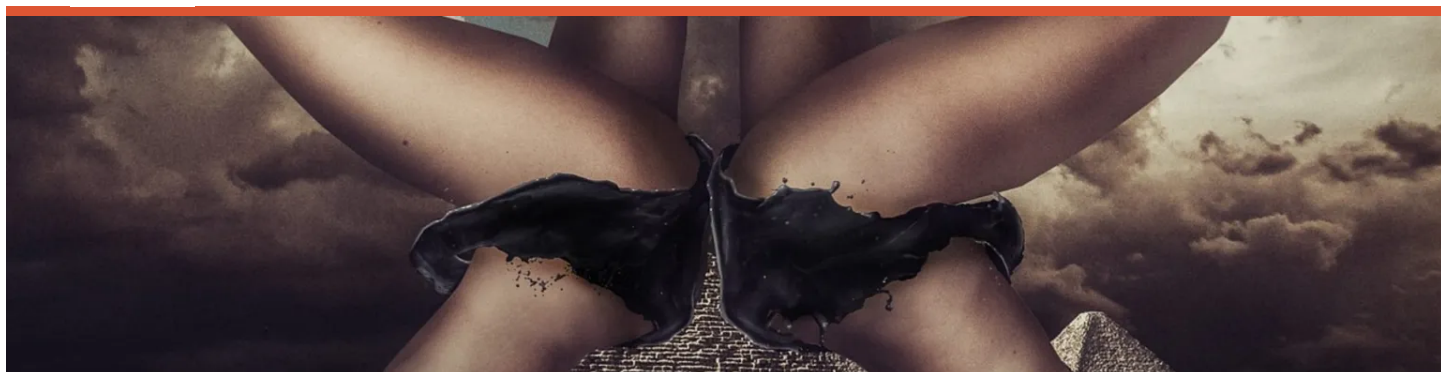


LESBIAN SEDUCTION FICTION BY JORDAN CHURCH



ESCAPE FROM LESBIAN DOMINATION, BOOK 5 OF "NEW NUDE NEIGHBORS"

Chapter One

Here is what happened when Felicia led Sapphire into the Sorrelson house, leaving Sapphire's mom alone in the backyard with Felicia's mom....

Sapphire followed Felicia, her new "Princess," into the Sorrelson's messy house. Outside in the sunny backyard she'd been in pure reaction mode. Her mom showing up was such a shock and both Sorrelsons, mother and

daughter, the "Queen" and the "Princess," were so dominating that all Sapphire could do was obey them like the peon they said she was.

In the shaded coolness of the house, Sapphire hoped to cool off and let cooler heads prevail. Hopefully, her and her mom's heads though she knew Francine and Felicia Sorrelson had a big head start on having cooler heads because they were so coldly calculating.

Sapphire wondered how such cold bitches had managed to get her so hot for it. Sapphire wasn't even a lesbian. She'd swear she wasn't. Before all this, she would have. Not now. She didn't like either of the Sorrelsons and Mrs. Sorrelson, the Queen, wasn't even at all attractive. Or anywhere near Sapphire's age group!

The whole situation was coming home to Sapphire and hitting her like a bag full of bricks tossed out of a skyscraper. Her mom was here. Her mom saw her nude and acting submissive in the backyard. Her mom had to know there was something sexual to it. Nudity, duh.

Plus, sex was in the air, even in the breezy backyard. Mom probably smelled Sapphire's wet pussy! She for sure must have seen how wet Sapphire was.

Sapphire felt eager to get away from Mom just a minute ago, but now double worries descended on her. She'd left Mom alone with Mrs. Sorrelson, the Queen. Sapphire could tell the Queen had intentions toward Mom. The Queen wanted Scarlett Hartley to be her subject, her sexual peon, just like Sapphire already seemed to be.

Poor Mom! Shouldn't Sapphire be with her helping her avoid sharing Sapphire's fate? Yes, she should be. But, no, she wasn't. Her Princess, Felicia, had ordered her to come inside with her. Sapphire had fallen into the habit of obedience and she kept on obeying and could not seem to stop obeying. It felt like an addiction.

She wished she was addicted to cocaine or heroin, something relatively innocent like that, instead of to domination by neighbor lesbians.

Could she extricate herself from this?

Could Mom save her?

Could she save Mom?

She thought she knew the answer to the third question. She kept obeying and could not seem to stop. She really felt like a peon and like Francine and Felicia were sexual royalty.

She knew they weren't. They were only poor relocated Ohioans who moved here to Tennessee and moved in right next door to Sapphire and her Mom.

The Sorrelsons were nothing special. Not to the outside world. But they were special to Sapphire. They almost seemed more than human. And Sapphire felt less than human.

She just could not disobey her Princess. She was only a peon!

That meant she could not save Mom. But did Mom need saving? Probably not. Just because Felicia Sorrelson wanted to make Mom into her sexual peon did not mean Mom would become one. Mom was mature and never seemed all that sexual to Sapphire, though Mom was beautiful.

Even now, even stressed out, Sapphire was distracted by Felicia's legs. Felicia walked in front of Sapphire, and her legs were bare. Felicia was skinny but toned. She'd always seemed attractive in a could-have-been-a-ballerina sort of way – if she weren't white trash – but ever since she'd dominated Sapphire, every part of Felicia was ravishing to Sapphire.

But especially her legs. Why?

Because they were connected to her feet. Those feet Felicia made Sapphire lick and even fucked Sapphire with. Those feet that wore the footwear Felicia made Sapphire huff for scent.

It was so sick.

It was so addictive.

Sapphire wished her mom hadn't come over. Why couldn't she just serve her Princess and her Queen, obey them and give them orgasms and have orgasms while obeying their will? Couldn't a young woman pick up trash while nude in the neighbor's backyard as the neighbors enjoyed her nudity and drank lemonade without that young woman's mom showing up and ruining it?

It was almost enough to make Sapphire wish Mrs. Sorrleson, the Queen, could sexually subjugate Sapphire's mom. Then Mom wouldn't get in the way. Hell, she'd help out. She'd serve the Princess and the Queen right alongside Sapphire.

Right alongside....

In the nude also?

Sexually also?

No, no, Sapphire did not want that. That was sick and wrong! She was obviously down with some sick stuff, but there were limits. You had to have limits!

Besides, Sapphire thought she deserved her situation for being such a

spineless slut. But Mom did not deserve it. She was the ideal single mom. Best mom ever. She was not a peon. Maybe she wasn't royalty like the Sorrelsons, but she ought to be at least nobility.

Or have no rank actually. The Sorrelson's royalty was based on sex. Mom wasn't like that. She wasn't sexual. She should be entirely outside of the sexual pecking order.

Inside the Sorrelson home, in a relatively clear area surrounded by stacks of knickknacks and boxes moved from Ohio and still not unpacked, Felicia turned to Sapphire with a big shit-eating grin on her face.

"Pee-on, isn't this getting interesting? Oooo, I wonder what will happen with your mom."

That statement did not seem to require an answer, so Sapphire said nothing. But she also wondered what would happen with her mom.

Felicia stepped up to Sapphire and put a hand on her pussy. Felicia rubbed firmly up and down, helping herself to a handful of pussy. Sapphire moaned.

"You're such a wet pee-on. Do you think your mommy saw how wet your pussy is? I know she did. I saw her look right at your nasty pee-on pussy, and it was so wet."

Was that true? Did Mom see how wet she was? She'd thought Mom did, but then she'd hoped Mom hadn't. But what were the chances?

Sapphire knew she was wet in the backyard. Serving her sexual royalty was too much of a turn-on for her to not get wet when she served them in any way, whatever way. Mom probably did see that Sapphire had a wet pussy.

When you see someone naked, you automatically look at their most secret, most naughty parts. Of course, Mom must have seen.

Fuck. Mom had to have concluded that Sapphire was turned on. So Mom for sure knew this was a sexual thing, not some prank or silly weirdness. It was sexual weirdness, the most humiliating variety of weirdness known to humankind.

Damn. Sapphire did not look forward to a formal mother-daughter sit-down talk about this! Jesus, Mom would ask the worst questions, like why it turned Sapphire on. The answer to that was Sapphire didn't know. It was a big fucking mystery and one she really did not want to talk about.

Mom would probably ask if this was how a young lady should act, if this was what should turn Sapphire on, if it was healthy, and if Sapphire really wanted to be this way. Sapphire knew the answers to those questions. It was no to each and every one of them. But that wasn't helpful. It didn't get her off the sexual hook of getting off on it.

It would be so humiliating if Mom tried to help her by talking it out! Ironically, Mom would try to get her away from sexual humiliation by having a conversation that humiliated Sapphire.

Fuck. Would that humiliation also turn on Sapphire? Would she sit there, probably on one of their couches, probably with Mom holding her hand, and have to get turned on from the humiliating questions and her own humiliating answers to those questions?

How sick would that be?

Shit, maybe she should root for Mrs. Sorrelson to dominate Mom so that Mom wouldn't be able to put her on the spot with questions.

Felicia kept rubbing Sapphire's pussy, and it kept feeling good. It felt better and better. Her pussy heated up and moistened even more. Sapphire wondered if she'd end up cumming inside the house, so close to her mom. Granted, during all of her cums last night and this morning, Mom was right next door, not that much further away.

She should be careful. She would be careful if it was up to her. But it wasn't up to her. It felt like nothing was up to her anymore.

It felt risky to get felt up like this. Sure, they were inside the house, but she expected her mom to storm in at any moment.

How long could the Queen keep Sapphire's mom occupied out there? There was nothing they'd agree on, and Mom would not want to hang out and have a glass of lemonade after what she'd seen with Sapphire.

And Mom wouldn't go home without Sapphire. She'd come get Sapphire. And Sapphire wasn't sure where her clothes were!

Mom would come in and see Princess Felicia hand-fucking her daughter. There was no way Felicia would stop palming pussy just because Sapphire's mother was there to see it.

Mom would grab Sapphire by the hand and drag her nude and wet out of the house and back home. Then, no doubt, Mom would want to have a "heart-to-heart" with Sapphire.

Fuck! This whole thing was such a mess. Especially with how it made Sapphire, just a little, wish her mom would go ahead and let herself be dominated.

Felicia was also thinking Sapphire's mom might show up at any moment, "Just think, your mom could walk in here at any second. Or not. It depends

on the Queen's influence and your mom's sluttiness. This could go several ways. But, just in case she does pop in here, let's give her something else to think about."

Felicia's hand left Sapphire's pussy and shot up to Sapphire's face. She rubbed the warm wetness on her hand all over Sapphire's face. Sapphire stood still for it. She had no choice. She was only a pee-on, and a Princess could do whatever they wanted to a pee-on.

And it was so nasty and so risky that it turned Sapphire on anyway.

Felicia's hand returned to Sapphire's pussy. Sapphire felt warm wetness all over her face.

Felicia told her, "If your mom sees you like this, she'll either think I did that, wiped your pussy juice on your face, or that she just missed you licking my pussy. Ha! Which one is worse? I think they're both great!"

They were both terrible! So was the fact that the way Princess Felicia treated her turned Sapphire on. She felt so hopelessly stuck. When it turned you on to have your dominator wipe pussy juice on your face specifically so your mom would see it and think less of you, what hope did you have?

Sapphire felt stuck, but there was a part of her that still felt like she could get out of this and that she had to get away. She needed to flee the land of the evil Princess and her evil Queen.

But how? Just walk next door in the nude? Leave Mom here?

And how could she do that when a pee-on was supposed to be loyal to her Princess?

And how could she leave when her Princess was so sexy, and the mean nasty things she did were also so sexy, and, most of all, when her hand felt so incredible on Sapphire's pussy? How could she walk away when the hand between the legs felt so fucking great? Her legs were immobilized by the pleasure between them.

Felicia helped herself to Sapphire's pussy and told her, "Wasn't that so kind of the Queen to tell your mom she didn't have to take off her clothes in front of you?"

"Yes, my Princess." It was true. That was like a tiny island of consideration in the Sorrelson's ocean of kinky nastiness.

Felicia shook her head, "Not so much. She didn't tell me what to do with you inside the house, but we think alike. I know what to do, and she knew I'd know."

What was it? Take advantage of Sapphire? What else was new? Sapphire didn't care. Hell, she liked them taking advantage of her. It might not be a good thing, well, it just wasn't, but it was true that was how she felt. The important thing was that her mom did not have to face the humiliation of undressing in front of her adult daughter.

Sapphire did wonder. Mom was probably already nude out there. Picking up trash in Sapphire's stead in order to get the chore done and get Sapphire back home. Mom really was going through a lot for Sapphire.

She felt bad for mom. She felt like such a bad daughter. She needed to be a better daughter, but how could she be a good daughter and at the same time be a good pee-on to such a wicked Princess and her wicked mother, the Queen?

Sapphire thought she'd need to make a choice between them.

There was every reason to choose mom. Mom was good, Mom raised her for eighteen years, some of them on her own, and Mom would do anything for Sapphire.

There were also reasons to *not* choose the Sorrelsons. They were mean. They were dangerous. They were bad for Sapphire, and Sapphire knew it.

So, there were reasons to choose Mom, reasons to not choose the Sorrelsons, and no reason (no good ones) to choose the Sorrelsons.

Still, she was not sure which she'd choose.

Oh, that hand on her pussy...!

Oh, the sexy nasty way Princess Felicia and her evil mother made Sapphire do things and made Sapphire like doing those things...!

Felicia's hand slid up a little. She pinched a tuft of Sapphire's pubic hair just above her slit, "Come with me, pee-on. I know the right chore for you, and I'm sure the Queen knew which chore I'd give you."

Her Princess turned and led the way, and Sapphire did her best to keep up with Felicia's pubic hair-tugging fingers.

