Misfortune

(Futa on Male/female)

Thereshegoes123

Preface

This story contains explicit Futa on male/female hard domination, crossdressing and incest between step-mother and step-son, and is intended for adult audiences only. All characters are over the age of 18.

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Misfortune

The office was large, more akin to a psychologist's office than a solicitor's, with the furniture and bookshelves lending it a cosy air, as if one could stay and while away many hours within. Sat either side of a desk, three figures began a life-changing discussion.

"Before we start I want to pass on my deepest condolences. Losing a father is… well-"

"Can we *get on* with it?"

The Solicitor glanced up in surprise at the well-dressed young man sprawled out on the sofa nearby. His small stature didn't seem to have made a dent in the ego that oozed from every thread of the silk sweater he wore, and blond hair placed into an Adolf-like combover seemed fairly fitting with his attitude, although a complete lack of facial hair added a femininity that even his overbearing cologne couldn't hide.

"Oh *brother*, you are so rude… but do get on with it," his sister agreed, sat in a more regal posture directly in front of the desk. She had the same blond hair but longer down her back and a pretty, angular face. Unlike her brother however, she also possessed a touch of viper-like sharpness in her eyes, coloured a bright green where his were dull brown. Their likeness in appearance was matched by their likeness in attitude, and the pair had gained quite the reputation in upper circles (The Baron's brats was perhaps the least vulgar of their many nicknames).

The solicitor gave a ruffled look and adjusted his spectacles.

"… Very well. This is the will of one Baron Grant Deville, of the Deville Family. In it, he states-"

"SKIP!"

"Yes, skip."

"…. Ah, gentleman and lady, this is a legal document. I have to be thorough-"

"You can summarise," the sister said with a smile so lacking in warmth it almost made him shiver.

"Just anything that concerns us specifically," Baron Jr chimed in.

"Which should be the most important bits."

"Like the pile of money heading into our accounts."

"Tell us, does it come in straight away or take a few business days? I do HATE waiting...."

"…. *Right*… well…"

The man scanned. As he continued down the document, he had to suppress a smile of his own.

"So… *moving on*….. To his son Baron Junior Grant Deville… and to his daughter, Phillipa Llewyn Deville… he leaves the remainder of his estate, split equally…"

Phillipa bounced on her seat.

"Oooh that sounds PERFECT… we can finally renovate that dusty old mansion."

"Knock it down, more like. I can build a theme park!.. except the hunting room of course. Dibs on the shotguns."

"Well, I've heard of more idiotic ideas. Not many, obviously, but for you that's up there."

"I suppose we should thank the old man; he was finally useful for something!"

The solicitor let their gloating celebrations draw out before continuing.

"Ah, I'm sorry… there's more."

"More?" Phillipa murmured. "More money? *Properties?*"

"More theme parks?"

He could almost see the dollar signs in their eyes.

"No, no… so as stated before, you shall both be left the remainder of your father's estate…. This includes all finances and property that have not already been allocated to the primary recipient…."

Phillipa's ears pricked.

"*Primary* recipient?"

"….the portions of the estate will be awarded to the recipients on the sole condition that the primary recipient of the estate agrees on its release."

"*I.. I don't understand…"* Phillipa breathed.

The solicitor had to work incredibly hard to keep the grin off his face.

"The.... primary recipient who will receive the main portion of the inheritance. Sixty percent of all finance, stocks, and the custodian of all property and funds until such time as the two of you fulfil the obligations laid out by your father in order to receive your inheritance."

"SIXTY PERCENT?!"

“OBLIGATIONS?!”

"BUT YOU SAID HALF EACH-"

"I said half of the *remaining* estate left to you, his children. Which makes up a total of twenty percent each of the total inheritance. The rest goes to the primary recipient."

He gave them a simpering smile.

“You did ask me to *skip*, as it were.”

“Well… which one of us is it!?” Baron Jr said with his arms out, no longer lounged back on the sofa but almost leaping off it, “the primary recipient… which one! TELL US!!”

“It’s neither you idiot,” Phillipa spat, her tone becoming sharper.

“Neither, what do you mean neither?!?! Well… who else is getting our money!!”

“Let me see here..... Your Step-Mother. Miss Kanjana Wiro….”

He squinted and leaned closer to the page.

“-Wiro… Chanapong.”

This more than anything set Phillipa off. She spat, springing from her chair. “BULLSHIT! How could he do this?!?! They were only married for THREE YEARS!!”

Baron was just behind, quickly leaning even further over the desk into the Solicitor’s face until the man could see his dainty nose scrunched in fury.

“This is *illegal!”*

“I will not allow that BITCH to control what is rightfully ours.”

“We’ll SUE you for this!”

“I am just an administrator… your father’s property and estate is his to bequeath. And I should add that there is only *one* stipulation that you need to achieve to receive your twenty percent each…. *AND* Deville manor.”

The two of them quietened down, although both were still seething as the Solicitor tried and failed to smile.

"*Hmm…."*

"So what... do we need to do... to get our money?" Phillipa managed, fists clenched as she trembled with rage.

“Aha, well…yes, the only thing all three of you need to do , is, as your father has written…. *Get along*.”

***

Baron took a puff of his cigarette and blew it out of the crack in the car window.

"GET ALONG….!"

"Yes."

"… but seriously, can you believe it? How on EARTH does anyone expect us to like that money-grabbing HAG…."

"Yes, I was there. I heard it."

"..All she did for two years before we escaped was make us eat vegetables and confiscate my air-rifle….. GET ALONGGGGGGG…"

"Yes, you said it twenty thousand times already."

"But it's INSANE!"

Phillipa rolled her eyes, settling further back in the comfortable leather of the passenger seats.

"You heard what our lawyers said. We just have to suck it up and 'get along' with her… and once she signs the papers, we can get our twenty percent."

"… and WHY are we getting less than her! She should be getting one percent and consider it a blessing…"

"Driver, please hurry up or my brother's going to make my brain drivel out of my nostrils."

Baron smirked, taking one last puff before flicking the stub of his cigarette away and closing the window.

"What brain? I don't see any."

"I'd explain what a brain is, but then you'd need a brain to understand it."

"HEY-"

As the two bickered the driver eased the car into a higher gear, if nothing else to save himself from the pair of grown toddlers as the Rolls Royce near-silently sped past meadows through the electronic gate, between sections of a hedge maze and around a large fountain, coming to rest next to the tall porch and imposing doors of the Deville Mansion.

"FINALLY!"

Baron Jr was first out. Phillipa didn't move a muscle until the driver had hurried to her side, at which point she stepped out gracefully, following her brother who was already halfway up the steps, but had frozen. Both children looked up at the woman standing at the apex:

Kanjana. Their Stepmother.

The figure seemed even more imposing than the family home, back straight as she looked down her sharp nose. She had a slim face, undeniably beautiful with symmetrical lips pressed into a thin line, and her skin glowed in a way that most forty-something American's simply did not, dark hair wrapped up in a simple bun. The long, black Sinh dress wrapping her slender curves hid most of her fitness-model body, sealed by a gold belt. Long legs were covered but ended in wedged heels that further elevated her six-foot-two height even further over the pair, her shadow and that of the manor engulfing them. A cold wind blew as if summoned by her sorcery, pulling some dry leaves across the steps.

"Dinner is at seven-thirty."

Her Thai accent sharpened each consonant. She strode inside without a backward glance.

***

The dining table always felt empty, especially with just the three of them. When each side had ten seats, losing one diner made a big difference. Baron glanced around and tutted. It felt oppressive being back in this bore fest of a house. His sister sat by him on one side, and one space further at the head of the table (where their father used to reside), sat Kanjana. She seemed alien to their surroundings in style and grace, especially against the familiar backdrop of faded grandeur, although the silver cutlery seemed to shine a little brighter, the floors a little cleaner. *She* had been the main culprit of those improvements, as well as the culinary changes.

Kanjana nodded to the maid who set her bowl down, back straight in her chair.

"Thank you Kathy."

Baron Jr stared down at his own bowl as it was placed in front of him and sniffed.

"Ugh, I don't want this Thai stuff-"

Phillipa elbowed him.

"-*I* mean….. I don't… *usually*… eat this Thai stuff.."

"It's Dan-Dan noodles. Chinese, not Thai."

Kanjana's voice was unreadable, no accusatory tone but also no love in it either.

"Oh…"

He made a point of grandly dunking his spoon instead, shoving it in his mouth as he tried not to grimace.

"MMMMmm…"

Phillipa ignored her own food, leaning sweetly towards the matriarch of the house.

"*Kanja*….. Do you mind if I call you that? I know that was what father used to call you…. *Before he passed…"*

*"*My name to you is Kanjana or mother."

Phillipa's smile faltered.

"…. *Kanjana* then. Thank you so much for greeting us with this fine meal. I understand that we came at such short notice, but we thought that being family, we should stick together in these difficult times…."

"Hm."

"…and it means a lot to us that you're here."

The woman picked up her chopsticks, and lifted the bowl to begin carefully guiding the noodles into her mouth. She ate for a moment, then set the bowl back down. When no response came, Phillipa continued.

"…Ah…. Furthermore…. We have some small legal matter to bring up… just something that needs your signature, regarding father's passing. Silly things regarding our shares of the properties that just require confirmation… if you wouldn't mind?"

She passed a form with large lettering at the top, gradually descending into smaller and smaller fonts until the middle to bottom was almost illegible, with a large 'signature' mark at the bottom, and Kanjana's full name printed next to it.

"All you have to do is sign," Phillipa said sweetly, placing a pen on top before taking the tiniest bite of a noodle possible. "I believe this would bring us closer than ever before... like father would want."

Kanjana picked the form up. Phillipa and Baron Jr stared, watching for any sign of reticence, willing her hand to pick the pen up with their eyes. After a moment, she did. Phillipa smiled to herself. She'd gambled that Kanjana would want this over quickly and not read the form properly. Of course, had she bothered to learn English better, perhaps she wouldn't be about to sign over the entirety of her shares of the fortune to them in addition to their original shares.

They watched the pen hover over the page. Baron could almost smell the money….

And then Kanjana put pen to paper, and circled a single word.

“What does this mean?”

Phillipa frowned as she placed it back on the table, to see the word ‘relinquish’ circled.

“Ah… it ah… it means to retain. To *keep,”* she said, sitting a little straighter.

“Does it?… I seem to remember something different from my lessons… but it has been a while since I heard the word… perhaps I am mistaken.”

Phillip’s jaw tightened.

“Listen, if you can just sign, we can get all this legal stuff over with, and focus on being what we were meant to be… a *family.”*

“Oh really?…. Hm, *Girl*, you disappoint me. You both could not even wait a day before showing me the deepest levels of disrespect.”

The pair’s backs straightened.

“Disrespect?”

“Oh, *Kanja*, come now…”

“We *loved* our father… he was such a…. Such a man of the people!”

For the first time, steel entered her voice.

“Your father was not a *man of the people*. He was shy. You’d know that if you cared about anyone other than yourselves…. And my name is *Kanjana!”*

They both froze. Her name seemed to echo out into the hallways and connected rooms as a slop of noodles came out of Baron’s mouth. The woman raised her own bowl again, ate, and returned it to the table before continuing.

“You brats… too busy living in your own twisted worlds. You care about no-one and nothing but yourselves. Your father gave you everything… but he was blind to your selfish natures. I tried to instil some crumbs of discipline before you left home… I failed.”

She raised the contract that Phillipa had given her.

“… hear me now. I may not speak perfect English, but I have learnt enough to know when rats are trying to steal the rug from under my feet.”

She let the contract fall to the floor, and spat on it. The uneasy tension became a vacuum, immediately filled by the spite of two youthful, murderous faces as the

sibling's masks of sweetness disappeared. Kanjana regarded them with mild disdain as she took another bite of her meal before continuing.

"The only reason you hold your poisoned tongues is because your lawyers could not force me to... *relinquish* your inheritance."

