



CONTROLLING SARAH - DOMINATED OR DOMINATING?

A week at the lake turned into the most
memorable vacation.

K.C. DOUGLAS



CONTROLLING SARAH - DOMINATED OR DOMINATING?

A week at the lake turned into the most memorable vacation.

K.C. DOUGLAS

Controlling Sarah – Book 4

By K.C. Douglas

Smashwords Edition

Copyright 2017 K.C. Douglas

Smashwords Edition, License Notes

This ebook is licensed for your personal enjoyment only. This ebook may not be re-sold or given away to other people. If you would like to share this book with another person, please purchase an additional copy for each recipient. If you're reading this book and did not purchase it, or it was not purchased for your use only, then please return to Smashwords.com or your favorite retailer and purchase your own copy. Thank you for respecting the hard work of this author.

'Author's note: All characters depicted in this work of fiction are 18 years of age or older.

CONTROLLING SARAH – Dominated or Dominating

By K.C. Douglas

Author's Note: This is book 4 of my Controlling Sarah series and please check the previous three books, 'In the Beginning/The Blackmail Continues', 'A Twist Fate', and 'Summer Vacation' to read about how Sarah fell into the clever blackmail trap. All characters depicted in this work of fiction are 18 years of age or older.

Julie was the consummate schemer and she planned for an entire week of seduction, humiliation and intimidation. It was already Tuesday and both the Jensen's and Unger's had to admit Monday had been the most fantastic day of vacation for all of them.

Mrs. Unger walked into the small, cozy kitchen and immediately blushed profusely because her mind swirled back four or five hours to what sounded like a heated lovemaking-session. She recalled the lewd sounds coming from the bedroom shared by her innocent daughter and the mature woman who she actually admired. When the supposed sexual episode came back to her, Mrs. U's face turned a brilliant red.

"Mother, what's wrong. You're blushing... is something wrong?" Julie asked her confused mother who had just entered the kitchen.

"No, ah, well," Mrs. Unger replied, as she was too embarrassed to say more. The blushing mother quickly turned and rushed out of the kitchen and back to her bedroom.

The two girls were stunned. Julie glanced across the room at Sarah and she had a frown on her face to indicate she didn't know what was wrong with her mother. "Not sure why mom was blushing... maybe she heard you last night... moaning and begging me for more," Julie whispered and laughed at the attempted humor.

"Yeah, she looked embarrassed... like something was wrong," Sarah replied and waved her hand towards the departed woman.

"Ah, you can do me the biggest favor. Mother never listens to me and it will be better if you talk to her," Julie said and stared at her newly found girlfriend. "Tell her nothing happened last night and that she is just imaging things."

"Yeah, yes, it might be good if I talked to her," Sarah replied.

"I know... I made a lot of noise last night, but I loved everything you did. Hopefully we didn't keep mother awake... or Jimmy," Julie said.

"Yes, I remember a couple of times... wondered if we made too much noise,"

Sarah replied, as she recalled the mad session of lesbian lust.

“You’ll have plenty of time. I’ve arranged to meet Mrs. Jensen at 9... in ten minutes,” Julie stated, as she glanced at her watch. “We’re taking April to the beach and let her play for the rest of the morning. I’ll be gone until at least noon so you have lots of time to talk to mom.”

Sarah wasn’t happy about the sudden arrangements, but she willingly agreed with the teenager because it bothered her that someone seemed upset. “For sure, I’ll talk to your mom... make sure things are okay,” she said and turned towards the Unger’s bedroom. “You go to the beach and I’ll meet you there later.”

The daughter departed for the Jensen’s and Sarah reluctantly headed for Mrs. Unger’s bedroom. She stood outside the bedroom door with her hand raised, as if knocking on the door, and seemed too scared to knock. One second, two and then three passed and then she found the courage.

Sarah knocked very softly so as not to frighten the mother. “Ah, Mrs. Unger, it’s Sarah. Can I come in?” she asked and her heart pounded with great uncertainty.

Mrs. Unger was sitting on the bed and she quickly stood up. She stared intently at the closed door and seemed too afraid to move. Oh my, she thought, it’s the dominating woman who took advantage of Julie. Yes, I have to talk to her... tell her to leave Julie alone.

The devoted mother recalled her vow to set things straight with the young woman. Mrs. U. never imagined her innocent daughter would do anything wrong and blamed the supposed sexual encounter on Sarah. “Yes,” she whispered, “I have to tell Sarah to leave Julie alone, or else.”

Her legs barely held her up, as she shuffled across the room. When her hand reached for the doorknob, Mrs. U. was amazed that her fingers were literally shaking. She slowly opened the door and immediately lost all the courage that had built up since the assumed sexual episode.

“Ah, aaaahhhh, Sarah, please come in... yes, come in, my dear,” she whispered and waved her hand towards the inside of the room. “I actually wanted to talk to you... have a serious talk with you.”

Sarah walked past the overly attractive mother and stopped directly in front of the big bed. When she turned around, Mrs. Unger was already walking towards her. “I... Julie wanted me to talk to you. She noticed you seemed upset... seemed angry with her,” she said and watched the sexy woman stop about two feet in front of her.

“Yes, I was upset... a little upset,” Mrs. U. replied, as she tried to stare down the young woman. “Actually... I was upset with you.”

“Julie thought we should talk,” Sarah said, as she felt tremendous courage building inside.

Mrs. Unger stared straight into the loving eyes and almost lost the strength to talk. “I... no... no, I wasn’t overly mad or upset,” she whispered. “I... I... well, I

heard... heard you and..."

Sarah noticed the redness start at the woman's neck and swiftly surge up to cover her entire face. Yes, she assumed, Mrs. U. probably heard Julie's loud cries of ecstasy last night and thinks it was me. Suddenly the inspiration hit. "You heard? What did you hear?" she asked and gave the woman a knowing smile, daring her to speak.

The young woman appeared too confident and that scared her. Mrs. U. tried to return Sarah's stare, but she had to shift her eyes downwards at the floor when she spoke. "You... I heard you taking advantage of Julie... making her do things. It sounded like you controlled her... made her obey orders," Mrs. U. whispered.

"Hum, you were listening?"

"Yes, well... it was loud... lots of noise... sounded like you were taking advantage of Julie."

Sarah noticed the woman's fear and it gave her even more courage. "Mrs. Unger, maybe you don't know your daughter that well," she said and loved how the woman had to look down at the floor. "I'm her slave... I'm Julie's sex-slave!"

She was too shocked to reply. Mrs. Unger stood in front of the tall, sexy woman and tilted her head upwards, trying to look into Sarah's eyes. When the strong hands grabbed her shoulders, she didn't resist, as she was promptly pulled straight forward and towards the bed.

Mrs. U. was turned around and pushed up against the bed. The back of her legs hit the side of the bed and she almost collapsed. It took every ounce of willpower to respond. “Slave? Ah, you’re Julie’s slave? But how... how?” she asked and her entire body shuddered. “Slave? Slave?”

Sarah watched the worried expression cross the beautiful face. “Yes, Julie is my Mistress. What do you think happened?” she asked.

“Well, I heard noises... lots of moans and groans that sounded sexual. I thought you were forcing Julie... making her do things... making her obey your demands,” she whispered and glanced down at the floor again.

The game grew intense. Sarah stared at the heaving chest and got hit by brilliant inspiration. She reached out and put her shaking fingers on the front of the woman’s stretchy tank-top.

“Have you ever been a sex-slave?”

“Aaahhh, no, no.”

The scene was electric for both. The fingers tightened on the stretchy fabric and Mrs. U. knew her top was going to be stripped. Her arms came up and she made a frantic grab for the hands, as they swiftly ripped the garment up and over her head.

Suddenly Mrs. U. was humiliated and almost too petrified to act. She glanced

down at her heaving chest and noticed that one of her overly hardened nipples had almost slipped out of the lacy bra. Her hands quickly surrounded her large boobs and she hid them from the suddenly demanding young woman.

“Your little baby is a Mistress. Julie managed to get something over me and she used the incriminating material to blackmail me. Your little baby is my Mistress,” Sarah stated and promptly slapped the woman’s hands downwards.

After hearing the supposed cries from her daughter last night, Mrs. U. vowed to chastise Sarah for being domineering to someone naïve and young. Suddenly the show of force and stern behavior of the young woman robbed the last shred of willpower.

“Ah, Julie... Julie,” she whispered and dearly wanted to raise her arms, but resisted. “Mistress... Julie’s your Mistress?”

“Your darling daughter made me her slave... her sex-slave,” Sarah said, as she grabbed the flimsy lace bra. “Now, I’m going to do the same to you, my dear Mrs. Unger. I’m going to make you my sex-slave!”

She couldn’t breathe. Her legs trembled and Mrs. U. was too weak to stand so she plopped down on the edge of the bed. Her eyes were wide open and she stared down at her overly enlarged nipples that seemed to beckon for some loving attention.

“Please... please... please,” she moaned and suddenly realized the pleas sounded more like begging for more rather than pleading for Sarah to stop. “Please, oh please, don’t.”

“Have you ever had sex with a woman... had sex with another woman?” Sarah asked, as she reached for the alluring nipples.

Mrs. U. watched in total awe, as the fingertips closed around her buds. When they squeezed and pulled, she thought the top of head blew off. “No... no, please, I haven’t... not had sex,” she whispered, hoping to make sense.

Sarah rolled the enlarged nipples and relished the look of anguish on the woman’s pretty face. “I’m going to make you my slave; I’m going to make love to you and you’re going to be my little girlie-slut,” she said and rolled the buds around and around.

“Oooohhhh, oh geez... oh geez,” Mrs. U. mumbled, as it took all her willpower to sit motionless and endure the molestation.

“Stand up!”

“What?”

“Stand up! I’m going to strip your clothes... strip your wet panties.”

“What?”

“I’m going to strip your panties. Are you wet?”

“Wet? Wet?”

“I asked you a question. Are you wet, my little slut?”

“Wet? Yes... yes.”

“Good! Yes, stand there and keep your arms down at your sides,” Sarah ordered.
“Yes, just like that, my dear.”

