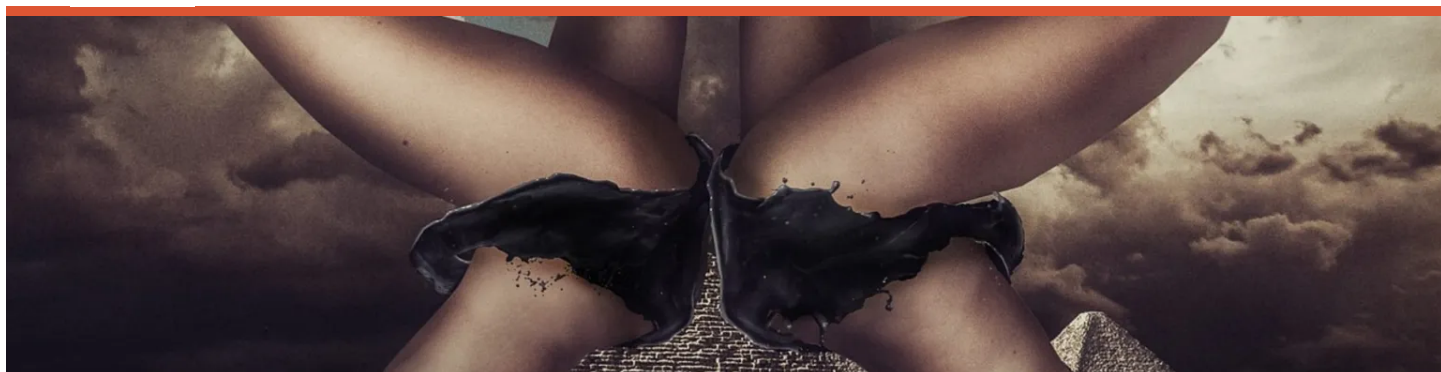


LESBIAN SEDUCTION FICTION BY JORDAN CHURCH



MOM AND DAUGHTER DOMINATE MOTHER AND DAUGHTER, BOOK 6 OF "NEW NUDE NEIGHBORS"

Chapter One

Scarlett wasn't sure how much time had passed. She'd fallen backward with her legs under her and her pussy raised like an offering.

Harvey stuck straight up out of her mouth, like a flag of victory planted in her defeated ground. Saliva was all over one cheek, the one slightly turned towards the bed. It was in her hair also.

Good Lord. What a phone call. It sure went wrong. As wrong as a phone call could go while leading to a massive orgasm.

What a disaster.

It was amazing.

She hadn't had sex as good as these last two days since... well, since ever. The sex was good, but everything else was bad. Actually, it was the sex that was bad.

What a disaster!

She was a mess.

She freed Harvey from her mouth or freed her mouth from Harvey. Her teeth had locked on, and, for a couple of moments, she'd thought he was stuck in her mouth. Wow, she'd hate to go to the emergency room or a dentist with that problem. She'd have to point at the problem because they wouldn't understand her gurgle speech the way Queen Fr—the way Francine did or thought she did.

The ER doctors would probably insist on taking photos in order to record and understand the problem and figure out a treatment for it, a means to get Harvey out. They'd act like it was medically necessary to take photographs but then they'd send the photos to friends and family and share their story of the day.

More like the story of the week. Or the month. The year? Maybe the top story of their entire career!

Blessedly, Scarlett succeeded in extracting Harvey.

Next up? Her cell phone.

She crammed three fingers into her pussy in a rudimentary claw. She could touch her cell phone, but she couldn't get a grip on it. She was so slippery inside!

She worried she'd end up in the ER with this issue instead of the giant dildo stuck in her mouth.

She flexed her vaginal muscles. They hugged at the cell phone, but it did not move.

Oh no.

Scarlett got out of bed and stood, spread her legs, and repeatedly flexed, trying to flex downward with her belly, a rolling pulsing of muscles.

Between that technique, her tugging fingers, and the miracle of gravity, she finally gave birth to her cell phone.

She peered at the smeared screen. The call with Francine was ended. She wondered if Francine knew she orgasmed. Scarlett was sure Francine must know.

Francine was probably next door full of herself and having a good laugh at Scarlett's expense.

Scarlett felt ashamed. Oh, she was such a slut.

She was also such a "dumb ducky."

Why had she done those things? Why had she allowed Francine to take control over her like that? Francine wasn't even here, and she'd still had her way with Scarlett!

Did the phone still work? Yes, the screen lit up. Scarlett guessed it was waterproof and thus pussy juice proof.

She tossed the phone onto her bed in disgust. She was mostly disgusted at herself.

She wondered how much time would pass before she could carry the phone around all day and make calls with it and not recall, in any way, this nasty indiscretion with Francine. Months? Years? Forever?

Maybe she'd get a new phone.

But maybe all cell phones would make her recall what she'd done with one of their kind.

Maybe one day, after Francine and her foul child, Felicia, had moved away, maybe in the light of how, in the end, it was all pretty much harmless, she'd recall the nasty action over the phone and then *around* the phone with some kind of naughty fondness.

As long as everything worked out.

As long as she protected Sapphire from the neighbors.

That was the thing. If it was just her, hey, she could fuck her cell phone while submitting to lesbian domination over the phone. She had a right to be a slut if that was what she wanted. But it wasn't just her. Sapphire was counting on her.

Sapphire saved Scarlett from Francine. And what did Scarlett do? So far, she'd failed to save her only child from the Sorrelsons.

Scarlett stared at the pussy juice-anointed cell phone. A foot away from it

lay the saliva-streaked dildo, Harvey. They were... evidence against her. DNA evidence!

Good thing what she'd done wasn't a crime. But it felt like a crime.

The doorbell rang.

Scarlett froze for a second in panic. She knew, she just knew, it was Francine Sorrelson. Francine got turned on making Scarlett do these terribly naughty things and now she was trying to come over to get some satisfaction. Francine was not The Rolling Stones type who'd stay at home singing "I Can't Get No Satisfaction."

Clothes! She had to get clothes on! Harvey! She had to hide Harvey!

Scarlett pulled on panties, jeans, socks, and a short-sleeve shirt but no bra. She was hurrying, but it seemed to take forever to get dressed. She didn't hear the doorbell ring again, which led her to hope it was a wrong house delivery ring and not her wicked lesbian neighbor.

But then she heard voices! One of them was her daughter's voice!

She had to get down there in case it was Francine. What if Francine told Sapphire what Scarlett had just done over the phone!?!

Scarlett almost left the bedroom but recalled Harvey. She did not want Sapphire to see him! She didn't want to see him herself ever again!

Or feel him....

Or suck on his mushroom head while masturbating....

Scarlett bent over, grabbed a corner of the bedspread, pulled it up, and

tossed it over Harvey and over her cell phone as well. That was good enough. Sapphire might walk past her bedroom and might look inside, but she wouldn't walk in. There was no reason. And Scarlett would be right back.

She rushed downstairs. Even as she rushed, she heard Sapphire call out.

"Mom! You have a visitor!"

There was a tone in Sapphire's voice. Scarlett was not expecting a visitor. She thought it must be Francine Sorrelson.

She was wrong.

But it was a Sorrelson.

Felicia stood in the doorway, wearing the tight ragged clothing she preferred. Yoga shorts with holes in them and a tight cut-off top. Her prominent little nipples declared she did not wear a bra.

Sapphire turned away from Felicia, kept her back to her, and raised her eyebrows while widening her eyes in a "what-the-fuck?" expression towards Scarlett.

Scarlett wasn't sure what the fuck this was. She had no answering expression to give her daughter.

"Hello, Felicia. What do you want?"

Felicia looked at Sapphire pointedly, "One pee-on at a time. Buzz off."

Sapphire gave her a twisted mouth expression but was probably relieved to leave.

Scarlett waited until Sapphire had tromped up the staircase. She wondered if Sapphire listened from the top of the stairs. She had to admit that she would if it was her.

She turned back to Felicia. What did this alarmingly strange girl want? She was Sapphire's... Scarlett wasn't sure what to call it. Not friend. Sapphire's bully? That wasn't quite right either.

"Okay, Felicia, what do you want?"

"My mom told me to come over. You left your clothes over at our place. You have to come get them."

Oh. That was true. Francine had gotten her to take off her clothes in the Sorrelson backyard that morning. After that, Francine molested Scarlett while Sapphire and Felicia were inside the house. Sapphire had saved her from Francine in a rushed, huddled, nude retreat back to their house.

Yep, her clothes must still be over there.

Although "clothes" was probably not the right term. She'd gone over in such a rush to save Sapphire that she'd only worn a thin short robe. But Scarlett did not want to correct Felicia and point out she'd worn barely anything when she came over.

"Couldn't you have brought my clothes over here, Felicia?"

"What the fuck? I'm not a fucking pee-on. I shouldn't have to bend down and carry shit around, especially not pee-on shit. Don't be a lazy pee-on. Come get your shit."

Such a rude young woman! Like she was some Princess!

She was the daughter of Queen Francine....

Scarlett stepped out onto her porch and looked over at the Sorrelson house, gauging it like a mountain climber before they began an ascent of Mount Everest.

Was this a trick? It had to be. Queen Francine would try something if Scarlett went over there!

Scarlett asked, "Why didn't your mom come to ask or just call?"

"I don't know. She just told to take care of it, and then she left."

"She left? She isn't home?"

"Yeah, like you care. She isn't in the house, okay? Now let's go get your shit. I don't have all night."

There was no car in the Sorrelson driveway.

Well, if Francine wasn't over there....

Where did she go this time of night? Maybe to a convenience store for one of those unhealthy snacks the Sorrelsons liked. Scarlett had seen the packages all over their pigsty of a house.

Which meant Francine might come back soon. Scarlett decided she better hurry up and take care of this.

Scarlett poked her head back inside the house and looked up the stairs. No sign of Sapphire. She could yell up there, but she didn't want to yell out that she was going back over to the Sorrelsons, the scene of their poor treatment. She did not want to stress out Sapphire.

She also didn't want to yell out that she was going over there to get her clothes. It was embarrassing. Maybe that was why the Sorrelsons wanted her to get her clothes. To humiliate her. To get her back for getting away from Francine in their backyard.

This shouldn't take long. She'd be back in two or three minutes.

Scarlett stepped out and closed the door behind her.

Felicia led the way without looking at Scarlett. She had her face in her smartphone, texting away.

Felicia led her in through the front door.

Scarlett asked her, "Aren't my clothes in the backyard?"

Felicia said, "No, dumb ducky. We brought them inside."

Scarlett did not like Felicia calling her what her mom called Scarlett during the phone call. But maybe Felicia learned that term earlier in the day. Had Francine called Scarlett "dumb ducky" in front of her daughter? Scarlett thought she had. But that was Queen Francine's pet insult for Scarlett! Felicia should not be able to use it!

Scarlett reminded herself that Francine also should not use the term. And how offended should she be when it turned her on when Francine used the term on her?

In fact... she guessed it turned her on when Felicia also used the term on her! She felt aroused again. She'd felt a spike of arousal when Felicia said it.

That was wrong, but it was more on her than on Felicia. It was her fault. There was something wrong with how she reacted.

Felicia was just a bad girl with a bad mother.

Oh, Felicia was looking at her far too intently!

Felicia said, "You don't mind when I call you dumb ducky, do you?"

How to answer that? Of course, she minded! Felicia had to know that! But Scarlett knew you weren't supposed to let the bad people know when they got to you.

"I don't really care. I do care about my clothes."

Felicia peered at her and stepped closer, "I think you do care, and I think you more than don't mind. Am I right, dumb ducky?"

There it was again. That jolt of... something... when Felicia said "dumb ducky."

It was a lot like when Francine called Scarlett that name. When *Queen Francine* addressed her *pee-on* that way.

