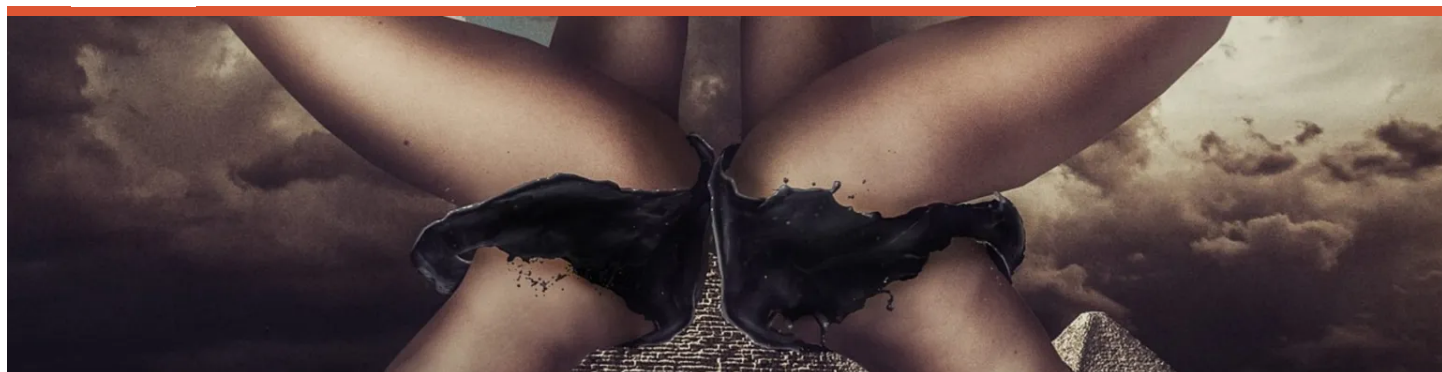


LESBIAN SEDUCTION FICTION BY JORDAN CHURCH



CONQUERING THE MOTHER AND DAUGHTER HOUSE SITTERS, BOOK 4 OF "SEDUCING THE MOTHER AND DAUGHTER HOUSE SITTERS"

Chapter One

Stella was gone. Mistress Stella.

She'd fled and had only left a note with directions for her freshly seduced and sorely used mother and daughter pair. She'd left, according to the note, because of the imminent arrival of her twin sister, Bella, on the

family estate, the island/peninsula.

Just like that, Angie and Eliza Klauson were out from under. Very under. Under the control and, sometimes, literally under the feet of Mistress Stella.

Ding dong the witch was dead! Or, at least, departed.

Angie wondered why she did not feel triumphant or even just relieved.

Angie's daughter, Eliza, also wondered why she did not feel triumphant or even just relieved.

Angie took away the note from Mistress Stella. The note had instructed that the mother and daughter pair burn the note. Without it, and with Stella gone, and with the whole place perfectly clean, there would be no trace of Stella at all other than her painted portrait next to her twin's in the mansion foyer.

Angie and Eliza ate and cleaned and barely spoke. They had a distinct lack of enthusiasm and a strong feeling of loss.

Loss.

They'd lost their lesbian virginities if there was such a thing. They'd lost most of their self-respect. They'd lost their dignity.

Now, after giving up all that, they were even losing their Mistress, the one who'd made them lose those things!

Angie and Eliza did not talk about what had happened. What mother and daughter wanted to talk about being sexually used and being submissive? Or about losing their lesbian virginity?

Or about how many times Mistress Stella made them orgasm or how powerful those orgasms were.

Or to debate which one of them Mistress Stella may have preferred....

Angie wondered if or when she'd ever see Mistress Stella again. Stella had written that she would see them "much sooner than expected" but Angie didn't see how. The house sitting would be done in less than a week.

It was for the best. Those things Mistress Stella made them do! The things she would have made them do in the future. Maybe even at the same time and together....

The idea of it made Angie hot all over again. Hot with shame. Hot with embarrassment. Hot with... some other kind of hot.

It was exactly the same with Eliza.

It was a shock going from normal and heterosexual and single and not slutty all the way, in less than two days, to abnormal, lesbian, having a Mistress, and completely slutty. From independent to being unable to make any choices for themselves. It felt like just as much of a shock to yo-yo back to their previous situations.

Angie and Eliza did not go out and about the island/peninsula that morning. No beach and no boat for them. They read and watched shows. Their loss of enthusiasm made them feel unable to enjoy the fantastic location.

As forecast by Stella, Bella did arrive later that day. It was after lunch when Bella entered the mansion towing an expensive suitcase.

"Greetings and salutations, women of the Klauson clan!"

Angie tried to act surprised as per Stella's instructions, "Oh, hi Bella! This is a surprise! You're back early from your vacation."

See? She even *said* it was a surprise.

Eliza chipped in, "Wow, Bella! I didn't expect to see you so soon."

Bella explained that her mom and dad came down with something while on a Galapagos cruise and were recuperating in a nice hotel in Guayaquil, Ecuador. She said she'd been bored and missed the family estate. She preferred the private secluded beach at home to ones filled with strangers in Ecuador.

Eliza joked lamely, "No call? Are you sure you weren't worried and decided to do a surprise inspection?"

Bella laughed, "Responsible Eliza and her responsible mother? What kind of trouble could you cause? What were you going to do, throw some sex parties?"

Bella laughed at that but Angie and Eliza had a hard time forcing their laughter. That comment by Bella had come far too close to the truth. At least she wasn't asking about Stella and or asking any other questions that made them lie to her.

They chatted some more about Ecuador and the stunted vacation. Angie found herself unable to look away from Bella. Bella was exactly like Stella except that her hair was dyed a really light blonde, nearly white. Platinum blonde, undoubtedly from a bottle.

Of course, Angie obviously knew that twins looked alike. It wasn't that. It was that looking at Bella had the same effect on her as looking at Stella had. Towards the end. It gave Angie a feeling of languid arousal

speared through with a sharp urge to do something or anything. It made Angie feel wild.

That was it! She felt dangerously uncontrolled now that Stella was gone. Out of control, like she might not be able to control herself, and like she needed someone to control her.

She wondered if Eliza felt the same way. Angie sneaked a look at Eliza.

Eliza looked enraptured listening to Bella talk. Then, when Eliza spoke, there were times that she fumbled her words.

It boggled Angie's mind. It looked like Eliza was smitten with Bella. Like she was transferring some of the adoration that she had for Stella right on over to Bella.

Was Angie's daughter a submissive lesbian slut even without Stella afflicting her?

Angie felt it too, though. More than fascination with Bella. She was getting aroused just being in Bella's presence.

Eliza and her were maybe both submissive lesbian sluts looking for a new Mistress!

Good thing Bella wasn't like her sister. Hopefully. Also, hopefully the way that Eliza and Angie felt was just some sexual after image that would fade in time. The sooner the better!

It better fade before one of them did something crazy and threw themselves at the feet of Bella and begged her to be like her sister.

It better... before Angie tried to race her daughter in doing the

shameful incautious act of putting herself up for submission to Bella.

Thank God Bella was such a hottie. And rich. She had as many guys, no doubt, as she could ever want. Thank God there was no chance of Bella being a lesbian. She was too good looking. Too great looking.

There was a problem with that logic and Angie knew it. Not only were both she and her own daughter quite beautiful and they'd engaged in lesbian sex but also Stella was every bit as beautiful as Bella and yet there was no denying that Stella was a lesbian. Well, Stella could be bi Angie guessed but Stella was definitely willing to have sex with women. To have sex with them and to dominate and humiliate them. Willing and able.

So, yes, beauty was no impediment to being a lesbian.

Angie almost couldn't tear her eyes away from Bella. She was looking at Bella in the way a smitten boy would. She found herself looking up and down her body. At her full perfect ass and at her huge breasts. She got a little nervous that Bella was noticing the attention.

She knew for sure that Eliza was noticing Angie's attention towards Bella. At one point Eliza gave her a little confused or frustrated or exasperated scowl. But then, a minute later when Bella leaned over to grab the handle of her suitcase, Angie saw that Eliza was clearly looking at Bella's breasts bulging and pushing at each other.

Angie only noticed because she'd also been staring at those boobs and then she'd stolen a glance at Eliza to see if Eliza was picking up on her own continued staring.

Jesus. The mother and daughter Klauson were almost running into each other to ogle poor probably heterosexual Bella. It wasn't Bella's fault that her twin was a lesbian predator or that she'd made such progress with

the mother and daughter but now she'd have to deal with the collateral damage of her sister's seductions.

Collateral? Angie thought wryly that it was more like clitoral damage. Damn, that Mistress Stella sure could work a clitoris. Or, you know, could make her sex servants do it to themselves for her.

How did that even work? When Angie stimulated her clitoris in private it felt good. When she did it because Mistress Stella ordered her to do it, or made her do it, or gave her permission to do it, then it felt fantastic.

Humping Mistress Stella's foot was even better....

Oh, Angie felt so naughty. And wet! She was soaking wet again!

Bella took her suitcase upstairs. Well, she was going to but then Eliza rushed forward and took the suitcase handle from her.

Bella looked surprised.

Eliza's face colored and she said, "Let me, Bella. After all, since we are the house sitters we are the servants. I will take it up these stairs for you."

Bella looked doubtfully at the more slight girl than herself, "Are you sure?"

"Definitely." Eliza looked anything but definite. She looked nervous, exposed, and maybe excited.

Angie hid a frown. Why was Eliza debasing herself like that? More importantly, why hadn't Angie thought first to offer to do that?

Later on, after lunch, Bella suggested that they all head out to the

beach together. The first thought that occurred to Angie was that she'd "get to" see Bella in her swimsuit.

A mother of one, in her early forties, should not be eager to see the body of a girl exactly her own daughter's age! Shameful!

Still, they had to take advantage of the sun and the location so it was a no-brainer and she and Eliza quickly agreed.

Angie, in her guest bedroom, looked at her two available swimsuits. The modest flower print from back home and the too-small red bikini. She remembered Stella on that first day making some crack about how she and Eliza looked like her Christmas presents because their bikinis were red and green respectively. She remembered that they'd actually gotten the suits from Bella as a house sitting gift. Which did seem like a strange tradition but still like it was well intended. Apparently, Bella was the giving sort and Stella was the taking sort.

Angie wondered if Bella would admire how she looked in the red bikini. She remembered that day at the beginning of the college year when she helped Eliza move in and suddenly Bella had handled Angie's ass and talked about liking MILFs. Or something like that. It *had* seemed suggestive. Did Bella have some things in common with Stella? Things like being a lesbian maybe and maybe even having a preference for MILFs?

Angie felt like she *should* wear the conservative swimsuit but like she *wanted* to wear the red bikini in order to... show off, she guessed, to Bella.

Then Angie thought of a way in which it was permissible to wear it. A reason why she simply had to. That way it wouldn't be slutty or sick in the head to wear it to impress Bella.

The red bikini was a gift from Bella so she had to wear it! It would be

rude not to wear it.

Angie put it on and went back downstairs. Bella was already there but Eliza wasn't yet.

Bella said, "Mrs. Klauson, let's take a look at you. Come here. Spin in a circle now. Lean your chest out a little and pop your ass up and back a little. Just a little. You've got it so you need to flaunt it. Oooo, you flaunt it well."

Angie did all that Bella directed and felt a dizzy sense of deja vu. Bella was sort of ordering her around and she sure was obeying and there was a sexual feel to it. It reminded Angie powerfully of Stella. It gave her a needy ache deep inside.

Bella told her to hold still. Then Bella walked around her a few times with a finger on her chin and then she stopped behind Angie.

"Mrs. Klauson, I'm looking at that excellent MILF ass. So firm, so smooth, and this bikini really shows it off by not needlessly covering too much area. You don't mind if I check your firmness. Hold still."

It hadn't been a question. Bella was stating that Angie would not mind Bella touching her ass.

That was true. That was all too true.

Bella's hands, cupping each raised and arched out ass cheek, felt unearthly hot.

Bella said, low and almost right next to Angie's ear, "I know someone who would love this ass. Not a man actually. Stella would love it. I mean, really love it. Not just looking at it. Not aesthetically. She'd want to do

things to your ass. Lots of things both good and bad. I've seen her do it before."

"Oh... ah... really?"

"Yes. Really. She looks just like me. Except for her hair. It isn't as light as mine. She has a history. She does lots of things with the asses of MILFs. And all the rest of them. And with women who are not MILFs, even young women like your daughter. The MILFs like it all. Sometimes not at first but then Stella makes them like it. They can't get enough. Do you think that you are... susceptible... to someone like Stella?"

"Ah, oh, oh no. I'm not. I wouldn't be."

"That's good for you, Mrs. Klauson. Stella is quite bad for people. At least she is if the people want to make up their own minds on anything. My parents sent her to a psychologist one time. She wouldn't go unless she got to pick based on her online research. They didn't care which one she went to, they just wanted her to go. They had no idea what she had in mind. She chose one who is a real pretty MILF. Next thing you know, Stella was going to session after session like she couldn't get enough. But really it was the psychologist and Stella who both couldn't get enough. Stella seduced her, and more than that, totally dominated her. My God, she got that poor woman to pressure her daughter into having sex with Stella! Can you imagine, a mother and daughter, both turned into submissive do-anything lesbian sluts? Can you just imagine it?"

"Wow, ah, no, that is... just... hard to understand."

Bella said, "I guess you'd have to be them. Well, *you* couldn't be *them*. I guess you *and* your daughter would have to be them."

