

Her Destiny

By

Hope Red

Hope Red Copyright © 2022

All rights reserved. This book or any portion thereof may not be reproduced or used in any manner without the express permission of the publisher except for the use of brief quotations in a book review.

Adult content inside. Not intended for anyone under 18 to read.

All characters in this novel are entirely fictitious as are any of the actions they perform, both sexual and non-sexual. All characters are over 18. Any likeness to anyone living or dead is entirely coincidental, as are any likenesses to events or locations. All acts of a sexual nature in this novel are not necessarily condoned or recommended by the author and readers must use their own discretion.

The cover art, photographer and model have no association with the material in this book and do not condone or endorse any of the work within. The author does not condone any thoughts, beliefs or viewpoints expressed in this book.

All media rights reserved. Any offers of movie or media collaborations will be considered on a case-by-case basis.

Check out me out on Patreon for free books, exclusive stories, updates and for contacting.

patreon.com/hopered

Destiny held in a groan as her mom stretched her arms out to the floor. Her legs were out to either side, her toes pointing out perfectly horizontal and she could feel her crotch on the sheet on the floor.

"Why do I need to be naked while we do my stretches, Mom?" she asked. It was more curiosity than concern.

"Because your coach said we need to put this special oil over all your muscles to keep you limber."

Misty held up the large bottle as she shifted forwards and sat on top of her daughter's elbows.

"Oh... And why do you need to be naked, Mom?" She asked as her mom's trimmed crotch came within an inch of her nose.

"That's a silly question. I can't get this stuff on my clothes now can I?"

"Oh... no, I guess not", she said as her mom squirted a line of the oil down her spine then set about rubbing it into her toned back muscles.

"We can't take any chances this year. You're in the real competition now with other girls aged over eighteen and some of those are professional dancers."

Her mom's hands slid down to her lower back and Destiny was treated to an itchy nose as the stubbly pubes rubbed on the tip of it.

"Neck back and lift your butt up", Misty said matter-of-factly and made her daughter arch her spine into a C shape, resting her chin on her mom's tummy as she looked up at the two large breasts above her.

Misty glanced down at her daughter's face. Her fox-like features were angular and pretty under her pulled back bun of shiny, combed brown hair as her dark eyes blinked up at her trustingly. She'd shaped and moulded her into the perfect dancer all her life, her petite physique the result of years of bone-bending positions and her toned muscles from endless practice. This was the big one. The adult competition and Misty would go to any lengths and extremes if it meant a slightly better chance she would win, well Destiny would but it would be her victory.

She massaged up the girl's arched back then rubbed and worked the back of her neck, checking that the girl's hips were off the latex sheet as she clenched her glutes and folded her legs over so that her small feet pointed at Misty's face.

"Hold your ankles. Head back more", she said, seeing her back muscles ripple as she folded almost in on herself as she rubbed the oil over her tensed arms, her own flabby tummy smothering over Destiny's face as she leaned in.

When every inch of her arms had been covered and rubbed she moved back, sitting her big bum onto her heels as she told her daughter to turn over.

"Tuck your feet up to your butt and fold your arms behind your back", she instructed, getting her daughter into another of the almost impossible stretch poses she regularly performed.

There wasn't a hair on her body for the competition. Any gusset slip or arm pose would be pure professional smoothness as her creamy skin glowed vibrantly for the judges.

Destiny flinched as Misty clumsily squirted the oil over her chest and abs. It reminded the woman of something but she couldn't quite think what it was as the globs and lines of oil dribbled over her daughter's front but she shrugged and looked down at the upside down face.

"No flinching. It's not professional", she drawled as she spread her thighs either side of the girl's head and started to rub the oil in.

Destiny's breasts were firm and flat, like two pancakes with a gum drop on top of each one, her hard little nipples an annoyance for Misty who had taken to using tape recently to conceal them under the costume.

She worked her chest with her hands, sliding the irritating nubs between her fingers. She wasn't going to leave any muscle out no matter how little it was used in a performance.

As her mom worked down her front, Destiny was treated to a view of Misty's pussy as she lifted up over the girl's head to reach past her hips but she chose to look down

and watch the pendulum-like breasts swing as the hands knead and rubbed the smooth V shape of her crotch.

“Right. Turn and pull your arms up behind you while I work on your legs and glutes.”

Destiny flipped over with ease and interlocked her hands then pulled them upwards to stretch her shoulders as her feet and ankles were massaged.

Her mom worked up her legs, coating each of her thighs in oil until she got to what she was told by her coach were the most important muscles on a dancer’s body.

Misty lifted her daughter’s springy cheeks with her fingers, watching them bounce perkily then reached for the bottle.

She squirted a good amount over her butt so that it dribbled down into her crack.

“Lift your chest up”, Misty drawled. Destiny needed a good stretching today.

She pressed her cheeks apart, revealing the perfect pink pucker and neat slit between the girl’s legs. She usually had no hesitation in helping Destiny through her preparations but there was something different she’d be trying this time and she needed to put the thought that it might be a step too far out of her head.

She rubbed Destiny’s glutes in wide circles, stretching then squeezing them as she told herself that winning the competition was too important to risk not doing everything the girl’s coach had told her to.

She made sure her finger was coated in the oil by sliding it down Destiny’s crack then circled her rim. Her body flinched again and her muscles tightened so Misty used her cross tone to tell her off.

“Stop flinching. Coach said you gotta be fully stretched and relaxed. That means inside too.”

She’d said it so she had to follow through on it. Her finger pressed on the tight pucker until Destiny’s little rim yielded and swallowed the tip right in. It felt warm and soft, just how she’d imagined but she wasn’t a woman for half-measures when it came to her daughter’s dance career and pushed on in until the finger had fully slid into

the girl's asshole.

Her tight anus clenched and gripped her digit as she felt the space behind it softly inviting her finger deeper. Destiny was tensing her back muscles. That wasn't good. She turned the finger as she'd been told to inside her.

"Relax, Destiny. This is going to give you an edge over the competition", she said, glancing over at the bag with the strapon dildo inside. She recognised it as a sex toy, not that she had anything like this in her bedside drawer, but Destiny's coach had assured her they were also used to relax some of the best dancers in the world and she'd chosen to believe her. Besides, it wasn't sexual if the person doing it was your mom.

Destiny blinked in shock as her mouth opened in a wide circle. She'd never had anything in her ass before. Her life had been school, dance and train and had never been allowed time for boys or girls, not that she'd felt ready until recently.

It felt so odd, like an achy tingle up her insides as her mom twisted and turned the full length of her finger inside her poophole.

She was used to being smothered by Misty and even being subjected to weird pseudo-science ideas that would give her an advantage at competition but things had changed since she'd moved to the over-eighteens coach.

Misty felt the oil squelch on her finger as she watched Destiny's pucker stretch and hopefully relax around it. There were so many phrases about tight-ass and uptight that she saw the logic that a dancer might hold a lot of tension in her butthole. She pumped her finger to make sure Destiny was stretched out enough to take the dildo then slowly pulled it out, ignoring her daughter's panting as she held it to her nose out of curiosity.

"Get into that yoga stretch pose where you push your butt back", her mom said, a little more croakily and unsure than her usual brash confidence.

Destiny was still in shock as she pulled her knees up to her sides and stretched her arms out in front of her.

Misty gulped as she pulled the dildo and harness out the

bag. She'd have preferred just the dildo but the coach said that hip action would work better to loosen Destiny up.

"Ok", she said a little nervously as she inched Destiny's butt back further and wider apart, "this er... stretching tool... is going to go inside your butt. Just relax your poophole and let it go up you."

She rubbed oil around the circumference of the silicone shaft. It looked like a six-inch cock but was a bright pink that made it look cuter and it was a colour she liked a lot.

She stared down at Destiny's untouched pucker. The coach had called it an anal massage, making it sound like a fitness treatment. She blinked her made-up lashes as she touched the tip against her daughter's rim and swallowed the pang of guilt, shrugging her head and wafting her hair as she focused on the image of Destiny and her holding the championship trophy.

The little star-shaped pucker was slippery and she swore to herself as the dildo slipped down twice and almost took her daughter's virginity but with a careful hand underneath it and the other clutching the shaft she managed to get it to plunge through the unsuspecting sphincter and slide into the girl's anus.

Destiny gasped and instinctively moved her butt away. The feeling was astonishing and breathtaking. Her anus seemed to magnify the full sensation, totally unprepared and defenceless to the 'stretching tool', having never felt the need to clench or tighten her asshole to anything going in that direction.

Misty bit her finger as she heard her daughter start to breathe in short, catching blasts of air from her mouth. She wondered if she was doing it right. She checked with her other hand. The dildo was definitely inside her.

"Breathe slowly and push your butt back", Misty said then coughed to clear the croaky tremble in her voice.

"It's... ahh... so big... I don't think I can", Destiny gasped as her hands clenched the air in front of her.

"Ok... Hold still and relax." Misty tried to sound like she knew what she was doing as she hooked her hands under Destiny's thighs and pushed her hips forwards.

Destiny's entire body shone with the oil coating and her globe-like butt reflected the light from the ceiling as if they were two shiny bubbles. Misty saw her toned, petite body as a trophy-winning machine but there was something about this position that always made her heart beat a little faster. She put it down to pride at the body she'd sculpted as she watched the pink silicone slide inside her daughter's anus, a lip of oil building in a circle around the rim as she pushed what was undeniably a sex toy into her daughter's asshole, convinced it would give Destiny an edge over the other girls... after all, what other mom would go to this length to win?

Her hips seemed to want to move instinctively as she made sure she was in deep enough to give a good massage. It was kind of mesmerising watching the bright pink dildo slide in and out of Destiny's little poophole as she moved it with her crotch.

Destiny's sharp breaths only got faster when she moved back and forth and she noticed the hip twitches and spine shudders, hoping all that would help her loosen up her muscles as the tension left her naked body.

"That's it, Destiny. Relax. Let it massage you inside."

She could barely hear her mom's voice as she focused on the overwhelming achy tingles going up her tunnel. The tool felt so big, as if it was filling her entire body and yet it was only a few inches inside her. She couldn't help the twitches and shudders as her head was flooded with a cloudy feeling she'd never felt before and her muscles became heavy and unresponsive as if her whole body was being subdued.

Misty was finding it hard to get a grip around her daughter's slippery thighs and her fingers kept sliding into the girl's crotch. She was comfortable touching her daughter's body but this anal massage was already testing the limit of what she was willing to do to win, so accidentally squeezing Destiny's pussy between her fingers was more than she'd mentally prepared for, today at least. It was a good thing she'd trained her daughter's body to match the best contortionists in any competition.

"Plant your feet but keep this position and bring your

hands behind you so I can hold them.”

Destiny couldn't think but she didn't need to when it came to being told what position to get her body into. She groaned as she felt the dildo push deep into her as she pressed her knees to her armpits and squatted on her feet then swung her arms back and grunted as she found her mom's hands.

Misty had more grip and balance now and Destiny's bird-like body's gravity was centred more on her butt.

Mom and daughter grunted as the noises of springy cheeks on the harness grew.

<Fop><Fop><Fop>

Misty could smell the aroma of her daughter's 'massaged' tunnel rising up to her nose but she tried her best to ignore it and focus on opening her up for the competition.

*

Coach Pearson jumped as the security room door opened.

“What the fuck is that?” The Judge, Paula Fernandez growled as she clomped in on her heels.

“Oh it's you, Paula. Come and look at what I got this smother to do to her daughter.”

“That's her mom?” Paula drawled as she put a hand around the back of the chair the coach was sat in.

“And when were you planning on telling me and the other judges about this?” She enquired in a sterner voice.

“I wasn't sure the mom would go through with it... but look at her pumping that dildo up her cute ass.”

“Hmm. I've seen her dance before. She looks better naked though. Shit, her mom's really giving it to her.”

“Yeah. She's such a dumb woman just like most of the other smothers. All I had to do was convince her it would give her daughter an edge and she almost snatched the dildo out my hand.”

“She's buttfucking her daughter just so she wins. Is there anything these women won't do?”

“Not that I've found”, the coach chuckled.

"Is there sound?" Paula asked, leaning in to get a better look at the screen.

Coach Pearson turned a dial.

<Fop><Fop><Fop> "Huu... HUUUU..."

"Fuck", Paula said, rubbing her hand down her front.

"That's what they're doing", the coach quipped, putting her hand down where it had been between her legs before Paula had burst in.

"So... You want her to think fucking her daughter made the difference?" Paula purred into the coach's ear.

"Would you?" Coach Pearson asked, putting her other hand on the one behind her.

"You know the price, Kim."

"When she's ready. She needs more time. She's an anal virgin."

