and forth.

Owen stood there, kneeling behind Rosina and watched as she fucked herself on his cock while he stood still. He looked down and watched his cock sliding in and out of her pussy while he just knelt there. After a moment of this and a frustrated growl from Rosina, Owen grasped her hips and started to thrust. Once Owen took over the fuck, Rosina stopped thrusting and just let herself get fucked by the man she worshiped.

Rosina's life had taken such an abrupt turn in the last week and it hit her strangely as Owen fucked her wildly. One week ago she and Owen barely spoke, and even then it was quick, casual and in passing. She was eagerly studying to be a nurse so school and her studies dominated her life. She didn't date much, not because she didn't get offers, she did get asked out from time to time. Mostly she didn't date because she couldn't spare the time. Now, one week later she was on her brother's bed getting fucked by the man who was not only her lover, but her Master. She belonged to him in a real sense and that thought brought a feeling of peace and contentment to her. She loved the fact that there was a man who owned her, a man to look out for and protect her. The only thought that brought her pain was the fact that since he was her brother, she could never marry him

or bear his children. She desperately wanted to carry his child and offer up to him the ultimate gift she could give her Master, his child. She pushed the saddening thought out of her mind as she instead focused on the release she needed.

Rosina knew, like Owen did, that this stolen moment of passion couldn't last long and they needed to wrap it up quickly. Rosina started to rock her hips, to meet his thrusts with a thrust of her own. She wanted to feel him explode deep inside her; she loved the way it felt to have the deepest depths of her pussy washed in his cum. A sinfully delicious thought crept across her lips when it happened that this was her brother's cum in her pussy.

"Oh God!" Owen moaned as he quickened his pace of fucking.

"YES! Cum in me!" Rosina squealed with excitement as she hammered back at him, quicker still.

"Cumming!" Owen moaned out as he threw his head back, slammed into Rosina's pussy one last time and let lose.

Rosina felt pure bliss when Owen's cock started spewing his hot cum inside her. The seed seemed to wash her pussy in warmth. Rosina swore from that moment on that she wouldn't take her pill anymore. She didn't care that he was her brother, she didn't care of the risks of the pregnancy. All Rosina wanted at that moment was a child from the only man she wanted to be with for the rest of her life. The heat of the moment and the wickedness of her resolution triggered her

orgasm. Rosina clutched the pillow tight as she tried in vein to stifle her orgasmic screams. Rosina wondered how any woman could be expected to keep quiet when getting fucked by the perfect cock. The back end of their respective orgasms wasn't as quick or sudden as how it had started. Owen slumped over Rosina when his cock was spent and his weight caused her to crash to the bed. The two incestuous lovers breathed heavy as they caught their breath from the short but intense fuck.

"Now we really do have to get moving," Owen said as he kissed Rosina on the cheek.

"I know," Rosina said with a loving smile on her face as she turned her head to look at him.

"Wait here for a minute or two," Owen said as he pulled out of Rosina and climbed out of bed.

Rosina felt hollow without him inside her and tried to hide her disappointment that he wasn't. The sad look in her eye betrayed her hidden feelings and in response Owen smiled at her a comforting smile. Owen tossed his robe on and his smile grew broadly as he slipped out of the room.

After slipping into Rosina's room to retrieve her bathrobe he opened the door to his room just enough to toss that robe at Rosina. Owen had just walked into the bathroom and was closing the door when it abruptly opened up again. Owen turned around, expecting to see

Rosina, trying to sneak a shower with him that morning. Instead of a smiling Rosina, Owen saw Taryn, his mother, who was quite angry, her red face made that obvious. Her eyes were slits as she reached up and grasped Owen by the throat and tossed him up against the bathroom door.

"The next time you two decide to fuck when Richard is home why don't you go ahead and bend her over the diner table!" Taryn growled in a low tone of voice an inch from Owen's face.

"We were quiet!" Owen replied nervously, half-convinced of what he was saying.

"HA! I was in the kitchen and I knew what you were doing. I had to pretend I couldn't hear the noises Richard heard!" Taryn said in the same angry tone of voice while she kept her voice down.

"What noises? Rosie had her head in a pillow the whole time," Owen shrugged with a confused tone of voice and a wrinkled forehead.

"Headboard! Wall! Need I say more?" Taryn said with a stern look on her face before she burst into laughter.

"Oh." Owen said as he winced in embarrassment and shame.

"I swear sometimes you want Richard to find out!" Taryn said before she leaned in and kissed Owen in a lingering kiss on the lips.

"Care for a shower, Red?" Owen asked in a sultry tone of voice as he nodded in the direction of the shower.

"I'd love to but we can't spare the time," Taryn said with a dismayed tone of voice.

"Shall I make it an order?" Owen teased with a raised eyebrow and a cheeky smile on his face.

"If you do, then you might as well walk downstairs right now and confess everything to Richard. I swear I'll moan like a whore so loudly that I'll make Rosina seem quiet!" Taryn said with a tone that dripped with sex yet still conveyed her resolute conviction.

"I have decided to shower alone," Owen said with a firm tone of voice that weakly hid his fear that lived in his eyes.

"A wise decision, Master," Taryn giggled as she leaned forward and gave Owen a hot kiss while pulling Owen away from the door. "Bye, Master," Taryn said as she slipped out of the door, leaving Owen hard, horny and alone.

Owen briefly thought of calling Rosina into the bathroom for a quick romp but decided against it. It didn't take long for Owen and Rosina to get ready for the day. Somehow Owen and Rosina kept a straight face when Richard asked them, over breakfast, if they had heard the odd sounds that morning. Once they were out the door and on their way to school, Owen explained what Taryn had said. Rosina was a little embarrassed that their father overheard their private time together.

On the short bus-ride to school Rosina insisted on snuggling up to Owen this morning like the previous morning. Owen was more comfortable with showing affection for his sister in public this morning than he was last morning. As they walked across the campus, hand in hand, a warm feeling grew in Owen's heart. His feelings for Rosina were getting confusing and complicated. He loved her as a sister but even in their short time together in a romantic relationship, she was already quite special to him. After she kissed him goodbye and walked away from him to go to her class, Owen watched her go. He already missed her, not as his sister, or as his lover, or even as his Slave, but instead as a companion. Owen couldn't deny that he was starting to think of his younger sister as his girlfriend and shook his head to push the odd thought out of his head.

All morning at school Owen found his thoughts drifting back to Rosina and how serious things were getting between them, so quickly. Owen didn't know what was right or even what he really wanted. He had never been that close to Rosina and now all of a sudden he couldn't imagine her not in his life. Was it the great sex? Was it the fact that he had completely dominated his own sister? Was

it something more, was he actually falling in love with his sister? Could such a thing be possible? As strange as it seemed, the thought of falling in love with his sister troubled him a lot more than simply having sex with her or even dominating her. To fall in love with her would take everything to a whole new level, one that was not what he signed up for when he started things up with his mother a week ago. Owen had been sitting on a bench, enjoying the lovely weather, pondering all this over when he heard someone approach from behind.

"Guess who?" a gleeful female voice asked as everything went black.

"Rosie?" Owen asked in a false-unsure tone of voice.

"No, it's Cat. Come with me, Master," Rosina whispered in Owen's ear with a tone of voice that dripped with sex and then licked his earlobe, sending a shiver down his spine.

"Let me think about that," Owen said with a pondering tone of voice. "Okay!" he added energetically, almost immediately.

Rosina grasped Owen by the hand and led him down the path between two of the campus's buildings. Looking around quickly to see if anyone saw them, Rosina darted behind a thick bush, dragging Owen with her. Owen saw that they were up against one of the buildings and in an inside corner, completely obscured by the large and thick bush. Rosina gently pushed Owen up against the brick building while smiling up at him with a wicked yet lustful smile.

"I've been thinking of this since the restaurant last night," Rosina said with a sultry tone of voice as she dropped to her knees before Owen.

"Have you now?" Owen asked with a smirk on his face as he watched Rosina start to unbuckle his pants.

"Oh yeah, I can't wait to have this monster down my throat, Master," Rosina said with an excited tone of voice while she bit her lower lip, as Owen's cock came into view.

Rosina didn't waste any time as she grasped Owen's cock by the base and licked her lips while she leaned forward. Rosina closed her eyes as she wrapped her lips around the head of his cock. Slowly she moved forward, taking more of his cock into her mouth. Soon enough the fat head hit the back of her mouth, and Rosina backed up and let the cock slip passed her lips. Once again she brought the cock back into her mouth and she mentally prepared herself once the head reached the back of her throat. Without pausing and with monumental determination Rosina forced her head forward. Her throat felt completely full and stretched as the fat head started to slide down her throat. Rosina felt her gag reflex kicking up but she pressed on, until she felt pubic hairs at her nose. Rosina wanted to shout out in victory and excitement but she couldn't even smile for she was completely full of her Master's cock. She pulled back and let his cock slip almost out of her mouth until she then let it slide back into her mouth and down her throat. She didn't gag as much this time, and even less the next time. Soon enough Rosina was deep-throating Owen like she had always wanted.

"Oh God Rosie, you're doing it! You've got me down your throat!" Owen moaned out in a lustful tone of reverence as he felt his knees start to buckle.

Rosina picked up the pace of her blowjob upon hearing Owen's praise for her. What was not lost on her even as his thick cock was down her throat was that he called her Rosie and not Cat. Could he feel as strongly for her as she felt for him? This morning was special in so many ways, for they were starting to feel like a couple, at least in her eyes. She looked up at him as she continued to suck his cock and the love that he had for her showed in his eyes. It was at that moment that Rosina knew; she really knew that Owen loved her. Rosina sucked hard because she wanted to feel him cum down her throat. She wanted to please him, not as her Master, but as her boyfriend, as her man.

"OOOOHHH GAAAWWWDD!" Owen screamed in a loud moan as his orgasm hit him.

Since Rosina had wanted to feel him cumming deep down her throat, it was fortunate that it was all the way down her throat when he came. When his cock started cuming the head swelled slightly, completely lodging itself in her throat. All Rosina could do was swallow, repeatedly and wait for the waves to subside. Owen's knees shook as the intense climax ripped through him, and only the wall held him up. When it was over his knees finally gave out and he found himself sitting on the ground. Rosina lovingly licked his cock clean before pulling his pants back up.

After Owen was covered up, Rosina moved up and cuddled up with him. It was a private spot and a tender moment between lovers. Rosina loved the feeling of holding him and his arms around her always made her feel safe and secure, now they also made her fell loved. They held each other behind that bush, saying nothing for awhile.

Soon enough though, it was time to return to class and they both knew it. They stood up, brushed the dirt off each other before walking out from behind the bush, hand in hand. They had just stopped to kiss goodbye when someone spoke up, to break their private goodbye.

"What's this? Looks like Owen's got himself a girl!" a male voice said with a voice that was filled with laughter.

Both Owen and Rosina turned to see a handsome guy who looked to be somewhere around their age, approaching. He stood taller than Owen and was quite lean, almost to the point that he looked to have been stretched. As a result of his tall and lean build his arms and legs looked to be much longer than they were. His blonde hair was short and spiky all over and he had a carefree air about him. He was the type of guy who seemed to bring the party with him and could brighten up an insurance seminar.

"Hey, Fred, what's up?" Owen said with a smile as Fred arrived to stand right in front of them.

"You tell me!" Fred chuckled as he slapped Owen on the shoulder and laughed. "Don't tell me that not only have you finally got yourself a girl, but you managed to nab one of the reluctant hoties!" he added with amazed laughter as he slapped Owen on the shoulder.

"What can I say," Owen laughed nervously as he looked at Fred, hoping that he would go away.

"Reluctant hoties?" Rosina asked Fred with an eyebrow to convey her dubious curiosity.

"Oh, sorry," Fred chuckled as he saw the expression on Rosina's face. "I mean that you're one of the hot girls at this place who never dates anyone," he explained seriously with a smile that seemed to live on his face.

"Oh," Rosina laughed nervously, as she didn't think of herself as "hot."

"As a matter of fact I asked you out last month and you shot me down," Fred said with a knowing smirk on his face as he shook his finger at her. "Was that because you were already studying 'anatomy' with my man Owen here?" Fred asked with a hearty laugh as he slapped Owen on the shoulder.

"No, I hadn't asked him out yet, but I did have my eye on him," Rosina said as she winked at Fred but kissed Owen briefly.

"You chased him?" Fred said to Rosina with an amazed look on his face.

"Absolutely! A girl knows a stud when she sees him!" Rosina said as she grasped Owen by the collar and kissed him again with a forceful kiss.

"Buddy, your luck never ceases to amaze me," Fred said to Owen with a big smile on his face as he slapped Owen's shoulder again.

"What can I say, I'm a lucky guy to have Rosie here as my girl," Owen said with a loving smile to Rosina before glancing over to Fred.

"Well, you guys look good together. Listen, Carol and I are going to McDougal's Pub tomorrow night to check out a new band that's playing, why don't you guys come along?" Fred said casually and looked back and forth between Owen and Rosina, with an expectant expression.

"Sounds good to me, what do you say, honey?" Rosina asked Owen with an expectant sparkle in her eye.

"Yeah! Sounds like fun, sweetie," Owen said with a warm smile at Rosina.

"Great, see you two lovebirds there," Fred said as he walked away and into a nearby building.

"So does this mean I'm 'officially' your girlfriend? In public, I mean?" Rosina asked Owen with a bright smile on her face as she looked at Owen, hopefully.

"Yeah, I guess so," Owen replied with a warm smile as he squeezed Rosina tighter.

"Great!" Rosina squealed with excitement. "You're lucky I love you because, so far you have been a terrible boyfriend!" she added with a forced straight expression.

"What do you mean?" Owen shot back defensively, with a light scowl on his face.

"So far in our relationship all we've done is have sex, you haven't taken me out once! I may just break up with you!" Rosina replied in a manner of playful anger.

"Hey! We went out last night!" Owen replied with a defensive tone of voice that was covered with a smile.

"If mom's there, it doesn't count as a date!" Rosina said with a half-closed eye of a stern expression that was tainted by a smirk.

"True," Owen conceded with a shrug of his shoulders.

"Bye, honey," Rosina said as she kissed Owen a lingering goodbye kiss.

"Bye, sweetie," Owen said as Rosina walked away.

That afternoon Owen could focus more on his classes, and less on Rosina. It felt right that they had admitted to the world that they were together. For some reason taking this step didn't seem odd or weird, even thought he was now publicly dating his sister. Well, nobody knew that Rosina was his sister, but now everyone would know her as his girlfriend. That thought didn't bother him, for it seemed the natural next step for them. Granted things were going fast but nothing seemed to be forced.

When classes were over for the day, Owen walked out of class he got an unexpected surprise. Owen walked out and had turned a corner, in order to walk out the building. Someone didn't like this development and let her opinion be known.

"Owen Thompson, are you trying to avoid your girlfriend?" Rosina shouted after the departing Owen with a big smile on her face.

Rosina was sitting in a nearby seating area, keeping an eye on his classroom, while doing some homework. Owen spun around and saw Rosina sitting quietly, but smiling up at him with a huge grin on her face. He walked over to her with a large smile on his face, happy with this pleasant surprise.

"Rosie, what are you doing here?" Owen asked Rosina after he kissed her a greeting kiss.

"Waiting for my hot stud of a boyfriend to finish his class," Rosina said as her hand lingered on Owen's upper arm.

"Well, in that case I should clear off before he gets here," Owen said in a playful tone of voice as he stood upright and turned to leave.

"Don't you dare!" Rosina chuckled as she grasped Owen's arm tight and pulled him down to kiss her once more. "You know you're the only man for me," Rosina said in a serious tone of voice and a warm smile that conveyed her seriousness.

"Let's go home, sweetheart," Owen chuckled as he stopped trying to walk away.

Rosina packed up her books and the pair left the building in order to make their way home. They walked not holding hands but instead they had an arm around each other's waist. Neither of them gave a

thought as to what someone might say if they saw them together. Both siblings were confident that the world didn't know that they were brother and sister instead of boyfriend and girlfriend.

As they got off the bus they knew that in this neighborhood people knew they were brother and sister. It was as if when they switched roles, without saying anything. Rosina gave Owen a strained look as slyly as she could, to let him know her displeasure of the required distance. Once they walked into their house, they felt safe and knew that they could express their love, at least when their father wasn't home.

"Hey, mom, we're home!" Owen called out as he closed the door, once both he and Rosina were inside.

"Hey, dears, how was your day?" Taryn called out from the kitchen.

"I'll be down in a bit, I gotta change," Rosina said casually as she kissed Owen before walking briskly toward the stairs.

Owen watched Rosina walk away before he walked toward the kitchen to visit with his mother. He walked through the door and stopped in his tracks when his eyes fell on Taryn. There she was, standing in front of the stove cooking dinner, not even turning to look at him. Taryn had changed from her typical work attire and into something appropriate for home. Or rather, at least it was something that Owen had described as what she was supposed to wear around the house.

Taryn was wearing a yellow dress that he didn't know that she owned, and looked a few sizes too small for her. It hugged and shaped her curves quite well, framing her accentuated hourglass figure exquisitely. The back was quite open, for the back plunged down in a wide scooping arch to ¾'s of the way to the waist. The hem was quite high, higher than mid-thigh and the dress would be a risqué one to wear in public. For that matter, it would be a good idea for her not to wear that dress when Richard was home, for it would invite undue attention.

"Nice dress," Owen said with a tone of voice that dripped with sex and desire.

"Thanks, I've had it for years but it's been so long since I could wear this in public anymore." Taryn said with a laugh as she continued to stir the pot that she was mindlessly monitoring. "I wore it for you," she added with a naughty tone of voice as she winked at Owen over her shoulder.

"I thought so, you look hot in it," Owen said as he casually strode over to Taryn, standing behind her. "Damn hot," he said as he caressed her hips, tracing her curves with a firm hand.

Owen's left hand remained on Taryn's waist and his right hand traveled up her side with a firm touch. Once his hand had found her armpit, he reached forward and cupped a handful of breast. Boldly he started to tug the top of the dress down, but it wouldn't budge.

Taryn quickly unbuttoned the top five buttons on the dress that had buttons running all the way down the front, spaced an inch apart. Taryn's breasts sprang free and Owen caressed them openly as Taryn moaned and leaned back against Owen. Owen's left hand then traveled down Taryn's hip until it reached thigh. Then his hand moved around to the inside of Taryn's thigh and started to travel up to her groin. As expected, Taryn's excitement and anticipation was running down her leg.

With a lusty chuckle he released Taryn's breast, much to her groan of protest and he pulled his hand away from her groin. Taryn didn't have long to wonder what was going on or what he was going to do. Boldly and without asking he grasped the sides of Taryn's dress and pulled up on the bottom hem. Slowly the tight dress slid up her sides until the dress was bunched up at her waist and Taryn stood nude from the waist down.

Owen pulled back on Taryn's hips which caused her to have to lean forward. With instinct she spread her legs a little wider to give him access to her dripping pussy. She felt the heat of the stove on her breasts that hung down near the bubbling pot of dinner. Once again Owen's hand returned to Taryn's groin and he stroked her pussy with one stroke starting from her clitoris, and running a finger down her slit.

Owen unzipped his fly and dropped his pants; that sound caused Taryn's lust to bubble like dinner. That sound was increasingly becoming quite a turn-on for Taryn, for it meant that she would get more of Owen's cock. Taryn didn't have long to anticipate, for as

soon as his cock was free of its confines, he leaned forward. With on hand on her hip to steady himself and another hand on his cock to guide, he positioned himself to mount her.

Once again, not a word was said as his fat cockhead started to spread her nether-lips. Slowly he pushed forward and his cock sank all the way in until his groin met Taryn's ass. He sat there for a moment to revel in the sensation and remember the moment. He chuckled to himself that he was balls-deep inside his mother's pussy as she cooked dinner in the kitchen.

Owen didn't wait long before he withdrew his cock and began to stroke the pussy of his mother. Desperately they both selfishly sought their own explosion of pleasure from this one act. The very public setting for their coupling was the furthest thing from their minds as they fucked in front of that stove. Taryn rocked her hips to meet each and every one of Owen's thrusts as he pounded into her from behind. A few times Tarn quickly leaned up, as her swinging breasts grazed the hot pot of dinner. The danger of getting burned added to the heat of the escapade for Taryn. Owen loved taking his mother when and where he wanted, and was drunk on the power that he held over her. Savagely he thrust into her and his passion and lust quickly built within him until he exploded within his mother with the force of a fire-hose. Taryn was quick to follow him and came when she felt him cuming within her. Owen had to hold her up for fear she would burn herself as she almost collapsed onto the stove.

"What are you doing! Dad's home!" Rosina shouted as she burst into the kitchen, clearly she was in an absolute panic.

"WHAT! RICHARD'S HOME!" Taryn shrieked as she stood up and pushed away from the stove. "Get off me! I have to change!" she shouted as she rushed out of the room without looking back.

"You'd better pull those up and stir dinner quickly before dad finds you, either like that or me blowing you where you stand!" Rosina said to Owen with a wicked grin on her face before she walked over to the cupboards and pulled out a fistful of silverware.

"Yeah, that would be hard to explain wouldn't it," Owen said as he pulled up his pants.

Owen had just picked up the spoon and had started to stir dinner when Richard walked into the kitchen. Rosina was in the dining room setting the table, pretending all was normal, trying to hide the pounding heart in her chest. Richard walked into the kitchen with a wide smile on his face but gave his son an odd look before he spoke.

"Evening, son, where's your mother?" Richard asked with a chipper tone of voice.

"Upstairs, changing," Owen replied with a calm and unconcerned manner. "What you doing home early?" he asked with a curious tone of voice.

"You mean, what am I doing home on time?" Richard said with a chuckle as he slapped Owen on the shoulder.

"Yeah," Owen laughed in reply as he continued to stir dinner.

"We won an important case so all the late nights are done for a bit," Richard said as he walked toward the door, "Great news, eh?" he said as he left the kitchen, on his way upstairs to change.

"Yeah, no fun at home for awhile," Owen muttered under his breath as he glanced at the door where his father departed through.

Dinner was a tense affair as most of the family didn't know how to behave around Richard. It was as if a stranger was within their midst and they all had to be on their best behavior. The casual talk about their days were no longer there, as was usual over dinner. Taryn, Rosina and Owen didn't want to let slip any hint of the changed relationship between them that had quickly become to seem normal to them. Where before Rosina would have felt comfortable telling her mother about the blowjob she had given Owen at school, she didn't dare. Part way through dinner Richard dropped a bombshell, the full effect of which wasn't known until much later that evening.

"It's so nice to have you home for dinner, dear," Taryn said in a well disguised, tense tone of voice that sounded convincingly pleasant.

"Yes, it's good to be home," Richard said with a smile to Taryn. "We won the Newton case so the firm is holding a celebratory banquet this Saturday," he said with a smile to Taryn who smiled a pale smile in reply.

"Lovely, dear, it's been a while since we've been to one of those. It must have been a really big case then!" Taryn said with a well-polished pleasant tone of voice.

"It was, dear, that was why I wasn't around for the last while. But all that changed today with the verdict today." Richard said with a bright smile on his face as he looked at his wife.

"Wonderful, dear," Taryn said with a smile at Richard before she shot a worried look to Owen and Rosina.

The rest of the evening was spent with Taryn and Richard watching some TV. Rosina was sequestered in her room studying and doing homework that she needed to catch up on. Owen was in his room doing the same, but still missed his mother and sister's intimate company. Later that night, Rosina did sneak into Owen's room and the couple settled down into bed for the night. Even though it was the third night together it already was an unwritten rule that they would do so every night. In the middle of the night Owen was shook awake and the first thing he saw was the worried expression on his mother's face.

"What is it?" Owen asked as he sat up, the action causing Rosina to wake up as well.

"What!" Rosina groaned in complaint as she sat up and instinctively snuggling up to Owen.

"We need to talk, Master," Taryn said as she looked at Owen with a most distressed look on her face.

"What is it, Red?" Owen asked as he pulled back the covers, silently inviting Taryn into the bed.

"It's horrible," Taryn said in a mournful tone of voice as the three people scooted together and cuddled up in that bed with Owen in the middle.

"Just tell us about it, Red," Owen said in a calming tone of voice as he stroked Taryn's shoulder in a comforting manner.

"You know that celebratory dinner your father's firm is holding this Saturday?" Taryn asked Owen with a troubled tone of voice, looking at Owen with piercing, wet eyes.

"Yes, what about it?" Owen asked, as he continued to stroke Taryn's shoulder.

"I know how it goes, it's always the same," Taryn said and let out a deep sigh. "Dinner, boring conversation as I spend the evening on his arm feeling like an accessory, followed by spending the night in the hotel where they hold it . . . where we have sex," she added with an embarrassed tone of voice. "He'll want sex, Master, I know he will," she said as she looked at Owen with a fearful tone of voice.

"Do what you must, Red, I'll take care of you before and after," Owen said in a consoling and comforting manner.

"I don't know if I can, Master. He's my husband but I don't know if I can bring myself to actually have sex with him again!" Taryn said with a worried tone of voice as she broke down and cried in Owen's arms.

"You have my permission to have sex with him, Red, so there's nothing wrong with it," Owen said calmly with a confident tone of voice.

"We all know that you have to have sex with him, if he wants you to. If you refuse him, even he will know something's wrong. It may cause him to wonder what's going on with you," Rosina said with a compassionate tone of voice.

"I know, I just don't want to. I will do it, but I won't like it," Taryn said as she sighed deeply, momentarily content to hold her Master.

It'll work out, Red . . . but for now, what do you say to messing about for a bit?" Owen asked with a cheeky and sultry tone of voice with a smirk on his face.

Chapter Eleven: The Pivotal Saturday Night

AUTHOR'S NOTE TO THE READER

Time is a funny thing, what seems so firm and certain at one point can change over time. When I originally wrote this chapter, I decided to end this because I wasn't comfortable with the subject matter. As a writer it is my choice to end a story when and how I choose. However, sometimes the story itself can demand to be told, such is the case with this one. I hate doing a poor job at anything I do, so the thought of a story that I ended prematurely with a hasty and careless ending, didn't sit well with me. Everyone knew there was much more of this story yet to be told, the reader, the story and even myself. I will push through and tell the story in the manner that it needs to be told, and end it when the story has been told properly. From here on out, the story will become, bolder, darker, and perhaps just a touch more twisted. For those of you who venture forth, consider yourselves warned. This chapter has been changed slightly and has been given a new ending in order to allow the story to continue. Enjoy the rebirth of Big Changes at Home!

* * * * * * * *

The next few days were an odd and tense few around the house, as everything had to appear as if everything were normal. Owen and Rosina no longer could show affection around the house for fear Richard would find out. Neither could Taryn seek comfort in Owen's arms at night, like she desperately wanted to. There was an unspoken dread of Saturday night by all but Richard, who was evidently looking forward to the outing. Owen and Rosina could seek sexual release in the secluded corners at school during the day, but had to control themselves at night. Taryn wasn't so lucky, having no such avenue for release, as Karen made sure to keep her distance during the day. Taryn had tried on a few occasions to seduce Karen into another round of lesbian sex but to no avail. Come Saturday

night, Taryn was feeling quite agitated and needing release, but doubted that Richard would be able to get her off adequately. With a grumble and scowl at Owen, that Richard didn't notice, the pair was off for their evening together.

Richard and Taryn did have a lovely evening together and for the most part Taryn played her role as "doting wife" expertly. It was a role she had played many times before and it was a necessary diversion for Taryn from the conflict in her mind. The food and wine were excellent, as usual, but Taryn couldn't taste it. These evenings used to be a high point for Taryn that she would live for. It was one of the few times that she and Richard would go out and do anything together as husband and wife. This time, rather than anticipate the sex that was about to take place, she hated the thought of it.

Eventually, even the dancing was over and Taryn found herself staring at the floor indicator of the elevator, wishing it would stop. She watched the floor-numbers change from one to the next and her heart sunk a little more as the numbers climbed higher. She almost jumped with Richard put his hand on the small of her back to guide her out of the elevator. She smiled at him politely as she walked beside her husband down the hall, toward their hotel room.

Taryn's mind raced to find anyway out of this, any reason not to sleep with him. She didn't want Richard, she didn't ache for his cock to pound her pussy that night, she wanted her son's instead. As odd as it was, she felt like she was about to betray her true husband, Owen, by sleeping with her actual husband, Richard. With this strange turmoil in her mind and heart the door closed behind her

and the room was deathly quiet. Richard had walked into the room and stood by the bed and smiled at his wife with a sultry smirk on his face.

"Alone at last, my dear," Richard said as he removed his jacket, tossing it over a nearby chair.

"Yes, dear," Taryn smiled warmly at him as she walked toward him.

Taryn put a sultry smile on her face that was quite fake, as she reached out to her husband. She enveloped him in her arms and kissed him with passion that was just as fake as the smile. Even the kiss felt wrong and this was just the precursor to the main event, the sex. As the kiss progressed, Richard had reached behind Taryn and unzipped her dress. Taryn was conflicted for this meant that the evening was moving along faster than she was ready for, but the faster the sex happened, the faster it would be over. Taryn reached up and began to undress Richard as he started to undress her. They kissed as the clothes started to be shed and passions started to rise, at least it seemed that way.

Taryn was trying to imagine that she was with Owen, in order to gain some pleasure in the act. Richard was trying to imagine that he was with his beloved Mistress. For both of them their imaginations were hard to keep up as the other wasn't acting like their desired lovers. Somehow the sexual escapade seemed to continue on "auto-pilot," since both of their minds were elsewhere. Richard had caressed and kissed his way around Taryn's breasts for, clearly a

casual and hurried period of time. Taryn had just started to get into his oral attentions to her breasts before Richard loomed over her.

Taryn looked up at her husband and smiled lovingly at him to hide the shame she felt inside. She knew the moment was at hand, she knew that Richard was about to mount her. Taryn was about to have sex with her husband for the first time in weeks and instead of being turned on and horny beyond belief, she wanted to puke. She was so ashamed of herself for betraying her Master, the man she loved and the only man she wanted to fuck. She prayed that her son would forgive her for betraying him, and allowing another man's cock into her body. Even though Taryn knew that Owen had consented and understood to necessity of this sexual act, it didn't lessen how cheap she felt. For the first time in her life, Taryn saw herself as a whore, a slut, a cheep and dirty slut, for fucking Richard.

Richard rocked his hips forward and his cock lined up to his wife's pussy as if it knew the way on its own. With a steady push, his cock slit Taryn's nether lips and slid into her pussy as it had done many times before. Taryn cooed a fake noise of approval that was just for Richard's benefit as his cock slid into her. Taryn felt little pleasure from the cock that once had brought her to many orgasms. The cock that was inside her now was the one cock that rightfully should be there, but was not the one she wanted. Taryn wanted to cry and fought hard not to let the tears onto her face. Taryn pulled Richard down to her so she could put her face over his shoulder.

"Fuck me, my husband, fuck me!" Taryn hissed in a husky tone that wavered only slightly with the guilt and pain that she felt.

"Yes, my hot wife, I will!" Richard grunted back with an eager and lustful tone of voice.

What followed was a dry and passionless fuck that neither enjoyed at all. In fact, Richard had to concentrate to keep his erection and nearly lost it a few times. Taryn kept hoping that Richard would cum so she could fake an orgasm and finish this dreadful scene. As the fuck drew on, it became clear that the end was not in sight anytime soon. Taryn tried desperately to hold on just a little longer, telling herself that Richard wouldn't last much longer. The only benefit from the lack of passion within Richard was that his staying power was much, much longer than he was used to. Taryn, however couldn't last that long apparently, it wasn't her passion that boiled over, and it was her shame which burst forth.

"STOP! STOP!" Taryn cried out as her tears finally overwhelmed her, while Richard continued to stroke her pussy with slow, steady strokes.

"What is it?" Richard asked with a look of confusion and fear on his face as he stopped fucking his wife.

"This is all wrong! Doesn't this feel wrong to you?" Taryn sobbed out as she cried uncontrollably.

Taryn looked in her husband's face for a moment before looking off in another direction. She didn't know what she was going to say but her shame and guilt couldn't be contained any longer. Richard looked down at Taryn in fear, as he wondered if she somehow felt his secret. Could she know that he didn't want to be there? Did she know that he longed to be in the arms of his beloved former Mistress?

"What?" Richard asked, hoping that his voice wouldn't squeak in fear.

"Do you really want to want to fuck me right now?" Taryn asked bluntly as she stared deep into Richard's eyes.

"Of course, dear!" Richard answered back indignantly, with a bold face lie.

Taryn read in his eyes that he was lying and looked away from him in shame. Her husband didn't want her and she felt it was because he could see that she didn't want him. She looked back in his eyes for a moment before she burst into tears. Even Richard knew that she had seen through his lie. What would he say, how would he explain that he didn't want her? How could he explain the reason for his resent moodiness?

"GET OFF ME!" Taryn snapped, as she fought to get Richard off her, that instant.

Taryn couldn't stand to have Richard near her just now. She needed some space as she tried to focus on just what to say to him. She needed to keep her head about her or she would say the wrong thing. Once out from under him Taryn walked briskly across the room and stood there, facing away from the bed in no particular direction. She caught her breath and wondered how to explain her actions, trying to calm down.

"What happened to us?" Richard asked with a sad tone of voice as he sat on the edge of the bed looking at Taryn who was still facing away from him.

"You tell me. There was a time when we couldn't keep our hands off of each other!" Taryn said in a snippy tone of voice, over her shoulder. "It's been weeks since we've made love and clearly, neither of us is in the mood!" she added and started to cry once more. "Where did the passion go, Richard? What happened to the man I married?" she asked as she turned and looked at her husband on the bed.

Richard looked up at his wife and once their eyes locked his eyes started to water. His guilt and shame had risen in him until it reached the point where he couldn't keep quiet anymore. While he didn't know what good would come of telling his wife about his former Mistress, he knew he had to confess.

Taryn saw the pain in Richard's eyes and somehow knew that it was not the pain of rejection. She knew that he had a painful story of his own to tell and gave him a questioning look. Richard motioned to

her to sit down beside him without saying a word. Quietly she sat down beside her husband with a tense look on her face, knowing that he was about to tell her something ominous.

Richard then set about and confessed to Taryn all about Heather. He told her how it started, some of the things they did and about the nature of their relationship. He tried to explain to her that he needed the domination to truly enjoy sex. He wanted his wife to understand that he didn't stray because he didn't love her or didn't find her sexy. He wanted her to understand his strange desires and urges which he had keep hidden for so long.

Taryn sat there quietly, confused and shocked by what she was hearing. She understood his need to submit to someone, for it was a drive that she shared. It was that desire to be dominated that led her to her being Owen's Slave. Part of her wanted to tell him that she understood what he was going through. Though, the other part of her wanted to know one final question before she could confess anything.

"How long has it been going on?" Taryn asked with a calm and quiet tone of voice, looking Richard in the eye as she waited for an answer.

"It's over now, it has been for a few weeks," Richard said, hoping to avoid answering that one question.

"But how long did it go on for?" Taryn asked in a slightly firmer tone of voice.

"Too long," Richard said in a mournful tone of voice, hanging his head in shame.

"How long?" Taryn asked in a commanding tone of voice.

"Ten years," Richard replied meekly, almost instantly.

"TEN YEARS!" Taryn screeched as she stood up.

"Yes," Richard replied in a submissive manner.

"TEN!" Taryn shouted angrily.

"Yes," Richard said and his whole being shrunk,

"YEARS!" Taryn growled, as she vibrated in rage.

"Yes," Richard said and began to sob in shame.

Taryn stood there and was absolutely outraged for the length and depth of Richard's betrayal. Her husband had been seeing another woman for the past ten years. Sure Taryn was involved with Owen and knew that was wrong, but it had only been over the past week

or so. Richard had been happily carrying on an affair with a woman who dominated him for the past ten years. Taryn's thought that perhaps Richard was somehow responsible for her servitude to Owen flared up again. If Richard had been a proper husband to her for the past ten years perhaps she wouldn't have been so lonely and susceptible to Owen. Taryn's blood boiled for what Richard had done and her rage took over, logic leaving her mind at that moment.

"You little bastard, you've been fucking around on me for the past ten years!" Taryn growled as she leaned in, towering over Richard who still was looking down at his feet.

"Yes," Richard sobbed, mortified for what he had done to his wife.

Without warning, Taryn reached down, grasped a clump of Richard's short hair and tugged back. With shock and fear on his face he looked up into the incensed eyes of his wife. He could see that she was out for blood, and her rage burned intently for him. Richard sat there, petrified, not moving a muscle, not wanting to anger her anymore.

"Haven't I been a good enough wife to you?" Taryn snarled as she moved her face so close to his that their noses touched.

"Oh Yes, M . . ." Richard replied with fervor.

Richard had to cut his sentence short for he almost had called Taryn "Mistress." In the past few seconds the scene was quickly becoming quite familiar to Richard. The similarities between how Taryn was starting to talk to him and how his Mistress had done was uncanny. The throbbing erection between his thighs made it clear that he loved what was going on. He wasn't sure how Taryn would react to his excitement, and for that reason he kept his hands in his lap and tried to conceal his raging hard-on.

"Then why did you betray me for the past ten years by fucking that bitch!" Taryn sneered with vehemence and hatred.

"I'm, despicable, I know," Richard replied with a sob that he tried to contain.

"You're a filthy Worm is what you are!" Taryn scoffed as she tugged once again on Richard's hair.

"I know, Mistress," Richard replied, almost automatically.

Time stopped for the two as they each pondered the significance of that last word. The excitement in the two of them peaked greatly at that moment. Richard loved the fact that a woman was towering over him, exerting her authority over him. He loved the fact that it was his wife who was at that moment looking down at him with eyes of fire, calling him "Worm." Taryn still was angry with Richard for what he had done and wanted him to suffer. She didn't know what she wanted to do to him but she wanted to inflict pain upon him. Once

he called her Mistress a feeling of power coursed through her, and she had an understanding of what Owen felt. She looked down at Richard and didn't know if she wanted him to have any pleasure but was curious about this odd feeling the word "Mistress" had stirred within her.

"I'm your Mistress, am I?" Taryn asked with a sneer as she looked intently in Richard's eyes.

"Absolutely, Mistress!" Richard replied immediately, with a look of love and wonder about him.

"Do you swear to serve me faithfully? Do you swear to do anything I command, anytime, anywhere, and do so without question?" Taryn asked in a commanding tone of voice as she tugged on Richard's hair.

"Without question, Mistress!" Richard asserted with conviction.

"Good! For starters, you will have sex with nobody but me, or there'll be hell to pay!" Taryn scoffed as she pulled on Richard's hair, tossing him to the floor in the process. "Kneel across my lap and get ready to take what's coming to you!" she snapped as she sat down on the edge of the bed with her legs together.

Taryn watched as her husband, Richard bent over her lap, ready to be spanked, just like she had done for Owen many times. Taryn laughed on the inside as the dark power that coursed within her

seemed to guide her on what to do. She decided to test Richard on how well he had been trained, so without saying a word she raised her hand up and spanked him hard on the ass.

"One! Thank you, Mistress, please can I have another!" Richard said with an almost satisfied sigh.

Again and again Taryn spanked Richard hard on the ass and again and again he counted them off and repeated the line. After thirty her hand was so sore that she couldn't spank him anymore. She loved being on this side of the spanking almost as much as she loved Owen spanking her.

"Get on your knees and eat my pussy, Slave!" Taryn commanded and a shudder went through her as the words left her lips.

"Oh yes, Mistress!" Richard shouted with glee as he scurried off her lap and lunged between Taryn's spread thighs.

As his face drew close to the pussy of his wife and Mistress, he spied the "O" shaped pussy hair. He looked up to into her eyes and opened his mouth to question her about it but before he could say anything she grasped the back of his head and slammed it into her groin. Richard took the hint and focused on licking the pussy of his new Mistress. Shortly before he couldn't wait to be done with having sex with her, now he was devouring her pussy like a starving man does food.

Never in their marriage had Richard ever shown such passion eating her pussy. Her husband now willfully did whatever she wanted and called her "Mistress." Taryn was drunk on the power and exerted that power over her husband in many ways. After making him eat her to orgasm, she made him fuck her from behind, and then they both came and came hard. On any previous time they made love that would have been the end of it, but not this night. Taryn rushed to the bathroom and retrieved the belts from the bathrobes. Ordering Richard to lie down on the bed she tied his hands to the bed with one of the belts and gagged him with the other. The excitement of the moment and the complete submission to his wife kept Richard's cock hard that night. Taryn slowly rode him and bounced up and down at a pace that suited her and her alone.

"I have a secret to tell you, Slave," Taryn said with a lusty growl as she bounced up and down on her husband's cock. "I understand your need to submit, I understand the need to be dominated because that is something we have in common my Slave husband." Taryn laughed as she looked at the puzzled look in her husband's eyes. "I am your Mistress and I own you completely, do I not?" she asked daringly and waited for Richard to eagerly nod up and down his answer, which he did, before she continued. "Well, I understand your need to submit because for the past few weeks I have had a Master! That's right Slave, your Mistress belongs to another! The pussy that fucks you right now, the pussy of the woman that you serve, is the property of another man, and a man you know quite well. Would you like to know who your Mistress serves? Would you like to know the man who is a far better fuck than you have ever been?" Taryn

said and looked down at Richard who had a hurt and confused look in his eye.

"Yes!" Richard replied in a muffled reply that the gag distorted heavily.

"Owen! Our son, Richard, I am the Slave of our son and I love it!" Taryn said as she quickened the pace of their fucking as she continued to talk. "What do you think about that?" she asked in a snarl.

"Oh my God! It can't be true!" Richard asked as tears rolled down his cheek. While he had a hard time believing it could be true he had no doubt that it was true, the look in her eyes convinced him of that.

"It is true and he has the most gorgeous cock ever! Rosina agrees as she is also his Slave and is even more addicted to his cock than I am. Can you believe that? Can you picture your little girl getting fucked hard and fast by her brother? She moans like a whore let me tell you! Yes, Richard, I have seen them fuck and it is a wild thing to see!" Taryn said as she bounced faster and fast on her Slave's cock.

The image of his darling daughter Rosina moaning out like a bitch in heat as his son Owen slammed her from behind filled Richard's mind. He couldn't deny that the thought excited him, though he wasn't sure what it was that exited him. Was it the great sex that he was having with his wife for the first time in years? Was it the taboo of the whole thing or was it the added twist that his Mistress shared

a Master with her daughter? Richard's mind was on overload and he lost it his calm.

"Oh God!" Richard moaned out as his cock twitched its excitement.

"You love it don't you! You can see Owen fucking Rosina can't you?" Taryn moaned out as she felt her own orgasm build within her.

"Yes, Mistress!" Richard moaned out.

"Can you imagine Master fucking me? What do you think of that? Do you think it's hot that your Mistress is your son's Slave?" Taryn said in a husky tone of voice as her orgasm came ever nearer.

"Yes, Mistress, it's fucking hot!" Richard cried out as he erupted deep within his wife's pussy.

Images of his wife on her hands and knees as his son fucked her hard and fast flashed through his mind as Richard came harder and longer than he remembered. As Taryn felt her husband cumming within her she came to, flooding his cock and balls with her juices. The both came so hard that they passed out and Taryn fell forward. For a moment she thought of untying Richard but the evil part of her decided against it and left him tied up as they drifted off to sleep together.

Morning came and parts of the last night came back to Taryn and at first it seemed like all a bad dream. Once she saw that Richard was still tied up and gagged she knew that it was not a bad dream and that everything had happened. She removed his bounds and gag before she staggered to the bathroom for a shower. Taryn didn't know what she was going to say to Richard, how was she going to face him knowing that she had told him her deepest secret. Her mind was still in a muddle when she heard the bathroom door open up.

"May I join you, Mistress?" Richard asked meekly from outside the shower.

"Why, Slave?" Taryn asked gruffly.

"I would like to wash you, Mistress," Richard replied calmly, and waited for an answer.

"Alright, but don't think you're going to fuck me, cause you're not!" Taryn snapped with a determined growl as she pulled back the shower curtain to let Richard in.

Richard did wash and scrub Taryn before rinsing her off and it seemed that he was used to doing this for a woman. Taryn liked the feeling of being washed by her Slave and knew that she would like to have Richard under her thumb from now on. She chuckled to herself as she once again felt the power that she had over him. She made him eat her to orgasm once more before they dressed and left the room.

Downstairs in the hotel restaurant Taryn told Richard all about what she, Owen and Rosina had been up to and how it had all started. Richard's head was swimming and it all sounded so unreal, but there was a genuine quality in how Taryn told the tale that made him believe her. With the pain and confusion that he had been in over the last few weeks now gone and the mind-blowing sex that he had just had with his wife the previous night, he was in an accepting mood. For some reason it didn't seem sick and perverted as he knew that it should have seemed. One last question remained to be answered, Richard had to ask it, though, but he didn't know if he was prepared to answer it.

"Where do we go from here, Tar?" Richard asked calmly, as he looked into his wife's eyes while holding her hand.

"I guess that's something we need to decide before we go home, isn't it Key?" Taryn replied with a sincere look in her eye.

Taryn looked into her husband's eyes with love for the first time in what felt like years. Even the use of their pet names for each other they had given each other back when they were dating seemed to help turn back the clock in their marriage. This morning, everything felt different, and yet didn't. Taryn still felt like a devoted Slave to Owen and didn't want that to change at all. The fact remained that she had dominated Richard the night before like it was second nature to her. The exciting time, great sex and dark power was definitely something that she wanted to explore and repeat. Taryn was having trouble resolving the fact that she was now both a Mistress and a

Slave. Both were roles that she enjoyed but seemed at odds to one another. How could she successfully be both a Slave to her son and a Mistress to her Husband? Larger still was the question of if this tricky dance was something she wanted to do. That was a question that needed answering before they headed home that Sunday morning.

"I guess so, what do we tell the kids?" Richard asked with fear twinkling in his eye.

"The way I see it, we have a few options. We could ignore everything that happened last night and go back to the way things were before," Taryn said calmly and tried to hide her disappointment over her own suggestion.

"I know I couldn't. If I have learned anything these past three weeks, it's that I need a Mistress." Richard admitted with a touch of a heavy heart before he squeezed Taryn's hand before continuing. "I need you, Tar, I need my Mistress," he said with a touching, serious look in his eye.

"I enjoyed last night immensely, Key. I don't want it to end either. I guess I need it too. I need to explore these feelings that this experience has awakened in me," Taryn said with a serious tone of voice and a slight smile on her face. "I guess, what I'm saying is that I need you, Key, I need my Slave husband," she said and the pair chuckled together for the first time in what seemed like years.

"So we're agreed that we continue?" Richard asked with baited breath.

"Yes, Slave, your Mistress isn't done with you yet!" Taryn said in a snarling voice at a low volume.

"Thank you, Mistress, but where does that leave us?" Richard asked with a curious tone.

"Well, we could pretend that nothing happened in front of the kids, and keep everything that goes on between you and I behind closed doors." Taryn said and paused to ponder that possibility.

"Doesn't really make sense, given what's going on with the three of you," Richard said with a smirk that unsuccessfully covered an uncomfortable expression.

"I don't know if it would be possible, even if you wanted to keep it a secret, Key," Taryn added with a sincere look before she chuckled lightly.

"No, I don't think we could keep it a secret from them even if we wanted to," Richard conceded with a nod of his head.

"That leaves us with bringing it out in the open. I mean sitting down with Owen and Rosie and telling them about your former Mistress

and everything that went on last night," Taryn said in a plain and serious tone of voice.

"That seems the best option. I see no sense in keeping secrets in this family. Not after all that I've heard . . . I think we have to tell them. At least we can all be ourselves in front of each other. Not be afraid to show who we really are." Richard said with a smile as he looked at Taryn with a relieved and comfortable air about him.

"I agree with that, but you have to understand something, Key, Owen is Rosie and my Master. He owns both of us and we happily serve him, doing anything he wishes, at anytime," Taryn said, pausing only to take a breath but Richard cut him off.

"As I happily serve you, and will gladly do anything you wish, at anytime," Richard interjected with a broad smile on his face which elicited a smile from Taryn.

"Yes, but you must understand one thing and what it really means if we do this. If we bring this out in the open, Owen will likely take charge of everything! Is that what you want? How much are you willing to give up to live like this? How much control are you willing to surrender to your son?" Taryn asked with a fearful look of warning that she bored into her husband, silently demanding that he take her seriously.

"All I really know is that I can't live without you Mistress." Richard replied with a heavy sigh, looking down for a moment before

looking back up to continue. "I am happiest when I serve, I am really happy when I serve you. If I must give up control to Owen in order to be happy, then it's worth it." Richard said with an earnest look that convinced Taryn that he believed what he was saying.

"You mean it, don't you, Key?" Taryn asked in reply, absolutely stunned as to what Richard was agreeing to.

"Hey, I don't really throw my weight around, even when I am home, do I?" Richard chuckled as he shook Taryn's hand until she laughed too.

"So we're agreed? We tell Owen and Rosie today about all that has happened?" Taryn asked Richard with an unsure tone of voice, giving him one last chance to back out.

"Yes, we tell them today and let the chips fall where they may," Richard smiled in reply to his wife, his new beloved Mistress, confident that everything would work out fine.

Chapter Twelve: The Bizarre Family Meeting

Very little was said as Richard and Taryn drove home that Sunday morning. Taryn felt scared and excited, as she glanced at her husband while he drove the car. She still could hardly believe the previous evening had turned out in the way that it did. What had started out as an evening that she dreaded, turned out to be a spectacular evening. Stranger still was the far-reaching effects, the evening was going to have on both their lives, though they both were happy.

Neither Taryn nor Richard knew what the future had in store for them, but they knew that they would face it together. A strange sense of togetherness bonded the usually distant husband and wife as they pulled into their driveway. They were about to tell Owen about the previous night, reveal Richard's dirty little secret and leave the future in Owen's hands.

"Are you absolutely sure you want to do this, honey? There's no going back afterwards. So you must be completely sure this is what you want," Taryn said, while holding Richard's hand.

The car was parked when Richard turned the engine off, turned and looked at the worried expression on his wife's face and smiled. He could see her genuine concern for him and that show of emotion touched him. It was a look that hadn't been there for some time.

"It's not only what I want, but what I need. Since I lost my former Mistress, I've been shaken, depressed . . . lost," Richard said with a sombre look on his face as he remembered his recent pain.

"Yes, but to go this far? To put your life in your son's hands?" Taryn asked with earnest, still having trouble believing Richard.

"We both know I've been a poor husband and father. Perhaps this is best for the family?" Richard said with a chipper tone, clearly trying to put the best spin on it for both their sakes.

"Well, as long as your sure," Taryn said as she shook her head before she leaned in and gave Richard a peck on the lips. "Let's get in there, Slave!" Taryn said in a playful tone of voice.

"Yes, Mistress!" Richard replied with glee as they both got out of the car.

Upstairs, in the Thompson home Owen and Rosina were cuddled up in bed. Breakfast dishes were stacked neatly on the tray, which were sitting on Owen's dresser. Sweat covered both of their bodies in a light sheen as the pair recovered from yet another round of vigorous sex. Their arms and legs were intertwined so much so that it looked like a single body with two heads was in the bed, barely covered with sheets strewn askew. Both lovers had a dazed, yet happy look on their tired faces. It had been a long night filled with lots of hot sex and little sleep.

"Was that the car?" Owen asked as he turned an ear to the window.

"Not yet, Master, my poor little pussy is too sore right now," Rosina mumbled in a dreamy state before she gave Owen a peck.

"No," Owen chuckled. "That sound, did you hear it, I think they're back," he continued while straining to hear any sounds.

"I'm so fucked out, I don't think I would notice a bomb going off, Master," Rosina replied in a tired chuckle.

"We should get up, I think they're home," Owen said with authority as he started to get out of bed.

"But, Master, I don't think my legs work anymore," Rosina whined as she remained motionless on the bed.

Just then Owen heard the front door open up and two people enter. Owen gave Rosina a stern look and nodded in the direction of the door. Rosina groaned and fussed as she slowly rolled towards the edge of the bed and sat up. She scowled at Owen as she sat there, looking and feeling half-dead. Owen wiped that scowl off her face with a loving kiss just as Taryn entered the room.

"Just as I thought, still in bed. Honestly, did the pair of you get any sleep last night?" Taryn scolded in a light-hearted, teasing manner.

"Very little," Rosina said with a cheeky grin on her face. "Jealous?" she asked with a raised eyebrow.

"Yes," Taryn replied with a smirk of her own as she winked at Rosina.

"How was last night?" Owen asked curiously as he embraced and kissed Taryn.

"It turned out okay, actually," Taryn said with a heavy sigh of relief.

"So it wasn't as bad as you thought?" Owen asked with a voice of hopeful concern.

"You two need to get dressed and come downstairs . . . we need to talk," Taryn said with a serious tone of voice.

"About what?" Owen asked with a distrustful tone.

"Last night," Taryn replied with a firm look.

"Uh-oh," Rosina said in a troubled manner, her eyes wider than before.

"It's not bad, but we all need to talk," Taryn said in a comforting manner.

Owen and Rosina got dressed while Taryn walked back downstairs. Owen wondered how his father had found out about what had been going on but guessed that was what they needed to talk about. Perhaps he wasn't as clueless as everyone thought he was. How ever he found out, it was clear to Owen at least that Richard knew. Explaining to Rosina was one thing, explaining their unique relationship to his father was something else. When Owen walked into the living room two things struck him as odd. For one, his parents weren't sitting together, his father sat in the loveseat and Taryn sat in another chair. The large chair was left vacant, and this was thing that struck him as odd, because the large chair was Richard's favourite. One last thing that did not go unnoticed was Richard's demeanour. He wasn't his usual confident self, but rather he sat there with his hands in his lap, looking down. Rather than looking confident, he looked the opposite, he looked weak.

"Sit down, honey," Taryn said to Owen as she indicated the large chair, usually reserved for Richard.

As Owen sat down in the large chair Rosina entered the room. Taryn silently directed Rosina to sit beside Richard on the loveseat. It was then that Owen realized that everyone was sitting exactly where they were sitting when Owen and Taryn talked to Rosina. The only difference was that Richard was sitting beside Rosina on the loveseat.

"We're all here, Mom, what is it we need to discuss?" Owen said plainly, even though he found it hard to call Taryn, "Mom."

Taryn took a deep breath and told the story of the previous night. She talked about the dinner, the dancing, and then the sex afterwards. Richard explained about his affair with Heather and that he needed a woman to dominate him. Taryn then explained about her domination of Richard and how much she and Richard needed it. She stressed that the urge to dominate had awoken in her last night and while she still needed to serve Owen, she needed to explore this need to dominate Richard.

"What do you think, Master?" Taryn asked with a hopeful tone of voice.

Owen remained silent as he tried to digest everything that he had just been told. Never would he have ever imagined that his father was a submissive male! Richard had always projected the aura of a calm, confident, successful lawyer. How could someone who was so confident in public wish to be dominated and humiliated in private? Owen's shocked reaction he had to push out of his head, for he knew that he had to take charge of the conversation. He didn't have the luxury to focus on how bizarre the story was, because the result of the story was his to deal with. Owen pondered for a moment on what the story meant and what to do about it.

Rosina sat there and the only thing that she could think of, was how messed up her family was. Not only were she and her mother Slaves to her brother, now her father was the Slave of her mother! The only phrase that kept repeating in Rosina's confused mind was, "We are so fucked up!" She looked at her father and tried to determine, or rather hoped to see, if it was a joke of some kind. Richard sat there and reminded her of how she looked when she had that fateful talk with her mother not that long ago, he looked timid and scared.

"It'll be alright," Rosina said in a whisper to her father as she squeezed his hand.

"Thanks," Richard whispered back and flashed his daughter an appreciative smile.

Taryn looked over at the loveseat and saw the exchange between Richard and Rosina. She smiled as she saw her daughter comfort Richard during this obviously stressful time. Everyone was waiting to see Owen's reaction to what he had been told. Nobody knew just what Owen would say or do and the wait was excruciating. Taryn looked at her family sitting around the living room and took comfort in the fact that there were no secrets between them anymore. Whatever the future held for her family, it would be an honest one. Perhaps they could be happy as a family, once again.

Richard felt a mix of emotions as he sat there beside his daughter. He felt relieved that his family finally knew of his dark secret that he had held in for so long. He felt comforted to know that he was not all that

different from his wife and daughter. At least now he didn't feel like so much of a freak, amongst them he was relatively normal. Within his family he could now express himself as the humble submissive that he had previously only revealed to Heather. He felt a great weight lift off his shoulders and knew that the future was already looking up, with the days of secrets and deception behind him. The fear of the unknown still lingered as Owen hadn't said anything yet.

"It's not going to work," Owen said with a firm, yet regrettable tone of voice as he let out a frustrated sigh.

"But don't you see Master, it will work. You are my Master and I am his Mistress. He serves me, and I serve you. We can make this work, Master, please, let's give this a try," Taryn respectfully argued to Owen, the wrinkled forehead the only thing which betrayed her aggravation to the outside world.

"A Slave by definition is a possession. How can a possession own another possession?" Owen said with a slightly angered tone of voice, confident in his reasoning.

"But Master, can we please not try . . . it's important to me." Taryn pleaded with a wrinkled forehead of frustration.

"We will deal with that in a moment. For now, there is a larger issue to deal with," Owen said to Taryn before he sat up straight. "Slaves, kneel before me," Owen commanded in an unambiguous manner.

At that, Taryn and Rosina scurried to their feet and feel to their knees before Owen, both kneeling beside each other. They both were sitting on their haunches, had their hands folded in front of them and had their heads bowed. Almost instinctively they knew how to show their proper respect to their Master. Owen looked over at Richard who hadn't moved yet, and he had a conflicted look on his face. Obviously he didn't know what to do, what he should do.

"Cat, Red, you are not to move or speak until I tell you to," Owen ordered and both women stiffened up, but did not speak or move a muscle. "In this position, how can you possibly dominate Richard, Red? Do you feel the slightest bit dominant? At this moment, do you feel like his Mistress, or my Slave? Answer me," Owen said with a calm yet firm tone of voice to Taryn.

"Your Slave, Master," Taryn replied meekly, not moving a muscle as she answered.

"Exactly, a Slave owning a Slave won't work, not in my house." Owen said before he turned his attention to Richard. "As for you, Worm, are you deaf or are your legs broken? I ordered all my Slaves to kneel before me, so why are you sitting there!" he growled as he looked at Richard with fury. "KNEEL BEFORE YOUR NEW MASTER!" Owen shouted as he pointed to a spot of floor beside Rosina.

Ten years of service to Heather were not wasted on Richard, as he knew how to serve and when to obey. Richard rushed to the floor

and knelt beside Rosina in exactly the same manner as she and her mother were kneeling in. Richard's mind was blank, not focusing on what was happening, only on what he was being ordered to do.

Owen looked at the three people kneeling before him and smiled to himself as he then knew that he was the man of the house, he, Owen was the head of the family. The dark feeling of power within him seemed to swell and was elated at this elevation of status. Owen held in a chuckle as he knew that it was time to claim what was up for the taking. Owen knew that he had to take the title of the head of the family away from his father, officially.

"Slaves, strip and pile your clothes there," Owen commanded in a firm tone of voice as he pointed to the floor to the right of where he was sitting.

Immediately, Taryn, Rosina and Richard got up and removed their clothes as casually and calmly as they could. The presence of Richard made Rosina a little uncomfortable and in turn, stripping in front of his daughter made Richard self-conscious. Neither of them dared to refuse Owen's order, and complied without any outward question or delay. When they were done removing their clothes, the trio knelt down in front of Owen like they had been before they started stripping. Owen was pleased at their compliance, including Richard's

"Red, what are you?" Owen asked Taryn firmly.

"I am your Slave, Master," Taryn replied respectfully, not looking up from the floor.

"What is your sole purpose in life, Red?" Owen asked Taryn with a slight growl in his voice, his feelings of power coursing through him.

"To serve you in any way you wish, to see you pleased with me, Master," Taryn replied in an earnest tone, still looking down at the floor.

"Cat, what are you?" Owen asked Rosina with the same commanding growl in his voice.

"I am your Slave, Master, to serve you any way you wish in order to see you pleased with me," Rosina said with fervour and devotion to the man she loved, knowing full well it was the complete answer he was looking for.

"Excellent, Cat," Owen said with a pleased smile and Rosina flashed a loving and gratified smile up to Owen before she looked back down. "Worm, what are you?" Owen asked Richard, in a commanding tone of voice, looking at his father and waiting for an answer.

"I am my Mistress's Sla . . ." Richard started to answer before he was cut off in mid-sentence.

"YOU ARE MY SLAVE!" Owen roared as he leaned in towards Richard who vibrated slightly at the angry outburst.

"But Mistress has claimed me. She hasn't given me up, I still serve her, Sir," Richard replied meekly, not sure how to answer but knowing he was right.

"Red, I want your Slave, give him to me," Owen said to Taryn in a quick yet stern manner.

"I humbly give you Richard, Master, he is yours now to do as you wish," Taryn said with an ever so slight tremble of fear in her voice, fear for her husband.

"What are you now, Worm?" Owen asked Richard with a commanding growl.

"I am your Slave, Master, to serve you any way you wish in order to see you pleased with me," Richard replied, remembering exactly what Rosina had said, knowing this was what Owen wanted to hear.

"Excellent answer, Slave, it appears that ten years of experience has taught you something. I expect great things from you, Slave," Owen said with a pleased tone of voice as he smiled at Richard, who was still looking down. "Red, suck Your Master's cock," Owen ordered, keeping his eye on Richard.

Even though Taryn felt a little strange sucking off Owen in front of her husband, she moved immediately to comply. Taryn walked on her knees towards Owen and reached for his pants when she was near enough. She had only unbuckled his pants and unzipped his fly when he ordered her to remove his pants. It wasn't long before Owen sat there nude from the waist down.

Richard watched as intently as he could while keeping his eyes down. He watched with his peripheral vision as his wife leaned forward, grasped the base of his son's cock just before wrapping her lips around the head. His eyes bugged out and his cock throbbed as he watched his "vanilla, conservative" wife begin eagerly sucking their son's cock. Richard couldn't believe the considerable girth of his son's fat cock, nor could he believe that Taryn had no trouble deep-throating it.

"That's enough, Red," Owen said to Taryn after a moment of the blowjob had passed. "Cat, your turn, suck your Master's cock," Owen said to Rosina.

Taryn had to swiftly dart out of the way in order to avoid Rosina crashing into her. Rosina's passion and eagerness of the fast-paced blowjob stunned Richard almost as much as seeing his "sweet little angel" sucking off her brother. Rosina bobbed her head up and down on Owen's cock twice as fast as Taryn had, and her cheeks were hollowed out from her hard suction. Rather than being repulsed by what he saw, Richard was turned on by the sexual act between his kids.

"Enough, Cat, sit back where you were." Owen said casually. Rosina complied, though she silently let her displeasure of stopping known with a dirty look. "Your turn, Worm, suck your Master's cock!" he sternly Ordered Richard in an unambiguous way.

Three sets of eyes went wide and looked at Owen in disbelief. Richard's mind froze; this was not an outcome he expected. He never wanted to ever have any kind of sex with another man. It was an uncomfortable stretch of his desire to be dominated to allow himself to become a Slave to his son. While he was repulsed by the thought of sucking off his son, his new Master, he couldn't leave. Richard couldn't bring himself to comply, nor could he refuse to obey a direct command by his Master, he was torn.

"What's the matter, Slave! Why do you not comply?" Owen ordered sternly, as he glared at Richard.

"I . . . I don't w . . . want to, Master," Richard said in a shaky and confused manner, the fight that was raging in his head evident on his face.

"What are you, Worm?" Owen asked calmly.

"I am your Slave, Master," Richard replied quietly, while looking at the floor.

"As my Slave you are bound to obey my every command without question, are you not?" Owen asked with a raised eyebrow.

"Yes, Master," Richard relied in a defeated tone.

"Your Master has given you an order and you have this one last chance to comply," Owen said and then watched Richard intently.

Richard hated Owen at that point for making him do what he knew he had to do. What was it about Owen that could easily drain his will to resist? With revulsion in his stomach and a desire to puke, Richard crawled forward. He never looked up from the floor as he approached his, Master. When he saw Owen's feet before him he knew he was in position. Raising his eyes only as far as Owen's crotch, he got an up close look at Owen's substantial cock, a cock that he was about to suck. Richard leaned in, reached out and grasped the thick cock at its base. He opened his mouth wide and even though his mind was screaming to leave, he was powerless to stop himself. With only inches between Richard's lips and Owen's cockhead everyone in the room knew this blowjob was going to happen.

"STOP!" Owen shouted.

Richard quickly let go of the cock and sat back, great relief washing over him as he did so. Taryn and Rosina were also relieved to know that they wouldn't have to witness the troubling act between father and son.

"I believe that you were going to comply, Slave. That is enough. You have passed the test and have earned the right to call me 'Master.' You are indeed my Slave. Go back to where you were," Owen said in a calm and soothing manner.

"Thank you, Master," Richard said as he returned to his place beside Rosina.

"That makes it complete, I am the Master of everyone in the house. As such that makes me the Master of the house, the head of the family. I hereby claim my rightful place as the head of this family, any objections?" Owen said in a stern and serious manner. "Taryn?" Owen asked calmly, looking right at Taryn.

"No, Owen," Taryn replied with a proud smile on her face as she looked up at her son.

"Rosie?" Owen asked as he looked at Rosina,

"No, Owen," Rosina replied with a loving look at her brother.

"Richard?" Owen asked as he looked at his father.

"No, Son," Richard replied with a calm and peaceful look on his face as he looked up at his son.

"Then it is done, I am the head of this family, I will have the final say on all decisions this family faces. Richard, since you are no longer the head of the family you have lost the right to the title 'Father.' As such, you no longer have the right to call me 'son', nor may you call Rosina, 'daughter,' and neither of us call you 'Father.' When I am not exerting my authority, as I am now, you will call us by our given names and we will call you Richard. As well, since you and Taryn are both my Slaves, nor are you head of the family, you no longer have any rights to her as your wife. She will remain your wife, in name only; she is my Slave, first and foremost. You no longer have any intimate or sexual rights to her! As such you will not call or refer to her as 'Wife,' nor will she refer to you as 'Husband.' Are there any objections or questions?" Owen spoke in a calm and definite manner, and everyone knew that he wasn't kidding.

Richard sat there and the strangest thing about all that he had just heard was that he wasn't outraged. He was the father of this family and now that title had been taken away from him and no longer was he the head of the family. Rather than be incensed as he should have been, he felt relieved, like a great burden was no longer his to bear. No longer did he have to worry about the family or if they would be okay, Owen would take care of that. All Richard had to look after was his work at the law firm; the house and family would take care of itself. This was exactly what Richard wanted and he was now getting the domination and humiliation that he needed from home. The only change that Richard would like to have seen was that Taryn was the one who dominated him, not Owen. Richard would serve Master diligently, for he was a good and faithful Slave who could do no less.

"I am the head of this family but I cannot run the family alone, I will need help. I need the help of my oldest and most trusted Slave," Owen said with a stern tone of voice. His lips curled up into a smile, as he glanced at Taryn who shot him a puzzled look in reply. "As I said before, Slaves can't dominate other Slaves, so I will have to promote you, Red. From this moment henceforth, you are my 'Mistress,' you will serve me as any Slave does, but you will have authority over all my Slaves. You are to see that my wishes are carried out, and that my Slaves are conducting themselves accordingly. As long as you are operating within my guidelines, you have free reign over any and all of my Slaves." Owen said with a smile to Taryn whose face wore a stunned look. "Arise, Mistress Red," he commanded Taryn with a loving smile on his face.

"Thank you, Master! I . . . I don't know what to say," Taryn replied in tears of joy and gratitude as she rose to her feet.

"Say nothing, serve me well and that will be thanks enough, Red. As you see, I will still call you 'Red' but all my Slaves must call you 'Mistress Red,' in order to show you their proper respect." Owen said with a serious tone of voice but his lips were curled up in a smile.

"I won't let you down, Master. Thank you for this opportunity to serve you," Taryn said with a proud tone of voice.

"Let's see what you can do, have a little fun with Richard but first of all you need to give him his Slave-name." Owen said in a calm tone of voice.

"Yes, Master," Taryn said with a confident tone before she turned on the spot to face Richard and Rosina. "Cat, Sit down over there," Taryn commanded Rosina.

Rosina jumped slightly before she looked at Owen with a puzzled look. He nodded slightly, signalling for her to comply with Taryn's order. Rosina then got up and complied, certainly feeling uncomfortable about this new arrangement, and the gruff look on her face made this evident. She was silent as she sat down on the loveseat, with her hands folded in front of her, her head bowed slightly. Looking up, she was able to watch what was about to go on, yet remain respectful.

"Worm, your Slave-name will be used by either Master or myself to signal that we are giving you an order. No matter if we are in public or private, you must comply, regardless of where you are or what the order is. When we are in public, or when outsiders are nearby, you will call me, 'Red' and call Master, 'Moe.' This way we can still order you about, and you can reply properly, without outsiders being any wiser. Do you understand this, Worm?" Taryn said in a firm in an almost uncharacteristically commanding presence.

"Yes, Mistress Red," Richard replied meekly.

"Good. While I would love to give you the Slave-name of, 'Worm,' it is hardly appropriate to call you that in public. Since your Slave-name will appear to the outside world as a nickname used within the family, 'Worm', won't do. Since you are a spineless little worm of a man with all the balls of a eunuch, you will be known as, 'Nick.' It's short for 'Eunuch,' in case you were wondering. Do you like it, Nick?" Taryn said with a snarl on her lips, as she looked down at Richard.

"Yes, thank you, Mistress Red," Richard said in a respectful, Slave tone of voice.

"Get over here and pay homage to your Mistress's pussy, Nick!" Taryn said as she sat down in her chair and tossed her legs over each arm of the overstuffed chair.

"Yes, Mistress Red!" Richard responded with glee.

Richard crossed the distance between him and the chair in no time, keeping his eyes on Taryn's dripping pussy all the while. As soon as he arrived at the chair he lunged forward and his lips touched her pussy lips before any other part of his body. It was a kiss from Richard's lips to Taryn's pussy lips. His tongue then snaked out and broke the kiss. With a long lick up her slit, his tongue just barely missed her clitoris. All Richard saw in the world was the pussy of his Mistress, and he was going to worship it. He wanted her to explode in pleasure, pleasure that he would give her. He traced his tongue down the slit of her pussy and lightly skirted the entrance of her pussy before licking back up to the top of the slit.

Taryn loved what he was doing, she loved the way he ate her pussy, and he seemed to know exactly what he was doing. For a short while yet, the pussy munching continued with Taryn shouting out orders to do this or that, most of them were just to get the pleasure of watching him comply. With Richard's pussy eating skill and Taryn's heightened excitement, it didn't take long before Taryn exploded in an intense climax. Richard kept eating and licking Taryn's pussy all through her climax. As her climax subsided, she was breathless but still had enough breath to give an important order.

"Kneel, Nick!" Taryn commanded with heaving breaths. "Cat, fetch me the largest wooden spoon we have!" she said as she glanced at Rosina.

Rosina did just that and hurried off to the kitchen to find the largest wooden spoon. When she returned she saw that Richard was across Taryn's lap and clearly in the position to be spanked. Rosina almost feared for Richard as she handed the wooden spoon to Taryn, who smiled wickedly as she took it from her. Taryn gave a stern glance at Rosina and then to the loveseat, so as to tell Rosina to sit down, which she did.

"You worthless, Worm! You are responsible for this whole mess that this family is in! If you had been a better husband to me and a more attentive father, we would still be a 'normal' family! For this foul crime you must be punished, show everyone how well you have been trained, Nick!" Taryn said with a tone of loathing in her voice

as she gripped the wooden spoon tight. Crack! The wooden spoon came down hard on Richard's ass, but he didn't cry out.

"One, thank you, Mistress Red, can I have another!" Richard replied firmly.

Time and again Taryn spanked Richard with the wooden spoon, and each time Richard would repeat his line. After 37 spanks, Taryn broke down in tears and sobbed momentarily after getting out her anger and frustration towards Richard for the years of neglect. With a hard shove, Taryn pushed Richard off her lap and onto the floor with a loud thud.

"Lie on your back!" Taryn ordered as she stood up, tossing the wooden spoon aside.

Richard complied and lay on his back on the floor, even thought his ass was on fire and hurt immensely. Taryn quickly straddled him, lowering herself on his cock, in one swift motion. Richard's cock felt quite thin compared to Owen's cock, but this cock was one that was at her disposal. She was in charge of Richard, so his cock was hers to do with as she pleased. The kick of excitement made up for the lack of size of the cock buried in her pussy. She lifted herself off of his cock before slamming back down hard. Taryn looked down at Richard's face and knew that he was in pain from his ass being spanked hard. With that in mind, Taryn bounced up and down hard on his cock, making sure to slam down hard each time. Time stopped as Taryn bounced up and down on Richard's cock, brining her

pleasure and Richard pain and pleasure. Eventually, though Taryn did climax while sitting on Richard's cock. The milking of his cock along with the knowledge that he had once again brought his Mistress pleasure, triggered Richard's orgasm. Taryn sat there on Richard with his cock still deep inside her pussy and a dopy smile of satisfaction crept across her lips.

"That was a good start, Red. Now for something a little more challenging. I've always wanted to see two women eating each other out, care to make that come true for me?" Owen said to Taryn with a wicked smile on his face.

"Yes, Master!" Taryn replied with fervour as she stood up. "Nick, on the loveseat!" she shouted at Richard as she pointed at the loveseat. "Cat, on the floor!" she shouted at Rosina as she pointed at the floor in the middle of the room.

Richard did as he was told and returned to the loveseat as quickly as he could. Rosina sat there stunned, not sure how to react. She knew exactly what was going to happen if she lay on the floor and wasn't sure if she was ready to cross that line. Sure she had played around with her mother the other day at the spa, but then it was her mother who brought her off with a vibrator. Now, clearly she was going to be expected to eat her mother's pussy while her mother ate her pussy. Somehow this seemed like a larger step than the one she made with Owen, so her confused mind hadn't allowed her to move from the loveseat.

"Cat, I said lay on the floor and I mean it NOW!" Taryn sternly ordered as she pointed at the floor by her feet.

Owen glanced at Rosina and then at Taryn, a cheeky smirk on his face as he did so. Taryn glanced at Owen and knew that he was thinking that she didn't have it in her, that she wasn't really a dominant. Taryn would show him that she most certainly did have what it took to dominate both Richard and Rosina. After ten seconds had gone by and Rosina hadn't moved, Taryn rushed over to Rosina and grasped a clump of her hair at the back of her head. Squealing in pain all the way Rosina was led from the loveseat to the floor, and made to lie down on it. Before she could bolt back up, Taryn planted her knees on either side of Rosina's head. Rosina now was as close to a pussy as she had ever been in her life and wasn't sure what to make of this development. The other troubling thing was that the hot and wet pussy that hovered over her was filled with a mixture of her mother's juices and her father's cum.

"Now, you are going to be a good little Slave and eat my pussy, aren't you, Cat?" Taryn growled in a voice that she tried to remain calm.

"Y . . . yes R . . . Mistress Red," Rosina replied in a shaky and timid sounding voice.

"Then get to it, Cat, eat your Mistress's pussy!" Taryn said with a victorious smirk on her face.

Rosina didn't answer, she just closed her eyes, leaned up and licked at the air. Her tongue contacted the outer pussy lips of her mother's pussy and when it came back into her mouth the taste was sweet yet tangy. Rosina opened her eyes and was conflicted in that she liked the taste and where she was getting that taste from. Part of her found it wicked that she was eating her father's cum out of her mother's freshly fucked pussy.

Rosina pushed all thoughts out of her mind and simply focused on the fact that she was eating this pussy to be a good Slave. She wanted to prove to Master that she would obey him or those he put in charge of her, above all she wanted to show her devotion to him. Always Rosina wanted to show her Master that she loved him and would do anything he asked of her.

Rosina had never eaten pussy before, but she knew what she liked when she played with herself and proceeded to use that knowledge. A groan of pleasure escaped from Taryn's lips just before she leaned forward and brought her lips down to her daughter's pussy. Taryn had some experience from her one time with Karen, but still, this was her second time eating pussy, and it was her daughter's pussy at that. Taryn also focussed on her desire to please her Master through eating this pussy. Both women shared this desire and this, combined with focusing on the task of brining pleasure to the other, helped them get through this otherwise odd experience. As the incestuous lesbian show proceeded, the immense pleasure Taryn and Rosina were receiving from the other fuelled their passion. Soon both women were eagerly eating the pussy before them, long forgetting their reluctance in doing so.

"You eat me so good, Cat! Where have you learned to eat pussy!" Taryn moaned out with a heavy slur as she continued to eat pussy as she spoke.

"Never, Mistress Red! Yours is the first pussy I've ever eaten," Rosina replied with a mew of pleasure in her voice, while also eating the pussy that hovered over her.

"You must be lying! FUCK, can you eat pussy!" Taryn said as she thrust two fingers into Rosina's pussy.

"I must admit, I didn't want to do this when we started, but, I can say now that I actually like it!" Rosina said while lapping away at Taryn's pussy.

"I felt the same way, but DAMN GIRL have you got one SWEET little pussy!" Taryn replied with enthusiasm as she stuffed a slick finger into Rosina's ass.

With the admission out of the way, both women redoubled their efforts to make the other woman cum. In a few short moments both women were writhing about in ecstasy with their heads clamped in place by the other woman's legs. When their respective climaxes were done, mother and daughter were laying side by side, faces smeared in pussy juice, and breathing heavily while staring at the pussy they just ate.

"Excellent show, both of you. Now lick each other's faces clean." Owen said calmly after he had allowed both Taryn and Rosina to relax for a moment.

Instantly, both women got on their knees and faced each other. With a nervous smile at the other women, each woman leaned in to lick juice smeared off the other woman's face. After a first few ineffective licks, Taryn grunted in frustration and grasped Rosina's head in order to hold it still. Taryn gave Rosina's cheek a long lick before staying still and nodding to Rosina, releasing her head as she did. Rosina took the hint and then leaned in and licked Taryn's face. Mother and daughter took turns licking her own cum off of each other's face. Finally, when they were satisfied that their faces were cleaned they turned to kneel in front of Owen and await his next command.

"Get on your hands and knees, facing away from me, both of you," Owen commanded and instantly both women did so. "Who do you serve?" he asked with an evil smile on his face.

"You, Master," both Taryn and Rosina replied.

"Who do you belong to?" Owen asked with the same evil smile on his face.

"You, Master," both Taryn and Rosina replied.

"Whose cock do you need?" Owen asked with a chuckle.

"Yours, Master," both Taryn and Rosina replied.

"Who do you need to fuck you right now?" Owen asked with a self-satisfied smile on his face.

"You, Master!" both Taryn and Rosina replied in a needy whine.

"Red, what are you?" Owen asked with a curious tone of voice.

"Master?" Taryn asked with a puzzled tone of voice.

"Explain your new position, as you understand it?" Owen asked with a calm tone of voice and listened carefully.

"I am your Mistress. I am still to serve you as a Slave, as I still belong to you, and I am bound to obey your ever command. You have graciously given me authority over your other Slaves. I am to use this power to make sure that they continue to serve you in a manner that pleases you, Master," Taryn said while still looking at the floor, on her hands and knees beside Rosina.

"Good answer. It seems that you understand your new position well, Good work, Red." Owen said with a satisfied smile on his face as he nodded to himself. "I wonder if the others do, Do you understand, Cat?" he asked as he looked at Rosina's tight little ass.

"Yes, Master, I am to obey her as I would obey you," Rosina answered meekly, also looking at the floor.

"And you Nick, do you understand?" Owen asked as he looked over at Richard.

"Yes, Master, I am to obey, Mistress Red, as I would obey you," Richard answered compliantly.

"I am glad that we're clear on that," Owen said as he got up and knelt behind Taryn.

Without saying a word, Owen lined up his cock and slid it all the way into Taryn's pussy with one quick stroke. Without pausing at all he withdrew his cock and started to fuck her with long and quick strokes. The instant his cock slid into her pussy, Taryn's eyes shot wide open and she drew in a quick breath of shock.

"OH, MASTER! You really should warn a gal before you split her in two with that monster!" Taryn shouted out once Owen's third stroke slammed home, Owen only grunted in response.

Owen continued to hammer away at Taryn's pussy with merciless, savage strokes. Taryn moaned like a whore as she was fucked hard and fast by her son, her Master in front of the whole family. Owen's pace never let up as he fucked Taryn with rough and hard strokes of her pussy with his fat cock. Owen sensed that Taryn was close to cumming and at that point he did the cruellest thing imaginable, he pulled out.

"You cruel bastard, I was so close!" Taryn protested in a whiny cry as Owen lined his cock up to Rosina's pussy and sank it in as quickly as her tight pussy would allow.

"Yessss, Master!" Rosina hissed out as she felt Owen stuffing her pussy with his large cock. "Fuck me! I'm yours, Master! Use me for your pleasure! Fuck your Slave hard!" Rosina groaned out as her upper body collapsed onto the floor, from pleasure overload.

Once again Owen savagely fucked his Slave, purely bent on his pleasure. Hard and fast he slammed into Rosina with quick and fast strokes for a good while. When he sensed that Rosina was about to cum he pulled out of her, much to her displeasure and sank his cock back into Taryn. Here he fucked Taryn with a swift pace, hard and fast, quickly bringing her excitement level back up to the brink, before he pulled out once again. When he sank his cock back into Rosina, she let out a catlike moan. Owen stroked her with fast strokes and it didn't take long before she began to climax on his cock. Owen pulled out of the still climaxing Rosina and slammed back into Taryn. Taryn was so excited that she too was still close to cumming so it didn't take long before she was cumming hard. Rosina was just

calming down from her climax when Taryn tore off into her orgasm. Sensing Taryn cumming around his cock was too much for Owen and finally he came, deep within Taryn's pussy. Finally spent, Owen slumped back, letting his cock slip out of Taryn. Owen looked at the quivering women before him that he had fucked to a simultaneous orgasm and smiled to himself, not believing what he just did.

"Okay, I'm hungry, we need some lunch. Get dressed all of you. Red, get lunch on the table and clean up this mess," Owen said with heaving breaths as he looked at Taryn and winked.

"Yes, Master," Taryn replied with glee as she stood up. "Alright, you heard, Master, get dressed both of you!" Taryn said sternly to Rosina and Richard. "Nick, you clean up this place, and I will be inspecting it!" she said to Richard who nodded in reply. "Cat, you'll come and help me with lunch," she added as she glanced at Rosina while starting to get dressed.

Owen picked up his pants and walked upstairs casually to have a shower. After his shower he strolled to his room and got changed into fresh clothes. Looking around his room he realized that it was too small for the new head of the family. Walking over to his parent's room he looked around the spacious room and glanced at the bathroom it had and smiled to himself. Why shouldn't' the Master of the house have the Master Bedroom?

Owen walked downstairs to the dining room, glancing in the living room to find Taryn admonishing Richard for a poor job of cleaning.

Walking into the kitchen he saw Rosina dashing back to the stove to stir a pot of lunch. Owen smiled at her and graciously took the spoon from her hand and continued to stir the pot. With a thankful kiss on the cheek she returned to the dining room to set the table. It was not long after when Taryn walked into the kitchen and snatched the spoon away from Owen before she shooed him into the dining room in a motherly manner. Owen laughed, gave her a peck on the lips and walked into the dining room where Rosina seated him at the head of the table, Richard's usually empty chair.

It wasn't that long after that the whole family was seated around the table, eating dinner. Taryn was seated at the other end of the table, across from Owen. Rosina was seated where she usually was and Richard now sat where Owen used to sit. The chatter during dinner was lively once more as the family openly discussed the events of the past few weeks. Richard had a number of questions for Taryn, Rosina and Owen about how everything happened. As well, his family wanted to know more about his relationship with Heather and all that entailed. The talk was light and casual, with everyone using each other's first names. Instead of the expected anger and jealousy that one might expect, there was understanding and laughter. The meal was long over and the family was enjoying after dinner coffee with their continued conversation when Owen spoke up.

"I have decided that we need to re-arrange the bedrooms," Owen said in a calm yet firm tone of voice.

"What do you mean, dear?" Taryn asked curiously, as she took a sip of her coffee.

"I am the head of the family, the Master of the house, so I will take the Master Bedroom. Taryn will move into the old guest room, Richard will move into my old room and Rosie will stay where she is." Owen said casually, expecting no challenges.

"That makes sense, dear," Taryn said after swallowing hard, glancing around the table. Neither Richard nor Rosina said anything but silently nodded their compliance.

Taryn tried not to look shaken by the news that she would lose her bed and bedroom. A small part of her liked the thought of having her own bedroom, though most of her was used to the expected order of a family. That order was tossed upside-down that day, however, the massive changes that had happened, Taryn wasn't sure if they were for the better or worse. She knew that she had to comply, to obey Owen was deeply ingrained in her now, to disobey him simply wasn't in her anymore. The other thing she knew was that the family seemed to be closer now than ever before, the lively conversation over lunch was a testament to that. Rather than balk now, Taryn decided to trust Owen and see just what effect this new arrangement would have on the family.

After the late lunch, the family went upstairs to rearrange the bedrooms as ordered. Owen decided to leave the furniture where they were and simply and move the contents around. It seemed the easiest, but there were a few choice items of furniture that his parents wanted in their rooms. Taryn wanted the dressing vanity, which had been in her family a few generations. Richard wanted a specific,

dresser, one that had special sentimental value to him. Owen agreed to these requests and not only helped in the move but made sure that each of them would be comfortable in their new rooms. When it was clear that the extra dresser in Richard's room wouldn't fit, they moved Owen's old dresser into the basement, to free up room. With Taryn's room, there simply wasn't enough closet space for all her clothes and dresses. Owen allowed her to store her rarely used clothes in the back of the walk-in closet in his room, since he didn't need such a large closet.

The moving and re-arranging took the rest of the afternoon yet come dinner time, the family wasn't that hungry so they opted for a light dinner. After dinner the family watched television together for the first time in years. Taryn cuddled up to Richard on the couch and Rosina cuddled up to Owen on the loveseat. Once again this was a casual time enjoyed by the family with no orders shouted or obeyed. The order of the evening was light, happy and a relaxing time of togetherness. Eventually the time grew late and the day drew to a close.

"Time for bed everyone," Owen said as he started to stand up, with a grumble from Rosina.

Everyone walked upstairs and started to get ready for bed. When everyone was ready for bed, Rosina did the natural thing and walked into Owen's room. By now it was natural and expected for her to sleep with Owen and to use her room for merely changing her clothes. Rosina was a little miffed that Owen didn't order her to move

into the Master Bedroom with him. When Owen stopped her, Rosina was shocked and gave him a hurt look to match her feelings.

"Rosie, you've slept with me every night for some time now, I think it's Taryn's turn, don't you?" Owen said calmly, with a leading tone of voice as he looked at Rosina with a raised eyebrow.

"Of course, how inconsiderate of me, go on mom, it's your turn to sleep with him," Rosina smiled a warm and inviting smile at Taryn as she backed away.

Taryn was flabbergasted, she hadn't expected this! With all the changes this day brought, she didn't imagine that it would mean that she could spend the night with Master. With all of the family secrets out in the open, there was no reason for her not to spend the night with him. For the first time since she had become his Slave, Taryn would actually be able to hold her Master all night long and wake up in his arms. With glee she hurriedly embraced and kissed Rosina thanking her before pulling Owen into the Master Bedroom and closing the door. Richard and Rosina looked at each other before Richard turned to walk into his room, though Rosina stopped him.

"Set your alarm for 5:30, come wake me, there's a tradition you need to see to," Rosina said to Richard before she walked to her room. "If you know what's good for you," she added with a wink before she disappeared into her room for the night.

Chapter Thirteen: Rebirth of The Thompson Family

The alarm clock screamed that next morning and Richard smacked the annoying device into silence. Looking around the darkened room, for a moment he was perplexed to find himself in the smaller room. He looked around the room, which used to be Owen's room, and wondered why he wasn't in his room. The answer hit him and his eyes widened as he realized that he was in his room. The events of the weekend rolled over him quickly, like the highlights of a movie. The Saturday banquet the law firm held, the sex and submission to his wife, his submission to his son the following day, and the upheaval in the family structure that followed. Richard wasn't the head of the family anymore, Owen was, and was also the Master of everyone in the family. Richard sighed and shook his head as he realized that he was the Slave of his son, along with his wife and daughter. He winced as he realized that he had lost the right to call them that anymore, to him they were Owen, Taryn and Rosina. Rosina: there it was, he remembered why he had set his alarm for Five-Thirty. Rosina had said he should wake her, for his own good.

Rolling out of bed and wondered what "tradition" he needed to attend to this early in the morning. Tossing his bathrobe on over his panamas he walked quietly out of his room and over to Rosina's. Pushing the door open, he peered inside and looked at his little girl curled up in the bed. Unfortunately the sight of his little girl sleeping, didn't bring back the sweet images of when she was little, but the sight of her the day before, getting fucked by Owen. His cock thickened at the thought of her brother plunging his thick cock

repeatedly into her small pussy. Richard shook his head and forced the nasty thoughts out of his head as he approached the bed.

"Sweetie . . . Rosie," Richard said softly as he shook Rosina by the shoulder that Monday morning. With a grumble and groan Rosina started to stir and wake up, looking at Richard with a slightly puzzled look when she was fully awake. "You wanted me to wake you at Five-Thirty this morning," Richard said and looked at Rosina, hoping for any clue as to why.

"Oh yeah, the tradition . . . c'mon," Rosina said as she rolled out of bed, completely nude.

Richard's eyes bugged out as he saw his daughter casually get out of bed without a stitch of clothing on and leisurely put a housecoat on. A few days ago she would have made him leave the room before even risking for him to see any part of her body. As a result of the revelations of the previous day, fear of nudity seemed so trivial and pointless. They had witnessed each other have sex, in front of the whole family as well. Quietly they walked out of Rosina's room and then downstairs, it wasn't until they were on the main floor before Richard spoke up.

"Rosie, what 'tradition' do we have to see to?" Richard asked as his foot touched the main floor.

"This is your first morning as a Slave to Master, so you need to make him breakfast in bed," Rosina said as she started to walk toward the kitchen.

"Breakfast in bed?" Richard asked with a touch of nervousness, it had been quite a while since he had cooked breakfast.

"Yes, it is our way of showing our gratitude for his taking control of us. Our way of expressing our love and devotion to him," Rosina said as she entered the kitchen and walked over to the coffee maker.

"Gratitude?" Richard asked with a slightly puzzled tone of voice.

"Yes. I can't speak for you, but for me, my life is much simpler now, much clearer. He has taken the responsibility for the tough decisions in life and left me with a clear path, to follow him. I am immensely grateful to Master for doing that," Rosina explained as she started to prep the coffee maker to brew coffee. "Sit down, while I make us breakfast first," she added casually.

"Are you happy this way?" Richard asked tentatively as he eyed up his daughter who started to pull out pans from a bottom cupboard.

"Absolutely, I couldn't imagine being any other way! I am proud to serve Master! I will always be there to serve him in any way he needs. I love him, I need to show him how much I love him and love to serve

him with my service and devotion," Rosina replied as she paused for a moment to look Richard in the eye to convey her earnestness.

"You really do see yourself as his Slave, don't you?" Richard replied with a nod of his head.

Richard could see in his daughter's eyes that she earnestly wanted to show her brother her love and constant devotion. To her it wasn't a once a week thing, it was a constant, 24/7 thing. She wasn't a submissive who sought a Master once in a while, she was a Slave who was bound to her Master and served him with absolute devotion, believing that she literally belonged to him like his shirt or his shoes.

"What else would I be?" Rosina replied with a silly smile on her face.

Rosina glanced over at her father and smiled at him. It had been some time since she had spent any time with him and this morning reminded her of her special morning. Now she was showing Richard what to do to in order to please Master on his special morning, the morning after his submission to Master. Even though, Rosina was happy as Owen's Slave and trusted that Richard would be too, eventually. The thought of her father a Slave to Owen just like she was, struck her as a little odd and she wondered why he did it. Rosina wondered if her father regretted being Owen's Slave, what man would want to be his son's Slave?

"Dad . . ." Rosina started out but Richard quickly cut her off.

"Richard!" Richard quickly interjected.

"Right, Richard, what do you think of this weekend?" Rosina asked as she opened the fridge and started to pull out supplies to make breakfast.

"What do you mean, Rosie?" Richard asked as he looked at Rosina's rear, a touch too long.

"About everything that happened this weekend, all the changes!" Rosina said strenuously as she turned to look her father in the eye.

"Relief," Richard said with a heavy sigh.

"RELIEF?" Rosina snorted in shocked reply.

"Yeah, I was lost when I lost my Mistress. I was so used to having someone to serve that to suddenly not have a Mistress was too much to bear. Now that I have Master and Mistress Red to serve, I am much happier; things are the way they should be." Richard said with a look of peace about him as he smiled at Rosina.

Rosina could see it in his face that Richard was relieved, she couldn't deny it. It still struck her as odd that any man would want to give up control of his family to anyone, let alone his son! Though Rosina

could see the smile of contentment on her father's face and took solace in his comfort.

"But what about Owen as head of the family? Are you relieved to give up that control too?" Rosina asked as she continued to cook breakfast.

Richard got up and poured himself and Rosina a mug of coffee each. He thought about that one, and knew that as a man he should never have allowed that to happen. As a Slave to Heather it was always contained to every Friday evening, this was different. It had happened so fast and he was so used to complying with those in authority over him that he had gone along with it. It was done now, he was his son's Slave and how could he serve his son one moment and then be his father the next? No, like it or not, it was the way it had to be, he knew Owen was right.

"We both know that I haven't been much of a father these past few years. Hopefully

Master will be a better head of family than I was. It might be for the best, we will have to trust Master, and wait and see," Richard said as he put the mug of coffee down beside Rosina.

"But are you relieved to give up that control? Is this what you really want?" Rosina asked as she took a sip of coffee while intently eye Richard.

"Yeah, I don't have to worry about the family anymore," Richard said with a smile as he opened up a cupboard and pulled out two plates.

"As long as you're okay with it, Dad," Rosina said as Richard put the plates down on the counter.

"Richard," Richard replied.

"I don't care what Master says, you'll always be my daddy!" Rosina said fervently as she suddenly turned and embraced Richard with a firm hug.

"And you'll always be my little girl, but Master was very clear on this, we must obey him, right?" Richard said in a calm and firm manner, while stroking Rosina's hair.

"I know," Rosina said as she broke the embrace and smiled up at Richard with tears in her eyes. "I love you, Richard," she said, still finding the last word hard to say.

"I love you too, Rosie," Richard said as he kissed Rosina's forehead. "Now how about that breakfast?" he asked as he smiled at Rosina.

Rosina then served up the breakfast and the pair chatted while they ate. Oddly enough, the man sitting across from her felt more like a

friend to Rosina, rather than her father. In any event she was starting to feel closer to Richard than she had in years. Richard did seem happier and more comfortable with himself, and generally at ease. As bizarre as it seemed, Rosina started to see how this radical restructuring of the family might be the best for everyone.

Once breakfast was finished Rosina instructed Richard on how and what to cook. Rosina made sure that Richard did everything and did it exactly the way that she had prepared it. Richard still felt strange cooking breakfast after Taryn making it for him for so many years. Despite the considerable amount of time that had passed since he had last cooked, Richard did okay. At the appointed time of Six Twenty-Nine, Richard and Rosina walked up the stairs, with breakfast on a tray.

Tarn lay still that Monday morning as she remained curled up to Owen. For the first time she had been able to make love to Owen late into the night and fall asleep surrounded by his powerful arms. As she brushed some stay hair away from her Master's face she was filled with Love. Taryn's heart nearly burst with the intense love that she felt for her son Owen. She glanced around the Master Bedroom that had been hers for most of her marriage. Taryn looked at the bed that had been her marital bed and oddly enough, it still felt like that to her. She kissed Owen's cheek and laid her head on the shoulder of the man who felt like her real husband.

Tarn was content yet conflicted, but she tried to enjoy the peace of the moment despite the conflict. Tarn knew that by rights, she should be lying next to Richard, her husband and not her son. The recent

events seemed to be driving her towards her son at breakneck speed. Since her submission to him, she felt herself drawing ever closer to him. Try as she might, she needed him in a way that a mother shouldn't need a son. Taryn even had trouble seeing Owen as her son anymore; he was so much more to her than that. She loved him as much or more than she had ever loved Richard, in that she knew that she was in truth his wife as well as his Slave. Taryn also knew that she could never be his wife, even if you put aside the fact that they were mother and son. The main reason that Taryn knew she couldn't marry Owen was that a true Slave didn't desire to tie her Master down. As his wife she would be his equal and that simply went against the natural order of things, she was his Slave and he was her Master.

This morning Taryn knew that there was absolutely nothing normal about her family. The strangest thing was that the family seemed to be closer knit and happier than before. Things like this shouldn't happen and when they do they should cause irreparable damage to the whole family, and yet Taryn liked the way things had worked out. The whole family had accepted and encouraged her special relationship with her son. No more did she have to hide it from any member of the family. In fact the whole family could relax and be themselves within the safety of the family. Wasn't that what a loving family should be? Didn't everyone strive to create an environment where everyone in the family knew they were loved and could express themselves? Sure they may be the most bizarre and mixed up family in the world, but they were happy.

Before Taryn could continue her morning musings, the door opened up. Richard walked in the room holding a tray of breakfast. He was

followed by Rosina who wore a cheeky smile on her face as she winked at Taryn, behind Richard's back. In that instant Taryn knew what was going on and had to stifle a laugh at the thought of Richard cooking. As she looked at the pair dressed in bathrobes, standing near the end of the bed an idea formed in her mind.

"How dare you disgrace yourselves like this!" Tarn snapped angrily in a hushed tone of voice. "You two are not worthy to wear clothes in Master's personal chambers! Return to your rooms and put your clothes away. Come back when you can present yourselves more appropriately!" Taryn growled and scowled at Richard and Rosina.

Without saying a word, both Richard and Rosina left the room. After about a minute the pair walked into the room in the same order, both completely nude. Taryn looked them over and smiled as she appreciated the individual beauty of Richard and Rosina. Richard was a handsome man, and indeed radiated masculine appeal. Rosina was a tight and trim young lady with a slender and petite body style. Both of the Slaves before her made her mouth water.

"Stand there while I wake Master," Taryn said as she pulled the bed sheets down.

Tarn had pulled the sheets down so far that both she and Owen were revealed down to their ankles. Richard and Rosina both liked the display of flesh before them. Richard kept walking his eyes over Taryn's body. Rosina kept looking between Owen's and Taryn's nude bodies. After the forced sexual play between her and her

mother, Rosina looked upon Taryn's body with greater interest and appreciation. Without pausing at all Tarn leaned over and wrapped her lips around Owen's cock and quickly descended her lips on the shaft that she worshiped.

A sense of satisfaction and completeness came over her as she began to suck Owen's cock. At once she knew that she was where she belonged, on the end of her Master's cock. She had a purpose in life as long as her Master needed her. As long as she had the privilege to serve her Master, him her life had meaning. He had rewarded her loyalty and service with an elevated position and greater authority. Deep in her heart Taryn knew that she was nothing more than his slut, his Slave, his possession.

Taryn's oral ministrations did not go unnoticed by anyone in the room, including Owen. Owen started to stir and wake up as the pleasurable sensations from his cock disturbed him from his slumber. Owen looked down at his mother who was happily sucking on his cock and smiled. Love filled his heart as he watched her repeatedly bob her head on his dick. Owen looked up and saw Richard and Rosina standing at the foot of the bed, nude. Richard held a tray of breakfast, his arms starting to shake from holding the tray for so long. His mind flashed back to yesterday and the tumultuous changes that he had implemented. He smiled to himself as he glanced around the Master Bedroom, his room. A wicked sense of satisfaction filled him and he sighed as everything seemed right with the world.

"That's enough Red, I'm awake," Owen said with a smile as he patted Taryn's still moving head.

"Good Morning Master," Taryn said lovingly as she moved up and kissed Owen on the lips. "Should I punish them for the audacity of waking you, Master?" Taryn asked Owen with a stern tone of voice and a mischievous sparkle in her eye.

"No, not yet," Owen replied. "Let's see what they want," he said with a similar twinkle in his eye before he looked at Richard expectantly.

"I brought you breakfast, Master, to thank you for taking me on as your Slave and relieving me of the burden of being the head of the family," Richard said with a submissive tone of voice.

"Did you make enough for Red?" Owen asked as he eyed the tray.

"Yes, Master, I made enough for you and Mistress Red," Richard Replied in the same submissive voice as he kept looking down.

"Good, you can feed Red, and Cat can feed me," Owen said as he glanced over at Rosina.

"Yes, Master," Richard replied with a nod of his head.

The Thompson family sat together on that bed and spent some much-needed together time. Richard fed Taryn and Rosina fed Owen. Not much was said as two family members fed the other two family members in silence. Richard and Rosina enjoyed the moment of pure servitude. They enjoyed the simple pleasure of serving and obeying their Master and Mistress. Once breakfast was finished Richard cleaned the tray of dishes away and put them on a nearby dresser.

"Breakfast was good, Nick. From now on, you and Cat will have the table set downstairs and breakfast ready by seven each morning, understood?" Owen said in a commanding tone of voice as he glanced back and forth between Richard and Rosina.

"Yes, Master," Richard and Rosina replied in chorus.

"Good, now Cat, get over here and suck my cock!" Owen ordered as he gave Rosina a stern glare.

"Yes, Master!" Rosina squealed in delight as she stretched out on the bed.

Rosina quickly arranged herself so that her head was between Owen's legs and she was comfortable. Eagerly she grasped Owen's cock and brought her lips to the head of the thick cock. Sliding her lips down the shaft of her Master's cock always brought Rosina delight, but to do so in front of her Father added and extra kick of excitement. Without any trouble the fat head slipped down her

throat. Rosina set about to draw out the blowjob by setting a slow pace. Richard watched intently as his daughter sucked off his son, she seemed blissfully happy to do so.

"Okay, Nick, time to get to work. Get down there and eat your Mistresses pussy," Taryn said with a wicked smile on her face.

Taryn moved over a bit and spread her legs wide, as Richard moved calmly and steadily to get into position. Eating pussy was something that Richard knew well, it was one of the regular things that he had done for Heather. Once again Richard had been ordered by his Mistress to eat her pussy, and he was happy to comply. The regular order of what Richard expected in life continued, he was given an order, and he would comply. Richard looked over the pussy of his long-time wife, and recently acquired Mistress, and absorbed its beauty. He always knew she was a beautiful woman with a tasty pussy, and this was one order he was happy to comply with.

When Richard's tongue reentered his mouth after taking its first lick of Taryn's pussy, the taste was sweet and delicious. This was just the taste he remembered, the reason why he loved to eat pussy, and Taryn's pussy always tasted sweet. Licking up towards her clitoris, Richard was rewarded with still more of the slick and tasty nectar. It wasn't until he got down to the entrance to the inner depths of her womanhood that the taste changed. Mixed with the sweet taste that he knew and loved was a salty, foreign flavor that wasn't familiar. Ignoring this and continuing to press on, Richard continued to lick around the entrance, only to find more of the odd tasting juice

flowing out. Richard's confusion got the better of him and he did something he shouldn't have, he glanced up into Taryn's eyes.

"Yes Nick, there is something different about the way my pussy tastes this morning, isn't there. Care to know what it is? I'll tell you, Nick, you are eating a freshly fucked pussy!" Taryn said with a sneer on her lips as she looked down at a wide-eyed Richard. "Yes Nick, you are licking Master's cum out of my pussy! How does it feel to be licking your son's cum out of his mother's pussy?" Taryn asked daringly and waited for a moment to answer, when a stunned Richard didn't say anything, she continued. "I didn't tell you to stop, Nick! Eat my pussy!" she ordered arrogantly and grasped Richard's head and pulled it toward her pussy.

Richard didn't need to be told twice and his need to submit kicked in and he resumed his licking efforts. He found it harder to eat Taryn's pussy knowing exactly what he was eating. On one level he was disgusted but on another level it was exhilarating to be made to do something so disgusting. He was conflicted from so strong yet different emotions from the one act. To calm his emotions he focused on the act of eating pussy, not the strange taste or what it actually was. This seemed to serve Richard well as he was able to bring Taryn off to a tremendous orgasm. This orgasm only served to bring forth more of the tainted, pussy juice, juice which he had to lick up, to spill any was always forbidden. Richard was just reeling from that uncomfortable experience when he was thrust into another uncomfortable experience.

Owen had watched the exchange between his father and mother and a wicked idea cooked up in his mind to test his control over his father. Rosina was setting a leisurely pace to the blowjob that she was enjoying giving almost as much as Owen was in receiving. The wicked sight of his sister eagerly sucking his cock as if it was the most natural thing in the world was a turn on. The fact that he owned her was another fact which always spurned his lust higher.

The act seemed to be taking too long to make him cum so he decided to take matters into his own hands. Reaching down he grasped Rosina's head with a gentle yet firm grip on either side of her head. As Rosina expected, the pace of the blowjob increased exponentially as her head was guided up and down by Owen's grip. Rosina sucked hard and allowed her mouth to be used by her Master. Rosina knew that she was a vessel for his pleasure, any pleasure she received was purely coincidental and inconsequential. Rosina sensed that Owen was about to cum and readied herself to swallow all that her Master had to offer when abruptly her lips were pulled off his cock. Rosina found herself staring straight at the head of her Master's cock, and wondered for a half moment what was going to happen next. Her wondering came to an end when the first rope of Owen's cum landed on her cheek. Rosina closed her eyes and let her Master direct the cum blasts all over her face. Rope after rope landed across her face and it felt like her entire face was covered in his cum. Rosina smiled, she was filled with bliss, knowing that she could be used once again for her Master's pleasure.

"Nick, lick Cat's face clean," Owen ordered firmly.

Richard's mind froze as he tried to comprehend what he had just been ordered to do. He dared not question at Master or even look at him, the only thing to do was comply. Richard didn't want to do anything of the sort, this was too strange. This felt wrong to him and he wanted to refuse, but he was unable to do so. He had been Heather's Slave for too long not to comply with an order given to him by a Master or Mistress. With his mind screaming to turn and run away Richard leaned over towards a now open-eyed Rosina and licked her left cheek. The taste was more intense than what he had just licked from Taryn's pussy. Without stopping to taste or process what he was doing Richard continued to lick his daughter's face clean of her brother's cum. When the last of his son's cum was licked clean off Rosina's face, Richard leaned back and looked down, too ashamed to do anything else.

"Good work, Nick. You are a good Slave. You may wash and tend to Red's grooming needs in the main bathroom while Cat sees to me in my bathroom." Owen said casually as he started to get out of the bed and walked towards the Master Bedroom, bathroom.

Richard operated on auto-pilot as he went through the motions of getting ready for the day. First Richard washed and cared for Taryn before he got himself ready for work. He was troubled by the events of the morning and fearful of what the future had in store for him. Pulling out of the driveway and speeding off down the road, a transformation of personality took place. Gone was the submissive Richard who was the Slave to his son and in its place was the tough, high-powered lawyer. Before he turned the corner, Richard was ready to take on the world, feeling energized, refreshed and powerful.

Taryn left for work that morning and walked down the sidewalk, feeling like a new woman. After kissing both her children, and her husband goodbye she closed the door behind her, and started to walk. This morning was in a way a rebirth of the Thompson family, and a new structure and routine was taking place. Taryn took deep breaths and felt cleansed and renewed, taking powerful strides in her walk down the street. Finally she felt like her life was coming together, like all the pieces of the puzzle were fitting into place. It may not have been a puzzle that anyone else may like, but it was shaping up to be just what she needed. She had a Master and loved to serve him, she was a Mistress and craved to use the power that she held over Master's Slaves. As well as a wife and mother she loved to see her family so close and happy once again. Yes, Taryn was happy with the new order of the family, and felt like proudly telling the world about her family, but knew she could never do so.

As Owen and Rosina walked away from the Thompson house, towards the bus stop Rosina was deep in thought. Sure she was walking right beside the man she loved, and to the world they made a cute couple. Rosina was full of conflicting emotions and reactions to the milestone of a weekend that it had been for the family. On one hand, Rosina liked the fact that everyone in the family knew about her relationship with Owen. That meant that now she didn't have to hide or sneak around to be with Owen and could openly show her obedience and subservience to him. The fact that Owen had taken their father on as a Slave did seem a little troubling to her, despite the fact that this was the reason for the new openness within the family. Add to that the fact that Owen was now the head of the family and ran the house increased her discomfort. This struck

Rosina as odd and yet it was another thing that she had to get used to. Above all, Rosina loved and trusted Owen completely, both as her man and her Master. Whatever Owen wanted, she would go along with because she needed to show her love and devotion to him. Despite what troubling things Owen might do, his dutiful Slave Rosina would be there to support and serve him until her death, she could do no less.

Owen was on top of the world and could barely believe his good fortune. Raw power coursed through his veins that morning as he walked, towards the bus stop. His arm was around Rosina's waist and he casually let that arm slip down until it was resting squarely on her ass. In a smooth motion he slipped his hand into the back pocket of her jeans, without asking or even looking at her. Owen loved everything that had happened this weekend, and a better way for things to turn out he couldn't imagine. Even though, he knew that nothing about the new family structure was normal, everything felt right. To Owen, his taking the position of head of the family away from Richard was simply the next natural step. He, Owen was far more of a man than his father had ever been. Rightfully the position of head of the family should go to the strongest man, at least in his mind. Still, the fact that the family was his to lead and that burden was on his shoulders was not lost on him. Silently Owen pondered what that meant and what the next step for the family was. What was it that the family needed? What guidance and leadership could he give to the family? How could he show his family that they were all better off as him as the head of the family? These questions rolled through Owen's mind the rest of the day at school.

Reformation

Chapter One: Richard's Revenge

*** Author's Note ***

This series picks up the story four years after the point that "Big Changes at Home" left off. It is STRONGLY recommended that you read that series first to understand the characters and what has happened in the story so far. This is a new series with the story evolving, growing and changing, yet it is keeping in line with the premise of the original series. For those of you who wish to read on, without reading "Big Changes at Home," you should be able to pick up the basics of what has happened. I feel, however, that you are doing yourself a disservice in bypassing the prior series. In either event, I hope you enjoy the series as much as I enjoy writing it!

The room was silent. The rich oak interior reflected no sound, yet spoke volumes as to the success of the Law Firm, of which it was a part. The conference room had been the scene of many discussions and countless: legal negotiations, depositions, consultations and many other meetings. The simple gathering between these three men was barely worth noting in the distinguished history of the room. Yet this meeting today was indeed monumental and life-changing, having far-reaching effects.

Richard sat at the conference table and carefully read the papers spread before him. It was second nature for him to scan over any legal document set before him, even those prepared by his colleagues. The two other men sitting around the conference table sat there patiently as Richard continued reading. One was a middle-aged, portly Italian man, and the other was a slender Korean man who was not quite thirty. Both of the men worked at Richard's law

firm, one was a partner, the other was about to become one. Finally Richard finished reading the legal documents and picked up his pen.

"Are you absolutely sure about this? There's no going back once you sell to Brad!" Tony, the portly Italian man asked with an urging tone of voice as he grasped Richard's right arm, stopping him from signing.

"I just need out, Tony," Richard said with a calm tone of voice as he smiled slightly.

There was a tense moment as Tony looked deep into Richard's eyes, searching for sincerity. After a moment had passed, Tony looked down, shook his head and released Richard's arm. Richard then began to sign and initial the papers where he needed to. Tony's face made his feelings known as he looked at Richard with an expression that made it clear that he thought his long-time law partner was making a huge mistake. The young Korean man however looked elated and pleased that the papers were finally being signed.