“Yes... yes,” Mrs. U. said and almost died when her shorts and panties were ripped off her torso.

“Oh my... dear lord, we have to make you pretty... a lot sexier,” Sarah said, as she stared at the neatly trimmed yet far too large pussy-bush.

Mrs. Unger noticed the young woman was staring at her pelvis and she abruptly covered the area with her hands. She realized it was a silly attempt at modesty, but it seemed like the only way to resist.

Sarah smiled and there was no protest when she grabbed the woman’s hand. She instantly led Mrs. U. out of the bedroom and into the nearby bathroom.

“I’m sure you have a razor... something to trim hair,” Sarah said and waved her

hand towards the bathroom vanity. “Did you know your little baby is shaved... has a cleanly shaved pussy?”

The news was startling. She hadn't seen her daughter's nakedness for a long time and certainly wasn't aware of what Julie did to her body. Her heart almost stopped and Mrs. U. tried to return the young woman's stare.

The hand waved again and pointed at the vanity. No more prodding was necessary and Mrs. U. retrieved the shaving materials from the middle draw. She set them on the countertop and merely allowed the young woman to push her down on the toilet seat.

Sarah grabbed the lotion and razor from the pile of materials and promptly shoved them towards the bewildered woman. “Here! Put some lotion all over your wet pussy and use the razor to shave off all that ugly hair,” she stated.

Mrs. U. could hardly hold the razor and spray can of cream. “Aaaahhhh, oooohhhh,” she moaned.

“We'll make you pretty... just like your little angel.”

“Oooohhhh, noooooo.”

“Mistress Sarah doesn't want her little girl's, pussy hair in her mouth when she performs cunnilingus,” Sarah said and smiled at the frightened woman. “I love this will be your first time.”

“Nooooo, nooooo, I can’t.”

There was too much hesitation and Sarah grabbed the spray can from the woman’s shaking fingers. She swiftly removed the cap and then both women stared at the silver nozzle for several seconds, trying to control their racing hearts.

The bathroom was eerily quiet. Sarah forced the shivering mother to lean back against the toilet tank and then she nudged the woman’s feet apart until the entire crotch was exposed. When she raised the spray can, it took a mere second to cover the pussy hair and leave the crotch coated with white cream.

“Hum, I think we need more,” Sarah whispered and promptly sprayed more shaving lotion to ensure the whole crotch was coated. “Now, you can shave and make yourself beautiful.”

Mrs. U. would never understand how it happened. She vowed to resist and never obey the woman’s awful commands yet she didn’t protest when Sarah grabbed her arm. The razor was shoved into her shaking right hand and there was no way out.

Her fingers vibrated madly yet Mrs. U. somehow managed to run the razor up and down her pelvis one time. She stared at the brazen sight and couldn’t imagine doing any more.

Sarah leaned forward and whispered an ear. “More! More!”

Up and then down, up and then down again until there was only a scant amount of cream left. Mrs. U. raised her head and noticed the young woman's eyes fixed on her lower extremities. The woman's tongue came out of her mouth and ran around the red lips, which gave a sign the woman was excessively aroused.

"Yes, my dear, now clean your dirty labia... shave your pussy-lips," Sarah ordered and waited for complete obedience. When the woman didn't move, she leaned in and pinched a delicate lip.

Mrs. U. stared down between her legs. The dainty fingers seized a puffy wing and exposed her heart and soul. "Aaaahhhh, nooooo," she moaned, as her clitoris was fully exposed.

"Oh my... oh my, we don't want any hair around such a pretty clitty, do we?" Sarah asked and smiled at the worried woman.

"No, no hair... no hair," she mumbled, trying to regain control of her heartbeat and slow down her intense breathing.

"Are you going to obey? Going to be my little slave?"

"Ah, ah, aaaahhhh."

"Mistress doesn't want to get mad at her little girl. Answer me! Are you going to obey and be my little slave?"

Mrs. U. stared at the throbbing morsel, which was connected directly to her lust-filled mind. “Yes... yes.”

“GOOD! Now, hold onto your pretty clit and shave those dirty lips,” Sarah demanded. “Shave your pussy-lips and the area between your legs.”

It seemed easy and not too threatening, but that changed in a heartbeat. The fingers of her left hand pinched the delicate bud and her right hand moved. When her fingertips squeezed and rolled at the same time, Mrs. U. wondered what had possessed her innocence.

The razor swept up one puffy lip and then the other. Sarah watched in totally amazement, as the mature woman became a willing slut. The entire crotch was velvety clean and there was no more cream covering the womanly treasures.

Sarah entwined her fingers into the woman’s hair and jerked the head back and forth, as she glared into the starry eyes. “Good girl... real good girl. Squeeze! Squeeze your clitty for Mistress,” she whispered, as she tilted the woman’s head backwards and slammed her back into the ivory toilet tank.

Mrs. U. would never understand how or why she obeyed. She yanked the already swollen clit out of the sheltered hideaway and twirled it around. She didn’t masturbate very often, but there was no experience needed for such a lustful time.

“Oh geezus... holy fuck, you’re cumming... you’re cumming,” Sarah stated and

jerked the head again and again. “Now, Mistress wants to hear her slave talk... tell her all about being a slave.”

She heard the damning request and didn't know how to stop. “I can't stop... can't stop... can't stop,” Mrs. U. said, as her fingers worked magic.

“Good girl... good girl!”

“Yes, yes, gawd yes.”

“Harder! Faster!”

Again she obeyed. Her clitoris was on fire and her fingers kept twirling it around as vigorously as she could. The sudden orgasm seemed earth-shattering and it had been years since anything this powerful consumed her reasoning and sanity. “Yes... yes... yeeeeeeeeeeeeaaaaaa.”

The muscular legs tried to close, but Sarah stood between them so she could watch the sinful masturbation. Mrs. U's thighs squeezed hard, as the overwhelming climax seemed to go on forever, yet her leaking pussy remained fully exposed to the leering eyes of her newfound Mistress.

The orgasm was raging when Sarah revealed her ultimate plans. “Mistress loves watching her slave finger herself,” she whispered directly into an ear. “Next time, my little slave is going to get royally fucked!”

Mrs. U. was too disillusioned and her mind wasn't working properly. When she heard the drastic command, the premature orgasm robbed all her reasoning. She heard 'royally fucked', but it didn't register.

Mrs. Unger welcomed the quiet solitude. Everyone was at the beach and she was alone with all the extreme events of the morning going through her head. If someone told her she would become a willing slave for another woman, she would have called the accusations a total fabrication.

There was one thing she decided after dwelling on what happened. She vowed to tell the dominating Sarah that she made a big mistake and there would be no further sexual sessions between the two. After all, Mrs. U. reasoned, she was older, more mature and much smarter than the young woman so it should be easy to get the upper hand.

Her confidence swelled and her chest stood out proudly when the time came. Sarah was the first one to return from the beach and the young woman boldly walked straight up to the loving mother.

"My dear, my dearest slave, I hope you had a wonderful and quiet afternoon because you're going to perform for Mistress," Sarah stated and gave the woman the biggest smile. "Your girlie orgasm this morning was the greatest, but this evening will be even greater."

Mrs. U. was shaken by the young woman's poise and she had to look away from the penetrating eyes. "Sweetie, ah Sarah, it was wrong... we can't... I can't," she

said, trying to remain strong. “I’m not your slave!”

Sarah walked right up and faced the suddenly shaken woman. “If mistress hears any more rebelling, she will tell the world all about Mrs. Unger and her two loving babies, Julie and Jimmy,” she said and waited a dreadful few seconds.

“Tell what?”

“We both know how you became my little slave... how you shaved yourself and then masturbated for me,” Sarah said. “I’m sure your friends will love to hear how you shaved yourself to look just like Julie... and how you fingered yourself when Mistress ordered you to.”

“Nobody will believe you.”

“Maybe... maybe not, but they will love to hear how your two little angels are perverted and take advantage of others.”

“No, you’re crazy.”

“My love, I already told you how Julie became my Mistress and she made me her sex-slave. Julie’s my Mistress,” Sarah stated and paused a dreadful few seconds. “I’m sure people will enjoy hearing about your angel being dominant and having sex with other women.”

“No, please don’t say anything.”

“Well my dear, your Jimmy is also in the mix. He and Julie forced me to have sex... Jimmy took advantage and banged me, my dear.”

“Oh geez, I’m sorry... so sorry.”

“And there’s more, my love. Your little babies took poor Mrs. Jensen and they made her their slave.”

“What? What? No, nooooo,” Mrs. U. whispered, as it felt like she got hit by a bullet.

“Julie got control over Mrs. Jensen and they had sex. Your baby dominated her and then gave the poor woman to Jimmy.”

“What?”

“I watched! I watched Jimmy bang the married woman and then make her his little girl.”

“No, dear lord, no. Mrs. Jensen?”

“Have you ever had sex with a teenager? Sex with a young stud?”

“No, gawd no.”

“I would think, as a mother, you would do anything for your babies. You would do anything to keep me quiet.”

Mrs. U. didn't take long to think about the demoralizing threat. “Yes, I want to protect them... protect Julie and Jimmy.”

“I knew you would,” Sarah replied and stared into the worried eyes. “It is time you experienced sex like never before.”

“Sex, no, I don't want sex.”

“My dear, Mistress is here for you. We're going to watch a little slut cream all over a big teenage cock... have a climax with a cock buried in her belly.”

The threats didn't seem real yet the one aspect truly scared her. The young woman mentioned Jimmy and she wasn't about to entertain anything immoral with one of her own children. “Please Sarah, please, no more.”

“I've arranged for Bobby to come over. Mrs. Jensen is taking everyone else to the movies, but Bobby and I are free,” Sarah stated and paused for a few seconds. “Since your baby banged Mrs. J., it's time for retribution.”

“What? Retribution?”

“Yes, my dear slave, a teenager is going to turn you into a real woman. Bang that sweet pussy and make you his sex-toy.”

“No, dear lord, no.”

“Have you ever done roleplaying? Do you roleplay with your husband?”

“No, heavens no.”