Angie felt extremely uncomfortable and it wasn't just due to the

conversation. It was so inappropriate the way that Bella was touching her ass but, worse, it was far more inappropriate how much it turned on Angie.

Angie told herself she wasn't a lesbian. And she wasn't someone who had sex with someone, anyone, let alone a female, half her age.

Although, of course, she already had with Stella. Well then. She wasn't someone who had lesbian sex on a regular basis with someone half her age. Or someone who was female.

Not that Bella was offering sex. Bella must just be one of those hands-on people who had no idea how that effected others.

If Bella were to offer sex then Angie would have to turn her down. For so many reasons! Not least of which was her daughter staying in the same place with them. But also, sex with Bella after that sex with Stella, her twin, had to be some kind of incest, right?

So no way!

"Bella, could you please stop touching me?"

"Oh, excuuuuuuse me. Hey, you know what's funny? You're all touchy about me being touchy feely! That is funny!"

"I guess."

Eliza came thumping down the stairs. Bella seemed entirely relaxed but Angie moved several feet away from her. She didn't want Eliza to get the impression that her college buddy Bella had just now been feeling her mom's ass while talking suggestively.

Right impressions were even more dangerous than wrong

expressions. With a wrong impression you could honestly explain it away if given the chance. With a right one, all you could do was lie or confirm it.

They took beach towels and trekked out to the beach with the imported white sand.

On the way, Stella's note was on Angie's mind. When would they ever see Stella again? Stella didn't want to be around when Bella was here, it sounded like Bella would be here for the rest of the house sitting time, and it wasn't like Stella had their contact info or would be waiting for them at the airport.

It seemed like a lie by Stella that she would see Angie and Eliza again at all let alone "sooner than expected". Angie felt resentful. She knew she should be relieved but instead she felt resentful.

So that was it? Stella just sexually used her and her daughter – really, it was more like Stella abused her and her daughter – and then she was just going to leave them high and dry? That seemed like an appropriate phrase for it. Angie's pussy had never ever before been so wet or wet for so long as during her brief time exposed to and by Stella.

It wasn't fair. You didn't just turn a mother and her daughter into... into... submissive servile eager-to-do-anything sex slaves and then leave them behind. That was... just plain irresponsible!

Angie thought there ought to be a rule. If you dominated and enslaved someone then you had to keep them. Like a marriage except much more so.

Good luck getting the House and the Senate to pass that one! No politician was falling over themselves to dominate the vote of the submissive voting bloc. Submissives just didn't lobby and make their voices

heard.

Angie secretly smiled at the thought while absentmindedly watching the bouncing and flexing of both Bella's and Eliza's asses in front of her.

Maybe the submissive voting bloc couldn't make their voices heard because they were gagged or their mouths were busy licking pussy.

Chapter Two

Down at the beach they lay their towels out and Bella and Eliza went plunging into the calm water. There wasn't much wind that day and not much for waves on the lake.

Angie lay on her towel. It wasn't her thing to go swimming in lakes. It just wasn't. But now she wished it was. Eliza was out there with Bella and Angie felt stuck on the beach.

What was wrong with her? What exactly did she think would happen if she was out in the water? No doubt something that really would *not* happen and, if it were to happen, then she would not actually want it to have happened. Or shouldn't.

She watched Bella and Eliza splashing and playing around about chest deep. It looked like Bella's big breasts jerked upward with buoyancy. Lord, the girl had huge tits!

Just like her beautiful twin, Stella, who Angie found herself missing. Angie inflicted some inward sarcasm on herself by mentally saying, "Yeah, if it wasn't for that darn Bella, then Stella would still be here and right now I'd be licking her pussy while she calls me names."

Or maybe Stella would have Angie licking the carpet while having

Angie hump an orgasm onto Stella's other foot. Or probably doing something else wicked, maybe even more wicked. Angie bet that Stella knew all kinds of ways to humiliate women and make them orgasm powerfully.

Now she'd never get to learn about them!

If Bella weren't here, then it was also true that Stella might be spending her time sexually abusing Eliza instead of Angie. It was fifty/fifty. Or was it? Stella seemed like the type of Mistress to cut through the shit and ignore social convention. Angie just bet that their Mistress would have started making them serve her together. At the same time.

Such a terrible line of thinking!

Angie looked around the beach but, of course, there was no one else. She wondered, slightly sarcastically, "Is it getting hot in here or is it just me?"

The beach was warm but not as warm as the warmth between Angie's legs.

She looked down. Oh damn! She had a wet spot. Why did they make suits that showed wetness? Didn't the bikini manufacturers take into account, when selecting materials, that a slutty mom might want to wear them while thinking terribly slutty thoughts about her young-enough-to-be-her-daughter Mistress as well as about her own daughter?

Then she noticed out on the lake shallows Bella laughing hard and Eliza looking over nervously at the area of beach where Angie lay.

Bella called out, "Hey, Mrs. Klauson! Don't be a scaredy cat. Get out here. Come play with us. I have a secret to tell you."

A look of panicked horror flashed across Eliza's face but then it passed and her face was calm. Clearly a forced fake calm. Angie wondered what was going on. What secret could Bella have?

Eliza said, "Sorry, Bella, Mom never swims in lakes or rivers or the ocean. She has some phobia."

But this was Angie's opportunity to join in the fun. It was clear that her daughter just wanted Bella all to herself! That... that... lesbian slut!

Angie called out cheerily, "I do feel like a swim. I'm coming."

Bella said, "I'm so happy for you."

Eliza's face reddened.

Angie understood the comment but acted like she was clueless. She got up and sauntered into the water like a model on a runway.

She knew she was trying to look sexy but she didn't know why. She hadn't planned it. Now she was doing a sexy walk right in front of her daughter and was getting ever closer to her daughter!

And Bella....

Angie waded and then pushed through the water until she joined them. Bella looked gleeful and Eliza looked like she dreaded something.

Ha! She probably just didn't want to share time with Bella!

Bella said, "You did it, Mrs. Klauson. You *came* out here. Good thing us girls can *come* more than once. Now, do you want to know the secret?"

Eliza's voice was nearly a hiss, "Bella! Don't!"

Bella said, "Would you believe that your daughter, your good little Eliza, is out in this public lake and isn't even wearing any bikini bottoms?"

Angie looked at Eliza confused. She could see Eliza's skimpy green bikini top but the lake water was a bit murky, she had a bad angle, and the sun shown on the water. What Bella was saying didn't make any sense. Just a little bit ago she'd seen for herself Eliza walk into the lake wearing both the top and the bottom of the bikini. She remembered that for sure because she'd felt so guilty and so... weird... that she was checking out her daughter's ass.

It also didn't make any sense because her daughter was not the skinny-dipping type at all let alone with her mom on the beach and within sight of her.

Well... she hadn't been that type *before* they came to this wicked island/peninsula....

"Eliza?" Angie only had to use Eliza's name with a question attached to it and it worked like administering a dose of truth serum. It had served Angie well a few times over the years but Angie had rarely used it because Eliza was such a good girl.

There was a time when Eliza was late to return home from a date and claimed the boy had had car trouble. Which was actually technically true because it turned out he never changed the oil on the thing and was also true because he had had trouble inserting the key in the ignition to start it due to the fact he was intent on inserting something else somewhere else and starting a different kind of ignition.

Angie had used the name with question at the end of it to get Eliza to

tell her what happened. Eliza had fended him off and had told the fib about the tardiness in order to protect his reputation with her parents.

Supposedly. Suddenly Angie wasn't sure of anything when it came to her daughter. Anything in the past or what might be in store in the future.

Would speaking Eliza's name in a questioning tone still work? If it ever really had?

Eliza, flushed and clearly nervous, said, "No, Mom. Bella is just joking around."

"Am I?" said Bella. She held up Eliza's green strip of bikini bottom and let it dangle, dripping, from her index finger.

"Eliza!" Angie exclaimed.

She wasn't really offended by some playful nudity under water. It was the fact that Eliza had lied to her face.

Bella said, "Chill out, Mrs. Klauson. A little lake water never hurt anyone's pussy. Well, not this lake at least. Besides, the water goes right through the bikini anyway. You're not ashamed of your daughter's beautiful body, are you?"

Angie stammered, "Well, no, it's just that... in public... and I... just wasn't expecting Eliza would do that."

Bella said, "We were just wrestling around and I thought it would be funny. And, by the way, it was and continues to be. Also, why wouldn't she when her own mother would?"

"What? Me? No, I—"

Bella laughed, "Here, I'll show you."

Then she sunk down so only her head was above water and then her head bobbed forward. Angie's eyes widened as she freaked out. Bella was coming right at her! Like a shark with Bella's head and platinum hair being the ominous shark fin.

Angie spun and struggled against the water to try to make it to shore.

But it was too late.

She felt strong agile insistent fingers under the water. They hooked into her bikini bottoms at the waist line on each side and then jerked downward. Angie tried to twist away, failed, and then turned her head back to address Bella to put a stop to this. But when she looked back she saw Bella's head disappear below the surface.

Bella was diving but still had hand holds on Angie's bikini bottoms. The dive allowed Bella to complete her removal of Angie's bottoms despite Angie's forlorn too-late attempt to get handholds of her own on them.

She was bottomless!

Then Bella rose splashing out of the water. She held both hands up, one with a skimpy red bikini bottom and the other with a skimpy green bikini bottom. She whooped and swiped a hand, with a bikini bottom, across her face to partially clear it of dripping water.

Angie felt embarrassed and she also felt anger. Bella hardly knew her! They were guests or close enough here. Angie was twice her age. Bella had a lot of nerve playing around like this.

"Young lady! Give me back my bikini bottoms!"

If anything Bella seemed amused by Angie's anger, "Sure I will, Mrs. Klauson. I'll tell you what, Eliza and Eliza's mom. I will give a bottom to the first one of you who gives me her top. Who will be quicker to take off in order to take up my offer? The wily older one or the faster younger one?"

Eliza and Angie mutually stood still with open mouths and minds working the issue. Then they both scrambled to get their tops off.

Immediately Bella was laughing almost uncontrollably. She hadn't been sure if they'd play this game of hers but it looked like the Klauson girls had some competitive fire.

Eliza and Angie got their tops off almost at the same time. Their breasts were well-formed and all four tits looked almost exactly the same. Pale, round, tight, with little nipples that were perky in the cool lake water.

Eliza and Angie both threw their tops at Bella in a rush to beat each other. The throws were nearly simultaneous but Angie's throw was accurate and her top landed on one of Bella's shoulders while Eliza's top sailed over Bella's head.

Bella grabbed them both up, "Thanks for the tops ladies but I did say the first one gets a bottom so, obviously, the second does not. Mrs. Klauson wins!"

Eliza slapped the water in frustration and sank down to conceal her breasts under the water. She scowled prettily.

Angie felt bad for her but she also felt an adrenaline rush of victory teaming up with her anger at Bella and embarrassment to be in this circumstance. She held out her hands, miming that she was ready to catch the bottoms and Bella should throw them.

Bella grinned, "I said I'd give you bottoms but I didn't say exactly where I'd give them to you. I'll only give you bottoms once you are standing in the shallows, in water below the knees."

Angie sputtered, "But that's...!"

"Not fair? Who said it would be? Whose family island is this? Who works for who?"

Well then. It seemed Bella had certain similarities to Stella that went beyond the physical. Which, if they held, meant there would be no talking Bella out of this requirement.

Why did Bella want this? Did she want to see Angie nude because she was a lesbian looking for a thrill? Or was she doing it in order to humiliate Angie? Both? If this was Stella instead of Bella, Angie knew it would be both.

In a sense it didn't matter. Angie knew she had to do it. She could protest or beg and then do it or just do it with as little lost dignity as possible.

Angie turned and walked as gracefully as she could back to the shallow waters. She wasn't looking at Bella and Eliza but she could feel how they were watching her and looking at her body. Both Bella and her daughter.

Angie knew she had a great body for any age though maybe not as full as most guys liked. Even so, even though she should be proud of her body and usually was in a quiet way, she felt shamed and humiliated by having to slog through water, nude, while her own daughter watched her and some girl as young as her daughter made her do it.

Once she was in water just barely below the knees she turned and stood sullen and completely nude. Sullen, nude, and something else. Angie

did have an electric feeling like the lake water held a charge that coursed through her.

It was a lot *like* arousal, especially with the way the electric current seemed to buzz strongest in her pussy but that did not mean it was arousal. That wasn't possible.

What mother could be turned on while being humiliated and exposed nude in front of her daughter? Not Angie Klauson!

Bella called, not too far away as the lake got deep rather quick, "Way to flaunt it, Mrs. Klauson. Okay, you earned bottoms, come on back and get them."

Angie slogged back into the deeper water. Her breasts felt oddly heavy for their size and her nipples felt swollen and hard like little pink fishing weights seeming to tug down on her breasts with each step.

She wasn't sure why, at first, but Bella slogged towards shore to meet her halfway. When they met up the water was up to about mid-torso and they were maybe fifteen feet from Eliza.

Angie saw Bella's silver swimsuit, top and bottoms, in place where they should be, glowing in the sunshine and glimmering under water respectively. She felt a spike of resentment. Bella had both articles of her swim suit in place and the Klauson women were entirely nude! It made Angie feel like a dummy.

Bella spoke in a near whisper, "Look at you, Mrs. Klauson. I sure am. You look all excited."

"I'm not excited!"

"You look all turned on like you like showing off to me. Or maybe to your daughter? Either way or both. This lake is just a little bit deeper."

"Deeper? What are you talking about?"

"I sense that the water level has risen. Someone has been adding moisture into the water. Someone has been leaking."

"Well, it isn't me, young lady!"

