

# K.C. Douglas



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# **Controlling Dawn – Shades of Lust**

**By K.C. Douglas**

**Smashwords Edition**

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**CONTROLLING DAWN – SHADES OF LUST**

**By K.C. Douglas**

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Author's Note: This story was written for a young woman who had dreams, but no way of expressing them. I hope she likes my version of her story. All characters depicted in this work of fiction are 18 years of age or older.

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Ray thought about his blackmail plan for a long time. Now that he had been successful in gaining control over the sexy author, he craved taking his devious scheme to the next level.

His biggest concern was finding the perfect Dominatrix. Ray wanted someone much stronger and far more domineering than his girlfriend. Brenda did whatever he demanded, but not to the extreme that he needed to satisfy his greedy aspiration of inflicting humiliation on Dawn.

Ray loved being dominant and he extracted tremendous pleasure when he forced slaves to obey his commands, especially when they hated being submissive. His biggest thrills came when he remained in the background and watched, which he dreamed of doing with Dawn. The perfect solution hit him late one night, as he was having sex with his girlfriend.

Like most men, Ray fantasized about other women even when he was with Brenda and that night a vision of her sister popped into his head. Patti was four years younger than Brenda. It became very evident right at the start that Patti

loved being in-charge and the center of attention. Ray noticed how the younger sister displayed an obvious jealousy for her older sister and he decided to approach the young woman.

When he finally got a chance to talk to Patti, Ray got the biggest shock of his life. It happened on a hot, summer weekend during a family dinner at Brenda's parents. In the middle of the evening, Ray managed to get Patti away from her family.

Ray stuttered and stammered when revealing his devious plot of blackmail and humiliation, but he managed to convey enough details so Patti understood. He was shocked by her immediately response of yes and Patti even told him how thrilled she was to be his partner in crime. The two discussed Ray's clever, blackmail scheme and then he gave Patti a computer, memory stick with copies of Dawn's pertinent stories on it.

Patti had to wait, but when she got home that night she read Dawn's erotic stories, which filled her with many shades of lust. The stories of erotic desire including lesbian seduction blew her away and she couldn't put down 'Summer Vacation' and 'Team Chemistry'. They were her favorites and Patti fantasized about being a younger woman in control of someone older.

It wasn't long before Patti surprised Ray with her own demands. She understood Ray's obsession for power and knew exactly how far he would go to preserve his control over his favorite writer. Any doubts or hesitations she had quickly disappeared when Ray showed her pictures of the beautiful author.

The woman was older, but so well preserved that she could easily pass for a woman in her twenties. Patti agreed to be partners with her sister's boyfriend even though she despised the egotistical man. They constantly talked on the

phone and over the internet and it wasn't long before others wondered about the newfound friendship.

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Brenda questioned Ray's sudden interest in her sister, but she quickly accepted his explanation the two were merely being friendly. Thinking she was older and much wiser than Patti, Brenda shrugged off any wrongdoing and she didn't feel threatened at all. She even accepted Ray's request to invite her sister to the next blackmail story-session he planned for Dawn.

When Ray insisted on watching a real lesbian seduction performed by her sister, Brenda found the idea very fascinating. Brenda was well aware that Patti was bisexual and she had to agree with Ray that her sister would make the perfect mistress for the sultry author.

The couple knew Patti certainly liked being in-charge and Brenda remembered her childhood when her sister displayed her superiority. Patti was definitely one who left nothing to chance. Then something memorable came to mind and Brenda shivered knowing she had kept the secret hidden over the years.

Brenda hadn't told anyone, not even Ray. Every time she remembered succumbing to Patti's vindictive nature, Brenda tried hard to put it out of her mind. What made the incident so disturbing was that she was 22 at the time. Brenda reasoned she should have been mature enough to resist any temptation and strong enough to get the upper hand on her younger sister.

The incident happened on a weekend when her parents went away. Brenda

stayed home to look after Patti, which was not uncommon since their mom and dad often took one or two day trips to visit their own parents. Leaving two daughters alone seemed okay since Brenda was virtually grownup and Patti was a mature teenager.

The Friday night started out very quietly and innocently. Brenda decided to have her best friend over to watch a movie and also for company so she wouldn't have to be alone with her baby sister. It was half way through the evening when her friend suggested they have a drink, which might make the boring movie a little more interesting she said and laughed.

Brenda couldn't recall the exact details, but somehow the two young women had three for four drinks, which far exceeded their tolerance for alcohol. Thinking back on the time, she realized that Patti didn't drink anything and she ingeniously stayed sober so she could gain the upper hand over the two older girls. Even though she might have been inebriated that night, Brenda still found the resulting affair very shameful.

The movie was nearing the end when the wrestling started. At the time, Brenda thought it was a tremendously enjoyable experience with her best friend and she reluctantly tolerated her sister who joined in on the fun. Somehow Patti got in the middle and before Brenda knew what was happening, her clothes were askew.

All three giggled nonstop and the alcohol seemed to make Brenda light headed and too confused to think straight. Brenda recalled how the inadvertent exposure of certain feminine body parts didn't seem wrong, as the three girls were alone in the house.

At some point the wrestling turned into molestation. The memory still haunted

Brenda yet she vowed to finally confront the sinful recollection. A brazen hand slipped between her legs and touched her coveted womanly charms. Without the slightest warning, a finger sneaked into her panties and went directly to her heart and soul.

Brenda remembered how she desperately wanted to yell and demand that the hand be removed from her crotch. The memory of how wonderful the bold caress felt at the time was still very vivid in her dreams.