Felicia brought her into the kitchen. It faced the back of the house with windows viewing into the backyard. There were wide double windows above the sink. The kitchen was designed so the homeowner could wash the dishes and look into the backyard while doing so.

Maybe to watch birds enjoying a strategically placed birdbath.

Or maybe to watch the neighbors get dominated while picking up trash in the nude?

Felicia released her pubic hair hold, "Do the dishes, pee-on. Enjoy the view while you do it."

Sapphire understood a few things.

She'd get to see what was happening between her mom and the Queen, Mrs. Sorrelson.

The Queen had agreed to Mom's demand that she not take her clothes off in front of her daughter because the Queen knew she could get Sapphire's mom to pick up trash in the nude more easily (and maybe get Mom to do other things more easily?) and that Sapphire would still watch the spectacle. Scarlett Hartley's daughter would still see her mom in the nude. Mom just would not know it.

Sapphire also understood she would watch what happened to her mom while she did the dishes.

She was curious. She wanted to know. Was her mom a pee-on like her? It did not seem likely. At least, not before today. But the Queen got Mom to say lots of strange things in the backyard. And Mom was set to do what the Queen demanded of her. Her mom was going to pick up trash in the nude.

Maybe Mom was like Sapphire.

Sapphire wanted to know, but she did not want to see it. But what she wanted did not matter. Her Princess wanted her to see it with her own eyes.

And, the ever-present tiebreaker for any debate about whether to run or resist or refuse, the three frequently ignored Rs, Sapphire's needy pussy demanded an orgasm. An O beat three Rs. That was Sapphire's alphabet math.

Sapphire knew she'd cooperate with anything and everything, at least until she had the orgasm that felt so close. The mean painful tugging on her pubic hair had only made her feel needier than ever. Princess Felicia was so dominant! What was a poor little pee-on to do? Even when the pee-on was taller than the Princess, that height meant nothing, and the pee-on must do whatever the Princess pleased.

Pleasing the Princess pleased the pleaser.

There were blinds on the windows. Felicia had Sapphire get started first, running water until it was warm, filling the dish wand with dish soap, and assembling a stock of dishes next to the sink.

Sapphire wondered if Princess Felicia kept her from the view at first in order to ensure the dishes got done. Maybe her Princess thought Sapphire would get too distracted. Sapphire wondered if Princess Felicia knew what they'd see or only guessed. The Princess sure did seem confident.

How was it that the Princess knew what would happen with Sapphire's mom, but Sapphire did not know? Sapphire should know her mom far better than Princess Felicia did. Then again, Sapphire knew nothing about Mom's sexuality, what she might like or not like, what she might be vulnerable to. Her mom's sexuality was a blank to Sapphire.

Sapphire got the dishes going, actively washing them in the hot water, soaping them up with the wand, rinsing them, putting them in the dish rack. For no good reason, Felicia insisted she plug the drain and work with a sink full of water.

For no good reason but not for no reason.

It felt so weird doing dishes in the nude. Sapphire had never done dishes while nude. Why would she? Especially with Mom around. She guessed it

was slutty. You could take any normal chore or anything, do it in the nude, and it became slutty. Like magic.

Sapphire felt slutty. Her pussy was wet. She wished the Princess would grace her with a hand to the pussy again.

She couldn't credit how much she wanted that hand returned to her pussy. She herself had a female hand and could touch herself whenever she wanted. At least, she could before Princess Felicia took her over and made her into a pee-on. So why was she so desperate for Princess Felicia's hand?

Felicia told her, "Time for the big backyard show. Ready or not!"

Sapphire wasn't sure if she was ready, but she was curious. She was certainly ready for the return of Princess Felicia's hand. She guessed if the price for the return of the Princess's hand was having to watch her mom humiliated and nude while picking up trash in the neighbor's backyard, then she'd gladly pay that price.

Felicia popped up the blinds.

As Sapphire's eyes came to grips on what she saw, Felicia's hand gripped Sapphire's pussy from underneath and behind.

Sapphire gasped from the pussy grab and from the sight before her eyes.

Mom was out there naked, holding the white plastic trash bag Sapphire had handed over to her before she came inside, and Mom was picking up trash.

Under the watchful eyes of Francine Sorrelson.

And now, unknown to Scarlett Hartley, also under the watchful eyes of Felicia Sorrelson and Scarlett's only child, Sapphire.

Sapphire felt a stab of social horror for her mom. Or maybe it was the feeling of Felicia stabbing two fingers into Sapphire's tight pussy. It was hard to tell what was what. Had Princess Felicia timed her fingers thrust to coincide with Sapphire's visual understanding of what she saw in the backyard?

Sapphire bet she had. Princess Felicia was so into manipulating her. Sapphire knew Princess Felicia was good at that. And Sapphire knew she was poor at resisting her Princess's manipulations. But that was understandable. She was only a simple and quite slutty pee-on.

Sapphire felt some shame for her arousal, but she was so used to getting aroused from what the Princess did to her that it couldn't generate much shame in her. She felt a lot more shame on behalf of her mom and in herself for watching her mom pick up trash in the nude.

She knew Mom did not want her daughter to see her like this. What mother would? Mom wouldn't want anyone to see her like this, including the ogling Queen and the probably ogling Princess Felicia. The Princess was behind Sapphire – all the better to fingerfuck her – but Sapphire assumed her young mistress was ogling her mom.

That thought made Sapphire feel a little jealous. Her mom was catching her Princess's attention! Probably. How could she ever get away from Princess Felicia when the idea of her Princess finding someone else attractive made her jealous?

Mom would not want Sapphire watching her, but Sapphire's Princess did want Sapphire to watch her mom. So Sapphire watched her mom and only looked away from time to time to better wash the dishes and to scrape off the worst stains with the dish wand.

Since she obeyed Princess Felicia's wishes instead of her mom's, she knew

Princess Felicia had command of her, and her Princess's wants carried more weight than her mom's. For now. Hopefully, that would change once she had another orgasm. One more orgasm for the road? Or maybe for the two driveways Sapphire needed to cross to get home.

It felt like home was a safety zone, like when Sapphire played neighborhood tag on summer evenings when she was twelve years old. But Sapphire knew it wasn't really safe over there at her house either. It was maybe *safer*, but not safe. Felicia had first seduced and dominated her there, in Sapphire's own bedroom.

Sapphire had never had any idea that living next door to a dominant lesbian mother-daughter pair was so challenging!

Or so orgasmic....

Or so humiliating....

Or so life-changing....

Sapphire felt like the entire course of her life, at the least her sexual life, was altered like a dynamite-rerouted river. The Sorrelsons set the sexual charges and changed Sapphire forever.

Even if she got out from under them, Sapphire thought she'd always look at females as potential sexual partners and would always yearn to be dominated. By someone. Anyone. She might not be too picky either. Sure, she was a beauty, and that usually meant choosiness, but she was also a slut, and sluts were not known to be discerning.

Hell, she'd let the Queen do as she pleased with her. The Queen was way too old, out of shape, and unattractive. So the field of possible sexual partners was now vastly wider than it was before she'd met the Sorrelsons.

Sapphire watched her mom bend over and pick up a flattened can. It wasn't only embarrassing to Mom. It was another level of humiliation for Sapphire. Now she had one of those picking-up-trash-while-naked mothers. No one wanted that kind of mom.

Sapphire had a hard time understanding her mom going along with all this. Sapphire knew why she herself did it. She was weak and submissive and a mere pee-on. But why was Mom doing it?

She admonished herself. Mom was trying to help her in Mom's misguided way. She knew that. She needed to keep that in the forefront of her mind.

Easy to say – or think – but hard to do with Princess Felicia poking her fingers around inside Sapphire's pussy.

Why, oh why, did it have to feel so good? Why hadn't it felt this good when boys did it to her?

Maybe because she was always thinking about what came next with the boys and when to put a stop to things or what they'd think of her. With Princess Felicia, what came next or how much of it wasn't up to her. And she already knew Princess Felicia thought she was a slutty pee-on. She had nothing to lose with how she behaved that she hadn't already lost.

She could moan, and Princess Felicia would not think less of her. She'd just keep thinking Sapphire was a total slut.

Sapphire went ahead and moaned. It felt so good to moan and it made the fingers feel twice as great.

She could also groan, and Princess Felicia couldn't think any less of her!

Sapphire went ahead and groaned. Then she pushed her pussy back on

Princess Felicia's fingers. It was best to let the Princess know you liked it.

She felt so warm and wet. She bet the Princess's hand was covered in her juices. Her pussy felt as warm and wet as her hands in the dishwater.

She wondered if it was like that prank when you put a sleeping person's hand in warm water, and they pee themselves. That was only a myth, and she was awake but didn't every myth include a core element of truth? Maybe it worked that way for pussies lubricating.

She felt well-lubricated. She felt an orgasm could soon slip out of her pussy like she gave birth to it.

Felicia shocked her, "Look at your mom's pussy. I think her pussy is wet. You Hartleys have such wet submissive pussies."

What? No! It couldn't be true. Yes, Sapphire got wet while picking up the trash, but that was her, and she was a slutty pee-on. It was during a private, outdoor, nude, getting dominated by a mother and a daughter team of dommes situation.

But Mom shouldn't be wet! Mom was supposed to be worried about Sapphire. Plus, she only had one domme picking on her.

No way should Mom's pussy be wet!

Sapphire squinted. It was bright and clear outside. Mom wasn't near the kitchen window, but Sapphire saw the gleam of wetness between her mom's legs.

Mom *was* fucking wet!

Mom was wet while picking up trash in the nude. Mrs. Sorrelson was

watching her like a hawk. Like a hawk about to swoop in for the kill. Mom even looked unsuspecting, like a defenseless rabbit.

Sapphire knew the Queen well enough by now to know that the Queen, sooner or later, would swoop in. She hadn't thought so before but seeing Mom's wet pussy changed Sapphire's mind. Mrs. Sorrelson must also see it, and there was no way she'd pass up an opportunity like this.

Mom was in trouble!

Sapphire wanted to look away. She wanted to run outside and warn Mom.

But she couldn't look away.

And she was close to cumming.

Felicia told her, "Your mom's pussy is wet, but yours is wetter. So far. I want you to cum on my hand while you look at your mom with the wet pussy obeying my mom. She's like you. She's turned on by obeying and by being forced to do naughty things. Now, let's make you cum for your Princess. I'll do something to help you."

How could Princess Felicia help her more than she already was? She was already lending a helping hand. That was all Sapphire needed. She moaned over and over and thrust her pussy back on her Princess's hand.

But Princess Felicia did "help her." It did not seem like help, yet it did help Sapphire cum faster, bigger, and longer.

Princess Felica twisted the wrist of the hand on Sapphire's pussy, lined up her thumb, and pressed on Sapphire's tight asshole.

Half of Felicia's thumb popped into Sapphire's ass, and both of Sapphire's

eyes popped wide.

Sapphire's orgasm bubble burst, and she groaned and shook, vibrations from her hands flat on the bottom of the sink sending ripples through the dirty dishwater.

Chapter Two

When Sapphire returned to her senses – a highly relative term because she was still submitting to Felicia – she was bent over the warm water of the sink with her hands flat on the bottom of the filled sink, the ends of her hair dangling in the water. She was trying to catch her breath.

Her legs had spread, and her stance widened, sinking her downward. Her ass gripped at Felicia's thumb.

Oh, she was so slutty!

She'd done it again! She'd taken insulting abuse and orgasmed while taking it. But it was kinkier than ever because she did it with her mom so nearby, and Mom was at least suspicious of what Sapphire's circumstance might be, and Sapphire had orgasmed while she watched her mom get humiliated by the neighbor Queen.

Felicia jabbed her thumb in harder, and Sapphire groaned. That thumb. It felt bad and so good at the same time. She felt so invaded. A thumb up her ass was so much more intrusive than fingers in her pussy.

But she liked the fingers in her pussy also!

Her Princess spoke, and the sound of her voice was electric in Sapphire's orgasm-tainted mind. Her Princess was speaking! Her beloved Princess! She must listen to each word, appreciate and understand them so that she

could best obey her Princess!

"Pee-on, you won't want to miss this. Check out your mom."

Sapphire raised her weary head, dishwater dripping from the ends of her hair.

She located both her mom and Mrs. Sorrelson. To see one was to see them both. Sapphire's mom was bent over, her head below her knees, and the Queen was behind Mom.

With the Queen's hand on Mom's pussy!

The Queen was rubbing Mom's pussy!

Mom held still for the pussy rubbing!

How had this come to be? Why was Mom letting Mrs. Sorrelson raid her "cookie jar," as Mom had once called it when talking to Sapphire about the birds and the bees?

The Queen was really helping herself to Mom's cookies. The Queen was going for all the cookies in that cookie jar! That was no superficial pussy rub. The Queen was working that wet pussy. It was super wet.

Jesus. Mom liked it. That was why she held still for it.

Not totally still. Sapphire saw her mom shake and tremble like there was an earthquake in the backyard but an earthquake that somehow only affected her and not the Queen.

Mom was... orgasming!

Sapphire took in the sexy sight of her now not only beautiful but also very sexy mom climaxing on Mrs. Sorrelson's hand. Sapphire wasn't sure if she'd ever seen anything sexier.

Her mom, not the Queen. The Queen was not sexy. Well, not sexy looking. The Queen was sexy in what she did and what she got others to do. Sapphire would have thought Mrs. Sorrelson was too mean, too old, and too female for her mom. But all those concerns should have been in consideration for Sapphire, and Sapphire sure had let Mrs. Sorrelson have sex with her. Her mom was a better match than Sapphire as per age.

It was hard for her to believe. Sapphire had watched her mom cum on a hand in a backyard while still gripping a bag of trash, the sun shining off her ass, and the sunlight gleaming off her wetness.