"She's not anymore", Paula giggled.

"And the other judges?"

"They'll be up for it too. After all, she's seriously cute."

They turned their attention to the screen as Destiny made a long, guttural moan then shuddered, her back arching and flexing so her spine pressed up into her skin.

"I love it when moms make their daughters cum", Kim groaned.

"So do I", Paula said, giving Kim a peck on the cheek. "Ten minutes until the competition starts. Your girl better get her reamed hole into her tight leotard if she's going to win."

Kim rolled her eyes in pleasure at the thought then nodded.

*

Destiny had never had an orgasm before and it scared her how her body had lost control like that.

"Mom? What just happened to me?" she gasped.

Misty hadn't thought something going in the butt could do that to someone, especially not her Destiny, but it was the

biggest orgasm she'd ever seen and would need a lot of denial to get through the next few moments, luckily she had that a heap of it when it came to her daughter.

"It was just your body relaxing as all the tension left your poophole. That energy had to go somewhere, right? Now hold still I'm taking the... er... massager out."

"Uuh", Destiny groaned as the inches of silicone slipped out of her then left her anus winking up at her mom.

Misty bit her nails as she looked down at the surface of the dildo then at Destiny's pucker, opening and closing like a fish's mouth.

She almost screamed when there was a knock on the door.

"Ten minutes", someone called out as she grabbed the dildo in both hands like she was trying to hide a real cock.

She froze until the footsteps padded off down the corridor. Why did she panic so much if it was just a massage? There wasn't time to dwell on it.

"Come on. We need to get you dressed."

Destiny felt like she was floating but she felt wet both inside and around her crotch, not sure and too inexperienced to tell if it was the oil or if it was from her body.

She turned to look at the 'massager'. It looked a lot like a penis and dangled in the place where guys had them as her mom tugged her leotard up over her shoulders.

"Turn around. We haven't got much time", Misty said with a disproportionate anger in her voice.

Destiny glanced one last time at the massager. It wasn't completely covered in poop as she'd imagined but it had a slight tinge to it along its pink surface that told her how far it had travelled up her tunnel.

She flinched as Misty corrected the crotch material and felt it bunch up in between her butt cheeks as this type of costume often did when she danced and she worried that some of what had just happened to her might seep out the sides of the material but her mom spun her around and started to fix her makeup before she could mention it to

her.

*

“Destiny Daniels!”

Misty had just managed to take her seat as Destiny’s performance had begun. Her daughter started well, her petite body flipping and contorting to the music she’d practised to for the past two weeks. Misty’s nervous habit of biting her fingernails was halted mid-nibble. She stared at her fingers. She’d caught the sweetness of her daughter’s asshole on them and gulped guiltily, looking over at the other people seated around her as if they might know what she’d done.

She clutched her hands to her lap as she watched every movement, feeling the excitement for Destiny.

She was able to tell herself that no part of her daughter’s body was off-limits to her and it was easy to see past the shudders and groans she’d been a part of as the innocent looking eighteen-year-old performed for the judges. Misty watched the movements closely then when the final split was starting the intensity was too much for her and her fingers came back up to her mouth.

Destiny held her ankle as she performed her vertical split, her body turning in a circle as she’d done so many times before. Misty noticed the slight wobble and hop as her bare foot didn’t quite twist in time and she groaned.

That was a mistake that could cost her a lot of points.

As Destiny stood and bowed to the audience and judges, Misty clapped loudly, trying to rally the crowd to influence a score she guessed would be around 28 if she was lucky.

The judges whispered to one another for a moment then lifted their cards.

8... better than expected. Then her jaw opened as the second card displayed a 9... then another 9 and another... 35! Destiny was through to the final!

She hadn’t realised she’d stood up but pride and disbelief had brought her to her feet. As Destiny turned and gracefully left the floor, Misty brushed past the knees of moms and supporters of the other dancers, wiggling her

hips triumphantly as she beamed.

"Excuse me... Excuse me... that's my daughter..."

Her heels clicked down the corridor to the dressing room where she found Destiny looking oddly glum.

"Well done", she said, embracing the girl and pulling to her chest but it didn't seem to improve her daughter's mood.

"We're through to the finals. You should be happy", she said, releasing her and holding her under her chin.

It was odd how Destiny's brown eyes stared down at the floor as her bright red lips mumbled.

"I'm not sure I deserved that score. I made some mistakes. I was distracted by-"

"What matters is we're through. You'll practise and stretch around the clock from now until the finals and you won't make mistakes next time."

"I guess... What we did before-"

"Yes, yes. The massage. We can talk about that later. Let's get you undressed so you can shower and change."

Destiny felt Misty's hands peel her leotard from her shoulders and roll it down to her hips. She stood there and stared at the wall as she bit her lips as the bunched crotch was slid out her butt and down her legs.

"Off you go. The meter's running on the car", Misty said, giving Destiny a nudge in the direction of the shower then picked up the leotard. She knew why she was checking the crotch inside but she pretended to herself it was just practical, seeing if it needed a wash. She jumped when the girl's coach walked in.

"Oh hi Kim. I don't know why I was so startled. I must have been dreaming of the finals."

"Destiny did well. I could see she had a relaxed glow about her. You gave her the massage then?"

"Like you said to, yes. You think that made the difference?"

"Definitely. You saw the slip-ups she made, right? I'm sure the judges wouldn't have scored her so well if her other

movements weren't as relaxed and fluid as they were. There's the proof it works. I told you, dancers hold a lot of tension in their anuses so the more they can loosen them up the better they dance."

"Anything to win, right?" Mindy said, convincing herself.

"Exactly. That's why we've got to keep up the focus right there and use it as our secret weapon for the finals."

"Er... Okay."

"Good. Now, we have two days before the finals. I need you to make sure she gets a massage this evening and first thing in the morning then bring her over to my house and we'll practise the routines. Do you have the massager?"

"Yeah, its over there in the bag."

"Good. Remember the hip actions I taught you... and try to relax and have fun too while you do the massage. It's a good thing, remember?"

"Right. I'll try", Misty replied, feeling the sudden twinge of guilt again as she brushed her hair back over her ears.

"You look a bit tense yourself. Maybe you could do with an anal massage", Kim said, planting a seed in the dumb woman's head.

"Maybe. What time do you want us at yours?"

"Let's say ten o'clock shall we?"

"Ok. We'll see you then."

With that Kim turned and left, leaving Misty alone as her daughter showered off the oil and sweat from her body. She stared at the bag, losing track of time until Destiny padded out with a towel wrapped around her.

"Come on. Get dressed. We need to get home", Misty said shortly, snapping a bit at her daughter. She ignored Destiny's glance then waited for her to get into her leggings and sports bra and slip on her pumps, handing her the bag with the strapon dildo in it before they left the room.

"Hold this", she said abruptly.

"Are we taking it with us?", Destiny asked, sounding

nervous and worried.

"It helped you win didn't it?" Misty said as if that was enough of an answer.

"I... don't know...", Destiny mumbled, opening the bag to look in at the rolled up harness around the pink massager.

The journey home was silent as Destiny held the bag in her lap. It was only when they got back to their bungalow that Misty took it off her and headed to her bedroom.

She shut the door behind her and sat on her bed. She should have been happy that Destiny was through to the finals but she had a niggling feeling that her daughter hadn't deserved the score she'd been given.

She opened the bag and held her face over it. There was a sweet, heady smell of rubber and Destiny as she stared at the dildo. She tried to remember if she'd heard of anal massages before and convinced herself that it was a thing once more as flashes of Destiny's asshole taking the pink silicone raced through her head.

She left the bag and the dildo on her bed as she walked over to her mirror, stroking a hand over her curves before unzipping her dress and letting it fall to the floor. After a win like the one today she usually liked to reward herself but it somehow felt wrong as she pushed her hand down the front of her panties and all she could think about was Destiny's moans of relaxation and the way her butt slapped against her hips. That wasn't what a mother should be having in her mind when she wanted to give herself a bit of attention.

She turned and looked at her own butt. It was womanly and large and a lack of focus on it had left it to become soft and slightly droop over the top of her thighs giving it a look of a big bubblebutt that was buckling under its own weight.

She'd never seen butts as sexual and couldn't see the fascination people had in them despite the stares Destiny's perky orbs often got.

She slid her panties down and pulled her cheeks apart like cushiony drapes. Poopholes were just that, holes for poop. She hadn't looked at her own in a long time. There had

been something alluring, pretty even, with the way Destiny's anus had taken the dildo that it made her wonder for a moment what it must feel like.

She closed her cheeks. Not knowing was best. It wasn't as if she knew what the rest of Destiny's body felt like when it was stretched so why should this be any different. The less she empathised, the easier it would be to perform the secret winning method that gave her the edge over the other parents.

She allowed herself a little shiver of excitement as she thought about how she had a tool in her arsenal that they didn't and if she used it to full effect it would loosen Destiny up enough to win. After that she'd give it back to Kim and blank out the guilt as she did with so much of her objectification of her daughter.

She took off her bra and stared at her body. Food and booze she denied Destiny's toned body had added themselves to her hips and tummy but she still saw the outline of an attractive woman in her shapely figure as she stroked her breasts and felt her nipples stiffen between her fingers.

She blinked and told herself there wasn't time for this. She'd have to just stay horny until after the finals. Destiny would need to eat, exercise and then get an early night.

Her eyes glanced back at the bag. At some point she'd put the six inches of silicone inside her daughter's buttole and relax her anal muscles. She remembered the coach's words about having fun with it and relaxing but she wasn't used to either of those things without being drunk. She guessed she deserved a couple of glasses of wine to celebrate she told herself as she put her comfy shorts and bra top on and headed out of her room and straight to her drinks cabinet.

Destiny knew she'd be exercising after dinner because she had to do a workout and stretch every single evening but tonight she decided to wear a thong under her stretchy shorts just in case she got wet down there again. She'd inherited her mom's brains, or lack of, and her naivety, so she was still trying to work out in her head how a massage in her poophole had made her body lose control like that.

It had scared her when it had happened but now she was more embarrassed than anything and suddenly overly conscious of what was between her legs and butt cheeks.

She sat at the table and noticed the already half empty bottle of wine. Her mom wasn't a good drunk. She got emotional and would go from being overly affectionate to being disdainful and angry in a blink of an eye, but luckily for her Misty was feeling more the former right now.

She wrapped her arms around Destiny after serving her the usual finely balanced meal. Tonight it was tuna steak, brown rice and salad, while Misty had made herself a large bowl of pasta with garlic bread. Destiny missed bread but smelling the garlic on her mom's breath as she helped her stretch would soon put her off again.

"You know why I called you Destiny?"

"Yes, Mom", Destiny replied, her brown eyes narrowing in preparation for it to be stuffed into her head again as she was ignored.

"I called you Destiny because it's your destiny to become the best dancer in the whole country... and today you got one step closer to my dream for you."

"I know, Mom. Can I eat now? I'm really hungry."

"Of course, sugarplum. Eat up all your dinner. You need to be strong and full of energy for your workout."

"Mom?"

"Yes?"

"Are you going to put that thing we brought home in me again?"

Misty's hand rubbed her daughter's chin and jaw in a way that was too much to be considered gentle and loving as it was intended to be.

"Don't you worry your head about that. Just leave it to me."

Destiny stared at her plate, screwing her brown eyes shut then open again as she tried to push the thought that the embarrassing reaction was probably going to happen again. Her muscle memory was really powerful and even now she could remember the achy feeling in her anus. It

had been kind of nice in a way but if her mom hadn't told her it was ok she would have struggled with such an alien sensation in her poophole.

She'd felt different ever since she'd had that strange feeling when her body shook. She was more aware of the thong material pressing between her butt cheeks as she sat on her chair.

She shivered as her mom gave her a quick shoulder rub. The movements of the fingers working into her muscles had a rhythm about them that reminded her of the bouncing thrusts and her lips parted as her spine arched.

Misty was oblivious to the confusing sexual awakening in her daughter as she walked around the table and sat down.

"There's three dances for the finals. We'll do your sugarplum fairy for the classic. Then there's the duet. Your coach has another girl lined up to do some kind of cop thing... and I was thinking your pirate routine for the modern."

Destiny paused mid chew.

"Isn't the pirate routine a bit... you know..."

"A bit what?"

"Sexy..."

"When you did it first time in the local adult competition it wowed the audience."

"I know. But that thing I do with the hook... and I have to shake my butt so much."

Destiny rolled her eyes. Adult dancing was so different.

Misty ignored her. She knew that dances like that scored points and she wasn't about to let her daughter scupper her chances for her dream to come true.

"Those are the dances you'll do", she said as she filled her mouth with pasta and took a swig of wine to wash it down.