"Really? I guess that means it's your daughter leaking. She must have been excited by the way you showed off your body."

"I have no idea what you're talking about. That's nonsense. Just give me my swimsuit."

"Swimsuit? No one said anything about an entire swimsuit. Only bottoms. Here you go."

Bella held out bikini bottoms.

Green bikini bottoms! Eliza's bikini bottoms!

"Those aren't mine."

"No one ever said what bottoms you'd earn, only that you'd get bottoms. Sorry, it's the green ones or nothing."

Angie scowled. It was *almost* like Bella was *nearly* as bad as Stella!

Angie grabbed the green bikini bottoms and slipped them on. Forced to wear her daughter's bikini bottoms! What next? Wearing Eliza's panties?

Bella laughed and Eliza couldn't help smiling though it was a nervous

smile. The way Bella was getting her mom to do weird daring stuff was somehow thrilling. She enjoyed watching it and felt like a naughty girl for feeling that way.

Angie said, "I'm going back to the house. Have fun out here Eliza and Bella."

Angie's tone of voice made her words sound less than sincere.

Angie crossed her arms over her breasts and walked off towards the mansion.

Which left Eliza all alone with Bella. Nude under the water and under the bright Florida sun. Her head was above water but, in another way, she felt under water.

Chapter Three

Bella turned to Eliza, "Bye bye to mommy. Just us girls."

Eliza asked, "Is there any way I can have my swimsuit back?"

"Well, no, your mom is wearing half of it. But I'd actually like to see you wear your mom's bottoms and I'll give you your top back."

Eliza was relieved, so relieved that she embarrassingly thanked Bella for seemingly agreeing to give back what she should not have taken in the first place, "Thank you, Bella!"

"I will give them back but you need to earn them first."

Eliza sinking down a little in the water matched the sinking feeling in her tummy. It felt like it was happening again. It felt like what had

happened with Bella's twin, Stella.

Eliza felt helpless and steered and no longer in charge of her destiny, her immediate destiny and, somehow, not even her long term destiny. It was a silly feeling but powerful nonetheless.

Eliza asked what she had to ask, "What do I have to do?"

"Don't be a sour puss. No one likes a sour pussy. Haha. Get it? Don't worry, you'll like it and, since you are sort of a servant here now that I'm back at the estate, really it is just part of your servant duties."

Eliza arched one blonde eyebrow doubtfully, "Yeah? What is it?"

"Time for some sun but I need to protect my skin. That's where you... *cum*... in. You'll rub in the sun tan lotion."

Eliza felt a tremble in her lower tummy that was so sudden and striking, it was nearly a wobble. It wasn't a shiver. It was deep muscles tensing on and off like they were getting ready for some kind of duty.

Eliza felt like such a slut. She wasn't a lesbian! Just because she was naked, and would soon be touching the body of Bella, who had a body just like Stella, Stella who'd dominated Eliza in every way, and just because now Bella was pushing her around and making her do stuff... and Eliza was getting turned on... that didn't mean....

"You mean, rub it into your back, right?"

"Yes."

Relief.

"And all my other sides. Front, back, sides, high up, low down. Everywhere. There is no reason for both of us to get lotion all over our hands."

The relief evaporated.

Eliza held out her hands for her suit.

Bella smiled, "Payment upon receipt of goods. Do a good thorough and complete job putting lotion all over me and then you can put the suit on. That way you get some all over tan so it works out best anyway."

Bella walked confidently out of the lake with Eliza trailing, nude and uncertain, behind her.

Eliza's mind was buzzing. Was this only what it seemed or was this prelude to some sexual overture? If it was an attempt by Bella to set up sex, could Eliza resist? Did she want to?

Would it be regular lesbian sex or would Bella's expectations be similar to Stella's?

Which one did Eliza want?

She couldn't want to be dominated and name called and emotionally abused and sexually debased.

Could she?

Bella lay on a towel and Eliza saw the bottle of sun tan lotion. It was some expensive brand that Eliza had never seen or heard of before. So it probably cost ten times as much and performed about the same as the common brands.

Bella was watching her through narrowed eyes while Eliza fumbled with the bottle of lotion. Eliza felt much more heat than the temperature that day should cause. Also, her nipples were hard and she wasn't sure it was only from the coolness of the lake.

Eliza felt pre-regret. She hadn't even done anything and sure wouldn't unless *someone* made her but she felt like she was going to soon be doing regretful things. Delightful regretful things.

That would mean she was a lesbian slut.

Well, it would be further proof of it.

She also felt bad because it seemed like she was letting down her Mistress Stella. She didn't have Mistress Stella's permission to do any sex with anyone besides Mistress Stella!

Also... wouldn't sex with Bella be some kind of incest? Incest by proxy? It wasn't normal having sex with twins even if it wasn't at the same time. It was definitely naughty at the very least. Not illegal but super slutty.

Any such sex with twins. Even outside of the domination aspect.

There was no way that Mistress Stella would approve of Eliza having sex with someone besides herself. At least, not involving Bella. Mistress Stella probably would be up for Eliza doing it if it involved Eliza's mom.

That thought made Eliza feel even more heated up.

Eliza rubbed lotion into Bella's skin. Her face, her neck, her shoulders, her arms. Her belly.

Bella said, "Who knows, I might not even need you to do my back.

Don't be shy then. Go ahead and take extra long on my extra big tits. Really work it in."

Eliza hesitated with her lotioned up hands just inches from those massive breasts.

Bella mocked her lightly, "Don't act like some lesbo. Only a total lesbo would get all worried about rubbing tits. It's only a big deal to lesbians."

Somehow Eliza could not argue with the "logic" that a lesbian would hesitate to fondle breasts but that a non-lesbian would not.

Eliza went ahead and allowed her hands to descend and make contact. She put her whole hands in contact with both at once and made no effort to avoid the nipples. The nipples seemed like a match in size with the big breasts and the breasts felt heavy and liquid. Maybe these breasts really were natural!

Eliza rubbed the lotion in and she rubbed firmly. It seemed to her like she was doing it way too long. It seemed to her that the day was getting even hotter. But the heat wasn't coming from the sun, it was coming from herself.

Eliza stared at her hands as her hands worked like they had minds of their own. It was hypnotic watching her own hands work tit. But it did seem like she was doing this way too long. She didn't want Bella to think she was some kind of lesbo...

... unless maybe Bella wanted her to be one.

Eliza looked at Bella and lifted her hands up.

Bella said, "Is the first coat complete? Go ahead, get some more lotion,

and put on the next coat."

Eliza wondered how many coatings she'd be required to rub in. She got some more lotion.

Eliza went back to work. Or play. Whatever it was.

Bella said, "Do you like my majestic tits? Tell me."

Eliza wasn't sure what Bella wanted to hear. She did know the truth though.

"Yes." She mumbled the word.

Bella said, "Aren't my big tits so much better than your titties?"

Right away Eliza thought, yeah, they were.

"Um, they're bigger and... yeah, I guess, they are better than mine."

Bella said, "You know, I think I've finally put my finger on it now that you have all ten of your fingers on my tits. There is something different about you. You weren't like this at college. You were pretty. Sexy. Like now. But you weren't so servile before. And you have such a lesbian vibe now too. It makes me suspicious. My twin sister, Stella, is a certain way. Lesbian but more than lesbian. Tell me, have you been... exposed to her?"

The question disconcerted Eliza. Somehow Bella suspected! And now Eliza was supposed to lie. Her Mistress Stella had left specific instructions!

Bella clearly knew about Stella's nature. She talked about Stella like being exposed to her was similar to being exposed to radiation. Which Eliza supposed it was. Stella was like dangerous sexual radiation.

Eliza did what she had to do. She had to follow Mistress Stella's orders even when Mistress Stella wasn't there. It felt like a compulsion.

Also, she sure didn't want to tell Bella about the things that she – and her Mom! – had done with and for Stella!

"Ah, no, I've never met your sister. I saw her portrait in the entrance hall."

Bella took the conversation in another direction or back to its previous one, "You sure look like you'd like to suck on my nipples."

"Um. What? No!"

"I'm sorry, I can't let you. The lotion wouldn't be good for you."

"Well, I don't want to anyway."

Bella shook her head gently, "I don't like lies. You have that look in your eye. I've seen it before. I've seen that look in the girls and women that Stella makes her own. She makes them into sexual servants and they just lick it up. I mean, I think they really do lick. A lot. Just total sluts waiting to be told what to do and wanting to be told what to do. So eager to do it. Just anything as long as Stella says so. You say you haven't met her but you do have that same look in your eyes. I guess maybe some of those types aren't made by Stella but are that way without even meeting her."

Eliza didn't say anything. She just watched her hands working lotion endlessly into those masses of tit.

Bella said, "Since you can't suck my nipples because of the lotion, go ahead and suck somewhere else that doesn't have any lotion yet."

"What?" Eliza was startled out of her tit reverie.

"My pussy, Eliza. Go down there and go down on me. Suck my pussy lips and suck my clitty. I'm just so sure you want to."

"No!"

"Eliza, because of Stella I've learned to see it. You are a submissive and you want to be made to do things and told what to do. You want orders to follow."

"I'm... not!"

"Eliza, remember how I said you had to come over and rub lotion all over me in order to get your bikini top and your mom's bikini bottom? What did you do? You came right over and did it."

"I had to! I did it – I am doing it – because you're making me!"

"Except not. Think about it. Your mom had just left half nude when she went back to the mansion. She already knew you were nude in the lake. It isn't even very far to the mansion and there is no one else around to see you. You simply don't need the top or bottoms or anything. You could have just left. You probably wouldn't even run into her in the big mansion and so what if you did. Instead, you decided that you were "forced" to feel up my whole body. You see? You want this. You want to be told."

"No...." It wasn't a strong denial. It was more like horror at the truth of what Bella said.

Bella's voice became strident, ordering, "No more talk, slut. Get your slut face between my legs and make my pussy happy. Now, slut!"

Eliza no longer felt like herself as she immediately hopped to obey Bella's order. She just couldn't not obey!

With her mouth just inches from Bella's beautiful pussy the close up view gave Eliza a feeling of deja vu. Even Bella's pussy looked just like Stella's. Eliza hoped it tasted the same. A light mysterious exotic high class musk.

Then Eliza realized she did feel like herself. No, not like Eliza Klauson, the good daughter of Mrs. Angie Klauson. Instead she felt like her new self. Slut Spawn. The Slut Spawn. Slut Spawn, daughter of Mommy Slut.

Eliza realized she'd been stuck halfway in between the two personas. Forced by Stella's departure to grudgingly go back to being Eliza while yearning to somehow stay as a Slut Spawn in this perfectly ideal Slut Spawn habitat.

Speaking of a Slut Spawn habitat... a warm humid habitat... there it was right in front of her face.

Her habitat and maybe her Slut Spawn diet as well. Eliza certainly felt hungry for it.

Eliza dove in like her face and Bella's pussy were two long-separated lovers meeting at an airport.

Chapter Four

After a minute Bella's sighs kept increasing in volume and frequency but she managed to talk, "I see and feel why Stella likes submissive girls like you to lick her. You're starting to persuade me. Maybe I should take it up. Keeping lesbian slaves. You can be my first. Such a sexy volunteer. No, don't answer. I know what's best. Just find my clit and give it the pleasure it

deserves."

Eliza did as ordered and felt totally at home.

Bella happened to mention, "Gee, I wonder if your mother is watching from the house. That would be so funny. She'd see her daughter picking up new skills. She would be so proud. Now, suck it. Suck my clitty. Oh, Eliza, you are such a clit-sucking slut! I should give my sister your contact info."

Eliza sucked clit. Eliza felt her own pussy juice starting to run down her inner thighs. Eliza, God help her, couldn't help but think that maybe this was how she could hook back up with Stella. Bella maybe would give Stella her contact info! She shouldn't want her to. She shouldn't. Stella was poison. Maybe a worse poison than the kinds that just killed you.

Eliza just couldn't help it. She made a muffled, clit vibrating hmm-hmm agreement sound to Bella's proposition.

Bella noticed, "You like that idea, don't you? My twin having her way with you also. See? You are such a slut. You are just her type and she is just your type. I think you two are meant to be together."

Eliza thought that, too!

Bella added, "Not as equals. Never that. She'll treat you like shit and totally use the fuck out of you. But I think you'll love that. I think that's the life for you. I can tell."

Eliza felt total agreement welling up in her. Agreement as powerful as an orgasm!

Eliza signaled her unhealthy silent agreement by licking fervently at Bella's pussy. She felt a need to do the best pussy pleasing ever. After all,

and she knew this was so sick, she wanted Bella to be able to tell Stella what a great pussy lick she was. Eliza thought maybe she hadn't done so well on the boat when she licked Stella. Stella needed to know that Eliza was improving her pussy licking skills.

Mistress Stella might need to know that a Slut Spawn could improve itself and a Slut Spawn could learn new tricks! Eliza felt ready and eager to learn and do anything and everything that Mistress Stella might require.

A few minutes later Bella showed her own kind of agreement that Eliza was a capable pussy lick. She came on Eliza's face!

Bella grabbed Eliza's head tight like it was a beach volleyball she was trying to keep an opponent from getting. She mashed that pretty face into her perfect pussy.

Bella yelled out, "Drink me!"

The words were a shock to Eliza. Not the idea of drinking up some pussy juice. She was willing to do that. More than willing. She wanted to. But those words were so familiar.

Stella had said those same words out on the boat the day before when Eliza was pleasing her pussy and made her orgasm. Those exact same words and they seemed unusual. It wasn't like every lesbian naturally said them when someone was going down on her.