Sapphire pictured a situation in which her mom served the Queen as her sexual pee-on, and Sapphire served the Princess as the Princess's sexual pee-on.

For a fast-beating heartbeat, that seemed like the way things should be, the way it was meant to be.

But then she remembered. The Queen and the Princess were total mean bitches. And they weren't real royalty! They were white trash from Ohio! They came here to take advantage of unfortunate innocent Tennessean women! Sapphire and Scarlett Hartley!

Mrs. Sorrelson was a complete bitch, a dangerous one, and Sapphire's mom was an innocent sweetheart.

Sapphire had to save her mom!

Felicia giggled her mean giggle, "Now that you've feasted your eyes on your

mom, I have something else for you to feast on."

Felicia pulled her hand away from Sapphire's pussy, and her thumb pulled free of Sapphire's ass. Sapphire whimpered. A whimper of sensation and of loss.

The Princess was a bitch, but Sapphire was sorry to feel the hand go. She even immediately missed that thumb.

Sapphire decided she needed to recover from her orgasm, and then she'd go save Mom. Besides, Mom probably needed to recover from her orgasm also.

And besides those reasons....

There was still a lot of trash to pick up in that backyard. And many more dishes to wash here in the house.

Yeah, she and Mom probably shouldn't leave these poor mean bitches high and dry with the menial work undone.

But as soon as the Hartleys did all the work the Sorrelsons needed doing (and as soon as the Hartleys had more orgasms), then the Hartleys were getting the fuck out of here! Immediately!

Sapphire bet her mom could orgasm again. Mom could if she was like Sapphire.

Mom had already submitted. Shouldn't Mom at least get more than one orgasm from her loss of self-respect?

Felicia presented her wet hand in front of Sapphire's face.

Sapphire knew the expectation or thought she did. Fine, as long as she could keep watching the Queen dominate her mom. Oh, she meant, as long as she could watch over her poor mom so things didn't get too... out of hand....

Sapphire licked at the wetness on Princess Felicia's deliciously skinny little ballerina fingers.

There was Mom, picking up old soup cans and mushrooms and whatever other crap was lying around out there. Jesus, Mr. Coninski was such a pig. And so were the Sorrelsons. But Sapphire felt like a naughty pig herself for slapping her tongue on the Princess's wet fingers.

She thought she'd gotten all of what she needed to lick up, but not everyone felt that way.

Felicia told her, "Don't forget about the thumb. It needs your pee-on mouth attention most of all."

Oh. Yes. Sapphire guessed that was true. She might normally ask herself, "Do I have to?" but she was past that waste of time thought by then.

Wanting or not wanting to do something was no longer a reason to do or not to do it. It did not matter if she wanted it or did not want it. It only mattered if her Princess, or the Queen, wanted something or did not want something.

She certainly knew what her Princess wanted.

Sapphire sucked Princess Felicia's thumb into her mouth and orally served it like a thumb cock. Why not? It had fucked her ass.

Sapphire's palette had expanded lately. Shoes. Feet. Pussy juice. A thumb

that was "fresh" from being up her ass. None of the tastes were good in and of themselves, but all of them were so naughty and so humiliating that the bad taste flipped and became something good or at least something desirable. It raised her sexual desires. It fanned the flames.

Sapphire kept watching the Queen deal with her mom. The Queen's hand was back at Mom's pussy, and Mom was trying to pick up more trash, aroused and post-orgasmic, looking awkward, uncertain, clumsy, and dazed. Sapphire bet Mom was already building towards another orgasm.

Sapphire realized she and her mom had both had their pussies palmed to orgasm. At the same time! They'd both submitted.

And they both knew what it was like to pick up trash outdoors in the nude while aroused.

It was fucking sexy as hell.

Sapphire thought it was so weird. She'd never felt more similar to her mom, yet she did not feel closer to her. They were, it seemed, alike sexually, but it was in a bad way. Sapphire's sexual persona was a stranger to herself, so even though her mom was the same as her, knowing Mom was the same way made her seem alien.

Sapphire kept sucking on Princess Felicia's now clean thumb, or at least it was as clean as Sapphire's dirty mouth. She watched her mom getting sexually worked by Mrs. Sorrelson.

Sapphire understood how events unfurled. Mom had wanted to save Sapphire. The Queen had required her to take over Sapphire's trash picking up duties and to do it as nude as her daughter. Sapphire's mom refused to take off her clothes in front of her daughter.

Surprising both Hartleys, the Queen agreed to “banish” Sapphire into the house. It had seemed almost like a courtesy at the time or a move made out of consideration for Scarlett Hartley. But, of course, it wasn’t that at all.

The Queen removed a possible roadblock in her domination of Scarlett Hartley. Sapphire was that roadblock. The Queen had technically fulfilled what she’d stated. Scarlett Hartley did not end up taking her clothes off in front of Sapphire. But the Queen correctly assumed what her daughter would do with Sapphire inside the house.

By the time Felicia lifted the blinds on the windows over the kitchen sink, Sapphire’s mom was already nude. Therefore, Sapphire did not see her mom take off her clothes. But she did see Mom entirely nude, humiliated while picking up trash naked outdoors, and even saw Mrs. Sorrelson dominate mom and make her orgasm.

The Queen was fully honest and yet entirely deceptive. She manipulated what Scarlett Hartley assumed was the deal she’d receive, that her daughter would be protected from seeing her mother like that.

The Queen was a crafty bitch!

Sapphire hated her. But she also respected her. It seemed the ultimate in domination that the Queen always got what she wanted and easily maneuvered the Hartley’s. That was much more dominating than spankings or anything else physical. The Queen dominated the people around her. She formed her own Queenly court and dominated it. As did the Princess.

Wasn’t it the Queen who engineered her daughter, the Princess, gaining access to the Hartley household, even to the point of a sleepover Sapphire did not want? Yes, it was.

Sapphire knew the Queen set her up for seduction and domination by the

Princess.

And the Princess paid her back by passing Sapphire off for the Queen to sexually use.

Sapphire had a sudden ominous yet sexy thought, one so disturbing and somehow tempting at the same time.

If the Princess "shared" Sapphire with the Queen, was it possible the Queen would "share" Sapphire's mom with the Princess?

That would be so crazy!

Little, slim, cute, wicked, mean Princess Felicia dominating Sapphire's mom! Princess Felicia was as young as Sapphire. Princess Felicia was young enough to be Mom's long-lost daughter!

Oh, God! Sapphire saw Mrs. Sorrelson remove her hand from Mom's pussy. Her hand was wet, but that wasn't what shocked Sapphire. Mrs. Sorrelson stooped down, reached out, and pressed her hand to Mom's face!

And Mom licked it! She was licking the Queen's hand! Mom was licking off her own pussy juice!

Sapphire felt a deep pang of sharp lust as she realized both generations of Hartleys were licking the hands or thumbs of both generations of Sorrelsons.

For some reason, Sapphire sucked harder at Felicia's thumb, like someone trying to suck in the maximum amount of smoke from a cigar.

"That's enough of that now, you greedy slurpy pee-on."

Felicia pulled her thumb free, and Sapphire felt like a baby who'd had her pacifier jerked out of her mouth.

Swat!

Sapphire stiffened from the spank but knew not to take any true action. Her Princess would not want that. Besides, Sapphire couldn't take her eyes off Mrs. Sorrelson dominating her mom.

Felicia told her, "I'll be right back. Keep watching. Oh, and don't slack on those dishes. Some of them have sat around for days. Tough stains, green stuff growing on the ketchup, and shit like that."

Her Princess left, and Sapphire tried her best to clean the dishes the very best she could. She knew Princesses and Queens were supposed to have the best, nicest, and cleanest of everything. They deserved all the best.

Even the best pee-ons! Sapphire thought that must be why the Sorrelsons chose Sapphire and her mom. They were the prettiest mother-daughter pair Sapphire knew. She guessed it was quite an honor that sexual royalty wanted them to be their pee-ons. Sapphire bet most pee-ons went through life with no royalty to serve and were not even aware they were pee-ons.

Sapphire washed dishes as well as she could, but the stains were tough, her Princess wasn't kidding about that, and it was hard to do her best cleaning and her best watching while Mom got dominated at the same time.

She washed as quickly and as thoroughly as she could, tearing her eyes away from Mom's humiliation for quick checks on the progress cleaning the plates and other dishes.

Shit, now Mrs. Sorrelson was spanking Mom!

Sapphire felt the same thing at the same time.

Swat!

Swat!

Mom wasn't the only Hartley getting spanked by a Sorrelson! Princess Felicia was back.

Sapphire didn't look backward at her. She hadn't been told to look at her Princess, and her mom's plight held her eyes.

Swat!

Swat!

Sapphire was still so amazed at her mom. She'd lived with a slutty pee-on mother all these years and hadn't known it until now. Under the same roof! Of course, Sapphire had never suspected she was a slutty pee-on either.

She thought Queen Francine was majestic, a true majesty, as she royally spanked Mom's ass. The Queen ruled over Mom's ass and over all the rest of Mom.

Sapphire felt bad for Mom but also understood how her mom must feel. The orders. The humiliation. The mind games. The spanks. The pains and the pleasures. How could a simple pee-on resist when the Queen called upon them to please her or to debase themselves? Often it was both at once. Same thing.

A pee-on could not resist a call to pee-on duty.

Princess Felicia breathed a little heavier than usual after she delivered the

spanks, "Go ahead, pee-on. Fill me in. What did I miss? What have you seen?"

This was a chance to prove to her Princess that she was attentive and had followed orders!

"Your Mom – I mean, the Queen – had my mom lick pussy juice off the Queen's hand. Oh, and then the Queen's been spanking my mom's ass."

"We royalty think alike. Well, since you filled me in, I'll return the favor."

What?

Princess Felicia was right behind Sapphire. Sapphire felt her step forward and felt something bump into her pussy and then press.

Sapphire realized her Princess now wore a strap-on and would fill her in with the dildo. A moment later, Felicia did exactly that.

Sapphire yelped and then groaned and then moaned.

Then she spread her legs and pushed her pussy backward and upward. She knew she needed to give the Princess full access to her slutty pee-on pussy.

Princess Felicia fucked Sapphire hard. Just the way Sapphire now liked it. Sapphire bent over the sink's warm slimy soapy water. She was glad she had a good view of her mom's ass turning bright red. She wondered if other neighbors might hear the spansks and come for a look.

Then Sapphire felt a hand on the back of her head, pressing her face down. She didn't know why her Princess did it, but she knew not to resist. She did not want to disrupt the incredible way the Princess fucked her.

Sapphire's face went down until it was just above the nasty water in the sink. The painful crunched and warped position made her rise up on her toes and made her pussy all the more open for hard fucking.

Princess Felicia told her, "You've seen enough to know your mommy is just like you. She's just another hot but simple slutty pee-on. Nothing too special. Like you, like a fruit or a chair, she is only as worthwhile as we find her useful. But we do find her useful. My mom likes your mom. Why not? Your mom is a hottie. You can both be pee-ons for us. Fine by us."

Both of them....

The idea was darkly attractive. At least Mom would not try to sit her down and have a serious talk with Sapphire.

Maybe everything would go smoothly, or maybe slick like a lubricated pussy, if they just always did anything and everything the Princess and the Queen wanted them to do. It almost felt like it would be for the best. Or maybe it was because of how great it felt the way Princess Felicia fucked her. It was hard for Sapphire to keep her thoughts and her sensations separate.

But why was the Princess pushing her head down like this? Sapphire could not see her mom take the spansks anymore. She wanted to watch!

Princess Felicia kindly explained herself, "You've seen enough. For now. I had an idea for my amusement, and you exist for my amusement. That dishwater is filthy. I'm worried it could rot our pipes. Some of that crud could get stuck in the pipes. So, you're going to suck up as much of it as you can while I fuck your hot bod."

What!?!

Sapphire thought her goddamn Princess was a horrible bitch with unfair

expectations. She wished she'd gotten a better Princess.

But pee-ons did not get to choose their royalty, did they? No, it was the other way around.

But was her Princess serious?

Princess Felicia pushed a little harder and Sapphire's face sunk an inch down into the nasty dishwater.

Yep, the Princess was serious!

Well....

If the Princess felt that strongly about it.

Sapphire took an experimental slurp. Just a little one. The dishwater was warm and soapy, and gray with impurities. It tasted soapy, mostly. There were some bits of... something... in the half-mouthful.

Sapphire swallowed it down. Which was more like up at first, then sideways, and then maybe down.

She'd done it. She drank dishwater!

She was sinking lower all the time morally and in self-respect.

She was also sinking literally lower. Princess Felicia pressed Sapphire's face lower in the dishwater.

Damn. Sapphire knew what that meant. Princess Felicia wanted her to drink more. One small swallow was not enough for her.

Sapphire took a bigger gulp this time and swallowed it up/down.

The good news was that Princess Felicia went back to fucking her hard. That was quite a consolation.

Sapphire sucked in another mouthful.

She was low on oxygen by then, but Princess Felicia, no doubt noting the required compliance, completely removed her hand from the back of Sapphire's head. Sapphire lifted her face just an inch off the water and sucked in air. The fucking alone was making her breathless, let alone the actual loss of breath.

Sapphire was gratified the Princess showed such trust in her slutty submissiveness but knew she had to keep earning that trust.

She lowered her face and sucked a big soup-sucking slurp of dishwater into her mouth. She hoped her Princess was pleased by that. She glunked it down heavily. She screwed her pussy back on Princess Felicia's drilling fake cock.

All was wrong in the wicked land of Princess Felicia, and all was right in the slutty heart of Sapphire Hartley.

Princess Felicia commanded, "Do a good job! I want to hear loud gulps, and I want to see the level of water go down!"