"So if you need out so badly, where are you getting out to?" Tony asked with a bit of a mocking tone to his voice.

"Montana, always wanted to live in Montana," Richard said with a warm smile as he paused momentarily from signing the papers.

"Well sir, I wish you the best of luck in Montana. I'm just thankful for this great opportunity that your leaving gives me," Brad said in a gleeful tone of voice.

Richard finished signing the papers and passed them over to Brad who eagerly signed the papers before passing them over to Tony. Tony then signed the papers and collected them up and stuffed them in a folder. Finally he passed a bank draft for Richard's share of the law firm. Richard picked up the bank draft and shook the hands of both Tony and Brad, each one in turn.

"I hope you know what you're doing Rick, We're gonna miss you," Tony said with sincere regret as he patted Richard on his shoulder.

"It's just something I have to do," Richard said with a calm sense of peace about him as he looked into the eyes of his old friend and now former law partner.

Richard returned to his office, his former office now, and pulled out a file that he had hidden away in his desk. He looked over a list of tasks that he had set out for himself and saw that almost all of them were taken care of. There were only a few details yet to tend to, and enough time left in the day to get them done. Richard smiled to himself as he picked up the phone and began the first of a few calls he had to make that afternoon. Everything was almost ready, tomorrow would be a big day, the biggest in Richard's life.

By the time Richard left the law firm for what would be the last time, he felt a sense of release and relief. As he carried the last box of his belongings from his office to his car, he knew he was doing the right thing. He had a calming notion that told him that leaving the firm was what he needed to do. The drive home was uneventful and soon he was home so he pulled into the garage that had been built in the back yard. After parking his Mercedes next to Taryn's Cadillac, he left the garage and walked up the small path and into the recently added door which opens up into the kitchen.

Taryn was standing at the stove in a slender-fitting, flower-print dress that had a scooping neckline and stopped at her mid-thigh. The dress that Taryn was wearing looked pretty and form-fitting, yet comfortable at the same time. Richard stopped in the doorway and paused to look over, his wife, now "Mistress Red" to him, who was standing at the stove cooking dinner.

Taryn had slimmed and toned up over the past four years, and it certainly showed. While she still had a curvy, hourglass figure, she had lost a few pounds and gained some muscle-tone. Her breasts were still large, round and impressive to see, though they had shrunk slightly as a result of the weight-loss. What they lost in size they made up for in regained firmness. Richard had to admit that Taryn looked better than she had in years and he smiled to himself as he walked over to her.

"How was your day?" Taryn asked casually, without taking her attention away from the pot she was stirring.

When Richard got close enough to Taryn he attempted to kiss her on the lips, but she turned her face at the last moment in order to have him kiss her on the cheek instead. Richard rolled his eyes in frustration but said nothing to convey his hurt feelings to his wife.

"Fine, typical day, nothing special," Richard said as Taryn gave him a peck on the cheek.

"That's nice, get changed quickly and set the table, Nick, dinner's almost ready," Taryn said dismissively as she returned her attention to the pot of dinner she was stirring.

"Yes, Mistress Red," Richard replied respectfully and walked out of the kitchen on his way to his room.

As he walked through the house he passed by the living room and saw Owen sitting in his now usual chair with his pants around his ankles, watching the news. Rosina was on her knees before her brother and was steadily and leisurely sucking his cock. Owen was focused on watching the news on the huge, plasma TV and seemed oblivious to Rosina's oral efforts on his cock. Richard paused to look at his children and noted how much they had changed and grown.

Rosina was wearing a dress that was cut very similar in style to her mother's dress, but Rosina's dress was a light cream-coloured dress with a slightly higher hemline and more daring neckline. The past four years had resulted in some considerable changes in Rosina's body as well. The regular routine of working out in the newly

installed family gym in the basement had helped to shape Rosina's body. Her shoulders and arms had grown in size and bulk which helped to enhance her hourglass figure. Rosina was always self-conscious about her breasts and had wished they were larger. With her working out and toning up these past four years, she had lost a little size in her breasts, and this she couldn't stand. After pleading with Owen for months, he finally gave in and allowed Rosina to get plastic surgery to enhance her breasts to a C cup. While Rosina had wanted D cup breasts, she adored her breasts now and loved to show them off whenever she could; cleavage was her new best friend.

Owen had remained in the similar shape that he had been in before, because he always was the most physically active member of the family. He had gained a little muscle-definition here and there but still looked pretty much the same as he did before. The main difference that had taken place in Owen was his confidence had grown and he exuded an aura of authority. Friends and strangers alike tended to listen to him, and go along with his ideas because he was so confident and persuasive in his delivery. Being Master of three Slaves all the time had given him a slightly over-inflated ego and a natural assumption to take command of any situation.

Richard walked up the stairs and found his room, the small room that had been his for close to four years now. It was a room that he had hated almost as long but one that his son, his Master, had forced upon him. Richard swiftly changed into the tight-fitting shorts and white T-shirt that had been deemed his "uniform" around the house and left the accursed room.

On his way to the kitchen, some movement in the living room caught his eye and he glanced over to see what it was. Once he did, he almost wished he hadn't, and quickly glanced away. Yet the image of his daughter with her dress pulled down to her waist and breasts wrapped around Owen's cock as she vigorously gave him a tit-fuck lingered much longer than he wished it to. Rosina was always finding new things to do and try with her breasts; they seemed to be a new toy that she was infatuated with.

Upon returning to the kitchen, Richard saw Taryn bending over as she searched through the refrigerator, looking for something in particular. The sight of his wife bent over like she was, was indeed a tempting sight, and part of him wanted to walk up behind her and fuck her right there in the kitchen. Richard sighed as he knew that he wasn't even allowed to touch his wife sexually unless directed to. Even just an uninvited patting of her ass or squeezing of her breast would land him in big trouble, with both Master and Mistress Red. Richard growled to himself and then began to set the table for dinner.

Soon enough the family was seated around the dining room table, having just finished dinner. Dinner was over and the family was enjoying the after dinner coffee, and the usual family meeting that coincided. That meeting kept everyone up to speed on what was happening in the family, with each family member now assigned areas of responsibility. Taryn's area was meals, food and managing the household budget. Rosina's area was laundry and household cleaning chores. Richard's area was household, yard, and vehicle maintenance. Everyone had just discussed with Owen how things were going in their area, and Owen then moved to his usual period of announcements.

"With tomorrow being my birthday, we will be meeting at the restaurant at 6. Red, make sure you take your car to work, as I know your timing will cut it close." Owen said while glancing around the table at everyone, looking at Taryn last.

"Yes, Master," Taryn replied respectfully and nodded as she looked at Owen.

"I'm sorry to counter your will, Master, but as I have already said, the Cadillac will be getting serviced tomorrow. As I said, I'm seeing to that personally, Master," Richard replied in a submissive and slightly fearful tone of voice with his head bowed.

"Yes, I forgot, shit, any chance for a loaner?" Owen replied with a growl and frustrated sigh as he looked directly at Richard.

"No, Master," Richard replied with a similarly fearful tone of voice.

"Fine, Cab it instead, Red," Owen said dismissively before glancing around the table as he said, "Any questions?" and upon hearing none, he added, "Dismissed,"

"Thank you for your wisdom and guidance, Master," Taryn, Rosina and Richard said in unison.

As the family got up to go their separate ways, nobody saw Richard smile to himself, knowing that yet another piece of his plan was falling into place. All he had to do was get through this evening and night and everything would be fine. Tomorrow, he would set everything right, and with that Richard breathed as sigh of relief.

Richard and Rosina collected up the dinner dishes in silence and began the process of washing up after the evening meal. Owen and Taryn proceeded into the living room to watch some evening television. They cuddled up on the couch and watched whatever Owen's whim was at the moment. After washing up the dishes, Richard and Rosina walked into the living room and sat down on the loveseat. Nobody but Owen dared to sit in the big chair, even if Owen chose not to occupy it at the moment.

The whole family started to fidget in their seats as they watched the show that Owen had decided to watch. As was not unusual, the current show was a porn movie that was shown larger than life on the massive television. With the surround sound, home theatre, the scene was intense and more than a few people in the room were getting excited from the erotic action displayed before them.

Taryn was the first one to make a move when her hand started to rub up and down Owen's chest. Rosina bit her lip as she watched Taryn's hand make wider and wider circles until her hand brushed over Owen's hard cock on each pass. Coyly Taryn watched her Master's face out of the corner of her eye as she grew bolder and bolder with her hand movements.

"If you're going to tease it, you might as well please it," Owen said without averting his gaze from the television screen.

"Yes, Master!" Taryn replied with a playful giggle.

Taryn didn't have to be told what that meant, and it was the answer she was looking for. You'd think after four years of sucking her son's cock she would get tired of it, or at least the excitement would wear off. Four years of servitude to her son, and sexually servicing him, had only increased her love and devotion to him. Taryn fervently loved her Master now and honestly had come to see herself as his Slave, his possession with no more free-will than his shoes. She adored sucking his cock and happily obliged in doing anything that brought him pleasure. Swiftly and smoothly Taryn positioned herself between the legs of the man she looked up to as a god and unfastened his pants, freeing the fleshy idol of her obsession. Taryn quickly licked her lips before she wrapped them around Owen's cock and descended her lips down to its base, sucking hard as she swallowed his cock.

Owen rested his head back and revelled in the sensations of the expert cocksucker who was at that very moment servicing his cock. The past four years had brought him more sex than some men experience in a lifetime. On one hand Owen knew that his complete control over his whole family was not normal, yet to he could not see any other way to live his life. It was as if this was what he had been meant to do: dominate his family. On top of all that, his life was getting better and better. Owen was looking forward to the end of

the long road to becoming a lawyer. He was in the last semester of his last year of schooling, and happy to soon have school behind him.

Owen looked down at his mother who was sucking his cock and saw the love and devotion in her eyes. Before his birthday four years ago he couldn't imagine his mother even having sex with his father, now he couldn't imagine not having sex with her! Owen looked over at Rosina and felt a great swelling of love for her and winked at her as she started to rub her pussy, while watching her mother with great intent. Owen also looked over at Richard and was content in the knowledge that his father was happy, being relieved of the burden of family leadership. Glancing back at Rosina and noting her excitement, Owen winked at her as a wicked idea formed in his mind.

"Red, how many times do I have to tell you that your tits should swing free when you suck my cock!" Owen said with a smirking growl as he looked down at Taryn and winked at her.

"Sorry, Master," Taryn replied as she every so briefly stopped sucking Owen's cock to peal her dress down to her waist before resuming her oral efforts on Owen's cock.

With Taryn's breasts now bouncing free as she energetically bobbed her head on her Master's cock, the heat of the room increased dramatically. Rosina now had pulled up her dress up and was fervently rubbing her pussy as she watched her mother suck her brother's cock. Richard was reluctantly turned on by the goings on

but on a deeper level he was sickened, and wanted to puke. Get through this night, Richard told himself repeatedly as he did his best to keep his calm. This scene of building family lust continued for a few moments yet, but Owen wasn't satisfied by blowing his load down his mother's throat.

"I'm too hot for your mouth to satisfy me, get up here and ride my cock, facing away from me!" Owen commanded as he looked down at Taryn with passion in his eyes.

"YES, MASTER!" Taryn replied in a giddy squeal as she stood up as fast as she could.

Taryn pushed her dress all the way down and stepped out of it as quickly as she could. She kicked it off to the side before turning around to face away from Owen. Only Richard and Rosina could see the excitement and anticipation on Taryn's face as she planted her legs on either side of Owen's legs. Taryn bit her lower lip as she looked down between her legs, daintily grasping the cock she worshiped in her hands. Lowering herself down steadily Taryn watched in awe as her pussy drew closer to the fleshy outcropping of her Master. Pure bliss flowed through the Slave as she was once again given the privilege of being joined to her Master. Once again the Slave was one with her Master and she had a purpose, being a vessel for his pleasure in the most intimate of ways. A guttural moan escaped Taryn's lips when she had sunk fully onto Owen's cock and she laid back so she was right against his body. Owen's head just peeked over her left shoulder as Taryn rested her head as far back as

it would go. Both Taryn and Owen closed their eyes as they revelled in the sensations of first joining.

Nowhere in Taryn's mind did it seem strange to be fucking the man who she once thought of as her son in front of two people who she once thought of as her daughter and husband. Rosina also didn't feel the slightest bit strange about seeing her Master and Mistress fuck right before her eyes. All Rosina wanted to do was join in the action somehow, to be used to bring them pleasure, as a good Slave should. Richard wanted to leave, and almost did, but kept his cool as he watched his wife fuck their son in front of his eyes.

It was barely a moment before Taryn lifted her hips and withdrew Owen's cock from her pussy until just the tip was still inside of her. Slowly and steadily she lowered herself onto him again, taking exquisite pleasure out of the slow pace. It wasn't two minutes later that Owen grunted in frustration as he grasped Taryn's hips and held them still as he thrust up into her body at a quick pace. Taryn's body twitched as her Master ravaged her body from underneath.

"Cat, Tits. Nick, Pussy!" Owen grunted in time with each thrust into Taryn's body and both Richard and Rosina knew what was expected of them.

Rosina squealed in delight as she rushed across the floor and kneeled beside her mother on the couch. As soon as she possibly could, she wrapped her lips around her mother's left nipple and sucked on the bud of pleasure. Taryn inhaled a sharp breath as she grasped a clump

of Rosina's hair and held firm onto the young woman's head. Rosina's tongue snaked out of her mouth and pushed the nipple out, before it started to trace circular patterns on Taryn's abundant bosom. Taryn sighed contently and giggled giddily as she looked at the young woman who started to lick her right breast.

"Have I ever told you how much I love the way you suck my tits, Cat?" Taryn said dreamily as she started to stoke Rosina's hair.

"Almost every time I play with them," Rosina slurred with a mouth full of her mother's tit. "Have I ever told you how much I love your tits?" she added as she flicked her tongue over the older woman's right nipple.

"Almost every time you play with them," Taryn giggled back as she looked down at her long-standing daughter/lover with love and lust.

Taryn and Rosina looked into each other's eyes and wordlessly conveyed the love they had for each other. The love they had was more than merely family love, more than merely the love of lovers. They were fellow Slaves to the man they loved more than life itself and had long since accepted their love of the female form. Words could not express or define the relationship between these three people, so they never tried to define it. Now and again they would wordlessly reaffirm their love for each other with a deep look, this was one of those times.

"Nick, Master has give you an order, now lick my pussy as Master fucks it!" Taryn growled as she glared at Richard who still hadn't moved from his seat on the loveseat.

"Yes, Mistress Red," Richard replied submissively with a frustrated sigh that he tried to disguise as a deep breath.

Richard shifted his weight and slowly got off the loveseat and looked down at the floor as he walked on his knees toward the couch. As he drew nearer he looked at his wife's pussy and saw his son's cock repeatedly stroking it. It was a cock that had no right to be anywhere near it but it was the only cock that had pierced it's depths in almost four years. As Richard drew his face close to the pussy that he had ate out many times, he had to fight to keep a distasteful look from spreading onto his face. Feeling more than a little uncomfortable with being this close to a cock, Richard decided to focus on Taryn's clitoris.

Taryn was in seventh heaven as her Master pounded her pussy with his thick cock, Rosina expertly sucked on her breasts and Richard mercilessly attacked her clitoris. Taryn's whole body was in constant motion as pleasure shot through her, overwhelming her. Squeaks and moans accompanied the delightful sensations that rocked her body.

"CUMMING, MASTER I'M CUMMING!!!" Taryn screamed as her body tensed up before it quaked and shook violently and unpredictably. Once Taryn's orgasm was over her body collapsed

against Owen and she laid there dreamily as she recovered from the intense bout of pleasure. "Stop it you two," she said as she brushed Richard and Rosina away from her body.

Dutifully Richard and Rosina moved to the floor and knelt before Owen and Taryn with knees together and head bowed. Taryn sat there for a moment more, catching her breath and regaining her strength as Owen's cock was still hard and imbedded deep in her body. Taryn moved her head around and leisurely kissed Owen on the lips with a drawn out kiss of love and appreciation.

"Why don't you break out your 'little friend,' as I take care of Cat here," Owen said with a wide grin on his face after the kiss was broken.

"That's a delightful idea, thank you sooo much, Master!" Taryn said in a sultry tone of voice as her mouth also spread into a wide and wicked grin. "Don't you agree, Nick?" she asked as she glanced at Richard with an almost evil grin on her face.

"Yes, Mistress Red," Richard replied as he hid his face so she could not see the anger that momentarily flashed across it.

Richard had hoped he had seen the last of that damn thing and once again assured himself that tomorrow would bring a brighter day; tomorrow everything would be fine. Taryn swiftly left the room with a spring in her step. It took only a look and a wink from Owen before Rosina moved up and started to lick Owen's cock clean. Rosina

savoured the taste of Taryn as she tongued her Master's cock, making sure to lick it clean.

Taryn returned a moment later gently stroking a plastic, strap-on dildo which she had already strapped onto her body. Richard saw the plastic phallus and sighed in resignation, for he knew where that thing would soon be imbedded. The only solace that Richard took was that the plastic cock was only about six inches long and rather "normal" in its dimensions. Rosina didn't see Taryn return because she was still licking Owen's cock. Taryn looked at Richard who was still kneeling from his spot at the floor and blew him a kiss as she stroked the plastic cock in his direction. Richard winced in reply before he wiped any trace of emotion off of his face. Tarn looked over at Rosina who was kneeling before Owen and at that moment was licking his left testicle.

"Need a bit of lubrication for where this 'bad boy' is going, eh Nick?" Tarn said with a chuckle as she glanced over at Richard with a smug look on her face and winked at him.

"Yes Mistress Red," Richard replied and looked down and away.

"Cat, get up on all fours," Taryn said as she knelt down behind Rosina.

Rosina lifted her bum up so that she was now on all fours but still didn't stop sucking Owen's cock. Taryn positioned herself behind Rosina and grasped the cock with one hand and placed her other

hand on Rosina's back to steady herself. Taryn moved forward and guided the strap-on dildo to the entrance to Rosina's depths. Once the plastic cock touched Rosina's pussy lips the young woman shot a hand down between her legs to spread her nether-lips apart. With a shove, Taryn penetrated Rosina and continue to stuff the tight pussy with the plastic cock. Rosina let Owen's cock slip from her mouth and moaned her approval as she sat there and revelled in the sensation of being filled. Taryn didn't pause at all once she was fully imbedded in Rosina's pussy; she drew back her cock and began a steady pace of fucking. Once the fucking began Rosina resumed her sucking of their Master's cock while her Mistress fucked her with the strap-on dildo.

"I do like fucking you, Cat," Taryn said as she grasped Rosina's hips and quickened her pace of fucking her daughter.

"I like getting fucked! It's been a while since we played around with 'Fred,' maybe I could take a turn with you next," Rosina said as she glanced over her shoulder and looked at her mother and winked.

"Some other time, perhaps, I got plans for this one," Taryn said as she looked over at Richard who sat there still looking at the floor.

"That's enough, Red," Owen said as he started to shift forward on the couch.

"Nick, on all fours!" Taryn commanded as she pulled out of Rosina, eliciting a whimper of protest from Rosina.

Richard groaned internally as he slowly got up from his kneeling position and got on all fours, facing away from the family. He knew what was going to happen and didn't want to participate, yet knew he was powerless to stop it. While he hated his submission to his son and the whole sick world he had been drawn into, he couldn't bring himself to protest or break free of the hold Owen had over him. He had gone too far down the road of submission and Slavery to see his way out. All that would change tomorrow, with that thought, a sense of peace fell over Richard as he waited.

Once Rosina saw Owen start to get off the couch, she spun on the spot so that she was in position for Owen to fuck right away. She spread her pussy lips and waited for Owen to mount her. Owen didn't pause at all he simply positioned himself behind Rosina and thrust his cock into Rosina swiftly and steadily. Both Rosina and Owen moaned and marvelled at the tight fit of his cock in her pussy, even after four years of fucking. As soon as he was fully inside her, Owen pulled back and began to fuck Rosina at a savage pace, tightly grasping her hips and pounding her pussy like he owned it, because he did.

Richard had been watching Owen start to fuck Rosina but as soon as he felt Taryn's hand on his back he knew the moment had come. Richard fought his instinct to tighten up and instead forced himself to relax his ass and waited for Taryn to begin the humiliating ass-fucking. Taryn positioned the dildo at Richard's back door and pressed forward until the head of it sunk into Richard's ass. Taryn pushed just a few inches in before she pulled back and slowly began

the ass-fucking of her husband. After a few strokes Taryn would push just a little farther into Richard's ass for a few strokes, repeating this until she was fucking Richard's ass with the full length of the plastic cock.

Richard closed his eyes and imagined he was back with Heather and all was the way things used to be. He wished he was anywhere but where he was and that he was doing anything but what he was doing. It was true that at one time he lived for the times that Heather, his former Mistress, would ream his ass with a strap-on dildo. It was different then, back then it was only for a short time on Fridays. His submission was compartmentalized; now it consumed his life. The ass-fucking his wife gave him only reminded him of the complete lack of power or control over his life that he had. Richard lowered his head and fought the urge to sob his shame.

Of the four people having sex in that room, Owen was the first to cum and slammed deep into Rosina's pussy as he flooded her pussy with his cum. Once she felt Owen cuming inside her Rosina came, excited and content in the knowledge that she had brought her Master pleasure, as any good Slave should. Once their respective orgasms were done, both Owen and Rosina collapsed on the floor to recuperate. Owen rolled off Rosina and watched Taryn fuck Richard up the ass with gusto.

Looking underneath his father, Owen noticed that Richard's cock was hard and throbbing, seemingly ignored. While Richard himself may have hated what was happening, his body seemed to remember and like the familiar sensations. Richard just wanted Taryn to be

satisfied and finish the act that he found utterly humiliating, yet he couldn't deny that part of him still liked the humiliation.

"Cat, why don't you help finish off Nick," Owen said as he pointed at Richard.

"Yes, Master," Rosina said breathlessly and then started to crawl towards Richard and Rosina.

The last thing Richard wanted was to cum right now. The last thing he wanted was to give Taryn the satisfaction of knowing that he drew any pleasure from the activity whatsoever. Yet Rosina steadily crawled over to him and he couldn't help but notice how well her body was shaped and his cock twitched in response. Richard looked away from his daughter who approached with the express purpose of sucking his cock. Worse yet was the memories of the previous times that his little girl had sucked his cock and how expertly she had done so. He hated that his sweet little angel still turned him on so, and that part of him still longed to sink his cock into her pussy, just once; as yet, that desire remained unfulfilled.

Rosina neared Richard and flopped onto her back and slid under Richard so that she was in a 69 position with Richard. Without pausing to tease or announce what she was about to do, Rosina wrapped her lips around her father's cock. She began to suck her father's cock like it was the most natural thing in the world to do, yet the mixed feelings the act stirred up in Richard was troubling indeed. On one hand he wanted to keep his relationship with his daughter

pure and innocent, yet on the other hand he wanted to ravage her tight, young body. The taboo, illicit blowjob he was receiving was only the least of what Richard desired to do to his darling daughter.

"She's being nice to you, Nick, it's only fair that you reciprocate," Taryn growled as she gave Richard's head a shove.

Richard knew what that meant, and once again the thought of eating Rosina's pussy filled him with conflicting emotions. On one hand he wanted to taste her sweet pussy and bring her pleasure. On the other hand he knew that pussy was filled with Owen's cum and the thought of doing anything with his son, the source of his humiliation, filled him with anger. Before he could even start to protest, Richard began to lower his head to his daughter's pussy and started to lick the young snatch. The slight rocking of her hips silently conveyed her approval of Richard's experienced tongue-work.

Richard focused only on pleasing Rosina, pushing all other thoughts out of his mind. Richard ate that pussy with all the love and lust he had for his little girl, using his considerable experience in pussy-licking to his advantage. Rosina's hips started to quiver and shake uncontrollably as pleasure began to consume her. While Richard focused on eating Rosina's pussy to the best of his ability, Rosina focused on sucking Richard's cock to the best of her ability. It was a close race between who was going to make the other cum first: Richard or Rosina.

In the end it was a very close finish with Rosina cuming first, but only just. Rosina pulled Richard's cock out of her mouth and screamed as her father-induced orgasm ripped through her body. The sound of his little girl moaning like a whore as a result of his oral efforts was too much for Richard, and it pushed him over the edge. His cock exploded like a cannon, shooting cum all over the place, covering Rosina's face in her father's cum. Taryn was the last to cum, the sounds of decadent orgasm and the sensation of the dildo on her clitoris proving too much for her. The three people collapsed this way and that, ending up in a grouping of fleshy bodies.

"Impressive show," Owen said as he looked at his family covered in sweat and cum, all piled together on the living room floor. "Let's get some rest," he added as he watched Taryn begin to lick Rosina's face clean.

Richard didn't have to be told twice to leave and did so as soon as he was graciously able to. All he wanted to do was put this day behind him, not even noting which woman spent the night with Owen. The next morning both Taryn and Rosina got up early and made breakfast for the whole family. Once Taryn, Rosina and Richard had finished breakfast, the women served Owen breakfast in bed. Thankfully Richard wasn't required to help in this part of the annual celebration that the family called: "The Reformation."

Owen's birthday had become a dual celebration to the family. On one hand it was simply Owen's birthday, celebrated like any other birthday, with an evening out and that person being the focus of the attention. Even Richard was treated to this family celebration and it

was one of the few moments that he took pleasure in spending time with his family, for it was almost normal. The other meaning that Owen's birthday had taken on was that it was the symbol of the new "Reformed structure" of the family, a structure that they simply called "The Reformation". So the "Reformation Celebration" (called "Reformation" for short) followed the path that Owen took to become "The Master of The Family" and lasted 11 days in total.

The first day of Reformation was Owen's birthday, because it was the night that he took Taryn on as his Slave and took his first steps as becoming "The Master of The Family". Five days later, it is remembered as Rosina's anniversary, when she first became his Slave. Six days after that is the final day of Reformation where the family celebrates the actual time of Reformation, the day when Owen took Richard on as his Slave and became "The Master of The Family". The final day of Reformation was the most special day for the family, taking on a very special significance. The other days are only marked with a special breakfast in bed and a momentary pause of reflection. The final day of Reformation was celebrated with a ceremony where the whole family would kneel before Owen and praise him as their Master and reaffirm their commitment to him and "The Reformation." Owen would then reclaim each family member, with the same oath, each and every year, promising to guide and protect them, as they serve and submit to him.

Richard left the house early on the pretence of an early meeting, yet not really having anywhere to go; he just wanted to get out of there. He hated Reformation with a passion and loathed every part of it. Richard spent the next few hours driving around the city, taking in the sights. He drove to places he had been and memories both good

and bad came back to him as a result. It was late afternoon by the time this trip down memory-lane was finished and Richard was back at the house. Richard leisurely walked around the house, examining the pictures and mementos on the walls. Once again, he thought back to the happier times, before his family had become so twisted and lost to him, before The Reformation. Richard finished his tour and the last room he was in was the master bedroom, even just standing in Owen's room filled him with a feeling of dread.

* * *

Owen looked around the restaurant and frowned as he saw no sign of anyone approaching. Taryn put her hand on Owen's hand and smiled at him warmly as she squeezed it in a show of support. Owen looked at her and smiled back, taking comfort in her gentle touch. Just the two of them sat at the table in the dimly lit restaurant which was one the same restaurant that the family always went to.

"He'll be here, Moe. He wouldn't miss your Birthday dinner," Taryn said in an assuring manner.

"I know, but it's 6:30 and we should order, I'm starved." Owen said as he let out a frustrated sigh.

"You're right, but I'm sure he just got caught up at work, is all," Taryn replied as she smiled lovingly at Owen. "Cat, get up here, we're ordering," Taryn said with a confident tone of voice.

Immediately there was some rustling and movement from under the table and shortly thereafter Rosina emerged. She quietly slithered up into her seat and wiped her chin as she settled herself in her seat. Taryn and Rosina shared a smile and momentary giggle as Owen signalled the waitress that they were ready to order.

Before long, their meals were spread before them and the trio were happily eating. Out of the corner of his eye, Owen noticed that Taryn wasn't eating, but rather felt her looking at her. Owen looked over at Taryn and saw that she was smiling lovingly at him with a reminiscent look. Owen couldn't help but smile, lean over to her and kiss her.

"What is it?" Owen asked Taryn after the kiss was over.

"Oh, I was just thinking how much I love your birthday," Taryn said with a bashful giggle, momentarily looking away.

"Oh, why?" Owen replied with a knowing smile.

"It's the first day of Reformation, the day I became yours!" Taryn said with a beaming smile.

"Yeah, it almost seems like a different life now, doesn't it?" Owen asked with a chuckle.

"You mean, life before The Reformation? Yeah, all I remember is the pain and sadness," Taryn said with a twinge of regret in her voice, as she looked down, the emotions getting the better of her.

"All that is in the past now," Rosina said in a reassuring tone as she put her arm around Taryn and squeezed her in a comforting gesture. "We have each other, what more do we need?" she added in an upbeat tone of voice.

"Not a thing, Cat, not a thing," Taryn said in a grateful tone as she leaned in and gave Rosina a peck on the lips. "I have you and Master, and that is all I need," she added as she leaned over and gave Owen a peck on the lips.

"So neither of you regret The Reformation?" Owen asked curiously as his eyes darted back and forth between Taryn and Rosina.

"No, of course not! You took away the pain and confusion in my life and I have felt nothing but love and contentment ever since! I honestly couldn't imagine my life any other way!" Rosina responded confidently, as her face beamed with love and devotion while looking back at Owen.

"So you don't feel odd about, or regret becoming your brother's Slave?" Owen asked curiously.

Rosina drew a breath to speak but Taryn cut her off, placing her hand on Rosina's hand. Taryn leaned in and looked Owen in the eye with a serious look on her face. She paused for a moment to focus Owen's full attention on her, before she spoke slowly and deliberately.

"Some time ago, Cat and I were talking about that very thing. We both came to the same conclusion, something that we always thought you felt and understood, so we never have voiced it until now. After The Reformation, so many things have changed, not the least of which is how we perceive each other." Taryn said carefully, pausing momentarily.

"Yes," Owen replied in a calm tone.

"After The Reformation, you ceased to be my son and her brother but became our Master. In turn I ceased to be her mother and she is no longer my daughter but we are instead Fellow Slaves to you. Do you understand, we feel more like your wives than your kin?" Taryn said and finished, almost fearful of Owen's reaction.

"Yeah, exactly," was all Owen said with a broad smile on his face as he leaned in and kissed Taryn and then Rosina on the lips.

The evening wore on and the dinner turned to dancing, drinks accompanied the dancing. Yet during all this time, Richard never showed. The family was disappointed that Richard was a no-show but this was not unlike Richard to miss important events due to work concerns.

Eventually the evening was over and the time had come to go home. A strange thing happened when the time came to pay the bill. Without really thinking about it, Owen paid the bill with a credit card and the family started to pack up to leave. An embarrassed waitress came back saying the card was declined, flustered the family produced credit card after credit card until every last one had been tried and declined. Angrily, Owen pulled out his cell-phone and started to dial the credit card company, only to find that the phone wasn't working, even though he had good signal. Angrily Owen paid the bill with his debit-card and the family left the restaurant to catch a cab to take them home. Owen would deal with the phone and credit card companies tomorrow.

* * *

Richard looked at his watch as he stood in the master bedroom of his home and noted that it was 6:15 pm. Richard smiled to himself, happy that the time had finally come to put his plan in action. Richard picked up the phone and made the last two phone calls that he had to do to make his plan complete. Richard then returned to his room, and changed into his best suit and examined himself in the mirror. Smiling to himself that he did look good, he went into the closet and retrieved the gun that he had bought not long ago. Richard made sure that the gun was loaded before he put it in his pocket while leaving the room.

Richard walked downstairs and out the back door. Richard went to the garage and paused to look at both cars parked beside each other.

Picking up the full jerry-can of gasoline he poured a splattering of gas on both cars and the walls before walking out, trailing gasoline from the garage into the house. Upon entering the house Richard went from room to room tossing gasoline around liberally, until he was back in the Master bedroom where he tossed the empty Jerry-can aside.

Returning to the garage, Richard lit a match and tossed it into the pool of gasoline where it erupted in flames. Even as Richard left the garage, the flames quickly spread and engulfed the whole garage. Richard walked calmly up to the master bedroom sat on the bed, removed the gun from his pocket, put it to his head and pulled the trigger. Richard's body fell back on the bed with a hole in its head as the house started to catch on fire, in minutes the house was also engulfed in flames.

* * *

As the cab turned the last corner, Owen, Taryn and Rosina saw that their quiet street was bustling with activity. Fire- trucks lined the street and fire-fighters were fighting a losing battle against a fire that was raging at a house down the street. Police were on the scene trying to keep order and the crowd of onlookers back to a safe distance. As the cab pulled up to the action, it was clear that the fire-fighters were not trying to save the house but prevent the fire from spreading to the neighbouring houses. This house was a write-off and unrecognizable amidst the inferno. When the family got out of their cab, they had the horrific realization that this was not a neighbour's house, but their own. Taryn and Rosina collapsed in

shock and horror as they saw their decimated home. Owen wrapped his arm around each woman and held them tight, practically holding them up as they watched helplessly their home burn to the ground.

Chapter Two: Aftermath

The morning sun did not bring a brighter day, nor did the problems of the trio seem any lighter. All that the morning sun brought with it was a clearer picture of the devastation that had entered their lives. As they stared at the smouldering pile of burned-out debris, they had little concept of just how completely their lives had changed that morning.

Owen, Taryn and Rosina sat there on the bumper of the ambulance and stared blankly at what once been their home. Tarn and Rosina clutched Owen for dear life and rested their heads on his shoulders while Owen held them around the waist. The three were in a daze and to say they were shocked would be a monumental understatement. None of them noticed the older fireman approach them, covered in soot, sweat and dirt. Nor did they notice the black police officer walking beside him.

"Hello, Mrs, Thompson, I'm Fire Chief Solomon, and this is Officer Bronson." The senior fireman said as he took off his helmet, ran his fingers through his short, sweat-soaked hair before he pointed at the black police officer beside him. "We've finally got the fire out but we're still searching for hot spots,"

The two men were as opposite as they could be. Fire Chief Solomon was a short, older, slightly portly white man who was covered in dirt, soot, sweat and grime, as he had just spent the night fighting the fire. Officer Bronson was a tall man in his late twenties who looked clean, crisp and professional. He almost appeared to have just come on shift rather than what he had actually done: keeping the crowd of onlookers under control all night as the firemen battled the fire.

"Of course it's out, you let it burn to the ground! There's nothing left to burn!" Owen snapped as he glared at Fire Chief Solomon.

"We got here fast and this house was fully engulfed by the time we got here, there was nothing we could do. It's a miracle the whole block didn't go up, we were lucky to keep it contained to just your house. We're going to conduct an investigation, but in my opinion, there must have been some accelerant used," Fire Chief Solomon said with a certain and slightly sombre tone.

"Do you mean that somebody deliberately did this?" Taryn snapped as she stared at Fire Chief Solomon n disbelief.

"I can't say for certain, that is what the investigation is for, but it looks that way to me," Fire Chief Solomon said with confidence and a touch of compassion.

"Can you think of anyone who would like to hurt you or your family?" Officer Bronson asked as he looked at Taryn with a discerning look.

"Well, no . . . but my husband is a lawyer, so I suppose it might have something to do with a case he was working on, but I doubt it," Taryn said, the shock and confusion still evident in her voice and manner.

"Where is Mr. Thompson?" Officer Bronson asked, still observing Taryn.

"He was tied up at work. He was supposed to meet us for a family outing last night, but he never showed," Taryn replied, still frazzled.

"Where does Mr. Thompson work?" Officer Bronson asked calmly.

"Downtown at the law firm of Anderson, Basilone, Jersey, Schmidt, Thompson and Verbeek, he's a senior partner in the firm," Taryn said, trying to keep her composure.

"So you talked to him, and he told you that he was staying at work?" Officer Bronson asked expectantly.

"Well, no, but he is always staying late at work for one reason or another. It's not unusual for him to miss family outings for work." Officer Bronson asked with a discerning look.

"When was the last time you had any contact with him?" Officer Bronson asked curiously.

"Yesterday morning, when he left for work," Taryn replied with a shrug.

"You're sure he was at work and wasn't at home at any time yesterday?" Officer Bronson asked with a pressing tone of voice. "I work at the Spa around the corner but he never comes home during the day, he's a workaholic," Taryn replied, a little flustered.

"Where is this going? What are you trying to say? We haven't seen him since yesterday, what does that have to do with the fact that our house has burned down?" Owen snapped as he glared at Officer Bronson in defiant disbelief.

"Where is he now? It is usual for him to stay at work all night?" Officer Bronson asked with slight annoyance entering his voice.

"He never does. He always comes home. Sometimes quite late, but he always comes home," Taryn replied with a stunned and shocked manner.

"I don't know what this means but we have witnesses who say they saw Mr. Thompson came home in the late afternoon yesterday and nobody saw him leave," Officer Bronson said with confidence.

"So he forgot something at home and came back for it," Owen replied defiantly.

"How many cars does your family own?" Officer Bronson asked casually.

"Two, what difference does that make?" Owen scoffed.

"We found two cars in the garage," Fire Chief Solomon said with sombre certainty.

"That's impossible, the Cadillac was being serviced and we couldn't get a loaner, that's why we took a cab to the restaurant!" Owen explained with a defiant tone of voice and an angry demeanour.

"Did you drop it off for service?" Officer Bronson asked, with a hint of a knowing tone to his voice.

"No, Rich . . ." Owen started to say but then fell silent and looked down in shock.

"Right now we don't know anything for certain. All we do know is that the fire looks suspicious, Mr. Thompson was the last one seen at the house before the fire, and that he is missing."

"Oh my God!" Taryn cried out in shock and embraced Owen harder.

"We're going to investigate this fire and do our best to locate Mr. Thompson. The best thing for you to do right now is get some rest. Is there anywhere that you can stay?" Officer Bronson spoke with calming confidence, silently reassuring the Thompson family that he would get to the bottom of this mystery.

Taryn, Owen and Rosina stared blankly back at Officer Bronson, and tried to work their stunned minds to think of anyone who could take them in. Nobody would be up for this sort of inconvenience, and panic started to settle in as the trio realized they had nowhere to go.

A bustle and commotion could be heard not far off and getting closer. A woman could be heard shouting in shock as she looked upon the demolished house for the first time. When the crowd started to part to let the now frantic woman through, it was soon evident who it was: Karen.

In the four years that Taryn had been working at Karen's Spa, Karen had not seemed to change one bit. She was still the tall, slender, Italian woman she had always been, her breasts were still large and unmistakable, no matter what she wore. She simply couldn't hide them and never paid much attention to them in the first place. Her thick black hair still felt to her shoulder-blades and her face was a pretty as it always was, Karen seemed to have a timeless beauty about her. She was wearing jeans, a T-shirt and a light jacket that day as she rushed towards the Thompson's that fateful morning.

"Oh my God! TARYN! Are you okay? What happened?" Karen shouted in shock as she rushed over to embrace Taryn tightly.

"We don't know what happened. There was a fire and Richard is missing," Taryn said as she tried hard not to break down and cry.

"WHAT! Oh my God!" Karen shouted in shock.

"Mam! Mam! Do you know these people?" Officer Bronson asked sternly and loudly enough to get Karen's attention.

"Yes, she works for me," Karen replied in a mildly flustered tone.

"They've been here all night, and they need some rest, can they stay with you?" Officer Bronson asked confidently.

"Oh Absolutely! C'mon, let's get you out of the street," Karen said as he helped Taryn to stand up.

After giving her contact details to Officer Bronson and assuring him that she would take care of them, Karen walked the family over to her spa. On the way they told Karen what little they knew of what had happened. Karen was in shock and had as hard a time believing that Richard had anything to do with the fire as anyone. When they arrived at the Spa, Taryn wanted to help Karen out, but she wouldn't

hear of it. Karen insisted that all three of them stay in the apartment downstairs to relax.

The Spa's downstairs apartment was a modest and functional, but was not fancy by any stretch of the imagination. A door behind the front wall, yet off to one side of the building hides a single, straight set of stairs that leads down to the basement. When you exit the stairs you are facing the front wall of the spa. A small storage room is against the opposite wall that the stairs runs beside. Between the stairs and the storage room is a wall, which forms an open area between the two. The entrance to the apartment itself is a plain door in the middle of the wall. The door opens up into the living room area and just inside the door and off to one side is a small hall closet. In the living room are: a single hide-a-bed, a chair, a coffee table, two end tables and a small entertainment centre with a TV and DVD player. Two thirds of the width of the basement is taken up by the dining room and kitchen. A hallway runs beside these two rooms and turns after the kitchen, forming an L shape around the kitchen and dining rooms. The other side of the hallway is one bedroom, used for storage, and a bathroom, the far wall is divided evenly between two bedrooms. The kitchen is a galley kitchen, with one entrance near the bedrooms and the other leading into the dining room. The dining room has one other entrance, leading into the hallway.

Taryn, Owen and Rosina were cuddled up on the couch of the downstairs apartment, trying to grasp the concept that they were in fact homeless. Nobody said anything for a long time, simply taking comfort in each other's arms. Rosina was the one to break the silence, posing the question that was on all of their minds.

"Do you really think Richard did it?" Rosina timidly asked no one in particular.

"It's absurd! He loved that house, he grew up in that house and I could never get him to move. Why would he burn down his childhood home?" Taryn replied in frustrated puzzlement.

"I don't know, but it all seems odd. I mean, where is Richard? Do you think he was called away on some urgent business trip?" Rosina replies, sounding scared and confused.

"Not without phoning, he would never leave town without phoning," Taryn replied with a worried tone.

"We don't know anything for sure! We don't know how the fire started. We don't know why the cars were there. We don't know where Richard is. We can't make any assumptions until we know more!" Owen said with an aggravated tone of voice.

"What about the credit cards and the phones . . . you know, last night, why wouldn't they work? Do you think that has anything to do with this? It is odd that all the credit cards and our phones stop working on the night our house burns down?" Rosina replied, now more worried than ever.

"Well, that is one part of this mess that we can find out about. Give me the phone." Owen said with certainty.

Rosina passed Owen the phone and he fished out his wallet and he pulled out his credit card and dialled the number on the back. To his horror he found out that he card didn't work because it was cancelled by the main card holder: Richard. Pulling out his cell phone he dialled the service access number and talked to the phone company only to find out the same thing, that Richard had cancelled the cell service on all three phones yesterday and closed the account. What was more aggravating was that Owen could not get either reactivated because the accounts were closed, he would have to open a new cell phone account and apply for a new credit card. Taryn snatched the phone from Owen and proceeded to call the credit card companies for the cards she had. One by one she got the same answer: the card is no good because the account was closed, yesterday. With shaking hands and a fearful heart she dialled the bank and spoke with them to confirm her deepest fear, all of the bank accounts were closed and the money withdrawn. Every penny was gone from, the main checking account, the emergency account, and the retirement savings account. It was clear that Richard had deliberately cleaned them out, but no one in the room could fathom why.

"So, not only are we homeless but we're destitute too! He took everything! He cut off all the cards, cancelled the phones and closed out all the bank accounts! That Jackass took everything!" Taryn fumed as she slammed down the phone after talking to the bank.

"If he wanted to leave, why didn't he just say so? Why do all this?" Owen asked with a stunned and shocked expression.

"Because he's a JACKASS, that's why! I'm going to find out where Richard is and get some answers from him, right now!" Taryn said as she picked up the phone and dialled Richard's extension at the law firm.

"Brad speaking, how can I help you?" Brad said as he answered the phone in his new office.

"I'm sorry, I must have dialled the wrong number, I was trying to reach Richard Thompson's office," Taryn said with a perplexed and apologetic tone of voice.

"This WAS, Richard Thompson's office. He quit two days ago when his family moved to Montana," Brad replied with an unsure tone of voice.

"MONTANA! THIS IS HIS WIFE! TARYN THOMPSON! WHAT THE FUCK DO YOU MEAN HE MOVED TO MONTANA!" Taryn shrieked into the phone.

"Mrs. Thompson? It is you! Wha . . . um . . . I don't know what to tell you, but he sold his share in the firm to me two days ago and told us he was moving to Montana," Brad stammered into the phone

"WELL THIS IS NEWS TO ME! ALL I KNOW is my house BURNED DOWN last night, the bank account is DRY and my husband is MISSING! And now you tell me that he quit the firm and is moving to MONTANA!" Taryn angrily snapped, her voice dripping with anger and outrage.

"Let me put you through to someone who may know more about this than I do," Brad said with a fearful tone in his voice and quickly transferred Taryn's call to Tony.

"Tony here," Tony said as he answered the phone in his office.

"Tony! It's Taryn here, do you know anything about Richard moving to MONTANA? And did he REALLY sell his share in the firm? What the hell is going on?" Taryn said with a panicked tone of voice.

"You mean, you're not moving to Montana?" Tony replied in disbelief.

"NO! He never mentioned a word about any of this. All I know is that he left for work yesterday, like any other day, and last night the house burned to the ground, none of the credit card are working, the phones are cut off, the bank account is dry and Richard is missing!" Taryn said with the outrage and stress tainting her voice.

"Oh my God! You can't be serious?" Tony replied in disbelief.

"Oh believe me, Tony, I wish I was kidding," Taryn replied, her voice still dripping with anger.

"But Richard wouldn't do that to you and the kids! It's not like him," Tony replied, still stunned over the revelations of the past few moments.

"Is there anything you can tell me? Did Richard really sell his partnership?" Taryn asked, a little calmer now, but not by much.

"A few weeks ago . . ." Tony started out explain but was cut off by Taryn

"A FEW WEEKS AGO!" Taryn shrieked.

"Let me finish!" Tony sternly said and paused momentarily to ensure Taryn wasn't going to interrupt. "A few weeks ago Richard came to me and said he just wanted out, wanted to sell his stake in the firm, that he needed a change of pace he said, we finalized the deal two days ago," Tony explained with a calmer tone of voice.

"Two days ago! He never said a word of this to ANY of us! He went through his usual routine like everything was fine, he even left the house yesterday morning, saying he was going to work! What the hell is going on? Where is Richard? What am I going to do now?" Taryn asked in a panic.

"Calm down, listen, where are you staying? Where can I get a hold of you?" Tony said in a firm tone of voice.

"Karen's, we're at Karen's spa," Taryn replied in a slightly calmer tone of voice.

"Good, stay put and don't do anything. I'll make a few calls and see what I can find out, it may take a few days but I assure you, I will get some answers." Tony said confidently.

"Thanks Tony," Taryn said with a relieved sigh as she hung up the phone.

The family tried to watch television to take their minds off of their troubles but none of them were really watching what was on the screen. The three of them zoned out for the remainder of the day and only snapped out of it when Karen and Veronica walked downstairs at the end of the workday. Veronica had stayed upstairs and helped her mother run the Spa after her college classes, in order to give the family some privacy.

"So, are you guys hungry?" Karen asked in a forced chipper tone of voice as she walked through the door. "Hmm what?" Taryn replied as she looked up at Karen.

"Dinner, are you guys ready for dinner yet? Have you eaten anything all day?" Karen asked as she paused to look at the trio on the couch.

The scene on the couch was disturbing to Karen but not enough for her to say anything about it. Owen was seated in the middle of the couch and Taryn and Rosina were sitting on either side of him. Each woman was snuggled up to him in a borderline intimate embrace, each woman was leaning right up against Owen and was resting her head on his upper chest. Each woman was cuddled up to Owen about as close as they could get without lying on top of him. Owen had his hand around each woman's waist. No hands were anywhere private and while it seemed to be an intimate embrace, it was not overtly so. Karen thought it was an odd way for a family to sit together but then, the Thompson's were always a "touchy-feely" family. Karen shook her head and wrote it off to the fact that they were simply more affectionate than she was comfortable with. "Dinner? I'll give you a hand," Taryn said, coming out of her funk as she started to get up from the couch.

"Don't be silly, we can handle it! After all you've been through, you just relax," Karen said as she glanced at Veronica who was standing just inside the apartment door, saying nothing.

Veronica was now twenty-two and in her last year of college, working towards her degree in Business Management. She was still a touch on the plump side, but her weight was evenly distributed around her body, giving her an hourglass figure and softer, rounder curves. Her breasts had grown slightly in the past four years and now were a DD cup, slightly larger than her mother's D cup breasts. Her thick black hair still fell straight to her waist and she was as

much of an Italian beauty as her mother and was very similar to her mother in appearance and manner but not quite as tall.

Veronica looked at the Thompson's on the couch with longing in her brown eyes. Her eyes wandered over the three on the couch again and again, yet still she said nothing. Veronica, like Karen had noticed the intimate embrace that the three on the couch were in, yet she was not disturbed, but envious. Veronica longed to hold her mother like Owen was holding his right now. Veronica would settle for holding Taryn like Owen was holding her now. Her mind started to wonder if there was more to this "affectionate family" than met the eye. Could she somehow get her mother to accept that this type of intimate contact was acceptable between family members? Veronica was snapped out of her thoughts by her mother's stern voice.

"You gonna help me with dinner or what?" Karen asked again in a slightly firmer tone of voice as she stared at Veronica with disbelief.

"Sure," Veronica said pleasantly and walked towards her mother.

Veronica followed her mother into the kitchen and the two started to fix dinner for the five of them. Karen had told Veronica when she arrived at the Spa, earlier that day, what had happened and that Owen, Taryn and Rosina were staying with them for the time-being. Veronica wondered what her mother thought of the Thomson family's embrace. How receptive would Karen be to her own daughter cuddling up to her in a similar fashion? Veronica decided to slyly broach the subject while they were making dinner.

"It's terrible what they've been through." Veronica said as she moved the pot of water onto the stove to begin heating it to boiling.

"Yeah, terrible; it looks like they've lost everything!" Karen said as she began searching through cupboards.

"It's good of you to take them in. Do you know how long they'll be staying with us?" Veronica casually asked.

"Until they get back on their feet," Karen replied as she started to pull out a few items for dinner.

"Well, that's fine by me, they've always seemed like a nice and loving family," Veronica said and watched her mother out of the corner of her eye.

"Yeah, quite loving," Karen said with an uncomfortable tone of voice and gave a mild shudder.

"What do you mean?" Veronica asked with a curious tone of voice.

That was the response Veronica was looking for. That was the excuse she needed to steer the conversation towards where she wanted it to go. Veronica wanted to know how open her mother would be to similar contact between them. Could she somehow use the

Thompson family as an example, and somehow move her mother towards more physical contact between them?

"They've always been quite 'affectionate' if you know what I mean," Karen said with an uncomfortable manner as she looked at Veronica.

"What's wrong with physical affection between family members?" Veronica asked curiously with a raised eyebrow.

"Well . . . nothing . . . but there is a line, and how they interact borders on the 'intimate'," Karen stammered out, not at all comfortable with this conversation, nor having to defend modesty and restraint to her daughter.

"What's wrong with me coming home and showing you how much I love you?" Veronica asked with a mildly hurt tone of voice.

"Well, nothing!" Karen replied defensively.

Veronica turned and approached her unsuspecting mother from behind and hugged her. Veronica wrapped her arms around her mother and pressed her body tightly up against Karen. Veronica could feel her mother's breasts barely touching her arms as she squeezed her mother in the tight hug. Veronica wondered if her mother could feel her daughter's nipples pressing into her back. Veronica rested her head on her mother's shoulder, her lips dangerously close to her mother's ear. Oh how Veronica wanted to

nibble that ear, but she knew that was crossing the line. She held the embrace for as long as she dared, only a few seconds, but for Veronica it was heaven; it only left her wanting more.

"Like this?" Veronica whispered in Karen's ear curiously.

"Perhaps that's a little much, but I appreciate the gesture, dear," Karen said as she started to wiggle and squirm to get out of Veronica's embrace.

"It's just a hug! I think you're being silly," Veronica chuckled dismissively as she broke the embrace.

Veronica returned to her portion of helping make dinner and dropped the subject. Veronica left her mother to think and ponder on the embrace and hoped Karen liked the hug as much as Veronica did, but she doubted it. Veronica decided to be just a little more affectionate, hoping her mother would slowly accept the increased level of intimate contact, the intimate touch she craved.

Karen was stunned by Veronica's actions and attitudes. She stood there and wondered if she was simply being too conservative. She actually wondered if she was being too stand-offish with her daughter. Was this simply a result of Veronica seeing the odd behaviour of the Thompson's and thinking that was normal? A frightening thought fleetingly crossed her mind that perhaps the Thompson's were normal and she was too cold and distant with her daughter? That thought seemed absurd, but Karen was still confused

and said nothing, only occasionally glancing at Veronica with a troubled look.

Dinner was eventually served and everyone talked about the latest revelations that had been discovered that day. After the discussion everyone agreed that the Thompson family should go through their regular routines. There was nothing else they could do at the moment and the sitting around the house doing nothing served no purpose. Taryn would continue to help out in the Spa to cover "room and board" for the family. Owen still had his bus pass so he could continue to get to and from college (at least until the end of the month) and continue his studies. Rosina would continue working at the hospital, which was within walking distance from the Spa.

Taryn, Owen and Rosina were well mindful that they were in Karen's home and that they had to act as a "normal" family. Owen said he would sleep on the floor and Taryn and Rosina would sleep on the couch. After the tumultuous day, they wanted to sleep together, but knew that would raise too many questions. Karen and Veronica helped to get the three of them situated and then walked toward the back of the apartment.

Karen and Veronica got changed into their sleeping attire, Karen into her silk pyjamas and Veronica into her oversized T-shirt that came down just below her round rump. The two had just finished brushing their teeth and had left the bathroom on their way to their respective bedrooms. Karen turned to Veronica expecting to give her the light hug and peck on the cheek that was the norm between them before heading off to bed.

"Goodnight, dear," Karen said pleasantly, with a smile on her face as she opened her arms for the expected hug.

Veronica had other things in mind and decided to start to increase the level of physical affection between her and her mother starting right then. Veronica moved in to hug her mother and instead of the distant hug, she usually gave, Veronica pulled her mother tightly to her. Veronica's embrace forced their bodies and breasts to be mashed together, without an inch of space between them. Karen turned to look at Veronica and was about to ask what was going on when Veronica planted a quick peck on her lips.

"Goodnight, mom," Veronica said in a chipper tone as she quickly broke the embrace and darted into her room, before her mother could protest.

Karen stood there with her mouth agape and her mind stunned at the bedtime exchange that had just happened. Karen was bewildered and wondered what was going on with her daughter that evening and what she should do about it. She thought about charging into Veronica's room and talking about what had just happened but she wasn't sure if it was enough to make a big deal out of. There was a small part of Karen which equated the kiss to the one that she and Taryn had shared when Taryn first came to the Spa, those four years ago. Karen couldn't help but remember how Taryn's body felt, how exciting it was for her to hold another woman intimately. For a fleeting moment the embrace with Veronica echoed that level of intimacy. Her body flushed from the heat of the embrace and Karen

reminded herself that it her daughter and not Taryn! Wanting to put the experience behind her, she pushed the troubling thoughts out of her head and went to bed.

Veronica's heart pounded in her chest as she leaned up against her bedroom door. She had just hugged and kissed her mother like she had always wanted to, and had gotten away with it! Veronica knew she had to play it cool and pretend that what she was doing was normal and a common thing. Veronica was so excited that she thought of masturbating to take the edge off of her excitement, but decided against it. There was still the chance that her mother would come in and talk to her about the hug.

Veronica went to bed and after a little while was able to drift off to sleep, somewhat frustrated. Perhaps that is the reason for the dream that Veronica had that night, perhaps all of her suppressed desires and pent up sexual tension needed a release. Whatever the reason, Veronica's dream featured her and her mother and was anything but platonic!

In her dream it was just before bed and they had just exited the bathroom. Karen turned to Veronica to say goodnight. Before Karen could say anything Veronica took Karen's head in her hands and planted a kiss on her mother's lips. This was not the peck on the lips that actually took place but a full-on lip-lock, the type of which that Veronica so very much desired to give her mother. Karen started to panic and struggle against the passionate kiss, trying to break free of her daughter's embrace. Not to be outdone or denied her prize,

Veronica pushed Karen back until she was backed up against the wall.

Once there, Veronica pressed her body firmly against Karen, ensuring her mother wasn't going anywhere. Karen's body started to react to the kiss and after a moment she stopped squirming. Veronica grasped a large clump of her mother's hair to ensure she would stay put. Veronica kept her lower body pressed tightly against her mother and backed her upper body away from her mother. With her free hand Veronica started to confidently grope and caress Karen's heaving, breasts.

"What are you doing?" Karen asked in a petrified manner, her eyes full of fear and confusion.

"I'm feeling up your big tits, what does it look like I'm doing?" Veronica firmly retorted, finishing off with an indignant snort as she continued to openly caress Karen's breasts.

"No! All of this, the kiss the t . . . touching, why are you doing this?" Karen replied in the same terrified manner still not daring to move as Veronica continued to grope her breasts.

Veronica leaned in, tugged on her mother's hair, causing Karen to squeal in pain. Veronica pressed her body against Karen's, pinning her mother to the wall. With her face on Karen's shoulder she turned her attention to her mother's left ear. With her tongue she traced the outer contour of Karen's ear.

"I'm tired of waiting, so I've decided to take what I want, and I want you!" Veronica whispered confidently with a growl in her voice and then nibbled Karen's ear.

"Me?" Karen asked fearfully but then shuddered in pleasure and moaned her approval of Veronica's nibbling.

Veronica suddenly stopped nibbling Karen's ear and brought her face right in front of Karen's face, their noses only an inch apart. With a firm and determined look Veronica stared deeply into Karen's eyes. Karen quickly felt weak, meek and mild under the intensity of Veronica's gaze. She dropped her eyes, fearful of the heat of Veronica's gaze. When Karen's eyes dropped, Veronica tugged on Karen's hair, causing Karen to quickly look back up into Veronica's eyes, terrified to do so.

"Yes, you! As of this moment I'm your Mistress and you're my Bitch, my Slut my Slave! Do you understand?" Veronica spoke with a firm and demanding tone of voice. Karen's eyes searched Veronica's face for any sign that this was a joke. After a moment had passed and Karen had not said anything, Veronica tugged on Karen's hair. "I'm not giving you a choice! I'm not asking you, I'm telling you, you are my Slave!" Veronica growled.

"I . . . I . . ." Karen stammered out incoherently.

"WHAT ARE YOU?" Veronica shouted an inch from her mother's face.

"Your S . . . slave," Karen timidly replied, her voice trembling with fear.

"And what am I?" Veronica said in a commanding tone, backing her face away from Karen's face, slightly.

"My, M . . . Mistress," Karen replied, her voice still trembling with fear.

"Exactly! Don't forget it!" Veronica said as she abruptly released Karen and stood back up straight. "Come," she sternly ordered.

Veronica turned and walked into her bedroom and left the door open. Karen soon appeared in the doorway with the same meek manner, looking unsure of what she was doing. Veronica smiled wickedly at Karen, her mother, who stood in her doorway, because SHE ordered her to.

"I think it's time I saw my Slave naked, remove your clothes!" Veronica ordered sternly.

Karen looked puzzled and a frown crossed her face and it was clear that she didn't want to do this. Veronica scowled at Karen and raised

her hand, preparing to backhand Karen. Karen picked up on this and sighed in defeat. Slowly she unbuttoned the silk pyjama top and removed it, revealing her D cup breasts to her daughter's hungry gaze. Grasping the waistband of her pyjama bottoms, Karen pushed them down until she could step out of them. Not knowing what to do, Karen stood there with her hands folded in front of her and her head bowed.

"You're more beautiful than I had imagined," Veronica said in wonder.

"Thank you, Mistress," Karen replied appreciatively, before she could stop herself.

Veronica pulled her nightshirt over her head and tossed it aside standing proudly before her mother, her new Slave. She bent one leg and thrust her breasts out and smiled at her mother as Karen's eyes walked over her daughter, her new Mistress with appreciative eyes.

"What do you think of your Mistress's body?" Veronica demanded.

"You're beautiful, Mistress," Karen replied timidly, blushing as soon as she responded.

"What do you like best about it?" Veronica asked in a demanding tone of voice that dripped with sexual innuendo.

"Your breasts, Mistress," Karen said in an embarrassed tone of voice as she looked down. "Then by all means, please your Mistress, as you please the breasts you love so much!" Veronica said as she sat on the edge of her bed.

Karen trembled as she moved towards Veronica and kneeled before her Mistress. With her body trembling with fear and confusion Karen knelt before Veronica and began to suckle at her daughter's breasts. Veronica looked down and she was filled with ecstasy as her mother, her Slave was now passionately devouring her breasts with wild abandon.

The timid and doubt about having sex with her daughter seemed to be a thing of the past as Karen passionately made love to Veronica's breasts. Veronica was brought to the verge of orgasm just from the skilled oral attention to her breasts and the fact that it was her mother who was sucking her tits. Veronica desperately needed release. Veronica laid back on the bed and spread her legs wide, Karen's lips never left Veronica's right nipple as the woman leaned back.

"EAT ME! EAT YOUR MISTRESS!" Veronica breathlessly breathed out.

"Oh, YES Mistress!" Karen replied dreamily.

Karen dove down between her Mistresses legs and quickly started eating pussy. Veronica was beside herself with pleasure as she looked down to see her mother going down on her. The added

excitement that her mother was her Slave only heightened the pleasure for her. Karen ate Veronica's pussy with skill and expertise and it didn't take long before Veronica came and came hard. Without being told to do so, Karen lapped up every bit of juice that flowed from Veronica's pussy. When she came down from her orgasm, Veronica lay there panting as Karen continued to lap away at her pussy. One single thought entered Veronica's mind: she wanted pussy!

"Lay down! I want to eat my Slave's cunt!" Veronica ordered.

"You're too kind, Mistress!" Karen replied dreamily as she complied.

Veronica knelt down between her mother's legs and stared at the wet pussy spread before her. Veronica drew closer to that pussy and everything moved in slow motion, soon her mother's pussy filled her vision and she stretched out her tongue to take her first lick of the pussy she craved above all others!

The screeching of the alarm clock pulled Veronica from her dream and back into the real world. Veronica shot upright in bed and smacked the alarm clock into silence. She looked around the room and found that it was dark and that she was alone. The dream came back to her, as big as life and she laid back down heavily as the guilty feelings it generated, rushed to the forefront of her mind. Veronica knew it was not right to lust for her mother like she did, she knew she could never act on her feelings that had always been there.

Ever since puberty Veronica knew two things with absolute certainty: 1) she preferred women, but occasionally desired men, 2) she wanted to sexually dominate her mother. Veronica didn't just want a conquest of her mother and then move on, she wanted a relationship. Veronica wanted to spend the rest of her life, involved with her mother in a real relationship: living and loving together. The twist that was hardest to accept was that she wanted to OWN her mother! Like in the dream, she wanted to be her mother's Mistress and for her mother to be her Slave.

Veronica knew it was bad enough for her to desire her mother, but to want to dominate her? Veronica knew that such things didn't happen in the real world, and it was wrong, so very wrong to desire such things. For years she tried to make them go away, tried to bring her feelings for her mother more inline with "normal" feelings. Veronica's latest drive for more intimate contact with her mother was just a way to placate her desires with just a bit of touch. Perhaps after some contact, she could see how bizarre it all was and her "dark feelings" would go away.

* * *

Veronica wasn't the only one who had a troubling night, Taryn had trouble sleeping. She tossed and turned for an hour before giving up, knowing what she needed, knowing it was a risk but after the day she had, she needed it. Taryn got out of bed, walked over Owen and shook him awake. A puzzled Owen looked around at the darkened room and then at Taryn.

"What is it?" Owen asked sleepily.

"I just can't sleep and after today, I need you to hold me." Taryn replied in a hushed tone of voice.

"You know we can't. What if Karen or Veronica sees us?" Owen replied with a hushed but firm tone of voice.

"I know it's a risk but I just can't sleep without you, I need you, Master! I need you now more than ever!" Taryn urged, her eyes conveyed how deeply she needed him.

"Okay, but if they catch us, it will be you who will be explaining things, this time," Owen relented with a laugh,

"Yes, Master," Taryn replied with a giggle and roll of her eyes as she helped Owen out of his sleeping bag.

When Owen climbed into bed, Rosina woke up and her eyes lit up and she cuddled up to him even before Taryn had climbed into the bed. In moments the three were cuddled up with Owen in the middle, a sleeping arrangement they had done on a semi-regular basis. Owen was about to drift off back to sleep, when Taryn's fear got the better of her and she spoke what was on her mind.

"I'm afraid of what will happen to us now? We're homeless and penniless! We have nothing left! How are we going to live?" Taryn said, with her voice tainted with fear.

"Everything will be fine, Red. As long as we have each other, we'll be fine! Don't worry, Master will take care of us," Rosina assured Taryn with a loving and confident tone of voice.

"Yeah, I guess I'm just being silly," Taryn replied in a relieved tone of voice and snuggled closer to Owen and quickly fell asleep.

Owen did not find sleep for some time after that, Rosina's words ringing through his mind. He was supposed to take care of things and he had always done so. It was easy to take care of things when there was a house that was paid for and plenty of money rolling in. They were now "homeless and penniless" as Taryn had put it and the mantle of leadership still rested on his shoulders. He was "The Master of The Family" and was expected to handle whatever came their way. Owen wondered if he had what it took to "handle" this crisis. With that frightening thought, Owen finally fell asleep an hour or so later.

* * *

After waking from the disturbing dream, Veronica decided the best thing to do was to get up and start the day. With a yawn and stretch she climbed out of bed, put on her slippers and pulled on her bathrobe. With the plumbing in this old building, Veronica knew it

was best to be the first one in the shower, to ensure you got some hot water. With that thought she made her way to the bathroom.

Before she entered the bathroom she glanced into the living room, not really sure why she did it. What she saw was a puzzling sight; she saw Owen's sleeping bag, but no Owen. Tenderly, Veronica knocked on the bathroom door but no response came. She opened the door to find the bathroom dark and vacant. Curious as to where Owen was, if he was not in bed, Veronica walked to the living room and what she saw stopped her in her tracks.

There, curled up together were the Thompson's with Owen in the middle. The way they were intertwined definitely looked intimate, even to the liberal thinking, Veronica. Her eyes traced the three sleeping forms in the bed and found that each was appealing in their own way. For some reason Veronica was more disturbed about finding Owen attractive than finding Taryn and Rosina attractive. Taryn was the most desirable of the three of them, to Veronica.

Veronica glanced back at the closed door of her mother's bedroom and knew that her mother would freak if she were to find all of them in bed together. What compounded the oddness of the situation was the fact that it appeared that they were nude, or at least mostly nude, the bare shoulders attested to that. Wondering what she should do, Veronica asked herself if she should leave them be or wake them up.

If she left them be, her mother would find them there and freak out, tossing them out regardless of what had happened to them. Veronica

wanted the three sleeping people to stay now more than ever. Whether or not there was something going on between them was irrelevant and none of her business as far as Veronica was concerned. Veronica wanted their presence to influence and nudge her mother towards accepting the physical closeness that Veronica was trying to achieve. With that thought she knew what she had to do, wake them and warn them.

"You should get up now" Veronica said as she shook Taryn awake.

"Hmm . . . what?" Taryn replied groggily as she started to wake up and look around the room. "VERONICA?" she shouted in a stunned manner and glanced at Owen and Rosina in the bed and then back at Veronica, her mind in a panic. "We just . . . um . . . needed . . ." Taryn started to fumble with words for a reply.

"Look, I understand, after yesterday you needed to have each other close, but I don't think mom would understand," Veronica said as she turned to walk away.

"Thank you for understanding," Taryn said in a relieved tone of voice.

Taryn started to get out of bed pulling the sheets back, forgetting that she was nude. Veronica tried not to seem too excited as Taryn's big breasts started to come into view. It took a few seconds for Taryn's sleepy mind to realize that she was nude and shouldn't reveal herself to Veronica. Taryn covered herself up as Veronica left the room, on

her way to the bathroom. Taryn briefly thought she saw a satisfied smile on Veronica's face as she left the room. Turning to Owen and Rosina she began to shake them awake.

After Veronica's shower she exited the bathroom to find her mother standing there in her bathrobe, looking sleepy. Not missing an opportunity like this she hugged her mother tightly and gave her a peck on the lips, just like she had done the night before.

"Good morning, Mom," Veronica said in a chipper tone of voice as she broke the embrace and walked to her room.

Karen stood there for a moment and her sleepy mind had trouble processing what had happened. Writing it off to her sleepy mind playing tricks on her she glanced in the living room. She saw Owen rolling up his sleeping bag with his back to her. Karen woke up when she saw him bent over and nude except for his boxer shorts. She had to admit that he was looking quite good, especially for a woman that hadn't had a man since Tony divorced her eleven years ago. Karen shook her head and walked into the bathroom to have her shower.

Chapter Three: Owen's Reckoning

For the next four days life at the Spa began to settle into a routine of sorts. In the mornings Taryn and Rosina would make breakfast for everyone. Owen would do the breakfast dishes, (usually with either Taryn or Rosina helping). Taryn and Karen would then go upstairs to work in the Spa, Rosina would go to the hospital and work her day shift, Owen and Veronica would take the bus together to college. In the evening when everyone got home, Karen and Veronica would make supper and Owen would do the dishes, (with either Taryn or Rosina helping). After dinner, everyone would relax and visit together, if Owen or Veronica had homework or studying to do, they would do it in the dining room. At bed time, Veronica and Karen would go off to bed and Owen would lie down in the sleeping bag for about half an hour before joining Taryn and Rosina in bed. The trio would wake up early on the pretence of making breakfast to reduce the risk of Karen catching them in bed together.

Veronica made good use of the upheaval and change in the household to her advantage. Veronica made a point to hug her mother tightly and kiss her on the lips every time she: left home, came home, first thing in the morning, and just before bedtime. Karen resisted at first but by the end of day three, and after receiving the new hugs and kisses countless times by now, Karen stopped flinching and just accepted it. She didn't particularly enjoy it, but she did allow it to happen. Eventually Karen even began to expect it, whenever she saw her daughter approaching.

At no time did Owen, Taryn or Rosina seem to be a hindrance or in the way, even though they were staying in the living room. Everyone made the best of it and pitched in to help each other out. Karen loaned Taryn a few outfits that seemed to fit. Veronica had an item or two that Rosina could wear. Owen wasn't so lucky, he had to make do with a few sale items from a local bargain store, but he didn't complain. Owen, Taryn and Rosina helped out when and where they could, hoping to pay Karen and Veronica back for their hospitality.

The only thing that put a damper on things was that everyone was anxious to hear of news about Richard or the family's money. It was as if Owen, Taryn and Rosina couldn't start to get on with their lives until this chapter was finished. They wanted to know, one way or another, what happened to Richard and the family's money. Even if nothing could be done about it, just to know for certain, one way or another. It has been said that you should be careful what you wish for, you just might get it, such is the case with this. Four days after the Thompson's arrived at the Spa to stay, they had a visitor who indeed had the news the Thompson's were looking for.

Tony entered the Spa's apartment that evening and looked uncomfortable just to be there. Nobody knew whether it was the news he brought or the fact that he was in Karen's house. Either way he followed Veronica into the apartment and paused just inside the door. Karen saw Tony and walked towards him to greet him, like any other guest in her home. The years had dulled her anger over what had happened with the divorce and the bustle of activity around the apartment these past few days had lifted her spirits. Even seeing her Ex-husband could not get her down, Karen seemed to like a crowded house.

"Good Evening Tony, you look tired, have a seat, won't you?" Karen asked as she approached Tony and took Tony's coat.

"Thanks, it's been a rough few days," Tony said wearily as he sat heavily in the single chair in the living room.

"For all of us," Taryn said as she entered the living room. "Hello, Tony," she said as she lightly hugged Tony and kissed him on the cheek before sitting down on the couch herself.

"Indeed," Tony added grimly with a nod of his head.

Silently everyone gathered around Tony, anxious to hear what he had to say. Owen and Rosina sat beside Taryn on the couch, squished together, Karen sat right beside Rosina and Veronica sat on the floor, leaning up against Karen. Karen absentmindedly began playing with Veronica's hair, much to Veronica's surprise and delight. Tony looked over at the five people on the couch and sighed heavily, not sure if he knew how to tell them the news he brought.

"The first thing I want to say is how terrible I feel about what has happened," Tony said with genuine regret.

"It wasn't your fault," Taryn assured Tony, and in reply Tony smiled, briefly.

"I only hope that I could have seen some sign, some hint of what he was going to do," Tony started out but paused briefly as he fumbled for words. "I honestly thought he was retiring early and moving to Montana. I thought it was a good change for him. Until you phoned, I had no idea that there were any problems in his life," Tony said and sighed heavily as he looked down, unable to continue for the moment. "I'm his wife and I never saw any sign that he was going to run off with our life savings?" Taryn said with just a hint of anger entering her voice.

"He didn't run away," Tony said as he rubbed his face with his hand, sighing heavily. "When they were investigating the fire, they found some . . . remains . . . some bones. They're pretty sure they're Richard's but we should know for certain in a few days," Tony said with a sombre tone of voice.

"Oh my God, he's dead?" Taryn shouted in shock, and at that Owen hugged Taryn and she clutched Owen tight.

"There's more," Tony began, "He left a note . . . he mailed it, he fucking mailed me his suicide note!" Tony said in shock and anger and paused to sob a few tears before he got a hold of himself.

"SUICIDE NOTE?" Taryn shouted in shock.

"Yeah, the fire was no accident, Richard started the fire and killed himself in the house," Tony said with a sad tone of voice, this subject was clearly difficult for him to talk about.

"Oh my God! That's unbelievable, But why? What about the . . ." Taryn started to stammer but words failed her. She couldn't come out and ask what happened to the money, even though she was wondering that very thing.

"In his note he said that he hated his life and that he had become a tool for greed and hatred. He said that he had seen so much profit from death that he wanted nobody to profit from his . . . he says he gave everything to charities," Tony said, his voice sounding almost apologetic.

"That's unbelievable! How could he do such a thing? Why would he do this to his family? . . . Can I read the note? Do you have it?" Taryn fumbled and stammered, yet managed to get out.

"I don't have the note, the police have it, but I never told them about this one," Tony says as he pulls an envelope out of his pocket. "This one was in the envelope he mailed to me, this one is addressed to you," he said as he handed Owen the note.

"Me?" Owen said in disbelief as he started at the envelope in his hands, in Richard's handwriting were the words, "To Owen."

"As far as his money goes, we've checked everywhere and everything is gone. He cancelled all the insurance on everything, even his life insurance! Somehow he managed to get rid of every last penny he had or asset he held, even the land the house sat on, if you can believe it . . . I'm sorry to say but there's nothing left," Tony said with an embarrassed tone of voice.

"Oh my God," Taryn repeated, her whole being was in complete shock.

"We will try to track down and get back what we can, but don't count on it; most of the charities I know of don't return donations, especially sizable, anonymous ones. We'll handle the funeral arrangements, it's the least we can do," Tony said with the same sombre and drained tone of voice.

"I'll handle the funeral arrangements . . . it's the right thing to do," Taryn said quietly as she looked at Tony with tear-filled eyes.

"Are you sure?" Tony asked sceptically.

"I need to put him to rest, properly," Taryn said with a quiet confidence in her voice.

"The firm will take care of the funeral expenses, but I will have the funeral home call you," Tony agreed as he smiled weakly at Taryn.

"Thank you, Tony," Taryn smiled graciously at Tony.

"That's all I know, when I know more, I'll tell you. I know this is a lot to take in, but is there anything you need, anything I can do for you?" Tony asked with concern in his voice as he looked at Taryn, Owen and Rosina.

"Get me a job," Owen said in a grim tone.

"No, No, Honey, you are so close to finishing school. One more semester, don't throw it away!" Taryn said insistently as she squeezed Owen's thigh.

"You're mother's right. It doesn't make sense to quit school when you are so close to graduating. I'll tell you what, you finish school and I'll see that you get a job with the firm. It'll be a very junior position, just above intern but at least you will be working. Do you need some cash in the meantime to tide you over?" Tony asked expectantly as he leaned in towards Owen.

"We'll be okay, I'm working and . . ." Rosina said but Karen cut her off and finished her sentence.

"And they can stay here as long as they need to! I agree, Owen that you need to finish your schooling, you've worked too hard to become a lawyer to throw that away now, for the sake of a few months of

school, despite what has happened!" Karen said with equal concern and conviction.

"Exactly, if we all pull together, we'll get through this, don't throw your future away," Taryn agreed and everyone looked at Owen expectantly.

"C'mon, the bus ride to and from school would be boring without you! Besides, someone has to keep me safe on these mean streets," Veronica said in a chuckle as she shook Owen's leg.

"Alright, okay," Owen agreed and looked at Taryn then Rosina with a loving look. "Thank you for taking us in, I won't forget it," Owen said to Karen with a grateful and certain look.

"You're welcome, I'm glad I could help," Karen replied as she smiled bashfully back at Owen.

"We both are," Veronica said warmly as she looked at Taryn, Owen and Rosina.

"It's been a long day and I've said all I came to say, if there's anything I can do to help, just let me know," Tony said as he stood up and walked towards the door.

Veronica got up and retrieved Tony's coat from the closet and helped him put it on.

"Thank you, Tony," Taryn said with a grateful tone of voice.

"We're just going to walk him out and tidy up upstairs," Karen said as she and Veronica left with Tony, closing the door behind them.

After the door closed behind Karen, leaving the Thompson family alone, all three sets of eyes fixated on the letter Richard had written Owen. With trembling hands, Owen opened up the envelope, pulled out the letter, cleared his throat and read the letter aloud. In retrospect, perhaps he should have read it to himself first.

It read:

To my SON, Owen,

You will notice that I am speaking to you now as your FATHER, and not your SLAVE, when I tell you that you are a spoiled, self-righteous, arrogant bastard who has stolen everything from me. From me you have stolen: my wife, my daughter, my home, my money, my possessions, my rightful place as head of the family, my self-esteem, my manhood, and finally, my will to live. You crushed and destroyed me simply to feed your all-consuming ego, and help perpetuate this perverted, twisted fantasy world you have created. You have poisoned and twisted the minds of my wife and daughter,

sucking them down into this sick and perverted world that you have created. I tell you this, however, you will no longer keep me prisoner in your pit of perversion. I only hope that my wife and daughter can escape your grasp before you crush them as you did me. For all that you have done to: me, my wife, and daughter, I hope you burn in hell for all eternity! I am taking control of my life back and getting out of this hell that used to be my life, and making sure you don't profit one bit from using up everything that was good within me. You took my need for a little bit of submission, that was only a small, compartmentalized part of my life and blew it out of proportion until it consumed my life. You used my submissive need in order to usurp control from me and force me into four years of humiliation and hell that I knew I was not strong enough to escape from. Even if I did leave, I knew that you would blackmail me until I was paying to support two households. I refuse to assist you in any way in continuing your decadent, degrading and unnatural lifestyle. Don't bother trying to undo what I have done. I have taken great pains to ensure that you will never see one red cent from me ever again. If you truly are "The Master of The Family," you will have no trouble making the money to support everyone.

Your finally free Father,

Richard

Once Owen finished reading Richard's note out loud he just sat there, stunned and motionless. A blank and pale expression washed over his face while he loosened his grip on the letter until it slipped out of his hands. Taryn and Rosina are equally stunned and nobody moves

as the three of them try to process and comprehend the shocking letter. After a tense and long moment, the heavy silence was broken.

"I killed him," Owen said breathlessly, his eyes not focussing on anything as he stared blankly ahead.

"No, Master, you mustn't blame yourself for what happened!" Taryn said lovingly as she moved closer to Owen and put her arm around him. "I did. He said so. I crushed his spirit," Owen said, barely feeling the loving touch of both Taryn and Rosina trying to comfort him.

"NO! He made his own choices! You didn't make them for him! He was my husband and I am sorry that he is gone but I never had the slightest idea that he was unhappy, let alone holding in so much hatred! How could we have fixed things if we didn't know he was unhappy?" Taryn reasoned as she stared intently into Owen's expressionless face.

"We were supposed to be a closer knit family than ever before. We were supposed to be able to be completely open and honest with each other? We were supposed to be a family where everyone could truly be themselves. I thought dad was relieved to not have the burden of family leadership. If we were really all these things, why didn't any of us know what he was going through? I thought he was happy but instead he was in his own personal hell, a hell I created for him, a hell that finally consumed him," Owen spoke in a drained tone, still not looking at anyone but clearly speaking to both Taryn and Rosina.

"It wasn't your fault, Master!" Rosina urged as she shook Owen's hand liberally, until he slowly turned to look at the teary-eyed Rosina. "I miss him too. I wish he hadn't done all of the terrible things that he did, but he chose to do them, he chose to end his life and to screw us over. You didn't kill him!" Rosina urged passionately as Owen stared back at her with a blank expression.

"I need sleep," Owen said as he slowly blinked, "Goodnight, Rosie," he said as he kissed Rosina on the cheek. "Goodnight, Mom," Owen said as he kissed Taryn on the cheek.

Both women sat there stunned and open mouthed as Owen got up and walked into the spare bedroom. Even though the room was crammed full of boxes, Owen found a small amount of floor-space to spread out his sleeping bag. Lying down early that night, Owen stared blankly at the wall, hoping that sleep would come soon and end this horrible day, taking the remorse away, for the night at least.

Taryn and Rosina looked at each other with a worried expression, knowing full well the significance of Owen calling Taryn and Rosina "Mom" and "Rosie." It was a huge step backwards and those titles hadn't been used in private in almost four years! Hearing Owen call her "Mom" sent an uncomfortable shudder down Taryn's spine; it was just plain wrong! Owen was her husband, her companion, her best friend, but most of all he was her Master. Owen was their rock, if he was lost and shaken, they all were in trouble. Owen was the pivotal fixture of their family; it was his job to provide leadership, guidance and direction. Sure she had some power as "Mistress" but

it was only to see that Owen's will was done, always acting within guidelines set out by him. They needed him in order for their family to function.

"That was weird! What do you think it means, Mistress Red?" Rosina asked Taryn with a worried and uncomfortable manner.

"It just means that he is taking it hard. He just feels responsible for Nick and feels that he has failed as Master because of this," Taryn said in as soothing a manner as she could.

"We'll be okay, won't we?" Rosina asked in a timid voice with fear gripping her heart.

"Of course we will, we have, Master," Taryn said warmly with a reassuring smile on her face as she pulled Rosina closer to her, to embrace and comfort the trembling young woman.

"Will he be okay? What can we do for him? How can we help Master through this?" Rosina asked as she settled into a cuddle with Taryn on the couch, resting her head on Taryn's chest.

"He just needs space, we will be here for him when he needs us," Taryn said as she stroked Rosina's hair in a comforting gesture as both women fall silent, taking solace in each other's arms.

Owen's mental state didn't improve much over the two weeks leading up to Richard's funeral. Taryn handled the funeral arrangements, as she said she would. Rosina kept busy by keeping the house and Spa cleaned, when she was not working. Regularly she would check in on Owen, asking if there was anything she could do for him, always he would decline her offer of assistance. Owen became more and more distant and slept alone every night, leaving Taryn and Rosina feeling hurt and neglected. In truth they were more worried about him and the pain he was going through, rather than the lack of physical affection from him. Karen and Veronica watched what Owen, Taryn and Rosina were going through and thought that they were just grieving the loss of Richard.

In the span of time leading up to the funeral, Veronica had successfully gotten Karen to accept that the tight hug and kiss on the lips was a normal display of affection between them. A few times Veronica was able to extend that kiss just a little bit longer, but never did she make the kiss long enough to seem "romantic." Instead of just standing there and accepting Veronica hugging her tightly, Karen now hugged Veronica tightly back.

Veronica had even started to increase the physical touching between them, when they were near each other. Never anything overt or caressing of private areas, but light touches here and there: and arm around the waist, hand on the shoulder. Once Veronica was able to get her hand low on Karen's far hip and leave it there for two whole minutes, it was as close to an ass-grab as you could get without actually grabbing the ass.

Karen just enjoyed the feeling of being closer to Veronica, and welcomed the touches in the spirit of fostering a closer relationship with her daughter. Little did Karen know just how close her daughter wanted the two of them to become. Veronica was not satisfied or placated with the small amount of touching, as she had hoped. The intimate touching did not quell or placate her desire to make love to and Dominate her mother, each touch she got away with only left her wanting more, rather than less.

The day of the funeral came and Owen was in no shape to weather the emotional storm. Everywhere he turned somebody was telling him how sad they were that Richard was dead. Countless times Owen was told, what at tragedy it was for such a good man to be cut down in the prime of his life. Ex-clients, co-workers, old school buddies, people from far and wide came to the funeral of Richard Thompson. Even before the funeral itself got underway, Owen's guilt was gnawing away at him. At any moment Owen expected the coffin to burst open and for Richard to crawl out of it and choke him to death. The funeral itself was a lovely and tasteful affair with Tony himself delivering the eulogy. It was a wonderful celebration of Richard's life, or rather the public perception of Richard's life. There was no mention of his private life as a Slave, first to Heather and then to Owen.

After the funeral and graveside service the reception followed, with even more people offering their condolences to the Thompson's. Each time someone said something kind about Richard, or what a shame it was that he was gone, all Owen heard was, "Why did you have to kill him?" The strain was evident to most people but everyone thought it was just a son, grieving his beloved Father.

Nobody could have guessed the real reason for Owen's worsening mood.

Richard's words in the letter stuck with him and kept rolling through his mind that day. The words that hit him the most were Richard saying that he hoped that Taryn and Rosina would not follow the same fate as him. Owen's guilt over Richard's death started to make him wonder if he was not indeed using up Taryn and Rosina for his own benefit? Was he causing some irreparable damage to his mother and sister by being their Master? Owen knew that by society and conventional wisdom it was not right, but it seemed to work for the three of them. Owen was haunted by the fact that he thought that Richard was happy but the opposite was in fact true. Were they lying to him? Were they permanently twisted and tormented by his oppression of them?

While Owen might have wanted to crawl away and get some space, there was one more person that wanted to talk to the three of them. As Tony approached Owen, Taryn, and Rosina he motioned for them to go into a quiet table in the far corner of the reception hall. The four of them sat down and smiled weakly at each other, not quite sure of what this talk was about.

"I know this is a hard time for all of you but there is a bit of business to take care of," Tony said as he glanced around them to ensure their privacy. "I have some news on our efforts to retrieve Richard's money," Tony said glanced around once more.

"Go on," Taryn said to Tony in a soothing manner.

"We tried everything we could but we were unable to recover anything," Tony said with a regretful sigh.

"We had already expected as much," Taryn added in a consoling manner.

"We spent a considerable amount of time and resources on this and had hoped to recover a little something to help you, in your time of need," Tony said in an embarrassed manner.

"That's sweet, but we'll be okay as long as we have each other," Taryn said as she glanced at Owen and Rosina.

"That's a lovely sentiment, and I'm sure you'll do fine, but still we wanted to help you out in a real way," Tony said as he reached into his pocket and pulled out an envelope and placed it on the table. "The partners all chipped in something, and after the funeral expenses there is still a fair bit left. It's not a huge amount, but it should at least get you back on your feet again," he added with a week smile as he pushed the envelope over to Taryn.

"Thank you, Tony for all you've done," Taryn said with a grateful smile as she leaned over and kissed Tony on the cheek.

"I just wish I could have done something to prevent this terrible tragedy, good day." Tony said as he stood up from the table and walked away, shaking his head.

Funerals are a public time of grieving, a chance for anyone and everyone to pay their last respects to the recently deceased. Anyone can attend without an invitation, slipping in and slipping out just as easily. One person did just that, needing to attend the funeral of a man for whom she allowed herself to care for, more than she should have. Heather Lee, Richards Mistress and lover for ten years did attend his funeral. She really didn't know why she was there, she just felt a compulsion to be there that day.

Now that the funeral was over, Heather wanted to leave, finally putting the experience behind her. Finally the large man walked away, giving her an opening to do the polite thing before she could leave. She put her glass down and strode confidently over to the grieving family to offer her condolences. As she approached she was not seen by the family but could hear them speak, thinking themselves to be in private. Heather was about to make her presence known, and introduce herself when she overheard part of their conversation.

"That was nice of them, don't you think, Master?" Rosina said cheerily as she rubbed Owen's hand, hoping to brighten his mood.

Upon hearing Rosina call her brother, Owen, "Master", Heather stopped in mid-stride and ducked in behind a nearby pillar, and

leaned up against it. She looked like she was casually waiting for someone, but really she was listening intently to the private discussion the Thompson's were having. She put her sunglasses on quickly in order to look more inconspicuous and conceal her sideways glances at the Thompson's.

"Don't call him that in public!" Taryn angrily hissed as quietly as she could.

"Nobody's listening! I don't get what the big deal about other people hearing us calling him Master is anyway!" Rosina snapped back in a defiant yet hushed tone of voice.

"Other people will not understand the unique nature of our family, that's why!" Taryn snarled and stared at Rosina with a stern expression.

"It's been four years! I don't care who knows that Owen is our Master, I'm proud to serve him, but you're embarrassed!" Rosina scoffed.

"I am not embarrassed! Other people will not understand, and it could create a lot of problems for us! I wish that everyone could know about us, I really do. If we weren't related, than maybe we could be more open, but we are related and we have to be careful who we let know about us. That's why we need to be careful what we say in public," Taryn said in a hushed yet confident tone of voice.

"You're right, I know," Rosina said in a drained tone of voice.

"It was nice of the firm to give us this, don't you think, Moe? Here you go," Taryn said as she slid the envelope over to Owen.

"What you giving it to me for, Mom, it's your cheque!" Owen retorted as he slid the envelope back to Taryn.

"I know it is made out to me, but it is your place to decide what we do with it. This is symbolic of that," Taryn replied, a in a hushed but slightly stern tone of voice.

"It's your cheque, you're the parent, you figure it out," Owen huffed as he shoved the envelope back to Taryn.

Heather glanced over to the trio on the table and saw Owen sitting on one side of the table and Taryn and Rosina sitting beside each other on the other side of the table. Rosina wore a slightly perplexed look on her face as she glanced back and forth between Owen and Taryn. Taryn was sitting upright, with her face red with increasing anger but she tried hard to keep her composure and not make a scene. Owen sat there slouched over, looking sullen as he stared at the table, not looking at Taryn when he spoke.

"But you are our, Master, it is your place to lead us and take care of these things," Taryn replied in a hushed tone of voice as she pushed the envelope back towards Owen.

"I thought we weren't supp . . ." Rosina started out in a mocking tone of voice but Taryn cut her off.

"Shut up!" Taryn hissed as she snapped at Rosina.

"I can't do this," Owen said regrettably as he pulled his hands off the table and sat upright.

"I know you can't cash the cheque, it is in my name, I know that. You hold onto it for now and when you've decided what we're doing with it, I'll sign it and we'll do whatever you decide, Moe," Taryn replied in a shaky tone of voice, fear entering into her voice as she pushed the cheque further towards Owen.

"No, this, us, I can't do 'us' anymore, I won't be responsible for killing you two like I did Dad!" Owen said as he got up from the table.

Heather's eyes snapped back to the table and she looked intently at Owen, now wanting answers. What did Owen mean when he said that he had killed Richard? While she was curious about how Owen became the Master to his Mother and Sister that was not as important to her as knowing what really happened to Richard. She watched the Thompson's intently as she hoped they would shed more light on this.

"I release you, I release both of you! I just can't do this, anymore!" Owen said with a shaky voice as he started to walk away from the table.

"NO!" Taryn shrieked as she bolted up from the table. She rushed over and grasped Owen's arm and stopped him from walking away from her. "Let's talk about this! You didn't kill him!" Taryn urged as passionately as she could while trying to keep her voice down.

"I just can't do this anymore!" Owen said with teary eyes as he looked intently into Taryn's eyes. "I just can't do this anymore, not after what happened to Dad," Owen said as he pulled gently out of Taryn's grasp and walked swiftly out of the building.

As Owen walked away, Taryn's head bowed as she fought hard not to cry. Her fight was futile and she was only able to keep her tears inside until Owen was out of the reception hall, then the tears flowed and she almost collapsed where she stood. Rosina rushed to Taryn's side, to comfort her as well as understand what just happened, for she refused to believe that Owen was really gone. As soon as she could Rosina wrapped her arms around Taryn and held her mother tightly. When Taryn felt Rosina's arms encircle her she clutched the young woman tightly.

"Where is Moe going?" Rosina asks with her voice trembling with fear as she stares at the closed door to the reception hall. "He's coming back, right?" Rosina asks with a fearful tone of voice.

"I don't know," Taryn cries out as she clutches Rosina tightly, "Let's hope he just needs some time," she added as she strained to keep her voice straight and comfort Rosina. "We have each other, though," she added before she broke down crying uncontrollably, Rosina with her. Karen and Veronica rush over to them and also hugged both women in an effort to comfort the two sobbing women. Both Karen and Veronica, like most people in the hall simply thought that the strain of the day had gotten the better of them. The four-woman hug continued for some time yet in the futile effort to quell the tears that freely flowed at the moment.

Heather looked at the women hugging and then at the door where Owen departed through and wondered what to do. It was not her place or typical behaviour to get involved in other people's lives as she hated it when other people stuck their nose into her business. This however merited looking into, there were too many unanswered questions concerning Richard's death, for her to let the matter drop.

Heather had broken things off with Richard four years ago after she found her feelings for him developing too strong for her to maintain the strictly business relationship. Richard was a "one-on-one" client of hers, a client who came to her for the purpose of being dominated by a woman. She was paid well for each session and usually a client only stayed with her for a few years before finding a cheaper way to get the domination they needed. Richard was the longest client to stay with her and near the end she had even considered starting a personal relationship with him. That was the end, when she started thinking of him when he wasn't around and missing him, she knew it had to end before she got personally involved with a client.

The business side of Heather was telling her to go home and leave this family to their own problems. Yet the part of her that still cared for Richard needed to know what happened to him before it could put the matter to rest. Heather sighed as she knew she was not going to get the answers from Taryn or Rosina, at least not while the other two women were around. No, the answers she sought were within the troubled mind of the man who strode out of the reception hall. The question was, how far would she go to find out what she needed to know? How far into the personal matters of the Thompson family was she willing to involve herself in order to find out Richard's final fate? Heather huffed, silently cursing herself for getting involved as she strode confidently towards the door.

* * *

Owen kicked a rock as he walked down the road, not sure where he was going or where he was going to sleep that night. All Owen knew was that he needed out of there and away from Taryn and Rosina. The weight of his father's death rested on his shoulders and he couldn't crush another person like he had his father. Owen told himself that it was the domination that he allowed to consume his life that killed his father. He wanted to live a normal life and put the dark chapter of dominating his family behind him. The thoughts of that time only brought back pain despite the fact that he already started missing Taryn and Rosina in ways a man shouldn't miss his Mother and Sister. He didn't notice the car pull up beside him or the passenger window roll down.

"We need to talk," Heather said confidently as she drove her car in pace with Owen's walking.

"No we don't," Owen said without even looking at Heather.

"Yes we do, it's about your family," Heather said and at that, Owen stopped.

Owen looked at the woman who was speaking at him from the late-model black Mercedes and found that he was looking at an attractive, middle-aged Chinese woman. She was dressed in a cream coloured business suit and wearing sunglasses. Her black hair fell straight but only reached her shoulders, framing her oval face. Her narrow nose pointed to her puffy lips that were pressed together as she tried to keep her cool. Her body was long, slender and lean, and her breasts were in line with what one would expect with her athletic build.

"What business is it of yours what goes on in my family?" Owen defiantly spoke as he leaned in slightly towards Heather.

"I knew your father for ten years," Heather said calmly and confidently.

"So!" Owen snorted.

"We were involved for ten years," Heather said calmly and confidently.

"Who are you?" Owen asked, his mind reeling, curious and scared as to who she might be.

"Heather," Heather replied calmly and confidently, with a smirk on her face. Owen's eyes went wide at the mention of her name. "Yes, I'm THAT Heather. I was your father's Dominatrix for ten years, now get in, we need to talk," she added as she pressed the electronic unlock button.

"What about?" Owen asked in shaky confidence.

"About your Slaves," Heather said calmly and confidently.

"What?" Owen replied in shock as his eyes bugged out of his head in fear.

"Don't worry, I'm not here to cause trouble, nor am I trying to pick you up, Dominants don't do anything for me. Now get in, I just want to talk," Heather said in something similar to a compassionate tone of voice.

Owen said nothing as he slowly got into Heather's car. He was still buckling himself in when she sped away from the curb. Owen was

not sure if this was a good move or not, but it felt like the right thing to do and he had nowhere else to go and nothing better to do. He was just wondering if he was going to regret it before long.

* * *

Later that night, once Taryn, Rosina, Karen and Veronica had returned home, the four of them were sitting around the kitchen table, sipping on tea. They were unwinding and relaxing from the emotional day. Taryn and Rosina had red, puffy eyes and tear-stained cheeks, making evident the fact that they had done a lot of crying since Owen had stormed off. For now, they were all cried out, and simply felt a little depressed, and somewhat lost without him.

"I can't believe he's gone," Rosina said in a mournful tone of voice as she put her cup of tea down and rested her head on her hands.

"Neither can I," Taryn said in a sympathetic tone as she rubbed Rosina's back.

"What will become of us?" Rosina said with a waver in her voice as she looked at Taryn with fearful eyes.

Taryn moved her chair beside Rosina and embraced her from the side. Rosina leaned in to the embrace from her Mother and Mistress seeking comfort in the arms of the one woman who knew how she

felt. Taryn stroked Rosina's shoulder and both women seemed marginally happier, due to the embrace.

"I'm sure he just needs some time on his own to sort things out," Karen said in a compassionate tone of voice as she reached across the table and held Rosina's hand.

"He'll be home in no time," Veronica said in an understanding tone as she patted Taryn's shoulder.

"I hope so, I don't think I could bear to lose him," Taryn said with a sigh of pain and regret. After glancing at Karen she quickly yet nervously added, "so soon after Richard . . . losing Richard was hard enough . . . despite what he did."

"We all expect our children to leave home, but not quite like that," Karen said in an understanding tone as she looked into Taryn's eyes where a spark of anger momentarily lived.

Taryn wanted to correct Karen and inform her that she was not an overprotective mother but a heartbroken woman whose husband had just left her. In her heartache and pain she wanted to let someone know the ache in her heart, and almost opened up to Karen and Veronica. Taryn knew that Karen would never understand the bond and unusual relationship she had with her children, though in truth she didn't see them as her children any more.

"Yes, exactly," was all that Taryn said with just the hint of anger in her voice.

"Well, everything will seem better in the morning. We should get some rest," Karen said as she stood up and gathered up the mugs at the table.

"Well, we do need some rest," Taryn conceded as Karen walked into the kitchen and put the cups in the sink.

"Goodnight, Taryn," Karen said as Taryn stood up and started to yawn and stretch.

Karen walked up to Taryn and gave her what she now considered a normal greeting. Karen wrapped her arms around Taryn, pulled their bodies tightly together and gave her a peck on the lips. Taryn seemed a little surprised at so friendly a greeting, and was pondering whether or not to say something, as Karen released her grip on Taryn.

"Goodnight, Karen," Taryn managed to say as Karen turned her attention to Rosina.

"Goodnight, Rosie," Karen said as she gave Rosina the same intimate hug and kiss.

"Goodnight, Karen," Rosina said as she flashed a raised eyebrow look to Taryn.

Veronica was tickled pink at the way that Karen was now greeting Taryn and Rosina. Veronica quickly deduced that Karen saw Taryn and Rosina as family now and was simply greeting them in the way that she now normally greeted other family members. Veronica now knew that she had successfully altered the way her mother acted around family members. The wheels started turning in Veronica's mind as to just how far she could push her mother's affectionate behaviour. For now, Veronica saw a golden opportunity and was not going to pass it up.

"Goodnight, Taryn," Veronica said as she walked up to Taryn with her arms outstretched.

"Goodnight, Ronnie," Taryn said as she opened her arms and welcomed the goodnight embrace.

Veronica's greeting was just like Karen's and Veronica was delighted to finally get this close to Taryn. She had been admiring Taryn from afar for some time now and loved feeling the warmth of Taryn's body pressed right up against hers. Leaning in for the kiss, she was happy that Taryn did not refuse her this ultimate stolen pleasure that night. It was hard for Veronica to keep her kiss to just a peck on the lips. As quick as the embrace started, it was over as Veronica released her grip on Taryn and turned her attention to Rosina.

"Goodnight Rosie," Veronica said pleasantly as she opened her arms and hugged, Rosina.

"Goodnight, Ronnie," Rosina said as she opened her arms and stepped towards Veronica.

Veronica and Rosina embraced each other at the same time and hugged each other just as tightly. The kiss was supposed to be just a peck on the lips but it seems that one of the ladies was just a little too worked up for that to be all. As Rosina pulled back to break the kiss, Veronica quickly and unconsciously extended the kiss with another peck on the lips. When the kiss was finally over, Veronica looked at Rosina with fear and embarrassment but Rosina just winked at her to ease Veronica's spirit. Relieved, Veronica released Rosina and walked with her arm around her mother's waist towards their bedrooms. Taryn and Rosina walked towards the living room, with their arms around each other's waist.

"Friendly pair tonight, aren't they?" Taryn asked with a slight giggle.

"I'll say, Veronica certainly didn't want the kiss to end," Rosina added with a light chuckle.

"I saw that, I think we have something in common with both of them," Taryn said as they started to convert the couch to the bed that they sleep in by moving the couch cushions.

"Well, Veronica, seems to like women, I've caught her looking at us and a few different women from time to time. I don't know about Karen though." Rosina said as she helped Taryn pull the bed out of the couch.

"Have you forgotten that incident between Karen and me, years ago?" Taryn asked as she retrieved the quilt from its storage spot.

"Yeah, but nothing has happened since, has it? You've even tried a few times to spark something and she has turned you down flat each time. With Veronica, I bet you if either one of us marched into her bedroom right now, we could have our way with her, gladly!" Rosina said as she pulled her shirt over her head, tossing it on the floor beside her.

"True," Taryn said as she pulled her shirt off.

Both women stripped down nude and crawled into bed, cuddling up to each other, nude, as they had every other night they had been there. Taryn was lying on her back, and Rosina was cuddled up to her with her head resting on Taryn's shoulder. Taryn and Rosina's legs were intertwined and Taryn was mindlessly stroking Rosina's hair in a calming and soothing manner. Their embrace was more like lovers than mother and daughter, so it was normal for them.

"I still say that deep down Karen may be attracted to women, she just hasn't accepted it yet. She may just need a nudge in order to accept

that part of who she is. Just like her submissive side that she hasn't come to terms with yet," Taryn said in a calming thought.

"Well, we have accepted both and we are happy, aren't we?" Rosina asked with a warm tone of voice.

"Absolutely, only one thing could make our happiness complete," Taryn said as she looked down at Rosina who looked up at her at the same time.

"Master," Taryn and Rosina said at the same time, in the same sad tone of voice.

"I miss him, so much," Rosina said as she snuggled back into the embrace with Taryn and clutched her tight.

"I miss him, too," Taryn agreed as she held Rosina tighter.

"I can't believe he's gone." Rosina sighed heavily. "I never imagined that Master would leave us! I don't know what I would do without you, Mistress Red," she said as she looked at Taryn with fearful eyes and added, "You'll take care of me, won't you? Tell me, I'm still your Slave. As long as you are my Mistress and I am your Slave, we'll be okay. We can hold things together until Master's return . . . right?"

"Sure, Cat, I'm still your Mistress Red," Taryn said in a loving and assuring way as she held Rosina's head close to hers.

"He'll come back, right?" Rosina asked with a fearful tone of voice.

"How could he stay away from you for too long? He'll come back for your tight little pussy before you know it!" Taryn said with a giggle as she spoke directly into Rosina's eyes.

"Nah, he'll be back for your great big tits," Rosina said with a giggle as she smiled at Taryn.

"You mean these?" Taryn asked as she pulled back the covers to reveal her nude torso, including her large breasts.

"Those are the ones!" Rosina said with glee as she effortlessly broke Taryn's grip on her head and proceeded to the nearest exposed nipple.

Rosina sucked hard on Taryn's right nipple, and lightly caressed Taryn's left breast. Taryn threw her head back and revelled in the glorious sensation of having her nipples sucked. Since they had arrived at Karen's no sex had happened between any of the three of them, and the neglect had been starting to wear on her, on both of them it seemed. Despite the fact of Owen's departure, (that they convinced themselves would be short-lived), passions had been ignited and the flames of lust were swiftly consuming them.

"I haven't been lactating since you were a baby, but holy shit, the way you suck my tits, I swear you will get some milk out of them yet!" Taryn moaned as she thrashed her head from side to side.

"I would LOVE to suck some milk out of these beauties! I say when Master gets back we get you pregnant!" Rosina huskily moaned as she switched her oral attention to Taryn's left nipple.

"It's too late for me, honey. It has been a few years since I could get pregnant," Taryn said as she started to caress and stroke Rosina's hair.

"Not for me! I've always said I would love to have Master's children," Rosina said with a slur, as she spoke with her mouth still in contact with Taryn's left breast.

"I've always said it's too dangerous, for you to have Master's children," Taryn replied as she thrashed her head from side to side and her body starting to squirm under Rosina's expert mouth.

"We're a family and families should have children!" Rosina said as she began to lick the underside of Taryn's left breast, licking her way to Taryn's other breast.

"Ugh! Shut up and focus on what you're doing!" Taryn grunted in a demanding tone.

"Yes, Mistress Red," Rosina replied compliantly and did just that, focusing her efforts on pleasing Taryn's breasts.

While Taryn was close to cuming just from Rosina's licking and sucking on her breasts, it was not quite enough. It took just nudge to push her over the edge, or rather the right rub. Rosina slid a hand down her mother's body and rubbed the bud of pleasure in just the right way to bring Taryn to orgasm. Taryn grabbed two fistfuls of bed-sheets as she whimpered and hummed, trying desperately to keep quiet while her long-neglected pussy erupted in pleasure. Her whole body shook and quaked as waves of pleasure rocked the forty-seven year old mother of two. Finally spent, her orgasm over Taryn slumped back down on the bed and basked in the pleasant sensation of Rosina's continued breast-licking.

"My turn!" Taryn said as she gave Rosina a hard shove, directing her daughter, lover and Slave onto her back. "One good cum deserves another, don't you think?" she added with glee as she hovered over Rosina's body, her own breasts hanging low and lewdly from her body.

"Absolutely, Mistress Red," Rosina giggled as she awaited Taryn's talented tongue.

"You've been a good little Slave so far but, I'm not sure you deserve to have your Mistress pleasure your tits . . . Beg me!" Taryn said in a

smug and superior fashion as she looked down at Rosina with a demanding expression on her face.

"Please, Mistress Red, please suck my tits! I need to feel your tongue on them! I need to feel your lips kissing them! I need your touch, I've missed our special times together, Please, Mistress Red, don't make your Slave wait another second for your loving touch!" Rosina pleaded in a needy whine.

Taryn growled as she leaned down and wrapped her lips around Rosina's right nipple, eliciting a squeal of delight from the young woman. Taryn sucked hard on that nipple causing Rosina's eyes to roll into the back of her head as the intense delight washed through her. Taryn was merciless as she attacked Rosina's bosom with all the tricks and inside knowledge that the four years of their sex and intimacy had given her.

Taryn knew every inch of Rosina's body and just what buttons to push to drive her crazy. Rosina likewise knew every inch of her mother's body and just how to bring her mother to orgasm with seemingly little effort. After all these years, Rosina was still jealous and fixated on her mother's breasts. Oddly enough, Taryn had an equal fixation on her daughter's breasts and had since accepted that she was a "tit-girl" with a fetish for breasts (the larger the better).

Taryn sucked and played with Rosina's breasts and both women drew great pleasure from the act. Taryn loved to suck on tits almost as much as she loved to have her tits sucked on. Rosina was losing

control and as the minutes ticked by she was making ever more noise. It came to a point that Taryn knew that something had to be done, something was needed to quiet Rosina down, or at least muffle her squeals.

"Usually I love to hear you scream and squeal, Cat but we can't get caught, so you need to shut up," Taryn said as she paused her licking of Rosina's breasts to scold Rosina.

"Sorry, Mistress Red, but I've missed you so much, I can't help it!" Rosina replied in an apologetic whine.

"That's what I thought, and I've missed you too," Taryn said with a smirk on her face as she shook her head. "I know just the thing to handle this problem," Taryn said with a giggle and winked at Rosina's puzzled expression.

Taryn stood up and swiftly planted a knee on either side of Rosina's head and before she could squeal her delight, Taryn had her face between Rosina's legs. Both women loved to sixty-nine, as it allowed them to thank the other for the pleasure they were receiving. Taryn was the first to lick pussy as she flicked her tongue across Rosina's clit. Rosina, was not to be outdone wrapped her lips around Taryn's clitoris and sucked hard. Both women licked, sucked, probed, and prodded licked each other's now dripping wet pussies with wild abandon.

These long-standing lovers were not at all uncomfortable with either having sex with another woman or having sex with a member of their immediate family. All they saw was a lover, someone whom they loved dearly and wanted to please, and please they did, well into the night. After countless orgasms were given and received, these beauties collapsed into each other's arms, covered in sweat and pussy-juice, exhausted and satisfied.

While they loved making love to each other, they still missed their Master, and longed for his touch. They had convinced themselves that he would come back to them in a few days. They felt strongly that he would not be able to resist the pull that drew them together anymore than they could. It was this single belief that kept them together, for if they thought for a moment that Owen would not return, they would not be able to function. They needed him like they needed air, his touch, power and control was what they craved. The two incestuous lovers only hoped that he needed them as badly as they needed him, yet only time would tell.

Chapter Four: The Dragon and The Mouse

Owen barely noticed the scenery passing by as he sat in the plush leather seat of the Mercedes that was speeding down the road to some unknown destination. He didn't notice much of anything that sunny Saturday. Owen's focus was consumed with his own thoughts on how he had ended up getting into the car of a stranger. Heather might have been a stranger to Owen but she not a stranger to his father and seemed to know much about his family. How much did she know and why was she seemingly undisturbed by what she knew? The most aggravating was what did she want with him? What was it that they needed to talk about that was so urgent? Why did Owen owe her any type of explanation on how he and his family chose to live their lives?

Owen felt his guilt twinge when he thought of how he chose to live his life. Owen was not stupid and guessed that Heather wanted to talk about Richard, and that was the last thing he wanted to talk about. Ironically, it was the major issue in his life and even he had to admit that he needed some perspective with regards to how things ended with his father. Had he really driven his father to do what he did? Was Owen really the monster his father made him out to be? Was he really so sick and twisted that he would corrupt and consume everyone around him? Owen didn't have the answer to these questions and a small part of him, hoped that Heather did.

Owen was so wrapped up in his own dark thoughts that he didn't notice the fact that they had turned into a back alley in an industrial section of town. Heather's swift hand movement to press the button

on a remote that was clipped to the visor above her head, pulled Owen out of his thoughts. A large overhead door of a nearby warehouse started to open and when it was open enough Heather drove into the warehouse. They entered what looked to be a sectioned off portion of the building that was used for an indoor parking garage. Pulling into a parking spot closest to a large metal door, Heather turned off the engine and got out of the car.

Owen stared in disbelief as he watched Heather walk towards the metal door. Not one word had been spoken between the two of them since he had entered the car. It irked him that she had just left the car and expected him to follow her without so much as saying a single word to him. As Owen got out of the car he paused to breathe a deep breath and prepare him for the unknown destiny that lay beyond that metal door.