It was like it but more powerful. Maybe because Felicia was right there in front of her making that confrontational eye contact? Or was it because Felicia was so much younger, just a punk from Ohio really, so when Felicia called her that name, it was sooooo much more humiliating?

It did affect Scarlett. She knew that. But she wasn't going to admit it!

"I don't know what you mean, Felicia. Can we just—"

"I mean, you like it when I call you that. You do, dumb ducky. You like it, dumb ducky. Does it turn the dumb ducky on?"

There was another question Scarlett was not going to answer honestly!

It was Scarlett's business if it turned her on when Felicia called her that mean nickname. Felicia had no right to know!

Just like Felicia had no right to know that Scarlett's pussy was wet as can be. Her panties were hot and damp, and she'd only put them on minutes ago.

Scarlett wished Felicia would stop using that term. Each time Felicia said dumb ducky, it felt like fingers thrust into Scarlett's mind pussy. Felicia had just said it three times in a row, like a machine gun of name-calling! It was like a verbal fingerbanging.

Felicia should stop saying that!

Or maybe she should say it a bunch more times....

Scarlett set her jaw with determination, "Where are my clothes?"

"Waddle right after me, dumb ducky."

Felicia turned and walked. Scarlett followed her. But she did not waddle, damn this girl!

She couldn't help watching the girl's tight little bobbing ass in those lascivious yoga shorts. She couldn't take her eyes off that ass.

The thought occurred to her that if she was going to let a female neighbor sexually dominate her, she should have let this one do it, not Francine. Felicia and Francine were so different you'd never think they were a mother and a daughter unless you already knew it.

Then the thought occurred to Scarlett that Felicia was leading her deep into

the house, about as far from the front door as possible in a one-story house. That made her nervous.

Surely Felicia was no threat?

No, not really, she was small and skinny. She was not a physical threat. She was not *that* kind of physical threat.

Scarlett guessed the real threat was herself, her weakness. Or her sluttiness. Not long ago, she was naked on top of the middle of her bed with her cell phone up her pussy and Harvey's mushroom head engulfed in her mouth.

And now she'd reacted to the way Felicia dressed and acted and to all those dumb ducky name-callings.

Scarlett pulled up, "Where are you going? I just want my clothes."

Felicia kept walking down the narrow hallway, "They're in my bedroom. Come along, dumb ducky."

Her bedroom? Why was Scarlett's robe in Felicia's bedroom?

Scarlett did not like this. Felicia was trying to get Scarlett into her bedroom! Scarlett guessed Felicia was succeeding because her feet were moving again and she followed Felicia.

Resentfully because Felicia had called her dumb ducky again. Also resentful at herself because her pussy was absolutely streaming.

She sort of was a dumb ducky, though, because it wasn't like anything sexual would happen. Yes, a bedroom was a personal space, but Felicia wouldn't try anything with Scarlett. Would she? No, of course not. She was

way too young, or Scarlett was way too old. Same thing.

Even if Felicia did try something, being in the bedroom didn't make success any more likely.

Any *more* likely? Did that mean there was some chance at all that such a thing could work in Felicia's favor? It should be a zero percent chance with no factors increasing the zero beyond zero.

Scarlett would be a lot more convinced of that if her pussy wasn't in such a state. And were her nipples erect? Darn, they were. It must be from proximity to the backyard and recollection of what happened there.

Felicia walked into her bedroom. Scarlett dragged her feet in after her. Scarlett sensed that if Felicia intended to pull something, it would happen right here.

Felicia's bedroom was a total mess. Francine did such a poor job raising this little devil!

Scarlett saw her short robe on the floor amid some trash. She picked it up and gave Felicia a look. That was no way to treat her robe, but then again, look at how they'd treated Sapphire and herself.

Felicia stepped close to her. Scarlett felt a surge of emotion, like, "Here it comes!"

Maybe Felicia was crazy enough to think she could pull something like what her mom had pulled on Scarlett.

Felicia said, "Now that you're here, dumb ducky...."

Scarlett hung on Felicia's next words. She felt breathless. Now what?

Felicia tilted her head. Even though Scarlett was short, Felicia was shorter so Scarlett looked down at Felicia's face which was far too close to her face.

But she wasn't looking *down* at Felicia's face for long....

Felicia said, "Have you wondered about what Sapphire did over here? And what Sapphire and I did together in her room when I slept over?"

Scarlett had wondered. Her mind kept going to it and then shying away from it.

Felicia asked, "Did you talk with Sapphire about it? Did you have a little mommy dumb duck and daughter dumb slut talk?"

Scarlett swallowed and then managed to say, "No."

Why was it suddenly so hard to speak? And did answering Felicia's question without protesting her name-calling of Scarlett and Sapphire tacitly accept those terms for her and her daughter?

"I bet you're really curious."

Scarlett was curious. She was more and more curious by the moment. Now that she was here and with Felicia. Maybe some of whatever Felicia and Sapphire did happened right here in this bedroom?

She should leave. She should walk out right now without another word. Whatever the two of them did was private. Sapphire would tell her if she wanted to talk about it.

Felicia's eyes gleamed with naughty delight like she wanted to tell Scarlett. If Felicia wanted it, Scarlett should not want it. That was a simple healthy equation.

However... Felicia's "bet" was right on. Scarlett was curious. Very curious. She was hot with curiosity. She almost burned to know.

Felicia said, "I'm going to satisfy that curiosity I see lighting up your eyes. Oh, yes, I will. I think satisfaction is important. It is to me."

Scarlett felt flummoxed. She wasn't sure any longer what they were talking about. Was Felicia talking about satisfying Scarlett's curiosity, or was she talking about a different kind of satisfaction? Hers or Scarlett's? Or both?

Scarlett needed to get out of this bedroom. Right away. The open door was right behind her.

But she didn't turn around. She did not look for the door. She did not say anything.

She waited. She knew she was about to find out whose satisfaction would be satisfied and how....

Chapter Two

Felicia said, "There's something else."

Oh, it was already bad, all this talk of curiosity and satisfaction. Now there was something else!

What was it? Scarlett was curious. Scarlett felt like she needed satisfaction for her curiosity.

Or some other kind of satisfaction....

Felicia told her, "I want to tell you... to show you... what your daughter dumb ducky did over here. But first, since you're here to get clothes, you may as

well get Sapphire's clothes. She left them here. You can bring them back to her like the conquering dumb ducky."

Sapphire left clothes here? Of course. It made sense. Sapphire came over here last night clothed and retreated from here earlier today without clothes. Of course her clothes were here.

It was... nice?... of Felicia to offer Sapphire's clothes for Scarlett to bring back?

Felicia wasn't nice. There had to be a catch.

But she couldn't refuse her own daughter's clothing. She didn't want Sapphire to have to come back over here for them.

Not trusting her voice, Scarlett nodded. Yes, she'd like her daughter's clothing.

Scarlett's eyes widened when Felicia pushed her yoga shorts down. Scarlett wanted to step back. She wanted to create some space between her and Felicia. She even thought she gave her legs the command to back away. But she didn't move.

Felicia bent over to get her shorts over her socks and tennis shoes. She put one hand on Scarlett's hip to balance herself and the contact felt like an electric shock to Scarlett.

Well, she guessed now it didn't matter what she wanted. If she stepped away, Felicia would fall.

Felicia stood up and tossed the yoga shorts behind her. Scarlett had no idea what the little devil was up to. But she was relieved to see Felicia wore panties. Sexy ones that barely covered her little mound. Ones that had

gaps in them and diaphanous colored sections like a tiny stained-glass window. Basically, they were lingerie panties.

Felicia put her hands on Scarlett's shoulders and Scarlett wondered why. Felicia was standing again and did not need help balancing. Maybe it was to keep Scarlett right there?

Felicia was an adult, just barely, but Scarlett felt like some kind of molester for standing so close to a scantily clad young woman in a bedroom.

Felicia said, "I shouldn't have to do all the work. I took off my shorts for you. I'm wearing Sapphire's panties. You need to take them off me."

What?

This was....

That was...!

Scarlett would never—

Why was her perspective getting lower lower lower?

Oh, she was sinking down! But why?

Felicia was pressing down on her shoulders and Scarlett's legs were suddenly so weak it was all she could do to keep from crashing to the floor.

In an instant, she was on her knees. Felicia stood before her. Her panty-clad crotch was less than two feet away! From Scarlett's face!

Scarlett's face flamed red and she flamed somewhere else. She tried to stand again but Felicia's skinny fingers were insistent and surprisingly strong

on Scarlett's shoulders.

She was pinned in place, kneeling in front of this little she-devil!

Felicia was so mischievous!

Scarlett felt like the naughty one. Yes, Felicia was wicked but there was something naughty in Scarlett as well. After her encounters with Felicia's mother, she knew that. She also knew it from how wet her pussy was right then.

Felicia declared, "You can't stand up until you fetch Sapphire's panties off me."

Scarlett stared at the panties. Or she stared at Felicia's pubic mound. Same thing. She couldn't help it. They were literally in her face. They were the matter at hand.

She strongly suspected they were the matter that Felicia wanted to be at mouth....

Scarlett wouldn't fight the girl. Scarlett was non-violent. There was no cause for violence. Felicia was a wicked she-devil but she was only a youngster. And she was their neighbor. Fighting her just would not be neighborly!

Okay.

She'd take those panties off. That wasn't sex. It was... functional. It was necessary. She had to get Sapphire's panties back for her.

Wait a sec! Were those even Sapphire's panties? Scarlett didn't think Sapphire wore that sort of thing and she didn't remember seeing these panties, dark shiny metallic at the bands and a vibrant dark pink elsewhere,

in the laundry.

Maybe Sapphire didn't usually wear them.

Maybe they were new.

Maybe Felicia was making it up! Maybe they weren't Sapphire's panties!

Scarlett knew it was probably the third one but it did not change the situation. She was on her knees and she wasn't willing to physically fight and Felicia was so demanding. She would have to take those panties off.

This demand wasn't that big of a deal. Taking off panties wasn't sexual. Well, it did not have to be sexual. But it did set a dangerous precedence of obedience and physical contact.

Taking them off while Scarlett was on her knees and after recent events did make it feel sexual.

As did Scarlett's moistening pussy.

Felicia sensed the acceptance in Scarlett, perhaps through her contact with Scarlett's shoulders, "Remember, my mom is a Queen, so I'm a Princess. Remember when I invited you to play the game and be a pee-on? Now I insist. As is my royal privilege! Princesses should not have to complete menial tasks. That's for pee-ons to do! Things like taking off panties. Understand?"

Scarlett nodded. She felt like she was nodding to Felicia's pussy. She was too defeated to crane her neck upward and her eyes seemed obsessed with the young woman's scantily clad pussy so nearby.

Felicia told her, "Now you need to ask for Princess Felicia's permission to

remove the panties."

Wait, Felicia told her she had to take off the panties and now was telling her she had to *ask for permission*? It made no sense.

It made about as much sense at Francine being a Queen and Felicia being a Princess. They were Ohioans! They were not royalty! No one thought they were, not even them. But everyone had to act like they were?

Not everyone. Just the Hartleys, mother and daughter.

In a way, the royalty thing did make sense. Members of royalty were just as human and no more human than anyone else. One could argue, due to past inbreeding, that most royalty actually had inferior DNA to the average human.

Scarlett hesitated. She wasn't sure about this latest demand from Felicia. She wasn't sure about any of Felicia's demands. Scarlett felt all demanded out!

She was wrong about that. She could and would take many more demands.

Felicia sounded amused by Scarlett's delay, "I guess you like it down there, on your pee-on knees, on the floor of your Princess's bedroom."

Scarlett felt the heat of humiliation on her face. Felicia had a point. The more she delayed, the longer this young woman's pussy was in her face! Her delay did look bad.