Eliza had a suspicion. Had perhaps Bella and Stella messed around with each other? Oh, that was so naughty! But Eliza could easily envision that Stella would be willing to do that.

Bella was surprising her but what she was learning about her was that she seemed more like Stella than not like her. But they both seemed

dominant so which one was in charge if they had done things together?

It didn't matter. What mattered very much to Eliza was obeying Bella's very specific direction. She moved her face down from Bella's clitoris and sucked hard on the opening to Bella's vagina. She was able to get a slippery momentary seal and her mouth filled with fluids.

It worked!

But she still had to "drink" it. Eliza swallowed down her mouth load and then managed to get one more good seal and mouthful which she also swallowed down.

Bella, gasping, noticed Eliza's enthusiastic performance and was pleased, "Eliza, you are such a good obedient submissive slut. I'm torn between giving you to Stella and keeping you for myself."

Eliza could not help the subversive thought, subversive to her own best interests, which was that either one sounded good to her. Could they just share her?

After Bella's orgasm ran its course, Eliza sat back on her heels. She realized she was just waiting. Waiting to be told what to do. Waiting eagerly. It didn't feel like she could think for herself. Not when it came to sex. Everything seemed to go better if others told her what to do and then she obeyed them. That was the way for her.

She didn't want to think for herself but she still felt. She felt even more that way. Want and need were feelings, not independent thought.

She felt like she needed more. She needed satisfaction. She wanted an orgasm.

It was up to Bella.

Bella said, "Does it bother you that your mom might be up at the house looking through a window watching you be all slutty?"

That made Eliza think. No, it didn't bother her. It was... naughty... embarrassing... and arousing.

"No."

Bella said, "Good. Sluts should not let such things stop them from being slutty. Sluts are supposed to be a spectacle for the enjoyment of others. Even their mommy. Now, I'm going to lay here and you're going to crawl over me on all fours facing my feet. Get your face down to my feet and lick all my toes. Lick and suck them. I just know it's going to feel heavenly. Plus, bonus, it will really show your mom what a submissive you are if she is watching. If you do a good enough job and your pussy looks pretty enough I may grant you the honor of me licking your pussy. Or maybe I'll just do something else you'll end up liking. Yes, that's it I think. In the end."

That sounded so humiliating, so one-sided, and so arrogant!

It sounded great to Eliza!

Eliza scrambled to get into position and moments later was licking and sucking pretty toes with deep pink nail polish on them. She wondered if the nail polish might come off and be bad for her. She didn't care and she guessed Bella didn't either. Even if Eliza knew it was bad for her, she'd still do it.

Who was she kidding? Even if the nail polish wasn't bad for her, sucking on these toes was bad for her. Just because she felt like a

submissive slut didn't mean she should give in and act like one. But she had. She already had. It was too late.

Bella said, "That's a good toe sucker. So good. Since you do it so well I'll let you do it a lot. See? You earn certain privileges."

So humiliating! So patronizing!

Even so, it was enough to make Eliza's vaginal muscles spasm against each other, seeking increased sensation.

Is this what she was now? Someone who licked and sucked toes?

Yes. Yes, she was!

Bella said, "If your mom is watching she probably has a view right up your pussy. She can probably see your asshole too. Here, I'll help her view."

Bella's hands grasped Eliza's ass cheeks and pulled them outward, baring her crack and exposing her asshole to the outdoor air. Eliza felt so vulnerable. Her psyche felt vulnerable too. Was her mom watching?

Eliza sucked fervently on toes and got four cute nail polished toes into her mouth at once. She drooled and sucked spit back and forth through the gaps between Bella's toes.

Bella said, "We don't want your mom to get bored. Nothing says, "I'm a slut, mommy" like a slut daughter enjoying a finger deep up her ass."

Eliza thought wildly, "She isn't really going to do that, is she?"

Despite her wild thoughts, she tamely sucked on Bella's toes. Bella would decide if a finger went up her ass, not her.

Eliza felt it!

Bella had made that decision!

Bella kept her left hand on Eliza's left ass cheek and smoothly slid the index finger of her right hand down and in like a finger snake looking for a dark place to hide. The finger snake found exactly what it was looking for. It levered easily through Eliza's sphincter and continued on its journey.

Eliza felt an instinct to escape the deep goosing and rocked forward a little but then resigned herself and forced herself to stay still. What to do or not do wasn't up to her. She had no choice.

Besides, she couldn't take her mouth off those toes. Bella wanted Eliza's mouth full of toes and it was Eliza's job to make happen or let happen whatever Bella wanted. Or what Stella wanted when Eliza was with Stella.

Or, she guessed, any dominant female. She couldn't say no to Stella and now Bella so why should she think she'd be able to say no to any other *domme*?

Bella finger fucked Eliza's ass surprisingly fast and hard. It was like her finger was trying to make a point by jabbing hard. What was the point? That Eliza was a submissive slut!

Bella said, "I'm sure you're concerned about my long nails and your slut stink getting under my nails. Don't be. As soon as we're done and we've both cum I'm going to let you suck my finger super clean. See? No problem at all."

It was such a terrible and outrageous and nasty thing to be told that Eliza could not help herself. She sucked desperately on Bella's toes, rammed her ass back to impale herself on Bella's finger and very nearly

orgasmed.

Pleased with all that Eliza allowed and obeyed, and turned on by the toe sucking and personal transgressions she'd inflicted, Bella huskily told Eliza to relinquish the toes and to get her slut pussy onto Bella's mouth.

Eliza obeyed quickly. Bella kept her finger up Eliza's ass. After all, there was no reason to take it out until it was time for Eliza to suck it clean.

It felt like a pussy miracle to Eliza when Bella applied her mouth to Eliza's dripping pussy. It felt like the greatest sex miracle of all time.

For a couple days Eliza had been pleasing pussy and only being allowed, at times, to please her own. The closest she'd gotten to Stella personally pleasing her pussy was when Stella allowed Eliza to hump her thigh and, the next day, late, when Stella penetrated her with the hair brush handle.

This, though, was mouth on pussy, the most personal of contacts. Wet and slick on wet and slick.

Eliza looked down and saw Bella's perfection. Her perfect pussy. Every bit as perfect as Stella's pussy.

Bella hadn't told Eliza to lick her but Eliza knew she'd want it and felt a desperate gratitude that made her want to please Bella more than anything. Actually, she felt grateful to get another chance to lick Bella's pussy.

Eliza dove down and dove her tongue in. It was a sweet return to pussy duty.

After long minutes of desperate whining from Eliza and luxurious

moaning from Bella, Eliza could no longer hold off and she orgasmed. Bella rapid-fire thrust her finger in and almost out of Eliza's ass all through Eliza's orgasm.

Eliza took a minute to recover. Bella kept her finger all the way inside Eliza's ass. Without being told, once she had recovered her breath, Eliza went back to work on Bella's pussy.

Ten minutes of hard pussy licking combined with a focus on Bella's swollen clitoris, and Bella came again.

Bella shoved Eliza forward hard enough to make Eliza face plant in the loose white beach sand just off the beach towel. Bella jerked her finger free of ass and stood up. Eliza sat up, sputtering out some grains of sand in her mouth.

Bella looked down imperiously at her, "Two orgasms for me and one for you. That's about right. Perhaps a little too good of a ratio for a slut like you. What can I say, I have a big heart. I'll even let you clean the ass taste off my ass fuck finger."

Bella stuck her right index finger out, pointing it out and downward, and looked expectantly at Eliza.

Eliza thought, "Let me clean her finger? With my mouth?"

Somehow, it sounded right. More importantly, it felt right. Eliza gobbled the finger like a hungry dog going after a treat.

Bella sounded quite as satisfied as she was, "That is such a good slutty slut. Suck hard and get it all. Every speck. Once you're done, we'll go up to the big house. It will be time for your punishment."

Eliza's eyes popped open, alarmed, but she sucked on Bella's finger like it was a pacifier.

Bella smirked and the smirk was eerily reminiscent of Stella's smirk, "Well, silly slut, we have to do it up at the big house. Your mom wouldn't be able to hear the spanks all the way out here."

Eliza's eyes widened even more but she kept sucking.

Bella laughed, "Your eyes ask what you've done to be punished. It is enough that I know why. You have no need to know why. Only that you must be punished. Only I need to know why. I wonder how your mommy will react hearing her daughter's ass get blistered with spanks. Will she listen and listen all just about to do something about it or will she try to save you? Or will she be too busy rubbing her pussy to save her daughter?"

Eliza sucked finger and closed her eyes.

Bella said, "As they say, there is only one way to find out."

Chapter Five

Angie had not been watching them. She hadn't thought she had any need to watch them.

Angie had changed. Well, not really changed. You could hardly call removing your daughter's bikini bottoms and putting on clothes "changing".

However, in another way, it did feel like she had changed. In a bigger way. As a person. Maybe as a sexual being, at least, if not a person. She must still be the same general person, a caring person, a good mother, a hard worker, and a good citizen. But, as a sexual being, she felt like she had no backbone. No will.

No clarity either. What the hell was she? Heterosexual? It didn't seem like it. Did heterosexual women lick pussies and let beautiful women, nearly girls, women their daughter's age, boss them around?

First Stella had and then her twin, Bella, had. It was so humiliating to be treated that way by anyone let alone by women so young.

They were rich and beautiful. Angie guessed it would be worse if women who were poor and ugly bossed her about and demeaned her. Or her daughter.

Angie remembered calling an old college friend who'd gotten married and moved to a farm with her husband. The friend had told Angie about her daughter, Mallory, and how Mallory somehow fell in with or fell under the control of some urban black women.

It had all sounded so bizarre. Far-fetched even.

Angie guessed it wasn't so far-fetched. Maybe she was even a little lucky she'd fallen for or under someone beautiful. It seemed better than her friend's daughter's fate.

The biggest problem with the whole thing wasn't how they treated her. It was how darn aroused and wet she got when they treated her that way.

Maybe she wouldn't react that way to ugly women. Maybe she should go seek out her friend's daughter, Mallory, and join her in sexually serving ugly older black women. Maybe then she'd get it out of her system.

But what if that didn't work? Then she'd be worse off!

Angie was deeply concerned about her daughter. She was being such

a bad role model for her!

Was it something genetic that made them so vulnerable to Stella? Angie guessed that either way she was to blame on some level for what her daughter had gone through. Either Angie was a poor role model or she had some kind of submission gene that she'd passed on to poor Eliza.

At least Stella was gone. Bella seemed to have some tendencies like Stella but there was no way she could be as bad.

Now was the time, Angie was sure, to return to being a good example for her daughter. A positive role model. If Bella tried to embarrass her again she was not going to let it happen. She'd avoid her and she'd even be hostile if need be. She wasn't going to take any shit from that girl!

Angie heard Bella and Eliza come in from the beach. Angie was puttering in the kitchen. Washing dishes actually. There were always little chores anywhere you went, even a mansion if there was no servant staff.

Angie frowned. It was weird how they had no staff but had the fully outfitted staff quarters. A little weird. She'd meant to ask about that.

But it was really weird that Bella had told Eliza that they should stay away from the building, that it was falling apart, and that it could be a danger. That just wasn't true.

Why would Bella lie like that? There was no possible reason. Eliza must have misunderstood.

Angie wasn't going to ask any more. She wanted as little interaction as possible with Bella. Bella acted a little too reminiscent to her twin, Stella, and looked way too much like her. Angie got turned on just by her presence because of the memories of Stella that came flooding back. Mistress Stella.

Every time those memories flooded back Angie's pussy also flooded.

So darn inappropriate!

Angie heard a loud smacking sound. What was that? It had sounded like a spank but, obviously, that couldn't be what it was. Maybe wet clothes thrown down hard on the stone floor entryway? Could that make a sound like that?

She heard Bella's voice, "That's the first one. You have quite a few more coming for being such a silly slut. I am so going to punish you. Go stand by the couch. I need to check on your mom."

Angie felt a mix of horror and panic. That really had been a spank! Bella had spanked her daughter! It sounded like she meant to spank Eliza more. Her poor daughter!

On the ass? It must have been. Angie could even picture it. Sexy big-titted Bella with her white hair, whacking her aristocratic hand down on Eliza's shapely little ass. Angie could even picture the waves in the ass flesh that the spank must have made to sound so loud and could see it, in her mind's eye, how red her daughter's ass must be at that moment.

For a second, no, much less than a second, just an instant, Angie thought how sexy it must look for Angie's ass to be red and spanked and how much even more sexy it would be to see Eliza's ass actually being spanked.

Nope nope nope. That was so not right! She had not thought that at all. She hadn't! Of course, the very denial meant that she must have. If she hadn't thought it then how could it occur to her that she may have? Damn. She really had been thinking about her daughter's poor wounded rear and how sexy it must look.

Angie shook it off. She had bigger things to worry about. Or to panic about!

Bella was looking for her. Why?

She so wanted to avoid Bella. She had already wanted to and now, with this, she even more wanted to avoid her. It was a big mansion but it felt small when someone was looking for you. If Bella intended to find her then she'd be found.

Should she yell out that she was in the kitchen? No. Wait. If she did that then they'd know she heard the spank. It would embarrass her daughter to know her mom had heard.

What should she do about that spank? No way should Bella spank her daughter. Once was not cool but it could have been joking around. But it wasn't joking around. Angie knew that. Bella was talking about doing it some more. But first she wanted to find Angie. Why?

Angie found a mirror near the breakfast nook table. A little one, she guessed, for servants if they'd ever had any servants or when the previous owners had them. She thought she looked calm. Also, she looked pretty. A little red in the face. Maybe that was from sun but more likely it was from her intense emotions.

