

Katherine snapped the photo herself and forwarded it to Jessy. Afterward, she slipped out of Ben's bedroom, and Ben dialed Jessy.



Hey, darling. Bet you're having the time of your life. Hehe.

Thrilled to hear it. Want to go another round with Katherine today? The list's got nothing else about her in that maid outfit.

Done! Haha.

You have no idea, Jessy!
Giggle

Oh!
Absolutely,
please.



*Quick question,
how long are
we keeping
this blackmail
on Mom?*

*COOL! Can't
wait.*

*Until she's begging you for sex
herself, over and over. I guarantee
she'll be yours for good, darling.*

*It's coming. No worries
this time. Hehe.*



Two hours later, Katherine was cooking for dinner.

That bitch... Grrr! One day I'm gonna twist her head off like a stubborn jar of pickles!

PING-PING

It was a new message from Jessy to Katherine and to Ben as well.

Eh, screw it, twisting's too quick. Gotta bury her alive... with a lifetime supply of decaf and elevator music.

Later. At dinner time.

Uh... Mom?

Siiiigh...
What now?

Jessy said... you
know... the, uh...
appetizer?
First?

Mother of
mustard... His
memory is sharp
when it's about
SEX... Ugh.

Haha. This is even wilder than porn movies.

Make it quick! And don't fucking forget to take photos this time... Sigh.

Finish this quickly!
D... Dinner is
getting... Ummn...
cold... Ahh...

MMMPH



HAH

Don't stop...
just... hurry...
Haaa...

...
God, his
tongue...

SLURP

OH Fuck!
H...Hurry,
Ben... Haaa...

UMMNN

I... I can't bear
for his mouth to
leave, not yet,
not ever...