Suddenly she was kissed on the lips and Brenda didn't hold back. The tongues intertwined and her best friend's tongue rolled around and around, as the kiss turned into great passion. Her friend's arms were around her and that was when Brenda realized her young sister was taking more untold liberties. Strange fingers touched her throbbing jewel and Brenda didn't want to close her legs for fear the greatest sensations would go away.

Her best friend must have thought she wanted more and that the lust was overcoming any resistance. Brenda's shoulders twisted and rolled and her friend embraced her more intimately in an effort to satisfy the supposed frenzied desire.

Brenda desperately wanted to break the heated kiss so she could tell her friend to stop, but it was impossible. Her friend's tongue went deeper into her mouth and then Brenda felt her panties being stripped in a most frantic fashion.

Deep inside her brain, Brenda knew what was coming next. Her legs were spread and soft, delicate hands pushed on her velvety thighs. For the first time in her life, Brenda felt a female's tongue. Patti devoured the twitching clitoris and sucked the bud all the way into her burning mouth.

An explosion erupted deep inside her belly and Brenda wondered if she had just experienced the fastest orgasm in history. Whether by design or fluke, the two girls worked together and there was no respite to the warm, loving kissing and the skilled cunnilingus. Patti felt her sister's body go out of control and she knew Brenda would never forget being dominated by her younger sister.

Brenda felt much better now that she had fully recalled what happened. Her fantastic orgasm slowly subsided and all the while the two friends remained in each other's arms. They kissed and their tongues performed magic, as kisses were planted all over. Brenda opened her eyes at one point and watched her friend's pretty face twist and churn in what appeared to be utter agony, which seemed very strange at the time.

Then she glanced down the girl's torso, between the swaying tits and down to the girlish face between the milky thighs. Brenda opened her eyes wider, as she watched her sister's tongue go through the wet, puffy labia. Every time Patti's tongue came up and over the upraised pelvis, her friend's hips thrust madly in the air trying to catch the fleeting molester.

That was the very first orgasm Brenda witnessed. Her friend's body trashed all over during the obvious climax and all the time the two close friends hugged each other. Brenda remembered kissing her friend. Then she lost sight of what her sister was doing, as her friend lost control during an orgasm that seemed to last forever.

What Brenda found most startling were the sounds of total abandonment of a woman going through the throes of wild ecstasy, as Patti turned the young woman into a subservient slave. The memory of her dear friend falling for someone that night would never go away. The cunnilingus ended with a sudden flourish of a skillful tongue-lashing and then Brenda found herself totally at the mercy of her dominatrix sister.

To make matters worse, her love-struck girlfriend obeyed every conniving command from Patti. The two girls had complete freedom to do whatever they wanted to Brenda and they did! It took this long to recall what happened, but suddenly she needed some form of closure so she decided to relive the rest of the drastic night.

At one point she actually thought about running and leaving the house, but that seemed far too extreme. Before she realized how far her sister would go, Brenda found herself completely naked. Her hands and feet were bound with a pair of her sister's nylon stockings and the most humiliating experience commenced.

Somehow Patti convinced her newfound slave that Brenda needed punishment. Never in a million years did she think a spanking could be so traumatic, but Brenda quickly found out otherwise. The one thing that made it so embarrassing, and yet so memorable, was how her emotions traveled the entire gamut of highs and lows.

First Brenda felt trapped with her hands and feet tied up and she cried because her ass hurt so badly. The tears ran down her cheeks and she begged her sister to stop. When she pleaded for mercy, Patti merely spanked her harder and longer. Her ass was on fire and then someone whispered in her ear.

"Open your legs. Let sis see that dirty cunt... the one you like showing off all the time."

"Oh, please, no! No more spanking."

"Open your legs slut... show sis your dirty box."

"Patti, please. Oh, please stop."

The two girls had her sprawled across a cheap footstool for the spanking and they easily held her still. Suddenly sharp teeth clamped down hard on her ear and a wet tongue quickly soothed the fiery bite. That was when her precious pussy got spanked just like her ass. Patti deliberately struck her puffy labia and made sure each blow hit her aching clitoris.

It seemed an eternity, an eternity of sublime anguish before the soothing tongue went to work. Her intense emotions soared out of control along with the pain and soothing licking. The stern spanking must have made her labia swell, but the tongue had no difficulty finding a hidden treasure. Brenda never imagined her clitoris could become so sensitive and vivacious.

Her entire body came alive from the severe punishment and her belly experienced convulsions even before any thought of an orgasm. She recalled her brain begging for everything to stop, but her sister wasn't finished yet. Even years later Brenda shuddered remembering what Patti said. "I watched you play with yourself. You never noticed the camera in your room... one I hooked up to my computer."

Brenda was dumbfounded and remained speechless. Then she remembered creaming like a sex-starved maniac, as the two girls feasted on every seductive part of her body. One fondled her boobs paying strict attention to keep both nipples extremely erect and throbbing. The other was between her legs and there was no part of her crotch that didn't receive loving caresses.

Being 22 and very interested in sex, Brenda had masturbated on a regular basis, but nothing prepared her for a lust-filled orgasm. Her hips were trapped against the footstool and Patti proved once again that she was the perfect dominatrix. The girl forced her sister's thighs apart and exposed the tender, pink opening, which she covered with her mouth.

Patti was young, but she was an expert at knowing what to do, after watching numerous porno clips off the internet. She rolled the pulsating clitty around vigorously with her tongue and then she rammed her finger to the hilt. It was when another finger touched her forbidden opening that Brenda lost all control.