“Well this afternoon you’ll do what Mistress orders... do some roleplaying. Come here,” Sarah demanded and pointed at the floor directly in front of her. “COME HERE, NOW!”

She was too afraid and overwhelmed to resist. Mrs. U. stumbled across the room and stopped at precisely the spot Sarah was pointing at. “Oh please, please, have mercy.”

Sarah laughed and stared into the bewildered eyes when she acted. She reached for Mrs. U’s top and swiftly slapped the woman’s hands aside when they came up to stop the disrobing. Once the arms hung straight down in an obedient fashion, Sarah slowing rolled the top up and over the woman’s head.

Mrs. U. didn't like standing in a room wearing only a lacy bra and shorts, but she felt helpless. When the young woman's hands grabbed the elastic waistband of her shorts, she reluctantly resisted the urge to fight. The garment was gingerly and deliberately rolled down her legs and left bunched on the floor at her feet.

She had never been in a room that was so eerily quiet or one that felt like a sauna, but wasn't. Her heart pounded and Mrs. U. almost collapsed because her breathing was extremely ragged. It was definitely time to run yet her feet remained nailed firmly to the floor.

"Yes, we'll do some roleplaying. You're the poor little girl who needs punishment for being a very, very bad girl," Sarah stated and abruptly pulled some items out of her pockets. "I'm glad you haven't tried any roleplaying."

"Sarah, oh geez, I can't... please don't make me do anything."

"It's the only way to keep me quiet... keep everyone from hearing all about what you did and what your kids did."

"Please, please don't make me do anything."

Sarah held a string bikini in her left hand and a short cloth rope in her right. She looked at both and then stared into the woman's eyes again. "I like to hear you beg... keep begging," she said and waved her hands towards the shivering woman.

“No, I’m not... not begging.”

“You are, my dearest slave. You’re begging for a big cock... a big teenage cock,” Sarah said and quickly put everything into her left hand. “Here, let’s get those undies off and put this sexy bikini on.”

The visualization was traumatic. Mrs. U. imagined wearing the suit, which gave new meaning to string bikini. The bottoms consisted of mere strings with a pretty heart-shaped patch that would barely cover the necessary parts of a woman’s body. The top again had strings and the two boob cups were a scant two or three inches wide, which surely would leave almost all of the boobs exposed.

Mrs. U. noticed the slight piece of rope and couldn’t imagine what it might be for, but then she felt a hand reach for the clasp of her bra. Before her hands came up to stop Sarah, the lacy bra was stripped and tossed across the room. Suddenly fingers grabbed the elastic waistband of her sheer panties and they too joined the discarded shorts at her feet.

Naked and shivering, Mrs. Unger didn’t think her heart could beat any faster. “Sarah, please don’t... please don’t,” she pleaded.

“Yes, my dear, keep begging. When we get you ready, I want to hear more of it... more begging,” Sarah declared and handed the skimpy bikini to the shocked woman. “Here, you better put this on before someone comes in and finds you completely naked.”

What else could she do, Mrs. U. wondered? Her hands literally vibrated when

she donned the top and it was just as hard donning the bottoms. She stood up straight and appeared ready for more, but that quickly changed.

Sarah nonchalantly grabbed the woman's hands and held them in front of her, as she slowly rolled the make-believe, cloth rope around the wrists. Mrs. U. obediently held steady, watching the young woman set the stage for a bondage experience. The soft material gave the impression of a rope, but there was no fooling anyone that it would be secure or restrictive enough to hold someone captive.

Mrs. U. remained standing and suddenly the young woman pulled another item out of her pocket. There was no hesitation and Sarah tilted the woman's head upwards and swiftly slipped a blindfold around Mrs. U's head. She adjusted the material to blackout all light and then kissed the shuddering lady on the cheek.

"Oh my, oh my, you're ready. My dear slave is ready for cock... big teenage cock," Sarah whispered and kissed the cheek again.

Why she remained submissive, Mrs. Unger would never know. Suddenly she was led across the room by the hand and deliberately forced to stand up against the wall. The young woman took time to position her in the perfect position and to get her ready.

Mrs. U. tried to restart her heart. She gasped for much needed air and then assessed the situation. Her face was millimeters away from the wall and she felt her nose grazing the hard surface. When her breath bounced back at her, it made her face flushed and she felt a sense of being overheated.

Sarah pushed the shapely hips into the wall and then she kicked the woman's feet apart. "You get to stand here and wait... wait for something to happen," she whispered, as she leaned up against the shivering torso.

"Aaaahhhh, aaaahhhh," Mrs. U. moaned, as the drama was almost too much.

"I'm going to go across the room and sit on the sofa. Sit there and just watch what happens to my darling little slave," Sarah said and promptly disappeared.

Being alone was worse than having the demanding young woman behind her. Mrs. U. felt her heart rate increase ten times and her temperature soar. She listened; she waited in silence for something to happen.

Suddenly a door opened and she heard soft footsteps enter the room. Mrs. U. tried to breathe, but it was virtually impossible. Then she heard whispering and knew Sarah was talking to the mystery visitor. Seconds passed and with each she felt more tension and more stress.

When the footsteps started again, she knew the person was drawing closer. Her mind raced and Mrs. U. visualized the scene. She was standing up against the wall with a blindfold covering her eyes and wearing the skimpiest bikini a woman could wear.

Who was the visitor? Mrs. U. was delirious. The sudden recall of Sarah mentioning she had arranged for Bobby Jensen to come over was almost too frightening. Her mind filled with images of the heart-throb teenager and she wondered if he would really join forces with the devious young woman?

There were two behind her. The whispering turned into definite talking and her heart stopped. She was practically naked and the picture of what she looked like wearing a string bikini flashed through her mind. When she moved her arms, thinking about covering her exposed flesh with her hands, the cloth rope prevented any act of modesty.

“Bobby! What do you think? Isn’t Mrs. Unger the prettiest slave... the sexiest slave?” Sarah asked.

“Fuck... oh fuck, she’s sexy... a real sexy woman.”

“Yes! She wants it real bad... really bad.”

“Cock! She wants cock?”

“Bobby, she begged me... begged me to get her a big teenage cock.”

Her legs wobbled and she almost collapsed. Hot whiffs of someone breathing washed across the side of her flushed cheek and Mrs. U. knew someone was standing mere inches behind her.

“Begged, she begged you?” Bobby asked, as he leaned closer to the shivering woman.

“Oh Bobby, she’ll do anything to protect her babies and her reputation. She doesn’t want me to tell anyone what Julie did... what Jimmy did,” Sarah stated and moved to the other side of the frightened mother. “I told her how Jimmy turned poor Mrs. Jensen into his sex-slave.”

“Yes, yes, he did,” Bobby whispered and ran a finger across Mrs. U’s back. Then his hand slowly carved a path down the back and onto the luscious butt cheeks.

“Aaaahhhh, aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa,” Mrs. U. moaned, as goosebumps covered her entire body.

The action intensified in a heartbeat. Sarah grabbed the shaken mother by the arm and swiftly escorted her into the middle of the room. She forced Mrs. U. to stand up straight with her bound hands resting in front of her sparsely covered crotch. “Bobby, now you can see what our dearest slut looks like,” Sarah said and promptly shifted the tiny nipple covers downward.

Oh no, Mrs. U. fretted, as she felt the skimpy material roll off her hardened buds. Geez, he can see... he can see my breasts, she realized.

“Beautiful... gorgeous, they’re gorgeous tits,” Bobby whispered, as he stared intently at the exposed nipples.

Mrs. U. felt hands on the cloth rope and suddenly her hands were free. It was time to run... time to escape, she deduced, yet her feet didn’t move, as her hands came up to cover her boobs.

Sarah tossed the rope away and shrewdly forced the woman's arms straight down at her sides. "Bobby, Mrs. Unger is my slave. She wants to protect her kids and will do anything for me," she said. "Bobby, she is going to get down on her knees and give you the best blowjob."

It was time to flee, Mrs. U. thought, but again she remained motionless. Then the young woman placed her hands on top of the shaking shoulders and there was only one direction to move. The pressure was slight yet Mrs. U. knew what to do, as her knees bent and hit the floor.

The footsteps were barely audible, but Mrs. U. heard the teenager walk in her direction. When he stepped directly in front of her blushing face, she wanted to die. He was there! Yes, she realized, Bobby was standing so close she felt the heat radiate into her heart and she had the urge to yank off the blindfold.

Suddenly the overbearing young woman crouched at her side. Sarah put her lips on the reddened ear and whispered. "It's time, my dearest slave, time you felt a real cock."

Bobby could barely stand, as he stared down at the sexiest woman in the world. Her illustrious boobs were extremely big for a small woman and the nipples appeared enlarged and very erect. When the young woman whispered something into Mrs. U's ear, he noticed her entire body shudder.

The dainty hands motioned at him and Bobby knew Sarah was directing him to remove his pants, which he did in a flash. His shorts and pants hit the floor and he stood upright directly in front of the shivering mother.

Sarah watched the memorable and truly frightening penis bob wildly in front of the teen's hips and knew Bobby was more than ready. "Bobby has removed his pants and he is ready for your hot mouth," she whispered in the woman's ear. "You best use your hands, or else... or else Bobby will ram his big cock down your throat."

The orders were too daunting. "Sarah, please Sarah, please don't... no more, please don't," she pleaded and felt something hot brush the side of her overheated face.

Bobby shifted his hips and shoved the head of his cock at the rosy lips. The head turned and then there was the strictest demonstration of punishment from the dominating young woman. Sarah grabbed a handful of hair and jerked the woman's head towards the demanding teenager.

"Don't you dare resist. Open your mouth and suck," Sarah demanded and jerked as hard as she could on the handful of hair. "Open!"

Her mouth opened and she gulped madly for air, as the cockhead surged into her throat. Mrs. U. made a mad grab for the cock and wrapped the fingers of both hands around the enlarged shaft. Something wasn't right, she deemed, as her fingers barely went around the thick rod.

"Oh baby, oh baby, yes, suck... suck," Bobby moaned, as the inferno was intense.