Felicia fucked, Sapphire was fucked and fucked back, and Sapphire made loud sounds when she slurped, just to please her Princess. The wet sounds she made with her mouth were not the only wet sounds in the kitchen.

Sapphire wished she could say, "Your wish is my command, my Princess! Or your command is my wish!" Something like that. But her mouth was occupied.

Sapphire was awash in the nastiness, and submissiveness flowed through her mind. The fake cock filled her pussy, and the dirty dishwater filled her tummy.

Sapphire's concern for her mom and her worries for herself evaporated in the inverse to her wetness.

Sapphire heard a background chant in her mind, "Fuck it, fuck me, fuck Mom. Fuck it, fuck me, fuck Mom."

What she wanted just kept coming true.

Princess Felicia told her, "Your mom is so sexy. Naked with her ass getting sunburned and spank-burned at the same time. I love fucking you, and I'm looking forward to fucking your mom. Maybe once you cum on my cock I'll pull it out, step outside, and slide it right up your mommy's wet cooze. You know I'll tell her why my strappy is so wet. I'll tell her who made it wet."

Sapphire did not doubt her Princess. It was ever so humiliating for the person fucking her to talk about fucking someone else, anyone else at all under any circumstances, let alone Sapphire's mother, and that she'd talk about Sapphire's sluttiness while she did it.

It was the most humiliating ever!

Sapphire would rather lick and suck and huff Princess Felicia's footwear!

Actually... she wished she could lick and suck and huff them right then. It would make this terrible disaster perfect.

Sapphire guessed she'd have to be satisfied with a stomach full of soapy dirty dishwater. Pee-ons had to take whatever they could get and take whatever the royalty dished out.

Sapphire took her biggest gulp of dishwater yet and held it in her mouth. There were little pieces of dishwater flotsam and jetsam bumping into her tongue and against her inner cheeks. Who knew what it was exactly. It was stuff she'd scraped off the plates. But what stuff? Maybe some coffee grounds?

Princess Felicia informed her, "Oh, you should see it. Your slutty mommy is cumming again!"

Mom wasn't the only one!

Sapphire struggled to send her mouth load of nasty up/down her esophagus. Her throat muscles worked hard, and her vaginal muscles also worked hard, spasming into orgasm.

Sapphire gurgled, almost a growl, and her body bucked, Princess Felicia delivered an extra hard thrust, and Sapphire instinctively raised her head and smashed it down like a headbanger at an acid rock concert. Her face smacked the surface of the dishwater, and dishwater sloshed all over the counter and windows.

Under the surface of the dishwater, Sapphire went cross-eyed as the orgasm ripped through her.

Chapter Three

Felicia lifted Sapphire's head out of the water with a handful of Sapphire's water-darkened blonde hair.

Sapphire sputtered, shook some water away, and forced her eyes to open against the dripping wetness.

Felicia only lifted Sapphire's face out of the water so she did not lose a

useful pee-on. She felt no compassion for Sapphire or regret at how she'd treated her. She liked how she treated her!

She did not lift Sapphire to make her look at Sapphire's mom. That was not the plan.

Felicia plan of action was to immediately go outside and fuck Mrs. Hartley right there in the middle of the Sorrelson backyard. She'd have that sexy MILF face down and ass up and nail her with a fake cock still warm from her daughter's pussy.

And, of course, Felicia wanted her mom to come inside and fuck Sapphire and, while fucking her, make Sapphire watch Felicia fuck her mommy. And, who knows, maybe finish the dishes. Or the dishwasher. Or both.

Felicia had quite a few tasks, household and otherwise, to check off. She was a firm believer that she could improve any task by making it part of sex. As long as Felicia did not have to do any of the work.

That was Felicia's intention, and it may have sealed the fate of the Hartley's if she'd pulled it off. It was her thought that mothers and daughters who were sexually dominated together stayed in a state of submission together. Maybe forever.

At the least, it changed how they viewed one another forever. The mother can no longer command the respect of the daughter. The daughter will never again be viewed as an innocent by the mother.

But it did not go the way Felicia Sorrelson had it laid out for her and her mom to get laid repeatedly.

Sapphire, sputtering and recovering from the loss of oxygen and her orgasm, swimming in submission and with a tummy full of nasty dishwasher,

focused her eyes at last. She looked through the window above the kitchen sink and saw her mom lying on her side in a patch of mushrooms in the backyard.

Sapphire was a good daughter. She'd been turned on by the Sorrelsons, yes, even after her mom showed up, but she was concerned about her mom the whole time. But her mom had seemed so cooperative with her sexual fate and had certainly looked aroused. Between Sapphire's uncertainty about her mom's state and Sapphire's own state of submission, she was unable to take action.

Saving mom from an unquantifiable sexual threat that her mom might want anyway was not enough to motivate Sapphire to break out of her cycle of obedience.

But when she saw her mom lying on the ground Sapphire's concern became horror. For a heart-stopping moment, she thought her mom was dead or having a heart attack or maybe a seizure.

The hard-to-define sexual risk to her mom's well-being transformed into pure and simple fear her mom had suffered physical harm. It was, to Sapphire, as if she saw an armed man attacking her mom.

Sapphire bucked and thrashed without a plan, only feeling a desperation to escape so she could run to her mom. Felicia had not expected resistance, so her hand grip in Sapphire's hair was shaken off. The back of Sapphire's head smacked into Felicia's face. Sapphire's wet blonde hair cushioned the blow a little, but it hurt. It hurt even worse when Sapphire's flailing head, now with a little more space to work with, smacked into Felicia's face a second time.

Felicia staggered back as if trying to get away from the pain. Between that move and Sapphire's bucking movements, the dildo popped free of

Sapphire's pussy.

Sapphire, caring nothing for her nudity or wet state, ran to the sliding glass doors leading to the backyard. She didn't hear the profanity Felicia yelled at her.

Sapphire ran into the backyard. Because of the bounce and vibration of running, she could not tell if her mom was breathing.

She got within ten feet before Francine Sorrelson heard her coming. Francine turned, and her eyes widened. She hadn't expected this interruption.

Francine tried to recover from her surprise, "Are you here to help your mom pick up trash or to help her cum again?"

Sapphire ignored her. The words did not even register. She knelt and saw with relief that her mom was breathing.

Scarlett Hartley sat up, looking dazed.

Sapphire no longer thought her mom was dying or even hurt, but she'd broken free of her submissive state. Instead of humming with submissiveness, she burned with anger.

Sapphire helped her mom up.

Francine said, "Pick up that trash bag, pee-on. Mommy pee-on, you hold it, and daughter pee-on, you pick shit up. I'll do the spanking."

This time, Sapphire purposely ignored Francine Sorrelson.

"Come one, Mom. We're going home."

Sapphire tugged her mom along.

Francine yelled angrily, "Get back here, pee-ons! Your pee-on asses are in big trouble! I'll make them blaze so hot I'll barbecue pork chops off them."

Sapphire yelled so loudly it was nearly a scream, "Fuck you, bitch!"

Sapphire pulled her mom towards a side gate leading from the backyard to the Sorrelson's driveway which was on the side of their one-story house and led to a one-car garage. That side was closest to the Hartley's home.

They were so close. Sapphire felt like she moved too slowly, tugging her mom along. She felt like a tired swimmer with much faster sharks coming after her for a meal. The Sorrelsons were the sharks.

Sapphire looked over her shoulder fearfully and saw Felicia standing just outside the sliding glass doors, watching them with a sneer on her face. But Sapphire saw some surprise in her eyes and blood smeared on Felicia's upper lip.

She'd hurt the young bitch. Good! Fuck her!

They banged through the side gate, crossed the two driveways, and were almost to the side door of their house when Mrs. Sorrelson called after them.

Mrs. Sorrelson sounded composed again. And insidious. You couldn't keep the Queen off balance for long.

"Scarlett, remember to call me later. Or else."

Sapphire momentarily wondered what that was about but thought it didn't matter. Her mom would not call Francine Sorrelson. The Hartleys would

never talk to either Sorrelson ever again.

So Sapphire thought.

In a rush and a blur, Sapphire got her mom into their house. Sapphire flipped the lock on the knob and her mom, in silent agreement, engaged the deadbolt.

Mom looked sheepish. Sapphire figured that meant Mom was snapping out of it. Sapphire knew what that was like. She felt like she was walking on land again after a couple of days out at sea in a powerful storm.

They looked each other in the eyes for a heart-stopping moment. There was nothing to say.

Scarlett went upstairs to get dressed. Scarlett mumbled that she thought she'd take a nap.

Sapphire wanted to get dressed also, but she lingered on the landing near the front door. She did not want to go upstairs two steps behind her bare-ass naked mom.

But she couldn't help looking as her mom went up the stairs.

Her mom was bare-assed and spank-assed. Her mom's ass was red and Sapphire made out red impressions of fingers. Sapphire wondered how long the effect would last. Mrs. Sorrelson was quite the hard spanker. And quite the bitch!

Sapphire had to admit her mom had an incredibly sexy ass. She couldn't blame the Sorrelsons for wanting that ass or the rest of her mom. Or for wanting Sapphire.

The Sorrelsons were not bad people because they found the Hartleys attractive. Who could blame them? Everybody thought Sapphire and her mom were beautiful.

It was the Sorrelsons's tactics and behavior that were the problem. They failed to understand that just because they wanted something did not mean they could actually have it.

Sapphire guessed royalty did not accept no for an answer. They did not understand limitations.

Sapphire had to admit it. They had gotten what they wanted. They really had.

Ah, but they could not keep it!

The pee-ons were out of the pee-on barn and would never again let themselves be corralled.

So Sapphire thought. She really did.

Once she thought her mom was safely in her bedroom, Sapphire went up the stairs to her own bedroom.

So, what does one wear after escaping from the next-door dominant lesbian mother-and-daughter team?

Answer: anything. Just stop with the nudity. Clothing was like armor against sexuality. The more you wore, the less sexy you were. The less sexy you were, the less likely you were to have sex.

She'd had so much sex the last two days. Not even two full days.

She might not have that much sex in the next year.

If the sex with the Sorrelsons was truly at an end.

It was.

Right?

It had to be. They'd escaped. They wouldn't go back. They wouldn't let the Sorrelsons in the house.

So that was it. Done deal.

Right?

She put on jeans and a loose T-shirt. It was pretty hot out, and they didn't like to run the air conditioner. Her mom liked to say a penny saved is a penny earned.

Sapphire felt safer with clothes on. She'd even put on a bra and panties!

She felt safer, but it felt odd. Clothing. Weird! But nothing was as odd or as weird as the sexual events from the past less than two full days. It was beyond weird and past odd. It was bizarre!

Something else was strange. Sapphire took comfort in knowing it wasn't just a "her thing." Mom fell into it also! Mom was cool, and Mom was smart, and Mom was pretty much wise. Even she fell into this shitty shit!

Of course, she felt bad for Mom, and if it was up to her, nothing ever would have happened to Mom.

She felt bad for Mom just like she felt bad for herself. Right?

Sapphire sat on her bed and assessed. Did she feel bad for herself?

Not really.

She knew it was a good thing that the situation was over. Obviously, it had to end. It was damaging. Who knew what Mom now thought of her?

But while it lasted....

There was no permanent harm, Sapphire guessed. Or maybe she only hoped there wasn't.

The overall situation was beyond bizarre. The Hartley's were pretty much under seige in their own home. From the neighbors!

It wasn't like the Sorrelsons were going to move away. They'd just moved in! The Hartleys and Sorrelsons would see each other coming and going.

But not cumming, dammit!

Sapphire hopped up and went down the upstairs hallway to the bathroom which faced the Sorrelson's residence. She peered out.

The Sorrelsons were both in their backyard. Sitting in the nude!

They were sipping drinks and not looking towards the Hartley's. Sapphire guessed that was good. They weren't trying to come over, and they didn't look angry.

Maybe they were used to this kind of thing. They alienated neighbors and then they were not disturbed when the neighbors ran away from them. Did they pull this kind of crap in Ohio before they moved to Tennessee?

Someone needed to tell the Sorrelsons that the shit they got away with in Ohio would not fly in Tennessee.

Sapphire backed up from the window a little so they wouldn't see her face if they did look up. How embarrassing would that be? They'd think she was ogling their bodies. They'd think she was pining away for their nasty treatment. They'd think she was going to pull a Rapunzel and let down her hair from the second-floor bathroom window and let one of them climb up.

If she was going to let either of them climb up her hair if it was as long as Rapunzel's it would probably be Felicia. She was pretty small, and she was pretty. She looked like she could make the climb, and she had the looks to inspire someone – not Sapphire! – who was lesbian let down her hair and allow Felicia to climb on up. And then to let Felicia have her way with whoever was that foolish.

These damn Sorrelsons. They did a lot more than alienate Sapphire and her mom. *A lot* more.

Sapphire looked at Felicia and couldn't believe she let that girl get away with doing so much to her. She was tiny! And she looked pale and almost sickly skinny. Yet she'd overwhelmed Sapphire? And Sapphire was totally heterosexual!

She'd thought she was....

And Felicia's mom! It was even worse, the sex with Francine Sorrelson. She was so old! Much older than Sapphire's mom. And she was not in good shape for her age.

What the fuck exactly? Wow, Sapphire had really let the lesbian wolves slip in under the sexual fence.

Sapphire watched the Sorrelson's enjoying their backyard. It would be a relaxing domestic scene if they weren't so nude and if Sapphire didn't know the kinds of things that went through their minds. The kinds of things that more than went through their minds.

They tried to make them happen!

Tried?

Okay, yes, they did make them happen. To Sapphire and to her mom. Not anymore, not ever again, but they did make it happen. The things they wanted. The way they made Sapphire orgasm.