It was at that moment that the thought hit Owen that he had been given the time to calm down. By not talking to him during the car ride, Heather had given him the space he needed to relax, just a little bit. Owen started to see the seemingly cold woman in a different light, perhaps she was more than the scratchy exterior let on. Owen hoped that she had some wisdom to shed on his predicament, rather than just the grilling he expected.

Owen walked though the metal doorway and found himself in a small entryway. This room looked to be much cleaner and newer than the building itself and was only about ten feet by ten feet. A camera was mounted above a solid-looking door at the opposite end of the room. There was a small card-reader device mounted on the

wall right next to the doorknob. Heather did not stop walking, nor did she produce a card to swipe through the card reader, she just walked up to the door. The door buzzed when she neared it and she opened up the door and walked through it. Owen had to run to catch the closing door, not sure if it would be opened up for him should he let it close.

A large, black man stood just inside the door wearing tight black leather pants, black shoes and what looked to be a spiked leather dog collar. Owen tried not to stare at the odd sight of the bare-chested man who stood there calmly and took both Heather and his coats, hanging them up nearby. While he was massive in dimensions, he was gentle and respectful in demeanour bowing to Heather as she walked by.

Owen was so taken in by the black man that he failed to notice that they were in a hallway that led down a fair distance. Along the wall to the right were two doors that were clearly labelled as men's and women's change rooms as well as a few other doors that were not marked. There was a door at the end of the hall which also had a camera mounted above it and a card-reader mounted beside the door. Heather was swiftly walking towards this door, still saying nothing to Owen. Once again, Heather did not stop walking or produce any credentials at all, she simply approached the door and it buzzed, allowing her to open it. By this time Owen was not far behind and easily caught the door before it closed. Owen stepped through the doorway immediately after Heather and was in for a great shock at the sight that greeted him.

The room was a stark difference to the white, plain hallway and anti-room that he had just walked through. The rich wood panelling of the fireside study seemed out of place in the warehouse that it was within. The floor was made of hardwood and was rich in colour and was obviously not mere laminate. An elegant leather couch and two wingback leather chairs were situated in a semi-circle centred on the wood fireplace in one wall. A large ornamental rug covered the area between both wingback chairs and the couch. Beautiful wood furniture and bookshelves filled with books filled out the room which looked like it belonged in an English manor rather than an American warehouse. There were three doors, one in each of the walls to the left and right of the wall with the fireplace, and the other immediately to the right of the fireplace. Owen and Heather had come through the door in the wall to the left of the fireplace.

Heather sat in one of the wingback chairs and pointed to the other wingback chair situated across from her, while looking at Owen confidently. Owen nodded and walked over to the vacant chair and sat down in it and felt the warmth of the fire that crackled in the fireplace beside him.

"As you know, I knew your father, for ten years, he was a Slave of mine and paid me well for the privilege," Heather said calmly, as if she were talking about the weather.

"I see," Owen said fidgeting in his seat a little bit. "He paid you to serve you?" he added with a look of morbid curiosity.

"Didn't he tell you? I thought you knew," Heather asked in a tone of voice that was flavoured with just a hint of curiosity, with a raised eyebrow on an otherwise expressionless face.

"He only told us that he was involved with you . . . as your Slave . . . and that he loved you very much," Owen said in a stammering and nervous manner, uncomfortable talking about personal family business to a stranger.

"You seem tense. Would you like a drink? Where are my manners, I haven't made you feel properly welcomed into my home," Heather said in a somewhat understanding and conciliatory manner before she pressed a button on a small intercom on a table beside her chair. "Send in some Sluts," Heather said dismissively into the small box, releasing the button after she finished speaking.

The door in the wall to the right of the wall with the fireplace opened up not a minute later and in walked six women. While each woman was unique in her own way, being of different races and body shapes, they all were dressed (or undressed rather) the same. Each woman wore fur-lined, leather cuffs on each ankle and wrist. Around her neck, each woman wore a thick, fur-lined leather collar in the style of a dog-collar, across the front of the collar in large, bright lettering was the word "SLUT" attached to the collar and each cuff was a single silver "D" ring. Apart from that, each woman was completely nude, and seemingly not bothered by that fact one bit. All of the women had their hair tied back in some manner, either in a pony tail or braid or up in a bun. They lined up in front of the couch and stood there with their feet shoulder width apart, their hands

behind their backs grasping their opposite elbows, their heads up high and looking straight ahead. They didn't move or speak at all; it was as if they were soldiers lined up for inspection.

"Pick one to welcome you," Heather said after giving the women a passing glance.

"What?" Owen said in a nervous tone.

"I don't have all day, just pick one you like and she will relieve your stress," Heather said in a slightly exasperated tone of voice of voice.

"I see," Owen said as he looked the women over again and tried to see which one he found the prettiest.

At one end there was a tall and slender Arab woman who looked to be in her late twenties, her hips were wide and clearly her best feature. The shape of her body was sleek, with subtle variations in her profile, her breasts included being that they were a B cup. Her dark skin and large eyes gave her an exotic mystique that was quite alluring.

Beside her was a small Japanese woman who could best be described as young and petite, her whole body was small yet slender. She had the curves of a woman but on a smaller and more subdued scale, her breasts were the smallest, barely an A cup.

Beside her was a woman who was quite different than her in body shape, she was a black woman with considerably more generous proportions to her figure. She had the hourglass figure of a woman but in a larger scale with more rounder and more flowing curves. Her breasts were clearly the largest of the group, yet her body was the largest as well.

On the other side of her was a slightly taller than average brunette haired woman with a muscular build and pert, pointy B cup breasts. Her body was a marvel of body-sculpting; she was toned, trim and had a tight, hard-body. She looked to be in her forties and looked to have been tanned most of her life.

Next was a native woman in her early twenties, who seemed to possess the body closest to a model's body of the group. Her tall body was nicely proportioned from her arms to her legs and even her C cup breasts seemed to be the right size and shape, nothing seemed too large or too small. Her black hair was in a single braid and fell down to her waist. If she wasn't a model, she could have been.

The last woman was a golden-blonde haired woman, in her early thirties who stood about average in height. Her hair was done up in two braids going out of the back of her head and still fell past her shoulder-blades. Her face was an oval shape and her thin eyebrows were whips over her captivating light-blue eyes. Her button nose pointed to her large mouth with puffy lips. Her body-shape was not skinny yet not plump, she was a woman who had a few extra pounds on a shapely frame. Her body, while being ever so slightly larger than desired, was well proportioned, and had the flowing curves of

a woman; those curves were simply padded a little bit. The added bonus to the padded curves was that this woman had a delightfully round D cup breasts.

This last woman had an odd addition to her "attire," in the form of a large gold cross which hung from a gold chain around her neck. While that in itself would make her memorable as you do not expect to see religious symbols displayed so prominently on a woman wearing a "Slut Collar." There was something else about her that rang familiar, it was as if he was looking at someone he knew, but couldn't quite place her. Perhaps it was because she was not in the environment he knew her from or simply that she reminded him of someone he knew. Whatever the reason, Owen was left with a feeling that he knew her from somewhere.

"What's with the cross?" Owen asked as he tore his eyes away from the cross dangling in cleavage, and glanced back at Heather.

"Don't worry about it, she's just a Slut. Pick one and let's get on with this." Heather huffed dismissively.

"A cross is a strange thing to see on a S. . . Slut, don't you agree? I was just curious," Owen added, not liking the term Heather used to describe these women, yet trying to act casual, nonetheless.

"She's a 'mousy little church girl' who is here to explore her 'bad girl' side in hopes to be rid of it," Heather scoffed as she tossed the woman in question a dirty look, "Deluded woman," she added with a shake

of her head. "You can't deny who and what you are! The sooner you accept that, the easier a time you will have here, Slut!" Heather spat with fire at the timid, blonde haired woman wearing the cross around her neck.

"Yes, Mistress," the blonde woman wearing the cross replied in a meek tone of voice as she looked down, momentarily embarrassed, before bringing her eyes back up to where they were expected to be.

Owen looked her over again and at once had a spark of recognition and chuckled when he remembered where he knew her from. She glanced at him with the slit eyes of a stern look, and Owen smiled and nodded at her with a knowing smile on his face. Almost immediately a look of horror washed over her face and she darted her eyes back to the front. A look of fear and embarrassment still dominated her face, though she tried to force a normal expression onto her face, and for the most part was successful. She never got the fear out of her eyes, as sporadically glanced back at Owen when she thought he wasn't looking.

Her name was Rebecca Moore and she lived in his neighbourhood, or rather his old neighbourhood. She was married with three young children, all under the age of six. She was an active member of the local church, constantly canvassing the neighbourhood for support for this or that church initiative. The last time he saw her was about a month ago, when she came by to ask him for clothing donations for some far-off disaster stricken part of the world. Rebecca and her husband ran a Christian Bookstore along the same street that Karen had her Spa. You would best describe Rebecca as a "pillar of the

church," and while she was quite religious, she was not the "holier than thou" type.

Rebecca had an innocent and pure mystique about her and you hardly could imagine her saying a curse word or knowing the existence of the BDSM lifestyle, let alone be up to her neck in it! It was strange enough for Owen to see women wearing "Dog Collars," as he saw them, and prancing around a public place in the nude. To see Rebecca Moore doing so was too strange and bizarre for Owen to accept. It was one thing for him to be caught up in this world of kink, neither he nor his family had ever been that religious, but Rebecca Moore?

"I take it, you've chosen her then?" Heather asked with a raised eyebrow.

At that, Rebecca took in a quick breath of shock and looked at Owen with a fearful look. Her whole being trembled slightly as she glanced between Heather and Owen. She was shooting him a pleading look as she timidly waited for her fate to be decided by others. Owen was about to move on, and instead choose the Native woman, but something about knowing Rebecca, and her timid nature drew her to him. Owen was curious to know what she was doing there, and she was pleasing to the eye. "What could it hurt to get a neck-rub from her?" Owen thought to himself.

"Sure, she'll do fine," Owen said confidently as he winked at a mortified Rebecca.

"Good! You heard him, Sluts, the rest of you disappear," Heather said in a commanding tone as she glanced at the women standing beside Rebecca. "As for you, Slut, tend to our guest and make him feel welcome and relaxed," she said to Rebecca in a stern manner.

The other women turned on the spot and walked out of the room via the same doorway that they had entered through. Rebecca took a few steps forward and approached Owen with a timid and fearful manner about her. She folded her hands in front of her and bowed slightly as she prepared to speak to Owen with fear in her eyes. Owen smiled warmly at her with a charming and disarming smile, at that Rebecca took a little comfort, and smiled back at him.

"What would you like to drink, Sir," Rebecca asked Owen in a soft, timid voice that sounded sweet and enchanting to Owen.

"Dark rum and coke," Owen replied politely, with a nod to Rebecca.

"Right away, Sir," Rebecca said with a weak smile as she bowed slightly to Owen and turned to walk away from Owen.

Rebecca swiftly left the room via the same door in the far corner, and returned just as swiftly with a glass containing a dark liquid in it. She approached Owen and handed it to him, again bowing to Owen with a shallow bow as she looked at him and waited for him to say

something. Owen took the glass and sipped its contents before he nodded his approval of the drink Rebecca had brought him.

"Is it to your liking, Sir?" Rebecca asked in a timid tone, with a hopeful smile her face.

"Yes, delicious," Owen replied with a smile and at that Rebecca smiled a pleased smile.

Owen was about to turn his attention to Heather, expecting Rebecca to walk around to the back of the chair and begin what he assumed was to be a neck-rub to relax him. Instead, Rebecca dropped to her knees and shuffled up close to Owen so that she was kneeling right in front of him. Again, Owen dismissed this as her waiting for him to give her another command. Yet again Rebecca surprised him when she reached up and without hesitation unfastened his pants! As soon as his pants were undone, she grasped the waistband of both his pants and underwear and pulled hard. Instinct took over and Owen even lifted his ass up to allow the pants to drop. Before long he had his pants and underwear down around his ankles and his semi-hard cock exposed to Heather and Rebecca. Before a stunned Owen could ask what she was doing, Rebecca silently answered his question when she took his cock in one hand and brought her lips to the tip of it.

Owen watched in slow motion as the woman whom he had seen scolding teens for kissing in public wrapped her lips around the head of his cock and started to swallow his whole cock. It was a bizarre

and surreal experience, however, given the fact of who she was and what she was doing made the experience incredibly hot. Owen watched in awe as Rebecca sucked hard as she bobbed her head up and down on his cock. One thing was for sure, while Rebecca looked innocent and was indeed a religious woman, she certainly was an experienced cocksucker! Owen sighed to convey his pleasure and let his head flop back, enjoying the moment for a bit. He then looked down at Rebecca smiled at her a gratified smile and patted her head. Rebecca, in turn, looked up at Owen and smiled at him as best she could with his cock in her mouth, but conveyed her mood with her eyes.

"Now that you're relaxed, we can continue, don't you agree?" Heather asked with a wry smile on her face.

"Certainly, I have to admit, you certainly know how to make a guy feel welcome," Owen chuckled but the laughter drained from his voice before he spoke in a plain tone, "I appreciate it and all, but why am I here?" he asked curiously. As Heather and Owen talked, Rebecca continued sucking Owen's cock at a leisurely and relaxing pace.

"True enough, I'll get to the point. As you know I was involved with Richard as his, Dominatrix, his Mistress, if you will, for ten years but I broke that off four years ago, for . . . personal reasons," Heather said and fell silent while wearing an uncharacteristically, uncomfortable look on her face.

"Personal reasons? He said you got board with him, and broke it off with him after telling him he was an idiot for staying with you for so long," Owen replied without compassion, as he looked at the hurt expression that flashed across Heather's face.

"No, that wasn't it," Heather said in a hurt tone of voice, ending with a regrettable sigh. "I started to care for him too much. Too much to be able to keep it purely business . . . I . . . I . . . loved him," Heather added with an ashamed tone of voice and let out a few sobs and show a rare display of emotions.

"I don't understand," Owen said with a perplexed look on his face. "He clearly loved you and was devoted to you, why was that a problem?" he added with a shrug of his shoulders.

"My business is to dominate both men and women! I have a number of Sluts and Slaves at my disposal at any given time. If I allow myself to become attached to any one in particular, that will hamper my ability to be objective and neutral when dealing with my Slaves. Jealousy would creep in and destroy anything we might have had." Heather said as she looked up at Owen with tear-stained cheeks.

"If my father knew you had other Slaves and still stuck with you for ten years, it seems to me that he could handle sharing you and what you do for a living. I'm sorry to be so blunt but what has this got to do with me?" Owen asked with a shrug of his shoulders, frustrated and exasperated.

"Even though I never told him and you may not agree with what I did, I did love him, you must understand that. I need to know what happened to him. I overhead you talking with your Mother and your Sister, so I know that you are involved with them like I was involved with Richard, what I don't know is why. Did Richard know? Was he somehow involved in all this? And most importantly, why did you say that you killed him?" Heather asked in a subdued tone of voice as she looked at him with pleading eyes.

"I don't owe you an explanation for any of this! Despite your past with my father, you have no business poking your nose in my personal life!" Owen said indignantly and abruptly stood up.

Rebecca's mouth made a popping sound as Owen's cock was unexpectedly removed from it. Rebecca scurried to the side and just managed to get out of the way as Owen pulled up his pants. Owen pulled up his pants began to do them up, still wearing the indignant expression on his face.

"SIT DOWN!" Heather ordered, but Owen sipped up his pants defiantly as he glared at Heather.

"No, I don't owe you any explanation," Owen huffed and turned to leave, leaving Heather stunned, sitting blinking in her chair.

He had just taken a step to leave when Heather moved and did something she never did. Heather got off of her chair and dashed to Owen's feet and knelt down as she grasped his nearest hand and

clutched it tight. Rebecca looked in shock as her Mistress was on her knees before a man! Rebecca didn't know what the proper thing to do was, so she chose to get lower than Heather and laid her head on the ground.

"PLEASE! I NEED TO KNOW!" Heather sobbed out in amongst the tears, as she looked up at Owen with the pleading eyes of a desperate woman, and not the scowl of a demanding one.

It was the display of real emotion that got to him and made him give in to her request. It was more the fact that it was a request and not a demand that got to him. Heather had lowered her guard and showed him her real emotions and not the cool façade that she showed most people. Owen knew that this was hard for her to do, it was hard for her to beg anyone to do anything and that too was not lost on Owen. He suspected it was the emotion of Richard's funeral that had put her emotions off-kilter that day.

"Okay," Owen said after a long moment of silence.

"Thank you," Heather said with a grateful smile before she got up and sat back down in her chair.

Owen sat down in his chair and looked down at Rebecca who looked up at him in a timid yet hopeful look. With a sigh Owen pulled his pants and underwear down to his ankles and motioned to Rebecca to come closer. Rebecca beamed at Owen and took her place between his legs and resumed her oral pleasing efforts on his cock.

Owen then told Heather the tale of how his family had changed and reformed into what it had become. He told her how her leaving Richard deeply affected him and how lost he felt without her. Owen told Heather, how things had started with his mother, how they found each other and discovered that they needed something from each other. He then told her how Rosina found out and how she joined the fold. Finally Richard's story was told on how he became part of the family. Owen told Heather how much the family felt loved and accepted by each other but also what Richard was going through. He told Heather about how Richard had disposed of his assets and killed himself. Owen explained how he had broken things off with his Mother and Sister because he didn't want them to suffer the same fate.

"Did he ever tell you that he was unhappy?" Heather asked with a sceptical eye.

"No, none of us ever had a clue that he was anything but happy," Owen said with a tone of deep regret.

"What would you have done if he had told you he was not happy?" Heather asked curiously, with a raised eyebrow.

"I would have talked to him, tried to work things out but in the end, I would have let him go with no trouble. I wouldn't have blackmailed him, or extorted money from him," Owen said with a frustrated sigh, regretting not being able to have done just that.

"Even if it meant you would be in the situation you are now? Even if it meant being poor?" Heather asked with the raised eyebrow of a knowing expression.

"I never wanted him as a Slave in the first place. I only did so as a favour to Red . . .er . . . Mom, and I thought it was what he wanted! The money was just a means to take care of the family. That's why I never took any of it, everything was used to take care of the family and the rest was left in the account, HIS account," Owen said with a sigh and shook his head at Heather.

"He made his own choices. He thought, for whatever reason, that you were a tyrant, so he decided to end his life. You didn't end it for him, you are not responsible for what happened to him, he is," Heather said in a compassionate and understanding tone of voice.

"No, you don't understand!" Owen said as he shifted forward but realized that Rebecca was still there, sucking on his cock. "Move, please . . . Mouse," Owen said calmly as he tapped Rebecca on the shoulder. The pet name of "Mouse" seemed to fit her, she was a timid little mousey woman, not that it was a bad thing, it was just who she was.

"Yes, Sir," Rebecca said as she backed up slightly, giggling a bit at her new nickname.

Owen fished around in his pants and found Richard's suicide note and handed it to Rebecca. "Mouse, take this to her," Owen said to Rebecca as he pointed at Heather.

"Yes, Sir," Rebecca replied and scurried on her knees over to Heather and respectfully handed her the folded up piece of paper. Rebecca returned to Owen's feet and looked at his cock and up at him expectantly.

"You may continue, Mouse," Owen said with a smile and nod as Heather started to read Richard's suicide note.

"Yes, Sir," Rebecca replied with a warm tone as she smiled briefly at Owen before resuming her oral pleasuring of his cock.

On the inside Rebecca was shocked and in turmoil as a result of the troubling and disgusting tale of domination and incest involving a whole family she had just heard! Rebecca knew enough to keep focussed on her task, sucking his cock in a relaxing manner. She knew he had recognized her, she saw the spark of recognition in his eyes as well as the chuckle that followed. She certainly had recognized him, even before his troubling tale. Part of her wanted to hate him for what he had done with his family, yet she couldn't. The largest blockade to her righteous hatred of Owen was the fact that he knew who she was and what she was doing in this place, yet he had not judged her or shown her contempt.

Quite the opposite, he was kind and gentle, a first for her in all the time she had spent in this place. Even in the limited interaction they had shared so far, she felt a strange connection to him. He was a little out of place here, just like she was. To the world he was a decent, respectable young man, but in private he had a terrible secret. Likewise, to the world she was a loving wife and mother, pious woman and pillar of the church, yet she had these dark urges that drove her to this place.

No amount of prayer could rid her of her darkest and most shameful secret, the fact that she came to Heather's on a weekly basis and lived a secret life as a Slut. Every week she would tell her husband that she was going to a ladies bible-study and instead go to Heather's. She was used to pleasure whoever wanted her to whenever and however they wanted her to, without the slightest thought or consideration given to her. Rebecca had no control over her life once she walked in these doors and part of her liked being treated with abject disdain. For Rebecca it was a way of doing penance for daring to explore these dark feelings, though in truth she was trying to get rid of them. She had come to Heather's in the desperate hope that by giving in to these dark impulses, she could tire of them and finally be rid of them. So far it had not worked and only produced the opposite effect. Now a little more than a year and a half later she found she was hooked, unable to rid herself of these dark feelings yet unable stop herself from coming to Heather's either.

Rebecca hated the lying to the good man who was her husband a man she loved. The fact that she was cheating on him was not lessened in any way by the fact that she had done so only within the confines of this building. Rebecca had simply justified her

scandalous behaviour by telling herself that once she was inside this building, it was the dark urges that were doing these things, not her. Owen's tender and caring manner threatened to smash that, and that was what she feared.

Despite what Owen had done with his family, Rebecca liked him, and that was the problem. As long as she held everyone and everything in this building with disdain she could look down on what happened here and distance herself from it. Owen, treating her gently, as well as showing consideration and compassion to her, made her want to serve him, she liked taking care of him. Rebecca liked doing things for him, even as simple as fetching him a drink or yes, sucking his cock. As she looked back on the brief encounters they had shared outside of this place, he had always been kind and polite, she liked him even then.

That was the real problem: Rebecca was exploring the dark urges with someone she liked. Owen was not a nameless participant or cruel Mistress degrading her, he saw her as Rebecca and not as a "Slut." He knew who she was and why she was here and yet still he treated her kindly. For that she was grateful and saw him as a good man and not the bastard she felt she should see him as, due to his involvement with his family. If she liked him and still did these shameful things with him than Rebecca would have to admit that it was she and not her dark urges that were in control. That didn't feel like a road to getting rid of them, but rather getting used to them, Rebecca was troubled but returned her focus to the task at hand: pleasing Sir's cock.

"The fact that you carry this around in your pocket is troubling enough," Heather said as she held up Richard's suicide note and wore a worried look on her face. "This is the mad ramblings of a man who is unhappy with his life and looking to blame others rather than do something about it," Heather said with a sad tone of voice as she put the note down on the table beside her.

"Yeah, but . . ." Owen tried to argue back but Heather cut him off.

"LOOK! He lied to you, he lied to his family and he lied to himself. Sure, he was not happy. Sure all the submission he was comfortable with was our once a week sessions, but once he realized that, what did he do about it?" Heather asked and looked at Owen expectantly.

"Well, nothing," Owen added calmly and looked at Heather with an uneasy expression.

"Exactly! He had choices. From what you've told me you were and are a kind and loving Master. You genuinely look after your Slaves and take the responsibility for their care and well-being to heart. If you didn't take the responsibility as Master seriously, you wouldn't have been so affected by what happened. You are blaming yourself because you feel you failed him as his Master," Heather said in a reassuring and compassionate tone of voice.

"EXACTLY!" Owen emphatically agreed.

"He failed you as a Slave by not telling you what he was feeling. How can you fix a problem that is hidden from you?" Heather asked confidently and waited for Owen to respond.

"I guess," Owen relented, looking down.

"You need to let this go, you need to stop blaming yourself for something that was not your fault . . . You need to burn this," Heather said as she held up Richard's suicide note.

"I don't know," Owen replied uneasily.

"If he had come to you with this and you had brushed him aside, then I would agree that you would be to blame for what had happened to him. I loved Richard and I am sorry that I didn't have the courage to let him know how much I cared. I wish I could have my Richard back, the man I knew when we parted ways. But the man we buried today was not that man. He let regret and shame eat away at him until all that was left was hatred. He screwed over his wife and family because he wasn't happy with his life. You shouldn't feel sorry for him, you should hate him. What he did was cruel and unnecessary. He went out of his way to hurt you for something you weren't responsible for. That was not my Richard. That was not your father." Heather said as she held the note out to Owen.

"Yeah, you're right . . . I am sorry for what happened, though," Owen said with a sad and regrettable tone of voice.

"As am I, but we must put it behind us and move on," Heather said as she waved the note back and forth.

"True," Owen nodded before he looked down to Rebecca who was sucking his cock with her eyes closed. "You can stop now, Mouse," he said and smiled down at her as she opened her eyes and looked up at him.

"Yes, Sir," Rebecca said after letting his cock slip from her mouth and shifting to the side.

Owen stood up, pulled up his pants and took the note from Heather. Standing before the fireplace Owen looked at Richard's suicide note and then at the fire crackling before him. He knew that Heather was right, he knew that his father had choices that he did not exercise and that he never once told him that he was not happy. This did little to diminish the feeling of the senseless and preventable loss of life this event filled Owen with. With a flick of the wrist, Owen tossed Richard's suicide note onto the fire and watched it burn until noting was left but ashes. Owen turned to Heather and smiled a warm smile, one which she returned.

"Thank you," Owen said to Heather warmly as he sat back down in his chair. Rebecca moved to resume her oral pleasuring of Owen's cock but Owen stopped her with a gentle hand. "No, Mouse, not now," he said with a smile to Rebecca.

"Yes, Sir," Rebecca said as she sat back on her haunches, bowed her head, folded her hands and waited for his next command.

"Do you feel better?" Heather asked Owen with a friendly smile on her face.

"Yes, actually," Owen said with a relieved smile.

"Good. Do you want to go home to Red and Cat yet?" Heather asked curiously as she watched Owen for a reaction.

"I still don't know if I should . . . I . . . I just know," Owen said as he hung his head, running his fingers through his hair.

His tension and stress had gotten the better of him when he thought of Taryn and Rosina. He was still not sure if it was a good idea to resume his relationship with them. As he wrestled with his thoughts and emotions of the moment Owen felt a light touch on his right hand. He glanced over to it and saw that Rebecca had placed her small hand on his in a comforting gesture. He looked into her eyes and saw the genuine concern she held for him, and he was touched, he squeezed her hand and smiled warmly at her. Rebecca smiled up at him, happy she could comfort him in his time of need.

"You are without a doubt the most natural Master I have seen; which is why you have done so well with no training. You have your heart and mind in the right place and certainly have a way with submissive

women, but you lack some basic skills," Heather said in a considered and confident manner.

"Basic skills?" Owen asked curiously, with mild confusion.

"Yes, there are many things about the BDSM lifestyle that you don't understand. I can teach you these things and help you become a better and more effective Master than you are now by adding to and honing your skills," Heather said in a confident manner as she looked at Owen with a self-assured look on her face.

"That sounds great, but it sounds like a sales pitch and I'm pretty sure I can't afford it," Owen said as he started to get up, but stopped when he heard Heather's laughter.

"No, I don't personally train Dom's and I don't need your money." Heather said in amongst her chuckling as Owen sat back down. "I see potential in you and I want to help develop that potential," she added with a serious tone of voice, a slight smirk on her face.

"Okay, thank you, but I need to find a place to stay first," Owen replied with a sceptical expression.

"While we are training, you can stay here," Heather said with a calming look of certainty.

"Thank you, but I still have College, I . . ." Owen started out but stammered at the end and Heather cut him off before he could ramble too much.

"I understand about school, that is important, while you are here you will go to college during the day and we will train in the evening," Heather said with a plain tone of voice, a slight smile on her face.

"I appreciate all you are willing to do for me, but if you don't usually do this, why me?" Owen asked with a grateful tone of voice as he looked at Heather with an expression of wonder on his face.

"As I said, I want to help develop your potential as well as give you the space you need to decide your next move. As well, Richard didn't give all his money to charity, a fair amount he gave to me. We will simply consider that he paid me to train you." Heather said with a conspiratorial grin and wink at Owen.

"Thank you," Owen said with a grateful smile and nod.

"Before we begin your training, you must understand some basic Protocols. First, when we are out there on 'The Floor' you must address me as 'Mistress' at all times and I will address you as 'Trainer.' I know this may be hard for you, but just think of it in the 'Teacher' sense of the word. Secondly, when we are on The Floor, I am always in charge and you must treat me with respect and be subservient to me. Again this is hard for a Dom to do but I must maintain the upper hand, this is important to maintain order

amongst the Sluts and Slaves. This will all be easier if you consider our relationship in the 'Teacher/Student' light. Do you understand and agree?" Heather spoke in a calm and controlled manner, to convey that she was serious yet not overly demanding.

"Yes, Mistress," Owen replied, the last word feeling wrong to say, somehow.

"I like you and I feel like I can be myself around you, Owen. When we are in private, we can relax and just be ourselves, like we are now, we can drop the Mistress/Trainer, act, understand?" Heather asked with a genuine smile.

"Absolutely, Heather," Owen replied with a genuine smile of his own.

"Good, let's begin, I'll see you on The Floor in a bit," Heather said to Owen calmly as she stood up, "Slut, get him a Trainer's uniform, help him get ready and make sure he finds his way to The Floor," she said to Rebecca with a commanding tone of voice.

"Yes, Mistress," Rebecca replied respectfully with a nod of her head.

Heather turned and exited the room through the door that was to the right of the fireplace. Rebecca led Owen back through the door that they entered through and back into the hallway. The large black man was still standing beside the opposite door and just nodded to Owen

and Rebecca when he saw them. Owen nodded in reply and watched as Rebecca opened up a door between the men's and women's change rooms.

Inside the room, the walls were lined with shelves, and an assortment of clothes was neatly organized on them. The clothes were all in only one colour: Black. Rebecca searched through them, holding up a few different shirts and pants until she was confident that she had found ones that would fit. Scooping up a pair of black socks and a pair of black shoes she exited the room, closing the door behind her. Owen fully expected Rebecca to hand him the clothes so he could get changed in private, instead she walked into the men's change room.

Perplexed he entered the men's change room and found Rebecca standing not far inside the door, still holding the pile of clothing. The change room itself was just like what you would find in a gym or swimming pool. The main are had lockers surrounding the walls and off to one side was the washroom area and off to another side was the group shower. In the middle of the main area was an assortment of benches. A door that was opposite the main door, seemed to lead to "The Floor" as Heather had described it. When Owen had entered the change room, Rebecca walked over to a nearby bench and carefully laid out the clothes over it.

"I don't need help changing," Owen said as he approached Rebecca.

"I know, Sir, but Mistress told me to help you, and I will," Rebecca replied softly, with a smile as she stood with her hands folded in front of her.

"And you have, but I think I can find my way from here," Owen replied warmly and ran his hand up and down Rebecca's shoulder as he smiled at her.

"It is my place to help you, Sir . . . and I am happy to do it . . . may I please help you?" Rebecca asked in a timid and soft manner, almost fearful of asking him anything so bold.

"Alright, you may help," Owen said with a smile.

What followed was a simple act of Rebecca helping Owen get changed. She would remove an article of Owen's clothing and hang it up in one of the available lockers. She would then replace that article with a new one. Slowly Owen changed from his street clothes into the "Trainer's Uniform" as Heather had called it. In truth it was simply a black silk shirt and pair of leather pants, topped off with the black shoes and socks.

It had been some time since he had been given assistance changing, and it was nice to be served in this way. Rebecca seemed to enjoy doing the simple act and every move she made was slow and deliberate. When he was fully changed Rebecca led Owen to the door leading to The Floor. Rebecca stopped short of the door and just stood there with her hands folded.

"What is it?" Owen asked Rebecca curiously.

"I cannot enter The Floor preceding a Trainer, Sir. You must go first," Rebecca said respectfully with her head bowed.

Owen nodded his agreement and opened up the door and entered a large expanse of open warehouse space which was brightly lit. The area was vast and from a cursory glance it looked similar to an exercise gym with various stations lining the walls. Dividers sectioned off each area so you could not see from one station to the one on either side of you, but if you stood in the centre of the room you could see all the stations at once. Owen wasn't sure what many of them did but they seemed to have one thing in common: restraint. Each station was intended for a different way to restrain one or more people in a particular position. Most stations had some equipment or other type of apparatus hanging on the wall nearby.

Some of the stations were busy and Owen could see a variety of people dressed like him or Rebecca. There were people at a number of the stations in the midst of some sort of activity, unhindered by the other groups. A handful of men and women were dressed similarly to Owen, and clearly were in the Dominant position. The women Trainers wore the same black silk shirt as the men, but they wore a black leather knee length skirt with black high-heels. A handful of men and woman were dressed like Rebecca and clearly were in the Submissive position. On closer inspection some of the Collars being worn had "Slut" written across it and others had "Slave" written across it. There were a number of combinations of men and

woman in both the Dominant and Submissive positions. Some stations had men in the Dominant position with women in the submissive position. Some stations had women in the Dominant position with men in the submissive position. Other stations had men dominating men and women dominating women.

Owen had finished his visual tour of the room when he spotted Heather standing in the middle of the room, dressed in red silk shirt, red leather skirt with red high-heels. The tight outfit accentuated her curves and seemed to make her more appealing than the white suit she had been wearing earlier. She was the only person wearing any colour other than back and for that fact she stood out very distinctly.

Owen started to walk towards Heather but stopped when he felt he was alone. Looking around him he noted that Rebecca was standing near the door they had come through, not moving. She stood there with her head bowed and her hands folded, looking quite small and submissive. Owen walked back over to Rebecca, but still she didn't lift her head when he approached.

"Why didn't you follow me?" Owen asked with a light scoff.

"I cannot walk around The Floor without being led, Sir," Rebecca replied in a meek manner.

"So follow me, and I will lead you," Owen replied in a peculiar tone of voice.

"No, Sir, you must lead me, properly," Rebecca said as she glanced over to the wall nearby.

Owen looked over to where she was looking and saw a row of hooks along the wall. Hanging from the hooks was a series of dog leashes. Some were made of chain, others were made of nylon strapping and stil others were made of rope. There were even a few that were in a "Y" configuration where one leash could be attached to two or more collars. Owen was a little shocked at the sight but also found the thought of leading Rebecca around by a leash and collar quite hot. Owen picked out a plain black nylon leash and attached its clip to the D-ring on Rebecca's collar. The rush of excitement Owen felt when that simple act was done was reflected in Rebecca's eyes, clearly she loved being leashed.

Owen turned and once again began to walk towards Heather, with Rebecca in tow . . . literally. Rebecca walked a few paces behind him keeping a respectful distance behind Owen. She made sure to keep just a little slack on the leash and always walked with her hands clasping her elbows behind her. Owen arrived to stand in front of Heather and returned the smile that she gave him.

"Good to see that you followed protocol, did she help you change?" Heather asked Owen with a stern tone.

"Yes. Mistress, she did," Owen replied calmly.

"Good, it's good to see that you are trainable and willing to do things properly," Heather said as she glanced Rebecca and Owen over, giving Owen a nod of approval when she was done.

Heather turned and walked towards one of the stations not far off. Owen was surprised to find a man kneeling on a cushion, at the end of one of the dividers of the station. He was dressed in the same attire as Rebecca and so he was totally nude with collar and cuffs, being the only thing he was wearing. He also had a leash attached to his collar but the other end of the leash was not held by anyone but clipped into a clip that was fastened above his head, to the divider. He sat there with his head bowed and his hands folded in his lap. He had silver hair and bore a striking similarity to Richard, if you looked at him at the right angle.

"Put your Slut there," Heather said as she pointed to a cushion in the end of the other divider of the station.

Owen took the hint and directed Rebecca to sit down on the cushion, and she did just that. Taking the end of the leash he was holding he clipped it into the clip that was above her head. As Owen backed away he noted that Rebecca was in the exact same position as the man at the other cushion.

"I know you are quite angry and frustrated right now so I'm afraid to let you lose on your Slut's ass with a whip." Heather said with a chuckle as she walked over to the man and unclipped his leash from the wall. "I know you must be angry with your father, and as well

you need to learn proper whipping techniques." She said as she tugged slightly on his leash and the man stood up. "This Slut can take a lot of pain, so he will be a great help in your training. You should learn a lot about whipping and it should even be therapeutic for you." Heather said as she directed the man to kneel on a padded table that stood two and a half feet high.

"Therapeutic?" Owen asked as he watched Heather clip the man's leash into a clip on the front of the padded table.

"Yes," Heather said as she grabbed a riding crop that was hanging on a nearby wall. "Think of this Slut as your father. After all that your father has put you and your family through, don't you think he deserves to be punished?" she said with delight in her voice as she walked towards him.

"But I . . ." Owen started to baulk, as he glanced at the exposed ass of the man bent over on the table.

"Just see him as your father and do what comes naturally," Heather said as she handed Owen the riding crop.

"Men, aren't my thing . . . Mistress," Owen said politely as he handed the riding crop back to Heather.

Heather leaned in close to Owen and whispered, "I know that, but all you're going to do is whip him, nothing more. Trust me when I

say that this will be good for both of you. You need to whip something and he loves pain,"

Owen nodded and took the riding crop from Heather and walked up behind the man on the table and got in to position to whip him. Owen looked over at Heather, still unsure if he should be doing this, as it felt wrong to be intentionally inflicting pain on someone else. Heather nodded encouragingly in reply and Owen then raised up the riding crop and swung it as hard as he dared against the man's ass. The man didn't flinch and Owen looked back at Heather, looking for some direction.

"Harder!" Heather urged.

Owen took another swing at the man's ass and swung with more force. This time the man groaned a little bit and a red mark formed on his ass.

"That's it! Just like that! Do it again!" Heather urged in a strong and excited voice.

Owen hit the man with the riding crop again and this time a twinge of power flowed through him when crop met flesh. Without being prompted, Owen swung again, and again and again. Soon Owen was smacking the man's ass with the riding crop with all his force.

"That's it! Now tell Richard what you want to tell him!" Heather encouraged with an aggressive tone to her voice.

By now Owen couldn't stop himself, the anger started to flow from within. As he looked at the kneeling man he could almost see that it was Richard kneeling before him, being punished. A litany of insults and harsh words flowed from Owen's mouth as all the pent up anger and resentment of the past few weeks was released. Finally Owen was able to tell his father how angry he was for destroying the lives of his family because he was unhappy. Finally the weight and burden of guilt for Richard's death was lifted from Owen's shoulders. The emotions got the better of him and he broke down and wept, falling to his knees after a few final half-hearted swats. As Owen knelt there crying, Heather knelt down beside him, wrapped her arms around him and hugged him in a soft, comforting manner. Once Owen had stopped crying, Heather dried his tears and lifted his head until they were looking into each other's eyes.

"Do you feel better?" Heather asked softly.

"Yes, Mistress. I feel as though a great weight is lifted off me, thank you," Owen said with a grateful tone of voice and a warm smile.

"Good, I'm glad but I need you to understand that what happened can't happen again. Some people might call it abuse. You can't just pull a submissive aside, tie them down and whip them mercilessly, just because you've had a bad day. You must consider the submissive and what they need, what they can take. I chose Hank because I

knew he had a very high threshold of pain and I also knew that you had a lot of tension built up inside you. I was afraid you might unload on your little 'Mouse' over there and I know she can't take THAT hard a whipping. Do you understand?" Heather said in a calming and soothing tone of voice as she spoke just a few inches from Owen's face.

"Yes, Mistress, I do," Owen said with an understanding tone.

"Good. Always remember that one of the basic rules of BDSM is that everything is: safe, sane, and consensual. You can't force a submissive to do something they refuse to do, or is unsafe. If a submissive says 'Stop' you have to stop immediately. You can't push a submissive past their limits just because you feel like it, do you understand?" Heather asked in a calm and soothing tone of voice.

"Yes, Mistress, I do," Owen replied calmly, with a nod.

"Good, now that you're in a better frame of mind, we can start your real training, get your Mouse and follow me," Heather said as she stood up and walked over to Hank, the man on the table and leaned over him. "Are you okay, Hank?" she asked calmly.

"Yes, Mistress," Hank replied.

"Lisa, take care of Hank here," Heather said to a nearby female 'Trainer', dressed in the black shirt and black skirt.

"Yes, Mistress," Lisa replied and walked towards Owen, taking the riding crop from him.

Owen stood up and unfastened Rebecca's leash from its clip and with a gentle tug on the leash, signalled her to stand up. Rebecca stood up and followed Owen as he walked to the station that Heather was now standing in front of.

In the centre of the station was a bench which looked a lot like an exercise bench that had been set too high. The top of the bench stood waist high and while it was only a foot and a half wide it was about four feet long. The front vertical portion of the bench was padded but this only reached three quarters of the way to the floor. A solid metal pole at the front and back of the bench secured it to the floor. A clip was attached directly to the base of the front pole. At the far end of the bench a clip was secured to a nylon strap which was in turn attached to the metal pole at that end, the length of the strap was easily adjustable.

When Owen arrived at the station, Heather calmly took Rebecca's leash from him and guided her to the bench and had her bend over at the padded end. Rebecca seemed to know what was expected of her and stretched her hands out in front of her head as she laid her torso down on the bench. In this position she looked liked an "L" that had been rotated ninety degrees clockwise. Grasping the strap at the far end of the bench, Heather clipped both of Heather's wrist cuffs to the clip and pulled the strap so that her arms were stretched out in front of her but not so tight as to be uncomfortable for Rebecca. Owen

thought Heather was done with Rebecca but she was not. This was made evident when Heather knelt down by Rebecca's feet and clipped her ankle cuffs into the clip attached to the base of the metal pole.

Owen looked at Rebecca who was now lewdly bent over the bench and couldn't help but notice that she was: restrained, helpless, trusting, submissive, and to Owen . . . hot! He saw that he could do anything he wanted to her right now and there wasn't a thing she could do about it. The dominant within him started to respond to the restrained submissive before him and his mind started working on the possibilities. As Owen was busy looking at Rebecca, Heather had retrieved two riding crops from the wall and returned to stand by his side.

"Now we can begin really teaching you how to erotically whip a submissive," Heather said with a smirk on her face as she handed Owen one of the riding crops.

What followed was a session where Heather instructed Owen on how to use the crop to heighten the excitement of the submissive. Owen learned just how hard to smack Rebecca with the crop and how hard was too hard. It amazed Owen that as the smacks continued to land, moans of pleasure started to emanate from Rebecca. As well, her hips started to undulate and wiggle as her excitement grew. Heather instructed Owen that it was more than just repeated and regular smacks with the crop that was important, variety and variation was the key. Alternating between cracks of the crop and light touching, hard smacks and lighter ones kept the

submissive guessing and not knowing what was going to happen next; this was vital to enhancing the experience for the submissive.

Owen saw that while he gained satisfaction from the experience, it did not bring him direct pleasure. The only pleasure he got from the experience was the satisfaction that he had pleased her, not dissimilar to the pleasure a submissive derives from giving her Master a good blowjob. Near the end the moans and squeals of delight accompanied by the rosy glow of Rebecca's well-smacked rear became and intoxicatingly erotic combination for Owen. The sight of her wet pussy and the trail of pussy-juice that was trickling down her thigh proved too powerful a temptation for Owen.

Dropping to his knees, he knew he had to have a taste. He deserved to taste her, for he had brought so much pleasure out of her that it was trickling down her leg. With a slow constant lick from low on her inner thigh to right up to her pussy itself, Owen's tongue never broke contact with her leg. With an exaggerated flick of his tongue, Owen made a point to just miss touching her pussy.

"Oh, Sir!" Rebecca moaned in a low, guttural moan as her body shook with excitement. Owen licked a slow lick down the slit of her pussy and flicked his tongue across Rebecca's clitoris. This caused another groan and shudder from the restrained Rebecca, but the sudden sucking of her clit was too intense and shocking for Rebecca to maintain restraint, "OH SHIT!" she cried out as he eyes shot wide open.

"You got the church mouse to swear, I'm impressed!" Heather chuckled as Owen licked his way back down Rebecca's slit.

"You thought that was good, wait till you see this!" Owen said with a confident sneer as he stood up swiftly.

Without further warning to Rebecca or another word said, Owen unzipped his pants and pulled out his painfully hard cock. He lined himself up and thrust into an unsuspecting Rebecca, and before she knew what was happening she had a pussy-full of Owen's fat cock.

"HOLY FUCK!" Rebecca shouted as her back arched, straining her wrist restraints.

Owen didn't wait for Rebecca to get used to his size before he withdrew his cock and began the powerful thrusting. Rebecca dropped her head to the bench as Owen took her, again and again. Rebecca submitted to Owen's savage thrusting, even if she wasn't restrained she could not resist, it was not within her to refute a powerful man. The desire to be dominated was in charge right now and loved the animalistic way that Owen had just pounced on her and claimed her, without giving her wishes a single thought.

As Owen pistoned his cock into her pussy Rebecca knew this was far more intense and erotic than any sex she had had in recent memory; she loved and hated Owen for that. The part of her that was the good little church-going wife knew that sex with her husband would seem pale and boring in comparison. That thought should scare her and

Rebecca knew that it probably would scare her silly later that night, when she was back in bed with her husband. For Rebecca at that very moment, nothing existed but her deep-seeded need to please her Sir, to be used as a vessel for his pleasure.

"Fuck me, Sir! Use my body for your pleasure! Fuck me, Oh, Sir fill me up! Fuck me, just FUCK ME!" Rebecca moaned out as she began to thrust back at Owen as hard as she could, while still restrained to the table.

"I am, Mouse! I am!" Owen growled as he continued to slam his cock into her tight little pussy.

The fast-paced, intense fuck could not continue for long. Even though it was short, it was intense, made evident by every drop of sweat that dripped from Owen's face onto Rebecca's rosy ass. Rebecca could feel every drop running down over the curve of her rump as it made its way to the floor, pulled by gravity. The only pull Rebecca felt was the one that was pulling her to Owen. The pull was not the rhythmic thrusts of his fat cock into her; it was his powerful presence that pulled her to him. The need to submit was strongest with him and while she did not know why she needed to please him she simply knew she needed to serve him.

Owen's grunt and quickening pace brought Rebecca out of her own, mixed-up thoughts. She looked over her shoulder and into his face, noting his closed eyes and intense expression, she knew he was close to cuming. With one last final thrust, Owen pushed his cock into her

pussy as far as it would go and kept it there. In that fraction of a second, Rebecca knew he was about to cum, and she was proved right when she felt his cock thicken. When the first blast of hot cum hit her cervix, Rebecca's eyes shot wide open and she looked, with shock and fear, into his eyes. The fear was washed away in the flood of bliss that flowed through Rebecca as Owen's cum began to fill her most womanly of places. Rebecca came with the thought that she had indeed brought her Sir pleasure, and fulfilled her duty to him. She shook and quaked through her orgasm and when it was over both Sir and Slut were spent and they lay together catching their breath.

Owen pulled out of Rebecca and stepped back and gained his balance before kneeling down to unfasten Rebecca's ankle cuffs from the pole. Walking around to the far end of the bench, Owen released Rebecca's wrist cuffs from the strap and Rebecca was free from her confines. Rebecca stood up as she did when Owen first met her, her hands clasping elbows behind her back and her feet shoulder-width apart. Owen smiled and got a thrill out of seeing Rebecca standing dutifully before him while he held her leash.

"You may clean my cock," Owen said with a smirk on his face.

"Yes, Sir," Rebecca replied happily.

Rebecca dropped to her knees and grasped his deflating cock, which was slick with their combined juices, in her hand and guided it to her eager mouth. Wrapping he lips around the head of it she found herself happy to have him in her mouth once again. She descended

her lips on his cock until her lips were at the base of it. With hard suction she pulled back, making sure to keep every delicious morsel in her mouth. A few more times she repeated this bobbing action, in order to ensure that his cock was clean. A few licks around the shaft and over his balls made sure that her Sir's cock was clean. She smiled up at him as she fastened up his pants, content in the silent praise that his smile was.

"That was good, Mouse," Owen said with a smile as he patted Rebecca's head, her leash still in hand.

"Yes, it was, but it is time for this little mouse to scurry on back to her hole in the church." Heather said in a condescending tone of voice, with a chuckle.

Rebecca knew that it was time to go, time to return to her squeaky-clean, vanilla life. With a nod, Owen led Rebecca by the leash over to the door to the women's changing room. As they walked Rebecca was filled with conflicting emotions, part of her was happy to be leaving this sick place, the other part of her was sad to be leaving; sad to be leaving Sir. She felt a connection to him and doing things with him, made her time in this place enjoyable, meaningful even. As Owen unclipped the leash from her collar, she felt sad and already missed the physical connection she had to him. Leaving felt wrong and before she could stop herself, words leapt from her lips.

"Can I come back tomorrow, Mistress?" Rebecca asked meekly, with her head down.

"But you're a 'once-a-week gal', every Saturday, like clockwork! Why the need to come back on a Sunday, yet?" Heather said in a mocking tone of voice and laughed as she waited to hear what Rebecca had to say.

"I . . . I want to help, Sir . . . I want to help in his training, Mistress," Rebecca said in a soft tone of voice.

"But we'll be training every evening for some time yet," Heather said with a raised eyebrow.

"I know," Rebecca replied while shifting her weight from one foot to the other, still looking at the floor.

"Are you willing to come in every evening?" Heather asked in a firm tone.

"Yes, Mistress," Rebecca said as she looked up and into Heather's eyes.

"Why?" Heather asked curiously, with a knowing smirk on her face.

"I like, Sir, and want to help him, Mistress," Rebecca said with a furrowed brow, keeping her eyes away from looking at Owen.

"Very well, You may help, dismissed," Heather said with a commanding tone of voice.

"Thank you, Mistress," Rebecca said with a grateful smile on her face as she bowed to Heather.

Rebecca walked into the women's change room and Owen was about to walk to the men's change room when Heather stopped him. She wore a self-pleased smirk on her face and shook her head and chuckled briefly.

"I think you two will be good for each other. You two have already developed a rapport. You need to be comfortable with the person you are working with, in this stage of your training. I also think that working with you will do her a world of good, perhaps even dispel her illusions of 'curing herself' of her submissiveness," Heather said with a laugh as she walked away, leaving Owen to wonder if working with Rebecca was a good thing or not.

As Owen bedded down in the guest bedroom of Heather's private portion of the warehouse complex, he had trouble sleeping. Taryn or Rosina were nowhere nearby, even as he had distanced himself from them this past while it was always comforting to know they were near. Now he was alone in a strange bed, in a strange place, with nether his beloved Red or Cat to comfort him. As Owen waited for sleep to come he missed Taryn and Rosina, he missed them as: companions, lovers, Slaves but most of all, as family. The confusion

over what the right thing to do by them weighed heavily on his troubled mind. What right did he have to continue a relationship that may very well scar them or screw them up in the long run? Was it right to avoid them all together? The struggle to determine what was right and what was wrong was far from over in Owen's mind.

Chapter Five: Reconciliation

For the following week, life settled into a comfortable routine for the three people who had been thrown together by circumstance and chance. Owen went to college during the day and back to Heather's every evening to be trained to be a "Proper Master." Rebecca got her family ready for their day, her children off to school before going to the family's Christian Bookstore to help her husband run it. Once the shop was closed, she would go to Heather's (under the guise of a church project) to help in Owen's training. Heather's routine was only altered by the presence of another person in the private apartment portion of the warehouse complex. While Heather liked the friendship and companionship that Owen provided, she did not see him as anything more than a student and friend.

It was Saturday night and the day's training for Owen was already over and Rebecca had already gone home. Owen was busy working on the stack of homework that he had been putting off all week. The quiet of his room in Heather's apartment was just what he needed to focus and make some headway with the homework. Owen was so focussed on his homework that he didn't hear the door open or Heather walk into the room.

"Hard at it, I see," Heather said warmly as she entered Owen's room.

"Oh! Heather, I didn't hear you come in! Yeah, finally getting to this homework I have been ignoring all week," Owen said with a chuckle.

"I guess I have been keeping you busy on The Floor this week," Heather added with a smile as she sat down on the bed.

"Not that I have been complaining! I have learned so much this week! You've opened my eyes to so many things! Thank you," Owen said gratefully.

"You have learned a lot this week, you have picked things up much quicker than I thought possible," Heather added with an impressed tone of voice as she nodded her head.

"I had a good teacher," Owen replied with a warm smile on his face.

"You were a good student," Heather said warmly.

"Were?" Owen asked with a raised eyebrow.

"Yes, were. It is time you decided what you are going to do next," Heather added with a serious tone to her voice.

"Next?" Owen asked with a slightly confused tone of voice.

"You have learned so much this past week that I feel it is time for you to move on, either go back to Taryn and Rosina or strike out on your own," Heather added with a serious yet compassionate tone of voice.

"But I like it here! I have learned so much and I have so much more to learn!" Owen pleaded, as he grasped Heather's closest hand.

"You do have more to learn, this is true but you have already learned the basics. You are ready to return to those who need you," Heather added with a warm and comforting smile as she squeezed Owen's hand.

"I just don't know if I should go back to them," Owen said as he turned and sat hunched over in the chair, facing away from Heather. "I don't know if I could or should resume a relationship with my mother and sister. I just don't want to screw them up like I did my father," he finished with a worried tone of vocie as he ran his fingers through his hair.

"Do you love them?" Heather asked calmly.

"Yes," Owen sighed.

"Do you miss them?" Heather asked knowingly.

"Yes," Owen replied, looking down at the floor.

"Do you also miss them as: family, companions, lovers, Slaves or all four?" Heather asked in a leading tone of voice.

"All four," Owen replied in a drained tone of voice after taking a long pause before answering.

"Then don't you think it is time to at least talk to them? Don't you think that they miss you the same way that you miss them?" Heather added with a warm and tender tone of voice.

"I guess," Owen admitted with a sigh. "But I don't know if I should start things up with them again, I don't even know if they want to," Owen finished with a furrowed brow.

"Don't you think that you should at least talk to them and give them the chance to tell you how they feel?" Heather asked with a soft and compassionate tone of voice as she put her hand on Owen's back and began rubbing it.

"I . . . I . . . I'm just not ready yet!" Owen stammered out and flashed Heather a fearful look before looking away.

"You can't stay here forever and sooner or later you will have to talk to them, to at least salvage some sort of family relationship with them," Heather added as she continued rubbing his back.

"I'M JUST NOT READY!" Owen shouted and glared at Heather before looking down at the floor.

"Okay, just think about it," Heather said in a resigning tone of voice as she stood up.

Looking back at Owen one last time Heather shook her head before leaving the room. When Heather had returned to her room she paced the room for a moment while deep in thought over Owen's predicament. Sitting down in the chair beside the phone she picked up her daytimer and flipped through the pages before finding the number she was looking for. Picking up the phone she dialled the number and waited for the other party to answer.

"I have a special task for you and you must do exactly as I say," Heather said after the other person had answered the phone.

* * *

Rebecca turned off the engine of her car with shaky hands, she grasped the wheel and exhaled deeply. She was so very nervous and wasn't sure she could go through with what she had been ordered to do. Pausing momentarily she sent up a quick prayer for the strength

to do the task she had been assigned. Guilt immediately washed over her for asking God for help in doing something associated with her "sinful life." Rebecca glanced at the sign of the spa that she was parked in front of before she closed her eyes and rested her head on the steering wheel. Reminding herself that she was here to help Sir, and therefore it was the right thing to do, she gathered up her courage and got out of her car. On shaky legs she walked towards the Spa and opened the door.

When the door to the Spa opened up, Taryn looked up and smiled warmly at the nervous woman entering the spa. The slightly plump, blonde haired woman glanced around the room as she slowly walked towards the counter that Taryn was standing behind. "Hello, dear, is this your first time in a Spa?" Taryn asked in a warm and inviting manner.

"Well, yes," Rebecca replied with a timid and nervous tone of voice.

"Well, you've nothing to fear, we'll take good care of you. What did you have in mind?" Taryn asked in an inviting manner as Rebecca arrived at the counter.

"I didn't come here for any Spa treatment," Rebecca said in a lowered tone of voice before she looked around to see if anyone else was around, before she leaned in toward Taryn. "I am here to talk to Taryn Thompson," she added in a hushed tone of voice.

"I'm, Taryn, what can I do for you?" Taryn asked curiously, with a raised eyebrow.

"I'm here to talk to 'Mistress Red' I bring news from 'Moe'," Rebecca said in a low and shaky voice, her manner full of the nervousness she felt at the moment.

Taryn's eyes closed to slits and her manner turned angry as she glared at Rebecca, it was all she could do not to yell at or strangle the strange woman who apparently knew too much. Glancing the woman over she felt a familiarity about her, she knew her but not well.

"Who are you and how do you know those names?" Taryn snapped in a stern and angry manner as she leaned in to intimidate the frightened Rebecca.

"My name is Rebecca Moore and I live down the street from where you used to live. My husband and I run a Christian Bookstore down the block. I know about you because Sir, or rather Moe has told me about the unique nature of your family. I have been sent here on his behalf to see if you will speak to him," Rebecca answered in a quiet and frightened manner as she looked down at the counter and not at Taryn as she spoke.

"Master sent you? How do you know Master?" Taryn asked with a confused and slightly less angry tone of voice.

"Sir did not send me, but I was sent by my Mistress to bring you to her. She wishes to help heal the rift between the three of you," Rebecca said in an embarrassed manner, still looking down.

"Mistress? Do you mean that YOU are a . . . SLAVE? Aren't you some really religious, church woman? The last thing I need is a lecture from YOUR kind about how I choose to live my life!" Taryn asked with a confused tone of voice, ending with an indignant snort.

"I don't have time to explain my life's story but I am not here to lecture you. I have been serving my Mistress for quite a while now, in the hopes to rid myself of these impulses to serve others, and be dominated," Rebecca said in a low tone of voice and a red face of embarrassment.

"How has that been going?" Taryn asked with a raised eyebrow and knowing tone of voice.

"Not well, the more I serve, the more I want to serve," Rebecca said with a frustrated tone of voice.

"Take it from me, those feelings never go away, you can try to suppress them, but they will never go away, they will surface sooner or later," Taryn said in a compassionate tone of voice as she put her hand on Rebecca's shoulder and lightly shook it.

"I think you're right," Rebecca replied with a saddened huff before she looked up into Taryn's eyes.

"So where is Master and where do we meet him?" Taryn asked calmly.

"I can't tell you. I have specific instructions to pick you and Cat up and bring you before my Mistress. You must come now if you want to see Sir," Rebecca said with a slightly uncomfortable tone of voice.

"If you're going to take me there what harm would it do to just tell me where we're going," Taryn replied insistently.

"You should know as well as I do that when the one we serve gives us specific instructions we must follow them to the letter," Rebecca replied with a furrowed brow.

"You're right," Taryn replied with a frustrated sigh. "Give me a minute," Taryn said before she walked behind the wall.

After simply telling Karen that they were going to talk to Owen, Taryn and Rosina returned to Rebecca. Veronica took over Taryn's place at the front of the Spa. Taryn, Rosina and Rebecca piled into Rebecca's car and without a further word being said Rebecca drove away from the curb, on the way to Heather's.

All throughout the ride, Taryn and Rosina looked out the windows, trying to guess where they were going. Rebecca said nothing as she drove the car on the route she had driven many times over the past eighteen months. Taryn and Rosina got nervous when they entered an industrial section of town and turned down a back alley. Taryn was about to ask where they were going when Rebecca stopped behind a warehouse and rolled down her window. She fished out a plain-looking pass card and swiped it across the unassuming card reader. The card reader made a beeping sound and a nearby large overhead door started to open up. When it was open far enough Rebecca pulled inside and parked.

Rebecca, Taryn and Rosina had just exited the car when the overhead door started to close. Rosina gave Taryn a worried look, yet Taryn put her arm around Rosina's shoulder and the two women followed Rebecca walked towards the metal door. Once inside Rebecca swiped her card over the card reader and the second door clicked and she opened it, ushering her two guests through it. Taryn and Rosina were shocked to see the black guard, especially the way he was dressed but they said nothing and handed him their coats. Rebecca walked down the hall and towards the door at the end of the hall. When they neared this door it just clicked and Rebecca opened it up. Taryn and Rosina paused just inside the door as they looked around at the rich wood panelling and fireplace of the fireside room.

"We are to wait on the couch," Rebecca said as she motioned to the leather couch situated between the two Wingback chairs.

"Wait for what?" Rosina asked curiously.

"For my Mistress to come and speak with us," Rebecca said as she walked towards the couch.

"I thought we were going to talk to . . . Owen?" Rosina asked curiously as she sat down beside Rebecca.

"You will speak to Sir later, My Mistress wants to talk to you first," Rebecca replied as Taryn sat down beside Rosina.

The seconds tick slowly by and what was actually only a few minutes felt like a few hours as the trio of women waited in the fireside room. Eventually Heather entered the room through the door in the wall to the left of the fireplace, the one leading to The Floor. All three women on the couch looked at Heather who strode confidently into the room and said nothing until she was seated in her usual Wingback chair.

"Hello, my name is Heather and I have called you here to talk about your former Master, Owen," Heather said mater-of-factly, as she looked Taryn and Rosina over. "You must be Taryn, or Mistress Red," she said as she looked Taryn over. "And you must be Rosina, or Cat," she added as she looked at Rosina.

"Look, I don't know who you are or what you think you know, but I don't see how any of this is any of your business!" Taryn snapped indignantly as she glared at Heather.

"I am not here to cause trouble but to solve trouble, more specifically the rift that is between you and Owen," Heather said calmly as she smiled warmly at Taryn.

"Who are you and how do you know all this?" Taryn asked with a sceptical expression.

"I was Richard's dominatrix for ten years. I was . . ." Heather started to explain but an incensed Taryn cut her off.

"WHAT! YOU BITCH! STEALING MY HUSBAND WASN'T GOOD ENOUGH! NOW YOU'RE AFTER MY OWEN!!" Taryn screamed as she stood up and stared down at Heather.

"I didn't steal Richard, it was a business arrangement, he paid me to dominate him once a week, that's all. I ended it when I felt we were getting too close. I had no intention of stealing him from you, and as for Owen he is simply my student, that's all," Heather replied calmly, seemingly undisturbed by Taryn's outburst.

"Student?" Rosina asked curiously.

"Yes, I have been teaching him how to be a proper Master this past week. As well I have been giving him time to calm down, in hopes that he would go back to you on his own, but he keeps saying he's

not ready," Heather calmly explained as she looked back and forth between Taryn and Rosina.

"Proper Master?" Rosina asked.

"Yes, he has natural abilities as a Dominant, but he lacks some basic understanding of the lifestyle as well as some basic skills. He has picked these things up quickly and I feel that he is ready to resume his relationship with you," Heather explained with a soothing tone of voice.

"So you're really trying to help? Why?" Taryn asked with a puzzled expression as she slowly sat back down on the couch.

"At first I brought Owen home to find out what happened to Richard. I was about to offer you my condolences at the funeral reception but I overheard the fight you had and when I heard Owen say that he killed Richard, I had to know what happened. Once I understood what happened and what Richard had become I was sad and helped Owen realize that Richard was responsible for what happened, not him. After that, my heat went out to Owen, for he seemed so lost and confused that I couldn't throw him out on the street. It seemed the right thing to do to help him, to help all of you." Heather said in a warm tone of voice.

"So you know about the three of us?" Rosina asked with a unsure tone of voice.

"Yes, I know that up until recently, Owen had dominated both you, your mother and your father. I know that you feel more like his wives that his sister and mother," Heather replied calmly.

"Doesn't that bother you? Aren't you shocked?" Taryn asked incredulously.

"In my line of work I see all kinds of relationships and the one common thing that I see in all of the good ones is 'love between consenting adults'," Heather said with a chuckle as she shook her head.

"You said that you wanted to help us get back together with Owen but you also said that Owen wasn't ready to get back together with us, so why are we here?" Taryn asked in a concerned tone of voice.

"What I said was that Owen feels he is not ready, but I believe he is, but is just scared," Heather said confidently.

"Scared? Scared of what?" Taryn asked with a confused tone of voice.

"He is scared that he will affect you two the same way he affected Richard. For that reason he is unwilling to resume a relationship with you. He loves you both so much that he doesn't want to hurt you," Heather said in a compassionate tone of voice.

"That's crazy! Richard made his own choices and kept his resentment bottled up inside until it consumed him. Owen didn't cause what happened to Richard and he could never make us hate him!" Taryn replied in a frustrated tone of voice.

"That is my thinking exactly. That is why I feel he needs a little nudge to do the right thing," Heather said in a conspiratorial manner as she winked at Taryn and Rosina. "Tell me, what would you be willing to do to have Owen back?" Heather added in a curious manner.

"ANYTHING!" Taryn and Rosina replied fervently.

Heather smiled and chuckled to herself as she looked at the three ladies on the couch.

* * *

About half an hour later Owen was in his room, still working on the last of the homework that he had been putting off. The silence of the room was broken by the door opening up and Heather entering the room. Owen was hard at work and seemingly ignoring Heather's entrance.

"I've almost got this done, this is the last of it," Owen said without taking his attention away from the homework he is working on.

"Good, then you can take a break. It is time for another lesson," Heather said confidently as she stood just inside the room.

"I need to get this done, can't it wait?" Owen said as he spun in his chair to look at Heather.

"It is time for another lesson . . . now," Heather repeated sternly as she stood up straight.

"Yes, Mistress," Owen said sullenly as he stood up.

"Get changed and meet me in the fireside room," Heather said before she turned and walked out of the room.

"Yes, Mistress," Owen replied before Heather is out of earshot.

A few moments later, Owen entered the fireside room wearing his "Trainer's uniform" and cannot see Heather anywhere. Owen walked towards the door leading to The Floor but when he nears the door, he heard a noise from behind him. Heather, who was sitting in her Wingback chair, motioned for him to sit in the other Wingback chair. Owen nodded and walked over to the Wingback chair and sat down. All this while Owen looked unimpressed but does not voice his disappointment.

"I know you have homework to finish and you need to get back to it but this lesson is important," Heather started out in a calm and controlled manner, sounding very much like a teacher starting a lesson.

"What exactly is the lesson today, Mistress?" Owen replied respectfully with just a hint of resentment in his voice.

"You have learned a great deal this week and come a long way since you arrived here. For you to progress further it is time for you to take on a Slave for real," Heather said in the same teacher-like manner.

"I'm not ready for that, I'm doing fine learning with Mouse," Owen replied in a slightly defensive manner.

"It is your reluctance that is the problem. I know you are ready, and you must get past this belief that you will poison and destroy anyone who serves you. It is vital for your development as a Master to take on a Slave," Heather said with a stern and slightly chastising tone of voice.

"But I'm not ready to go back to Red and Cat, I don't know if I ever will," Owen said in a worried tone of voice with a wrinkled forehead.

"A number of women in this building have expressed an interest in becoming bound to you. All you have to do is pick one you like and take her on as a Slave. Nobody is saying you have to leave just yet

but believe me when I say that this is vitally important," Heather said in a calming and consoling manner.

"Are you sure this is necessary? I just don't know if I'm ready for all this," Owen replied in a worried manner.

"You need a Slave, to prove to yourself once and for all that you are a good Master," Heather said in a compassionate tone of voice as she leaned in towards Owen. "Trust me," she added in an imploring tone of voice.

"Okay," Owen replied reluctantly, as he nodded his head.

"This is for the best," Heather said in a warm tone of voice before she leaned over to the intercom and pressed the button. "Send in the Sluts," she said directly into the intercom.

At that moment the door to The Floor opened up and in walked three women: Rebecca, Taryn, and Rosina. They were all dressed as "Sluts," each wearing a "Slut collar," wrist and ankle cuffs and nothing else. Owen was shocked to see his mother and sister parading around nude. Sure he had seen countless women dressed as they were dressed now and he had seen more nudity this past week than he had in his whole life up until now but to see HIS Red and HIS Cat dressed up as common "Sluts" enraged Owen.

"WHAT'S THE MEANING OF THIS!" Owen shouted in an outrage as he stood up and pointed at the women who walked towards the couch and sat down on it, without saying a word.

"I have arranged this because you need to deal with this situation. I have tried to encourage you to talk to them, but you have refused. This is for your own good, for all of you," Heather replied in an unapologetic manner.

"But why are they dressed as Sluts! This is degrading and an OUTRAGE!" Owen snapped as he pointed at Taryn and Rosina.

"You know very well that all 'Unbound Submissives' bear the label of 'Slut' in this place because they serve everyone and no one. If they were still bound to you they would bear the label of 'Slave' and wear your collar and tag proudly. You released them so therefore they have no Master and must bear the label of 'Slut'," Heather sternly replied as she glared at Owen. "Now sit down," Heather added in a commanding tone of voice.

"Fine," Owen said as he sat down hard in the chair and glared at Heather.

"Why don't you start by telling them why you don't want to be their Master any more," Heather said to Owen as she indicated Taryn and Rosina.

"I love you both very much and I admit that I do miss you and don't regret the times we have shared but I don't want to . . . damage you. I don't want to screw you up as I screwed up dad," Owen said in a compassionate tone of voice as he turned in his chair to face Taryn and Rosina.

Taryn looked at Heather and waited until Heather nodded approvingly before she turned to Owen in preparation to speak.

"We both love you very much . . . Owen . . . and we miss you terribly," Taryn said with a loving tone of voice as she leaned in towards Owen.

"I just don't know if going back to that life is the best thing for us," Owen replied in a worried tone of voice.

Taryn fell to her knees and grasped Owen's nearest hand and looked up into his eyes with a pleading look. Rosina immediately fell to her knees beside Taryn and grasped Owen's other hand and looked up to him in an equally desperate look.

"We need you to guide us and take care of us. We have spent so much time serving you that we don't know any other way to be, we are lost without you! We have only survived by pretending that you have been away on a trip. I have been looking after Cat, in the manner that you taught me but I don't know how much longer I can keep this up before I fall apart!" Taryn said in a shaky and desperate tone of voice.

"We need you, Master! I know that you released us but to me you are still my Master because I have remained faithful to you in my heart and with my body. I want to serve you again, please come home! I know that you were not responsible for what happened to Nick, and you could never hurt us in the same way! Mistress Red and I promise that if we were every unhappy we would tell you, just like we have always brought our problems and concerns to you for you to solve. You have never let us down before, and we know you never will. Mistress Red is right, we need you! We can't function without you!" Rosina added in a pleading and heartfelt manner that brought a tear to Owen's eye.

"As you can see, you have responsibilities to your Slaves that are not easily shirked. You claimed them, you broke them, you trained them to serve and rely on you. They have done everything you have asked of them. Now you expect them to go back to their old lives just because you don't feel like being their Master any more?" Heather spoke in the teacher-like manner once again.

"It's not like that! I don't want to be their Master because I don't want to hurt them," Owen replied fervently.

"But you are hurting them by your absence, perhaps more than what you fear your presence would hurt them. If they were just Submissives, or just submitting part time, then they could more easily adjust to life without you, but they are Slaves whose whole being is centred around serving a Master . . . you," Heather said in a calm yet confident tone of voice.

"We need you, Master," Rosina said in an urging tone of voice as she pressed her cheek against Owen's hand.

"Come back to us, everything will be fine," Taryn said as she also pressed her face against Owen's hand she was holding.

Owen looked at each tear-stained face before him and tried to think of a reason to refuse them. As he looked at the faces of the two women he loved more than anything else in the world, Owen's mind couldn't think of a single reason not to be with them. Owen sighed as he smiled at Taryn and Rosina, each in turn, and each women smiled back at him, finding hope in his smile.

"Everything will be fine, Owen. Clearly you all belong together, and should not deny yourselves the love you have found in each other's arms simply because of what other's might think, or what may or may not come to pass," Heather said with a warm and comforting tone of voice.

"Okay, I have missed you both very much, we can try this again," Owen said in a warm tone of voice, with the hint of nervousness entering his voice.

Both Taryn and Rosina rose up and hugged Owen tightly and pressed their nude forms against his clothed body as well as each other. Owen hugged both women tightly and the love they have for

each other flowed freely between them all, and they gripped each other tighter and tears of joy begin to flow.

"Everything will be fine my dears, we are together once more," Owen said as he stroked the backs Taryn and Rosina.

"Reach under your chair and do things properly," Heather said warmly as she wiped the single tear from her cheek.

Taryn and Rosina sat back in the kneeling position as Owen reached under his chair and retrieved a wooden case a little smaller than a briefcase. Placing it on his lap he opened it up and inside he foud three "Slave collars." Each collar had a small metal tag attached to either side of the word "Slave" which read: "Property of Owen Thompson." Owen looked up at Heather and gave her a puzzled look.

"Three?" Owen asked Heather in a puzzled tone of voice.

"Yes, the three women in this room have served you well and each have expressed their desire to be bound to you," Heather said in a calm and matter-of-factly manner.

"I can't take Mouse on as my Slave!" Owen replied in shock.

Upon hearing this, Rebecca bowed her head and fought the urge to cry with all she had. She was conflicted and embarrassed for actually telling Heather that she wanted to become Owen's Slave. The dark urges that drove her to this place had called out to become closer to Owen and desired to have his collar more than anything else on earth. However, Rebecca knew that becoming Owen's Slave was not a path to ridding herself of these urges and becoming the good and wholesome woman that she once was. But to be refused by Owen was humiliating and she wanted to cry and wondered why she was not good enough for him but couldn't bring herself to ask him why, thankfully someone else asked that question for her.

"Why not? She has served you well this week and has functioned as if she was your Slave since you first met. She has not been with anyone else and has been treated as if she was your exclusive property since you first started training. Don't you agree that you have already formed a connection with her? Do you deny that she has served you well?" Heather said in a challenging tone of voice.

"It's not that, yes she has been great this past week and yes I care for her," Owen said in a frustrated tone of voice and took a deep sigh.

Taryn and Rosina looked at each other in mild shock and then over to Rebecca who still had her head bowed. Instead of jealousy, as they thought they should feel towards Rebecca, who had apparently taken their place this past week, they felt compassion. The sight of the troubled woman with her head bowed, trying not to cry forced them to put themselves in her place. They knew what it was like to

be brushed aside by the one you wanted to serve and so had an understanding of the pain she was feeling.

"Then what is it? If anyone has ever earned their collar, your Mouse has earned yours," Heather said in a calm yet challenging tone of voice.

"I admit that she would make a great Slave but I can't Collar her for one very important reason . . . she is married," Owen said with a regrettable tone of voice as he finished with a deep sigh.

"So? That hasn't stopped you from letting me serve you this week? Why does it stop you from taking me on as your Slave? I promise I will serve you well and faithfully!" Rebecca urged in a wavering voice as she implored Owen with tear-filled eyes.

"Because, to us the Master-Slave relationship is very deep and intimate . . ." Owen started to explain but he stumbled over his words and fell silent, huffing in frustration in his inability to voice his thoughts.

"Being a Slave to a Master like Owen is much like being married to him. I feel a closer bond to Owen than I ever did to my husband. I know that is a terrible thing to say but it is true. I know you love your husband but you also care for Owen. Can you have two husbands? Would your husband let you serve Owen if he knew?" Taryn said in a compassionate tone of voice as she picked up where Owen left off and completed his thought.

"No, I would be torn between the two of them. I know that I cannot love more than one man, it is not within me. I care for Sir and love the things we do but I love my husband, he is a good man. Harold would be angry if he knew I was here or had anything to do with this place. He would probably leave me if he knew about Sir," Rebecca said with a sad and troubled tone of voice, still hanging her head.

"There's nothing saying we can't still be friends. I do care for you, Mouse, you are a very special woman and I know that you would make a great Slave of mine," Owen said in a warm and comforting manner.

"I agree that she would make a great addition to the family," Rosina said in a friendly manner with a nod of her head.

"Now you're just being too kind to cheer me up," Rebecca chuckled as she wiped the tears from her eyes.

"No, she's right. I don't know what it is exactly, perhaps it is the fact that you are a good and decent person, but you would make a great addition to our family," Taryn said in an equally welcoming manner as she smiled at Rebecca.

"How can I be a decent woman when I do all the things I do in this place?" Rebecca said with a troubled tone of voice.

"Being a Submissive or Slave does not make you a bad person. In truth you should find strength and peace through it. Do you not feel yourself more confident and less troubled since you have been submitting?" Taryn said with a confident tone of voice.

"Not really, I hate coming here and I hate what I do in this place," Rebecca said in an embarrassed tone of voice as she hung her head and sobbed a few sobs.

Taryn got up and rushed to Rebecca's side and put her arm around her, pulling the troubled woman to her. Rebecca leaned into the embrace and cried harder as Taryn tried to comfort her. Rosina moved over to kneel in front of Rebecca and started to rub Rebecca's thighs in a soothing and comforting manner.

"I came here to get rid of these urges to serve and be dominated, but the more I come here, the stronger those feelings become! I had hoped that after a few times of being here and submitting, I would become shocked and horrified and be able to put these evil impulses behind me. Instead I can't seem to stop myself and I have been cheating on my husband for the past eighteen months with untold numbers of men in this place!" Rebecca said as she cried on Taryn's shoulder, clutching the women tight, seemingly oblivious to the fact that both women were nude. The hardening of Taryn's nipples silently attested that this fact was not lost on or unappreciated by her.

"I know that the urge to serve and be dominated is powerful and does not go away. Clearly you are a Submissive, and that is not a bad

or evil thing, it is simply who you are! The sooner you accept that, the sooner you will be at peace over it. If you don't like cheating on your husband, why not talk to him about this, perhaps he would like to dominate you? Perhaps this is something that you can explore together?" Rosina said as she continued to stroke Rebecca's thighs.

"Harold would never be interested in that!" Rebecca snorted in shock as she huffed in surprise.

"I'm sure he hasn't talked to you about it because he feels that you would never be interested in submitting to him. How do you know if you don't try? He may not even know if he is a Dominant," Taryn said with a comforting and reassuring tone of voice as she stroked Rebecca's hair.

"Just give it some thought, as involving your husband seems to be your best option. We can talk later if you like, as you still are very special to me, Mouse. However, there is some business we need to attend to." Owen said in a friendly manner and in response Rebecca smiled and nodded at Owen. "Red, Cat, kneel before me," he added in a commanding manner.

Taryn and Rosina quickly scurried to the floor and knelled before Owen like they had countless times before. Both Taryn and Rosina kept their eyes on the floor before them, knowing not to look up at Owen until directed to. Owen leaned forward and grasped a clump of Taryn's hair and pulled down so that she looked up into Owen's face.

"I Owen Thompson, with the power vested in me by the laws of nature, do hereby claim you Taryn Thompson and make you my Slave, to be owned by me and serve me in anyway I see fit, until I release you or death claims you. Do you submit?" Owen said in a stern and commanding tone of voice as he glared at Taryn.

"Yes, Sir, I happily submit to you and place myself in your care. I will gladly serve you faithfully as I am your possession to be used as you see fit," Taryn replied in a confident and loving manner.

Owen released Taryn's hair and removed one of the collars from the wooden box and placed it on his lap. After removing the "Slut Collar" from around Taryn's neck and putting it in the box he clasped the "Slave Collar" around her neck. Taryn reached up and touched it, running her fingers along the word and smiling up at Owen with a tear in her eye, she felt content to belong to him once again.

"You are now my Slave and are bound to me, you have earned the right to call me Master. I will give you the title of 'Mistress Red' to have power and authority over all my Slaves, to see that my will is done," Owen said as he stroked Taryn's hair and they shared a loving smile for a moment, silently expressing their love and commitment to each other.

Owen turned his attention to Rosina and without warning grasped a clump of her hair and pulled down hard on it, forcing her to look up

into his eyes. Rosina looked up into Owen's eyes with wonder and devotion.

"I Owen Thompson, with the power vested in me by the laws of nature, do hereby claim you Rosina Thompson and make you my Slave, to be owned by me and serve me in anyway I see fit, until I release you or death claims you. Do you submit?" Owen said in a stern and commanding tone of voice as he glared at Rosina.

"Yes, Sir, I happily submit to you and place myself in your care. I will gladly serve you faithfully as I am your possession to be used as you see fit," Rosina replied in a dreamy and loving manner.

Owen released Rosina's hair and removed one of the collars from the wooden box and placed it on his lap. After removing the "Slut Collar" from around Rosina's neck and putting it in the box he clasped the "Slave Collar" around her neck. Rosina also reached up and touched it, running her fingers along the edge of her collar and smiled up at Owen with a tear in her eye, she felt content to belong to him once again.

"You are now my Slave and are bound to me, you have earned the right to call me Master," Owen said as he stroked Rosina's cheek and they too shared a moment where they looked lovingly at each other before Owen sat back in his chair.

"You are our Master and we are your Slaves, we humbly beg you to take your rightful place as the 'Master of the family.' Will you bless us with your leadership, Master?" Taryn and Rosina said in unison.

"I accept your request and hereby claim the title of 'Master of the family.' I pledge myself to uphold and defend the Reformation of this family," Owen said confidently.

"We pledge ourselves to upholding and defending the Reformation of this family. We look to you for guidance and wisdom, Master," Taryn and Rosina said in unison.

"As nice as it has been to have you around this week, Owen, I think it is time that you went home," Heather said with a warm smile to Owen, clearly conveying her feelings of friendship.

"I think you're right, but I would like to come back again," Owen said in a friendly manner as he smiled warmly back at Heather.

"Come back any time, all of you," Heather said as she reached into a drawer of the table next to her and pulled out a pass card. "I would hate for you to turn your back on me," she added as she stood up and walked towards Owen.

"I won't forget you or what you have done for me. We'll come back again, soon," Owen said as he walked towards Heather and

embraced her in a hug that she returned after a brief moment of surprise.

"I'll hold you to that, but for now, you have a family to attend to," Heather said as she handed Owen the pass card for the complex.

The drive back to Karen's Spa was a quiet one as Owen, Taryn and Rosina all cuddled in the back and left a jealous and conflicted Rebecca in front to drive the car alone. As the trio got reacquainted in the back of her car, Rebecca's mind was swirling with the various thoughts and emotions that this day had stirred up within her. Could she really talk to her husband about Domination and Submission? What if he was disgusted? What if she talked to him about being her Master and he saw her as a twisted deviant? Would she really be willing to risk her marriage over this? How long could she keep going to Heather's before he found out anyway?

After dropping Owen, Taryn and Rosina of at the spa, Rebecca drove home to her husband and kids without finding a resolution to her troubles. As she kissed and hugged Harold hello, she was ashamed for betraying his trust all this time. As she looked into Harold's eyes she resolved that she would not be unfaithful to him again. Somehow she would resist the urge to go to Heather's. Somehow she would be strong and not betray her husband's trust until she decided what to do. Clearly, going to Heather's had not done what she had hoped, her urges to submit were stronger than ever. Her urges had grown exponentially this past week since she had been serving Owen. Rebecca knew that she needed to submit, but she resolved to do it in some honourable way. Somehow she would have to balance her

family life and her submissive life, no longer would she betray the man she loved in order to feed this need to submit.

* * *

"We're back, and look who we brought with us!" Taryn said in an excited tone as she and Rosina entered the apartment portion of the Spa.

Karen and Veronica looked up from the couch and away from the TV show they were watching just in time to see Taryn and Rosina step away from each other to reveal Owen.

"OWEN!" Karen and Veronica shouted in glee as they jumped up from the couch and rushed towards him.

"Good to have you home!" Karen said as she threw her arms around Owen and hugged him tightly, pressing their bodies close together. "This place wasn't the same without you around here!" she added just before she kissed Owen on the lips briefly.

"The ride to college was boring without you," Veronica said as she gave Owen the same tight hug and peck on the lips that Karen had given Owen.

"We met him for dinner and were able to talk things out," Taryn said as she glanced at Owen and Rosina expectantly.

"Yeah, we had a good long talk," Owen said as he put his arm around Taryn and Rosina's waist.

"This calls for some tea," Karen said in a happy and eager tone while she walked towards the kitchen.

The five people sat down and shared a cup of tea as they chatted and caught up. Owen carefully omitted his experiences at Heather's, instead focusing on his time at college and simply saying that he had been staying with a friend this past week. Even Karen and Veronica admitted that Owen, like Taryn and Rosina had become part of their family, and was missed when he was gone. It was a moment where everyone at the table knew that nobody wanted Owen, Taryn and Rosina to move out, yet nobody had the courage to openly admit it, just yet.

"Well, we all have an early day tomorrow and we should all get some rest," Owen said in a certain tone of voice.

"He's right," Karen said as she stood up, gathered up all the cups.

Karen took the cups to the sink and returned to hug and kiss each person at the table in the intimate manner she was now used to. After the tight hugs and kisses on the lips all round, Karen and Veronica

retired to their rooms. Owen, Taryn and Rosina walked to the couch and they all started to get the hide-a-bed ready to sleep on.

"It really is good to have you home again, Master, we really have been a lost pair of Slaves without you," Rosina said as she started to move cushions off of the couch.

Veronica had wanted a bedtime snack and walked into the Kitchen and was about to rummage around for her snack. Upon hearing Rosina's words she forgot all about her snack and walked silently into the dining room so she could hear the conversation better. Her curiosity had been piqued and she wanted to know more about the odd family living in her house.

"It's good to be home, Cat, I've missed you both so much," Owen said as he pulled Rosina close to him and kissed her on the lips with a lingering kiss.

"With you to lead us, Master, I feel as though we can handle anything! Remember, we are all we have left. It really is us against the world," Taryn said as embraced Owen and kissed him in the same romantic kiss that Owen and Rosina had shared.

Veronica was conflicted, for she was shocked and elated for all she had heard. She knew that there was something going on between the three of them and it seemed that Owen was dominating both his Mother and Sister. Veronica was definitely impressed with Owen at that moment. However, she was also shocked and dismayed at the

prospect of someone she knew actually having sex with a family member. She knew it was not right and the part of her that had not accepted her lust for her own mother was disgusted at this revelation. Yet her curiosity drove her to keep listening, in hopes of hearing some more details. A strategically placed picture frame was at the right angle to allow Veronica to see what was going on in the living room from the darkness of the dining room.

"You're right, Mistress Red, it is us against the world. Because of that I say that we share one common bank account between the three of us! All the money we earn will go into it, our bills will be paid out of it, yet Master will decide what to do with the money, of course," Rosina said with an eager tone of voice as she helped Taryn pull the Hide-a-bed mattress out of the couch.

"That's hardly fair, Cat, you are the only one working at this point," Taryn said in a concerned tone of voice.

"I am happy to put what I can into the common pot! I am happy out and serve the family in anyway I can," Rosina said in a happy tone of voice as she looked at Taryn and Owen with a serious expression.

"Well, it does make sense and in a few months, I will be working and be able to put my share into the account," Owen said reluctantly, as he glanced back and forth between Taryn and Rosina. "Red, what do you think?" Owen asked Taryn curiously.

"If you think it is best, then we will do it, as always, Master," Taryn replied with a pleasant smile.

"No, I am asking for your honest opinion," Owen repeated sternly.

"I think it is a good idea but for now it seems like Rosina is getting taken advantage of," Taryn said with a cautious tone of voice.

"Hey! I lost everything in that fire too! I know all too well that we have nothing and are sleeping on a couch in someone else's living room, if we are ever to get out lives back, we have to pull together. Don't forget that you are working in the Spa just to keep this roof over our heads, I don't hear anyone saying you are getting taken advantage of!" Rosina asserted firmly as she put her hands on her hips and stared Taryn down.

"Okay, okay, I see your point, Cat. We are all doing what we can to help the family out. You are working to earn money, I am working to keep us housed and fed and Master is working to become a lawyer so he can earn money as well," Taryn said in a conciliatory tone as she grasped Rosina's head in her hands and gave her a proper kiss on the lips.

"Now that that's settled, let's get to bed," Owen said as he started to pull the sheets on the bed.

"Yes, but there is one last bit of business to attend to," Taryn says as she grasped her purse and rummaged through it until she pulled out the cheque that Tony had given her at the funeral reception. Quickly she dropped to her knees, looked down to the floor and held the cheque above her head, presenting it to Owen."This is rightfully yours, Master. As Master of the family, I freely give it to you to use as you see fit as you take care of the family," Taryn said and kept this position, waiting for Owen to take the cheque.

"I accept this cheque, Red, and I am pleased by your giving this to me, it will go into the joint account to help provide for the family," Owen said as he gracefully took the cheque from Taryn's hands and placed it with his wallet.

"Now we really do need to get to bed," Rosina said with a yawn.

All three people stripped their clothes off in preparation to slip into bed. Veronica was delighted to finally see them nude and was most excited to see Taryn's body and actually moaned with desire. However she had to take a double take when she saw Owen's body nude and was unable to tear her eyes away from his thick cock that was completely hard at that moment. She was so fixated on Taryn and Owen's bodies that she never got a good look at Rosina's body. When the three people settled into bed with Owen in the middle, Veronica was about to leave and return to bed but a small voice told her to keep watching. Something told her that the show was not over yet, that there was more to see if she was just patient.

As the three people snuggled in for the night, Taryn and Rosina were taking advantage of having Owen in bed with them for the first time in over a week. Both Taryn and Rosina's hands were roaming over his body in a slow and erotic manner. Owen just laid there and enjoyed the attention, knowing that both women had missed him in many ways, sexually being one of them.

"Ooh, Master, you really did miss us, I see," Taryn giggled as she ran her finger up the shaft of Owen's hard and throbbing cock.

"In many ways, Red," Owen replied with a cocky smile and a wink.

"What can your faithful Slaves do to properly welcome you home, Master?" Rosina asked in a sultry manner as she began to lightly kiss Owen's shoulder while running her finger up his thigh.

"For starters you two can both worship me," Owen said with a cocky grin.

"Both of us? At the same time? We haven't done that in a while, eh Cat," Taryn giggled as she tossed Rosina a conspiratorial wink.

"No we haven't and it's about time!" Rosina said as she tossed the sheets to the foot of the bed.

Taryn and Rosina moved to the foot of the bed and positioned themselves on ether side of Owen, bending over. They licked their lips as the bought their faces close to Owen's cock, their eyes filled with reverence while never looking away from it. They both licked their lips in unison as they brought their lips to the closest side of the fleshy male member they were obsessed with. Starting at the bottom of it they kissed their lips to the shaft, wrapping their lips around it so far that their lips touched. With their tongues busily licking the captive part of the shaft, they slowly lifted their mouths and slid their lips up the shaft in a painstakingly slow motion. Owen groaned and flopped his head back, revelling in the sensation his Slaves were giving him.

Veronica's eyes bugged out of her head as she watched the action on the bed. From this angle and the way Taryn was kneeling on the bed, Veronica had a beautiful view of Taryn's wet pussy. Veronica had to thrust her hand down to her own overheated pussy and play with herself to stop her from rushing to eat the delicious pussy on display.

When Taryn and Rosina got to the head of Owen's cock they kissed. Their tongues were dancing and duelling with each other as they kept part of their lips in contact with the head of Owen's cock. After a moment of French-kissing Owen's cock both Taryn and Rosina descended down the cock in the same manner. After a number of trips up and down Owen's cock, Taryn wrapped her lips around the head of Owen's cock and began to take him into her mouth. Rosina swiftly moved her lips and attention to Owen's balls, licking and sucking them lovingly as her mother began a slow blowjob of her brother. Taryn slowly but surely bobbed her head up and down on Owen's thick shaft, swallowing all of him with each decent. Owen

had begun to moan his approval of the oral attention the ladies were paying him.

After Taryn had been sucking Owen's cock for some time she lifted her lips off of his cock without warning. In what seemed to be a practised motion, Taryn and Rosina switched places so that Rosina had her lips wrapped around Owen's cock and Taryn was licking Owen's right testicle. Rosina set a quicker pace and sucked harder than her mother had, this brought Owen close to cuming at breakneck speed. When Owen moaned a little louder and began to involuntarily thrust his hips slightly, both women knew he was close to cuming. When Rosina felt the beginnings of Owen's climax she lifted her mouth off of Owen's cock.

Once again, without discussion, both women knew what to do and swiftly changed position. Taryn and Rosina brought their lips to either side of Owen's cock, so close to one another that their tongues could touch the other's mouth. As Owen's cock erupted with cum, both women tongued madly at the ropes of cum spurting out of their Master's cock. It was like tonguing an erratic stream of water, not all of the cum was lapped up, some of it landed on their faces. When Owen was done cuming he was treated to a show of both women licking his cum off of each other's faces.

"That was amazing, my dears, I think that deserves a reward," Owen said gratefully as he smiled lovingly at both Taryn and Rosina.

"No reward is necessary, Master, pleasing you is reward enough!" Taryn asserted in a confident and loving manner.

"Tough, you're both getting one! Lie down beside me," Owen instructed as he patted the bed on either side of him.

Dutifully Taryn and Rosina laid down where they had been directed and waited to see what Owen had planned. Owen got up and rummaged around in the small bag that he had brought with him from Heather's. Pulling out two black, silk scarves he returned to the bed and knelled between Taryn and Rosina so that he was kneeling, level with their thighs. After folding the scarves over a number of times to ensure that no light would pass through them, Owen gently placed one scarf over each woman's eyes.

"Don't move a muscle, keep your hands at your sides, the scarves over your eyes, and don't say a thing!" Owen said with a firm tone of voice.

"Yes, Master," Taryn, and Rosina replied together.

Confident that neither woman could see what he was going to do he leaned over and kissed Taryn on the lips. Taryn returned the kiss and even kissed the air as Owen broke the kiss. Owen began to kiss his way down Taryn's neck. With his right hand he began to gently trace patterns on Rosina's body, lightly caressing her body as he kissed and licked his way around Taryn's body. Both women cooed and moaned as he kept up an erratic pattern of kissing and caressing. To

further keep them guessing he would switch things up and kiss Rosina's body as he caressed Taryn's body. The one area he would avoid was their pussies and that both aggravated and turned them on. Both women were squirming and very horny by the time Owen decided to quit this treatment and move on to a new activity.

Kissing his way down, Taryn's body Owen made a slow trek down her body towards her pussy. As the seconds ticked by Taryn's excitement heated up as she knew where Owen was going and what he was going to do. She longed to feel his tongue on her most womanly of places and wanted to urge him to hurry up and eat her pussy but she could not disobey a direct order from her Master and Owner. When Owen shifted positions and settled in between her thighs, she knew the moment was almost there. She spread her legs wide as his face neared her pussy. Taryn let out a gasp as Owen flicked his tongue across her clitoris as a way to say hello to her pussy. Licking a slow lick down her slit and back up again brought a louder moan from the overheated Taryn.

"We need to do something to keep you quiet, Red. Cat sit on her face while she eats you," Owen said in a definite tone of voice as he momentarily stopped eating pussy long enough to speak.

"You expect HER to be quieter than ME?" Taryn giggled as Rosina moved into position and straddled Taryn's head.

"She will be quiet if she knows what's good for her, right, Cat?" Owen said sternly as he glared a warning at Rosina.

"Yes, Master," Rosina said in a quiet and embarrassed tone of voice just before pleasure washed over her face.

Veronica watched in stunned amazement and rampant sexual excitement as Taryn ate her daughter's pussy while her son ate her pussy. Veronica didn't know who she wanted to switch positions with more, Owen or Rosina. Veronica couldn't decide what she wanted to do more, eat Taryn's pussy or have Taryn eat hers. Either way Veronica began to thrust two fingers in and out of her own pussy madly at the incredibly hot sight she was watching. Slowly she crept up and peered around the corner and watched the action in the living room directly rather than reflected by the picture.

Owen, Taryn and Rosina did not notice anything other than what they were doing, so Veronica was safe for the moment. Owen ate the pussy he had missed with great abandon, using his skills as a pussy-eater to quickly bring Taryn to the edge of bliss. Taryn tried to focus on eating the pussy that she had eaten out a lot this past week but found it hard to focus with the expert job Owen was doing eating her pussy. Rosina was lost in bliss as Taryn ate her out, mostly she was focusing on staying upright and keeping quiet.

Taryn was first to cum and she came hard, screaming into Rosina's pussy in an attempt to muffle the sound. The vibrations of that scream was just what Rosina needed to be pushed over the edge and cum. Rosina shook and quaked in an erratic fashion and it looked very much like she was having an epileptic seizure. When the last

the orgasmic bliss had flowed through the young woman's body, Rosina collapsed forward, falling partially on top of Owen.

After letting each woman breathe and rest from their respective orgasms Owen gathered up the now discarded scarves and rolled each woman onto her stomach, while she laid motionless, breathing heavy. Gently grasping Rosina's arms he placed them behind her back so that her forearms were alongside one another and her hands were touching the opposite elbow. Using the scarf he tied her arms together so she could not move her arms but the scarf was not cutting off circulation. After doing the same thing to Taryn, both women had their arms immobilized behind her back.

"Red, get on your knees, I want you in the 'Doggie' position," Owen said with a stern yet cocky tone of voice.

"Yes, Master, I'll try," Taryn said in an eager tone of voice.

Taryn struggled to bring her knees up underneath her and after almost falling over a few times managed to clumsily get into the desired position. In the end she was up on her knees, bent over just like she would be if she was in the 'doggie-style' position. However, the weight of her upper body was resting squarely on her right cheek and shoulders, as she had her head turned to the side. From the side she looked like a giant wedge.

Owen got behind Taryn and manoeuvred himself into position. Grasping his cock he lined himself up and slowly slid into Taryn's

pussy at a painstakingly slow pace. Taryn groaned deeply the whole time Owen slid into her.

"Oh, Master, there is nothing that feels better than your big cock in my little pussy!" Taryn said dreamily as Owen paused for a moment to enjoy having his cock buried into his Slave of a mother.

"Just be thankful that I still gain pleasure from fucking you!" Owen said as he withdrew his cock and began a hard and fast-paced fuck.

"I am, Master, I am! I know that I am only a vessel for your pleasure! I am a pussy for you to fuck and a mouth to worship your cock! I exist only to please you and I am grateful for every chance I get to please you, Master!" Taryn said in a shaky and wavering tone of voice as her body shook violently from the savage pace of Owen's rough fuck.

"Exactly, Slave!" Owen said as he grasped a clump of Taryn's hair and used that for leverage as he continued to pound Taryn's pussy so hard that his balls slapped against her skin with each powerful thrust.

Taryn was in complete bliss as she felt peaceful and content being helpless and completely submissive to her Master. What was more hot was being reminded of her place and function in life. She loved being her Master's Slave and considered each day she served him to be a blessing. To be reminded that she was just there to please him and would be allowed to serve him only as long as she continued to

please him made sense. Taryn took pride in the fact that she had to work and strive each day to earn the right to be his Slave and had done so, so far for the past four years.

The savage pace of the fucking could not last long and Owen was thankful that Taryn came first. Taryn bit her lip as her orgasm overtook her and she shook as her powerful orgasm overtook her. Even though Owen had stopped his thrusting into Taryn when her orgasm overtook her (in an effort to prevent himself from cuming) she continued to thrust back onto Owen's cock, wanting more of his beautiful cock inside of her. When her orgasm was finished, Owen pulled out of Taryn and pushed down on her hips causing her legs to flop out from under her and leaving her crashing down to the bed so she was lying face-down on it.

Owen sat back and rested himself against the back of the couch and looked at Taryn and Rosina, both helpless beside him and he smiled. At that moment he was happy to be back with them and knew that he would have been an utter fool to walk away from them. Never would he find two more devoted Slaves as his Red and Cat. Rosina looked up at Owen from her position of lying on her belly, facing away from him and smiled back at him. A moment had passed from the torrid fucking he had given Taryn and his cock was less sensitive now.

"Cat, get over here and clean my cock," Owen said with a firm tone of voice.

"Yes, Master," Rosina said cheerily.

Rosina struggled to get to her knees and got up by pushing off with her face. On wobbly knees she walked over towards Owen and managed to position herself close enough so she could reach his cock with her mouth. Kneeling right over and somehow managing to keep her balance in this position she took her first lick of Owen's slick yet softening cock. After licking down the shaft to his balls, she licked back up the other side of the shaft until she reached the head of Owen's cock. Once there, Rosina took the head of it in her mouth and lifted it to the upright position. When she had it standing up straight she kept a loose grip of it with her mouth and swallowed it down to the base. Lifting her lips up until she had just the head of it in her mouth she descended again. Over and over again Rosina bobbed her head up and down on Owen's cock with her hands tied behind her back.

Both the blowjob itself and the fact that Rosina was restrained and having a hard time complying with his order, yet doing it anyway, turned Owen on. In short order Owen was hard and ready for more action. Looking down at the helpless and struggling Rosina gave Owen another idea and he chuckled to himself over his cleverness.

"Cat, get on up here and ride my cock. I want you to fuck yourself on my cock until we both cum," Owen said with a cocky grin.

"Yes, Master," Rosina replied respectfully.

Lifting herself upright again Rosina took a moment to rest before beginning her journey up Owen. She walked on her knees and teetered a few times, once almost crashing down on top of Taryn. Eventually, Rosina was in position and grunted in frustration as she instinctively tried to use her hand to properly position Owen's cock, yet couldn't because her hands were tied behind back.

"Nobody will help you," Owen chuckled as he immensely enjoyed Rosina's predicament.

Rosina rotated her hips and shifted herself around until eventually she was able to get the head of Owen's cock lined up to the entrance of her pussy. It took a few tries before she was able to get her Master's cock to slide into her pussy. Once she had it inside her she didn't dare let it slip out. Letting out a sigh of delight she let her head flop back and revelled in the satisfaction of managing the difficult feat all on her own.

With a stern look from Owen, Rosina knew that she had to get things moving, literally. Raising up on her hips she slid her pussy up Owen's cock until just the head was still inside her. Lowering down slowly, Rosina started to set a slow and sensuous pace to their coupling. The pleasure of the slow fuck along with the knowledge that she was graciously allowed to set the pace of their fuck excited Rosina greatly.

"Faster," Owen growled as he glared up at Rosina.

"Yes, Master," Rosina rasped out and immediately complied with Owen's command.

Rosina greatly increased the pace of their fucking and bounced herself up and down on Owen's cock as fast as she could. A few times she almost fell over as she could not use her hands to steady herself. The fact that she was helpless and submissive yet in a position of power, heated up Rosina along with the sensation of the fat cock sliding in and out of her dripping-wet pussy. It didn't take long before the tight sensation of his youngest Slave's pussy pushed Owen over the edge. Owen fought the urge to cry out as his cock spewed a large amount of cum into his Slave sister's pussy. When she felt the first of Owen's cum hit the walls of her pussy, Rosina knew that she had done her duty in bringing pleasure to her Master. The delight in pleasing her Master sent her over the edge and Rosina came, once again. Owen and Rosina rode out their respective orgasms and once Rosina's orgasm was over she collapsed forward, crashing down on top of Owen.

"Now we really do need to get some sleep," Owen said as he untied Rosina's hands.

"I agree, Master," Taryn said dreamily as she smiled up at Owen.

"I guess we do, but it feels good to properly welcome you home, Master," Rosina said as she crawled off of Owen.

After untying Taryn, both she and Rosina snuggled up to Owen after remaking the bed. The trio was happily settled into bed and waiting for sleep to claim them, oblivious to what was happening in the next room.

Veronica bit her hand as her orgasm hit her, in order to prevent her from crying out and alerting the sleeping trio to her presence. Using the wall to steady herself Veronica managed to ride out the orgasm and not collapse. As she rested there, trying to regain her composure her mind raced with possibilities that now lay before her. She was not alone in her desire to sleep with her own mother. Veronica now knew that she wanted, no, needed to have an incestuous Domination and Submission relationship with her mother. After witnessing the incredible sex scene between a family that was living out her dream, she was convinced that dominating her mother was the right thing to do. It seemed that the Thompson's were the key and Owen in particular. If she could only talk to Owen and learn his secret, perhaps she could find a way to make her dream come true. Veronica started to rub her pussy as images of her mother eating her pussy danced in her head. Veronica had to stop herself or she would get overexcited again. Pushing herself off the wall she walked to her bedroom on shaky legs. Veronica knew that the as soon as the time was right, she would talk to Owen and seek his guidance on how to proceed with her mother.

Chapter Six: Veronica

That next morning Veronica smacked the alarm into silence and groaned as she regretted getting up. Slowly she pulled her weary

body up and sat on the edge of the bed. She stretched for a moment before getting up out of bed. She shuffled towards the door and pulled on her bathrobe before exiting her bedroom. As she sleepily made her way towards the bathroom and the shower she wanted, something caught her eye.

Glancing into the kitchen as she passed it by, her stomach grumbled, and she remembered the bedtime snack she never got. Then the events of the night before came rushing back to her, the sights and sounds of Owen dominating and having sex with his mother and sister. Veronica's knees weakened slightly as the images of the night before flashed across her mind. Her excitement rose as the knowledge that she was not alone came back to her, as well as the possibility that someone may be able to help her make her deviant dream come true: dominate her own mother.

Veronica made her way to the bathroom and started her usual routine to get ready for the day. By the time she came out of the shower, her mother was waiting to enter the shower. As usual she and her mother exchanged a tight hug and kiss, but this morning Veronica extended the kiss a second longer. Karen in her sleepy state did not protest, even though it seemed odd to her, nice but odd.

Over breakfast, Veronica kept stealing glances at each person around her and imagined the possibilities. Owen had her respect and admiration now for having accomplished what she had only dreamed of. She had to know his secrets and would do whatever she needed to in order to learn how he had dominated his own mother. Taryn and Rosina she saw in different lights that morning, for she

had not only seen them nude but as Slaves having sex with their Master. As she looked at them she kept imagining them with their clothes off and her excitement continued to grow. As she looked at her mother, her lust kept whispering to her that soon her mother would be hers. Veronica wanted to pepper Owen, Taryn and Rosina with all manner of questions, out of wonder and a desire to understand, but knew she couldn't do so in front of her mother.

Even on the bus-ride to college Veronica was not able to start the conversation with Owen that she wanted. Even though he was sitting in the seat beside him, the bus was too public a place to have so private a conversation. As they stepped off the bus and prepared to go their separate ways, not to see each other until they were back home, Veronica panicked. Veronica knew she had to say something now or she would loose her chance for another day.

"Owen?" Veronica said in a nervous manner as she lightly grasped Owen's arm to stop him from walking away from her.

"Yeah?" Owen replied calmly as he stopped and turned to look at Veronica.

"I was wondering if you wanted to get together this afternoon for a quick drink before going home?" Veronica asked as she looked up into Owen's dark blue eyes with a pleading look.

In the brief moment that Owen pondered her request, Veronica's insides started to flip. Since she knew what she knew about him she

could see his confident manner and the air of power that surrounded him. Her admiration of him for what he had accomplished, along with his natural good looks and that big, fat cock she knew he possessed made Veronica start to swoon. She quickly got a hold of herself before her emotions got out of control but clearly she remained mindful and respectful of his power. Veronica respected him and viewed him as someone she wanted to learn from.

"Sure, why?" Owen asked with a slightly puzzled manner.

"Well, we never seem to get the chance to talk and, since you are living in my house I thought we should get to know one another?" Veronica replied in an equally nervous manner, hopeful that he would say yes.

"Sure, my last class today is four, I'll see you at the campus pub shortly after that," Owen said calmly as he shrugged his shoulders and started to walk away.

"Great! My last class it at three-thirty, I'll be there before you, just look for me when you get there!" Veronica replied in an eager manner and saw Owen turn, nod and wave his understanding.

* * *

It was four-o-six when Veronica looked at her watch that afternoon, and then glanced at the door to the pub. She was seated in the booth

in the furthest corner of the pub, in a spot where people rarely sat. The reason nobody sat here was because of a noisy exhaust fan for the kitchen which was just on the other side of the wall. The noise from the fan made it harder to carry on a conversation, but today that noise, along with the seclusion of the booth, made it perfect for the conversation Veronica wanted to have with Owen. She was nervous and eager to get this talk started and kept glancing at the door to the pub as she sipped her beer.

It was about ten minutes later when Owen finally arrive at the pub. He paused for a moment at the door and looked around the pub before finally spotting Veronica sitting at the distant booth. He smiled and waved at Veronica before he casually strode over to where Veronica was sitting. As Owen drew closer, Veronica's nervousness grew ever higher. Silently she wondered if she could actually go through with this odd conversation. As Owen sat down, Veronica smiled nervously at him and it wasn't until after Owen had a beer in hand that Veronica gathered up her courage and started the talk she needed to have.

"So, now that we're here, why don't we get more acquainted? Tell me about yourself, Veronica?" Owen said with a friendly tone as he took a sip of his beer.

"I have a confession to make, Owen, while I do want to get to know you, that's not why I called you here. I actually want to talk to you about something," Veronica said in an embarrassed tone as she looked down at the table.

"I see, what did you want to talk about?" Owen asked with the raised eyebrow of his curious mood.

"I first want to say that I didn't plan it, nor am I mad, upset, or judgemental about it," Veronica stated in a nervous, yet definite manner as she looked Owen in the eye before looking down and taking a shaky breath.

"Okay," Owen said with a puzzled look and an expression that silently encouraged Veronica to go on.

"I was hungry last night after I went to bed so I went to the kitchen to get a snack," Veronica said and then paused to take a breath and steady her nerves before continuing. "I overheard and saw you with Taryn and Rosina . . . or should I say 'Red' and 'Cat'," Veronica said with a shaky voice before she watched Owen intently to read his reaction.

"I . . . I . . . don't know what you're talking about," Owen replied in an angry yet dismissive tone of voice that was unconvincing.

"I know what I saw!" Veronica asserted forcefully. "I didn't plan to see it, but I saw you having sex with your mother and sister last night. Not only that but it was clear that you are their Master and they are your Slaves!" she added just as strenuously.

"Even IF there was anything going on, and I'm not saying there is, what happens in my family is no business of yours!" Owen snorted as he took an angry swig of his beer.

"I agree! I'm not here to judge you, I'm not mad and I'm not upset! I just want to talk to you about the unique nature of your family," Veronica replied with a firm yet imploring tone to her voice.

"What?" Owen replied with a puzzled yet cautiously optimistic tone to his voice.

"Yes, that's right, I just want to talk to you, to understand your family. Can we start by your admitting that I'm right?" Veronica asked with a warm tone of voice.

"Okay, sure, you're right, about all of it." Owen admitted with a sigh. "Now you tell me, why do you want to know?" Owen asked with an insistent tone to his otherwise pleasant voice.

"Shortly after I hit puberty I realized two things. The first is that I prefer women, but still like men, and the other is that I wanted to own my mother. Yes, like you, I want to dominate my mother, but unlike you I have not had the courage or opportunity to make my dream a reality. Please tell me how it happened? How did you make your mother your Slave?" Veronica said, starting out in an embarrassed tone but slowly working up to a tone of wonder as she looked at Owen, with big, hopeful eyes.

Owen chuckled before he started to tell Veronica the tale of how it all happened. He told her of the fateful birthday outing with his mother four years earlier, up to and including his time at Heather's and his return the night before. Veronica listened with rapt attention to the tale of the man she looked up to and admired for actually achieving what she had wanted to accomplish and surpassing it.

"Wow, all I can say is wow! Your story is amazing!" Veronica said with an astounded tone as she looked at Owen with new-found reverence.

"Amazing, but true," Owen said with a superior smile and chuckle.

"Oh, I don't doubt you, not from what I saw!" Veronica replied defensively.

"Now that you know all this and you know that you're not alone in desiring your mother, what do you want from me?" Owen asked with a shrug of his shoulders, not letting on that he knew what she wanted.

"I want your help. I want you to help me seduce and dominate my mother," Veronica said with an embarrassed and lowered tone of voice as she looked down.

"I'm not sure you're ready," Owen said with a shrewd look as he examined Veronica.

"I'm MORE than ready!" Veronica forcefully asserted. "I've wanted this for so long, I am ready to do whatever it takes to make this happen! With or without you!" Veronica huffed in disgust and started to get out of the booth.