Destiny ate in silence as she thought about the first time she'd done the dance just after she'd turned eighteen. It was so different to her usual routines but she hadn't thought much of it at the time and yet as of today she felt

much shyer of her butt. She'd even slipped up a couple of times in her dance today because she'd retracted and pulled in her poses. What if she did that in the finals?

The tuna went down hard as she swallowed and she took her water glass, guzzling down half of it as she tried to drown the thoughts out of her head.

"When we're finished, we'll start your exercises", Misty said, nodding as if she was changing the subject but Destiny only swallowed again and coughed.

There was something different about her daughter. The way she moved maybe, Misty didn't know for sure, but she had an attractive glow about her and she put that down to the massage she'd given her.

She looked at the fox-like face of the girl she'd made. For the first time she saw her as a woman and in her drunken head she felt she needed to bring out more of the 'sexy' out in Destiny but she had very little experience herself in this area and hadn't even dated since her daughter had been born.

"Right. Come on. We should get you warmed up."

Destiny got up and walked over to the space in the lounge that was as more her gym than it was anything else.

She did her usual bends and stretches, pulling her foot back over her butt to stretch her quads, bending at her hips side to side, squats and then bent over to touch her toes.

Misty was very much focused on how to do the all-important anal massage as she stood behind Destiny and held her hips then pressed her crotch against the girl's butt.

Destiny was used to the close contact her mom had to have to ensure all her more complex stretches and exercises worked ok but not this early on.

"Splits on the wall", Misty said as she rose up and smelled the garlic and wine. Why was her mom already breathing like she usually did after her workout?

"Ok", she said, pressing her shoulders and butt to the wall.

“Turn around. You know you get a better stretch if you do them facing the wall.”

Destiny turned and felt the wall on her fingers.

It would be easier for her to get a sense of whether this position would do if her daughter wasn't wearing her shorts.

Destiny's hands went to her mom's hands as they gripped under the waist elastic and slipped them down.

“Stop fidgeting. I need to see how your glutes are stretching. Oh, what's this?”

She noticed the thong for the first time. The pink material pushed up tightly between Destiny's cheeks as the thick black elastic traced around her small hips.

“I just thought... I didn't want to get my shorts wet.”

“It's never bothered you before”, Misty said irritably.

“Yeah, but if you do the massage in me I might get all wet again and well...”

She squirmed. It was embarrassing just talking about it.

“Your body just got confused last time. A poophole isn't where you get wet like that... and your thong will just get all sweaty.”

“I'll wear it until the massage”, Destiny replied, uncharacteristically decisive.

“Ok, but you're being silly. It didn't bother you when we were both naked with the oil. Look, I'll take my shorts off to prove I don't have an issue with it.”

Destiny looked over her shoulder as Misty whipped her shorts down and off. Her mom's trimmed crotch just made her think of the strappy harness that had been over it and she felt a weird discomfort for the first time at seeing it out and exposed.

She didn't speak, showing her determination to wear the thin strip of modesty that comforted her as it held her pussy and asshole tightly under it and heard her mom's disappointed sigh.

“Alright. Lift your right leg up.”

Misty's usual role was to press her daughter into the wall to flatten her body out for the perfect vertical splits. One hand would go on Destiny's spine at the bottom and one at the top where her shoulders met but her usual arm length stance was replaced with something that could help her decide if this was a good way to massage her daughter's anus.

Destiny felt her chest heave as her mom's hands and body pressed into her back. There were more hot breaths on her shoulder where it met her neck and she was almost certain her mom was smelling her skin. She felt her goosebumps rise as small, rolling swirls from the wider hips behind her rubbed on her butt cheeks and the stubble grazed between them.

Relax, Misty told herself in her intoxicated head.

"Relax", she said to Destiny, unaware how huskily she'd crowed the word out. She never really saw her daughter's exercises as fun but maybe it was time to savour the fact that they were in the adult finals because of the stretchy, tight body that she'd moulded to get them there. The oil had made the already smooth skin even more supple and there was a lingering scent, alluring and heady like incense.

"Good. Now the other leg", Misty whispered in Destiny's ear.

Her mom didn't move back more than a couple of inches and that made it harder to swing her right leg down and grab her left foot but she managed to change sides and stretch her thigh tightly to her side.

Destiny's butt sprang and bounced as her cheeks came together for an instant then were peeled apart, her right glute tensing and pushing out as her left one stretched the ridge where her thigh met into a soft curve.

Her mom wasn't always right about everything and she wasn't right about the wetness now. Destiny could feel a small oval of dampness on her thong as Misty's crotch rubbed over her butt crack and her eyes rolled in embarrassment as her fingers spread out and clung to the wall.

“Yeah, that’s good”, Misty purred.

The hold went on longer than usual as her mom rolled her hips over her butt but eventually she let out a breath and moved back, allowing Destiny to lower her leg and turn around.

“Get on your hands and knees on the mat”, Misty said as she put her hand around Destiny’s waist.

Her mom got pretty handsy when she was drunk and she was usually used to it but it felt awkward this evening and every touch of her body made her hairs stand on end and there was something strange about how both of them avoided one another’s eyes.

With her pelvis firmly pressing on Destiny’s butt, Misty cupped her under the chin with her clasped hands and watched her cat-like back arch. Her cheeks felt warm and unusually clammy on her skin as she pulled her back into her even more.

Destiny couldn’t see the way Misty bit her lip and she didn’t even register it herself as she brought her hands down to the girl’s waist and pulled her tummy up to bow her spine. She’d never noticed before how some of these positions she helped her daughter into were really.... what was the word she was looking for?

“Ok. Time to do a standing fold then you can start your workout”, she said, getting to her feet.

Destiny stood and spread her feet, looking over her shoulder to see where Misty was before curling over at the waist and pushed her arms and head between her legs. It was the ultimate show of her acrobatic body as she lifted her neck to bring her face up, just in time to see her mom step over and press her hands over her butt cheeks.

“Good. Now see if you can grab my legs”, Misty said as she looked down at the slip of pink material that stretched between Destiny’s spread cheeks.

Destiny managed to grab her just behind her calves.

“Now pull your head up even more.”

The girl’s mouth opened as she contorted her body in a way that only a few people she knew could then looked up

between her mom's legs.

Seeing her pussy wasn't something that usually shocked her but right now it glistened with a layer of wetness along its pink labia and there was something that made her gasp. Her mom had a silky line, like a thread of a spider web with a droplet on the end coming out of her!

"What's wrong?" Misty asked sharply.

"Nothing. Can I start my workout now?" she breathed, her voice catching.

"Fine." Her mom sounded disappointed and annoyed.

Destiny released herself and uncoiled lithely, standing upright to walk over to her weights.

"No weights tonight. Do your HIIT workout then we'll finish with your abs."

Destiny groaned inwardly. She'd competed today and wasn't in the mood to do the high intensity stuff that always got her sweaty and tired.

Misty watched as Destiny's body bounced and moved. She was proud of how she had trained her daughter like an Olympic athlete and seeing her muscles ripple and flex on her compact body reminded her how she usually rewarded herself for a job well done and how she hadn't yet done so after today's momentous win.

She rubbed her hands over hips, telling herself she would make up for it tonight then stopped as reality broke through for the first time. Shit, I'm so horny right now.

She giggled out loud and put a hand to her mouth. Had she said that out loud in front of Destiny? Probably not she decided, shaking her head. I need more wine.

She walked over to the table and poured herself a brimming glass then slugged half of it down in one gulp.

The dildo... I mean the massager, she thought then staggered off to her room, leaving Destiny doing sumo squats and bunny hops on the mat in her lounge.

Her head was spinning as she grabbed the bag and pulled out the strapon with the pink cock harnessed in it.

She grinned down at it and giggled then made a circle

with her finger and thumb and pushed the dildo back and forth through them.

“Massaging your poophole will make you a champion”, Misty said to a daughter that wasn’t there with her.

She flopped on the bed and stroked her fingers over the shaft.

“Mmm. It feels good... but it’s not wrong. Poophole’s aren’t for sex”, her drunken mind tried to reason out loud.

She turned on her side and slid the harness up her legs. There was something confidence-boosting about the securing of the buckles and, looking down at the stiff protruding six inches, gave her a sense of potency and potential.

She walked over to the mirror and giggled, putting her finger in her mouth to bite her nail. She’d never worn something like this until today and it looked funny having a cock like a man on her feminine frame.

She slid her finger and thumb around it again as she simulated the massage she would give Destiny, her hips more relaxed from drink and not being against the clock.

Her movements reminded her of something she hadn’t had in a long time as she licked her lips and felt the slippery juices between her thighs.

She pulled her bra top off and watched her breasts bounce with her hip swirls. Have fun, Kim had said. Seeing herself naked apart from the strapon was exciting and liberating. She felt like a woman and more as she gripped the pink silicone and thrust her hips back and forth, turning sideways to look at how her butt was held up by the straps, looking perkier than it had in years.

Destiny’s pants and groans made her turn her head. She had a job to do as her daughter’s number one trainer and she felt as ready as she’d ever be.

Destiny lifted her head up from her plank to see her naked mom wearing the massager. She shivered and felt her anus clench as she saw the deadpan expression that Misty wore on her face.

“Stand up”, Misty said croakily then coughed to clear her

throat.

Destiny got to her feet, wringing her hands as she stared at the mat.

Misty got on her knees behind Destiny and placed her fingers in the thong waistband then slid it down her butt, watching as the material flicked out of the grip of the tight cheeks.

As she was stepping out of her thong, Misty stood up and in a clumsy tug pulled her daughter's top up and off her. She'd seen her naked before but there was a nervous energy between them both that felt intense as she stared at the droplets of sweat on her body.

"Get on your ball", she whispered in the girl's ear, making Destiny jolt as the dildo poked into her butt, her fingers stroking the slim hips as she tried to steady her breaths.

Destiny did as she was told and mounted the large blow up ball so her tummy and breasts pressed into its red circumference. Misty held her daughter's thighs as she rolled forward and put her hands behind her back.

She couldn't take her eyes off of the butt that was now at the centre on the ball, her torso rocking up and down to build her muscles in her stomach and back. Her hands slid higher and lifted her butt up then apart as Destiny continued her reps, pausing for just a second as her anus was exposed to the coolness of the air in the room.

"We need to get it ready", Misty croaked, more to herself, as she slid the tip of her index finger over Destiny's anus then pushed in.

She'd forgotten through lack of experience about the oil or the need to lubricate the tight tunnel first so she struggled to get much further than her nail despite the sweatiness.

She got up and walked to the kitchen, grabbing a bottle of olive oil before returning to her kneeling position behind Destiny then clumsily poured more than she meant to down the girl's crack so that it dripped off her pussy and onto the mat.

She worked her finger in again and felt it get swallowed up so she could push it right up to her knuckle.

“That’s better”, she purred, ignoring Destiny’s groans as she worked the oil into her tunnel, turning her finger on each thrust, unable to take her eyes off what she was doing.

Destiny couldn’t work out and take that overwhelming full sensation in her poophole. She planted her hands the other side of the ball and gasped as her mom plunged her finger deep inside her.

Misty followed her instincts automatically and didn’t think as she slid her middle finger in along side her other plunging finger. The idea was to stretch and massage the tight tunnel and that was all she was doing.

Her mom was even rougher and clumsier than the first time but there was something about the quick thrusts that drained her of any will to tell her to slow down.

There were several minutes of silence as the wet clicks and thuds of Misty’s hand on Destiny’s rim were blended with the croaks coming from the girl’s parted lips. Misty stared at the brimming clear juices between her daughter’s pussy lips but told herself there was no association between that and the rhythmic blasts of her fingers even though she was breathing sharply and starting to sweat herself.

She turned and looked for something to wipe her brow, reaching for Destiny’s thong then dabbing it on her forehead as she praised herself for going to such lengths for her future champion.

Sweat had formed on her mouth and she forgot what the material was as she wiped her face then caught a smell of her daughter’s crotch on the thong.

There was a sweet, rich aroma that made her press it to her nose. She was her mom so it was fine for her to love her daughter’s scent she told herself and besides she wasn’t embarrassing Destiny if she couldn’t see her.

She rolled the thong up in her fingers and pressed it against her nostrils, feeling her body shiver and tingle as she did something that her sober head would have never thought to do.

Her fingers dug and twisted inside Destiny as she pressed

the thong to her neck and chest then, without thinking, wiped up between her legs after feeling what she thought was sweat on her inner thighs.

Her eyes blurred in and out of focus as she stared at the dampness from her crotch on her daughter's thong. To a thoughtful person it might have seemed like a symbol of their relationship and given an obvious sign that this was more than just a form of physiotherapy but she tossed it onto the mat and slid her fingers out.