Sapphire thought it was worse that they tried that shit and succeeded with mom. And it was worse that Francine did those things to both Hartleys than it was Felicia doing it to Sapphire. Sapphire was young. Felicia was young. Young people were supposed to be a little wild, a little reckless, maybe even a little stupid. But Sapphire's and Felicia's mothers should be far past that stage.

Sapphire snorted a laugh and covered her mouth. She didn't want the Sorrelsons somehow hearing or, more likely, her mom hearing her laugh. Poor mom was trying to rest after her grueling... sex?

Sapphire laughed because she knew it was ridiculous to think of any of this as some kind of "stage." It was not a "stage" for Felicia to dominate her. It was not a "stage" for Sapphire to let herself be dominated.

A fucking "stage!" Like everyone did something like this as young adults?

A "stage!?"

Sapphire laughed and laughed, twisting her body and trying to get the

laughs to stop. She needed to pee and worried she'd pee herself.

She had both hands on her mouth but she needed her hands to pull her pants down and flip the lid on the toilet seat.

She should stuff a sock in her mouth.

Sapphire felt something. Something that felt good. But it was bad because she should not feel it.

That idea, of a sock in her mouth, made her think of all the kinky foot stuff Felicia made her do. Felicia made her fuck her foot! Felicia made her lick it! Felicia made her sniff shoes while Felicia fucked her from behind.

Sapphire was quite sure that Felicia would adore the idea of Sapphire having a sock in her mouth.

Felicia would want to be the one to "help" put the sock in.

Sapphire was sure Felicia would insist on a stinky sock.

That little weird bitch! She'd totally get off on that!

It disturbed Sapphire that she also got off on it. A little. Okay, maybe a lot. Not actually doing it. She wouldn't do that. But the idea was compelling. Sapphire's mind held onto it. Sapphire's mind bit into it and wouldn't let go.

Maybe the same way Sapphire would bite into the stinky sock?

Sapphire was quite sure Felicia wouldn't be satisfied simply shoving a stinky sock in Sapphire's mouth and maybe making her suck the stink out of it. That would definitely not be enough for that freaky girl.

Felicia would probably fuck her with a strap-on. Or spank her. Or do both at once!

Sapphire realized she had two items of good news and two items of bad news.

Good news, she'd stopped laughing.

Good news, her hands were now free.

Bad news, one hand was pressing on her pussy through her jeans, and the other was mauling her breasts through her bra and T-shirt.

The other bad news... there weren't any stinky socks in the bathroom....

Sapphire groaned a groan of frustration and arousal. What the hell was she doing? Why was she so aroused so quickly? And so soon after the terrible events over at the Sorrelsons!

She was peeping at the nude Sorrelsons, the enemy at the gates of the Hartley home, and she was rubbing her pussy!

Sapphire pulled her hands away from herself. Keep your hands to yourself, hands! But not *on* myself.

Chapter Four

Sapphire kept her hands an extra foot away from her sides. She took long breaths, trying to calm herself, trying to calm her needy arousal. Trying to distract herself, she looked around the bathroom and was careful not to look out the window at the nude neighbors.

Sapphire thought maybe she was just a little crazy from what had happened

with the Sorrelsons. Plus, she'd had very little sleep the past two nights. Those two sleepovers, first here at her place and then over at the Sorrelsons, were a lot more like sleepless-overs. Or sex-overs. They sure as hell were not sleepovers in any classic sense.

She should not have looked at the Sorrelsons. Their nude bodies, even Mrs. Sorrelson's none-too-sexy one, brought back intense memories.

Sapphire quickly peed and then retreated from the bathroom. It felt like a retreat. She scurried down the hallway, hoping her mom would not come out of her bedroom and see her. She was fully clothed, but she bet her flushed cheeks were a giveaway that she'd had naughty thoughts.

She made it to her bedroom and shut the door. Then she locked it for good measure.

First, the Sorrelsons made them retreat from the Sorrelson home and now she'd retreated from their own upstairs bathroom!

She'd have to keep the blinds down and be careful not to look out. Shit, too bad they hadn't moved instead of Mr. Coninski. That old pervert would have loved the display the Sorrelsons put on over there!

Except, she guessed, if they'd moved, the Sorrelsons would have moved in over here. Or maybe not. The Hartleys had a nicer house. It was bigger, two stories tall. Sapphire bet the Sorrelsons could not afford a house like this.

Mr. Coninski moving away and the Sorrelsons moving in was not the neighbor upgrade they'd anticipated.

They'd gone from the Mr. Coninski frying pan to the Sorrelsons fire.

They'd traded one harmless pervert for two much more actively harmful perverts. Who knew?

Was there any bright side to all this? Mom always said to look on the bright side.

Sapphire could only think of one. And no, it wasn't "getting to know herself better." Who the hell wanted to know she might let herself be dominated by other women, young and old, and react to it that way? Who wanted to know they liked humiliation? Not Sapphire!

The only bright side was the orgasms. They were amazing. They were tremendous. Orgasms were supposed to be healthy, right? Circulation, blood flow, the breathing. It was like exercise.

Sapphire guessed that was the one good thing from this. The exercise.

But how much good could exercise do for you if you only did it for two days? Not much. You had to have an exercise program that became a habit.

But that was no longer possible.

Or was it possible in a different way?

Sapphire had that naughty, aroused feeling again. This time because she knew she was talking – thinking – her way into doing something.

It would be super naughty.

But no one would ever know!

But she'd know....

She knew it right then, the idea of it, and it made her hot.

She'd been treated so unfairly by those damn Sorrelsons. To have those great orgasms and then, pffft, to have to go without them, was also unfair.

So... it was a simple matter of correcting unfairness!

She should be fair to herself. Hadn't Mom always said something like that, be fair to yourself? Or was it, "Be true to yourself?"

Those sounded like the same things to Sapphire.

She took off all her clothes. Hello nudity, my old friend.

She went to her laundry hamper. There was a pair of socks on top.

Those were pretty fresh socks. Hardly even dirty.

Sapphire dug down and kept digging.

She found a pair from nearly a week before when she went on a short hike on her own down by the river.

Now she'd do something else on her own with these socks.

She kept telling herself, "No one will ever know."

But she knew that was a convenient lie. She'd know. But she wouldn't let that stop her.

She needed something. She needed this, she guessed.

She stuffed one dirty sock into her mouth. Oh, nasty! It smelled worse than she'd anticipated.

But it also smelled good in some other flip-the-script way.

It tasted good, too. Like stale corn chips. Ones made in Mexico with additives the FDA would never allow.

She stood and looked at the other sock in her hand.

She didn't want it to feel left out. She was all about the fairness. Unlike that damn evil Princess and her damn evil Queen of a mother next door.

There wasn't room for the second sock in Sapphire's mouth.

But there was room somewhere else....

Sapphire pushed and crammed the second sock into her pussy. She was so wet. The sock dampened quickly and her pussy kept squeezing at it, pushing it out, pushing it away. Pushing it away like she should have pushed Felicia away that first night.

Sapphire moaned. Then she groaned. Good thing she had a sock in her mouth! She didn't want her mom to think she was masturbating in here. All she was doing was innocently sucking on one dirty sock while stuffing a second dirty sock up her pussy. Totally innocent!

Everything was working on her. She had the underlying constant arousal from the events of the past two days. Her body, her pussy, was constantly at the ready for action. For orgasms! Not only ready. She felt like she now needed orgasms. Like needing a drug fix, she supposed.

It was hard to go cold turkey. So, she just wasn't going to.

Add to that the physical sensations. Filled with sock. So wet. Spread and invaded. Plus, her fingers were rubbing against her labia.

And add to that how naughty this was. Naughty and nasty. So much better than mere naughty. Like how sugar and spice was better than sugar alone.

It was sick, she guessed, but hopefully getting freaky was like a tree falling in the woods. If no one heard it, there was no sound. Not any that anyone could prove. If no one ever knew how freaky she got, it was like it never happened.

But there was something missing. As she worked her fingers and fucked the sock into herself, she didn't think she could quite get there. An orgasm stayed out of reach despite all of her reaching and grabbing. It was so frustrating.

Was it because her mom was nearby, just a couple of thin walls away?

No. Sapphire had masturbated plenty of times with her mom exactly that same distance away.

Or was it because she was so tired?

No. She knew she was tired but she did not feel tired. She felt wired.

Was it because she was standing?

Maybe. She did not usually masturbate while standing up. Maybe never.

Sapphire flopped onto her bed. It gave her a spooky feeling. It was on this bed that Felicia dominated her. This was where Felicia foot fucked her and did all those other things to her during the sleepless sleepover.

Sapphire pushed at the wet, dirty sock. She sucked on the other sock. It was soaked in saliva now.

It felt good, it felt like the right kind of wrong, but it did not feel like enough.

What was she missing?

She'd taken herself off the hook from shame, humiliation, and nasty naughtiness with her thoughts that it didn't count when no one knew about it. That made it not quite as naughty.

She needed more.

She needed something nasty. Something humiliating. It was either that or she needed one of the Sorrelsons to treat her like shit. Now that was a scary thought!

Oh fuck, would she always be this way? She'd always need some kind of nasty naughty something to get herself to orgasm? That would make masturbating challenging. And sexual encounters with guys totally awkward and embarrassing. But the guys would probably love it!

She needed something right then. She felt like she might go insane if she didn't get an orgasm. Or even worse than insane. What if it made her so desperate that she went back over to the Sorrelsons? Doing that would be beyond insanity.

For her own good, constructively, she needed a nasty naughty orgasm!

She had no idea how to get it. If a sock in her mouth, a stinky one, and its stinky match in her pussy were not enough, then what would it take?

She didn't know, but she knew someone who would. Felicia, that evil bitch. Or maybe she should think of her as Princess Felicia, just for the time being? Only while masturbating? Constructively?

She wasn't going to ask the real Felicia what to do, but it might be useful to imagine Felicia standing here, giving her orders.

What would Princess Felicia order her to do if the Princess was here?

Just like that, Sapphire knew. It wasn't original, not really. But it was realistic. What had Felicia had her do recently?

Yes, drink dishwater, but Sapphire wasn't thinking about that recent! What did Princess Felicia make her do last night?

As soon as Sapphire thought of it, she wanted to do it. As soon as she thought of it, her pussy contracted powerfully on the sock. Her pussy contraction pushed the sock out of her pussy a little.

Sapphire quickly stuffed it back in. No time to waste. She had to obey her instinct and obey her intangible pretend Princess, and do the nasty naughty thing she'd thought of doing and she had to do them as fast as possible. Before she could change her mind!

She held the sock in her pussy with one hand as she slid off her bed and went to her closet. It was small, and she kept most of her footwear in the downstairs closet near the front door. That made sense as she and her mom were in the habit of taking off their shoes when they entered their house.

But she kept a few shoes up here that she didn't wear much. She'd thought of one pair in particular.

Her closet was a little messy. She dug around. They better be here! She did not want to have to try to fetch a pair from downstairs. That would entail running the mom gauntlet. Hell to the no!

There! An old pair of sneakers. She'd thought they might be useful for when she had to mow the yard. She'd avoid grass stains on her good shoes. She'd worn these sneakers on and off for her junior and senior years in high school.

She took a second to compose the scene in her mind. Princess Felicia was here, with her. Behind her, which made Sapphire feel all the more vulnerable.

What had imaginary Princess Felicia just said?

Oh. Princess Felicia ordered her to sniff her old tennis shoes.

Oh my, and Princess Felicia might also spank her!

Sapphire used one hand to press at her wet pussy and against the fullness of the sock in it. She reached back with her other one and slapped her ass.

Not hard enough. That didn't even hurt. She slapped her ass cheek again, much harder this time.

She worried her mom would hear her and then suddenly thought, "Fuck Mom! She's a fucking dirty slut just like me!"

Not only did thinking of her mom not dampen her damp lust, it added to it because her mom became part of her fantasy.

In her head, her mom walked in on Princess Felicia mistreating her, making her do this nasty thing. Mom walked in, but she didn't do anything about it. She stood there with her mouth open, gaping at her slutty daughter's ass as her slutty daughter knelt halfway in her closet and a nude and now-incredibly beautiful Princess Felicia stood behind her.

Oh, and Mom would see how red her ass was from the spanks!

Sapphire spanked herself again, for a wild moment hoping her mom would hear the spanks and come to investigate. And walk right in and see her like this. Doing this all on her own, spanking herself, might be even worse, even sluttier than when Princess Felicia made her do things!

Sapphire did not recall that she'd locked the door, so nothing rained on her active imagination. To her, the possibility of her mom coming in was a real risk.

Thinking of her mom finding her like this turned her on!

Sapphire bowed her face way down and shoved her mouth and nose into the tennis shoe. She took a deep huff.

Still stinky! An old musky stink. Nasty. Naughty.

She took another deep huff, like she was a deep-sea diver and the tennis shoe was her diving helmet supplying her precious air supply. A fouled air supply that also supplied naughty twisted humiliation. Truly fouled. Double fouled. A foul smell and emotionally foul as well.

This was it! This was the real deal! She would orgasm!

She chomped down on the sock in her mouth. Saliva squirted past her lips.

Her pussy convulsed, chomping down on the sock in her pussy like a big toothless mouth. It wrung out the sock like a dishrag, and pussy juice ran out and down Sapphire's thighs.

Sapphire shook through her orgasm, huffing her shoe and chomping on both socks. Mouth-chomping and pussy-chomping.

She slumped forward most of the way into her closet.

Chapter Five

Scarlett Hartley woke up after sleeping fitfully for several hours. She was never a day sleeper and did not take naps, but today was different.

She'd slept more as a retreat from the world, a strange new world with hostile alien neighbors – alien in mindset, not DNA – and an adult daughter who ran around nude in their backyard.