Scarlett resented Felicia saying she was Scarlett's Princess. It was one thing, a wrong thing and an arrogant thing, for the girl to claim she was a Princess. But there were lots of Princesses in the world. The idea that Felicia was specifically Scarlett's Princess was threatening certain... added expectations.

That Scarlett had to obey her.

Scarlett could not, would not, and certainly should not obey this girl! Especially not in a royalty way. True royalty had total control and complete ownership of their subjects. There was no way to say no to them! If you did, it became an "Off with her head!" situation.

Scarlett had to get out of this situation. Get it over with. Get past it. That meant getting off her knees but she couldn't do that until she took off those panties that probably did not even belong to her daughter, and, to do that, she had to ask for permission.

"May I take off the panties?"

It was so humiliating! Scarlett couldn't stand it! Good thing she was kneeling and not standing....

Felicia inquired teasingly, "What, no please?"

This girl was insufferable!

Scarlett's humiliation was insufferable, too. It really should dry up her pussy but instead, her pussy ran with wetness. It made no damn sense!

Scarlett hoped Felicia did not have any idea of what she was doing to Scarlett.

Scarlett suspected, though, that the little she-devil was far more knowledgeable than she should be at her age. These Ohio girls grew up quickly! And nasty!

"Please, may I take the panties off you?"

Felicia waggled her hips back and forth in a childish no motion, "I don't think so. A pee-on like you is supposed to address her Princess as her Princess."

This again? Felicia did not look like her mother, Francine Sorrelson, but she sure acted like her mother. Francine made Scarlett call her Queen and now history was repeating itself with a twist. Francine's daughter was making Scarlett call her Princess.

Scarlett burned, mostly her face, neck, and between her legs. Felicia was working her over the same way her mother had!

This was much worse, though. She wasn't safe in her own bedroom where Francine most recently worked over Scarlett, by phone call. This could go much further.

Scarlett thought Felicia intended for this to go much further. Scarlett would have to stop it sooner or later. Sooner was better but... now was not the time. Not quite yet. She was stuck on her knees and she was sure Sapphire wanted her panties back.

If they were Sapphire's panties....

Scarlett guessed a mother had to do anything she could to protect her daughter from the risk of having to come to get her panties personally from next-door dominant lesbians. Even if it put the mother at risk.

"Princess Felicia, may this pee-on please take the panties off you?"

The level of humiliation was torturous. It made her pussy weep.

Felicia giggled, "I like how you call yourself "this pee-on." Keep doing that! It sounds like my mom did some work on you."

This wicked girl! Scarlett bet Felicia already knew her mom "did some work" on Scarlett before Scarlett came over. Scarlett bet the Sorrelsons compared notes on these sorts of things.

Scarlett held her tongue. Maybe because it was way too close to this girl's pussy!

Felicia told her, "Say it all again. I like hearing you say it. Say it with feeling."

She would not say it with "feeling!"

Scarlett said, "Princess Felicia, may this pee-on please take the panties off you?"

Whoops. She had said it with feeling. She sounded so sincere and so submissive.

"Yes, you may do so, pee-on."

Scarlett reached up and forward. Her hands felt damp. Other areas, one in particular, also felt damp. More than damp. As "damp" as a puddle was "damp."

Why was she like this? Why did these things affect her this way?

What was she going to do with herself?

She knew what she'd do with herself later, back home, alone.

But the real question might be, what was Felicia going to do with her?

Scarlett tried to get little pinch holds on the waistband of the panties on each of Felicia's hips. She did not want to touch the girl! But it was

impossible. The panties were too tight. She had to get her fingers between the panties and the skin of Felicia's hips.

She pulled down and they seemed reluctant to leave the girl. They were so tight!

Scarlett realized these must not be Sapphire's panties at all. They were tight on Felicia for God's sake! They would be way too tight on Sapphire.

This whole deal, this ordeal, was a lie!

But Scarlett had to roll with it. A pee-on could not call a Princess a liar.

She pulled the panties downward and they stretched a little, stuck in Felicia's camel toe. Then they popped free, sending a wave of scent into Scarlett's attentive face.

There was a pussy, a now uncovered pussy, less than two feet from her face! She could smell it!

She did not want to smell it, but the scent was already in her nose. And she did not want to breathe through her mouth. For obvious reasons!

Now she saw that her pussy was not the only wet pussy in this bedroom.

This little bitch was getting off on humiliating Scarlett!

Scarlett guessed she should not be surprised. Like mother, like daughter.

Oh. She sure hoped that phrase only applied to Francine and Felicia Sorrelson. She hoped Sapphire was not like her. Not too much like her. Not entirely like her. She hoped Sapphire wasn't the kind of slut who would get wet while kneeling in front of a mean girl.

That's what Scarlett hoped. But she suspected Sapphire might be exactly like her.

What had Sapphire done with Felicia the last two nights, in Sapphire's bedroom and then in Felicia's bedroom? Or, perhaps more accurately, what had Felicia done with Sapphire?

Two entire nights, two in a row, stuck in a little bedroom with this little crafty she-devil. It must have been a marathon of humiliation and... and... and sex!

Scarlett drew the wet panties down Felicia's legs. Felicia leaned harder on Scarlett's shoulders as she stepped out of them.

Scarlett held the panties by the string waistband. They should be a lot lighter than they were. The crotch was soaking wet! Princess Felicia – Felicia – must really get off on humiliating Scarlet like this.

Scarlett guessed that made two of them. But just because both parties liked it did not make it okay to do it!

Scarlett looked at the panties. She'd have to wash them before she returned them to Sapphire. But then Sapphire would ask how she got them or, worse, would say they weren't her panties at all! It would be so weird and so humiliating if she gave Sapphire Felicia's panties.

These panties were a problem! They weren't worth all this effort and humiliation.

As if to confirm that, Felicia said, "Whoops."

Then she made a show of stumbling a little and crowded closer to Scarlett.

Felicia's wet pussy bumped into her face!

Then Felicia must have spread her scrawny legs a little because the next bump had her pussy bopping on Scarlett's mouth.

Scarlett reacted by leaning backward. But then Felicia held onto her closely and leaned with her. Felicia leaned like the Leaning Tower of Pisa. Scarlett was forced to stop leaning back or she'd end up on her back with Felicia sitting on her face.

She just bet that was what Felicia wanted! Nope! Not today, she-devil!

Felicia shifted her hands in a flash. They went from Scarlett's shoulders to the back of her head.

Trapped in a hand vise! Hands and pussy as Felicia's pussy pressed and spread warmly and wetly on Scarlett's closed mouth.

Felicia sounded out of breath, maybe from a combination of arousal and the small struggle, "I bet you're curious what kinds of things your pee-on daughter did over here. Well, a Princess never tells. That means I have to show you. I can't have a pee-on distracted by curiosity. It must be satisfied. Some satisfaction for you and some satisfaction for me."

What was Felicia talking about?

But Scarlett was pretty sure she did know what Felicia was talking about.

Scarlett wished she could give Felicia a piece of her mind on the subject but a piece of Felicia was on her mouth. A piece of pie!

Felicia said, "Let's see, then. We did a little bit of this and a little bit of that...."

Felicia rubbed her pussy aggressively on Scarlett's mouth and then on Scarlett's surrounding face and then back onto her mouth.

Was Felicia saying Sapphire performed cunnilingus on her? Was that what Felicia was saying?

It seemed like it. It felt like it. It felt hot and soft and wet just like that.

Felicia purred, "You're allowed to guess. Go ahead and guess. You guess by trying it out and then I tell you if you got it right. What do you think your daughter dumb ducky did over here?"

There was only one guess on Scarlett's mind and on her mouth. She couldn't think to guess anything else.

Cunnilingus. That was her guess.

Oh, she hoped she wasn't wrong! That would be so embarrassing!

Also... if she was wrong... then she'd have to stop providing cunnilingus right after she started.

Her first ever cunnilingus! But this wasn't sex. It wasn't *that* kind of cunnilingus. It was only a guessing game. She had to play Princess Felicia's game. Scarlett was only a pee-on.

If the Princess wanted to play a game, the pee-on had to play the game.

Scarlett licked.

Felicia made it clear that she noticed. She did it with a long moan.

Did that mean Scarlett's guess was correct?

Scarlett licked again. She may as well lick as many times as she wanted. Oh, she meant as many times as Princess Felicia wanted. She may as well. The

cat was out of the bag. Or the tongue was in the pussy? The pussy was out of the bag and on the tongue?

No, her tongue wasn't *in* the pussy. Not yet. It was only *on* the pussy. On it. That was an important distinction! What a relief. This probably didn't even count as cunnilingus. Scarlett still had her lesbian mouth virginity!

Lick.

Lick.

Lick.

So.

Lick.

This was what a pussy tasted like.

Lick.

Not bad.

Lick.

Pretty good.

Lick. Lick. Lick.

It was easy on the taste buds and Princess Felicia's moans were incredible in Scarlett's ears. Those moans were so sexy!

Lick. Lick. Lick.

She could see – she could taste and hear – why Princess Felicia would want a pee-on to do this for her.

Lick. Lick. Lick.

She understood why Princess Felicia made or ordered Sapphire to do this for her.

Lick. Lick. Lick.

She bet a pee-on like Sapphire loved pleasing her Princess like this.

Lick. Lick. Lick.

She also completely understood why Princess Felicia would want Scarlett, the mommy pee-on, to also do this for her. Any pee-on mouth port in a storm of sexual need!

Lick. Lick. Lick.

Yes, one pee-on mouth was just as good as any other. Which meant, if her daughter could do this, had done this, then Scarlett could do it too.

Lick. Lick. Lick.

It made sense that Princess Felicia would get her to do this and it made sense that a mommy pee-on would give in readily and do it. It wasn't even bad. It was good. The taste was fine, so naughty, and Princess Felicia had such a soft warm wet sexy pussy.

It was a royal pussy! And Scarlett was allowed to please it!

Lick. Lick. Lick.

The royal moans! She helped make the royal moans!

Princess Felicia half-moaned and half-spoke, "That's such a good guess, mommy dummy duck. You're such a good pee-on, just like your daughter."

Such a good pee-on....

Just like her daughter....

So... it was a compliment?

Princess Felicia gasped and then chuckled, "You're being a pee-on right where I pee *from*."

Scarlett hesitated and then thought the Princess was right. She felt around with her tongue tip. There it was. The royal urethra.

Lick. Lick. Lick.

So true. Right on correct call by the Princess. The mommy pee-on's mouth was right on the Princess's little wet Princess pussy and licking right where the Princess peed.

Lick. Lick. Lick.

Scarlett kept licking at the wetness but the pussy stayed wet. She thought her licking might be making the wetness worse. Or better? Scarlett guessed more wetness was better.

Lick. Lick. Lick.

The Princess's pussy seemed ideal. It was meant to be wet. The Princess should keep a mouth right here, pleasing her pussy and keeping it wet. All

the time.

Maybe the Princess was thinking of working the daughter pee-on and the mommy pee-on in shifts?

Lick. Lick. Lick.

Scarlett felt like she was losing her mind. But Princess Felicia knew right where it was because she gripped Scarlett's skull and kept it in place for Scarlett's pee-on mouth to keep pleasing where the Princess peed from.

Felicia moaned a long moan and then said, "That's a good guess, mommy pee-on but not quite right. You're definitely getting warmer. Your pee-on mouth is on my warm pussy. Maybe there's something you can do with your hot mouth and my warm pussy, some way of finding more heat and to make me hotter, that will lead to a fully correct guess."

It sounded like Scarlett's licking at Felicia's outer pussy, up and down her pussy lips, and a little bit inside them to get the urethra, was quite effective because Felicia barely got out her words before she began moaning non-stop.