"Sweetie, oh sweetie, you're going to give Bobby a royal blowjob," Sarah whispered and forced the head back and forth. "I know you like sucking cocks..."

big cocks.”

She couldn't shake her head, but Mrs. U. tried to mumble a negative response to the demanding Sarah. “Goooooooooooo, gaaaaaaaaa.”

It was the darkness, Mrs. U. reasoned, as the blindfold hide all of her sinful actions. She wasn't sure why her hands tightened over the loose foreskin and seemingly pumped back and forth, as if bringing immense joy to the teenager. The taste was bitter and somewhat sour yet strangely she relished having the foreign cock inside her hot mouth.

Suddenly the teen was using her head and mouth for his sexual enjoyment. Bobby pushed Sarah's hand away and he grabbed the head with both hands. When he forced the woman's head back and forth, his hips moved in the opposite direction, threatening to ram his cock down her throat.

Sarah noticed sweat on the teen's forehead and knew Bobby was getting close. No man could take a blowjob for an extended period without blowing his load and she knew it was time to stop. She stood up and looked the teenager in the eyes.

“Stop! Bobby, you have to stop. We don't want you to blow your top and fill our slave's mouth with cum,” she whispered with a stern expression on her face. “Our little slave wants your cock inside her belly!”

It was over in a flash. Bobby stepped back and he was huffing and puffing, trying to regain his composure after almost climaxing. Mrs. U. was jerked to her feet and she gasped desperately, trying to recover from the lengthy suffocation.

Sarah took the dainty hand and immediately led the reluctant woman across the floor and back to the wall. She turned the woman to face the teenager and then sent a dagger into her heart. "It's time, my dear slave, time for a real cock," she whispered. "Do you like big cocks?"

"No... no."

"I know you do. Are you ready for Bobby's big cock?"

"No, please no."

"Oh, I think you are. Did you like sucking Bobby's cock?"

"No, no, no."

"You're lying, my dearest, you're lying!"

"Naaaaa, naaaa."

Sarah noticed the widest grin on the teen's face and she felt overjoyed. More humiliation and more intimidation, she thought. Yes, we need more for our dear slave, as she tightened her grip on the woman's hand. "Let's show off... show Bobby your sexy body," she whispered and instantly started walking around the

room.

Mrs. U. didn't want to follow, but she couldn't break Sarah's hold on her hand. Luckily the pace was slow because her legs were almost too tightened to walk properly. They slowly walked in a big circle and it was obvious Sarah was proud of the strong hold over the woman.

The two walked and then Sarah stopped and turned the woman around in a pirouette, obviously showing the teenager every side of the womanly body. Mrs. U. felt fully flushed and didn't know what to do to stop the great humiliation. After circling the room three times, Sarah returned to the initial wall position.

"That was tremendous, but I think we should show Bobby all your delicious treasures," Sarah said and swiftly stripped the bikini top.

Mrs. U. raised her arms, but it was too late. She cupped both boobs, knowing it was silly to show such modesty after what had transpired yet she tried. Just as her hands closed over her exposed breasts, the string bottoms were ripped off her hips.

Her mouth flew open and Mrs. U. knew the lewd exposure would gratify the leering teenager. When she used one arm to cover her chest and one hand to cup her exposed pelvis, Mrs. U. knew her struggles were useless.

"I know you didn't see Bobby's cock so let's take off the blindfold. We want our little slave to see Bobby and beg him to make her a real woman," Sarah said and carefully ripped the covering off her eyes. "Tell me, is Bobby as big as your husband?"

Mrs. U. blinked several times and tried to focus. Suddenly she opened her eyes wider and stared across the room at the enormous penis. “What... whaaaa?”

“Yes, I know. He’s big... the biggest I’ve seen.”

“Yeaaaaaa, yes.”

“Well, is he bigger than your husband?”

“Ah bigger... yes, bigger.”

“Now you get to be Bobby’s slut... have sex with a real cock.”

“Yeaaaaa, no, no,” Mrs. U. moaned, as she felt delirious. She stood riveted to the floor and didn’t move a muscle when the devious young woman quickly slapped her hands, demanding she stop shielding herself.

“There! We want Bobby to see your sexy body... all your luscious delights.

The young woman was shrewder than Mrs. U. imagined. Sarah rolled the tiny bikini bottom into a ball and promptly shoved it into the stunned woman’s mouth. “We don’t want to hear you cry or beg when you get banged. We’ll use the gag to help you retain your dignity.”

She was crazy; this wasn't happening, Mrs. U. reasoned. Despite knowing enough to struggle, she didn't and kept staring straight at the ominous penis. Yes, she thought, he was big... bigger than any man she had been with.

Suddenly she was turned around and shoved hard up against the wall. Mrs. U. turned her head, so as not to smash her face into the wall, and then she remained motionless, flat against the wall.

The scene was more than stimulating. Bobby watched the young woman push the woman's arms out to the sides and then force her hands onto the wall about shoulder height and beside her head.

Sarah was meticulous. She kicked Mrs. U's feet apart and also shifted the feet back from the wall about two feet. The woman had to bend over to retain her grip on the wall and this left her fully vulnerable from behind.

"Bobby, come here," Sarah ordered.

The teen almost ran up to the woman and stood directly behind the whimpering older woman. "Yes, holy shit, yes," he stated and wrapped a fist around his erection.

Sarah leaned over and put her lips next to a burning ear. "Remember how you shaved your pussy and made yourself pretty," she whispered. "Tell Bobby what happened when you touched your horny pussy."

Mrs. U. tried not to whimper, but it was impossible because of the overwhelming intimidation. “Mmmmmmm, mmmmmmm,” she moaned through the bikini gag.

“Did you touch your horny pussy... squeeze your clitty?”

Fingers surged through her hair and the answer was shown despite her reluctance, as her head was jerked in a nodding fashion by the domineering young woman.

“Tell Bobby, did you masturbate... act like a horny slut?” Sarah asked and again jerked the head up and down to get the desired confirmation.

“Yes, you got horny and masturbated. Now, it’s time for a real cock,” Sarah whispered and jerked the head again. Are you going to make Mistress happy?”

“Mmmmmmm, mmmmmmm,” Mrs. U. mumbled and felt another jerk on her hair.

“Yes, Mistress wants her little girl to cum... cum all over Bobby’s cock.”

This time the whimpering got louder and more intense, as Mrs. U. tried to shake her head. When she felt hands surround her slender waist and hold her lower body steady, she almost fainted.

Bobby pulled backwards slightly and his aim was deadly. The bulbous head hit the vast wetness and the sudden inferno made his heart almost explode. He held the hips and embedded three or four inches of his raging cock.

Mrs. U. tried to push the gag out with her tongue, but Sarah noticed the sudden struggle. The young woman put her hand over the open mouth and she whispered into the woman's ear. "No, no, no... we don't want everyone to hear you begging... begging for cock."

Her chest heaved and it was impossible to breathe. Mrs. U's flushed face slipped down the wall and her hips were yanked backwards. Suddenly the teenager's cock was half-buried and there was no way of stopping the penetration.

"Holy fuck... fucking geezus, I'm in," Bobby moaned, as he kept jerking his hips to embed more of his enlarged cock. "She's hot... oh fuck, she's hot."

Suddenly she was rammed into the wall. The teen surged forward and didn't stop until the front of her torso flattened against the hard wall. He thrust like a madman and the force lifted her body off the floor until she balanced on tiptoes, feeling the suffocating penetration.

Sarah stared in utter disbelief. The loving and fully dedicated mother was lost; Mrs. U. was gasping and it was obvious her inner being had surrendered to the sinful intercourse. When the luscious hips thrust wildly at the raging teenager, Sarah knew the woman's orgasm had begun.

This time Sarah let the woman spit out the soaked bikini bottoms. She didn't want the woman to suffocate and relished watching the premature climax,

knowing Mrs. U. would regret her sexual gratification. “Yes, yes, you’re making Mistress happy... very happy,” she whispered.

What could she say, Mrs. U. wondered? “Yes, dear lord, yes,” she groaned, as the convulsions robbed her last shred of dignity. “Yes, yes... yeeeeeeessss.”

Bobby tightened his grip on the shapely hips and tried to drive the final two or three inches into the overheated inferno. “Yes, fuck yes, I’m ready... fucking ready,” he moaned.

“Honey, sweetie, you’re doing it... you’re cumming,” Sarah whispered and leaned against the distraught woman. “You couldn’t wait... you’re cumming.”

“Yes... yes.”

“You’re a slut... a slut who is going to cream all over a hard cock whenever Mistress demands.”

“Yes... yes,” Mrs. Unger replied, knowing it was the most memorable orgasm of her life.

Bobby rammed his hips at the thrashing hips and he almost yelled when the throbbing head surged into virgin territory. He crushed the delicate cervix and filled the womanly belly with his cock, holding motionless for a few seconds to relish the ultimate joy. When the powerful muscles milked his hardon, Bobby entered dreamland.

The vacation was the most memorable for everyone. It was a little tricky at times to keep the two families separate and not let one know what happened in the other. Sarah was extremely careful to keep her sexual relationship with Mrs. Unger and Bobby a secret. She knew Julie or Jimmy would be furious if they found out what happened to their loving mother.

The week seemed to fly by and suddenly it was a bright and sunny Thursday

morning, the second last day for anything sexual or raunchy. That was because Mr. Unger and Jensen would be arriving around 5 o'clock Friday to spend the weekend at the lake.

Julie embraced her loving girlfriend and relished the final moments in bed with Sarah. She had two days to fulfill her clever plans and her stomach quivered just thinking about what was arranged.

"I think we should make tonight and Friday the best days... the bestest days," she whispered and chuckled at her attempted humor.

"Yes, but we'll have to be careful... with the husbands coming tomorrow afternoon. We don't want them to find out what happened," Sarah replied.

Julie's shrewd planning would have Jimmy spending all Thursday night in bed with Mrs. Jensen. She promised her brother the best night of his life would happen on the vacation and there was nothing to stop his sleeping with the married woman. Julie's heart pounded in anticipation, as she visualized Mrs. J. having unprotected intercourse with her brother.