There was no justice or mercy when lust consumed logic and reason. Every moral fiber in Brenda's body screamed for fulfillment just as the threat of anal fingering robbed the last shred of her decency. She didn't care anymore and let her emotions spill out with an open display of animal lust.

If that were the end of it, Brenda would have been happy. Thankful for the opportunity of looking back on the night, she was shocked at discovering her dark side. Her sister must have known Brenda was submissive and that her older sister loved being forced to perform shameful sexual acts.

The sudden orgasm robbed any willpower Brenda might have had and the orgasm no sooner ended when Patti displayed her superiority. She untied her sister, but remained in control. She wrapped her fingers through Brenda's hair and forcefully pulled her across the floor.

The sisters were about the same size, but Patti was in much better shape, as she played rough sports all of the time. Somehow her sister got Brenda turned around and laying between her girlfriend's legs. Things might have been different if only the girl had resisted or even tried to stop Patti, but the teenager

was in full command of both young women.

Before Brenda realized what was happening, she faced something that she had only dreamed about. Patti pushed hard until her sister's, flushed face was between the girl's milky thighs. Brenda had never tasted another girl or anything oral in her life, but she licked her first pussy that night.

Although Brenda had sometimes fantasized about oral sex with another girl, she never imagined it ever happening. Her determined younger sister forced her face deeper into the girl's crotch and Brenda had to close her eyes when she felt the waiting wetness. Patti used a firm grip of hair to twist and push Brenda's head until she was satisfied her sister's mouth was in the desired spot.

In her fantasies, a pussy tasted funny or at least smelled kind of awful. When her face got thrust into her friend's crotch, her tongue came out and she willingly licked her dearest friend. It seemed that her mouth and nose thrust into the wet opening and then her world changed. Her tongue lashed through the narrow gash and the girl squealed with immense joy when Brenda stroked the little gem at the top of the pink slit.

Her girlfriend must have used a splash of perfume down there and the aroma seemed to be an aphrodisiac to her senses. Brenda remembered thinking it was wrong, but yet her tongue pushed outward and easily entered the tight honey-hole. When she thrust her tongue and raked her teeth across the tender clitty, her friend cried out in a deafening manner.

The brash cunnilingus added proof to Brenda's theory of a clitoris being a woman's control button. She realized a woman could be made to act in an inconceivable manner despite her resolve for morality. When she nibbled on her friend's clitty, the girl succumbed to the crude cunnilingus.

Her girlfriend started squirting right away and Brenda realized she was experiencing a hasty orgasm. With the mind-numbing aroma and the sweetest cream running into her mouth, Brenda took full advantage of being in control. She replaced her tongue with a finger and then clamped onto the throbbing bud with her sharp teeth.

Brenda would not forget the encounter. She pretended the clit was her very own jewel, which enabled her to use the proper amount of loving embrace and harsh caressing on her friend. Both young women were spent and totally exhausted when the climax ended, but not the teenage mistress.

Patti still had an insatiable desire to be the most powerful mistress. There were clothes scattered all over the room, but that didn't matter with the parents away. Patti remained in-charge, as all three naked girls went upstairs to Brenda's bedroom, and she proved her dominance by ordering the older girls into bed.

They weren't in bed longer than ten minutes before Patti eradicated her first worldly specimen out of her sister's belly. The teenager had both women quite stimulated and sexually aroused, but it was Brenda who felt the full influence of the young teen's fury. The recollection of how she acted completely submissive and allowed Patti to ravage and totally control her at will would haunt Brenda forever.

It was the ultimate surrender and Brenda reluctantly accepted the facts of what happened that fateful night. Her little sister continually turned her into a little schoolgirl and ever since then Brenda realized Patti was overly powerful and dominating.

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Strangely the two girlfriends never did it again. Her friend never brought up the unforgettable night of sexual bliss and Brenda didn't have the courage to bring up the subject either. College graduation came and went and her friend moved away to attend another university.

The one thing that remained constant was Patti's control over her big sister. There was just something about the girl's vindictive nature that wouldn't let her stop abusing Brenda.

Slowly and with great uncertainty, Brenda's daydream ended. The sound of a loud doorbell broke her train of thought and she slowly shuffled across the floor. She answered the door to find Dawn standing there looking lost and afraid.

Ray waited in the living room for their guest and he had already vividly scripted the entire evening to his girlfriend. An unsuspected guest waited in the upstairs master bedroom, but first the pleasantries were conducted, as the couple tried to put Dawn at ease.

It was during the small talk that Ray mentioned he wanted to watch. "I'm glad you came tonight."

"What else could I do... you're blackmailing me." Dawn wanted to call the man vile names, but she relented.

"Well, I guess you really didn't have much choice," Ray whispered, with a big grin on his face.

"I wish it was over."

"C'mon now. You know you love sex... love being blackmailed into having sex."

"No! I don't and I wish you would stop."

Ray completely ignored her pleas. "Tonight is women's night. I can't get enough of that lesbian action."

Dawn glanced at Brenda, thinking she was the one who would be with her the rest of the night, and then back to Ray. "You've already watched it. Haven't you seen enough?"

Ray grabbed her arm and the three headed up to the bedroom. He left Dawn standing just inside the door while he escorted his girlfriend across the room. They sat down on a small settee by the window and Dawn let out a sigh of relief to be away from her blackmailer.

The door was still open and she never heard someone enter. Suddenly the door slammed shut and Dawn's heart stopped beating. She was too afraid to even move and knew Ray had deviously planned something drastic for her. When a shadow came around beside her, Dawn slowly glanced at the sexiest creature she had ever seen.