Scarlett guessed she wouldn't get any more help in the guessing game. She was on her own. But she knew now. She knew the answer. She had the correct guess.

She hated to do it. Well, she'd hated the idea of doing it just minutes ago. Now she looked forward to it. She guessed she had to do it anyway whether she liked doing it or not. The Princess demanded Scarlett's best guess and nothing was better than a correct guess and the only way to make a guess, any guess, was to perform it.

From that hint, Scarlett just had to guess that her daughter – oh, Sapphire

was such a slutty pee-on! – had more than licked the outside of Felicia's pussy. Licking the outside was practically chaste. It almost wasn't lesbian at all.

But no, her slutty daughter had stuck her tongue up inside Felicia! She had her pee-on tongue inside Princess Felicia!

That lucky slutty daughter pee-on!

Scarlett knew she had to do it. Her mouth was already on location. The least she could do was guess correctly.

Felicia's hands jerking on her head and Felicia mashing her little pussy on Scarlett's mouth further informed Scarlett of the right move to make. Right for a mommy pee-on, that is.

Scarlett made a funneled shape with her tongue, stiffened it, and sent it on a pussy-inward mission.

Felicia groaned.

Scarlett's pee-on tongue was inside Princess Felicia!

It was a privilege. It was an honor. It was a correct guess.

Scarlett sent her curved-together tongue in and out. She felt fluids running down the center of her tongue and down into her throat. Just a trickle but it was there and it felt amazing. The Princess was sending some of her royal essences into Scarlett!

Scarlett lapped rapidly, tongue-fucking the girl, rewarded with royal groans and royal fluids.

Felicia did not sound like a Princess when she yelled, "Right fucking guess! Fuck yes!"

Felicia climaxed and a tiny deluge of liquids funneled into Scarlett's clinging mouth. Scarlett swallowed and licked and tongue-fucked, trying to do everything she could to please her lovely superior Princess.

After ten seconds of pleasure that became too intense for Felicia, she shoved Scarlett away and staggered back.

The shove felt like a rejection but Felicia's words were not.

"Welcome to the pee-on team, Scarlett Hartley. You'll be another of my ladies in waiting on me."

Chapter Three

Scarlett was dismayed as the cloud over her mind lifted shortly after the pussy on her mouth lifted away.

What had she done? Or what had she allowed to be done to her?

No, no, she had done it. She had licked. She had tongue-fucked.

She had performed cunnilingus! That was... lesbian!

Felicia was barely an adult!

Felicia was a little bitch!

Felicia was her neighbor and the daughter of a woman who Scarlett had also had sex with. Earlier that same day! And it now seemed that Felicia had had sex with Scarlett's daughter also! Maybe also that same day for all Scarlett

knew!

Oh, this was bad!

Was it over yet? Was it over so soon?

Was it over... with no pleasure for Scarlett?

That last thought probably was not appropriate....

Honesty often isn't appropriate.

She shouldn't be here and should not have done what she did. But her pussy was wet. She felt so needy.

The way Felicia had worked her over and fucked her up, the way Felicia dominated her was so much like what Felicia's mom did over the phone shortly before Felicia showed up at Scarlett's door to bring her over under a pretense. It was both worse and better than what Felicia's mom did because Scarlett was right here with Felicia and Felicia was pretty.

It was worse. It was better.

At least with Francine, Scarlett took some comfort that she did not find Francine at all attractive, either physically or in her personality.

Felicia was sexy. Physically. But she also had a sexy personality though as ugly as Francine's.

Scarlett knelt there, appalled but aroused and waiting. She didn't know what she was waiting for but she bet Felicia Sorleson knew.

Felicia was such a little devil!

And she had such a tasty little pussy....

Felicia straightened. She looked partially recovered from her orgasm, "Time for you to learn more about what your dumb ducky daughter was up to – or down to – over here. The best learning is hands-on. Do it yourself. Walk in the shoes of the other person. Or at least something with shoes."

What did that mean?

Felicia said, "Set the scene here, take off all your clothes, mommy pee-on."

As if! Felicia thought Scarlett would take off all her clothes just because she said so! And just because Scarlett had a needy pussy and, apparently, a submissive sexual nature?

Just because Scarlett licked and sucked Felicia's pussy to orgasm did not mean Scarlett would show the little devil her pussy. What kind of woman did Felicia think she was?

Some sort of... mommy dumb ducky...?

Why would Felicia think Scarlett would take off her clothes just because Felicia told her to? Did Felicia know something Scarlett did not know?

Scarlett stood up. She thought she stood up to leave. She could have sworn that was why. Standing up was the first step to taking a first step. To leave.

But, as it turned out, much to Scarlett's surprised dismay, standing up was also the first step to taking off all her clothes.

She was taking off her clothes!

Just because Felicia told her to.

Darn.

Well.

Scarlett guessed this step-by-step recreation of what her daughter got up to – or down to – over here was still on.

Scarlett guessed a mother should know and understand the life of her daughter. That required sacrifice and doing things like licking the pussy of a fake Princess young bitch from Ohio. And now with the clothes.

But this would be it! No more than this! Only this and then... what would Felicia ask next? Or order?

It didn't matter because Scarlett would not do it. But she was curious.

Just this. She could not let this little trip over to the neighbor's go too far.

Okay, okay, it had already gone too far. So she could not let it go too much further. That was key. She knew it was important.

Sapphire was waiting for her at home. Sapphire knew she was over here. It was supposed to be a quick trip for some clothing retrieval. No big deal. It was already taking far too long. Suspiciously long. Sapphire must already be worried. She might even think Felicia was making some kind of progress with her mom!

Not true!

Unless you counted pussy licking as "progress." Or nudity.

And then all of Scarlett's clothes were off. She'd come over to collect one article of clothing that this devil girl's mother got Scarlett to take off that

morning and now she was adding to the list of taken-off clothing. Yes, ironic, but she wasn't going to leave them here. Not this time.

She'd take them with her after....

Felicia laughed and pointed at her, "Your face is all wet with Princess juice!"

Scarlett reached up to wipe her face.

Felicia yelled, "Don't you dare, mommy pee-on! A pee-on like you is lucky to have my juice on her face! You wear it! Wear it home and show your daughter. Later, though. We have lots more to do here."

That was a threatening promise. Or was it a promising threat?

Scarlett's hand dropped down. It was hard for a pee-on to ignore the order of a Princess.

Felicia walked up, put one hand on Scarlett's shoulder, and shoved her downward, "Now, down you go, mommy pee-on."

Scarlett dropped down to her knees. More pussy licking? Was that an oh-no or an oh-yes situation?

She still couldn't believe she did it the first time.

Maybe she needed a second time to come to terms with it....

Yes, that would not be the worst thing in the world....

Felicia told her, "Further than that. More down! Now!"

Felicia's demanding tone put Scarlett in a panic. She needed to obey. It felt so important. What was more down? She dropped down onto her hands.

Was down on her hands and knees enough or did she need to lay on her stomach on this messy floor?

What had Sapphire done over here? Had she done this? Why?

What kind of daughter had she raised? What kind of mother did her daughter have might be a better question.

Felicia said, "That's good. Hold that pose. I need to do something."

Scarlett felt a few seconds of panic. "Hold that pose?" Wasn't that what people said, sometimes, before they took a photo of someone!?!

Scarlett looked up at Felicia with wild concern and then followed Felicia with her eyes as Felicia went a little behind her. It did not look like Felicia was getting a camera or a cell phone that took photos.

No, it looked like – and Scarlett was sure she must be wrong about this – but it looked like—

Smack!

Felicia spanked her!

Smack!

Felicia spanked her again!

And then the spanks rained down, one after another. The force of the spanks and the force of the pain from them caused Scarlett to shuffle forward on her hands and knees.

Felicia yelled, "No, you don't! Don't you move! Pee-ons take spanks gladly

from their Princess!"

They did?

Scarlett held still. The spansks rained down. Scarlett was shocked at how much they hurt. You could torture someone this way! Who needed racks and iron maidens? Just spank them.

Felicia was torturing her by hand!

A Princess's hand was personally torturing her. Such a bad honor.

Scarlett felt like she'd say or do anything for the spansks to stop. If this was the inquisition, she'd go ahead and confess to being a witch. Confess to this little witch that she was the witch!

Scarlett couldn't escape. She couldn't stand or crawl away. She was only a pee-on and she knew what her Princess wanted. Her Princess wanted to hurt her poor ass!

Scarlett was amazed at the pain, amazed that she held still for it obediently, and astonished that she was still so aroused. She was pretty sure she was *more* aroused. The pain filled her, yes, but some of it added to her arousal.

Felicia was spanking lust into Scarlett's ass!

Princess Felicia.

Scarlett sensed her arousal wasn't only from pain. How could it be? Most of it was from something else. The Princess was taking command. She was so commanding. She was showing she could do anything she wanted to Scarlett, even cause pain, and Scarlett would obey.

There was something about that. The idea that Felicia could do anything she wanted made Scarlett feel savage helplessness. It somehow released the floodgates of lust.

Scarlett hung her head down, her blonde hair falling to either side of her pussy juiced face, but kept her ass nice and high. She anticipated that was what her Princess wanted. When a Princess spanked, they should not have to bend so far down or work hard to hit their target. They should not have to work hard to spank hard.

A pee-on had to do what a pee-on had to do to best serve her Princess. Take it on the chin or take it on the ass. Whatever it took.

Scarlett felt a growing commitment to Felicia. Some kind of dark poisoned loyalty.

The spansks ceased. Scarlett did not move. Her head hung down and her ass was her highest point. And her hottest point. But not by that much. Scarlett's pussy felt hot also and it felt hotter by the second. Her ass cooled a little while her pussy heat kept rising.

She didn't move. There was no reason to move. The pain and the pleasure were in her. There would be no escape from them by moving.

Besides, the pee-on had no new orders from her Princess. Yet. Scarlett bet Princess Felicia would have more orders for her. Scarlett knew she shouldn't, but she looked forward to obeying more orders.

Scarlett hadn't had any idea that a spanking could hurt so bad. She was so glad she never spanked Sapphire when Sapphire was a child.

Scarlett also hadn't had any idea that a spanking could affect a pussy the way this one had. She was so glad she never spanked Sapphire as a child!

She was lost in her world of pain and pleasure, heating and cooling, when she heard Princess Felicia speak, "Oh, there. Right there. Just like that. That looks great. Hold that pose."

There was that line again, "hold that pose."

It still didn't mean what it sounded like it meant. Did it?

Scarlett couldn't help it. She had to confirm it was not what it sounded like. She twisted her face around and located Felicia above and behind her.

Oh no! It was what it sounded like!

Felicia held a smartphone vertically from almost straight behind Scarlett. About four feet behind and above because she stood while Scarlett was on all fours.

Scarlett stared, appalled, her mouth slightly open. She was hotly frozen in obedient yet horrified inaction.

Felicia took another picture, "Yes, just like that, dumb ducky! I got shots of your ass. What an amazing shade of pink/red. Now I have your spanked ass with your face in the frame. Excellent!"

Not excellent!

Scarlett knew she should do something about this.

She should. She really should.

She had to!

Felicia was perhaps the last person in the world that Scarlett wanted to have

compromising photos of her. Except maybe Felicia's mother, Francine. But at least Francine Sorrelson hadn't also had sex with Scarlett's daughter.

Pretty sure....

She wanted to escape this but, to do it, she'd have to stand up. She didn't have Princess Felicia's permission to stand! She'd have to try to crawl out of the Sorrelson's house....

No, wait, she wasn't thinking clearly. Again!

Scarlett realized the true reason she wasn't moving. Her pussy was so hot, hotter than her spanked ass now, and she sensed Princess Felicia knew the cure for hot pussy. Princess Felicia knew how to handle hot pussy.