There was a little squelching rasp and then the feeling of emptiness that sent an unexpected wave of sadness through Destiny as her body told her it was actually enjoying it even if her head didn't like the confusing thoughts that were racing through it.

"Go and lie on the mat", Misty said, patting Destiny's bum as if it was just another exercise position.

She assumed her mom wanted her to lie on her front and was surprised as Misty got down on her hands and knees to roll her over and stroke her face. She could smell herself on the fingers as her mom spoke over her.

"Why don't you put your feet behind your head so we can start your massage?"

She had a cock sticking out of her and Kim had told her to enjoy herself. Destiny would think that the position was purely to stretch her anus out wide for the massager and she could pretend she was doing something a lot like sex, which would be fun for a horny woman that wanted to picture herself in her daughter's place taking it in her pussy.

"Ok, Mom", Destiny said softly. It was the girl's best attempt to remind the woman who they both were to one another and to herself, as she thought of how the shuddery wave of ecstasy had made her feel the last time the pink massager had slid in and out of her poophole.

Destiny lifted her legs up by her feet and wrapped them under her arms so that her soles framed her head as she lay face to face with her mom.

"I'm going to put it in you now", Misty whispered despite no one else being in the house. She shifted the dildo in her

right hand so that it pressed against Destiny's rim.

"Ok", her daughter breathed.... Then sucked in air through her open mouth as the cock shape entered her anus.

Misty pushed her body up over Destiny so that the dildo sunk up inside the penetrated hole. Her daughter's pretty face made expressions she'd never seen before stirring up feelings of affection she only felt when she was drunk.

Destiny took the kisses as they rained down on her face. She could smell the garlic and wine as sloppy lips pressed onto her cheeks and her mom's hand swept over the edge of her hair.

"You're so cute, sugarplum", Misty drawled, her lips clumsily finding the girl's mouth every few kisses as she moved her hips to massage her anus.

Her skin smelled so good. She couldn't help but press her nose over her jaw and neck as she bowed her back and made the jolting thrusts that would make her daughter relaxed and ready to be her champion.

Destiny's eyes rolled up into her head as her lids fluttered, letting out a croaking moan as she felt the massager sliding up and stretching her tunnel out. Misty's breasts brushed over hers as she sated her need to smell her and placed her elbows down just next to the girl's wrists, watching her mouth open as the saliva webbed and clung to her moaning lips.

"Yeah, that's it sugarplum... relax", she purred, "Enjoy the massage."

Misty closed her eyes and moved faster. It reminded her of long forgotten times of being screwed by some guy she'd met in a bar but now she was the guy in her head and Destiny was her.

She craved it hard and fast, having been so long since those distant memories, so her hips were soon pounding into the body she imagined was her own.

"Oh mom... Uuh..."

"Shhh... relax sugarplum", she purred, licking her lips as she let images of strong, sexy men pounding her hungry pussy fill her head.

Destiny was far from relaxed in her head but she couldn't focus on much more than the shaft thrusting up into her achy, tingly rectum.

<fop><fop><fop><fop>

Misty could feel the wetness on her skin just above the harness on her crotch from Destiny's pussy but that just made her think more of her own scenario as she pumped her hips.

Destiny's wide eyes soaked in her mom's face as Misty bit and nibbled her lips, breathing slow, long blasts of air through her mouth and nose as sweat started to bead her brow, a face she saw every day and yet somehow like a stranger's right now with an expression she didn't recognise or understand.

All she did understand was that the massage was sending wave after wave of exciting, scary feelings up her body.

"Mom!... aah... Mom!"

"Shhh", was her only reply as Misty reached for what she now had taken to be a sweat rag and pushed it into her daughter's mouth.

"Bite down on this, sugarplum", she said as she fed her daughter's thong into the girl's mouth with her fingers.

Destiny wailed as she tasted the wet material, feeling embarrassed and, not understanding it, the depravity of what she thought was only her own flavours on her mouth.

"Yeah, you like it don't you... Just relax and let me massage your poophole... <fop><fop>... uh, really, really well."

Her mom's breasts swirled in circles over her chest as she gripped her feet with her hands and tasted her sweat and more in her mouth. Every thrust drove her further and further in losing control to the sensations flooding her disciplined body.

"Yeah... that's good... release all your tension", Misty groaned hypnotically as she listened to Destiny's wailing moans, then froze suddenly as her daughter shuddered like a washing machine on spin dry.

Destiny 'released all her tension' with a guttural groan,

her body feeling that melty warmth that rose into her head and made her eyes roll up into her head. Every inch that the massager moved inside her sent electric tingles up her tunnel and made her squirm and squeal.

Misty tried to continue but Destiny was moving too much now and had already started to bring her legs down, making it harder to get the full six inches inside her. She drew out slowly, feeling that same pang of guilt as before but swallowed it down with a brisk sentence.

“Ok sugarplum. All done for tonight.”

Destiny took the thong out her mouth and stared at it for a moment, then looked up shyly at her mom as she placed it beside her and tried to raise her head to see if the massager was dirty or not.

She let herself breathe as she saw the silicone still bright and pink even if it was slippery and wet.

Her muscles felt heavy and tingly as she planted her feet down and watched her naked mom stand over her, the cock shape that had been inside her moving lewdly from side to side. She didn't know why she felt an urge to grab it and put it in her mouth but she stayed on her back and let the tingles ride through her body as she steadied her breathing.

She was too inexperienced to know why she felt cold and empty again, instinctively needing her mom to ease the confusion in her head and let her senses slowly work down rather than this sudden cut off of intimacy but Misty didn't see this as what it obviously was so didn't empathise as she held a hand out for Destiny to take and get up.

“I'm going to bed. You should too”, was all she said, her eyes fluttering as she tried to keep them open a little longer.

“Kiss goodnight”, Misty prompted then planted a pucker on her daughter's lips.

“Go and sleep now”, she added, hooking Destiny around her hips and guiding her in the direction of her room then, without looking back, staggered to her door and stumbled inside.

*

She sat on her bed and smiled drunkenly to herself. Her thoughts were more on sex than on her daughter as she continued to feel the swirling movement of her hips in her head.

Her fingers rubbed down under the harness, feeling how wet her pussy was.

She pawed up her bed as she slid up it and under her covers then she fumbled in her bedside drawer, giggling as she found her vibrator.

She turned it on and pressed it between her pussy lips and over her clit.

“Mmm”, she moaned to herself. This was her reward for being such a good mom; going to the lengths she did to help her daughter be the champion she dreamed of her becoming.

She touched the dildo with her other hand and giggled then rolled her hand down the shaft, imagining it in her pussy. It still felt slippery with the oil as it slid and squelched in her palm.

“It feels like a dick”, she whispered naughtily to nobody but herself. It had been so long since she’d had anything inside her properly and she deserved to have something there now, she told herself as she fumbled with the straps and tugged it down her legs.

The dildo came out easily and flopped onto her chest, making her chuckle and squeeze her breasts together either side of it.

Seeing the realistic tip, despite the colour, made her remember how she used to like sucking the real things.

Her one track and drunken mind had forgotten where it had just been. She smirked and stroked the tip as she held it inches from her mouth then savoured the moment as she parted her lips and slowly drew it closer.

She purred as she sucked the first three inches like an ice pop then suddenly an alarm bell went off in her head, as she tasted the sweet tang.

“Oh shit”, she said, pulling it out and staring at the dildo. It didn’t look like it had been in a poophole, at least not

how she imagined it should. She sniffed it and considered getting up and washing it in the sink but she couldn't wait to use it for its 'true' purpose.

She turned on her side and closed her thighs around her vibrator, reaching around behind her with the dildo in her hand.

It felt good sliding down her crack and her breathing quickened as she rubbed it past her anus, feeling the tingles as she found her pussy.

Her hand held the base as she pushed it into herself.

She smiled as she brought her other hand up to her mouth and stroked fingers she'd already forgotten had been in Destiny's anus over her lips, her mind getting fuzzy and already knowing she wouldn't remember the next minutes in the morning as she let her horniness take control of her body.

Misty's eyes opened. She felt a sharp throb in her head as she lifted it to look down at why she felt so cold. She was completely naked, her vibrator in front of her along with the harness. She rubbed her face then felt something hard under her left butt cheek, shifting so she could tug the dildo out from under her.

She never woke up in a good mood and when she'd been drinking that was magnified by the dreadful hangovers she got from her cheap wine.

She couldn't remember going to bed or even sending Destiny off for the night.

She blinked at the pink cock, trying to work out why it was in her bed, getting cross with herself as she got up and stomped over to her mirror.

Her reflection only served to put her in an even worse mood as she brushed her hair out her eyes.

She groaned as she remembered that she had to take Destiny to her coach's house. Keeping her daughter's competitiveness on track was a round the clock job and all she wanted right now was some time to put her feet up and try to let her headache ease. Her sacrifices for her daughter who was probably still fast asleep annoyed her even more.

*

Destiny was still asleep as she unconsciously felt the weight on her bed and her pyjama bottoms getting slid down her legs.

"Mom?" she gasped as she opened her eyes, only to feel something wet between her cheeks as hands parted them firmly.

She was on her side and facing away from Misty as she tried to turn her head but it was pushed back into the pillow before she felt the wet thing press against her anus.

"Mom?" she asked again, more panicked this time.

"Yes, yes. Be quiet Destiny. I'm trying to get the massager inside you."

Relief that it was actually her mom was immediately

followed by dread.

“Wait, Mom. I’ve got a tummy ache – Uuh.”

The dildo rippled up her anus, sounding like a zip being opened as little air bubbles were pushed out by the silicone.

“We don’t have time for messing around. You need a massage then we both need to get ready.”

Destiny held her stomach and groaned as her mom shifted her hips on her bed, pushing the dildo in deeper and sending a pang of pain into her bowels.

Misty lifted Destiny’s butt cheek up as she watched the dildo move in and out in sharp, grumpy thrusts. There was something so satisfying about relieving her mood into her daughter. Misty spikily brushed her hair back and rubbed her aching forehead, trying to ignore Destiny’s moans as she clutched her tummy.

“We’ll... Uh... have to hurry now... Uh... I’m not going to have time for a coffee if we don’t make this quick...”

<flop><flop>

The noise was different but Misty ignored it as she rubbed her nose and pressed her hips into her daughter.

“Mom... ah... I think I need to poop”, Destiny gasped.

“Don’t be silly... uh... It’s just the massager making you feel like that. Now stop fidgeting and relax.”

Destiny couldn’t stop the groans that were annoying her mom.

Misty rolled her eyes and turned her daughter onto her front, still inside her as she set her knees down on the mattress.

“Uhh... We need to get you opened up... Just hold still and take your massage.”

Destiny groaned on every hard thrust, her butt slapping loudly against her mom’s rhythmic pounding movements.

Misty’s foul mood seemed to be feeding her need to transfer her suffering to her daughter. She felt a little better as she made the dildo spear hard up Destiny’s rectum, finding it and everything about the girl irritating

right now.

She felt like a slave to this body as if she was sacrificing her own comfort and dignity in going beyond what most mothers would be willing to do.

She gritted her teeth and pressed her hand on Destiny's back.

The fact that she wasn't relaxing as she had yesterday was the most annoying part of what she was beginning to see as pointless.

"Relax!" she hissed.

<flop><flop><flop><flop>

She pumped the dildo hard and fast then pulled out, too tired to bother any more.

A bubbly rasp blew out, making her look down.

"Oh shit", she said as the dildo flopped onto her daughter's butt.

She tugged the pyjama bottoms off of her as she pulled her up and off the bed.

"Go to the toilet and clean up", she hissed nervously, covering the dildo in the bottoms.

"Mom? What is it?"

"Just go", she said, hurrying with the straps.

*

She moved the pasta pot out the kitchen sink as she unravelled the material with the pink bears on it and shoved it in the washing machine then gulped as she looked at the dildo.

This is exactly what she'd expected to happen the first time she'd massaged Destiny's anus but it was somehow less of a big deal than she'd expected it to be. A morbid curiosity came over her as she held it up and sniffed it. Sickly sweet and pungent, not gross and not something she hadn't been used to as a mother in the past. She actually smirked to herself. There'd been something so satisfying about seeing Destiny lie there and groan as she packed her bowels with what must have been stabbing pain and she'd almost forgotten her hangover.

Sometimes she would push Destiny to do more exercises than she should and she always got a sadistic hit of pleasure from watching her struggle and she was definitely feeling that euphoric high now. She sniffed it again and turned the tap, her right hand squeezing up the dildo and feeling what was on it slip over her fingers and palm.