The young woman was gorgeous looking and the way she was dressed made her appear not only beautiful, but also overly authoritarian. Dawn was totally paralyzed and couldn't move a muscle when the woman came all the way around in front of her.

"Ray tells me that you like being a slave," Patti whispered. "Ray also likes it when I treat his slaves like bitches."

Dawn was petrified and she stood motionless without saying a word, as the young woman reached for her. In a flash there was a soft leather strap slipped around her neck and then the woman quickly snapped a leash to a ring, which was on the front of the snug collar.

Dawn would forever remember being treated like a common dog. There was a sudden jerk of the leash by the woman and then Dawn was being led around the room by the dog collar. Twice around the room was enough humiliation, as Patti stopped the demonstration right in front of her sister and Ray.

Brenda huddled with her boyfriend and watched the artistic performance. The dramatic scene was almost like a spellbinding, Steven Spielberg movie. The gorgeous, older woman stood still facing them, as the vibrant young woman took charge. Dawn's body trembled when Patti whispered in her ear. "Ray tells me that you have the sexiest body. Let's see!"

Patti's hands moved fast and seemed to be one step ahead of Dawn's. In no time she loosened the dress and swiftly yanked the garment up and over Dawn's head. The sight of Dawn in sexy, lace undies seemed to make her appear more alluring than if she had been nude.

"I can see what that dirty bastard sees in you... and what sis probably loved tasting," Patti whispered, as she threw the dress at her sister who caught it in the air.

It was the absolute worst feeling in the world to be almost nude and allowing everyone to ogle her. Dawn stared straight ahead at her blackmailer. "I've changed my mind. I want to go."

With a stern jerk on the leash, Patti put her cheek right next to Dawn's. "You're not going anywhere... at least until that sweet ass is mine."

"I know I agreed to do it... but I've changed my mind."

Before Dawn had a chance to react, she was forcibly jerked down to her knees. Bewildered and shocked by the sudden show of force, she merely glanced towards Patti, trying to estimate what the woman planned next.

Patti appeared young and very confident. She was dressed in a shiny black, leather outfit, which made her appear domineering and overly powerful. Patti simply grabbed the lacy bra without warning and ripped it off with one swift jerk.

Many of Dawn's stories included lesbian affairs, but nothing prepared her for the wrath of Patti's seduction. She never wrote about a real dominatrix or referred to such a strong, powerful mistress.

Patti held a whip-like instrument in one hand, which she used to taunt and humble Dawn. She stroked the whip across Dawn's face and all the way down the front of her nakedness. When she put the tip of the whip under one of Dawn's luscious boobs, it sent a shiver thorough everyone in the room.

Without hesitation, the young woman tightened her grip on the leash and her dark demanding eyes stared into Dawn's, which were already filled with tears. Patti's heart rate quickened when she noticed the determination written all over Dawn's pretty face. She found it extremely rewarding when a victim struggled to overcome her control even though the fight was in vain.

Dawn's entire body trembled and she tried to look away from the paralyzing dark eyes, but it was impossible. Her heart raced out of control, as the young woman's stare demanded absolute surrender. The drama spun to a feverish pitch when the dominatrix slowly pulled on the leash.

Ray and Brenda didn't miss the dramatic effect when Patti put her face closer to Dawn's. "No slut has ever run away from me... never refused my love," Patti whispered. "Do you want to know what I'm going to do to you?"

Dawn felt the blood drain from her face and all the way down her torso. She merely nodded, then quickly shook her head not sure what to say or do. The eyes kept conveying a burning message and Dawn remained motionless waiting for something else to happen.

Sometimes the most obvious was the hardest to comprehend. Dawn didn't know what to think when Patti leaned down and put one of her hard nipples between her teeth. She watched in horror when the young woman held the delicate nipple

firmly and stretched it out as far as possible from her breast. It was sort of surreal when the elastic bud grew longer and then the pain hit her brain.

Ray and Brenda cheered so loud that Patti nibbled harder on Dawn's precious gem. That was the first time Dawn's attention went to the onlookers, as Patti abruptly let go and straightened up so she hovered over Dawn again. "Can you hear them? They want to watch the pretty slut get fucked by her young mistress."

All the desperation in the world welled up inside her. "Please, oh please, don't hurt me."

"Dawn, my love. Does your husband know you like having sex with another woman?"

"Naooo, no... I mean I don't like it."

"Let's show Brenda and Ray how much you like being my little bitch." Patti held the leash taut and she pulled Dawn to her feet. All of a sudden her feet were moving. Dawn was led around the room two more times and then she found herself next to the bed. Patti gave one strong push and the two women landed on the bed with Patti on top.

The young woman pinned Dawn's arms down, as she renewed the stern stare of doom. "Open... open your legs for me."

It would take years for Dawn to understand why she didn't put up more of a

struggle. Her legs opened and before they spread very wide, Patti's hand went to her crotch. The young mistress crudely yanked the panties off to one side. She could have stripped the panties, but decided to leave them on for effect.

Dawn would never believe she succumbed so willingly. Patti's hand was both speedy and skilled, as she lay half on top of Dawn, keeping her pinned on the bed. "Nice and wide... open your legs, my love."

Patti sort of pulled one of Dawn's legs to the side, exposing the crown jewel. Her fingers spread the puffy labia and seized the clitoris before Dawn realized what happened. She pulled the clitty out of the hideaway and rolled it around in the immense juices. Then Patti squeezed the pearl between her thumb and fingers, twirling it so fast that Dawn's hips couldn't keep up.