Sapphire probably did more than that over at the Sorrelson's. More than *only* running around nude outdoors. Scarlett knew that.

After what Francine pulled with Scarlett, what Francine Sorrelson succeeded in doing to Scarlett, and with Sapphire's disturbing behavior, she had no doubt Felicia Sorrelson probably pulled something similar with Sapphire.

Or maybe even with Francine? Had Francine tried and perhaps even succeeded in doing something of a sexual nature with Sapphire? God, Scarlett hoped not. Francine was so much older than Sapphire! She was even much older than Scarlett, let alone Scarlett's daughter!

Francine was a crafty bitch. She'd manipulated Scarlett out of her clothes outdoors and then into having orgasms. Lesbian orgasms!

Scarlett felt so stupid. She went over there to rescue Sapphire, and she went over there upset that Sapphire was naked outdoors. And what happened? Scarlett ended up naked outside herself! And it was Sapphire saving her, not the other way around.

Scarlett could not hide in the land of sleep forever. She hadn't slept well anyway. She knew she had dreamed but couldn't remember what the

dream was. But it had involved Sapphire moaning and groaning like she was having sex. Sapphire's moans and groans filled the dream like they were on a public announcement system. No mother should have dreams like that!

Scarlett lay in bed and tried to figure out what to do next.

Talk with Sapphire? How incredibly awkward would that be? Sapphire must have seen what Francine Sorrelson did to Scarlett. She'd saved Scarlett. From what? Scarlett guessed Sapphire saved her from having another lesbian orgasm. Or who knew what Francine would have gotten Scarlett to do next?

What else would they talk about if they talked about the neighbors? Would Scarlett ask Sapphire why she was naked over there? Would Scarlett ask if Sapphire had sex with Felicia? If she had sex with *Francine*?

Would Scarlett even want to know about it if Francine Sorrelson took advantage of both the mother and the daughter?

On the other hand, could she live with not knowing and always having that question on her mind?

No. No talk. It was a bad idea to talk about this. They should mutually act like nothing ever happened. Talking things out was not always for the best. Words did not solve everything.

There was a bigger fish to fry in all this. The Sorrelson fish. What would they do about the Sorrelsons? They were right there, right next door. They were the closest neighbor. Their driveways were almost joined with each other.

There was no getting away from the Sorrelsons. Not unless they moved.

Whatever happened over there with Sapphire was in the past. But the Sorrelsons were a current problem. Scarlett and her daughter needed to figure out how to handle the future with the Sorrelsons.

Scarlett knew that most people nowadays barely knew their neighbors. The days of block parties and such were long over in most locales. In most places, everyone tried to mind their own business, even acting as if the neighbors did not exist.

Neat trick that. Scarlett did not think it would work on the Sorrelsons. They were hard to ignore and hardly kept to themselves. Or kept their hands to themselves!

Would Felicia still try to come over?

Would Francine still try to talk to Scarlett when she was out gardening?

Scarlett did not want to give up gardening! That was her favorite hobby. She enjoyed it even more than cooking.

From now on, they'd need to stay inside when they were home. The garden could fend for itself for the time being. Oh, and they wouldn't answer the door. No matter what.

The Sorrelsons would get the message. They'd come to understand they weren't wanted. If the Hartleys' earlier retreat from the Sorrelsons' wasn't persuasive enough.

Francine was a pretty determined lady, though. Scarlett had noted that about her even before the backyard... encounter.

Francine was obviously a lesbian. In a rare instance of sarcasm, rare for Scarlett Hartley, she thought, "Ya think? A lesbian? Really? What gave you

that idea, Scarlett?"

But Francine wasn't just a standard run-of-the-mill lesbian. She was not normal or harmless. She was aggressive and dominating and controlling.

Francine would not give it up easily, if at all.

Scarlett remembered what Francine said even as Sapphire helped get them both away from the Sorrelsons.

Francine had told Scarlett, "Scarlett, remember to call me later. Or else."

She was supposed to call Francine. She remembered. Last night, they'd had... some kind of phone sex. Scarlett hadn't thought of it that way at the time, or she would never have done it.

She'd called over even while Sapphire was there in the Sorrelson home having a sleepover with Felicia which was the night after Felicia was over at the Hartleys for a sleepover. Scarlett maybe should have had an idea something was going on between Sapphire and Felicia, but she hadn't clued into it.

In hindsight, she should have after that bizarre breakfast and the way those two behaved. Felicia in a dominating way and Sapphire in a submissive way. But Scarlett had not suspected it might be sexual in nature. They were too open and obvious about it.

Scarlett called over to Francine and, maybe while she talked with Francine, maybe Felicia was sexually dominating Sapphire. Scarlett hated to think that, but it no longer seemed impossible.

Francine, somehow, got Scarlett to use that massive dildo, "Harvey," on herself and stay on the phone with her while using it.

Afterward, Scarlett had tried to excuse it as a weird too-intimate friendship thing, a severe case of oversharing, but now, after events this morning in the Sorrelson backyard, it sure seemed like phone sex.

To think, Francine Sorrelson expected her to call again and do that again? After today? Still?

Well, obviously, Scarlett would not do it.

But Francine had added that ominous, "Or else."

Or else what? It was a threat. What was she threatening to do?

Scarlett would find out when she did not call Francine.

Or, she guessed, she could call so that she did not find out. It was better to prevent a consequence than experience one.

A call. But not a naughty call or anything sexual. Scarlett could not do that. Not now that she knew for sure that Francine was a lesbian. Not just any lesbian. A *dangerous* lesbian.

Maybe it would be smart to call her just to avoid activating Francine's "Or else."

Or maybe it would be incredibly stupid. They needed to shut the Sorrelsons out. You didn't shut people out by calling them. Or by obeying their order / threat to call them.

Scarlett wasn't sure what to do.

She knew you had to deal with your problems. If you did not deal with your problems, they did not go away. They became facts of life.

Scarlett did not want to talk with Sapphire about any of this. But not talking with Sapphire or with Francine, neither one, seemed like a recipe for failure.

If she had to choose one, it seemed easier to talk to Francine. Or, if not easier, more necessary and productive.

She did need to make things clear to Francine. Sapphire had rescued Scarlett and hauled her back home. Scarlett needed to make Francine understand she agreed with Sapphire that the Sorrelsons were not their kind of people and both two-female families should go their separate ways even while living next to each other. She needed Francine to know that she agreed with her daughter about leaving the Sorrelsons. And that they now both agreed they should stay away from the Sorrelsons.

She decided to call from her bedroom. That felt a little weird because it was like she'd be alone with a lesbian in her bedroom. But it was only Francine's voice. Francine's body would not be there. Her voice couldn't do anything to Scarlett.

So she thought.

She wanted to do it from the bedroom because she'd have a closed door muffling the sound of her voice. That and the deep carpet in the bedroom. She did not want Sapphire to hear her make the call. Sapphire might jump to the wrong conclusion. She might think Scarlett was sneaking a call, like a secret call to a lover.

That was not the case! That was not it at all. Just the opposite. She'd build word walls to protect her daughter and herself.

Clarity. That was the key. The Sorrelsons needed to understand completely and irrevocably that the Hartleys wanted nothing to do with them. Nothing. Not just sex. Nothing.

She looked around her bedroom. She couldn't call from right next to the door. Sound traveled, and the door was the easiest path for sound to travel through.

She didn't want to stand next to one of the windows. She didn't want anyone to see her through the window, on the phone with Francine. She wasn't sure why, but that was how she felt.

So... the bed.

It made sense. She'd be out of view, and the bed wasn't near the door to the bedroom. And the bed covers would help muffle the conversation.

Oh, maybe she should lock the door? So Sapphire did not walk in during the conversation?

Yes. That made sense.

Scarlett quietly locked the bedroom door.

What else? Was she ready?

She felt ready. She felt a little too ready. She breathed faster, like her body was getting ready to run a race. That was weird.

She felt so nervous!

This was crazy. She hated to admit it, but she was calling a former lover. Former as of hours ago. And not really a lover. Francine was hardly loving. A former sexual partner? Hardly that either. Francine was no "partner" in any meaning of the word.

Scarlett guessed it was like calling a man you dated, calling to break up with

him. But it didn't feel that way. It didn't feel like she could fully break up with Francine because Francine would still be her next-door neighbor.

She felt so nervous. And so odd. The whole situation was ridiculous. That must be why she had that feeling, the feeling like she wanted to laugh but couldn't let herself laugh. It was a feeling disturbingly similar to arousal.

But it was not arousal!

Calling Francine was not a turn-on! It was a turn-off!

But Scarlett would not have blamed herself if she was turned on. A little. Which she wasn't! At all.

The last time she'd called Francine, last night, she did have an orgasm.

The last time she was with Francine, earlier today in Francine's backyard, she also orgasmed.

So it would be understandable if she was aroused, though, of course, she was not aroused.

She'd need to keep tight control over her voice while she spoke on the phone with Francine. She would not want Francine to think she was at all aroused. Francine was the kind of person who was difficult to disabuse of an idea once it got into their heads.

She needed to keep tight control so Francine would not think she was a loose woman!

She lay on the bed and made the call. Her hands were shaking. She had to do this. Sapphire was counting on her. Best to get it over with.

She heard rings on the other end and realized she was holding her breath. Even though she wanted to get this done, had to get it done, she hoped Francine would not answer.

Francine did answer, "Hello, dumb duck."

Scarlett hated it when Francine called her that! It was so humiliating! Well, one more reason, one more stick on the fire, to make sure Francine kept her distance from the Hartleys.

"Francine, I'm calling because—"

"—I told you to call me. I get it. Obedience. It's a good thing. A dumb duck like you is better off obeying someone like me, her Queen, than doing things on her own."

"I'm not a dumb duck!"

"Oh, but you are. My phone says so. When you call, it shows the caller as "DUMB DUCK," in all caps. Also, the ringtone is a duck quacking. You know what I call that? Proof. My phone is never wrong."

"Francine! I did not call you to be insulted, I called—"

"Because I told you to call me. Speaking of insults, you're insulting me, your Queen, by failing to address me as Queen. Now, talk to me correctly."

"Francine, I am not going to call you Queen ever again!"

Click.

Did Francine just hang up on her?

She had!

Scarlett was amazed. Here she was calling Francine, just like Francine had told her to do... and Francine hung up on her!

She guessed she had called to "break up" with Francine or to further formalize the breakup. So the call wasn't really a favor to Francine.

She needed to talk to Francine. She had to make things clearcut. With Francine and for herself. She needed to make it so there was no danger of... back slipping. Even just then, on the phone, when Francine spoke to her like that, so demanding and so demeaning, it did something to Scarlett. Something unexpected and not healthy!

She needed to take care of this call, and then she had something else to take care of. It was crazy, but she needed to masturbate. It must be... because of earlier stuff and her body wanting more of what it had gotten, what it hadn't had for a long time, not really.

She had to call back to make things clear.

But Francine would only hang up on her again if Scarlett did not address her as "My Queen." That was so wrong and so humiliating.

Well, it was humiliating to have to call her and for Francine to hang up on Scarlett, and so were all those insults Francine always had for her—

Why did she think of those insults, just then, as "for her?" Like someone having a freshly baked cake "for her" or a gift or something. Francine's insults were not "for her!" They were *against* Scarlett, and if they were for anyone, they were for Francine Sorrelson.

Scarlett sighed a frustrated sigh. She guessed any conversation with

Francine would be humiliating. Calling Francine Queen maybe went with the territory. Maybe it was a small price to pay to get this necessary step over with.

But it was so frustrating!

Scarlett could barely sit still on her bed. In fact, she did not sit still. She was so upset. Scarlett swiveled her butt back and forth on the bed like her ass was saying no. She felt the warmth of the gentle friction and from the heat of her anger.

Francine was trying to have her way with this breakup conversation. Francine was setting the boundaries. Francine was winning.

Scarlett knew this would haunt her, and Francine would hang over her until she settled this.

She had to call back. She had no choice. She wondered if Francine knew that, knew she'd have to call back, when Francine hung up on her.

Scarlett called back. It rang quite a few times, and Scarlett worried the call would go to voice mail. For some reason, that idea made her heart clutch.

Francine answered, "Dumb duck."

"I'm calling back to—"

"Who is the dumb duck calling back?"

"I'm... I'm calling back... my Queen."

"I don't like you using highfaluting words like "I" and "me." Dumb ducks should hardly be self-aware and should not be self-centered. Talk to me in

the third person, dumb duck. Who, or what, is calling me?"

Scarlett's body went stiff. She could barely breathe. She was so angry. But it did not feel like any anger she'd ever felt before. It was hot, like anger but not the same. Anger usually made her want to yell or made her have a flash of a thought to fight or, most often, made her want to walk away.

But she did not want to hang up on Francine, the call equivalent of walking away.

She was hotly interested in what Francine had to say.

Francine was bad, but she was so interesting. Fascinating. Or some feeling stronger than fascination.

See, this was exactly why Francine was so damnably dangerous!

Scarlett thought that was why she should stay on this call and listen intently. She should get to know this danger. All the better to avoid it. Not to avoid it right now but some other time.

Francine sounded testy, "Pee-on, are you still there?"

"Yes! I mean, yes, Queen, I'm here. Sorry I... my mind drifted."

"You stupid dumb duck. What did I just tell you about how you're supposed to talk?"

Scarlett really did feel like a dumb duck. Hadn't her Queen already impatiently walked her – waddled her – through this?

"This dumb duck is sorry, Queen Francine. It is the dumb duck calling you."

"I don't know. There are so many dumb ducks out there. How do I know which one this is?"

"It's... this is the dumb duck who lives next door to you, Queen Francine."

"Which dumb duck that lives next door to me? The daughter dumb duck or the mommy dumb duck?"