She couldn't see her expression and was oblivious to her cooing smirk as she reached for the soap and washed all trace of what she'd done from the pretty sex toy, thinking how handing it back to Kim would now have an added excitement that only she knew about.

Destiny's brown eyes kept darting across at her as she sat beside her in the car wearing the dance club's T-shirt and loose cotton shorts all clean and ready to practice her dance routines.

There was no guilt or anything to be nervous about for Misty as she turned into Kim's drive and got out, grabbing the bag with Destiny's costumes and a certain massage tool.

Destiny stood with her usual perky posture, her back straight but her new awareness for her butt made her brush her cheeks nervously with her hands as they waited.

Kim opened the door, squinting as if the sun was really bright.

"Come in", she said shortly then stood aside for Misty and Destiny to step into her lounge.

"Oh hi", Misty said to the petite blonde girl on the couch, her fake smile letting through some of her confusion.

"Hi", the girl responded, shuffling her butt on the cushioned seat.

"This is Apple. She's here to practise the duet with Destiny", Kim said to Misty.

"Oh, ok. Apple... that's a nice name", she said, trying to hide her eye roll.

"Thank you", the girl replied, putting her leg over her knee, brushing her hair over her ears.

She was cute. Her blue eyes and downward edged pout were complimented by a small nose and her neck length blonde hair glistened like golden wheat but there was something about the way she moved that made Misty look at Kim and wonder what they'd been doing before she and Destiny had arrived.

"The costumes are there", Kim said, pointing to the two wrapped hangers on an armchair.

"You can change in my bedroom", she added, pointing to a door opposite them.

"Yes, Coach", Apple said, bouncing up and grabbing both

the hangers.

“Yes, Coach.” Destiny repeated the respectful response and followed the blonde girl that she’d seen a couple of times at the club.

With the door closed, Apple didn’t hesitate to pull her shirt and shorts off then turned and worked the wrappings off the costume.

Destiny stared at a butt that was perkier than her own, her brown eyes wide as she caught a glimpse of something shining between it.

“What’s that?”

“What’s what?” Apple asked, turning to look at Destiny.

“That shiny thing”, she said feeling too embarrassed to say ‘in your butt’.

“Oh my buttplug. You want to see it?” Apple asked, smiling as she put her hand between her cheeks and let out a little breath.

Destiny stepped forwards. She’d never seen anything like it before. It was like a metal egg with a stem and a red jewel on the circle at the end.

Apple held it out for Destiny and, without thinking about where it had just been, she took it staring at the mirrored surface.

“It’s heavy”, she said, feeling the weight.

“Yeah, I like that about it.”

“And you wear it in your poophole?”

“Yeah, it feels great. You wear one right? I mean after your mom fucks you she pops one in you.”

“My mom... fucks me?”

“Yeah, you know... puts a dildo on and fucks you in your asshole.”

“What? She... erm... massages my anus but that’s to make me relax.”

“And you relax after you orgasm, right?”

Destiny knew orgasms were something that happened in sex but daughters don’t have sex with their moms and

certainly not in the poophole and yet she wasn't so sure now.

"Oh, you don't know yet. Forget I said anything."

"Wait", Destiny said forgetting the buttplug in her hand until Apple took it from her and placed it on the bed, "What are you talking about?"

"I don't think I'm meant to say", Apple said as if talking with someone else in the room then curled a finger for Destiny to sit on the bed with her.

Apple's face came close to Destiny's as she spoke.

"What you're doing with your mom is anal sex", she said, her eyes flicking over Destiny's face.

"But...", Destiny gasped as she remembered that niggling uncomfortable feeling she had about the massages.

"My mom fucks my ass all the time and I love it, especially when she's in a bad mood and gets mean with me."

Destiny felt like she'd just fallen off a balancing bar and landed on her head.

"... Gets mean with you?" she asked on behalf of the part of her mind still able to work.

"Yeah", Apple said grinning, "She ties me up and fucks me real hard sometimes. I like it like that the best and she gets all her stress out, then she's really nice to me afterwards."

Destiny breathed faster as she imagined what that would be like.

"And she loves it when I lick her ass."

"Lick... her ass?" Destiny had never called it an ass before but Apple's fingers stroking her thigh distracted her.

"Yeah. You've had your asshole licked, right?"

"Never", Destiny gasped. That was something she'd never even considered.

"Lay down on the bed and take your shorts off."

The casual way Apple spoke made Destiny consider doing it for a moment.

"I... erm..."

"I'm really good at it."

Apple slid her hand under Destiny's shirt and tugged at her shorts. They were half way under her bum before curiosity made her turn and get on her hands and knees over her wrapped costume.

"Oh wow. You've got a really nice butt", Apple drawled as she pulled the shorts down and off past Destiny's pumps.

"Now lie down."

Destiny was used to being touched by other girls but not like this as Apple stroked and then opened her cheeks.

The croaking sound she made when the fireworks went off in her head only hinted at the unbelievable feeling of Apple's tongue circling her rim.

She felt her body light up as the pretty blonde used her lips to kiss and smear inwards to her anus then push her tongue over her sphincter and lick inside her.

Her gasping moans told Apple and her that she was loving it as her eyes rolled and she gripped the duvet with her fingers.

*

"So, did you massage Destiny's anus like I told you to?" Kim asked as she sat next to Misty.

"Just like you told me", Misty said, smiling.

"And did she relax each time?" Kim asked emphasising the word 'relax' as if it was code for something else.

"Yeah, I reckon so"

"Good. And what about you? Did you enjoy yourself?"

"I just enjoy seeing Destiny loosened up", she lied to Kim and herself, the image of Destiny confused and dirty, heading off to the toilet sending a tingle up her spine.

"I'm sure you loosened her up well", Kim drawled, placing a hand on Misty's knee. "It's good for you too you know."

"What do you mean?" Misty asked with fake airiness.

"You can get all your frustrations and stress out when you massage her. I know how hard you work to make Destiny the dancer she is."

"Yeah, I guess so", Misty replied, remembering the way she'd relished thrusting into her daughter this morning.

"The harder you massage her, the better her chances of winning so don't hold back and if she thinks it's too much, show her you're the mom and you know what's best for her."

The thong popped into her head and she remembered shoving it into Destiny's mouth.

"Speaking of which, do you have the massager?"

"Yes, right here", Misty replied unzipping the bag and passed the pink dildo and harness to Kim.

She watched as the dance coach stroked its length and smirked.

"Did you have any problems using it?"

The question caught her off guard.

"Er... I guess I was a little worried about being... you know... well, there."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean it's her poophole. What if she needed to poop while it was up there?"

Misty laughed as though it was just a hypothetical question.

"You just keep going until she relaxes", Kim said nonchalantly.

"Oh... I'm not sure I could do that", Misty croaked, pulling her skirt over her thighs.

"Have you used it on yourself yet?" Kim purred.

"God no. I've never had anything in my poophole."

Dumb bitch. That's your loss, Kim thought to herself.

"I meant to pretend it's a dick to put in your mouth... or your pussy."

"No! I mean no, I haven't", Misty lied.

"You should try it... and maybe Destiny would relax even more if you put it in her mouth."

"I couldn't do that. That would be too much like... you

know... sex.”

And fucking your daughter’s ass isn’t? Kim thought as she smirked.

“Just a suggestion to make it more fun for you both but of course you’re right. It isn’t meant to be like sex. That would be really naughty to do with Destiny.”

Misty nodded and folded her legs, pulling at her skirt again.

“Now, the finals are tomorrow so you’ll need something a bit bigger to make sure Destiny is nice and loose.”

Kim got up and went to a set of drawers, taking out a thick flesh coloured eight-inch dildo and replacing the pink one in the harness.

“Massage her anus with this when you get home and again in the morning.”

Misty’s lips opened as she stared at the realistic sex toy, her mouth watering as she imagined it being used on her pussy.

“Ok”, she croaked, mostly just wanting to have something that potent looking in her house.

“And please... try to have fun with it. I bet it’s been a long time since you’ve seen a cock this big.”

Misty tried to hide her lip licking as she stuffed the dildo into the bag. She didn’t reply but Kim could see she was excited and aroused by the eight-inch fake penis.

“Tell me about Destiny’s routines”, she said, sitting back down next to the girl’s mom.

*

Destiny had never felt anything as good as this before. Her body twitched and shook with every slight movement of Apple’s tongue and lips on her anus.

“Mmm, you taste yummy”, Apple purred, making Destiny blush and put her hands to her face.

“Do I? Really?”

“God yeah”, Apple purred.

“Not... like poop?”

Apple stopped licking and lifted her face out the springy cheeks.

"You've never tasted yourself have you?"

Destiny shook her head.

"Here, let me show you how good you taste."

Before Destiny knew what Apple meant she was rubbing her fingers over her rim. It felt almost as good as her tongue, leaving her too entranced to do anything other than let out heavy breaths but, when Apple plunged two fingers past her saliva-covered sphincter she let out a gasp and lifted her shoulders off the bed.

"What... are you doing?" she breathed.

"I'm fingering your pretty asshole so you can taste it off of them."

The movements were more rhythmic and smooth than her mom's fingers and felt so good sinking into her anus. Fingering was another thing she'd heard girls did but she'd never thought it could be in the poophole or feel this amazing. So much so that she was disappointed when they came out of her and Apple shuffled her naked butt up the bed beside her.

When the blonde pressed her fingers to her nose and breathed in, Destiny blushed again and put her hand over her eyes.

"Oh God. You're smelling my poophole."

"Yeah, it's so good. Here, you smell it."

Apple held her fingers under Destiny's nose. She didn't smell it at first but when she did she kind of got what the petite blonde was talking about.

She looked down at the fingers as they moved down to her lips, opening her mouth. Instinct made her suck them and she was met with a faint sweetness that sent a shiver of excitement through her.

Apple let out a breath as she felt her fingers getting sucked by Destiny's mouth, her tongue pressing along their length as she showed her approval in her blue eyes.

"I told you it was good. Would you like to lick my ass

now?"

Destiny coughed on her saliva then moved off the fingers.

"... Ok... I've never done it before though."

She'd never done anything before with a girl but right now she wanted to return the feelings she'd been given if she could.

"Don't worry. I'll talk you through it", Apple said, lying down on the bed and parting her perky cheeks.

Destiny had never seen another girl's anus like this. She stared at the pretty pale pink lines of her pucker and was fascinated by how close it was to the back of her pussy. She leaned in. There was little to smell apart from the sweet aroma of Apple's skin. She licked it as the blonde had with her at the start. Still nothing more than a faint sweetness but her pucker felt so soft and inviting. It was like a tiny mouth lying between her cute, creamy cheeks.

"Kiss it with your lips. Draw them over it and flick your tongue over the centre."

Apple let out a little breath as she did as she was instructed then she lifted her head up.

"Was that good?" she asked nervously.

"So good. Keep doing it", Apple sighed.

Destiny had only ever been good at one thing so being told she was doing this right encouraged her to experiment a little.

Her lips traced over Apple's rim then she licked over every part of where they'd just been.

Apple purred and spread her cheeks further apart.

Destiny was kissing someone for the first time but it wasn't where or how she'd ever dreamed she would and yet it felt right and natural.

"Now dip your tongue into my asshole and flick it up."

It was like a dance with her mouth and Destiny knew how to interpret instructions on the dance floor so doing so on the bed came pretty easily too.

"Oh yeah. Like that. Do that a few times then suck my

rim.”

There was a slightly different sweetness inside Apple’s anus and she was completely captivated by how soft and warm it felt.

She got a shiver down her spine when she thought about where she was licking but it only made her want to think about it more and feel the waves of excitement travel up and down her.

“You’re a natural. Now push your tongue in deeper and move it around.”

Destiny was breathing heavily onto Apple’s rim as she sunk her tongue in deeper then kissed the juices that formed between them into her mouth.

“Oh yeah”, Apple purred then put a hand down her front and rubbed her clit, sending a rich scent up to her nose that added to the excitement as her pussy lips were swirled and moved.

Small wet clicking sounds made Destiny want to please Apple even more so she imagined the rhythm of the girl’s fingers and copied it with her tongue.

“Oh fuck. Just like that... Uuh... keep going... Oh fuck I’m gonna cum.”

Destiny knew exactly what she was doing right then. She was giving Apple that feeling she got when the massager had gone back and forth inside her for long enough and she didn’t want to stop until she made the petite blonde shudder and moan... and have an orgasm.

The movements were sudden and sharp but she held her place between Apple’s cheeks, not removing her tongue and lips until the girl had relaxed her body and started to giggle.

She crawled up beside the blonde and was met with an immediate hand behind her neck and her first ever kiss.