When the first tremor blazed through her entire inner being, Dawn experienced the strangest sensations. The pain was terrible, yet something extraordinary seemed to control her mind. She desperately wanted to fight, but none of her muscles cooperated.

Suddenly there were loud noises from across the room and it sounded like cheering. "Do it... do it Patti! Fuck her and make her a slave!"

"Oh, sis, she's yours... really yours."

"Holy shit, girl. You've got'er!"

"Dear gawd, no. Stop!"

"Oh, sis, you have her."

"I knew you were perfect. The mistress from Hell," Ray said.

Brenda stared at the amazing seduction. She was both envious and jealous, as she whispered encouragement to her sister. "Look! Lordy, Sis, she's gonna cream."

"Nobody cums like my favorite author. I hope her next story is about getting fingered by her young mistress."

Dawn heard the dire remarks just as her hips lifted skywards. Somehow they pushed towards Patti's hand and permitted the young woman to rob any remaining willpower. The domineering young bitch licked the side of her face and put her lips next to her ear. "Are you ready? Let go. Let it go, Sugar."

Patti was more interested in power than actually performing cunnilingus. She raised her head up and practically screamed at her sister. "Brenda! Get over here. This pussy is ready for you. Eat! Get your face in there and prove to me that Ray wasn't bullshitting," Patti ordered. "Take off her panties and show me how to eat pussy."

The sisters mercifully ended Dawn's uncertainty. Brenda hurried across the room and almost dove between Dawn's splayed legs. She virtually ripped the panties off Dawn's thrashing legs and quickly handed them to her sister.

Patti put her mouth back on Dawn's ear and took absolute control. "Let go, my love. Show Mistress how much you want to cum when I let my slut sister make love to your sweet cunt."

Proving her dominance, Patti rammed the wet panties into Dawn's mouth. Her voice remained steady and very low; somehow the vulgarity was not disgusting, as it should have been. "Nobody eats cunt like Brenda. But you already know that... don't you, my love?"

Dawn couldn't take anymore taunting from the she-devil. She felt a trickle seep out of her belly and knew the mistress was right. Dawn's body tensed and she ground her teeth on the soggy panties, but it was the wrong thing to do.

Brenda's mouth closed around her opening and she fucked Dawn with her skilled tongue. Patti's fingers never stopped squeezing the captured clitoris and she continued rolling it around in a frenzy, knowing the dual action would erode Dawn's stamina even more.

The memory of hanging precariously on the edge of an explosive climax would never go away. Her arms were useless, as they flailed out to the sides, and Dawn saw the end before the ultimate surrender.

Patti squeezed harder and pulled the delicate clitty while her sister administered a tongue-fucking to remember. When Dawn reached the pinnacle, Patti demonstrated her decisive superiority. She wrapped the fingers of her free hand into the long, dark hair and jerked Dawn's head up off the bed.

Patti aimed Dawn's distraught face straight at the action. Dawn almost bent in half, as Patti held her in position so that nothing was missed. Her eyes glazed over and it was hard to see what Brenda was doing. Then the mistress used her teeth for the supreme effect, as she conquered all of Dawn's willpower.

Patti nibbled on her ear and she practically hissed through her teeth. "Ray was absolutely right," Patti whispered. "You're the horniest slut."

"Naaah, aaaah, aaaah."

"I can see you want to keep cumming. Don't you?"

"Naaah, naaah."

"I just love the way your ass moves when Slut-Brenda eats your cunt."

Dawn couldn't look away. Her face was perfectly positioned so she saw everything, as Patti kept the viselike grip on her hair. It was almost like being transposed into another world when she watched Patti's fingers roll and swirl the tiny clitoris around. Then Dawn noticed the tongue darting in and out of her honey-hole and she wondered why she couldn't feel anything.

Her brain refused to accept the demoralizing climax, but her body embraced it. Patti wasn't finished and she voiced her approval. "The world can see the pretty married woman acting like a whore. Cumming all over another slut's tongue."

"Gaaaa... gaaaw. Naaaa."

"Keep cumming!"

All of a sudden Dawn managed to spit out the panties. "No, gawd no, please stop."

Patti held the throbbing ear with her teeth. "I love watching slut Brenda eat your dirty pussy. Her puny cock-tongue is lapping up all that wonderful cum from your belly," Patti hissed. "Remember your story... and the BB?"

Dawn couldn't focus on anything other than what her body was doing. The orgasm flourished, yet the devilish young woman was relentless. "Next, I'm going to fuck your beautiful white ass with my BB. Just like in your story," Patti whispered. "Do you remember?"

Suddenly the hopelessness of the situation overwhelmed her. She was unable to control her body, but still the woman demanded more. Dawn's memory flashed to BB, 'Big Boy'. She felt something long, hard and rubbery against her cheek and then her mistress was saying something in her ear. "Good girl. Let Slut-Brenda drink all that cum. Now be a good girl and open your mouth."

Dawn felt the bulbous head pushing against her lips and it took no effort for Patti to reach her goal. The young woman pushed the oversized dildo into Dawn's mouth and forced her to suck on the flared head. Thankfully the overzealous Brenda had quenched her thirst and she stopped the cunnilingus, but Dawn didn't get any time to relish the moment.

Patti practically threw Dawn's head backwards until it bounced on the bed and then the young woman proved once again who was in control. She was a very perceptive young woman. Experiences with other women taught her to break a sub's will and then the woman would make a perfect slave.