"I didn't say I wouldn't help you, I just said that you weren't ready . . . yet," Owen replied just as forcefully.

"Yet?" Veronica asked with a hopeful tone of voice as she slowly sat back down in the booth.

"Yes, yet. It takes a certain mindset and understanding to be a proper Master or Mistress. I will teach you what you need to know and when the time is right, and if Karen seems receptive, I will help you make her yours," Owen said with a calm yet firm tone of voice.

"If she's receptive?" Veronica asked with trepidation in her voice.

"Yes, she may indeed be a submissive and in that case we can try to get her to submit to you, but if she is not a submissive or if she can't handle having a relationship with her own daughter, you will have to let it drop. If you force things and she is not receptive, you could permanently damage your relationship with your mother . . . I was very lucky," Owen said with a calm yet firm tone of voice.

"I see," Veronica said with a saddened tone of voice.

"We will start with your training and see how it goes. Are you willing to be trained by me?" Owen said with a leading tone of voice as he looked at Veronica with a discerning tone of voice.

"Yes, I would like that," Veronica replied with a pleased tone of voice and smile on her face.

"If we do this you must understand that I will be your teacher and you must listen and obey me. What I say goes and I will not tolerate arguing or disrespect, but I encourage questions," Owen explained in a commanding and unambiguous tone of voice.

"Let's get something straight, I'm not like your mother and sister! I am not the type of woman who will grovel at your feet! I am just like you, I want to dominate my mother, not have her dominate me. The last thing I am going to do is kiss your ass!" Veronica snapped in a disgusted tone of voice.

"You're a Dominant, I get it. This may be hard for you, but you need to see me in the light of a teacher and you are my student; that's all. You need to learn how to be a Mistress and to do that you need to differ to me as a student does to a teacher. Can you do that? Can you be my student?" Owen explained in the firm and unfettered tone of voice.

"Okay, but I'm not calling you 'Master'!" Veronica replied agreeably but ended in a chuckle.

"No, 'Moe' will do," Owen replied with a confident tone of voice while wearing a smirk on his face.

"Moe? Why Moe?" Veronica asked curiously.

"It is simply a name you may use to show me proper respect," Owen replied firmly, with an expression that he expected not to be questioned.

"When do we start, Moe?" Veronica replied with a frustrated sigh as she looked at Owen with a sideways smile and unimpressed look.

"Tonight after your mother has gone to bed, come see me in the living room," Owen said with a commanding tone of voice as he sipped his beer.

"Yes, Moe, I'll be there," Veronica replied pleasantly, while still having trouble saying the word "Moe." * * *

"Good night, Mom," Veronica said as she hugged and kissed her mother goodnight.

"Goodnight, Ronnie," Karen said before releasing Veronica from the embrace and entering her room.

Veronica walked into her room and waited with baited breath for half an hour, waiting for her mother to go to sleep. She wanted to walk into the living room earlier, but knew it would be best to wait to see if her mother got up to go to the bathroom, as she sometimes did. After half an hour had passed and Veronica was sure that her mother was down for the night she left her room and walked quietly into the living room.

When Veronica got there she saw Owen, Taryn and Rosina up and still dressed, sitting on the couch and chatting amongst themselves. When she entered the room they looked up at her and smiled warmly at her and beckoned her over to them warmly.

"Hello, Moe, Taryn, or should I call you Red . . . or Mistress Red?" Veronica said in an attempt at a warm greeting but her nervousness dominated her voice until she stammered to silence.

"Hello, Veronica, I hope you don't mind but I have already brought Red and Cat up to date on what we discussed this afternoon. They not only know that you know about us but they also know about your desire to dominate your mother, and my offer to train you. I thought it would speed things up," Owen said in a calm and confident manner as he relaxed between Taryn and Rosina.

"Oh, I see, that makes sense," Veronica said with a nervous smile as she sat down in the vacant comfy chair. "But what do I call all of you?" she asked curiously.

"Please, allow me, Master," Taryn said to Owen and paused until he nodded his approval before continuing. "Since you know about us, we will be ourselves when just you are around. In those cases you will address us by our 'Slave names' so as to give each person the respect they are due. You can use these names when we are in public together, as outsiders will simply think that they are nicknames. I am 'Mistress Red' because I am Master's highest Slave and I have authority over all his other Slaves, to see that his will is done even when he is not around. In public however you may call me simply 'Red'. Rosina is Cat, and you will address Master as 'Moe'. When your mother or other outsiders are around we will function like a normal family and use our given names. You must remember though, at all times Master is in charge," Taryn explained in a calm and almost lecturing fashion.

"I see," Veronica replied in an understanding tone and nodded her agreement. "Now about my mother, how can you help me get her?" Veronica added in a hopeful tone of voice.

"Well, it's not as simple as sneaking into her room and jumping her," Owen said sarcastically and chuckled.

"It worked for you!" Veronica retorted indignantly.

"We got very lucky! Master didn't know he was a dominant and I didn't understand that I was a submissive. We were drunk and lonely and it all came pouring out in one very odd evening after a lot of alcohol. For us it worked out only because I was receptive to his advances, even though I didn't understand it at the time." Taryn explained in a stern and lecturing manner.

"What do you want me to do, sit my mother down and say 'hey mom how about I make you my bitch, now get over here and eat my pussy!' is that what you want me to do? She'll freak!" Veronica retorted defensively as she shook her head.

"That is one way to go and a talking it out worked for me, but only because my own desires to be dominated had been stirred up in me and submitting to Master was really the only option," Rosina explained in a calm and friendly manner.

"So for one of you, a direct confrontation worked but for the other talking it out worked. What do you think will work for my mother and me?" Veronica asked curiously as she leaned in slightly.

"The key to everything is to somehow find out if Karen is a submissive, and if she would possibly be receptive to your advances. Like I said before, this could work out great, like it has for us, or it could blow up in your face and she may never talk to you again," Owen said in a sage manner.

"How do we find out? What do we do?" Veronica asked in an eager manner, hoping to find out something useful.

"That is not our main concern right now, first we must train you so that you will be ready to be a good Mistress. Remember, you are a dominant who needs to dominate. Even if your dream to dominate your mother does not pan out, you can still find some other woman to dominate," Owen said in a lecturing manner as he looked at Veronica to gauge her reaction.

"I . . . I never thought of it like that. I had always been so focused on my mother to even consider others," Veronica said with a relieved smile on her face.

"Things will work out one way or another, trust me. But for now, we must get to your training," Owen said with a warm smile to Veronica who nodded her approval in reply.

What followed was almost two weeks of nightly training sessions, after Karen had gone to bed. The sessions were mostly the four people talking and discussing the lifestyle. Sometimes it involved acting out or demonstrating certain actions or procedures but never was anyone nude or did any sex take place. Veronica was stubborn and it took time for some of what Owen was trying to teach her to sink in. She had to let go of her original preconceptions of what a Dominant / Submissive relationship was all about. Owen was determined to train her in his style of dominating: a caring, nurturing style rather based on love rather than an oppressive style based on

pain and objectification. By the end of two weeks Veronica had made some remarkable progress and was ready to assume her role as a Mistress to a Slave.

The other thing that happened during those two weeks was that Taryn chatted Karen up when they had a moment here and there. Taryn was trying to find out about Karen's previous relationships and the men she liked, what she looked for in a man. Taryn was looking for clues to determine if Karen was a submissive or not. Taryn dropped a few hints about messing about a little bit, just to see if Karen was interested but she nervously turned Taryn down. Taryn took that as a positive sign, that she was interested but not able to admit it just yet.

Still, by the end of the two weeks it was not clear if Karen was really a submissive and truly desired women, let alone Veronica. While it looked promising, Owen felt there was not enough to allow Veronica to make a try for her mother. After some discussion a plan was devised to find out one way or another and if things were favourable, make a move on Karen all in one night. It was chosen that the plan would be enacted on the following Saturday night, after a busy day at the spa.

* * *

It was after the Spa had closed when Rosina had walked into the apartment portion of the spa with the armload of porn movies. Owen had gone out for the night to a local bar to meet some friends to allow

the ladies to have a "girls night in." Karen had thought that they were just going to watch some normal movies and enjoy some time together. The special juice punch, that Taryn and Veronica had made, was spiked with alcohol, but not enough for you to taste it. By the time the first porn movie started playing, Karen was already on her third glass and staring to feel no pain.

"What the fuck is this? I thought we were going to watch some movies?" Karen protested with a slight slur as the titles of the first porn movie flashed across the screen.

"It's just us girls, I thought we could spice up the evening a bit?" Rosina said dismissively as she continued to watch the beginning of the vanilla porno.

"I don't know if we should be watching this, after all my daughter is in the room!" Karen protested as she pointed at Veronica.

"Mom, I am an adult and it isn't exactly the first porno I've seen, loosen up, will ya?" Veronica retorted in a manner that told Karen that her daughter thought she was being silly.

"C'mon, Karen, relax and enjoy it. When's the last time you've seen a porno?" Taryn said in a warm and friendly manner.

"Well, it has been a while, why not," Karen shrugged as she took a swig of her drink. "But just one," she asserted as she pointed around the room with her glass of special punch.

The four ladies watched the first movie and when it was over they quietly slipped in another and Karen didn't protest, as she was to drunk. This movie was a man dominating a woman porn movie and Karen was shocked but watched the screen with great interest. As the movie progressed the other women started making comments about the movie. The discussion was aimed at getting Karen to open up and talk about what she was seeing. With Taryn, and Rosina saying how exciting it would be to be tied up and at the mercy of a powerful man like that, Karen finally started to talk.

Karen admitted that from time to time she had wondered what it would be like to be in just that predicament and that she and Tony had tried it in the later part of their marriage. Karen even admitted that she regretted that they never explored it too much, and part of her missed being dominated. Veronica had try hard to hide her excitement over her mother's admission.

When the next porn movie was played, this was the decisive one, this one was a movie about women dominating women. Veronica got particularly excited watching this movie and made that known with a few of the comments she made. Taryn and Rosina added to this air of excitement with a few comments of their own. It wasn't until the movie was half over that Karen finally made a comment on what she was watching.

"I can't believe their doing that!" Karen said with a heavy slur to her voice as she shakily pointed to the screen with the glass of alcohol laden punch she was holding.

"What's wrong with it, I think it's hot! Can't you feel the power of the blonde as she makes that brunette eat her pussy?" Veronica said with a heated and lust-filled voice.

"Yeah, but they're women!" Karen retorted in shock.

"You and me did that and more, or have you forgotten?" Taryn teased as she lightly shoved Karen at the shoulder.

"That was just a 'heat of the moment thing', a one time thing!" Karen sputtered in an embarrassed reply.

"True, but as I remember it, you didn't want to do it, I MADE you do it," Taryn teased Karen who sat there silent and red-faced.

"Is that true, mom? Did you and Taryn have sex? And did made you do it? Did she . . . dominate you?" Veronica asked in an eager and lightly teasing manner as she leaned forward and whispered in her mother's ear.

"Well, I wouldn't say that . . . she was insistent and needed some release so I gave in and . . . pleased her," Karen said in a quiet and embarrassed manner, while not taking her eyes off the screen.

"But after that, after you ate me to orgasm, you wanted to leave but I made you lie on the couch and stay there while I ate you to orgasm, why did you stay there? Why did you do what I said? You had pleased me, I was satisfied, but you dutifully laid there and let me eat you to orgasm, afterwards you even kissed me. Why Karen, why? What was it that made you do what I wanted?" Taryn said as she leaned in and whispered in Karen's other ear.

"I don't know," Karen replied, her voice staring to get a little husky and her breathing deeper and more rapid.

"Could it be that you liked it when she took control? Could it be that the part of you that liked it when you submitted to dad, and you were looking for someone to submit to? Is that it? Did you like it when Taryn dominated you? Admit it, Mom, you were secretly hoping that someone would make you submit to them!" Veronica said in a sensuous yet firm tone of voice while whispering in Karen's ear.

"I . . . I . . . I don't know what you're talking about," Karen meekly replied while watching the blonde woman grind her pussy into the face of the brunette in a forceful manner.

"ADMIT IT!" Veronica snapped in a commanding tone of voice.

"Yes," Karen meekly replied after she jumped from hearing her daughter shout.

"You still think about it, don't you? You secretly wish for a repeat of that day, don't you? You WANT to be taken again, don't you? Don't lie?" Taryn asked in a commanding tone of voice as she spoke so close to Karen's ear that her breath danced across it, sending shivers down her spine.

"Yes," Karen replied in a barely audible tone of voice as she lowered her gaze down to the floor.

"Wish granted," Taryn said in a sensual voice right before she licked Karen's ear.

Karen turned and looked at Taryn in shock, and that was just what Taryn wanted. As soon as Karen's face was looking straight at Taryn, Taryn kissed an unexpecting Karen hard on the lips. Karen's eyes went wide in shock and fear, as soon as the kiss landed and she started to pull away. As soon as Taryn felt Karen pull away from her, she quickly reached behind Karen and grasped her head and pulled Karen firmly back into the kiss. Karen's eyes were still wide with fear as the kiss continued, despite her wishes and best judgement.

Veronica moved aside and stayed quiet, not saying a word and staying out of her mother's line of sight. This was part of the plan, for

Veronica to seemingly disappear, at least as far as Karen was concerned. Veronica was happy to do it, for it was part of the plan, and the plan was working beautifully so far.

A moment into the kiss, Karen started to surrender herself into the kiss and closed her eyes as she started to kiss Taryn back. Taryn let go of Karen's head and started to caress Karen's body while the kiss continued and heated up. Karen was now starting to really get into the kiss and poured her passion into it. Taryn eventually found Karen's breasts and was openly caressing and fondling them up.

"You do have nice breasts, Karen," Taryn said as she paused the kiss long enough to talk while she continued to stroke and caress Karen's breasts.

"Thank you, Taryn," Karen said breathlessly as she stared at Taryn while catching her breath.

"Do you like mine?" Taryn said as she thrust her chest out, making her DD cup breasts look even larger.

"Yes," Karen said as she openly gazed at Taryn's massive chest.

"Would you like to see them?" Taryn asked coyly, her voice dripping with sexual innuendo.

"Yes," Karen relied in a husky tone of voice while her eyes were glued to Taryn's breasts.

Taryn grasped the sides of her T-shirt and lifted it off over her head in one swift motion. Without pausing, she tossed the T-shirt aside and reached behind her to unclasp her bra. Once the bra was unclasped, she removed it completely and tossed it in the same direction of the discarded T-shirt. Taryn sat there topless and let Karen drink in the sight of Tarn's huge, beautifully shaped breasts.

"Touch them, I know you want to," Taryn said in a firm yet sensuous tone of voice.

Karen hesitated, but just looked at Taryn's breasts with a worried look on her face as she gazed at Taryn's breasts.

"Touch them!" Taryn asserted in a slightly more forceful manner.

This time Karen started to move and her right hand slowly lifted up until her fingers came in contact with Taryn's left breast. Once her fingers were touching Taryn's breast, Karen let out a low moan. Karen stared at her hand that was motionless on Taryn's breast which rose and fell in time with Taryn's deep breathing. A moment later Karen started to move her hand as she lightly touched and explored the abundant bosom displayed before her. She watched the movement of her hands with a look of wonder and she looked like a child checking out a new toy. As time ticked by, her movements

became bolder and more pronounced until she was not exploring any more but openly caressing Taryn breasts.

"Since you like touching them so much, why don't you kiss them?" Taryn asked in a sensual and hypnotic tone of voice.

"I . . . I don't know," Karen said with fear and trepidation in her voice as she looked up at Taryn while still fondling Taryn's breasts.

"What's wrong? I thought you liked my breasts?" Taryn asked in the same sensual and hypnotic tone of voice.

"I do, I just don't know if I should do that," Karen replied in a worried manner while staring at the breasts she was still caressing.

"I want you to kiss my breasts, and I know you want to kiss them, so why don't you be a good girl and kiss them," Taryn insisted in the same sensual and hypnotic tone of voice.

"I . . . I . . ." Karen started to protest in a confused stammer.

"NOW!" Taryn growled and flashed a snarl at Karen.

Karen went white and lowered her head for a moment, before she leaned in and complied with Taryn's command. Karen closed her

eyes as she wrapped her lips around Taryn's right nipple. Taryn moaned as Karen began to suckle at her breast like an infant. Slowly Karen spread out and began to lusciously kiss and lick Taryn's breasts in a slow and meandering manner. After a moment or two, Karen brought her hands up to Taryn's breasts and caressed them as she licked and sucked them. It wasn't long after that that she was making love to Taryn's breasts with all the passion she had pent up inside her.

"I see you really like playing with my breasts, don't you?" Taryn asked with a giggle as she stroked Karen's hair while the Karen licked the underside of Taryn's breasts.

"Yes! . . . God help me, but yes I love playing with them! They're so beautiful! I can't help myself!" Karen said with a slur in her worried voice as she looked up into Taryn's eye while still keeping her lips in contact with Taryn's large breasts.

"Well, I like your breasts, and I would like the chance to play with them. Can I, Karen? Would you like me to play with your beautiful breasts just like your playing with mine?" Taryn asked Karen in the same sultry and hypnotic tone while looking down at Karen with a smouldering look in her eye.

"I . . . I don't know," Karen sighed in a worried tone of voice as she sat up and pulled away from Taryn.

"You've played with my breasts, don't you think it's only fair that you give me a chance to play with your breasts?" Taryn insisted in the same sultry voice but Karen remained silent, just looking down at her lap. "KAREN!" Taryn growled.

"I guess so," Karen replied in a defeated tone of voice.

"Good girl, show us your lovely breasts," Taryn said in a sultry tone of voice as she smiled warmly at Karen

Karen lifted her head, grasped her T-shirt by the bottom and slowly raised it over her head and discarded it off to the side. Since it was a relaxing evening in with the gals, Karen was not wearing a bra. As soon as the shirt was lifted off of her, her D cup breasts were brought into plain view. Taryn smiled warmly at Karen and restrained herself from attacking Karen's breasts with all of the desire she now had for her long-time friend.

Instead Taryn slowly reached up and cupped Karen's left breast and began to stroke and caress it. After a moment she lifted her other hand up and soon was caressing both of Karen's breasts with expert hands. Karen moaned out her approval as she closed her eyes and let her head fall back. Taryn stepped up her pleasing of Karen's breasts by taking the right nipple in her mouth and sucking on it. Karen groaned and tossed her head from side to side as Taryn began her oral assault on the unsuspecting Karen. Little did Karen know how much experience Taryn had gained in the arts of pleasing a woman since the last time they had been together. Taryn was using all her

knowledge and skills to render Karen a helpless mass of female flesh. Karen sank back on the couch and relaxed all of her muscles as she basked in the glorious sensations that Taryn was giving her. Never in her life did she know that such pleasure could be rendered from the simple act of playing with her breasts. As Taryn licked, sucked, caressed and nibbled on Karen's breasts, Karen forgot about anything and everything around her, her world had become her breasts. Taryn slowly started to kiss her way down the helpless Karen's body, slowly licking a trail towards Karen's pussy. When she reached the waistband of Karen's jeans she unbuttoned them, when she started to unzip Karen's jeans, Karen spoke up.

"No, you shouldn't!" Karen said weakly as she half-heartedly tried to stop Taryn from removing her jeans.

"Karen, be a good girl and just lie there and enjoy it," Taryn insisted with a forceful edge to her sultry voice.

"Yes, Taryn," Karen said weakly as she rested her hands to her sides.

Taryn finished unzipping Karen's jeans and them pealed both the jeans and panties down in one motion. Karen even lifted her rump at the right time without being told. Once the jeans and panties were off of Karen, Taryn pushed them off to the side and the three other women admired Karen's now completely revealed body.

Veronica stifled a moan as she drank in the delightful sight of the long and lean, slender body of her mother for the first time. Karen's

D cup breasts seemed even larger than they actually were due to her flat stomach. Rosina admired the flowing curves of Karen's body and had to resist the urge to trace those curves with either her finger or tongue. Taryn remembered the form of Karen's body from the last time she had seen it and was amazed that it had not changed that much, Karen was as beautiful as before.

Karen's eyes were locked with Taryn's as Taryn returned to kneeling between her thighs. Karen knew what was going to happen and the thought of it both excited and scared her. She was afraid of herself and her own reaction. If Taryn ate her pussy as good or better than she had played with her breasts, could Karen stop herself from doing anything Taryn wanted? That too excited and scared Karen and she watched helplessly as Taryn leaned in towards her pussy.

Karen's breath caught in her throat as Taryn licked a slow, long lick up her slit. When Taryn flicked her tongue across Karen's clitoris, Karen knew she was in trouble. When Taryn began to pull the lips of her pussy apart gently to lick the tender insides, Karen shuddered in pleasure. As Taryn continued to eat Karen's pussy, Karen no longer cared if it was wrong or right, she just surrendered to the joyous pleasure emanating from her most womanly of places.

When Karen closed her eyes and thrashed her head about, Rosina knew that the time had come to play her part in the plan. Tearing her clothes off until she was nude, Rosina moved up and knelled right beside Karen. When Karen opened her eyes, Rosina leaned in and kissed Karen square on the lips. A shocked Karen took only a brief moment to panic before she gave into the kiss and returned Rosina's

kiss with passion. After the two women had been kissing for a few minutes, Rosina broke the kiss, but this time Karen looked disappointed, instead of relieved.

"Would you like to play with my titties?" Rosina asked with a wicked smile on her face as she winked at Karen.

"God yes!" Karen said as she grasped Rosina's breasts, one in each and and pulled them to her lips.

Rosina did not fight or resist one bit, she just lifted herself up and straddled Karen, so as to place her breasts right in front of Karen's face. Karen moaned in satisfaction as she started to suckle and lick Rosina's breasts with pure lust. Karen had gotten over her reluctance to play with the female form, fuelled by the expert pussy-eating of Taryn.

Another key point in the plan was about to take place. While Karen was busy playing with Rosina's breasts, her view of her own lower body was completely blocked. As long as her pussy was being eaten uninterruptedly, she would assume that Taryn was the one eating her pussy. Veronica now emerged from her hiding place and approached Karen from an angle that she couldn't see. At the appointed time, Taryn pulled away from Karen's pussy and Veronica took her place.

Veronica's pussy creamed as she started to lick the pussy of her dreams: her mother's! Veronica had been with a reasonable number

of women and knew how to please a woman. Veronica redoubled her efforts to please this pussy, wanting to make her mother cum soon. Veronica thrust two fingers into her mother's pussy and began to finger-fuck her mother as she ate that same pussy. Veronica could not get over how delicious her mother tasted, and was constantly trying to lap up every last drop of pussy-juice that her mother's pussy brought forth. Soon, the inevitable happened, Karen's moans increased and her hips began to gyrate. It was obvious that Karen was close to cuming, from her daughter's talented tongue that she thought was Taryn's! As Karen's moaning peaked, Taryn crept up to one side of Karen and leaned into Karen's ear, and whispered.

"Like that do you? Can you guess who is eating your pussy right now?" Taryn asked in a sultry tone of voice.

"Taryn! Oh God! God no!" Karen gasped as Veronica increased the pace of her finger fucking while she flicked hard against Karen's pussy.

Rosina swiftly moved out of the way and Karen looked down between her legs to see her own daughter madly eating her pussy. Veronica looked up into her mother's eyes and sucked hard on her mother's clitoris. Karen was so close to orgasming that the shock of the revelation and pressure on her clitoris pushed her over the edge. While looking into her daughter's eyes, Karen came, knowing it was her sweet baby-girl who had given her the intense orgasm. Karen thrashed about and pounded the couch with her fist and arched her back as waves of pleasure ripped through her. Veronica was merciless and relentless in her attack on her mother's pussy,

focussing on pushing her mother from one orgasm into another. Karen managed three consecutive orgasms before she passed out, her nervous system overload from pleasure.

It is a minute or two later when Karen's eyes fluttered open, her body still weak from the intense series of orgasms. As her eyes start to focus the first thing she saw was her daughter, Veronica leaning over her, Veronica's face fills her vision.

"Did you like that? I bet that's the first time someone has made you pass-out from cuming, huh?" Veronica asked with pride and love permeating her voice and demeanour.

"It was lovely, and yes I've never cum that hard!" Karen giggled as she reached up and caressed Veronica's cheek.

"I'm glad I could do that for you, Mom," Veronica replied in the same loving manner as she leaned in and kissed Karen properly on the lips with a kiss that she had always longed to give.

"Wha . . . Wha . . Wha . . . what j . . . just happened? That didn't just happen! That couldn't just have happened! I would never let my daughter e . . . e . . . please me!" Karen stammered out in a horrified tone of voice as she held Veronica at bay and looked at her with a look of pure terror.

"Yes it did, mother," Veronica replied in a confident and unapologetic tone of voice as she looked her mother right in the eye. "Your daughter just ate you to three consecutive orgasms, and I loved doing it!" Veronica said with a proud and self-assured tone of voice as she leaned her face in closer to Karen's face.

"Oh God! Oh God! Oh no! Dear God no!" Karen sobbed out, now shocked and horrified, as she struggled to get up, trying to push Veronica away from her.

Veronica would not be brushed aside and had no intention of letting her mother up at that moment. Quite the opposite, actually, as Veronica quickly straddled Karen and pinned her mother down. While sitting square on Karen's lap and pinning Karen's arms straight out out to the sides, along the back of the couch, Veronica had her mother completely at her mercy. Before she knew it, Karen found herself pinned to the couch with no way to get up or fight back. For a few minutes Karen squirmed and failed her arms as best she could, struggling to get free from Veronica's grasp. After struggling for as long as she could, eventually it sank into Karen's petrified mind that she was not going anywhere, unless Veronica let her. "Are we done?" Veronica asked in a superior and snippy tone as she glared down at her frightened mother.

"Yes," Karen meekly replied, ashamed at having to admit it.

"You are here, at my mercy, because I have decided to take what I want, rather than waiting for it to come to me. Thanks to our lovely

chat this evening it seems that we both want the same thing, don't we mother?" Veronica said in the same superior and firm tone of voice.

"We do?" Karen asked in a quiet and shocked tone of voice, fear still living in her eyes.

"Yes, we do. For years now, I've dreamed of making you mine, of finally taking my rightful place as your Mistress! Yes, mother, I want to make you my Slave and it is clear that you want to be my Slave. Isn't that right, mother?" Veronica said with a demanding and firm tone of voice while she sneered at Karen, bringing her face so close their noses almost touched.

"NO! That's not true!" Karen sobbed out as she shook her head from side to side as tears welled up in her eyes.

"Don't try to deny it, you have already said that you missed being dominated! You clearly enjoy having sex with women! Why not submit to a strong woman whom you already love and trust? Why not give yourself to someone who has been there with you through thick and thin for years? Who better than me to make your deepest fantasy come true? Don't you love me, Mom?" Veronica said in a loving and tender yet confident voice as she petted and stroked Karen's hair in a soothing manner.

"I do love you, just not like that! We can't do that!" Karen sobbed out as she shook her head while she looked at Veronica with pleading eyes.

"You will learn to love me, you will soon see that this is best for the both of us. You have been so lonely since dad left, I have seen your pain, I can and will take that pain away from you. You will know a greater love with me than you have ever known. I will take care of you, you have nothing to worry about any more. Your Mistress is here now and she will guide and protect you from now on, you'll see," Veronica said in a loving and tender tone of voice as she continued to stroke Karen's hair.

"No! Let me go!" Karen whimpered pitifully as Veronica grasped a clump of Karen's hair. Veronica moved up and positioned herself so that Karen was looking right up into her face which hovered over the horrified, captive woman.

"I, Veronica Basilone, with the power vested in me by the laws of nature, do hereby claim you Karen Basilone and make you my Slave, to be owned by me and serve me in anyway I see fit, until I release you or death claims you. Do you submit?" Veronica said in a commanding and booming voice that made Karen shake with fear and excitement.

"No!" Karen replied in a half-hearted, whimper.

"You know you want to! You know it's for the best! Do you submit?" Veronica repeated in a commanding yet angry tone of voice as she tugged on Karen's hair.

"Y . . . No!" Karen sobbed out as she tried to turn her head to the side.

"SUBMIT, BITCH! YOU ARE MINE AND YOU KNOW IT!" Veronica screamed an inch from Karen's face and Karen closed her eyes as she cried the hardest yet.

"Yes, fine, I submit! I place myself in your care. I will serve you faithfully and do anything you ask, Mistress!" Karen managed to say in amongst the crying and sobbing.

"There, there, don't you feel better? Don't you feel a weight off of your shoulders now? Do you not feel at peace to know that you have a Mistress to serve?" Veronica said in a soothing tone as she embraced Karen and hugged the sobbing woman until her cries had finally stopped.

"I don't know what I feel," Karen replied as she wiped the tears from her eyes once the crying was over. Veronica just looked at Karen with a raised eyebrow and an unimpressed look, in response, Karen quickly added, "Mistress." Veronica grinned broadly and nodded in approvingly, Karen smiled a weak smile at Veronica.

"Since I am the only woman in the room whose breasts you have not sucked on, and I am your Mistress, I say that means it's time you played with my breasts, don't you?" Veronica said as she sat up straight and looked down at Karen expectantly.

"Well . . ." Karen started to protest.

"We know you know how and that you like to play with breasts," Veronica said as she got off Karen and sat down on the couch beside her. "I will say this one last time, please my breasts, NOW!" Veronica said in a commanding tone of voice.

"Yes, Mistress," Karen said in a defeated tone of voice and sighed heavily.

Without saying another word, Karen leaned over and brought her face in front of Veronica's large breasts. Karen paused for a moment and admired them, drinking them in with her eyes. Slowly she reached up and touched the far side of the opposite breast from where she was sitting. Gently she traced the swelling curve of that breast down to the underside and up the other side, she kept going until she completely circled the breast. Giving that breast's nipple a tweak, caused Veronica to shudder in pleasure. With the same hand Karen traced a trail up and over to Veronica's other breast and traced the same pattern around the outside of it, when she tweaked the nipple this time, Veronica moaned again and Karen giggled. Karen reached out and took one breast in each hand and pushed them

together while nestling her face in the abundant cleavage of the massive DD cup breasts.

"They're beautiful," Karen said with wonder as she looked up at Veronica while her face was still pressed up against Veronica's breasts. "I have seen them many times but I never really saw them before. I never appreciated just how beautifully massive they are," Karen said with amazement and at that both she and Veronica shared a chuckle. "I mean to say that they are massive," she said as she lifted each breast in her hands as if she were weighing them. "But they are exquisitely shaped and absolutely beautiful!" Karen said as she gazed over the breasts in question, carefully examining them, as if trying to find any flaws.

"I'm glad you like them, my Precious Slave, for you will get to know them quite well!" Veronica said with a loving tone which she ended with a giggle.

"Then it's about time I got acquainted with them, Mistress," Karen said without taking her eyes off of Veronica's breasts.

As soon as Karen stopped talking, she reached out with her tongue and licked across her Mistress's breast. Veronica let out a moan and flopped her head back as she revelled in the sensation and satisfaction that her mother was eagerly sucking on her breasts, as her Slave! Karen started to slowly trace a trail of saliva around Veronica's over-abundant bosom, while keeping at least one finger caressing the breast she was not kissing at the moment. With the

extremely limited experience that Karen had sucking on and playing with breasts it was amazing how good she was beginning to get at it. Karen and Veronica lost all track of time as Veronica strived to please and serve her Mistress as best she could.

Veronica's wet pussy ached for some release and all this attention to her breasts, while delightful, was not helping the situation any. Veronica looked down at Karen who was at that very moment, licking the underside of Veronica's right breast, expertly tracing its contours with her eyes closed. Veronica was proud, content and excited as she watched her mother, her Slave, licking her breasts and happy to do it.

"You have done and excellent job, Slave, and I am very pleased. You can stop now," Veronica said in a firm tone of voice, with a smile on her face.

"Yes, Mistress, Thank you," Karen replied submissively as she sat back up and bowed her head, resting her hands in her lap.

"You have done such a good job that my pussy is dripping, since you got me so hot, it is only fair that you deal with the consequences of your actions. Eat my pussy, Slave!" Veronica said in a stern and husky tone of voice.

"Wha . . . I . . . I . . . don't know, M . . .M . . . istress, I . . . C . . . Can't," Veronica said as her eyes widened up and confusion and terror gripped her and she got up and began to run out of the living room.

The reality of what had happened and what was about to happen hit Karen at that moment. She was confused and mortified that she had been playing around with Veronica's breasts. What Karen wanted right now was space to calmly think things through before things went too far. Clearly she couldn't trust herself around her daughter, and feared what may happen if she spent another minute in her presence that night. Perhaps in the morning she could calmly talk to Veronica and make things like they should be, but for now she needed the solitude of her room.

Veronica was quick and caught up with Karen before she rounded the corner. Karen never made it to even the entrance of the dining room before Veronica had caught her. With a firm grasp on Karen's shoulder and a large clump of Karen's hair in her other hand, Veronica clearly had control of Karen. Karen screamed as she was pulled by her hair back to the couch. At first Karen tried to swing at Veronica or break free of her grip, but that proved fruitless. Veronica sat down in the middle of the couch and pulled Karen over her lap by her hair. In the end, Karen was horrified to find herself bent over her daughter's lap in obvious preparation for a spanking!

"NO! LET ME UP! I AM YOUR MOTHER AND YOU WILL LET ME GO THIS INSTANT, YOUNG LADY!" Karen screamed as she hit and kicked up a storm, trying to get free from Veronica's grasp.

"WHEN I MADE YOU MY SLAVE, YOU CEASED TO BE MY MOTHER AND I CEASED TO BE YOUR DAUGHTER! I AM YOUR MISTRESS AND YOU ARE MY SLAVE!" Veronica screamed into

Karen's ear after pulling up on Karen's hair to bring Karen ear close to her face.

"But . . . But . . . But . . ." Karen sputtered incoherently in protest.

"Stop squirming!" Veronica commanded and much to Karen's horror, she did stop squirming instantly. "Now, put your hands, palm down on the floor in front of you and leave them there," Veronica ordered and Karen complied with this order too, despite what her brain was telling her to do. "Do you know why you need to be punished?" Veronica asked in a demanding tone of voice.

"I ran?" Karen asked meekly, not sure of what answer to give.

"You refused to carry out a direct order, and you left without permission! That is two offences and I think we need to teach you a lesson so you will get ten swats!" Veronica said in an commanding and angry tone.

"TEN!" Karen shouted in shock.

"Would you like to go for twenty?" Veronica snapped as she tugged on Karen's hair.

"NO!" Karen replied in fear .

"Then mind your attitude! You are starting to get disrespectful!" Veronica growled in an aggravated tone.

"Sorry, Mistress," Karen replied and for some inexplicable reason she did feel sorry at that moment.

"Here is how it will go, for each spank I give you, you will count it off and thank me for it. If you fail to count it off or thank me for it, it won't count. Understood?" Veronica said in a commanding tone of voice.

"Yes, Mistress," Karen replied and mentally prepared herself for the humiliating spanking that she knew was coming but was powerless to prevent.

Karen raised her hand and brought it down hard on Karen's right but-cheek. Karen squealed in pain but managed to count off and thank Veronica for the spank. Again, Veronica spanked Karen, this time on the left but-cheek and again Karen said what she was supposed to. So it was for each of the ten spankings that Karen received. The strangest thing to Karen was not the fact that she was being spanked by her daughter, but the attitude change that took place within her during that spanking. Karen realized that she had disobeyed her Mistress and disgraced herself. She had been a bad Slave and she was now being punished for it, this spanking was well deserved and by the end of it she was ashamed of herself for her behaviour.

"There, it is done and over with. Do you now understand why you needed to be punished?" Veronica asked in a firm and confident tone of voice.

"Yes, Mistress, I have disobeyed you and therefore disgraced myself. I am sorry, it won't happen again," Karen said in a sorrowful tone of voice with a pitiful expression on her face.

"Exactly, I am glad you understand. Let's try this again. Eat your Mistress's pussy," Veronica said in a firm yet loving tone of voice.

"Yes, Mistress," Karen replied in an eager tone of voice.

Karen slipped off of Veronica's lap and knelled before her Mistress while Veronica scooted forward and spread her legs wide. Karen looked at the dripping wet pussy spread before her and licked her lips in anticipation. This time she wanted to eat that pussy, she wanted to please her Mistress and show her that she could be a good Slave. Karen wasted no time before she leaned in and licked the pussy from bottom to top. Karen made love to that pussy with her mouth, desiring to somehow make up for her disobedience. Karen licked, flicked and fingered that pussy with all she was worth with the lust that was steadily building up within her.

For her part, Veronica was in seventh-heaven as she grasped two handfuls of her mother's hair and pulled that mouth hard against her pussy. She didn't know what it was but nobody had ever ate her pussy like her mother was. Veronica was beside herself with

pleasure that continually washed over her body, centring on her pussy. It wasn't long before Veronica screamed as her orgasm hit her and she bucked her hips off the couch wildly. Karen kept with her and continued licking up the delicious pussy-juice that she was now addicted to. When Veronica was spent she slumped down on the couch and breathed heavy, while not moving.

Karen took the cue and sat back on her knees with head bowed, while waiting for her next command. The moan from across the room brought Karen and Veronica out of their personal little world. They glanced over to where the noise was coming from and saw in an open portion of the floor Taryn and Rosina in a sixty-nine position. Taryn was on top and Rosina was on the bottom. Taryn and Rosina were well into the mutual pussy-licking by now. Karen was stunned to see Taryn eagerly eating her daughter's pussy while her daughter ate her pussy. Taryn felt someone watching them and looked up to see the shocked expression on Karen's face.

"What? You don't think that you're the only one who appreciates her own daughter's pussy, do you? Rosie and I have been doing this for years!" Taryn said with a wicked smile on her face, a face smeared with Rosina's pussy-juice.

"Almost as long as we have been Slaves to Master," Rosina chimed in as she briefly paused from eating her mother's pussy.

"Master?" Karen asked with a shocked, low tone of voice.

"Owen," Taryn replied with a wink and returned to eating Rosina's pussy.

Chapter Seven: Karen

That next morning Karen's head throbbed and ached with a pounding headache while she started to stir and wake up. She looked around her bedroom and noticed that it was later than she usually woke up, obviously she had slept in. As she rubbed her eyes that morning, lifelike images of a very disturbing dream came back to her and flashed across her mind. In her dream she actually had sex with her daughter, Veronica and submitted to her, becoming her Slave! In her twisted dream she actually revelled and loved having her daughter as her Mistress. A sigh from the other part of the bed struck Karen as strange, as she always slept alone, the movement in the bed confirmed that she was not alone. Karen looked over to the other side of the bed and got the shock of her life, Veronica was in bed with her!

"OH MY GOD!" Karen screamed in shock as she bolted upright, terror gripping her mind. She grasped her hungover head in pain from her own loud outburst.

"Wha? What? What is it?" Veronica sputtered as she awoke in a start and sat up as well, looking around to see what was the matter.

When Veronica sat up in bed the covers fell off her, revealing her nude upper body to her mother. Karen looked at Veronica and was shocked by three things at the same exact instant. For one, her

daughter was actually in her bed with her! For two, Veronica was seemingly completely nude, and her body looked exactly like it had been in her disturbing dream! Finally, and perhaps the most disturbing was the fact that Karen liked the sight of her daughter's very large and very nude, breasts. Karen could not help herself from drinking in and admiring her own daughter's nude body. Finally, Karen snapped herself back to reality, and took control of the situation.

"What are you doing in my bed, and where are your clothes?" Karen demanded forcefully while keeping her voice down, as she pointed at the Veronica's breasts.

"After messing about in the living room last night, we sorta ended up here, we messed around a little more and just fell asleep. My clothes are in the same place yours are, in a pile on the living room floor," Veronica replied in a slightly challenging tone as she motioned towards Karen's torso.

Karen looked down and was shocked to see that she too was nude! Instantly her hands reached up and covered up her bared breasts. Then the horrifying reality hit her that it was no dream! She had indeed had sex with her daughter, Veronica and became her daughter's Slave! Karen had a hard time processing that such bizarre events could take place in anyone's life let alone her calm and predicable one. Karen was mortified and horrified to think that it might be remotely possible that the perverted memories that were coming back to her could be true. The one thing Karen needed right now was space, space from everyone so she could ponder and reflect

on the events of the previous night. Karen's mind indeed started to shut down and the only impulse left was to flee.

"I have to go," was all that Karen said with a drained tone before she jumped out of bed and grasped her housecoat on her way out of her bedroom.

"MOM, WAIT!" was all that Veronica got out before Karen left the room.

By this point, Taryn and Rosina were long since already up and were having a cup of coffee in the living room when a panicked, Karen emerged from her room. Somehow Karen had managed to put her housecoat on as she ran down the hall, even more amazing was the fact that she had it on by the time she entered the living room. Not missing a beat Karen continued to run towards the apartment door, desperate to get out of there. Taryn and Rosina had anticipated this, and rushed to stop Karen. Rushing up, one to either side of her Taryn and Rosina were able to grasp Karen and block her escape.

"Calm down, Karen," Taryn said in a calming manner as soon as Karen was captured.

"Let me go! I have to get out of here!" Karen urged in a terrified manner as she struggled to break free.

"No, you need to calm down so we can talk about this," Taryn said in a firm tone as she and Rosina escorted Karen over to the comfy chair.

"Fine," Karen said in a defeated tone as she sank heavily into the chair.

"Good," Tarn said warmly as she and Rosina sat down on the couch, and prepared to talk.

Karen didn't have any intention of sticking around to talk and as soon as Taryn and Rosina sat down, Karen got up. Karen stood up in a flash and even jumped over the chair and was standing in front of the front door before Taryn and Rosina stood up. Pulling the door open Karen ran out the door and sighed in relief that she had made her getaway. As she rushed towards the stairs leading up to the main level of the spa, even her muddled mind could tell that something was on the stairs, blocking the way.

"I don't think so," Owen said in a calm and firm manner from his place on the stairs.

Karen screamed in shock as she realized that what she thought was a lump of clothes was actually Owen! Karen didn't stop running or slow down, she just turned on a dime to run away from Owen. The trouble was that she didn't look where she was going, and ended up running right into a wall, knocking herself out, cold.

Karen woke up for the second time that morning and once again her head hurt something fierce, actually both sides of her head hurt, the front of her head from where she smacked the wall and the back of her head from where she hit the concrete floor. Karen's blurry vision started to come into focus and she groaned out in response to the screaming pain from her head. When Karen reached up to rub her hurt head she got yet another shock that morning, her arm wouldn't move. Or rather, her arm couldn't move, one look down confirmed what she feared, she was tied up!

Karen quickly glanced around her to find that she was tied to a dining room chair and was seated in the centre of the living room, in place where the coffee table usually sat and she was facing the couch. Owen, Taryn and Rosina sat on the couch right in front of her and Veronica sat in the comfy chair to her right. When she tried to demand to be untied, no intelligible words came out and to her shock she quickly realized she was gagged as well. A quick glance down comforted her slightly as she saw that she was still wearing her housecoat and she was completely covered.

"I'm glad to see that you're finally awake," Owen said in a warm tone as he smiled a friendly smile at Karen.

"How do you feel?" Rosina said as she approached Karen.

Karen groaned in reply as Rosina gave Karen a cursory inspection, to check for any serous neck or head injuries. When she was satisfied that Karen was okay, she sat back down and nodded to Owen.

"We need to talk about what happened last night," Owen started out in a calm and controlled manner.

The last thing Karen wanted to do was talk about last night, especially in front of everyone! Karen squirmed and struggled against her bonds. She was desperate to get away and thrashed about as she tried to find some way to loosen her bonds. Karen's panic started to rise as the seconds ticked by and her struggling had not produced any results.

"Karen, calm down, we're not going to hurt you," Taryn said in a soothing tone of voice.

"We only tied you up to prevent you from hurting yourself. We really do need to talk about last night. You can struggle all you want, but you're not going anywhere until we talk this out, so when you're calm, we can begin," Owen said in a tone and manner that made it clear that he was not kidding and in charge of the situation.

Karen's thrashing about increased as she was more determined than ever to get free. Her squirming had not permitted her to get a hand free but she was able to move chair by hopping. By hopping she was able to turn the chair and move it a few feet towards the door, when she looked at the door she realized that unless she could untie

herself, she was not going anywhere. After a minute or two of angry arm movements she gave up. Karen hung her head and sobbed as she realized that Owen was right, she was not going anywhere, anytime soon.

"Are we done?" Owen asked with the same commanding presence about him. With an embarrassed look in her eye, Karen looked over at Owen and nodded yes. "Good," Owen replied with a firm tone of voice.

Owen and Veronica got up and approached either side of Karen's chair. In one motion, they lifted Karen up and repositioned her where she had been when she woke up. Veronica sat back down but Owen knelled in front of Karen and looked up at her in with a concerned look.

"As I said earlier, we need to talk to you and that means that you need to be able to talk to us, so that we can have a discussion. I want to remove your gag, so you can talk to us but if you start screaming again, I will have to put it back on you. Can I trust you to remain calm if I remove your gag?" Owen said in a concerned and almost vulnerable tone of voice as he looked at Karen with a slightly worried look.

Karen nodded yes as she looked right into Owen's eyes. Owen removed the gag from Karen's mouth and Karen worked her mouth before closing it, as Owen sat back down.

"Thank you," Karen said in a calm tone of voice. "While you're at it, would you mind, untying me?" Karen asked sweetly.

"Not yet, perhaps in a bit," Owen said in a calm and controlling manner and Karen sighed and looked down. "I'm sure you have many questions about what happened last night but let me start off by saying that we are still your friends and family. We still care about you and are here for you, to help you through this. That's why we're doing this, because we care about you," Owen said in a calm manner as he looked at Karen with conviction. "What do you remember about last night?" Owen asked calmly.

"Bits and pieces really, we watched some videos . . . adult videos . . . then it gets a little hazy. Something inappropriate happened between Veronica and I, but I'm not sure what is just a bizarre dream and what actually happened," Karen said with a furrowed brow that conveyed her worried mood.

"In your 'dream' do you remember playing with my breasts?" Taryn asked curiously, with a raised eyebrow.

"Yes," Karen admitted quietly as the images and feelings of playing with Taryn's breasts came back to her.

"That really happened. Do you remember me playing with your breasts?" Taryn asked just as curiously.

"Yes," Karen said in a disturbed manner as she remembered the exquisite sights and sensations of Taryn playing with her breasts, her breasts even tingled at the memory.

"That too, also happened. Do you remember us kissing and playing with my breasts as well?" Rosina asked with a chipper tone of voice and a gleam in her eye.

"Yes," Karen said as a tear came to her eye as she remembered passionately kissing Rosina and eagerly devouring the young woman's breasts.

"That also happened," Rosina said with a hint of pride as she winked at Karen.

"Do you remember me eating your pussy?" Taryn asked with pride as she smiled at Karen.

"Yes," Karen replied with a cracking voice as more tears streamed down her face, as the memory of Taryn removing her pants and going down on her came back to her.

"Do you remember what we did, mother?" Veronica asked curiously.

"N . . . no," Karen said in a sobbing tone of voice just before tears overwhelmed her.

The truth was that Karen did remember what happened, the questions brought back the evening in crystal clarity. Karen remembered looking down between her legs and seeing her own daughter eating her pussy. Karen remembered the three consecutive orgasms that immediately followed that shocking sight. Karen's crying intensified as she remembered Veronica's proclamation of domination, and her own submission to Veronica. Karen remembered the satisfied feelings of having a Mistress and how eagerly she served Veronica that night. The images and pleasures of the sex they had shared came flooding back to her and Karen could not deny to herself how much she loved every second of it. While she could remember it, she couldn't admit it to another living soul. For Karen could not get over how very wrong it was and how she could never, ever let it happen again. She was mortified for it to happen once, she was even more ashamed to have enjoyed it.

"I think you do remember. I think you do remember you becoming my Slave and the wonderful sex we had last night," Veronica said with a confident tone of voice as she looked over at Karen with a discerning gaze.

Karen felt the heat of Veronica's intense gaze and looked over at her. Once their eyes met, Karen couldn't look away as the power strength of Veronica's manner started to affect her, she was feeling small and weak . . . submissive. Karen did not understand why a simple look could affect her so much. What was wrong with her that she was being intimidated by her own daughter?

"Admit it! You remember everything, don't you?" Veronica demanded in a commanding tone of voice.

"Yes," Karen replied in a sob, as tears burst forth from her.

"So you do admit that I am your Mistress and you are my Slave! You do admit that we had incredible sex, I bet it was the best sex in your entire life, wasn't it?" Veronica snapped in a demanding tone of voice as she stood up and leaned overtop of Veronica.

"Fine! Yes we did have sex and yes we played at Mistress and Slave but it was a one night thing!" Karen said in a desperate, sobbing voice as her crying continued.

"Played at?" Veronica snapped.

"We were just playing around. It wasn't real. I didn't know what I was doing," Karen replied in a cracking voice of pain and anguish.

"You knew what you were doing when you submitted to me!" Veronica snorted as she stared down at Karen with a superior tone of voice.

"I WAS DRUNK! I DIDN'T KNOW WHAT I WAS DOING!" Karen shouted through her tears as she stared up at Veronica with tear-filled, angry eyes.

"You were plenty sober when you called me Mistress and proclaimed that you would serve me faithfully and do anything I asked!" Veronica said in a challenging and sarcastic tone of voice as she leaned down towards Karen.

"I WAS DRUNK!" Karen shouted out as she cried and sobbed uncontrollably.

Seeing her mother crying so hard tugged at Veronica's heartstrings and her compassion got the better of her. Veronica kneeled down and wrapped her arms around Karen and hugged her tightly. Karen didn't know what to do and while it was nice to be comforted while she was crying it was awkward to be comforted by the person who most makes you feel uncomfortable at that moment. Even worse was that because of the position they were in, Karen found her head resting on Veronica's chest, somewhere between shoulder and breast. Karen had her cheek enveloped in the warm, soft embrace of Veronica's bosom. On one hand it was ever so comforting to be held in the tender and intimate embrace and her tears had already started to subside. On the other hand feeling the heat from Veronica's breast on her cheek was borderline intoxicating and began to excite her in ways she tried to deny. Eventually, Karen had stopped crying and the two women remained still, quietly enjoying the embrace.

"Veronica, sit down. It's my turn to talk," Taryn said with a calming tone of voice.

"Sure, Red," Veronica said as she let go of Karen. Before leaving Karen's side, Veronica dried Karen's eyes and wiped the tears from her cheeks with her shirt.

"I know you were drunk earlier in the evening because I spiked the punch. I did it just to loosen you up. The movies were designed to get you to talk about domination and submission. We needed to know how you felt about it, whether or not you had submissive tendencies, which you did admit to by the way. Do you remember telling us about you and Tony?" Taryn said in a soft and soothing tone of voice.

"Yeah, without the alcohol I would never have told you that!" Karen replied in an embarrassed tone of voice.

"Hence the spiked punch," Taryn said in a sarcastic tone of voice with a giggle.

"Yeah, yeah," Karen grumbled but her face wore a reluctant smile.

"I talked to you about our previous experience to find out how you felt about it. When you told me that you liked it and wanted a repeat of it, I decided to test that by seducing you. Once it was clear that you defiantly enjoyed what we were doing, we decided to substitute Veronica for me. This was the final part in the plan, to see how you would react to Veronica's advances," Taryn explained in the same calming and soothing manner.

"What is this to you people, some sort of sick, twisted science experiment? Or do you just enjoy fucking with my life?" Karen snapped in a disgusted tone of voice as she glared at Taryn in disbelief.

"It was me!" Veronica said as she kneeled down in front of Karen and grasped her hand. "I begged them to help bring us together. I have wanted this since I was twelve! I have tried hard over the years to get over it, to make these feelings for you go away, but no matter what I tried, they wouldn't go away. When I found out about them, I knew that they would understand, that if anyone could help me make you mine, they could," Veronica said in a tearful admission as she stared up into Karen's eyes with her big brown eyes.

"Them? What about them made you think they would understand this?" Karen asked in shock as she looked between Veronica and Taryn.

"Four years ago, on a birthday outing with my mother, we discovered that I was a dominant and she was a submissive. In one odd night, that neither of us planed, I took her on as my Slave and I became her Master. A short while later, Rosie found out about us and in the process discovered that she too was a submissive so I took her on as my Slave as well. We haven't looked back and have been very happy ever since, we are so very much in love," Owen said in a loving tone of voice as he put his arm around Taryn and Rosina's waist and pulled them to him.

"It's true," Taryn said with a proud and loving smile as Karen looked at her, slack-jawed.

"Yep, it's true," Rosina said with a loving look as she smiled at Karen, when she looked at her.

"That's why I knew I could confide in them, because of the way they are. Owen taught me how to be a good Mistress to you. He insisted that we find out if you might be receptive to my advances before he would allow me to approach you. I made this all happen, I begged them to help me. If you have to be angry with anyone, be angry with me," Veronica explained in the same sincere and heartfelt manner as she stroked Karen's hand.

"That's all well and good, but you've had your night, we've played around but it was a one night thing that can never happen again! I was drunk and not in control of my actions," Karen replied in a calm yet firm manner.

"That's not true. I will admit that when we messed around you were still drunk. But after Veronica brought you off, three times in a row, you sobered up pretty quick. Think about it, by the time you came to after those orgasms, you were sober enough to know what you were doing, right?" Taryn said in a friendly and disarming manner.

"Yeah," Karen sighed, regrettably admitting something she knew she should not. "But that doesn't mean that I want to do it all again?" Karen added quickly, in a defensive tone.

"Didn't you enjoy your time with Veronica?" Taryn asked expectantly.

"Well . . . I . . . um . . . it wasn't too bad," Karen fumbled out in an embarrassed and red-faced manner.

"Not too bad?" Taryn asked incredulously. "You did everything Veronica said, without being held down or physically forced. You were only corrected once, and even that was mild. You certainly fell into the role of Slave quite well and kept it up all night. Why would you do all that if you weren't enjoying yourself?" Taryn asked in a probing manner as she looked Karen over with a discerning look.

"I only did so, because I was afraid of being punished!" Veronica retorted defensively.

"So you admit that you CHOSE to submit to Veronica last night! You admit that you became her Slave last night!" Taryn said in a challenging tone of voice as she pointed emphatically at Karen.

"Well . . . I . . . I mean . . . I suppose so," Karen stammered and her eyes started to tear up, afraid of where this was all going.

"You enjoyed it, didn't you? You liked having someone to serve again, didn't you? You submitted to your own daughter, had sex with her repeatedly and you LOVED IT, right?" Taryn said in an insistent tone of voice and kept peppering and pestering Karen until she finally answered.

YES! FINE! IT WAS THE MOST INCREDIBLE NIGHT OF MY LIFE! ARE YOU HAPPY?" Karen screamed out vehemently as she leaned in towards Taryn with eyes of fire before she slumped over as far as her restraints would allow.

Karen hung her head there and cried, looking at the floor. After a brief moment of Karen's crying, Veronica once again rushed over to Karen and embraced her. Veronica looked over her shoulder at Owen and gave him a pleading look. Owen nodded his head and got up and untied Karen. Karen was still crying when she threw her arms around Veronica and hugged her tightly. It was Karen who moved forward and leaned into the embrace with Veronica, returning to the comfortable place, snuggling against Veronica's pillowy chest. Veronica stroked Karen's hair in a slow and soothing manner as Karen continued to cry while holding her daughter in a tight and clearly intimate embrace.

"There, there, everything is alright now, your Mistress is here to take care of you, you have nothing to fear, my Precious Slave," Veronica said in a loving and tender embrace as she continued to stroke Karen's hair.

"NO!" Karen asserted as she pushed against Veronica and held Veronica by the torso, just below her breasts. "What happened last night should never have happened, but it did. We may have enjoyed it, but that doesn't make it right! That can never happen again! Do you here me, NEVER AGAIN!" Karen said in a firm and definite tone of voice.

"Please, give us a chance! I know that we would be so happy together! You said it yourself we both loved making love last night! What we shared was only a small fraction of the love and joy that can be ours if we just let it in. This is something we can explore together! I haven't dominated anyone else and you haven't submitted to anyone else, not in years anyway. This can be something special we can share, please give us a chance!" Veronica said as she grasped Karen by the sides of the head and spoke a few inches from her mother in the most loving and pleading tone she could muster, tears were in here eyes.

"WE CAN'T!" Karen forcefully asserted with a pained tone to her voice. "It will screw you up horribly!" Karen added in a most worried and fearful tone of voice.

"Actually, I disagree," Taryn interjected calmly. "I was afraid of that too when Owen, Rosina and I first started to get together, but I have seen that they are good, decent, well adjusted people. They haven't suffered as a result of our reformed family," Taryn said in a calm and certain tone of voice.

"See, Mom, it can work! It has worked for them, they are happy, they are normal. Why can't we try it? Why can't we be happy just like them?" Veronica pleaded eagerly.

"I just can't! I can't get involved with my own daughter. It may work for them, I'll grant you that, but please understand that I just can't get involved with you, you are my daughter! That may not concern you, but it is a great concern to me," Karen asserted with a regrettable tone to her voice.

"Are you saying that you never ever, want to make love with me again? Can you honestly say that you believe that you will share an experience as wonderful and as special as what we shared last night with anyone else? Can you look me in the eye and tell me that you will never wonder what might have been if we just gave us a try? Be honest!" Veronica said with a convincing tone of voice.

"I just don't know," Karen said with a sad tone of voice as she sighed heavily.

"I have wanted this for so very long. You don't know how much this means to me. Please, for me, if you love me you will at least consider this. Please just promise me you will give some thought to giving us a try," Veronica asked with a pleading look and looked intently into Karen's eyes while Karen pondered how to answer.

"Okay, I will give it some serious thought," Karen said with a defeated tone of voice and a deep sigh as she looked down

momentarily before looking back up into Veronica's eyes. "But you have to do something for me," Karen said with a serious tone of voice.

"Anything!" Veronica replied eagerly.

"You need to give me space. I will give you my answer when I am ready, but until then, I want no mention of any of this! I want everyone to pretend like it never happened, okay? If you all want me to even think about this, I need this house to go back to the way things were before," Karen said as she looked around at the people gathered around her. "You must behave like the daughter I've always known, loving and supportive, but not intimate!" Karen said as she looked into Veronica's eyes and waited for her daughter to nod her understanding. "And you lot will continue to act like the close-knit, but platonic family I have always known," she said as she looked at Owen, Taryn and Rosina.

"You have my word, Karen, we will respect your wishes. We are here for you to talk to, should you wish to do so, but whatever you decide, we will support you. However, it will not change who we are, sooner or later you will have to accept us for who and what we are, just as we accept you for who and what you are," Owen said in a firm and supportive tone of voice.

"I understand all that, but for now, it is all too much for me. I need some peace and calm if I am to make a proper decision. I don't need any pressure or undue influence as I think this over. I promise you,

Ronnie, I will seriously consider this but in the end you must respect my final decision, understood?" Karen said confidently as she looked at each person in the room, finishing up with Veronica.

"Yes, Mom, I understand." Veronica said with an equally serious manner.

* * *

After that discussion, everyone in the household did indeed respect Karen's wishes. Veronica kept her distance, and didn't let on that anything was different; she even scaled down the goodnight kiss to a brief peck on the cheek. Owen, Taryn and Rosina continued to behave as they had always done, switching into "Happy Family Mode" was now second nature for them when outsiders were around. They had to consciously remind themselves now and again that while Karen knew about them, she was not comfortable being exposed to it. The group of roommates continued their nightly ritual of sharing a cup of tea before bed and life in the house continued like it had always done.

While the space was something that Karen had asked for and indeed needed, it did not really help solve her dilemma. She could not in anyway accept having a romantic relationship with her own child, a child who desperately wanted to start one. The mother in Karen wanted to do anything for Veronica, even sacrificing and enduring hurt and pain to do so, but this was over the line, this was something she just could not do. It was clear, even to Karen, that this was

something that Veronica had wanted for some time and was obsessed with.

Karen knew that she could just say "No" to Veronica, while pretending to think it over and leave it at that. In the past, when Veronica had really and truly wanted something that Karen had originally said no to, she would ask Karen to please think it over. In those instances Karen would truly reconsider the matter and once she had come to her decision she would sit Veronica down and inform her not only of her final decision but why and how she had come to that decision. The silent pact was that whatever Karen had decided, as long as she explained her decision to Veronica, Veronica would accept it. What was preventing Karen from doing just, that was the fact that she had promised Veronica she would seriously think it over. She had always kept her promises to Veronica, even one as bizarre as this. Karen knew that she needed to honestly come to a decision with new reasons why not, in order to prove that she had thought it over. Once she had done that, she could put this whole incident behind her, and Karen was eager to do that.

While Karen knew that she wanted to come back with a "NO!" she also needed to come back with a decision that felt right within her. What was complicating the whole process was that there was the small part of Karen that wanted to explore these newly surfaced urges for the female flesh and desires to submit. An even darker part of Karen liked the extra thrill of breaking the taboo of submitting to her own child. That part of Karen continually whispered at her to give herself to Veronica once again. All Karen had to go on was her own point of view, and she was left with the same unsolvable problem. Karen went around in circles in her mind and after a week,

came to the conclusion that she needed another opinion, in order to arrive at a final decision.

"Taryn?" Karen said with a voice of trepidation as she emerged from the back of the Spa.

"Yes?" Taryn asked as she turned on the spot and leaned up against the counter while looking at the approaching Karen.

"I was hoping we could talk," Karen asked with a nervous manner as she glanced down and away.

"Of course, always," Taryn said in a reassuring tone of voice as she patted Karen's shoulder in a friendly gesture.

"I've been thinking about this whole thing with Ronnie, and I could use a second opinion. I was thinking that because . . ." Karen started to explain in the shaky voice heavily polluted with nervousness, yet words failed her in the end.

"Because I am romantically involved with my own children, I might be able to shed some light on what you're going through?" Taryn said in a warm and comforting manner as she gave Karen a look of unconditional acceptance.

"Something like that," Karen admitted in a nervous and uncomfortable manner as she looked down.

"Well, what do you want to know?" Taryn asked warmly as Karen looked up and smiled a slightly relieved smile.

"Well, for one, what is it . . ." Karen started to ask but the chime of the front door stopped Karen in mid sentence.

Both women looked at the front door as a woman in her late twenties walked into the spa. Immediately both women switched into "Customer Service Mode" and took care of this customer. While Karen wanted to pick up on her conversation with Taryn, there never seemed to be a chance to do so that day. Business was a steady trickle of customers that day and while it was good for the bank account, it was detrimental to the conversation that Karen had hoped to have. Eventually the workday was over and Karen was locking the front door of the Spa as Taryn was turning the "Open" sign off.

"Hey, Karen, do you want to go for a drink tonight?" Taryn asked casually as they both walked away from the front of the Spa.

"Actually, right now, I'd rather have dinner," Karen replied with a regrettable tone of voice.

"I mean after dinner. We never did get a chance to finish that conversation today. I figure if we step out for a drink or two it will

give us a chance to take as long as we need to finish that conversation," Taryn said sincerely as she smiled at Karen.

"That sounds good," Karen replied with a smile as she opened the door, leading to the basement.

That night, right before dinner, Taryn pulled Owen aside and told him of her intentions to talk to Karen and asked his permission. As she expected, Owen agreed and encouraged her to do whatever she needed to help Karen. After dinner the two women walked down the street to a not to distant pub that was known to be quiet place with dark and secluded booths. Soon enough both women had a pint of beer in hand and a tense quiet had settled over the table. Rather than prod Karen to talk, Taryn gave the troubled woman the time she needed to gather her thoughts together. After a few minutes, Karen looked up from her beer and finally spoke.

"I'm just so confused," Karen said with a heavy sigh as she looked into Taryn's eyes with a pained expression.

"I'll bet," Taryn said in an understanding tone.

"I know what I should say . . . what I want to say . . . but part of me is . . . but I don't understand any of it. I'm afraid of what it would be like if I did . . . if I did," Karen said in a very nervous and broken up voice before sighing and looking down.

"I understand," Taryn said as she reached across the table and held Karen's hand gently. Taryn waited until Karen looked up into her eyes before she continued. "I am one of the few people who would understand what you're going through," Taryn said in a comforting tone of voice as she smiled warmly at Karen.

"Yeah, that's why I came to you. I just don't understand any of this, my feelings, Ronnie's feelings, and what would happen to us if I did give in to Ronnie," Karen said in a worried tone of voice while, the fear evident in her eyes. "What was it like for you and why did you . . . how did it . . . how did things . . . and why did you let things continue?" Karen stammered out in a very uncomfortable manner, not at all comfortable talking about this subject, even to Taryn.

Taryn chuckled and began to tell Karen everything about Owen, Rosina and her. Taryn started at the beginning and told Karen the story of how and why her family reformed and how it changed their lives. Taryn made sure to explain to Karen how troubled and embarrassed she was over not only having sex with her child but submitting to him and becoming his Slave. She further explained how worried she was that her family would be horribly scared and blown apart by them getting involved with one another. Taryn went on to explain how those fears were unfounded and instead of it being a negative experience, it ended up being the best thing that has ever happened to any of them. As well, Taryn told Karen the truth about Richard and how it had affected him, ensuring to say that it was because he didn't tell anyone his feelings had changed and it ate away at him. Taryn said it was a warning that if she did go through with it and she found that she couldn't do it anymore, that she had a right to say she had changed her mind. Once Taryn had finished

telling Karen the whole tale of her family's reformation she quietly sipped her beer and let Karen digest all that she had heard.

"Looking back on it now, was it all worth it? Would you do it all again? If you could go back and change things, would you prevent this from ever happening, if you could?" Karen asked curiously as she looked at Taryn with a discerning look.

"I wouldn't change a thing. Perhaps I would have divorced Richard, long before he killed himself. I can't imagine living my life any other way, I feel so happy and fulfilled as a Slave to Master. He is the most amazing man I have ever known, he takes wonderful care of Cat and I, and we never feel unloved, oppressed or abused at all," Taryn replied with loving yet confident tone of voice as her face glowed with a warm smile.

"What about the fact that your Master is your child?" Karen asked with a concerned look as she gazed intently into Taryn's eyes.

"I honestly don't think I could serve anyone else," Taryn said with a confident tone while she smiled warmly.

"Really?" Karen asked with a shocked tone of voice.

"I've been so spoiled serving Master, that nobody else would do," Taryn replied with a loving smile.

"Spoiled?" Karen asked confused with an expression that demanded a better explanation.

"Because Owen is my son, my child, I love him unconditionally and trust him implicitly. I know deep in my heart that he could never hurt me or betray me, even before we got involved he never has, and I know that he never will. I have always wanted to take care of him, and as his mother, I always have, but there were limits to what I would do for him. Now that I am his Slave, I still take care of him, but there are no limits to what I would do for him, and as for my love, there are no limits to how deeply I love him," Taryn said with a voice and manner that was so full of love that she glowed.

"I agree that as a mother, I want to take care of Veronica, and I do. Like you I love her and trust her implicitly. Like you, I take care of my child and would do anything for her, within limits. Unlike you, I understand that there are certain limits to a parent's love, there are certain lines that parents and children should never cross!" Karen stressed as she leaned in and looked at Taryn with a furrowed brow of a concerned expression.

"Is it really that different? Is it really that hard to accept? As mothers we take care of our children, as Slaves we can also take care of our children. As mothers we are rewarded with appreciation and love, but as Slaves we are rewarded with fulfilment and love beyond anything you can imagine!" Taryn said with fervent conviction as she looked deeply into Karen's eyes.

"But it's still not right! Parents are supposed to lead and children are supposed to follow. What you are advocating is against the natural order of things!" Karen argued with a determined and firm tone of voice, in her eyes lived fear, fear of understanding and accepting what Taryn was saying.

"I'm not saying it's for everyone! I'm not saying that all or even most parents should become Slaves to their children! What you need to understand is that some people, like Owen and Veronica, need to dominate, and other people, like you, me and Rosie, need to submit. All of us have a burning desire, a deep seeded need within us that pulls us towards one role or the other. Dominants and submissives need each other to satisfy that desire that is anchored deeply within them. Most people find those outside of their own family to fulfil that need. Sometimes dominants and submissives within the same family can find each other, for them the dominant/submissive relationship is taken to another level that nobody else can find," Taryn explained as calmly and confidently as she could.

"Alright, I will admit that I may look for someone to submit to, but I could never submit to my own daughter! I don't think I could live being controlled by my child all the time," Karen argued with a worried and fearful tone of voice.

"That is your choice and as your friend, I will support whatever decision you make. I just hope that I have been some help to you," Taryn said in a friendly tone of voice.

"You have. I now have a greater understanding of what it might be like to be involved with Ronnie. I still don't think I could ever actually do it, but I understand it a little more at least, thank you," Karen said in an appreciative tone of voice as she smiled warmly at Taryn.

"I'm glad I could help. I guess you have some more thinking to do," Taryn said warmly as she squeezed Karen's hand.

"I guess I do," Karen replied with an uncomfortable smirk.

* * *

It took another week of wrestling with her thoughts before Karen came to the conclusion that no matter how great it might be, she simply couldn't do it. No matter how you sliced it, Karen was not comfortable with the thought of giving up control to her own daughter. As well, the thought of becoming intimate with her own child disturbed her on many levels even though on one level it excited her. With her mind made up, Karen decided that the time had come to inform Veronica of her final decision.

"Ronnie, can I come in?" Karen asked as she knocked on Veronica's door after the house had gone to bed.

"Sure, mom," Veronica replied warmly from behind the door.

Karen opened the door and walked into Veronica's room to find her daughter sitting up in bed, reading. Veronica was in her tattered old night-shirt that she always wore, Karen had seen it countless times. As she approached the bed, for some unknown reason her eyes were drawn to the curves of Veronica's large breasts. What frustrated Karen was that she saw how old and worn out the shirt was and in places you could almost see through it. A rip near Veronica's right nipple showed a part of her areola and that spot drew Karen's focus. Try as she might, Karen could not tear her gaze away from the small part of her daughter's nipple that was exposed. Karen was troubled and conflicted, angered and ashamed at herself for being excited by her own child's body. When Karen sat down on the bed she was able make herself look up into Veronica's eyes.

"I have given your request some serious consideration these past two weeks and it has not been an easy decision to make. I want you to know that I have taken this quite seriously and looked at it from all angles before coming to the decision that I cannot do it, I just can't get involved with you. As I said before, it was a one-time-thing, which can never be repeated, I'm sorry, honey," Karen said in as calm and confident a voice as she could.

"Why not? Why can't we? Didn't you enjoy it?" Veronica asked with a pained-filled voice.

"I already told you that I enjoyed it, that's not the issue," Karen replied with slightly shaken confidence and an embarrassed flush to her face.

"Do you regret it? Do you hate me because of it? Did it mean nothing to you?" Veronica asked, her voice cracking with the sound of her heart breaking.

"I wouldn't say that I regretted it, it was an enlightening experience. Before it, I never knew that I was a submissive," Karen reluctantly admitted as she looked at Veronica with a compassionate expression.

"If you enjoyed it, and you don't regret it, and it was as enlightening as you say then WHY, tell me WHY we can't do it again?" Veronica asked urgently and grasped her mother's hand, tugging on it as she pleaded with her mother while she sobbed a few tears.

"Because you are my daughter, nothing will change that! Perhaps, if you were someone else than maybe," Karen said as she stroked Veronica's hand while looking into Veronica's eyes with a regrettable expression.

"So you're saying that you're interested? That if I wasn't your daughter, you could give us a try? Is the only thing holding you back is the fact that we're related?" Veronica asked eagerly and insistently.

"Well, I guess so," Karen stammered, stunned at the unexpected question.

"COME WITH ME!" Veronica squealed eagerly as she jumped out of bed.

Veronica tugged on an unsuspecting Karen's arm and before she knew it, she was being dragged out of the room and down the hall by her overeager daughter. The living room light came on in an explosion of light as Veronica flipped on the light as she dragged Karen into the living room. Squinting and groaning as they woke up Owen, Taryn and Rosina woke up while still snuggled up together on the folded out hid-a-bed. Veronica rushed to the nearest edge of the bed, Taryn's side, and sat down, pulling Karen to sit down beside her.

"What is it?" Owen groaned as he sat up in bed, revealing his nude chest.

"We need your help, Moe," Veronica said in an eager and pleading manner.

"No we don't! I told you what my decision is and it is final!" Karen said as she tugged her hand away from Veronica's grasp and started to get up.

"PLEASE! Just talk to them! They can help us find a compromise!" Veronica pleaded desperately as she grasped Karen's hand again.

"There is no compromise to this!" Karen retorted indignantly.

"Please . . . for me?" Veronica asked with big, hopeful eyes.

"Fine," Karen said with a grumble as she sat down beside Veronica.

"Look, Mom said that she doesn't want to get involved with me, but that she enjoyed what we did, didn't regret it, and that if I was someone else she might be willing to give us a try! It is clear to me that she needs to get involved with me but can't accept the fact that I am her daughter. Can you help us? How can we make this work? What can we do?" Veronica explained in a very fast and desperate tone as she looked hopefully at Owen.

"I told you, there's nothing that can be done! There is no solution to this! I have told you my decision, and it is final!" Karen said with conviction, ending with a huff of frustration.

"Is that true? You told her that you might consider it, if she were not your daughter?" Owen asked curiously.

"Well, yes," Karen replied in an embarrassed tone of voice.

"So your biggest objection is that she is your daughter?" Owen asked with an interested tone of voice.

"You told me that you had a problem with giving up control to your daughter permanently. Could you do it now and again, just once in a while?" Taryn asked Karen with an eager and pressing tone of voice.

"Well, perha . . ." Karen said in a muddled and confused manner.

"I think that's it, Red!" Owen said as he nodded his agreement. "Why don't you guys just do it now and again, when the mood strikes you?" he added confidently, with a smile on his face.

"WHAT?" Karen shouted in stunned shock.

"What do you mean?' Veronica asked in a hopeful manner.

"Well, a good deal of dominant/submissive relationships are twenty-four seven, like what you want with Karen, but some are a part time thing, once in a while. When the mood strikes one or the other partner, they approach the other and ask if they want to initiate 'Playtime.' When the couple are participating in 'Playtime,' they take on their respective roles as Master, or Mistress and Slave, but when 'Playtime' is over they go back to how things usually are," Owen calmly explained and looked at Karen and Veronica to see if they understand.

"I'm not sure I get it," Karen asked quietly, with a worried expression.

"What it means is that most of the time you would be Veronica's mother, just like you are now, but every now and again you can give yourself to her and be her Slave, just for a little while. After the sex is finished, you resume being her mother again," Taryn explained and

Karen's worried expression intensified as she pondered this unexpected option.

"But how often would the sex take place?" Veronica asked plainly.

"That depends on the mood of the couple, it can happen as often or as sporadically as they want, but remember it is a mutually consensual thing, one cannot force the other into 'playtime' just because they are in the mood," Owen said in clarification to Veronica as he watched Karen out of the corner of his eye.

"I could live with that arrangement," Veronica said confidently as she turned to Karen. "What do you think, mom?" she asked hopefully.

"I suppose that does make sense," Karen admitted regrettably, with a deep sigh, "I still don't think I could ever actually get involved with my own child!" she sternly added as she glared at Veronica for a moment.

"But mom!" Veronica whined.

"I tell you what, IF, and I mean IF I feel the desire to repeat what happened . . . I will come to you. If I do, that will mean we can try this . . . arrangement," Karen said as tactfully as she could while her face was red with embarrassment.

"GREAT!" Veronica shouted with glee as she threw her arms around Karen in an energetic hug.

"But I have to tell you that I seriously doubt that I will ever come to you!" Karen said as calmly as she could.

"I understand, Mom, but I will take the chance that you might, even a slim chance is better than no chance at all," Veronica said as she spoke while resting her head on Karen's shoulder.

* * *

It was a quiet spot in between customers a few days later that the next interesting discussion was had. Taryn and Karen were leaning up against the counter, sipping some tea and since Karen seemed calm and untroubled, Taryn decided to speak up. Owen, Taryn and Rosina had talked in private and it was decided that Taryn would talk to Karen about a problem they were having with the living arrangements.

"Karen, can I talk to you about something?" Taryn asked with a calm yet slightly nervous tone.

"Uh-oh, look I've gone as far as I can with regards to Veronica!" Karen groaned out as she shook her head.

"No no! It's not about that, what you guys do or don't do is between you two," Taryn replied defensively.

"Okay, what is it?" Karen asked in a relieved and slightly curious tone of voice.

"Owen, Rosie and I were talking and we decided that I was best to talk to you about a delicate matter," Taryn started out in a nervous manner.

"Okay," Karen said in a slightly worried tone.

"Since you know about us, we were wondering if we could be ourselves around the house," Taryn said in a calm yet slightly nervous manner.

"Be yourselves? Aren't you already yourselves?" Karen asked in a confused tone of voice.

"You have to understand, for the last four years we have been living as Master and Slaves twenty-four seven. When we are in public or when people who don't know about us are around we behave as a 'normal' family, as we have done around you. When we are in private or around those who know about us, we can relax and behave as we really are, as Master and Slaves," Taryn explained in a calm and controlled manner.

"I see. I'm not sure if I want to see you guys having sex or anything like that!" Karen replied with a wrinkled up nose of an uncomfortable manner.

"It's not like that all the time! We have always kept the sex private, even in your house. All that we want to do is simply be allowed to live our lives as we choose. There are many aspects to serving a Master that has little or nothing to do with sex. If we promise to keep the sex behind closed doors, can we be ourselves around you?" Taryn explained in a manner that made it clear that she wanted to be understood and accepted.

"Okay," Karen replied in an understanding tone of voice as she smiled warmly at Taryn.

"Thank you, that brings up another point, can we have the spare room?" Taryn asked with a bright smile.

"Spare room?" Karen asked curiously, with a slightly perplexed look.

"The room next to the dining room, the one you use for storage now. We are sleeping in the living room and have no privacy. We like it here, but if we are to stay here for any length of time, we need to have some privacy, don't you agree?" Taryn asked with a calm tone.

"Of course, you're right, I agree that you need some privacy," Karen replied in an agreeable tone of voice.

"You're the best!" Taryn said happily as she hugged Karen gleefully.

Over the next few days the spare room was turned into Owen, Taryn and Rosina's room. The boxes were moved out and stored in another spot in the building. A queen sized bed and two wardrobes were bought to modestly furnish the bedroom. Finally, the Thompson's had their own room for the first time since the fire that destroyed their house.

While this was the first change that took place around the house at that time, it was not the only change. Karen might have had a bit of trouble accepting Owen, Taryn and Rosina sharing a bedroom, but she never voiced it. That was not the only thing which made Karen uncomfortable at that time; other aspects of the newfound openness of the Thompson family relationship also bothered her. For one, the new names that they called each other took some getting used to, especially hearing Owen being called "Master." As well the way Taryn and Rosina chose to dress around the house made Karen take a double-take when she saw it for the first time. The form-fitting dresses, with the mid-thigh hem and abundant cleavage was shocking enough, but the Slave Collars, bearing the proclamation that they were "property of Owen Thompson," was almost too much. Add to this the shock of noting that Taryn and Rosina never seemed to wear bras or panties under their dresses.

Once Karen got past these oddities of behaviour, she saw that indeed they did love and took care of each other. Taryn and Rosina took care of Owen in a more direct way, as one would expect of Slaves serving

their Master. However, Karen also saw how Owen looked out for and took care of Taryn and Rosina, when they were not feeling well. When they were reluctant to do something that was for their own good, Owen would see that they would do it. Finally she saw that constantly Owen was looking out for and ensuring that both Taryn and Rosina were happy and felt loved. If they had any problems, they would go to him and he would solve them. As time wore on, Karen understood and was slightly jealous of what the three of them shared, but she kept this locked away in her heart.

It was a few weeks after the conversation with Taryn that the inevitable happened. It was very late, indeed some time after the house had settled into bed when Karen woke up with the urge to pee. She got up and hurried into the bathroom and relieved her full bladder. Upon exiting the bathroom she heard a sound coming from down the hall. More curious than concerned, Karen crept down the hall, listening to what the sound was and where it was coming from. As she neared the living room the strange sounds got louder until it was at its loudest when she was standing outside Owen, Taryn and Rosina's room. Karen drew a quick breath in shock as she realized that she was hearing the sounds of sex coming from within that room!

Karen was stunned yet curious to hear the squeaking sounds of bedsprings getting a workout coming from a room that a family shared! Sure, Karen knew that they were intimately involved but to actually hear it was something else. Karen knew that she should turn around and walk away, leaving them to have their intimate moment in private. What kept Karen from leaving was the curiosity of knowing just who Owen was fucking. From the sounds of grunting,

moaning, the squeaking bed and the sounds of bodies slapping against one another it was obvious was going on in that room. Even a woman who hadn't been with a man since her husband divorced her, knew that a man was fucking a woman, and from the sounds of it quite hard and fast, too.

"You like that don't you, Slave? You like your Master fucking the hell out of you from behind?" Owen said in a laboured voice as the sounds of the hard fuck continued, unabated.

"GOD, Yes Master! I love it when you tie me up and take me from behind!" Taryn moaned out in a sexual groan, her voice trailed off into a low steady moan.

Karen then got an image larger than life of what was going on behind that closed door. Taryn, at that very moment was fucking her own son! She was tied up, and being savagely taken from behind by a powerful man. Karen groaned as the images in her mind's eye fuelled her own need to be taken and even for a brief moment imagined what it would be like to take Taryn's place.

"Do you like your treat? Do you like eating Cat's pussy that is filled with your Master's cum?" Owen said in a husky and laboured tone of voice.

"Yes, Master! You know how much I love to eat my daughter's pussy that is filled with her brother's cum!" Taryn groaned out while the slapping of bodies intensified.

The image in Karen's mind changed and she could picture Rosina laying before Taryn with her legs spread wide as Taryn ate her own daughter's pussy. Karen found the sight of a mother eating her daughter's pussy as her son fucked the hell out of her, incredibly erotic. Karen's pussy got very wet as she stood there and listened to the sounds of sex coming from that room. After a few moments, Karen could pick out what sounds were coming from whom.

Karen was so turned on that she was tempted to open to door to watch, or even perhaps join them. When Karen put her hand on the doorknob her guilt got the better of her and she knew that she had no business disturbing them. At that moment, as her disappointment of the loss of the opportunity for sex hit her that her mind thought of another option. The open invitation that she had from Veronica floated into her mind as well as the memories of the last time Veronica and her had sex. On her way back to her room, Karen kept telling her that she would never do that again, instead telling herself that she would masturbate with her trusty vibrator.

Karen looked at the closed door in front of her and snapped herself back to reality as she looked around and noticed that she was standing in front of the door to Veronica's room! Karen was confused, was scared and excited for being there, knowing what it meant. Karen was torn as her mind knew that the right thing to do was to go back to her room, but her feet wouldn't move. The part of Karen that was so very turned on was screaming out for sex, real sex, sex where she was dominated! Her pussy throbbed and ached for release and Karen fought for a few tortuous minutes before with a

shaky hand she knocked on the door. The better part of Karen hoped desperately that no answer would come back.

"Come in," Veronica's sleepy voice came quietly through the door.

Karen opened up the door, walked through it and closed the door, never looking away from the floor in front of her. Karen's heart pounded in her throat as her embarrassment and excitement swirled around inside her. Karen tried to voice why she was there but the words would not pass her lips.

"What is it, mother?" Veronica said as she sat up in bed and looked at Karen curiously.

"I was wondering if you would like to have a bit of 'Playtime'?" Karen said in a soft and meek voice while her whole being exuded embarrassment, as she looked at the floor.

"Are you sure? Is that what you really want to do?" Veronica asked in a husky tone of voice while she looked at her mother who was still looking at the floor.

"Yes," Karen said quietly as she nodded, still staring at the floor.

"Then get over here and kneel before your Mistress!" Veronica said in a commanding tone of voice as she moved to sit on the edge of the bed.

"Yes, Mistress!" Karen replied with a wavering voice, full of fear and excitement.

Karen rushed towards the bed and knelt down before Veronica, beginning to feel the power of the woman sitting on the bed. Veronica looked down at her mother, kneeling before her and could hardly believe her luck. Her mother had actually come to her! This was going to happen, she was going to dominate and have sex with her mother! Her dream was finally going to become a reality! Her mother was there of her own free will, asking her to take control of her. Veronica paused only briefly to bask in the success of the moment before she reached up and grasped a clump of Karen's hair. With a swift downward pull the mother was forced to look up into the face of her daughter.

"Is this how you present yourself to your Mistress? Wearing clothes? How disgraceful! Go back to your room, put your clothes away and come back here to properly present yourself! You are never to wear any clothes in my presence again, unless I order you to!" Veronica said and threw Karen to the floor by her hair.

Karen screamed in pain and looked up at Veronica with hurt in her eyes, but once she saw the determined look that lived there in Veronica's eyes she knew better than to protest. Quickly Karen got

up and left Veronica's room and returned to her own room. With shaky hands she removed her pyjamas and hung them up on the hook where they usually rested only during the day. Opening her door up just a crack she looked around to see if anyone was around. Satisfied that nobody was in the halls, Karen rushed from her room back to Veronica's room. Without stopping she rushed towards Veronica and dropped to her knees in front of her Mistress.

"I should spank you for disgracing yourself by hiding your body from your Mistress! You should proudly display your body for your Mistress to look at and enjoy whenever she wishes!" Veronica snapped in an angry tone of voice.

"I'm sorry, Mistress, I didn't know that is what you wished. I know now and I will display myself properly from now on," Karen said in a sorrowful and fearful tone of voice as she tried to convince her Mistress that she would eagerly comply with this order.

"If I see you wearing a stitch of clothing in my presence again, you will be severely punished!" Veronica said as she lifted Karen's face up until their eyes met.

"Of course, Mistress," Karen replied as a shudder of fear shot through her.

"I say it's about time we put that tongue of yours to good use," Veronica said as she laid back and spread her legs wide. "Worship

your Mistress!" she added as she pulled her nightshirt up to her waist, revealing her pussy to her mother's hungry gaze.

"Mistress?" Karen asked, with a bit of confusion in her voice as she glanced up at Veronica.

"Eat my pussy!" Veronica snapped and Karen shifted forward and began to tongue her Mistress's pussy. "When you eat my pussy, remember that this is a selfless act on your part. This is your way to show your love, devotion and appreciation to me for taking control of you. That is why it is called 'worshiping' me, because for you, it is an act of worship of your Mistress," Veronica said dreamily as Karen eagerly began to eat out Veronica's pussy with fervour.

"Yes, Mistress!" Karen replied with a slur in her loving tone of voice as she continued to eat Veronica's pussy while she spoke.

Karen was fixated and obsessed with eating that pussy that only half an hour ago she was determined not to go anywhere near. Yet here she was not only kneeling nude before her daughter eating her pussy, she was desperate to prove her love and devotion to her Mistress, through how she ate her pussy. Karen poured her heart and soul into eating the pussy of the woman she truly saw as her owner. Karen licked, and sucked on Veronica's pussy as Veronica thrashed about, unable to remain still because of the intense pussy-licking her mother was giving her. Eventually, Karen did induce the orgasm from her Mistress's pussy, which she eagerly desired. Veronica wrapped her legs tightly around Karen's head as her pussy exploded

with pleasure. Karen did her best to lick up the pussy-juice that flooded into her captive mouth. Karen did not stop licking Veronica's pussy as Veronica violently came. Veronica did not know how many times she came, but she was sure it was more than three. Eventually her pussy was too tender and sore to be eaten anymore. With a shove of her foot on Karen's shoulder, Karen tumbled back, her tongue licking air as she fell onto her back.

"What did I do wrong, Mistress?" Karen asked in a distressed manner, genuinely upset at the thought of displeasing her Mistress.

"Nothing, I was done having you eat my pussy," Veronica said with heaving breaths as she recovered from the intense series of climaxes.

"How may I serve you, Mistress?" Karen asked as she kneeled in front of Veronica.

"You may serve me by pleasing the 'Massively Beautiful' breasts you love so much," Veronica removed her nightshirt and tossed it on the floor.

"You are too kind, Mistress," Karen replied in a dreamy tone of voice, sounding a lot like a child who had just been given a present beyond imagination.

Karen got up and laid across the bed, and settled next to the breasts that defied gravity, even when Veronica was laying down. Karen

had a tear in her eye as she gazed upon the most beautiful sight in the world, her Mistress's breasts. Karen didn't know exactly why she loved these breasts so much, all she knew was that she was still amazed by them. Tenderly Karen reached out with her tongue and licked a long lick up the side of one of the breasts, softly. With gentle and tender actions, Karen did not just suck on or mess around with Veronica's breasts, she made love to them. Neither woman knew how long Karen made love to Veronica's breasts, all Veronica knew that eventually her nipples got sore.

"Lay down there!" Veronica said as she pushed Karen away from her breasts and pointed towards the centre of the bed.

"Yes, Mistress," Karen said with a sad whimper as she looked mournfully at Veronica's breasts while lying down on the bed.

Veronica got up and walked over to her dresser and rummaged around in the drawers until finding what she had been looking for. With a wicked smile Veronica sauntered back towards the bed with her hands behind her back. Karen looked at Veronica with a look of fear, as Veronica sat down on the edge of the bed. Swiftly Veronica took one of the five scarves that she had brought with her and fastened it over Karen's eyes like a blindfold. One by one Veronica used each scarf to tie each of Karen's limbs to each of the bedposts of the old bed. In the end Karen was nude and tied spread eagle on Veronica's bed.

"I think it is time that I explored my Slave's body, don't you?" Veronica said as she leaned over and kissed Karen, hard on the lips.

"Yes Mistress," Karen moaned in a needy whine as Veronica started to kiss her way down towards Karen's breasts.

Veronica took her time licking her way around Karen's breasts, ecstatic to finally be able to do this. As Veronica wrapped her lips around Karen's nipple for the first time since she was an infant, a tear came to Veronica's eyes. Karen moaned and strained against her bonds, trying to reach out and touch Veronica. Veronica caressed and suckled on her mother's breasts in a slow, sensual manner that quickly drove Karen out of her mind. The young woman may not have had much experience in dominating anyone, but she certainly had experience pleasing a woman. She used every trick she knew to bring the captive Karen pleasure, making her mother squirm with delight and frustration.

"Suck them! Do it baby! Suck on mommy's tits! Devour them like I know you want to!" Karen moaned out with her eyes closed as intense pleasure rocked her forty-three year old body.

"I am mommy! I am! Your little girl is sucking on your tits! You like it don't you?" Veronica said as she sucked hard on one nipple while pinching the other one.

"YEEEEEEEEEESSSSSSS!" Karen hissed out as an orgasm rocked her body.

Karen was stunned as for the first time in her life, she had an orgasm from someone playing with her breasts. It was a good thing that Karen was tied down for she might have rolled off of the bed, her thrashing about was so intense. Eventually Karen slumped down and breathed heavy as she tried to recover from the pleasure and shock of the orgasm.

"Wow, Mistress, that was incredible!" Karen breathed out breathlessly.

"You ain't seen nothing yet, Slave!" Veronica said with an evil chuckle before she licked up Karen's slit.

"OH FUCK!" Karen shouted as the first bolt of pleasure shot through her.

Veronica settled in and ate her mother's pussy with all the desire and passion she had for her mother. As Veronica licked, sucked and prodded Karen's pussy, Karen looked down at her darling daughter, her baby-girl eagerly eating her pussy. At that very moment Karen watched, as the woman who twenty-two years ago entered the world from the very spot she was licking. What scared Karen was that, in the heat and passion of the moment, nothing about this seemed wrong. She was spread out and on display for her Mistress to use and enjoy anyway her Mistress pleased. Her Mistress was gracious enough to be eating her pussy, and doing an exquisite job at it too. The fact that her Mistress was her daughter did not bother Karen,

though when this session was over, she knew that her guilt would return. For the moment, however, Karen surrendered to her daughter and basked in the deliriously-good pussy-licking that she was receiving.

When Veronica sucked hard on Karen's clitoris as she thrust one finger madly in and out of her mother's pussy, while another finger invaded the older woman's ass, Karen came. With a scream and violent shaking, Karen came and flooded her daughter's waiting mouth with all the delicious mother-cum she could handle. Karen strained and pulled at her bonds as she shook and rode out the waves upon waves of sheer bliss that rocked her body. Eventually Karen slumped lifelessly back onto the bed, her body spent from the intense orgasm.

As Veronica looked up into her mother's face and the two shared a weary and loving smile, all Veronica wanted to do was hold her mother as a lover. Karen did not move as Veronica slowly untied each scarf while not taking her eyes off of Karen's eyes. The two continued to look at each other with all the love they felt for each other at that moment, the love they felt was not that shared between a mother and daughter, but between new-found lovers. When the last of the bonds were untied, Veronica laid down beside Karen and pulled her mother towards her. Without a word or order exchanged the two women settled into the bed, cuddling up as the lovers they were, satisfied for the moment while weary bodies craved sleep.

"Did you like our 'Playtime?" Veronica asked as she stroked Karen's body.

"Yes, honey, it was just what I needed?" Karen said as she looked up into Veronica's eyes with love and gratitude.

"I'm glad I also loved every moment of it, do you think we can do it again sometime soon?" Veronica asked with a loving and eager manner that was common amongst the young.

"Something tells me that we will, we may regret it, but I don't think I can stay away from you, not after what we shared tonight," Karen said with a slightly regrettable tone of voice and a slightly ashamed look in her eye.

"Does it still bother you? The fact that we're mother and daughter, I mean," Veronica asked as she stopped caressing Karen and looked intently into her mother's eyes.

"Well, when we're in the middle of things, no, it doesn't bother me at all. Now that it's over, it still does, but I will admit that it bothers me less than it did before," Karen said as she replied to Veronica with a worried look on her face.

"Perhaps over time, it won't bother you at all, then," Veronica said in a hopeful tone of voice.

"Perhaps, but I don't know if that is a good thing or not," Karen said with a heavy sigh, as she looked at Veronica with a worried expression.

"Let's just enjoy each moment we share and let the future worry about itself," Veronica said as she leaned in and kissed Karen on the lips with an extended, lover's kiss.

"Yes, Mistress," Karen giggled as she smiled warmly into Veronica's eyes with a look of pure love.

"Let's get some sleep, my Precious Slave," Veronica replied as she kissed Karen on the forehead before the two women cuddled tighter together and fell asleep in each other's arms.

Chapter Eight: Family Togetherness

Veronica lay awake that next morning and dared not move. She had no intentions of leaving the bed until she absolutely had to. It wasn't a desire for more sleep which kept her under the covers of her warm bed; it was the desire to hold the hot body of her sleeping mother just a little longer. Veronica gently stroked the long black hair away from her mother's peaceful looking face. Karen was still curled up next to her daughter, their limbs intertwined in an intimate embrace that only lovers know. Karen had her head resting on Veronica's chest and the top of her head rested against the young woman's cheek. This was a moment that Veronica wanted to remember for the rest of her life, this was the morning after the first

night her mother had come to her as a lover, as a humble Slave. Even if they never had sex again, Veronica would treasure the memories of the previous night and that morning until her dying day.

At that very moment Taryn hummed to herself as she moved around the dining room table placing cutlery beside each plate. Taryn wore a lovely pink dress that clung to her body and flowed unhindered by undergarments over her womanly curves. The top of the dress was cut low and stopped just four inches above her nipples. The top of the dress went straight across her body and one, two inch strap went over each shoulder. The result of this cut was that the dress revealed the tops of her breasts and considerable cleavage was on display. The hem of the dress stopped mid thigh and clung to her shapely thighs. As slim-fitting as the dress was, Taryn could easily move about in it, as she had been wearing dresses like this around the home for the past four years. The only recent addition that she adored was the Slave collar around her neck, which served as a constant reminder of her bond with her Master.

Rosina was wearing a yellow dress that was cut exactly in exactly the same style as the one that Taryn was wearing. She too was wearing no undergarments under her dress and proudly wore her Slave-collar, as a show of her love of belonging to her Master. Instead of setting the table for breakfast, Rosina was busy making breakfast for the five occupants of the house.

"Master is still in the shower. I suppose I should wake the two lovebirds," Taryn said as she walked into the kitchen and put her hand on Rosina's shoulder.

"Yeah, we've let them sleep long enough," Rosina replied after kissing Taryn on the lips.

"That looks done, dish up breakfast, Cat," Taryn said as she glanced into the pan of scrambled eggs that Rosina was still stirring, before patting Rosina on the bottom as she walked away.

"Yes, Mistress Red," Rosina said with a shudder of pleasure as she glanced at the swaying hips of a departing Taryn.

Veronica groaned to herself as she heard someone approach her door. The peace of the morning was broken by the swift and sudden opening of her bedroom door. Taryn flipped on the light as she strode into the room a few paces and looked at the cuddling women on the bed without shock or surprise.

"Breakfast is ready, you two had better get up, it's getting late," Taryn said with a loud and confident tone of voice.

"Thanks, Mistress Red, good morning," Veronica replied calmly with a bright and proud smile on her face as she held her mother intimately.

"Good morning, Ronnie. Had a great night I see," Taryn said with a conspiratorial giggle as she winked at Veronica.

"Fantastic," Veronica replied with a giggle as she shook Karen gently to wake her up.

"Hmm, What?" Karen said as she slowly woke up and looked around her to get her bearings, "Good morning, Honey," she said as she kissed Veronica on the lips with a lingering, romantic kiss. "TARYN!" she shouted in shock once she noticed that Taryn was standing in the room.

"Breakfast is ready and you two are running late," Taryn replied calmly as her face wore a smirk.

"I . . . I was just c . . . comforting Ronnie! She had a bad dream so I . . ." Karen started to nervously stammer out with a terrified expression as she tried explain her presence in Veronica's bed.

"Don't even try to deny it, Karen, we could hear you from our room last night! Besides, Nobody will make a big deal out of it!" Taryn said with a confident tone as she looked at Karen in a motherly manner.

"Fine," Karen replied in an embarrassed manner.

"Nobody cares, Mom," Veronica said as she pulled Karen to her and forcefully kissed her mother on the lips.

"See you two lovebirds at breakfast," Taryn said as she winked at the kissing women as she exited the room.

A few moments later everyone was seated around the dining room table in their usual spot, having breakfast. Karen sat at the head of the table, at the spot closest to the outside wall, opposite the entrance to the hall. Veronica sat in the chair to Karen's right, and Rosina sat beside her. Tarn sat on Karen's left and beside her sat Owen. Nobody sat in the chair at the end closest to the entrance to the hall. Even though everyone at the table knew that Karen and Veronica had sex the previous night, everyone at the table behaved as if nothing unusual happened. One person was eager to hear news of the momentous night, and couldn't keep silent.

"So, Ronnie, how was last night?" Rosina asked Veronica in a conspiratorial tone, wearing a smirk as she shot Veronica a sideways glance.

"OH . . . MY . . . GOD!" Veronica said in a loud, slow and animated fashion as she turned to face Rosina. "When Mom first knelled nude before me I almost . . ." she started to explain in an eager and excited manner, her face all aglow.

"VERONICA!" Karen snapped angrily as she shot Veronica a harsh glare and instantly Veronica stopped talking. "What we do in private is to be kept just between us," Karen said with a calm and deliberate tone of voice, her face red with anger and embarrassment, as she glared at Veronica.

"Yes, Mother," Veronica replied in an embarrassed and genuinely sorry manner.

There was a tense moment when everyone looked at each other and quietly ate their breakfast. Nobody knew just what to say to break the tension nor could they talk about the "elephant in the room," it seems. After the thick tension had stretched out for a full minute, Karen sighed heavily and put her fork down on her plate.

"Fine, I suppose it is no secret that I went to Veronica last night and we did share our first session of 'Playtime'," Karen said in an uncomfortable manner as she tried to look as dignified as she could while being thoroughly embarrassed.

"That's wonderful, Karen! Good for you! How did it go?" Owen said in a friendly and encouraging manner as he smiled at Karen.

"Everything went fine, and there were no . . . complications," Karen replied as tactfully as she could while her face still beamed bright red.

"But that was last night, and today we are here as mother and daughter, having breakfast with the rest of our family," Veronica said with confidence as she cut Owen off from asking her embarrassed mother any further questions.

"The rest of our family?" Karen asked curiously, silently relieved to shift the conversation away from "Playtime."

"Yes, Owen, Taryn and Rosina," Veronica replied with a serious tone of voice.

"What?" Karen said with a perplexed tone of voice.

"C'mon everyone, am I the ONLY one who has grown closer to everyone in this house? Does NOBODY else in this place feel like we are one big family?" Veronica asked incredulously as she looked at each person sitting around the table with an expectant look on her face.

"Well, I know I do. I didn't know if we were supposed to say anything or not," Rosina said with a warm smile as she put her hand on Veronica's shoulder.

"Well, we have been through a lot together since Master, Cat and I arrived," Taryn said with a friendly smile as she nodded agreeably. "Strife does bring people closer together, don't you agree?" she added as she glanced around the table, looking for agreement.

"Absolutely, and I feel even more at home since we have been able to be ourselves around here," Owen said as he too smiled at each person around him.

"I was a little worried how we would get on all five of us crammed in this tiny place. But we've got on well, and now it doesn't feel cramped, but cosy instead," Karen said with a warm smile as she started to explain with a reminiscent look on her face.

"QUITE cosy some nights," Veronica said in a low tone and winked at Karen. In response Karen sighed and rolled her eyes as before she chuckled and gave Veronica a light shove.

"Now, that you mention it, Ronnie, I see it now. It may seem strange to anyone looking outside, but we all do fit together like a family. I don't know what I would do if you three left us. This place would seem empty without you here," Karen said with a sincere and urging tone of voice with a tear coming to her eye as looked around the table, finishing up looking at Taryn.

Taryn looked back at Karen and smiled as a tear came to her eye. Taryn and Karen were the first to hug but this was soon followed by Veronica and Rosina. After that there was a flurry of hugging which ended up with everyone hugging everyone else. At the end of it, everyone was clumped together in a group hug, smiling and giggling at each other.

"I know why we're a family, it's because of the one thing we all share in common," Rosina said with a naughty giggle to her voice. There was a tense pause as Rosina looked around at the others she was hugging before she added, "Our love of family." Everyone laughed and hugged one another tighter.

"I feel so blessed right now," Karen said in a teary voice as she squeezed everyone tighter, her gaze resting on Taryn the last.

"I know what you mean," Taryn said as she returned Karen's teary expression with one of her own.

"We all are," Owen said as he smiled at each woman in turn, smiling the longest at Veronica.

The warm, heartfelt celebration of the expression of their close bond with one another was short-lived, as everyone had to get on with their day. The newly formed "family" broke up and went their separate ways, yet their hearts were still connected to one another in an unbreakable bond. Taryn and Karen felt closer to one another that day than they ever had; the admission of how close their families had grown warmed their hearts.

The final exams were fast approaching for Owen and Veronica so that meant long hours of studying in the evenings. That night after supper, Owen and Veronica could be found in their chosen study areas. Owen was sitting on the couch reading a textbook and his books and other study materials were spread out over the coffee table. Veronica on the other hand was in the dining room and had her books spread out over the dining room table. Taryn and Rosina were washing up the dinner dishes and Karen was busying herself by tidying up the house.

As Karen entered the living room she looked over at Owen who was sitting on the couch with his back against one of the arms. Owen had a bored look on his face as his eyes passed over the words on the page. Karen wondered if the long hours of studying were starting to take a toll on him, she wondered if he was retaining any information at all.

"Want some help?" Karen said with concern in her voice as she continued to clean the living room.

"I just need to study this, I don't know what you can do to help me," Owen said as he glanced up at Karen and paused momentarily to look her over.

Karen was wearing a light-brown coloured summer-dress that had a scooping neckline and a hemline which reached just above her knees. When Owen first started living at Karen's she would usually wear sweatpants, jeans or other casual "comfy clothes." While she was not wearing a dress that was as daring as Taryn and Rosina, it seemed that their attire around the house had started to affect her. Owen had noted but not commented on that lately, more often than not, Karen would change into a dress once she got home.

"I can drill you?" Karen said as she approached the couch.

"I don't know, there are a lot of legal terms in here," Owen said with a touch of concern as Karen continued to approach him.

"Please! I was married to a lawyer who loved to talk about his work, I think I can handle a few legal terms," Karen said a she took the book out of Owen's hand just before she sat down on the other end of the couch.

Karen settled into a comfortable seating position, resting up against the other arm of the couch and faced Owen. Their feet touched and intertwined while they relaxed on that couch. Karen then drilled Owen with questions from the textbook that he had been reading from. Owen was surprised that Karen indeed had little trouble with the legal terms and how much this drilling was helping him in his studying efforts.

Owen appreciated more than just Karen's studying assistance, he appreciated her beauty as well. Karen's usual "frumpy attire" around the house and spa did little to showcase her beauty. Indeed most of the time she would look older and much less attractive than she truly was. In the dress that she was wearing to help Owen study, she looked very beautiful. Owen couldn't help but trace Karen's curves with his eyes, admiring the swelling of her breasts, and the roundness of her hips. An absent-minded Karen even lifted her knees and inadvertently put her conservatively-trimmed pussy on display for Owen. Upon hearing someone approaching, Karen quickly dropped her legs down, thereby ending the "free show." The timing of Karen lowering her legs left Owen to wonder if the knee raising had indeed been an innocent mistake.

Taryn and Rosina arrived to report that the kitchen was clean and ask if there was anything else Owen required. After Owen had politely told them no, Rosina picked up the cleaning where Karen left off. Taryn went into the dining room to assist Veronica in studying in the same way that Karen was helping Owen. What followed over the better part of the next two weeks was a routine where in the evening the three ladies would take turns helping Owen and Veronica studying. The one who wasn't helping either of them study would clean the house, make meals, do dishes or somehow keep herself busy.

The family had undertaken this burden together and as one unit they were determined to help two of their family members do the best they could on their final exams. That is why everyone happily spent long hours reading, reviewing and quizzing material that they didn't need to. When Owen or Veronica would take a final exam, they would call home as soon as the exam was over and inform Taryn and Karen how they did. In turn Taryn or Karen would call Rosina and pass the information on to her. Everyone genuinely wanted to know as soon as possible the results of all their studying efforts.

The unexpected benefit of all this activity was that their family bond deepened. Over that time they truly started to think of and act like they were one family, instead of two families crammed under one roof. What's more the family became more "touchy-feely" with each other. Hugs, kisses, light touches of support and familiarity became the norm amongst all of them. Nudity was less of a shock or concern amongst them; the bathroom door was never locked and rarely closed. The tight hug and kiss that Veronica had created for her

mother became the norm whenever any family member greeted each other.

The late night and hectic studying pace had taken its toll on Owen and on the bus ride home one day Owen dozed off. By the time he woke up he was already a few bus-stops past where he usually got off. Cursing himself for sleeping on the bus, he rang the bell and got off, three stops too far. As Owen walked along the tree-lined, trendy shopping avenue that was home to Karen's Spa, something he had not intended to find caught his eye.

Across the street and up half a block Owen saw a sign for a Christian bookstore and he stopped in his tracks. Owen knew that Rebecca owned and ran a Christian bookstore in this area and instantly knew this must be hers. One glance in the window confirmed it as Owen saw Rebecca Moore, his "Mouse" standing at the front counter, serving a customer.

Owen and Rebecca had shared some special times when he was staying at Heather's. She was the first woman with whom he had explored bondage and BDSM, and for that she would always have a special place in his heart. Even though he could not Collar her like she had wanted, because she was married, he still wanted to be friends with her and had told her so.

Owen looked at her and wondered if she was just up the street from him why she had not stopped by once to say hello. Owen told himself that since he never knew where her shop was could not have not

stopped in to say hello. Owen knew that this was just an excuse, he knew her shop was in the area and an extended walk would have revealed its location. Owen had been busy with the daily demands of his own life to make the time to maintain a friendship with someone he didn't want to lose touch with. Owen saw this as an opportunity to renew that friendship and walked across the street, walking towards the Christian bookstore.

"Good afternoon, Sir, can I help you?" Rebecca greeted Owen in a chipper, yet well rehearsed greeting that she gave to all customers.

Rebecca was wearing a puffy, white dress that was full of ruffles and wrinkles as it fell down below her knees. The dress was not very flattering and when Owen laid his eyes on it he was a little disappointed as it hid her feminine attributes quite well. Her golden blonde hair was well combed and spilled out in slight wave as it fell down her back. On the whole she looked wholesome and innocent, pure and pious, and in this environment she seemed at home. Looking at her now you would never imagine this innocent creature even thinking of doing the many things that she and Owen had done together.

"I was in the area and I thought I would stop in and say hello, I haven't seen you in awhile," Owen said with a bright smile to Rebecca who smiled sweetly in reply.

"Isn't that nice of you, we always welcome new customers, what can I help you find today?" Rebecca said in the same sweet and practised

manner she had before. The only thing which betrayed her calm façade was the fear that lived in the corner of her eye.

"Rebecca, it's me, Owen. How you been?" Owen said with a slightly aggravated tone and puzzled look on his face.

"Certainly we can help you sir, right this way, let me show you where they are," Rebecca said with a warm smile as she walked out from behind the counter, ignoring the strange look on Owen's face.

Rebecca walked down one aisle and Owen followed her, not sure where this was going, but willing to play along for the time-being. Half way down the aisle, Rebecca spun on her heels and glared at Owen who had to stop in a hurry to prevent himself from crashing into her.

"What are you doing here?" Rebecca hissed at Owen under her breath.

"I haven't heard from you in three months! I thought we were friends, what gives?" Owen asked with a slightly hurt tone of voice as he shrugged his shoulders.

"Here we have our selection of bibles, Sir. Did you have a particular bible in mind?" Rebecca said in a calm tone of voice that was loud enough for Harold to hear across the store.

"I guess, just a plain one," Owen replied in an unsure tone of voice.

"I put my sinful life behind me when I repented and turned away from that den of debauchery!" Rebecca hissed as she forcefully poked Owen in the chest.

"What?" Owen replied in shock as he stared at Rebecca in disbelief.

"I have re-dedicated myself to God and to my husband. I refuse to have anything to do with anyone connected that horrible place, that includes you! You're worse than the rest because your perversion runs deeper and more heinous than anyone else I know!" Rebecca angrily rebuked Owen in as low a tone as she could manage to keep herself to.

"You didn't have a problem with me when you were going to Heather's," Owen huffed as he glared at Rebecca.

"I have turned my back on that place, I am a different person now and I don't want to have anything further to do with you, now please leave!" Rebecca snapped back as she glared back at Owen.

"Fine! But when you come to your senses and need a friend, give me a call!" Owen said in a low tone of voice as he leaned in towards Rebecca.

"I'd have to be pretty desperate to call the likes of YOU for help!" Rebecca defiantly laughed in Owen's face as he strode quickly out of the store.

Once Owen had left, Rebecca bowed her head and sobbed a few tears, holding onto the nearby shelving for support. Knowing that she could not let Harold see her crying, she stifled the rest of her tears and wiped the tears from her eyes, just as Harold arrived. Harold put his arms around Rebecca and helped her stand back up straight.

"Are you all right, Honey? Is it the baby?" Harold said as he rubbed Rebecca's belly.

"We're fine, just a hard kick is all," Rebecca smiled warmly back at her husband.

* * *

Owen's angry mood helped him get home faster than his casual pace would have allowed. Once he entered the front door of the spa the sight of his darling Red brightened his spirit, but his anger had not yet completely subsided. Taryn looked up at Owen and smiled lovingly at him as she walked towards him. She hugged Owen tightly and gave him a lover's greeting as soon as she could wrap her arms around the man she loved.

"Hello, Master," Taryn said in a warm tone of voice.