Baron's jaw ached. He had not needed to hold his tongue for this long before, and attempting to do so now seemed to be swelling his head into an angry purple ball. Phillipa had gone her own shade of scarlet, face contorted into a mask of rage from under the girlish demeanour.

"Now…. Finish your dinner. Your new routines begin tomorrow."

"Routines?" Phillipa managed, quivering with rage as she balled her fists, half out of her chair.

"Yes. I have sent the week ahead to your rooms."

Kanjana picked up the bowl and eased the last of the noodles into her mouth.

"See you in the morning."

With that, she stood and swept away, head high, shoulders back. The moment she left, Phillipa slapped her bowl aside and screeched.

"FUCK!"

CRASH!

Noodles flavoured with ceramic shards shattered across the floor.

"PICK THAT UP!" Phillipa screeched to the maid hovering nearby. The woman fell to the floor and began to carefully pick shards from the puddle, white-faced.

Baron simply stared at the spot where Kanjana had left, hating that she had an incredibly firm ass, clear glutes pumping even in her demure attire. He'd have masturbated to it if she wasn't actively torturing them.

"*That… she can't…"*

Phillipa sucked at her teeth, shoving her chair aside to pace back and forth.

"That…. conniving… old… WHORE!"

".. She can't do this to us, right?"

Phillipa glanced down at her brother, who for once looked like a lost lamb. Disgusted, she slapped him.

SMACK

"OWW!"

“Don’t ever let me hear you be so *weak* again,” she hissed, before clutching his face in a harsh grip. “You HEARD the lawyers… We need to jump through whatever hoops she throws at us to get that money. Understand?”

“B-but what if she says no-“

“She won’t. She has some pathetic sense of *honour*. Did everything to the letter in the will, even the parts that were dumb. I mean donating ten percent to orphanages in the city?… *really*… ”

“So… we just… do what she says?”

Phillipa sniffed, closing her eyes and taking a deep breath before responding.

“Yes, my dear, stupid brother. We do what she says. *Simple*.”

***

Two bleary-eyed figures emerged out onto the tiered patio at 6 am, shivering. The morning fog had only just dissipated, dew still on the ground, and both clutched their dressing gowns tight around them, the cold biting at their ankles and cheeks. Baron looked around, confused.

“Why would she want us out here… th-the swimming pool is indoors…?”

“Probably just to fuck with us,” Phillipa responded.

“I promise you,” Kanjana responded, stepping out from the house, “that I am not *fucking with you,* as you put it.”

“Well I didn’t mean… WHAT THE FUCK?!”

Phillipa recoiled, and Baron’s jaw dropped as Kanjana emerged, her tall frame containing plenty of muscle alongside a few dollops of womanly fats on show thanks to her wearing nothing but a simple black bikini…. But it was not just the firm cleavage and tight glutes that had Baron’s guts in a chokehold, but the huge bulge in her swimming bottoms, like a pantomime codpiece had ended up on the wrong crotch.

“W-wha….”

Shaped like a curled-up python, it stretched the material from her body so he could see her pubic hair matted in a thick, dark bush. She suddenly became a strange kind of terrifying on top of her beauty; possessing a body that could run a marathon, give milk from her C-cup udders, and impregnate ten women in one night with her massive cock. Subtle wrinkles at the joints, as well as slight cellulite at her upper thighs and hips, added a venerable aura to her beauty, with a pouch

of fat covering what would have been hard abs, two visible just above her belly-button.

"If you're concerned about my penis, know that it affects nothing between us."

"Did… our father know about this?" Baron whispered.

"Yes," she stated, hefting the towels and three sets of goggles she had brought with her, "I fucked him many times."

"Oh Jesus…"

"You're DISGUSTING!" Phillipa spat.

"I sense your inheritance disappearing into the morning mist," she responded, proffering her a towel and a pair of goggles, "…take."

Phillipa quivered… and took the items. Baron was too shell-shocked to disobey, receiving his without a sound. As Kanjana began to walk away from the house into the garden and the estate beyond, he managed to find his voice.

"*K… Kanjana….* Where are you going? The pool is inside…."

"To swim. Come."

He glanced at Phillipa who looked murderous, but both followed. Grudgingly, they made their way out onto the lavish gardens, down a path approaching the nearby forest, just beyond the bottom of a gentle hill. Walking down, they came to two shores of trees framing a lake at its base. As they reached the edge, Phillipa and Baron as one turned to Kanjana in horror.

"*No…"*

"You can't really believe we'd swim in this….. It's WINTER!"

"It is *Autumn,"* she responded, placing the goggles on her head, "and this is the beginning of your routine. No swim, no inheritance."

Phillipa looked like she wanted to garrot the woman with her goggles, but instead placed them on her head, muttering to herself.

"….fucking un*believable*....."

Baron followed suit. Neither took off their dressing gowns, shivering at the edge as Kanjana began to wade in. As she went further out, Baron murmured, his voice wobbling.

"D... did you know she had that... *thing...?*"

He peered at it as Kanjana turned back to them, rising out of the water. The liquid made the bikini bottoms cling to her junk, so he could see every outline of

the unfurled monster, even spying a few veins and a beauty spot, as well as the puckered foreskin at the end.

"Come."

She turned and continued, Baron once again mesmerised.

Phillipa gripped his wrist hard.

"EARTH TO BROTHER. Don't stare, IDIOT. What did I say earlier about being weak? It doesn't matter what's between her legs, and I don't want to hear any of your pathetic bullshit. We just need to do what she tells us to. Period."

She threw her dressing gown off, and, grimacing, descended into the water.

"*...but I can't swim,"* Baron squeaked.

Phillipa didn't hear, too busy trying to stop her teeth chattering as she slowed halfway in, the water up to the belly button.

"Ph.. Phillipa-"

"G…. GET IN HERE RIGHT NOW!" She screeched.

He quivered, but slipped the dressing gown from his body. As he watched on, Kanjana noticed the boy clad in swimming trunks, pale white and slim but undeniably bubbly in the ass and hips. She cocked her head. As she stared, Baron felt his skin prickling... until he put a foot in the water, and ice seemed to go up his legs all the way to his brain.

"Sh-SHIT..."

It was freezing. Colder than anything he could have imagined, especially compared to the toasty duvet he'd been under thirty minutes ago.

"...K.. Kanjana..."

"Come, Baron!"

Kanjana moved with serenity, the lady of the lake as she waded deeper, all the way up until just her shoulders and the tops of her breasts were out of the water, two ripe mounds flirting with the water. Phillipa was a drowned waif following, shivering as her long blond hair whipped around her shoulders, clinging to her back.

"*Can't see a THING in these stupid*.....BROTHER, GET YOUR FAT ASS HERE RIGHT NOW!"

"Language. I will not tolerate swearing within my household," Kanjana chided.

Phillipa looked like she might attempt to drown Kanjana despite their severe mismatch in heights and physiques, but somehow managed to hold her claws and tongue.

"I.... *understand..."*

As Baron continued deeper, a part of him asked if it was possible to break a tooth from chattering, taking an age to come to neck height, still clear of the other two. He looked up to see Phillipa already seemed to be swimming, whereas Kanjana must have been tall enough to touch the bottom, and showed no discernible effort with her arms or legs under the water.

"O-okay, I'm..."

He continued, and felt the tips of his toes leave the surface suddenly.

"...*OOH-"*

His foot searched for floor. Nothing. Then the cold water enveloped him.

Panic.

He began to flail as he scrunched his eyes shut, having forgotten his goggles. He reached for the surface and didn't find it. Splashing madly, he tried to pull upwards, but couldn't work out which way up was. In the scramble he inhaled, and cold water rushed into his throat. The shock of being dunked and ingesting freezing water was like being plugged into the mains as he thrashed for some sort of hold, something to save him-

"CLHh-!"

Something strong wrapped around his waist, and he felt his body shifted sideways. Cold air hit his face, and he coughed up the water trying to enter his lungs, opening his eyes to see Kanjana an inch from his nose, looking at him strangely.

He spluttered, instinctively trying to push off her, and found his hand on her breast. It was a bigger than his hand, and soft too. Part of him longed to see through the bikini top to the nipple underneath, but he quickly pulled back, shocked and embarrassed.

"Ghl.. *shit-"*

She held him tighter. This close he could see the wise lines around her eyes, the slight wrinkles on her cheeks, the almost-black dark green of her irises... yet it was impossible to ignore what was happening lower down.

"Kk-KKanjana....."

The hand cupping his ass wasn't as unmanning as the bulge pressing against his groin, an uncomfortable bludgeon that made him whimper, redoubling his efforts to escape..

"Are you trying to drown again?" She said.

He stopped struggling, although the shivering continued.

"I-I... *no... I'm just..."*

A slender hand squeezed his butt-cheek.

"...OOOY..."

She pulled him tight to her breast, lips inches away. Under the water her bulge continued to dominate his, butting and sliding against it. She didn't even hide it, a groan coming from her belly. The feeling of a woman's lust vibrating through her cock to his was twisting Baron's mind as he felt some sense of arousal begin to spread at his groin.

"Wwha-"

"You're smaller than I thought," she murmured.

Then something terrifying made itself known. The first tinges of a smile came to her face. Somehow, it was far worse than any stern or angry expression she might have shown, and Baron felt himself trying to pull back as she moved in for a kiss.

"Whh-!"

Phillipa interrupted, breaking the water from below as she screeched, "are we done here?! I don't think the contract said anything about killing us of HYPOTHERMIA!"

"Not quite," Kanjana murmured, leaning back although she continued slowly grinding Baron under the water. The moment he felt her get fully hard was the moment he began to panic for real, especially with her cock so long that she could hump against both his manhood and belly at the same time.

"F-fuck-... PHILLIPA-!""

"Shut UP brother!!! Didn't you hear our *dear mother*... we're not supposed to swear!"

Kanjana checked over her shoulder to make sure Phillipa was still struggling to empty her goggles of lake water before continuing with the not-so-dry humping motion under the water. Her ballerina-like musculature was more than capable of

keeping him pinned to her front. Even through the freezing cold and embarrassment, Baron felt his manhood rising to attention.

"N-no," he whispered, trying not to let Phillipa hear as Kanjana's breathing began to get heavier, the sausage between her legs now a log that was grinding his baby carrot into a full erection.

"What was that? I didn't quite catch that," she growled.

"I-I... *can we just take a moment-"*

He tried to struggle again. Her cable muscles however felt harder than solid steel, and suddenly the cold water no longer mattered in the grand scheme of things as he felt their hard dicks pleasuring each other down below. Baron glanced over with terrified eyes to his sister who responded with a glare. She'd have his head if he tried to pull away.

'Just do what she asks. That's all... but surely Phillipa didn't mean anything like this...'

'Oh fuck... Oh uuyyyy..K...Kanjana..."

He could only hold onto the woman's shoulders as she ground him into a fully stiffy, each ridge of her cock making him jolt as ripples began to form around them from the churning motions below.

."..*Please..."* He whispered, almost sobbing.

"MMMm.... I suppose that will have to be enough for now," Kanjana murmured back, glancing over her shoulder at Phillipa who was trying to swim whilst shaking the water from her eyes. The log trying to start an underwater fire against Baron's turgid penis began to slow. Still he felt the tremors of her manhood against his, and it was with relief that he felt the water against his back as Kanjana began to wade him back to sure.

"Th-..... *thank you..."* he whispered, shivering (although not just from the cold anymore) as they finally reached land.

Slowly she placed him on the grass, and before he could crawl back he found his head spinning as she slid between his legs, pressing both his hands back against the grass, ready to continue their friction into a missionary press position.

"Kanjana-"

"Quiet, boy."

His lips wobbled, but no sound came out as she began to slowly butt her hips, squeezing her dick up against his ass. Baron had never felt so thankful for a pair of swimming trunks as the ones now holding back the mandingo-dick like an anal virginity parachute. Nonetheless he could feel the pulsing hardness through the material as it rubbed directly against his asshole, whinnying but unable to move this rock of a woman. The motion continued for a few more moments, grass slimy at his back as the woman above him became temporarily hypnotised, stare lasering down into his soul. She was so much taller than him that she could have easily had her way with him if she chose to.