Handle. Oh, if Princess Felicia's hand touched her there....

Felicia told her, "Now, smile! Smiley smiley smiley, dumb ducky!"

Oh, she couldn't do that!

Actually, she could. She had an order she could obey now.

Could obey? Orders *had* to be obeyed.

Scarlett forced a smile. It was hard with her head craned around. It was hard because of the situation. Now she had to look happy about all this!

Felicia looked thrilled, "That's a fun smile. It isn't a dumb ducky smile at all."

Oh. Princess Felicia finally had something nice to say? How unlike her. Maybe a pee-on's obedience could earn some points with her Princess.

Felicia giggled, "No, you don't smile like a dumb ducky. You smile like a

fucking idiot."

Scarlett frowned while still smiling. That was so hurtful!

The little she-devil was utterly humiliating her and she was going along with it. For why?

For her hot pussy. And she did not only obey Princess Felicia. She obeyed her previously hidden submissive nature.

Felicia told her, "Let's up the naughty factor here. Anybody can get a photo of a slut smiling while showing off her spanked ass. It's as easy. It's as easy as my MILF neighbor."

Ouch! Another hurtful comment! It was strange, though. It was like the spanks. They hurt also and the comments hurt Scarlett on the inside. But, like the spanks, they also made Scarlett's pussy hotter, wetter, and needier.

Oh, she was in such trouble! If insults turned her on, what hope had she?

Felicia ordered, "Reach between your legs from underneath. Use one hand. Spread your pussy lips and get a finger in your hole. Only one finger, slut! I want to show off your wet pussy and you sticking a finger in it, both at the same time. People who I send the photo to should not have any questions or doubts about what you're doing."

Scarlett did not want to do it. She knew it was terribly unwise. She knew it was worse than the photos Felicia had already taken. She knew it was foolish nearly to the point of insanity.

But her pussy was hot and her pussy did want her hand to come for a visit and for her finger to come for an even more intimate visit. And her Princess more than wanted it. She'd ordered it.

Before she could stop herself, her hand obeyed. She was on two knees and one hand as her right hand went back, paid a visit to her pussy, and split her pussy lips. Her middle finger dipped up and backward and inward.

She kept smiling and she knew there was something lascivious and sexual in her smile now. It felt so good! It was so humiliating! It turned her on so badly!

Felicia took photos. After half a minute of moving around Scarlett to get photos from a few angles, she added instructions.

"You're being such an obedient pee-on the way all pee-ons should be. So, go ahead and use that one finger to fingerfuck yourself. Dip it in again and again. But no cumming! Not without your Princess's permission!"

Her Princess? Sure, yes, Princess Felicia was a Princess. Maybe not factually or in the traditional sense but she sure was one. But was Princess Felicia Scarlett's Princess? That was quite a commitment, wasn't it?

A Princess of some other country you might visit and respect and maybe curtsy to but a Princess of your own country was someone you had to obey and serve all the time.

For some reason, that didn't sound that bad....

Scarlett fingerfucked herself. It did feel so good and so naughty and so humiliating. Yes, everyone masturbated but masturbating in front of someone else was not normal. There was something unequal and humiliating about doing it then. If you were having sex and someone else was there, they were supposed to help you get satisfaction and vice versa.

She was certain by now that Princess Felicia was not the type to help others. She was more of a hurting others Princess.

Was this a reward for her obedience or was it more humiliation? Was there a difference?

Watching Princess Felicia, possibly her Princess, circle around her, Scarlett noticed something that took her breath away. Even more away.

Felicia was holding up her smartphone but she wasn't pressing the photo-take button....

Felicia must be shooting a video of her!

Scarlett's finger stopped its curved plunging into her pussy. But it was too late. And her pussy demanded its return. Even knowing Felicia was video recording, Scarlett went back to her teasing not-enough fingerfucking.

Oh, God. Princess Felicia had her slutty mommy dumb ducky on video fingerfucking herself!

Felicia told her, "Say something naughty. How do you like being a pee-on for Princess Felicia?"

Worse and worse and even worse. Or, based on how her pussy spasmed and how much hornier this new demand from the Princess made her, maybe it was more accurate to think Princess Felicia kept making it more and more and even more. Probably not better, but certainly more.

If she was this turned on just hearing Princess Felicia's newest demand, how big of a turn-on would it be to actually obey it?

She just had to find out....

"I love being a pee-on for you, Princess Felicia. I'm such a lucky dumb ducky. It makes me wet to serve you."

Felicia giggled nearly uncontrollably. Scarlett's cheeks and her pussy burned in competition with each other. And her ass still burned!

Felicia ended the video and then paid attention to her smartphone, pressing buttons on it, for a minute.

Then she declared happily. "There."

There? "There" what!?! Did she just send the photos or the video somewhere?

Felicia tossed the smartphone onto her narrow little bed, "I'm sure you're curious. Pee-ons are curious and nosey creatures. I'll satisfy your curiosity now and your nose in a minute."

Her nose? What did that mean?

At least Felicia would satisfy her curiosity. Did she send the video or photos to anyone?

"I sent off the video and the photos to multiple people. As in, more than one. No one wanted a pee-on grabbing at the Princess's phone scenario to play out, least of all me. It prevents that and prevents any future claim of blackmail. I can't blackmail you with video and photos that aren't secrets. You will do as I tell you to do because it is your role in life, not because of some invisible ax hanging over you. I won't tell you everyone who got a copy. A Princess needs her little mysteries and a pee-on needs to work for knowledge. But I will tell you one of them."

Oh geez, oh no, Princess Felicia had sent the photos and video out electronically! To more than one person and, of course, automatically to the NSA! Scarlett could picture a bunch of those NSA freaks gathered in some conference room showing her "home video" on a drop-down screen and

yukking it up.

Felicia revealed, "My mom, the Queen, and I share *everything*. I'm sure you'll think up some exceptions to that sharing but you are wrong. We are strong together and we share everything. Especially slutty pee-ons. Why not? There are lots and lots of them and, if you are short a few sluts, maybe because you've only just moved from Ohio to Tennessee, then all we need to do is make more sluts. Like you and your slutty pee-on daughter.

"So, of course, mom got a copy of my progress in mommy pee-on slut training. Communication. It's the key to a healthy mother and daughter relationship."

Scarlett was equally horrified and reassured. She hated the idea of Francine, who she hated and who sure was scary to her, enjoying seeing those photos and that video. Yet another way she was satisfying the mean neighbor bitch who was trying to take over her life!

But, on the other hand (maybe not the hand that was busily fingerfucking herself), Francine Sorrelson already knew Scarlett was a slut. Scarlett knew it, too, now. How slutty was all this? And the things that came before? The cums that came before? That she still wanted to stay and to cum, even after this?

At least Felicia hadn't sent it to Scarlett's manager at Borneo's. Or had she? She probably didn't have his number but these Sorrelsons were incredibly crafty. And Felicia did say multiple people got copies. But why? Who else did the Sorrelsons even know? They were still so new here.

Oh! Happy thought! Felicia probably sent it to friends still back in Ohio!

Well, that was almost perfectly fine to Scarlett compared to the alternatives. She didn't know Felicia's friends and never would. It was embarrassing that

they knew but it didn't matter if they knew.

Felicia surprised her once again by stepping over to her and lightly kicking Scarlett on the ass, twice, one light but burning kick for each ass cheek, "You can stop fingering your mommy pussy. I'll take care of it soon enough. Crawl over to my closet. Get your head and shoulders in there."

Scarlett didn't like the burst of pain from the kicks to her spank-reddened ass cheeks but she did like the burst of arousal at the nasty treatment. And she did not like having to stop fingering her pussy but she loved the idea of Princess Felicia, as it turned out *her* Princess, taking care of it for her.

Princess Felicia must be her Princess. Royalty did not usually take care of their own subjects let alone the pee-ons of others. If Princess Felicia was willing to take of Scarlett's pussy then she must be Scarlett's true Princess.

Scarlett crawled to the closet. She had her order from her Princess. The closet was quite small, barely enough room to just step into if someone was standing on two legs, which Scarlett wasn't. It was full of junk and shoes jumbled all over the floor so no one could have stepped in anyway. Scarlett's crawling hands were on top of footwear as soon as she crawled partway in.

Scarlett wondered what came next.

Felicia told her, "Nose around in there. Sniff around. Smell every shoe. Try to guess which one was your daughter's favorite to sniff. Let me hear loud deep sniffs. If you do a good job, I'll do something to your pussy."

Princess Felicia would do something to her pussy? And all Scarlett had to do was sniff at footwear?

Deal!

Footwear, especially leather footwear, had popped into Scarlett's head many times since Francine Sorrelson got her sniffing a leather boot. Scarlett had felt an urge, almost a need, to sniff some leather shoes. She'd thought about a few leathery items of footwear in her closet. But she'd resisted. Good normal women did not do that kind of thing.

There was no more reason to resist. She did not feel like resisting anything. She was so damn damnably turned on. She no longer thought she was a good normal woman. She did not know what she was. A boot-sniffing mommy slut pee-on dumb ducky?

She did it. Her Princess wanted it and she wanted it, too. She sniffed a few. A pair of ancient tennis shoes, maybe even too small for Princess Felicia's tiny feet. She sniffed loudly and deeply. They smelled like shoes, she guessed. Or like old corn chips?

She lifted a hand to move them.

"No!" barked Felicia. "Move shit around with your nose. With your fucking snout like a fucking pig rooting around."

Oh. That was the right way to do this?

How humiliating!

How deliciously humiliating!

Scarlett did not resent her Princess. She thought her Princess was smart. Far smarter even at her young age than Scarlett. Scarlett was only a dumb ducky so she knew it was easy to be smarter than her.

Just look at her now! So dumb! She was using her nose to push and root through the footwear piled up in Princess Felicia's closet.

Scarlett nosed at some worn high heels. She sniffed and snuffled loudly for her Princess's benefit and her own detriment.

She felt something!

On her pussy!

Yes! Whatever it was, yes!

It felt smooth. Was it okay to look back?

No, she was such a stupid dumb ducky. If her Princess wanted her to know what it was, her Princess would tell her or tell her to take a look.

Felicia told her, "You're doing so good so far. Hey, sniff those alligator boots."

Scarlett saw them. A little pair of cowboy boots. Boots made from alligator skin? Yuck! Poor alligator. Who would want them? Princess Felicia, obviously. They were her size.

Scarlett reluctantly sniffed them. It did smell reptilian but not as bad as she'd feared. Maybe the smell was baked out of them or some such.

Princess Felicia seemingly rewarded her by rubbing the smooth rounded thing against Scarlett's pussy. It pressed a bit harder and moved a little inward.

Scarlett moaned. From the sensation and from the humiliation.

Was it something Princess Felicia might use to fuck Scarlett? How did Scarlett feel about that?

She was such a dumb ducky! It did not matter how she felt about that. It only mattered if Princess Felicia wanted to do it.

Princess Felicia wanted something else from Scarlett in addition to the compliant snuffling, "Lick them! Lick them all over!"

Now she had to lick the alligator skin boots?

That was... that was so....

It didn't matter what it was. All that mattered was that Scarlett should be a good obedient pee-on.

Scarlett licked the alligator skin. It was as rough and hard as she'd expected.

She decided right then and there that no one should ever lick alligator skin cowboy boots.

No one decent. She licked some more.

No one normal. She kept licking.

Only submissive dumb ducky pee-ons should do this kind of thing. She kept licking.

Princess Felicia deigned to reward her. Whatever she had pressed against the entrance to Scarlett's pussy pushed its way inside. It was pretty big but it was no Harvey. Scarlett's pussy acceded to its entrance with an easy wet welcome.

Scarlet gasped. Groaned. And then moaned.

Her Princess was so good to her!