"Hello, Red," Owen smiled warmly at the woman in his arms with a look that glowed with love.

"Is everything all right, Master? What is it?" Taryn asked as she continued to hold Owen in an intimate embrace.

"I got off the bus a few stops late and as I was walking home I came across Rebecca's store. I went in to say hello and she tells me that she has turned her back on her 'sinful life' and said she couldn't associate with me because 'my perversion runs deeper and more heinous than anyone else's,' can you believe it?" Owen snapped in a hurt tone of voice as he looked Taryn deep in the eyes.

"That is a shock and I can see why you are upset. It is her life and she has to make her own choices. It is disappointing though, I liked her. I was wondering why we haven't heard from her. How did your test go?" Taryn said with a comforting tone of voice as she stroked Owen's hair.

"Fine, I'm sure I at least passed, I think I did well. How have things been here?" Owen replied in a slightly down tone of voice.

"That is good to hear! Things have been good here. Oh, by the way, Tony called and he wants you to call him back," Taryn said in a light and friendly tone of voice.

"I guess it's about the job he promised me, I'd better call him," Owen said in a more normal tone of voice as he walked over to the phone and dialled Tony's number.

"Tony here," Tony said as he picked up the phone in his office.

"Tony, Owen here, you wanted to talk to me?" Owen said with just the hint of nervousness in his voice.

"Yeah, I wanted to know how your schooling is going. You're taking your final exams this week, aren't you? I just wanted to know when you will be able to start with us?" Tony asked casually.

"I have one more exam tomorrow and then I'm, done. I won't know if I have passed or not for some time yet, though," Owen replied with a calm tone of voice.

"Tell you what, come in first thing Monday and we'll get you started in research, what cha say?" Tony said in a magnanimous tone of voice.

"Sounds great, I'll see you, Monday," Owen said in an excited tone of voice as he hung up the phone. "I start Monday," he said to Taryn with a smile.

"That's great! We should celebrate!" Taryn said with glee and excitement as she hugged Owen tightly.

"We will . . . tomorrow," Owen said to Taryn confidently, with a smile as she looked back at him with a puzzled look. "Ronnie and I have our last round of finals tomorrow, then we can celebrate the last of school and getting the job," Owen said as he walked up to Taryn and took her in his arms once again.

"Sounds great to me," Taryn said lovingly as she tilted her head to the side and let Owen kiss her.

Owen and Taryn were celebrating the end of a long road of Owen's schooling with a stolen intimate moment. Time stopped as the two lovers kissed in the front of the spa that was their home. It was not a hurried kiss of lust or passion but a slow and sensual kiss full of love. A customer walking in shattered their private moment, for Taryn had to return to work and Owen had to begin to study for his last final.

That night at dinner Owen announced his intentions for the family outing the following evening. Everyone agreed that a celebration was needed and eagerly anticipated the planned outing for dinner and dancing the following night. The family had been through a lot together and had not had an outing together yet. Not only was it to celebrate the finishing of school for Owen and Veronica, but the starting of their careers as well. A third, yet unspoken reason was to celebrate the formation of their new family.

When the following night came around the ladies were eager to party and let off some steam, three of them at least. Taryn and Rosina dressed up in their usual "around the house" dresses and Rosina even loaned Veronica one of her dresses to wear. While the dress stretched to accommodate Veronica's larger dimensions, it clung to her body in an almost pornographic way. When Karen walked out of her room in her tasteful and conservative dress, the three other ladies looked at Karen with a look of disdain.

"What?" Karen asked in shocked confusion as she glanced down at her dress and back up at Taryn, Rosina and Veronica.

"We're going out to celebrate! You're not going out dressed like that!" Taryn said to Karen with a disapproving tone of voice as she pointed at Karen's shin-length navy-blue "church" dress.

"What? I look nice and respectable, not like a bunch of tramps!" Karen retorted as she motioned in the direction of Taryn, Rosina and Veronica.

"Exactly," Taryn, Rosina and Veronica said in unison in a confident tone of voice.

Taryn grasped Karen's right hand and Rosina grasped Karen's left hand while Veronica got behind Karen and pushed her down the hall. A protesting and sputtering Karen was quickly ushered into

Owen, Taryn and Rosina's room. As soon as the door was closed behind the four women, they went to work changing Karen into something they felt was more "appropriate." As Taryn searched for a dress, Rosina and Veronica unceremoniously stripped Karen. Karen was protesting and lightly fighting as her clothes were removed but she was giggling as well. Rosina or Veronica would restrain Karen as the other would remove an article of clothing.

"I can't wear that!" Karen gasped in shock as Taryn held out the black dress, identical to the red one she was wearing.

"It is Friday night and we are going out to party and celebrate! This is a night to look hot, not like we're going to a funeral!" Taryn said as she thrust the dress into Karen's hand.

"Give me back my panties at least!" Karen replied in a slightly aggravated tone, while her face was red with embarrassment.

"Trust me, you can't wear anything under this dress," Taryn said suggestively as she lifted and lowered her eyebrows a few times.

"I can't go out like this!" Karen gasped in horror as she looked down at herself after she had shimmied into the dress.

Karen could not get over how tight and revealing the dress was. Clearly it was the most daring piece of clothing she had ever worn in her life. She was showing so much cleavage and much more of her

breasts than she ever would have felt comfortable doing. Not only that but the dress stopped at mid-thigh and she was wearing no panties! If she didn't sit carefully you could see right up the dress! Karen had to admit that she did look hot in the dress, and might be comfortable wearing it around the house but never in public!

"You look hot! You're going like this!" Veronica said in a commanding tone of voice as she pulled Karen's head back by the hair and planted a passionate kiss on her mother's unsuspecting lips.

"I can't believe I'm doing this," Karen replied in a subdued and frustrated tone of voice as she finished with a sigh.

All four ladies exited the small bedroom and looked at Owen who was seated in the comfy chair. Owen was wearing his "Trainer's uniform" and while Taryn and Rosina recognized it, Karen and Veronica simply noted that that he looked good in it. Owen let his eyes walk over each lady in an obvious and lustful way, pausing to admire the beauty of each woman as they stood before him.

"You all look hot, and a hot woman deserves a hot kiss!" Owen said in a husky voice as he got up and walked towards the four women.

Karen was still wondering what Owen meant by that, as Owen approached her. Without warning, Owen reached up and grasped Karen's head in his hands and planted a kiss right on her lips. She managed to get out a startled squeak before Owen's lips contacted hers, once the kiss started she was putty in his hands and melted in

the heat of the kiss. Owen lowered his hands to encircle her and Karen slumped slightly as she surrendered to the first real kiss from a man in years. Every fibre of her womanly being was sighing in deep-seeded satisfaction of being held by a man. Once the kiss was over, her eyes fluttered open and she looked at Owen dreamily as he still held her in his arms.

"Wow!" Karen said in a stunned and dreamy state, "If you kiss me like that again, I'm not responsible for what I do, I might just loose control," she said with a giggle.

"If you kiss me like that again, I just might take control," Owen said with a firm tone of voice as he let go of Karen. Karen shuddered in pleasure as across her mind flashed images of Owen and her having sex . . . as Master and Slave.

Veronica was about to protest Owen suggesting he would take control of her Slave when Owen planted a kiss on Veronica's lips. Veronica fought the kiss at first but quickly her body gave up the fight and enjoyed a strong and manly kiss. It had been so long since she had kissed or fooled around with a man and even then it had been with high-school boys. Owen's kiss was strong, yet not too strong, passionate but not hurried, she had to admit that he knew how to kiss a woman! Veronica knew she could not let Owen know that she loved the way he kissed or approved of his kissing her without permission.

"Kiss me like that again and I'll kick your ass," Veronica said defiantly, despite her horny demeanour.

"Oh really," Owen said as he pulled Veronica to him again.

Owen kissed Veronica again, forcefully with an even more passionate kiss, and at the end of it, Veronica was left panting and wanting more. Before she could stop herself Veronica lunged forward and kissed Owen on the lips with a needy and lustful kiss. Owen let the kiss continue before he broke the kiss and pushed Veronica away from him. Veronica said nothing as she stood there, knowing that Owen had called her bluff and she felt defeated.

The kiss that Owen gave Taryn and Rosina was every bit as passionate and powerful as the ones he had given Karen and Veronica. Owen kissed Rosina first, because she was closest and the most eager. When Rosina's kiss was over she gave Owen a lustful growl as she stepped out of the way. As Owen kissed

Taryn, Rosina dropped to her knees and began to undo Owen's pants. She got his zipper down before Owen pushed Rosina away with a hard shove on her forehead.

"Now that you've gotten us all sufficiently wet, can we get this evening underway?" Taryn said with a husky and horny tone of voice as she gave Owen a smouldering look.

"Please, like he could," Veronica scoffed disbelievingly as she crossed her arms and held a defiant look.

Taryn walked over to Karen and Veronica and without warning thrust a hand under each dress and ran her finger up each pussy slit from bottom to top. After she withdrew her fingers, now wet with pussy juice, she wiped them off on the lips of the appropriate, slack-jawed woman. Still not saying a word, Taryn walked out, followed by Rosina and Owen. Karen and Veronica looked at each other before they licked their lips, savouring the taste of themselves.

Karen and Veronica followed the others up and out of the spa and Karen locked the door behind her. When she turned around she saw Taryn and Rosina standing on Owen's right and Veronica standing a short distance away from Owen on his left.

"C'mon, let's give this town a show they'll never forget," Taryn said with a giddy giggle as she hooked her arm in Owen's.

Rosina hooked her arm in Taryn's and Veronica turned to face the direction that the others were facing. Karen realized what was going on, they were going to walk to the restaurant in each other's arm. Karen was expected to take Owen's left arm and Veronica would take hers thus making a long chain of five people with Owen in the middle. Owen had a cocky grin on his face as he knew that having four hot women on his arm would make him look like the stud of the hour.

Karen was quite self-conscious as they started to walk down the street. The only saving-grace for her was the fact that Taryn, Rosina and Veronica were dressed exactly the same. Karen had never, ever dared to go out in public without a bra on and felt her breasts sway and jiggle with each step. People stared as the five people walked happily down the street towards the local hot-spot they were going to. Karen felt daring and excited as she revelled in the attention and felt like a "bad girl" for the night.

At the restaurant, the attention of onlookers continued and Karen went along with the other ladies who played up for the crowd. Taryn, Rosina and Veronica all fawned all over Owen, making it look like they were all his girlfriends, not just two of them. As well as that, when some men were looking they felt each other up, pretending not to see the men looking. Men were looking at Owen with amazement on their faces and the women were laughing at their expense amongst themselves. Even Karen got into the act and she felt alive and especially liked getting her hands on Owen, and was the one who touched him the most. She even rubbed his cock through his pants once and was impressed by the sizeable lump that she got to rub.

The antics and action continued at the night-club, and the free-flowing drinks helped loosen everyone up. They danced and partied as one group and the bumping and grinding, which started as a lark soon spread with everyone rubbing up against everyone else. By this point in the evening, everyone, including Karen was very drunk and eagerly playing along with the bumping and grinding. Karen was the one who turned up the heat a notch when she backed up against

Owen and rubbed the crack of her ass up against the length of Owen's cock.

"Do you know what to do with that thing, or is it just for decoration, big boy?" Karen said as she leaned back against Owen and spoke into his ear.

"If we weren't in public, I might show you just what I can do with it," Owen replied with a self-assured tone of voice and a cocky grin.

"Chicken," Karen replied with a pout and started to dance away from Owen.

By this time, Owen was pretty drunk too, and his ego didn't like being insulted like that, even though he knew Karen was just playing around in the spirit of the evening. Karen gasped in shock as Owen reached out and grabbed her by the hip. Taryn grasped Owen's hand and shook her head "no," when he looked her in the eyes. Owen nodded his head and let go of Karen as he began dancing with Taryn. Veronica grabbed Karen and began to dance with her in a possessive manner as she glared her disapproval at Owen.

The evening wore on and eventually the night-club shut down for the night, sending everyone out onto the street. The five, now very drunk family members found themselves in the chill of the night. Where earlier in the evening they walked arm-in-arm to show off, now they leaned on one another to keep themselves standing

upright. Stumbling and occasionally tripping over air and falling down, the drunken group made it home to their cosy home.

"Finally home," Taryn said drunkenly as she opened the door to their small basement apartment and stumbled through the doorway.

"None too soon!" Owen slurred with a naughty grin as he pinched Taryn's butt as he walked through the doorway.

"I'm so drunk! I thought we'd never make it home!" Rosina giggled giddily, clearly completely drunk, as she walked through the door, and rested her head on Owen's back.

"That was what I call a HOT night out! What a blast!" Veronica said with the glassy eyes of a very drunk woman as she walked through the door.

"I can't believe I drank that much!" Karen said with a heavy slur as she closed the door behind her, staggering the worst than anyone in the group.

"I don't know about the rest of you, but I'm so fucking horny!" Veronica slurred in a husky tone as she sat down in the middle of the couch hard and hiked up her dress to her waist and spread her legs wide. "Playtime?" she said with a bright grin to Karen.

"Not here, dear, in my room, sure," Karen said as she stared directly at Veronica's pussy and licked her lips.

"No . . . Playtime . . . here . . . NOW!" Veronica said in a slow and definite tone of voice as she looked into Karen's eyes while stroking her wet slit.

"If you insist," Karen replied with a husky growl as she licked her lips, still staring at Veronica's pussy.

"Good, now eat my pussy!" Veronica said in a demanding tone of voice as she pulled her dress up and off of her body, tossing it across the room.

"Yes, Mistress," Karen replied in a husky growl and staggered over to the couch and dropped to her knees between Veronica's knees.

"Is this how you are to present yourself to your Mistress?" Veronica snarled as she looked down at Karen kneeling between her legs.

"Sorry, Mistress," Veronica said as she pulled and tugged the slim-fitting dress up and off her body.

Veronica let the dress drop down beside her as she let her arms flop down to her sides. She leaned forward and with a thump her hand hit the couch, and she stopped herself from crashing into Veronica.

Through blurry eyes she looked at the pussy which now filled her vision and was the focus of her desire. Karen leaned forward and stretched out her tongue and licked her daughter's pussy from the bottom to the top.

"Oh yeah, Mom, you know just how to eat my pussy," Veronica said with a dreamy tone of voice as she relaxed fully into the couch, flopping her head back as she stroked Karen's head.

By this point Owen was getting a little tired of supporting a napping Rosina so he stepped forward. Rosina quickly woke up when Owen moved and she stood up straight and looked around her. After stepping to the side to see around Owen, Rosina noticed Veronica and Karen on the couch. Rosina visually toured the scene on the couch, starting with Karen and ending up with Veronica.

"BOOBIES!! BIG BOOBIES!" Rosina squealed in a drunken and excited manner as her eyes fell on Veronica's bared breasts.

Rosina rushed over and sat down on the couch beside Veronica, who looked up in surprise when Rosina sat down. Before Veronica could ask what was going on, Rosina latched onto Veronica's left nipple and began sucking hard. That started Rosina on an oral tour of Veronica's massive breasts. Rosina loved to suck on and play with breasts, and Veronica loved to have her breasts played with. Rosina made love to Veronica's breasts with all she had, her skills and experience in this area was considerable. Veronica was paralysed with pleasure that Veronica and Rosina were eliciting within her.

"Pussy! Delicious pussy!" Taryn said in a drunken attempt at a sultry tone of voice as she looked between Rosina's legs and then up to Owen in an obvious gesture. "May I, Master?" Taryn asked Owen sweetly as she teetered back and forth.

"Sure, Red, enjoy," Owen said with a drunken giggle as he stammered back and forth.

"Thank you, Master!" Taryn replied with giddy excitement as she energetically hugged and kissed Owen quickly.

Taryn turned her attention towards Rosina's pussy and never took her eyes off of it as she walked over on wobbly legs. Plopping down hard and wincing momentarily from the pain it caused in her knees Taryn leaned forward and spread Rosina's legs wide. Rosina looked down while somehow still keeping her tongue in contact with Veronica's breast. Rosina winked at Taryn and the pair stopped what they were doing and shared a moment where they smiled lovingly at each other. As quickly as it started, the moment was over and each woman went back to pleasing the woman before her.

Taryn delighted in the sweet taste of the young woman's pussy spread before her, made all the sweeter by the fact that it belonged to her own daughter. The illicit kick of making love to her daughter still excited her every time she and Rosina shared a loving moment together. Taryn softly licked up the insides of Rosina's nether-lips

slowly from the bottom to the top. With a quick flick over Rosina's clitoris Taryn caused a shudder within the young woman's body.

Owen had taken a moment to watch the lesbian-love-fest taking place on the couch, appreciating the beauty of women loving women. Owen's throbbing cock told him that it was time to get into the action, Owen wanted to sink his cock into a tight, wet pussy and from this angle he saw two possibilities, Taryn or Karen.

Owen's better judgement knew that Taryn was the only real option, for Karen belonged to Veronica. Owen knew that it was not right to do anything with Karen without obtaining permission from her Dominant: Veronica. Taryn had always been a good fuck and eagerly submitted to him no mater when or where he wanted her. Taryn, however was the known and familiar fuck, Karen was the unknown. The dominant within Owen was telling him it would be a thrill to simply walk up to Karen and take her without asking either her or Veronica.

Even in his drunken state, Owen resisted the temptation and walked up to Taryn and slid into his oldest and dearest Slave. Taryn groaned into Rosina's pussy as she felt the thick cock of her Master slide into her deepest depths. Owen immediately withdrew from Taryn's pussy and began his mad thrusting into his mother.

"Oh, Master, thank you! It seems like forever since we've fucked!" Taryn groaned as she momentarily stopped eating Rosina's pussy and just enjoyed the fuck.

"It was barely a week ago!" Owen replied defensively as he continued stroking Taryn's pussy.

"Still too long, for my tastes!" Taryn snorted in a drunken giggle, as she continued.

"You're a spoiled bitch, Taryn, you know that!" Karen huffed in an angry, drunken tone as she paused momentarily from eating her daughter's pussy.

"What! . . . and my name is Red, by the way!" Taryn snapped back before she hung her head and moaned like a whore as Owen continued the savage fuck.

"You're whining about not getting fucked in a week! . . . Try ELEVEN FUCKING YEARS!" Karen snapped in a hurt and pained tone of voice before she sobbed a few tears. "You and Cat have access to the only cock in this house and you routinely flaunt that fact!" Karen added with the same hurt and angry expression as she glared at Taryn with eyes of fire.

"I can't help it if we have a husband and you don't!" Taryn retorted in an increasingly angry tone of voice.

"SHUTUP SLAVE!" Owen growled as he grasped a clump of Taryn's hair and hammered away at her pussy.

Karen watched in amazement as Owen grasped Taryn by the hair and stroked her pussy with animal intensity. Karen could not take her eyes off of the scene before her and even moved over to watch Owen's cock repeatedly spearing Taryn's pussy. Karen drank in the masculine beauty of Owen and he had never looked so desirable, than he did at that moment. Karen watched as a son dominated and savagely fucked his own mother and the only reaction Karen had was that she found it hot on so many levels.

"Why are you not eating my pussy? Did I tell you to stop, Slave?" Veronica snorted indignantly as she glared at Karen who was kneeling and watching Owen.

"Pussy? Did you say pussy? I like pussy!" Rosina said in a chipper tone of voice as she sat up straight and spoke right into Veronica's face.

"But my Slave is ignoring me!" Veronica growled as she looked at Karen with a harsh glare.

"Fuck her, let's sixty-nine!" Rosina said as she leaned back and began rubbing her pussy.

"She's lucky I've wanted to eat you for awhile now," Veronica said in a cautious tone of voice as she looked over the reclined Rosina's hot body.

"Good, now gimmie some pussy and eat me bitch!" Rosina commanded with a giggle as she looked right into Veronica's eyes.

"Sounds good to me!" Veronica replied enthusiastically as she smiled and winked at Rosina.

At that moment Veronica forgot all about the disobedient Karen and instead focussed on the eager Rosina. Veronica positioned herself above Rosina and settled into a sixty-nine with Rosina. Veronica paused to inhale the sweet aroma of the excited pussy spread before her. Rosina did no such thing and as soon as Veronica's pussy was within reach of her tongue she began to eat it, even before Veronica had fully settled into position. Veronica sighed a satisfied sigh as the glorious sensations of the experienced pussy-licker washed over her. With a giddy giggle Veronica reached out her tongue and began to eat Rosina.

Owen and Taryn were still going at it while the previous exchange between Veronica and Rosina was going on. Karen watched in awe while her pussy dripped from the excitement of watching the powerful man fuck the woman he owned. Karen liked to watch the ripples running through Taryn's flesh each time Owen slammed his cock into Taryn's pussy. Taryn was moaning and biting her lip as she thrust her body back against Owen in time to meet each of his thrusts with the expert timing of an experienced lover.

"OH FUCK! CUUUUMMING!!" Taryn's eyes shot open as she screamed out the intense climax that ripped through her body.

Karen watched in wonder as Taryn's body twitched and shook while her orgasm overtook her. Taryn never stopped making sounds as she surrendered her body to the bliss her Master had given her. Karen watched as Owen continued to thrust his thick cock into the quaking pussy. Eventually Taryn collapsed forward and crashed onto the carpet, her arms and legs had given out and she was laying flat on her stomach on the floor. Without warning Owen's cock popped out of Taryn's pussy on one of the out strokes. Owen looked down at his still hard cock and his collapsed mother. Karen knew this was her chance and turned her body so she was facing away from Owen, yet her ass was not far from where he was kneeling.

"Take me! Please take me! I've waited so long for a man to fuck me, please fuck me! I humbly beg you to take me and fuck me! I'll do anything you want, just FUCK MEEEEEE!" Karen said in a sobbing whine as she sat there on her knees and elbows.

Owen looked Karen over and found the whole scene intoxicating! Karen was a beautiful woman, sure, but she was presenting herself submissively before him and begging him to take her! If ever there was a way to entice a dominant man, this was it! Still Owen was reluctant to mess around with another dominant's submissive without permission. A moan from Veronica made Owen look over at the couch and the two women eating each other's pussy on it. Owen decided if Veronica could arbitrarily play around with his Slave, then he could arbitrarily play around with hers. They would

talk this out in the morning, but for now there was a hot pussy that needed fucking.

"Okay, Slut! You've asked for it!" Owen said with a husky tone of voice as he shifted position to kneel behind Karen.

"Yes! Please hurry! I've waited almost twelve years for this! Don't make me wait another second!" Karen said in a sob as she wiggled her ass back and forth with twitching excitement.

Owen placed his hand on the small of Karen's back and shifted forward as he grasped his cock by its base. Owen lined his cock up with Karen's pussy and shifted forward, parting her pussy lips. Karen closed her eyes and groaned a steady groan as Owen sank his heavenly cock into her depths. When he was fully inside her tight pussy Owen paused for a moment to savour the moment of this first fucking.

Taryn looked over from where she lay on the floor to watch Owen and Karen begin to fuck. Instead of being angry or jealous, she was happy for Karen, for she understood Karen's loneliness and pain. As well she understood Karen's burning desire for the touch of a man. Sure Karen and Taryn enjoyed making love to women, but there was no substitute for feeling a real cock pounding into you.

Owen withdrew his cock until it was almost out and began his first fuck of Karen with slow, steady strokes. Karen let her head flop down as she surrendered to the slow-paced fuck that she desperately

needed. The rhythmic thumping increased in tempo slowly and soon the room was filled with the sounds of flesh slapping against flesh. Karen began to thrust back against Owen to meet his thrusts with one of her own in the ancient dance of lovers.

"GOD, I needed this fuck! Thank you, Master," Karen said as her head rested on the ground, her cheek resting on the floor, her eyes still closed.

"Master? I haven't collared you? You don't have the right to call me 'Master', call me 'Sir' instead," Owen snorted in confusion as he continued to fuck Karen at a pace he set.

"Right now, that's what you feel like to me, my Master. You feel so incredible inside me, so hard, so thick so delicious! I feel your raw, savage power and I have to submit to you! Take me, claim me, make me yours!" Karen said in a soft, loving voice as she opened her eyes and spoke directly into Owen's eyes as he continued to stroke Karen's pussy from behind.

"What about your Mistress, Veronica?" Owen asked calmly with a curious look in his eye.

"I love her, and I enjoy serving her from time to time but I still need a man! I need a strong yet loving man in my life. That man is you, Owen, I know it! I've seen how good you are with Red and Cat," Karen continued in the same soft and loving voice.

"Now is not the time, if you still feel the same way tomorrow we can talk about it, but tonight you're my Slut!" Owen said with a firm tone of voice as he gripped Karen's hips and quickened his pace.

"I got news for you, Sir, I'll still be your Slut tomorrow! You can fuck me anytime you want!" Karen giggled as she madly thrust back at Owen, really getting into the fuck now.

Karen came first with a scream that grabbed the attention of everyone in the room. Veronica and Rosina watched as Karen had the most explosive orgasm of her life. As Karen was thrashing about in orgasm, her quaking pussy triggered Owen's climax and he flooded Karen's long neglected pussy with his cum.

The intense scene of hot sex continued for some time to come, until eventually, one by one the group passed out around the living room. Nobody went to sleep unsatisfied or wanting more sex that night yet Veronica refused to have anything to do with Owen that night, instead choosing to satisfy herself with the other women in the group.

Chapter Nine: Aftermath and Reformation

Nobody was quick to stir that next morning. The living room was littered with nude bodies liberally strewn about it. The room looked like the scene of a grisly mass-murder, the type that would

make the national news, but the only mass-casualties of the previous night were brain cells. Taryn was closest to the main door, and she was lying on her stomach with her head pointing in the direction of the couch. Veronica was sprawled out across the couch, face down with an arm and a leg draping off of it. Rosina was asleep underneath the coffee table, lying on her side, in the fetal position. Owen was on his back, not far from the couch, somewhere between the couch and the dining room, but he was not alone. Karen was cuddled up to him and was sleeping with half her body draped over him. She had a peaceful and satisfied look on her face as she slept. The first to stir was Taryn, who groaned as she began to move her sore body, from her position on the carpet-covered concrete floor.

"Oooooh, Fuck am I sore," Taryn groaned in a gravely voice as she sat up and looked around at everyone around her. "Fuck, we're late," Taryn cursed in her still gravely voice after glancing at the clock on the wall.

By the clock on the wall, the Spa should have been open half an hour ago, on the busiest day of the week. Taryn got up and began to shake each person awake, asking if they were alright. Karen's only response was to smile a satisfied smile at Taryn and snuggle up closer to Owen. Veronica noticed this and glared her disapproval at Karen who was oblivious to the harsh look. Everyone seemed to be alright . . . relatively, they were okay until they started to try to stand up.

"We have to open the spa," Taryn said as she pulled her dress over her head.

"I agree," Karen said as she started to stand up but then fell back down onto her rump, while grabbing her head and wincing in pain.

"Yeah, but not by you," Taryn said with a laugh, but quickly that laugh died quickly due to the pain in her head.

"I'll do it," Rosina said as she started to stand up but fell over sideways, crashing into the couch. "No I won't" she groaned as she looked up bleary-eyed from where she landed.

"I'm up! I'll go!" Veronica said as she remained sitting upright but motionless on the couch. "Really, I'm getting up," she said just before she fell over sideways and crashed on the couch, asleep once more.

"I guess, it's you and me, Red," Owen said as he stood up, wobbling only a little bit as he did so.

"Sounds like fun, Master. I'll show you how to run the front. I can handle the back end by myself," Taryn said as she handed Owen his clothes.

"No, it's my shop! I'll go!" Karen said as she tried once more to stand up.

"No, you won't. You're in no shape to do anything. Stay here, rest, and take care of the other two," Owen said as he put his hand on Karen's shoulder and gently pushed her back down.

"Yes, Sir," Karen replied, almost out of instinct, and this response elicited a raised-eyebrow look from everyone in the room, yet Owen only smiled in reply.

Taryn and Owen did leave the apartment and went upstairs to run the Spa while the others rested downstairs. Taryn didn't get a chance to show Owen what to do before they opened up the doors, as she had hoped. As soon as they arrived upstairs they saw that there were a few customers milling about outside the doors of the Spa, waiting for it to open. Owen watched carefully what Taryn did and quickly picked up on what to do as she rang the first customers through. Once the first few were rung though, Owen took over running the front of the spa while Taryn concentrated on running the back end. Owen found that he liked dealing with people and that it a good change from the intense studying that he had been doing the past few weeks.

While upstairs was a hive of activity, with a steady stream of customers, downstairs was as silent as a tomb as the three other survivors from the previous night lay resting and recuperating in the living room. Karen was the first to stir and forced herself to get up and get the day started. She brewed coffee, and made breakfast for the five of them and Rosina took coffee and breakfast up to Taryn and Owen as soon as it was ready.

Back downstairs breakfast was a quiet affair because Karen, Rosina and Veronica were still feeling rough from the previous night's drinking. Also, Veronica was angry with Karen for having sex with Owen and telling him that she needed a man. Veronica scowled at Karen throughout breakfast, not hiding her displeasure one bit. For the most part Karen ignored Veronica's harsh glares and continued to eat breakfast but eventually, she had enough of Veronica's attitude and decided to challenge her on it.

"Alright, young lady, what is your problem?" Karen snapped angrily at Veronica as she threw her fork down on her plate.

"As if you don't know! And address me properly, I am your Mistress!" Veronica retorted angrily as she sat up straight and glared at Karen in a superior attitude.

"I may call you Mistress during Playtime, but this is not Playtime, and I will certainly not call you Mistress when you're acting like a spoiled little brat!" Karen spat back as she stared at her daughter in disbelief. "Now what the fuck is your problem?" Karen finished with a frustrated tone of voice as she continued to look at Veronica with an expectant look.

"SPOILED BRAT!" Veronica shouted indignantly. "I am an outraged MISTRESS whose SLAVE has disrespected her by giving herself to another!"

"What?" Karen scoffed in angry shock as she shook her head.

"You threw yourself at Owen last night like a cheap slut!" Veronica spat with anger and hurt in her eyes and voice.

"So what? We were all drunk and everyone ended up having sex with someone! You ended up having sex with Rosina last night, or did you forget? It has been a very long time since I had been with a man and I couldn't resist!" Karen replied in a mildly outraged tone of voice.

"I AM YOUR MISTRESS! I OWN YOU! How dare you disgrace me by having sex with someone else, right in front of me even!" Veronica shouted as she stood up and pointed her finger at Karen as she thumped the table while speaking.

"Sit down, Ronnie," Karen said in a forced calm, motherly tone of voice as she glared at Veronica.

"No!" Veronica said defiantly as she glared at her mother.

"NOW!" Karen shouted angrily with eyes of fire and glared at Veronica unwaveringly.

"Fine," Veronica said as she sat down, but she didn't look pleased about it.

"You seem to have forgotten something basic about our relationship. We play at being 'Mistress' and 'Slave', but only during 'Playtime.' You have taken this too far! You believe that you are my Mistress all the time and that is not the case. You have no right to tell me who I can and can't have sex with," Karen said in a calm, yet firm tone of voice as she looked at Veronica with softness in her eyes.

"But I love you so much! I've wanted to have you for so long, it is the way that we were meant to be, you'll see soon enough! You're just having a hard time with the fact that I'm your daughter. Trust me, trust your Mistress, I know what is best for you," Veronica responded in a loving and soothing tone of voice as she tried to be persuasive.

"There you go again, trying to push me into a relationship that I am not ready for, and don't know if I ever will be ready for," Karen said as she shook her head.

"In time you will be comfortable with us having sex, even though I'm your daughter," Veronica said as she held Karen's hand and started to stroke it in an understanding manner.

"That's not it! I don't mind anymore that you are my daughter. In this house, loving and having sex with a family member seems 'normal.' That doesn't bother me, what does bother me is your insistence to make 'Playtime' a permanent and twenty-four-seven thing," Karen replied in a firm yet calm tone of voice.

"But that's our destiny! You know that, you have to know that!" Veronica replied fervently, as she looked into Karen's eyes with a pleading look.

"Look, we have fun and I enjoy our times together, I really do. I just don't think I could give myself completely to another woman. If last night has taught me anything, it has taught me that I'd miss men. I need to have a man in my life, I love men too much to turn my back on them completely," Karen said with a sad tone of voice as she looked at Veronica with a look of compassion.

"That's okay; there are toys and devices we can get. You won't have to give up a thing, we can make this work!" Veronica said in a pleading tone of voice with an urging look in her eyes as she moved her chair closer to Karen.

"Are you kidding? Do you really think a plastic cock is all it takes to replace a man? Do you seriously think that the only thing I miss about men is their cocks? I miss feeling the strong arms of a man encircling me. I miss the warmth, weight and sent of him as he hovers over me while he ravages me senseless! I miss their strength of will and being taken care of. Can your dildo do all that?" Karen asked with a queer look in her eye.

"No, but I can!" Veronica asserted as she leaned in closer to Karen.

"You could, but it isn't the same!" Karen replied in a frustrated tone of voice as she shook her head and looked away.

For a moment her eyes fell on Rosina who had until now been quiet. With a wordless look, Karen silently asked Rosina to help explain things to Veronica. Karen wanted Veronica to understand why she needed a real man, not a lesbian with a strap-on dildo.

"Ronnie, you and I have had sex, and I can say with certainty that you know very well how to please a woman," Rosina said calmly to Veronica and smiled a naughty smile and wink.

"SEE! Even she says that I'm the best! You don't need men!" Veronica said eagerly to Karen.

"Listen to her! Let her finish!" Karen said firmly.

"While I do love having sex with women, including you, I also need Master," Rosina started out calmly, but was interrupted before she could continue.

"Big surprise you would say that, he's your Master!" Veronica scoffed sarcastically and rolled her eyes.

"It is true that he is my Master and I can't imagine not serving him. I NEED him, I NEED his control and his dominance over me; I don't deny that. Sex with him is different than sex with Mistress Red because he is a man. I love them both and enjoy having sex with them both, yet they fulfil a different need within me. While I need having

sex with Mistress Red, because know that I need the soft, tender charms of a woman's body, I also need the hard, powerful form of a man's body. I wouldn't want to give up having sex with men or women, thankfully Master is gracious enough to let me have both," Rosina said with a soft and loving tone of voice as she smiled while speaking.

"Then it's settled. We continue as Mistress and Slave and now and again we pick up a man for you play with for the night!" Veronica said in an urging and hopeful manner.

"It's not that simple. I am not into casual sex, I never was. If I have sex with someone, I need to care about them. Also, while I am a Submissive and enjoy submitting to you, I could never do it on a constant basis," Karen said with a slightly sombre tone of voice as she held Veronica's hand and spoke into her daughter's eyes.

"Because I'm your daughter?" Veronica asked with a sad and hurt tone of voice as she looked down.

"No, because you're a woman," Karen said as she lightly pinched Veronica's chin, causing the young woman to look up into her mother's eyes. "I already told you that the fact that you're my daughter doesn't bother me anymore and that I enjoy our Playtime, but if I was to give myself to a Dominant on a constant basis, it would have to be to a Dominant man." Karen spoke with a calm and certain tone of voice as she looked at Veronica with a compassionate tone.

"You mean Owen, don't you?" Veronica said with a scowl on her face as she glared at Karen.

"He is the obvious choice. He knows about us and understands this family, something anyone who comes into our lives would have to do. He is handsome, as well as a good man who genuinely cares about me . . . about all of us," Karen said with a pondering tone of voice as she stroked Veronica's cheek.

"He's a wonderful Master, he cares for and looks out for me. I fear nothing, as long as I have Master to take care of me. You can't find a better Master," Rosina said with a glowing look of love.

"I bet he is, I can see how well he treats the two of you," Karen said with a warm smile on her face while she spoke in a subdued tone of voice.

"Should we talk to him tonight? I'm certain he would take you on. It would be great to have you as a Fellow-Slave!" Rosina said with an eager tone to her voice.

"Hang on! I didn't say that I wanted to be Owen's Slave!" Karen sputtered out in a frustrated tone of voice.

"Why not? Did you enjoy last night? Didn't you just say that you wanted to submit to Owen?" Rosina asked in a slightly hurt tone of voice.

"I just don't know if I want to become anyone's full-time Slave," Karen replied with a heavy sight and shrug of her shoulders.

"Can we at least continue with Playtime?" Veronica asked hopefully.

"As long as you understand that Playtime is limited to just Playtime," Karen replied with a firm tone of voice.

"Sure," Veronica replied with a nod of her head.

"If you have 'Playtime' with Ronnie, why can't you have, 'Playtime' with Owen?" Rosina asked with a raised eyebrow and a sparkle in her eye as she eyed Karen for her response.

"No reason, I suppose," Karen replied with a heavy sigh.

"Shall we talk to him tonight?" Rosina asked eagerly as she leaned in close to Karen.

"I just don't know if I should, I just don't know what I want," Karen replied as she looked back at Rosina with a worried look on her face and fear in her eyes.

"But you certainly know what you don't want," Veronica grumbled under her breath as she got up and stormed away from the table.

"Ronnie!" Karen called out to the departing Veronica before she put her head in her hands and sighed deeply.

"She'll come around. Do you want me to talk to her?" Rosina asked Karen as she rubbed the older woman's back.

"No, leave her be." Karen said with a frustrated sigh. "I should go upstairs and help out. I'll talk to her later," Karen said as she stood up and started to gather up the dirty dishes.

"You go, I'll do the dishes," Rosina said as she put her hand on Karen's hand and smiled up at her.

"Thanks, Cat," Karen said as she smiled warmly at Rosina for a brief moment. "I just need . . ." she started to stammer.

"I know. Go on," Rosina said as she squeezed Karen's hand.

"Thanks," Karen said as she kissed Rosina on the lips before she departed for upstairs.

Karen made her way upstairs and as she closed the door to the downstairs behind her she heard Taryn taking care of a customer in a nearby room. Drawn by unknown curiosity she walked over and peeked in the room and saw Taryn explaining what she was doing to the customer with an ease that only confidence and expertise could give. Karen walked away impressed that indeed Taryn could run the place as well as she could. Karen walked out to the front and was surprised to find Owen charming a customer into adding a service she had not come in for. Almost as if on cue Taryn walked by Karen and graciously escorted the customer into the back. Karen felt out of place and useless in her own Spa and wondered what she should do.

Without warning, Owen turned and looked right at Karen and smiled at her with a look that began to melt her insides. It seemed that the events of the previous night still had an effect on her, namely her lingering attraction to Owen. Wordlessly Owen beckoned her to him and silently and immediately she walked towards him, never averting her gaze from looking deep into his eyes. When she was close enough she took from him the one thing she needed at that moment, a hug. She wrapped her arms around him and held him tight as she rested her head on his shoulder, sighing and relaxing when she felt Owen's arms encircle her.

"What is it Karen?" Owen said as he continued to hold and gently rock Karen.

"Ronnie and I had a fight," Karen said, not lifting her head, staring blankly at the wall.

"About last night? About us?" Owen asked with concern in his voice.

At the instant Owen uttered the word "us" Karen's soul sighed and her stomach flipped. It felt good to hear a man, specifically Owen, refer to her as half of an "us." As she held him now, Karen could not deny how deeply she felt for him. It was almost shocking how hard she had fallen for this man in a boy's body. He was the same age as her daughter so on one hand he was a child, but to her Owen was anything but a child, he had a confidence and wisdom beyond his years. Karen could not doubt that he was a man, more of a man than most of the men she knew. She smiled and clutched him tighter before she lifted her head and smiled a teary smile at the man she held in so high regard at that moment.

"No, Sir, it was about her and I," Karen said with a sigh and a shake of her head. "She sees herself as my Mistress all the time and not just during Playtime," she continued with a sad look.

"How would you define your relationship?" Owen asked as he stroked Karen's shoulder.

"Most of the time we are 'mother and daughter,' but now and again, during Playtime we are 'Mistress and Slave,' but only during Playtime," Karen said with a firm tone of voice.

"How does she feel about you and I, did she bring that up?" Owen said as his stroking now ventured onto Karen's back.

"Well, she didn't like it. That was how the argument got started. She tried to tell me that it was wrong for us to have sex and that by doing so I had 'disgraced my Mistress.' I told her that she wasn't my Mistress all the time and that she had no business telling me who I could and could not have sex with," Karen said in a bit of a rant before she fell silent and looked up into Owen's eyes and smiled warmly into them. "How do you feel about us, about what we did, Sir?" she added coyly.

"It wasn't something I had planned . . . but I don't regret it. When we moved in with you and Ronnie, I never imagined things would turn out like this. You are an amazing and beautiful woman, and I consider myself lucky to share what we have already shared. I would love to explore a relationship with you but I just don't know if we should, if you could handle it," Owen said with a concerned look on his face as he stared into Karen's eyes.

"What do you mean?" Karen replied, sounding more than a little confused.

"I am not only involved with Red and Cat but I am their Master as well. I can't just abandon that responsibility, for you or any woman," Owen said with a serious tone of voice and a sad look in his eye.

"I know that, I wouldn't ask you to. I've seen what happened when you did leave! It was horrible for all of us around here without you. You belong here, with us . . . all of us," Karen said as she gripped Owen tighter and rested her head on his chest while looking up at him.

"Okay, but what you may not realize is that I can't just have a 'normal' relationship with anyone. I have been too long as a Master to be anything else. If we did get involved, eventually it would come to a point where you would have to make a choice, to either become my Slave or walk away from me. If you're not ready to make that commitment, then it is best that we don't continue this relationship at all," Owen explained with a calm and compassionate manner. "Do you understand?" he asked as he lifted Karen's chin and looked deep into her eyes.

"I don't know," Karen said with a deep sigh as she looked down before looking up. "I want to, but I'm scared . . . scared of what it will mean, what will happen to us . . . all of us if I do . . . and then there's Ronnie, what about her?" Karen said as tears welled up in her eyes and tears started to flow.

"Let it out, Karen," Owen said as he pulled Karen tighter into his comforting embrace.

Karen sobbed her tension and confusion out as Owen patiently held her. After Karen had sobbed and cried for a bit, the warmth and comfort of Owen's embrace ate away at her sadness and soon she

found herself with dry eyes and wet cheeks gently swaying in Owen's embrace. She looked up at him and smiled, wordlessly saying thank you.

"You need a day off, you deserve a day off." Owen said confidently with a smile.

"Sure," Karen chuckled as she started to break the embrace. "I have work to do," she added as she turned to walk into the back.

"No, not today," Owen said as he grasped Karen's arm to stop her. Karen looked up at Owen with a puzzled expression just in time to see him say, "Today is your day off, get out of here and don't come back till dinner. Go shop and relax; do whatever you want, but not here."

"Are you kicking me out of my own Spa?" Karen replied with a chuckle and a queer look on her face.

"Yes," Owen said with a serious look on his face that was betrayed by the turned up corners of his mouth.

"Thank you," Karen said with a grateful tone of voice before she kissed Owen in a lingering kiss which ended up in another intimate embrace.

After that, Karen did leave the Spa and walked around the neighbourhood for her day off. It was the first time in as long as she could remember she had free time on a Saturday! She almost didn't know what to do with herself, part of Karen felt guilty for leaving her Spa in the care of others as she took this time to herself. It was something she would never considered doing on her own, yet part of Karen knew that she needed this time to herself. As she walked the streets she understood part of the benefit of having a Master, Owen made her take this time to herself because he saw that it was what she needed but couldn't bring herself to do. Even though they were not really involved and he was not her Master, he was still looking out for her.

Karen walked around the trendy shopping neighbourhood, browsed through countless stores, and felt her troubles float away as she played customer on the busiest retail day of the week. As she passed by a trendy clothing store, known for its daring outfits, something in the window caught her eye.

Karen stopped to look at what it was and found herself looking at a manikin wearing an all-too-familiar dress; Taryn and Rosina's "around the house" dress to be exact. Karen looked at the garment and remembered that she herself had worn one last night when they went out to celebrate. She had always been a little put off and disgusted by the dresses that Taryn and Rosina wore, but now she felt drawn to it, but why? What had changed to make her desire that dress? Was it her attraction to Owen? Was it her desire to make him want her again?

As Karen pondered these questions the real reason hit her and sent a chill up her spine. Karen wanted that dress because she knew that it would please Owen to see her in it. Karen took in a quick breath of shock as she covered her mouth with her hand when she realized that she already felt the need to please Owen. Karen knew what that meant; it meant that she was already feeling drawn to him as a Submissive is drawn to a Dominant: her need to please him. Her experience with Veronica had taught her that as it was that need to submit which drew her back to her daughter's feet time and again. Karen knew very well what it was to serve and be the Slave of her own child, yet only during Playtime.

With a fearful, yet curious, look on her face and her heart in her throat Karen walked into that store. It seemed like a dream as Karen picked out her size and tried on the dress. As she looked at herself in the mirror she was shocked to see the hot and desirable woman looking back at her. Karen was amazed at how she looked in that dress and even more shocked at how she felt in that dress. Karen felt sexy and desirable and even though she was nowhere near Owen she felt closer to him just by wearing it.

As she put her head in her hands and sobbed she felt overwhelmed by the feeling of belonging. At once she felt like she belonged to Owen but also belonged with Taryn and Rosina, like she was truly becoming a part of their family. It was all too much, too soon, yet she could not deny feeling drawn to Owen with such an overpowering force. What repercussions would happen, she did not know but it seemed inevitable: she would submit to Owen again and perhaps for the rest of her life. What of Veronica? Could she really hurt her daughter that much by turning her back on their relationship?

"Is everything alright?" came a soft voice which accompanied the light rapping on the change room door.

"Yes, fine," Karen replied in a broken voice.

"Are you sure?" the soft voice asked again as the door opened up.

Poking her head in the small change room was the young store clerks. She was in her early twenties and had long flowing blonde hair and a plump, round figure. She wore a dress not to dissimilar to the one that Karen was wearing but on her larger, rounder and plumper frame it seemed odd. While most women of her larger size would wear baggy clothes to hide their frame, this woman was openly flaunting her body.

"Wha . . . I . . ." Karen stammered as she looked at the plump blonde come in and sit down beside her.

"In case you're wondering, I don't usually walk in on customers in the change room but you seemed a bit shaken up when you walked in and when I heard you crying, I thought I would check on you," the plump blonde replied in a genuinely concerned manner as she patted Karen's thigh.

"Thanks . . . Lisa," Karen replied after glancing at the plump blonde's nametag.

"So what is it? It can't be the dress because you look amazing in it! Hell, seeing you in that dress almost makes my reconsider my stance on not messing about with another woman . . . almost," Lisa, the plump blonde replied as she glanced Karen over, and the two shared a laugh.

"Thanks, you're too kind. I'm just at a bit of a crossroads, that's all and I don't know what I should do," Karen replied, not sure how much to tell the kind stranger.

"That's easy, what will make you happier?" Lisa replied with a confident tone of voice.

"That I know, but . . . but I don't know if I could be his S . . . it's . . . it's just not normal! What would people think, if they knew?" Karen stammered out as she fought the tears of her confusion. Karen rested her head on Lisa's shoulder and began to cry as Lisa hugged her.

"If it makes you happy, I say go for it. Who cares what other people think?" Lisa said as she started to rub Karen's far shoulder.

"You don't understand. What I want, is not normal, I mean maybe I could do it now and again but I know it would end up as an 'all the time' thing and that's what scares me," Karen replied while the last few sobs sob out of her while still being held by Lisa.

"What is normal? What seems normal to someone is abnormal to someone else. Don't let what other people think stand in the way of your happiness. If you can be happy being his Slave, then go for it, who gives a shit what someone MAY think IF they find out." Lisa said calmly and at once Karen looked at her with wide eyes of shock and was speechless. "Oh, please it was pretty obvious what you were talking about, besides do you think you're the only woman who has wrestled with Domination and Submission?" Lisa asked with a queer look on her face.

"Well I . . ." Karen replied in a stuttering, red-faced manner before giving Lisa a raised-eyebrow, inquiring look.

"Don't look at me that way. Sure, I tried it but I didn't like it. In case you're wondering what makes me 'not normal' is that I only date older black men. To them, I'm hot just the way I am and that is why I dress very provocatively. Many people would have me be ashamed of my body and try to hide it but I'm happy with my life and my body. I don't give a shit what other people think and neither should you," Lisa said as she shook Karen by the shoulder and Karen looked up at Lisa with a tentative expression.

* * *

Rosina had finished the dishes and cleaning the house when her thoughts drifted back to Veronica. As she put the vacuum cleaner away and closed the closet door she looked down the hall and wondered how she was taking all this. Rosina walked down the hall

and wanted to talk to and comfort the woman who felt like her sister. Knocking on the door she waited but heard no response to her knocking so she knocked again.

"Go away," came a sorrowful, tear-filled reply from behind the closed door.

Rosina detected Veronica's pain and hurt in her voice and more importantly, her subtle request for comfort so Rosina opened up the door and walked into Veronica's bedroom. Veronica looked up at Rosina with big, wet eyes and tear-stained cheeks as she lay on her stomach across her bed, clutching her pillow. She was still wearing the jeans and T-shirt that she had on during breakfast but otherwise she was a pitiful sight and Rosina's heart went out to her.

"Are you deaf? I said get out!" Veronica snapped as Rosina walked over to the bed with a look of compassion on her face.

"I know," Rosina said with an understanding tone of voice as she neared the bed.

Without saying a further word Rosina sat down on the head of the bed and pulled Veronica to her. Veronica didn't fuss or fight as she moved up and clutched Rosina tightly, resting her head on Rosina's chest and proceeded to sob uncontrollably. Rosina held Veronica tight and stroked Veronica's back in a soothing way as the young woman cried her hurt out. Time stood still as Veronica cried on Rosina's shoulder and eventually she was all cried out, yet still

Rosina said nothing. Rosina just held Veronica and soothingly stroked her back in a comforting gesture.

"I can't believe I'm loosing her," Veronica said in a sad tone, finally breaking the silence.

"You're not loosing her, she's not going anywhere," Rosina said in a consoling tone of voice.

"I waited for so long to have her, and after finally making her mine, she says she can't handle being my Slave after all!" Veronica said in a wavering voice which broke into sobbing once she finished speaking. "I'd still have her if I only had a DICK!" she added before breaking down into tears once more.

"You don't know that!" Rosina said, again with an attempt to calm Veronica down.

"You were there! She said that she needs a man and that since I am a woman, she can't see herself being my Real-Slave!" Veronica said with an angry tone of voice.

"But she did agree to continue with Playtime with you. She never was your twenty-four-seven Slave, so you really haven't lost anything," Rosina said with a cheerful lilt to her voice.

"But the whole idea was to make her mine, all the time mine. All I have ever wanted was to take care of her, to be her full-time Mistress. It's clear now that will never happen!" Veronica said as she looked up into Rosina's eyes with a pained look on her face.

"Yeah, I see what you mean," Rosina admitted with a reluctant sigh.

"I don't know what to do, it hurts so much. I only agreed to that 'Playtime' thing to appease her. I had hoped that after some time had passed that 'Playtime' would turn into 'all-the-time'. I just don't know what to do." Veronica said as she looked into Rosina's eyes with a piercing expression of hurt and pain.

"I suppose you should treasure the times you do share," Rosina said as she brushed the hair out of Veronica's face. "Perhaps it is time to move on . . . find someone new," Rosina said with a bright smile and a hopeful lilt to her voice.

"I see what you mean," Veronica said with a sparkle in her eye just before she leaned in and kissed Rosina on the lips with a passionate kiss.

Rosina's eyes went wide in shock as this was not what she meant. Rosina fought against Veronica's forceful kiss and after a moment she was able to pry Veronica's lips away from hers.

"What the fuck are you doing?" Rosina spat with anger while she held Veronica at bay.

"Moving on, what does it look like?" Veronica said as she pressed hard again to force the kiss once more.

"I didn't mean with me! I'm Collared!" Rosina replied indignantly as she gave Veronica a hard shove.

"We had sex last night. You said you liked it! Owen didn't seem to mind then, c'mon lets play around a bit, I NEED it," Veronica said with a husky growl as looked at Rosina with flaring nostrils.

"We were all drunk last night!" Rosina spat back with a roll of her eyes.

"Let's just mess around for a little while, please. Nobody will know! It'll stay just between us girls . . . PLEASE?" Veronica begged in a sorrowful manner.

"It's not that simple! I am Collared! I may only have sex with anyone other than my Master if he orders me to! So if you REALLY want to have sex with me, you'll have to ask him first!" Rosina said as she got up and out of the bed, storming towards the door.

"NO! I WILL NOT LOSE ANOTHER TO HIM!" Veronica shouted as she leapt from the bed and grasped an unsuspecting Rosina by her hair and hip. "Let's get something straight, I am in charge here and I say that we're going to have a little fun!" Veronica growled right into Rosina's ear. "Is that clear?" she snarled as she took a long lick of Rosina's cheek.

* * *

Karen returned home to the Spa a little after four in the afternoon and Owen looked at her and at his watch in an obvious way. Karen stopped immediately and waited for some sort of reaction from him. Owen was dealing with a customer at the time but still he let Karen stand there for a brief moment, just long enough to prove that she was obeying him and waiting for his permission to enter. Owen smirked at Karen as he nodded his approval, only briefly taking his attention away from the customer he was dealing with. Karen smiled and nodded in reply and walked quietly past him and straight downstairs.

When Karen opened the door to her small basement home she found it spotless and in pristine condition, with Rosina sitting on the couch watching TV. Rosina had changed to her usual attire that she wore around the house, her slim-fitting dress and Slave collar. Karen smiled to herself as she remembered that she had three dresses in her size just like Rosina's, in one of the bags that she was carrying. One glance around the room revealed no Veronica and Karen was concerned for her daughter.

"The place looks great, Cat. Where's Ronnie?" Karen said as she pushed the door closed with her foot.

"She's resting in her room. She'll be out for dinner, though," Rosina said with a slight anger in her voice that she tried hard to suppress.

"Is she okay? I should talk to her," Karen said as she started to walk towards the hallway.

"NO!" Rosina said in a panicked tone of voice as she bolted up from the couch. "I talked to her and straightened things out. She's just resting right now," she said in a forced calm tone of voice as she stood in front of Karen. "What do you have in the bag?" Rosina asked in an eager tone of voice as she started to peek into one of the shopping bags.

"Oh, just a few things I picked up," Karen replied as she moved the bag Rosina was looking in away from her. "I just did a bit of shopping and window-shopping, I'll just put these away and I'll start dinner," she added as she started to walk towards the hallway.

"I'll help, you," Rosina added in a pleasant tone of voice as she called after Karen and immediately Karen stopped where she was and turned to face Rosina with a serious expression.

"I appreciate the offer and on any other night, I would welcome the help. But tonight, I need to do this myself. I just want to make a

special dinner to say thank you to Sir for the day off today," Karen said with a calm tone of voice and a peaceful smile on her face before she turned and continued down the hall.

As she opened the door to her bedroom Karen thought she heard some muffled noises coming from Veronica's room but shook her head and dismissed it. Karen had a big evening planned and not a lot of time to prepare things. Depositing her bags in her room she immediately left it again, heading to the kitchen.

* * *

Owen closed the front door of the Spa after escorting the last of the customers out. It was a little past five-thirty when Owen locked the front door. Taryn was already counting out the float and closing out the till, as she had done countless times before. Both were a little weary from the long and busy day at work, but the receipts for the day showed that it was worth it, the Spa had just had its best day in weeks. Once the deposit was made up and locked away in the safe, Owen and Taryn walked downstairs arm around each other's waist, happy that the day was over. The happy look on Karen's face when she retuned from her day off was all that Owen needed to see to know this hard day was worth it.

When they opened the door to the small basement suite they saw Rosina sitting on the couch watching television and looking rather frustrated about something. As the door started to open up, Rosina scrambled to her feet and scurried into a kneeling position near the

door. By the time Owen set his foot inside the basement suite Rosina was kneeling with her head bowed and her hands folded in front of her.

"What's for dinner, Cat?" Owen asked as Taryn closed the door behind them.

"I don't know, Master. Karen won't let me near the kitchen. She wouldn't even let me set the table. She has something special planned. The only thing she would let me do was wait in the living room for your arrival," Rosina replied in a frustrated huff tainting her submissive demeanour.

"What were you to do, once we arrived?" Owen asked curiously as he spoke to the bowed head of Rosina.

"I was to humbly ask you to wait in the living room as I informed her of your arrival," Rosina replied in a calm and submissive tone of voice, still kneeling appropriately in front of Owen.

"Alright, do as you've been told," Owen replied as he looked at Taryn and shrugged his shoulders.

"Yes, Master," Rosina replied submissively before she rose to her feet and walked into the dining room.

Not long after that did Karen walk out of the dining room and both Owen and Taryn drew a breath of shock once their eyes fell on her. Karen was wearing a dress exactly the same as the one that Taryn and Rosina wore around the house. Karen's dress fit her perfectly and was light gray in colour and her whole body was showcased in a way which was most unlike Karen. The slender slim cut of the dress which flowed seamlessly over her curves announced that she was nude under that dress. Around her neck Karen wore a one inch, brown, leather strap which buckled up in the back. Her hair fell down her back and was restrained only in a few clips to keep her hair out of her face as it spilled down her back.

As she walked towards Owen and Taryn, Karen took small steps and clasped her hands in front of her and always looked down. In a word, Karen looked submissive and before she took one step towards Owen, his cock was hard and throbbing. Karen stopped a few feet away from Owen and Taryn and shook slightly as she gathered up her courage to speak. Owen said nothing but waited for Karen to speak.

"Good evening, Sir. I want to thank you both for allowing me to take this day to myself. I want to thank you specifically, Sir, for being there for me this morning." Karen said with a shaky and nervous tone of voice, still looking down even after she spoke.

"You're welcome," Owen replied in a warm yet firm manner.

"I have prepared a special meal in your honour. I simply want to take care of you, this evening, Sir," Karen said before she raised her eyes up to look Owen in the eye.

"I see. Thank you," Owen replied with a raised eyebrow and a smile.

"May I get your shoes, Sir?" Karen asked, her voice and manner full of nervous hopefulness.

"Yes, you may," Owen replied with a smile.

Karen flashed a smile at Owen before she dropped to her knees and began to unfasten and remove his shoes. When she looked up at him from her place kneeling at his feet she felt his power and her body shuddered and her pussy wetted. Her eyes were drawn to the outline of the bulge in his pants. Longingly she traced the contours of his pant-confined cock with her eyes and remembered the exquisite sensation of being skewered with that monster; another shiver ran down her spine. Once his shoes were removed she smiled a nervous smile up at him and rose to her feet, his shoes remaining by the front door.

"May I show you to the table, Sir?" Karen asked nervously as she stood before Owen with her hands clasped in font of her.

Owen only nodded agreeably in reply and Karen turned on the spot and walked towards the dining room. Once they rounded the corner

Owen was impressed as the whole room was decorated exquisitely. There was a fine red table cloth on the table, fine dishes and silverware was lovingly placed at each place-setting. Flowers adorned the centre of the table and candles were scattered around the room giving a soft glow to the whole room.

"May I change for dinner, Master," Taryn asked respectfully as they paused in the entryway and glanced over the dining room.

"Yes, Red," Owen said over his shoulder to Taryn before she turned and entered their bedroom.

Karen walked to the other end of the room and pulled out the chair at the head of the table, her own usual chair and bowed her head, signalling that Owen was to sit in this chair. Owen sat down at the head of the table and Karen pushed his chair in. Next she pulled out the chair immediately to his right and seated Taryn in it, much in the same fashion, once she arrived. Rosina then entered the room and sat down in the chair to Owen's left. The two other chairs at the side of the table remained empty and the chair at the other head of the table had been removed completely and no setting had been set.

"Is Ronnie coming to dinner?" Karen asked Rosina in a calm and subdued tone of voice.

"She said she's not hungry," Rosina replied calmly as she smiled sweetly at Karen.

"I see. Perhaps I'll go check on her," Karen said with a worried look on her face.

"She's still tired and going to rest for a bit, but she'll come out after dinner," Rosina added quickly, in a calm tone of voice.

Karen frowned but turned and walked into the kitchen and soon came out with one plate of dinner. As she placed it down in front of Owen he saw that dinner was a pasta dish that looked deceptively simple. Not only did it have pasta and a cream sauce but also there was bits of chicken and vegetables chopped up and mixed into the pasta dish. The aroma was heavenly and you could tell that care went into every detail of this dish, down to how it was arranged on the plate. Karen stayed where she was and looked at Owen expectantly. Owen picked up his fork and sampled the special dinner that had been served up especially for him.

"Delicious, you've outdone yourself, Karen," Owen said with a warm smile after swallowing his mouthful.

"Thank you, Sir. I am pleased you like it. May I serve Mistress Red and Cat, Sir?" Karen asked humbly.

"Yes, you may," Owen replied as he scooped up another mouthful of dinner.

Karen then returned with two plates of dinner and served Taryn and Rosina, in that order. Everyone in the room expected Karen to get her plate of dinner and was surprised to see that instead, Karen kneeled down on the floor between Owen and Taryn. After a minute had passed and Karen was still kneeling down beside Owen, he decided to speak up.

"Karen, what are you doing?" Owen asked as he continued to eat dinner while looking down at the kneeling Karen.

"I am here at your disposal in case you have a need. Is there something I can do for you, Sir?" Karen replied in a subservient tone of voice as she looked up at Owen with a loving look in her eye.

"Yes, you can get your dinner and eat with the rest of us. I don't believe in making those who serve me wait until I am finished eating before they eat," Owen said as he looked down at Karen with a firm yet loving expression.

"Yes, Sir; thank you, Sir," Karen said with a grateful smile to Owen as she rose to her feet.

Karen retrieved her dinner from the kitchen and sat down in the chair next to Taryn and began to eat her dinner along with everyone else at the table. Talk at the table was limited to typical dinner conversation and not the lively dinner talk that usually took place at the family table. The questions on everyone's mind centred on Karen's odd behaviour. Taryn and Rosina knew better than to raise

the subject before Owen did. Owen decided to let the issue wait until after dinner. Once dinner was finished, Owen took a sip of his wine and leaned back in his chair. Karen instinctively started to gather up the dirty dishes.

"Karen, Leave them!" Owen said in a commanding tone of voice and instantly Karen placed Taryn's plate back in front of Taryn.

"Cat, do the dishes. Red and Karen follow me to the living room," Owen said in an unambiguous tone of voice as he rose from the table.

"Yes, Master," Taryn and Rosina said together.

"Yes, Sir," Karen added, her voice lost in amongst Taryn and Rosina's voices.

Owen did not stop and left the dining room. It was only then that the three women got up; Rosina started to gather up the dishes while Taryn and Karen walked out of the dining room and into the living room. Owen walked over to and sat in the large chair. As Taryn approached with Karen in tow, Owen looked at Taryn and pointed at the couch. As Taryn walked over to the couch, Owen looked at Karen and pointed to the floor in front of him. Karen took the cue, nodded to Owen and kneeled down submissively in front of him.

"What is the meaning of this evening, Karen?" Owen asked Karen in a firm and confident tone of voice.

"I just wanted to thank you for all you have done for me, Sir," Karen replied in a subdued tone of voice, still looking down.

"No, cooking dinner is thanking me for being nice to you. You are acting very submissively tonight . . . you are acting like my Slave. I ask you again, what is going on?" Owen asked again in a calm yet firm tone of voice.

"I . . . I wanted to see what it was like to serve you," Karen said in a wavering and nervous voice as she continued to look down at the floor before her.

"If you wanted to initiate some sort of 'Playtime' with me, you should have talked to me, asked me first," Owen asked Karen with a puzzled look on his face that Karen never saw because she was still looking down.

"I also wanted to let you know . . . to show you . . . that . . . that I was . . . r . . . ready," Karen replied with a quiet and stammering tone of voice.

Ready? Ready for what?" Owen asked incredulously "Just this morning you were telling me that you didn't think you could be involved with me knowing that it would mean eventually becoming my Slave and here you are now, kneeling at my feet telling me that

you're ready. How can you be 'ready' when you can't even say the words?" he added with a chuckle.

"But I am ready, Sir . . . I'm ready to serve you," Karen added with shaky confidence as she swallowed hard.

"Serve me? Serve me how? Say it! Tell me exactly what you want or don't waste my time! I will give you one last time or I will dismiss you from my sight!" Owen said in an aggravated tone of voice.

Karen paused for a moment and took a deep breath before she looked up and into Owen's eyes and smiled a loving smile at him. Finally it seemed that she had found her confidence as she looked at Owen with a proud expression on her face. Taking a deep breath she prepared to speak a speech that was clearly rehearsed.

"I Karen Basilone, kneel before you Owen Thompson of my own free will and humbly ask you to take ownership of me. I beg you to claim me and make me your Slave. I swear I will serve you faithfully and without question until death claims me or you release me," Karen said in a strong and confident manner while looking deep into Owen's eyes.

"You're serious, aren't you?" Owen asked with a pale expression of shock.

"I have never been more serious, Sir," Karen replied with an equally confident tone of voice.

Owen fell silent and didn't know what to say, or what he should say. This was new territory, while Karen had made it clear that she was not technically Veronica's Slave, Owen knew that Veronica had other ideas. Veronica had come to him begging him to help her make Karen her Slave, not for him to take Karen on as his own Slave. Yet it seemed that Karen had made up her own mind and genuinely wanted to become his Slave. If it wasn't for Veronica, this would be an easy choice; he would take Karen on in a heartbeat as she fit into his family so very well. However, there was Veronica to consider and she was also family. It seemed that either way he went on this someone he cared about would be hurt. Either he would reject Karen and spare Veronica or he would Collar Karen and hurt Veronica. As Owen pondered all this over in his mind trying to find some compromise, someone else voiced a very good question.

"What changed? What happened today to make you change your mind?" Taryn asked curiously as she leaned forward slightly.

"I was walking down the street and I saw this dress in the window. I was drawn to it and so I tried it on. As I saw myself I the mirror I knew that Sir would be pleased to see me in it, and I realized at that moment how deeply I wanted to please him . . . how much I wanted to serve him. I wrestled with my feelings and pondered what that meant and what I should do but eventually it just came to me," Karen said in a peaceful manner as she spoke directly to Taryn.

"What came to you?" Taryn asked with an intrigued manner.

"This is where I belong. This is where I would be happiest . . . serving you . . . as your Slave, Sir," Karen replied as she looked back to Owen.

"Holy Shit!" Rosina said under her breath, in shock as she stood beside the entrance to the dining room, her mouth agape.

"Cat, be quiet!" Taryn hissed at Rosina as she pointed beside her on the couch.

"What about Veronica? You know that she loves you and wants to be your Mistress. What about her? Have you given that any thought?" Owen continued as Rosina slinked over to sit on the couch where she had been directed to.

"She helped me to discover my Submissive side and I am ever grateful to her for that. But I know that I could never submit to a woman . . . any woman full-time. I know we were all drunk last night and if we hadn't been none of it would have happened, including you and me having sex . . . but it did happen, and it awakened within me my need for a man. After that it all just clicked. I am a submissive who needs to submit to a man and you are such an amazing man and Master. After seeing the way you take care of and treat Mistress Red and Cat that nobody but you would do. If you refuse me, I don't know what I would do!" Karen spoke in an urging and needful tone of voice as she looked up at Owen with a desperate look in her eye.

"I can't Collar you without first consulting Ronnie. She is family and we have to consider her feelings," Owen said firmly as he looked down the hall before he mused aloud the question, "Where is Ronnie, by the way, is she still sleeping?"

"Oh shit! If you wish, Master, I could go get her," Rosina asked in an uncomfortable and slightly nervous manner.

"Yes Cat, wake her up, we need to talk to her about this," Owen said in a firm tone of voice to Rosina.

Rosina walked down the hall swiftly and after a moment she could be heard and then seen walking slowly down the hallway. As Rosina drew closer it became evident that she was being followed by someone who could not walk that fast. When Rosina walked into the living room holding a leash Owen's eyebrow raised until he saw behind Rosina to what the other end of the leash was attached to: Veronica!

Veronica was totally nude and from her tear-stained cheeks and mortified expression it was clear that she had been crying for some time. Around her neck was a collar with spikes on and the leash that Rosina was holding was clipped onto that collar. Veronica could not speak due to the ball-gag that was firmly attached around her head. She could not struggle or release herself from her bonds because her forearms were tied together behind her back so that her back and her hands touched the opposite elbow. Her legs ankles were tied

together spacing them only one foot apart, thus she couldn't walk right, she could only shuffle along. To add further insult to Veronica, she was being bound up by her own bondage devices. The collar, leash and ball-gag she had bought to use on her mother and never imagined that they would be used on her!

"What is the meaning of this, Cat?" Owen shouted angrily as he pointed at Veronica.

"She deserved it!" Rosina replied with a pout.

"Did you do this to her?" Owen asked with an expectant tone of voice.

"Yes, but you don't understand, she . . ." Rosina started to reply defensively but she was cut off.

"Did she consent to this?" Owen asked angrily.

"No," Rosina said as she shook her head.

"Release her at once! Then I'll deal with you!" Owen commanded as he shook his head in disgust.

"Yes, Master, but please let me explain why I did what I did!" Rosina implored passionately with pleading eyes.

"Fine," Owen replied with a heavy sigh.

"Thank you, Master," Rosina replied as she tugged on the leash and once again Veronica continued to follow Rosina.

Rosina led Veronica until she was standing in front of Owen and beside Karen. With a tug of the leash Veronica started to kneel down. Rosina assisted Veronica until the bound woman was kneeling beside her mother, in front of Owen, still completely bound up, with Rosina holding the leash.

"I know what I did was wrong but she made me so angry! It wasn't so much what she did to me, it was the insult she committed against you that pushed me over the edge. I will accept any punishment you deem appropriate for my actions, Master, but I want you to understand everything that took place, first," Rosina said as she stood submissively, still holding Veronica's leash.

"What happened?" Owen asked with a forced-calm tone of voice.

"After cleaning up the house I went to check on Veronica. I went to her to comfort a family member who was hurting. Instead of simply taking my comfort for what it was she chose to insult you!" Rosina

said with an angry tone of voice, shooting Veronica a harsh glare when she was finished.

"What insult?" Owen asked curiously.

"I think SHE should tell you. It would do her good to confess her sins!" Rosina snarled as she tugged on Veronica's chain, jerking the woman's head down.

Rosina then reached up and unfastened the buckles of the ball-gag and removed the device, tossing it lightly behind Owen's chair. Then she reached into Veronica's mouth and grasped what looked like a piece of white fluff and pulled. To Owen and Taryn's amazement the white fluff kept coming out until in the end it was clear that the fluff was a pair of panties, Veronica's own panties to be exact. Veronica opened and closed her mouth a few times to work the kinks out of it.

"What happened, Ronnie? Why did Cat tie you up?" Owen asked Veronica in a commanding tone of voice.

Veronica's eyes got wet once more and she hung her head and sobbed a few sobs. Her red and puffy eyes and tear-stained cheeks were indeed a pitiful sight. In the back of Owen's mind was that Rosina had NEVER done anything like this before. Rosina had a very long fuse and would not have done what she did without serious provocation. Rosina tugged on Veronica's chain and that jerked the woman back to reality. Veronica looked up at Owen, cleared her throat and prepared to speak.

"I tried to force myself on her," Veronica said in a remorseful tone of voice. I was upset because mom had told me this morning that she would never be mine . . . not really . . . not like Red . . ." Veronica started to explain but a swat with the end of the leash across her right breast caused Veronica to stutter. "MISTRESS Red, sorry. I asked her to mess around with me for a little bit. I thought that since you didn't make an issue of it last night, you would be okay with it," Veronica said and looked up at Owen with an expression that begged pity.

"And when I explained to you that you would need Master's permission in order to have sex with me, what did you do?" Rosina prompted with an angry growl.

"I assaulted you from behind and tried to force you to have sex with me. If you hadn't overpowered me, I would have tied you up and had my way with you . . . I'm so very sorry, I don't know what I was thinking," Veronica admitted as she hung her head in shame.

"I don't know what to say. I'm shocked and disgusted with both of you!" Owen said with an amazed expression on his face as he glanced at both Veronica and Rosina. "Cat I know that you meant well but, no matter what anyone does to you, you don't have the right to use Bondage in this way! If it happens again, refuse their advances and come tell me. . . I will deal with them, is that understood?" Owen said to Rosina in a firm and controlled angry tone of voice. "For the next week you have lost the privilege of clothes. As long as you are downstairs here, you are not to have a stitch of clothes on, the only

thing you are permitted to wear is your Collar, is that clear?" Owen commanded sternly.

"Yes, Master," Rosina said in a deeply respectful tone of voice as she bowed a shallow bow before she started to remove her dress.

"Ronnie, I am shocked and outraged! You should have known better! No matter how frustrated you are, just because you are a Dominant, that does not give you the right to force yourself on someone else! ESPECIALLY A COLLARED SLAVE!!" Owen said as he shouted right into Veronica's face and at the end of it Veronica burst into tears, once again.

"I'm so sorry, Sir! I don't know what came over me!" Veronica sobbed as she started to double over.

Out of instinct Karen wrapped her arms around Veronica and pulled her daughter to her and comforted her. Veronica leaned into the embrace and put her head on Karen's shoulder.

"I'M NOT FINISHED!" Owen roared and instantly Veronica stopped crying and Karen positioned her daughter upright and released her. "You came to me and asked me to help you, to train you to become a proper Mistress, is that right?" Owen asked Veronica with a stern and commanding tone of voice.

"Yes, Sir," Veronica replied in a shocked and subdued tone of voice.

"Your actions of late, even before this, have demonstrated that you are not yet ready to Dominate anyone!" Owen said with a firm growl as he scowled at Veronica and paused for a moment. "You disappoint me, Ronnie, I had higher hopes for you," Owen said with a sad tone of voice as he shook his head and looked away from Veronica.

"I wish to learn, Sir. I want to get better. I want to make you proud of me! Help me! Teach me!" Veronica begged Owen in a needy tone of voice as she shuffled towards him on her knees.

"Do you really wish to learn how to be a good and proper Mistress?" Owen asked the nude Veronica who was now kneeling so close that her knees touched Owen's shins.

"Yes, Sir! More than anything!" Veronica begged with hopeful eyes.

"I will teach you, I will help you get better, but it is clear that before you can lead you must learn what it is to follow, is that something you are ready to do?" Owen asked with a stern tone of voice.

"Sir?" Veronica asked with a confused tone of voice and a screwed up face.

"You are so wild and spoiled that the only way to turn you into a DECENT Dominant is to take you on as my Slave and reshape you,"

Owen replied with a serious tone of voice as he leaned in and spoke directly into Veronica's face.

"Are you serious, Sir?" Veronica replied with a horrified expression as her face went white.

"It is the only way to truly get through to you, Ronnie," Owen said with a certain and convinced tone of voice.

"How can I submit to you if I'm a Dominant? Even if I do submit to you, won't I lose that Dominant part of me?" Veronica asked with a confused and fearful tone of voice.

"It is evident tonight that you are what is known as a 'Switch,' that is to say that you are both a Dominant and a Submissive. For the most part you are a Dominant but you can and will submit to the right person. If you explore your Submissive side it will not diminish your Dominant side," Owen said with a tone of certainty.

"Impossible! I'm a Dominant, Period!" Veronica snorted with an indignant snort.

"Ronnie, you were brought out here in bonds, made to kneel at my feet and you have done everything you have been told to. You have not strained against your bonds once, nor have you demanded to be released. You have accepted your bondage and have, by your actions submitted to Rosina and to me," Owen said with a pressing and

knowing tone of voice with a demanding expression that bored into Veronica.

"I suppose so," Veronica sighed with a defeated tone of voice as she sat down and relaxed her body.

"The only thing left to ask yourself is how badly you wish to learn to be a proper Mistress. The only way to do that is to become my Slave, but I promise you, once you are ready I will begin to train you to become a proper Mistress and even help you acquire and train your first Slave," Owen said in a convincing manner and the room went quiet as Veronica pondered what Owen had said.

"This isn't a trick? You promise you will train me to be a Mistress?" Veronica asked with a fearful demeanour about her.

"I promise," Owen said with a look of conviction as he looked down into Veronica's eyes.

"Okay," Veronica said with a defeated tone of voice as she hung her head.

"Good, but before we continue, there is something you should know. There is something I need your permission on, but it has no bearing on whether or not I will take you on as my Slave," Owen said as he smiled warmly at Veronica.

"What's that, Sir?" Veronica looked up at Owen puzzled at what he would want her permission on.

"Karen, why don't you tell Ronnie, why you're here," Owen said to Karen who looked up at Owen with a momentarily fearful look before she looked over at her daughter kneeling beside her.

"Ronnie, do you remember this morning when I said that if I submitted to anyone full-time, it would have to be to a man?" Karen asked Veronica with an apprehensive manner.

"You're doing it, aren't you? You really are going to become his Slave, for real? You can submit to him but not to me?" Veronica said with a hurt and shocked manner before she turned to Owen and snapped. "That's what this is all about, isn't it? All this was just to get me to agree to you stealing my Slave! You set me up!" Veronica shouted at Owen as her eyes welled up with tears.

"NO! Nobody knew what I was going to do until moments before you walked into the room! I decided today that I would be happiest as Sir's Slave! I did, nobody else made that choice for me. It was Sir who insisted that I get your permission before he would Collar me! We had no idea what Rosina did to you. She just told us that you were not feeling well and wanted to skip dinner," Karen said firmly as she grasped Veronica's head and turned it so that she was speaking right into her daughter's face.

"It's true," Rosina said with a sheepish smile.

"So, this is what will make you happy?" Veronica asked Karen with a tearful expression.

"Yes. What about you? Don't you want to be a proper Mistress? I was always happy serving you and I know that you can be great, you just need some training. Sir can give that to you, but I think he's right when he says you have to submit and be remoulded before you can be fit to led and Dominate," Karen said to Veronica with a serious and imploring manner to her daughter who knelt by her side before the man they both were contemplating submitting to.

"Okay, Mom," Veronica said with a sincere and calm tone of voice, a tear lingering in the corner of her eye.

"Thanks honey! You won't regret it!" Karen said as she threw her arms around Veronica and hugged her tight.

"I hope not," Veronica said with slight fear in her voice as Karen released her and kneeled respectfully before Owen.

"Cat, get the box, you know the one," Owen said to Rosina with a knowing look.

"Yes, Master," Rosina said respectfully as she handed Owen, Veronica's leash.

Rosina then dashed to their bedroom and retrieved the wooden box that Heather had given Owen when he left her place. Owen opened up the box and looked at the two collars inside it and chuckled to himself as he remembered wondering why Heather had snuck a second collar into the box before he had left. Did she somehow know this would happen or was she just confident that some other women would submit to him? Either way made little difference now as Owen closed the box and turned his attention to the women kneeling before him.

"Do you, Veronica Basilone, release your claim upon Karen Basilone and consent to my Collaring her?" Owen asked Veronica with a confident and commanding tone of voice.

"Yes, Sir," Veronica replied and at that Karen removed her leather choker from around her neck.

Owen leaned forward and grasped Karen by the hair and pulled down. Karen's eyes went wide as her head snapped back so that she was looking directly up into the face of Owen. Owen's face filled her vision and their noses almost touched.

"I Owen Thompson, with the power vested in me by the laws of nature, do hereby claim you Karen Basilone and make you my Slave, to be owned by me and serve me in anyway I see fit, until I release you or death claims you. Do you submit?" Owen said in a stern and commanding tone of voice as he glared at Karen.

"Yes, Sir," Karen gushed as her whole being was filled with love and adoration, like that she had never felt before in her life. Owen released her hair and retrieved one of the Slave Collars from the wooden box and fastened it around Karen's neck. "Thank you, Sir," Karen replied with tear-filled eyes and a cracking voice as she ran her fingers along her new collar.

"You are my Slave so now you have earned the right to call me 'Master.' I hereby christen you with the Slave-Name of 'Bella,' because it means beautiful in Italian and you are a beautiful Italian woman.

"Thank you, Master, I love it," Karen replied with a blissful and satisfied smile.

"You're welcome, Bella," Owen said to Karen before he turned his attention to a now trembling Veronica.

Veronica's mind worked overtime as this moment slowed down to a crawl. Her terrified mind screamed at her to tell him no, that she wouldn't submit to him, that she was a Dominant pure and simple. Yet Veronica remained kneeling respectfully and submissively as Owen shifted his weight in the chair. Veronica knew that Owen was turning his attention to her and that within moments he would Collar her as well if she didn't act quickly. Yet Veronica just sat there patiently and waited for it to happen. This confusing evening had stirred up so many conflicting thoughts and feelings within her.

While Veronica kept telling herself that the only reason she was doing this was to learn to become a better Mistress, a part of Veronica simply desired the Submission. She hated herself for sinking to this level, to actually submit to someone was humiliating enough but to submit to a MAN, Owen even? This was all too much but she felt the heat of Owen's arm as he reached alongside of her. Veronica knew he was reaching for her hair to begin the Collaring ceremony but still Veronica was powerless to move. When she felt his hand close around her hair her tension spiked to his most intense peek. When Owen pulled down on her hair and Veronica found herself staring straight up into Owen's face, all tension and apprehension left her and her stomach dropped.

"I Owen Thompson, with the power vested in me by the laws of nature, do hereby claim you Veronica Basilone and make you my Slave, to be owned by me and serve me in anyway I see fit, until I release you or death claims you. Do you submit?" Owen said in a stern and commanding tone of voice as he glared down at Veronica.

"Oh FUCK yes!" Veronica growled in a husky growl that even surprised her, yet her lust and heat had been stirred up within her for this one man. Owen released her hair and retrieved one of the Slave Collars from the wooden box and fastened it around Veronica's neck.

"You are my Slave so now you have earned the right to call me 'Master.' I hereby christen you with the Slave-Name of 'Dee-Dee,' because of your great big double-D tits!" Owen said with all

seriousness yet he ended with a chuckle that all the women in the room shared.

"Thank you, Master," Veronica said and at that instant her pussy began to seep and get wet as the realization hit her that she had a Master . . . she was owned and she loved it!

Owen stood up and seemed to tower over the mother and daughter, his newest Slaves as both women looked up at him, waiting for him to say something. Owen smiled a cocky smile down at Karen and Veronica and paused to drink in the view before he winked at them.

"Bella, Dee-Dee, both of you will suck my cock at the same time, the one who pleases me the best will earn the right to be the first Slave fucked tonight," Owen said with his hands on his hips and glanced between Karen and Veronica.

Both Karen and Veronica rose to their knees and leaned forward, eager to get their mouth on their new Master's cock, eager to please him. Veronica struggled at her bonds as she tried to bring her hands forward but grunted in frustration as she was not able to move her hands at all. Karen had already reached up and had begun to unfasten Owen's fly. Soon enough Owen's fat cock was brought into view as Karen pushed Owen's pants and underwear down to his ankles. Taryn signalled to Rosina to help her move the coffee table out of the way and the pair did just that swiftly and quietly.

Veronica used this time to wrap her lips around the head of Owen's cock and for the first time in years she started to give a man a blowjob. Veronica had no trouble getting Owen's cock in her mouth until it hit the back of her throat, then she gagged and had to pull off.

As Veronica pulled back to cough, Karen slipped Owen's cock into her mouth and proceeded to suck his cock, making sure not to take enough of him to gag herself. Karen bobbed her head up and down on the first cock she had sucked since her divorce and that cock was her Master's! Karen poured her heart out into this blowjob; she did her best to bring her Master pleasure, which was her whole focus right now.

Veronica didn't want to be left out and so she brought her mouth to Owen's balls and proceeded to lick and suck on them. Veronica also darted her tongue along the portion of the shaft that Karen could not get into her mouth. This process continued for a few minutes before Karen relinquished the cock and began kissing the side of the head of Owen's cock. Veronica took this as a hint and brought her lips to the other side of the head of Owen's cock and both women started to lick their way down Owen's shaft until they were at the base and then took a ball in each of their mouths and sucked. They then proceeded to flick their tongues along the shaft as they made their way to the head of their Master's cock. When the ladies lips were at the head of it, their playful side came out and they proceeded to tongue wrestle with each other over the head of that cock. This caused a momentary break in the blowjob as mother and daughter engaged in a stolen French-kiss.

Veronica broke the kiss and without warning took Owen's cock into her mouth and thrust her mouth onto it as deeply as it would go. Once his cock hit the back of her throat she pulled back before her gag reflex kicked in. On her mouth's second bob she sucked hard while she descended her lips on her Master's cock; this caused a groan to come from Owen. She kept this fast paced cock-sucking up for a minute or two, and it was the frustrated, begging look in her mother's eye which made Veronica relinquish the cock she was sucking.

When Karen had her Master's cock in her mouth once more, she was filled with more than a mouthful of cock, she was filled with contentment. Karen slowly made love to Owen's cock with her mouth and endeavoured to show her Master how deeply she had grown to love him in so short a time. Karen closed her eyes as she licked down the shaft of his cock, opening her eyes to look up into the face of the man who owned her and found him smiling a loving smile down at her. Karen continued to suck Owen's cock at a lovingly, leisurely pace with her eyes closed, until she felt a hand on her head. She looked up at Owen with a puzzled look on her face, yet he only smiled lovingly at her.

"That's enough, Bella, I have made my choice," Owen said in a loving tone of voice, with a satisfied smile on his face.

Karen and Veronica sat back and both women looked up at Owen, hopeful he would say her name, recognizing her effort and desire to please him.

"I love and appreciate how you both worked together to please me and remembered to share. I am very pleased, especially with you, Dee-Dee. I know that it was not natural for you to share, yet you did so. I just wanted to tell you that I noticed that," Owen said glancing first at Karen and then at Veronica as he spoke. "I have decided that Bella will go first, I could tell that she desired to please me the most. But don't worry, you will get your turn, Dee-Dee," Owen said with a wink to Veronica who sat there, feeling put off and slightly dejected, she didn't like to lose or be second-best at anything.

"Thank you, Master!" Karen said with a squeal of delight and spun on the spot and instinctively got on her hands and knees and waited for her Master to mount her and take her.

Somehow in the swift motion Karen had managed to hike up her skirt to her waist. Owen positioned himself behind Karen and shifted his cock near Karen's pussy and out of eagerness and instinct, Karen reached between her legs and grasped Owen's cock and positioned it at the entrance of her most womanly of places. Karen groaned out of sheer excitement and lust as she felt his fat cock-head kiss her nether-lips.

"Don't worry, Bella, I won't make you beg. I know how long you've waited and how badly you need me," Owen said as he started to slowly thrust into Karen.

"Bless you, Master!" Karen said in a low groan as her Master's cock began to sheath itself inside his new, eager Slave for the first time.

Both Master and Slave savoured the delicious delights of 'first joining' and paused drink in the momentous moment. Karen looked over at Taryn and at that very moment, without saying a word they both knew what the other was thinking and feeling. Taryn remembered what it was like to have Owen slide into her for the first time, and Karen knew why Taryn so fervently served this man who now owned them both.

Karen gasped when Owen withdrew swiftly until just the head of his cock parted her pussy lips. It wasn't the hard slam back inside her that made Karen squeal out of shock, but rather the fact that Owen used her own hair for leverage as he hammered away at her long-neglected pussy. After the shock dissipated Karen found that the savage pace to the fuck, along with the tugging of her hair brought out the submissive in her even more. Karen felt ever so feminine at that moment as it was clear to her any and all those in the room just who and what she was, she was a Slave of the man who fucked her like he owned her . . . because he did!

Karen growled and groaned at that thought as she almost went blind with lust and began to thrust madly back against Owen's thrusts. Owen knew that it would not take long for Karen to cum and he wanted to cum with her so he increased the pace of his fucking even more. Owen growled and Karen moaned as the first of Owen's cum hit the insides of Karen's pussy. Karen's eyes shot wide open as her orgasm hit her and she quaked and shook with the knowledge that she had successfully been a vessel for her Master's pleasure. Owen

held his cock wedged deep within Karen as his cum poured out of his cock and into deeply inside Karen's pussy.

When their respective orgasms were finished they lay together with Owen still imbedded within Karen as the pair breathed deeply to recover from the intense fuck. Much too soon for Karen's tastes did Owen climb off of her and slide his softening cock from her pussy. Karen whimpered as she looked back at Owen with a mournful look as he sat back in the chair, still breathing heavy.

"Cat, untie Dee-Dee. Bella, turn over. Red, get me hard again," Owen said after a brief moment of respite.

"Yes, Master," Taryn, Karen and Rosina said in unison and the moment almost brought a tear to Karen's eye, as the sense of belonging and family struck her at that moment.

It didn't take long for all three women to do what they were told and all three waited for Owen's next command, Veronica especially. Everyone knew or suspected what was going to happen next and even Veronica couldn't deny that she was looking forward to her first fuck from a man in years. Taryn however kept on sucking on Owen's cock as he spoke.

"Dee-Dee, kneel between Bella's legs," Owen said with a confident tone of voice.

"Yes, Master!" Veronica said with a squeal of delight and in a second she was on her knees with her face less than a foot from her mother's wet and leaking pussy.

"Dee-Dee, what do you see?" Owen asked calmly.

"Pussy, Master" Veronica responded quickly.

"Who's pussy?" Owen asked calmly.

"M . . . Bella's pussy, Master," Veronica corrected herself quickly.

"What is Bella? Or rather who does Bella belong to?" Owen asked curiously.

"She is a Slave, Master. She is your Slave, Master," Veronica said, her eyes never wavering from staring at the pussy she had desired for so long and ate out on a number of occasions in the past few months.

"As long as we have that straight, you may eat your Master's cum out of MY Slave, Bella, as I fuck you!" Owen said with a cocky grin on his face,

Veronica lunged forward and stuck her tongue deep into her mother's pussy and began to give it the most eager tongue-lashing

she had ever done. Owen shifted forward in his chair and Taryn regretfully let his cock slip from her mouth and she took her place on the couch. In a flash he was kneeling behind Veronica who was oblivious to where he was until he placed his hand on the small of her back.

"Beg me!" Owen said in a commanding tone of voice as he waited with his cock hanging between Veronica's legs.

"Please fuck me, Master! I need your cock in me!" Veronica said in a needy whine as she shifted and lunged back at Owen.

"What are you?" Owen asked in a cocky manner.

"I am a Slave, Master. I am your Slave, Master. Now please fuck me! Show me your power! Demonstrate why you are my Master and CLAIM ME!" Veronica begged as she glanced over her shoulder at Owen.

Way wrong answer! Owen slammed into Veronica with such intensity that he shoved her face into Karen's pussy. Owen reached underneath Veronica and grasped a handful of breast in each hand and proceeded to hammer away at his newest and most reluctant Slave with animal intensity. For her part, Veronica was on fire for the man who savagely fucked her and at that very moment she had no doubts who her Master was. Surprisingly she was not troubled by that fact. Veronica fought to keep her senses enough to continue to eat her mother's pussy, like she had been ordered to, but with the

sensations of pleasure rocketing through her body at that moment it was tough! Veronica lost control of her body as her orgasm ripped through her body. Veronica quaked, moaned, squealed, shook and flooded Owen's cock with her juices as her powerful orgasm ripped through her. Veronica had to pause eating Karen's pussy as she surrendered to the sweet bliss that her Master had given her.

Because he had already cum this evening, Owen was able to restrain himself from cuming with Veronica. When Owen pulled out of her still twitching pussy, Veronica thought that her first fuck from her Master was over, but she was wrong. Veronica expected for Owen to sit back and not grasp her butt-cheeks and pull them apart like he did. Veronica had just managed to look back at Owen as he started to sink his cock into her ass. Her own orgasm had slicked up his cock well enough that it slid in with little difficulty but still it hurt like hell.

"Do you know why I am fucking your ass, Dee-Dee?" Owen asked in a snarling tone of voice as he hovered over Veronica with his cock fully embedded in her ass.

"OW! OW! OW! No, Master!" Veronica cried in pain as her asshole stretched to accommodate the massive invader.

"Because I can! I am your Master, so every part of you belongs to me, is that clear?" Owen said with a commanding voice which was tainted with a touch of evil.

"Yes, Master, I understand! I am yours, all of me to do with as you please. Ow! Ow! Ow! But you're hurting my ass, Master! Please pull out!" Veronica replied in a whimper as her eyes conveyed the hurt and pain that her ass was in.

"As your Master I could choose to continue to fuck your ass and ignore the pain you're in. Instead, as a good Master, I will respect your limits and pull out of your ass," Owen said as he pulled out of Veronica's ass and her ass sighed a blissful sigh of relief and started to close up, now that the invader had left.

"Thank you, Master," Veronica cried and whimpered in a mixture of pain and relief as Owen scooped Veronica up in his arms and held her tenderly.

"The first rule of being a Proper Master or Mistress is that everything is 'Safe, Sane, and Consensual.' While I am your Master and I can do anything I wish to you, I must still respect your limits. While it is my job to push your limits I must still respect the fact that there are some things that you simply can't stand. Do you understand? I have power and authority over you, but I must use that power wisely, do you understand?" Owen explained in a calm and controlled manner as he hugged Veronica as she whimpered and calmed down while listening to his explanation.

"Yes, Master," Veronica replied as she looked up at him with wet eyes of appreciation.

"Now, clean my cock so I can fuck, Cat!" Owen said and at that Veronica's eyes went wide in shock and fear for she knew that his cock had just been up her ass.

"Relax, get a washcloth. But you will suck me hard, once it is clean." Owen said and Veronica breathed a sigh of relief as she scurried off to retrieve the washcloth. "Red, sixty-nine, Bella! Cat, I wanna try to fuck you, standing up, so get ready!" Owen said with a self-assured grin on his face.

"YES, MASTER!" The three woman squealed in delight in unison.

Taryn leapt from the couch and in a flash was in position over Karen's body and had a mouthful of her long-time friend and recent Fellow-Slave's pussy. Karen groaned in satisfaction before she reached up and started tonguing Taryn's pussy. It seemed appropriate that Karen was sharing her celebration of Collaring with Taryn. For it was her experience with Taryn, those four years ago that started the chain of events which ended up with her being bound to the same man as the woman she was eating out now. Nowhere in either woman's mind did it seem strange anything that was happening in the room or amongst their family.

Veronica dropped to her knees and quickly wiped Owen's cock clean before she wrapped her lips around his cock and started to suck it. Veronica was amazed the difference a few hours could make, she had gone from frustrated Dominant to Slave or rather 'Switch' and she didn't care. She loved her Master, Owen and wished to show him

how much she appreciated him in how she sucked his cock. Owen looked down at Veronica and smiled his approval of her blowjob and she was happy to be given his approval, she needed to know that she pleased him.

* * *

After the sex was over that evening the five people walked the weary, yet satisfied walk of well-fucked people towards their bedrooms. Rosina stopped Karen and Veronica before they entered their bedrooms, making sure to have a quiet word with them. She waited until after Owen and Taryn had entered their bedroom before she spoke up.

"Bella, Dee-Dee," Rosina said as she neared the back of the basement suite.

"Yes, Cat," Karen said as she and Veronica turned and gave their attention to Rosina.

"Set your alarm for five-thirty and come wake me, there is a tradition to see to," Rosina said with confidence.

"Five-thirty? Why?" Veronica balked.

"What tradition?" Karen asked curiously.

"I will explain everything tomorrow morning, just come wake me and make sure you don't wake Master or Mistress Red when you do," Rosina explained and looked back and forth between Karen and Veronica as she did.

"Okay," Karen agreed.

"Sure," Veronica grumbled but nodded her head agreeably.

Chapter Ten: Sunday Morning After

The next morning as Rosina slipped out of sleep and into consciousness, the first thing she saw was Karen's face filling her vision. The older woman was peering into Rosina's face as she gently shook Rosina by the shoulder. Karen glanced over Rosina's shoulder at Owen and Taryn to ensure they were still sleeping, which they were. Karen smiled when she glanced back at Rosina to find the young woman now awake. Rosina looked at the clock to see it turn from five-thirty to five-thirty-one and smiled at Karen as she pulled the covers back and slipped out of bed. The only item which Rosina grabbed was her collar, which she had placed on her nightstand beside the bed. Not a word was said as Karen and Rosina slipped out of the small bedroom and into the hallway. Once in the hallway they were joined by a sleepy Veronica who was walking down the hallway, rubbing her eyes and trying to wake up.

"Let me get your, bathrobe, dear," Karen said after glancing down to Rosina's nude body in an obvious manner while the woman in question fastened her collar.

"No, I'm not allowed clothes for a week, remember?" Rosina said calmly and confidently has she put her hand on Karen's to stop her from opening the bedroom door. "Come, let's go to the kitchen," Rosina said as she turned and walked into the dining room and on into the kitchen.

Karen and Veronica looked at each other, and shrugged their shoulders for they were wearing their pyjamas and bathrobes. It seemed odd to see a nude woman beginning to brew coffee, but that is what Rosina was doing when Karen and Veronica entered they kitchen. It was Veronica who decided to speak up and voice what to her was the obvious suggestion to a nude woman on a cold morning.

"Look, Cat, put some clothes on, O . . . Master is still asleep and when he does wake up you can dash around the corner and strip. He'll never know the difference," Veronica said as she approached Rosina.

"No," Rosina said firmly and definitely as she turned and looked Veronica in the eye.

"It's chilly down here in the mornings, at least take my bathrobe," Veronica said as she removed her bathrobe and stood in the kitchen wearing only her pyjamas holding her bathrobe out for Rosina to take.

"You don't get it," Rosina said as she pushed the button to start the coffee maker brewing. Rosina stepped closer to Veronica and looked directly into her eyes with all sincerity and conviction as she spoke again. "Master's order was clear; I am not allowed to wear any clothes at any time down here! It doesn't matter if he is there to see or not, his orders still stand. If I only do what he says when he can see me then I am disrespecting him and cheating his authority. I am his Slave full-time, not just a part time Slave, or 'Submissive'. I show him my loyalty, devotion, respect, and love by following his orders and acting in a way that would make him proud of me when he is with me or not. I know that his order was to teach me and remind me that I had disgraced him by what I did to you. That is why he wants this to be a reminder for me for the next week not to do something like this again. Do you understand?" she said as she looked back and forth between Veronica and Karen, looking to see if each woman understood.

"Yeah, I do understand," Veronica said with a serious look in her eye as she nodded her agreement.

"Perfectly," Karen said with a warm smile as she nodded her head.

"Good, now were are your collars?" Rosina said as she glanced at the bare necks of Karen and Veronica.

"Well . . ." both Karen and Veronica stammered for an excuse as they pointed in the direction of their bedrooms.

"It is an honour and privilege to wear Master's collar. When in private, meaning downstairs here, you are expected to wear it at ALL times, though you may take it off when sleeping. Now go put them on before you disgrace yourselves and your Master further!" Rosina said sternly, and at that Karen and Veronica nodded.

Karen and Veronica returned to their rooms while Rosina started to prepare breakfast for the three of them. When Karen returned to the kitchen she was not only wearing her collar she was also wearing another one of the dresses she had bought the previous day, this one a pale yellow dress. Veronica returned wearing her collar, yet still wearing her pyjamas.

"Very good Bella! You remembered Master's order to wear our dresses at all times around the house, even though Master hasn't explained the Ground Rules to you, yet!" Rosina said in a chipper and pleased tone of voice after she had looked Karen over with a very pleased expression.

Veronica looked at her mother and her expression turned from one of appreciation to one of frustration and borderline jealousy. She scowled for a moment before her face lit up and she dashed into her room and began rummaging around, with the door still open. Karen and Rosina glanced at what Veronica was doing, curious about they young woman's activities when Veronica held up a navy blue scrap of material in victory. Karen and Rosina looked at each other and made an understanding and agreeable noise as they returned to making breakfast and understood what Veronica was up to.

Veronica had not given Rosina back her dress, the one she borrowed for the Friday-night-out celebration. By the time breakfast was cooking, Veronica returned wearing the navy-blue dress, looking pleased with herself.

"Very good, Dee-Dee; you look great! You might as well keep that one," Rosina said in an approving and encouraging manner.

"Thanks, but what 'tradition' are we to see to this morning? What are we doing up at five-thirty?" Veronica asked in an exasperated tone of voice as she gave Rosina a queer look.

"You two will make Master breakfast in bed, it's tradition," Rosina said proudly as she stirred the hashbrowns.

"On a Sunday? We have to do this every Sunday?" Veronica asked with a perplexed and slightly horrified expression.

"No! This is the first morning after you have been Collared! You two will cook and serve Master breakfast in bed at exactly six-thirty, to show him your appreciation for taking you on as his Slave," Rosina said with a confident tone of voice as she glanced at Karen and Veronica to gauge their reaction to this news.

"Oh," Veronica said, not sure what to say.

"I see. How lovely!" Karen said with a pleased smile on her face.

"If Mom and I are to make him breakfast, what are you doing cooking?" Veronica asked in a slightly challenging tone, with a queer expression as she pointed at the pan of breakfast that Rosina was cooking.

"First, you are never to refer to each other in any other way than your 'Slave-Names,' you are Fellow-Slaves now and must not think of each other as anything but Slaves of the same Master. Second, this is our breakfast. We eat first so we aren't tempted to eat from Master's plate. As well, it gives us a chance to talk about how you feel about everything that has happened," Rosina said as she continued to tend to breakfast.

"So even in public she's 'Bella' and I'm Dee-Dee'?" Veronica asked with a raised eyebrow.

"No, around Outsiders we behave like a 'normal' family. Occasionally Master or Mistress Red will use our Slave-Names in public to signify that they are giving us an order, and in public we may never refer to them as 'Master' or 'Mistress Red,' it is always 'Moe' for Master and 'Red' for Mistress Red. Typically we use our real names though, but trust me when I say that after a while that feels weird. It always creeps me and Mistress Red out to hear Master call Mistress Red 'Mom.' It's just plain WRONG!" Rosina explained in a sage manner, yet the last sentence she said in a horrified manner.

"I get it," Karen said, nodding her head as to what seemed sensible to her.

"Breakfast is almost ready, Dee-Dee, set the table," Rosina said over her shoulder to Veronica.

Veronica then fetched three place settings and set them out as she normally would. Rosina looked out at the table and grunted in frustration as she walked out to correct Veronica. With a calm expression and demeanour Rosina explained where everyone's new places to sit were. Owen sat at the head of the table, Taryn on his right and Karen on her right. Rosina sat on Owen's left and Veronica sat on her left. Once the place settings were corrected Breakfast was served and they all sat down to have breakfast, this time ensuring that the pocket doors to both the kitchen and hallway were closed, so that they could talk and not wake up Owen and Taryn.

"So tell me, you two, how do you feel about becoming Slaves to Master this morning?" Rosina asked with a curious and concerned manner as she looked back and forth between Karen and Rosina.

"To be honest I am a whole mix of emotions. I feel: happy, content, confused, and apprehensive. I'm not sure if I have done the right thing but I don't want to walk away from all this, I'm just a little scared," Karen replied with a worried look on her face as she sighed a heavy sigh.

"Yeah, me too! I only did this to become a better Mistress but I am all mixed up. A part of me likes the serving and submission. I even liked it when I was tied up and lead around by the leash! I know that as a Dominant I should hate all this . . . but I don't! On one hand I want to get this all over with so I can get on with being a Mistress, as I know that is what I should be, but part of me wants to serve him. It is so very confusing and scary to want to be a Mistress AND a Slave at the same time. It all seems so WRONG, like I'm being pulled to two ends of the same spectrum at the same time! How can that take place in the same person without tearing me apart?" Veronica said in a worried and scared tone and became increasingly upset, the more she spoke.

By the end of her speech she had tears in her eyes and a terrified look on her face. Rosina put her arm around Veronica and pulled the woman to her in a comforting embrace. Veronica sobbed lightly on Rosina's shoulder as she tried to get a hold of herself. Karen rushed around the table and embraced both Rosina and Veronica at the same time. The three women held each other and basked in the warmth of companionship and togetherness that they felt at that moment. It didn't take long for Veronica to feel comforted and happy once more.

"It's strange . . . I feel closer to both of you this morning," Veronica said as she had one arm around Rosina and one arm around Karen, as she clutched both women for support.

"You are. We are now Fellow-Slaves, that means that not only are we bound to the same Master but bound to each other as well. Through our service and Slavery to him we all are bound tighter together. It

is as if we are all married, as one large family. Sure, you may have already equated that being a Slave to Master is the same as being married to him in the 'Vanilla' world, but we are also 'Married' to each other. For how can we be bound to Master and serve him without being bound to and be responsible to take care of each other?" Rosina explained in a calm and loving manner as she looked at Karen and Veronica.

"I don't know why, but everything you've said so far this morning has made sense. It fills me with a strange sense of 'normalcy,' which is at the same time comforting and disconcerting!" Karen said with an uncomfortable expression.

"What you are both going through is normal. We all go though it as we leave behind the preconceived notions of what society expects of us as we begin our service to Master. In time you will leave behind the trappings of your previous life as you learn to trust in Master and serve him without question. It is through our service to him that we gain satisfaction, contentment, the sense of belonging and familial bond that we now share," Rosina said as she squeezed Karen and Veronica.

"So it gets easier? It will all make sense somehow, sometime soon?" Veronica asked with a scared and hopeful expression.

"Absolutely! In case you haven't guessed it, my addition to the 'tradition' is to have this chat with new Slaves to see how they are doing and to let them know that I am here for them; to answer

questions as well as for emotional support," Rosina said with a positive and proud tone of voice.

"How many others have there been?" Veronica asked with a raised eyebrow and queer tone of voice.

"Well, there has only ever been 'Dad' after me. But Mistress Red and I had the same moment that you and I are having. We had breakfast together and talked about my becoming a Slave to Master and what it all meant. It was a special time that we shared so I wanted to carry it on," Rosina said with a pleased and reminiscent manner before her whole demeanour turned cold before she continued. "With Dad he forgot to remember that our service and Slavery to Master is voluntary. He became unhappy with everything and kept that to himself. It ate away at him until it drove him mad. That is something you must both remember! You must be honest with all of us about what you are feeling and going through. There are no secrets amongst any of us! If you are ever truly unhappy and want out, Master will release you! You are not trapped! We continue to serve and be Slaves to Master because we CHOOSE to, not because we are FORCED to. Do you understand?" Rosina asked as she once again looked back and forth between Karen and Veronica.

"That is comforting," Karen said with a relieved tone of voice and a satisfied smile.

"That does make me feel better," Veronica said calmly, with a comforted expression.

"We'd better finish eating, or we'll run out of time!" Karen said as she glanced at the clock on the wall.

There was a flurry of activity as Rosina dictated to Karen and Veronica exactly what the special breakfast was to consist of. Every last detail of the now traditional breakfast was recreated, down to the flower and morning paper. Veronica even ran out to the street to fetch the paper from a nearby newspaper dispenser. It wasn't until she was back inside the Spa that she realized that she had dashed out in her dress and Slave-Collar! Veronica was shocked at not only going out in public with the collar on but how accustomed to it she had already had become.

At exactly six-twenty-eight Karen and Veronica picked up a tray of breakfast each. Karen carried the larger tray with paper and flower on it for Owen, and Veronica carried the smaller tray with simply breakfast on it for Taryn. Rosina had explained that it was the proper way to show respect to both Owen and Taryn for their appropriate stations. Rosina opened the door to Owen, Taryn, and Rosina's bedroom and let Karen and Rosina enter the room first. Karen and Veronica stood at the foot of the bed, with Karen standing closer to Rosina's now vacant side and Veronica standing closer to Taryn's side.

Owen was sleeping on his back and situated in the middle of the bed. Taryn was sleeping on Owen's right side and she was on her left side and cuddled up to Owen. She was sleeping with her body draped over half of his sleeping form and her head resting on the pillow next

to him. They looked like any other pair of lovers or married couple, if you didn't count their age difference or the fact that they were indeed mother and son.

Rosina walked over to Taryn's sleeping form and leaned over and began to kiss the woman on the neck while she ran her fingers up and down the side of her mother's torso. Almost immediately this got a reaction out of the sleeping woman as Taryn began to squirm and moan her approval in her sleep. By the time Rosina began to lightly nibble on her mother's ear Taryn was awake and had turned on her back and smiled up at her daughter. Taryn wrapped her arms around Rosina's neck and pulled the young woman down for an early morning kiss. This kiss was indeed the soft and romantic kiss of intimate lovers, not the platonic kiss of mother and daughter. The flowing kiss of dancing tongues lasted for only a minute, if that, but to Karen and Veronica was a beautifully erotic thing to see.

"Good morning, Cat. What was that for?" Taryn asked with a satisfied smile on her face as she gazed lovingly into the eyes of her lover, Fellow-Slave, and daughter.

"The tradition," Rosina said as she glanced at Karen and Veronica in an obvious manner.

"Very good! You remembered! I was curious if you would," Taryn said as she looked at Karen, Veronica, and then at the clock. "Very good, indeed," Taryn said with an approving smile on her face as she looked at Karen and Veronica and nodded.

Taryn then leaned over to Owen, who was still asleep at this time, and kissed Owen's shoulder. Pulling the covers back as she went, Taryn kissed her way leisurely down Owen's chest, pausing at his nipples and belly-button on her way to his groin. Once at her Master's groin she took his cock into her mouth and moaned in satisfaction as she deep-throated his cock once again.

Taryn herself would be the first to admit that she is obsessed with Owen and his cock in particular. Her favourite way to wake him up in the morning was with a "Good morning blowjob". Owen himself would be hard-pressed to find a better way to wake up than having his cock sucked from one of his Slaves. All four women in the room understood Taryn's obsession for they knew the pleasures that cock could bring a woman, for they had each had been pleasured by it. Nor did it seem strange, creepy or disgusting for a mother to fuck, suck or be a Slave to her son, for in this household, incest and Submission were completely normal.

Owen started to stir and shift in bed as the pleasures of the experienced cock-sucker drew him out of sleep and into the land of the living. With a satisfied smirk on his sleepy face, Owen looked around the room for the first time and smiled at each woman around him. With a pat on Taryn's head he signalled his mother to stop sucking his cock and reluctantly she did so.

"Good morning, everyone," Owen said as he and Taryn sat up in the bed, pulling the covers up with them.

"Good morning, Master," all four woman said in unison with loving smiles on their faces.

"What's this?" Owen said with a hint of a knowing tone to his voice.

"We wanted to thank you for Collaring us, Master," Karen said with a loving smile on her face as she looked Owen in the eyes.

"Breakfast in bed, I could get used to this!" Owen said with a pleased tone of voice and a charming smile as he motioned for Karen and Veronica to come closer.

"It could be arranged, Master," Taryn said as Karen and Veronica sat down on either side of the bed.

Karen sat down on Owen's side and Veronica sat down on Taryn's side, resting the tray across the lap of the one they were going to serve.

"No, I prefer to have the whole family eat together," Owen said as Karen scooped up a forkful of breakfast for Owen.

"As do I," Taryn replied with a smile as Veronica served Taryn her first forkful of breakfast.

What followed was a simple and pure act of servitude, Karen and Veronica served Owen and Taryn breakfast. Veronica was mildly troubled at how much she liked taking care of another's needs and serving them. Karen found it calming, to put her needs and desires aside and simply focus on the needs of her Master and tend to his simplest of needs. After a watching the breakfast for a brief moment, Rosina left the room and busied herself with cleaning up the kitchen and washing up the breakfast dishes. Karen and Veronica finished feeding Owen and Taryn breakfast and enjoyed the intimate moment of servitude, unhindered by an audience.

"Put those over there," Owen said to Karen with a naughty smile on his face as he nodded in the direction of a nearby dresser.

"You too," Taryn said to Veronica as she pointed at another nearby dresser.

"Get over here, Bella, and make sure you're out of that dress when you do!" Owen said to Karen in a commanding tone with a warm smile on his face.

"Yes, Master!" Karen replied in a husky growl as she hurriedly shoved the breakfast dishes on the dresser in question.