"SO... w-*we did the swimming thing!* What's next?"

Phillipa's chattering voice was a relief as she emerged from the water. Baron wasn't sure what might have happened had she not been present, but was glad he didn't have to find out how far Kanjana was willing to go as she seemed to remember herself, rising to her feet, looking every inch the swimsuit model (with the groin of a male swimsuit model). Slight cellulite in her toned legs only made her feel more tangible and solid.

"We are done. Please shower off. After breakfast, you'll be cleaning the dishes…. And Baron."

"Y-Yes..?"

"I smelt cigarettes on your breath. It is unpleasant… you will not smoke on these grounds, understood?"

The taste of capitulation was like acid on Baron's tongue as he struggled to get the word out.

"….. under.. stood."

***

"I can't BELIEVE this. We have MAIDS AND BUTLERS for jobs like this!"

Baron didn't respond to his sister, too busy trying to frantically remove a piece of grime that wouldn't budge from the plate, suds slopping over the side of the kitchen sink onto the floor. A voice in his ear caught him unawares.

"... Let this one soak. It'll come off easily in a few minutes."

"Oh...!"

Kanjana curved around to his side, close enough her breasts were almost touching his head.

"You're doing well."

".. Right.”

As she moved away, Phillipa growled.

"*That fucking... oOohh once I have my inheritance, I'll burn this place to the ground, with her inside it. I SWEAR...."*

Baron was glad she hadn’t noticed him freeze, watching Kanjana's ass flirting with the bottom of the kimono. She'd never dressed this flirty before... why had she decided to change from her usual long gowns? He'd never seen her reveal skin until this morning, and especially not in the house. He decided not to focus on that bitch and instead concentrated on the task at hand.

After an hour of washing dishes, they were dragged into a fitness class in the recently installed gym with Kanjana's personal trainer (they jabbered away in Thai even whilst she murdered sets of ten push-ups, and Kanjana would frequently gesture in the siblings' direction as they sweated their way through a meagre one or two pushups at a time. Baron was barely able to do a single pushup, even on his knees).

Following their exercise and a quick shower, they moved onto cutting and washing vegetables for the chefs, washing floors whilst the cleaners watched, and even trimming hedges. Kanjana seemed to know everyone by name, and chatted with the gardeners as the sun began to lower over the horizon. As Baron snuck more looks at the lower neckline of Kanjana's dress, he felt a sharp pain in his hand. A bramble that refused to be tamed was clinging to it.

"Ooww...!"

"Shut *up*," Phillipa spat, "nobody wants to hear your whining!"

"Let *me* see..."

Kanjana appeared at his side, taking his hand and peering at it before gently removing the thorn.

"Seems alright to me... "

She sunk her head down to his hand, needing to bend low to kiss it.

"*Mmwah*.... does that feel better?"

"U-um..."

This close that floral perfume felt like it was fogging his senses, the low tone of her words hypnotic.

"Mother just wants to make you feel safe, sapling."

Strange things began happening in Baron's body. He was supposed to hate this woman, this freak... and he did, of course... but it was difficult trying to draw from this well of anger when so much of her was enticing, emanating total confidence like a tree with its roots planted deep. When she approached tasks such as sorting through the many hidden trinkets and crevasses of the house, she approached it not like an avalanche, but like a river... slow but filled with purpose, and unrelenting in reaching her goal as she carried one box of things at a time, labelled and sorted them into what items must go or stay, all whilst checking in on the young wards as they went about snipping, dusting, potting and waxing every inch of the house and grounds (the estate was so huge that of course they could only manage a fraction of it in a day).

What goal she had for him personally of course, was another matter. Baron was beginning to develop a tick of glancing over his shoulder in case she inevitably appeared behind him, staring directly at his rear end.

After a long day of manual labour, cold-dipping and bickering, Phillipa and Baron dragged themselves to dinner. Baron didn't even flinch when the bowl was placed in front of him, wolfing down what turned out to be fairly wonderful spicy soup. Phillipa grudgingly sipped before grousing.

"It's too spicy!"

"I asked for it to be made mild for you both," Kanjana said, sipping her own bowl, "it's a very common Thai dish."

"I DON'T W..... *I*... I don't know many Thai dishes," Phillipa managed, holding back the shriek that desperately wanted to explode from the depths of her soul.

"Of course, and you do not wish to know. Please spare me your pitiful attempts to gain favour."

Phillipa's face scrunched into something like a screaming hawk.

"Well what EXACTLY DO YOU WANT FROM US THEN?!?!"

"What your father asked.... for us to be a family. And that involves both of you changing your ways... or perhaps, discovering parts of you that until now were hidden."

She glanced over at Baron who had finished wolfing his soup down, burping.

"BLERH..... *Erm... sorry..* what?"

"Nothing, sapling," Kanjana replied.

Her eyes told a different story, boring into his forehead long after he had looked away, his cheeks scarlet. Phillipa watched the interaction, and through the haze of her fury cocked her head a touch, as she often did when an idea struck.

"Sapling...?" she muttered.

***

The pair almost fell into their beds. Baron quickly drifted off after a life-saving cigarette out the window, dreaming of a pair of breasts smothering him, which quickly morphed into a nightmarish penis-shaped shark hunting him in the middle of a familiar lake. Phillipa did not sleep. She stared at the ceiling, and then at the wall, through which her brother lay.

"*Sapling.... "*

The next day started the same way - a cold dip in the lake, except this time, Baron had a present waiting outside his door as he stepped out.

"What.."

He unwrapped it, and blanched.

"This... *can't be* for me..."

Phillipa poked her head outside, bleary-eyed, spotted the note and the yellow thong in her brother's hands, and immediately had her suspicions confirmed.

"It is. Wear it."

"But... But I can't-"

Phillipa stomped forwards, and grabbed his ear, twisting it.

"OOWW!"

"WHAT DID WE AGREE BEFORE?!"

"THAT.. *THAT WE'D DO WHATEVER SHE WANTED-"*

She released the claw from his earlobe, snorting.

"Exactly. So PUT IT ON!"

Minutes later the pair were hurrying through the house, one lagging behind as they came to the garden steps. Kanjana stood impassive in her gown, a statue of a goddess brought to life, every movement graceful as she beckoned with a lone finger.

"Did you receive your gift, sapling?"

"Y-yes..."

"And he *loves* it," Phillipa gushed. Kanjana gave her a hard stare before extending her hand.

"Come, sapling."

Baron reluctantly took it, shivering at the way she caressed him with her thumb. It seemed like each small concession was taking him to a place that he didn't want to go; the rubbing under the water…. A demeaning pet name.... but nonetheless he allowed her to squeeze and lead him on like a child towards the lake. Phillipa lagged behind, no longer tired but alert as she watched the pair move together. When they reached the water, Kanjana did not ask as she began to disrobe Baron, and a moment passed between them, one of imbalance as Kanjana's hungry features stared down at the paper-white face of Baron, who was trying to shrivelled up, covering his near-non-existent bulge in his brand-new speedos. Phillipa gawped at the line of yellow rubber splitting his bubble-butt in two peachy halves.

"HA! You look SOOO manly brother."

Baron snivelled, once again shivering in the cold morning fog as he tried to hold back tears, but the embarrassment gave way to awe as Kanjana threw her gown away, and her naked breasts filled his vision. It was the perfect horizon, a valley between two large, slightly sagging tits, the nipples smaller than expected and flamingo pink, perked up from the cold. Down below, a pair of bikini bottoms still clung to what was an already firm erection.

"I-i..."

She took his hand again. Baron whined as he was led into the freezing water, or at least it felt freezing compared to the warmth of his bed. As his teeth chattered, Kanjana drew him closer.

"Hmm… do I smell *cigarette smoke on your breath?"*

The hand that cupped his butt was much firmer than the one taking his hand, and it grabbed a cheek with no qualms whatsoever, even jabbing a thumb up into his crack.

"UUYY!"

He managed to wriggle away from her, wading as far as he dared. Thought they didn't come as close, a steely glare meant he still dunked his head under the water, his senses jarred by the blinding cold. He spent the rest of the time in the

lake keeping as far away as possible, although when Kanjana broke the surface, hair flipping back in long strands glued to her back, he couldn't stop staring at her mommy milkers as the water flowed around and between them, the perfect honey trap for what also lay underneath.....

The rest of the day was much the same as the one before: scrubbing, unclogging, dusting.... working every conceivable chore that the tens of staff did every day. A particular vein-popping episode had them serving tea to their own butler as he chatted with Kanjana in the morbidly luxurious living room with stuffed animal heads on the wall. As she poured the tea into his cup, Phillipa glanced at her noble ancestor adorning the wall, tall and defiant, then down at the man who had served her breakfast for years.

"... *sugar?*" She said in the most threateningly sweet way possible.

"Ah... well.."

"It's fine, Darius," Kanjana said smoothly, placing her cup down, "they're learning their manners. If you want sugar, please do ask."

"O.. well, I'm fine," he said eventually, unable to meet Phillipa's gaze, perhaps put off by the smile so wide it was threatening to break the elastic of the girl's face.

"*Perfect.*"

Phillipa marched off, tea-trolley echoing as it trundled across the vast wooden floors of the house. Kanjana turned to her sibling, raising a finger.

"That's it sapling... get as *deep* as possible."

Baron grunted, reaching the duster as far under the cabinet as it would go. He was sure he'd gotten everywhere, but she had been insistent on getting the lowest, darkest crevasses completely dust-free. As he tried to adjust his knees so they wouldn't ache so much, he heard a mutter behind him. When he looked back, Kanjana was staring directly at his rear end, sipping her tea from a gold-rimmed cup.

"... Am I doing something *wrong?*" *h*e said hotly.

"Not at all... now, bend over boy and do it again… slowly. I want to see every twitch in your legs as you get those corners."

He grimaced and went back to it. The tinkle of China and quiet conversation at his back was infuriating, and every so often a titter made him want to throw the

duster at their faces. Nonetheless he continued to dust every part of the cabinets in the room for the rest of the afternoon. When he was done, Kanjana was waiting, impassive as he caught his breath, face red and sweating.

"F.. finished."

"Hmm... I'm afraid you've only done the cabinets. The rest of the living room needs to be cleaned."

"W.. *what?!* But that would take forever!"

"The maids don't complain about their tasks."

"But they get PAID! We get nothing.."

"You stand to get paid more than a quarter of your family's prodigious wealth. The maids are paid very little by comparison... unless you would like to swap? I'm sure Kathy would appreciate life as a millionaire. She also never smokes on the job."

Baron snorted, muttering under his breath.

"Whatever…."

Dinner was a short affair, Baron almost ingesting his plate in an effort to fill his stomach. Phillipa once again remained politely ignorant of her own, giving a simpering look to the head of the table.

"Kanjana… *mother*…. We've spent so much time working in the house… but we'd *love* to get to you know you…"

She added a little eyelid-flutter, projecting such sweetness that it was almost overbearing, like that of overripe, rotten fruit.

"…and.. maybe if we spent some *quality time* with our mother, we'd get to know her better...."

Kanjana when she wanted could be a stone wall, and it was this that greeted the pair. Phillipa continued, still in her unnaturally charming tone.

"... and.... and perhaps with some activities.. *brother...?"*

Baron gulped down the last of his meal, keeping his eyes on his plate. A sharp nudge in his rib cage forced a response.

"UhFF!.. um, *yeah*... yeah, quality time would be.... nice.*"*

He managed to force the word out.

For a moment their mother-in-law stayed so still it seemed as if time had stopped forever, the slightest sheen of sweat appearing on Phillipa's forehead, with Baron

almost giving up hope as the silence lengthened, confined forever to shrivel in his seat as he awaited her response.