Princess Felicia simply stated, "I'm fucking your slutty pee-on pussy."

Yes! Yes, she was!

Her Princess drove it in with determination. But it wasn't needed. Scarlett was so wet. She was wet for it. Whatever it was. It could be anything. She didn't care. Getting fucked was what mattered. Not with what. But it felt like a dildo, one smaller than Harvey Wallbanger. No problem!

"Keep licking that alligator skin."

Yes. Yes, of course! Why would she stop? Her Princess hadn't told her to stop.

"I'm walking you through some shit your daughter did over here. Or, you know, crawling you through it."

Yes. Crawling! Good point by her Princess!

What did that mean, though? Things Sapphire did...?

Princess Felicia jammed whatever it was further into her, withdrew it almost back out, and then rammed it in good and hard. And it felt so good to Scarlett.

What was she thinking just before that? It didn't matter. The way Princess Felicia fucked her was what mattered.

Princess Felicia forced Scarlett to understand, "Saph was licking that same alligator skin. All slutty. Just like you. While I fucked her. Just like you."

Oh. Ohhhhh!

Scarlett was sure a dirty she-devil like Felicia had not cleaned these boots between last night and now. Which meant Scarlett was licking both alligator skin and dehydrated Sapphire saliva!

Scarlett's pee-on nature drove her on. She kept licking. And Felicia kept driving whatever it was in and out of her.

Princess Felicia had a mean note in her voice when she spoke next, "Saph licked those boots and I fucked her pussy with this same dildo. It was inside Saph's pee-on pussy less than twenty-four hours ago. I'd say some of her DNA is about seven inches up inside your pussy. What do you think of that?"

What...?

What did...!

What did Scarlett *think* of that!?!

Scarlett shook into her orgasm, her arms trembling, her legs shaking, her pussy grabbing at the dildo, and her licking tongue losing all coordination, flopping on the alligator skin.

Chapter Four

Back in the Hartley house, Sapphire Hartley was upset. And concerned.

She was flummoxed when Felicia showed up at their front door. Seeing her brought back such fresh and nasty memories. Just seeing her made Sapphire want to recoil while, at the same time, bringing on a powerful yearning.

Yearning for what? She wasn't sure but any yearning involving Felicia had to

be a bad thing.

There were so many bad things going on! Many of them were going on inside her mind. Sapphire thought many of them were her fault.

Maybe it was Mom's fault that Felicia slept over that first night when it started. But it was Sapphire's fault that she gave in like that to the little sexy punk from Ohio.

It was Sapphire's fault she hadn't warned or protected her mom properly. Whatever "Felicia exposure" Mom brought on Sapphire, it wasn't her mom's fault, her mom had not known beforehand. It was an honest accident.

It was Mom, like usual, trying to be overly nice to people. Felicia took advantage of Mom's kindness by taking advantage of Sapphire.

After that first sleepover in Sapphire's bedroom and then the second sleepover at the Sorrelsons, getting sexually used by both the mother and the daughter Sorrelson, Sapphire certainly knew their natures all too well. And she knew from Mom's phone call over to Francine Sorrelson, the one during which Sapphire had sex with "Queen Francine" unknown to Mom, that Mom was a focus of attention also for the Sorrelsons and that Queen Francine had made some startling progress with her already.

Sapphire knew then that Francine Sorrelson wanted to sexually dominate Mom. Francine already was dominating her over the phone. Even as she enjoyed the fruits of her previous domination efforts with Sapphire as Sapphire sought to please her during the phone call.

Sapphire had not cried out to warn Mom during the call. She felt too much shame. She felt too aroused. She didn't do it. She couldn't do it. She failed her mom.

After the call, she did not run home and confess to Mom and warn her. No, she stayed at the Sorrelsons and worked all night back and forth between the wicked daughter Sorrelson and the wicked mother Sorrelson.

When Mom came over the following morning to rescue Sapphire, Sapphire knew she should have left immediately with Mom. It would have protected both of them. Instead, she'd obeyed the Sorrelsons and allowed them to separate mom and daughter like a fucked-up mother-daughter Scooby Do episode. Mom was Fred, Daphne, and Velma going one way while Sapphire was Scooby Do and Shaggy going another way.

Both mother and daughter ran into the haunting ghost of submission present. Sapphire's mom in the Sorrelsons' backyard with Francine Sorrelson and Sapphire inside the Sorrelsons' house with Felicia Sorrelson.

Sapphire still felt bad. Yes, she'd rescued Mom but only after Queen Francine did all sorts of stuff to her. And after Felicia did lots more stuff with Sapphire.

She should have acted sooner. She should have acted immediately. Instead, she'd acted like a slut.

She'd acted, again, like a submissive lesbian slut! She did not think she was any of those three things. She hadn't until the Sorrelsons started in on her. Now? There was a lot of convincing evidence.

Maybe she was those three things. A submissive. A lesbian. A slut. Or maybe not. Hopefully not. But, even if she was, that did not excuse letting Mom down like that and exposing Mom to the depredations of Francine Sorrelson.

Yes, Sapphire had wished Francine would pick on someone her age and at least closer to her age. But not Sapphire's mom!

Sapphire felt her guilt more acutely than ever at this moment because Felicia had talked Mom into going back over to the Sorrelsons' residence.

Right after they left, Sapphire got a text from Felicia telling her, "Don't wait up for mommy pee-on. I've got plans."

Sapphire wished she could have scoffed at that. Felicia and Mom? No way!

But she knew. She knew too much and all too well.

Felicia was a clever bitch. And poor Mom?

Mom was... susceptible.

She was susceptible like her daughter.

Sapphire bet, she just bet, that if Felicia had induced her to go over there instead of Mom, Felicia would have found a way to get her out of her clothes instead of giving her any clothes that had been left behind.

She bet Felicia would try something with Mom. Would she succeed? Sapphire would have said there was zero chance if you'd asked her two days ago. Now? She knew there was some kind of chance. Everybody kept surprising her. Or, in Mom's case, disappointing her.

She knew Mom was also disappointed in her. Mom had to be disappointed! Sapphire was naked in the neighbor's backyard! Mom must also suspect that a lot more than that happened. Hopefully Mom did not think or suspect or know that Sapphire had sex with Francine. Hopefully Mom thought the sex was limited to Felicia.

Sapphire felt like she should go after her mom, go over to the Sorrelsons, in order to protect her mom. But it wasn't as simple as that.

Her mom might already be on the way back. There was probably no need for Sapphire to go "save" Mom. It did seem foolish.

If Sapphire went over there, what message would it send Mom? That Sapphire did not trust her to handle herself and avoid being handled. By a young adult punk girl from Ohio! It would be a vote of no confidence in Mom. It might insult Mom or hurt her feelings.

It would also send a message to Felicia that Sapphire thought Mom was vulnerable to Felicia's wicked ways. That was not a good message to send. Felicia might become like a shark with blood in the water.

Trying to help her mom might instead hurt Sapphire's mom!

There was another reason to avoid going over there. It was the scene of so much sex and such a complete downfall for Sapphire. Proximity would bring those fresh memories roaring back.

Sapphire was worried she'd get turned on just from walking over there. Just by going inside. Just by smelling the place.

If Sapphire was over there and Felicia tried something with her, Sapphire was pretty sure she'd give in. Maybe right in front of her mom!

Or, more likely, Felicia would find an excuse to separate them, divide them, and then quickly conquer Sapphire in semi-private.

Sapphire bet she'd fool herself that it was just one thing, like taking off her clothes or sniffing a shoe, or whatever, and then, next thing she knew....

She almost wished she was over there. She almost wished Felicia had come for her and not her mom. Not altruistically. Not to save her mom. Selfishly. So that she'd be exposed to Felicia's sexual toxicity.

The things Felicia did to her. The things Felicia made her do. They were addictive!

Now her mom was set to get a fix of Felicia. If Mom gave in to her.

Why wouldn't she? Mom gave in to Francine Sorrelson and Felicia was so much sexier than Francine. As in, Felicia was sexy and Francine was not at all sexy.

Well, maybe "not at all" wasn't quite right. Francine did not look sexy. Not her body or her face. But she acted sexy. She made everything about sex. And she was just as good as Felicia at making Sapphire do bizarre things that shamed and humiliated and turned on Sapphire. So maybe Francine was quite sexy in her own way. Not in a superficial way but in a profoundly deeper way.

Good thing Francine wasn't over there with her daughter. Mom wouldn't stand a chance against both of them.

Mom could handle the punk. That sexy nasty punk.

Mom could, right?

Holy shit! What was taking Mom so long? Was it really happening? Was Felicia pulling something on Mom and succeeding?

Should Sapphire go over there and save Mom? Again!?!

Or should she go over there and submit herself in trade, tell Felicia she would do anything Felicia wanted as long as Felicia let Mom go home unmolested? Or, by then, not too molested. Not totally and completely molested.

That way all three of them would get what they wanted. Maybe.

Sapphire still wasn't sure she wanted any more time with Felicia. That girl was so mean. She was dangerous!

Sapphire thought she and her mom were both better off inside their house. Nice and safe. They did not need the Sorrelsons. Just the opposite.

Sapphire didn't need Felicia in order to sniff a shoe. And she didn't need Francine's leg if she wanted to hump something.

Sapphire felt like sniffing a shoe while humping something right then. But she'd need to wait until Mom was back. Then she'd act tired, go to bed, hump and sniff for hours and imagine the Sorrelson women there telling her to do things. Imaginary Sorrelsons couldn't cause any harm.

Pretty sure.

It wasn't the same without them. Maybe not as good. But it was a hell of a lot healthier even if it was still sick.

Poor Mom. Exposed and at risk over at the Sorrelsons'.

Lucky Sapphire. Safe at home.

But sometimes it felt like the opposite might be true.

Then the doorbell rang.

Sapphire froze. Who was it? Had Felicia tied up Mom and then come back for Sapphire? What should Sapphire do?

For a second, Sapphire actually thought about hiding under her bed.

Then she calmed down. This was her house. Mom was gone, so she was in charge. No way was it Felicia. No way had Mom let Felicia tie her up.

In fact, it was probably Mom! She'd left without keys and Sapphire had locked the door! Oh, that was for sure it! Sapphire sucked in a deep relieved breath. She'd been pretty foolish there for a couple of seconds.

Sapphire trotted down the stairs. This was good news. Mom was back so, even if Felicia tried something and even if she got away with a thing or two – it had been ten minutes since Mom left – there was no way Felicia went all the way with Mom. Mom had successfully resisted!

Score a point finally for team Hartley against the evil team Sorrelson. Way to go, Mom! Er, way to come back, Mom!

Sapphire unlocked the door in a hurry. She didn't want Mom to feel stuck on the front stoop with a Sorrelson nearby.

Sapphire threw open the door.

It wasn't her Mom.

It wasn't Felicia, either.

But it was a Sorrelson. There stood Francine Sorrelson with an intimidating smile on her face.

Oh oh!

Francine kept a smile on her face as she spoke, "Hi, Sapphire."

"What do you want?"

"I want lots of things. People, too!"

Sapphire knew all about that. Francine had wanted her and Francine had had her. Francine had wanted Mom that morning when Mom went over to the Sorrelsons to save Sapphire. Francine had gotten Mom also and Sapphire had to save her mom from Francine.

Francine had had them both. But only for a short time. That was over now. Francine had no business coming over! Sapphire intended to make that clear to Francine.

"You have no business coming over here!"

"Oh, but I do! My property is here and I want it."

"My Mom isn't here right now. Come back when she's home."

"No need. I'll just get it now. I'm already here. I don't need her help to get it. Besides, you took her away from me this morning. Do you really want to put us back together? Is that fair to your mom?"

That was... a pretty good point. Sapphire was sure Mom did not want to deal with Francine. Mom probably never wanted to see her again!