In record time, Karen had her dress off and was standing beside Owen completely nude and very horny. Owen smiled a cocky smile

and beckoned Karen to him with a wordless nod of the head. When Karen was near enough, Owen reached up and grasped Karen's head, roughly pulled her to him and kissed her hard on the lips. Karen leaned over and squatted down to bring her head in the desired position to kiss Owen. Owen reached down with his left hand and put his hand on Karen's outside hip. With a gentle, yet firm push Karen was kneeling overtop of Owen, still kissing him passionately.

Taryn took a more direct approach as she reached up and grasped Veronica's collar by the D-ring attached to it and pulled the woman towards her into a kiss. Taryn kissed Veronica for a brief moment and both women energetically got into the kiss. Without warning Taryn broke the kiss by pulling down on Veronica's collar.

"You may prove your loyalty by eating my pussy!" Taryn said as she continued to pull Veronica's collar in the direction of her pussy.

"Mistress Red, you don't know how long I've wanted to do just that!" Veronica replied with a husky growl as she sped up the pace of her decent between Taryn's legs.

Owen grasped Karen by the breasts and pulled them up to his lips, once again she did not fight but positioned herself as her Master wished. Owen wrapped his lips around one of Karen's nipples and sucked hard, causing his Slave to shudder in pleasure. While Owen let that nipple slip out of his mouth as he kissed his way down and

to the outside of Karen's breast, deciding to take an unhurried oral tour of Karen's bosom.

Taryn was in heaven and her pussy got very wet and couldn't believe she was finally going to get her lips on Taryn's pussy. She had wanted to have some fun with Rosina sure, but Taryn was the one who had really stirred up her lust. Veronica shuddered in pleasure and pure lust as Taryn's pussy filled her vision. Veronica knew that she knew how to eat pussy, and intended to make Taryn cum so often and so hard that not only would she go blind but she would be addicted to Veronica's tongue. The shudder and moan from Taryn as Veronica thrust her tongue right into Taryn's pussy let the young woman know she was off to a good start.

As Owen suckled on Karen's breast, Karen had shimmied right up against Owen so her torso was in constant contact with Owen's body. In a teasing manner, and subtle hint that she wanted to fuck, Karen rotated her hips so her pussy-slit grazed over and slicked up the head of Owen's cock. On one pass she even let his cock pause in the entrance of her pussy, as she thought about descending on his cock. Owen thought about grasping Karen by the shoulders and pushing down, thus impaling her on his thick cock. Owen knew better, he knew that Karen needed to be taught a lesson. Karen needed to be disciplined (gently) about trying to manipulate him into doing what she wanted instead of remaining focussed on his needs. Owen released his lip-lock on Karen's right nipple and leaned over to the nightstand, opened the drawer and pulled out a leash. In quick order Owen clipped the leash onto Karen's collar and pulled it hard, jerking her head towards him until her face was an inch from his.

Karen stared into his eyes with a look of fear which bordered on terror in her eyes.

"I think you need a morning pick-me-up," Owen said as he pulled down on Karen's leash directing her down till she was eye-level with his cock.

"Yes, Master," Karen said with a slightly fearful look in her eye as she looked from Owen's eyes to the head of his cock.

Karen reached out with her tongue and licked the slick head of Owen's cock. She closed her eyes as she closed her lips around that same cock-head. With a slow and steady motion she descended her lips down the shaft as far as she could go before lifting her lips up until she was kissing the fat head of the man she loved and feared at that very moment. Grasping the base of the shaft to stabilize and control the movement of the cock, she started to intensify her bobbing action on her Master's cock.

Taryn slammed her fists into the mattress of the bed as she thrust her pelvis up, grinding her pussy against Veronica's face while she made a guttural cry that sounded akin to Cat's famous fucking noises. Taryn was beside herself with tormented pleasure as the young woman and new Slave ate her pussy with a talent unlike Taryn had ever known or experienced. Veronica knew that she was having an effect on the older woman and flicked her tongue across Taryn's clitoris. With one last hard suck on the clitoris itself Taryn arched her back and screamed as her orgasm hit her with such intensity that she

thrashed about like she was having a seizure. At the end of it Taryn's sweat-soaked body slumped unconscious onto the bed and Veronica lapped up the fruits of her labour between the legs of the woman she had desired for months now.

Owen and Karen paused to watch the intense orgasmic thrashings of Taryn, once it was over Karen redoubled her efforts to bring her Master as much pleasure. Karen was successful in stirring up intense feelings within Owen as it wasn't long before he grasped Karen's head and directed the pace of her blowjob that had now turned into a skull-fuck. Owen lodged his cock into the back of Karen's mouth as he came with feral intensity. Karen did the only thing she could do and swallowed repeatedly the cum that was shot down her throat, without her consent. With a satisfied sigh, Owen slumped back, letting go of Karen's head as he relaxed completely satisfied.

"Bella, Dee-Dee, breakfast was delicious, clean yourselves up and tend to the dishes," Owen said without moving from his place on the bed.

Karen was not sure what to make of this morning, she was happy to serve Owen breakfast and take care of his needs, yet she was left with a throbbing pussy. Veronica also felt unsatisfied as the mother and daughter left the room, having brought an orgasm to someone else yet denied the same release themselves. Karen and Veronica picked up their dresses in one hand and the tray of dishes that they had brought in and proceeded to exit the bedroom.

"Do not play with yourselves, you are not to cum unless I give you permission, understood?" Owen called out before the women had crossed the threshold.

"Yes, Master," Karen and Veronica replied respectfully before they exited the room and proceeded into the kitchen to do as they had been instructed.

A little more than half an hour later, the whole family was sitting around the dining room table enjoying a morning coffee. Everyone was seated in their respective seats and other than Rosina, everyone was fully clothed. Karen and Veronica looked a little ill-at-ease, but covered it, well enough.

"We are now going to explain to you, what is expected of you . . . lay out the 'Ground Rules' as it were," Owen said before taking a sip of his coffee. "So for the next while we will be talking somewhat normally about how things WILL change around here," Owen continued after taking his sip of coffee.

"It is important that you understand not only what is expected of you, but why," Taryn said as she leaned in to interject.

"This will be a two-way discussion and we will be talking normally . . . at this point, I WANT you to ask questions," Owen said as he looked at both Karen and Veronica.

"Of any of us," Rosina asked as she glanced at both of the new Slaves.

What followed was a frank discussion about a subject which had become second-nature to both Taryn and Rosina: serving Owen. Owen, Taryn and Rosina explained the various protocols and what was expected and when. Karen and Veronica had a number of questions about what to do and details of this or that or even why things were done in the way they were. The discussion took the morning and in the afternoon there were some practical demonstrations and teaching sessions on how to carry out various procedures: how to kneel, what they were to do when given a certain order.

As well, everyone went upstairs to the "trimming room" of the Spa for the pubic hair trimming. Taryn and Rosina had been trimming their pubic hair in the shape of an "O" for the past four years so they had become quite good at it. Karen shuddered and quaked as her pussy was trimmed, she was hoping that Taryn would "finish her off" as it were and do something to push her over the edge so she could finally cum. Alas, all Taryn did was trim up Karen's pubic hair into the appropriate "O" shape and ushered her off the table. Veronica's pubic hair was also trimmed up into the appropriate shape by Taryn, and the older woman paid special attention to trimming the young woman's pussy. Taryn was tempted to taste Veronica for the first time, but simply enjoyed the sent of a heated pussy, spread before her.

What was also discussed that day was sleeping arrangements and Owen decided to leave things the way they were for now and talk

about it in a week or two. Owen would visit each woman in their room on the night he was to spend with them. Owen said it was to allow the family to adjust to the new way of things a bit at a time. He assured Karen and Veronica that he would go easy on them for the next while if they made a mistake or forgot something. The truth was that Owen wanted to see if Karen and Veronica truly wanted to be his Slaves and it wasn't just a phase or experiment on their part. Veronica was the one whom Owen wasn't convinced about, and was sure that within a week she wouldn't want to be his Slave anymore. He didn't want to re-arrange things and then have to change it all back to accommodate her.

That night, Owen decided to spend the evening with Karen and she was most relieved, as she had been on edge most of the day and needed release. As had been previously discussed, Owen came to Karen's room at bedtime and she was ecstatic to have a man in HER bed for the first time since her divorce! Owen walked into the room and with a bright smile on her face Karen wrapped her arms around her Master and kissed him on the lips. Owen put the small bag he was carrying down beside the now closed bedroom door once the kiss was over.

"I'm happy to have you here, Master!" Karen said with her face all aglow as she held Owen tenderly in the afterglow of a romantic and loving kiss.

"And, I'm happy to spend the night with you, Bella," Owen said with a warm smile as he gently pushed Karen back until the back of her

legs touched the bed. "Kneel on the bed," he said confidently as he pointed to the center of the large bed.

"Yes, Master," Karen said as she began to climb onto the bed.

"Nude," Owen added as soon as Karen's last foot left the ground.

"Yes, Master," Karen added with a naughty giggle as she started to peel off her dress while moving towards the center of the bed, as she had been ordered. It wasn't until she was kneeling down in the appropriate position that Owen spoke again.

"Yesterday, you saw an example of how Bondage could be misused, courtesy of Cat. Tonight I thought I would show you how erotic Bondage could be," Owen said with a cocky grin on his face as he picked up the bag that he had brought with him and placed it on the corner of the bed.

"Erotic Bondage, Master?" Karen asked with a slightly confused look on her face as she saw Owen removed a length of smooth rope from the bag.

"Yes, with your ability to react to what I do to you taken away, it can heighten the anticipation and eventual pleasure for you. . . . Do you trust me?" Owen said as he started to walk around the side of the bed.

"I do, Master," Karen replied confidently, with the hint of offence at being thought of that she didn't trust her Master.

"Good, put your arms behind your back and grasp your forearms," Owen said as he kneeled on the bed behind Karen.

Karen did just that and Owen tied her arms together swiftly and efficiently, making sure to balance the tightness. Too lose and Karen could slip out of it and too tight that it would cut off circulation. Next Owen took a second length of rope and tied her ankles together securely but did it in a way that spaced her ankles about six inches apart. With a final length of rope he tied her arms and ankles together, ensuring that she could squirm but could only remain kneeling straight up. As Owen moved out from behind Karen he told her to try to get out of her bonds, yet squirm as she might, she was unable to do so.

"Now remember, if it gets too intense just say 'Yellow' to slow things down and 'Red' to end this and I will untie you immediately. Is that understood?" Owen explained to Karen as he looked at the incredibly erotic sight of a tied-up who was at his mercy.

"Yes, Master, I understand," Karen replied respectfully as she stopped straining against her bonds.

"There is no disgrace or anything wrong in using a 'Safe-word' if you really can't handle it and need out. I won't punish you for wanting out, understood?" Owen said while gauging Karen's reaction.

"Yes, Master," Karen replied with a loving smile as she felt genuinely cared for by her Master.

"Since you are now restrained, you can't do a thing to stop me, or direct me to do what you want. You are at my mercy for me to do what I want," Owen said with a naughty tone of voice as he leaned in and kissed Karen's neck.

Karen shuddered as pleasure rocketed through her from the extended kiss to one of her erogenous zones. Karen's natural reaction was to grasp Owen's head to press his lips harder into her neck and ensure he wasn't going anywhere. The tug of her bonds and the inability to move her arms anywhere both frustrated and excited her. This was Karen's first taste of the erotic side of bondage and she shuddered and forced herself to relax as Owen began to kiss his way away from her shoulder and towards her left breast. A moan and shudder escaped Karen as Owen crossed the line and his lips contacted her breast for the first time.

Slowly, Owen meandered as he kissed and licked here and there, making sure to keep Karen guessing what and where he was going to kiss. When he slipped a hand down and began playing with Karen's pussy, Karen's moans and groans increased intensely as Owen licked at her breast as he began thrusting a finger into her pussy. The combination of Owen's oral assault on her breasts, his thrusting finger into her pussy and her need for release and her inability to do anything about it quickly pushed her over the edge. Karen shook and shuddered while her long awaited orgasm finally

hit her and she thrashed about and futilely strained against her bonds.

When her orgasm subsided, she thought she would have a moment to rest and recover, but that was not to be. As she sat there, breathing heavy and catching her breath, Owen moved behind her and with a shove, pushed Karen onto her stomach. Lifting her hips up she found that she was now still tied up but in a wedge position. Her weight was resting on her knees and her upper body and face while her ass and ankles were in the air in a most uncomfortable position. With a quick untie Karen's ankles dropped down to the bed and she was at least able to steady herself. Karen's arms were still bound and her ankles were likewise still bound yet these bonds were not tied to each other.

Before she could thank Owen for the slightly more comfortable position, she found herself with a pussy-full of thick cock. Owen grasped onto the rope that was still hanging loosely from her wrist bonds and used that for leverage as he started a quick and hurried fuck of his bound Slave. Karen was on fire for Owen and couldn't believe how incredibly intense the bondage made the experience for her. She wanted to reach back, touch him, caress him, hold him, yet all she could do was lie there and be fucked. She was completely at her Master's mercy and at that moment she wouldn't have it any other way.

The savage fuck continued for a while yet and Owen didn't let up his mad thrusting until he emptied his load into Karen's wet pussy. Karen shot her eyes wide open as she felt the first of Owen's cum hit

her cervix. It was with a shudder that she succumbed to the second assault of orgasmic bliss that evening, happy to cum with her Master.

Owen collapsed on top of Karen and they both breathed heavy as they came down from their respective highs. After he had caught his breath, Owen untied Karen and held her in a soft and intimate manner as she clutched him tight. She was more in love with him than she had ever thought possible, and the experience was far too intense to put into words, yet she would try.

"That was incredible! I've never been that turned on, Master," Karen said as she looked up into Owen's eyes with a look of wonder and adoration.

"I'm glad you liked it," Owen replied with a chuckle as he squeezed Karen and smiled at her with a look of love.

"May I please taste you? Could I please clean your cock for you? Please let me worship you!" Karen said to Owen in a needy and almost desperate tone of voice.

Owen just looked back at Karen and smiled a naughty smile as he nodded in agreement. Karen's face lit up with delight as she knew she had his permission to suck his cock. Seemingly out of nowhere and before she was too far down his body, Owen clipped a leash onto Karen and in response she growled a guttural growl of delight. As Owen held onto Karen's leash she licked her way down his body, her whole focus drawn towards the fat cock, slick with their combined

juices that awaited her loving tongue. Both Owen and Karen knew it would be a long, tiring and rewarding night.

Chapter Eleven: Little Fish In A Big Pond

Monday morning came and the family's week started anew, but strangely enough the routine was not shaken up that much. Owen and Karen slept in a little bit, one of the extra bonus pleasures of having "Her Night" with Owen the previous night. Taryn directed Rosina and Veronica in making of breakfast for the family before she dashed into the bathroom to shower and get ready for the day. When she was out, Taryn took over preparing breakfast as Rosina and Veronica took a quick shower together. This was done out of a need for conserving the hot water rather than anything sexual or erotic. Once Veronica and Rosina were out, it was time to wake Owen and Karen, which Taryn did as Rosina and Veronica served up breakfast.

The family sat down for breakfast together and indeed the lively bather of a happy family reigned as they ate and visited together. Once breakfast was over Owen and Karen had their shower before the family went their separate ways. Veronica had a few job interviews lined up for that Monday and for that she was allowed to take Karen's decrepit nineteen-eighty-four Oldsmobile. Veronica changed into a power-suit that she had bought for this occasion, yet "power suit" and the "beater" did not go together. Veronica had every intention of parking a few blocks away from her interviews and underground, in order to hide the ancient and dilapidated automobile. Rosina went to work at the hospital and her work-week began in the same manner as any other week in the recent past. Karen

and Taryn ran the spa, as per usual but today they decided to wear their dresses (without their Collars) and see how customer's reacted.

Owen took the bus to the law firm, even though Veronica offered to drive him there. Owen insisted that he needed to learn the bus route to the law firm. Owen had a less than stellar day start to the day because he got on the wrong bus and arrived at the law firm over an hour late. Owen was embarrassed but tried not to show it as he walked into the law firm.

It had been quite some time since he had walked into the law firm and the whole place emanated and reminded Owen of his father and it felt like he was walking into his father's tomb. Owen had just given the law firm's reception area a glance when the receptionist spoke up, and he wondered why he hadn't noticed her earlier.

"Hello Sir, welcome to Anderson, Basilone, Jersey, Kim, Schmidt, and Verbeek, how can I help you?" The pretty receptionist said in a chipper and friendly manner as she gave Owen a passing glance with a sparkle in her eye.

While the room was full of rich oak paneling, leather furniture and a massive reception desk, all of which had a cool, dignified, and dull feel to it, the receptionist behind the desk did not. She was a pretty young woman in her early twenties. Her captivating face was framed with her golden blonde hair which nearly reached her waist as it spilled down her back in loose curls. Her thin eyebrows hovered over her large green eyes which were separated by her button nose

that pointed down to her large, puffy-lipped mouth. She was a short and petite little thing standing just over five feet tall and her whole body was scaled down to that size, all that is but her breasts. Her breasts were an oddity and didn't fit with the rest of her tight, trim and small frame, easily a DDD cup. The tight sweater she was wearing that morning did little to hide or downplay her breasts, with the horizontal stripes on it, it accentuated them in fact. Owen couldn't help but stare at them for a brief moment before tearing his gaze away and looking her in the eyes once more.

"I'm Owen Thompson and I'm supposed to start this morning. I'm here to see Tony Basilone," Owen said in an uncomfortable manner that he tried to cover with a charming tone of voice.

"Oh, yes I've been expecting you, I know just what to do with you," the pretty receptionist said in a light and inviting manner as she shook her finger at Owen in a playful manner.

"I bet you do, I could think of few things to do with you, too," Owen replied in a confident and sultry manner as he leaned on the desk and smiled at the receptionist as he took an obvious glance at her breasts.

"I bet you could," the receptionist said with a roll of her eyes and a disapproving tone of voice as she picked up the phone and pushed a button. "Mr. Thompson is here, Ms. Yates," she said respectfully before she hung up the phone. "Ms. Yates will be here shortly," she

said to Owen coolly before turning to begin typing away at a computer, ignoring Owen's presence.

Owen didn't know just what to do as he stood there in the reception area being ignored by the pretty receptionist. He didn't have to wonder or wait long as in a minute or so someone came for him. He could hear the sharp footsteps of her before she entered the reception area. A tall woman wearing a conservative, gray suit entered the reception area and stopped just inside the entrance to the back of the law firm. She stood there and glanced over a file she had in her hands, ignoring everyone in the room.

It was an easy guess that this woman was indeed Ms. Yates, though she had not yet confirmed that fact. She was a tall woman who looked to be in her late twenties and was in very fit and trim shape. Her angles were a little harder than most women, as her muscles were more defined and toned. She was still a pretty woman as her brown hair fell down just past her shoulder-blades and was straight as an arrow. Her thin and arched eyebrows hovered over her large brown eyes which were separated by her button nose which pointed down to her plain lipped mouth and pointy chin. Her fit, trim, toned and muscular body came at the expense of her breasts as they were small and in line with the "Runner's physique" which she had.

"So you're Richard's boy?" Ms. Yates said coolly at long last as she looked up at Owen, giving him a harsh look.

"Yes, I'm here to . . ." Owen said but was cut off quickly by Ms. Yates.

"Your father wasn't late a day in his life? Every single day he was either early or on-time. If he was supposed to be somewhere, he was there, you could rely on that," Ms. Yates said with a cold and authoritative tone of voice as she cut Owen off.

"I'm not my Father," Owen mumbled to himself, yet Ms. Yates heard him it seemed.

"Indeed," Ms. Yates said as she turned on her heels and snapped the file closed. "Come," she said as she started to walk into the back of the law firm, not pausing to see if Owen was following or not.

Owen's ire rose up as he was not used to this treatment, he wanted to lash out and teach Ms. Yates a lesson. As Owen dutifully followed behind her he kept telling himself that he needed this job to start his career and help support his family. As she stopped at the entrance to a small conference room and pointed at the table with the file folder, Owen almost lost his cool. Her whole demeanour exuded one of power and confidence, two qualities Owen was not used to dealing with in women. Owen sat down at the table and began to fill out a series of forms, necessary for starting work at the law firm. On the line for "next of kin," Owen put Taryn down but had to cross out "Slave" and put "Mother" when it asked for "relationship."

Once all the forms were filled out, Owen went to the office he had been told to go to and like a good little boy he knocked on the door of the office. Ms. Yates was in her office working on her computer,

he could see her through the glass yet she did not react to his knocking at all, so Owen knocked again. This time she raised one finger up for a moment and then continued typing, she did not even look away from the computer as she did so.

Owen growled to himself and he clenched and released his fists a few times to try and keep a handle on his temper. Owen's instinctual reaction was to barge in the office and teach her not to ignore him again! Once again, Owen had to remind himself he was the college graduate starting his first job and she was the one he was to report to. In this place, in this world, he was not the Master, he was the Slave.

That thought angered him and he thought of walking out, yet that would be foolish, he had a family to think of. It was time for him to start working and putting into the common pot, he had been living off of others for far too long in his life, first his father, then Taryn and Rosina. Owen was the Master of his family and he had to remind himself that he had to Master his own emotions if he was to function in the "Vanilla" world. Just because he was a Master to four Slaves at home, gave him no right to be bossy or arrogant to everyone he met in his daily life.

When the file was snatched out of his hands, he was brought out of his own thoughts. Ms. Yates glanced over the papers that he had filled out and nodded her approval, yet still it was more like acceptance of his work, rather than actual approval of it. She turned on her heals and started to walk away from him. Owen swallowed his pride once again and followed Ms. Yates down along one wall

and then through a doorway and down a set of stairs to the basement of the old building.

Opening an old, solid, ornate, wooden door they entered what looked to be a library and still she walked on. When they arrived at what looked to be the center of the basement library there was an assortment of tables and on one side of the area was a single computer and next to it was a massive card-catalogue. Ms. Yates stopped and cleared her throat in a loud and obvious manner after she had glanced around the vacant room. Shuffling of feet could be heard down one aisle and soon a man walked out of the shadows and into the light. He looked at Ms. Yates with an expressionless gaze and waited for her to talk.

He was a tall and scrawny looking man who looked to be in his early thirties but felt much older. His long brown hair and goatee was not what you would expect to find on someone working in a law firm, nor was his "Iron Maiden" T-shirt and jeans. His thick eyebrows seemed to dwarf his beady, green eyes but his narrow face did match his thin and stick-figured body. He gave off a dissatisfied and frustrated air, even thought he said and did nothing at that moment.

"Frank, this is Owen, he'll be working with you down here. He's your new assistant," Ms. Yates said as she pointed to Owen with the file she was holding in her hand.

"I don't need an assistant," Frank, the scrawny-looking man said with a light scoff as he shrugged his shoulders.

"He's Richard's boy so Mr. Basilone decided to throw him a bone. He's your problem now," Ms. Yates said as she gave Owen a victorious smirk. She turned on her heels and walked out of the room, using the same sharp footsteps she always did.

"Yes, Ms. Yates," Frank said to the now departing Ms. Yates.

"Is she always like that?" Owen said to Frank after the door to the basement library closed.

"No, she's not usually in such a good mood," Frank said as he walked towards Owen.

"That was good?" Owen said with a sarcastic sigh.

"Yeah, usually she's a right fucking bitch!" Frank said as he arrived to stand in front of Owen. "Who'd you piss off to get stuck down here?" he asked with an expression usually reserved for a condemned man.

"I needed a job and Tony decided to help me out, he did me a favour really," Owen said as he shook Frank's hand and chuckled along with Frank.

"Trust me, he didn't do you any favours!" Frank said with a disgusted tone of voice as he turned and walked away from Owen, looking clearly aggravated.

"I'm just down here unit I can prove that I passed the Barr," Owen said in a slightly defensive tone of voice as he shrugged his shoulders.

"They did the same 'favour' for me over ten years ago!" Frank said as he walked back down one of the aisles.

"You're a Lawyer?" Owen said in shock as before he chased after Frank.

"Class of ninety-five," Frank said as he pulled a book from the shelf and brushed past Owen on his way to the tables at the centre of the room.

"Wow," Owen said in a shocked and depressed tone of voice.

"If I'm stuck here, so are you!" Frank said with a hurt tone of voice and an angry look in his eye as he dropped the book down on the table.

"Speak for yourself. I didn't go to law school just to read books for other lawyers," Owen said with a confident and slightly arrogant tone of voice.

"Well, if you want out, I say find another firm. The guy before me had the job for thirty years," Frank said as he turned around and disappeared into the shadows of another aisle.

Owen felt confused, angered and let down by someone he trusted. Owen had faith in Tony and thought of confronting him about this but decided against it. After all, what would Tony say, "Sure, I'm screwing you over, so what?" Tony had always been a good friend of his father's and had been there for him and his family when he needed them. However, there was what he did to Karen and Veronica, the manner in which he divorced Karen and left her and his own daughter with nothing but the Spa. Tony was a hard man to read, but for the most part, at least to Owen, he seemed like a decent man.

Even if Tony intended to let him rot down here in Research, Owen would not let that happen. If this firm would not let him do real lawyer work, then he would go elsewhere and do it, even strike out on his own if he had to. He had studied long and hard to be a lawyer and that was what he was going to do: for himself, for his family, for his future. In the quest for a career and money, however, Owen would remember yet another lesson he learned from his father: he would balance his work and home lives. He had a family now, albeit an "abnormal" one which most people would not understand or accept, but a family nonetheless. He would use them as a guide and

measure of what the right thing to do was: if it would help or harm his family.

For the rest of the day, Owen learned what he needed to know about the Research Department. Sure enough it was pretty much what he had already thought it would be, looking up lots of books and reading them so somebody else wouldn't have to. Everything he needed to know, Owen learned before the day was out and it was as mind-numbing as he thought it would be.

By the end of the day he was pretty discouraged and was not looking forward to the bus-ride home. When he got to the reception area he got a pleasant surprise that picked up his spirits. Waiting on one of the chairs patiently was a familiar and most welcome sight: Veronica. When she saw Owen coming she smiled lovingly at him as she stood up.

"What are you doing here?" Owen said with a smile and a shake of his head while he smiled at Veronica.

"Picking you up, silly," Veronica said with a laugh as she walked towards Owen with a bright smile on her face.

"Ah, there you are, your 'friend' has been waiting for you for half-an-hour now," the receptionist said in a condescending tone of voice as she smirked at Owen.

"Friend? Try girlfriend!" Veronica said with a disgusted tone of voice as she looked disapprovingly at the receptionist, ending with a scoff.

Veronica walked up to Owen and gave him a passionate kiss as she embraced him tight. When the kiss was over Veronica and Owen started to walk out of the firm with their arms around each other. A voice from behind them stopped them in their tracks.

"Owen, how was your first day?" Tony said as he quickly entered the reception area and dropped a courier package on the reception desk.

"Okay, I seemed to get the hang of Research. I can't wait to start real lawyer work, though," Owen said as he turned to talk to Tony.

"Patience, don't worry about it," Tony said dismissively as he smiled.

"Hi, Daddy," Veronica said with a sweet smile as she walked up to Tony and gave him a hug and kiss.

The receptionist's eyes bugged out of her head as she saw Veronica hug and peck Tony on the cheek and then put her arm around Owen's waist. Veronica saw the receptionist's reaction out of the corner of her eye and smiled as she leaned up and kissed Owen on the cheek as she grinned at her father.

"Is this serious?" Tony asked in the manner of a protective father.

"Could be, just started," Veronica said as she squeezed Owen tightly.

"I'd say it's serious, you live together," Tony said with a straight expression and at that the receptionist's chin dropped.

"Not like THAT daddy, we're roommates!" Veronica said with a roll of her eyes and a laugh.

"Well, take care of my little girl," Tony said with a light and friendly 'intimidating' tone, that he ended with a laugh as he patted Owen on the shoulder. "Goodbye sweetie," Tony said as he kissed Veronica on the cheek before turning to walk into the back of the law firm.

* * *

Harold Moore sat on the exam table in the small doctor's exam room waiting to see his friend and long-time doctor. It was a follow-up to his annual physical which he had last month. Harold was in decent shape but apparently had a cholesterol condition that needed to be monitored, nothing serious but something which merited keeping an eye on.

Harold was not a man whom you would imagine having a medical problem for he was a man with an athletic build. He was not a super athlete but he was trim, despite having a small gut, like most men in their mid-thirties. His neat-and-trim light blonde hair was cut very

short and you could easily see his small ears. Because his hair was so light, his thin blonde eyebrows were hard to see from a distance but they were there over his dark blue eyes. His hawk shaped nose went well with his strong chin and added a strong, confident look to his Arian appearance.

Harold looked around the room and glanced at the clock on the wall and wondered how much longer this would take. Harold wanted to get back to the Christian Book Store which he ran with his pregnant wife, Rebecca. He didn't like the thought of leaving her there alone but this was the only appointment he could get and he should be back to the store by the time it was to close the store.

Rebecca was instructed not to lift anything heavy and just run the shop; he didn't want to risk anything happening to their "miracle child" as he called it. The child that his wife was carrying was their fourth child, but what made it so special was the fact that he had a Vasectomy after their third child had been born. Harold was so excited that he had told everyone in his congregation at church about their gift from God and the miraculous conception.

Harold smiled to himself as his thoughts drifted to his lovely wife and how well things were going between them now. Time and daily life had taken their toll on their relationship and for the past two years it seemed and Rebecca had been acting distant. She was always the devoted wife and partner but it seemed like she was distracted, going through the motions but not really committed to him and to God. That changed a few months back, the pregnancy was what

changed all that. After Rebecca became pregnant she started acting like the wife she always should have been.

Just then the door opened up and the middle-aged doctor walked into the room, looking over Harold's chart as he did so. He closed the door behind him while still glancing at the chart. He was wearing a shirt and tie, covered by a lab coat, the stethoscope which hung around his neck completed the look of the typical doctor.

"Good afternoon, Harold, how you been?" the middle-aged doctor asked as he sat down on the stool which appeared to be in the middle of the room.

"I'm fine John, how about you?" Harold said with a friendly smile to his long-time friend and doctor.

"I have the results of you physical here, and all in all you're in good shape," John, the middle-aged doctor said with a heavy and sombre tone, tainting his voice.

"That's good news," Harold said in a chipper tone as he looked a little concerned by John's dark mood. "What is it?" Harold asked after a prolonged silence.

"There's no easy way to say this, Harold, but . . . your vasectomy is still in tact . . . there's . . . there's little chance that you could father a

child," John said with a heavy sigh, having a hard time telling his old friend what he needed to know.

"That's why it's a miracle child, it happened because of the hand of God," Harold said with conviction and a smile on his face.

"It would take more than just the hand of God, Harold. I'll spare you the medical crap but even if we reversed your Vasectomy, the chances of you getting your wife pregnant is so remote, it's laughable," John said with a dark and sad tone of voice as he looked at Harold with pain in his eyes.

"What?" Harold asked, his heart in his throat, trying hard not to believe what he was being told.

"I'm talking to you as your friend now. I'll spare you all the medical crap, and we won't know for sure until the child is born and we can do a paternity test, but . . . I would be very, very surprised if this child was yours," John said with all seriousness in his eyes as he leaned forward and spoke directly into Harold's eyes.

"You're lying!" Harold snapped his eyes reduced to slits.

"I was best man at your wedding. I have cared for you, Rebecca and your children all these years. Heck we go to the same church and you know I am a good, God-fearing man myself. I know that God works in mysterious ways but I'm telling you that this child was not the

result of the hand of God but by the touch of man . . . some other man," John said with the same heavy heart that he had since he walked into the room.

"It can't be!" Harold said with a pained voice and wet eyes.

"I can't believe it myself, but the facts are that you can't father a child and if we rule out Immaculate Conception, what are we left with?" John replied with and equally pained tone of voice.

"I should go," Harold said in a drained tone of voice as he stood up.

"Look," John said as he grasped Harold's hand to stop him from leaving, "Perhaps this child is a miracle child, in that it brought you and Rebecca back together. You said that since the pregnancy she has been closer to both you and God. Something must have happened, for whatever reason she strayed, but she came back to you, hold onto that," John said with what he tried to make a hopeful tone of voice.

"I should go, I have a store to get back to," Harold said with a drained tone of voice as he broke free of John's grip and left the room.

Harold was in a daze all the way back to the store, his mind was working overtime. He didn't want to believe it, he couldn't believe it, yet to a dark part of his mind it made perfect sense. A small part of him always felt that the child wasn't his, but he never let himself believe it. It was incomprehensible, the thought of his lovely,

beautiful wife who was the pillar of the community and church to be an adulterer! Yet the pattern was there: she had been distant for a long period of time, getting worse just before she drew very close to him once more. Naturally, shortly after she came back to him did she reveal that she was pregnant, pregnant with a child that even at the time he doubted was his.

John had a point though, what should he do now, should he forgive his wife and raise the child as his own, or should he do the righteous thing and reject her. He loved Rebecca and couldn't imagine a better wife, yet she had betrayed him and slept with another man . . . but who? Could he just forget all that and carry on with their lives as if nothing ever happened? Harold didn't know and worse yet was he didn't know how he would react once he saw her again.

See her he would, for he had just pulled up into the parking spot in the back of the store. Before he got out of his car, Harold sent up a quick prayer for wisdom, calm and the spirit of forgiveness. Getting out of his car and walking into the backroom of the store he felt the tension rise just knowing his adulterous wife was nearby. Yet still Harold fought to keep his cool and calm as he passed into the main area of the store.

"Hello, Honey, how did it go?" Rebecca asked as she walked up to Harold and gave him a hug and kiss hello.

Harold was scared by how angry he felt at that moment, yet he still strained to keep his cool. He was not an angry man but he was a good

and righteous man. Harold always did his best to keep the sinful ways of the world out of his life for the sake of his family and children. He looked into the eyes of his wife and saw fear growing in the corners of her eyes and to him it felt like the beginnings of an admission of guilt.

"John told me that it is impossible for me to father any children," Harold said as he looked into Rebecca's eyes with such an intense expression that it bored into her.

Rebecca was trying to keep her cool despite the fact that her worst fear had come true. She had been terrified of this day, the day when Harold would know that her baby could not be his. If she only held it together for a little while longer, perhaps she could convince him that it was the work of God? She had given up her sinful ways and been a better wife and mother than she had ever been, didn't that count for something? She had made a mistake and sinned against him, but she had returned. No longer did she seek the comfort of her Sir. At that moment an image of Owen flashed across her mind and a deep part of her ached to feel his touch one more time. With force of will Rebecca forced the image of the father of her baby out of her mind. She was a married woman and she would remain committed to her husband and to God! To her, that was the miracle of this baby, it had brought her back to God and her husband.

"But it's our miracle baby," Rebecca said with a trembling and fearful tone of voice.

"He said the chances of this child being mine was laughable . . . DID YOU HEAR ME! LAUGHABLE!" Harold said as his whole being vibrated with anger and he began to lose control of his temper.

"But you are!" Rebecca said a trembling, fearful tone of voice and guilty expression that she fought to hide.

"DON'T LIE TO ME! TELL ME WHO'S BASTARD CHILD DO YOU CARRY?" Harold screamed with eyes of fire as he shook Rebecca violently, her eyes had already admitted that John was right.

No longer would Harold be made to be a laughing stock of his friends and family! No longer would he accept anything but the truth. Even though he didn't know what he was going to do, he needed to know what had really happened. Rebecca burst into tears, she was beaten and she knew it. The only thing left to do was confess everything to her husband, and rely on his Christian Principles while hoping for the best.

* * *

That evening the family was eager to hear how Owen and Veronica's day was. Veronica had a great day, she had gotten second round interviews for two of the three companies she interviewed with she had that day. One company was a large corporation and the other was a smaller firm, both seemed eager and knew about the other one competing for her and both second round interviews set for the following day.

Everyone was surprised to hear that Veronica picked up Owen at the law firm and introduced herself as Owen's girlfriend, especially to her father! Veronica said that she didn't mean to, she just didn't like the receptionist talking down about Owen and wanted to show her up, her father happened to be there. Veronica certainly ashamed to be seen as Owen's girlfriend, and that she was the most likely "public girlfriend" of the family.

Owen told how his day went and how he felt like an extra hand, underutilized and underappreciated. Everyone assured him that it was his first job and that his being in Research was just temporary. Soon he would be upstairs doing the "real lawyer" work that he was so eager to do. Owen assured the family that he wouldn't do anything foolish and that he was happy to now be earning and pulling his weight around the house.

Evening turned to night and soon enough Owen was in bed, this time in his usual bed, but this time he only had one woman in bed with him. Taryn agreed to sleep in Karen's bed with her and let Rosina have "Her Night" with Owen. Owen thought about postponing Rosina' night but in the end, he missed her, he missed the special times they would share just the two of them.

Rosina wasn't going to say anything but she desperately missed having her Master all to herself, if just for a night. She didn't mind sharing him and the group sex sessions were fun and kinky, but every now and again she wanted her time alone with him. As she

pulled the covers over them she smiled a satisfied smile as she curled up to him and looked up at him with a look of love.

"Hey, Cat. I've missed this," Owen said in a warm tone of voice as he reflected Rosina's look of love.

"Me too, I don't mind sleeping with Mistress Red too, but I have missed these times together, Master," Rosina said as she reached up and kissed Owen on the lips.

The kiss was a soft and unhurried, romantic kiss; one exchanged between established lovers expressing love, not one of hurried passion. As the kiss continued, Owen pulled Rosina to him and the brother and sister clutched each other tight, as they began to paw and grope each other. Neither was in any hurry to increase the passion or move on, just yet, and the expression of pure love continued.

Owen turned Rosina over onto her back as he rolled on top of her. Out of instinct and desire to please him she spread her legs, yet Owen did not mount her, he only smiled at her as he kissed her once more. This time as he broke the kiss he continued kissing her. He never let his lips lose contact with her skin as he kissed his way down her body, lingering on her neck and breasts. Owen's fingers traced circles and other patterns aimlessly while his lips paid homage to his beloved Cat's body.

Further and further down his Slave's body did Owen kiss and she squirmed and moaned the closer he got to her pussy. Rosina liked to have her pussy eaten and it had been so long since he had tasted her pussy, she ached to feel his tongue. It wasn't that he was the best at eating her pussy; that was irrelevant. It was the fact that her Master would lower himself down to perform an act that was purely for her pleasure. She knew that he liked to eat pussy much the same as she loved to suck his cock, so in that there was pleasure in this act for him. This night she felt more like his wife rather than his Slave and she loved him all the more for it.

Rosina arched her back and moaned a loud moan when Owen's tongue flicked over her clitoris for the first time. It was the perfect moment for Rosina and she looked down at her Master who was eating her pussy. She knew that Owen was so comfortable and confident in his control and dominance of her that he could put her in a position of power now and again. He trusted her, just like she trusted him, it was this demonstration of trust, this giving to her now and again which kept her proudly wearing his collar.

Owen licked Rosina's pussy in a slow and unhurried manner as he desired to bring her pleasure. This night was way of letting her know that just because the family had grown this weekend, that did not mean she meant any less to him. Owen made love to Rosina as an equal that night, not as a Master dominating a Slave. Owen brought Rosina off with his tongue and was rewarded by her sweet juices and love which flowed freely from they young woman that night.

As Rosina came down from her orgasm, she felt the powerful arms of her husband encircle her. She looked up at Owen and smiled a weary and blissful smile as he her brushed hair out of her face. The pair of lovers said nothing while they held each other, enjoying the moment. Rolling over onto his back, pulling Rosina with him forced Rosina into unusual territory. Rosina looked down on Owen with a puzzled expression as she wondered what she was doing in such an unnatural position. Owen just smiled warmly at Rosina and without words, she knew what he meant. Her eyes widened as she knew that he was allowing her to ride him. In this position with Rosina on top of Owen, SHE was in control, SHE set the pace, not Owen and her tears of joy spoke volumes.

Rosina shifted in position and partook in the rarest of pleasures granted to a Slave: control. As Rosina felt Owen's cock split her pussy-lips and enter her pussy she flopped her head back and lowered herself down. Once Rosina was fully impaled on Owen's cock she savoured the sensation and revelled in the delight that the fat monster would not budge from her pussy until she wanted it to.

After a moment had passed, Rosina lifted her body up until only the head was at the entrance of her pussy. Waiting only a second or two, to ensure that she was indeed in control of this fuck, she descended ever so slowly, enjoying the pleasure of the slow pace. Rosina's pace to this fuck was slow and deliberate and Owen's only reaction was to put his hands behind his head and smile up at Rosina as she continued the slow, grinding fuck.

Eventually, her animalistic desires got the better of her and she sped up the pace of the fuck. Before long she was bouncing up and down on Owen's cock as fast and as hard as she could go. There was no stopping Rosina as she was in desperate search of her own orgasm, and when she heard Owen's guttural cry she knew that he was close. With an extra hard downward thrust she ground her clitoris against Owen's pelvic bone and that triggered the release she needed.

Throwing her head back Rosina let out a cry that proved why she got her name as her orgasm hit. Twitching and shaking as hard as she did, she almost didn't realize that Owen had indeed cum with her and emptied his load into her. With a whimpering cry she slumped forward and crashed onto Owen as she caught her breath from the intense fuck.

"Did you enjoy that, Cat?" Owen asked as Rosina looked at him with a sweaty face of tired joy.

"Yes, Master, I did, thank you," Rosina said as she gave Owen a loving peck on the lips.

"What are you, Cat?" Owen asked after the kiss was over.

"I am yours, Master; completely and totally, yours. I am your wife and I am your Slave, now and for the rest of my life, I am yours," Rosina said with a sincere and glowing manner of love and devotion to the man she loved more than life itself.

To end the evening right, Rosina lifted her body up and crawled backwards down her Master's body until she came face to face with her Master's cock. Never taking her eyes off of his she licked his cock clean in an erotic and showy way of cleaning her Master's cock. By the time Owen's cock was clean it was hard as a rock. With a raised eyebrow expression topped off with a smirk, Rosina wordlessly asked what he wanted to do about this 'development.' As Owen grinned down at Rosina with a cocky grin, she knew this night was not over yet.

Chapter Twelve: Commitment

He smiled when he saw her approaching, Owen couldn't help it; it was purely natural reaction whenever she came to pick him up. She was the bright spot at the end of another dreary, frustrating day in Research, yet this was not just any day, it was the Friday at the end of his first week. He now had two days to relax and be surrounded by the ones he loved before starting the drudgery again.

"Hello, Master, how was your day?" Veronica asked warmly, with a look of love as Owen wrapped his arms around her and hugged her tight.

"Better, now that you're here," Owen said, at that he and Veronica shared a laugh before their 'hello kiss' in the middle of the law firm's reception area.

As Veronica drove them away from the law firm, Owen had to pause to consider the changes that this week had brought. It was one week today that the fateful Friday night out where everyone in the family got drunk to celebrate Veronica's and his end of schooling. The following night was when Veronica and her mother, Karen had submitted to him and became his Slaves. At the time, Owen wasn't sure how long it would last, and was positive that within a week they would both ask to be released. Sure, Karen was sincere in her assertion to become his Slave, but if her daughter, Veronica walked away, wouldn't Karen do so too? Owen was convinced Veronica would walk away from him any day now, yet here they were, Friday evening of the first workweek and a few things were evident, even to the doubtful Owen.

For one, Veronica had chosen the job that was closer to Owen's law firm, even though it was with the smaller company and paid a little less. Veronica said it was because she liked the work environment and wanted the experience of running a small company. Owen knew that part of the reason was so that they could carpool. This was not like the Veronica he knew; the Veronica he knew would have chosen what was best for her, period!

Another thing was that since becoming his Slave on Saturday night, Veronica had not put up nearly as much of a fuss or resisted his authority as Owen had expected. In fact Owen had only needed to spank her once, and even then she acquitted herself beautifully! Veronica had balked at Taryn's order to do the dishes, even though Veronica herself had cooked dinner. Everyone else was busy doing some other chore so that is why Veronica was chosen to do the dinner dishes and clean up the kitchen. Yet when Owen stepped in and told

Veronica that her attitude and behaviour was unacceptable, she genuinely listened to him and sincerely apologized to Taryn and him. When Veronica was told that she was to be spanked for her outburst, she was sad, yet agreeable. At the right time she laid herself across Owen's lap in the proper manner and even counted out each spank, not complaining once. When the spanking was over she was tearful but they were genuine tears of shame and regret that she had been disobedient and let her Master down. Owen could see in her eyes that her emotions were genuine, not fake, put on, or show. It was clear that she Veronica was genuinely trying to be a good and obedient Slave! This concept was hard for Owen to accept and was why he didn't trust her long-term commitment.

If Veronica was going to run from being his Slave, Owen wanted her to do it sooner, rather than later. As they traveled home together, chatting about their days there was a genuine spark of attraction between them. Owen liked her, genuinely liked her, and knew that she genuinely liked him, and this was a problem. Owen didn't want to get his heart hurt by another uncommitted Slave, like he had with Rebecca. Even though he didn't Collar her, everyone at Heather's knew that Rebecca was his 'Mouse' and treated her like his Slave. Rebecca had turned on him after they had to part ways, and that was what hurt.

On Sunday morning, the family had their first "Family Meeting" since before the house burned down and it was a first for Karen and Veronica. It was explained that everyone in the house had a job and was responsible for that area yet everyone helped each other out where needed. As well it was explained that every week the family held this meeting so each person could explain what was going on in

their area of responsibility. Problems were discussed and solved and any larger issues were to be debated by everyone before Owen made his final decision. As everyone expected, it was stated that Owen was "The Master of The Family" and was in essence the "Father and Husband" of the family. This meant that he had final say on all matters pertaining to the family, yet Owen preferred to have everyone's input. Because matters were to be discussed freely, this is why that during the family meetings everyone may talk freely. Owen didn't have a problem with discussion during family meetings as long as everyone respected each other and his authority.

The first thing Owen did was to assign duties to everyone and they went as follows: Owen: Maintenance (handyman), Taryn: Meals, Rosina: Laundry, Karen: Household Budget, Veronica: Household Cleaning. In essence Owen kept everything the same, Karen pays the bills with her own money as she always had been doing, Taryn worked upstairs to earn the room-and-board for Owen, Rosina and herself. The Thompson family kept their finances separate, even though he has taken on the responsibility of Karen and Veronica.

When the issue of sleeping arrangements was brought up and the need to change things around so that Owen had his own room, Owen dismissed this. Once again, Owen expected Karen and Veronica to walk away from him, not believing in their long-term commitment to him so he did not want to change things around only to have to change them back a few days later. There was some discussion, and a few of the ladies try to argue that it isn't right for him The Master of The Family, to share a room with anyone. Owen argued that the family isn't ready yet, and that he doesn't see how it will work, everyone will be cramped no matter how they rearrange things.

When anyone tried to offer a solution, Owen shut them down, and after the third attempt the discussion was closed.

The same pattern followed over the two weeks: Owen and Veronica carpooled to work, Owen had a dreary day, yet Veronica had a great day at work. When they got home, Veronica would try hard to prove that she was a good and faithful Slave and Owen would view this with scepticism. On the surface, everything was fine, the family was happy, yet there was an unspoken tension which everyone knew about, yet didn't mention.

There was the "Inner Family" of Owen, Taryn and Rosina, and there was the "Outer Family" of Karen and Veronica. Two things, other than Owen's attitude reinforced this: one was the sleeping arrangements, and the other was the finances. While Owen made sure to spend a night with each woman, in turn, Taryn and Rosina's things were in the same room as Owen's, therefore they still shared a room together. Owen, Taryn and Rosina shared a single bank account yet Karen and Veronica still had their separate ones. In a family which was supposedly founded on "All for one, one for all" it was an insult for Karen and Veronica to be treated this way. They felt the insult and hurt, yet did not voice their concerns, for fear of insulting Owen and being rejected and turned away from the family they desperately wanted to be a REAL part of.

At the following Family Meeting, the issue of sleeping arrangements was brought up by Karen, even offering Owen her room. Karen suggested that she move in with Taryn and that Rosina could share a room with Veronica. All four ladies embraced this plan, yet still

Owen rejected it out of hand. The following week the tension grew and at the third family meeting, Veronica decided to bring things to a head, she had to be heard.

"I just received my first paycheque, Master," Veronica said respectfully as she placed her paycheque on the table. "I give this to you so you may use it to bless out family, Master," Veronica said as she slid her paycheque towards Owen.

"That won't be necessary, put it in your account, you earned it," Owen said dismissively as he shoved the paycheque back towards Veronica.

"Yes, I earned it, and I want to give it to The Family, I want to do my part!" Veronica said firmly as she pushed the paycheque back towards Owen.

"You do, do your part by helping out around the home," Owen said in an equally stern manner as he shoved the paycheque back towards Veronica.

"Where does your paycheque go? Where does Rosina's paycheque go?" Veronica said in a daring manner as she briskly shoved the paycheque back towards Owen.

"In the bank!" Owen said with a growl as he harshly pushed the paycheque back at Veronica.

"What account? Separate ones or a joint account . . . for YOUR family!" Veronica retorted with a growl as she pushed the paycheque back at Owen with the hardest shove yet.

"What's your problem? I am your Master and I have told you to put your paycheque in your account!" Owen said angrily as he flung the paycheque back at Veronica.

"My problem is that you are playing favourites! You don't respect Bella or me! You make us feel like outsiders in our own house!" Veronica said in a forceful and hurt tone of voice as she leaned in and glared at Owen, her eyes reduced to slits.

"FAVOURITES!" Owen shouted in disgust as he stood up.

"YES, FAVOURITES! You share a room with Mistress Red and Cat, and you only share a bank account with Mistress Red and Cat even though Bella and I have repeatedly asked you to treat us as equals!" Veronica ranted as she stood up to square off against Owen.

"EQUALS? You're SLAVES!" Owen snorted in disgust, Veronica was about to respond when someone else spoke up on her behalf, an unlikely ally.

"She's right," Taryn said calmly before she glanced at Owen and Veronica and added, "Sit down, both of you."

"What?" Owen replied in a puzzled manner as both he and Veronica sat down, quietly.

"She's right about all of it. You refuse to change anything around here. Other than you taking Bella and Dee-Dee on as Slaves, nothing else has changed around here. On one hand you keep saying that we are one large family and must look after each other yet on the other hand you behave as if we are still two families. We are still in the same rooms as before, even though it no longer makes any sense. You refuse to let Bella and Dee-Dee contribute to the family finances. Are we one family or two?" Taryn calmly stated in a respectful manner.

"EXACTLY!" Karen emphatically agreed, her eyes wet with pain and releasing tension.

"Well tha . . . that's just . . ." Owen started to stammer out a reply, his face flush with confusion, anger and pain.

"C'mon! C'mon I gotta hear this! Why? Tell me why you don't treat us right?" Veronica said in a daring, challenging and provocative manner.

"BECAUSE YOU'LL LEAVE SOON!" Owen blurted out and then fell silent.

"That's it? Even after all we've done these past three weeks, you still doubt our commitment?" Karen asked Owen with a hurt and pained tone of voice.

"I admit when this all started that I was scared and confused about becoming your Slave. Sure, I only did it to learn to be a better Mistress, but I never knew that I would be learning to become a better person. I am happier than I ever have been, I feel at peace and I am more loved now than I ever have been. I don't want to go anywhere!" Veronica said in a confident and sincere manner as she looked at Owen.

"I don't want Bella and Dee-Dee to go anywhere either! I love them like the family they are! The only one resisting this is you, Master," Rosina said in a sincere tone to Owen who still had his head bowed.

"What must we do to prove our loyalty to you and our desire to remain a part of this family?" Veronica said with a genuine tone of voice.

"Yes, tell us and we will do it, Master!" Karen asserted in an urging tone of voice.

"Yes, Master . . . ANYTHING!" Veronica added in an urging tone of voice.

"Anything?" Owen said in a curious tone of voice as he lifted his head quickly. "Okay, you all want a little 'family bonding experience?' Okay. You want a challenge, some sort of 'right of passage?' Okay, let's go," he said as he stood up and started walking towards the dining room exit.

"Now?" Taryn asked curiously as Owen dashed into his bedroom and retrieved a small duffle-bag.

"Now!" Owen said in a commanding tone of voice as he poked his head back into the dining room.

Without a word of protest the ladies got up and started going towards their respective bedrooms to change for the mystery outing. They were all surprised when Owen told them that they were fine they way they were. All four ladies were shocked as they looked at each other in their 'around the house' dresses and Slave-Collars. Yet without a word of protest they all piled into the old Oldsmobile and looked out the windows, as Owen drove them away from the Spa to some mystery location. If anyone knew or suspected where they were going they never said it, as the sped towards the industrial side of town. Taryn and Rosina just looked at each other with wide eyes and a knowing look as the car turned down the back alley, behind Heather's.

Owen rolled down the window and swiped the pass-card, which Heather had given him when he left, through the card reader mounted to the side of the wall. The large overhead door sprang to

life and started to open up. It wasn't until they were parked in the indoor parking lot, with the overhead door closed before anyone spoke up.

"Where are we?" Karen asked Taryn in a whisper as they all started to get out of the car.

"Heather's" Taryn replied with a hushed tone of voice as the car doors closed.

"Do you mean that place where he . . ." Veronica interjected in a hurried whisper as Owen continued towards the metal door, not pausing one bit.

"Yep," Rosina said.

"Oh shit," Veronica replied in a drained tone of regret.

The four women had to hurry to catch up to Owen and just as he just swiped his card though the inner card reader they did so. As the buzzed sounded and Owen opened the door up, the women were gathered behind him, all looking a little worried as to what was going to happen. The same large black man was standing there at the door in his usual tight, black-leather pants, black shoes and spiked leather collar. Owen walked past him, giving him a quick nod on his way halfway down the hallway. It wasn't until Owen was standing

in front of the storage closet that he stopped and turned to face the four women, the stern look still on his face.

"Here we are at Heather's and you will all get a taste of what it really feels like to be a Slave! You are all free to leave at any time, but remember, for today, if you leave and walk away from me on The Floor, you are walking away from me in real life. If you leave the floor then you are leaving my service and will no longer be my Slave. Is that clear?" Owen said with a commanding and demanding tone of voice as he looked each woman in the eye.

"Yes, Master," Taryn, Karen, Rosina and Veronica replied in unison.

"Good. Red, get them changed, I will meet you out on The Floor. Do you remember what to do, from when Mouse brought you here," Owen said to Taryn in the same commanding tone of voice.

"Yes, Master, it was only once and is has been a while, but I remember what is required," Taryn replied respectfully as she nodded slightly.

"Good, get it done," Owen said sternly before he turned and disappeared into the men's change room.

"So what is required of us?" Karen asked in a timid and fearful tone of voice as Taryn opened up the storage closet.

"Well . . . here is what you are to wear," Taryn said as she handed Karen two wrist cuffs and two ankle cuffs.

"Where's the rest?" Karen replied in a shocked tone of voice as she looked up to Taryn with a look of horror on her face.

"Along with your Collar, that's it," Taryn said as she handed Veronica a similar sets of wrist and ankle cuffs.

"And you thought the dress was too daring," Veronica said to Karen in an attempted moment of levity.

All four women were equally apprehensive about what was going to happen. Nothing was said as they changed in the women's locker room yet they all gave each other glances of support as they put their clothes away and put on their Slave uniforms required for entrance onto The Floor of Heather's. When all four women were wearing only their Slave-Collars, wrist and ankle cuffs they walked towards the door leading to The Floor.

"I'm sorry I got us into this," Veronica said in an ashamed and embarrassed manner as she hung her head.

"No, this is not your problem . . . this is Master's," Taryn said as she put her hand on Veronica's shoulder in a gesture of support.

"What?" Veronica asked in shock as she looked up into Taryn's face.

"You were correct in everything you said and did; even challenging Master on it. You waited until the Family Meeting and brought the problem that we all knew was there and demanded that something be done about it. I suppose I should have talked to him privately, much earlier. That was my failing, but I thought he would get over it when he saw how earnestly you have been striving to be a good Slave. I am sorry, it was my job to see these problems and quietly correct them before they get this bad. I am sorry," Taryn said as in a sincere and regretful manner.

"Well, if it is HIS problem, what do WE do about it?" Veronica asked in a worried expression on her face.

"We do what he asks. If we do whatever he asks of us today, sooner or later he will clue in that we all want to serve him. If he takes it too far, then I will step in and challenge him on it," Taryn said in a confident and comforting tone of voice.

"Let's just hope that today will be the end of it. I just want to be treated like a real part of this family, I want to be made to feel like an equal!" Karen said earnestly, with the furrowed brow of a frustrated expression.

"We will," Taryn said as she put her arms around Veronica and Karen in a show of support.

That quickly grew into a group hug before all four women filed out and entered The Floor. Karen and Veronica looked around the room and were in shock to see various sets of BDSM equipment lining the walls. If that wasn't enough to shock them, seeing men and women not only in various states of undress but engaging in a variety of sexual and BDSM acts certainly did.

As could be expected Heather herself was in her red outfit, standing in the centre of The Floor yet she was not observing everything as one might expect. Instead, Heather was talking to Owen and thank goodness the ladies couldn't hear her because Heather was giving Owen hell for not visiting sooner. Truth be told, Heather almost kicked Owen out, took his pass card away and banned him from her place. However, Owen was able to pass his absence off with the excuse of being too busy at school. Owen and Heather walked towards the four women who had been waiting by the entrance to the women's change room.

"Well, isn't this a quaint picture of family unity?" Heather said with a smirk on her face as she and Owen approached Taryn, Karen, Rosina and Veronica. "I had a feeling about you and the other two," Heather said with a glance to Owen as she stopped in front of the four women.

"Is that why you sent me home with two Slave-Collars instead of just one?" Owen asked Heather in a knowing tone of voice, with a raised eyebrow.

"Exactly, I knew you and I didn't think these poor things stood a chance to resist you, and here they are," Heather said with a knowing chuckle in her voice as she ran her finger along the D-Ring of each Slave-Collar. "What are you hear for?" Heather asked in a serious tone as she turned her attention back to Owen.

"A bit of 'togetherness training', and 'family bonding,' if you will," Owen said with a chuckle that Heather quickly joined in on.

"I know just the thing," Heather said as she approached Owen, and whispered a few things in his ear.

With a wicked smile on his face, Owen left for a moment but quickly returned with four sets of nipple-clamps and three hair ties. Walking up to Taryn first he smiled a wicked smile at her as he brought the first nipple-clamp up to her left nipple and clamped it on. Taryn cursed in pain and her knees buckled. As Owen brought the second nipple-clamp up, Taryn straightened up and she watched as he clamped the second nipple-clamp on her right nipple. Taryn whimpered as she watched the chain swinging between the nipple-clamps clamped to both of her nipples. Owen didn't stop to appreciate his handiwork, he moved on to Karen. First Owen attached a hair tie to the Tarn's hair and positioned it the same height as Karen's nipples. Taking the second set of nipple-clamps he ran the first one through the hair tie and then brought the nipple-clamps up towards Karen's nipples. Karen shook in fear as she knew what was going to happen next. Karen never moved yet squealed in pain, though she tried to suppress her pain as Owen clamped both nipple-

clamps onto her nipples. Repeating the process until he had each woman's nipples clamped and attached to the hair of the woman in front of her he had made a chain of his Slaves.

"Keep your hands at your sides," Owen said as he picked up a leash hanging on a nearby wall.

Owen clipped this leash to the dangling chain between Taryn's nipple-clamps. Turning on the spot Owen started walking, forcing the wincing, squealing chain of women to follow him. Life on The Floor paused as people stopped what they were doing to watch the parade of Slaves. Owen led the women once around the perimeter of The Floor. During the parade, surprisingly only one nipple-clamp came loose, it was Veronica's right nipple-clamp.

"Stop!" Owen said as he abruptly stopped and the whole procession came to a halt.

Handing the leash to Taryn, Owen walked to the back of the line of Slaves and looked at the dangling nipple-clamp and the free nipple. Owen then glanced up into Veronica's eyes with a disapproving look.

"Put it back on," Owen said in a commanding tone of voice.

Veronica looked up at Owen with a shocked expression and Owen just continued to stare at her, expectantly. With shaky hands

Veronica picked up the dangling nipple-clamp and reattached it to her own right nipple. She whimpered in pain and looked at Owen, silently begging for mercy, yet Owen turned and walked away. Taking the leash from Taryn he led the ladies to one of the more spacious corner areas of The Floor.

Upon arriving there the ladies could see what looked to be four workout benches, set waist high, arranged in a "+" configuration. In the centre were four very short elbow pipes with a nylon strap with a clip at the end coming out each one. Each elbow pipe was aimed towards each of the benches in question. As the ladies saw the various paddles, whips and riding crops hanging on the walls of this area they all started to get a little worried.

Owen unclipped the leash from Taryn's nipple-clamps and hung it up on a nearby hook. Walking to the back he unclipped Veronica and despite the spike of pain, once blood started to flow back into her tortured nipples, she was relieved to have the devices removed. Grasping Veronica by the hair he roughly positioned her so that she was bent over one end of one of the benches with her arms stretched out in front of her almost reaching the elbow pipes. One by one Owen unclipped his Slaves and arranged them on the benches until each woman was bent over a bench. One final thing he did was to affix a blindfold onto each woman, once he had them all in place.

"You may have noticed that I have not bound you in place. This is because you are here by choice and may leave at any time, yet you are not to move and keep quiet! You are blindfolded so you will not know what is coming, pleasure or pain, whether you will receive it

or someone else." Owen said with a chuckle as he picked up a riding crop and chuckled.

Owen walked over to Taryn, who was the nearest and kissed her shoulder-blade before kissing his way down her back. At the same time he reached over to Rosina at the next bench and ran his finger down her side, causing her to shudder. Unexpectedly, Owen brought the crop down sharply on Taryn's ass, causing the woman to squeal in shock and pain. Again and again Owen varied between pleasure and pain from woman to woman, never letting them detect any pattern to what he was doing.

The tension rose amongst the women yet they all did their best not to shout out or move. The tension got a little too much for one of the women and she was trying her best not to cry. The stifled whimpering of Veronica touched the heart of Taryn and without thinking of it she reached out and touched Veronica's arm. Quickly Veronica searched until she found Taryn's hand and held it, once they were holding hands she didn't feel alone, rather she felt at peace. Reaching out with her other hand Veronica touched her mother's arm and quickly she too knew what her daughter wanted. So it went until all four women were holding the hands of the woman on either side of her.

Owen stared in disbelief as he saw the silent and unplanned show of unity and mutual support. The joy of the moment was only equalled by the anticipated pain of Veronica's eventual departure. He didn't want to go through that pain again so he intensified his efforts to test the commitment of each of his Slaves. He was happy with his family

and loved them too much to lose them, yet he could not believe or trust in Veronica's desire to be his Slave. Surly this was just a show or short time thing and if she was going to leave he was going to drive her away sooner rather than later. Yet he didn't want her to go, he didn't want her to leave, she had proven over the past three weeks how well she fit into the family, yet it was almost too surreal to believe that the same woman who earlier had begged him to help her dominate her own mother would now happily be his Slave.

Owen had an idea that he felt for sure would make Veronica crack. Rushing to the wall, Owen grasped the leash from where he had hung it. Returning to Veronica Owen clipped the leash onto her collar and tugged on it, forcing the blindfolded woman to get up. Still not removing her blindfold or pausing to let her get her footing, Owen continued to lead the stumbling woman by her collar to the center of The Floor.

"Kneel!" Owen commanded as he reached the center of The Floor.

"Yes, Master," Veronica replied as she knelt, as ordered.

"What are you? Shout it out with pride!" Owen said with a stern tone of voice, a sneer on his face as he pulled the blindfold off of Veronica's face.

"I AM YOUR SLAVE, MASTER!" Veronica shouted out, without hesitation, as loud as she could.

It took a moment for Owen to find his voice as he couldn't believe that Veronica would do such a thing, knowing she was in a pseudo-public place.

"Worship me!" Owen said in a cocky and daring tone of voice, knowing that would get a rise out of her pride.

"Yes, Master!" Veronica replied respectfully, with a nod of her head.

Shifting forward Veronica positioned herself right at Owen's feet and reached up to unfasten his pants as if it was the most natural thing in the world. She looked up at Owen and smiled as she unzipped his fly and folded back the flaps of his black pants. Pulling out his thick cock she licked her lips before wrapping them around her Master's cock. As she knelt before Owen she swallowed his cock and was finally able to get his thick cockhead to enter her throat, a skill she had only just mastered. With hard suction she pulled her mouth back until she had just kissed the head of Owen's cock before she descended on it again. Owen groaned as he let his head flop back while Veronica swallowed his other head . . . literally! After a few minutes of hard and fast cocksucking, Owen was ready to blow, yet blowing down her throat was not what he had in mind.

"Get on all fours and beg your Master to fuck you! Shout it out!" Owen said with a cocky attitude as he looked down at the woman who was still pistoning her mouth on his cock.

Without missing a beat, or pausing at all Veronica lifted her mouth off of Owen's cock and spun around, dropping to her hands and knees as soon as it were possible.

"FUCK ME MASTER! FUCK YOUR SLAVE WITH YOUR BIG, FAT COCK! SPLIT THIS HUMBLE SLAVE IN TWO, MY MASTER!" Veronica shouted out as she waited for Owen to mount her.

Veronica didn't have to wait long for her Master's cock to slide into her and even though she was on her hands and knees in the middle of The Floor at Heather's, she didn't care. Veronica was being fucked by her Master and bringing him pleasure. As well this was just another way to prove her loyalty to him, her desire to be his personal property. Owen didn't wait or be gentle at all with this fuck, he grasped Veronica by the hair and hammered away at her pussy with all he was worth. Veronica just growled a guttural growl as she was helpless under the powerful assault on her pussy by her Master.

Owen was sure that this would make Veronica get upset and walk away form him, yet she just sat there and let him fuck her in the most public place that he had ever had sex. He had made her humiliate herself and yet she didn't bat an eye and just accepted it, doing whatever he told her, as soon as he told her! Before he could think anything else the heat of the moment overtook Owen and he blew his load into Veronica's pussy.

When his orgasm was over he pulled out of Veronica and recomposed himself, pulling up his pants. With a tug of her leash,

Owen led Veronica back to the other resting women none of them had moved, all were still holding hands. Pointing at the vacant bench, Owen unclipped Veronica as she repositioned herself and grasped Taryn and Karen's hands.

Owen was frustrated that he had not made Veronica crack, as he had thought the public display would. Owen was angered that he was not able to prove to the women that he was right, that not all were completely committed to him. Owen gripped the riding crop tighter and began to randomly letting his frustration out on the four women before him. Each woman would shout out in pain yet not ask for mercy. While they all knew about safe words, none of them used them. Owen switched to a cat-and-nine-tails whip and continued his whipping of his Slaves, yet none of them complained.

This whipping continued for some time yet, and then the chanting started. Taryn was the first to start it, but soon after each woman joined in and by the fourth time through, they all were speaking in union. The chant they repeated over and over was:

"We are a family. You are our Master. We are your Slaves. We serve out of love. We stay by choice."

Owen paused momentarily as he listened to the chanting of his Slaves. His eyes started to water and his tension rose as their words were starting to get to him. Intent on forcing one of them to break and prove that they would leave him sooner or later Owen whipped them harder. Yet the harder he whipped, the louder the chanting,

this continued for only a minute or two more before the breakthrough happened and the situation came to a head . . . one of them cracked.

Finally it dawned on Owen that the words his Slaves were chanting were true and they were each of them sincere. Even thought Karen and Veronica had only been bound to him for three short weeks, there had been the beginnings of friendship, family and love before then. Owen was forced to face that they were truly committed and the emotions of the moment overwhelmed him.

The tears came slowly and stilted at first as Owen tried to hold them in, yet they would not be denied or hemmed in. Not exactly sure why he was crying, yet crying anyways Owen sank to his knees and dropped the whip. At that exact moment Owen was humbled by the love and devotion of the four women he had just whipped and awed at their strength and determination to demonstrate their love for him by taking it.

What the four women did next was purely instinct for Slaves . . . they came to the aid and comfort of their Master. Removing their blindfolds they all sank to their knees and surrounded Owen with a group hug, holding him in their collective arms and letting him release his emotions and soon enough he had composed himself enough to talk.

"None of you left," Owen said with wide eyes of amazement as he glanced around at his four Slaves. "No matter what I did to you, you all stayed," he added with a look of wonder and humility.

"We love you, we love serving you, Master," Veronica said in a manner of pure love.

"Really? Even you?" Owen asked in amazement.

"Even me," Veronica said with loving sincerity as she brushed her hand across Owen's cheek.

"What about being a Mistress?" Owen asked curiously.

"I still want that . . . a child may leave their parent's home but never their parent's family. We can work the details out later, but know that I will always be your Slave and I will always love you, Master," Veronica said as she hugged Owen tighter.

"We all will, Master," Taryn, Karen, and Rosina asserted as they squeezed Owen tighter.

"I believe you," Owen said with a sincere and touched tone of voice as he smiled at each woman surrounding him, in turn.

"Took you long enough!" Taryn said with a lovingly sarcastic manner and at that everyone shared a laugh, even Owen.

* * *

The lush evergreen trees outside gave a tranquil feel to the otherwise strict and utilitarian institution complex. Rebecca stood at the window and traced the lines of the old stone and concrete structure and watched it contrast with the lush and abundant beauty of the nature that surrounded the old facility. Rebecca smiled as she took in the picturesque beauty that filled her vision, momentarily forgetting where she was.

"You need help," Harold said in an urging tone of voice from behind her snapping Rebecca out of her thoughts.

"But I've put all that behind me! I don't do those things anymore!" Rebecca urged as she turned to face Harold.

Harold was seated in a chair in front of a large desk in a spacious office. Seated behind the desk was an old nun who looked Rebecca over with a constant condescending gaze. The office they were in was paneled in rich wood and was as old as the institution itself, which was getting close to being one hundred years old. It had been an institution for the mentally deranged that had been run by the church when it was originally built. Over the years it had changed focus but had always been run by the church. Now it was a home for all manner of people who needed intensive counselling and

emotional support provided by the Nuns in a safe and serene environment.

"But they're still a part of you!" Harold urged strenuously as his face echoed the pain in his heart.

"Not anymore!" Rebecca stressed as she took a step towards her husband.

"Those demons are still inside of you! I can't imagine the woman I married doing such despicable things!" Harold said in a shocked manner. "I can't look at you," Harold added with a pained expression as he turned in his chair.

"DON'T GIVE UP ON ME!" Rebecca cried out as she rushed to kneel before her husband and put her hand on his knee.

"If you don't accept their help . . . the help you need . . . then I will give up on you," Harold said with a cold and dispassionate tone of voice as he stood up and briskly walked a few paces away from Rebecca.

Rebecca hung her head and cried as the emotions of losing her husband and children overwhelmed her. It took a moment of tears before she realized that Harold was serious and if she wasn't careful, her marriage might end before her eyes. Knowing that he was right, that she needed their help to rid herself of the deep-seeded desires

that still plagued her, Rebecca resolved to do something about them. Pulling herself up into the chair that Harold had vacated, Rebecca then leaned over the desk and pulled the commitment papers towards her. Desperate to rid herself of her submissive desires and her longing for her Sir, as well as wanting to prove her love and commitment to her husband, Rebecca picked up the pen. As a few final tears burst forth from within her, Rebecca signed the papers and committed herself to the church and this old institution.

Chapter Thirteen: Mouse Hunt

After the incident at Heather's, Owen was a changed man and he had to admit the past four months had been good to him and the family as a whole. Owen didn't doubt Veronica or Karen's commitment again. Once they got home the family had another Family Meeting and this time some positive changes took place.

For one the family bank account was changed to add Karen and Veronica to it to indeed reflect the new togetherness of the family. Second, each member of the family had a separate account only in their name. All of the paycheques went into the central account and a small amount was transferred to each individual account twice a month. This way, bills would be paid but people still had a bit of discretionary spending money and a small amount of money that was theirs and theirs alone.

Karen wanted to sign the Spa over to Owen as and sign of family unity. Owen flat out refused because to him it never felt right, as it was and would remain Karen's Spa. Owen never wanted to take

anything so valuable from any of his Slaves, for what would happen to Karen if she did leave his service and he owned her Spa? As a compromise, it was agreed that she would give money into the central account rather than sign over the Spa. Karen would put in the amount she previously had been drawing for her own personal draw and in return the family would take care of the household expenses. This way Karen still felt she was putting in just like everyone else but her long term interests were still taken care of. If the family did split sometime in the future, she would still have her Spa.

As well, each person was now assigned a more sensible household duty. Owen kept the "Maintenance," or "Handyman" duty. Taryn kept the Meals and household shopping duty. Rosina kept the laundry duty but added household cleaning duty. Veronica took on the household budget and family finances duty. Karen focussed on the Spa and had that as her duty.

As far as transportation was concerned, the Oldsmobile was sold for scrap and a nice, late model car had been leased for Owen and Veronica to use to drive to and from work. For outings involving the family it seemed sensible to have more space so a slightly older minivan was purchased and left for use by those at the shop. Veronica negotiated and oversaw all of these transactions and had a knack of working them so they were in the favour of the family.

The last but perhaps the most important change that happened in the week following the incident at Heather's was the change of bedrooms. Owen moved into Karen's bedroom and even kept the furniture, partially at Karen's insistence but also because it was the

most practical solution. Owen's bedroom was the bedroom where each woman in turn would spend their night with him, so in effect it was the most shared bedroom. Karen moved into Veronica's room with Taryn because it was slightly larger than the room that Taryn, Owen and Rosina had been sharing up until then. Two twin beds were purchased along with two wardrobes and somehow the room worked, but it was a little cozy. For Rosina and Veronica's room, the family had to be more creative in how to arrange the room. A set of bunk beds were purchased, as that seemed to be the only way to arrange the room to make it work.

Neither Veronica nor Rosina minded the bunk beds or sharing a room. For that matter Karen and Taryn didn't mind sharing a room either. None of the ladies spent much time in their rooms, using them only to sleep and change. Most of the time the family did things together, choosing to spend their time in the more public areas of the house.

Yes, the past four months had been good to the family and they felt closer to each other as ever. The family was better off financially and emotionally. All five members of the family felt loved by everyone else in the family and were happy and content. Someone else could not make the same claim however. For her the past four months had brought her nothing but pain, loneliness and misery.

* * *

Rebecca tossed and turned in her sleep and tried to fight the unwanted dream that had been plaguing her sleeping hours lo these past few weeks. Every night it was the same and she was powerless to stop it.

In her dream Rebecca was back at home, in her own bed and curled up to her sleeping husband. In her dream she was happy, content and felt loved, hardly the beginning of the nightmare that it always became. She ran her fingers over her husband's chest and smiled to herself as she traced her fingers up towards his face. Leaning in she rolled over onto her side and without hesitation kissed Owen hard on the lips with a passion and intensity that she only knew when she was with him . . . her Sir.

Owen woke up wrapped his arms around her and Rebecca felt comfort and contentment while encircled by his powerful embrace. Owen kissed her back and all her troubles vanished as he kissed her with desire while turning her over onto her back. When she was on her back Owen broke the kiss and paused to look her in the eye and smile.

"That's the way I like to wake up, Mouse," Owen said with an unmistakable smile of love as he hovered over her.

"I just couldn't wait till you woke up, my husband, my Master," Rebecca said with her voice dripping with adoration.

"For disturbing my sleep, I should spank you," Owen said with a sneer tainting his otherwise charming smile.

"You may do as you wish, Master, but if you do spank me, you will wake the children," Rebecca replied submissively with a hint of fear in her voice and eye.

"Maybe later," Owen laughed as he thrust into her without warning.

Rebecca drew a breath of shock as Owen's fat cock speared her pussy; the unexpected bliss was at once shocking and all-encompassing. Owen grasped the headboard and began to repeatedly hammer away at her pussy with hard and fast strokes. Rebecca was beside herself and the pleasure almost drove her out of her own body with the bliss of being taken and savagely fucked by her Master. Overtaken by love and desire Rebecca reached up with her left hand and stroked Owen's cheek.

Almost as soon as she touched his cheek Owen grasped her hand and pinned it to the bed above her head. Before she could realize what she had done wrong her other hand joined her first hand above her head, held in place by Owen's powerful grip. Having her hands restrained brought a new level of heat to this coupling and her desire for him increased tenfold. Her eyes fluttered closed as she savoured the delicious desire of being controlled and dominated. Owen saw the look in his wife's eyes and laughed as he pulled out of her abruptly.

"Why, Master?" Rebecca asked with confusion and hurt in her eyes.

Without answering Owen reached into the bedside table and retrieved a leash. Rebecca felt a shudder of pleasure as Owen clipped the leash onto her collar. With a tug, she found herself pulled up so she was face to face with her husband, her Master . . . Owen.

"Turn over, Slave!" Owen said in a commanding tone of voice.

"Yes, Master," Rebecca replied as she turned over and got on her hands and knees.

Owen reached into the bedside table once more and produced a single pair of handcuffs. Knowing exactly what was going to happen and proving herself to be a good and dutiful Slave, Rebecca reached up and grasped the bars of the brass headboard. Owen handcuffed one of Rebecca's hand and then slipped the other cuff around one of the bars before handcuffing her other hand. Rebecca growled with lust and desire as she grasped the headboard harder, her own lust growing ever higher within her. Owen had a firm grip on her leash as he positioned himself behind her, in the position of power.

"Beg me, Slave!" Owen barked as he rocked his hips back and forth, causing his cockhead to slide up and down the wet slit of Rebecca's pussy.

"Please fuck me my Master! Take me, I am your Slave, now and forever! Please just fuck me!" Rebecca moaned out in a needy tone.

"Don't you ever forget it!" Owen laughed a cocky laugh.

In a hard thrust Owen slammed his cock all the way inside Rebecca's pussy and she squealed in shock and delight. Owen held firm on the leash as he slammed hard and fast into Rebecca's pussy. Rebecca loved being tied up and used but she loved the tugging sensation on her Collar as her Master hammered away at her pussy. The tug reminded her that she was owned and that owner was at that very moment using her for his pleasure. As the fuck continued it increased in intensity and Owen started to use the end of the leash as a whip and silently urge her to quicken her pace of fucking. Instinctively, she quickened her pace of thrusting back at his savage fucking.

Owen threw his head back and screamed as he slammed into Rebecca one last time. Upon feeling his cum hitting the innermost depths of her pussy she tensed up and came knowing she had once again done her job as a Slave. The fact that her Master was cumming deep inside her was proof of this fact and it was this knowledge which pushed her over the edge to orgasmic bliss. Rebecca thrashed about and strained the handcuffs as she moaned and screamed loudly as the intense orgasm overtook her.

It was at that moment that the dream turned for the worst, the room began to fade and melt around her. She was not able to move or get away as her home faded away and her old church came into view.

Soon Rebecca found herself in the sanctuary of her old church, the one that she had attended with Harold for those many years. The entire congregation was there, the sanctuary was filled with people and Rebecca was not hiding amongst the crowd, she was front and centre, and on display.

Rebecca was tied to the altar at the front of the church she was in exactly the same position she had been when she was fucking Owen. While Rebecca was still nude and kneeling her wrists were tied together in front of her and to the altar. Her legs were spread and her calves tied to the altar as well. Her collar was still on her and hanging from her collar's D-ring was a large gold cross.

Rebecca was mortified to know that she was nude and on display in an unmistakably sexual way. To her horror, most shameful of her secrets were put on display in front of all the people who knew her as the "Good little church woman." To add further humiliation to this situation, Owen's cum was leaking out of her freshly-fucked pussy, and the sheen of sweat covering her body made it obvious that she had just had sex.

"Disgraceful!" one old lady she shouted at Rebecca with her eyes glowing with hatred.

"I always knew there was something wrong with her!" another older woman shouted out.

"She seemed too perfect! Too polished an exterior! It was obviously to cover up the fact that she was a SHAMELESS SLUT!" Anne, a good friend of Rebecca's shouted as she walked up and spat in Rebecca's face.

Rebecca hung her head and cried, completely ashamed of herself, simply wanting to die.

"I was a good husband to you!" a familiar voice shouted out, as a man stood up in a pew.

Rebecca looked up and saw that it was indeed Harold. When their eyes locked somehow the distance between them evaporated and he floated forward through the crowd of people in the church until he was standing right in front of her.

"How could you throw away all those years of marriage to be a slut?" Harold said in pain and shock as he looked into Rebecca's eyes with hurt and pain.

"I was trying get rid of these dark urges so I could be a good wife to you?" Rebecca said in a sobbing tone of voice while never wavering in her gaze into Harold's eyes.

"How, by becoming a WHORE?" Harold spat with distain.

"I wasn't a whore! I was a Slave!" Rebecca shouted amongst her tears.

"Oh, right, whore's get paid, you gave it away for free!" Harold spat on Rebecca's face and it started to drip down her cheek.

Someone else rose from their spot amongst the congregation and walked towards Rebecca, it was her own mother! As soon as she was close enough she drew her hand back and slapped Rebecca hard across the face.

"I raised you to be a good girl! Not some degenerate Slut!" Rebecca's mother shouted in right in her face.

"SLUT! SLUT! SLUT!" The congregation repeatedly chanted as one single voice.

The priest of the congregation stepped up to the pulpit, looked down at Rebecca on the altar before him.

"You're despicable! An embarrassment! An abomination in the eyes of God! There is only one place fit for you!" the priest shouted above the congregation.

At that instant the floor beneath the altar Rebecca was tied to dropped away, revealing a large pit of fire. Rebecca knew what it

was, the gaping mouth of hell! As she and the altar dropped down into the fiery pit of eternal damnation she screamed.

It wasn't until she was halfway down that she woke up and bolted upright in her bed, her body glistening with sweat. The bulge of her eight month pregnant gut brought her back to reality in a hurry. One look around the stone room was a further reminder of where she was and just how low she had sunk to in her life.

Rebecca swung her feet over the edge of the bed and onto the stone floor of the old and stoic institution. Once her feet touched the cold stone floor she lifted them right away. She then began to search with her feet until she found her slippers and put them on. Rebecca struggled to stand up and go for a walk, a nightly ritual that she had developed. Grasping her housecoat Rebecca pulled it on and waddled out the door, to walk the vacant night-time hallways.

Rebecca sighed as she closed the door behind her and sent up a quick prayer for understanding. Rebecca wondered what she did to deserve what she was going through. Sure she had betrayed her husband and sinned against him and God, but she had confessed her sins to God and her husband. She had done everything Harold had asked her to do. For a time the child she still carried had brought her and Harold closer together. When Harold found out whose child it was and what she had been up to, he freaked. It was at his insistence, ultimatum really, that she checked into this place under the guise of having the child and putting it up for anonymous adoption, claiming that she didn't know who the father was.

The darkest part of her tale was not her longing and desire to be near Owen, her Sir, but rather what happened only a month after she was in this place. Harold thrust some divorce papers in front of her and made her sign them. Rebecca was feeling so low and distraught over everything that she signed them without looking them over. Little did she know that she had given him everything, even her kids!

Rebecca felt worthless and hated herself and everything about her life. She had nothing to live for and had even pondered ending it all. The one thing that kept her going was her unborn child. While she may have the right to choose to end her life, Rebecca felt she didn't have the right to make that choice for her child. Her only desire now was to take care of this child, to start anew in some distant city, some place where her shady past couldn't catch up with her.

As was normal, she passed the nursing station and was about to wave to the nurses there but found that the nurses weren't there. Rebecca froze in her tracks when her eyes fell on it . . . the phone. After waking up from the dreams she wanted to reach out to him, to seek comfort from him. Rebecca knew that it was late and that he would most likely be asleep, but still she wanted to reach out to him, to see if they could patch things up. When last they spoke it didn't end on good terms, and Rebecca shook her head and was about to turn away when she felt her hand touch the cold plastic of the receiver. With one last glance around her she closed her eyes and prayed for forgiveness as she picked up the receiver and started to dial.

* * *

Owen closed his eyes as the car sped down the road, leaving the driving in the hands of God for the moment. The moment was too perfect not to pause to revel in it: the sun, the wind, the speed, the blowjob.

"Watch the road," Veronica spoke from Owen's lap as she momentarily paused in her oral lovemaking.

Owen opened his eyes and looked down at the young woman who loved him dearly and served him faithfully. Somehow watching her lovingly suck on his cock while she was still in her business suit from work made it all that much hotter. Road-head was a common game they played to and from work, occasionally pulling over for a quickie in the back seat.

As tempting as it was to ravish the young woman who had stirred up his desire so, they had no time for that tonight, for tonight was movie-night. It was the one night a week that the family went out for dinner and a movie, the one night a week where they all went out as one. Sure they got a few stares but mostly people simply noticed a group of people who loved each other.

He was free from work for another day and savouring the rewards of carpooling with Veronica. After four months at the law firm he was still stuck in Research with no sign of getting out any time soon. A few times Owen thought of complaining to Tony but he didn't want to look like a whiner. Add to that the fact that he was "dating"

Tony's daughter and that he was the son of an ex-partner, it would look like nepotism if he did. All Owen could do was wait and see what happened and take comfort in his family, a family that he was only moments away from seeing. Turning down the alley behind the Spa Owen soon had the car parked in its usual spot.

"Hello, Master, how was your day?" Karen said as she embraced and kissed Owen as soon as he entered the back of the Spa.

"Bella! Not as good as coming home to you!" Owen replied with a squeeze and kiss of Karen who blushed and laughed at his comment.

Making his way to the front of the spa, he couldn't help but smile when his eyes fell on Taryn who was standing at the front counter. Owen opened his arms wide to hug Taryn but when she turned to face him he was not prepared for the sombre look in her eye. Sure it was a look she tried to hide, but Owen knew Taryn well enough to know when she was hiding something.

"Hello Red, good to see you . . . What is it?" Owen asked with a tone of concern as he hugged and kissed Taryn hello.

"N . . . Nothing; how was your day?" Taryn replied with a brave smile on her face but when she saw that Owen wasn't buying it she added, "Later."

Owen left it at that and the evening progressed as usual, the whole family walked down the street to their usual restaurant and then on to the modest theatre to see their movie. Once the family returned to the spa, was when Taryn spoke up and mentioned what had troubled her earlier. Taryn walked up to the phone at the counter and picked it up, talking as she punched buttons.

"In the middle of the night last night, we got a phone call. Nobody heard it ring because we were all asleep," Taryn started out to explain.

"Who phone's a Spa in the middle of the night?" Rosina asked the curious question that was on everyone's mind.

"Someone not calling a Spa," Taryn said as she pushed the last button and put the receiver down.

When Taryn put the receiver down, the phone speaker crackled to life and a familiar voice came out of the phone and to Owen it was a haunting voice from the past.

"Hello, Sir . . . I . . . I . . . I wanted to s . . . see how y . . . you were doing. . . I . . . c . . . could use a friend right now," Rebecca's cracking and nervous voice said and her hurt and pain was evident even through the crappy phone speaker.

"Who the hell is that?" Veronica asked with confusion on her face.

"Mouse," Owen replied with a pale expression on his face.

"Mouse? Who's Mouse?" Karen asked as she looked over at Owen who was sinking into the nearest waiting room chair.

"Owen met her when he was staying at Heather's. She was the one who brought Cat and I to Heather's so we could bring him home," Taryn replied as she walked towards Owen.

"I visited her at her Christian Book Store, but we got into an argument because she told me that she had rededicated herself to God and her husband. The last thing I told her was that if she needed a friend to call me. The last thing she said was that she would have to be pretty desperate to call me," Owen said in a stunned tone of voice, almost in disbelief from hearing the voice from the past.

"Well, she called and it sounds like she needs help," Rosina said as she kneeled before Owen and held his hand.

"I'll go see her tomorrow and see what's up," Owen said in a calm yet shocked tone of voice.

"Master, perhaps I should go instead," Taryn said in a sensible sounding tone of voice, Owen turned to look at Taryn before she continued. "Clearly she's upset and it may be a little much for her to see you in front of her husband. I'll go there during the day and invite

her back here for dinner, where she can tell you what is going on in private," Taryn calmly added.

"She called me, she wants my help, I have to go," Owen replied in a stern tone of voice.

"Master, we are a family and what happens to one of us happens to all of us . . . I really think it's best if I go. She knows me and she may tell me what is bothering her . . . one woman to another," Taryn said with an understanding tone of voice.

"She has a point, Master," Karen added in a supportive and soothing tone of voice.

"Okay, Red. If you want to, go ahead," Owen replied with a sad look in his eye.

It wasn't until the early afternoon the next day before Taryn had a chance to get away from the Spa. Karen was as eager as Taryn to find out what the problem with Rebecca was and even suggested they close the Spa and go together. Reason won out in the end and shortly after one thirty Taryn walked into the Christian Book Store that Owen had told her about. Upon taking one look at the young brunette teenager standing at the counter Taryn stopped in her tracks and almost turned around and walked out.

With one glance around the store, Taryn only saw a man in the far corner, which Taryn assumed was Harold, Rebecca's husband. Cautiously Taryn walked up to the counter to ask to speak to Rebecca, thinking she might be in the back room or on an errand, or even home sick.

"Hello, can I speak to Rebecca?" Taryn politely asked the brunette at the counter.

"Who?" the brunette replied with a puzzled expression.

"Rebecca Moore, she runs this store with her husband," Taryn asserted a little stronger.

"Oh her! She doesn't work here anymore! She and Harold split up, months ago," the brunette replied casually.

"What! Why? Where did she go?" Taryn asked in shock yet stern tone of voice.

"I don't know. That was before I started working here," the brunette said with a shrug of her shoulders and a slightly fearful tone of voice.

By this point Harold had heard the raised voices and walked up to the counter to help smooth things over.

"Hello, my name is Harold Moore, the owner. How can I help you?" Harold asked with a calming and pleasant tone of voice.

"Yes, you can tell me where I can find, Rebecca," Taryn asked just as pleasantly.

Upon hearing Rebecca's name mentioned, Harold's face turned red and his demeanour changed to one of anger as he glared at Taryn.

"I don't know anyone by that name!" Harold said as he tuned and briskly walked away from Taryn.

"Rebecca! The woman you were married to! You started and ran this store with her! Surely you must know where I can find her!" Taryn insisted as she started to follow after Harold.

"We parted ways four months ago and I haven't heard from her since! Now if that is all you came in for, why don't you leave!" Harold barked as he turned on the spot and glared at Taryn.

"Look, all I want is to get in touch with her. She is the mother of your children, surely you must still have some contact with her?" Taryn asked incredulously.

"I WILL NOT DISCUSS THAT ADULTEROUS SLUT OR HER BASTARD CHILD WITH YOU OR ANYONE, NOW GET OUT!"

Harold shouted. His demeanour turned the angriest yet and he started to slowly walk towards Taryn while never keeping his intense gaze fixed on her hers.

"Ch. . ." Taryn started to speak, but wisely fell silent, turned and walked out of the store.

Later that night, after dinner Taryn told the whole family what happened and everyone was equally stunned. Owen more than any, for the guilt weighed heavily on him, he felt the cold ghost of his father casting his shadow on the room. Once again Owen felt like he was failing someone under his charge, and this he would not allow to happen again.

"Child? She has a child? Your child?" Rosina's dumbfounded words broke the silence.

"I don't mean to sound like the heartless bitch, but are we even sure the child is yours?" Veronica asked with a curious tone of voice.

"What?" Owen snapped as he glared at Veronica, his expression demanding an explanation.

"We've been to Heather's a few times now and after seeing what goes on there, how can you be sure her child is yours?" Veronica asked with a slightly fearful tone of voice.

"Because Heather has a strict policy of the use of condoms," Owen said with his head hung low. "I was the only one to not use them with her. The first time happened in the heat of the moment and after that I used condoms. She told me later, that was the only time anyone, other than her husband, she had been with had never used condoms. If she is pregnant, it has to be mine," Owen added in a regrettable manner. "She needs my help, I have to find her," he added in a serious and resolute manner.

"You mean OUR help, don't you?" Taryn replied just as confidently as she put her hand on Owen's knee.

"This is something I have to do," Owen said with determination as he looked back into Taryn's eyes.

"That may be, but let us help you, don't shut us out!" Karen urged as she moved closer to Owen and held his hand. "In this family, we look out for each other and handle problems together . . . remember?" Karen said with a knowing tone of voice and a raised eyebrow.

"But . . ." Owen started to protest but he fell silent as the expectant looks on each of the women's faces told him that they remembered Owen's own words. "Fine, anyone have any ideas how we can find Mouse?" Owen added with a sigh and smile as he looked around the room at the women who loved him.

"He has to know where she is," Veronica said confidently.

"I agree with you there but it is also clear that he does not want to have anything to do with her, he almost got violent when I asked him about her in his store!" Taryn replied with equal force.

"You just have to know how to talk to people . . . when and where to talk to people," Veronica added with a knowing smile as she glanced around her.

"What do you mean?" Karen asked curiously.

"To get the best results, you have to know what motivates people. For instance, what I know of Harold is that appearances are important to him. From what you've told me of him he seems to be the kind of guy who wants everyone to see how good a Christian he is," Veronica said and paused as she looked around her to see if anyone else caught on to what she was suggesting.

"Okay," Taryn shrugged with a non-understanding tone of voice.

"What do you think would happen if people in his church found out the truth about Rebecca?" Veronica asked with a slightly evil grin on her face.

"WE'RE NOT GOING TO DESTROY REBECCA'S NAME!" Owen shouted indignantly.

"NO! WE'RE NOT!" Veronica retorted and paused to calm down. "But, he may be more . . . controllable at church," she added with a grin and a giggle. One by one, everyone in the room nodded and smiled in an understanding and approving manner and silently the decision was made.

* * *

Harold walked down the sidewalk with his three young children with him and smiled to his friends and fellow church members as he approached the large doors of the stoic church. It was a brisk Sunday morning yet his spirits always lifted when he was at church and he felt energized from each service. No matter how hard his week, church would make those problems disappear, for a short time at least. Looking around the foyer of the church Harold smiled and to more people he recognized and nodded now and again to close friends.

When his eyes fell on her, the smile left his face and a chill ran down his spine. Harold turned away but not quick enough not to see the woman who came to the store and asked him about Rebecca, smile and wave at him. As he quickly strode off in another direction, wanting to get away from her, his mind raced as he tried to remember if he had seen her at church before. Was she a friend Rebecca knew through the church that he didn't know about? Try as he might, Harold couldn't remember ever seeing her at church, so that meant that either she was someone new to the church and was a gossip or she had come today, just to talk to him. Neither was a

pleasant thought and Harold just wanted her to go and leave him alone, praying that God would make her leave.

All through the service he glanced over at her now and again and found that more often than not she was looking in his direction. This unnerved him and made him unable to focus on the sermon that he was trying to lose himself in. With mixed feelings he let his children be led down to Sunday school, as he no longer had the buffer of his children. Now Harold felt alone and defenceless and he grew ever more nervous the longer the service wore on. When the service finished Harold got up and made his way out of the sanctuary as quickly as he could and just wanted to get his children and get out of the church as soon as he could.

Harold was so focused on getting to his children that he blocked everything else out of his mind. He didn't see his friends trying to talk to him or others trying to get his attention. All he saw was closest stairs leading downstairs and made a beeline for the safety of the basement. With one last glance behind him he saw the woman a fair distance away he opened the door to the stairs and went inside. Coming up the stairs were two women who appeared to be in their early twenties, one slender blonde and a black haired Italian. Harold smiled at them as the walked up the stairs towards him, walking beside each other, blocking the stairs. When Harold met the women on the stairs he expected one of them to move to let him by but they didn't, they just stood there, smiling at him and wouldn't let him pass. Harold was about to complain and demand that they move when the door opened up behind him and in walked the woman he was trying to avoid, but she was not alone. She was accompanied by another woman, a middle aged Italian woman who bore a striking

similarity to the other Italian woman. These two walked down the stairs behind him side by side as well, now Harold was trapped.

"Who are you and what do you want?" Harold snapped at the woman who had spoken to him at the store.

"My name is Taryn and I just want to know where Rebecca is," Taryn replied in a calm and soothing tone of voice, trying to put Harold at ease.

"I told you, she left! I have nothing more to do with her!" Harold growled in an uncomfortable and agitated tone of voice.

"We know you're lying! We know you know where she is! Tell us!" The younger Italian woman spoke up from behind Harold and he spun on his heels to face her.

"She is no longer the woman I married, I want nothing more to do with her, why won't you people just leave me alone!" Harold said in an agitated manner as he rushed to push past Taryn and get out of the stairs, thinking only of escape.

Harold expected Taryn and the other woman to part and let him by, he was not expecting the stiff resistance that they gave him. Both women pushed hard back against Harold and before he realized it he was slammed up against the wall and all four women were keeping him immobilized. When his trousers were unzipped Harold

started to sputter in protest. When he felt a feminine hand grasping his balls it took only one squeeze to make him fall silent.

"Now that I have your attention, I will ask you this one more time! Where is Rebecca?" The young Italian woman asked as she brought her face close to his and glared at him with fiery determination.

"I . . . I don't know," Harold sputtered a fearful and unconvincing reply.

A quick squeeze of his balls reminded him of the price of that denial and Harold cried out in pain. Harold was still trying to avoid answering the question for a few selfish reasons. For one he didn't like anyone demanding anything of him. For another he really did want nothing more to do with Rebecca and hoped the earth would open up and swallow her up, making her disappear forever. Finally, he wanted to make sure that Rebecca was alone in the world with nobody to help her, he wanted his ex-wife to suffer as much as possible, he just didn't want to do it directly.

Just then the door to the stairs opened up and Harold was at once relieved and panicked. He wanted someone to rescue him from this situation but he also didn't want to be found with a woman holding his balls hostage. The young man glared at Harold with anger as he walked towards him.

"Help me! Get me out of here!" Harold asked the young man in a desperate tone of voice.

"My name is Owen, and I will help you out just as soon as you tell me where I can find Rebecca," Owen said, his eyes glaring at him with a steely determination.

"Why do you want to know? Why do you care what happens to her?" Harold sputtered in fearful reply.

"Where is Rebecca, and where is my child?" Owen said calmly, glaring intently at Harold.

"YOUR child? That's your little BASTARD!" Harold spat with vehement hatred and as soon as the final word left Harold's mouth did his balls scream in pain, his knees buckled and he cried like a schoolgirl.

"I am loosing my patience! WHERE IS MY MOUSE!" Owen roared as he leaned in and Veronica squeezed Harold's balls once again.

Owen was about to scream again when Taryn put her hand on Owen's shoulder and softly pulled Owen slightly to the side. As Taryn moved to stand in front of Harold there was a calming mood that gripped the group.

"All we want is to know is where we can find Rebecca. Just tell us and we will disappear. I understand that you want to continue on with your life and not think of her again. We're not asking you to see

her again, but I think you will agree that Owen has an obligation to her and to the child that she carries. Just let us know where we can find her, so he can do the right thing by her." Taryn said in a low tone of voice as she slowly walked towards Harold and looked at him with a calm and sincere look in her eye.

"St Majella's," Harold said after a long pause. "It's way out in the country. There's a brochure in the foyer," Harold added in a calm and defeated tone of voice.

"Thank you," Taryn said calmly as she smiled warmly at Harold.

At that Owen nodded to the women and at once they let Harold go as they backed away from him. Harold said nothing but watched as one by one the man and the four women left the stairs. When the door closed behind the last of them Harold breathed a sigh of relief and finally fear gripped him and he started to shake.

Chapter Fourteen: Caged Mouse

Author's Note

I sincerely apologize for the length of time it took to get this chapter out. As a reader as well as an author, I understand the frustration created by sporadic chapter updates. I have not abandoned this series and will try to be more consistent in getting these chapters out. My life has been busy as of late, that's all.

Take care,

Polyman

"Slow down!" Taryn chastised Owen in a motherly manner.

"Relax," Owen replied with an unimpressed smirk.

"You're going too fast on these windy roads!" Taryn urged again.

"Yes, Mother," Owen replied in a droll tone with a smirk.

"There's no need to swear!" Taryn replied in disgusted shock as she looked at Owen in disbelief.

Taryn huffed and turned away from Owen and looked out of the passenger window of the minivan as it sped down the windy country road. The trees that lined the road blended together and almost became one, but after a moment she could tell that the minivan had slowed down to a much safer speed. Still saying nothing she glanced over at Owen who wore a smirk on his face.

Taryn could tell that he was watching her out of the corner of his eye. The pair shared a smile, yet no words were said, and the moment was over as quick as it began. Owen looked back to the road as Taryn looked out the side window again, and each were lost in their own thoughts.

It was Monday, the day after the confrontation with Harold at his church and the night had been a flurry of activity. A heated family discussion was had over who was going to go and see Rebecca. Everyone had a good reason as to why they should go and what had started this animated discussion was Owen's declaration that he was going up to see Rebecca alone. Family togetherness and compassion for Rebecca and her plight overruled their desire to submit to Owen and obey his every command. Owen did not blow up and lay down the law but rather respected that the issue was important to the family. Instead the family discussed the issue at length but in the end, the only way to arrive at a compromise was for everyone to go.

So here they were, Monday afternoon driving into the country with everyone pilled into the Minivan. Taryn glanced over her shoulder and saw what she expected, Karen sitting in the middle of Veronica and Rosina. All three women were asleep and all three were snuggled together in an unmistakably intimate embrace. Rosina was rested up against the window of the minivan. Karen was slumped and leaning against Rosina with her head resting on the younger woman's shoulder dangerously close to her nearest breast. Veronica was using Karen's right breast as a pillow, her mouth was open slightly and the drool was already starting to wet her mother's dress.

Taryn smiled a mischievous smile to herself as her playful side came out to play as she glanced over at her son, her Master, who was driving the minivan. Unbuckling her seatbelt she said nothing as she slid out of her seat and onto the space between the two front seats.

"Please, Master, my I worship you?" Taryn asked submissively, with a hint of lust flavouring her voice.

"Yes, Red you may," Owen replied in a commanding tone of voice with a smirk on his face.

Owen reached down between his legs and eased the seat back, before he raised the steering wheel up. Taryn took advantage of the room he had made as she moved her head in to the area of Owen's lap. As Taryn unfastened Owen's belt-buckle, Owen set the cruse control before allowing Taryn to pull his pants and underwear down. Once his pants were down around his ankles, Owen spread his legs and settled back in the seat.

Taryn moaned in satisfaction as she reached up and grasped Owen's thickening cock in her hands and marvelled at how much she still lusted after her son's cock. It was long since such thoughts sparked even the slightest hint of guilt or doubt in her mind that she was doing what she was born to do. Taryn opened up her mouth and wrapped her lips around her son's cock and felt and overwhelming sense of completion to be one with him. Taryn closed her eyes and proceeded to deep-throat her Master's cock from memory. Owen sighed and let his head flop back and enjoyed the moment, as the

woman who knew how to suck his cock the best was at that very moment doing her best work yet. Owen had to snap his head back up to keep his eyes on the road, as Taryn's heavenly work still emanated glorious pleasure from his cock.

The jerking and slight weaving of the minivan brought Veronica out of her sleep, and wondering what was going on. Waking up with her cheek on her mother's breast was always a welcome sight and she smiled to herself. Veronica lifted her head up and looked at the front of the minivan and saw Taryn kneeling beside Owen's chair, and everything became apparent. Veronica chuckled to herself as she watched a mother give her son road-head.

Veronica might have felt a twinge of jealously if she hadn't been snuggled up to her own mother, with whom she has had sex with countless times. Each time they had had sex was just as special to Veronica as it was the first time. Veronica rested her head back on Karen's breast and eyed up the nipple with desire as temptation whispered to her to taste the nipple.

Veronica kissed the exposed top of her mother's breast with all the love she possessed for her mother, lover and fellow-slave. With all the desire and lust she possessed Veronica's lips never broke contact with Karen's skin as daughter kissed her way towards her mother's nipple. Karen started to stir and wake up and strangely found herself excited as pleasurable sensations drifted through her body.

Karen looked down and saw that her dress was pulled down exposing her breasts. Veronica was already latched on to her right nipple and was suckling it like she had done when she was a baby. Karen stared at her daughter and started to squirm in her seat as her lust and desire was instantly aflame. Karen looked at the image that a year ago would have scared her silly and almost pushed her into a mental breakdown the first time they actually had sex. Now she simply felt the love of family and spouse for this woman and indeed everyone in the minivan.

"Jeez, Dee-Dee, you could have any woman you want with the way you suck tits!" Karen said with pure lust as she looked into her daughter's eyes who was looking back at her as she licked circles around her right nipple.

"Right now, the only woman I want is you," Veronica replied with a slur as she continued to lightly kiss her mother's breast.

"OOOOOHH! BELLA BOOBIES!" Rosina squealed in delight as she made her awaked state known by squirming around and latching onto Karen's left nipple.

"Don't you ever get tired of that joke, Cat!" Karen groaned in reply as she settled into an upright position as the two younger women continued to suck and play on her breasts.

"I'm as tired of that joke, as I am of your titties!" Rosina said, briefly pausing her in her oral pleasing of Karen's breasts.

Karen, Rosina, and Veronica laughed as Rosina threw herself into the sucking and licking of Karen's breasts, and Karen had to surrender to the pleasurable sensations that now overwhelmed her. Karen just laid there, put her hands out to her sides and grasped the top of the bench seat.

Veronica and Rosina looked at each other and winked as they both sucked on a nipple at the same time. Breaking contact with Karen's skin at the same time both Veronica and Rosina were drawn to each other. The two younger women kissed each other with passion and love, a love that they shared for each other and everyone else in the family. When the kiss was over they winked at each other and resumed their pleasing of Karen. Rosina continued to suck, lick, tongue and caress Karen's breasts while Veronica repositioned herself between her mother's thighs, and licked her lips, before licking Karen's nether-lips.

"Ooooooooh Fuck yeah! Eat me, baby, eat me, Dee-Dee!" Karen groaned out as she snapped her head to look down at Veronica as the younger woman pushed Karen's legs further apart.

Veronica giggled to herself and she beamed with self-satisfaction and pride as she licked the length of her mother's slit. Veronica always prided herself as a woman who was an expert at drawing every morsel of pleasure out of a woman's body. Karen was a special case, however, being that she was her own mother, Veronica always took every instance to show her mother just how good sex between them was. A small part of her wanted to drive her mother to

constantly lust after her, to make Karen a slave to the pleasures that only Veronica could give her. Veronica still wanted to wield some sort of power over her mother: the power of pleasure.

As Veronica suckled on Karen's clit, as if it were a third nipple, Rosina was suckling on one of Karen's real nipples. Rosina liked to watch the face of her lover for clues as to if she was doing things right or not. She liked to see, the effects of what she was doing, was she bringing them pleasure or not? Words of encouragement might sometimes lie, for the benefit of the one giving the pleasure, but the face, in the throws of passion couldn't lie. Karen's eyes were tightly closed and her face was awash with so much pleasure it was almost overwhelming, made evident by the way she squirmed and twitched.

In the time since she started living at Karen's spa Rosina had grown attached to Karen, looking at her as an Aunt or surrogate mother. In the time since Karen had submitted to Owen and become her fellow-slave, Rosina had grown to love her as a lover and spouse. The lovemaking they had shared when it was just the two of them was slow, unhurried and on an even keel, as partners, as equals; a rare thing that they both treasured, yet never vocalized.

Karen was much older than Rosina and that might put her in a position of power. Yet Rosina had been involved with Owen longer than Karen and therefore had a leg up with her "seniority" in the family. They both were submissive woman, so neither of them wanted to take control or dominate sex. Taryn and Veronica had a Dominant streak, and had a natural pull to take charge of sex, in the

absence of a higher-ranking Dominant. While Karen and Rosina liked submitting during sex and never resented Taryn or Veronica for their Dominant side, the embrace of a true equal lover was a refreshing change and a made their love for each other that much stronger.

When Rosina felt a hand gently stroking her hair, she knew whose hand it was, and what the gesture signalled. Rosina looked up into Karen's eyes and found the older woman looking back at her, just as she had expected. Their connection and love was wordlessly expressed in the loving gaze that Karen gave Rosina at that moment, and it was reflected back to Karen in Rosina's eyes. With a loving smile, Karen guided Rosina's head closer to hers, Rosina licked her lips and did not resist. Their eyes never wavered from staring deep into each other's eyes as they drew closer for the much anticipated kiss.

Sparks flew as their lips first touched and their passions exploded as they kissed with and urgent need to taste each other. Karen threw her hands around Rosina and pulled her young lover into a tight embrace, as Rosina clutched Karen just as tightly. Hands roamed over each other as their bodies were pressed tightly together, trying to meld them into one entity of love and pleasure, lips never breaking contact.

Veronica didn't mind or wasn't jealous of the passionate embrace that Karen and Rosina shared but she did mind Rosina's hip bumping her head while she tried to continue to eat Karen's pussy. Deciding to make her presence known, Veronica reached between

Rosina's wet thighs and started to play with Rosina's pussy. Rosina's only response was to moan her approval into Karen's mouth as those two women continued to passionately kiss.

The heat increased as Karen reached down to the bottom hem of Rosina's dress and pulled up. In one swift and well-practiced motion, Rosina was nude, still kissing Karen and her dress was carelessly discarded somewhere in the minivan. The touch of hot, nude female flesh pressed up against each other was an exquisite feeling that both Karen and Rosina enjoyed for a moment before Karen grasped Rosina's torso and lifted. Knowing what her lover wanted, Rosina scooted up so that her breasts were eyelevel with Karen. Karen moaned in desire as she stared at the breasts displayed before her with pure lust.

"Hello my beauties, mommy's missed you!" Karen said in a low, barely audible, husky tone of voice before she attacked Rosina's breasts with passion, intensity and hunger.

For a moment three sets of lips spoke their love and desire without words as the three women made love to each other. Veronica ate her mother's pussy and was happy to do it, drawn there by her lust for the woman and the sweet taste of victory, encapsulated in her mother's pussy juice. Karen made love to Rosina's breasts with the hungry passion, true desire and fixation she had for the younger woman's body and the kinship they shared. Rosina could only stand there, waver, squeak, moan and groan her desire. As two women made love to her at the same time, Karen sucked on her breasts while Veronica finger-fucked her pussy.

Somewhere, lost in all this passion was the fact that Owen had indeed cum not once but twice. Two times Taryn happily suckled the nectar of life from Owen's cock, pausing for a moment between the two blowjobs she had given him. Taryn had developed a habit to swallow some of Owen's cum almost daily and her hunger for his cum had grown to the point of addition. Taryn didn't merely want Owen's cum, she needed it! She needed it so badly that if she went more than three days without it she started to suffer withdrawal.

Owen looked down at Taryn who was licking his cock clean after the second time he had cum and his cock was too sensitive for touch right now. With a pat on her head, Owen signalled for Taryn to stop sucking his cock. Taryn simply rested her head on his lap and looked up at him with eyes of love and devotion, content to be in his presence. They shared a look that expressed their genuine love and were happy in the knowledge that their bond was the deepest because they were the first. They were the first of the family to hook up, Taryn saw herself as a pioneer of sorts as she had the vision and courage to explore this relationship, and was proud of all the good that had resulted. She loved her fellow-slaves as the lovers, spouses and family members that they were, but her love and devotion to Owen was borderline worship.

Drawing Owen and Taryn out of their private moment was two women screaming though orgasm, clutching each other for deal life. Karen almost suffocated in the breasts she desired most as Veronica mercilessly continued to eat Karen's pussy from one orgasm to another. Rosina bumped her head on the roof a few times as she

thrashed about on the captive hand that still somehow thrust repeated into her pussy, driving her mad with passion and desire.

Taryn watched Karen and Rosina orgasm, and the way they moved created the illusion that they were indeed one entity of love and pleasure, sharing the same orgasm. Bodies can only take so much pleasure, however, before they lifelessly give out. Once it was over Karen and Rosina slumped together as they breathed heavy, trying to recover.