“Thank you... thank you... that was amazing...” Apple breathed as she smeared her lips over Destiny’s then found and sucked her tongue as if she was getting something off it that was keeping those feelings of ecstasy tracing through her body.

*

"They've been a long time in there. Maybe we should go and check on them", Mindy said, looking towards the bedroom door.

"Don't worry, Mindy. You know how girls are... Look, here they are."

Destiny stepped through the door first.

Misty sucked in her breath as she took in the duet costume her daughter was wearing.

The brunette was meant to be a gangster in her rimmed hat, sunglasses and elastic braces but that was where the similarities to her role ended. The shiny strip of white material around her breasts was only a couple of inches wide and had it been worn by someone with less perky and larger boobs it wouldn't have stayed where it was supposed to. Her shorts were more just a waistband than anything else and the crotch was a slim strip of material that joined a string hidden between her bare butt cheeks.

The words 'gangster girl' were printed over the waistband to emphasise the character and justify its purpose but Mindy found herself wondering if it was too revealing.

Apple's costume was a navy blue body that tugged up between her bubblebutt and fit tightly around her petite body, the collar and zip front open right down to her belly button. Her flat cap and mirrored glasses did give her an air of slight authority but the rest of her costume turned her into a sex object, and her knee high boots made her look more like a stripper than a cop.

Apple had a nightstick with a handle in one hoop on her right side and a pair of cuffs hanging from her left and they distracted Mindy from saying anything as she wondered how they would be used in the performance.

"Did you go through the moves with Destiny?" Kim asked.

"I went through them real good with her, Coach", Apple replied breathily, her lips parted.

Mindy glanced at Kim and Apple, oblivious to the code they were talking in.

"Good. Let's run through it then. Face us as if we're the

judges", Kim said, pressing a remote and starting the music.

Destiny started with a series of bends and twerks, representing her as the bad girl, but Mindy couldn't take her eyes off her daughter's crack as her bouncing cheeks showed just how flimsy and thin the string over her asshole was.

Kim instructed and corrected Apple a couple of times as she trotted around Destiny, her hips swaying and her hands used to display her pretend shock at what she saw.

It was actually well choreographed and the chase part was animated by Apple twerking behind Destiny as the brunette looked worriedly over her shoulder.

Kim's reaction was very different to her own as the two teen butts flapped and shook at them and she had parted her legs in her nylon coach bottoms, her stocky torso leaning forwards as she soaked in the moves. Misty swapped her legs over, pulling her skirt down nervously in case the uncharacteristically sexy panties she had on were displayed.

Apple slid under Destiny's legs and took her arms to allow her to flip away from her. She made a second attempt to catch the gangster by holding her right leg and pressing her face to Destiny's butt cheek but her daughter did a high split and turned. Apple went for her left leg and this time Destiny kicked the air with her right leg and spun before Apple held her hips and Destiny moved side to side.

Her daughter's moves were sexy and even smoother than usual but Misty couldn't take her eyes off the handcuffs, wondering how they would be used but she didn't have to wait much longer as Destiny fell to her knees and held her hands over her butt.

Apple clicked the cuffs over her daughter's wrists and then took out the nightstick. She stroked it down her front and between her legs, moving her small hips side to side as she pressed the handle up between her butt cheeks so that the main shaft of the stick stuck out of her closed thighs like a strapon dildo.

Misty blushed as Destiny held her legs up straight and brushed the nightstick up her crack.

"It's a bit too sexual, don't you think?" she asked Kim, her hand on her mouth.

"The judges will love it", Kim grinned back as Destiny put her hand over her open mouth in much the same way as part of the dance, making Misty pull hers away from her lips.

"Watch the next bit", Kim said, enjoying the metaphor she had put into the routine.

Destiny stepped over her cuffed hands and moved them to her front then turned and knelt, her legs parted as she sucked on the nightstick as if it was a cock. Her fingers pressed into the open zip either side of Apple's tummy then flipped the blonde around, her hands tracing around Apple's cheeks before taking the handle and pressing the stick over the girl's crotch.

Apple dramatically twisted her hips and arched her back, making symbolic groans until she fell to her knees and the two girls stayed still, Destiny arching her butt back to show the outline of her anus.

"Very good", Kim said, applauding as both girls turned and smiled.

Misty tried her best to swallow down her feelings and clap as well but she was still shocked by her daughter's overtly sexual performance.

"Do you really think something like that will go down well with the judges?" she asked, putting her fake smile back on her face.

"Oh yes. Definitely." Kim sounded certain, just as she had when she'd convinced Misty to do the anal massages.

"Right. Ok", Misty muttered, biting her fingernail as she glanced back at Destiny with wide eyes then jumped as the doorbell rang.

"Ah. That'll be Apple's mom here to pick her up", Kim said, getting to her feet and heading to the door.

She didn't know why she felt so embarrassed. She hadn't done anything wrong by watching Destiny and Apple

practice and yet she felt sweaty and flushed as Apple's mom stepped into the lounge.

She was tall, like a beanpole compared to her small daughter, her hair dyed pink and a stud in her nose. Her long button dress highlighted her slim frame as she gave Apple a hug. The girl removed her shades and hat, her leather strappy bracelets and silver rings showing as she held her daughter's lower back.

Misty snorted to herself. All other dance moms were naturally her enemy but one's that looked cool and hip were the worst kind.

Apple turned so that they both faced the sofa.

"Hi there. I'm Liberty", the woman said, smiling at Misty.

"Hi. Misty. This is Destiny", she said shortly, not realising the amount of names ending in y now in the lounge.

"Hi Destiny", Liberty said with an even bigger smile. Her right hand moved behind Apple and Destiny noticed the girl's eyelids flutter.

"Hi", Destiny said, taking her sunglasses off to get a better look at Apple's mom as she turned to her daughter.

"Did you have a good sleepover with Coach Kim?"

"Yes, Liberty", her daughter replied girlishly, making Misty sit back as she realised she was one of those 'I'm your friend. Don't call me mom' moms. She hated that kind of parent the most.

"And how did the practice go?"

"Quickly. We still have Destiny's other routines to work through", Misty chipped in.

"Oh, I'm sure they're fine. She can practice them at home", Kim said, making Misty look at her.

"But Destiny needs-"

"Destiny needs to go home now and you have some work to do with her before tomorrow", Kim cut in, speaking in her firm coach tone.

Apple took Destiny's hand.

"Let's go change", she said breathily.

Liberty sat down next to Misty and watched her daughter and Destiny walk off to Kim's bedroom.

"Your daughter has a cute butt", Liberty said, grinning at Misty.

"Thank you... I guess."

"You are one of those moms, right?" Liberty asked, looking confused by Misty's cold response.

"What do you mean?" Misty responded shortly.

"You know... One of those moms", Liberty said, making a tight circle with her finger and thumb then thrusting two fingers back and forth through it with her other hand.

"Oh, you mean the anal massages", Misty said quietly, her face flushing.

"Yeah... massages." Liberty smiled and winked.

"Misty and Destiny have only just started off doing them", Kim interceded.

"Yes, to relax her", Misty added, gulping nervously more at the fact that she didn't have the secret advantage she thought she'd had.

"And what about you? Does she relax you?"

"I... don't get what you mean?"

"You know", she purred, making the tight circle again and lewdly pushed her tongue through it.

Misty shivered. She'd guessed the circle was a poophole but she couldn't be suggesting a mouth should go anywhere near one could she?

"Apple loves doing it... and so do I", Liberty said with a giggle.

Misty just adjusted her skirt and turned to look at the door. She was disappointed that Kim hadn't been bothered to go through the other routines and that she'd just learned that her efforts with the dildo was just what the other moms were doing too.

*

Destiny clutched her ankles as she lay on the bed. She was discovering another advantage to being so bendy as

she watched Apple working her tongue in and out of her anus. Her new friend's blue eyes looked content and glassy as she flicked at her own clit with light, quick movements.

Watching those downturned lips engulf her pucker and suck as if she was pulling her taste into her mouth made her groan. She was used to her body being adored from afar but this made her feel like a princess.

Apple made a sucking sound in her mouth then smiled down at Destiny.

"You taste so fucking good."

Destiny watched as Apple dribbled saliva onto her rim. It felt wet and warm on her pucker as the blonde purred again.

"I want to give you my buttplug."

Her other hand reached out for the metal egg with the red plastic gem base and sucked it into her mouth.

Destiny bit her lip as Apple pressed the end of it over her wet sphincter.

She gasped as her muscle yielded and pulled the metal into her in one quick reflex.

It looked like a pretty pacifier as the gem base pressed tightly over her rim. It felt like one too and she got a content, full feeling that warmed her all over.

"Thank you", she breathed, her eyes half closing as she focused on the sensation of the buttplug inside her.

Apple giggled and got off the bed. It was all Destiny could do for a while to lay there and watch the petite blonde slipping on her shorts and t-shirt until Apple's cute face turned to her and smiled.

"You'd better get dressed. I reckon your mom 'll want to get you home quick."

Destiny put a finger to her mouth as she thought about what Apple had said about the massages. A strange feeling fluttered in her belly.

*

Misty felt she couldn't look at Destiny as she sat beside

her but the view of Apple and Liberty the other side was even more awkward as the petite blonde sat on her mom's lap sideways and there was a twang of waist elastic as Liberty's arm moved in stroking movements behind the girl's back.

"Did you miss me?" the tall woman asked her daughter.

"Yes, Liberty", Apple replied, meeting the pouting kiss that lingered longer than Misty's drunken one last night had.

"Mmm, your lips taste good", Liberty purred, getting a giggle from Apple in response as if they shared some secret that Misty was oblivious to.

"So... erm... You don't need to see Destiny's other routines?"

"No. She'll be fine if you do your part and make sure she's ready."

Liberty placed her tongue over her top lip and smiled.

"You're a lucky lady, Misty. Destiny is seriously cute."

Apple nodded along with her mom. It wasn't a compliment that Misty hadn't gotten about her daughter before but the way Liberty had said it made her almost grateful that she was about to leave.

Destiny looked over her shoulder as her coach ushered them out of her lounge to the door. The kiss Apple was sharing with her mom was a lot like the one they'd had and she could see the tall woman's hand moving around in the back of the girl's shorts.

Apple broke the kiss and called over.

"Bye Destiny. I'm looking forward to dancing with you again tomorrow."

Destiny smiled back then let out a catching breath as she saw Liberty kissing Apple's neck, her eyes and cheeks looking a bit like her mom when she was drunk.

The ride home was silent apart from the sound of the windscreen wipers. Destiny watched them hypnotically as she sat in the passenger seat and felt the buttplug inside her. She wondered if she should tell her mom she was wearing it then got distracted as she thought about how good having her poophole licked by Apple was.

Misty dropped the bag on the floor in the lounge when they got in.

"I'm going to lie down for a couple of hours. You practice your routines, Destiny."

"Yes, Mom"

Misty flopped on her bed on her front. She'd thought that the excitement and nerves of the finals would be her biggest concern but there was something else on her mind as she closed her eyes and it was far scarier and exciting than any trophy or starting to wonder whether her daughter's coach really had their best interest in mind. The things that irritating woman, Liberty, had said and done, was making her question her own firmly set beliefs about her relationship with her daughter especially the anal massages. Why had the coach needed to give her a larger dildo that looked even more like a penis? And what she'd said about her using it on herself and Destiny had made her really confused.

She didn't like thinking too much and it was exhausting. She felt herself slip away into a dreamy sleep, a chance to forget about things for a while and hope all the stretching of boundaries she had in her head would just vanish when she woke up.

Destiny couldn't focus on practicing. She stood in front of the mirror that ran along one wall of the lounge and slipped off her clothes. Luckily her spine could twist enough for her to see her butt reflected as she parted her cheeks. The plug looked like a pretty piece of costume jewellery as the red gem glinted back at her. She sighed as she remembered seeing it in Apple and now it was in her.

A heat built up inside her body and her mind turned to the handcuffs from her routine. She crouched down and unzipped the bag, looking for them.

Her hand felt something large and stiff but with some rubbery give in it and pulled it out, gasping as she saw what it was.

It looked a bit like the massage tool but was bigger and coloured like skin and there was a bump at the base that

she knew to be where she remembered learning was where guys kept their sperm.

Her breath caught as she stroked a finger over it then noticed the suction pad on the bottom. She felt a strong urge to lick and suck it as she walked back to the mirror and pressed it to her tummy. From between her legs it came up past her belly button as she panted at the thought of how deep it would go if it went in her poophole. Her hands pulled it up to her face instinctively and she watched herself lick along its surface then she placed her lips over the tip and rolled them down. It felt so big and potent in her mouth and seeing her mouth open into a wide circle to take it made strange shudders ripple through her body. She thought about what Apple had done to her with her fingers and tongue and kind of felt a part of her new friend was inside her now with the plug. She'd tasted herself off of the girl's fingers and it had been really exciting to think where they'd been... up her poophole. She imagined what it would be like to taste it on a big massage tool like this that had been pushed up so deep in her bowels... by her mom.