She looked down at what she was wearing. Loose shorts, a tank top, and a thin silky short robe. When she came back she'd wanted to get dressed, of course, but did not want to wear too much. She didn't want to gear up like an Eskimo and let Bella know that Bella had really gotten under her skin. Show too little skin and then Bella would know she'd gotten under her skin. Funny how that worked.

Angie made a muffled sigh of frustration. Why was she worrying

about how she looked? She should be worried about what Bella was going to do to Eliza's butt!

(Unknown to Angie Klauson, Bella went upstairs, not to look directly for Angie, but in order to consult the family digital camera system. She quickly found Angie in the kitchen and observed her for a minute, including seeing Angie check her appearance in the mirror. Bella was then fully aware that Angie had heard Bella's comment downstairs and heard her daughter get spanked. Bella licked her lips. Yummy! The mother had heard her daughter spanked and then prioritized checking her appearance in the mirror! So she'd look good for Bella!)

Angie slowly buttered some bread. Very slowly. She faced the swinging door leading out to where she'd last heard Bella talking to Eliza. She was ready for when Bella found her.

She thought she was.

A few moments later Bella walked on in. She looked even more beautiful than Angie remembered from not that long ago down at the beach. Bella still wore that skimpy silver bikini but it seemed a whole lot more naughty in the setting of the mansion instead of down at the beach. It was like underwear except only about a fourth as much total material!

So here came Bella striding confidently into the kitchen which was big enough for a busy five star restaurant. Bella was barely dressed, only technically dressed, she was incredibly sexy, and she was about to spank Angie's daughter. That's what it sounded like.

But, for some reason, she wanted to talk to Angie first....

"Angie! I was looking for you. I just need to tell you something and ask you something. I'm about to spank your daughter. Sorry to surprise you with that. You have a naughty daughter and she agrees she needs to be

punished."

Angie was floored that Bella was so open about it, "But... why?"

That was, of course, the wrong response. There could be no possible rational reason so Angie never even should have asked. She should have immediately voiced that it was wrong and wasn't ever going to happen.

Bella laughed musically, "Your daughter asked the same question and I'll give you the same answer I gave her. It is enough that I know why. There is no requirement for you or for her to know why though I may tell you both later on."

Angie said, "That's crazy!"

"I've told you what I came to tell you but I have a question. Eliza seems totally different than how she was at college. She seems, no offense, totally submissive like she wants to be sexually used and has no ambition for anything else. She also, no offense, seems all lesbian now. I mean, she totally licked my pussy down at the beach. No offense. I couldn't stop her. She was like the dehydrated nude submissive lesbian who came stumbling out of the desert and my pussy was the oasis I guess. She just dove in. Poor me! Well, I did not want to be rude so I let her eat my cunt. You know, that is the peak of hospitality."

Angie gobbled silently like a mute sexy turkey MILF.

Bella kept herself from laughing, barely, "She licked and licked and drank up my pussy juice when I came. Twice! Anyway, obviously she took liberties with my pussy. That alone would call for a punishment but that isn't why I'm punishing her."

"You have no right!" Angie found her motherly protective instinct. She

wasn't only upset about this spanking thing. It was shocking that Eliza went down on Bella and Angie was a little dazed at what a slut her daughter must be.

First, those things Eliza had done with Stella and now, already, more of the same or similar with Stella's twin! Eliza worked fast. Or slutted fast. Something like that. But Angie was also offended that Bella was being so open about her daughter's sexual activity with her daughter's mother, herself. That was so inappropriate! What about privacy?

Bella said, "You're wrong, I have every right. This is my home. You and Eliza work for me and, when you fail in whatever way, it is up to me to address it. Eliza has already accepted that I can and will punish her. But, I have a question for you. This may effect the punishments. Like I said, Eliza seems so very changed. Submissive and lesbian. It seems to me that perhaps she's been a victim of Stella. Stella is my twin. She does that kind of thing. Seduces and uses and abuses. She preys on submissive women. If that is what happened with Eliza then I need to take that into account. So, tell me true, has Stella been here at the mansion during your stay?"

Angie was torn and hesitated. Mistress Stella had been very clear that Angie and Eliza were to lie and deny as to her presence on the island/peninsula. However, Angie needed to tell the truth in order to save Eliza from punishment. Or as much punishment. She had to tell the truth so that Bella could "take that into account".

Angie just barely decided in favor of what helped her daughter avoid unnecessary pain instead of obedience to her wicked Mistress. But, sadly, only just barely. It was a close matter, shame on her.

"Bella, I didn't want to say anything but... yes, your sister was here."

"Did she tell you to keep that a secret from me?"

"Yes."

"Did she leave because she knew I would be arriving."

"Yes."

"So. Did she seduce your daughter?"

"Well... I don't really know."

Bella wasn't having the obfuscation, "Come now. It's not that big of a mansion. You must have heard something."

"I... yes, I think so."

"Did Stella make any passes at you?"

"Oh! Me? No. No, of course not."

"Interesting. By any chance did Stella leave some proof that she was here?"

"No."

"That's too bad. I have to assume then that you are only saying that she was here in order to spare your daughter spanks. Therefore, I must spank her twice as hard and twice as long."

"Please! No!"

"I'll have to... unless you have some proof of Stella...."

"All right, I think I do have proof. I know I do. I have a note from her. I-We- I mean, Eliza was supposed to burn it so you didn't see it but... I saw it

and saved it."

"Go and get it it for me right now."

Suddenly Angie remembered that the note said that Stella was still Mistress to both of them. The note would totally give away Angie's... what would it even be called? Sexual use? Lesbian seduction? Submission?

It was too embarrassing for anyone to know let alone Stella's twin sister! Also, she'd just told Bella that Stella had never made any passes at her!

"Uh, um, oh, I'm not sure what we did with that. Maybe it was thrown out."

Bella looked unconvinced, "I'll tell you what. You try to remember where it is and I'll go punish your daughter on the assumption that you lied. I'll come back from time to time to see if you've remembered the note and, if you haven't, I'll go back to spanking your daughter. I can do this all day but I'm not sure that your daughter's ass can take it."

Bella spun and walked out of the kitchen. Angie's stress soared to new levels. She had no idea what to do. There was no way she could give Bella that note. But how could she let her daughter get spanked?

Then Angie thought that Bella must not be serious. After all, she and Eliza were friends at college. Also, it wasn't like Bella could be as cruel as her sister, Stella. Who was?

Angie might hear a few spanks but it wouldn't be anything serious. If she freaked out and tried to interfere then it would let Bella know that Bella was getting to her. She'd just play it cool then.

Angie peeked through a swinging door into the parlor. The parlor was a large open furnished area with no television and it was specifically for greeting guests. Damn rich people with their weird indoor spaces!

Angie got more of a view than she'd thought she'd get and immediately suspected that Bella set it up that way specifically as a display for her.

A display of her poor daughter! About to be punished!

Chapter Six

Angie had assumed that Bella would have Eliza over her lap. Angie had zero experience with spankings but that was the way you saw it done in the movies.

Instead, Eliza was nude and bent over a fancy looking teal settee. The kind of furniture that looked like it was made in civil war times with the ornate wavy wooden legs holding it up. The back of the settee faced the kitchen area. Eliza was bent over that back from the back and that meant Angie had a far more detailed view of her daughter's rear, stuck up and stuck out, than she ever would have guessed she'd get when she'd gone to look.

Her daughter was nude. Angie was sure that would not have taken much with how little she'd had on when Angie last saw her down at the beach. She'd already been nude then!

Maybe Bella even had her walk back to the house nude. Still, why did this spanking have to be done with Eliza in the nude? That just seemed so... sexual.

"Ya think?" she thought sarcastically to herself. Someone spanking a

hand on an adult's ass was already sexual.

It was weird for Angie to even think of her daughter as an adult. Or it had been. What had happened with Stella made her realize her daughter was an adult and able to make all the bad decisions adults make and need to live with. The same kind of bad decisions that Angie made. In that case, with the very same dominant lesbian!

Eliza's ass was pointed straight at the swinging door to the kitchen that Angie peeked past the edge of. That couldn't be an accident, could it? Bella must have thought Angie would look and wanted to put on a show for her. A show of her little girl's ass and pussy!

How dare that Bella think, or get lucky guessing, that Angie would watch them like this! The nerve of that girl!

Angie could see everything. The pink folds of Eliza's pussy especially. Probably because that was where she kept looking.

Well, she had to! If she looked up she'd probably see Bella looking over at her and that bitch Bella would probably rub it in by winking. And then what? Angie would have to look away is what and... she wanted to keep watching.

Sure, she knew that might seem strange or even inappropriate to some people. People who just did not understand that a mother's job was to protect her daughter, even when she was a young adult, and sometimes that meant watching them take a spanking while nude and from a girl who sure acted almost as dominant and lesbian as her twin sister.

That's what mothers had to do! At times! Maybe!

As a mother – a caring and loving mother! – she would certainly know

if Bella was spanking her daughter too much. Or too hard. She did not really know much about spanking but she'd know if her daughter was in too much pain.

Also, this spanking initially wasn't her fault, true, as Bella cited some secret reason for it, but how many spansks or how long the spanking went might now be Angie's fault because she would not hand over that note from Mistress Stella. She just couldn't. No way.

So... Angie guessed lamely that she wouldn't be able to stop the spanking no matter what but she was watching it as a way of punishing herself.

She shouldn't feel too bad though. Eliza was an adult damn it. If she wanted a spanking or allowed herself to be spanked then that was her fucking choice and none of her mom's business.

Other than, of course, Angie secretly watching it happen.

Maybe she also shouldn't feel bad because those pink folds between Eliza's legs sure looked wet and slick. That wasn't lake water! Her daughter, that lesbo slut, looked like she was turned on by this spanking thing!

Smack!

Bella really did it! She really had meant it when she said she was going to spank Eliza. Angie had believed her but, logically, she somehow had not believed it either. Eliza was an adult and Angie had never even spanked her when she was a child.

Smack!

Angie did not believe in physical punishment via pain infliction. Not

for a child and certainly not for an adult either!

Smack!

This was no way to teach anyone anything!

Smack!

How would Eliza learn anything from this and especially when Bella wasn't even telling her *why* she was being spanked?

Smack!

Angie couldn't take her eyes off of Eliza's rear end transforming from a healthy light pink to this livid pink, almost red, color.

Smack!

The color was quite pretty actually. And, of course, Eliza did have a pretty rear end. Angie could step outside herself and recognize her daughter's ass was more than just pretty. It was sexy.

Smack!

Just because it was a sexy ass was no reason to spank it! Even if the spanks somehow made Eliza's ass even more sexy.

Spank!

Angie was proud of her daughter for having such a sexy ass. Hopefully she took after her mom. Angie thought that they did have similar asses.

Was Bella doing this spanking thing because she thought Eliza's ass was sexy? And even more sexy when spanked? And so she must also think

Angie's ass was sexy?

Spank!

Might Bella also then want to spank Angie's ass? To make it sexier?

Spank!

Were those spanks really so mean or was this a case of Bella helping Eliza be even more sexy?

Spank!

But more sexy for what? For submissive lesbian sex with Bella? That was wrong! Or it should be wrong. Probably maybe should be.

Spank!

It was okay, Angie guessed, if other people, other women, took spankings to please dominant lesbians. To each their own and all that. But it wasn't okay for Angie Klauson or for her lovely daughter!

Spank!

Angie was sure of that.

Spank!

Angie was fairly sure of it.

Spank!

Angie felt a new source of pride. Her daughter had a sexy ass and she was holding position and taking the spanking. Her little hero. A submissive

hero?

Spank!

Bella paused, breathing a little heavy, "You take a spanking well."

Angie felt gratified. Her opinion was confirmed. By the sexy expert Bella! Her daughter *was* good at taking a spanking!

Bella said, "Your ass feels so sexy getting hotter every time I hit it. You hold in place and take it like you should. You know what that means? I'll have to do this a lot. All the time. Every day. Even when we get back to college. Doesn't that sound wonderful?"

Eliza sounded a bit out of sorts, "Oh, fuck! It hurts like hell! I had no idea that spankings hurt so bad. No, it doesn't sound wonderful."

Bella smirked. Angie was struck by that smirk. Not only did Bella and Stella look exactly alike, their smirks were also twins.

Bella said, "It does sound wonderful and it looks even better. I'm looking at your pussy and it is dripping wet. Your pussy loves it."

"No, it isn't, and I don't like it!"

Bella smirked even harder, "We'll discuss this when I get back. You just hold right there. I'm going to go check on your mom. I wonder if she heard you being spanked?"

"Oh God, I hope she didn't! She'd be so upset!"

Bella said, "I think you'd be surprised. Maybe your mom will respect my efforts to make you more useful. Maybe she'll understand how you

need a firm hand. A spanking hand. Maybe she'll even understand how you get off on it. I mean, she will if she's the same way. You two sure look a lot alike so my guess is she'd like getting spanked just as much as you do."

"I don't! I don't like it. I hate it!"

Bella told her, "We'll get your mind right when I come back. Keep that slut ass up high and no touching your pussy."

Angie just bet that Eliza was scowling down at the settee cushions below her face. But, she did hold her position.

Suddenly startled, Angie looked up and saw Bella walking right at her, still smirking, but his time making eye contact with the mother.

Angie backed away into the kitchen and the swinging door flopped back and forth in her absence. She felt panic. Bella was coming for her. Bella already damn well knew she was watching. What was Bella up to?

Why did Bella look so damn sexy and so darn confident?