".... *Fine*. Tomorrow, we do art."

Phillipa nodded enthusiastically.

"What a *perfect* idea! Don't you think brother?"

"Uh, *yeah*.. yes. Sounds fun, I guess…."

***

"Nude?"

"Yes. Is there a problem?"

"Well I'm.. I'm not really... I don't draw-"

"That's fine," Kanjana said smoothly, "just go where the brush wants to go. Paint from your heart, sapling."

"But-"

Baron glanced over his shoulder, and saw Phillipa's eyes attempting to pop out and throttle him.

"... n-*nothing*. No problem."

"Good... then I'll be your muse to begin with."

"You....?"

Kanjana stepped past the wooden easels arranged opposite each other, and up onto a table as she slowly untied her gown.

As it fell away, the jaws of both siblings dropped.

"Woah!

"Fucking hell-"

"*Language,"* Kanjana remonstrated, settling down in a sensual pose on the platform arranged before them. With the backdrop of the glass conservatory, she looked almost angelic as she lay on her side, the slight sag of her breasts and ass giving a touchable quality that Baron's fingers yearned for. Far more devilish was the giant hog leaning over the side of the platform, already at half-mast.

"I want you to be authentic... try your best."

Baron stared at it, his chest constricted into a box, every hair he possessed standing to attention. It was somehow aesthetic for what it was - tan skin making the light shine off it, almost like a perfect wax-work model, and the veins were subtle under the surface, mirroring the subtle glands of her breasts just visible

fanning out under the skin. The balls were perhaps the ugliest part, two wrinkled peaches that, had they fallen off the side, would have dangled almost as low as her cock when flaccid. A thicket of black matted pubic hair framed the spine-tingling collection.

She gave him a measured look, and he was sure her manhood jumped, a little off-white ooze drooling to the floor.

"Draw me."

Baron felt himself shrivelling, snapping his eyes away to his sister who, if not quite as blindsided, certainly seemed less pompous than usual.

"Very... *well,"* Phillipa coughed, grabbing a paintbrush.

The pair began, both uncertain where or how to begin. With no other option, they began to paint. Baron glanced up at his sister. She seemed to be focusing on speed, mixing colours roughly, scowling, and jabbing the brush like she was trying to puncture holes in the canvas, occasionally slicing across the piece whilst maintaining enough distance from the easel that it couldn't come to life, reach out and grab her.

Baron had a different issue.... every time he looked up, the whole world shrank to this nude buffet, so many feminine delights squeezed into one scene that he couldn't stop imagining what she would look covered in whipped cream, or perhaps in a bath full of maple syrup. His eye traced the slight bulges of fat collected at her hips, elbow under her head in a lounging pin-up-model pose, as well as the strips of muscle along her toned arms and subtle abdominals with a slim pouch of belly fat.

What made it so brain-twisting was that the buffet was attached to a trouser-snake that frankly didn't exist outside porn videos and nature documentaries (not that Baron ever watched the latter, far too boring). His eyes seemed to slide naturally down her tigerish expression, from the top of her neck to her belly button, and on to where a vagina had gone missing, replaced by a now leaking hosepipe. As he stared it shifted, almost as if his gaze had somehow activated this demonic creature, and as it began to wobble, inflating upwards, he realised that its owner was staring right at him. Their eyes locked. He realise then that she was getting the biggest boner he'd ever seen, whilst looking at him. There was no doubt that she was finding pleasure in this tense back-and-forth, confirmed by a

long-fingered hand tickling down and gently wrapping around the bottom of the shaft. Kanjana began to stroke, gently.

The glob of cum that shot out looked like a full load for most men, and so much heat flowed through Baron's body that he snuck behind the easel in terror, just to give himself time to think and perhaps prevent him having a panic attack (as well as hide his growing erection).

"You shouldn't draw what you cannot see," she murmured.

Baron wanted to run. he wanted to dive into his Rolls Royce and go back to fucking prostitutes and wrecking mansions. A glance over the easel took his breath away as Kanjana's lips opened ever so slightly. Her hand had slid up and cupped a breast. It looked surprisingly weighty, the fats bulging between her fingers.

"Draw me, my sapling."

His body threatened to freeze under the bombardment of over-stimulation, forced into action by Phillipa snapping one of her paintbrushes in his eyeline, almost slavering at the jaw with anger.

"*Y-yes... anything*.... for you..."

Phillipa began to furiously mouth the word they both knew Kanjana wanted to hear. His voice went low to a whisper.

"...m.. *mother."*

"MMm...."

A near-orgasmic groan came from Kanjana's lips, and Baron cried out as a thick shot of white liquid shot hit his shoe. Some of it landed on his sock and began to soak in - the warmth made it worse.

"F-FUCK-"

"No swearing, sapling."

"*No swearing dickhead*!" Phillipa hissed, earning a frown from Kanjana.

"... Continue."

Baron's hand was shaking as he tried to focus, unable to get remotely close to following the brush as he made a crude outline of a woman, mixing the paint into a browny-orange that didn't really resemble skin. Minutes passed as he attempted details such as her tight calves and lean biceps. Some of them even looked like limbs. When he got to the dick, he glanced up, and his mouth dropped open all over again. She was stroking a finger over the cock-head, cum weeping over it.

Slowly, she took the icing to her mouth, and sucked it until the finger was shiny and clean.

"*Mm...*"

Baron ducked behind the easel again, mind whirling. The back and forth continued for almost an hour, Phillipa quietly watching from the wings, long finished with what amounted to a stick figure with tits and a penis as she beheld a son and step-mother in open arousal; Kanjana so confident in her magnificent birthday suit, Baron Jr somehow the more embarrassing figure of the two, trying desperately to pretend he wasn't affected whilst flushed with heat.

Eventually Baron put down his paintbrush, breathing heavily like he'd just run a marathon.

"I'm... *done...*"

"Very well..."

Kanjana strode over, and he hiccupped as she put a hand on his shoulder. Knowing that her erect cock was waving in his peripheral vision made the contact much more uncomfortable, almost able to feel the heat radiating off it. The quiet drip of cum onto the floor was like water torture as she studied his work.

"Hm.... very.. *abstract*. But I see potential."

"Sure."

She tipped his chin towards her. Her naked breasts in his vision, as well as the touch of her hog against his side made him whimper.

"I mean it. You have a creative mind."

She sniffed… and then her lips came and pressed first on his left cheek, then his right, deliberately long, slow and wet. When she had finished, she gave a light slap on his cheek, jolting him.

"You didn’t smoke last night. Good boy... *my little sapling....*"

She released him, leaving him to hyperventilate with a damp, warm patch on his shirt as she strode over to Phillipa, grabbing her gown as she did so and placing it on her person.

"And..... *well...*"

"I did my best too," Phillipa stated, taking a long step back. Kanjana took one look at the 'art', pitiful even for a child's finger-painting.

"Clearly."

Kanjana's dangerous tone wasn't caught by Phillipa, too busy staring at the tent in her gown with wide eyes.

***

"Brother.... this is an opportunity. We know she has a weakness!"

Baron watched the rain trickle down outside, tapping at the large window. Perhaps he could learn to fly, or go into space. Perhaps this could save him from the ever-devolving routine of swirling around a plughole, faster and faster with Kanjana at the centre, her huge, meaty cock ready for him to plunge onto-

"BROTHER."

His head snapped around to see Phillipa had paused her pacing in his room.

"Were you listening?"

"Y... yeah?"

"We know she has a weakness. YOU."

G... great."

"So, all you have to do is... play on it."

He didn't like her tone as she began pacing again, slightly too eager.

"Like... what?"

She skipped.

"Like wear those tight shorts you used to have for school.... they still fit, right?"

"What?! NO, they were AWFUL..... just, no-"

Phillipa snarled.

"It's that or you're wearing my BOOTY SHORTS, prick! So choose.... either way I want her staring at the bottom of your ass hanging out of a pair tomorrow. Plus you can wear my crop top, we're the same size so it should fit.

"What?! Sister, I can't wear women's clothes...!"

"You CAN, and you WILL! Jesus, are you TRYING to stop us getting our money? Fuck, if we get cast out onto the street, at least I'll be able to marry someone rich.... and believe me when I say, I WON'T help you, because you didn't help yourself."

"But... isn't there another way…"

"NO. And unless you want to be a full-time maid, you're gonna have to slut up for mommy."

She squinted, and the nastiness spread in her smile, pearly whites glinting like shark teeth.

"Normal girls never liked you anyway. Did you ever manage to find one that wasn't a gold-digging prostitute?"

"Shut up, bitch," he shot back.

"Oh he FINALLY grows some balls. Well, too late. Kanjana wants you demure and ready to go, so that's what you're gonna be."

"Why don't YOU do it then?!"

"Well, because she likes YOU obviously. I absolutely would if needed, because I'm not *selfish*."

Her acting was sketchy at best, but Baron Jr in particular had seen his sister lie through her teeth too many times to count. Sure, she'll pay them back. Absolutely there will be no drugs at the party. No, she'd *never* steal father's wallet.

He looked down wistfully at the packet of cigarettes in his hand… but the ever-present feeling of Kanjana at his back made them disappear quickly into his bedside drawer.

"It's not *you* that she's rubbing that... *thing* on."

"Exactly. Now, after our morning swim, make sure you get showered sharpish... I have a few ideas to entice our dear *step-mother* a little further...."

Baron grimaced. Surely this nightmare couldn't get any worse.

***

"Thank you *so* much for dinner," Phillipa gushed, having eaten little to none of the chicken broth in spite of it being fairly in keeping with the food they used to eat as children. Baron had recently discovered that she'd been ordering takeout at night and sneaking out of the back door to receive it, but he said nothing.

Kanjana sniffed. She rarely entertained Phillipa, especially when she was complimentary. Today, she simply responded, "we are not done."

"Oh, well what would you like us to do together? We're here for you."

Baron cringed at the insincerity. He was beginning to worry that she seemed almost unhinged in her obsession with the inheritance, and further than that, it felt like she almost *enjoyed* forcing him into the path of Kanjana like a human shield. He wondered if the roles had been reversed, would she have done the same?

"Today," Kanjana declared, "we will meditate."

"Oh.... well how *wonderful."*

Baron stay quiet. He'd learnt that anything he said might be used against him, and if Phillipa didn't like it, he'd pay the price of an elbow in the ribs or screeching in his face. Worse was if it aroused Kanjana, who was becoming far more touchy in passing. As she glided past, her hand slunk across his shoulder.

"Come, sapling."

It wasn't aggressive, but just being linked to her felt like a sense of submission, of becoming a human pet. She led him with Phillipa further behind through the house to the Eastern wing. The kimono was soft on the skin, almost tingling with static as she turned to a surprising place - the hunting room. Baron felt a surge of excitement.

"Oh... are we *hunting?!* Why I've not hunted in so long... father never let me kill anything but I was hoping when I got older-"

"We are not *hunting,"* Kanjana chided.

As she opened the door, Baron's face fell. The guns lining the wall were gone, as were the many heads of bears, tigers and other wild beast hunted by his grandfather and great grandfather before him. In its place was a dojo-like space, with wooden spa-beams and plants. It felt almost like a modern sauna-cum-yoga space, somewhere for spirit animals and chakras.

"*What did you do...?"*

Kanjana snorted at his bereft expression.

"I got rid of those disgusting trophies... the only reason they still exist in the living room is because your father begged me to keep them as family heirlooms. That is the reason I do not remove them now...."

"I think this place is wonderful," Phillipa gushed, "this looks so much more *modern!"*

*"*It is not about *modern*.... it is about soul."

"*Oh* well... I... LOVE soul!"

Kanjana strode to the end of the room and turned up the warmth and steam in the room before lighting a piece of incense. Soon they were settled in cross-legged positions in a circle, Baron shifting uncomfortably. Her kimono was so short that he could see right up it, and of course she'd elected not to wear panties, because her

bush and flaccid cock was resting just behind her shin which was folded beneath her. He could almost see the piss-slit....