This moment of training a slave was Patti's absolute favorite. The only thing the sub could do was let out a few whimpers, as they obeyed every command just like a little girl. Dawn had been broken by the orgasm and Patti knew her sub would be overly submissive because of her guilt and embarrassment.

Patti hovered above Dawn and she stared into the woman's mystified, brown eyes. She moved the large dildo to Dawn's flushed face and then rubbed it on each cheek before lowering it to the woman's heaving chest. "I think we should caress these beautiful titties. Make the big nipples all hard and erect," Patti whispered. "You do have the nicest boobies."

Then she used the dildo to prove Dawn's submissiveness. She stroked one boob at a time making sure to molest each nipple with the penis head. Patti placed the big dildo on the underside of Dawn's boob and then slowly slapped the breast back and forth until she reached the hardened tip. She moved from one to the other ensuring that both nipples were fully erect.

Once Patti was satisfied that Dawn's boobs were stimulated, she slowly moved the pecker-head to the quivering tummy. She watched the woman's face twist in agony when she purposely stared into the teary eyes and stroked Dawn's velvety skin with the dildo. "Spread your legs. I want BB to turn my gorgeous sweetheart into my love-slave," Patti whispered. "Spread'em!"

Dawn had no alternative, but return the unyielding stare. Her entire body quivered, as the devilish young woman threatened her with her eyes and her brazen actions. Dawn knew better yet her legs parted. Then she felt the dildo move across her pelvis and onto her burning thighs. When the head moved between her legs, Dawn held her breath, too afraid to move or breathe.

"Remember BB... how you talked about BB in your story?"

"Please, it was just a story; it wasn't real."

"I want to watch the lust in your eyes. See that precise moment when my lover creams all over my Big Boy."

"I can't, please don't touch me with it."

"Don't look away! Look into my eyes!"

Dawn stared straight up at the menacing woman who demanded obedience. She desperately wanted to look away, but something prevented any defiance. Patti's eyes burned right through her and bared her soul for the devil.

The rubber head spread her soaked labia and instantly pressed against her vulnerable clitoris. Then in a most threatening manner, Patti shifted the dildo to the small pussy entrance. Dawn would remember the animalistic seduction for the rest of her life.

"Keep them open... keep your legs spread."

She couldn't stop her body vibrating out of control. "Don't... please don't." All of a sudden the entire bulbous head was inside of her. Dawn shifted her hips, but there was no avoiding the penetration. "Dear gawd, stop, please stop."

"Put your filthy fingers down there. Show Mistress how you like to touch yourself... touch your clitty."

"No, I don't... I can't."

This was the absolute best part for Patti. She glared into the brown, yielding eyes of the sexiest woman. "I said masturbate. Show Mistress how you like to masturbate when hubby can't satisfy you."

"I don't, I don't do that."

"You wrote about it... you had it in your story."

“But... but it was a story, not real.”

“Did you masturbate when you wrote about BB?”

She found it almost impossible to lie. “Naaaa, no,” Dawn moaned.

Patti glared at the shivering woman. “You’re a liar! Obey, or else!”

The eyes! Dawn stared into the paralyzing eyes. Her right hand slithered down her quivering tummy and all the way to her pelvis. When her fingers felt the soft, sweaty skin, she knew ecstasy was not far away. She looked up and the demanding eyes told her to keep moving. Tenderly and with the skill of a surgeon, she put her fingers around the puffy hood and squeezed the throbbing bud with her labia for a brief moment.

"Do it! Show Mistress what you do when hubby isn't around. Your husband can't satisfy you, can he?" Then Patti's eyes burned deeper. "Can he!"

The small whimpers out of Dawn's throat added tremendous suspense to the drama. The echo wouldn't stop and Patti's words sounded over and over again. "Can he! Can he! Can he!"

Dawn desperately wanted to lie. "Yeeeee... yeeea. No, not all the time."

"Then you masturbate... don't you?"

"Yes! Yes! Yes, are you happy, now?"

"I said don't look away!"

There were more whimpers. Dawn didn't know how much of the dildo was inside of her, but it felt like a lot. Then her fingers spread the hood and pinched the tiny clitty, as the bud came out of the vast wetness. Dawn rolled her clit once, then again and each time she uttered a groan.

When Patti's strong fingers closed on top of hers, Dawn merely let out a long sigh. She wanted to look away, but knew the punishment would be severe. The dark, controlling eyes seemed to get bigger and wider, as her body rebelled.

Dawn felt her hips thrust up at the dildo. At the same time, her fingers aided by Patti's, rolled the burning clitoris around vigorously. "Aaah, aaaahhhh."

"Are you ready?"

"Dear gawd, yes."

"Not yet... hold it."

"Oh gawd, I can't wait."

"I said... not yet."

Dawn screamed when her fingers were compressed hard on the clitty and it felt like she had damaged the precious bud. "Ooowie... ooowww."

"Wait... not yet."

"Oh... oh... ooooh."

"Is this better than hubby?"

"Yes... dear gawd, yes."

Then her valuable clit was stretched beyond anything imaginable and the pain turned into sheer magic. "Are you ready. Ready to show Mistress what a slut you are?"

"Now, gawd now, please now."

"I've never seen an ass move like that. Is your belly full of cum?"

Dawn's mouth opened wide, as if to respond, but no words came out. The little trickle suddenly turned into a runaway gusher and an orgasm exploded from her deepest regions. She knew her body bounced up and down, but her mind had lost any control of her womanly desires. She climaxed and was unaware of things around her. Strangely, her eyes remained wide open, as she stared into the dark cesspools above her.