Bella strode into the kitchen, the swinging door flopping back and forth behind her now, the sound of it reminding Angie of the bat-wing doors of a saloon in a western cowboy movie. Angie felt like a shoot-out was about to happen and that she was poorly armed for it.

"Mrs. Klauson, did you get hot and wet watching me spank your nude slutty daughter?"

"I did not! No!"

"Yes. The answer you were looking for was "yes". Are you ready to give me that note from Stella?"

"No."

"Good. I like spanking your daughter. It's going to be a new every day thing for me. I'm sure you heard me tell her though you may have thought I was exaggerating or just talking. It's true. Every day even when we're back at college. But for how long and how hard? Only with my hand or should I use paddles or even worse even more severe tools of pain-to-ass infliction? That will be up to you and how long it takes before you give over the note."

Angie bit her lip, biting back a retort that could make things worse and cause Bella to inflict even more pain on her daughter.

Why was she protecting Stella? She'd thought she was protecting her own reputation because of what was in the note but she realized her daughter already knew about her and Stella obviously and Angie shouldn't care what Bella thought of her. So her resistance was only protecting Stella. Mistress Stella. From her twin. From her maybe slightly less evil twin.

Why protect the evil twin from the slightly less evil twin?

Yet Angie still felt a desperate need to protect her Mistress. Her one and only Mistress. A Mistress she'd thought she didn't want and would never have and one she may never see again. Yet she couldn't allow herself to betray her Mistress Stella's instructions.

A subby slave slut should never betray her Mistress!

Bella read her face, "Not ready to cave in quite yet? You need your daughter's ass to be bright red first? Or maybe you just want an excuse to see more spanking of your daughter. Maybe you're getting off on it."

Angie said nothing but slowly shook her head back and forth.

Bella stepped close and held her hand up to Angie's face, "Your daughter's tender ass is blazing but my hand is stinging. So you're going to lick my palm to soothe my skin. Don't bother protesting. If you don't I'll tell your daughter about you watching and bring her right over into the kitchen to prove it."

Angie decided to lick the palm of Bella's hand. She had no choice!

Besides... even Bella's hand was sexy... and it needed some soothing... and it was sort of Angie's fault because it was her lesbo slut daughter who'd unfairly inflicted that soreness on Bella's hand....

Angie licked back and forth, up and down, all across that sexy palm and Bella's fingers and she felt like some kind of dog licking their owner's hand. She felt the heat of Bella's determined smirk like a noon sun.

It created an illusion, a sensory illusion, in Angie. She was licking Bella's hand but it felt like someone, maybe herself, was licking her own pussy. The more she licked, the harder she licked, the faster she licked, the more pleasure inundated her pussy.

Bella sighed, "Mmmm, such a sexy lick lick MILF. It feels so good on my hand that we'll definitely have to test you out licking other locations. I'm sure it will be great but I wonder if you lick pussy as good as your daughter does. She did a great job of it down at the beach, right after you left, and just before we came back here."

That was a lie! Angie was sure of it. It might be true that her lesbo slut daughter had gone down on Bella down at the beach. But that part about how Angie might not lick pussy as well as her daughter? A lie! A damn lie! A goddamn lie! Angie had learned the skill quickly with Mistress Stella. There was no way her daughter was better at it than her in the same learning arc!

Not that Bella's false assumptions and insinuations mattered. There was zero chance that Angie would lick Bella's pussy. This bitch! It would be a betrayal of Mistress Stella and of herself and her daughter.

Angie already had a total bitch of a Mistress. Mistress Stella! She didn't need a second total bitch of a Mistress, especially not that first bitch's twin!

Licking Bella's palm because it was sore from spanking her daughter's ass was... not that big of a deal. Probably lots of mothers did that kind of thing. Angie couldn't know for sure because mothers would not talk about such things but it was probably common... somewhere... in some country... in an alternate universe.

If you counted fantasies as things actually done maybe.

Angie made a mental line in the sand. Palm licking? No foul! Pussy licking? A definite no no.

Going down on Bella the day after Angie went down on her twin? And on the same day that Angie's daughter earlier went down on Bella? No way. Not going to happen.

Maybe in a week. Or at least a few days. Okay, at the most extreme, maybe even tomorrow. After Bella had a shower or took a bath. Maybe then.

But only if Angie really had to!

Bella said, "You MILFs are so nurturing with treating owies with your own spittle. It will be nice to have you around for the boo-boos that happen or that I make happen."

Having her around? Angie wondered what the hell Bella was talking about.

Bella added, "Now, go ahead and slobber some extra on my palm. Don't hesitate. Do it! Get your slobber on my hand!"

Bella was so demanding... that Angie just had to do it. No time for thought, only obedience. Obedience, that awful feeling of obeying what you did not want to do but then sort of did want to do, returned to Angie like a long lost friend from her limited time with Stella.

Angie got all sorts of slobber on Bella's hand. Enough that Bella had to actually cup her hand to keep it from sliding off.

Bella said, "See you in a few. I'm off to spank your daughter more. I'm going to rub your spit all over your daughter's ass and then I'm going to spank that spit-soaked ass. Something about a wet surface makes the spanks hurt a lot more. You sure are doing your part to help your daughter. Making sure she gets more spanks and more painful ones too. Such a mother. Oh, yes, by the way, you can touch your pussy while you watch us but no cumming. Not until after you give me what I want."

Bella left and Angie felt curiously abandoned. Bella was going off to spend time with Angie's daughter and was leaving Angie high and dry.

Well... not dry....

Chapter Seven

This was sick.

This was sick!

Angie knew she had to stop. She had to stop all this but that started with getting control over herself. She had to get control and Bella would need to see and recognize that Angie had her control back. Then Angie could work forward from there and help her daughter.

So, obviously, she'd need to go watch Bella spank Eliza. Obviously. That was the only way she could prove her own self-control to Bella. By refraining from touching herself. Obviously. Then Bella would know her fucked up game was a big fail and that this particular MILF wasn't going to play any more!

It was a good strategy. It was risk free. All she had to do was not touch herself while watching a bitch inflict pain on her daughter. Easy. It should be easy.

The other reason it was a good strategy – the very distant secondary reason – was that it gave Angie a totally legitimate reason to watch Bella's sexy hand whack Eliza's sexy ass. Totally legit!

After her hesitation, Angie almost ran to the swinging door. She didn't want to miss this! She felt strangely like a kid in the candy store. But she knew better. The candy was evil!

But... there was no harm in *looking* at the candy. Just as long as you didn't eat it... or lick it.

Angie made it in time to see Bella smearing her hand wet with mother's spit all over Eliza's perfect ass which tensed and relaxed alternately. It looked like the wet feeling was a surprise to Eliza and like the contact freshened the pain from the spanks and yet like she liked being touched by Bella.

Angie fervently hoped Eliza had no suspicion as to why Bella's hand

was wet!

Of course, there was no way Eliza could know.

Bella said, "My hand is all wet. Know why? I told your mom that my palm was sore so she just went ahead and licked it. She said it would make it feel better and it does. That mom of yours. I think she's a lesbian slut just like her daughter. Anyway, I decided to share that mom spit with you and your ass. Okay, let's get back to our spanking in progress."

Oh, that bitch! She told Eliza! This was so embarrassing!
Embarrassing? This was some kind of disaster!

Smack! Smack! Smack!

Angie noticed the spansks did sound louder and Eliza sort of twisted her torso one way or the other as each one happened. She kept her ass in place but it was like she needed to find a way to emit the pain.

Not just with how she moved. She also grunted with each spank and after ten or so spansks the grunts got louder and more animal-like. It seemed she was trying to control and limit her grunts early on but then lost that self-awareness as the spanking continued.

Bella paused and Eliza panted heavily. Angie sensed Bella looking over at her but... she was too busy watching her daughter. Eliza's heavy breathing. How vibrant her body was. How very red her ass was, livid, in part from Angie's rubbed around saliva making Eliza's ass even more spank-vulnerable.

Angie didn't care if Bella looked at her. Actually, it was good. That way Bella saw that Angie wasn't rubbing her pussy.

Well... it would have been good... if that was what Bella saw.

Angie felt a moment of pure sexual horror. Her hand was on her pussy and she was rubbing it!

Angie had no idea when that had started but it was undeniable.

There was no point taking that hand away now. She was already caught. All that taking her hand away would do was deny herself satisfaction. She wasn't even sure if she *could* take her hand away. Her pussy wanted attention and her hand was oh so willing to serve her pussy's will.

There went Plan A, which was to show Bella that Bella was wrong and that Angie would not touch herself.

Quick, a Plan B was needed. Bella had also said not to orgasm so, simple, she'd just make herself orgasm and that would be the new defiance to that bitch.

Plan B sounded great and her hand felt great. Everything was great.

Angie could feel Bella smirking at her. Angie rubbed her pussy more firmly. Defiantly.

Bella's spank hand trailed around caressing Eliza's crimson trembling ass. It was hard to tell if those light caresses felt good to Eliza, painful, or both. The caresses made Eliza's ass clench and quiver.

Bella was still looking over at Angie. She was looking right between Angie's legs where all the limited movement was.

Angie wasn't sure if Bella would know when she came. She knew

something that might help with that. A way in which Bella would be forced to notice it.

Fuck it.

Angie shoved down her shorts and panties. She leaned her hips out a little to make sure Bella had a good view of her hand and pussy.

Bella said to Eliza, "I'm looking at your slut pussy and it is even more wet and swollen than ever before. Your pussy loves it when I spank your ass. You're one of those pain sluts that Stella loves. Your pussy loves the pain!"

Eliza, still in position bent way over, sputtered, "It does not, it isn't--"

Eliza was cut off as Bella's hand cupped her pussy and rubbed hard.

Eliza started making a different kind of sputtering, almost a yi-yi-yi sound.

Bella said, "It doesn't just look wet. It feels wet. It's like that duck, Eliza. If it walks like a wet pussy and quacks like a wet pussy, then it must be a wet pussy."

Eliza had no response unless you counted the eloquent murmured yi-yi-yi as Bella worked her hand firmly, encompassing and cupping and jiggling Eliza's entire pussy. Eliza's entire *wet* pussy, Angie corrected herself.

Angie rapidly slicked her hand up and down her own pussy lips. She had a wet pussy also. The wet pussy Klauson Girls! Angie wanted to get to cumming. Plan B must happen!

It felt like her orgasm kept building and wouldn't crest. Maybe

because she was standing which she did not normally do for masturbation although Stella had made her do it the day before. Maybe because she just wanted to see what more Bella would do to her daughter. Or maybe she was worried she'd cry out when she orgasmed.

Or maybe she didn't really want to disobey Bella. Bella had told her not to cum. Bella seemed so Mistress-like. She seemed so much like Stella both in looks and behavior that maybe it also seemed right for a slutty slave slut to obey Bella as well....

Bella said to Eliza, "I've got a little fun for you. Your pussy is going to love it. All this pain and it has only been sitting on the sideline. So to speak. Get your right foot up and get it on the top of the settee. Good, good, that's a good slut. Stretch it all the way out now. There, now your pussy is a right angle pussy. Ninety degrees. Okay, yes, I know, geometry isn't sexy. What happens next is sexy though. Wouldn't it be nice if someone was watching you, pussy open to the world, all on display, all wet and sore and vulnerable and obedient? Doesn't that just get you hot thinking about someone, must be someone nearby on this island, watching you in every detail?"

Bella let those words sink in like water on desert sand. Angie wondered what Eliza was thinking. Did she think Bella was fucking with her or that her mother might be watching or that her mother was watching?

Bella said, "Do you have any idea what I'm about to do, slut?"

Angie didn't know and she doubted Eliza knew even assuming she could truly think right then. Angie felt a lust to know it and to see it, whatever it was, and whatever it did to her daughter.

Bella really didn't give either of them enough time to figure it out anyway.

Smack!

But it was a new kind of spank.

A pussy spank!

Eliza gasped in pain and Angie gasped in shock.

By having Eliza posed with one leg across the back of the settee, straight sideways, and her other foot flat on the floor, Eliza's pussy was exposed and vulnerable. First to her mother's staring eyes and then to Bella's spanking hand.

Smack!

Eliza struggled to deal with the pain and shifted her weight and wiggled her far ankle like she was trying to get it off the top of the settee.

Bella said, "Don't you dare, slut! I put you in that position for a fucking reason. If I want to spank your pussy I will and that's exactly what I want to do. What fun!"

Angie was surprised to see Eliza settle down and resign herself immediately to this terrible treatment. How had Bella so quickly gotten Eliza so entirely under her control? It was like some kind of dark miracle.

Smack! Smack! Smack!

Eliza whined in a forlorn manner.

Smack! Smack! Smack!

Angie knew she should stop Bella. She had to stop her! She had to

save her daughter from this awful abuse!

But Angie knew now wasn't the right time for daughter saving. Not with her own hand blurring rubs up and down her uncovered pussy. There was no way she could pull her hand away with her pussy so hungry for orgasm and it wasn't like she could run up and let her daughter see her masturbating herself like she was some terrible slut.

Like she was as much of a slut as her daughter.

Angie was a terrible slut, Angie thought so, but even terrible sluts had a right to keep their sluttiness from their daughter.

Smack! Smack! Smack!

Oh, poor Eliza! It really was too bad Angie couldn't save her.

Smack!

Angie thought she could see a fine spray of misted juice with each spank. She wondered if the wetness of Eliza's pussy eased the spanks or made them worse.

Smack! Smack! Smack!

Eliza made a choked sound that sounded like a weak sickened defeated Tarzan. Her legs trembled and shook.