"My sapling?... were you listening?"

He jolted.

"I... I-I was just thinking..."

"Were you?"

A touch of humour on her face had him sweating.

"Um... I-I don't know if I'm dressed for meditation. I mean..."

“Hm. I agree.”

Kanjana quickly broke the circle, standing and striding to a connecting room. She returned with two smaller kimonos.

"These are for women, but I'm sure you'll fit just fine. Change wherever you feel comfortable."

Baron cringed at the silky material, skirt so short it should have been illegal.

".. and no need for underwear. We should be free in this place."

Heart in mouth, he took the tiny slip of material, wishing Phillipa would stop sniggering as they went to dress. Moments later they were back in the circle, this time far less clothed. Perhaps it was his imagination, but the room was beginning to warm, almost as if Kanjana had brought a slice of a more tropical climate with her.

"I-is this a uh... Thai... ritual?"

Kanjana smirked.

"The hardwood panels are styled in northern European spas, the plants are Vietnamese in origin, and the clothes you're wearing are American, based *loosely* on Japanese culture... because of course, it's much more revealing than the originals. An improvement I have to admit, depending on who wears it...."

She looked him up and down.

"…. and no. I suppose the closest approximation would be Buddhist meditation of sorts, if any."

"Right..."

He tried to pull his kimono lower, but it was absurdly short. Sat cross-legged, he couldn't fight the urge to keep his hands in front of his crotch, still trying to stop both his sister and step-mother from spying his manhood.

"Now... I want us to connect. So I will warm the room, and we simply... exist. No speaking, no communication. Just.... acknowledge each other."

"Uh... right.."

"Looking forward to it!" Phillipa beamed.

“Really…”

Phillipa was cocksure until Kanjana's focus came to her.... but instead of boring a hole in her head, the woman regarded the girl instead like a piece of art, head still, yet her eyes were always moving. Phillipa began to fidget, looking away.

"So... when do we s-"

"*Shh*."

"Oh...."

She fell silent, but a surprising moment came when Kanjana's stare slid down between Phillipa's legs. The girl immediately threw her hands in front of the shadow within the kimono.

"Would you *stop-"*

"This is a silent meditation," Kanjana said sharply.

And so, the pause became silence, which lengthened into eternity. Baron attempted to stare between the two women opposite, but eventually found himself magnetised to Kanjana's breasts, her body a flame that his inner moth could not ignore. Her stare locked to his. He fidgeted, skin beginning to warm. Without knowing what to do, and no phone or distraction, there was nowhere that he could bring his attention but to her, although when Kanjana glanced at his sister it was like a hot spotlight had hit her; cheeks flushed, squirming, rooting her gaze down on the wooden floor.

The room became hazy. Sweat was starting to run down Baron's neck as he felt his heart pumping faster and faster, eyes darting to the shapes lurking between Kanjana's legs. Far from relaxing, the meditation felt like it was building up the adrenaline and anxiety in his body, the warmth of the room and the woman sitting close distracting in the worst way.

Then he felt it, uncontrollable. The flush to his groin, and then the urgent stiffness, slowly forming a small tent. He tried to hide it, but sweaty palms slipped, the kimono bouncing back to allow his 4-inch erection to briefly stand for all to see. He yipped, pulling the hem as far down as possible. Phillipa didn’t even

try to contain a cackle, and Baron blanched as Kanjana drank in the show, and immediately her own material began to rise, although she made no attempt to cover it.

The cackle died in Phillipa's throat as they both noticed the Kimono slowly, inexorably rising, threatening to unveil the statue underneath due to the shortness of the hem. Baron was rooted. It seemed to take an age for the kimono to slip backwards, revealing the taut ligaments and oversized purple mushroom on top. Slivers of white lave began to drip down the sides, and both Baron and Phillipa were rocked to their core as the pillar jumped, and a small dot of white flicked back onto Kanjana's lap.

"*Mm...*"

The murmur was subtle, yet it carried weight, that of furious lust held at bay, threatening to break out. Baron felt the panic set in. He couldn't watch this.. He wasn't gay… this was wrong-

"I-I… *need to use the bathroom!"* Baron managed.

Kanjana fixed her stare on him. A laser sight would have been no more intimidating pointed at his forehead, hands trembling as she took her time before responding.

"…. Very well. Then we shall end here for now. Good night."

"G-good cock…. NIGHT..*g-good night*….!"

Both siblings had to snap themselves away from the mesmerising white lava dripping down the sides of her horse-shaft, their legs slow to work as they staggered from the room.

"God, you're… so pathetic," Phillipa snorted as they reached the stairwell.

"What?!"

"You were HARD."

He stayed silent, cowed, yet the rouge on her cheeks mirrored his own as she stalked off to her room.

***

"Ladies first," Phillipa snickered.

Baron shivered, placing his toe in the water. It still hurt getting in, but it hurt doubly feeling the tight material wedged up his crack, as well as the clip pinching

at his back. Phillipa had insisted on him wearing something more feminine, and so had lent him a two-piece bikini.

Kanjana immediately pressed up against him from behind. He felt the bulge against his lower back and almost fell into the water, a long arm wedging him back into her heat. It was almost starting to become routine at this point, though every pulse of her manhood was like a shot of adrenaline in his neck.

"Very nice, my *sapling.*"

This time the descent into the water was quick, forced by Kanjana until Baron felt his feet leave the bottom of the lake, anchored to her front with her breasts cushioning his head from behind. The bulge only had one place to go - directly into his bubble-butt valley. He cringed, crying out partially from the cold, but mainly from the pipe that seemed determined to part his buttocks completely, pressing the stringy bikini bottoms so deep into his crack that he could feel the material enter his asshole.

"UUUyyUUHH!"

Her breath was harsh on his ear.

"I sense a connection between us."

He panted like a scared rabbit, feeling less of a connection and more of a steel rod that was somehow growing bigger, Baron now a mere pair of buns for Kanjana's pulsing hot-dog. Another sawing thrust had the wet panties giving him a wedgie, knocking at his back door and poking inside.

"Do you feel it?"

"HHNNN... *pppLLleeasee*," he whined, only for a hiss to draw his attention to Phillipa, wading nearby and sending clear disapproval through her goggles, clutching her sides as she went down to her neck in the water. "I-I mean... *yes.. I-I… I feel it too…"*

"MMMhh..."

Kanjana's groan was more feral than before. As Baron's body adjusted to the cold, the heat of her enveloping him was quite wonderful despite the turgid cock, and when a hand went down and clasped his crotch, he let out a strangled hoot, near a cockerel's cry if it had fallen out of bed the wrong way.

“OoooOOCCCHKKK-“

"Slowly, sapling," she murmured, kneading his cock and balls with a firm grip under the water. All the while, her lips were getting closer to his ear, rubbing up and down his neck.

It was not this that caused him to lose his nerve entirely, but the pulse of pure steel thickness between his buns, and the blossom of warmth on his lower back, which made him cry out.

"N-NO, NO *FFFFUCK NO!"*

He began to thrash, and Kanjana's arm released him into the water. Luckily he found a toehold and managed to propel himself back up to the water's edge, somehow moving faster through water than he ever had done in his life. When he turned back, Kanjana was watching him with flushed cheeks and a lustful stare. He pointed a shaking finger, standing as proud as his meagre height would allow.

"F-fuck this, I'm DONE. I am B-B-BARON GRANT DEVILLE JUNIOR, and I will NOT be treated like this by the likes of YOU!"

Glaring, shivering, he grabbed a towel and stormed off.

"Fucking *bitch, f-fucking…"*

His sister's voice came urgent from behind, following.

"Brother you IDIOT, what are you *DOING?!"*

"NO."

Baron scrambled back up the steps to the mansion with Phillipa in pursuit, the ghost of Kanjana's pre-cum burning the top of his ass like a red-hot poker. He felt tainted, his stomach flipping over as he rushed to his room and began jamming clothes into a suitcase from one of the many cupboards.

"W-will not be treated like… that *filthy demon…*"

He tried to find the words to express his fury and humiliation whilst searching for his favourite colognes.

"Filthy…. Bitch-*CUNT…"*

"Brother…!"

Phillipa's wet face around the door was not a handsome sight, shrivelled into one of her obnoxious pouts.

"…what are you doing!? You're RUINING EVERYTHING!"

"I'm done. I-I'm going to stay with Frederick… Or perhaps Hobart and his cousin, the one in Monaco…"

“Baron… you need MONEY for that. What happens when you’re supposed to pay for the champagne?”

“They’ll pay, they have enough!” he snapped, jamming some socks into his case.

“You really think they’re going to help a worm like *you?”*

“They did before.”

“Yes, because we had money before. And now, we’ll have NOTHING because you’re about to fuck it all up! God, I even spent yesterday practising your makeup…”

“MAKE-up?!?!?”

*“*Well *duh*. Quicker she gets that boner off, quicker we get the big bucks.”

Baron felt the urge to smash something expensive, but settled for punching the mattress instead.

“I’m NOT, wearing MAKEUP…. EVER!! And I’ll be fine… y-you’ll see….”

He dragged his case down the stairs, and called the butler, biting his nails all the while as he checked his shoulders for signs of a kimono.

“Butler! Where is he…. BUTLER!!! For *fuck’s* sake do your job…”

As if by magic, the man appeared close-by, standing as straight and tall as a grandfather clock.

“*Yes sir?”*

“Get my car. NOW.”

“Of course sir… But please note that unfortunately we *will* need the car and driver to return to the manor by the end of today sir.”

“Today?!? But our driver *always* goes with us!*”*

“Un… fortunately it was part of the will as left by your father… I’m *very* sorry sir, but he is not under your employ, but Lady Kanjana’s,” he said with a barely disguised smirk.

“Well… *FINE….”*

Soon the car was rolling up to the front steps. Baron was already waiting, marching to the car as the driver stepped out to take his bag.

“Where to sir?”

“…. To Frederick… I suppose the harbour. He said he’ll be staying on his yacht, should only be a four-hour drive, so without breaks you should be able to make it in three.”

"…. *Very good sir,"* the driver grunted, hauling the case into the trunk.

"It's all going to go wrong you know," Phillipa scowled as she folded her arms, watching the driver rush round to open the door, "and you'll just come crawling back."

"Rubbish."

He paused, looking up to see an elegant figure wearing a figure-hugging pants and sleeveless top coloured red emerge from the tall doors. She did not descend the steps, and he noticed her hand was touching her inside leg…. Where the swell of a donkey dick was outlined down her thigh. Baron blanched and shivered, speaking to his sister loud enough for all to hear.

"I'll be off to France by the end of the month… or perhaps Dubai. This is the LAST time any of you will ever see Baron Grant Deville. Good-BYE!"

The car chewed up the gravel as it raced out of the manor gates.

***

Two Weeks Later….

Baron's feet ached as he trudged back up the gravel path, almost slipping on the sleet that had made the surface sodden. He shivered, hugging the mangy coat he'd traded for the last of his jewellery. He'd barely had enough actual cash to afford the inter-city bus, and his shoes were made for style in a ballroom, not trekking from the city out to the suburbs and beyond.

"Fucking… F-Frederick…" he shivered, wishing he'd never known any of those spiteful heathens he had used to call friends. It was with great relief that he finally reached the faded stone gates of the manor, half-limping to the intercom.

"Hh-hhello….. *Sister… K-Kanjana…"*

No answer. The gates remained unmoved. He gulped, forcing his hoarse throat to speak a little clearer.

"*Please*… can I stay…. Just for a while.."

No answer.

"P-please… I'll… I'll do anything… you… *I'll do the ch-chores if you want Kanjana*, I'll.."

He cringed, trying to hold back tears. *Surely* they would let him in?

"… I'll do whatever you want… *mother…?"*

A pause. The caw of a crow came from somewhere in the woods nearby, ominous… and then something clunked in the gates, the steel barriers winching open. Baron didn't wait, staggering down the path. It felt so much *longer* on foot, as he had found whilst enduring the torrid nine-hour walk to get here. Eventually, he came upon the house, stepping gratefully into its shadow, and up to the first step.