She shivered as she thought about her mom and how grumpy she could be. Liberty didn't seem grumpy at all and her and Apple seemed really happy together. They didn't even seem that bothered about dancing and competing. As far as she understood it, Apple was only there to support her in the duet. She'd love to not have to constantly compete and train and have a better relationship with her mom but Misty was always stressed and tense.

What was she not doing that Apple was? She tapped the dildo to her chin as she thought. Hmm.

*

Misty unconsciously felt her panties slide down her legs. Maybe it was a dream or possibly she'd somehow kicked them down. Whatever it was it felt nice as she floated in that place between being awake and asleep.

Her skirt rolled up over her butt and she let out a sigh. She'd worked up a sweat while she'd been sat on the coach's sofa and the air of her room cooled and tingled up

her crotch.

Soft strokes on her butt massaged and moved her cheeks apart but it wasn't her hands that were doing it. She opened her eyes and froze. Soft lips kissed along her crack and then she felt a tongue on her rim.

She let out a gasp. She'd never felt anything quite like it. She wasn't awake enough to think that the only person in the house apart from her was Destiny but panic at the thought of someone tasting her poophole made her reach around, just about to pull the head buried between her cheeks away but a quick push of the tongue through her tight, sweaty sphincter made her groan and lose control of her arms.

"Huuh!"

Destiny could smell her mom's rich scent as her nose pressed close to her dark pink pucker. The taste was stronger than her own or Apple's. That was probably down to her mom's different choice in food and drink. It was exciting, like she was eating something she shouldn't be and her anus felt really tight on her tongue but it was the feeling of being snuggled between Misty's big cheeks, breathing and tasting her intimate aroma that made her close to her mom in a way she hadn't been before.

"What are you - What are you doing... uuh... Destiny?"
Misty panted.

"I'm licking your asshole", Destiny said softly, circling the rim then kissed her lips over it. "Do you want me to stop, Mom?"

Misty gasped, her eyes wide as she stared up at her bed rails.

"Uuh... Uuh... No."

It was little more than a breath but her reply would change her life.

Her daughter was sucking... kissing... licking her poophole, her dirty intimate hole that wasn't for sex. It felt so amazing that her eyes rolled up into her head. She was powerless to her body's desire for it to continue despite the fear and embarrassment at her daughter being 'there' of all places, her most private part.

Destiny lapped her tongue up and down over Misty's pucker.

"You taste so good, Mom", her daughter purred.

She let out a hot breath. That was permission for her to touch her pussy.

Destiny smiled as she felt her mom's fingers rubbing under her chin. That was what Apple had done. She was doing it right.

She pressed her tongue over the tight hole and made it sink through inside her mom's poophole. Her slim jaw seemed to fit perfectly inside the valley between the cushiony cheeks and she was able to get her lips around Misty's anus as she rhythmically thrust her tongue into it.

Misty was much noisier than Apple and her chest heaved and moved as Destiny did the new thing she'd learned to do.

Everything about this should have felt so wrong but for some reason that only made Misty reach her climax faster. She bit her pillowcase as she convulsed. Waves of ecstasy filled her body in pulses that emanated out from Destiny's tongue plunges and she let out a wail of pleasure as it overwhelmed her and took her to a place she'd never been before.

"Oh God", she breathed and all of a sudden an image of Liberty pushing her tongue through her circled finger and thumb made unbelievable sense as Destiny continued to lap at her asshole.

She couldn't move... didn't want to move. Her eighteen-year-old daughter's mouth felt so soft as it licked and kissed what was for her a taboo part of her body but it seemed she was the only one with that delusion.

Destiny was making her feel more like a woman than she'd ever remembered feeling and her fingers continued to stroke her pussy and clit as she lay on her bed, shocked at her daughter's enthusiastic slurps and how it made her feel worshipped and adored.

Her strokes became swirling rubs as she felt a second orgasm begin to build within her. She could feel this was going to be even more explosive than the first but she

didn't care about anything else right now, not even the possibility of squirting watery juices out her pussy.

Destiny sniffed hard as she stared up at her mom's butt cheeks wobbling and moving as her hand rubbed beneath her chin. Apple had been right about everything. Tasting and smelling her mom in her butt was exciting and the metal plug inside her seemed to make it even more so as she wiggled and lifted her ass up behind her, wanting an anal massage so much she let out little yearning moans.

Misty heard the moans and bit her pillowcase again then screwed her eyes shut as her hips jolted.

"Uuugh... Fuck!"

She felt the gush of juices burst out of her as her body released the build up of tension. She knew she should feel embarrassed but her selfish needs were too strong. She felt the wetness cover her fingers as she slowed her swirls and let the waves twitch through her.

"Uuh... thank you, sugarplum", she mumbled into her pillow, reaching behind her and palming Destiny's head out of her butt only half of her needing it to stop as her senses returned.

She turned over, glancing at her wet bed then ignored it as she could so easily most things that concerned her and her daughter and looked at those full lips, still parted and glistening with saliva.

Destiny was naked, not that that particularly mattered or was something special but right now the teen's body seemed to draw her eyes to the heart shape her butt was making.

"Where did you learn to do that?" she asked.

"Apple taught me. We did it to each other", Destiny said with a smile and a shrug then she padded up the bed, her lips pouting.

"Wait. No", Misty said, bringing her hands up to her face. The thought of tasting her poophole off of Destiny's mouth was a line she wasn't ready to cross.

Her daughter looked confused as she sat back on her bum, her legs parted wide looking cute and puppy-like as

she hooked a finger to her lips.

"Is it time for my massage now?"

Misty gulped as she remembered the big flesh dildo Kim had replaced the other one with. She couldn't use that on her daughter could she?

"Please, Mom. I want to relax too."

Her own lips parted. She wasn't empathic enough to notice what had happened to them both and she still saw Destiny as the play doll of her dreams and desires, an innocent girl that just followed the moves to the rhythm of the music.

"Ok. Wait here."

She felt light headed as she got to her feet and had no idea why she pulled her skirt back down but she did as she rushed out of her bedroom.

Misty found the dildo on the mat next to the bag. She picked it up. It was so much thicker and bigger than the pink one. Just the thought of using it on Destiny made her breathe harder as she grabbed the harness and went to the kitchen to fetch the bottle of oil. Had she stopped her dash to get everything she might have thought about why she was so eager to put the dildo inside her daughter's little asshole but thinking wasn't something Misty liked to do.

She dropped everything on the bed then looked at Destiny's pushed out bum with the glinting red gem covering her asshole.

"What's that?" she asked, her tone showing her ignorance.

"Oh. It's called a buttplug, Mom. Apple gave it to me."

Misty didn't like being taught by her daughter.

"Take it off. I can't do a massage with it over your poophole."

Destiny giggled as she reached around behind her.

"It's not over my poophole, Mom. It's in my asshole... see?"

Her daughter's anus gaped slightly for a second as the

metal egg shape was plucked from it. The fact that Destiny had had that in her when she'd licked her distracted her from the fact her daughter had called it her asshole, something she wouldn't have allowed usually.

"What's it for?" she asked, staring at the metal surface as Destiny held the base in her finger and thumb.

"I dunno. I guess it just feels good and maybe it makes my asshole a bit more relaxed."

"What did you just call your poophole?" Misty said crossly. A smarter woman might have realised it was a release of her own guilt.

"Erm... asshole?"

"And where did you learn to call it that?"

"Apple calls hers that", Destiny said, gulping.

"That Apple is obviously a bad influence and with a mom like the one she's got I can see why. Give me that thing."

Misty took the buttplug and dropped it on her bed.

"Now push your butt out and hold still."

Destiny held her doggy pose, her butt pushed out behind her as Misty rubbed oil over her fingers.

A blast of air escaped her lips as two fingers speared up inside her then purposely hard thrusts were made with them up her tunnel as she sighed and croaked.

Misty saw Liberty's annoying face smiling at her as she thudded her knuckles onto Destiny's rim. She'd have liked to have shown the woman what she thought of her liberal approach to motherhood and do what she was doing now to Apple's perky bubblebutt. That would show them both.

"Uuuh... uh... ah..."

She ignored Destiny's moans. She liked the warm soft grip of her anus as her fingers slid inside it and she was starting to enjoy the view, no longer nervous at seeing her daughter's pooper stretched and filled like this. She drew her fingers out completely and looked at them. Clean, she observed to herself with a mixture of relief and disappointment. The little gape, like a mouth sucking a straw, looked so pretty and made her push the fingers

completely in and out just to see it again a few more times, each time Destiny letting out a little gasp that made it sound like it was coming from her butt.

She furtively held the fingers up to her nose. The sweet heady perfume was starting to appeal to her.

Destiny moaned out softly the other end.

"Can I taste them, please?"

Her daughter's mouth was already dirty in her opinion and curiosity led her to tell Destiny to turn around.

Her full lips rolled over the fingers as she let out a grateful sigh. It felt so good and there was a sense of a mother feeding her daughter. She'd never thought of Destiny's mouth this way but she could see how hot she would be for some lucky guy's cock... or some lucky woman's dildo.

Her own lips parted and she copied the swirling tongue moves as she stared down at her sucked fingers. Destiny seemed to love her poophole taste and didn't share her hang up about it at all.

"Do you like how you taste?" she croaked, genuinely needing to know, drawing her fingers out reluctantly.

"I love it... It makes me feel all tingly between my legs when I taste my ass."

"Stop calling it that", Misty snapped, making Destiny flinch.

"I'm sorry, Mom. Maybe you should be mean to me."

"What do you mean?"

"Apple's mom ties her up sometimes when she fu- er... massages her as- oops... poophole and she does it real hard. You could use the handcuffs from the routine."

Misty thought for a moment. The handcuffs were flimsy and just fake props for the dance but there was something that she'd thought about before that she used to help Destiny get into some of the stretches she needed to be able to do.

She got off the bed and walked back to the lounge. Where was it? Oh yes. She grabbed the cord strap and walked back into her bedroom.

Destiny's eyes widened as she saw the strap.

"Turn around. Put your hands next to your feet."

The strap had two loops either side for her ankles and wrists to go through and were tightened by a buckle each side like the ones on her backpack and was meant to hold her secure when she stretched into splits where she held her feet with her hands but right now it was perfect to restrain and 'tie her up' just how she wanted.

Misty stared at Destiny's perfect little circle as it was stretched up and at her like it was begging to be massaged.

She slowly unbuttoned her blouse and took her bra off then slid the tight skirt down and off her legs. They were both naked now and ready.

The dildo looked so long as it stuck out stiffly from her crotch and the anticipation of what she was about to do as she rubbed oil over its surface made her quiver with excitement.

She shuffled forwards and pressed the bulbous tip against Destiny's anus.

Her perky cheeks were perfect to grab and use to hold her while Misty inched the large dildo up her asshole gently at first but then harder as the resistance in her tight but willing rectum meant she had to work hard to feed the silicone up her.

Destiny let out heavy pants, her ponytail swishing. It felt like she was getting her entire body filled up and the achy sensation as her tunnel stretched to allow the thick cock to travel into her bowels was enough to make her tremble and shake.

"Oh God... Mom... It's so big... Huuuh!"

Misty ignored her. It was so mesmerising seeing what looked almost like a real cock sinking inside her daughter that she couldn't stop feeding it deeper and deeper until the fake balls pressed against Destiny's glistening wet slit.

Destiny croaked, unable to speak as she felt the tip push her abs from the inside, sending a pang of pain up her torso.

She was used to pains and aches in her workouts and stretches and had grown to love them just as she was used to her mom being the cause of them as she was now. She'd never known it before but she was made for anal sex.

Misty's lips curled up as she watched the dildo slide back out several inches. Destiny's body had always felt like an extension of her own ego and right now she felt powerful and in control of it in a way she'd never quite felt before. She shuddered with pleasure as Destiny's body trembled, her hands and feet bound and restrained under her sculpted butt. She finally got what Kim and that bitch Liberty was talking about. She was enjoying giving Destiny sensations she'd never felt herself, only barely able to imagine how overwhelming it must be to have a big cock up her own virgin asshole and marvelling at how deep the tunnel went inside her petite daughter. Destiny seemed made for anal massages... and she'd made her.

"Uuh... so deep... Uh... Mom... You're so deep in my asshole."