Scarlett's face burned and she burned down low as well. It must be from the friction of her ass rubbing on the bed cover. And she must be rubbing it as a way to take out her stress. Yes, that must be why.

Unfortunately, rubbing her ass meant rubbing her pussy on the bed cover as well. That was just part and parcel. It couldn't be helped. It wasn't like she could stop rubbing her ass. Not right now. Not yet. Maybe later. Maybe after the call. Or maybe she'd go the other way and rub it and her pussy harder.

Queen Francine was not only making Scarlett insult herself, but now she was insulting Scarlett's daughter!

"This is the next-door mommy dumb duck calling."

"Not the daughter dumb duck?"

"No, not the... not the daughter dumb duck. It's... this is... the mommy dumb duck calling you, Queen Francine."

"Well, it's good you obeyed me and called tonight. That's a good dumb duck."

It was so hateful, but Francine's grudging half-insult positive feedback felt like a reward to Scarlet. That was not how it should be.

"I'm... I mean, this dumb duck is calling—"

"You better be calling to apologize for leaving my place today without saying goodbye. No one likes a rude dumb duck."

"Actually, the reason I'm calling...."

Scarlett let her words drift off. She knew how this would go. Francine would want that apology. Scarlett guessed it was rude to leave without saying goodbye. Normally it was.

But this wasn't a normal situation. Their departure was a retreat from the lesbian domination dual threat of Francine and Felicia.

Scarlett decided to be the bigger woman. So what if she apologized? Francine would demand it, and Scarlett had a goal to achieve. She wouldn't let dumb duck pride get in her way.

"Queen Francine, this dumb duck is very sorry for leaving today without saying goodbye. This dumb duck is calling because—"

"No, wait a sec. Hold your feathers, dumb duck. Even though you're a dumb duck, you're also a pee-on. Do you understand a pee-on should not do anything without her Queen's permission, and she must always obey her Queen?"

Scarlett wasn't sure why it was so incredibly hot in her bedroom. Maybe the closed and locked door? Maybe air usually flowed through faster and kept it cooler?

Scarlett felt sweat beading on her forehead.

This call wasn't going well, was it?

This call wasn't going according to plan, was it?

Maybe she should just hang up.

She should probably just hang up.

It would serve Francine Sorrelson right. It would pay her back for hanging up on Scarlett.

But a pee-on shouldn't hang up on her Queen.

It would be stupid for a dumb duck to do that.

She shouldn't make the Queen mad. What did mad Queen's do? They yelled, "Off with her head!"

Scarlett did not want to hear that. But she did, for some reason, want to hear the things her Queen said to her.

"Yes, Queen Francine."

Scarlett was dimly alarmed by the muted tone of her voice. She sounded admonished, like a naughty girl newly caught doing wrong and not on their best behavior.

But she wasn't a naughty child!

She was a good....

Queen Francine told her, "I like to have a clear image in my mind when I talk to someone."

Scarlett was confused. Where was Queen Francine going with this?

Queen Francine explained, "Tell me what you're wearing."

What was she wearing? Wasn't that a phone sex thing?

"Queen Francine, I don't think—"

"That's right. You don't. I do that for you. That's how this works. You know, even if you tried to describe it, you're such a dumb duck, you'd probably mess it up. I know what you look like naked, though. So, before this lovely conversation can continue, take off all your clothes."

Scarlett gripped her cell phone tightly. Any tighter and it might break.

She didn't say anything. She did not dare say anything.

A few moments passed, and then Francine's voice intruded as Scarlett knew it would.

"You better not be sitting there like a dumb dummy sitting duck. You better be taking off your clothes. I'm sure you're in your bedroom or somewhere away from the other dumb duck, the daughter dumb duck. So you have no reason not to. Obey your Queen."

No reason not to?

That felt true and like a lie.

It was true Sapphire would not see her. Could not see her. Would not know if she did it.

It was true, so it was harmless. Physically harmless.

Her bedroom was a normal place to take off her clothes. Scarlett did that

often in the bedroom. The location wasn't strange or wrong.

The Queen wanted this.

A pee-on should obey her Queen.

But it was also a lie. There was a reason not to do it. Getting naked while on a phone call was naughty. At least naughty. Maybe it was worse than naughty.

Obedying meant conforming to the pee-on role. Accepting it. Accepting Queen Francine's authority over her.

Why had Scarlett called? To stop this sort of thing in the future!

But now was the present. It wasn't the future yet.

It was so hot in this bedroom.

She probably would be more comfortable without clothes on....

Chapter Six

Scarlett picked the phone back up, "Um, okay."

"All naked?"

"Yes."

"Yes, what? Don't be a dumb ducky. You are a dumb ducky no matter what, but don't act like one."

"Queen Francine, this dumb ducky took off all her clothes and is naked."

"No. You're not naked. You're nude."

Scarlett swallowed. She bet Queen Francine heard it.

Queen Francine had a new tone in her voice. An even greater confidence combined with something mean and something lustful, "Have you kept Harvey safe?"

Harvey was the oversize dildo that Francine had forced on Scarlett. Scarlett did not like this new subject of "conversation."

Scarlett had given in to temptation, or Francine's pressure, same thing, and found a way to force Harvey into her poor pussy. Her pussy did its best to make Harvey feel welcome and, in return, Harvey gave her an incredible orgasm.

Scarlett had forgotten about Harvey. She needed to get that beastly dildo out of her house! She could not throw it out. It was a gift and it wasn't a good idea to make Francine Sorrelson angry. But Scarlett was scared of seeing Francine in person. Just look at what Francine was doing to her and making her do during a simple phone call!

Maybe she'd dash over at three in the morning and stuff Harvey into the Sorrelson mailbox.

She didn't even want to talk about that thing but she guessed she had to. Her Queen – Francine that is – demanded an answer so what could a pee-on like Scarlett do? She had to answer.

"Harvey... is fine. He's—it's safe. I could... mail him to you, I guess. If that's okay, Queen Francine."

"There you go again, being a dumb ducky. Mail Harvey to me when you live

right next door? You really are stupid."

Scarlett blushed. She felt stupid. Her Queen was right about that. She was such a dumb duck.

Francine told her, "I don't want Harvey back and I don't think he wants to come back. I don't blame him. I think he likes it in your tight MILF pussy. He has some more pussy stretching work to do. He wants to make you so loose you'll warm cantaloupes up there before serving them to Sapphire."

Oh! That was so nasty! Did Queen Francine have to talk that way? Did she know what that kind of nasty talk did to Scarlett? What it did to Scarlett's pussy?

Her pussy was so wet. It was like it heard what Queen Francine wanted and fondly recalled the way Harvey made it ache but also made it cum so powerfully.

"I-I would never do that. I'm done with... Harvey."

"I don't think so, dumb ducky. I'll ask you this: how do you know Harvey is safe and in good condition?"

Scarlett wasn't sure how to answer that. She was sure Harvey was where she'd left him.

"I'm sure—"

"Have you seen him since the last time Harvey took an up-close personal look at your cervix?"

Queen Francine was talking about last night, when Scarlett called her and Queen Francine managed to get Scarlett to fuck herself with that monster.

What was Scarlett thinking when she let Francine talk her into that? She guessed she must not have been thinking at all.

This conversation was so frustrating. Scarlett called to tell Francine something important, yet now Francine ran this conversation, often interrupting Scarlett, asking questions, demanding answers, and making other demands. Scarlett had lost control over this talk if she'd ever had it and she had no idea how to get it back.

It was infuriating. It made Scarlett feel so helpless and so stupid, like a dumb duck now without her feathers on. Her anger and frustration, her internal friction, caused her to heat up. She felt her heart thumping. Despite her nudity, she felt hotter than ever.

"|—"

"Get back to talking to the Queen the way a pee-on is supposed to talk to her Queen!"

Francine's voice was so loud, so harsh, so demanding!

Scarlett guessed she just had to do it Queen Francine's way.

"Queen Francine, this dumb ducky hasn't seen Harvey since last night when the dumb ducky fucked her dumb ducky pussy with Harvey."

Scarlett closed her eyes and clenched them tight. She'd spoken so graphically! She hoped and prayed Sapphire wasn't listening at the bedroom door. Scarlett had never talked this way before meeting Queen Francine. She'd had no idea saying such naughty things had such an effect on her mind and body.

Dirty talk was dangerous stuff! Thank the Lord Queen Francine was all the

way over in her castle next door and Scarlett was safely in her bedroom!

"And orgasmed all over and all around Harvey, right?"

"Yes, Queen Francine."

"Did you ungratefully stuff poor Harvey in a drawer? Next to your bed maybe?"

That was exactly what Scarlett had done. She wasn't sure about the ungrateful part but she did put Harvey into her underwear drawer in her bureau.

"Yes, Queen Francine."

"So you don't really know how Harvey is doing or if he's even there! You better go get him. I want pee-on eyes on Harvey."

Go get him?

Scarlett did not want to go get him.

Scarlett wanted to go get him.

Scarlett hated that Francine was trying to make her do something. Again! Wasn't Scarlett's nudity enough for Francine Sorrelson?

Scarlett's blossoming pee-on nature responded to the siren call of her Queen, Francine. Everything Queen Francine told her to do sounded like an order and she kept feeling like it was right and good to obey no matter how wrong.

She did want to obey Queen Francine. As long as she did not let herself

think too much about it, or at all, and did not look past the moment.

Now she was curious. Was Harvey still there? Had Sapphire found Harvey and taken him for herself? That little slut!

No, no, no, Sapphire was not a slut. She should not think that way about her daughter....

On the other hand, Sapphire sure had looked like a slut that morning over at the Sorrelson's backyard. Scarlett hated to think it, and hated how she pictured it in such detail, but she wouldn't be all that surprised if Sapphire had found Harvey and then found a way to cram it up her young pussy.

Sapphire was so slim but so was Scarlett and she'd gotten it up her pussy.

It would be so ironic and so... frustrating... if the child that came out of her womb had possession of the big dildo that Scarlett used to bang at her womb. Sapphire might also use it to bang at her womb! That was, what, the circle of... sluttiness?

She better make sure Harvey was still there.

She better obey Queen Francine.

There was something else Scarlett was curious about. Was this only a giant dildo wellness check? Or did Queen Francine have some plan for Harvey, some nasty plan, beyond a simple visual check on him?

Scarlett *really* wanted to know that. She *needed* to find out.

It was only curiosity. Nothing more!

Queen Francine was so arrogant and so outrageous. But she couldn't

always get her way. Could she?

Not with Scarlett Hartley!

Could she?

She went to the bureau. She felt an inappropriate eager buoyancy. She did want to see Harvey. She hoped he was safe.

She opened her underwear drawer and moved a stack of panties. Two stacks side by side. One stack could not have covered him. He was there. Wow! Harvey was big! His size surprised her every time she saw him. Scarlett could scarcely believe she'd gotten Harvey into her pussy. Good thing she hadn't injured herself!

"He's there, Queen Francine. Harvey is fine."

"Take him to your bed."

"Why do you—"

"Do it, pee-on! I told you to be grateful for Harvey! I hate ingratitude!"

Well... Scarlett Hartley also hated ingratitude. That was a terrible thing. She didn't want to be one of those awful ungrateful pee-ons. Or an ungrateful dumb duck.

It was bad enough being dumb but much worse to be both dumb and ungrateful.

Scarlett picked up Harvey and carried him back to the bed.

"Queen Francine, Harvey is with me – I mean with the dumb ducky on this

phone call — and we're back at the bed."

"Show Harvey some loving acceptance. Don't make him feel inferior! Be grateful! Hop up on that bed and get Harvey and your sexy pee-on ass right in the middle of it."

Oh. Ohhh. Oh-oh.

That sounded like Queen Francine had some kind of intention or plan. Scarlett sensed it just as surely as she felt the heat pouring out of her. The heat and the wetness now. Queen Francine wouldn't be satisfied with her pee-on and Harvey just sitting in the middle of the bed, would she?

Queen Francine was never satisfied!

But what could a pee-on do? She just had to keep trying to satisfy her Queen.

Scarlett was aware, in a peripheral way, that she was thinking naughty while barely thinking at all. It troubled her but she soothed it over with the quick mental notation that she was safe and secure and all alone in her bedroom. It was just her and Harvey! And the voice of Queen Francine.

Even if she did something....

Even if Queen Francine got her pee-on to do something....

It wouldn't be anything any worse than what she did last night or this morning. It wouldn't even be as bad. It couldn't be. It wasn't like she would cross some new line.

So she thought.

Francine asked, "Are you on the bed?"

"Yes."

"Are you sitting on your heels in the middle of the bed?"

Scarlett's breath kept hitching in her throat, "Ye-es."

"Spread those pee-on knees, dumb ducky."

"Okay."

No, it was not okay!

But Scarlett did it. She spread her knees extra wide, so wide her pussy was nearly in contact with the bedspread. She didn't want to do a half-assed job of suspending her ass over her bed.

Scarlett had a sudden dizziness, like she was in someone else's body and she wasn't used to controlling it. She felt like she was about to fall, like she was on the edge of a cliff.

The illusion gave her a feeling of panic, enough to startle her off the track Francine had her on.

"Francine, we have to talk about things first. I called to have a serious talk with you and we need to—"

Francine hadn't expected resistance at this point so it took her longer than usual to interrupt Scarlett, "Fuck that! You're calling me and that means I'm the phone guest. Guests come first. That means we have to do what I want to do first, then you. That's how that works! And Queens come before pee-ons, am I right?"

Wow. Huh. Scarlett had never heard that the person called is the phone guest. She wondered if that was true. It made some kind of sense and she was desperate for something sensical just then. And hearing Queen Francine's voice made her want to obey again. That demanding voice really appealed to her hidden pee-on nature.