Then the teenager planned enjoying all day Friday with the alluring woman and Jimmy. Julie craved one last fling with the sexy Mrs. Jensen and she wanted to get maximum satisfaction from dominating and humiliating the woman. She would never forget the frightened look on the woman's face when she was ordered to spend all night with her brother and all day with her and Jimmy.

Yes, Julie confirmed, watching my piss-ass brother bang the lady will be more rewarding than any sexual session for me. The two siblings were inseparable and

Julie loved making her bother happy. She vowed to spend the entire Friday afternoon with him and Mrs. Jensen and wanted to leave the poor woman totally exhausted when her husband arrived.

Although Julie was the ultimate schemer and planner, sometimes things didn't work out the way she intended. She made arrangements with Bobby, as she wanted him out of the way when she dominated Mrs. Jensen. It ensured he would spend all day Friday with Sarah who would keep him busy and out of her hair. Julie never envisioned the two would include her mother.

What Julie didn't know was that Bobby went straight to Sarah and demanded the young woman set up another sexual encounter with Mrs. Unger. At first Sarah was reluctant, but then she realized it was the first and only time in her life that she was in control and dominant. Yes, she thought, I'll make the woman obey, or else I'll tell everyone what Julie and Jimmy did.

Sarah went up to the timid woman with all the confidence in the world. She demanded Mrs. U. wear the string bikini from their first encounter and then be ready for company at 12 noon on Friday. There was nothing to worry about, Sarah said, trying to reassure the woman. Both Julie and Jimmy would be spending the entire afternoon at the Jensen's and a subtle wink told the mother what her babies would be doing with the married woman.

Thursday was the longest day and Jimmy didn't think nighttime would ever come. Everyone knew what was planned even without any explanation from the devious schemer. Julie was subtle yet very direct when she blackmailed Mrs. Jensen and told her she would spend the entire night in bed with Jimmy.

The evening was spent playing games in the Jensen's living room and it came to abrupt end. Julie promptly stood up and sort of guided Mrs. Jensen away from the others. "Sweetie, it's time we all went to bed. You want to get plenty of sleep," she whispered and laughed at the humorous statement.

Mrs. Jensen could hardly speak, as the horror finally hit home. "Julie, oh please, he can't... I can't... no... no," she pleaded.

She spent the entire day in turmoil after hearing the dreaded demands. When Julie explained how her brother would sleep in her bed, Mrs. J. didn't comprehend how it would happen. Suddenly she was faced with reality and it was almost too heart-wrenching.

The teenager gave her a sudden embrace, as if saying goodnight, and then the girl looked her straight in the eyes. "You first! Go to bed and Jimmy will join you in a few minutes," Julie whispered and giggled. "Get ready for the night of your life."

When she was pushed towards her bedroom, Mrs. J. almost fell. She tried to retain her balance on legs that were extremely weak and trembling and it was difficult to walk. Her vibrating fingers grabbed the doorknob and she entered the darkened room, wondering if her life was ending.

Mrs. J. jumped when the door closed with a bang. She had a hard time walking across the room to the bed and it took almost five minutes to remove only two pieces of clothing. There was a big mirror along one wall and even in the dim lighting, she noticed a brazen woman standing beside the bed wearing only bra and panties.

Dear lord, what should I wear, she wondered? “He’s... he’s coming in my room,” Mrs. J. whispered. “How can I; how can I stop him?”

She heard footsteps nearing the door so Mrs. J. quickly jumped into bed. The room turned light for a brief second or two and then the darkness returned, which gave Mrs. J. a false sense of security. When Mrs. J. heard soft and almost silent swishes, she knew the teenager was removing his clothes.

Two hearts pounded, but for entirely different reasons. Jimmy knew the adorable woman would not fight. Mrs. J. had been instructed by his sister to be spend the night in bed with him and he was overly aroused by the thought. He tossed the last piece of clothes away and approached the bed with his heart beating out of control.

Mrs. Jensen rolled onto her side away from the looming danger and she pulled the blankets up around her neck. She tried to breathe and get more oxygen, but it was difficult with her body being overly tense. When the bed sank and someone slithered up against her back, her heartrate skyrocketed.

Her eyes closed. Mrs. J. transferred into a quiet dreamlike state and she didn’t move, as the heated torso pressed against her backside. Maybe, if I stay still, he’ll leave me alone, she reasoned. When a hand brushed along her arm, she tried to calm her racing emotions and decided the only way out was to fake being asleep.

It turned into a game. ‘Oh my... oh my, he’s going to take me... take advantage of me,’ she thought and remained petrified.

‘Holy shit, she’s the sexiest woman... one horny bitch who wants cock,’ Jimmy thought. ‘Okay, sweetheart, pretend to sleep. Once I get my cock inside you... you’ll wake up.’

The hand roamed up and down her arm and then swooped to the front. ‘Oh dear, he’s... his hand is on my... oh dear, what is he doing?’

‘What the fuck. She’s still wearing something.’ Jimmy swiftly unfastened the lacy bra and yanked it off without a struggle.

The hand rolled across her heaving chest. When the fingers surrounded her aching tit, she almost passed out. ‘He’s feeling my boob... touching my nipple.’

‘Nice! Fucking nice titty... what a set of knockers.’

‘Oh no, he can feel me... feel my bare boob.’

‘Fuck, the nipple feels like a goddamn rock. Mrs. J., you have the nicest tits and the sweetest nipples.’

Suddenly her nipple was squeezed and the crude fingers simply rolled the bud around like crazy. ‘Don’t... please, don’t do that,’ she wanted to plead yet she remained perfectly motionless and quiet.

The darkness was heavenly, as the secret seduction could go unseen. Jimmy cunningly thrust his hips at the burning backside and cursed the measly material covering the coveted buttocks. He promptly used both hands and adjusted the hips until he stripped the panties.

The game plan was simply. Both knew the outcome, but just pretending to be a zombie was the only way to justify her sinful actions. Mrs. J. felt the searing tip of the teen's cock brush against the back of her tightly closed thighs and suddenly the burning shaft surged into her crotch.

'What? What are you doing? No, please don't... you're... you're touching my... dear lord, he's touching my pussy.'

Jimmy lifted the top leg and in a heartbeat his lengthy penis was all the way through and resting directly along the soaked slit. When he jiggled his hips, he felt the thick shaft spread the pussy-lips and get covered with vast lubrication. 'Oh fuck, yes... yes!'

It seemed like someone turned on the heat, as the room got hotter. Mrs. J. remained frozen and didn't move a muscle when the long rod moved slowly back and forth. 'Oooohhhh, oooohhhh,' she moaned under her breath, trying to endure the sudden molestation.

Jimmy felt the vast wetness and he relished getting the entire length of his cock coated with the lubrication. 'Baby, oh baby, you're going to get banged... royally fucked.'

'I have to... can't move... have to stay still,' Mrs. J. thought, as she dearly wanted

to remove the alarming penis from her crotch.

‘Holy shit... she’s wants it... wants a good screw. She’s just waiting... waiting to get banged.’

‘Yes, stay still... can’t move.’

Jimmy adjusted his hips backwards and then gave a swift jab. The feeling was amazing and it was almost impossible to remain calm when the head of his cock surged into the inferno. ‘Fucking right... move it... keep moving that gorgeous ass back and forth.’

‘Oooohhhh, oooohhhh, what is he doing?’

Jimmy felt the back arch and then the womanly hips pointed back towards him. ‘Oh baby, yes... yes, beg me for more... more cock.’

Mrs. J. was overheated and she didn’t know what was wrong. Suddenly the teen’s powerful hips thrust at her and several inches of raging cock entered her sacred being. ‘He has to stop... I don’t want him... don’t want him inside me.’

Jimmy didn’t have to hold onto the hips any longer, as they were moving by themselves. He worked one arm under her heaving torso and latched onto a luscious boob and his other arm went overtop to fondle the other. When he had both throbbing nipples between his fingers, he twisted and rolled the buds around like mad.

‘What tits... what gorgeous fucking nipples.’

‘No, don’t do that... stop, please stop.’

‘Yes, keeping moving that ass... fuck yes, back and forth just like that.’

‘Oh geezus, I have to breathe. Yes, I have to stay still.’

The heat was intense and the womanly vagina kept milking his ramrod. ‘Christ, I think she’s... holy fuck, I think having the big one.’

‘Don’t move... yes, I have to stop him... make him stop,’ Mrs. J. vowed, as her hand suddenly thrust down the front of her torso and surged into the heated inferno. Her fingers stabbed at the embedded cock, but it was the inadvertent molestation on the vulnerable clitty that she longed for.

“Yes... fuck yes, keep moving that sweet pussy,” Jimmy whispered, as he put his lips on a burning ear. “Fuck me slut... fuck me!”

“No, I’m not a slut... not your slut,” Mrs. J. replied, as her hips went out of control so fast it shocked them both.

“Fuck yes... fuck me! Harder... harder!”

“What? What... no.”

“Faster! Yes, keep moving.”

Her fingers found the treasure and she squeezed. “No, please Jimmy, you have to stop... don’t do it inside me,” she pleaded.

Jimmy yanked on the swollen buds and thrust his hips with all his might, ramming his cock to the hilt. “Christ baby, balls deep and I’m getting ready,” he stated.

The fingertips rolled the clit in a frenzied fashion and the bed started bouncing. Every time her hips thrust back at the intimidating teenager, she felt a stab in the heart when the cockhead pierced her soul. “Jimmy... Jimmy, no... no.”

He had to let go of the ravaged nipples and Jimmy quickly put his hands around the thrashing hips. “Oh baby, hang on... hang on because you’re going to get fucked,” he moaned and felt his hips match the frantic thrusting.

The orgasms flourished and each tried to ride the roller coaster up the steepest peak of ecstasy. When the intense emotions soared over the top, the married woman and teenager slowly slithered down to a much calmer state.

They remained locked together with the everlasting erection buried inside the overflowing heat chamber. When the arms hugged her, Mrs. J. welcomed the loving embrace. It was extremely easy to fall asleep and there was no movement for the longest time or it seemed that way.