"B… Butler…. *Someone??"*

"Coming!!"

It was a female voice he didn't recognise, sweet and lilting. Then a girl appeared, carefully balancing her way down the steps. He looked up at the blond hair tied in a bun, bright-pink lipstick and nails, and felt a lurch…. Before an even more stomach-flipping jolt as he realised this minx's face mirrored his own.

"P… *Phillipa?!"*

His sister was wearing a maid's outfit, except it seemed almost pornographic in how ridiculously tight and revealing it was, her slim body, breasts and ass fully outlined and advertised as she waved. The additional stockings and high-heels were mind-bending, yet her attire was somehow less shocking than the rather vacant smile that seemed to have drifted onto her face from a warm beach somewhere.

"Sweet Baron. Welcome back!"

His jaw hanging off the floor, he was further taken aback by her descending and wrapping him up in a hug. She smelt strange… a cloud of strong strawberry perfume didn't mask the rather ominous musk that hung about her person.

"It's *SO* good to see you!"

"S… *sister?!"*

"That's me!"

"B-but… what happened to you.."

"What do you mean? May I take your bag for you?"

"But.. You're wearing… heels.."

"Yes, I know, but Mistress told me to help you."

"M.. Mistress?!"

Phillipa quickly took the bag, and finding it fairly empty, proceeded to heft it up the steps, the pert swells of her ass hanging out of the bottom of her skirt. As they came into the large entrance hall, the girl paused.

"Please wait here, I will inform Mistress you have arrived."

She sashayed away, heels *click-click-clicking* off into the distance, echoing. After a few minutes she returned, looking somewhat less smiley than before. Baron almost felt relieved that his bitch of a sister was still in there.

"You may follow me to the study."

Their father's study.

Baron scowled. It was an obvious power move from Kanjana, but he knew he had to play ball now. With what he had experienced in the real world…

A shiver ran through him, and he hurried on.

***

The familiar smell of leather and musty old books as Baron entered the study was now complimented by incense sticks of sandalwood that burned in the corner, tendrils of smoke curling around the sleekly-dressed figure studying a ledger of assets. Kanjana paused, lowering her glasses, and started.

"Goodness Baron… what happened to your clothes? They're torn… and you look *filthy.*"

"Uh…. *Well*… I had.. Time to think… and *uh..*"

"To think? About what."

"A-About… I'm ready… to do what you ask."

The woman leaned forwards, steepling her fingers. After a pause pregnant with possibilities, she spoke.

"What's my name?"

He paused, uncomfortable.

"… Mother."

The hint of a smile crossed her lips.

"Good. Then we understand each other…. Get dressed and shower my Sapling. We can forgo your chores for this afternoon… Instead I will send Phillipa to do your makeup."

"M.. Makeup?!"

"Yes… and give you your uniform."

“Uni… *what*?“

“See you at dinner.”

***

“This is insane,” Baron spat, staring in horror at the mirror. He couldn’t equate the boy dressed in a stripper’s maid outfit with himself, especially now that Phillipa had styled his hair in a rather short, spiky lesbian biker style. Every movement seemed to make the panties underneath ride directly into his ass-crack.

“Hold STILL.”

“I AM still.”

“And don’t BLINK when I’m putting MASCARA on you, you fucking IDIOT!”

“It’s HARD NOT TO BLINK.”

Phillipa’s scowl was back on her face, yet the maid’s outfit remained.

“What happened to you,” he said eventually, as she rubbed the black brush up his lids.

She shrugged.

“I did what I needed to do. No thanks to *you.*"

"Well sorry. But.. you actually agreed to wearing this?"

"Yeah, because I get what I need.”

“*What… the inheritance? Y-you mean she gave it?”*

She glanced at him, and frowned.

“… uh, sure. The inheritance.”

“Doesn’t seem like you’re convinced about that.”

Phillipa glared, baring her teeth.

“Maybe I *CHANGED*. She… *showed me*, the error of my ways.”

“Which are?”

“Fuck off, Dickwad. Purse those lips so I can paint them like the bimbo idiot you are.”

“Says you.”

“Want me to put this on your lips or up your ass? Or maybe I should tell mistress that you’ve been misbehaving.”

He didn’t answer, and soon his lips shined, glossy and pink. Combined with the mascara and a subtle contouring of the face, when Baron checked the mirror he gasped, and the beautiful girl before him did the same.

"WOAH-"

"Pretty girl," Phillipa smirked, before grabbing his hand, "c'mon, we don't have time for you to ogle yourself. Dinner's about to be ready."

"Oh thank God, I'm STARVING..."

They made their way down, Baron almost tripping himself over with his heels as he gingerly descended the master staircase, before coming to the dining room hallway.

"Don't touch the panties," she hissed, before dragging him sideways into a place he'd never gone. As they flew through two saloon-style doors, he realised he was coming into the servant's quarters, and couldn't keep a look of disgust from his face as he beheld the paltry surroundings, simple wooden furnishings, and the colourful calendars and photographs on the wall. It seemed a lot like the kind of poverty he'd seen on the *outside*.

"Phillipa…. are we not eating?"

"Would you STOP asking stupid questions!..."

A chef that looked rather portly and important frowned at them.

"Food's ready to go. Servers!"

"Yes-UH," Phillipa threw back along with a spiteful pout, before hefting a dish.

"But sister-"

"BROTHER! You said you'd do anything right? So grab those plates.... *now*."

"But... I get to eat, right?" He whined, staring at the steaming food as it was covered from view by a cloche, the silver reflecting his pretty, crestfallen face.

"Yes, but later."

"Ugh.."

Baron managed to balance a platter on his palm, and the chef smirked, doing a full body scan before chuckling.

"Pretty..... Seems like the master of the house is happy to wear stockings and makeup, but you'll complain about lifting a few plates, huh?"

Baron's cheeks burned as some of the kitchen staff laughed, and he tottered after Phillipa who was strutting with an almost catwalk-like sassiness. In fact, much of her movement now seemed geared towards looking as slutty as possible, particularly around Kanjana.

"You better not be slouching back there."

He straightened his spine and tried to mirror her walk. Somehow it gave him a sense of power feeling the elevation of the heels as he popped his hips to each side, and by the time he came to the dining room he was almost getting into the flow.... until he dropped both dishes with a metallic *_CRASH_*, stunned to a halt by the dining table. It was full.... but not of family members, guests, or even members of the equestrian club.....

Familiar faces without names whipped towards him, eyes widening.

"O-*Oh goodness-"*

"Um-!"

The butler. The gardeners. The maids.

"*Sapling."*

His eyes found the woman at the end of the table.

There sat Kanjana. She was openly biting her lip, locked onto Baron like a hawk, and indeed everybody else was also staring in his direction, unblinking. Two chairs were empty either side of her. It felt humiliating beyond anything he'd ever experienced, observed by their entire house staff whilst dressed as a slutty maid, ready to serve them dinner. Baron was a screaming statue, open-mouthed. What cemented this backwards reality was Phillipa's extra-sweetened response.

"Apologies for my br-.... *sister!* I on the other hand, am only too happy to serve...."

That certainly wasn't the tune she'd been singing before as she placed the large serving plates down gracefully, favouring Kanjana's end of the table.

"Anything else, mistress?"

"Wine."

"Of course."

She strutted away. Baron was still coming to terms with everything, wincing as he managed to stagger back a few feet, the panties began to ride up his crack.

"I-I-"

"What happened here!"

The chefs appeared behind them, aprons and hats removed, ready to eat. The head chef was last out of them, and it was his voice that was filled with disapproval as they filed past.

"Shame... We'll not save the turkey, but at least the salmon and lamb will be alright."

He snorted, glaring at Baron.

"Well, seems like you're not much good at anything other than looking pretty.... *Miss*," the head chef said, grinning at Baron. Beady eyes did another up-and-down before lingering on the short skirt, as if wishing to crawl underneath and observe the full hidden delights as Baron began to shake, fists balled as his emotions swirled between fury, humiliation, and disgust. This man would never have dared say this to him before Kanjana.

"I... *I-I will not be talked to-"*

"Sapling."

Kanjana's voice was calm, but it came like a needle to the neck, stopping all bodily functions as his head snapped to her.

".... please apologise to the chefs, serve as much of the lamb and Salmon as you can, and then clean your mess up."

"But-"

"Do you need another few days away to…. *Collect yourself*?"

He felt the fury drain from his bones, replaced by a tremble of fear throughout his body.

"…..A-Alright..... it's fine…"

Her face became stony.

"Did you forget to address me properly?"

"*Sorry mother."*

"Good girl. Now, apologise."

He tried his best to ignore the shocked looks and barely-contained grins on the faces of his staff as he turned to the chefs.

"I… apologise."

"For what?" Kanjana prompted. Baron gritted his teeth.

"For… dropping the food you made for everybody."

"Say their names."

Baron whined, already feeling pitiful, yet Kanjana seemed determined to grind him into utter humiliation.

"I don't…"

“Do you know any of your staff’s names?”

“*N.. No.”*

“Then ask.”

“W… what are you names,” he murmured, looking somewhere between their necks and their toes so he wouldn’t have to see their faces.

“Name’s Tom.”

“O’Sullivan, but you can call me Sully, cutie.”

His cheeks burned.

“T… um-… *Tim?”*

“Tom.”

“…Tom. And Sully… I ap-”

“And Frank Kelleher,” the head chef butted in proudly. Baron ground his teeth, so hard that it hurt.

“…. And… Mr Kell-er-her….”

“Kelleher. Get it right!*”*

“Kelleher… *Ss-sorry…”*

He took in a deep breath, shaking with humiliation and anger as he fought back tears.

“… I-I apologise to all of you. I dropped your food and that was… wrong… *I’m sorry*.”

“Apology accepted,” the head chef grinned, “…. If you give us a kiss.”

“No, Frank.”

Kanjana’s voice straightened the man’s back.

“Ah! Right you are Ma’am…. I was just teasing.”

“In the future Mr Kelleher, don’t.”

The man shuffled to his seat along with the rest of his staff, chastened. It at least gave Baron the opportunity to try and blend back into the background, although the frequent glances and giggles from the maids made his blood boil as he managed to keep most of the lamb on the platter, carefully placing it down. He came back to the mess and looked over at Kanjana with a questioning look.

“Um-“

“There are cleaning tools are in the server’s room near the kitchen.”

He nodded.

“And Baron?”

“… Yes?”

“Thank you for wearing your uniform. You look ravishing.”

He felt such a flush of heat to his body that he almost forget about her dick, until she adjusted herself in her chair, her hand going to something in her lap. Her eyes burned his rear end as he hurried away, confirmed by an involuntary growl leaving her throat. His heels echoed in the hallways.

Click-click-click-

By the time he’d found the cleaning items, worked out how to use them and managed to get most of the mess off the floor (one of the actual maids had to take pity and assist), everyone had almost finished, and his stomach was rumbling, almost painfully hungry as he watched the head-chef devour what remained of the lamb. He gingerly stepped towards Kanjana.

“K… *Mother*… could I-“

“Come. Sit with me.”

“Thank you,” he uttered, almost collapsing into the chair closest to her.

“No.”

He looked up, hope turning to despair as he saw the dark look on her face.

“W.. What…?”

“I said sit with me.”

“But-“

“Here-“

She gestured to her lap. Baron gulped. Memories of that iron bar splitting his butt-cheeks made him shiver in disgust… but the pain in his stomach was greater. Pushing past the instinct to flee, he gingerly shuffled to her, and placed his ass down on her lap. The arm came round his belly, softer than it had been in the water last time…. Here the height difference felt stark, muscular thighs cushioning him, her sharp chin touching the top of his head. It felt like inch by inch a steel trap was constricting his movement, binding him tight until there was no escape.

“Comfortable?”