Bella stopped. She flashed a glowing smirk at Angie Klauson. She appeared to be in high humor.

Bella's spank hand returned to Eliza's pussy but in a much different way. Slowly. Bella rubbed up and down Eliza's entire pussy and waited until

Eliza began making oo, oo, oo sounds. Then she slid two fingers into Eliza's pussy and finger fucked her slowly, firmly, but almost gently.

Eliza's oo, oo, oos increased in volume.

Angie's own hand increased in speed. Then Angie thought that those fingers up Eliza's pussy sure looked good. Why shouldn't she get some fingers up her pussy too? She couldn't have Bella's fingers but she had plenty *on hand* of her own.

Why should Eliza be the only one to get lovely fingers up her pussy? All that slut did was let herself be spanked. Angie was doing all the hard work of obeying Mistress Stella's last directive by keeping that note from Bella.

So there. Yeah, right there. Angie had two, and then three, fingers up her pussy. She stooped a little because of the awkward angle. She thought she must look like the hunchback of pussy Dame.

Angie's eyes hooded with passion. Her daughter sounded so sexy making those sounds and she looked so sexy taking those fingers after taking that spanking.

Angie felt like moaning and groaning like her daughter was but felt compelled to keep those sounds inside. No fair!

She was such a slut but she was a slut who had to keep her sluttiness to a minimum. It was unnatural! Angie wished she could embrace her slut nature and let her inner slut become her outer slut.

Forever!

Angie, full of lust but still self-conscious, looked at Bella's face and saw

Bella looking back at her. Not just looking. Bella was laughing at her. Laughing at Angie hunched over while frantically finger fucking herself in the kitchen doorway.

That was so... humiliating! To be this turned on while Bella laughed at her. It was so awful and even more awful that the mocking Bella giggles made Angie's lust soar even higher. So awful. So wrong. So hot.

Eliza was feeling sexual heat also. To the ultimate.

Eliza made a half whoop sound that choked off in the middle. Then she juddered and shook hard. Then she made snuffling snorting sounds like she was choking on her tongue. Bella kept stabbing her fingers at Eliza's pussy as Eliza's body wilted on the top of the settee with one foot high and sideways and the other foot dangling on the floor.

Bella pulled her fingers free and delivered one more spank to Eliza's still reddened ass, "Catch your breath, slut. Stay on top of this furniture. You make a sexy display. Hmm, there is only one person I could show you to...."

Angie's hand on her pussy was a blur now. She needed to quickly orgasm. She knew that when she was highly aroused she was also highly vulnerable. Totally receptive to input – commands! – that were not in her own best self interest. She'd learned that from Mistress Stella.

Hell, she was highly vulnerable even before she got this turned on! If she didn't cum right away she was going to be fucking helpless!

Oh, she couldn't quick cum. Her mind kept darting to Bella. Did Bella also know that she was close and was that why she was leaving Eliza? To come take advantage of Angie?

What a wicked... and clever... dominant girl she is!

Eliza managed to croak a response to Bella, "Oh God. Please don't let my mom see me like this."

Bella said, "I will not now tell her that you are on display here. Not now that you told me. I make no other promises. Keep your hot ass and wet pussy right where they are. Don't be too lazy though. Rub that pussy onto that wood backing on the settee. Get that hot pussy primed for another orgasm. I'll go check on your mom. After all, we want to know if she hears this, right?"

Eliza gasped, already rubbing her pussy slightly on the curved wood couch cushion backing on the settee, "Oh, I hope not."

Bella winked at Angie, "Don't you worry your little slut mind. You know, I bet she did hear but I bet she's such a slut, just as much of a slut as you, that I just bet she's rubbing her pussy right now. I bet she wishes I was giving her this attention and that she was the one getting spanks. What do you think, would your mother like to have her ass and then her pussy spanked, until she orgasms and climbs all over furniture like her slut daughter?"

"I... I don't know."

Angie thought that was hardly a good defense of her honor by her daughter. But did she deserve defending? Even as she kept watching and kept rubbing and tried to make herself orgasm?

Probably not.

Bella said, "There's a term I've heard Stella use. She has her slutty lesbo sluts call her Mistress. It means she has total control over them and

they accept that, embrace it, and will do anything she says. That sounds nice. To you, I bet. I feel sorry for you so I've decided to let you call me Mistress. With all those same conditions. Does that sound good? You want to be my total forever slave? Here, back at college, anywhere?"

Eliza made a little choking sound and Angie could see her throat working. It looked like she was trying to get words out but struggled with it. Angie thought she knew why. Eliza already had a Mistress. Mistress Stella. However, Bella was right there and exactly as sexy. Also, Bella would be available and would be able to take full use and advantage of Eliza back at college.

It made Angie want to go back to college!

Angie was pretty sure which side would win this battle in the mind of her daughter. Angie was also pretty sure that she was jealous of her daughter. Did Bella like Eliza more than Angie? Is that why she got first chance to be her sex slave or was Bella working her way to Angie?

Eliza got it out, "I'm yours. I'm your total forever slave, Mistress."

Bella grinned victoriously, "It's what you need. It's what you are meant to be."

Bella patted Eliza's red ass patronizingly, "As your Mistress I'm going to keep your ass spanked all the time and red all the time. Everyone will think you have a sunburned ass that never heals. You'll be that student who doesn't sit during class, just stands at the back of the room for the entire lecture. You'll have to try to stand far enough away from other students so they don't hear the buzzing vibrator that will be stuffed up your coed cunt."

Angie was part horrified and part turned on by the fate that Bella had planned for her daughter.

What else did Bella have planned? Did she have something planned for Angie? Angie sure hoped so/not!

Angie felt humiliated by how this rich girl was so easily working the two of them. At the same time! And so quickly!

Bella was cutting through them like a hot knife through butter.

Or maybe she was a room temperature knife. She seemed so cool and collected. And maybe Eliza and Angie Klauson were hot butter, so hot that they melted butter. Angie thought it sure felt like she had plenty of melted butter flowing out of her pussy.

Oh damn!

Bella was walking right towards her!

Angie hadn't cum yet and now it was too late!

Angie backed into the kitchen. Not to get away. There was no getting away from Bella or from herself. She just didn't want Eliza watching Bella dominate her.

Angie felt a dark shiver. She was about to be dominated. More dominated. Again. But it felt like this would be some kind of total ultimate domination. Something that she'd never be able to come back from... but would cum from....

Chapter Eight

Bella sauntered on in with the swinging door flopping back and forth behind her.

Angie had backed up until her butt ran into the kitchen island. An island in the middle of the kitchen in the middle of the mansion which was in the middle of an island/peninsula.

Angie Klauson... in the middle of being so totally dominated that she was losing her free will.

Bella walked up until her face, her sexy face, was an intimidating mere inches from Angie's face.

"Take that hand away from your pussy. I'll be deciding when that pussy gets an orgasm."

Angie was shocked. She'd had no idea she was still masturbating. When had that happened? Or when had she failed to stop?

Angie jerked her hand away from jerking off.

Bella said, "My hand is all sore again. I need your healing MILF spittle. Get to work licking my hand, my MILF slut."

Bella held up a hand and pressed it on Angie's face. Angie leaned back and then couldn't retreat any more without falling all the way back onto the kitchen island. The hand stayed on her face, palm pressed to her lips.

Angie licked.

Later, she honestly could not remember if she'd been conscious before or only right after she licked that Bella's palm was wet from her daughter's pussy juice.

Certainly by a few licks into it she was well aware. The taste was a reminder if she'd needed one.

Certainly she kept licking after she damn well knew.

How could she not with the sexy way that Bella spoke to her?

"Licky licky, you low down common MILF slut."

Angie licked Bella's hand clean. She felt even more subservient by the second and from each naughty act. She kept thinking she was all the way down to some bottom but then felt herself, felt her soul, sink lower.

She found herself thinking, over and over, "Anything. Anything you say. Anything. Anything you want."

She knew what Bella wanted and so did Bella.

Once the palm and fingers were licked clean, Bella wiped her hand on Angie's hair, "Go get that note from Stella. Now."

No more threats were needed. Angie knew Bella was willing to make them and she knew Bella was willing to carry them out. She also knew that she felt like she could no longer deny Bella anything. Not herself. Not her daughter. Nothing.

Angie left and fetched the note that Stella had left. Blessedly, she did not have to walk past her daughter to go upstairs and get it.

She returned and handed it to Bella.

Bella made a show of looking it over.

Angie heard moans and squeals coming from the parlor. Eliza.

Bella noticed Angie noticing, "Oh, yes, that's your daughter slut. While

you were away I decided to help her pass the time more quickly. So I shoved a big vibrating dildo up her pussy and told her to keep riding her pussy on the back of the settee. She's humping settee right now. She's all settee-d up. She puts on a real good show. That settee is an antique by the way. You've got to oil those antiques! By pressing her pussy down on the wood the vibrating dildo stays in and she just keeps cumming. Simply spectacular!"

Angie wasn't sure if she should be horrified or happy for her daughter. She for sure felt an unhealthy urge to go watch.

It seemed like Bella read her mind, "That will keep her busy, buzz-y busy, while you and I get things sorted out. We'll need to take care of things in a timely manner. If that daughter slut of yours cums too many times she might roll off the settee and break her neck."

Angie felt panic at the risk her daughter possibly faced. Was it a real risk or was Bella fucking with her?

Angie wasn't sure of that but she was damn sure she needed an orgasm and was ready to do anything to get it.

Anything? No.

Anything? Yes!

Bella said, "So, I see Stella left you this note and left specific directions. I see that you lied to me. Obviously she had you and yet you told me she never made a pass at you. Also, the note tells you to not tell me about Stella. Your daughter did not but you did. Also, the note says to burn it and yet you kept it. Kept it and then turned it over to me. So, are you a lying betraying low-down no good submissive slutty lesbo mother? Or am I somehow wrong about that?"

"I—I don't know."

"You fucking do know."

"Yes. I am that. I lied. I betrayed. I'm low and no good."

"You're leaving out the best parts!"

Angie felt so hot, from shame and lust, that she felt like she was going to spontaneously combust, "I am a submissive slutty lesbo mother."

"Yes. Correct you are. What do you think? Should I let you be my sex slave and slave in all other things just like your slutty daughter? Do you want to share slavery with your daughter and serve me forever? Should I let you have the privilege of having me as your Mistress?"

God help Angie Klauson, but her hesitation then had nothing to do with her daughter's welfare or even her own. Her only lingering concern was over Mistress Stella. The prospect of betraying Mistress Stella further and giving her up also.

Angie knew that while Bella could have both mother and daughter as slave sluts Angie could only have one Mistress. She could not have both Bella and Stella.

Bella was right there and Angie needed an orgasm.

Two excellent tie breakers!

Angie sunk down to her knees. It felt right.

"Please be my Mistress. Please let me be your slave slut."

Bella bopped her head back and forth slightly like she was debating it, "Okay, fine, we'll give it a try. Why not? You understand that you'll need to quit your job at that DMV place. How mundane. No worry, they'll find some other peasant flesh robot to replace you. You hear a higher calling. To serve me low down on your hands and knees. A big upgrade from the DMV. You'll come to campus and live with Eliza and I. That way I'll have two servants to wait on me hand and foot. But mostly pussy and tit. You understand?"

"Yes, Mistress. I'll quit my job and move to Texas and live with you and Eliza while you go to college."

"And sell that shack you call a house in Missouri?"

"It's... not that bad. It's a really nice house."

"It's a fucking fuck doll garage to me. You'll sell it?"

"Yes, Mistress."

"And give me the money? For safekeeping or, really, whatever I want?"

Why did the financial domination from Mistress Bella seem even worse, more wrong, than the sexual domination?

"Yes, Mistress. I'll sell it and I'll give you all the money from it."

"You'll live with me, serving me like your daughter will, and after college you'll tag along with me wherever I go. Servants are always useful and especially so when it comes to sex. I'll take you two everywhere I go though I'll likely add to my collection of sex slaves. Now, get your face in my pussy where it belongs. Prove to me I'm making a good choice by keeping you."

Angie leaned forward and up, letting her face firmly connect with pussy in order to show Bella how eager she was.

There she was again, her face in a pussy, and licking it, a pussy that her daughter had serviced just a short time ago.

Bella said, "Yes. Get that tongue far up there. Work it around. Eliza's saliva is up there in my pussy. Add yours to the mix. Ahhhh. So juicy. Exquisite. Just like that. Mix it mix it mix it. Such a good Mommy Slut using her Mommy Slut tongue to swirl her Slut Spawn daughter's spit inside of my pussy."

Angie followed Bella's directions with maniacal enthusiasm. She had just found Bella's clit and had just noted how fat and swollen and exactly like Stella's clit it was, and had just begun bathing it in gobs of mixed mother and daughter saliva when Angie realized something that made her lock up, motionless, with her tongue pressing on clitty.

Mommy Slut. That was exactly what Mistress Stella had called Angie.

That could happen. She was a Mommy and she was a Slut. It wasn't such a coincidence.

But Slut Spawn. That was exactly what Mistress Stella had called Eliza! What were the odds of that?

And the way Bella had talked just then. How she'd murmured "Mix it mix mix it" and how she told Angie to swirl their spits together inside of her pussy.

That was just exactly how Mistress Stella had talked!

Chapter Nine

Bella wound a hand into Angie's blonde hair and pulled her face back to work while pressing her pussy down on that sexy MILF face, "Did the Mommy Slut just have second thoughts? Or was it more like deja vu? Or was it an actual realization? I admit, it is hard to act like someone else consistently, even if that someone else is a twin."