Maybe Queen Francine was making it up. But it didn't really matter, Scarlett guessed. Francine was the Queen and Scarlett was only a pee-on.

"Um, okay. Sorry, Queen Francine."

Just like that, Francine had her back on track. Back on track getting way off track. So far off track that Scarlett was traveling in the opposite direction she'd intended when she made this call.

Queen Francine sounded mollified, "That's better. I try to be patient with you dumb duckies but you can be trying. Just don't do that again. Promise me."

Scarlett wasn't sure what she was promising or why but she didn't let that stop her, "This dumb ducky promises you, Queen Francine."

"That's so good. Now, where were we? Oh, yes, proper gratitude and appreciation for Harvey. You need to show him some affection."

Affection? Wasn't putting him up her pussy, somehow cramming him inside herself, a show of affection? What more could Francine want?

Do it again?

Scarlett would not do that!

She couldn't. It was wrong. Besides, she was sore down there. Not so

much sore, as achy. The personal lubrication going on right then did soothe the ache, though.

Francine taunted, "I hear some heavy breathing over there!"

Was she breathing heavily? Scarlett guessed she was. She probably should not hold the phone so close to her mouth.

Francine said, "That's fine. Pee-ons need to breathe. Now I want to hear something else. I want to hear you show Harvey some appreciation. I want to hear you give him a big fat smooch of gratitude."

A... a kiss? Kiss Harvey?

Should she kiss him along the shaft or on the tip or on the side of his cartoonish mushroom head?

Shouldn't she first ask herself *if* she'd do any such thing? Or *why* she'd do any such thing?

Scarlett guessed it was too late to ask anything like that. Her hand was already bringing Harvey to her mouth. Tip first so that settled which part to kiss.

To smooch. Scarlett gave Harvey a nice big smooch. A wet one, of course. Smooches were always a little wet. That's how you had to smooch.

So, her mouth was a little open. It had to be. But no worries there, she had a small mouth and Harvey had a great big head. Really, how had Harvey ever gotten inside her? At least there was no way for him to get into her mouth, though she just bet he'd like that, wouldn't he?

She made her smooch nice and loud so her Queen would hear it.

Francine told her, "That's such a good little pee-on."

Yes! Yes, she was a good little pee-on! It was so nice that her Queen noticed.

"You're so good at smooching giant fake cock. Aren't you, dumb ducky?"

That was... that was... well, that sounded like a compliment and an insult. Gee, which one was it?

Scarlett was a big believer in the power of positive thoughts. Assume the best, and you usually get the best! But what would the best from someone like Francine Sorrelson be?

Scarlett worked her throat muscles. For some reason they were trying to lock up, "Yes, Queen Francine. This dumb ducky is good at smooching giant fake cock."

"You gave Harvey some gratitude, true, but sometimes dumb ducks don't really mean it. Smooches are a dime a dozen. Grandmas smooch. You need to show Harvey passionate gratitude. Go ahead, give him some tongue. You have to."

Well... if she had to, then she had to, right? That was the whole definition of "had to." There was no need to question whether or not you should or were going to do it. Because you had to.

So she did. She brought the tip back to her lips and her lips down to the tip. She kissed it and quickly opened her mouth and released her tongue Kraken. She swirled her tongue all around the head of it, and that wasn't a quick or simple task. She got under the edges of the mushroom head.

Wait...!

There was flavor....

Oh, darn! She hadn't cleaned it after she used it on herself! Her saliva had rehydrated her pussy juice from last night, during her other naughty call with Queen Francine. The naughty call before this naughty call.

It was too late now. She'd done it. The taste was in her mouth. It wasn't a good taste. It was a naughty taste. It was so naughty that it made the not-good taste transform into a good taste.

In defiance of her disgust and self-disgust, but emulating how she kept doing things against her best self-interest, she slobbered on the giant fake cock all the more vigorously, hungrily, like a woman gone mad from starvation.

Francine either heard or anticipated what was happening, "Don't be a fucking tease, dumb duck. Suck off Harvey. I know you can't get him all in, but you can at least get his head in your mouth. Do it!"

She could? She could do that? Scarlett was none too sure. The mushroom head was the biggest part of Harvey!

She had to try. She didn't want to be a tease. She owed it to Harvey.

She stretched her mouth as widely as she could. She lined up Harvey's great big mushroom head.

She wasn't sure about this. About any of it including whether Harvey would fit. But she guessed she should at least try. No harm as long as Harvey did not break her jaw or chip a tooth.

Harvey made contact with her lips. Harvey pushed her lips out of the way. Harvey's smoothness bumped at Scarlett's teeth, top and bottom.

She didn't think she could do it.

She hated to let Harvey down.

She held Harvey in one hand and the cell phone against her ear in her other hand.

She heard Queen Francine talking into her ear, "Make it happen, dumb duck! Shove it in there!"

Francine's "encouragement" drove Scarlett to a more determined performance. Scarlett pushed hard, and her lower mandible stretched further up and further down. Her jaws cracked, and for a panicked moment, she thought her jaw might be breaking.

Then the mushroom head popped past her teeth, and her teeth closed on the shaft and bumped along it. Even the shaft kept her mouth spread wide, just not as wide as the head had. The head inside her mouth filled it almost entirely. Her tongue was squished down, and the rim of the mushroom head rubbed on the roof of her mouth.

She felt stoppered up like a bottle, like she might lose the ability to breathe. But she changed, had to change, to breathing through her nose. That calmed her as she got some air in her lungs.

She'd done it!

Francine told her, "I know you can't talk if you've succeeded. Let me know if you succeeded by making a nice long gurgle. That will be so sexy."

Would a gurgle be sexy?

Well, okay. She was a pee-on, and she had her marching orders from her

Queen.

She gurgled. A nice long wet gurgle.

It did sound sexy! Doing it, hearing how sloppy and sexy it sounded, made her pussy wetter, like she might soon be able to gurgle with her pussy as well as her mouth.

Francine told her, "Ooo, that was a nice sexy gurgle! I like that. I'll want to hear more of those. By the way, did you know only a total slut could ever get Harvey's cockhead in her slut mouth? Oh, and did you know only a total slut would try?"

Scarlett had not known that. You learn something new every day if you pay attention.

Even about herself. She was learning something new about herself.

If it was true. Was it true? Would her Queen lie to her?

Yes, for sure. Queen Francine was a liar. She certainly would lie. It might be a lie. But that did not change the fact that a pee-on's duty to her Queen was to always believe the Queen even when the Queen lied. Maybe especially then.

Scarlett produced another wet gurgle past Harvey.

Francine said, "Mmm, so sexy. I'll take that as a gurgle of wholehearted agreement."

Had Scarlett agreed? She guessed she had.

Did she agree that she was a total slut? She felt like one. She guessed she

did agree. It was foreign territory to her. A new world of sluttiness. Maybe she was lucky she had a Queen to guide her and tell her what to do.

Francine told her, "You keep Harvey in there. Give him a nice warm mouth bath. Appreciate him with your slutty mouth. By the way, out of consideration for you, I know you can't speak while appreciating Harvey. I am very understanding about that. This is easy to handle. Gurgles and slurps as much as you want, and those always mean you agree with me. We don't need any signal for disagreement because you just won't disagree. You are not allowed to disagree. You are only a pee-on."

Scarlett did not feel like disagreeing with Queen Francine. Disagreeing with her felt so wrong. Harvey felt so invasive in her mouth, so awkward, so unnatural, yet somehow it was good. It was very good. So slutty and yet so good. It wasn't good in a right and wrong way. Hardly that. Just the opposite. But it was good in the way it felt so deliciously wrong.

Francine told her, "Since you can't talk, you must always obey my directions. That's obvious."

It wasn't obvious to Scarlett. Not until right then. Once her Queen told her that, it did become ever so obvious.

Francine told her, "Now I want you to give Harvey a nice foamy mouth bath with your mouth. You need lots of extra saliva for that."

Scarlett's mouth was already salivating, madly trying to dissolve Harvey and make his mushroom head digestible.

Scarlett thought she should let her Queen know that fact, so she gurgled wetly around Harvey.

Francine 'answered,' "Nice gurgles agreement, dumb duck."

That wasn't a gurgle of agreement!

Francine told her, "We need to stimulate your saliva production. The mouth and the pussy copy each other. So, the wetter your pussy gets, the more saliva your mouth will make. And vice versa."

Scarlett had not known that.

Scarlett also doubted this new knowledge.

But her mouth was salivating, and her pussy was wet, and her pussy was getting wetter. And she was making so much saliva that it was sliding down her throat. Some snuck past Harvey and made her chin slick. It might soon start dripping off her chin.

Well, good thing then that she was nude. It wouldn't get on her clothes. It would just be warm saliva dripping on her hot body. Maybe it would steam off like water off the rocks in a sauna.

Francine's voice purred almost angrily into her ear, "We need to stimulate your pussy to juice up. That way, your mouth can best service Harvey. I wish Harvey had a brother you could use on your pussy, but we'll make do. I know your hands are full right now. If not, I would have had you use your free hand. But no matter. I have a workaround. You can't take Harvey out of your mouth, not without your Queen's permission, so you'll need to slide your cell phone into your pussy."

Whaaaaaaat?

That... that was... Scarlett wasn't sure about that!

She just had to express her reluctance!

Scarlett released a long, wet gurgle around Harvey's expansive mushroom head.

Francine confirmed she heard Scarlett's gurgle, but unfortunately, she misunderstood the message, "It sounds like you adore the idea. That's good because you have to do it, no matter what. You may as well enjoy it. I won't hear your lovely mouth gurgles anymore, but maybe I'll hear some juicy wet sounds inside your pussy. Oh, I won't be able to give you any more instructions, so I better give you some now to get you through this."

Scarlett gurgled again, but Queen Francine just would not listen to her!

"Slide your cell phone into your pussy and then push it in and out. Like a cell phone dildo. Cell phones have so many uses nowadays. Now you have one more. Side it in just like you're fucking yourself with it. So much like that, it will be that. Get it up your dumb ducky pee-on pussy and fuck your dumb ducky pee-on pussy. Your mouth will salivate and your pussy will juice up. Keep doing it until you cum. That will let Harvey know how much you appreciate him."

Scarlett guessed it would do that. But would Harvey appreciate her appreciation? Harvey wasn't even alive! And Queen Francine never seemed to appreciate how Scarlett felt. Though Scarlett had to admit Queen Francine did make her feel a lot of things. It was just that so many of them were negative. Or should be negative.

Scarlett released another gurgle, a shorter one that somehow released a lot more spit that ran down her chin and dripped onto her breasts and thighs. Oh, she was such a mess on the inside and on the outside!

Her gurgle had a different tone. It was a compliant and obedient gurgle letting her Queen know the pee-on would obey.

Scarlett took the cell phone off her ear and slowly brought it to her pussy. The slower she went, the more the anticipation built. The closer it came to her pussy, the more she wanted it to arrive. Her reluctance evaporated even as she got wetter and wetter.

She rubbed the face of the cell phone up and down her pussy lips. Her pussy lips were so wet! They were so hot!

She hoped she wouldn't ruin her cell phone.

She hoped her cell phone could not somehow electrocute her. She was sure it wouldn't kill her, but an electric jolt down there would be no fun.

She turned the phone sideways and slid it up and down her slit. She wondered what Queen Francine heard.

The on/off button on the side, slightly raised, bumped into her clitoris and she shook in a near orgasm. She'd had no idea she was so close to orgasm! She'd had no idea on/off buttons could feel so incredible!

It was definitely an "On" button for her clitoris!

It was an accident the first time she bumped her clitoris, but it wasn't an accident on the second bump.

Oh! She was so close! Dangerously close....

A background part of her was dimly aware this was not what she called Francine for. That this was pretty much the opposite of why she'd called Francine. But things change.

She'd called Francine Sorrelson and ended up having a conversation with Queen Francine.

Scarlett Hartley called Francine, but Scarlett the pee-on was now on the line with her Queen.

She knew she could make herself cum immediately. One more bump of the turn-on "On" button would do the trick.

She also knew she shouldn't.

But that wasn't why she hesitated.

She wondered how her Queen would want her to do it. She wondered how to make her orgasm best for her Queen. A pee-on served her Queen, not herself.

She knew what to do!

Her Queen was listening. Her Queen wanted to see – to hear – if Scarlett's pussy could gurgle as sexily as her mouth when filled with the mushroom head of Harvey the dildo.

And Scarlett wanted to be penetrated. She wanted to be further invaded. Her mouth wasn't enough. That was only Harvey in her mouth, and he was only a lowly minion of the Queen. A lot like pee-ons were lowly minions of the Queen.

Scarlett wanted the Queen to invade her.

Scarlett pushed her cell phone up into her pussy. All the way in. She barely kept herself from cumming. She pushed it as far in as she could get it with her thrusting fingers.

It was all the way inside her! As deep as possible while kneeling on her bed!

The Queen was inside her! The Queen had breached her castle!

There was no keeping herself from orgasm now.

Scarlett released a gurgling scream as she orgasmed. She swayed and shook her hips, grinding against an invisible lover, hoping her Queen heard her orgasm, hoping her Queen was pleased, hoping her pussy gurgled into the cell phone.

The End

...of Book 5...

The Hartleys escaped the Sorrelsons physical presence but the Sorrelsons are creeping back into their lives and souls.

The Sorrelsons still want to dominate the Hartleys. As for the Hartley's, it isn't clear what they truly want. It isn't even clear to them.

Submission lingers and grows in power in the minds of the Hartleys while powerful domination is tantalizingly right next door to them.

It is wicked domination with a diabolical scheme. The Sorrelsons plan to take back the Hartleys despite the Hartley's seeming reluctance!

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