“Yeah,” he lied, gulping as she began to run her free hand down his thigh, stopping at the knee.

Someone laughed down the table. His eyes snapped to them, and Kathy the maid stopped giggling upon seeing the familiar viper-like expression emerge from the pretty features of Baron, although it quickly turned back to surprise due to the sudden squeeze directly between his legs.

"OOyy-!"

"Cute," Kanjana murmured.

Finally he felt it. The pipe begin to inflate in her lap, Kanjana adjusting him to settle right where she had been weeks before, splitting his cheeks. Baron had never felt less comfortable, trying to wiggle himself off, but another squeeze of her large palm on his inoffensive package was enough to keep him taut, body flushed with heat.

"This is much better, my sapling."

The tension and fear had made his muscles as rigid as her manhood, so hot and hard that it felt akin to riding a crocodile, waiting for the inevitable moment that it would attack.

"Eat. You must be hungry."

He looked down at what remained of the food and felt the hunger overtake him, loading his plate. The staff, who had been fairly quiet and reserved in his presence, began to open up and chat again as he stuffed his face with his fingers, too hungry and tired to care who gave a side eye in his direction. He was wearing a maid's outfit already, so it probably couldn't get much worse in their eyes. Every so often through his dinner, he'd feel a groan reverberate from Kanjana's body, as well as a jostle of her arm so he was forced to jiggle on her lap, stimulating her manhood. The pipe going back and forth was hair-raising in every sense underneath him, especially when she pressed him down onto it, as if he were being squeezed either side of a hard railing deep enough to wedgie his panties up into his asshole. He tried his best to ignore it, eyes watering as she rode particularly rough, specks of spittle hitting his neck from a particularly voracious growl.

"I see your sister neglected to join us," Kanjana said eventually, as he was finishing off his meal.

"Uh… I guess so, yes."

"Hm… She is less smart than I gave credit for. Asking takeaway drivers to come through the gates at midnight…."

He felt the spite in her voice whenever she spoke of Phillipa.

"That's not what I heard yesterday!" Kathy grinned, "pretty sure she was busy that evening."

A few of the other servers laughed, before cutting off at Baron's confused expression.

"Well now… let's not spoil too much for young Brianna here," Kanjana said with an unseen wink.

"Br… Brianna?" he murmured.

"Well yes. A maid called Baron would sound ridiculous, would it not? And Brianna just sounds so *right*…"

"M… Mother…."

It still felt wrong saying it, although he could have sworn the cock under him pulsed at that particular phrase.

"Yes Brianna?"

"I… *nothing."*

He hunched, miserable. *Brianna*…. It was the humiliating cherry on the cake.

"Come, speak to me, my sapling."

He blinked back tears again, his mind wandering to other worrying developments.

"…. What did the staff mean about… yesterday?"

"The staff… don't you know Kathy's name?"

He shook his head slowly, the conversation at the table dying down. He could almost feel the mirth in their silence.

"Ask her."

He looked up.

"K… Kathy…"

"Yes?"

"… What did you mean about… yesterday… with my sister..?"

The smile on her face made him want to punch a wall, but he contained it, lip wobbling as she tittered.

"I-I'd… rather Lady Kanjana tell you that."

He looked back at her.

"… Kan-….. *Mother..?"*

"Not yet, darling," she said with a wise smile, "soon."

He reasoned she could have been a good poker player, for she gave little away in her expression, and her breath was warm in his ear as she continued, “now, don’t you think it’s time you took an interest in your staff? They have looked after you for years, so I think it only fair to get to know them.”

“But… but they’re paid for it,” he murmured.

She scowled.

“Paying them money doesn’t make them objects. You pay for their service, not their humanity.”

He nodded, wishing he could slap all of their smug faces.

‘*She’s insane….’*

Nonetheless, he began to ask their names, one by one. Darius the butler. Charlie and Rex the gardeners. Preecha the Fitness coach. By the time he’d got to the other maids, he’d already forgotten the ones he’d just learned, and one of the maids made his ears burn as she responded slyly, “I’m Gem… what’s *your* name, sexy?”

Kathy couldn’t help herself. She began to snort, holding her face and almost sliding under the table to try and contain her laughter. Baron watched with anger in his heart.

‘*That bitch…. The moment I get my inheritance she’ll be gone from this place..’*

***

That night, little did Baron know that he would be experience a life-changing series of events. The defeated sissy prepared to finally remove the ridiculous outfit he had been sweating in all day, holding his heels in one hand as he limped up the stairs and turned towards his room in the West wing of the house, when an odd sound echoed through the shadowy hallways…. It sounded faintly like a bird shrieking in the night, or perhaps a female dog being beaten. Either way it was coming from somewhere close to their rooms.

Baron frowned, and crept onwards. The sounds became louder, more distinct…. It sounded like someone was blaring the most lurid porn movie ever created…. except he could feel impacts. Heavy, brutal impacts that vibrated his feet as he approached.

“*What the f-…. th-the Hell…”* He murmured, before feeling a little disgusted with himself that he had withheld a swear-word on purpose.

‘Freaking mother… NO, not mother… KANJANA.. is getting in my head…’

Each step brought him closer to the cacophony. Finally he reached his room… and it was indeed the source of the noise, door hinges offering a faint rhythmic rattle .

“H… *hello?!”*

Nothing responded but the demented screams of a woman getting exorcised. It sounded like whoever was doing the fucking was trying to break through a wall. The screams did sound awfully familiar in tone…. Almost as if…

“Ph.. Phillipa….?”

He grabbed the handle and twisted, shoving the door open. What greeted him was an abysmal sight - Two figures were in his bed, going at it like dogs. Phillipa was on her knees, clawed into the mattress with drool forming a wet patch on the sheets from her hanging jaw. The sounds that came from her throat were loud and near-inhuman.

“OUUUGHHH, OUGG*GGGYYHH*HHH, *OUHHHHH*-!!“

Behind her, with long, slender fingers clamped onto the girl’s hips, was Kanjana. Finally he could see her naked body glowing in the lamp-light, towering over her lover (or more accurately, opponent), glistening with sweat dappled across her slender muscles and particularly shiny between her breasts. Her expression was dark, eyes barely visible, baring her teeth as she shunted the poor girl deeper into the bed, almost contorting her to take the maximum amount of cock that a human body could handle. Her nipples and areolas were small and pink, almost dainty in total contrast to the gigantic piece of meat that was being forced into what appeared to be Phillipa’s gaping asshole. It seemed even longer in full view, and had a huge black condom on it, glistening with lubricant. Such a majestic thing was stunning to watch in action, and as it powered back in, the squelches forced strange notes of horror and arousal through Baron as he stood rooted to the spot, watching his sister tremble, still squealing her lungs out and completely incoherent.

“OOHMMYUuuuYUHHHHH-!”

He was more than familiar with Phillipa’s petite, naked frame with surprisingly buoyant breasts, but it was now covered in a thick layer of what might have been sweat, cum and saliva, confirmed by Kanjana spitting another glob across her face.

“Take it you *whore*.”

Shaking legs framed a spray of liquid over the bed - his bed - and more drool leaked from Phillipa's mouth.

It was clear as day what had occurred now - his sister had become addicted to Kanjana's massive cock. That was why she wore the maid's outfit. Why she acted so sweetly in front of the woman and yet had no regard for Baron or anyone else. All that mattered was the giant hog currently pummelling her insides.

"UUHHUH - HHUHh-*huhhhhggg*…."

For a moment the pistoning and wet slaps of skin on lubricated skin slowed. Kanjana regarded Baron for the first time, and spoke with a note of steel in her face.

"Stay, and watch."

Then she began to open up the throttle again. Phillipa's cries had only just died down when she began to rock.

"OOhhgm….OOHGM… OOOHHMMMYYYYUHH-"

The girl spasmed as the cock sawed in and out of her butthole, almost turned inside out by the speed and brutality of it. The violence was answered with another spray of pussy juice over the bed, the girl half-unconscious from the overwhelming force of each subsequent orgasm. Occasionally, a brain-dead grin would emerge on her face, before the slack-jawed howls of pleasure took over again.

Baron mewled, taking a step back.

"I SAID, *STAY!"* roared Kanjana.

Another glob of spit hit his sister, this time spattering over her ass as it jiggled like two shallow bowls of jelly. He wanted to curl up into a ball as he stepped back through the doorway.

"Sit down."

She motioned to the chair by the small desk that he never used. He did so.

"Face us."

His sister dribbled her approval, eyes slightly crossed, seeing nothing but the mind-breaker filling her ass. Another hard shunt compressed her body into the mattress.

"HHUHgg-"

"Take your panties off," Kanjana rasped.

“N-no.”

“No!?…”

The glint in her eye was so dangerous that he didn’t even wait for her to respond, whinnying as he pulled his panties down, the front catching on his hard member before it flicked out and up, trailing just the tiniest dribble of semen.

“Hm….. *I knew you were special,”* she murmured, “see? My sapling, hard as a pebble.”

His stomach felt like it might dribble out of his shoes.

“I’m not…”

“….you’re not erect? Strange. Tell me, what is that - **UHN!** - tenting your skirt?”

Kanjana seemed fuelled by his unwanted arousal, Baron forced to watch as she began to re-open up a can of whoop-ass on his sister’s rear end. The slaps of their hips became so fast they blended into one another, the old bed-posts creaking like they were about to snap. He had to force back tears, emasculated as his sister bucked, toes curling in the sheets. Less juice sprayed between her legs this time, with more of a weak gurgle coming from her throat.

“Eeeeyyu*uuhhhh….”*

“Hm…. Still weak,” the matriarch of the house stated, pulling the pulsing pillar out of Phillipa’s anus with disdain. A wet fart announced the gaping hole that Baron stared at for a moment, finding it difficult to equate it to a human asshole considering the sinkhole that now existed there. The girl collapsed to the bed, shuddering with the after-tremors of multiple orgasms. Baron stared at the large stains in his bed-sheets, then at the woman stepping to her feet, stretching tall. Slender arms went wide, the woman built like an alien supermodel as she did a few brief yoga poses, particularly blasphemous when her cock still bounced level with his belly like a tree branch, weighed down by the condom full of pre-nut.

“It’s good to see you sapling.”

He didn’t recall her cumming at any point, yet even without a full load the amount of cum collected in the condom made it look like a water balloon as she reached down and unwrapped her dick. The shining implement of insemination still looked like the sleekest, pornstar-dick he’d ever seen as she pulled the condom off, hefting it in one hand… before turning it inside out and pouring it onto Phillipa’s face.

Baron watched in awe as the near-pint of watery glue exploded over her pretty features, some splattering over her chest and shoulders, all of it trickling down her body and adding to the puddle of pussy juice that she lay in. It was the most humiliating of victories, confirmed by the lidless smile that drifted across Phillipa's face as she lay in her own effluence and that of her conqueror's, her asshole broken and permanently malformed by her own step-mother.

"Your sister is worthless," she stated, dropping the condom onto the girl's back, "even after I broke her, that foul nature remains. A more spiteful runt I could not conceive of…"

He saw then the true hatred revealed, lines of bitterness emerging from beneath the smoothness of her expression.. She turned to him, and the grooves disappeared.

"…. But you are different, Baron."

Baron felt the urge to empty his bladder as she stepped forwards.

"I'm sorry to scare you…. But you needed to see this, sapling."

She proffered her hand.

"Come."

"W… *where* are we going?"

"To bed. Unless you would like to share with your sister?"

He looked over at his sister, her hair matted and glued in dirty strands, twitching as she drifted off to sleep. Her vagina was still leaking steadily onto the bed.

"…No."

"Well then."

She offered her hand. He took it.

Slowly she pulled him off of his chair, and he felt his heart begin to pound as he walked hand-in-hand with his naked step-mother, cock swinging between her legs, out of the bedroom and down the hall. As they walked, her thumb stroked the back of his hand, and he saw her dick jumping in his peripheral vision, too scared to look anywhere other than straight. Each subtle creak of the floorboards made Baron nervous, willing Kanjana to hurry. Somehow it felt like each step she made was deliberately slow, as if tempting fate that they might bump into someone. He himself could still feel cool air under his impossibly short skirt, tickling his naked undercarriage. A floorboard creak from beyond stopped them.