A mere 45 minutes passed before Jimmy felt a renewed desire. The game was on again. Her eyes blinked a few times and then Mrs. J. welcomed the rough handling and molestation. She didn't know when the teen's cock fell out, but suddenly there was a deep craving that she hadn't felt in her life.

Jimmy rolled the dazed woman around until she was lying on top of his outstretched body. He embraced Mrs. J. and deftly ensured her limbs were fully spread-out, with her legs on each side of his. There was no problem finding her heart and soul, as his rejuvenated cock poked at the waiting entrance.

Her heart fluttered yet she didn't move. When the head spread her puffy lips, she didn't struggle. One inch, two inches, three inches and then several inches of raging cock was buried inside her overheated cavity.

The hearts started beating much faster yet the movement was minimal. Jimmy relished the intense heat and he tried to embed as much of his cock as he could. When the feminine hips gave a subtle stab towards him, he merely met the thrust with one of his own.

The silence was deafening and the world could hear. 'I can win... beat a measly teenager.'

‘Fuck, I love her box... her sweet box. I’ll keep my cock buried until she begs.’

‘It was wrong... wrong what happened earlier. I can’t do it again.’

‘Holy shit... she’s got the tightest hole... the hottest pussy.’

‘Hey, what was that? What did he do?’

‘I’ll never get tired of her pussy... her slut-pussy. She’s begging for cock.’

When the hands grabbed her hips, Mrs. J. simply kept her eyes closed and prayed. ‘Oh geez, he’s moving my body... moving me back and forth.’

‘Oh baby, that’s nice... fucking nice to get my cock deeper.’

‘Oh no... no you don’t,’ Mrs. J. thought, as the cockhead pierced her delicate cervix and entered her womanly domain once again. ‘Stop! You have to stop!’

‘Yes, yes... fuck me baby... fuck me!’

‘Whew, that was close... too close.’

Jimmy tightened his grip on the flared hips and held them perfectly rigid when he gave the strongest thrust. 'There! That's better... much better.'

Something wasn't right. "Jimmy, what are you doing? You're deep... too deep," she moaned and tried to raise her chest, but nothing helped. "Jimmy, please stop."

"Yes, keep moving... keep moving."

"What? No, Jimmy no."

"I love it when you climax... cum all over my cock."

"No, Jimmy, no."

Jimmy held onto the hips and kept his cock fully embedded, as there was no hiding the fact both were ready. When the luscious torso jerked and sort of vibrated, he relished the ride of his life.

Mrs. J. must have passed out after her second climax, but she wasn't out for long. What time was it, she wondered? This time she was flat on her back and the teenager was riding the wild mare, trying to break her spirit once again.

The couple used the missionary position the rest of the night, as the night of intercourse proved nonstop. At three o'clock Jimmy satisfied his insatiable

desire for a third time and then he welcomed the sunrise with yet another sexual highlight.

When the couple exited the intimate bedroom, they were greeted by the overly confident Julie. The girl had the biggest grin on her pretty face and it told the whole story. “Mrs. Jensen, you’re my slave and you’ll do anything and everything I demand. I hope you understand,” she stated, demanding an answer.

“Ah, yeaaaa, yes,” Mrs. J. replied and fully understood. Thankfully it was Friday and the last day of the frightening ordeal.

“Geezus, the noise kept me awake all night. I didn’t think you could keep up with a horny teenager, but I was wrong,” Julie stated with a smile. “How many times did he screw you?”

Mrs. J. merely cringed and couldn’t say any more, as she was too embarrassed. Her mind went back to an entire night of intercourse and she wondered, how many times did we do it? The thought of having multiple orgasms for the first time in her life was almost too overwhelming.

The knock on the door made her heart stop. Mrs. Unger stared at the blank door and knew who was waiting. She grabbed the doorknob and it took an eternity before she found the courage to turn the knob.

Sarah and Bobby walked past the stunning woman and went straight into the cabin's cozy, living room. She was no fool. Sarah had it all worked out and knew the perfect plan was for more roleplaying. She got next to the sofa and then turned to face the intimidated woman.

"You look ravishing... absolutely ravishing, but we need you over here," Sarah stated and pointed her finger at the floor directly at her feet.

Mrs. Unger slowly closed the door and locked it. When she walked the scant ten feet across the room, she almost didn't make it. "Sarah, oh please," she whispered, praying for mercy.

"I know you're wise and won't disobey, but I need you to prove you're obedient," Sarah said and held out her hand. "Give me the robe... show me what you're wearing!"

It was not a wish; it was a command. Mrs. U. had donned the string bikini, as requested, but she also wore a shawl to cover her almost nakedness. Her fingers literally vibrated when she disrobed and placed the garment in the young woman's hand, which was waving in front of her.

This can't be happening, Mrs. U. reasoned. What's wrong with me, she wondered, as she seemed powerless against the young woman.

Mrs. U. didn't know what to do. She glanced over at the enthused teenager and immediately noticed Bobby's obvious aroused state. She desperately wanted to use her hands to cover up, but knew the show of modesty would infuriate Sarah so she stood still with her arms at her sides.

“It was so much fun roleplaying the other day... I think we’ll do it again,” Sarah stated and tossed the robe on the sofa. “Yes, we’ll do more roleplaying.”

She grabbed Mrs. U’s hand and promptly dragged the woman out of the living room and into the nearby bedroom. “Nothing gets a guy hornier than watching two women doing some roleplaying,” Sarah whispered. “We’ll see if Bobby likes watching us.”

The mature woman was too disoriented to protest. “Yeaaaa, yes,” she said.

Sarah promptly jumped onto the bed and immediately fastened four cloth ropes to the corners of the bed. When she finished and turned to face the trembling woman, there was a confident smile on the young woman’s face.

“There! Now I can tie you up and we can pretend I’m your dominatrix,” Sarah whispered. “We can put on a show for Bobby.”

The look on the woman’s pretty face was one of defiance. “Well... we... I... Sarah, please, we can’t,” she pleaded and watched the expression on the young woman’s face turn deadly serious.

“Sweetie, you have ten seconds to lie down on the bed, or else,” Sarah stated and stared into the glassy eyes. “Or else, I’ll tell everyone in the world that Mrs. Unger is an adulterous and her babies took advantage of an innocent, married woman.”

“No, you can’t,” she whispered and tried to return the venomous stare.

Mrs. U. felt grateful she was allowed to wear the bikini yet the relief wasn’t overwhelming, as she still felt embarrassed. She got even more flushed when Sarah glared at her and pointed a finger at the middle of the bed.

Bobby couldn’t believe his good fortune. He watched in amazement when the intimidated mother crawled up and reluctantly lay on the bed. There was nothing more stimulating than what was transpiring directly in front of him at that very moment.

Mrs. Unger pointed her arms and legs towards the corners of the bed. Her eyes widened and her head turned to watch the young woman slip the cloth ropes around her wrists and ankles. It was the most helpless feeling, as she rotated her gaze from one outstretched limb to another until her eyes filled with tears.

She was possibly the most naïve woman, as Mrs. U. assumed there would be a female roleplaying afternoon. She expected Sarah to use her mouth and tongue on her, but then she noticed Bobby had stripped his clothes. The teenager stood at the foot of the bed and there was nothing left to the imagination.

Mrs. U. raised her head and stared. She found it almost impossible to breathe because her heart was beating out of control and she realized disaster would follow if she didn’t calm down. When the teenager kneeled on the bed, the beating tripled and her temperature soared.

Her mouth opened, but no words came out. “Gaaaaawwwwwkkkkkk, gaaaaawwwwwkkkk,” Mrs. U. mumbled.

Sarah’s heart pounded, as she found the unfamiliar intimidation profound. “Oh darling, I think Bobby likes what he sees. Aren’t you glad we made you pretty... sexy enough for him to want you?” she asked and leaned closer to the shivering woman.

Mrs. U. couldn’t look. She closed her eyes and tried to pretend it wasn’t happening. “Aaaahhhh, aaaahhhh,” she moaned, as she tugged on the bindings.

Sarah put her lips against a burning ear. “Look at him! Open your eyes and look at what Bobby has for you,” she demanded.

“Holy geez... geezus, your tits... your titties,” Bobby blurted out, as he stared at the overly enlarged nipples.

Her eyes shot open and Mrs. U. tilted her head more. “What? How... but how? Oh gawd, how?” she whispered, as her eyes budged at the sight of her fully exposed buds.

The strings must have been jerked during the bondage and the tiny bikini cups were askew. The useless material lay under her big boobs and Bobby stared at the gorgeous tits. He crawled up higher on the bed and used his knees to force the shapely thighs farther apart.

Her heart couldn't beat any faster. Mrs. U. tried to close her eyes again, but they fluttered and rolled up towards her forehead. She felt tender fingertips on her shivering pelvis and then something subtle shift the dainty, heart-shaped material off to one side. Her arms bent and she tugged on the ropes, but any escape seemed futile.

The bed moved again and Mrs. U. sensed the teenager shifting his torso to get closer. When something searing brushed across her swollen pussy-lips, there was no way of stopping the sudden flood waters. Her hips jerked; her hips thrust madly up to meet the villain and then she surrendered her soul to the devil.

Bobby simply stretched the scant bikini and exposed the desired pussy. He leaned down and rubbed the head of his already glistening cock through the vast wetness. First up and across the puffy clitoris and then he raked the bud on a downward path. The third time he crushed the tiny clitty, the dam broke and the wetness flowed.

It was likely the fastest orgasm in history, but Mrs. Unger wasn't prepared for the overwhelming lust that robbed all of her willpower. She felt the soft, loving lips against her ear, but the taunting didn't matter.

"Sweetie... oh sweetie, you didn't wait... again, you climaxed before Bobby was ready," Sarah whispered and kissed the flushed cheek.

She was helpless. Mrs. U. tugged on the bindings, but there wasn't enough give so she couldn't protect herself. All she could do was raise her head and stare at the crazed teenager.

Bobby pried the pussy-lips apart and stabbed the clit again and again. Each time her delicate bud was hit, her hips thrust, trying to capture the illusive molester.