"Sweet mother of Jesus, I'll never tire of watching that," Ray whispered. "Your crazy sister turned our sweet Dawn into her love-slave."

"Did you see Patti bury the dildo... I've never seen a bigger cock," Brenda said.

"Holy fuck, I'm sure your sister put the fucking thing inside her belly and didn't stop fucking until the climax."

"Wasn't that something when their eyes locked and poor Dawn surrendered. I love watching such a sexy woman lose control like that."

"Honey, I think it's your turn. I want to watch my sub-girlfriend get it hard from her baby sister," Ray stated.

"Oh, gawd, Ray... Please no..."

"Shut up, my dearest sub. It's time you became Patti's little bitch."

Dawn heard the two spectators, but nothing registered. Without warning, Patti bent down and kissed her hard. It was when she kissed the young woman back and thrust her tongue into Patti's mouth that Dawn realized she had succumbed to the shrewd, young woman's control.

The kiss was heated, but soon it was broken, as Patti put her lips next to Dawn's ear. "That was fantastic. Now you get to watch. I'm going to fuck my dear sister with BB and you can watch her get ravaged with 'Big Boy.' Did you know Brenda considers me her Mistress?"

Dawn watched in awe when Patti sat up and motioned towards Brenda. The two sisters looked at each other and it was obvious who was in-charge. Patti's finger curled and motioned at Brenda who slowly got to her feet. Brenda's expression changed, from eager and alert to one of utter nervousness.

The older sister advanced across the room until she stood still beside the bed. Then her head filled with memories of still living at home with her parents. Of when her dear sister forced her to be submissive on an incessant basis.

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Brenda thought back to that first weekend her sister demonstrated such unwavering superiority. Nothing happened during the week after the eventful Friday night or when their parents were around. Patti was the perfect angel, but that soon changed.

Brenda recalled how she bravely stood up to her baby sister and she was more determined than scared at first. It took Patti about thirty seconds from the moment their parents walked out the door to crush all of Brenda's willpower and courage.

Patti simply switched on the television and glared at Brenda. "Sis! Let's stay home... have a nice, quiet evening." There was a movie playing, but it wasn't just an ordinary movie. It was a dramatization of a naive teenager wearing a bra and panties. The bra was crudely yanked up and over the stupendous titties while the panties were brashly pulled off to the side exposing a sparsely trimmed pussy.

Brenda never liked being completely naked when she masturbated. She wasn't sure why, but she always wore a bra and panties in bed during any brazen gratification. Brenda stared at the accurate depiction of immorality, as the girl on the screen arched her back and sort of thrust her slim hips towards the concealed camera. The picture was not perfect, but it was certainly plain enough to show what was happening in the girl's private bedroom.

There were skilled fingers holding the puffy labia spread and the fingers of the other hand tightly gripped the tiny, pink clitoris. It was apparently hard for the girl to hold her legs spread, but somehow she managed long enough to extract a violent orgasm out of her belly. During the final moments, the girl's head rolled backwards and her agonizing face pointed straight up at the ceiling. Her fingers rolled the pretty clitty around and around so fast that it was just a blur on the television.

Abruptly the movie skipped to another scene. A picture of the same girl flashed on the screen, but now she was older. This time she wore only a pair of panties and they were brazenly yanked off to one side. The fingers of both hands were very similar to the earlier images and the neatly trimmed womanhood was now a little more mature.

What remained the same was the dramatic masturbation. Brenda even noticed how the girl's feet curled up, almost as if they were being tickled, and it was very apparent the masturbation was successful. Then the scene shifted again. This

time the girl was older again, yet the setting stayed the same.

Brenda remembered looking at her sister through teary eyes. It happened each time her parents went out and the girls were alone. "Okay. I'll stay home with you," she said each time.

Brenda recalled how Patti left the television and slowly walked up to her. At the time she flinched when a finger touched her, but she managed to remain standing. Then Patti put her finger under Brenda's chin, tilting her head upwards. Their eyes locked and Patti's stare seemed to force Brenda to remain still. Then in the slowest and most deliberate manner, Patti loosened and stripped all of her sister's clothes.

Brenda remembered being naked and shivering in the cool night air. All of a sudden her emotions were the same as they were each time Patti seduced her. She stood beside the bed and her stomach quivered crazily when she stared into Patti's paralyzing eyes.

"You watched my new, sex-starved slave get fucked. Now your boyfriend gets to watch it happen to you," Patti whispered. "Lay down here... right beside my sweet Dawn."

From that point in the evening, the women became a threesome. Ray was in heaven when another one of his fantasies was fulfilled. He watched his girlfriend take off her clothes and almost reluctantly get on the bed between her sister and Dawn. Then Brenda got the fucking of her life, as Patti drilled her with BB, and the young woman didn't stop until the sheets were soaked with cum.

Ray relished the fact Patti didn't mind him being around when she spent the entire night trying to satisfy her lust for control and power. The woman wanted complete domination of not only her sister, but also over the sexiest married woman.

Patti found the sex rewarding, but it paled in comparison to her desire for two delectable slaves. She had full control over Brenda for years and knew her sister would do anything she was told, which gave Patti a certain satisfaction. Suddenly her future brother-in-law presented her with the perfect cure for her control fetish.

Patti found Dawn innocent and naïve, which was purely an aphrodisiac to all of her power-hungry senses. Ray lost track of time, as the skillful dominatrix displayed her immense talents, and he was continually amazed by Patti's ability to bring each woman over the top numerous times.