Bella looked down and watched Angie Klauson's eyebrows furrow in confusion and then her eyes flood with alarm.

"Keep licking, Mommy Slut, or there will be no explanation forthcoming. You need to lick hard and lick well for my forthcoming to cum out."

Angie went back to work with her mouth. She had to know. And, no matter what, it was a tasty exotic rich-tasting pussy and, no matter what, she felt like she was right where she belonged.

"Hmmm, yes, good, the Mommy Slut is back at it. Now, let me tell you a little story and, at the climax of the story so, too, shall I climax."

Lick lick lick.

Angie sensed that the better that she did at her mouth work the sooner that she'd hear, and feel, the promised climaxes.

Bella breathed, "Once upon a time there was a rich girl. We'll call her Bella. Her parents died in a boating accident on a lake in Florida, near Tampa Bay. Bella was an adult, barely, but she was super spoiled. Her parents had known that before they died. They weren't strong enough to keep her from being spoiled in life but they thought they could take care of that through their will after they died, if they died, which they sure did. Dying, that is."

Angie's vision was blurred from passion and the humidity between Bella's legs but the overall situation was starting to come into focus for her.

Lick, suck, slurp.

Bella's voice was hoarse with lust, "The will said that little young adult Bella, spoiled rich girl, had to go to a common college, a nice one but common, and that she had to have roommates and, worst of all, absolutely diabolical, could not have any servants. Bella could also visit the family mansion and make use of it and the family servants would be retained on the island and remain employed for once Bella graduated and fulfilled the requirements of the will."

Angie's passion-slowed mind leaped to the building with all the well-maintained servant quarters. There *were* servants! Except Angie hadn't seen any....

Suck, lick, lick.

Bella groaned and then managed words, "But spoiled Bella did not want to be not spoiled. It is so much fun to be spoiled. Spoiled rich girl Bella still wanted to be rich, forever, but she wanted to be *even more* spoiled instead of less. Bella also enjoyed dominating sluts and making them do lesbian stuff. Her parents hadn't known it but Bella already had a few sexy servants under her control. She'd like to have brought them to college with her but, alas, she could not."

Angie understood. Angie understood far too much. She wished she did not. She wished the wool could be pulled back over her eyes but, instead, more knowledge was to rain down.

Lick, lick, suction.

Bella husked, "Then little spoiled young adult Bella met Eliza Klauson at college in Texas and met her sexy mommy, the MILF Angie Klauson, as well, helping little Eliza move in. Bella had a new thing for MILFs ever since her own mommy had her head minced by a speedboat propeller. Once she met them, little Bella came up with a plan. A spoiled girl is spoiled because she always gets her way. With no parents and no servants to help her get her way it was up to spoiled Bella to make it happen."

Angie thought, "Yes, Bella had, hadn't she?" She certainly had gotten her way and she still was getting her way.

Suck, tongue, lick.

Bella made a deep satisfied sexually luxurious sigh and then said, "So all Bella needed was sexy servants who would also be roommates. As long as they pay rent and Bella does not pay them, they are not technically servants and, living together, they sure are roommates. No executor of the will needs to know what happens behind closed doors. Also, it would be a bonus if one of them could be a MILF to fulfill little spoiled Bella's MILF fantasies. Well, there you two were."

Yes, thought Angie, they sure were. Fate had served her and her daughter up on a silver platter the day that Angie helped Eliza move in.

Lick, lick, suck.

Bella groaned happily and continued, "All spoiled Bella needed to do was to have the mother and daughter in a barrel to make it easier to shoot them. So Bella had the other servants take a long vacation. So generous of Bella! So fortuitous for Bella! That way Bella needed house sitters for the family estate. Voila, Eliza and Angie Klauson. An offer of a free paid vacation at an exotic top end locale. An offer too good to refuse."

Yes, that was true. It had seemed far too good to refuse. Eliza and Angie had charged into the mouse trap intoxicated by the scent of cheese.

Slurp, suck, tongue.

Bella, near orgasm, rasped out, "But how could Bella also be there and yet need house sitters? It made no sense. Bella was an adult so she also did not need babysitters. Bella needed a story, a good story, so she could be there to take full advantage of the sexy mother and daughter sluts. So that she could be there and yet not be there at the same time. Also, what if Bella tried and failed? And so my twin sister was born. In my mind. I called ahead, before the servants went on vacation, weeks before, and had them take down all the family photos and use a few of them to have portraits painted including two of me, one with golden blonde hair and one with platinum blonde hair. In case I wanted to dye my hair I said."

Ah ha! So that was why there were no photos! And that was how there were painted portraits of both twins when there was no twin!

Lick, lick, lick.

Bella croaked sexily, clearly only barely holding back her orgasm, "You know the rest, Mommy Slut. "Stella" seduced your daughter. "Stella" seduced you. I totally confirmed that you are both lesbo subservient sluts. The genuine article. We rich do have an eye for the servile. And appreciation for said same. Then, I needed to switch in Bella for Stella. After all, you will be my technical roommates while being my total do-anything do-everything servant slaves through all my college years. And beyond. So "Stella" had to go bye bye and in comes Bella. A taxi ride, a dye job, a little shopping, and back I came as Bella. In case you had any doubts about what lesbo sluts you were, first you were seduced and dominated by "Stella" and then, a day later, by her "twin sister" Bella. That wouldn't

happen with women who were not submissive. You understand now what you two are, don't you? You get it now?"

Angie nodded cooperatively but was able to keep her mouth working.

Lick, lick, lick.

Angie's nodding made her nose rub on Bella's clitoral hood.

Bella shook as her orgasm rocketed through her. She ripped at Angie's hair and released her spend right into Angie's desperate to please mouth.

Ah, the truth will set you free! Or, in the case of Angie Klauson, keep her a sex slave for life....

Chapter Ten

After the orgasm ran its course and Bella's juice release ran out of steam, Bella let go of Angie's tousled hair and left her there. Angie was dazed by it all and had no idea where Bella went.

Angie knelt, hot and trembling, still desperately in need of an orgasm, and still overwhelmed by the knowledge Bella had fucked into her mind.

After a short time, Bella returned.

Bella said, "Get up on that kitchen island. That's where meals are prepared and I'm going to make a meal out of you. Maybe. Maybe your pussy and maybe your soul. Get up there and get on your back."

Angie did it. She felt as coordinated as a drunk but she did it. At some point, she wasn't even sure when, she'd gotten the last of her clothes off so

she was entirely nude.

Bella climbed up on top her then. She knelt with her pussy dripping above Angie's face. Angie realized that Bella held something but Angie wasn't sure what it was. Her eyes kept going in and out of focus from weariness and, competing with it, sexual adrenaline charging through her system.

Bella, her breath recovered, said, "Who's your Mistress?"

Angie had no hesitation. She was entirely defeated and it was time to serve her conqueror, "You are, Mistress Bella."

"You're happy to share your sexy servant duties with your lovely slut daughter, the Slut Spawn?"

"Yes, Mistress." Angie was curiously glad for that. At least she'd get lots of time with her daughter. Plus, she could protect her daughter from all dangers. Except for the biggest danger, Mistress Bella, of course.

Bella sounded self-satisfied, "We're going to celebrate you and your daughter committing yourselves to me. What better way than with orgasms for both of us? You look like a needy slut. Just the way I like a MILF like you. Desperately needy. Everyone needs a thing. Your daughter's is going to be taking spankings. Every day, usually more than once. In fact, it is quite likely I'll have you deliver the majority of her spankings. Does royalty execute the condemned who displease them or does the executioner do it? You can be my spank-cutioner. Now, your thing I think should be desperation. I'll limit you to, say, one orgasm per week, but you'll constantly be horny and often on the very edge of orgasm and always so needy. Doesn't that sound great?"

Angie thought it sounded like torture! And, also... it did sound great....

"Yes, Mistress."

"So you're about to get one of your rare needed orgasms as part of the celebration. However, full disclosure, you are on the naughty list so I'll punish you later today and it will make what I did to your daughter look gentle."

Angie couldn't take her eyes off of Bella's lovely perfect wet Mistress pussy just a foot above her face. She'd licked Mistress Bella to orgasm just minutes ago but already she couldn't wait to dive back face first into Mistress Bella's pussy. Her frustration at Mistress Bella not yet lowering her pussy down nearly matched Angie's frustrated need for an orgasm.

A few seconds late, she barely caught and understood what Mistress Bella had just said.

"Mistress Bella, why must I be punished? What have I done wrong?"

"I'm glad you asked. When I was Mistress Stella I wrote that note and you were not to tell about me and you were to burn it. But you did tell about me, the Mistress Stella me, to the other me, the Mistress Bella me, and you kept the note. Then you compounded your naughtiness by lying to me when you knew me as Bella by saying that Mistress Stella had never made a pass at you. Well, ha, of course I know better. I must punish my traitorous lying lesbo slut. You see, you really are the basest sort of creature."

Angie did not voice a disagreement because, quite simply, she did not disagree. She felt like she was the lowest of the low. She'd let down her Mistress Stella and she'd let down her Mistress Bella. Both of them! It didn't matter that they were one and the same person. It was still twice as bad!

But what had Eliza done to deserve that terrible ass spanking, then the

pussy spanking, and then her awful sexy fate, her awful and sexy and awfully sexy fate, being spanked every day from now on?

Angie had to ask, "Mistress Bella, I deserve my punishment but, if I may ask, why punish Eliza?"

"Who? Oh. Slut Spawn?"

"Yes, Mistress."

"Then ask it right."

Angie felt so bad for Eliza. It sounded like Angie wouldn't be able to call her daughter by her given name any more, the name that Angie had given to her. Instead, it would have to be the name Eliza had earned. Her hard-earned and well-deserved name.

"Yes, Mistress. Why did you punish Slut Spawn?"

"Oh, that. I asked if Stella had been here. She served her Mistress Stella by properly lying and saying Stella was never here but, sadly, she lied to her Mistress Bella. I couldn't let that go unpunished."

Poor Slut Spawn! Damned if she did and damned if she didn't! Lie for Mistress Stella then you lie to Mistress Bella. Tell Mistress Bella the truth then you betray Mistress Stella!

Slut Spawn was fucked no matter what choice she had made!

Bella settled her pussy down hard and firm onto Angie's face, "Now lick your Mistress's pussy, Mommy Slut. Be a good licky licky Mommy Slut!"

Angie went to it with hard long delving licks. Eager licks. Hungry licks.

Mistress Bella's pussy already felt like a new world to Angie. A big part of her life. Three things made up Angie Klauson's life now. Serving Mistress Bella, licking Mistress Bella's pussy, and Angie's daughter. Those were the three most important things in Angie Klauson's world now and in that same order of importance.

Angie felt Mistress Bella doing something in between her legs. She was curious and needy but not worried. Why worry about what you could not control anyway? Mistress Bella could be doing anything, almost anything, and if she wanted it then Angie would put up with it gladly.

But this something felt like a good something!

Something was sliding up Angie's pussy. Even and steady. Maybe two inches wide and seemingly quite long.

Mistress Bella explained, "After you licked me to orgasm with your Mommy Slut mouth I visited your darling daughter, the Slut Spawn. Poor thing, I took away her precious vibrating dildo. But don't worry. I took two of the big wooden spoons from the kitchen here out to her when I went. I shoved one of them spoon end first up her pussy and the other one handle end first up her ass. Also, I gave her permission to go ahead and stir up an orgasm. Can you hear?"

Mistress Bella lifted her pussy off of Angie's face so that her ears were not muffled.

Angie could hear. Eliza the Slut Spawn was groaning and gasping and she was saying over and over again, "I'm a subby lesbo Slut Spawn."

Angie heard the smirk in Mistress Bella's tone, "Isn't that just so... stirring?"

Mistress Bella put her pussy back in place covering Angie's lower face.

Angie went right back to work trying her best to please her Mistress's pussy. There was no reason to let her daughter orgasming on big wood spoons stirred around in her pussy and ass distract Angie from her primary mission in life. Mistress pleasing!

Mistress Bella slid whatever it was down there in and out of Angie's pussy.

Actually, Angie was sure she knew what it was and, God help her, it turned her on.

Mistress Bella confirmed it, "So, yes, I took away Slut Spawn's vibrating dildo but only for a good reason. To slide it right up the pussy of Slut Spawn's mommy, the Mommy Slut! It has these deep grooves in it. They're supposed to increase sensation – along with the vibrations – and they sure do. In this case they also hold a whole lot of Slut Spawn pussy juice. Isn't your daughter just so helpful? This way it slides so easily up your Mommy Slut pussy."

Angie had been on edge for such a long time. She'd been desperate for so long. But now her fate was sealed and she had her Mistress's permission and a whole new nasty was happening, right there, right inside her pussy.

Just as Mistress Bella got the dildo all the way inside Angie, she turned on the vibrations.

Angie orgasmed so hard she went stiff as a board with her tongue stretched out unable to pull it back in. Mistress Bella began her triumphant orgasm as well, crunching her pelvis down hard on Angie's face.

Bella was able to say one more thing before her orgasm reached full force.

Her words, even in the midst of a shattering orgasm, reminded Angie Klauson of what Mistress Stella had said to her once. But, of course, Mistress Bella was Mistress Stella.

Mistress Bella moaned out through passion-clenched teeth, "Mommy Slut makes Slut Spawn, Slut Spawn makes pussy juice, Slut Spawn pussy juice goes back into the Mommy Slut who Spawned her. The Circle of Slut!"

The End

WordPress Theme: Tortuga by ThemeZee.



MonsterInsights