Since when was Francine Sorrelson interested in fairness? Sapphire must beware and take care. Francine wanting fairness for her mom meant Francine did not want fairness somewhere else. That somewhere else must be Sapphire.

Where was Mom? What was taking her so long? What was going on with Mom and Felicia over at the Sorrelsons? Sapphire stuck her head out the door and looked sideways across their front yards. No sign of Mom. No help there.

She probably should handle this so Mom did not have to. Also, if she sent Francine away and Francine went back to her house next like she probably would, then it would be two Sorrelsons against Mom. Sapphire wasn't even sure Mom could handle one, let alone two!

Sapphire pulled her upper body back into her house. Francine grinned at her but her eyes did not look friendly. They looked way too sharp, like a hawk, like she was waiting for an opportunity to do something.

So creepy! What was wrong with these women from Ohio?

Sapphire sighed, "Whatever. What do you want?"

Like a starter gun went off, Francine barged past her, saying, "It's much better if I show you."

In the vestibule, Francine pulled out her cell phone and made a call.

Sapphire sighed dramatically, defensively, "What now? Who are you calling?"

"I'm calling your mom's phone. But I'm not calling your mom."

Huh? Sapphire remembered Mom was empty-handed when she left ten or fifteen minutes ago. She did not have her cell phone with her.

They both heard a cell phone ringing from upstairs.

Francine gleefully said, "There it is!"

Francine went briskly up the stairs. Sapphire stared at her large butt grinding its way upward.

She called out, "Hey! You can't just go anywhere you want! That's my mom's cell phone! That's her property, not yours!"

Francine called back, "I know it isn't my property, stupid girl. Such a dumb ducky, just like your mommy dumb ducky. I called it because it will be close to my property. Come on up. I'll show you."

Francine used a sing-song voice for the word "show," really drawing it out.

Sapphire did not like this. She did not like it at all. She did not want to go up there. Somehow, being deeper inside the house while alone with Francine felt much more dangerous than she'd felt at the front door. And that already felt dangerous and confrontational!

Now Francine was upstairs. What was upstairs? Bedrooms. Beds. It was more personal. It was secluded.

Sapphire did not want to go up there!

Francine had disappeared off the staircase and Sapphire heard her moving down the hallway.

What was Francine doing up there?

Sapphire would not know what she did if Sapphire stayed downstairs. Francine could take stuff that did not belong to her. She did sort of seem like a crook. She was certainly immoral.

If Mom was here, she'd go upstairs and see to this, make sure nothing bad happened.

In Mom's absence, it was Sapphire's duty.

Sapphire sighed a little sigh, this one heartfelt and only for herself.

She went up the stairs. Her mind turned to what property Francine may have left with Mom. She was curious. She'd like to know.

She was about to find out more than she anticipated!

Chapter Five

She caught up with Francine in Mom's bedroom. How rude! Just march into someone's home, go upstairs, and invade their bedroom!

But it was a lot less rude than what Francine did to Mom that morning. This was nothing in comparison.

Francine stood near the bed. She wasn't looking around. She was looking down at the bed.

Sapphire noticed something a little odd. Her mom was a stickler for making her bed each morning. All nice and neat. Maybe Mom, years ago, thought some pushy neighbor may one day barge into her bedroom! Mom was a prophetess.

But not quite.

Ironically, the one day a pushy neighbor did push in, Mom's bed was not perfectly made. It was evident she'd made the bed at some point but then a corner of the bedspread and blanket were turned up from the floor and curled over about halfway across the top of the bed like someone had started to make a paper airplane from Mom's bedding and hadn't finished it.

Francine turned to Sapphire with a smirk-smile, "It must be next to her phone and her phone must be in here somewhere. I'll call it again."

Sapphire crossed her arms and tapped her foot. She wanted Francine to get the hell out of their house. The sooner the better!

Francine made a show of calling again.

After a moment, there was muffled ringing. It was coming from the bed. From under the curled over blankets.

Francine turned to her, "Go ahead and answer it."

"Can't you hear it?"

"Yes, but maybe it's some other phone and someone else is calling it. I called your mom's number. If you answer and I hear your voice in my ear, I'll know it's her phone."

Was Francine trying to waste her time or irritate her or what?

Sapphire growl-sighed in frustration. The phone stopped ringing and Francine called it again, "Come on, you dumb ducky. What's the matter? Do you think your mom fucked herself with her phone? Is that the problem? Is that why you won't answer it?"

"You're so gross!" Sapphire marveled anyone could act like Francine or say the things she said. Or have that kind of nasty imagination. No one fucked themselves with cell phones and, if anyone did, Mom would be last in line.

Sapphire sigh-groaned in exasperation. Whatever. She'd answer it. She wanted Francine out of her home.

She pulled the blankets back.

"Oh, my God!" Sapphire couldn't help it. Yes, her mom's cell phone was

there but so was a monstrous dildo.

It looked like one of the dildos Felicia had shown her in Francine's bedroom! This must be the dildo Francine loaned to Mom and got Mom to use on herself while Francine talked to her over the phone while Sapphire humped Francine at the same time.

Crazy!

Sapphire and her mom went through so much because of this neighbor bitch standing here in Mom's bedroom after invading the Hartley home.

Sapphire tried to calm herself. Seeing the giant again and seeing how big it was dismayed her. She remembered, when she first saw it, thinking it was a joke, like a prop, and that no woman could ever fit it into her vagina.

Mom fit that thing inside herself? Wow, childbirth must change a woman's body a lot! They weren't kidding in health class about that! Mom had about the same frame as Sapphire and Sapphire knew there was no way that thing could ever fit in her pussy.

Sapphire pointed at it, "I think we found what you're looking for. Take it. See ya."

Francine ended the call and then called again, telling Sapphire, "Not until you answer the call. I insist. We need to make absolutely certain that's your mom's phone."

That was so stupid. How could that not be Mom's phone? Three times Francine called Mom and three times this phone rang.

Francine with her weird games! She was almost as weird as her daughter and just as nasty. But not nearly as cute.

Sapphire hated that she kept thinking about how attractive Felicia was.

Irritated with herself, she grabbed Mom's phone, hit the answer call, and held it to her ear. She looked at Francine and said sarcastically, "Hello. Who is it?"

Francine looked thrilled as she spoke words rapidly, all together, melding them, "Is this FuckFaceTalkingOnAFuckPhone?"

"Huh? What?" What had Francine just said?

"SmellLikeAMommyPussy?"

"What?"

Francine stepped forward, moving her body between the bedroom door and Sapphire. Then she stepped closer. Just like that, Sapphire tried to back away and after a step backward felt the back of her legs in contact with her mom's bed.

She nearly fell back onto the bed but caught her balance just in time.

Close one! That would have been an awkward situation, on her back on a bed with Francine Sorrelson looming over her.

Sapphire had no room to move. Francine's face was way too close to hers.

Sapphire defensively said loudly, "Get away from me!"

"Not yet. What if I told you that cell phone was up your mom's pussy about half an hour ago."

There was no way!

Her mom's cell phone was pressed to her cheek and inches from her mouth. Sapphire nearly jerked it away from her face but stopped herself from doing that. Francine was trying to get to her. That was what this was. Reacting like she believed Francine would only feed Francine's domination.

"I'd say you're a liar!" Sapphire's voice had the strength of rebelliousness. This damn neighbor freak lesbian thought she could come into their house and tell nasty lies! And she thought Sapphire would believe her lies?

Francine responded, "Oh, my. That is so rude. I demand justice. I want an apology. You need the truth to see how dumb you are and how slutty your mommy is. Smell it. What does it smell like?"

The phone was pressed to her cheek, but Sapphire did not want to smell it. She was sure Francine was lying, but she didn't want to smell for the simple reason Francine wanted her to do it.

Never cooperate with dominant lesbians! Sapphire knew that much. If you started cooperating, pretty quickly you were engaged in sex, you were getting humiliated, and then, guess what, pretty soon you were forced to have an amazing orgasm. Or several....

Sick stuff! Sick and wrong!

Sapphire swore she would not be a lesbian cooperator!

If Francine wanted to dominate her, she'd need to do it herself!

Oh, wow, that thought came out all wrong.

Francine shoved her legs in between Sapphire's legs demandingly. Sapphire's legs were forced further apart and both of Francine's wide legs were between Sapphire's slim ones. It was like she was standing up in the

saddle while riding a horse. But there was no horse!

Sapphire tilted precariously backward a few inches. She could barely maintain the position and the only alternative would be falling backward which would make the situation so much worse. She'd fall on that giant dildo! And Sapphire thought she knew where that dildo had visited!

"Smell it! Smell that fucked cell phone. Smell it nice and loud! It's only fair. To me."

Sapphire didn't see any alternative. All she could see was Francine's face right in her face. Since she couldn't see any other choice, she'd have to smell.

Sapphire sniffed the phone. Then she remembered to make it loud and sniffed more loudly.

There sure was a scent!

It didn't smell like a phone. It smelled like a....

No way!

Francine said, "Does it smell like a pussy? Does it smell like your mom's pussy?"

Sapphire did not know what her mom's pussy smelled like specifically but it did smell like a pussy. But why? Whose pussy?

Did Mom really fuck herself with her cell phone? Why? Who did that!?!

Sapphire felt a need to defend her mom's honor, "It doesn't smell like a pussy. It just... smells like perfume. Lots of women spray perfume on their

phones or maybe it got on there by accident."

Francine grinned aggressively, "The sniff test did not convince you, so we need to prove or disprove my claim in another way. Lick that cell phone. Lick it all over."

"Gross!"

"If you don't lick it, then you admit your mommy fucked her pussy with it. I think she had to give birth to it after she fucked it into her mommy pussy. That cell phone is your new baby brother or sister, your choice. Do you admit your mom fucked her cell phone?"

"No!"

"Then prove it."

Sapphire frowned. How could she get out of this?

She couldn't. The cell phone did smell like pussy. But it couldn't be from a real pussy. And, if it was, it couldn't be from her mom's pussy. Her mom would never fuck a cell phone!

One of the Sorrelsons must have snuck in and fucked her pussy a little with it! Maybe that was it?

Sapphire knew what Felicia's pussy tasted like and she knew what Francine's pussy tasted like. She thought she'd know which one of them did it.

But if it tasted different than either of them....

No. Francine must be fucking with her mind. Francine was trying too hard to make her believe it was her mom's pussy juice on this phone. Just

because it was her mom's phone did not mean it was her mom's pussy juice on it.

If she didn't lick it, Francine might not let her go.

If she didn't lick it, Francine would think she won and had successfully deceived Sapphire.

This damn neighbor bitch! Sapphire would not let her win!

She would call Francine's bluff. She would *lick* Francine's bluff.

She had doubts and fears, but a remaining trusting innocent deep part of herself thought that Francine would never try to get her to lick the phone, or let her lick it, if it truly was covered in Sapphire's mom's pussy juice.

And, if for some godforsaken reason Mom had fucked herself with her cell phone, she'd never leave it laying around still messy. Mom was almost a clean freak.

Sapphire licked the cell phone. It tasted like pussy. She couldn't tell whose. The taste did not remind her of Felicia or Francine Sorrelson. Her certainty and defiance melted away as the taste melted in her mouth. She wasn't so sure anymore. Could it be the taste of her mom?

Francine demanded, "Keep licking."

Sapphire knew Francine was actively humiliating her and Francine was again bossing her around. Just like last night when Francine got Sapphire to hump her and to do so many other things, so much more than that.

Knowing what Francine was doing to her and doing something about it were two different things.

It was happening again. Not only with the way Francine treated her. The way Sapphire reacted to it was also happening again.

Maybe it was the way Francine made her do things. Maybe it was how commanding Francine was. Maybe it was how naughty everything was. Maybe it was the smell and now the taste of pussy, whoever's it was.