Strangely each sexual encounter started out with Dawn or Brenda fighting Patti, yet each time the young woman overcame their resistance. She not only made them succumb, but each climax seemed bigger and better than the previous one.

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The all-night affair ended at sunrise. As is often the case with dramas or suspense movies, the best was saved for last. Ray fisted his cock for the nth time that night, as he watched one climax after another, and he envied the way Patti turned the gorgeous mature woman into her sub. He never hid the fact he masturbated when each orgasm occurred.

Ray found each of Dawn's futile struggles riveting whenever Pattie ripped an orgasm out of her most intimate being. The sun was just coming up when the sisters acted together and it was Dawn who simply became their puppet.

At the time, Dawn was flat on her back and her arms were outstretched wide to the sides. Her long fingers curled into fists, as she clutched the sheets in a most frantic fashion, and the scene was spellbinding.

Ray envied Brenda who lay beside Dawn, as she fondled the luscious boobs like there was no tomorrow. He loved the way his girlfriend cupped Dawn's tits and rocked them back and forth like waves on a rough sea. The nipples were extremely upright and Ray watched Brenda nibble on them until Dawn uttered distraught moans of protest.

The way Brenda coated the hard buds with gobs of saliva and then blew on them seemed to make the nipples overly erect, which Ray found hypnotic. When he glanced at Patti, Ray noticed how she was between Dawn's legs. The girl's hands were on the velvety thighs and spreading them wide enough so her upper torso fit nicely between them.

Patti's head was above Dawn's stomach and suddenly she rained wet kisses all over the quivering tummy. Ray's eyes grew wider when Patti used her tongue to leave a slippery, wet trail all over Dawn's tummy and raised pelvis.

The scene was one of the slowest, most taunting seduction. Every time Dawn raised her arms to stop the fondling, Brenda used her teeth to stop the resistance. Ray noticed how one of the upstanding nipples was inside his girlfriend's mouth and the bud was stretched beyond tolerable limits when Brenda nibbled on the delicate nip.

There were loud moans of both reluctance and desire coming from Dawn, which gave Ray the stiffest erection. Her legs remained splayed, as Patti forced them apart, and then the girl proved her dominance. She nibbled on the quivering stomach and belly button before dipping to the shaved pelvis.

Ray even underestimated the severe effect Patti's teasing had on his stamina. He almost blew his load when his future sister-in-law latched onto Dawn's puffy labia with her teeth. He heard pathetic and distraught groans coming from the mature woman, as she spread her legs to their widest reaches.

Ray definitely developed a new sense of admiration towards Patti when she demonstrated her supreme control. The girl spread the labia with her tongue and then held the lips apart with her fingers. Ray caught a brief glimpse of the swollen clitoris, as Patti punished Dawn by slapping the jewel around a few times with her tongue.

His breathing stopped when Patti threatened to ram her finger into a waiting hole. He couldn't tell if she actually entered, but Dawn's shrill cry sent tremors up his spine. Ray noticed the sweat-covered body stiffen and then rise upwards as high as possible, almost trying to escape the crude molestation.

It appeared that Dawn's willpower seemed to grow less and less, as the sisters' seduction continued. Ray stared at Patti and noticed the tip of her tongue flicking the end of Dawn's clitty up and down at a tremendous rate.

Abruptly the most startling thing happened. Ray witnessed the evil grin form on Patti's face just as her sharp teeth surrounded the throbbing jewel. He watched all of the clitty go into Patti's mouth and then the teeth clamped down in a

determined manner.

Ray's visualization of the young woman's tongue battering the engulfed clit relentlessly was extremely vivid and he knew the precise moment the orgasm exploded. Had Dawn not opposed the rising lust, the orgasm might have lasted a mere minute or two. Instead she fought in a most determined manner and Ray witnessed an eternal struggle, which was totally futile.

Suddenly Dawn's hips thrust into the air and she screamed out loud. Ray caught a glimpse of Patti's hand, which was under her chin, and her long middle finger, as it moved rapidly in and out of the defenseless honey-hole.

He found the sight very riveting when Dawn's midsection heaved and twisted, as if she was out of control. There was nothing holding her arms outstretched, yet she was unable to move them. Her shoulders rolled back and forth giving Ray the impression Dawn was trying to escape, which he found overly fascinating.

Ray never imagined a finger-fucking and cunnilingus lasting so long. Patti rode the bucking hips until they quieted, before she stopped the expert molestation. Then she slowly rolled up from her comfortable position between Dawn's splayed legs and immediately kissed her slave.

There was no hesitation or reluctance when Dawn returned the intimate embrace. The two women spent the dwindling romantic moments in each other's arms, which was something most women cherished in any relationship.

Brenda who was still lying beside Dawn was totally exhausted. She had one of Dawn's boobs stretched off to the side and reluctantly released the swollen

nipple from her tired mouth. She fell asleep with one arm under Dawn and one arm over her sister. The night was over for her and she didn't care when Dawn departed the love-nest.

Dawn closed her eyes and welcomed a sudden solitude of extreme drowsiness. She was unaware of how long she laid in Patti's arms, but she was fully aware of the devilish woman's observant nature.

Warm, loving emotions filled her head, as dreams of going home filtered through the quiet solitude. Facing her husband after being out all night was not something she relished. Dawn felt guilty for deceiving Harvey and being unfaithful once again to the man she loved.

To be continued...

Brenda started me on this trail of erotic bliss and I thank her for giving me the inspiration. I plan on writing another book and then possibly writing individual stories about Dawn's specific experiences, which I have kept hidden for a long, long time.