Veronica paused in her licking Karen's pussy clean when she felt the sensation of being watched. Veronica turned and looked over her shoulder as she withdrew her slick hand from between Rosina's legs. Veronica smiled a seductive smile at Taryn as she brought her hand slick with Taryn's own daughter's juices and started to lick them clean with long, slow sensuous licks. After two licks extended the hand to Taryn, offering the mother a taste her own daughter's juices.

The effect on Taryn was evident as her face filled with lust, yet knowing her place she looked up at Owen who continued to drive the minivan, now completely nude from the waist down. Owen glanced in the rear view mirror and then over at Taryn's imploring look as he chuckled.

"Sure Red, go play," Owen said with a light-hearted laugh.

"Thank you, Master!" Taryn said with an expression and tone which beamed with gratitude.

Taryn didn't need to be told twice and in a flash she had closed the distance between herself and the slick hand. Taryn licked Veronica's hand clean and Veronica also started to lick that same hand clean of Rosina's juices. Once the hand was clean, Veronica lowered it and the two women stared at each other, just inches apart. Taryn reached up, grasped Veronica's head firmly and directed the woman's head so she could lick Karen's pussy juices now smeared all over the young woman's cheeks. When Veronica's face was clean, Taryn pulled Veronica in for a passionate kiss which drew Veronica's passion and sexual tension built up over the past while out.

Karen and Rosina cuddled and held each other, lovingly enjoying the bliss of afterglow from the explosive orgasms that they had just shared. Both Karen and Rosina genuinely wanted Veronica to experience some pleasure, because of their love for her and because of the pleasure she had given them.

Taryn lifted her dress up and off of her body and three women's eyes were fixed on their Mistress's body, trying to get a peek of her now nude treasures. Veronica moaned in lustful hunger as she paused, drew back to drink in the delightful sight of Taryn's body.

"Oh, Mistress, may I PLEASE worship your tits!" Veronica said in a submissive, reverent, yet lustful tone of voice, speaking directly to Taryn's breasts as she strained not to lean forward without permission.

"Give us some space, into the back with the two of you!" Taryn commanded as she glanced up to Karen and Rosina.

"Yes, Mistress!" Karen and Rosina replied in unison, trying hard not to sound too excited at the prospect of some private time together.

Without another word, Karen and Rosina climbed over the bench seat and into the back bench seat of the minivan. Once there they laid down beside one another, with Karen against the back of the seat and Rosina pressed up against her. They looked at each other with all the love they felt for each other and their world shrunk down to the two of them in that back seat. Rosina leaned in and Karen met her half way for the beginning of the soft, slow and romantic kiss, the first of many they shared that day.

As soon as Karen and Rosina had vacated the bench seat, Taryn moved up to sit on it and looked down at Veronica with a self-satisfied smile. Taryn could see the desperate desire on the face of the young woman, who dutifully restrained herself from touching Taryn's body without permission.

Taryn felt a connection and kinship with Veronica that she didn't share with anyone else in the family. They both were Slaves of Owen, but they also had a Dominant side, something that she didn't share with Karen and Rosina. Taryn looked on Veronica as a daughter of sorts, a younger image of herself and it was this that was the foundation of their special bond. Taryn wanted to nurture and

develop Veronica's Dominant side and had given her some pointers and training as they practiced on Karen and Rosina.

The added kick, what Taryn had not admitted to anyone, especially to Veronica was the fact that in this case, she was dominating a Dominant woman. That made anytime she spent with Veronica that much more exciting and hot. Just knowing that this woman kneeling before her, eagerly desiring to serve and please her in anyway Taryn wanted was enough to make her pussy wet. Taryn looked down at Veronica and said nothing to Veronica for an excruciatingly long few seconds.

"Do you now?" Taryn replied with a cocky grin on her face as she looked down at Veronica who remained kneeling in the proper submissive position, looking down.

"Yes, Mistress Red, more than anything," Veronica said with a slightly hurt tone of voice.

"What are you?" Taryn asked in a firm tone of voice as she looked down at the bowed head of Veronica.

"A faithful Slave of Master," Veronica replied in a humble and submissive tone of voice.

"Then why do you kneel before me? Why do you serve me?" Taryn asked in a firm, yet husky tone of voice, as she rubbed her thighs together.

"Because Master has placed you in authority over me. He has made you his Mistress, to have power over all his Slaves. It is therefore my duty to serve you, and while I happily obey any commands Master gives me, I also serve you because I want to . . . I need to serve you Mistress," Veronica replied with her head bowed yet her tone of voice conveyed her conviction.

"Why do you need to serve me?" Taryn replied in a husky tone of voice that she strained to keep firm and commanding as she tried to pleasure her pussy by squeezing her thighs together.

Veronica lifted her head and looked right into Taryn's eyes as she spoke with love and conviction. "I need to serve you, Mistress because I have learned so much from you. You have taught me how to be both a good and faithful Slave, and how to be a good Mistress. Without you, I don't know how I would have been able to resolve the conflict between my Submissive and Dominant sides. I need to serve you, Mistress because I love you!"

"Then put that tongue of yours to good use and worship your Mistress!" Taryn said as she threw her legs apart and scooted her rump forward, putting her pussy lewdly on display.

"Gladly, Mistress!" Veronica replied as she lunged forward and buried her face between Taryn's legs.

Veronica licked at Taryn's already drenching pussy and giggled to herself at the evidence, literally on her tongue, that Taryn wanted her as much as she wanted Taryn. Taryn looked down and saw Veronica lapping at her pussy with her eyes closed, and still doing an expert job of licking pussy. Taryn marvelled at how intimately the young woman knew the most intimate region of a woman's body. In the few short seconds of Veronica's pussy-licking Taryn's whole body ached for the young woman and her body started to twitch from the intense pleasure stirred up.

As the Minivan turned off the main road and onto the private road all four women seemed to notice the considerable change in speed and looked up from their respective places in the minivan. Heads popped up from opposite ends of both bench seats. The flush, pussy-juice smeared faces of all four women made evident that they had all been sixty-nineing.

"Are we there already?" Rosina asked as she looked out of the nearest window.

"We've just turned onto the driveway. You might want to make yourselves presentable," Owen laughed as he looked at a pair of nuns leisurely walking down a path near the side of the driveway.

"Are you saying you don't like the way we look?" Veronica teased in a laughing manner as she thrust her chest out and held an obviously fake pout.

"I like you just the way you are!" Taryn replied with a laugh as she leaned in and started to suck on Veronica's tits.

"The nuns might not agree with you," Owen replied with a laugh as he smiled at another passing pair of nuns.

"Yeah, true," Taryn replied in a slightly melancholy manner. "Let's get cleaned up," Taryn said over her shoulder to the other women in the minivan. "And you might want to put your pants on, Master," she added to Owen with a smirk on her face.

By the time Owen pulled into a visitor's parking space in front of the main entrance to "St Majella's Home For Troubled Women," everyone was presentable. All four women were dressed in their dresses yet they reluctantly replaced their Slave-Collars with the short gold chain necklaces they wore in their place. The women had grown so accustomed to having something snugly fastened around their necks that they always wore either their Slave Collars or the matching gold chain necklaces.

As they passed through the doors of the cold stone institution, they walked in their usual order: Owen at front, Taryn and Karen behind him and Rosina and Veronica behind them. Upon immediately entering the main entrance the group walked up a wide, half-flight

of stairs to what seemed to be an elevated main floor. Once up on this level there was a large, oak, reception desk and seated at this desk was a nun who was very old and looked long past retirement age.

"Hello, I'm here to visit a friend of mine, Rebecca Moore," Owen said in a pleasant and polite tone of voice to the old nun seated at the desk who seemed to ignore Owen's presence.

"That's nice. Who are you, dear?" the old nun replied as she continued to slowly tap away at the ancient computer before her.

"Owen," Owen replied calmly, wearing a smile on his face that tried to hide his frustration.

"Who did you wish to see, Opie?" the old nun said as she finally turned her attention to look at Owen.

"Rebecca Moore, and my name is Owen," Owen replied with a strained calm that was only betrayed the slight twitching of his left eye.

"Sister Clarice, do you have a moment, dear," the old nun said over her shoulder to a group of nuns working in an office behind her.

"Yes, Sister Greta," a young, thin looking nun said as she approached the old nun.

The nun approaching the front desk looked to be too young to be a nun, yet she did have the pure and innocent look that one would expect from a nun. It was impossible to tell from the nun's habit she wore, but she looked to be quite thin and small, appearing to only come up to Owen's shoulder. Her smile and angelic face was her most charming and disarming qualities. "Oscar, here wants to visit your friend in room two forty-three," Sister Greta, the old nun, said to the young, Sister Clarice.

"Oh, how lovely! She doesn't usually get visitors, I'm sure you will make her day!" Sister Greta said with a bright smile as she turned to walk out from behind the desk. "Follow me," she added as she walked towards a nearby large set of stars which lead to the second floor, and there was a noticeable sway to her hips as she walked.

"Thank you," Taryn said to Sister Greta before she turned to follow after Sister Clarice and Owen. "After you, Opie!" Taryn said with a giggle in Owen's ear and Owen only scowled in reply.

"So how do you know Rebecca, Opie?" Sister Clarice asked as she opened the door to the hallway on the second floor.

"I am a friend of hers, and my name is Owen," Owen said in a thinly disguised, frustrated tone of voice.

"I'll tell you a secret, Owen, I heard your name right the first time, and so did Sister Greta. She just likes to have a bit of harmless fun now and again." Sister Clarice said with a light chuckle, as she turned back to Owen and put her delicate hand on his arm.

"I see," Owen said with a laugh and shake of his head.

Owen and the rest of the family walked down the hallway, following Sister Clarice, watching the doors, counting up until reaching the right one.

"Rebecca, you have a visitor," Sister Clarice said as she turned and walked into room two forty-three.

For Rebecca time slowed to a crawl and almost stopped altogether as Owen walked into her room. Rebecca was sure that her mind had finally snapped and she was now hallucinating during the day rather than just dreaming of her Sir at night. All the sleepless nights and nightmares had worn away at her shattered psyche until her mind couldn't take any more; Rebecca was sure of it. Rebecca looked at Owen and screamed out the terror that had filled her heart in the few short seconds that Owen had filled her vision. Rebecca was startled at the crowd of people who rushed to her side and screamed again as Sister Clarice, Owen and the rest of the family rushed to calm the now hysterical Rebecca. Everyone tried to calm Rebecca down but since they all talked at once, all Rebecca heard was a wall of noise

and all she saw was a jumble of faces. One word and one face cut through the din and confusion, however.

"Mouse, it's me!" Owen said as he held Rebecca's face and made her look at him.

"Sir?" Rebecca, said in confusion as she stared, dumbfounded into Owen's eyes.

"Yes, it's me. I came as soon as I heard," Owen said with a calming tone of voice as he smiled at Rebecca.

"H . . . How did you find me?" Rebecca stammered, her mind still a jumble of conflicting feelings and emotions. "I . . . I never told you . . ." she added but felt silent, pausing to relax into Owen's embrace.

"Harold told me," Owen said with a smirk on his face as Rebecca just looked at Owen with a shocked and confused expression.

"It seems you gave her quite a start, but she's better now," Sister Clarice said with a nervous tone that she attempted to lighten. "I'll leave you, but try not to excite her, any more," she added as she stood up, glancing back and forth between Owen and Rebecca with a knowing look in her eye.

"I am sorry about that, but it was quite a shock, to see him," Rebecca said to Sister Clarice in an embarrassed tone of voice.

"I understand," Sister Clarice said with a calming smile before briskly leaving the room.

"What are you doing here?" Rebecca asked Owen as the door closed behind Sister Clarice.

"I could ask you the same question," Owen said as he put his hand on Rebecca's pregnant gut.

"I . . . I . . ." Rebecca stammered, not knowing how to answer the question.

"Harold told us about the divorce, and about your pregnancy, but I want to hear what happened . . . from you," Owen said in a calming tone of voice as he continued to embrace Rebecca.

Taryn, Karen, Rosina and Veronica all found places to sit around the room and looked at Rebecca expectantly. Rebecca was about to talk but looked around the seemingly full room for so intimate a conversation. She just looked at Karen and Veronica and then to Owen with a puzzled and disapproving look on her face.

"They're family," Owen assured as he squeezed Rebecca in a calming manner.

"All of them?" Rebecca asked as she looked at Karen and Veronica.

"Yes," Owen replied with a confident smile.

"I can understand how uncomfortable you are, given that you don't know all of us. Why don't we go first and tell you how things have changed in our lives since we have seen you last. Then perhaps you will feel comfortable enough to tell us about what has happened to you." Taryn said with a warm and understanding tone of voice, and in response, Rebecca only nodded.

What followed was a brief description of how Veronica and Karen joined Taryn and Rosina in being Slaves to Owen, as well as how the new family formed. Rebecca said nothing while everyone talked, and just listened intently. When the talk was over Rebecca had a shocked and disturbed expression on her face as she looked slowly around the room and then up into Owen's face and shook her head.

"You haven't changed at all!" Rebecca said with a shocked tone of voice as she moved away from Owen. "In fact you've gotten worse! Not only have you twisted your own family with your sickness, now you've gone and infected others and dragged them down into your pit of perversion!" Rebecca said as she struggled to get up and briskly walk across the room but needed Owen's help to get all the way up.

"You didn't have a problem with it when we were together! You called me for help, remember? I came as soon as I heard! I am here to help you, so why don't you tell me what you're doing in this place," Owen said as he stood up to square off against Rebecca.

Rebecca opened her mouth to scream at Owen to get out but those words died on her tongue when she looked into Owen's eyes. As hard as she wanted push Owen out of her room and out of her life, she couldn't muster the strength to do so. She was still disturbed with Owen's incestuous relationship with his mother and sister and now that he had caused a mother and her daughter to join them in a larger incestuous relationship. The pull Rebecca felt towards Owen was still strong and now that she was all alone in the world, without a husband or any family to cling to, that pull was stronger than ever. Owen's powerful presence and strong arms looked oh so good to a submissive woman who faced the cold hard world on her own.

Owen's question reminded her of just why Rebecca was in this cold, institution, she was here to get help to rid herself of the dark urges which had brought them together in the first place. Rebecca still wanted to be a good, upstanding, Christian woman and finally close the chapter on this nightmarish part of her life which had only brought her pain. Yet even as this thought entered her brain she knew that her submissive side had not only brought her pain. She remembered fondly her time serving her Sir and the child growing in her belly could not be blamed for how it was created. Part of her wanted to kneel at his feet and give herself to him completely; let him decide what was best for her. Yet the religious part of her knew that

she had to push such thoughts out of her mind, for the sake of her child, she swore to be a good and wholesome mother.

"I am here because I need help, I need to be a good person again, I need to get rid of these sinful urges, so I can make a good life for me and my child," Rebecca replied in a hurt tone of voice which wavered with shame.

"Whose child is it, anyways?" Owen asked in a confident tone of voice as he leaned in.

"H . . . Harold's" Rebecca lied with an obviously uncomfortable air about her, her gaze darted to the other side of the room.

"Harold told us that the child wasn't his; so let's try again, whose child is it?" Owen asked again in a firmer tone of voice.

"Yours," Rebecca said as she buried her head in her hands and started to cry as she sank down into the nearest chair. Veronica happened to be sitting in that chair at the moment and had to vacate it quickly to get out of the way of the descending, distraught, pregnant woman.

"Mouse, let me take care of you, both of you, like I should, like I want to," Owen said in a loving tone of voice as he kneeled down beside Rebecca and wrapped his arm around her.

"NO!" Rebecca said as she shoved Owen hard to get him away from her. "Will you please leave me alone! If not for me, then for the sake of our child! Stay away from me and let me raise this child right! This child is all I have left in the world. Please keep your sickness far away from us!" Rebecca said in amongst sobbing before she broke down into tears.

Owen felt as if he had been kicked in the gut and sat back and stared blankly at Rebecca, who cried and barely noticed the comforting embrace of Veronica. Rosina and Karen hugged Owen as a show of support while Taryn moved over to kneel in front of Rebecca and embrace her. When their eyes met, neither woman knew what Rebecca was going to do, but after a moment, the sincere, empathetic expression won the sobbing woman over. Rebecca threw her arms around Taryn and sobbed harder into the woman's embrace.

"Give us a moment, please, Master," Taryn said to Owen with a soft tone of voice.

"Sure, I'll just go for a bit of a walk," Owen said as he got up and walked calmly out of the room, closing the door behind him.

Rebecca cried on Taryn's shoulder and all of the tension, frustration, fear, anger and confusion that had built up in her over the past few months came flooding out of her. Rebecca was so consumed by her own pain and tears that she didn't notice that, at that moment four women surrounded her and hugged her. For a woman who felt all alone in the world she failed to grasp that four women were, at that

very moment, giving her what she had missed and desperately needed: love and understanding. It was a short while later that Rebecca started to slowly calm down and come back to her senses.

"Now that you've had a good cry, do you feel better? I know I always do," Taryn said in an understanding tone of voice as she wiped the tears from Rebecca's cheeks.

"Yes, actually," Rebecca replied with a chuckle.

"Good, why don't you tell us what happened with Harold?" Taryn asked calmly as she still smiled warmly into Rebecca's eyes.

"When I first found out that I was pregnant, I knew it was Sir's child. Harold had a Vasectomy after our last child was born, but I was able to convince him that it was a miracle, that God had blessed us with another child. For a while this child brought us closer together and everything was fine," Rebecca said with a calm tone of voice but bowed her head and fell silent.

"You did what you had to do, you were trying to save your marriage, quite understandable," Taryn said with a reassuring tone of voice.

"After Harold had his annual physical, our doctor told him that he still could not father children . . . he came home and exploded. I told him everything, about the dark urges, going to Heather's, Sir, the child . . . everything. I had hoped that he would understand and

forgive me . . ." Rebecca's words trailed off and she sobbed a few sobs as the same of the moment came back to her.

"There, there, you did the right thing," Karen said as she squeezed Rebecca, in a show of support.

"It didn't do me any good. His reaction went from bad to worse. He threatened to divorce me right then and there. I begged him not to give up on me, that I was a different woman that I had changed. For a week we tried to make things work but he told me that he couldn't look at me, carrying another man's child, which only reminded him of my sin and betrayal. He made me come here, to rid myself of my dark urges, have the child and put it up for adoption. He told me that after I did all that, then he would take me back. A month after coming here, Harold told me he couldn't stand to be with me, and he put some divorce papers in front of me and he told me to sign them . . . I did," Rebecca said in a morose tone of voice.

"What did he leave you with? What about the kids, when do you see them next?" Taryn asked with a concerned tone of voice.

"He took everything, he even took full custody of the kids," Rebecca said solemnly, looking glum and depressed.

"That's not right! He took advantage of your emotional state, we can get them back!" Karen urged with an insistent tone of voice.

"No, Its for the best," Rebecca replied glumly. "They're better off without me, I'm sick and diseased," Rebecca said and hung her head in shame and sobbed a few sobs.

"No, you're not!" Taryn said firmly, looking directly into Rebecca's eyes as she spoke.

"You don't understand. I still have the urges! I still miss him! I still need him!" Rebecca cried in shame and buried her head on Taryn's shoulder as she cried out her tears and frustration.

"It's natural to still love an ex-husband. Even after Tony left me, I still missed him for quite some time. It will pass in time, there's nothing wrong with you, it's natural," Karen reassured Rebecca as she rubbed the woman's back in a soothing manner.

"No! Not him . . . I . . . I miss . . . Sir," Rebecca said in a low, meek and utterly embarrassed tone of voice.

"He misses you too," Taryn replied in a comforting tone of voice after a moment of pause.

"I can't be with him! I can't give in to those urges! It isn't right, it isn't normal!" Rebecca strenuously protested as she glared defiantly at Taryn.

"You're right . . . it isn't 'Normal.' Our family isn't 'Normal.' The four of us are Slaves to the same loving, caring, wonderful Master. We serve, love, and take care of him and he guides, loves and takes care of us. We all love each other and look out for each other. It may not be 'Normal,' and it may not be for everyone, but I have never felt so loved in all my life, I wouldn't change anything for the world," Karen said with a confident, considered and loving tone of voice as she looked into Rebecca's troubled eyes. "What difference does 'Normal' make, if you can be loved for who you are?" she added and paused to let her words sink in.

"Think of your children! They will be horribly scared and deranged, if you raise them in this environment!" Rebecca rebutted as she glance between Taryn and Karen.

"That's not true! How can children be anything but wonderful if they are raised in an environment which is built on an, and surrounded by love! Dee-Dee and I are not 'scared and deranged!' Sure, we love and care for blood relatives in a way that most people consider 'Not Normal' but we still know what is right and wrong and we are not twisted! We are loved, and have a very firm family bond now. This is a tighter and more loving family than I have ever known and I would love to raise children in our family," Rosina said with a passionate tone of voice as she looked at Rebecca with an unwavering gaze.

"That's all well and good for you, but I don't know if I could handle it. I have nowhere to go. I belong here until I am healed," Rebecca said with a subdued tone of voice, as she looked down.

"You belong at home with us! You are having Master's child, let us take care of you!" Taryn said in a warm and imploring tone of voice.

"No, I couldn't!" Rebecca replied with a waver in her voice and a tear in her eye.

"Do you really want to have your child, alone in this cold place, or at home, surrounded by family?" Karen asked in an urging tone of voice.

"I have no family," Rebecca said sadly.

"Yes you do . . . if you want one," Taryn said and all four women hugged Rebecca tighter and moved their heads in so she couldn't put her head down.

"I just don't know. What you say sounds wonderful, I just don't know it's for me," Rebecca said with a worried tone of voice before she sighed, "But I really don't like it here and I must admit that the urges haven't diminished since I have gotten here," Rebecca admits with a troubled tone of voice with a slight smile on her face.

"You don't have to decide anything right now, just come home with us and let us take care of you. It's the least I can do," Owen said and five pairs of eyes snapped to look at him closing the door behind him.

"I . . . I really don't know," Rebecca says with wet eyes of fear and trepidation as she looked at Owen.

"Your future is still yours to decide. Come and stay with us with no strings or expectations. You will be a guest in our home. You can stay as long as briefly as you want . . . it is up to you," Owen said in a confident and loving tone of voice as he smiled a charming smile at Rebecca.

"Really? You won't make me d . . . do things for you?" Rebecca asked with a dubious tone of voice.

"I promise. It is time for me to take care of you. Trust me, Mouse. Come home," Owen said as he opened up his arms to Rebecca and her heart fluttered.

For the first time in quite some time, she felt loved, wanted and accepted. Owen didn't want her to change or expected anything from her; he just wanted to take care of her. Rebecca started to struggle to her feet but this time it was remarkably easy, with the help of four women who surrounded her. Rebecca walked towards Owen and once his arms surrounded her, all her worries drifted away. She was in her Sir's arms once more and she couldn't help but feel anything but loved and cared for.

"Thank you, Sir," Rebecca said with a relieved tone of voice as a tear left her cheek and disappeared into Owen's shirt.

Chapter Fifteen: Stuffed Mouse

The hash browns scatted about the frying pan, running away from the swift movements of the spatula that Sunday morning. With a few careful movements, Rebecca herded the hash browns back into a neat and ordered grouping once again. Again, and again, Rebecca stirred the hash browns and tended to the breakfast, lost in her own thoughts as she did so. The scattering and reorganizing of the hash browns echoed the scattering and reorganizing of her own life. She was still troubled over the events of the past four days since arriving at Sir's house Tuesday night.

Rebecca knew who she was and what to expect from life at least that was true . . . before the pregnancy . . . before Heather's . . . before the dark urges surfaced. Yet as Rebecca looked back on her life with an honest and open mind she could see that "Submission" had always been a part of her life, it had been simply re-labelled. Rebecca had always accepted the church's time honoured view of marriage and the roles that a husband and wife were to take in it. Even as a child and teenager, she always did what she was told, looking to her parents for guidance and approval.

As far back as Rebecca can remember she always had a male authority figure watching over her. Primarily it had been her father, with her mother stepping in when her father wasn't around, but always the orders and direction originated from her Father. Then there were the priests in the church, shepherding her in the ways of God. Finally there was Harold, her husband, who was the man and therefore the head of the family, his word was final. They would talk

things over but once Harold made up his mind, that was it, that was what they would do.

Rebecca never questioned the order of things and always felt happy, content, protected, knowing that there was someone watching over her, guiding her. As Rebecca flipped the bacon she realized that all her life she had been a good submissive and never given it another thought. Domination and submission was all fine and good, as long as it was done within confines of the church and she was leading the life of a good and God-fearing woman.

It wasn't until the "dark urges" started that her submissive side had caused her any pain. Looking back, Rebecca could see that early in her marriage, as she and her husband explored sex, that her desire to submit in the bedroom started to surface. Rebecca had been a good little catholic girl and saved her virginity for marriage, just like she had been ordered to by the church and her father.

In the throws of the early passion and eagerness for sex Rebecca found her desire to be controlled came out. It started when Harold came home really turned on and came at her with loving force. In his passion and eagerness he never asked Rebecca if she was equally ready, willing or even wanted sex. Before she knew it, she was on her back on the living room floor with her legs in the air. At first she was angry with Harold for not thinking about her at all and had decided to give him a stern talking to when the sex was over.

As she brooded over being simply taken, and used for her husband's pleasure, it sparked. That was it, that was the origin of the "dark urges," as Rebecca called them. The thoughts of being taken and used for someone else's pleasure without a single thought or consideration given to her own wants, desires or needs excited her no end. Rebecca didn't understand why being taken, and used turned her on so much but she was left with the fact that it did.

As a result, Rebecca would live for the times when Harold would get aggressive and take her, but as time wore on, Harold's aggressiveness petered out. Rebecca tried to spark his encouragement by dressing in the ways he liked and a few times it worked. After being rebuffed one time too many, Rebecca never dressed provocatively for Harold of her own accord again, when she did, it was when she was told to.

Even though Rebecca was happy taking care of her family and serving her husband, the added kick of the sexual element left her wanting more. With Rebecca feeling unsatisfied with the regular aspects of sex, her own mind churned away in the background. At nights and in the quiet moments of the day Rebecca found herself dreaming up ways to be: used, taken, humiliated and serve her husband in the most objectified sense. She was shocked and disturbed by these dark impulses and never could bring herself to openly talk to Harold about such things. After one failed conversation during sex to get Harold to take charge more, Rebecca never brought up the subject again.

Rebecca found out about Heather's as she shopped online for a simple vibrator, for her own personal use. A banner add on the website drew Rebecca's attention; it was an advertisement for Heather's. Rebecca looked at Heather's site quite a few times before she decided to check it out in person. After a talk with Heather and a week of sleepless nights she decided to explore these dark urges in order to get rid of them.

For the first while, it worked, her dark impulses were confined to that one day a week when she went to Heather's. For the rest of the week, she could focus on and be happy in her good and wholesome life. For the weeks she skipped Heather's she discovered that for the next week she was consumed with sinful thoughts and dark impulses. After six months it became clear that she was hooked, unable to go back to her life before BDSM, yet unable to talk to her husband about fulfilling that need in her life.

Rebecca's true dilemma didn't happen until eight months ago, it wasn't until Sir that everything truly changed. She liked him, even when she first met him she liked him and wanted to serve him. The time that they had spent together had sustained her for the past eight months. As a result of Owen, she could not distance herself from her BDSM life; she had to admit that SHE wanted to serve him. No longer could she say that her "dark urges" were in control "Possessing" her like a demon.

That was the beginning of the end of her marriage and happy life. Even as she was feeling complete and more turned on in her life, Owen was planting his seed within her. That first meeting changed

her life and even though she never admitted it, Owen, her "Sir," as she still saw him had become the focal point of her life.

Rebecca was able to convince Harold that the child was his and that she was a good woman. Yet even as she was doing it, she knew it was an act which one day would come crashing down around her. It did, but not in the way she expected and as a result she was in the situation she was in. Rebecca was a divorced and disgraced woman, carrying an adulterous child of the man she had ruined her marriage for. Even all that did not really disturb her, these events were not the cause of her current troubled thoughts.

What really troubled Rebecca wasn't how strange and alien things seemed while living in amongst this unique family, but rather how much at home she felt. Rebecca resisted the urge to give in and become one of them, but the pull to do so was strong. A part of her looked jealously at the Slave-Collars that all the women in the house wore and she felt left out for not wearing one herself. Many a time Rebecca found herself staring at the "Property of Owen Thompson" tag on one of the Slave-Collars and had to fight the urge to tear the collar off the woman who wore it.

As if that wasn't bad enough, the way the family was structured and behaved not only made sense to Rebecca, but she had to admit felt familiar. There was a foreign and familiar sense to this family that seemed to be the perfect mix of good family values and Domination and Submission. Rebecca was envious of the fact that each of these four women were able to serve their "husband" in a way that Rebecca had always wanted to serve Harold. In retrospect, if she and Harold

had been able to explore Domination and Submission together, they would probably still be happily married.

Even stranger to the good catholic woman was the fact that even if you take the BDSM out of the equation there was still the Polygamy to contend with. Yet even this did not trouble Rebecca, as she knew it should. Rebecca knew that Sir had other women even when they got together eight months prior, yet she didn't let that trouble her then. As she saw these women interact with Sir and each other, she didn't see jealousy or envy but rather love and support.

Even as Rebecca fought to resist an intimate relationship with Sir, she could not deny that he was indeed a good and decent Master. He looked after his Slaves and treated them as wives, equal to each other and made sure that each woman felt loved and special. Even Rebecca was given this treatment and with each passing day she felt more like one of the family. In the moments when she was less than vigilant in her mental discipline she would wonder what it would be like to be married to her Sir. Every now and then Rebecca would daydream about being Collared and taking her place at her Master's feet.

The religious side of Rebecca could not at all accept the BDSM, Polygamous or incestuous nature of Owen's family. The good, God-fearing, catholic woman was shocked at everything around her: the Slave-Collars, the dresses, multiple wives, women having sex with women and family members romantically involved with each other! This part of her wanted to run away from Sir and never look back. The turmoil between her Christian side and her BDSM side, which

was the source of her nightmares, was not resolved by coming to Sir's house. Quite the opposite, it had now been brought to the forefront of her mind in the few short days she had been here at Sir's house.

"You really don't have to make us breakfast everyday!" Taryn said in a warm tone of voice as she wore an expression that was a mix between gratitude and chastising.

"I'm up early every morning anyways, so why not make myself useful?" Rebecca replied sensibly as she turned to look at Taryn, dressed for the day in her typical, dress and Slave-Collar.

"Well, thank you, but you are here for us to take care of you, so have a seat and let me finish this," Taryn said as she walked up to Rebecca and gave her the standard family greeting.

After four days of receiving the intimate hug and lingering peck on the lips from four women, Rebecca was becoming used to it. Due to her service at Heather's, she had kissed and had sex with women, but this was the first time outside of that place that she had allowed any kind of intimate contact with another woman to take place. Rebecca accepted it as another part of this unique family and while she wasn't comfortable with it, she had to admit that the close contact left her feeling loved; so in truth she was warming up to it.

When the kiss was over, Taryn left one hand around Rebecca's back, and rested it on the small of her back. Taryn put her other hand on

the pregnant woman's belly, yet another thing a pregnant woman had to get used to.

"Besides, you're already doing so much for our family by carrying our first child," Taryn said with a warm smile, looking directly into Rebecca's eyes as she gently rubbed the pregnant woman's belly.

Those simple words filled Rebecca with satisfaction and pride and she smiled at Taryn, her gracious, wordless response. This week had also brought the first time that anyone, even herself, had referred to true origins of the child she carried as a positive and pleasing experience. Rebecca could detect from the little things that the four women in the family had said that they were a little envious of Rebecca for carrying their Master's first child. It seemed a little ironic that Rebecca privately envied their Slave-Collars, and they envied her child.

"Well, my feet are killing me, Thank you, Mistress Red," Rebecca said with a smile, and without thinking of it she hugged Taryn and gave her the peck on the lips.

It wasn't until she sat down at the table that Rebecca realized that she was beginning to adopt the customs and idiosyncrasies of the family. Rebecca smiled a thankful smile that she forced onto her troubled face as Taryn put the cup of coffee down in front of her. Rebecca had been told that in private to please use the "Slave Names" for each person in the family, and she did so. In return they called her Rebecca and not "Mouse," as she wasn't a Slave of Owen.

Rebecca had been told that she need not call Taryn "Mistress Red," that "Red" would be acceptable, since she was not actually in the family and didn't need to show respect to Taryn's authority. Yet she constantly called Taryn "Mistress Red," as it was the only title that seemed to fit. Likewise she was told to call Owen "Owen" and not "Master" or "Sir," but try as she might, she could not refer to him as anything but "Sir."

Similarly, Rebecca found herself fitting herself into the established power structure of the family. Even though she was pregnant and there to be taken care of, she subconsciously looked for ways to serve Owen. She looked to Taryn for guidance and never questioned anything she said, any request or suggestion of Taryn's, Rebecca immediately followed. It was a constant and conscious struggle of Rebecca's to think and act, like a guest and not the newest family member. As her conduct this morning would attest, it was an uphill battle, and not one she was sure she wanted to win, yet was fighting anyways.

"Are you sure you want to go to church this morning?" Taryn asked as she started to flip the eggs in the skillet.

"Of course!" Rebecca replied with a mildly shocked look on her face.

"I mean, are you sure you want to go to that specific church . . . Harold's church," Taryn replied as she looked over at Rebecca with a look of compassion adorning her face.

"It's my church too! Why should I have to find some other place to worship, just because of Harold?" Rebecca replied with quiet determination before she took a sip of her coffee and glanced off in another direction.

"True . . . I just wondered if you're ready to go back there . . . after the divorce," Taryn said as she approached Rebecca and kneeled down beside her. "If it is important to you, we'll all go together, as a show of support," Taryn said with a smile as she conveyed her conviction with a look.

"It is, thank you, Mistress Red," Rebecca replied with a warm smile of genuine gratitude to the woman she genuinely liked and already looked up to.

"Well, breakfast is almost ready, I should wake the others," Taryn said as she stood up and started to walk back towards the kitchen.

"I'll do it. I have to pee anyways. You dish up breakfast," Rebecca said as she struggled to her feet.

"Are you sure?" Taryn asked with a concerned tone of voice.

"I'm pregnant, I'm not an invalid!" Rebecca laughed as she walked towards Taryn.

Taryn joined Rebecca in laughter as she moved slightly to let Rebecca pass by. Rebecca grimaced at that fact and was momentarily self-conscious of her size. Rebecca walked over to the door to Rosina and Veronica's room and knocked on the door. After knocking twice and getting no response, Rebecca opened up the door, expecting to have to shake Veronica awake. It was Rosina's night to be with Owen so the only one Rebecca expected to see in the room was Veronica.

When she did open the door, Rebecca saw the last thing she expected to see and her reaction to it was as shocking to her as what she saw. Rebecca opened the door and as expected, the bed closest to the door, Rosina's bed, was empty and looked like it had not been slept in all night. As she leaned in and turned her head to look at Veronica's bed, her power of speech evaporated and she was mesmerized by the scene.

Karen and Veronica were on the bed and both were nude except for their Slave-Collars. Karen was on her hands and knees, her breasts hanging lewdly down below her, and her flowing, feminine form was glistening with sweat and enticingly on display. Veronica was kneeling behind her mother, eagerly fucking Karen with a strap-on dildo of normal proportions. The eager thrusting hip movements of Veronica caused her DD cup breasts to shake and jiggle wildly. Both women were breathing hard, and had their eyes closed as the daughter eagerly grasped her mother's hair while fucking her senseless. Both women were being careful not to make too much noise, so as not to disturb others, thus why Rebecca didn't hear them before entering the room.

Rebecca couldn't take her eyes off the scene which at the same time struck her as perverted, disgusting and incredibly hot! Rebecca's eyes repeatedly drifted back to the sight of Veronica's large bouncing breasts. Karen's only slightly smaller, swinging breasts were a close second in the competition for Rebecca's ocular attention. What also demanded Rebecca's gaze was the sight of the strap-on dildo disappearing into Karen's pussy again and again.

Rebecca had begrudgingly accepted long ago that she was a "breast girl," though she did not see herself as bi-sexual (such a thing was wicked in her eyes). Rebecca never admitted to anyone, but she herself knew that she appreciated the female form and loved the look of women's breasts (the bigger, the better). During her time at Heather's she had sex with numerous women but never had allowed herself to enjoy it, telling herself it was disgusting, perverted and saw it as a punishment. As a result she had knowledge and experience in pleasing a woman but never wanted to have sex with women ever again.

Yet even Rebecca couldn't deny that she found the sight of one woman fucking another woman in such a dominating and commanding manner to be so wicked, and thus . . . so hot! Caught up in the heat of the moment, Rebecca imagined what it would be like to replace Karen in that scenario. This momentary fantasy scared Rebecca back to reality at lightning speed.

"Breakfast is ready!" Rebecca blurted out as she darted from the room.

Still shaking from her uncomfortable experience in Veronica's room, she knocked louder on Owen's door. Upon hearing a muffled bidding to enter, Rebecca opened up the door and leaned into the room and found a scene she found all too familiar and much more enticing. Owen was laying back in bed and he was totally nude and in bed with him was his sister, Rosina. Rosina was half-kneeling and half-lying as she sprawled across the large bed while giving Owen the now traditional wake-up blowjob. Rebecca stood there and was instantly taken back the first time she had met Owen and fondly remembered the long, leisurely blowjob she had given him while he and Heather talked. Looking into Owen's eyes, she smiled at him before she looked at Rosina with envy, for being able to spend the whole night with him and being so close to the object of her desire. Rosina winked at Rebecca and kept her eyes on Rebecca as she slowly licked up the length of Owen's shaft.

"Breakfast is ready," Rebecca said and left the room, darting into the bathroom.

Rebecca locked the bathroom door behind her and quickly positioned herself on the toilet. As her bladder emptied she hung her head, running her fingers through her hair. She was mortified at the wet panties which sat at her ankles, silently witnessing how excited she had gotten watching the sex that morning.

"It's like living at Heather's" Rebecca mumbled to herself as she shook her head in frustration.

The enticing image of Veronica's large breasts bouncing and jiggling wildly was burned into Rebecca's memory. All through breakfast Rebecca found her gaze drifting down to the ample display of cleavage around the table as a result of the around the house dress. Rebecca managed to calm down and by the time the family was dressed in their "Sunday best" and on their way to church, Rebecca's mind was in "church mode."

Rebecca's stomach fluttered with butterflies; she grew very nervous and self-conscious as the family walked into the church she knew well. A few cold stares and pitiful expressions were given from the people that Rebecca had expected, and some from a few people she didn't. Not all of the reactions she received were bad and quite a few people walked over to her and greeted her and the family with warm greetings and open arms. Rebecca made sure to introduce the family to everyone as "friends," using "real" names, of course. By the time the church service was about to start the family was feeling welcomed.

The church service was a typical affair and since the family had attended the previous week, they knew what to expect. Rebecca knew the hymns and prayers by heart and only occasionally glanced at a neighbour's book for reference. Rebecca felt happiest during that church service than she had been in months. She was in church with her Sir, something she never would have imagined possible when they first met. For a fleeting moment during the service she actually let herself believe that she could somehow have the best of both worlds with her Sir: Christian life and BDSM. The fact that he came

to church with her, because of her, showed how much he cared for her, and that he was willing to put her needs first.

Harold had to do a double take when he saw Rebecca and made a hasty exit out of the service, making sure to avoid any contact with Owen and the family. As he emerged from the basement of the church with his kids, after collecting them from Sunday School, he glanced around the room to locate Rebecca. Confident that they were looking the other way, Harold directed the children towards the nearest exit in the other direction.

When Rebecca gave an old friend an animated greeting, three pairs of young eyes quickly glanced around, after instantly recognizing their mother's voice. It was the oldest, six year old Mark who spotted their mother first and bolted out of his father's grasp. This jailbreak was quickly followed by the four year old Lisa and two year old Daniela.

"Kids, get back here!" Harold said in a stern, yet quiet tone of voice.

The three kids didn't see or hear anything but their mother, and ran as fast as their little legs could carry them to the warm embrace of their mother. Rebecca spun around and upon seeing her children rushing towards her, kneeling down to hold them wasn't a problem because her knees almost buckled due to the joyous surprise. Owen and Taryn helped Rebecca to her knees where she was just in time to receive three bundles of joy bouncing and shouting as they clutched their mother tightly. All three kids talked a-mile-a-minute and at the

same time, so while Rebecca made noises like she heard what they were saying, in truth she didn't understand half of what they said.

As all this was going on and the attention was focused on the happy reunion Harold slinked his way closer to the very spot he didn't want to be. Knowing that sooner or later he would have to retrieve his kids from Rebecca's embrace yet he didn't want to be near her, Owen or the rest of the family. One person in particular scared him more than any of the others, someone who had occupied his thoughts over the past week. For reasons he couldn't understand she scared and excited him at the same time and he couldn't help but take the opportunity to look her over and was pleased by what he saw.

Veronica had the feeling she was being watched and started to glance around the church foyer, curious to see who would recognize her. The inhale of shock and the wide eyes of fear and surprise made it clear that it was indeed Harold who had been the source of the sensation. When she looked at him their eyes locked, neither looked away and it was clear, even in the first few seconds, that Harold was afraid of her. Veronica chuckled to herself and smirked at Harold before shooting him a light glare. In response Harold's face went pale and he looked down and away.

The effect on Veronica was intoxicating, while she didn't find Harold attractive she did love the fact she could intimidate and dominate him from across the room with only a look. Her mind started to race and wonder what she could do to him if they were alone. How much pain could she inflict on him? How deeply under her control could she put him? The largest question of all was if she should let the

opportunity pass or if she should inflict some sort of revenge on him for what he had done to Rebecca. Who said revenge can't be fun, Veronica told herself as she looked away from Harold and back to the group at hand.

After a moment or two had passed, Harold made his way to the group, making sure to position himself in front of Rebecca but also a safe distance away from Veronica. When Harold entered her view, Rebecca was conflicted, part of her wanted to either: cry out her shame, or beg him to take her back, or kick him in the nuts. Somehow she kept her composure as Harold was behaving ever so politely at the moment.

"I didn't know you got back," Harold said in a nervous sounding voice as he looked at Rebecca with a pale smile, his eyes darting to Veronica.

"Yes, I'm staying with friends at the Spa down the street from the store," Rebecca replied in the best strong and confident manner she could muster.

"Well, it was nice to see you, but we have to be going. C'mon kids," Harold said to Rebecca before extending his hands to the children.

"But mommy, why can't you come home?" Mark asked in a whiny voice.

"Because mommy doesn't live with us anymore," Harold said as he reached for the children.

"Do we have to go?" Lisa whined as she clutched Rebecca tighter.

"Why don't we take you all to lunch?" Owen asked Harold in a gracious tone of voice.

"That's very generous of you, but we really have to go. Kids, let's go!" Harold said as calmly as he could, but it was obvious that his patience was wearing thin.

"How about we pick them up for a visit on Saturday? Say around nine o'clock?" Veronica said in a firm and pleasant tone of voice as she looked right at Harold, who looked at Veronica with a fearful look in his eye the moment she opened her mouth.

"Sure, sounds lovely," Harold replied in a subdued tone of voice.

"Thank you, Harold!" Rebecca replied in a grateful tone of voice as she hugged her children before urging them to go with their father.

"Don't mention it," Harold replied with a subdued and fearful tone of voice before he departed with the children in tow.

Taryn looked over at Veronica and gave her a knowing smirk on her face and shook her head as Owen and Karen helped Rebecca to her feet. Veronica gave Taryn a cheeky smirk in reply, but said nothing. The family was about to leave the church when yet another familiar face decided to welcome Rebecca back to the church family.

"As I live and breathe, Becky, how you been?" an energetic, plump woman said in a bright and warm tone of voice as she approached Rebecca.

"Monica! Oh my goodness? Good to see you! I've been okay. How've you been?" Rebecca said as she turned to the plump woman and hugged her tightly.

The woman embracing Rebecca was indeed an old friend of Rebecca's. Monica was a woman who had a pear shaped body but was not excessively large. Sure, she had extra weight on her that was not distributed well, simply gathering around her torso, but she could move about without being hindered or clumsy. Her black hair went straight to her shoulder-blades and framed her oval face well. Her blue eyes were set off by her light skin tone and her dark black hair and made sure you noticed them well. She was dressed in a nice pair of slacks and a blouse, and looked like the perpetual "Mom" type.

Monica was not alone in her greeting of Rebecca, as her husband Peter was there as well. Peter could best be described as a tall man who was in decent shape at one time but had gone soft over the years.

His chestnut brown hair started to fall out in his late teens and before he was thirty he was bald on top and only had hair around the sides of his head, not unlike Patrick Stewart. He had a neatly trimmed goatee beard, which he thought balanced out his lack of hair well and added a "tough guy" air to him. Monica liked it and that was all he cared about.

"My goodness girl you are getting huge!" Monica said as she broke the embrace and grasped Rebecca's pregnant gut with both hands. "When are you due?" she asked as she lightly shook Rebecca's gut, and to let its dislike of the motion known, the baby kicked.

"Don't do that," Rebecca said as she grasped her gut and paused to wait to see if her baby would kick again. "I'm due in three weeks," Rebecca added once she was sure the baby was settled down.

"Well, it's good to see you're in such good hands," Monica said as she flashed a smile over at Owen.

"Yeah, my friends are taking good care of me," Rebecca said with a warm smile as she glanced around the rest of the family.

"Owen, good to see you again!" Monica said as she reached up and hugged Owen in a tight embrace which Owen reciprocated, yet was puzzled how she knew him.

As Owen hugged Monica his mind was racing on just how he knew her, and Peter. As soon as he saw them something about them struck him as familiar but he had written it off as just seeing them at church the previous Sunday. Yet that didn't seem like it, he couldn't put his finger on it but it didn't seem like he knew them from church. When the embrace was over Monica looked at Owen and could see that he hadn't recognized them. She leaned in and hugged him once again but this time whispered in his ear when Peter hugged Rebecca.

"Heather's . . . but don't tell Becky, she doesn't know about us or that we know about her," Monica whispered quickly in Owen's ear.

When his eyes fell on her face once again, it all clicked and his eyes went wide. Now he remembered her, she and Peter were taking lessons from Heather and he had observed a few of these sessions. Peter, like Owen was taking lessons from Heather on how to best Dominate his wife, Monica. Monica was there to support her husband and loved being dominated by him. They never got involved with any other couple but did socialize around the Heather's, but made sure to keep their distance from Rebecca. It seems that they knew Rebecca enough to know that she was not willing to "come out" as a submissive and respected her privacy on this matter. As for Rebecca, she had been too focused on her own self-loathing to be able to notice anyone but whom she was either serving or serving with.

"Be sure to take care of your little Mouse now," Monica said with a wink of her eye as she nodded in Rebecca's direction.

"I will. We should really have you over for lunch sometime," Owen said with a conspiratorial smile.

"Perhaps, next week, but we really have to run," Monica said as she broke the embrace and put her arm around her husband's waist and they started to walk away, after saying their goodbyes.

"Are we really going to have the kids over next Saturday?" Rebecca asked with shock, as the realization just hit her. "What are we going to do with them? Where are we going to put them?" she added with slight fear and worry.

"We're not going to have them over; we'll take them out somewhere. You know, DO something with them," Owen replied with a smile on his face as he put his arm around Rebecca and they started to walk towards the exit of the church.

"Do what? I don't have any money!" Rebecca said in worry and started to panic.

Owen and Taryn were about to respond but Karen cut them off when she stepped in front of Rebecca. With a warm smile, Karen lifted Rebecca's chin until their eyes met.

"How many times do we have to tell you? You are family now, so what we have is yours. We're not rich but we have enough, and

certainly enough to entertain the kids for a Saturday, don't worry about it," Karen said with a friendly and comforting tone of voice.

"Thank you," Rebecca said with a relieved tone of voice.

In the middle of the church foyer, the family gave Rebecca a group hug and at that moment she felt accepted and truly like she was part of this unique family. The moral issues of right and wrong faded in the overwhelming feeling of love that overtook her at that moment. She felt loved, accepted and cared for, and that was just what she needed at the moment. All Rebecca could think of was that this was what family was supposed to feel like, and as strange as it seemed to outsiders, this eclectic group was a indeed a real family.

After spending five days sitting around in the basement apartment of the Spa, Rebecca was bored and restless so when Monday lunchtime approached, she had an idea to make herself useful. With a bag, containing lunch for Taryn and Karen, Rebecca struggled to get up the stairs of the apartment but by the time lunch came around she walked into the front of the spa.

"What are you doing up here? You should be downstairs resting!" Taryn said to Rebecca in shock when she saw her enter the front area.

"Oh please, I've been resting so much I'm bored silly. I brought you two lunch," Rebecca replied as she handed Taryn the bag of lunch while she sat down in the nearest chair.

"Thank you, but you really didn't have to," Taryn said with a gracious smile as she leaned over and gave Rebecca a hug and kiss.

Taryn had only just begun to sort through the containers of lunch when Karen walked out from the back, with a customer. She only shot Rebecca a light scowl to silently let Rebecca know that she felt the pregnant woman should not be upstairs yet. When the customer had left the store, Karen turned to Rebecca and spoke up.

"What are you doing up here? You should be downstairs resting!" Karen said in shock to Rebecca as she pointed towards the door leading to the downstairs.

"I told her that already," Taryn said to Karen as she handed her a container filled with a sandwich.

"Well, I was downstairs and decided since I am part of this family, I should start pulling my weight," Rebecca said with a slight smile on her face.

"Sweetie, you're already pulling the weight of two," Karen said with a smirk on her face.

"Or is it three?" Taryn asked with a giggle.

"Yeah, twins and triplets run rampant in your family, don't they?" Karen replied to Taryn with a light giggle that the two women shared.

"Yes, lots of twins, large strapping kids too, with big heads!" Taryn added and she and Karen broke into uproarious laughter.

"Very funny but I already know it is only one child, a boy," Rebecca replied in an unimpressed manner, yet the smirk on her face betrayed her annoyed façade.

"But you really should be taking it easy," Taryn added in a concerned tone of voice as she took a bite out of her sandwich and sat down beside Rebecca.

"Please! All I've been doing is taking it easy. I can sit around up here and at least make myself useful. Show me how to run the till and you can help Bella in the back," Rebecca replied as she looked first at Taryn and then at Karen.

"It's important to you, isn't it?" Karen asked Rebecca in a curious tone of voice.

"I feel so useless, I just want to contribute somehow," Rebecca said with a frustrated sigh.

"I certainly understand that feeling," Taryn agreed as she put her arm around Rebecca and squeezed. "C'mon, it's really not that hard, I'll show you" Taryn added as she stood up and walked over to the till.

Rebecca caught on quickly, as she did have till and customer service experience from running the Christian Bookstore with Harold all those years. By the end of the day she had settled into the position of front casher quite well. The rest of the week followed the same pattern, Rebecca would go upstairs and run the Spa with Taryn and Karen while Owen and Veronica went to their respective workplaces. In the evening the family would do something together and even the dinner and movie night tradition was carried on.

At night, with no fanfare at all each woman would go to her respective bed, including Rebecca to her spot on the hid-a-bed in the living room. There were no great announcements or bragging of whose turn it was with Owen, the woman in question would just go into Owen's bedroom with Owen. Rebecca noticed, however, and watched as slyly as possible each night as Owen took a different woman into his bedroom, every woman but her that is.

Saturday could not come quick enough for Rebecca and she was excited to be able to see her kids. Despite her bulk she was the first one in the minivan that Saturday morning, eager to see her kids. Owen, Rebecca and Veronica drove over to Harold's house to pick up the kids for the visit. When the minivan pulled up in front of her old house, Rebecca was filled with mixed feelings.

"I'll get them, you stay here," Owen said to Rebecca with a smile as he got out of the minivan. Owen walked up to the front door of the lovely home in the tree-lined avenue, which used to be his neighbourhood and rang the doorbell. Harold opened up the door and looked around, wearing a puzzled look on his face.

"What, she couldn't be bothered to pick them up herself?" Harold replied with disgust as he sneered at Owen.

"Mom?" Mark asked as he poked out from behind Harold and looked around.

"She's in the van, buddy, but why don't you guys go get your swimming stuff?" Owen said with an energetic and friendly tone of voice, typical when talking to kids.

"SWIMMING! WE'RE GOING SWIMMING?" Mark shouted as he disappeared into the house with the screaming and shouting of his sisters as they ran up the stairs.

"Nice house," Owen said as he looked inside at the clean furnishings of the lovely home.

"Thanks," Harold replied through gritted teeth.

"How do you sleep at night?" Owen said with a disgusted look on his face.

"Quiet well," Harold replied defiantly.

"We both know that was some really dirty pool you pulled on Rebecca. Taking everything, including the kids!" Owen said with a stern tone of voice as he glared a cold glare at Harold.

"Hey, she signed the papers, on her own. After everything she did, she deserved it! I don't owe her anything!" Harold replied just as sternly as he glared at Owen with just as cold a stare.

"I could get you in some deep shit for the crap you pulled, but I will let it slide, as long as you make it right to her," Owen said as he stepped closer to Harold and looked him deep in the eye.

"What about the assault last Sunday? I could get you in some serious shit too!" Harold snapped in an angry and taunting reply.

"Do you really want people knowing about that?" Owen asked with a raised eyebrow and Harold's expression turned to one of confusion and embarrassment. "Just think about it. We'll talk about this some other time," Owen said with a smile as he lightly poked Harold in the chest a few times.

Before Harold could reply the kids came out, each clutching their swimsuits and towels in hand. Without another word spoken, Owen walked to the minivan with the kids gathered around him. As the sliding-door of the minivan opened, Lisa voiced the question that was on the minds of the three children.

"Mommy, who's he?" Lisa asked as she looked up at Owen, with her little hand in his with one hand and her towel in her other.

"He's mommy's friend and his name is Owen," Rebecca said as she smiled at each of them.

"But I'd like to be your friend too," Owen said as he glanced at each of the kids who looked at him with unsure looks. "In you go, or we'll never get to go swimming!" Owen added and that got the exciting response he was looking for.

Owen took the group over to a large, indoor water park where they spent the time in the shallow end of the pool. Everyone enjoyed the swimming and horsing around in the pool and by the end of the day, the kids had warmed up to Owen and Veronica. What had helped was that he acted like a big kid the whole time. Daniela spent most of her time with Rebecca while Veronica divided her time between Mark, Lisa and Owen and taking care of Rebecca and Daniela.

Rebecca had to marvel at how patent Owen was with her kids. She was definitely swooning as she watched her Sir interact with her children and not once did he lose his cool or yell at them. The fact

that Veronica was hovering around to make sure that she was taken care of was not lost on Rebecca either, and the benefits of the larger family she was staring to blend into became apparent. As her youngest cuddled up to her Rebecca looked over at Veronica and smiled a gracious smile, her happy and thankful feelings were conveyed without a word being spoken. At the end of the day all three kids wanted to go home with Mommy, "Uncle Owen" and "Auntie Ronnie." With big hugs all round, the kids were dropped off, just in time for their bedtime. Not a single word was spoken as Owen and Harold exchanged cold glares while the kids went into the house.

Veronica drove home while Rebecca snuggled up to Owen in the back, feeling like she was whole again. Seeing her kids for the first time since before she entered St Majolica's left Rebecca feeling more vulnerable than she had anticipated. Spending the day with them was pure joy, but dropping them off was excruciatingly hard. Rebecca did not let it bother her when she was in St Majolica's because she told herself she was getting treatment and pretended like she was on a trip. Now that she was out and to actually see them again, knowing they were in the same neighbourhood, yet not with her was something that Rebecca had a hard time coping with. Before the minivan had rounded the second corner, Rebecca started crying, physically feeling the separation between her and her kids.

"We'll get them back, I promise," Owen said as he squeezed Rebecca tight and let her wet his shirt with her tears.

Once getting home, Rebecca was able to hold it together long enough to be brought downstairs but once there she cried once again. Even being surrounded by people that cared about her and being held by her Sir did not lessen the pain. It took some time but eventually Rebecca stopped crying and just enjoyed the moment of being held by her Sir on the couch. It was just what she needed and in his arms she felt safe, secure, and even loved. As strange as it was, as little as she knew about him and the odd group of people around her, her heart was opening up those around him, despite what she knew about them.

"I think someone is ready for bed," Rosina said as she looked at the sleepy eyes of Rebecca.

"Yeah, I've monopolized him too much today. Whose night is it?" Rebecca asked as she started to sit up straight.

"Yours," Taryn said with an understanding expression.

"Very funny, I've had him all day," Rebecca said with an unimpressed laugh. "Isn't it your turn Dee-Dee?" she added as she turned to look at Veronica.

"Actually we talked about that and decided that we would let you have nights with Master. Usually you would have to be Collared by him to have such a privilege, but we decided that because of all you have been though and since you are carrying Master's child we would share him with you . . . you are family after all," Taryn said

calmly yet there was a serious air about her, and in an instant Rebecca knew that Taryn was serious.

"I . . . I don't know . . . it wouldn't be right. I'm not ready," Rebecca replied in a sputtering flabbergasted reply.

"Tonight, you need him more than any of us do," Karen said in a compassionate tone of voice as she sat down beside Rebecca.

"I . . . I just don't know if I could . . ." Rebecca stammered in confusion as she looked around the room, unable to look at Owen.

"Wouldn't you like to hold him tonight? You don't have to do anything, just hold him and sleep beside him . . . all night long," Karen said with an understanding tone of voice.

"Doesn't that sound nice?" Rosina asked as she knelt down in front of Rebecca.

"As long as we wear something to bed, I . . ." Rebecca said in a meek and timid tone of voice, looking at Taryn, still not able to look at Owen.

The bedroom was dark with only a dim nightlight illuminating the bedroom as Owen waited in the bed, alone. Owen was alone in bed and wearing pyjamas while he waited for his bed-partner to arrive.

All three of these things were something that he was not used to and he almost got up to see what was taking Rebecca so long.

The door opened up slowly and just as slowly Rebecca entered the room, looking quite scared and timid. Owen wanted to rush to her to embrace her and let her know it would be alright, but wisely he knew enough to let her come to bed on her own. Once the door was closed behind her she walked the few short steps to the edge of the bed and stopped, looking at Owen with a fearful expression. As she came into the light Owen wondered where she got the "leave it all to the imagination," flannel pyjamas in her size on such short notice.

"We're just going to sleep in the same bed . . . right? You don't expect me to . . . y'know," Rebecca asked in a timid tone of voice.

"That's right, you don't have to do anything that you don't want to. This is your night, and we can just hold each other, if that is what you want," Owen said with a comforting smile on his face and in response Rebecca sighed a sigh of relief.

Rebecca's tension lifted somewhat as she moved towards the nearest side of the bed. Owen drew back the covers and Rebecca sat down on the edge of the large bed. It took a bit for her to shift around and get settled into a suitable sleeping position, all the while wondering if this was a good idea, or just inviting danger. When she felt Owen's presence behind her, felt his heat approach her from behind, felt his arm reach over her, she was at peace. Rebecca put her hand on his

hand and guided it to her belly, and with that simple touch she felt connected to him.

A thousand things swirled around in her head as she lay on her side, with her Sir spooning her from behind. For all her reasoning she was happy and couldn't tear herself away from his side, even if she wanted to. As her eyes started to close she felt him shift a little closer to her and now his body was pressed up tightly against hers. His breath on her neck felt like absolute heaven and her excitement started to rise. It seemed that holding her this close was having the same effect on Owen, for she felt a lump growing which was strategically nestled in the crack of her ass.

Rebecca was trying to think of what to do, but the needs of a neglected woman who for the first time in months was in bed with a man, was not permitting logical thought. Her heat continued to rise as the size of the lump continued to grow and her body remembered the pleasures that that very cock had brought her the last time they had been together. Rebecca knew she had to be strong, she knew she had to resist him.

"Are you too hot?" Owen asked as he looked at the flushed look Rebecca's face.

That was an understatement! Rebecca was getting quite hot and excited, but it had little to do with the blankets. Her own hormones, coupled with the close proximity of her Sir and her own neglected needs were responsible for her temperature rise.

"Look, perhaps you should take this thing off," Owen suggested as he tugged on the flannel pyjamas.

"I don't think that would be a good idea!" Rebecca replied with a fearful expression, which Owen never saw, due to her looking off in the other direction.

"Okay, just an idea, I just don't want you boiling up all night," Owen said in a slightly defensive tone of voice as he settled back into the snuggle and nothing was said for a protracted moment.

"I don't think you want to see this beached whale! Trust me, I'm doing you a favour!" Rebecca laughed in what was intended to be a light-hearted joke.

Rebecca turned to look at Owen but stopped when she saw the mildly displeased expression on his face. Her eyes searched his face for understanding in the few short seconds which nothing was said as they looked at each other.

"Rebecca, you're beautiful and I love you just as you are. I never meant for all this to happen to you and I am sorry for getting you pregnant . . . but I'm not sorry that you are carrying our child, or for having you here in my house and in my bed." Owen said with a serious tone of voice as he looked deep into Rebecca's eyes and paused for a moment. "I will admit that I had hoped that we could

be together . . . but I never wanted to cause you any pain to do so," Owen added in a sincere tone of voice. Rebecca's heart was soaring to hear her Sir's loving words. To be loved, desired wanted was enough to make a lonely woman's heart explode with love. To hear those words from her Sir, however, was too much for Rebecca to handle and so before she knew it she kissed him. Rebecca reached up and kissed Owen hard on the lips and he reciprocated. Rebecca rolled onto her back and Owen leaned over her from the side as they embraced and kissed, constantly pulling at each other.

Part of her mind was screaming at her to stop everything and leave before things got too far, but she was unable to pry herself out of the arms of her Sir. The kiss was full of passion and desire as hands started roaming over each other's bodies and much to her surprise it was her hands that were all too eager to feel bare skin.

Rough and frantic tugging on Owen's pyjama top got it up as far as his armpits before a grunt of frustration gave Owen the cue to take it off. Owen backed away from Rebecca long enough to completely remove his pyjamas. Rebecca growled in smouldering desire, now that she was able to see and touch his naked form. She had dreamed of this moment and paused to savour the moment of first contact as she reached up and touched his chest. She watched her hand travel up his chest hardly believing that the moment was actually happening and not a fantasy or daydream.

"Your turn," Owen said with a cocky grin as he leaned back and looked at Rebecca with an expectant grin.

"I don't know, it would be inappropriate, after all I'm a m . . ." Rebecca started to protest but Owen finished her sentence for her.

"Married? You are a single woman who is in bed with the man whose child you carry. What can possible be wrong with the two of us showing each other how we feel about each other," Owen assured Rebecca with a confident manner. "But if you're not ready or you don't want to, that's okay," he added in a warm tone of voice.

All Rebecca did was smile a loving smile as she reached up and brushed Owen's cheek, saying nothing for a moment, not needing to. She rolled out of bed and stood up, remaining facing away from Owen as she unzipped the unsexy garment and removed it. She turned her head first, to watch Owen's reaction as she turned her body, revealing herself to him in all her pregnant glory.

Owen smiled at Rebecca as he looked over the first nude pregnant woman he had ever seen in real life. Owen moved over to sit on Rebecca's side of the bed as he inspected her body close up and in detail. The swell of her belly was something that was obvious from any of the clothes that she wore but the round shape of it was something to behold. As he traced its curves with his bare hands his eyes took in the sizably larger breasts.

Flashing Rebecca a smile he leaned forward and took one of her hard nipples between his lips and sucked on it. Rebecca moaned her approval as she let her head flop back and bask in the intense pleasure he was giving her. After a moment of Owen's oral

appreciation of Rebecca's breasts he stood up and embraced her. This time that Owen embraced Rebecca, they were both completely nude together for the first time, ever. This kiss started slowly and tenderly, building in intensity until both Owen and Rebecca were on fire for each other.

"Oh take me Sir! I can't wait another moment!" Rebecca said with a hungry tone of voice as Owen broke the kiss to kiss her neck.

Rebecca walked forward as Owen stepped out of the way, still kissing her neck. Rebecca crawled up on to the bed and positioned herself in the middle of it, on all fours. Owen smiled a seductive smile at Rebecca as he admired the unique profile of the very pregnant woman kneeling on the bed with her belly and oversized breasts hanging down. The hunger in her eyes pleaded with Owen to mount her quickly and the shivers that ran through her body were a testament to her eager need.

"Please, Sir, I need to feel you inside me now!" Rebecca pleaded in a needy and desperate tone of voice as she looked over her shoulder and directly into Owen's eyes.

Rebecca watched Owen get onto the bed and position himself behind her. As he did so some movement out of the corner of her eye caught her attention. Rebecca turned her gaze to see a perfect profile of the two of them in a dressing mirror which across the room. Rebecca watched intently as Owen grasped his thick cock, the cock she had been dreaming of, and brought it to the entrance of her pussy.

Owen did not pause, and as soon as she felt his cock splitting her pussy lips she felt the glorious sensation of his cock sinking into her pussy. Through the reflection in the mirror their eyes locked and both could see the intense pleasure on each other's face as Owen's fat cock sank slowly all the way into her pussy. Pausing only momentarily when his cock was fully inside Rebecca, Owen withdrew at a slightly quicker pace.

Rebecca was filled with such exquisite joy just from the first few strokes of the coupling and knowing just who she was coupling with, she almost cried tears of joy. Owen's pace quickened considerably as his own hunger took over. Owen had a firm grip on Rebecca's hips as he hammered away at her pussy. One thought came into her lust-drunk mind, something was missing to make this moment perfect.

It only took a few flicks of her hair before Owen took the hint and grasped a large handful of her hair and started to tug. When she felt the tension on her scalp instead of her hips, Rebecca was wild with passion and came quickly. Images of the wild fucking that Veronica had given Karen that morning and the decadent thought that she had recreated that scene that same night filled her mind as Owen's cum filled her pussy.

Feeling a long-neglected need finally fulfilled, the lateness of the hour came over her and quickly Rebecca started to get tired. Part of her wanted to do more but she was too tired to do anything more. With a sleepy smile, Rebecca kissed her Sir and plopped down in bed and quickly fell asleep. Before sleep overtook her she felt the warm

embrace of her Sir, as he spooned her from behind. Rebecca fell asleep with a smile on her face, knowing she was in the protecting arms of her Sir.

Chapter Sixteen: Should I Stay or Should I Go?

Rebecca slowly drifted into consciousness that next morning and her first thoughts were of feeling snug and warm. As her mind became more awake, she felt the odd sensation of a body pressed up against her, more specifically the sensation of a nude body pressed up against hers. She glanced around the room to get her bearings but found that she was in strange surroundings and for a fleeting second, she panicked. The breath on her shoulder, the arm across her belly and the cock nestled into the crack of her ass reminded her of the night before and where she was. A satisfied smile crossed Rebecca's lips as she breathed a sigh of relief snuggling into the embrace of her Sir. She was in his arms and in his bed, so all was right with the world, or was it?

Part of her was happy and satisfied to be drawing closer to him; it was something out of a dream. To be able to start a real relationship with her Sir was something that was just a fanciful thought which taunted her even as briefly as a week ago. Her body had ached to feel his touch and to have him inside her again filled a need that this morning she knew that only he could satisfy. Last night had only scratched the surface of the things he could do to her and even that thought brought wetness to her pussy. Rebecca was powerless to resist him, and she knew it, the closer she got the closer she wanted to get. Nothing would satisfy the primal pull of the urge to be one with him, to be his in a real sense: to be his Slave. Deep in her heart, Rebecca knew that she craved his collar and to be owned by her Sir in a real and practical sense. She knew that she wanted to become the newest member of this odd yet loving family which already had started to feel like family to her.

Yet the religious part of Rebecca could never accept the sinful, deviant and immoral aspects of the lifestyle of Owen and his family. While she wanted Owen to have a part in the life of her child, as any father should, she was not sure how much contact was best for the child itself. While Owen was a good man who treated her and her kids well, he was also an incestuous, polygamist, who might very well teach these practices to his children, that was her deepest fear.

Rebecca kept telling herself that she was staying here because she didn't have any options, that nobody would take her in. This shaky truth is what Rebecca used to placate her religious side to allow herself to stay with Sir just one more day. Rebecca was a woman torn; she wanted both worlds without having to compromise either. One thing was clear that she would either have to reshape her religious beliefs to be with her Sir or suppress her submissive desires and cling religiously to the strict moral code she had always used to guide her.

As good as it felt to be in his arms, the real reason Rebecca was up so early became apparent as her urge to pee tugged on her bladder. With a groan, Rebecca rolled out of bed and with a hard push on the bed struggled to get up and out of the bed. Instinct and modesty won out over convenience and practicality, as Rebecca hastily put on her flannel pyjamas to walk the two feet of corridor to the bathroom.

In her haste Rebecca shut the bathroom door but didn't ensure it was closed and locked. As Rebecca sat on the toilet she noticed the crack in the bathroom door, and the slit of hallway beyond. Her pee was in full stream now so there was little she could do about it. She was

up a little earlier than she usually was and felt grimy, as a result of last night's activities, and decided to have a shower.

The prospect of a hot shower drew Rebecca's attention away from the open bathroom door. She had just turned the water on and had begun to adjust the temperature when the door swung open. Rebecca quickly glanced over her shoulder to see Rosina staring at Rebecca in disbelief as she closed the door behind her. Rosina was as nude as the day she was born, with the one exception being her Slave-Collar.

"What are you doing?" Rosina snapped at Rebecca in disbelief as she put her hands on her hips.

"Having a shower?" Rebecca replied in a puzzled tone of voice. "I could ask you the same question," she said as she pulled the handle and the showerhead sprang to life.

"Alone? In your condition! You could slip and fall, and hurt the baby!" Rosina said as she rushed to the shower to turn the water off.

"I'll be fine! I have had showers before," Rebecca said as she stood up and looked at Rosina with a frustrated expression. "I really need a shower!" she added with a sigh as she put her hand on Rosina's shoulder.

"If you insist on doing this, at least do it properly, I will help you," Rosina said in an understanding tone of voice.

"What are you, my mother?" Rebecca asked with a sarcastic tone of voice.

"No, I'm your nurse," Rosina said seriously as she left the bathroom for just a brief moment. "And future Fellow-Slave," she said as she returned, holding a step-stool. "You might say we're sorta engaged," she added with a giggle as she put the stool down in the bathtub.

"What?" Rebecca asked with genuine shock in her eyes that she tried to hide.

"Well, I heard you and Master last night. What I mean to say is that you seem to be fitting into the family so well that it only seems to be a matter of time before Master will Collar you too!" Rosina said as she adjusted the water to the right temperature, bending over as she did so.

Rebecca's head was swimming from the developments of the last few minutes. The thought of her kneeling down before Sir, having him claim her and place his collar around her neck made Rebecca's heart flutter. The delightful curves of the nude Rebecca, bent over before her brought her back to reality, only to drink in her flowing, feminine curves with a hungry eye. Rebecca chastised herself for looking at the young woman in such a light, yet the truth was that there was only nine years difference in their ages.

"Isn't that wonderful?" Rosina asked as she looked over her shoulder with a sparkle in her eye.

"Yes, wonderful," Rebecca said while openly staring at Rosina's shapely ass.

"Then you'll finally be a real part of the family!" she said as she turned around and stood before Rebecca. "C'mon, time to lose this thing. I'm surprised that Karen still had it! I swear she doesn't get rid of anything!" Rosina said as she tugged on Rebecca's flannel pyjamas.

"I . . ." Rebecca replied with a most worried and self-conscious look on her face as she clutched her garment tightly.

"I am a nurse and it's just us girls," Rosina said in a reassuring tone of voice. "Besides, I'm nude too," she said with a chipper tone as she bounced once to draw attention to herself.

With a frustrated sigh Rebecca grasped the garment and lifted it over her head and placed it on the bathroom counter. The uncomfortable look Rebecca gave Rosina let her know that she wasn't at all comfortable with the situation. The reassuring smile on Rosina's face tried to convey that Rebecca had nothing to be self-conscious about. As Rosina put Rebecca's arm around her shoulder and helped her to the bathtub Rebecca felt breast press up against breast. The soft feel of womanly flesh pressed up against her own excited her in ways that she wished didn't. When Rebecca was fully seated on the stool,

she reached for the soap, to begin washing herself. Rebecca blushed and turned away as Rosina stood up and retrieved the movable showerhead from its position up high.

Rosina sat down, straddling the edge of the tub, flipped a switch and the water shot out of the movable showerhead she held in her hand. Rosina moved the gentle spray of water slowly over Rebecca's body, making sure not to get her face or hair wet. Once she was fully wet, Rebecca started to lather herself up, she was uneasy by the attention Rosina was giving her. Rebecca noticed the intense gaze that Rosina was giving her pregnant gut, finally she had to speak up in order to break the tension.

"Haven't you seen a pregnant woman nude before?" Rebecca asked with a curious tone of voice as she reached up and started to lather her far arm, in an attempt to slyly cover her breasts up.

"Oh, sorry, I didn't mean to stare . . . it's just that . . . well, you're not just any pregnant woman, you are carrying Master's child!" Rosina said with a tone of wonder as she looked intently into Rebecca's eyes.

"Sometimes I wish I wasn't," Rebecca grumbled under her breath.

"And I wish I could," Rosina said with a growl of envy as she looked down.

"What?" Rebecca asked in curious shock, it wasn't until she reached out and touched Rosina's hand that the younger woman looked up. "You do? You want your brother's child?" she asked with astonished wonder as the two women looked intently into each other's eyes.

"I have been a Slave of Master's for four, almost five years now! I stopped thinking of him as my brother a very long time ago! He is my husband and my Master, so why wouldn't I want to bear him a child?" Rosina replied in a curt and slightly hurt tone of voice.

"Well, I . . ." Rebecca stammered for some sort of appropriate reply.

"What did you think, that we were all just kidding about? Having fun? Playing about until eventually we would get serious and find a man of our own?" Rosina said in a confident and stern tone of voice as she looked deep into Rebecca's eyes, silently demanding an answer.

"I never gave it much thought, it is all so new to me, and I must admit a bit unsettling," Rebecca replied in an unsure tone of voice as she wore an uncomfortable expression.

"This is it for me . . . for all of us! I can't think of living any other way, I love my husband and my wives! More than anything I want children!" Rosina added with a passionate tone of voice before she bowed her head and sighed. "Since I can't have Master's children myself, I will have to be satisfied with the ones others bear him," Rosina said in a sad tone of voice, looking down while she talked.

There was a tense moment as Rebecca wondered what she could say to ease Rosina's pain. It astounded Rebecca how deeply Rosina loved Sir, and how badly she wanted to have his children herself. While they may have changed the way the look at and perceive each other, biologically they were still brother and sister. Anyone could see that it was too risky for Owen and Rosina to attempt to have children. A part of Rebecca understood how important it could be to a woman to have children of her own and felt for what Rosina was going through.

"Touch this one then," Rebecca said as she placed the bar of soap in Rosina's hand.

Rosina looked up with a puzzled expression on her face before she looked down at the soap and over to Rebecca's gut. With a grateful smile she brought the showerhead up again and wet Rebecca's whole torso before lowering it once again. Without taking her eyes off Rebecca's gut she brought the soap up and gently touched the pregnant woman's skin with both her bare hand and the hand holding the soap. The soap hand led the trail and the bare hand just traveled slickly over the skin with the gentlest of touches. Rosina leaned in and focussed all her attention on the task at hand, and it wasn't merely washing Rebecca. With slow and deliberate movements Rosina moved her hands around Rebecca's body, seemingly captivated by the swollen pregnant gut.

Rebecca was amazed at how excited and heated the soft touch of another woman could bring her. By the time Rosina's hands

wandered up to Rebecca's breasts it was obvious to both women that this was more than a mere wash. As the soapy hands swirled and moved around the large breasts of the pregnant woman, a moan escaped Rebecca's lips, betraying her calm facade. Rosina had leaned in so much that her face was a foot a way from Rebecca's bosom when her eyes darted up to Rebecca's face and noted the embarrassed expression which lived there.

"They're lovely and positively huge! Have they always been so big?" Rosina asked as she lightly cupped both breasts and lifted them.

"I usually am a D cup but lately the seem to keep growing, I'm sure I'll be an E cup by the time baby gets here," Rebecca chuckled as she tried not to look overly concerned or excited about the woman who was now quite obviously playing with her breasts.

"You're lucky, I was always small. Finally Master allowed me to get my breasts boosted up to the C cup they are now," Rosina said as she thrust out her chest to display them for Rebecca.

"They're lovely," Rebecca said and as strange as it seemed to her at the time, both women compared breasts, as they said nothing for a moment.

"I wanted them bigger, a D cup at least but Master said that it would look silly on my little frame," Rosina said as she looked at her own breasts.

"I think perhaps he's right. I think they're lovely," Rebecca said with a hunger in her voice as she stared openly at Rosina's breasts.

Much to her shock, Rosina's breasts rose up and got larger, filling her vision. Rebecca gaze didn't waver as she Rosina's breasts were brought right up to her face, now inches from her lips. Instinct took over as Rebecca licked her lips and stared intently at the left nipple, which moved closer, seemingly able read her thoughts and deepest desires.

"Do you think so?" Rosina asked in the husky voice of a horny woman.

"Yes, I . . ." was all that Rebecca was able to say before that nipple was shoved unceremoniously into her open mouth.

Rebecca knew this shouldn't be happening and even more so that she shouldn't want it to happen. Both things were true and Rebecca moaned her approval as she sucked on the nipple and try as she might she could not deny that she wanted to! With desire and passion that she never knew was there, Rebecca opened her mouth and started to tongue around the nipple, exploring the greater breast area. Drawing on the skill and expertise from the countless times she had sucked on breasts before, Rebecca kissed and made love to Rosina's breasts. For the first time in as long as she could remember she was orally pleasing a woman and she wanted to, it was her choice, and she chose to do it!

Rosina ran her hands over Rebecca's hair, smoothing it down, gently stroking the woman, wanting to let her appreciation be known. Rosina was cooing and moaning her approval as the older woman sucked on breasts with surprising skill. Rebecca lifted her hands up and caressed Rosina here again, her hands knew just where and how to touch Rosina to elicit pleasure. There was only so much Rosina could take before she had to reciprocate.

Without warning, Rosina grasped Rebecca's head and planted a passionate kiss which heated both women up. The kiss quickly involved tongues and both women pawed and caressed each other openly while their tongues danced with each other. The excuse of a playful kiss or innocent exploring quickly vanished as the passion increased. Rosina broke the kiss as she started to kiss her way down Rebecca's body.

The showerhead was brought into play as the younger woman wet down, and caressed the slick breasts of her new lover. With one hand she would guide the water-spray and with the other she would run her hand over the recently wetted skin. The soft and smooth movements silently attested to Rosina's equally skilled hand at pleasing a woman. When the soap lather was removed from Rebecca's belly, Rosina put she showerhead down and brought her lips to Rebecca's breasts.

Rebecca stared in disbelief, her mind drunk with desire and passion as the younger Rosina wrapped her lips around Rebecca's large nipple. It felt heavenly and terrifying at the same time and Rebecca

could not stop watching Rosina who took her time exploring Rebecca's large breasts. With closed eyes Rosina kissed and traced aimless patterns around the large breasts, caressing with her hand, the breast her mouth was not in contact with at the time.

Rosina had just begun to lick and explore Rosina's pregnant belly with her hands and lips when there was a loud banging at the door. The noise quickly brought both women back to reality, and at the time Rosina continued to lick Rebecca's "outie" bellybutton.

"Don't use all the hot water!" Veronica shouted as she pounded on the door.

"Sorry, I'll be out in a bit!" Rebecca replied in an embarrassed tone of voice.

"We'd better finish up," Rosina said as she stood up and wet Rebecca's hair.

In less than a minute, both women were wrapped up in towels and exiting the bathroom. The raised eyebrow of Veronica elicited an explanation from either of the soggy women.

"She was going to shower by herself, so I decided to help bathe her properly and safely," Rosina said in a calm and unembarrassed tone of voice.

"Sure," Veronica said, while looking at the embarrassed expression on Rebecca's face while she walked into the bathroom.

The sizzling sound of breakfast cooking made it obvious that breakfast was well underway. Rebecca started to walk towards the living room, in order to get some clothes and get ready for the day when Rosina stopped her.

"Aren't you going to wake up, Master?" Rosina asked Rebecca as she lightly grasped her arm.

"Okay, Rebecca replied and was about to knock loudly on the door when Rosina stopped her.

"NO! . . . properly," Rosina said with a naughty smile on her face.

"What do you mean?" Rebecca asked Rosina with a curious tone of voice.

"You saw what I was doing last Sunday," Rosina replied with a wink and a giggle.

"Every morning?" Rebecca replied with a look of shock and wonder.

"It's sort of a tradition around this place that whoever's night it was the night before gets to wake him up with a blowjob," Rosina replied with a hint of an excited tone of voice, raising her eyebrows a few times. "Want some help?" Rosina asked in a naughty tone of voice.

Rebecca wasn't sure if it was the charming way Rosina spoke or the fact that the two of them had just had sex, or her smouldering hormones or the fact that the sex had been interrupted. Whatever the reason, Rebecca nodded, openly inviting another woman into the bed of her man, her Sir in the intent of sharing him sexually. Her moral side was shocked into silence at the moment, but Rebecca was sure that it would make its feelings known later. For now she thought nothing more of the moral implications as the door closed behind the two women.

Owen was still, asleep on the bed and now he was sleeping on his back, almost as if his subconscious was expecting the morning fellatio. Rosina and Rebecca looked at each other and giggled as they dropped their towels, almost at the same time. Rosina pulled the covers back, revealing not only the whole of Owen's nude form but the bed as well. Rebecca moved towards the bed and kneeled down on it on her side, with her shoulders twisted so she could reach her Sir's cock without too much trouble. Rosina laid down on the bed on the other side of Rebecca and the two women looked at it for a moment before Rosina reached for it.

Holding it up straight she wrapped her lips around her Master's cock and swallowed the whole, flaccid member. After a few bobs on Owen's stiffening cock she let it out of her mouth and pointed it

towards Rebecca. Rebecca took the cue and began to slowly swallow her Sir's cock under the watchful eye of anther woman, with whom she had just had sex with. That thought alone was hot but when Rosina's tongue joined hers in licking the length of Owen's shaft, Rebecca was even more excited than before. Rebecca and Rosina closed their eyes as they French-kissed each other and the head of Owen's cock at the same time.

"Ride it!" Rosina said with a sparkle of excitement and lust in her eye.

"What?" Rebecca replied with an equal spark of excitement living in her own eye.

"I would love to watch you ride him!" Rosina replied with an urging tone of voice.

With a last bob on his cock each, Rosina helped Rebecca position herself and her bulk correctly over Owen's cock. With Rosina positioning Owen's cock just right, Rebecca lowered herself onto Owen and pure bliss enveloped her as she once again had her Sir's cock embedded deep within her. The excitement of being watched and helped by another woman turned up her heat and lust and she looked deeply into Rosina's eyes as she began to lift and lower herself on Owen's cock. After a watching a few of Rebecca's self-fucking strokes and the wild bouncing motion of the massive breasts, Rosina growled her lust. Latching onto one of the bouncing nipples and sucking hard Rosina sucked on Rebecca's breasts as the pregnant woman fucked herself on the very cock that got her that way. The

passion and excitement of the moment was too much for her and Rebecca came and came hard, slamming down on Owen's cock one last time.

"Wanna know why they call me Cat?" Rosina asked with a seductive smile as Rebecca leaned on Rosina and recovered from her orgasm.

"Sure," Rebecca replied, looking lovingly into Rosina's eyes.

"Let me ride Master's cock and I'll show you," Rosina said with a seductive tone of voice.

Rebecca's eyes went wide as she thought of that very thing, of actually watching them have sex. A shudder went down her spine as Rebecca climbed off of Owen's cock and sat down to the side, the thought of seeing a brother and sister have sex was too wicked to miss.

Rosina swiftly moved into position over Owen's cock and she faced away from Owen. in the same position that Rebecca had been in. Rebecca's eyes were glued to Owen's cock as Rosina watched Rebecca's face while she lowered her pussy onto her Master's cock. When sister was fully impaled on her brother's cock Rosina let out a satisfied sigh, not unlike the sound a drug-addict makes when they get their next fix. Rosina had long known and accepted that she was an addict for her Master's cock.

Rebecca watched in wonder as Rosina lifted herself up and then back down on Owen's cock, again and again. It wasn't long before the Rebecca had an answer to why Rosina was called Cat, because soon she started to moan and make her trademark catlike sounds. Rosina had her eyes closed and was lost in her own world of pleasure as she bounced as hard and as fast as she could.

Rebecca strained to keep her composure and not get involved, not do anything to Rosina in front of Master. The enticing sight of the rhythmic bouncing of Rosina's breasts were too much of a draw and Rebecca moaned out her frustration as she moved up and latched onto Rosina's left breast and started to suck on it while her lover fucked the man they both loved. Rosina moaned out in passion as she grasped a handful of Rebecca's hair and held the woman's mouth to her breast.

Owen had of course been awake for some time by now and had enjoyed the bonus of the "good morning fuck" from not one but two women. Now, he was close to cuming, he wanted to finish things up, properly, and take Cat with him. Owen grasped Rosina's hair, (something he knew drove her wild) and started to thrust up into her at a fast pace. Rosina was constantly squealing her excitement as she clutched Rebecca's mouth hard to her own breast, almost suffocating the woman. When Owen moaned and slammed up into his Sister's pussy one last time, emptying his load into her eager pussy, it was all over for Rosina. The heat of the moment and knowing that she had brought her Master pleasure, drove her over the edge and she came, and came hard.

When it was all over, Rosina clutched Rebecca for support as she recovered from her orgasm. Both women smiled at each other the happy, satisfied and conspiratorial smile that both women knew intimately the pleasures of the cock Rosina was impaled on. Owen nudged Rosina and she started to get off of Owen. When Rosina was seated on one side of Owen and Rebecca was seated on the other side of Owen, both women looked at Owen's slick cock and winked at each other. They had just started to move towards Owen's cock with the obvious intent to lick it clean, when a voice spoke up from behind.

"Oh no you don't!" Taryn said and instantly both Rebecca and Rosina glanced at the door to see Taryn leaning against the doorframe. "We don't have time! You two go rinse yourselves off quickly, breakfast is on the table," Taryn commanded as she nodded in the direction of the bathroom. "I'll take care of that," she added with a smirk.

"Yes, Mistress Red," Rosina and Rebecca replied submissively, in unison.

Rosina and Rebecca got off the bed; Rosina picked up both of their towels and carried them with her into the bathroom. When Rebecca had exited the bedroom, she noticed Karen standing not too far off, wearing a cheeky grin on her face.

"So much for the 'Flannel Pyjama' defence, eh Mouse?" Karen said in a light-hearted tone of voice with a giggle.

"One night with Master and she seems to be a brand new woman," Veronica teased in a similarly playful tone of voice as she looked at Rosina who had started the shower going.

The moan from Owen drew Rebecca's attention and the sight was exactly what she had expected she would see, but it was no less shocking. There, lying across the bed was Taryn, her body was straight as an arrow with her mouth at Owen's groin and her feet dangling off the end of the bed. Rebecca watched as a mother repeatedly bobbed her head up and down on her son's cock and again. Yet even the moral side of Rebecca could see the love and devotion they had for the other. Taryn was looking right into Owen's eyes as she gave him his second blowjob of the morning. Yet, anytime Taryn wrapped her lips around her Master's cock it was not a blowjob but rather worship her Master. Both of them were there by choice, and Rebecca could see love in the midst of this otherwise disturbing scene.

"C'mon, let's save water and I'll make sure you don't fall," Rosina said in a chipper voice to Rebecca.

At that Rebecca went beet read as she looked at Rosina holding the shower curtain back as she beckoned Rebecca with a crocked finger. While she wanted to walk away and not go to Rosina in front of the Karen and Veronica, she still wanted to feel Rosina's wet skin against hers. Without looking back Rebecca walked into the bathroom, stepped into the shower, and into the loving embrace of Rosina. Rosina already had the soap in hand and began to quickly run wash Rebecca, before Rebecca got the chance to wash Rosina.

Over breakfast no teasing or taunting of Rebecca took place. In fact there was no bragging or drawn out tales of the activities of the previous night or this morning at all. Rebecca was quickly learning that the family had adopted an "accept and move on" policy when it came to sex. As long as it was sex that was within the family, an not barred behaviour, the family didn't talk about it. With the only exception being when something happened that the family did need to talk about. Otherwise, the activities during sex was not brought up, and never rubbed in anyone's faces what they had done the night before. Sexual expression and experimentation were seen as healthy things and teasing would only curtail future experimentation.

Once the family was dressed in church clothes and on their way to church, Rebecca was well into "Church Mode." As she expected her moral side had roared back with a vengeance, and to say Rebecca was troubled over the events of the previous night and this morning would be an understatement. Rebecca felt guilty for having sex with Owen. The truth was that she did not want to give herself to him sexually since she was unsure she could truly let herself be with him. Add to this the fact that she not only did have sex with another woman but enjoyed it, and you had a very confused and scared Rebecca. All the way there and all through the church service Rebecca chastised herself for what she had done, and by the end of it she was quite ashamed of herself and mortified. Rebecca's moral side was trying to convince her submissive side that she was becoming as twisted and perverted as Owen's family, and was well on its way to winning the argument.

As if all this wasn't bad enough, Betty, one of the church busybodies and a horrible gossip cornered Rebecca on one of her frequent trips to the bathroom. Betty was a woman well into her seventies and literally had nothing better to do than keep up to date on what everyone around her was doing. She saw herself as the self-appointed "morality police," convinced that she had the right and responsibility to keep everyone on the "Straight and Narrow path." As Rebecca walked out of the bathroom stall, she saw Betty taking her time washing her hands, watching her in the mirror.

"How've you been, dear?" Betty asked with a perceptive look, watching Rebecca's eyes for a reaction.

"I've been fine, how are you?" Rebecca asked as she stared to wash her hands.

"It's good to see you back, sorry to hear about you and Harold," Betty said in a compassionate tone of voice which rang hollow, as she put her hand on Rebecca's arm.

"That's the way it goes sometimes?" Rebecca replied as she reached for a nearby towel.

"Where are you staying, dear?" Betty asked with poorly hidden eagerness.

"With some friends of mine," Rebecca replied as she tried to dry her hands quickly, to get away from Betty's inquisition.

"Those people you came with?" Betty asked with a hint of a disapproving tone to her voice.

"Yes," Rebecca replied in a moderately uncomfortable tone of voice.

"Really? What are you doing with THEM?" Betty asked with a distasteful tone of voice.

"What do you mean by that?" Rebecca asked indignantly.

"Those Thompsons used to live next to me . . . I saw things . . . I heard things . . . most disgusting things," Betty said with a stern and most disapproving tone of voice. "The whole neighbourhood talked about it,"

"I don't know what you're talking about! They're good people!" Rebecca replied in a flustered tone of voice and not the indignant tone that she had been going for.

"Mark my words, they're DEVIANTS! They do strange things! I know they did things to each other, even then! One look at them makes it obvious they're still doing it! The way they carry on is completely DISGUSTING! And now it looks as if they have dragged

that mother and daughter down with them!" Betty said in an angry manner with eyes red of indignation.

"I . . . I . . . I've never seen anything," Rebecca said in a timid tone of voice with a pale expression.

"How can you possibly be involved with them! Or is it too late? I've heard disturbing things about you, but I didn't want to believe them. I can see now that they are true. You're an ADULTERER! That despicable man Owen is the father isn't he!" Betty said with eyes of slits as she grasped Rebecca's arm tightly and pulled the woman closer to her.

"NO! You're wrong! I'm not with them! I have nothing to do with them! I am just staying on the couch! I would never get involved with those kind of people!" Rebecca said as she broke into tears and turned away from Betty, yet the old woman just stared at Rebecca's back without compassion.

"You're on the road to Hell my dear. Repent and come back to God. Get yourself out of that den of debauchery or you will soon become just like them!" Betty said with a stern tone of voice before she briskly walked out of the bathroom.

Rosina stood there in disbelief as the old woman walked out of the bathroom and past her, both women exchanging cold glares at each other as the older woman walked away. Rosina had gone to the bathroom to check on Rebecca, and had overheard most of the

conversation. To be described in such scathing detail by an outsider hurt, but not nearly as much as Rebecca's stern denial and embarrassment of her family.

Rosina walked into the bathroom with red eyes of anger and tears on her own cheeks as she stopped a short distance away from Rebecca and glared. As soon as the door opened up, Rebecca snapped to see who was entering the room, fearful of Betty coming back for a second round. The expression on Rosina's face was much worse and in a flash, both women understood volumes and no words were needed, denials would be fruitless.

"THOSE kind of people?" Rosina said with a wavering voice, cracking with the sound of her hurt and pain.

"Cat, I . . ." Rebecca tried to explain but she was abruptly cut off by an incensed Rosina.

"DON'T CALL ME THAT!" Rosina roared as she stepped closer to Rebecca. "Only FAMILY calls me that! Clearly you're too good, too 'high and mighty,' for me and my family!" Rebecca said her voice still angry but pain dripping from every syllable as she continued to speak.

"I didn't mean it!" Rebecca cried out as she stepped closer to Rosina.

"What are we to you . . . just a bit of fun? A chance to explore your wicked side now and again? Something to play with?" Rosina asked with a disgusted tone of voice as she stared at Rebecca, demanding an answer.

"No, of course not," Rebecca pleaded as she moved towards Rosina, wanting to touch her, yet Rosina backed away.

"WE'RE NOT HEATHER'S! We're not something you can play at! You are either with us or you're not! You need to make up your mind. You know that Master loves you, we all love you. We want you to be with us but you have to commit to us. What do you want?" Rosina said in an indignant and pained manner as she stared Rebecca down, who burst into tears once more.

"I DON'T KNOW! Part of me wants to be with you all but part of me can't accept your . . . the way you are," Rebecca said in amongst the tears.

"You don't deserve him! You know what I think? I think you need to make up your mind before you set foot in MY home once again!" Rosina said in a stern and challenging tone of voice.

As Rosina stared at the crying Rebecca, the door to the bathroom opened up and in walked Monica. She took one look at Rosina and Rebecca and huffed in frustration as she made her way towards her old friend, Rebecca.

"I could hear you two in the foyer!" Monica said as she wrapped her arms around Rebecca and let her cry on her shoulder.

"She . . ." Rosina started to snap but was cut off by Monica.

"What part of 'I could hear you two in the foyer' did you not understand?" Monica snapped at Rosina.

"You don't understand, this is a private matter," Rosina replied in an angry retort.

"It's not very private with you two yelling at each other in the middle of the church, is it? And I understand more than you think I do about your family and this situation," Monica said in a calming tone of voice and at that Rosina fell silent and wore a confused look on her face. "For now, I think it's best for Rebecca to stay with us, for the time being," she added and paused to gather Rebecca's attention, who for the moment stopped crying. "Would you like that?" she asked and waited for Rebecca's response.

"Yes," Rebecca replied in a timid tone of voice.

"Okay, let them in!" Monica called out to the door.

Instantly the bathroom door opened up and in walked: Peter, Owen, Taryn, Karen and Veronica, all looking concerned and all eyes were on Rebecca.

"What's going on here!" Owen barked and his angry gaze snapped back and forth between Rosina and Rebecca.

"Calm down, we've just had a bit of a tiff, that's all!" Monica said to Owen in a soothing tone of voice.

"SHE DENIED US!" Rosina blurted out angrily, and at that Rebecca started to cry.

"She's just a little confused right now, and needs some time and space to sort it all out," Monica said to Owen, firmly ensconced in "Peacemaker Mode."

"Is that true, Mouse?" Owen asked Rebecca in a hurt tone of voice.

"I'm so confused. I love you and part of me wants to be with you, but the other part of me just can't accept some of the things you do," Rebecca said and broke down into tears, before quickly gathering herself together. "Ca . . . Rosina's right when she says I need to make up my mind once and for all. It isn't fair to you . . . to any of you," Rebecca said and hung her head in shame, crying on Monica's shoulder.

"Okay," was all that Owen could say to Rebecca before turning his attention to Peter, who was standing beside him. "Take care of my Mouse for me, and if she needs anything . . ." Owen said but Peter cut him off.

"I know. You want to take care of her and the baby whether she is with you or not. Don't worry, we'll take good care of her," Peter said in an understanding tone of voice.

"Exactly, Thank you," Owen replied before passing a cold glance at Rosina before walking to the bathroom door.

"Master, I . . ." Rosina urged in a defensive tone of voice before Owen snapped his gaze at Rosina and at once she fell silent.

"Later," Owen snarled before he walked out of the room and at that Rosina started to cry.

"It'll be okay," Karen said as she wrapped her arms around Rosina and guided the woman out of the bathroom, following after the rest of the family.

Rebecca looked at the closed door and then to Peter and Monica, the only two other people in the room and at once she felt lost. How did they know about her? How would she begin to explain any of this? Worst of all, what would she do now? Where would she turn if she angered Peter and Monica? With two weeks to go before her due

date, this was not a laughing matter and she was worried and the pressures of it all started to get to her and Rebecca cried, yet again.

Chapter Seventeen: Mouse Training

Rebecca sat in her favourite chair of the darkened living room with her four month old son, Chris, on her lap, nursing. Rebecca watched as her son suckled at her breast and smiled at the one last aspect of her life which brought her any joy. She loved her son with all her heart and only wanted the best for him and desperately wanted to do whatever it took to give him a good and wholesome upbringing. She just wondered why her son had to have his father's brown hair and piercing blue eyes, a constant reminder of her Sir and her greatest mistake.

Rebecca stayed only a few days at Monica and Peter's place before she left a note on the table rode a cab into the night. Her limited funds meant she couldn't go too far, so she took the cab to the south end of town and right into a women's shelter in an area of town where nobody knew her. When she got to this small part of town she walked into the women's shelter and told them a story of staring over and wanting to get away from an abusive man. The shelter and the local church rallied around her and they helped her get on her feet. They helped her find her this apartment and even get a job at a day-care centre that one of the parishioners owned.

Rebecca was anything but happy, even though she had finally achieved what she had wanted, a fresh start in a new place. She had finally put her past behind her, but this did not bring her the relief she thought it would. She had ensconced herself in the local Christian community, despite the four short months she had been

here. She had many friends and people she socialized with, she should be happy instead of being miserable, like she was.

Rebecca felt alone in a sea of people, not really connecting with anyone around her, never letting them in, and never talking about the past. She was always afraid that her past would catch up with her, yet at the same time not sure if she cared if it did. It was as if she was going through the motions of her old life, yet that life didn't seem to fit who she was anymore. Perhaps the most troubling thing was the fact that she was not sure exactly who she was now, or what she really wanted.

As she sat in the tiny apartment she knew that her greatest mistake was not getting involved with her Sir, but rather, leaving him. She felt worthless and useless, not feeling worthy of happiness and too embarrassed to contact Sir. She knew that it would be too much to expect him to take her back, after publicly running his family down and turning her back on him. It hurt too much to think of her Sir and the loving home and family that she foolishly had thrown away because of her own preconceptions and strict religious beliefs.

Looking down at her son nursing at her breast, she wondered why she had to like nursing him so much. This simple and natural act between mother and child not only felt good in itself but it also served as a reminder of the brief encounter she shared with Rosina. Looking down at the sweet and innocent child, she failed to fathom why Taryn and Karen would get involved with their own children?

After all she had seen and heard at Sir's house she had begun to accept their involvement with each other and was afraid that she might somehow turn out the same. What if, when her son got older, he turned out to not only look like his father but also but be a Dominant? What if when he was older he took control of her like Owen took control of Taryn? Could Rebecca handle not only being involved with her son, but also a Slave of her son?

This frightening thought lingered in her mind despite how much she tried to force it out of her mind while she got her son ready for bed. As she laid him down in his crib that night she smiled at the joy of her life, little man around which her life was now centred.

Crawling into bed that night she fell asleep right away; one of the advantages of being a tired single mother. Her dream that night could only be described as a nightmarish warning of what might come to pass if she was not careful.

* * *

In her dream, time had moved forward twenty years, and now she was fifty-two years old and she had trimmed down a little but still had a larger figure than a woman half her age. Her breasts, which had grown when she gave birth to her son, had shrunk only slightly, leaving her with slightly larger breasts than she had before she had gotten pregnant with Chris.

It was late in the afternoon and her son would be home soon, so Rebecca was scrambling to finish her cleaning before he arrived. She was adorned in her typical attire which was: her Slave collar, wrist and ankle restraints and body-harness. Her body was always on display but she was not worried, as she lived out in the country and she never left the house, nor changed out of this outfit, unless instructed to or she accompanied her Master outside of the home.

The sound of tires on gravel gave her a warning that Master was returning, and Rebecca rushed to put the cleaning supplies away before running to the front door. She made it to the door just in time to be kneeling by the door when her Master returned. The key in the door caused her excitement and fear to rise; she knew that at any moment her Master would enter.

The door opened up and her son, the twenty year old Chris walked into the door with an arrogant confidence and a natural power which emanated from him and caused his mother's pussy to weep in anticipation. Saying nothing Chris lifted his right foot an inch off the floor and Rebecca untied his shoe and removed it. Chris put that foot down and lifted the other foot and Rebecca removed that shoe. Rebecca gathered up both shoes and put them away in a cubbyhole which she could reach while still kneeling. Rebecca leaned forward and kissed both of Chris's feet and kept her face facing the floor as she spoke.

"Welcome home, Master, have I kept your home to your liking?" Rebecca asked submissively, fearful of his response.

Chris looked around the room before with a critical eye before he said, "as far as I can tell."

"Thank you, Master," Rebecca replied, her relief only slightly snuck into her voice.

Chris walked past Rebecca and on into the dining room where he saw exactly what he expected to see, the dining room table with only one place setting set, naturally it was at the head of the table. Rebecca waited until Chris had left the room before she got up to follow him, knowing that it was not permissible to move until then. Rebecca had to run to make it to the dining room table before Chris so she could pull his chair for him. Once Chris was seated, Rebecca retrieved Chris's dinner, which she had warming in the oven, waiting for his arrival. Rebecca placed her Master's dinner down in front of him and kneeled beside him with head bowed and waited for him to finish his dinner, waiting for him to have a need of her.

When Chris was finished eating he got up and walked into the kitchen. Rebecca waited until Chris had left the room before she got up, gathered up Chris's dirty dishes and walked into the kitchen. Chris was pulling down the can of stew as Rebecca entered the kitchen. Rebecca quickly and quietly washed her Master's dishes as he picked up the dog-bowl with the word "Slut" written across it. Rebecca dried and put the dishes away as Chris opened up the can and poured the contents of the can into the dog bowl.

Chris heated up the contents in the microwave before he held up the dog-bowl and looked at Rebecca expectantly. Rebecca dropped to her knees and made the motions of a dog begging its Master for dinner. When Chris was satisfied he placed the bowl on the floor and watched as Rebecca dug into it, face first hungrily eating the stew from the dog-bowl. Chris patted her head and walked away, entering the living room to watch television as his Slave ate her dinner.

When Rebecca had finished dinner she cleaned up: herself, the bowl, and the surrounding floor before placing the bowl back in its place. Rebecca crawled into the living room on her hands and knees and knelt beside Chris's chair and waited for him to have a need of her.

"You may have dessert, Slut," Chris said without taking his eyes off of the television screen.

"Thank you for you gracious gift, Master," Rebecca said as she shuffled on her knees into position before her Master and between his knees.

Rebecca reached up, and unzipped her son's pants, and her mouth watered as she lowered his pants and revealed his thick cock. Slowly she moved forward, grasped the thick cock, the centre of her obsession and wrapped her lips around it. As the fat cockhead passed her lips her soul growled its satisfaction of being one with her Master again. Rebecca slowly made love to her son's cock and used

her every talent to draw out her Master's pleasure. It wasn't long before her efforts were rewarded by a mouthful of her Master's cum.

Since Chris took control of her two years prior, Rebecca has known nothing but complete servitude and submission of her: mind, body and soul to her son who was now her Master and owner. Even since her son was born she had doted over Chris and saw to his every need. As Chris got older he became ever more daring and demanding; the more he demanded, the more Rebecca gave. This culminated, when on his eighteenth birthday, Chris tied up his mother and proclaimed his ownership of her. Rebecca struggled at first but after a week of his relentless and merciless treatment of her, she gave in, and became what she is: his possession in the most objectified sense.

A hard shove from her Master sent Rebecca sprawling across the floor and brought her out of her reverie as she looked up at her Master with a look of stunned silence. Chris scowled down at her with a look of mischief as he reached into a nearby drawer and pulled out a pair of clips and a leash. Rebecca's eyes went wide with fear as she wasn't sure if she would enjoy what followed, yet she was powerless to stop him. She had submitted herself to him completely, two years ago. Chris clipped her wrist-cuffs to her the waist of her body-harness behind her back and clipped the leash to her collar.

Chris stood up and walked towards the upstairs of the modest country home with his mother in tow . . . literally. He held her leash as he walked at a regular pace with his mother moving as fast as she could as she scurried along on her knees. Rebecca never dared to get

up onto her feet unless she had been ordered to by her Master. Even as she climbed the stairs she did so on her knees without the aid of her hands, for they had been securely affixed behind her back. This was not the first time she had been led around like this, and to Rebecca this was normal. To walk beside her Master around the house was abnormal, and it was almost a torture to commit so brazen and disrespectful an act to her Master and owner.

Chris led Rebecca down the short hallway to his bedroom and entered the room that they both shared. As if by forethought there was a set of padded stairs at the end of the king-sided bed. As expected Chris led Rebecca up the stairs and onto the bed. Rebecca walked on her knees to the centre of the large bed and laid her head down and waited for her god to take her. Rebecca's pussy got increasingly wet as she knew she was about to be taken by and joined with her Master. Her entire reason for existing was about to be realized as she was about to bring her Master pleasure. Chris pulled the leash tight as he lined his cock up with his mother's pussy and waited. Both knew what was coming, it was yet another step in the nightly ritual.

"What are you, Slut?" Chris asked with a sneer in his voice.

"I am your possession, Master," Rebecca replied with her head down and her ass on display for her son.

"What is your purpose, Slut?" Chris asked with a cocky grin on his face.

"To serve you with distinction, Master; to bring you honour and pleasure through my service and submission, Master," Rebecca recited with sincerity and genuine humility.

"What is your place, Slut?" Chris asked as he rocked his hips forward and began to split his mother's slit.

"I am your Slave, Master, your Slut, your, Whore, your possession. I exist only to serve you, I desire only to please you," Rebecca asked as a moan wavered in her voice while her soul cried out for her son to fuck her.

"What are you waiting for, Slut?" Chris said as his cockhead slid down the wet slit of his horny mother.

"I am waiting for you to fuck me, Master. I need to feel your large cock deep inside me, Master. Please fuck your Slut, Master!" Rebecca said in a needy whine, which dripped with sincerity as her pussy dripped with anticipation.

Chris said nothing as he moved forward and sank his cock into his Mother's pussy inch by inch. If Rebecca wondered why she was still here and in so objectified a position as this, she got her answer each and every time her son's cock entered her. Rebecca was unable to help herself from experiencing the ecstatic joy of knowing that this cock belonged to the fruit of her loins. As Chris pulled out to begin

the fuck, Rebecca moaned like the slut she was, and revelled in the knowledge that she was fucking her son and loving it! This relationship was wrong, twisted, and perverted on so many levels and every way that it was wrong excited her no end.

Chris's power came out in the raw and savage way that he ravished his mother's body, fucking her with hard and fast strokes. When Rebecca's excitement was nearing its peak and she was close to cuming, Chris pulled out. Without warning, he lined his fat cock up and shoved it into his mother's ass. Rebecca let out a low moan as her rectum was invaded yet again by her son's cock. After the third stroke of her son's ass-fuck Rebecca began to meet his thrusts, she was trying to reach her peak, desperate to cum. Soon enough it happened and Rebecca came hard, her rectum clenching down on her son's cock. This pushed him over the edge and Chris emptied his load into his mother's ass.

They paused for a moment to recover before Chris pulled his softening cock out of his Slave's ass and presented it to his mother. Rebecca knew what was expected and licked his soiled cock clean, making sure to get it completely clean. With a tug of her leash Chris led Rebecca off the bed, down the padded stairs and over to her bed, a large dog bed in a corner of the room. Once there Chris unclipped Rebecca's hands and unclipped her leash. As Rebecca settled into her now all too familiar bed Chris took a chain that was firmly affixed to the wall and locked it to her Slave collar via a padlock. Rebecca settled into bed as Chris patted her head and they smiled at each other. Chris then turned off the bedroom light, shed his clothes and climbed into bed.

* * *

When she fell asleep in the dream was when Rebecca woke up and bolted upright glancing around the room. When she realized that she was in the bedroom of her small apartment and no Slave collar was around her neck, she breathed a sigh of relief. Just as she was about to lie back down, writing the whole thing off as a bad dream she noticed something about her bedroom that she hadn't picked up on before. The bedroom was dominated with her son's things and it looked like the mother was sleeping in the corner of the baby's room, not that the baby was in the corner of her room. She realized that she was already starting down the road to becoming the woman in the dream and that scared he more than the dream itself. Rebecca looked around her and swore that she would rearrange the room; she swore that she would never become the woman in the dream.

* * *

Veronica tapped away at the keyboard of the computer before grunting and leaning back. She looked around her office at the small company where she worked and sighed heavily, wiping her face, pondering a solution to her present problem. Looking at the clock she could see it was late in the workday and just about time to go home, picking up Master along the way.

It was her favourite time of the day, for a brief time each day it was just Master and her. They would talk about their workdays and

unwind and as a result of it they had grown quite close. With Reformation Day coming up next month, and it being her first, she wanted to do something special to commemorate the day where they celebrated not only Owen's birthday but also the day that the family changed forever. What Veronica wanted to do was find the one thing that she knew was missing from her Master's life.

A sudden spark of inspiration hit her and Veronica energetically typed her idea into the computer. Within a few moments Veronica smiled to herself when the answer she had spent the last month searching for displayed on the screen.

"I got you," Veronica smiled to herself as she wrote the address down on a scrap of paper.

With a last glance at the clock, Veronica shut down her computer and left the building in a hurry, she never wanted to keep Master waiting. As it was, she had just pulled up in front of the law firm when Owen walked out of the building. Veronica liked to be in the lobby of the firm waiting for him, but today that was not to be. Owen and Veronica kissed as Owen got into the car purely out of instinct, like a long established couple.

"Hello, Master, how was your day?" Veronica asked as the car sped away from the law firm.

"Ah, I prefer not to think about it. I'm just glad it's over for another week," Owen said with a weary tone of voice as he shook his head.

"If you hate it that much, Master, perhaps you should look for another firm. Some place where you can do real lawyer work?" Veronica said as she drove the car down the street.

"Perhaps, but how was your day?" Owen asked as he looked over at Veronica.

"Oh fine, fine. I have a seminar tomorrow which should take most of the day, Master," Veronica said as she kept her eyes on the road, not liking lying to her Master but knowing it was a necessary part of her plan.

"Sounds like fun," Owen laughed as he looked over at Veronica and she looked back over at him.

"It could prove interesting, Master," Veronica replied nonchalantly.

The next morning after breakfast, Veronica pulled away from the Spa and did not turn towards downtown and the seminar she had told the family she was going to. Instead she turned south towards the outskirts of town with her destination being, not far away.

The small part of town was peaceful and picturesque; the serenity was a refreshing change from the hectic pace of downtown. As Veronica drove, it almost looked like a small town and pulled up in

front of the apartment building she mused what it would be like to call a quaint little place like this home.