Maybe, just maybe, it was the thought, the intensely naughty thought, that what she tasted really was her mom's pussy juice. And maybe she felt like a true dumb ducky, a super slutty one, for letting Francine make her do this.

Sapphire felt physically precarious, leaning backward over the bed, and emotionally precarious. Was she going mad? Was she really licking her mom's cell phone – already severely weird – after the cell phone was inside her mom's pussy?

Even if it wasn't ever in her mom's pussy, it sure tasted like it visited someone's pussy.

Sapphire kept licking. There was no getting out of it, not with Francine pressing on her and with Francine's legs between her own. And Sapphire was turning on more and more. She didn't know if everything Francine said was true but she knew this was naughty, that she was naughty.

Francine wouldn't let her go until Sapphire licked this cell phone all over. Maybe not even after that.

Sapphire was starting to doubt she wanted Francine to leave her alone.

Sapphire knew it was happening again. Like it or hate it or adore it like a junkie adores drugs, Francine was going to have her way with Sapphire.

Maybe on her mom's bed! Maybe with her mom's pussy sauced cell phone in Sapphire's mouth!

Francine wrapped her left arm around Sapphire's narrow waist, giving her even greater control over the slim girl, and brought her right hand down in between them.

Sapphire knew where that hand was going!

But there was nothing she could do to stop it.

And she wasn't sure she wanted to stop it.

Francine's hand pressed demandingly at Sapphire's pussy. Sapphire made a squeak and then a moan around the phone as Francine rubbed aggressively.

"Such a wet girl," crowed Francine.

Sapphire knew it was true.

"Such a slutty daughter, sucking up mommy's juicy juices."

Sapphire knew she was a slut. She must be to be this aroused, like this. Even if it wasn't her mom's pussy juice, she was still a slut to be this aroused while Francine made that horrible claim and made Sapphire do this.

Francine abruptly stepped back and Sapphire felt an unnatural surge of disappointment. Wasn't Francine going to use her and make her do other naughty things? Francine wouldn't leave yet, would she?

No. She wouldn't.

Francine ordered, rapid-fire, "Keep that phone in your slut mouth. Keep it in with your slut lips and slut teeth. You don't need hands. Maybe your teeth will leave scratches or little dents and maybe your mom will feel them the

next time she fucks her pussy with her phone. Take off your shorts and panties. I want you nude below the waist. Then turn around, knees against the bed."

Sapphire didn't know what the plan was and didn't care. What mattered was that Francine did have a plan for her. Francine had a use for her and was going to use her.

Sapphire felt terrible burning gratitude. It burned like hellfire.

Totally unnecessarily, not requested or required by Francine, Sapphire said, "Yes, Queen Francine."

Sapphire blinked in surprise at herself. That was so embarrassing!

She'd slipped back into sexual pee-on mode. Francine Sorrelson was, once again, her Queen.

Sapphire obeyed all of her Queen's commands. It didn't matter that Queen Francine no longer held her or pinned her and that the bedroom door was right there just a few feet away. Sapphire obeyed with trembling fingers and an unhealthy eagerness.

She kept the cell phone in her mouth. She no longer doubted her mom's essence was on it. The new certainty made her suck on it harder. She ground her teeth a little on it. She wanted to leave her mark. Maybe make her mom wonder. Maybe add some sensation if Mom did fuck herself again with the phone.

She pulled off her loose shorts and panties. They would only get in the way of whatever her Queen wanted.

She turned around and pressed the front of her knees to the side of the

mattress. She hoped her Queen enjoyed the sight of her slut's ass.

She felt slutty and stupid and gagged with the cell phone even though she kept it in her mouth voluntarily. She could not speak but knew her Queen didn't want her opinion on anything. Nor should she!

Turned away from her Queen, she awaited the Queen's attention.

The Queen's pleasure....

Francine stepped close and then still closer. She wrapped her thick arms around slim Sapphire, her physical control joining her emotional control. Total control and Sapphire could not even protest if she'd wanted to.

But she did not want to protest. She wanted to find out what came next.

Her?

Francine leaned forward making Sapphire also tilt forward. But that wasn't Francine's goal. She reached out and picked up the huge dildo off the bed.

She brought it up sideways up to Sapphire's face. She slid it back and forth along Sapphire's upper lip. It was such a wide cylinder that it smacked at the cell phone sticking out of Sapphire's mouth and squished Sapphire's nose upward and side to side as Francine sawed it back and forth.

Sapphire felt so humiliated. Sapphire felt so aroused. She felt like such a lusty slut.

Francine delighted in rubbing the recently used dildo against the daughter's face. Francine had decided that the daughter slut may as well smell her mommy slut in addition to tasting her.

Francine had also decided to replay what happened with the mommy slut. To recreate what the mommy slut did in this very bedroom not so long ago and with these very same items, cell phone and dildo.

But not exactly. In a flipped script flipped-out way.

Francine brought Harvey down and moved him vertically to Sapphire's upright body. Then she pointed Harvey's mushroom headfirst back towards Sapphire. She slid him against Sapphire's pussy, now sawing him against her other lips, her lowest lips. Harvey pushed and slid, nudging and sliding and making Sapphire feel pleasure.

That was the way of the Harvey. Make them want what they started out dreading. Make them believe in what they at first believed could never fit inside them.

Holding and controlling Sapphire who willingly let herself be held and controlled, Francine worked Harvey the dildo back and forth across Sapphire's lower pussy lips, as if Harvey was trying to dry fuck her. But Sapphire wasn't very dry and the "dry fuck" would soon be a balls-deep wet fuck if Francine had her way and if Harvey had had balls.

Francine worked Harvey to work over Sapphire. Francine liked to control but much worse than not controlling someone as sexy as either of the Hartleys was to achieve control over them and then lose that control.

Francine was pissed off that the Hartleys escaped her literal clutches this morning.

That's right. Francine was pissed off at the pee-ons.

She looked forward to punishing them. For its own enjoyable sake and to get revenge for Francine's bruised pride.

But she needed to re-establish control and cement it into place before enjoying a good long punishment session. Probably the start of a week of punishments. Or maybe a month.

Francine thought the best way to control others was, in part, to take control from them. When they could not control themselves, others could control them. A good way to make them lose control was through arousal.

But she also needed to take away their self-esteem. It would be replaced eventually with "slutsteem," Francine's term for a slut who took pride in her sluttiness and her obedience to others. The replacement took some time to grow in the ripped up ground of the uprooted self-esteem.

Taking away self-esteem was important because it made the sluts-to-be feel like the treatment they received at the hands, mouth, feet, and so forth of the Sorrelsons was, somehow, what they deserved.

Thus the intermixing and sexual confusion of the knowledge of each other's situation, the mother and the daughter Hartley. Like right then with Sapphire sucking on her mom's cell phone possibly still warm at the start from Sapphire's mom's pussy. Probably not actually, but Francine sure liked to think so.

It would be hard for Sapphire to hold her chin high after this.

Destroy the self-esteem. Obtain control over the slut.

The Sorrelsons had lost control over the Hartleys this morning but it was abundantly obvious they were gettable. Francine felt so tantalizingly close!

Francine knew, even at that moment, just yards away in the Sorrelson home, Felicia was making fantastic progress with the mother. Francine was determined to do her part with the daughter Hartley.

It was going great!

Sapphire made an occasional spit-sucking slurp around the cell phone as she pushed and wiggled her pussy along the top of Harvey.

Francine smiled to herself. She bet the girl didn't think Francine would attempt to gain entrance into her with Harvey. This pee-on did not know her Queen!

Francine was patient, waiting until the girl was near orgasm. Every advantage must be gained to give Harvey the best possible opportunity.

Then Francine took one hand off Harvey and brought it behind Sapphire. She reached down with the hand holding Harvey and changed the angle of his great big mushroom head by ninety degrees.

She brought the mushroom head back up, straight up this time.

Sapphire felt the mushroom head press upward against her pussy. Upward with insistent pressure. She probably still did not believe Francine would try to fuck her with it, but Sapphire automatically raised herself on tiptoes. Her only avenue of escape was up but, unfortunately, her toes could only lift her a couple of inches and Harvey followed just as quickly as she rose.

Francine brought her other hand down, between the back of Sapphire's legs, and then joined the Harvey-holding hand until both hands held Harvey.

Sapphire stood on her toes, straddling Francine's arms and hands, her weight partially held up by her feet and partially held up by the mushroom head of Harvey pressing inexorably upward.

Sapphire produced a distressed whine.

Music to Francine's ears.

Harvey was huge, no doubt, but his mushroom head was smooth and slick. Sapphire's pussy was tight, no doubt, but it was slick and lubricated.

Gravity.

Francine's country-strong arms.

Francine's ruthless determination.

Sapphire's helpless submissiveness.

The elastic nature of the vagina.

Pop goes the weasel! Or the dildo as Francine weaseled it upward and inward.

It was in, the head was past the tightest section, the entrance. The rest was relatively easy, for Francine, though still hard on Sapphire and harder for her to believe.

Up.

Up up.

Up up up.

Until Sapphire was fully impaled, right down to Francine's dildo-gripping knuckles. Francine felt like she was holding a flagstaff and Sapphire was the slut flag.

Sapphire groaned, part sensation, part disbelief.

Francine began Harvey-fucking her. Francine pulled Harvey downward but nowhere near extracting him. Francine had Harvey inside the young woman and she wouldn't take him all the way out until she was sure he'd had his way with the girl.

Sapphire's feet went flat on the floor and she moaned, with relief at the partial withdrawal and with physical loss at his absence. Then Francine shoved him back upward, making Sapphire rise up on her toes again but never far enough to get away as Francine kept driving upward until Harvey ran into something inside Sapphire, something that would not move out of the way.

Down. Moan.

Up. Groan.

Again and again.

Francine thrilled to it, thrilled emotionally as Sapphire began to thrill physically. Francine was literally fucking Sapphire up. By fucking upward into her.

It took a lot of effort, though. Francine's huffs of belabored breathing joined Sapphire's moans and groans.

That was why Francine had to make sure her prospects were already close to orgasm before pulling this fuck them up by fucking them straight upward maneuver. Francine wasn't getting any younger and couldn't keep this up for long.

Francine still had enough breath in her to add some important nasty to the mix.

"Pee-on!"

Sapphire moaned and panted out, "Yes, my Queen?"

"I want to tell you something. About an hour ago, probably less, your mom had her cell phone up inside her pussy. You already knew that. What you didn't know until right now was that at the same time, as she fucked her cell phone, she had this dildo, at least the head of Harvey the dildo, inside her slutty mommy mouth. And now it's in your pussy. This is now almost like a sixty-nine in absentia. Your mom's pussy juice is in your mouth and her spit is in your pussy."

Sapphire panted. Francine guessed Sapphire was trying to get her mind around the information. It was probably a tough fit, as difficult as taking Harvey up her pussy and getting her vagina around Harvey. The information was as forced into her by Francine as Harvey was.

Francine, panting almost as much as Sapphire and with only a little effort left in her, added, "I just thought you'd want to know. This Queen likes to keep her pee-ons in the know."

The full depth of the nasty newsflash sank deep into Sapphire's mind as Harvey again sank deep upwards into her.

That was it. She had to do something.

There was only one thing she could do.

Sapphire orgasmed.

The End

...of Book 6...

With more to come!

The older fox (Francine) is in the henhouse with the daughter hen (Sapphire). The older hen (Scarlett) is in the foxhouse with the younger fox (Felicia). Is it over for Scarlett and Sapphire Hartley? Are they entirely dominated and completely submissive?

No, they are not!

The Hartleys will fight back and fight for their freedom and heterosexuality.

But do they stand a chance of staying on their feet?

The foxes are crafty, determined, and... hungry!

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