“Good girl... good girl,” Sarah whispered and slapped the ends of the hardened breasts, ensuring she grazed the nipples. “I’m glad you couldn’t wait.”

“Oooohhhh, noooooo, nooooo,” Mrs. U. moaned, as the orgasm consumed the rest of her willpower.

“Now Bobby gets to take his time. He’ll make you his little girl... his little slut.”

“Geez, hot... hot,” Bobby moaned, as he stared down between the splayed legs. “I’m gonna bang her!”

Sarah smiled and added more humiliation. “Bobby’s almost ready... ready for your hot pussy. You’ll cum again... won’t you?”

It was the first time in her life she seemed helpless and Mrs. U. blamed it on the bondage. “Yeaaaaa, yes,” Mrs. U. whispered. “Dear gawd, I’m ready... I’m ready.”

The teenager bent lower and moved his knees back until he was almost lying on top of the feverish woman. Bobby grabbed the throbbing shaft and aimed the bulbous head at the waiting hole. He held his breath in great anticipation, as he slowly pushed downward.

The penetration was slow and precise. Inch after inch surged into the inferno and Bobby didn't take a breath until almost all of his manly cock was embedded. He let out several gasps for air and then rammed his hips downward until he met the upraised pelvis.

"No, no, can't be... it can't be... no," the distraught mother pleaded, as convulsion after convulsion erupted in her womanly epicenter. "No, no more."

Bobby grabbed the flared hips and held on for dear life. The combination of thrusting hips and jerking hips in an evasive fashion merely added fuel to the intercourse. Mrs. U. arched her back and tried to retain her last ounce of dignity, but she didn't have enough determination to survive.

She was a pig rutting through the muddy trough. It was not only another untimely orgasm, but it was the harshest, as the climax seemed to last forever. The powerful teenager's hips pounded down at her and although she knew better, Mrs. U. thrust upwards to meet the teen's demands.

"Holy fuck, sweetie, you're cumming... you're Bobby's little slut," Sarah whispered and kissed the flushed cheek. "Yes! Do it, sweetie, do it!"

Bobby dug his fingers into the flared hips and he didn't have to move. "Fuck yes, I'm fucking... fucking her."

Mrs. Unger was a beaten woman yet an unfamiliar confidence swelled inside. She couldn't stop her sacred inner being from milking the embedded penis, but she vowed to get even. When the teenager eventually rolled off her fully exhausted torso, Mrs. U. felt a great sense of relief, which oddly mixed with a sense of regret because the sinful intercourse was over.

Great shame and embarrassment gave her a blushed appearance, as she bit her bottom lip and glanced towards the young woman. Okay sweetheart, she thought, you asked for it and now I'm going to be your mistress. If you want domination, I'll show you how to humiliate a lady to the extreme.

Mrs. U. merely rolled her head around and glanced at a corner of the bed to indicate what she wanted. Sarah acted immediately and untied the four ropes, leaving the mother a free woman again. The attempt for modesty seemed senseless yet Mrs. U. righted the skimpy bikini.

When the arms went around her shoulders, Sarah simply assumed it was a loving embrace. In a heartbeat, she was flat on her stomach and her face was pushed into the bedding. Mrs. U. pinned her down and allowed Bobby to quickly join the fray. The teen sat on her back and Sarah's arms merely flailed wildly in an outstretched fashion, as she tried to lift her head and breathe.

"Hold her down... I'll take off her clothes," Mrs. U. said to the enthused teenager.

Bobby pinned Sarah on the bed and allowed Mrs. U. to swiftly strip the young woman's top. The bra followed and in no time the woman attached a rope to Sarah's right arm. With one arm bound, it was easy for Mrs. U. and Bobby to bind the other arm to the corner of the bed.

“Okay you little hussy, you wanted bondage... humiliation... roleplaying. Well sweetheart, you’re going to get it all,” Mrs. U. whispered and kissed a rosy cheek.

It was hard to breathe with Bobby sitting on her back. “Please, Mrs. Unger, please stop... don’t,” Sarah pleaded. She tugged on the bindings, but there was no give. “Oh geez. I’m sorry... I’m sorry.”

“You wanted to play... play games,” Mrs. U. said. “Well, now we’ll do some roleplaying.”

The worried expression on Sarah’s face was priceless. She glanced at the ropes and wondered if she should struggle harder or get mad at the two. Her mind dwelled over a solution, but it was too late.

Sarah didn’t feel overly comfortable with the roleplaying yet she had to trust Mrs. U. Being in full control and dominating the sexy mother had been fun while it lasted. Suddenly Sarah realized the perils of retaliation and of being forced to obey someone she had just chastised.

“Mrs... Mrs. Unger, please, I... I... I...,” she mumbled, but didn’t know what to say.

“Sweetie, you’re not in control anymore. I am,” Mrs. U. whispered.

“But... but you had sex... had sex with Bobby,” Sarah pleaded, hoping to regain some control.

“Yes, my love, now it’s your turn.”

“What... whaaaaaa.”

“Oh sweetie, I’m in control... controlling Sarah!”

Sarah felt Bobby shift around and move higher towards her shoulders. Then her heart almost exploded. Mrs. U. jumped around the teen’s torso and grabbed for the waistband of her shorts. In one swift jerk, the shorts and panties were stripped, leaving Sarah fully naked.

There was no time for begging. In a flash, Bobby rolled off her back and Mrs. U. grabbed a big handful of hair. The woman jerked the head up off the bed and she stared into the tear-filled eyes. “Can you guess the game we’re going to play?” Mrs. U. asked. “Guess!”

“No, please no,” Sarah whispered, as her hair was yanked until she was perched on hands and knees. With her wrists bound to the bed, she was in a most vulnerable outstretched position.

“Good girl! You look like an obedient puppy... a nice little doggie,” Mrs. U. stated. “I’ve always wanted to watch doggie sex.”

Sarah tried to return the stare, but her eyes rolled downwards. “No, oh no, please don’t.”

“Yes, my dear, I’ve wanted to watch doggie sex for a long time. Now I get to watch you perform like my little doggie.”

Mrs. Unger tilted her head to the side and glanced over at the rejuvenated teenager. Bobby was too aroused to care. There was no doubt about the teen’s recovery, as Bobby had his right hand wrapped around his erection and he fisted the blood through the enraged hardon.

Both women appeared seductive and the blatant bondage made the experience even sexier. Bobby ogled the bikini-clad mother and marveled at how the tiny pieces of cloth barely covered the erect nipples and alluring pussy. Then he glanced at the overly enticing Sarah who was twisting and turning, as she balanced on her hands and knees.

Her struggles may have appeared fake yet they were genuine. Sarah felt the bed sink directly behind her backside so she tried to crawl away from the approaching teen, but the bondage prevented any escape.

Bobby glanced around the young woman’s heaving chest and ogled the luscious tits. It seemed natural so he bent over and cupped both breasts, pinching the rock-hard nipples between his thumbs and forefingers. When he stretched the buds, the subtle moans from the young woman filled the small bedroom.

The teen leaned against the heated buttocks and deliberately slipped his erection underneath the bald pelvis. Bobby felt the torso twist in an evasive manner so he

let go of the nipples and grabbed onto the rotating hips. Holding Sarah still wasn't easy yet Bobby managed to rub his hardon back and forth across the alluring pelvis and tummy in a threatening manner.

Suddenly Mrs. U. felt strong and dominating. She jerked the head higher and stared straight into the frightened eyes. "Good girl... real good girl. Are you going to be a good little doggie?" she whispered and blew a kiss at her slave.

"Aaaahhhh, oooohhhh."

"Yes, I know. You want to make Mistress happy, don't you?"

Sarah returned the intent stare, realizing there was only one answer. "Yeeaaaaa, yes."

"Good! Have you ever been a faithful doggie... a little doggie perched on her hands and knees?"

"No, noooo."

"Good! Should we ask Bobby to put his wiener inside the little doggie?"

"Aaaahhhh," Sarah moaned, but knew better. "Yeeaaa, yes."

“Good! Now keep your arms straight... keep yourself nice and high off the bed.”

“Yes.”

“Good! Oooohhhh, I think Bobby’s ready... ready for his little puppy.”

“Yes, yes.”

Bobby pulled backwards until the head of his cock hit the vast wetness and then he pressed the tip into the distended pussy-lips. He tilted his torso to one side and jabbed at the womanly core. When the bulbous head entered, he straightened and held still.

“Oh my... oh my, I think Bobby’s ready.”

Sarah wasn’t going to respond, but a swift jerk mandated one. “Yes. Ready... yes.”

Mrs. U. realized there was only one way to increase the domination and to gain the ultimate satisfaction. She let go of the hair and swooped under the succulent chest. It was too tempting to resist. Mrs. U. devoured one of the nipples and yanked on the other. “Mmmmmmmm, mmmmmmmm,” she moaned, as she used her teeth to nibble the bud.

“Oh geez... oh geezus, you’re hurting me... hurting my nipples,” Sarah

whispered, as she straightened her arms in a display of lost passion.

Bobby stared in awe. The one nipple was fully engulfed inside the hot mouth and the other was being crushed by the suddenly demanding fingers. Sarah's torso was rolling vigorously from side to side and the seductive body ensured his raging desires soared higher and higher.

The feeling was out of this world. For the first time in her life, Mrs. U. was in control. She bit down hard and squeezed harder to demonstrate her complete domination over the whimpering young woman. Suddenly she spite out the swollen nipple and rolled up to face the struggling Sarah.

"Ok, little one, you wanted to play games," she whispered. "Let's do some roleplaying."

Sarah stared into the dark eyes and her stomach quivered. "What? Please, don't hurt me... please, don't hurt me."

"Yes... yes, keep begging. Bobby wants to hear you beg."

"Oh please... please."

Her fingers still held the delicate nipple and Mrs. U. crushed the bud. "You asked for it... begged me to play games," she stated. "Yes, you wanted to play games."

“No, I didn’t... it was,” Sarah said, as she twisted her hips back and forth to stop the sudden penetration.