Getting out of the car she looked at the old, red-bricked apartment building and saw that it looked lovely but in need of a bit of care and maintenance. The carpeted stairs creaked under her feet as Veronica climbed the stairs looking for the right apartment, somewhere on the third floor. Standing in front of the old wooden door, Veronica took one last look around before she knocked.

When Rebecca opened up the door to see Veronica standing there, her mind froze and she drew a quick breath in shock. Her instinct was to close the door but she never did get it all the way closed, an angry Veronica put her foot in the door and pushed it all the way open.

"Oh no you don't! It took some doing to track you down, we're gonna have a little chat!" Veronica said as she entered the apartment and closed the door behind her.

"What do you want?" Rebecca asked in shocked terror.

"What do I want? You leave just before the child is due, you put down 'father unknown' on the birth certificate, and you leave without a trace, and you have the Gaul to wonder what I want? How about some answers!" Veronica said as she stood, blocking the door and stared at Rebecca as she sank into her favourite chair and hung her head.

Rebecca hung her head and cried; the shame of what she had done finally caught up with her. She cried into her hands and for a moment Veronica said and did nothing, still angry with Rebecca. As the woman cried, she did look a pitiful sight. Veronica started to feel sorry for her and went to her side to comfort her. When Veronica was close enough she pulled Rebecca to her and the sobbing woman clutched to the younger one tightly and cried for a few minutes more.

"I panicked. It was all too much too soon, so I ran. By the time I realized what I had done, I knew it was too late to go back and undo it . . . I'm so ashamed," Rebecca said at long last, looking down once she was finished.

"No matter what you think of Master and my family, you have no right to deny him a relationship with his son!" Veronica said with a firm tone of voice as she looked into Rebecca's eyes.

"I know that," Rebecca replied with a sad look in her eye.

"Then why did you?" Veronica politely insisted.

"As I said, I panicked! I needed some time and space to think things through and figure out what I wanted. We both know what would have happened if I had stayed at Sir's house any longer," Rebecca explained plainly and sighed when she was finished.

"You would have become part of the family, how horrible," Veronica said with a hurt and sarcastic tone of voice as she got up and walked away from Rebecca.

"It sounds pretty good about now," Rebecca said as she got up out of the chair, and took a few steps towards the bedroom. "Do you want to see him?" she asked as she glanced over her shoulder to Veronica.

"Sure," Veronica said with a smile.

Veronica followed Rebecca into the small bedroom and looked in wonder at baby Chris sleeping in the crib. To Veronica he was the most beautiful thing she had ever seen and she wanted a child of her own.

"Can I hold him?" Veronica asked quietly.

"When he wakes up," Rebecca replied softly.

The two women watched Chris sleep for who knows how long before Rebecca offered Veronica a cup of tea. Not long after that the two women were sitting at the kitchen table sipping on their herbal teas. The feeling was warm and friendly and Rebecca felt a connection to Veronica unlike anything she felt for anyone in her new life. In truth she felt closer to Sir and his family than she did with anyone else. It was a reminder of the warm and loving embrace that Sir's family had given her, and it was never so sorely missed then at

that moment. Rebecca sighed and looked down, truly feeling the loss at that very moment.

"Are you happy here?" Veronica asked poignantly.

"It's a nice part of town, a good place to raise a child," Rebecca replied while looking into her tea.

"But are you happy?" Veronica asked again.

"There's a good church here and it is a good, moral and supportive environment," Rebecca replied after sipping on her tea, still not looking at Veronica.

"Sounds like your kind of place," Veronica replied as she kept her eye on Rebecca.

"Yeah," Rebecca replied meekly.

"But are you happy?" Veronica asked once again and this time she reached up and grasped Rebecca's hand.

"No," Rebecca said as she looked up into Veronica's eyes. "I just don't know if I should go back to, Sir," she added with a touch of fear in her eyes.

"Go back? Who said anything about you going back?" Veronica retorted with a puzzled look on her face.

"Isn't that why you're here? To get me to come back?" Rebecca replied with a confused expression.

"No, I came here to arrange visitation with you. Master has a right to see his son. You made your choice when you left," Veronica sternly said and leaned back in her chair.

"But . . . but what if I changed my mind?" Rebecca said in stunned blinking reply.

"Changed your mind? That's all you do is change your mind!" Veronica laughed and shook her head.

"But, what if I wanted to go back, to Sir but was too ashamed to call?" Rebecca replied with in increasingly sad and upset look growing across her face.

"Then you don't deserve him! Why should he take you back when you had never fully committed yourself to him in the first place?" Veronica spat with borderline disgust as she stood up. "I'll be in touch about the visitation. Don't bother running again because I will find you!" Veronica said as she walked briskly to the main door.

"PLEASE!" Rebecca cried out as the tears started to flow down her face yet Veronica kept walking towards the door. "Please don't go!" Rebecca said as she fell to her knees and scurried after Veronica. "Mistress, please!" Rebecca added in panicked fright as she continued to run on her knees towards Veronica.

Veronica had her hand on the doorknob and was about to open it when the last phrase hit her. "Mistress," she, Veronica had been called "Mistress," and the word was an incredible aphrodisiac to her. Veronica turned to look at Rebecca, who was kneeling in the middle of the living room floor with a terrified and pitiful look on her face. Veronica's dominant side was starting to come out and she could feel the power coursing through her as she looked at the older woman looking oh so submissive at the moment.

Rebecca didn't know why she had called Veronica "Mistress," they had never had any sort of sexual or D/S relationship. It seems that in times of panic she reverted to her old ways, as even still she was kneeling in her own living room, waiting to be addressed by Veronica. A strange but interesting development to say the least, but Rebecca knew that she could not loose this connection to her Sir. The talk with Veronica had reminded her how much she missed not only Sir but the others in his family as well, even Veronica. That loving and caring environment, while not "Normal," was something she wanted back, and would fight to get it. Perhaps it was too late bit if finally clicked within her and Rebecca knew what she wanted and where she belonged, and she knew she would do anything to get it.

"Why?" Veronica asked with slits for eyes as she bored into Rebecca's eyes with her intense gaze.

"Because I want to come back to Sir, to all of you," Rebecca said with a hopeful expression on her face.

"So you can tell us how 'Immoral' we are before you run away again, no thanks!" Veronica huffed with a displeased tone of voice as she stared at Rebecca who sat back down so she was kneeling like a good little submissive should.

"But I won't run again. I want to come back," Rebecca said with a needy whine as she looked up at Veronica with a pleading expression.

"You can't 'go back' to Master because you never stuck around long enough to really start anything with him in the first place! You walked away from him twice and cut him out of your life both times! I won't let you hurt him again!" Veronica sternly said as she turned to face Rebecca and folded her arms in front of her, striking a defiant pose.

"It's not like that anymore! I know what I want now!" Rebecca pleaded urgently.

"Who's to say that you won't change your mind again? How do I know that you will remain committed?" Veronica said in a

demanding tone of voice as she took a step towards Rebecca and shook her finger at her.

"Then let me prove it to you! Let me show you that I am serious about committing to Sir! What can I do to show you how serious I am?" Rebecca asked in an urging and serious tone of voice and looked up at Veronica with big, hopeful eyes.

Veronica paused to ponder the developments of the last few minutes which left her mind swimming. It had been so long since she had dominated anyone and she had learned so much from Master and Mistress Red. Perhaps she could toy with Rebecca and dominate the woman who deserved to be put though the wringer Veronica knew it was wrong to get involved with a stranger but in this case, if it was to prepare Rebecca for coming back to the family, perhaps she could get away with it.

"So you want to prove your commitment, do you?" Veronica asked with a superior tone of voice and a mischievous smirk on her face.

"Yes," Rebecca replied with hopeful eyes.

"You can start by proving your commitment to me! If you gain my approval, then I will bring you before Master and vouch for you. If I say that you are serious and that you have proven yourself, then I am sure that he will take you back, as he still loves you. But if you go around my back or contact Master if I don't approve, then you I will put up such a fuss that Master will never take you back! Do you

understand?" Veronica said in a commanding tone of voice as she started to pace the living room.

"I . . . I think so. But how will I prove my commitment to you?" Rebecca asked in a puzzled manner.

Veronica strode over to Rebecca with swift and powerful strides before she grasped Rebecca's hair and pulled back. Rebecca was now looking straight up into Veronica's face, which hovered above hers and filled her vision.

"How do you think?" Veronica sneered, her face just an inch from Rebecca's

"You mean?" Rebecca's eyes went wide and she stammered until she fell silent.

"How badly do you want to come back to, Master? Are you willing to show me how good a Slave you can be?" Veronica asked in a demanding tone of voice as she looked directly into Rebecca's eyes.

"I understand . . . I will show you how good I can serve . . . I submit to you, Mistress Dee-Dee," Rebecca said with a nod and a serious expression.

"I Veronica Basilone, with the power vested in me by the laws of nature, do hereby claim you Rebecca and make you my Slave, to be owned by me and serve me in anyway I see fit, until I release you or death claims you. Do you submit?" Veronica said in a stern and commanding tone of voice as she glared at Rebecca.

"Yes, Mistress Dee-Dee, I submit," Rebecca replied with a sincere tone of voice and a smile on her face.

Veronica was incredibly excited to be in a position of power once again and the power within her surged to the surface and she had to have her new Slave at that moment. Veronica pulled Rebecca to her and kissed the kneeling woman with power and ferocity, making sure to demonstrate who was in charge. Both women loved the kiss and the heat of the moment increased with each passing second. Without warning Veronica broke the kiss and walked away from Rebecca.

"You're overdressed, Slave . . . . strip!" Veronica commanded as she sat down in Rebecca's favourite chair.

"Yes, Mistress Dee-Dee," Rebecca replied submissively before she stood up and began to remove her clothes.

Veronica watched with great interest as Rebecca grasped the sides of the plain dress she was wearing and lifted it up and off of her body. Rebecca's massive breasts were held in by an equally large nursing bra and the unflattering yet functional "Granny-Panties" covered her

pelvic section. Rebecca reached behind her and unfastened the bra and her large breasts sagged as the cups of the bra were lowered down. Veronica's eyes lit up as she visually traced the curves of the large breasts that had just been revealed. Slipping her fingers into the sides of her panties she slid them down until her panties were at her ankles. Stepping out of them she placed her panties on the pile of clothes that she had made before kneeling down at Veronica's feet.

"Reformation Day is coming up next month so you have exactly one month to prove to me that you are worthy to enter Master's service. If you prove yourself to me then I will present you to Master upon Reformation Day. If he deems you worthy, then he will take control of you, and you will then be his Slave. Do you understand?" Veronica said with a confident tone of voice.

"Yes, Mistress Dee-Dee, but what is 'Reformation Day'?" Rebecca asked with a curious tone of voice.

"It is Master's birthday, the one day of the year where we all celebrate the new order, or re-forming of the family," Veronica replied in a confident tone of voice as she saw a droplet of breast-milk form at Rebecca's right nipple.

"I see," Rebecca replied while still looking down.

"Right now, I want some milk," Veronica said as she continued to look at Rebecca's lactating breast.

"Yes, Mistress Dee-Dee," Rebecca got up and turned towards the kitchen.

"No! I want yours! Feed it to me!" Veronica said with a smirk on her face as she looked at Rebecca's breasts.

"Yes, Mistress Dee-Dee," Rebecca replied with an embarrassed expression.

Rebecca was self-conscious about breastfeeding another woman, that is until she looked into Veronica's eyes and saw the desire and wonder which lived there. Rebecca walked over to Veronica, picked up her own left breast and lifted it to Veronica's mouth. Veronica watched as the large nipple drew ever closer and for the first time since she was a baby, she wrapped her lips around a woman's nipple and dew milk out of it. Rebecca moaned as Veronica and her locked eyes as the younger woman nursed on her breast.

"Why don't you join me?" Veronica asked, breaking contact with the nipple only briefly.

Rebecca's eyes widened as she comprehended what she had never considered, even though it was possible. Rebecca lifted up her right breast to her lips and began to nurse on her own breast. Time seemed to stand still as both women nursed on a breast each, and Rebecca felt wicked and naughty, as she sucked on her own breast.

"Time to worship your Mistress!" Veronica said as she released the nipple from her mouth.

Veronica quickly removed her skirt and panties and put one leg over each arm of the chair. Rebecca dropped to her knees out of a mixture of shock and eagerness, her mind was swimming. Rebecca leaned forward and dove into her muff-diving, literally making love to her new Mistress's pussy. Rebecca knew that she should not want to eat pussy but yet she did want to eat this pussy. Rebecca licked her way from the bottom of the slit up to the clitoris and back down again. The taste was sweet, sweeter than any pussy she had tasted before, and for the first time she was getting turned on by licking slit.

What caused Rebecca's mind to wander from her task at tongue was the fact that she was not bothered by what she was doing. For some inexplicable reason, Rebecca was not worried, bothered, troubled or disturbed by being intimate with or submitting to another woman. All Rebecca knew was that she wanted to be doing what she was doing and had no troubles doing it. Perhaps it was her loneliness, perhaps it was the fact that Veronica was her way back to Sir, or perhaps that she had been dragged down so far and lost so much, that she was willing to look at new ways to find happiness. Whatever the reason, Rebecca had a pussy to eat and a Mistress to please, so she shoved two fingers into her Mistress's pussy while she sucked on her clitoris.

"Oh Fuck!" Veronica shouted as her pleasure started to peak, her hips gyrated and thrust as Rebecca continued to munch-rug. "Oh

Gawwwwwwwwwwd!!" Veronica shouted as her orgasm overtook her and she came.

Veronica thrashed about as her orgasm washed over her and she grabbed Rebecca's head with her hands and shoved her pussy into her new Slave's face. Not that she needed to hold her face there, for Rebecca was not going anywhere, she was now obsessed with drinking her Mistress's pussy-juice.

What Rebecca wanted more than anything in the world was to bring Veronica pleasure. Rebecca wanted to prove that she was a good and faithful Slave, and willingly and eagerly placed herself in her Mistress's service. She wanted to demonstrate that she knew how to fulfil the basic function of a Slave, which was to bring pleasure to the one she serves.

"I think it's time to see what else you can do with that tongue," Veronica said as she smiled down to Rebecca who was still lapping up the abundant pussy-juices.

Rebecca smiled warmly up to her Mistress but before anything more could be said, Chris started crying from his crib. Rebecca's instinct was to run to her child's side, but as a Slave she knew to never leave her Mistress's side until she was dismissed. With a nod of her head Veronica gave her permission for Rebecca to leave and tend to the child. Rebecca got up and walked swiftly to the bedroom and as she walked Veronica watched the woman go.

Veronica smiled to herself, knowing that the day was not over yet, she had much more time to play with her new toy, and play she would. She swore to herself that she would put Rebecca through her paces, and make sure that if she was going to run she would run from her, not Master. To that end, for the next month, Veronica would put the little "Mouse" through quite a maze and do her utmost to break her. Veronica laughed to herself, knowing that if Rebecca survived the hellish month she had in store for her, she would earn her place at Master's feet.

* * *

The next morning someone in the house stirred earlier than usual, especially on a Sunday. Rosina looked at the alarm clock and then over at Veronica who was asleep in the bed across the room. Rosina got up, and looked at Veronica to ensure she was still asleep before she opened up the bottom compartment of her nightstand. She retrieved a single box and closed the compartment before swiftly exiting the room. With a quick glance around and an intense listen Rosina concluded that nobody else was up, just what she wanted.

With a quick dart, Rosina made her way to the bathroom and closed the door behind her, making sure to lock it. Opening up the box Rosina pulled the test stick out and placed the box down on the counter. Peeing on the stick was not the hard part, waiting for the results was. After what felt like an excruciating eternity Rosina picked up the pregnancy test and stared almost in disbelief at the test results: positive.

Rosina had done it, for better or worse she was pregnant with her Master's child. The trouble was what to do about it now? If she told the family now, would Master make her take the "day after pill," or abort? Should she wait until she was showing and tell them only when the pregnancy was too far along to do anything but have it? Rosina told herself she would wait until she knew for certain until she decided what to do. For now, she had a pregnancy test to discretely discard.

Chapter Eighteen: Troubled Waters

Rosina sat on the examination bed and looked around the room; it felt funny to be on this side of the nurse/patient relationship as the nurse walked in. It was someone she knew, professionally and instantly Rosina cursed herself for using her regular doctor's office for this examination.

"Hey, Rosie, how you doing?" the older nurse smiled as she entered the room. "The doctor will be with you shortly," she said with a smile and in response all Rosina could do was smile nervously.

The nurse smiled a comforting smile at Rosina and left the room. It wasn't long before a middle-aged doctor walked into the room, and smiled at Rosina, looking Rosina's chart over as he did so. He closed the door behind him while still glancing at the chart. He was wearing a shirt and tie, covered by a lab coat, the stethoscope which hung around his neck completed the look of the typical doctor.

"Hello, Rosie, how you been?" John, the doctor said as he approached the exam table.

"Good, do you have the results?" Rosina asked with baited breath, praying that the home pregnancy test was not wrong.

"Yes, and congratulations are in order, you're going to be a mother," John said with a smile as he sat down on the stool, near the examination table. "How did the father take the news?" he asked calmly with a warm smile on his face.

"Oh, um, he doesn't know yet," Rosina replied with a nervous grin, her eyes darting away from John.

"Excuse me for being so blunt but, do you know who the father is?" John asked with a concerned tone of voice as he put his hand on Rosina's knee.

"Yes," Rosina replied still uneasy with herself as she looked up into the eyes of her long-time family doctor.

"Is there something wrong?" John asked as he looked at Rosina with a concerned look.

Rosina wanted what was best for this child and knew that there were added complications that having her brother's child presented. Yet she was afraid of sharing her secret, her family's secret even to the man who needed to know. Rosina looked into John's eyes and wondered if she could trust him? Just how far did "Doctor-Patient Confidentiality" go? If she told her doctor, was he required to call the police and initiate the mountain of trouble that would cause for not just her but the whole family? Rosina couldn't take that risk, and knew she had to keep quiet.

"No," Rosina smiled nervously at John and with her eyes, begged him to stop this line of questioning.

"Well, I shall want to see the both of you in my office in two weeks to discuss your care, there's a lot we need to discuss," John said as he got up and walked towards the door. "Take care, Rosie, and once again, Congratulations," he added before he left the room.

"Thank you, we'll be here," Rosina replied with a smile as the door closed behind the departing John.

Rosina sat there for a moment and was increasingly worried about what to do. Since it had been confirmed that she was pregnant with her Master's child she, was elated. This was a dream of hers for years and she had finally done it. Yet the fact that her Master was her brother complicated things and brought real risks to this child and the pregnancy. Rosina didn't care. She wanted this child; she needed this child, and would let nobody take it away from her . . . not even

Master. She needed to keep it quiet as long as possible, then perhaps once she was far enough along she could convince Master that it was too great a risk to abort. As Rosina got up she swore that she would run away and have her child alone, if she had to. She would return to Master once she bore the child, she needed to serve him but she needed this child, almost as much. Watching Bella, Dee-Dee, and Rebecca bear him children wasn't enough for Rosina, she wanted to bear him a child of her own . . . this child.

* * *

Angela Yates was typing away at her computer, in her neatly organized and quiet office Wednesday afternoon when the intercom crackled to life.

"Mr. Smith is here to see you, Ms Yates," Janet the receptionist said through the phone.

"Show him in," Ms. Yates said as she continued typing out the contract she was working on.

In a moment a larger, balding man in his late fifties dressed in an old, wrinkled suit appeared outside her office door. As was her custom, Ms. Yates continued typing for a half a minute, just to keep him waiting. She always made everyone wait, just to let them know she could, that she was in charge. When she was ready to see him, Ms Yates motioned for him to come in and turned her attention away from the computer and towards the man who entered her office.

"I have what you have looking for," Mr. Smith said as he held up a sealed manila envelope as he closed the door behind him.

"It took you long enough, I hope it was worth it," Ms. Yates said in a condescending manner as she looked sternly at Mr. Smith.

"That depends on what you were hoping to find," Mr Smith replied with a look that was a cross between a worried look and a smirk as he handed Ms Yates the manila envelope.

"Did you get it? Did you find what I needed?" Ms Yates said with uncharacteristic eagerness as she opened up the manila envelope and began to look through its contents.

"Yeah, it's all in there. But I gotta tell ya, you're not gonna like it. Not after what I found out about one of your own," Mr. Smith said with a troubled look on his face.

"He's not one of our own! At least not for long," Ms. Yates said with a satisfied smile. "Proceed to the next part of the plan," she added as she pulled out an envelope out of her desk and tossed it at Mr. Smith.

"Sure thing," Mr. Smith said as he caught the envelope. "Pleasure doing business with you," he added as he counted the cash it contained.

* * *

Rebecca stood alone in front of the coffee station of the trendy staff room and glanced around her to see if she was alone. In front of her was a fancy coffee maker which brewed an assortment of specialty coffees. On the counter Rebecca had a mug of coffee already poured. Picking up two sugar packets Rebecca ripped them open she poured their contents into the mug of coffee. She repeated the process once more before she glanced nervously around to ensure she was alone.

Nervously Rebecca pulled the top of her dress down, exposing her left bra-covered breast. With another glance around her she opened the front panel on her nursing bra to expose her left nipple. Grasping her left breast she aimed her nipple at the hot cup of coffee and squeezed, emitting a short stream of breast milk. After emitting a few blasts of breast milk into the coffee, Rebecca picked up the stir-stick and stirred the coffee. Not being satisfied as to the colour of the cup of coffee, Rebecca added another blast of breast milk and stirred up the coffee. Rebecca straightened up her clothes, picked up the cup of coffee and left the staff room.

Hurrying as fast as she dared, Rebecca made her way to her Mistress's office that Thursday afternoon. As soon as she entered the small office she looked first at the clock and then at her Mistress, hoping for leniency. She knew that she was a minute late but she was not at all comfortable with the embarrassing act she had been ordered to perform.

"You're late," Veronica said coolly as she glared at Rebecca while the terrified woman placed the cup of coffee down in front of her.

"I'm sorry, Mistress," Rebecca replied, terrified that she was to be punished.

Veronica looked at the cup of coffee, lifted it up to her lips and took a sip, savouring the taste before she looked at Rebecca with a discerning look. Rebecca watched Veronica's face with great intensity as she hoped to see some sign of satisfaction and of being pleased.

"You prepared it well, but you were still late," Veronica said as she sipped on the best tasting cup of coffee she had ever tasted.

"I'm very sorry, Mistress, but someone was in the staff room and I had to wait till they left until I prepared your coffee as you had instructed," Rebecca said before she glanced over to see her son asleep in his bassinette in a corner of the office.

"Fine, you can make it up to me by worshiping me while I work," Veronica said as she backed away from the desk.

"Yes, Mistress," Rebecca said and fought to keep a smile from her face yet on the inside she was deliriously happy to obey this order.

Rebecca dropped to her knees and crawled underneath the large old desk that until this week Veronica had always complained about. Veronica hiked her skirt up around her waist, spread her legs as wide as the chair would allow, scooted her rump to the edge of the chair and arranged her chair back so all looked well. Veronica sighed and stifled a guttural moan of satisfaction as Rebecca leaned forward and began the unbelievable act of eating her Mistress's pussy under her desk at work!

The desk was a massive wooden thing which was almost as old as the building itself. It was so large that it went down to the floor completely and the space for Veronica's legs was cavernous and completely hidden away. Many a time Veronica had cursed the desk for the fact that it was not designed to handle a computer and since the keyboard was on the top of the old desk, it was not comfortable for typing. Now that her Slave was under that desk munching her rug, Veronica loved the desk.

Veronica smiled and waved at her co-workers passing her office while her new and fiercely loyal Slave had her tongue shoved up her pussy. The added heat of having a Slave at work was heightened by the fact that nobody knew what was really going on. Veronica would admit that her personal productivity had gone down a bit since Rebecca had started working there Tuesday morning but her job satisfaction skyrocketed! These past three days had been the best days of work yet, and Veronica always had a smile on her face.

Veronica had told her boss that she needed an assistant, and that a friend of hers needed a job and quick. Even the sob story of the single mother with a newborn baby wasn't enough to convince him, but the sweetie-pie act and the ample display of cleavage did the trick. The older man who owed the company had a soft spot for Veronica and could be easily hypnotized by her twin orbs of womanly power. Then again, the same could be said for most of the men around the office and even a few of the women.

Rebecca told her employer at the day-care centre that she had a chance at a great job but they needed her to start right away. Not wanting to stand in Rebecca's way, and not really needing her, they agreed to let her go without notice. The funny thing was that Rebecca was nervous and scared to work at the same job as her Mistress but she found this to be the most exciting and fulfilling job she had ever had.

The duo varied from sexual activities and legitimate work, activities and Veronica found that Rebecca was a good assistant and did help her get more done. It was the extra-curricular activities which caused the productivity to suffer, but when they were working they got a lot done.

The more time they spent together, the tighter their bond became. Veronica had intended to have fun at Rebecca's expense, to make her pay for the pain she had caused Master. A strange thing happened during this process . . . the more demanding and unusual the tasks that Veronica had Rebecca do, the more earnestly Rebecca complied. Each time Rebecca would not only obey a command, but do it with

eagerness and distinction, Veronica would be impressed and touched by this. Even thought on Wednesday Rebecca worked with a vibrator buzzing away in her pussy all day, she still completed her job. Not once did Rebecca complain or delay in completing any tasks that Veronica had her do.

A fear was growing in the back of Veronica's mind that if they were this tightly bound together in less than a week, would they be able to part ways and become merely Fellow-Slaves? The original play had intended Veronica to simply train Rebecca and present her on Reformation Day to Master, for him to Collar. Could Veronica ever go back to not having a Slave to serve her? Veronica loved her family life and loved serving Master, but she also loved having Rebecca serve her. Perhaps, in time she would be able to convince Master to letting her have another Slave to serve her and not one who was already so dear to Master.

Veronica laid her head back in her chair, closed her eyes and concentrated as hard as she could not to scream or shake as she shook and orgasmed, filling Rebecca's eager mouth with her sweet pussy-juice.

* * *

At the basement of the Spa that night, all was well when everybody tucked themselves into bed. Taryn and Karen were spending the night together in what promised to be a wild night of lesbian lovemaking. Taryn and Karen had grown closer as a result of the

nights they spent together since Karen's collaring, yet they had not always been so close.

Taryn had known Karen for years, almost as long as Richard had been with the law firm, yet neither woman had been particularly fond of the other. They had been more like acquaintances rather than friends, while both of their husbands worked at the same law firm. The extent of their interaction back then was to chat while they attended the same fancy banquet functions to celebrate the conclusion of a big case. Even after the first sexual encounter, when Taryn came to the Spa that fateful day almost five years ago, they had not repeated that encounter. After Karen had been collared by Owen, Taryn and Karen had shared many nights together. Each time it drew them that much closer together, yet neither woman wavered in their devotion or desire to serve the same Master.

"I treasure the times we spend together, Mistress Red," Karen said as she tenderly kissed Taryn's forehead while they lay side by side and held each other, in the intimate embrace of lovers.

"As do I, Bella," Taryn said with a loving smile as she brushed the hair out of Karen's face. "Master named you well . . . you are beautiful," she said as she kissed Karen on the lips with an extended, sensual kiss.

"Master also named you well, 'Big Red,' I do love your red hair and your great bit breasts," Karen giggled as she grasped and lifted both of Taryn's large breasts and in response both women giggled.

"I'm glad that you're the only one who seems to remember the 'Big' part of my Slave-name," Taryn said as the laughter died down and both women still held each other and stroked each other's bodies.

"I can't believe how much my life has changed in the past year," Karen said as she started to lightly let her fingers wander over her lover's body.

"For the better?" Taryn asked as she also started to caress the body of the woman who shared her bed with her.

"Absolutely, why when you three came to the Spa after the fire I wasn't sure where we would put you, and for the first few days everything seemed so cramped," Karen said and paused to laugh as her right hand tweaked one of Taryn's nipples.

"And now?" Taryn asked as her hand stroked up the inside of Karen's thighs.

"We still need more space, but now it is for our growing family," Karen said as she spread her thighs and shuddered as Taryn's hand reached Karen's pussy. Taryn gave Karen a puzzled look and so Karen added, "Children."

"Children? You've thought of children?" Taryn asked as she momentarily paused her stroking and caressing of Karen's wet pussy.

"Yes," Karen said and looked down, momentarily embarrassed, "Not just me having Master's children but all of us. Those of us how can, I mean . . . wouldn't you like to see lots of children in our family?" Karen asked as she reached out and started to stroke Taryn's pussy.

"Yeah, it does seem to be the next natural step. I wish that Rebecca hadn't left, I was looking forward to the family's first child and watching it grow," Taryn said as she thrust two fingers into Karen's fingers pussy.

"Soon, we'll have many children running around our home, but for now, just fuck me!" Karen said as she eagerly thrust two fingers in and out of Taryn's pussy at a quickening pace.

The swift assault on her pussy caused Taryn to arch her back and moan as the pleasure rocked her body. Taryn grasped Karen's hand and held it to her pussy while her friend, lover and Fellow-Slave continued to hurriedly finger-fuck her. Taryn's body started to gyrate and twist as she surrendered more and more of her body to the pleasures that overwhelmed her.

"No, fuck me!" Taryn moaned as she thrashed her head from side to side.

"That sounds like fun, where is 'Fred' anyways?" Karen asked as she rolled up and partially leaned over Taryn and began to kiss Taryn's neck.

"Oooh, that does sound like fun . . . and different. He's in the bottom drawer," Taryn said as she cooed her approval and laid there while Karen softly made love to her body.

Karen got up, climbed out of the bed, crossed the small room and made her way to the dresser Taryn had pointed at. Opening up the lowest drawer, Karen retrieved the strap-on dildo which had brought her so much pleasure of the past few months. As Karen pulled it out, she did so with the added excitement that she would wear it and use it on Taryn! Karen slipped it on and tightened the last strap before she turned back to face Taryn.

"You look good, honey," Taryn said as she looked at Karen wearing the strap-on dildo. "And hot," she added as she looked at the plastic phallus securely fastened to Karen's groin.

Karen walked towards the bed and Taryn started to turn over, to get on her hands and knees but Karen put a hand on Taryn's arm to stop her.

"I want you just like you are! I want to look into your eyes as I sink Fred into you," Karen said with a wicked smile as she crawled up onto the bed, looking Taryn deep into the eyes all the while.

Taryn laid back and spread her legs while Karen scooted up and got into position. Supporting her weight with one hand, Karen used her other hand to guide her strap-on towards Taryn's pussy. Once the plastic cockhead had split Taryn's pussy lips and was poised at the entrance of her womanhood Karen looked into Taryn's eyes. Their eyes locked while Karen sank her plastic cock onto Taryn's pussy and Taryn moaned while her body quaked in anticipation.

When the strap-on was fully imbedded in Taryn's pussy, instinct took over and she locked her legs around Karen's waist. At that moment Karen's instinct took over and she began her rhythmic thrusting of Taryn's pussy, while her lover urged her to pick up the pace by digging her heels into her sculptured ass. Karen responded to her lovers hunger by increasing the pace and power of her thrusting. Taryn responded by moaning and thrashing her head from side to side as she thrust her pelvis to meet each of Karen's thrusts.

"Oh baby, we should have done this a looooong time ago!" Taryn said as she smiled lovingly into Karen's eyes while the beautiful Italian woman drew deep breaths while she continued to savagely fuck her lover.

"I agree, Mistress Red!" Karen replied, out of breath from her continued mad thrusting.

Taryn leaned up and kissed Karen passionately on the lips with a lingering and loving kiss. When the kiss was broke, Taryn looked deeply into Karen's eyes and stroked the cheek of he woman who was stroking the insides of her pussy.

"Tonight is not about 'Mistress Red' and 'Bella.' It is just about two lovers named Taryn and Karen," Taryn said before she reached up kissed Karen once more.

"I love you," Karen said as she smiled her genuine sincerity and looked into Taryn's eyes while slowing the pace of their fucking.

"I love you too," Taryn replied with equal sincerity and desire. "And I love fucking like this because not only do I get a nice cock but also I get to suck on your beautiful tits!" Taryn added with a giggle before she leaned up and latched onto one of Karen's nipples and began sucking.

"Oh God, don't stop!" Karen moaned out while her body shuddered with pleasure.

"Yes, Mistress Bella," Taryn giggled and Karen joined Taryn in laughter as for that one night they both knew that they were equals.

"Oh god honey, that feels incredible, you've gotta try this!" Karen replied, her voice thick with delirious delight.

"I will, baby, but just let me cum first!" Taryn said with a wicked smile on her face.

Elsewhere in the Spa that night Veronica was sleeping off the day of excitement and sex she had experienced with her Slave Rebecca. Veronica had especially enjoyed being bound and spanked by Owen in the living room for an offence she had committed on purpose. After a day of being a Mistress and in charge, she needed an evening where she was not in charge. It seemed that Veronica needed a balance in her life, and a healthy mix of Mistress and Slave.

The only balance that Rosina needed was that of her work life and her family life, never wanting to be in charge. Rosina was happily crawling into bed with Master for the first time since confirming that she was indeed pregnant with his child. Just knowing that caused her to feel closer to him, her heart glowed and she wanted to share this joyous news with him, but she was still scared.

Rosina crawled up and without asking or being told, positioned herself between Owen's legs and began licking up the shaft of Owen's cock. Rosina was drawn to his cock like a moth to a flame, like a bee to honey, she couldn't help herself; she needed his cock almost as badly as Taryn did. One side-effect of knowing she was carrying Master's child was that she found herself perpetually horny

when she was around him. The wickedness of the act fuelled her passion to heights that she had rarely known.

"Particularly horny tonight, are we?" Owen chuckled as he looked down at Rosina who by now had her lips wrapped around his cock and was beginning to deep throat him. "I should punish you for being so bold as to initiate anything without being told to," Owen said with a raised eyebrow and watched as Rosina lifted her mouth off of his cock, her eyes still closed.

"Sorry, Master, I can't seem to help myself around you. I needed to taste you. I beg your forgiveness," Rosina said as she let go of Owen's cock and lowered her face down to the bed and awaited his response.

"Well you might as well have finished what you started," Owen said with a chuckle as he looked at the genuinely cowering Slave between his legs.

"Yes, Master! Thank you, Master!" Rosina said with genuine glee and the last word had just exited her mouth when Owen's cockhead entered it.

Rosina closed her eyes and sank her lips onto her Master's cock and all was right with the world as long as she had him. At no time did the term "worshiping his cock" applied more then at that moment. For Rosina did not just suck his cock, or go through the motions of the act of giving head, she made love to her Master through her mouth. She played his cock like a skilled musician plays an

instrument to make beautiful music. In short order, Rosina was rewarded for her efforts with a mouth full of cum which she swished around in her mouth to savour the taste before swallowing it.

"You outdid yourself tonight!" Owen said breathlessly as Rosina licked his shaft, cleaning it, trying to find every last drop of cum she could.

The look in her eyes drew his attention and made Rosina look ever so submissive and alluring. The lust and love in her expression drew him and steeled his cock, quickly making him ready for another round of passion. With a look of determination in his eye, Owen reached up and grasped Rosina by the D-ring of her collar and pulled her forward to the middle of the bed.

Rosina knew what her Master wanted and got on her hands and knees and waited while Owen moved in behind her. Owen lined his cock up and sank it into her not unlike he had done the first time he had fucked her, moments after breaking her will and claiming her as his Slave. Since that day, Rosina nearly went out of her mind every time the fleshy monster split her nether-lips. As Owen savagely fucked Rosina he quickly drove both of them towards their respective orgasms. As Rosina's orgasm neared her excitement caused unexpected words to slip out of her mouth.

"Fuck me, Master! Fill me up with your cum! Give me your seed! Give me your child!" Rosina squeaked out in amongst her catlike sounds as her orgasm quickly approached.

"Fuck that's hot! Here it comes!" Owen cried out as he shoved his cock deep within his sister and deposited his load of cum in amongst her innermost depths.

It wasn't the sensation of her Master cuming inside her which pushed her over the edge, it was the admission that he found knocking her up hot. Rosina laid her head down and surrendered to the intense waves of pleasure that rocked her body as both she and Owen collapsed on the bed. When Owen pulled out of Rosina and rolled over onto his back to further rest and recover form the intense fuck. Rosina rolled over onto her side and curled up to him, not wanting to break her contact with her: Master, brother, and father of her child. Feeling secure in the bliss that followed the intense coupling, Rosina was encouraged to try to tell him about her joyous news.

"Did you really like that?" Rosina asked as she rested her head on Owen's shoulder and stared blankly down his body, not able to look him in the eye.

"That was hot! It always is when we go at it!" Owen said with a reverent tone of voice as he stroked Rosina's hair.

"I mean the talk about you getting me pregnant. Would you like that?" Rosina asked as she still looked anywhere but into his face.

"It would be hot yeah but you know we can't have children; it's too risky," Owen said in a sensible tone of voice as he stroked Rosina's back.

"What if it just happened? What if we never planned it, but it happened? What then?" Rosina asked as she tried to fight the nervousness which dominated her voice.

"You know we couldn't keep it! You are taking your birth control pills, right?" Owen asked as he squeezed Rosina's shoulder, causing her to look up into his face.

"Yes, Master, I have taken them," Rosina said with a sweet expression as she looked into his eye as she said her carefully worded reply.

"Then don't worry about it, Cat," Owen said as he smiled warmly at Rosina.

While Rosina had been taking her birth control pills for years, it was after her experience with Rebecca that Rosina decided that she wanted a child of her own and had stopped taking them. Each morning she would wash a pill down the sink, instead of taking it. That way if anyone checked they could see the steady decrease in her supply of birth control pills and all would look like normal. This child was not an accident, and it was by a conscious choice that Rosina had gotten pregnant with her brother's child.

Rosina didn't lie outright even though she knew that she had deceived her Master and was withholding a monumental piece of information from him. It was unfamiliar territory and not a situation that Rosina liked to be in, but she was afraid she didn't have any choice. Rosina knew that she had to be loyal to one and protect the other of these two equally important people in her life: her Master and her unborn child. Hoping that everything would work out right, Rosina snuggled down to rest and gather herself together in this brief respite in the lovemaking of that night.

* * *

It was late Friday afternoon and Owen was working in the basement of the law firm, pulling books from the shelves along with his co-worker Frank. They had developed a system which worked for them so they did not talk much as they worked. Neither one of them wanted to be in Research and didn't feel particularly fond of each other. Frank and Owen didn't hate or dislike each other, per-say; they just didn't feel the need to bond as work-buddies.

The opening of the door and the sharp clicking sound of heels brought forth a groan from both Frank and Owen. Movement out of the corner of his eye caught his attention and Owen glanced to see who was coming. Both Frank and Owen were relieved that the approaching woman was Janet and not Angela Yates, the bitchy, lawyer who was their supervisor. Whenever she came down, it was to bitch them out for one thing or another; in Research, the sound of approaching heels was a bad sound.

However, the hypnotic rhythm of the bouncing, blouse-encased, massive breasts of Janet the receptionist as she walked down the aisle was a pleasant sight. She was carrying a stack of files and memos in hand and as she approached she placed them on the table in the centre of the room. Instead of turning on her and leaving without saying a word, as she usually did, she looked right at Owen.

"Ms. Yates wants to see you," Janet said as she looked Owen dead in the eye.

"Well, don't want to keep 'her bitchness' waiting," Frank said without turning his attention away from the books he was pulling down off the shelf.

Janet looked over in Frank's direction and scowled her disapproval of him in general and his remark in particular, before she looked at Owen. Owen sighed and rolled his eyes before walking to approach Janet. Owen's eyes darted from her eyes to her considerable cleavage repeatedly as he walked. Janet looked at Owen approaching and this time, for the first time, fear and distain lived in her eyes as she looked at him. Janet quickly turned and walked away from Owen and sped up to keep some distance between the two of them.

As they walked up to the second floor Owen wondered what was wrong, she usually was a little more flirtatious and friendly with him. When they emerged into the open area, in the centre of the main floor of the law firm, Owen knew something was up because all eyes were on him. Some of the women looked at him with pity and others

with distain; a few of the men gave him the thumbs up while others shook their heads and looked away. Owen paused outside Ms. Yates's office and glanced around the office one last time making sure to look strong and confident, making sure not to show any fear.

"Enter," Ms. Yates said in her usual curt and commanding tone of voice.

Owen opened the door and walked into the unusually clean, tidy and organized office and stopped as he looked at the cold and dispassionate woman. She picked up a file on her desk, turned to face Owen and glared at him with an icy stare which never wavered from looking deep into his eyes.

"Close the door," Ms. Yates said, in the same curt and commanding tone of voice.

Anytime Owen was near her his ire rose and he had to concentrate on keeping his cool, lest he lash out and do something to put her in her place. Owen closed the door and turned to face her, part of his mind dreaming of an opportunity to pull her over his lap and spank her. Owen hated the superior and bitchy attitude that she always turned up in intensity on whenever they were together. It was almost as if she could sense that he was a Dominant and she had to rub it in that she was in charge and he wasn't.

"Is this your signature?" Ms. Yates said as she placed a piece of paper on the desk, in front of Owen.

Owen picked up the paper, read it and recognized it as a "Conditions of Employment Agreement," similar to the one which he signed when he started working at the firm. Glancing down at the bottom of the document confirmed that it was indeed his signature and this was the agreement he had signed when he started working at the firm.

"Yep," Owen said as he dropped the contract carelessly on Ms. Yates desk. "What's this about?" Owen demanded as he glared sternly at Ms. Yates.

"When you signed this agreement, you agreed to be bound by the 'Policies and Procedures' of this law firm. You were given a copy of those 'Policies and Procedures,' were you not?" Ms. Yates said with a satisfied smirk on her otherwise dispassionate, expressionless face.

"So?" Owen snorted as he stood up straight.

"I'll take that as a yes. Amongst other things you agreed to help protect the good and wholesome image of this law firm by living a lifestyle which would reflect that image," Ms. Yates continued with a slightly more gleeful expression on her face.

"What's your point?" Owen snorted as he glared at Ms. Yates, having an idea what was about to happen.

"We've received repeated calls and complaints this week about your 'deviant lifestyle' and are therefore forced to let you go. We can't have someone of 'your kind' working here, it tarnishes the image and reputation of this firm, and I won't allow it!" Ms. Yates said with a smile on her face as she removed an envelope from the file she was holding and tossed it on the desk in front of Owen. "Your services are no longer required," she said in a gleeful and gloating manner and waited for Owen's reaction.

"I have done my job, and done a damn good one. What I do outside of work hours or the nature of my family is none of your goddamn business!" Owen snapped angrily as he put his hands on the desk and leaned in and glared in an intimidating manner at Ms. Yates.

"You made it our business by garnering complaints! If you had kept things quiet, we may never have learned the extent of your sick and twisted perversion! You were quite good at hiding it, I'll give you that!" Ms. Yates shouted as she stood up and leaned over the desk, to match Owen's challenge to her authority.

"I don't owe you anything, and I certainly don't need your approval on how to live my life so I'll do you a favour and forget this nonsense. I'm going to go downstairs now, and get back to work," Owen said in a commanding tone of voice as he pointed at the door.

"Oh no you won't! I've just fired you!" Ms. Yates snapped as she moved around the desk and stood beside Owen.

"Don't push me!" Owen warned as he glared into Ms. Yates's eyes.

"Or what? You'll do deviant things to me too? I'd like to see you try!" Ms. Yates scoffed and laughed in a mocking manner.

"Is that an invitation?" Owen asked with an evil smile gracing his lips.

"Do you need an invitation to rape me?" Ms. Yates taunted with a disgusted expression on her face.

"If you consent, then it isn't rape. But don't get your hopes up, I won't touch you," Owen said in a calm and controlled manner, the evil smile still on is face.

"Why? Afraid you'll lose and I'll take control of you?" Ms. Yates laughed in a victorious manner.

"Hardly! No, I won't touch you, because I am as committed to my Slaves, as they are committed to me. I cannot dominate you, without breaking their trust," Owen said as he picked up the envelope on Ms. Yates's desk. "Consider yourself lucky . . . because I'd love to put you in your place," he added with a taunting smile of his own as he stared intently into her eyes.

"I'd love to see you try!" Ms. Yates replied in equally as taunting a manner.

"Say that again and I might consider that an invitation," Owen said with a charming tone and a teasing smirk.

"Fuck you!" Ms. Yates snapped back, quickly, with hatred.

"You'd like that, I'm sure," Owen chuckled as he winked at Ms. Yates. "Now, we both know you don't have any proof to any of this so why don't you save the firm a pile of money and a wrongful dismissal lawsuit, and let me get back to work," Owen said in a superior manner as he held the envelope out to Ms. Yates.

"Get out before I throw you out myself!" Ms Yates, ordered as she pointed at the door to her office and glared at Owen as he chuckled at walked out of her office.

Nothing made any sense and Owen wanted to get some answers as to what was really going on. Where did the complaints come from? Where did all this mess start from? How could he end up fired over his family, and why now? Owen had walked away from Ms. Yates's office and there was only one place in the law firm where he could get answers: Tony. With a brisk and confident stride Owen walked towards the stairs, leading to the second floor.

Tony's office was on the second floor, overlooking the open area of the first floor. Owen glanced up at Tony's office and saw the old family friend looking down on him, his face wearing a grim expression. Owen continued his trek up the stairs and into Tony's office, wanting to hear from him, that he was indeed fired. Owen burst open the door swung the door hard enough for it to close behind him as he stared intently and angrily into Tony's eyes. Owen held up the envelope that Ms. Yates had given him and tossed it on Tony's desk. Tony sighed a deep sigh and the life seemed to drain out of him with his breath.

"My hands are tied, I'm sorry, there's nothing I can do," Tony said with a regrettable expression on his face.

"What the fuck is going on? First you promise me a lawyer's job with the firm, then stuff me in Research and leave me to rot down there, and now just because some crank call up with some wild stories, I get fired?" Owen ranted in an outraged tone of voice as he stepped closer to Tony's desk.

"YOU GOT SOME NERVE COMING INTO MY OFFICE, AFTER THE SHIT I LEARNED ABOUT YOU!" Tony roared as he stood up and leaned in towards Owen, his eyes afire with anger.

"When did my private life become the concern of my employer?" Owen sternly asked as he leaned in towards Tony, not backing down in stance at all.

"When you started fucking around with MY FAMILY! I can hardly believe that you would actually touch your own mother and sister! Richard's death must have really fucked you up!" Tony sneered with hatred as he moved his bulk a step towards Owen in an intimidating manner.

"What I do in my own home, consensually, with others is nobody's business! You know that, you may not like what I do or the make up of my family but you can't fire me over it!" Owen said angrily and confidently as he continued to stare at Tony. "We both know that it's hard to make those Conditional Employment Agreements stick," he added with a sneer on his face as he stared at Tony.

"Maybe, maybe not. If you want to waste your time go ahead and sue us, we can delay and draw it out so long that you'll be collecting social security before you see a dime . . . even if you do win!" Tony glared back at Owen and laughed a victorious laugh of his own.

The smile drained from Owen's face as he realized that Tony was right. The wheels of justice can turn slow, even slower still if you know what to do, know the tricks. Without saying another word, Owen picked up the envelope and walked out of Tony's office. To add insult to injury Ms. Yates made sure she was standing there to watch Owen come out of Tony's office. She smiled an evil smile at him as Owen quietly made his way towards the door leading to the basement.

Owen walked downstairs, frustrated, outraged and worried about his family's future, all at the same time. Once he entered the research basement, he started to gather up his things, throwing them into his bag. Frank noticed the unusual movement and walked out from behind the bookshelf, giving Owen a curious look as he approached.

"What happened, you finally get paroled?" Frank asked with a chuckle as he watched Owen continue to stuff his things in his bag.

"Something like that," Owen said with a growl as he continued to gather up his personal things.

"She didn't fire you, did she?" Frank asked with the first, genuinely concerned look on his face in quite some time.

"Yep, looks like you're on your own," Owen said as he thrust the last of his items into the bag and closed it up.

"Wow, the rumours were true for once!" Frank said with a shocked expression on his face.

"Thanks for the warning," Owen scoffed as he started to walk away.

"I never put any stock in anything I hear in this place," Frank replied in a mildly defensive tone of voice. "What did she fire you for?

Anything . . . remotely work related?" Frank asked with a curious tone of voice as he took a step to follow after Owen.

"Hardly, let's just say she didn't approve of my lifestyle and said it violated the 'Conditions of Employment Agreement,' and fired me on the spot," Owen said as he turned only long enough to speak to Frank before continuing on his journey towards the door.

"They can't enforce those," Frank said with a chuckle.

"Yeah, but they can drag things out for years . . . and besides, I don't want to work here anymore, anyways!" Owen said in a frustrated tone of voice, pausing momentarily, yet again.

"What you need is some leverage . . . some dirt!" Frank gleefully said as Owen put his hand on the doorknob of the door out of the basement.

"Do you have some?" Owen asked, turning to glance at Frank while keeping his hand on the doorknob.

"Oh yeah. Not everything they do around here is above the board," Frank said with a chuckle as he walked towards one of the older filing cabinets. "I planned to squeeze a nice 'severance package' out of them when I finally do get out of here" he said as he pulled out a key and unlocked the filing cabinet.

"So why are you giving this to me?" Owen asked as he watched Frank open the bottom drawer of the filing cabinet and reach into the back and pulled out an old leather bag.

"Because, there's more than enough dirt for the two of us," Frank said as he pulled out a stash of files and handed half of the files to Owen. "Besides, I'm gonna love watching them squirm," he chuckled an evil chuckle as he held tight onto the stack of files. "You are gonna make them squirm . . . right?" Frank asked with a shrewd expression on his face.

"Absolutely," Owen replied confidently, before he smiled and then breaking into laughter, laughter which Frank joined him in on.

Chapter Nineteen: Fight and Flight

Veronica sat in the car looking over the files that Frank had given Owen and to say that she was stunned was an understatement. They were parked around the corner from the law firm, sifting through the files and trying to figure out what to do.

"I can't believe it! My father's name is on some of these files! I can't believe he'd do these things," Veronica said in stunned disbelief as she put down one file and picked up another one.

"I know, I even saw dad's name on one of them," Owen replied with a troubled look on his face as he put the file on question aside, away from the rest of the files.

"But what do we do?" Veronica said as she picked up another file.

"Well, part of me wants to go home and think it over," Owen said with a troubled sigh.

"But if we do that, we'll probably loose our nerve, and not do anything," Veronica said with a smirk as she flipped through the contents of the file in her hands.

"Is that so bad? Now that I think of it, I don't know if we should actually blackmail our fathers' law firm," Owen said as he ran his fingers through his hair and lowered his head, resting his elbows on his knees.

"Who's to say that even if we don't do anything with these files that they won't use what they know about us to ruin you! What if they told the law society about The Family? You would be disbarred and tossed in jail and the family would be destroyed," Veronica said with a pressing tone of voice.

"We need to get that proof back," Owen said with a pondering tone of voice as he looked at Veronica.

"And get them to promise to leave us alone," Veronica added as she put her hand on Owen's shoulder.

"In return we will give them the files and promise to leave them alone," Owen said in a slightly more convinced tone of voice than before as he nodded at Veronica.

"Exactly, leave the negotiations to me, Master," Veronica said to Owen as she smiled warmly at Owen. "We may even get a better severance package," she added with a wink to Owen.

Owen picked out a select few of the nastier files and handed them to Veronica before he gathered the rest of the files up and stashed them under his seat. After sharing a final kiss Owen and Veronica got out of the car with the select files in hand and walked hand in hand back to the law firm. The puzzled expression on Janet's face was quickly was washed away when Owen demanded to speak to the head of the law firm, Mr. Anderson . . . the old man himself.

In fifteen minutes Owen and Veronica were sitting at the conference table with Tony and Mr. Anderson in the oak panelled conference room. Tony and Mr. Anderson were glancing at the files with astonished looks on their faces. Neither of the lawyers said anything as they sifted through the files before them. Tony glared at Owen and Veronica now and again and the longer he looked at the files, the grimmer his expression grew.

"How many of these files did you say you had?" Mr. Anderson asked as he closed one file and pushed it away from him.

Mr. Anderson was in surprisingly good shape for his advanced years, and while not an overly tall man, he still had a slender build. He had a full head of white hair which he kept neatly trimmed in a slightly puffy style, flaunting the fact that he still had hair, for a man who was approaching eighty. His suit was crisp, clean, impressive, and completed his polished and controlled appearance. Everything about him helped project that he was a man who had everything under control.

"Enough," Owen said with a confident tone of voice as he smiled at both of the older lawyers.

"That's not an answer! How many?" Tony demanded as he slammed closed the last file, one which had his name on it.

"There's about thirty files, in all," Veronica replied calmly as she looked across the table and bore her eyes into her father.

"I can believe you're involved in this! What has he done to you?" Tony snapped angrily at his daughter while pointing at Owen.

"Master's done nothing but love me! He loves all of us and we love him!" Veronica replied with a firm tone of voice as she leaned in and glared at her father.

"I can't believe this shit!" Tony scoffed as he shook his head and was about to begin a rant when, Mr. Anderson interrupted him.

"What do you want?" Mr. Anderson asked in a calm yet stern enough manner to cut Tony off and make him fall silent.

"Leave me and my family alone," Owen said in an equally calm and confident tone of voice.

"Fine, so get the fuck out of here, you sick little pervert!" Tony shouted as he leaned forward and glared at Owen with hatred.

"Watch your mouth when you speak to Master!" Veronica instinctively spat back with equal hatred as she glared at her father who looked back at his daughter in speechless shock.

"So what, I leave and hope that you don't call the law society and have me disbarred? Or perhaps go to the police? Then where would I be? How can I live with that hanging over my head?" Owen scoffed as he shook his head while looking at Tony with a distrustful expression.

"Don't you have any shame? Don't you know how disgusting all this shit is?" Tony said in utter disbelief as he looked at Owen with a stunned and aghast expression.

"What about this shit?" Owen said as he pointed at the files in front of him.

"Enough of this, what exactly do you want? What do you propose?" Mr. Anderson asked in the same calm yet stern manner.

"I want all the proof you have on me and my family and a promise to leave us alone and keep our secret. In return you get the files and a promise that I will keep your secret," Owen said confidently and watched both lawyers for a reply.

"That's it? Not going for a payday?" Tony scoffed as he gave Owen a sneer.

"No, all I want is to look after my family and be left alone. To live my life as I see fit," Owen said with a sincere look in his eye as he leaned forward and glanced between Mr. Anderson and Tony.

"Bullshit! He's up to something!" Tony said with a dubious tone of voice as he glanced over to Mr. Anderson who appeared to be deep thought while looking at Owen with an unwavering gaze.

"I get it, he's a family man," Mr. Anderson said after a protracted pause.

"You call that group of fucking perverts a family?" Tony laughed with astonishment as he pointed at Owen.

"You and I may not understand or approve of the way his family works but he doesn't need our approval to live his life as he sees fit," Mr. Anderson said as he stood up and walked causally over to a table not that far away and poured two glasses of scotch.

"Exactly," Owen said with a smile and nodded his head.

"Mr. Thompson is just a man who is looking out for those he loves, and is prepared to do whatever he needs to, to protect those who are closest to them, isn't that right?" Mr. Anderson said as he stood there and sipped on one of the glasses of scotch.

"Exactly," Owen replied agreeably with a smile, and a nod.

"Like you, I will do whatever it takes to protect those who are closest to me, like this firm for example," Mr. Anderson said as he motioned to room around him. "My grandfather founded this firm and it has always been known to be a good, decent, and respectable law firm. I will do anything to protect that image," Mr. Anderson said as he stood up straight and looked at Owen with a fiercely determined look on his face and waited for a response.

"I don't want to damage the reputation of the firm," Owen said with a shake of his head.

"I'm glad to hear that, because I don't want to hurt your reputation, because in doing so it will hurt this firm's reputation," Mr. Anderson said as he started to walk towards Owen. "But like you I'm willing to hurt you to protect my own. So the way I see it, we can fight each other and both loose, hurting more than just the ones we hold dear, or we can come to some sort of 'arrangement,' don't you agree?" he added as he handed Owen one of the glasses of scotch and smiled.

"Exactly," Owen said as he accepted the glass of scotch, clinked Mr. Anderson's glass and took a sip of scotch.

"While I don't want to hurt you, I don't really want to have you around, in case you get found out by somebody else and we get dragged down by our association, with you, no offence," Mr. Anderson said casually as he took a sip of his scotch.

"None taken," Owen replied and took a sip of his scotch and rolled his eyes.

"I have another problem that I think you can help me with and in turn I think will make everyone happy," Mr. Anderson said as he pointed at Owen with his glass of Scotch.

"What's that?" Owen asked calmly.

"My wife's father was also a lawyer with a law practice which had been in the family for a couple generations. Since my wife was his only child, he tried for years to convince me to take his firm over from him. His practice is in a small prairie town halfway across the country and is as small today as it was when his grandfather founded it. I was not about to abandon my family firm to take his tiny firm on, but as his health faded my wife promised to not let the firm die, to find someone to take it on. He passed away eight months ago and left everything to me . . . his house and the firm with instructions not to liquidate it, but to find someone to take over the firm. I can't get anyone to take it over, everyone says it has no growth potential and is in the middle of nowhere," Mr. Anderson said as he paused to sip on his scotch, before he glanced at Owen.

"Sounds quaint if you ask me, what do you think, Dee-Dee?" Owen asked as he looked over at Veronica and smiled.

"It does sound nice," Veronica said as she smiled back at Veronica.

"I thought you, however, might see a small firm in a quiet place halfway across the country as an opportunity," he added with a knowing glance to Owen and waited for a response.

"Let me get this straight, some little shit comes in to blackmail you and you pay him off with a company of his own?" Tony said with shocked disappointment to Mr. Anderson.

"No, I just find ways to turn a bad situation into a win-win solution by giving him something I can't do anything with and don't want. My garbage is his treasure and a good way to make someone who was an enemy into a friend," Mr. Anderson said to Tony with a smile. "You don't want to hurt a friend, do you, Mr. Thompson? Or should I say Mr. Stronge" he added as he turned to Owen.

"Mr. Stronge?" Owen asked with a curious and slightly confused tone of voice.

"Yes, since you are a distant nephew of my father in law, don't you know . . . and it simply took this long to locate you," Mr. Anderson said with a conspiratorial tone of voice and winked at Owen before he took a sip on his cup of scotch.

"Why?" Veronica asked the curious question, before Owen could.

"Well, for you lot it means staring over in a distant place and a chance to introduce yourselves as you see fit," Mr. Anderson said in a calm manner as he sat back down in his chair.

"And for you?" Owen asked curiously as he took a sip of his scotch.

"For me it is a way to spin this so that nobody will ever know that I did any sort of deal with the likes of you," Mr. Anderson said with a chuckle and Owen just rolled his eyes, "Funny isn't it, that you come in here, waving those files in my face, records of the dirty, yet

necessary, deeds that we have done, and you wind up turning into one," he added, rose his glass and finished the last of his scotch.

"What's the catch?" Owen asked as he looked over at Mr. Anderson with an expectant tone of voice.

"The catch is that we complete our business tonight and never see each other again," Mr. Anderson said in a calm and certain tone of voice.

"But there's still some details to work out," Owen said with a surprised expression, "And I should talk this over with my family," Owen added with a worried tone of voice.

"Absolutely not! The catch is that nobody outside of this room is to know about this deal, and we get this deal done tonight, you get my father-in-law's estate, and the proof, and I get all the files. If I see or hear from you again, I will destroy you, understood?" Mr. Anderson said with a calm and confident tone of voice as he smiled at Owen.

"What do you think, Dee-Dee? I don't like lying to the others, but it's a great opportunity," Owen said as he whispered to Veronica, leaning close to her.

"I know, Master, but it's more than we hoped for, and it's a great chance for us! What else can we do?" Veronica whispered in reply.

"True," Owen whispered back to Veronica before he turned his attention back to Mr. Anderson. "Agreed," Owen said back to Mr. Anderson and nodded his head.

"Good," Mr. Anderson said with a victorious smile on his face.

"I can't believe this shit," Tony said under his breath as he shook his head.

* * *

Taryn, Karen and Rosina were all pacing in the back and forth in the apartment worried sick about Owen and Veronica. Dinner is left abandoned and unattended as it keeps warm in the stove; none of the women were able to think of food at a time like this. It was strange and uncharacteristic of Owen and Veronica to be late without calling. This was worse because they were hours late and still no word that they were alright. The three women started to worry and think the worst, that some sort of accident had befallen them.

"Try their cells again!" Rosina said urgently as she paced the room with a furrowed brow.

"We've done that countless times, they've got their phones off!" Taryn snapped in reply as she stopped to rub her forehead, the worry starting to get the best of her.

"Maybe they just pulled over for a bit of fun on the way home and time got the best of them?" Karen asked, hoping for a happy answer as to the delay.

"Maybe, but they never turn their phones off, for that," Taryn said, uncomforted by the suggestion.

"Perhaps their cell phone batteries died?" Rosina suggested, not wanting to ponder the darker possibilities that lurked at the edges of her mind.

"Both of them? At the same time?" Taryn asked as tears started to run down her cheek.

The image of a twisted and decimated car with the bloody and dismembered bodies of Owen and Veronica became first and forefront in her mind. Taryn started to cry and Rosina and Karen rushed to her side and the three women held each other and cried, terrified as to something happening to not only members of their dear family but to their beloved Master as well.

It wasn't until the phone rang twice that Taryn clued in that the phone was ringing. In a flash three women scurried to the phone and three hands grasped for the cordless phone but with a scowl Taryn won the competition and lifted the phone to her ear twisting it so that three worried-sick women could hear as they gathered around the phone.

"Hello!" Taryn asked in a panicked voice.

"We're fine!" Owen said in a calming tone of voice.

"It's late! Where've you been?" Taryn demanded out of fear and panic.

"We've been worried sick, Master!" Karen added, her mind a swirling mess of: anger, relief, fear and panic.

"We got caught up with something after work. Dee-Dee was helping me out with something. We'll tell you all about it when we see you at the restaurant," Owen said in the same calming tone of voice.

"Restaurant?" Rosina asked in confusion, she was the first one to voice the question on all of their minds.

"You want to go out, after making us worry so?" Taryn snapped; she was also a jumble of emotions.

"Yes, we're on our way home and we will meet you at our usual restaurant in a bit. Go there now, sit down relax and order a few drinks, you sound like you could use it," Owen said in a calm and comforting tone of voice.

"Yes, Master," Taryn hung up the phone but was only slightly calmed down from her excited mood

All three women were agitated and confused as they walked towards the stairs and up to the main floor of the spa. Not once but twice did they have to go back downstairs. The first time was when Karen remembered that they had left dinner warming in the oven. The second time was when Taryn saw their reflection in a mirror in the front portion of the Spa and recognized that they still had their Slave-Collars on. After climbing the Spa's stairs for a third try to leave the women left, still wearing their "around the house dresses" but not caring, by this point, even Karen was comfortable being seen in them in public.

After getting their usual table for the five of them they sat down and ordered a stiff drink for each of them but Rosina insisted that she didn't need a drink and didn't feel like drinking anyways. Even Taryn admitted that it did helped her settle down and by the time Owen and Veronica arrived all three women were settled down. After a round of tight hugs and mild admonishments for making they worry the five people sat down at the table and ordered dinner.

Owen and Veronica had a drink in their hands when they started to tell the carefully crafted story they had prepared to tell Taryn, Karen and Rosina. They told them that as Veronica was greeting Owen in the lobby of the law firm that he was handed a note by Janet the receptionist. That note said that Mr. Anderson wanted to see him right away. The truth was exaggerated further by saying that it was

Mr. Anderson who said he was sorry about everything that had happened over the past year. In the story, Mr. Anderson said he was sorry about Richard's death and the family being left with nothing and even the fact that Owen was left in Research. Owen explained that Mr. Anderson was impressed, having heard that Owen was trying to support his mother and sister. He therefore felt that Owen was not getting a fair shake at the law firm and that he deserved better. That was when the estate of Mr. Anderson's late Father-in-law was brought up and the fact that as of that moment, Owen owned a law firm and a home in a small prairie town. The family had a hard time believing it but after the papers were brought out for the family to look them over, they believed.

"This here is your record of employment! Did you quit?" Taryn asked in shock as she held up another piece of paper.

"Well, with the firm and all, there's no need to work, and we have a lot to do before we leave town," Owen said, trying to cover his nervousness and not be so easy to read.

"This is a huge change! Don't you think you should have talked to us first?" Karen asked with a shocked look on her face. "We have a life here, I have the Spa!" she added with a disappointed look on her face.

"There was no chance, he offered it to Owen and said he needed to resolve it tonight and if Owen didn't take it right away, he would have given it to someone else," Veronica quickly added as she looked at her mother first and then at her other Fellow-Slaves.

"Think if it, we not only have a law firm of our own, but also a house, fully furnished! It was too good an opportunity to let slip by," Owen said with a slightly defensive tone of voice.

"But it says here that the firm is owned by an 'Owen Stronge,' who's he?" Rosina asked as she held up one of the transfer of ownership papers.

"Well that's me. It was a way to . . . um . . ." Owen started to explain but faltered, and stammered. Words and his usual confidence failed Owen and so he shot a quick glance to Veronica.

"That was my idea," Veronica added with a playful giggle as she put her hand on Owen's arm.

"Your idea? You got Master, to change his name?" Rosina replied in shock, momentarily forgetting that they were in public.

"Yes, isn't it great! Think of the possibilities. Think of what this all means!" Veronica said with a sparkle in her eye and in her voice as she looked at the other ladies around the table in the eyes.

"Moving to some unknown town halfway across the country, and into who knows what situation. Uprooting our lives here, leaving all our friends and everyone we've ever know behind? I know it means a law firm of his own for, Master, but it is all a bit scary for some of

us," Taryn replied with a worried look on her face as she looked at Veronica, hoping the younger woman could understand what she found so fearful.

"Exactly! A new town, where nobody knows us. Nobody knows that you are Master's mother or that Cat is Master's sister. Nobody will think anything of it if either of you walk up to him in the street and kiss him. Wouldn't you like that?" Veronica asked and all three women looked back at Veronica with a shocked and stunned manner as the possibilities sank into their shocked minds.

"And what does the name change have to with all that?" Karen asked Veronica because Taryn and Rosina were still stunned silent at the thought of openly expressing their love for Master in Public!

"I thought that if we're going through this monumental change that our last names should reflect the fact that we have indeed become one family," Veronica said proudly and stood up straight as she looked around the table.

"You mean, that we all change our names to 'Stronge'?" Taryn asked in a shocked whisper, the powers of speech only just returning to her.

"Why Stronge?" Karen asked curiously.

"Because of the 'Strong' bond of love we have for each other," Veronica said confidently, with a sweet smile on her face.

"Does it have anything to do with the fact that the previous owner of the firm was 'George Stronge'?" Rosina asked as she held up one of the papers spread out on the table.

"We figured it would be easier to settle into the town if we told everyone that I was a distant relative of the previous owner of the law firm," Owen said with a confident tone of voice as he looked around at the table. "I know this is all a bit sudden and I really would have liked to talk to you all about it but . . ." Owen said in an appeasing tone of voice as he paused to shrug his shoulders. "Now that you know, what do you all think?" he added as he glanced around him, waiting for a response.

"Even if it's a shack in the middle of a wheat field, it will still be worth it as long as I don't have to hide how much I love you, anymore," Taryn said with tears in her eyes as she stared deeply into Owen's eyes and before she knew it kissed him on the lips.

"I'm with Mistress Red! Sign me up!" Rosina said with a bright smile on her face as she leaned over and kissed Owen on the lips with a three second kiss.

"I guess we have a Spa to sell!" Karen said with a chuckle before she leaned across the table and kissed Owen as well.

"I can hardly wait, Master," Veronica added before she kissed Owen as well.

A perplexed yet pretty waitress arrived not much longer and started to dish out the families dinner. The group gathered up the papers, put them away and prepared to eat the much belated dinner. Taryn felt a little self-conscious at being caught kissing Owen in public and searched her mind for something to say, the smirk on the waitress's face warranted it.

"We're celebrating, tonight," Taryn said to the waitress as she put Taryn's dinner down in front of her.

"Great! What are you celebrating?" the waitress said as she looked around the table while standing up straight.

"We've just inherited a business and a home," Owen said as he tried not to look at the delightful cleavage of the pretty waitress.

"Congratulations!" the waitress said with enthusiasm as she placed her hand on Owen's shoulder. "Sorry about your loss though," she added with genuine concern.

"I never knew him," Owen replied in an uneasy tone, not sure what to say.

"It's across the country, so we'll be moving soon," Taryn added with a nervous smile.

"That's not good, I'll miss you. You guys are always such a loving and friendly bunch, but I wish you well," she added as she started to walk away.

"Exactly how are we celebrating, Master?" Karen asked with a giggle.

"Dancing after dinner then back home for some 'quality time'" Owen replied with a smirk on his face.

"Can we start the 'quality time' here?" Rosina added with a mischievous sparkle in her eye.

"That might get someone's attention," Taryn added with a raised eyebrow and a chuckle.

"If we get the attention of that cute waitress, I'm okay with that!" Rosina added with a giggle.

"Yeah, did you see the tight little ass on her!" Veronica added in a conspiratorial tone to Rosina as both women turned to look at the departing waitress, admiring the swaying of her hips. "I wouldn't mind spending some 'quality time' with her," she added with a giggle as she glanced around the room.

"Stop it, you're being disrespectful," Taryn said to Veronica and Rosina in a borderline motherly tone.

"Let's eat up before it gets cold," Owen said before he picked up his fork and started eating his dinner.

After dinner, Veronica ran the parcel of papers to the car parked outside as the rest of the family moved over to the nightclub side of the establishment to begin the dancing and celebrating. Once again, Rosina continued ordering non-alcoholic drinks while the rest of the family celebrated with alcoholic drinks as they all danced.

The evening progressed and the magic combination of: alcohol, pounding music, flashing lights, and gyrating people really helped loosen everyone up, and by the time the evening was over everyone was more than a little drunk. The only exception to this was Rosina, who was completely sober, not daring to touch a single drop of alcohol as to not harm her unborn child. With that in mind Rosina drove the car home as the rest of the group started to walk home.

The drunken group made their way home and the sexual tension continued to rise, with everyone anticipating a wild night. Once the door to the downstairs apartment opened up everyone got a shock, but not an unpleasant one.

There Rosina was sitting in the middle of the hid-a-bed couch which had been folded out, and the only thing she was wearing was her Slave-Collar. The coffee table had been moved to the side of the room and on it was neatly displayed an assortment of the family's sex toys.

"Welcome home," Rosina said in a chipper tone of voice.

Picking up on the shock and sexual tension in the room Rosina spread her legs and began to lightly caress her own pussy, cooing and moaning as a show to further entice the family. Rosina looked Taryn dead in the eyes while she licked her own finger in a slow and sensual manner.

"Anyone wanna play?" Rosina asked in a husky tone of voice.

"I do, Cat!" Taryn called out as she walked on wobbly legs towards the bed, removing her dress as she did so.

Rosina reached out from behind her and handed Taryn her Slave-Collar as she got close enough. Taryn put her own Slave-Collar on while she moved closer to Rosina. She had just finished fastening it up when the two women kissed in an explosion of pent up passion. Their hands roamed and explored each other's body as they kissed, their tongues dancing. After a moment Taryn rolled on top of Rosina, their bodies still pressed tightly together. The two well-established lovers continued to make love, their world shrunk down to just the two of them.

Veronica and Karen didn't move from their spot as they embraced and began kissing with intense passion, unable to hold themselves back anymore. They twisted as they kissed and made their way towards the bed. When Karen's thighs bumped against the bed she grasped the sides of Veronica's dress and pulled up, disrobing her daughter/lover. Veronica lifted her arms and let herself be stripped before she swiftly removed Karen's dress. By the time the two of them sat down on the bed, still kissing they felt something hit each of them respectively. Looking down they saw that their Slave-Collars were lying near them on the bed.

Karen and Veronica glanced over to see that Taryn had begun to suck on Rosina's breasts and she winked at them as they put their Slave-Collars on. As soon as their Slave-Collars were on, Karen and Veronica kissed with wild passion as they fell onto the bed. Somehow they rolled around so that they were beside Taryn and Rosina with Karen on top of Veronica.

Owen stood there and pondered getting the camera, but this was not exactly an uncommon sight; the only question was, which pussy first? With a hard look back and forth, it was a tough choice, either Taryn or Karen were the easy options. Strangely enough the question was almost answered for him when Karen began licking her way down her daughter's body. Karen was licking her way down Veronica's body to the young woman's pussy, and in so doing she displayed her rump in a delightful way.

Owen smiled to himself as he removed his clothes and walked towards the bed, being nude before he put his knee on the bed. Karen was eagerly lapping at her daughter's wet slit and Veronica was delirious with the pleasure her mother was giving her, so that neither woman noticed Owen entering the bed.

Owen liked the squeal of shock that shot out of Karen's mouth as his cock entered her pussy. That squeal turned into a moan as the waves of pleasure washed away the initial shock of his unexpected but not unwanted entry. By the time Owen was fully imbedded in Karen's pussy she momentarily paused in her rug-munching, to revel in the sensations of being joined with Master. Owen withdrew from Karen and swiftly shoved his cock back into her pussy and began the swift fucking. Owen didn't let up nor did he take it easy on Karen, he simply stroked her pussy with hard and fast strokes. The sensations were too much for Karen to be able to focus on her pussy eating, yet she still tried, yet Veronica was quickly getting frustrated by the poor job Karen was doing.

Veronica shot Owen a dirty look for distracting her mother and diminishing pleasure she was receiving from the pussy-licking. Owen smiled a mischievous smile at Veronica while he looked over at the coffee table at the strap-on dildo and then over at Taryn's ass stuck up in the air. Taryn was now eating Rosina's pussy and Rosina had her legs over Taryn's shoulders and lost in the sensations of the slit-licking she was receiving.

Veronica's eyes went wide at the obvious suggestion but quickly smiled a naughty smile back at Owen before she began to leave the

bed. Karen looked around, a little confused and disappointed when her tasty treat was taken away from her but the continual pounding her pussy was receiving quickly washed her mind of any concerns. Veronica gave Owen a passionate kiss as she exited the bed before walking over to the coffee table. Veronica swiftly put the strap-on dildo the ladies had nicknamed "Fred" on making sure it was in place before she modelled it for Owen, who gave her an approving look.

When Veronica climbed on the bed behind Taryn, the shifting in weight caught Rosina's attention and she opened her eyes to see the approaching Veronica. With a big smile on her face she watched as Veronica lined Fred up and in one swift motion sank him all the way into Taryn before the older woman knew what was going on.

"Holy fuck!" Taryn shouted out in shock as she glanced back around to look Veronica in the eye as the younger woman withdrew her plastic cock and began the eager fucking. "What are you doing?" Taryn asked as her eyelids fluttered while she looked Veronica in the eyes.

"That's a silly question," Rosina said with a laugh as she winked at Veronica who was still fucking Taryn.

"I've wanted to take your ass for a ride for some time now!" Veronica said in a commanding tone of voice before she grasped a handful of Taryn's hair and pulled, using it for leverage as she fucked. "Your ass is mine tonight, Bitch!" she added with a cocky laugh as she intensified her assault on Red's pussy.

Veronica looked over at Owen as she commandingly fucked Taryn and all Taryn could do was moan like a whore. Those moans were muffled by Rosina's pussy as she shoved her pussy into her mother's face. Taryn eagerly liked her daughter's pussy as she surrendered herself to Veronica. For the first time, in all the times they had been together Taryn was not in charge and she could not help herself but submit to the powerful woman savagely fucking her doggie-style. Veronica and Owen shared a kiss while they fucked each other's mothers and when the kiss was over they held hands while they drove the older women to orgasm. It was the beginnings of another wild night, which left everyone exhausted but happy, by morning.

Chapter Twenty: Go West Young Man

Taryn woke up the next morning snuggled up to Veronica with Owen and Karen snuggled up to each other right next to her. Rosina had made it to her own bed and managed to set her alarm before she passed out. That next morning, she was the one to make sure that everyone got up to get the day started. As was tradition and the rule within the family nothing was said about Veronica dominating Taryn for a portion of the previous evening. Veronica did not brag, nor did Taryn complain, and the next morning, all went back to "normal" with Taryn as Mistress and Veronica as Slave. That rest of the weekend progressed like any other but with a few key differences.

For one, a real estate agent was called to list the business, which included the building, for sale and the whole experience, was a little

scary and real for Karen. While Karen liked her Spa, she didn't love it. It was a hobby which she had started years ago and because of the divorce it became something she couldn't stop. Despite the fact that she neither loved, nor hated it, it was still something which had been in her life for a very long time. While it was not grand one, it was indeed a comfortable and known existence, and selling it made the whole move real to Karen. The most surprising thing to Karen was seeing the six-digit figure the real estate agent and Veronica came up as a price for the Spa.

For another Owen focussed on doing all the little jobs which needed to be done around the Spa yet never quite got done. Owen switched from Lawyer to handyman as he scraped, painted, repaired and touched-up almost every area of the Spa and apartment. The physical work seemed to do Owen good both in mind and body. He enjoyed the chance to give back to Karen and take care of her in a real way and also was a good workout. This handyman work continued on into the next workweek for Owen.

On Monday morning, the ladies all submitted their change of name forms together, changing their last names to "Stronge." Rosina then convinced the other women to add a middle name of their respective Slave-Names. Taryn was the most reluctant but agreed to it as long as she didn't have to change her middle name, which was her grandmother's name.

Veronica and Rebecca took a longer lunch than usual and went to a nice restaurant around the corner from their work. They had not seen each other since work on Friday, and so there was a lot to talk about.

Usually they snuck away for some private time over lunch but today was different. You see it was during this lunch that Veronica planned to break the news to Rebecca about the move and that is exactly what she did. By the end of it Rebecca was in shock, her mind filled with a mix of emotions as she sat there sipping on her coffee trying to process what she had just heard.

"Moving? Across the country?" Rebecca said in a quiet voice of shock as she looked deeply into Veronica's eyes.

"It's a great opportunity not just for Master, but for all of us," Veronica said as she said in a comforting manner as she looked back into Rebecca's eyes. "A chance to start over, and let everyone see us as the one family we now are . . . isn't that wonderful?" she added with a happy tone to her voice as she squeezed Rebecca's hand.

"I know, and I agree, starting over somewhere far, far, away is a nice thought, but . . . my children, what about them?" Rebecca said with a mixture of happiness and fear as she looked to Veronica for support.

"Do you get to visit them now? When did you see them last?" Veronica asked in an empathetic manner while she showed her genuine care and concern for Rebecca.

"Harold won't let me near them and thanks to that stupid divorce papers I signed, he doesn't have to. The last time I saw them was

when we took them to the pool," Rebecca said with a sad look in her eye.

"I remember, wasn't that fun?" Veronica said in a warm tone of voice with a smile to match.

"Yeah, it was," Rebecca replied and the two women smiled warmly for a moment before the mood turned cold.

"I'm sure Master can do something about that, he wanted to do so before . . ." Veronica added in a chipper and eager tone of voice before her words trailed off, both women knew the rest of the sentence.

"Before I ran away again, again" Rebecca added as she hung her head in shame.

"That was then, this is now. I don't see you running away this time," Veronica added as she put her hand on Rebecca's shoulder and squeezed.

"Am I ready? Am I ready to meet Sir?" Rebecca lifted her head and asked with hope in her eyes.

"Yes . . . but I was going to introduce you on Reformation Day . . . remember?" Veronica replied in a nervous and uncomfortable manner.

"Yes, Mistress," Rebecca said submissively and paused for a moment before she added, "But, what if you move before then?"

"Don't worry, I won't leave you behind," Veronica said with a warm and comforting smile before their lips were drawn together for their first semi-public kiss . . . ever.

Late one night that week when the house was quiet and still Veronica was still up. She was deep in thought over what to do about Rebecca; when was the best time to tell the family about her. Veronica was in the living room cleaning and tidying up what was already clean and tidy, simply needing something constructive to do with her hands, since she was not able to sleep. Taryn came in and took one look at the busy Veronica and knew something was up, with a sigh she walked towards her.

"Dee-Dee, what is it?" Taryn asked as she walked into the living room.

"Nothing," Veronica said as she dusted a clean bookshelf.

"C'mon," Taryn said as she grasped Veronica by the shoulders and directed her to sit down on the couch.

Veronica wasn't sure about what to say, how much to tell Taryn. Should she tell her friend, family member and Mistress about Rebecca? Or should she try to probe Taryn and find out how she felt about Rebecca? Could Veronica find out more information than she gave up?

"It's silly," Veronica said in an embarrassed manner, looking down and away.

"No, it's not!" Taryn said as she wrapped her arms around Veronica and pulled the woman into a cuddle on the couch. That cuddle left both women lying beside each other and Veronica's head on Taryn's shoulder. "What is it?" she asked as she began to stroke Veronica's hair while Veronica sighed contently, loving the embrace.

"I . . . I was just wondering about Rebecca," Veronica said in a worried tone. "Where is she? What is she up to? What about . . ." she added but her words drifted off before she finished the sentence.

"Master's child? I know, I've been thinking about her too," Taryn said in an equally worried tone of voice as she squeezed Veronica tighter.

"I've been thinking of finding her? Don't you think we should contact her before we move?" Veronica asked as she tried her best to hide the eagerness in her voice.

"I would love to, but when she left she made it clear that she needed space to sort things out. I miss her and I wonder about Master's child, but she has to come back on her own. Pushing her will only make her run away again and that will hurt everyone, all over again," Taryn said as she kissed the top of Veronica's head. "Besides I don't know where to look for her, do you?"

"I could try to find her . . . you know, so we could at least see Master's child," Veronica said as she lifted her head and looked into Taryn's eyes with eager hope.

"I know, Master does have a responsibility to his child," Taryn said with a subdued manner. "And I do miss her," she added after seeing the disappointment in Veronica's eyes.

"Me too," Veronica said as she smiled at Taryn.

"C'mon, I think I know what to do with all that extra energy you seem to have," Taryn said in a mischievous tone of voice which dripped with innuendo.

"Really?" Veronica replied in an equally mischievous tone of voice full of innuendo.

"It's Karen's night with Master, and you owe me a round with Fred," Taryn said with a naughty yet superior tone of voice with a smirk.

"Your ass is mine tonight, Bitch!" she added sternly before both she and Veronica burst into laughter.

"Yes, Mistress Red," Veronica replied with a giggle and a smile.

Taryn got up, grabbed Veronica by the collar and pulled her to the floor so she was on her hands and knees. While still holding her onto the D-Ring of Veronica's collar Taryn led Veronica on her hands and knees to her bedroom, Veronica's pussy was wet and ready for action by the time they entered the bedroom.

While people came by to look at the Spa and considered buying it, nobody seemed too serious, and always left with an ambiguous and noncommittal statement. This continued on into the next week, but all that changed on Wednesday of the following week.

Samantha, a woman in her late twenties came in with a small child and toured the Spa and apartment; the more she saw, the more she liked. It was clear from the questions she was asking that she was indeed starting to picture the Spa as her own and by the time Samantha left with her child. Even though she never said it, the vibe she gave off that only her husband, price of financing would stop her from buying the Spa.

Samantha was the perfect person to purchase the Spa, she already knew the Spa industry, as she worked in a Spa across town and loved the downstairs apartment, as she and her husband were renting a small apartment. Karen was happy to think of Samantha taking over

her Spa and felt she could rest assured that the Spa would be in good hands.

Veronica told Rebecca the next day at work about the possible sale of the spa. It was agreed that Veronica needed to introduce Rebecca to the family sooner rather than later. So on Friday night Rebecca was excited and terrified to be going to the Spa and finally see Sir once more. As they pulled into the back stall Rebecca was quite shaky and nervous when she exited the car and had her son in his bassinette in her hand and followed Veronica into the Spa.

Karen was the first person to see Rebecca and had to do a double take when she saw her walking into the Spa. Karen was with a customer at the time and continued to walk up towards the front of the Spa. Rebecca froze still, not sure what to say or do, her eyes getting wetter by the second and her apprehension growing. Veronica pushed a reluctant Rebecca up towards the front of the Spa. Owen was doing some minor repairs in one of the rooms and saw Rebecca walk by out of the corner of his eye. He followed just to make sure that his eyes weren't playing tricks on him. By the time Veronica and Rebecca got to the front of the Spa the customer had paid and left. Taryn and Karen were watching wide-eyed as Rebecca came into view with little Chris. Owen took up the rear, preventing Rebecca's exit even if she wanted to run. There was a brief moment of tense pause as Taryn and Karen looked at Rebecca with shock before little Chris broke the tension with a gurgled cry.

Maternal instinct took over and both Taryn and Karen looked then began to fawn over the baby and his mother, respectively. Taryn was

the first to hold Chris and Karen was the first to hug Rebecca. While Rebecca was hugging Karen, she saw Owen and her eyes got wetter when she saw him and by the time his arms were wrapped around her, she burst into tears. Those tears were not of pain, sorrow or regret, but simply of joy at being one with him, once again.

"Surprise!" Veronica said with a warm and happy smile as Owen held Rebecca

"Thank you, Dee-Dee, how ever did you find her? Where've you been? Why did you run away? Why didn't you call?" Owen started to ask the thousand questions in his mind until he was interrupted.

"All your questions will be answered right here," Taryn said as she placed Chris into his father's arms.

Owen stared in wonder at the little bundle of joy in his arms and every eye in the room joined him in gazing at the wondrous child. Rosina walked into the room, and saw the crowd gathered around Master and looked to see what they were looking at. When her eyes fell on Rebecca her ire rose and before she could stop herself the prevalent thought leapt out of her mouth.

"So the 'Prodigal Slave' returns, does she," Rebecca scoffed before she added, "Dinner's ready. I guess I'll set another place, thanks for the warning," she added hastily before she left the room and rushed downstairs, still angry at Rebecca for all she had heard in the church bathroom.

Somehow Veronica and Rebecca managed to get through dinner with their relationship a secret. Instead Rebecca simply talked about the time after she left and before Veronica contacted her. It wasn't until the family were seated around the living room with coffee that Veronica decided that the time had come to come clean and confess. Veronica got off her seat and knelt in front of Owen before she glanced at Rebecca, who then joined Veronica in kneeling before Owen.

"I must confess something, Master," Veronica said as she hung her head in shame.

"What is it, Dee-Dee," Owen said with a displeased tone of voice as he glanced back and forth between the two women kneeling and cowering before him.

"I found Rebecca two weeks ago, I have been testing and training her ever since, I wanted . . ." Veronica said but she was cut off by an angry Owen.

"WHAT? Why? On who's authority?" Owen shouted in anger as he glared at Taryn.

"I didn't know anything about it, Master!" Taryn replied defensively and shrugged her shoulders.

"I wanted to make sure that she was worthy to enter your service, Master!" Veronica said in an urging tone of voice a she looked up at Owen with pleading eyes.

"Are you the judge of that?" Owen snapped.

"No, Master! I only wanted to make sure that she wouldn't run away again! I didn't want to see you hurt by her again!" Veronica said in the most desperate sounding tone of voice, her speech broken up by tears.

"That is not for you to decide? How dare you take on someone . . . anyone, without my permission! Especially, MY MOUSE!" Owen roared and at that point Veronica broke down into tears and sobbed at Owen's feet bending over completely.

"Please, Sir! Don't be angry with her, it is all my fault!" Rebecca pleaded with tears in her eyes as she put her arm around Veronica's waist and started to comfort the sobbing woman beside her.

"She knew better! You can't excuse this!" Owen roared as he glared into Rebecca's eyes and her lower lip quivered for a moment.

"She came over two weeks ago and only wanted to arrange visitation with me. She said she just wanted to see if I would run or agree to letting you see Chris or not. She did it as a present to you, for . . . Reformation Day," Rebecca said, looked down to Veronica before

looking back up at Owen. "I told her that I had made up my mind and wanted to come back to you," she added.

"Did you now?" Owen scowled at Veronica who had only just looked up at Owen.

"I told her I was serious, that I wouldn't run again but she wouldn't believe me! I begged her to let me prove it to her that I was serious, that I wouldn't run again!" Rebecca said in a tone that was desperate to be understood.

"That doesn't explain Dee-Dee's betrayal!" Owen roared as he grasped Veronica's hair and forced her face to look up into his.

"I couldn't help myself! When I saw her kneeling there before me, in tears begging me to let her prove herself to me, she . . . she looked so helpless . . . so desperate . . . so s . . . submissive, I couldn't help myself," Veronica said in amongst sobs and tears as her eyes searched Owen's for mercy.

"So you took the mother of my child on as a submissive, behind my back," Owen said in a hurt and disgusted tone of voice before he pulled Veronica up over his knee, by her hair.

"This stops now, is that understood? As of now, you have no hold over Rebecca, is that understood?" Owen said as he lifted up Veronica's dress to around her waist.

"Yes, Master," Veronica said in a shaky, terrified tone of voice.

"Release her! SAY IT!" Owen demanded as he tugged on Veronica's hair.

"Rebecca, I release you! You're no longer my Slave!" Veronica said in a sorrowful manner, with tears running down her cheeks as she looked into Rebecca's eyes.

"Yes, M . . . Dee-Dee," Rebecca sobbed and lowered her head.

Owen then gave Veronica a merciless spanking, loosing count somewhere over twenty, and both his hand and Veronica's cheeks were red when it was over. Veronica was sobbing uncontrollably by the time Owen shoved her off of his lap.

"I want you nude and in chains when you're downstairs! You've lost both your sexual privileges to me and to those of your Fellow-Slaves! Is that understood?" Owen said with a commanding and angry tone of voice.

"Yes, Master," Veronica managed to say before she buried her head in her hands.

Owen looked at Taryn and nodded; she in turn looked at Rosina and nodded; Rosina then she got up to retrieve the chains. Veronica pulled her dress up over her head and placed it down in front of Owen. Rosina returned with the chains and chained Veronica's wrists to each other with one chain and her ankles to each other with another chain. The chains were not very long so she would not be able to walk at a normal stride nor could she put her hands more than three feet apart.

"Take Rebecca home," Owen said to Taryn and started to get up.

"Sir, what about me?" Rebecca begged as she placed her hands on Owen's knees before he stood up.

Rebecca was mortified, and ashamed that things turned out like they did for Veronica. She wanted to show her devotion to Owen and her regret for causing Veronica to betray him.

"What about you?" Owen asked in an agitated tone.

"Aren't you going to punish me?" Rebecca asked with big eyes of fear and urging.

"You are not my Slave so you are not mine to discipline!" Owen retorted with a snort as he shoved Rebecca's hand off of his knee.

"But it was I who made Dee-Dee betray you. It was I who begged her to train me and let me prove my dedication and desire to serve you. I am as guilty as she is in this. Please, if you must punish her, you must also punish me," Rebecca said in a soft and pleading tone of voice that was filled with fervent sincerity.

Rebecca she got up, placed herself across Owen's lap, lifted her dress and lowering her panties as she awaited her spanking. Owen watched in stunned disbelief at the display of solidarity and unity . . . and of devotion. Owen gave Rebecca a hard spanking and she even counted off and thanked him for each spank. When it was over Owen was in a muddled mind, not sure what to think, still hurt and angry.

"Red, take her home," Owen said to Taryn before he added, "Dee-Dee, get out of my sight!"

"Yes, Master," Taryn said as she looked at the departing Veronica with a look that was a mixture of anger and sympathy.

A thick tension hung over the house for the following few days. Owen was still feeling hurt and frustrated by Veronica's behaviour. Rosina understood the pull of doing something she knew was wrong yet had to do. Rosina was the only bright light for Veronica during that time, yet she too felt hurt and betrayed. Karen was the one who felt the next level of sympathy for Veronica. Taryn felt personally

betrayed by what Veronica had done because of the conversation they had when she had caught her cleaning late at night.

Veronica tried to show her devotion to Owen by eagerly following her punishment. Veronica would strip nude and put on her chains before she crossed the door entering into the downstairs apartment. In the mornings she would carry her clothes out of the apartment and get dressed in that same cold concrete area. Once she put her chains on she would never take them off until she changed into her work clothes in the morning. Veronica had taken to even sleeping and somehow showering with her chains on.

Work for Veronica and Rebecca was a strained affair with Rebecca still acting very submissive to Veronica even though nothing sexual was going on. Even though there was nothing sexual going on their work performance did not improve much because of their sad moods. Rebecca still fetched Veronica's coffee and fixed it with breast milk, the way that we knew that Veronica liked it. This would get a smile from Veronica, but the lift in mood was only short lived.

By Wednesday Taryn had realized that the tension was doing nobody any good and that Veronica had tried to reach out to her that night they talked. It was for those reasons that Taryn called up Rebecca and invited her over that night for dinner. Rebecca did come over that night and it was a tentative time of reconciliation. After the shock of what had happened the family could start to see the good thing that having Rebecca back in their lives was. Veronica still wore her chains at night and the pain and hurt was still there, but at least the healing process could start.

Rebecca slept at her apartment but spent all her spare time at the Spa, even helping upstairs on Saturday. It didn't take long for Rebecca to start to assimilate into the family once again. This time she was not scared, nor was she running away, yet she refused to have any sexual relations with anyone. Rebecca wanted to do it right this time and instead focussed on settling into the family.

Since Samantha had visited the Spa the previous week, she had been busy and negotiations had been going back and forth, until finally a deal was reached. Samantha agreed to let the family stay for a few weeks and in that time, Taryn and Karen would train her as well as introduce her to the regular customers. When the money finally was handed over at the conclusion of the deal Veronica put it away in one of the family's investment accounts that she had setup, when she had taken over the family finances.

The next day Veronica and Rosina put their two week notices in to their respective works. Rebecca wasn't sure what to, as nothing was official, and Owen had not said for certain that he was going to Collar her or that she was going with them on the move. Taryn sensed this and quietly told her that she had better put her notice in as well. Rebecca hugged Taryn in a teary release of emotion as it was the first real sign that she was indeed becoming part of the family.

Nights were spent with the family sorting through their possessions, deciding what to: take, sell, recycle, give away, and what to throw away. During the day, Owen would run around and get rid of what they were not taking with them. Rebecca started to sort through her

own items on the rare few times she spent at her place. Rebecca did not get rid of anything, simply sorted them out and placed it in neatly organized piles.

On Monday of the next week, the last of the official documents the family needed arrived, the name change documents and other documents associated with the transfer of the law firm and house. Finally they were indeed the "Stronge" family, and the last of what they needed to take care of was in place.

Tuesday was a very special day for the family, Tuesday was in fact Owen's birthday; finally Reformation Day had arrived. The family went through the day as per usual and it wasn't until the day was over that the celebrations began. Instead of going to their usual restaurant down the street, they went to a fancy restaurant. Samantha agreed to babysit Chris, so that Rebecca could go along. After the lovely dinner at a restaurant with everyone dressed up in their fanciest clothes, they returned home.

After thanking Samantha for babysitting and bidding her goodbye, they all went downstairs. Veronica started to disrobe in the apartment entranceway, as she had taken to doing anytime she came or went into the apartment.

"You won't need those anymore, go change in your room," Owen said warmly as he kissed Veronica.

"Thank you, Master," Veronica replied in teary gratitude.

The family went to their respective rooms to change out of their clothes. Rebecca went with Taryn and Karen to change in their room. Instead of changing into their around the house dresses, the family simply put their clothes away and walked into the living room, nude; even Owen. Owen placed the familiar wooden box on the table beside him as he sat down. Owen sat in his usual chair and the rest of the family knelt down in front of Owen, a few feet away from him, in this order from right to left: Taryn, Rosina, Karen, and Veronica. Rebecca was to strip down and wait in Taryn and Karen's room until she was called for.

"What am I?" Owen asked in a commanding tone of voice.

"You are our Master," the four ladies kneeling before Owen said in unison.

"What are you?" Owen asked in a commanding tone of voice.

"We are your Slaves," the four ladies kneeling before Owen said in unison.

"What is this day?" Owen asked in a commanding tone of voice.

"This is Reformation Day, when we pause to remember and give thanks that you have taken your rightful place as our Master and the

head of the family," the four ladies kneeling before Owen said in unison.

"What family is that?" Owen asked with just the hint of a smirk on his face betraying his commanding presence.

"The Stronge family," the four ladies kneeling before Owen said in unison.

"Red, approach," Owen said in a commanding tone of voice.

Taryn walked on her knees with her eyes looking down until she was kneeling right at Owen's feet. Owen reached forward grasped her hair and made Taryn look up into his face.

"I Owen Stronge, with the power vested in me by the laws of nature, do hereby claim you Taryn Stronge and make you my Slave, to be owned by me and serve me in anyway I see fit, until I release you or death claims you. Do you submit?" Owen said in a stern and commanding tone of voice as he glared at Taryn.

"Yes, Master," Taryn replied with a look and tone of pure love as she looked up into Owen's eyes.

"From this moment henceforth, you are my 'Mistress,' you will serve me as any Slave does, but you will have authority over all my Slaves.

You are to see that my wishes are carried out, and that my Slaves are conducting themselves accordingly. As long as you are operating within my guidelines, you have free reign over any and all of my Slaves. Do you understand and accept this honour?" Owen said in a stern and commanding tone of voice.

"Yes, Master," Taryn replied with a look and tone of pure love as she looked up into Owen's eyes.

"Give me your, Collar," Owen said as he reached up and opened up the wooden box.

Taryn didn't like taking off her collar but complied and handed it over to Owen, feeling like she was handing over an old friend. Owen accepted Taryn's collar and placed it down behind the wooden box as he retrieved her new Slave-Collar from the wooden box and handed to her. Taryn's new Slave-Collar was black and snapped up in the back with three snaps. In the centre of the collar was a large silver plate and on it were engraved two large words one on top of the other, "Mistress, Red." On either side of this plate, was a small plate with, "Property of Owen Stronge" engraved in much smaller lettering. Underneath the large, central plate was a single D-Ring. Taryn smiled and was speechless as she put her new Collar on.

"You may worship your Master," Owen said calmly.

Taryn eagerly sucked Owen's cock, hoping to taste Owen's cum before she was dismissed.

"Red, go back, Cat, approach," Owen said in a commanding tone of voice.

Taryn walked on her knees to where she had been and resumed kneeling. Rosina walked on her knees with her eyes facing down until she was kneeling right at Owen's feet. Owen reached forward grasped her hair and made Rosina look up into his face.

"I Owen Stronge, with the power vested in me by the laws of nature, do hereby claim you Rosina Stronge and make you my Slave, to be owned by me and serve me in anyway I see fit, until I release you or death claims you. Do you submit?" Owen said in a stern and commanding tone of voice as he glared at Rosina.

"Yes, Master," Rosina replied with a look and tone of adoration love as she looked up into Owen's eyes.

"Give me your, Collar," Owen said with a stern tone of voice.

Rosina took her Slave-Collar off and handed it over to Owen, like Taryn she felt like she was handing over an old friend. Owen accepted Rosina's collar and placed it down behind the wooden box as he retrieved her new Slave-Collar from the wooden box and handed to her. Rosina's new Slave-Collar was black and snapped up in the back with three snaps. In the centre of the collar was a large silver plate and on it were engraved two large words one on top of

the other, "Slave, Cat." On either side of this plate, was a small plate with, "Property of Owen Stronge" engraved in much smaller lettering. Underneath the large, central plate was a single D-Ring. Rosina smiled and was speechless as she put her new Collar on.

"You may worship your Master," Owen said calmly.

Rosina eagerly sucked Owen's cock, hoping to taste Owen's cum before she was dismissed, but she too was dismissed.

"Cat, go back, Bella, approach," Owen said in a commanding tone of voice.

Rosina walked on her knees to where she had been and resumed kneeling. Karen walked on her knees with her eyes facing down until she was kneeling right at Owen's feet. Owen reached forward grasped her hair and made Karen look up into his face.

"I Owen Stronge, with the power vested in me by the laws of nature, do hereby claim you Karen Stronge and make you my Slave, to be owned by me and serve me in anyway I see fit, until I release you or death claims you. Do you submit?" Owen said in a stern and commanding tone of voice as he glared at Karen.

"Yes, Master," Karen replied with a look and tone of adoration love as she looked up into Owen's eyes.

"Give me your, Collar," Owen said with a stern tone of voice.

Karen took her Slave-Collar off and handed it over to Owen, like the others she felt like she was handing over an old friend. Owen accepted Karen's collar and placed it down behind the wooden box as he retrieved her new Slave-Collar from the wooden box and handed to her. Karen's new Slave-Collar was black and snapped up in the back with three snaps. In the centre of the collar was a large silver plate and on it were engraved two large words one on top of the other, "Slave, Bella." On either side of this plate, was a small plate with, "Property of Owen Stronge" engraved in much smaller lettering. Underneath the large, central plate was a single D-Ring. Karen smiled and was speechless as she put her new Collar on.

"You may worship your Master," Owen said calmly.

Karen energetically sucked Owen's cock, and almost was rewarded with a mouthful of Owen's cum but she too was dismissed, too soon.

"Bella, go back, Dee-Dee, approach," Owen said in a commanding tone of voice.

Karen walked on her knees to where she had been and resumed kneeling. Veronica walked on her knees with her eyes facing down until she was kneeling right at Owen's feet. Owen reached forward grasped her hair and made Veronica look up into his face.

"I Owen Stronge, with the power vested in me by the laws of nature, do hereby claim you Veronica Stronge and make you my Slave, to be owned by me and serve me in anyway I see fit, until I release you or death claims you. Do you submit?" Owen said in a stern and commanding tone of voice as he glared at Veronica.

"Yes, Master," Veronica replied with a look and tone of adoration love as she looked up into Owen's eyes.

"Give me your, Collar," Owen said with a stern tone of voice.

Veronica took her Slave-Collar off and handed it over to Owen, like the rest she felt like she was handing over an old friend. Owen accepted Veronica's collar and placed it down behind the wooden box as he retrieved her new Slave-Collar from the wooden box and handed to her. Veronica's new Slave-Collar was black and snapped up in the back with three snaps. In the centre of the collar was a large silver plate and on it were engraved two large words one on top of the other, "Slave, Dee-Dee." On either side of this plate, was a small plate with, "Property of Owen Stronge" engraved in much smaller lettering. Underneath the large, central plate was a single D-Ring. Veronica smiled and was speechless as she put her new Collar on.

"All is forgiven, you may worship your Master," Owen said calmly.

Veronica was the most excited cocksucker yet and didn't let up in her intensity until she drank the juice of life that she had craved for so long. Owen groaned as he unexpectedly exploded down Veronica's

throat. Owen had been hoping to save that honour for Rebecca, but he didn't account for Veronica's hunger and raw desire to please.

"Dee-Dee, go back" Owen said in a commanding tone, and Veronica immediately complied.

"Red, is our family complete?" Owen asked in a commanding tone of voice.

"No, Master," Taryn, respectfully replied.

"Is there another, who wishes to join our family?" Owen asked in a stern tone of voice.

"Yes, Master, there is," Taryn replied respectfully.

"Then have her brought before me," Owen commanded with a firm tone of voice.

"Yes, Master," Taryn replied respectfully to Owen before she turned to Veronica to say, "Bring out, Rebecca,"

"Yes, Mistress Red," Veronica replied, her face and manner was awash with gratitude as she got up. It wasn't long before a nude Rebecca walked into the room with her eyes facing down and

continued walking until she could finally kneel down right at Owen's feet. Owen reached forward grasped her hair and made Rebecca look up into her face.

"I Owen Stronge, with the power vested in me by the laws of nature, do hereby claim you Rosina Moore . . ." Owen started out but was cut off in the most inappropriate of times.

"Stronge!" Rebecca said in a loud yet submissive tone.

"Excuse me?" Owen asked in confusion.

"My name is Rebecca Stronge, Sir, I already changed it," Rebecca said in a quiet and submissive tone of voice and in reply Owen just smiled.

"I Owen Stronge, with the power vested in me by the laws of nature, do hereby claim you Rebecca Stronge and make you my Slave, to be owned by me and serve me in anyway I see fit, until I release you or death claims you. Do you submit?" Owen said in a firm and commanding tone of voice as he smiled at Rebecca.

"Yes, Master," Rebecca replied with a look and tone of adoration love as she looked up into Owen's eyes.

Owen retrieved Rebecca's Slave-Collar from the wooden box and handed to her. Rebecca's Slave-Collar was black and snapped up in the back with three snaps. In the centre of the collar was a large silver plate and on it were engraved two large words one on top of the other, "Slave, Mouse." On either side of this plate, was a small plate with, "Property of Owen Stronge" engraved in much smaller lettering. Underneath the large, central plate was a single D-Ring. Rebecca cried tears of joy and while she had a hard time seeing, she was able to put her new Slave-Collar on.

"You are my Slave so now you have earned the right to call me 'Master.' I hereby christen you with the Slave-Name of 'Mouse,' because to me you will always be that timid little mouse of a woman I met at Heather's," Owen said confidently, with a smile.

"Thank you, Master, I love it," Rebecca replied with a blissful and satisfied smile.

"You're welcome, Mouse. You may worship your Master," Owen said with a broad grin.

Rebecca eagerly sucked Owen's cock, making love to her new Master through his cock. Time stood still as Rebecca slowly and lovingly teased and made love to her Master's fleshy appendage.

"Mouse, take your place," Owen said while Rebecca still nursed on his cock.

"Yes, Master," Rebecca said and a shiver ran down her spine to finally be able to call her Sir, her Master.

Rebecca walked on her knees to kneel down beside Veronica.

"Red, is our family complete?" Owen asked in a commanding tone of voice.

"Yes Master," Taryn, respectfully replied.

"Then I declare The Reformation Day Ceremony complete," Owen said with a warm smile.

Once that was said there were hugs all around as everyone expressed their love for the old and new members of the family alike. Rebecca truly felt like she belonged and he soul was at peace to be one with Master and his family . . . her family.

"You know, it's customary, for a new Slave to express her devotion to Mistress Red by worshiping her," Veronica said with a conspiratorial giggle as she poked Rebecca in the ribs.

Rebecca's eyes went wide and she looked over at Veronica and then over at Taryn.

"You don't have to, I know it's not your thing," Taryn said to Rebecca in a comforting and reassuring manner.

"May I?" Rebecca asked with eagerness and delight in her eyes.

"If you want to," Taryn replied with a giddy giggle, "I won't stop you!" she added with a wink to Rebecca.

Taryn sat down in the middle of the couch and positioned her pussy at the edge of the couch, lying back to get ready to have her pussy licked. Rosina placed a few pillows behind Taryn so as to make her more comfortable. Rebecca crawled on her hands and knees with her eyes fixated on Taryn's now lewdly displayed pussy. As she walked to eat her new Mistress's pussy her own breasts were hanging down obscenely below her, swinging back and forth captivating Karen and Rosina's attention. Rebecca did not pause or delay her rug-munching at all; she simply started eating Taryn's pussy as soon as her tongue was able to.

"Dam, will you look at those tits!" Rosina said in amazement as she openly ogled Rebecca's large breasts.

Veronica put her head between Karen and Rosina and put an arm around each of their heads and said, "Those babies work you know."

Karen and Rosina looked at Veronica and then each other with a wide-eyed expression. In a flash Karen and Rosina were on their backs on either side of Rebecca and positioning their eager mouths to Rebecca's dripping nipples. Just as Rebecca looked down to see what was going on she saw Karen and Rosina latch on to one of her nipples each and begin nursing. Rebecca almost creamed herself right then and their not only at the sight but at the sensations that racked her body. Rebecca eagerly threw herself into the slit-licking that she needed to give at that moment. Veronica didn't want to be left out so she crawled up onto the couch.

"Care for a treat?" Veronica asked Taryn as she stroked her pussy next to Taryn's face.

"I was hoping you'd ask!" Taryn replied in a husky tone of voice, before she said, "Save me some milk you too!" as Veronica positioned her pussy over Taryn's face.

"No guarantees, Mistress Red!" Rosina said, breaking her contact with Rebecca's nipple just long enough to speak.

"Here, Here!" Karen added, slurring her words as she never completely broke contact with Rebecca's nipple.

"It looks like the baby is going to go on formula!" Veronica giggled as the pleasure of Taryn's pussy eating was starting to wash through her.

"Honestly, I think weaning you lot will be the hardest and take the longest!" Rebecca replied in a delightful giggle, happy beyond belief for the situation she was in.

"Mind if I join?" Owen asked just as he sunk his cock in to Rebecca's unsuspecting pussy.

"I thought you forgot about me, Master," Rebecca said as she let out a long low moan.

Rebecca had to pause for a moment to revel in the sensations of having her Master's cock stuffed into her pussy before she continued her pussy-lapping of her Mistress. Owen energetically fucked his newest Slave and it was no surprise that she came first, with Taryn a close second and Veronica a distant third. Owen lasted longer than usual and that was just fine with Rebecca. Taryn and Veronica replaced Karen and Rosina suckling on the lactating woman's breasts. Karen spread her legs before Rebecca for her first pussy licking from her new Fellow-Slave. Karen was more than happy to have Rosina sit on her face so she could taste the young woman's pussy once again. Rebecca came again and this time it was enough to push Owen over the edge and as she felt her Master's cum flooding the depths of her pussy she wondered if she could get pregnant this soon after giving birth. Karen was amazed at the skill and talent that Rebecca had in pleasing a woman and came on her face with a vengeance. Rosina was the last to cum and almost thrashed herself off of Karen's face.

When Owen withdrew his spent cock from Rebecca's pussy, that pussy dripped with the combination of their love-juices. Four tongues fought and danced around each other, all eager to lick up as much as they could get of the nectar. That was just the beginning of a very wild night, and by the end of if Rebecca had a chance to lick each woman's slit and they had a chance to lick hers. Soon enough though, the night was over and everyone needed to get at least a few hours of sleep.

"Set your alarm clock for five-thirty and come wake me," Rosina said to the collapsed heap of quivering womanly flesh who had by now started to drift off to sleep on the couch.

"Sure, Cat, the tradition, I remember," Rebecca said as she drifted off to sleep.

That next morning, while Rebecca did look and feel like hell she did wake up and have the traditional breakfast and chat with Rosina and serve Owen breakfast in bed thereafter. Since this was a workday, everyone needed to get through it and somehow they all did but it was an early night that next night.

One more week the family went through their routine yet the made time to visit Heather's one last time. It was a wild time had by all and Rebecca proudly showed off her Slave-Collar and all Heather could say in return was "I told you so." Heather was not happy that the

family was leaving but understood they were doing what they had to do.

The leased car was returned to the leasing company at the end of this week and didn't mind paying the small penalty. They were not going to need two cars in such a small town as to where they were going. Even if they needed another car, driving a leased car across the country did not sound like a smart thing to do. The car was nice but just not necessary, their needs had changed.

Soon enough the final Friday was worked by Veronica, Rosina and Rebecca and that night they decided to make it a dinner and dancing celebration night out. Even Samantha and her husband were invited to celebrate the passing of the torch so to speak with regards to the Spa. That next day was the first day that Samantha and her husband ran the Spa all on their own. The family went over to Rebecca's and made quick work of sorting through and packing up her household, in truth she didn't have much. What little she was keeping was loaded into the moving truck, which had been picked up that morning. The family's stuff was loaded up in the moving van the next day, after going to church, of course. All they took with them was packed into the minivan and the moving truck. It was on Monday morning that the family left for their trek across the country to their new home.

* * *

Author's Note

This is the end of the Reformation Series, but the story will continue in the upcoming "The Strong Family" series.

I have a good idea for the concept of this series but I invite everyone to email me with ideas and suggestions for what they think should happen in the series or what direction the story should take. I don't usually openly ask for input but this should be a fun thing to try.