"Its <fop> called <fop> a poophole <fop> you little bitch <fop>"

"Aaah"

Destiny's hands clawed at the air as her mom pounded into her.

"Take your massage, sugarplum", Misty sneered as she rhythmically thrust all eight inches up Destiny's asshole, a tingle of pleasure spiking down her spine.

"Oh God... Oh God... Mom... I'm gonna orgasm."

Misty felt an icy rush of anxiety as her daughter called the relaxing by its sexual name. She'd never spoken to her about sex and hearing it from her teen lips startled her despite having cum twice in front of her. Something snapped in her head.

"Cum you little bitch... cum for mom!" she growled as she held Destiny's hips and pounded into her hard and fast.

"Ah... aaah.... Aaaaaah!"

Destiny's body vibrated and felt amazing as it radiated

into her crotch and arms. The little squeals and cries were like a compliment as Destiny's orgasm crashed through her small body and only after she'd gone completely still did she remove the large cock from her ass.

The gape was breathtakingly beautiful and stole her breath as she watched Destiny, her petite frame twitching as she groaned and moaned.

"Thank you... thank you...", she panted, her mouth sounding dry as Misty stared at the dildo, the evidence of what she'd done and where she'd been around the rim of the tip.

The shivering tingles got stronger as she stroked her finger along the top of the shaft. Her lips turned into a snarl as she thought about how trying to be a mom that did everything to see her daughter succeed had led to this moment. Sweat, tears and now this.

She held the finger to her nose. It made her hips spasm as the cracks in her delusional mind opened wider.

Without thinking, she pushed Destiny down on her side.

"Do you want to taste yourself now... off of this?"

She waved the dildo in front of her daughter's flushed face, half expecting her nose to wrinkle and her face to bury itself in her bedding but Destiny just opened her lips like the gape she'd just seen and made her mouth just another type of poophole that needed massaging.

She twitched as she watched the rim of the tip slide past her daughter's lips and into her mouth, unable to resist putting her finger between her pussy lips from behind and press her thumb over her asshole.

Destiny took the cock like a girl that knew what she was doing, a little slut that deserved to have her small tits groped and touched as reward for sucking her dick.

Destiny sighed as her mom squeezed and touched her breasts but it was the taste of herself on the big dildo and the thought of where all that silicone had just been that made her hips swirl under her.

"Do you like the taste of your ass now?" Misty asked, removing her hand from her daughter's breasts to stroke

the strands of loose hair from her forehead.

“Mm Hmm”, Destiny mumbled through her full mouth.

Misty didn't see her sugarplum as the girl's eyes half closed while her head moved back and forth over the dildo. All she saw was a slut... a very different type of doll for her to play with.

Her foot slid between Destiny's parted thighs and she felt the silky softness of her aroused pussy lips on her skin as she held her ponytail and pushed her mouth further onto her cock.

Destiny's gags and retches only made her rub herself harder as she stared down at her daughter's debasement with a newly discovered glee. Even as she pushed the tip down her throat, the lifelong physical discipline she'd enforced meant that Destiny was willing and able to go beyond limits that most girls couldn't achieve and a new twisted pride in her daughter's abilities started to take root in her head.

Even watching the drool spill out as she plunged the dildo out made her mouth look pretty and inviting.

Sliding down on her side and letting her bare thigh slide over Destiny's crotch felt relaxing and comfortable, the girl's body hot against her own. A strange blend of motherly instinct and desire made her hold her breast up to her daughter's mouth and the satisfaction of seeing Destiny suck on her nipple filled her with a warming glow.

Destiny's eyes closed as her lips pressed around her nipple and she felt the girl's tongue swirl and flick over it as her petite body humped and slid over her thigh. The sensations made her moan and roll her eyes up. It felt so natural and right to be doing this even though her head told her it shouldn't be.

She shifted her left breast up from the bed and got Destiny to give it the same attention, biting her lip as the scent of her daughter and herself blended in the air between them.

“Turn around. I want to fuck you in your asshole again”, she whispered.

Destiny's wet mouth opened into a heart shape as her

glassy eyes stared up through half closed lids.

Her mom saying that and using the words Apple had used made her pussy slip and slide even more as she ground it against the thigh of the woman that had made her.

She hurriedly turned on her side, so excited to be about to be fucked again that she managed it despite her legs pulled up and her arms stretched down and joined to her ankles by the cord strap.

Misty's teeth clenched as she sucked her drool and fed the tip back between her daughter's cheeks then reached her arm back to get purchase on the bed to pump her hips back and forth. Her hand touched something cold and hard. She grabbed it and brought it up to her face. The buttplug. It was the kind of toy she'd ignored and believed that only whores used them. She brought it to her nose. The scent was light and barely there and it gave her the confidence to put it in her mouth.

This metal egg had been up two girls' poopholes and that thought was brushed aside as she sucked and coated it in her drool.

Destiny's tongue sliding past her sphincter had been more than just an eye opener for her as she slid it out her mouth and behind her, stroking the cone-shaped end down her crack until she found her anus.

"Mmm."

The plug almost fell inside and her sphincter did the rest of the work, sucking it in until it was snugly suckling on the stem and the base pressed on her rim. The feeling inspired her and relaxed her inhibitions as she held Destiny around the waist and pressed her nose to the girl's neck.

"Mom's gonna fuck you until you orgasm then you're gonna taste yourself and me... again and again until morning."

She traced her teeth over Destiny's skin and felt a shiver down the girl's spine.

"Yes, Mom... I need stretching out good for tomorrow", she moaned in a girlish tone.

Misty opened her eyes. The dildo was resting by her chin and Destiny was fast asleep the other side of it, her face content and calm. She looked down the bed. They were both naked and her thigh was pressed between her daughter's legs, the cord strap nowhere on the bed. She felt a strange feeling in her asshole and reached around, touching the plastic gem as the lust-fuelled hours after she'd given Destiny her second orgasm flooded back into her head.

She glanced at the bedside clock.

"Shit", she hissed, "Wake up."

"Huh?" Destiny groaned, her eyes flickering open.

"We're late. Get up and get dressed right now."

Misty jumped up and grabbed the first clothes that came to hand, which were the ones she'd worn yesterday. She pulled her panties up in an undignified rush as she combed her hair back in the mirror with her hand. There was no time to think that the person staring back at her was a woman that was ok with fucking her daughter as the most important day in her life was at risk of slipping away from her.

"Just put your t-shirt and shorts on."

"Ugh... My tummy aches though. Do I have time to go to the bathroom?"

"No. You can go when we get there. Fetch your makeup box and put it next to the bag."

Destiny couldn't think of breakfast while her tummy ached but the fact that she'd miss a nutritious meal before the competition was on her mind as she leapt into her shorts and slung her t-shirt on then ran to her room to grab her makeup.

Misty struggled with her bra because of the panic but managed to get it on, pausing a moment as she remembered Destiny's mouth on her breasts when she adjusted the cups.

They were ready in minutes and rushed out to the car, which annoyingly didn't start first time but they managed

to work their way across town and get to the competition just before the registration desk was closing.

"Come on", she said, grabbing Destiny's wrist and dragging her down the corridors to the changing room they'd been allocated.

She burst through the door, out of breath.

"Get into the ballet costume. I'll get the makeup out."

*

Destiny's first dance didn't go so well. She looked stiff and uncomfortable as she bowed and took her points. Two sevens, a six and a five but, after a break and a chance to catch up on her usual morning requirements and grab an energy bar, Destiny's pirate routine was better and achieved two eights and two nines.

Misty sat in the audience waiting for the duet. Her nails were taking some serious nibbles as she stared at the performance area.

"Fancy seeing you here."

She glanced at the tall, slim woman as she sat down next to her wearing a pair of skinny ripped jeans and a cropped top that revealed her skinny waist and the apple pendant in her belly button.

Liberty glanced at the skirt and blouse that she'd seen Misty in yesterday.

"Hope you've got your lucky panties on. Going commando brings Apple luck so I'm not wearing any now", she said into Misty's ear.

She smelled fresh and perfumed, making Misty hope her studded nose didn't pick up on her lack of time to shower.

"Thanks", she said, glancing sideways to see Liberty cross her fingers at her and smile.

The talk of panties made her remember that she still had the buttplug inside her, trying to hide a shiver as she thought that it had belonged to the pink-haired woman's daughter and maybe even her herself not long ago.

Liberty got too close again.

"I had such a good evening with Apple. Spending time

with Destiny 'd put her in a really horny mood." She took a breath and Misty heard her lips crack into a smile.

"I'm guessing Destiny was pretty horny too."

Misty took a double take at the blue eyes then swallowed hard as she bit her fingers, unable to respond.

"I caught her first dance. She looked a little stiff. You didn't leave something inside her did you?" Liberty giggled.

"She had a tummy ache", Misty said without looking at the woman that annoyed her for being so cool about the secret they had in common.

"I bet she did", liberty cooed in her ear, just in time for Apple and Destiny to walk onto the performance area.

Misty bit her finger nails as usual but her eyes didn't see the dance moves, just the sexiness of her daughter as she mimicked something that reminded her of the incredible time they'd had in her bed.

The dance finished.

Nine.

Nine.

The judges loved it, Misty thought.

Eight.

Another nine would give her the win. Misty was on the edge of her seat.

Seven.

The golden skinned judge with highlights in her hair smirked as she held up her card.

Misty slumped. That one score had cost her the dream she'd had for eighteen years and with one flick of a wrist it had been shattered.

"Second place. That's really good", Liberty said but Misty held her head in her hands and stared at the floor.

"Oh. Don't worry. There's always next year."

She felt the uninvited hand stroke over her back.

Another year felt so long away. What would she do now?

She'd imagined Destiny going on tours around the country, showing off her first place trophy and moves to aspiring dancers and most of all the professional gigs she'd get from the win. They all evaporated as she stared at a trodden-in piece of chewing gum.

*

She was silent as she walked into the changing room. She'd sat where she'd been for another half-hour, feeling too sick to get up from her seat.

Apple and Destiny were towelling themselves down after a shower while Liberty sat on a bench, engrossed with her phone as she thumb tapped the screen.

She didn't congratulate her daughter for coming second and the stupid medal with the number two around her neck just reminded her she hadn't won.

Apple had received a big hug and grope from Liberty as soon as she'd entered the changing room and Destiny thought that maybe, considering last night, her mom would finally give her the physical praise she craved after a competition. She stepped up naked to Misty but was waved away with a hand.

"Get dressed. We're going straight home", Misty mumbled.

Destiny turned to Apple and Liberty, her face showing her disappointment at her mom's reaction.

Apple's mom got up and walked over.

"Misty's right. You should both get home so you can celebrate properly. Here, I didn't say congratulations to you properly, Destiny."

Misty wrapped her long arms around Destiny and held her to her. Her daughter only came up to the woman's chest as Liberty hugged her and stroked her hands down her lower back, only stopping herself from going further when she saw Misty's glare.

"Congratulations, sweetheart", she said as she ended the hug and kissed Destiny on her head then turned and helped Apple by stuffing her costume in her small bag.

When they got home, Destiny watched her mom grab a

bottle of wine from the cupboard and wondered if this was how their celebration would begin but her face dropped as Misty headed for her bedroom and shut the door behind her.

She knocked on the door.

"Mom, do you want me to come in?"

"No"

".... I could lick your poophole for you if you'd like?"

There was a long pause.

"... No. It's too dirty."

Destiny wanted to say she didn't mind but once her mom had made up her mind she knew it was pointless arguing.

She walked to her room and flopped on her bed to check her phone.

Apple had followed her and sent her a message.

A - *Enjoy celebrating* - winky face/aubergine/peach

Destiny tapped a reply out

D - *Mom is in her room getting drunk. She doesn't want to celebrate*

A - Sad face

D - *She didn't even want me to* tongue-out face/peach

A - shocked face

D - *I know right*

There was a pause for a few minutes so she got into her bed and laid down.

A - *Can you drive?*

D - *Sure*

A - *Liberty and me think you should both come round tomorrow morning.*

D - *I dunno if mom will want to.*

A - *Convince her. Trust me. We'll have you back to Aubergine/peach/tongue-out face in no time.*

Destiny stared at the screen, the small part of her head

not filled with dance moves wondered if all this was normal.

D – *I'll see. If I can get her to.*

A – *It'll be worth it* winky face/kiss

A – *Here's the address....*

Destiny put her phone on her bedside drawer and touched her finger to her lips. She was the second best dancer in the country. If her mom didn't want to celebrate with her she could do so herself. She wet her finger with her tongue then slid her hand down her bed and under the back of her short elastic as she turned on her side and closed her eyes, looking forward to the new things she would learn tomorrow.

TBC in Apple Juice.