“Yes, let’s play. I’m the mistress and you’re my little girl,” Mrs. U. whispered, as she noticed Bobby’s hands tighten around the slim waist.

“Yes, I’m a girl... little girl,” Sarah moaned and bucked wildly.

“Holy... sweet geezus,” Mrs. U. uttered when the teenager rammed his hips at the bare ass. “You’re his doggie... Bobby’s little doggie.”

The position was perfect. The alluring woman balanced on her knees and Bobby easily rocked her torso back and forth. Each time he yanked the luscious buttocks backwards, he gave a vicious thrust with his powerful hips.

Her back arched; her neck arched and then the sudden pain hit. The well lubricated cock surged into her belly so fast it took her breath away. Sarah was desperate. She gasped for air and tried to endure the harsh penetration.

Mrs. U. had never witnessed such brazen lust, but she wanted some of the action. She thrust her hand under the heaving chest and straight into the epicenter to instantly find the young woman’s, control switch. “Hum, what do we have here?”

The pain subsided when the fingertips went around her throbbing clitoris and there was a brief moment when nothing moved or nothing sounded. That all

ended with a swift molestation. “Oooohhhhh, oh gawd, nooooooo,” Sarah pleaded.

Mrs. U. placed the clitty between her forefinger and middle-finger and then she moved her hand from side to side. She squeezed the little morsel between her fingers and there was no respite, as she molested the clit like a madwoman.

Bobby was too aroused to care. The womanly muscles were extremely taught and they merely milked his ramrod when he slowly pumped in and out. Each time Bobby withdrew, he paused for a second or two before driving his cock to the hilt. When he was embedded, again he paused, relishing the intense joy from the heated inferno.

There were bright lights and brilliant flashes, as she welcomed the sudden orgasm. Her clitoris had never been stretched or molested to such a degree. Sarah was positive the bud had been severely damaged yet it simply intensified the rising desire and turned it into lust. Her body was on fire. The big cock seemed to caress every nerve inside her womanly vagina and raked the tender g-spot until she lost control.

Mrs. U. squeezed the clitty and didn't slow down. “Oh my... good girl... good girl,” she whispered. “You're acting like a bitch... Bobby's little bitch.”

Bobby retained an iron grip on the flared hips and used them to ensure full penetration. His stamina was aided by the previous climax yet it was difficult to prolong the intercourse because he sensed Sarah's loss of control. The vagina muscles performed magic and milked his hardon until the end came in a big hurry.

Mrs. U. stared in total disbelief. The seductive womanly torso rocked wildly in one direction and then the other and there was no doubt the teenager planted his cock to the hilt with each thrust. The young woman's mouth gapped open and it was obvious Sarah was gasping for much needed air, as the soaring desire turned into lustful climax.

The three totally exhausted bodies lay entwined on the bed. Mrs. U. had untied the ropes after the outstanding climaxes and she cuddled with the two. Any fondling and groping seemed expected and a spectator would have enjoyed the brazen nudity. Bobby relished the final stages of the best vacation week of his life and he tried to prolong the wonderful sensations.

It was already 4 o'clock and everyone knew the husbands would be arriving in about one hour, which would put an end to any sexual encounters. Bobby was reluctant to leave the Unger's cabin and he embraced the sexy young woman, knowing there was one more thing he craved. He was the king of the hill and the power went to his head.

The teen glanced around Sarah's torso and noticed the revitalized mother seemingly resting and regrouping following the torrid intercourse. There was a confident expression on Mrs. U's face, as the ultimate control over Sarah had been profound. Yes, he thought, we have time for one more.

Bobby embraced the sexy young woman and deliberately left his spent cock lying across one of Sarah's thighs, as she lay sprawled out on her back. He was on his side and it was easy to reach across and grab one of Mrs. U's hands.

When he shifted the hand in his direction, the two women came alive. Sarah glanced down her chest and noticed the limp cock lying on top of her thigh. Then the dainty hand was moved and held directly over the cock for a mere second or two.

Bobby pulled on the arm until Mrs. U. was almost on top of Sarah and then he pressed down on the hand. “Girls, we have time for more,” he whispered. “I need my girls to do one more thing for me.”

Sarah was helpless. Bobby pinned her down on one side and Mrs. U. on the other, as they lay on top of her arms. She watched the long fingers surround the suddenly jerking cock and knew the teenager was getting rejuvenated in a hurry.

“Yes, feel my cock... squeeze my cock,” Bobby whispered and his voice implied it was a command.

Her hand was forced against the stiffening penis and it seemed natural to make a fist. Mrs. U. stared at the shameless sight and wondered why she was cooperating? “Yeaaaa, yes,” she whispered and started moving her hand back and forth.

The brazen masturbation happened over top of her midsection and mere inches from her still damp crotch. Sarah’s eyes got bigger and bigger, as the woman seemed to purposely graze her upraised pelvis with each pump of her hand. The situation grew desperate when she tried to sit or raise herself off the bed and it was impossible because her arms remained pinned at her sides.

Bobby was in heaven. “Good... great, you’re going to give me a fantastic

blowjob,” he whispered to the enthused Mrs. Unger. “Suck my cock and finger your little girl at the same time.”

Her heart rate quickened and Sarah was positive she was going to faint. She assumed there would be another sexual episode between the teenager and Mrs. U., but she foolishly thought they would not include her. Suddenly she felt helpless and at the mercy of the two.

Her head came up and Sarah noticed the woman holding the enlarged cock straight up in the air, as if it was a majestic organ. When the open mouth swooped towards the head, Sarah held her breath, knowing the woman was going to suck the cock. Suddenly there were loud slurping noises that sounded vulgar yet nothing about the blowjob seemed disgraceful.

Sarah’s eyes focused on the blowjob and the woman’s head blocked out what her free hand did. The rocket firing through her belly was profound and then Sarah realized she was in trouble. Skilled fingers surged between the vulnerable pussylips and she almost yelled when the susceptible clitty was yanked out of the sheltered hideaway.

All she could do was watch the blowjob. “Aaaahhhh, noooooo,” Sarah moaned, as the fluttering bud was twirled around and around without any respite.

“Yes, suck it... suck me,” Bobby pleaded when his cock was devoured by the hot mouth.

Mrs. U. groaned and then decided to make the teenager suffer. She used her teeth. “Gaaaaawwwwwk,” she groaned.

The sharp teeth surrounded the flared rim of his cockhead and they shrewdly shifted from side to side in a chewing fashion. “Holy shit... holy fuck, yes... yes,” Bobby begged, as the pain was fleeting and not severe. “Suck me... suck me!”

Sarah tried to shift her hips to evade the molestation, but an escape was futile. Her throbbing clitoris seemed to enlarge and stretch to a size much bigger than possible, which destroyed any resolve to win the battle. “No, please Mrs. Unger... please no,” she whispered, knowing it was with her last breath.

Mrs. U. was in control. She tightened her grip and fisted the cock with her right hand. Her teeth kept grinding back and forth, as she rolled her tongue across the leaking cockhead, bringing immense joy to the teenager.

Her left hand was relentless. Mrs. U. stretched the tiny clit and twirled the bud with her fingers to display the ultimate dominance over the poor young woman.

All of a sudden, her mouth was full and she had to breathe. Her fingers tightened around the throbbing cock-shaft, but there was no stopping the cum blasts. She gulped and coughed to regain her breathing and then she drained the teen’s vast reservoir.

Sarah uttered a constant pathetic groan, as the damning fingers crushed her delicate clitoris. Mrs. U. was in a panic mode when she couldn’t breathe and it caused her fingers to squeeze the clitty with all the strength in her hand. The bud was fully exposed and Sarah couldn’t prevent or slow down the expert molestation.

The orgasms were fast and furious. Bobby realized the blowjob was the final gratification during vacation and he relished having control over two extremely, sexy women. He glanced over at Sarah and noticed the young woman's face etched with an animal lust that he would never forget.

The timing was perfect. Mrs. Unger managed to get dressed although without any under garments, but that wouldn't be noticed by her children. Julie and Jimmy entered the cabin at exactly five o'clock and they brought a disillusioned Mrs. Jensen with them.

Sarah sat of the sofa with Bobby and the two acted like nothing had happened. Both had guilty expressions on their faces, but that went unnoticed, as everyone got ready for the arrival of the two husbands.

A chitchat started with everyone adding something, as it was time to forget the immoral and sinful actions over the past days. All it took was a little nod and wave for Julie to express her desire to talk with Sarah in privacy. The two left the others discussing what might happen during the upcoming weekend and they went into the kitchen.

"I had a great time... a fantastic vacation," Julie stated.

"Yes, yes," Sarah replied, not overly comfortable feeling controlled by the dominating teenager.

“I hope you and Bobby had a good time today,” Julie said and smiled at the intimidated young woman. “I know what horny teenagers are like... I just watched Jimmy all afternoon.”

“Yes... horny, Jimmy... Bobby, they’re horny,” Sarah mumbled.

“I can’t believe the little bugger... Jimmy screwed the poor woman three times,” Julie said and laughed. “I’ve never seen a woman cream so hard or so fast... Mrs. Jensen is the hottest slut.”

Sarah merely blushed and didn’t know what to say, as the girl’s comments also fit Mrs. U. perfectly. Luckily, the sound of a car driving into the driveway drew their attention. “Dad’s here. Let’s enjoy the weekend. I’ll never forget what happened... how you made it the best week of my life,” Julie whispered.

Sarah wanted to blurt out how she had taken control of her mother and made Mrs. Unger a sex-slave, but she wasn’t a vengeful person. The memory of Bobby’s extraordinary afternoon of sexual exploits flashed through her head and the images made her tremble.

“Yes, it was a memorable week... a wonderful summer vacation,” Sarah said and blushed again.

They quickly returned to the living room just as Mr. Jensen and Unger walked into the cabin. The conversation quickly turned to talk about what everyone did all week and how they enjoyed the time at the lake.

THE END

Author's note: This is the fourth and final book in my Controlling Sarah story. Please look for book 1 'In the Beginning', book 2 'A Twist of Fate', and book 3 'Summer Vacation'.