'Oh no.'

A figure appeared from the stairwell

"Oh, hi Miss Kanjan-*OHH-!"*

One of the maids appeared, wearing a nightgown with an incredulous expression. Baron's mouth opened to ask why she was still in the main house at so late an hour, and then clamped itself shut as he remembered he was being led by his step-mother with her glistening, gigantic dick bobbing in the air in front of her. His stomach shrivelled as her gaze roved over both of them.

"Um… hi.."

"Good evening."

"Yeah…. Late night stroll?"

"Just having a little walk with my bitch," she smiled, before turning to Baron and pulling him closer so he couldn't hide behind her. "Say hello."

"… *hello"*.

"You should address people by name when you greet them, sapling. *Especially* as you've already introduced yourself this evening."

His mouth bounced as the girl tried to withhold her grin and failed, eyeing the sissy in his maid's outfit with glee.

"Well Brianna?"

"UHhm…. *I can't-"*

"You still forget?"

Her tone was slowly sliding into that dangerous, angry place that he had seen earlier, with poor Phillipa on the receiving end.

"*I-I'm sorry*… there were a lot of names, b-but I'll try next time-"

"Try? I'm tired of your *trying*."

She began to walk, leading him on whilst tossing a knowing look over her shoulder to the maid.

"Lovely to see you Kathy… I hope the room is to your liking."

"Oh yes… me and Darius have been testing out the ah… *durability* of the bed frames. Very high quality…. Thanks Kanjana! Oh, and *Brianna,* of course."

The pointed jibe put his back up, and Baron's lips quivered, but before he could retort he was being dragged to the master bedroom.

"M…Mother… why are they staying in the house?"

“Because I asked them to.”

“But… why?”

“Because they work hard, and a room each in a house with twenty beds seems fair to me.”

He stayed silent and she smirked.

“I can assume the words on your pretty lips are, *they get paid*, yes?”

A blush was all she required to know she was right.

“*Ha…. Don’t worry*. When you receive your inheritance at the same rate as the maids, I’m sure you’ll understand.”

“B-but that’s not f-“

“*I tire of this conversation*. Silence.”

He shut up as they approached his father’s old room.

Curiosity took hold. He’d barely set foot in there in years. What would it look like now? Kanjana didn’t stand on ceremony, throwing the double doors open and marching him into the plush, luxurious room with royal red carpets, drapes, and a four-poster the size of a small house, dominating the room even with such space and large, long windows that reached up to the ceiling. It all felt so familiar, yet far less dusty, and the incense that burned had given it an oriental flavour with animal heads replaced by ancient-looking art of flowers and slim, pretty women from what might (to Baron’s uncultured mind) be Japan.

“On the bed.”

He flinched. Surely not…

The look he received was devoid of all humour. He began to tremble, knees together, his stockings beginning to slip down his skinny legs.

“M… *mother..*”

A hand gripped his neck and squeezed. He whimpered, suddenly helpless.

“You will not avoid this. *Get. On. The bed.*”

She half guided, half shoved him onto it, and Baron scrambled to the headboard as Kanjana came to her hands and knees behind him, a panther stalking its prey.

“You’re so weak, Baron,” she rasped, licking a sliver of saliva that was leaking from her mouth, “so helpless… I like that in a man…”

“I-I’m not-“

“Listen to yourself, so cute….”

"I-I'm not-"

"You *are-!*"

As he was rolled onto his back with hands raised to prevent her coming any further, she surprised him by grabbing his calves and pressing them quickly over his own head. Baron bleated, immobilised by this easy feat. Suddenly he could see the all-too-real pathway to him being fucked in the ass, watching her snake offer a weak spurt of fluid which landed upon his chest and chin.

"*W-WAIT-"*

Kanjana answered without words, wedging herself between his legs and ripping his corset open, the thin strips of muscle in her arms suddenly tensing as she took his skirt apart in similar fashion, tearing his clothes off until there was nothing between their naked bodies.

RRRRIP!

Baron began to tear up, glancing up at the beautifully crafted ceiling of the wooden four-poster, crests and designs that he had grown up with staring back; the crests of his house… the house of the Deville dynasty. Now, it would be the place that his anal virginity would be taken; in his father's bed, whilst his Step-Mother brutalised him and left him with a gaping butthole like his sister. He tried to push back the tears threatening to emerge, panic setting in.

"I-I'm sorry, I'll do anything you want! I'll learn their names, I'll learn… everybody's…. PLEASE…!"

His bleating only seemed to arouse her further, and as she began to settle on top of him, and that sleek yet terrifying mushroomed head gave a wet nuzzle to his anus, she breathed into him, face close enough that he could see the subtle foundation and eyeliner she had applied.

"I know you will…. That's why we're going to be gentle…."

"*B-but.. Phillipa…"* he snivelled, the first tears beginning to roll down his cheeks.

"Shhhhh…."

She caught a droplet and rubbed it away, and as her breasts settled onto his chest, the full weight of her began to compress him into the memory-foam mattress, almost squishing him out of sight of any possible onlooker as Baron's world became only Kanjana and the warm bedding surrounding him. He'd never smelt her this raw before. Now he could feel the subtle BO, the mustiness of her

makeup and floral, powdery perfume. It threatened to fog his sinuses, yet the only smell he could focus on was the stink of her manhood, the ripe tang of cock making his whole body tense up.

The kiss came fast and sloppy. He'd barely felt it before she'd pulled back, leaving wetness stark on his lips. It was an automatic response that his lips opened, startled. She followed up with a deeper attack, and this time he squealed as she wrapped him up, cocooning him in her arms as her tongue plunged into his mouth.

"MMPhhh-!!"

The tears dried immediately, the wet staff tickling his entrance briefly forgotten as breasts and lips took over, sealing against each other. Suddenly he was being passionately kissed like a maiden on her wedding night, and he forgot all logic as the focus switched to the saliva being stirred in his mouth, the sharing of flavours and texture. Her tongue was rough and much bigger, allowing her to bully him. It wasn't bad at all… and being forced to suckle on it made the woman groan from her belly with such vigour that something in Baron briefly clicked and, whether being dressed as a slutty maid had influenced it or not, the submissiveness of being beneath her and getting tongue-fucked had strange, woozy things happening in his belly and brain that felt worryingly enjoyable.

Then her hips pushed.

"MMGGG-"

He screamed into the kiss, trying to break it. She didn't allow it, and as the dick pressed even more forcefully into his tiny, cinched butthole, he felt her tongue-raping him all the way to his throat, forced to gargle on her muscle as she put her full power behind her thighs… and forced the head of her cock into his rectum.

"MMMGHh-GMMh-MGHG-"

He spasmed, anal rim widened to an absurd degree. Desperately, he tried to keep it cinched, but his step-mother's power was beginning to tell, the natural lubricant of her semen making the eel impossible to keep out entirely. Sounds of a muffled beaten dog began to froth between their lips. He tried to push away, but she merely curled him up tighter so he was in an even more compromised position with his ass nearly pointing at the ceiling, her shadow consuming him. She broke

the kiss with long rivulets of drool connecting their faces, Baron heaving as he cried.

"Wwwwaait-"

"MMmm…. Just push with your asshole dear…. It'll be much more comfortable…"

"*PPPPleeasse… K-Kannnjj…HHHGH.."*

"You need to learn your place, *sapling,"* Kanjana rasped, eyes lidded as she snorted his hair, "and my name… is *MOTHER."*

SHHhlick

Finally, the helmet popped inside with a wet squelch. Baron squealed, tears returned and rolling down his face as he tried to wiggle, to do something, but only succeeded in making his legs shake above him as the snake sank into his abdomen, eyes bulging at the girth of his asshole which was now clamped around the first third of his step-mother's shaft. His body couldn't stop sending urgent signals to his brain that this was blasphemous, unnatural….

Kanjana shivered, lost within herself and barely coherent as a strange smile crossed her features. She pressed a little deeper and grunted to the heavens.

"*UUUhhhhh!!!… Goodness*….I've waited s-… so long….*HHNH*……"

"MMMMUUUHHhhttthheeerrr….!!!"

She ignored his scream and continued unmanning him. Her schlong was pushing deeper…. Prying him open and unveiling a riot of painful and pleasurable sensations that felt as if she were exposing a sacred place that could not be un-seen or hidden any more, his poop-chute aching, not designed for the battering ram travelling in the wrong direction.

"You're… going to be… such a good boy…." She murmured, trembling from the sensations as she paused, around eight inches inside him, "…. *and girl."*

He barely heard her. All he could focus on was the squelch as her cum was pressed deeper into his butthole by the meat-pipe, blubbering as he was unlocked, his inner slut being brutally awoken.

"UUUyhh-!!"

Just as he felt like he might just explode, he felt a warm pair of hips press snug against his ass. He beheld the strangely terrifying sight of her waist with no longer any swinging man-hammer at its front, which meant by process of elimination that

it could only be in one place - confirmed by a throb which felt like a nuclear submarine had been activated beneath his stomach.

"HNN-"

His whole body lit up. Nothing could stop his back curving like a woman's in the beginnings of an orgasm, the cock pressing against something wholly unnatural, but so good in the dirtiest, most emasculating way. Kanjana seemed similarly pained as she took a series of deep breaths, crushing him into the bed in a missionary position until her breasts were placed either side of his head, trying not to enjoy the tight boy-hole gripping her shaft too much lest she explode early. The pair quivered, adjusting to one another.

"Th*aaaaat's it…"* she whispered, "*you're mine now, Brianna…"*

Baron didn't know where to put his arms. First he wrapped around the muscled back of his conqueror, then he tried to clamp a hand over his own mouth so he wouldn't continue making constant whore-noises, but the wide-eyed look of glee on Kanjana's face when he did so was so abhorrent that he began to cry openly, clutching and clawing at the bed-sheets as she stared, unblinking at his unravelling.

"*Calm, Baron…. We're going to go slow."*

His heart was pumping so fast it felt like a hummingbird in his breast, hyperventilating as the cock flexed inside him again and somehow curled his toes for a split-second. A yip left his throat, along with a flush of dirty pleasure from his core.

"*NNNuhh….."*

"Don't fight it," she admonished, "come now sapling…. You need this… I see it in every tremor…."

She kissed him, gently. His lips trembled at the contact.

"*Mm-…mm….!"*

"Mm…. See? And look!"

She almost giggled as she rose up slightly and tickled the piss-slit of his baby carrot… which was standing to attention, a drop of dew at the head.

"… Someone is happy."

"Nuuhhg…."

Words wouldn't form in his mouth. It only fanned the heats on his cheeks that must surely have been tomato-red, or perhaps on fire at such embarrassment and emasculation as she gently pulled her hips up. His eyes widened, snivelling.

"W…. Wwwaiiiihht-"

Schlick

His spine fully arched, suddenly facing towards the headboard as he felt his cock flex a little pre-cum down onto his lower belly (too small to reach his belly-button). He felt the woman on top of him ripple.

"That's it….. Give into it…."

She wrapped him up in a kiss again. As their tongues wrestled, he felt her shove a full wave of saliva into his mouth, basting the insides of his cheeks.

"MMGG-"

It slithered out. Both were panting now, and Baron could feel the inhibitions melting in the face of this woman's sheer power, both physical and psychological. He tried to hold on, to think of anything else…. To fight back against this bitch that had humiliated him, stolen his money and dressed him in a maid's uniform-

She shunted a slightly longer thrust. His body responded, a bird's mating caw shooting from his mouth and filling the room.

'No. That can't be me making that sound.'

Now true fear had found its place in his breast. The pleasure of her cock rubbing his insides was undeniable, and he realised that this would only get easier, more enjoyable… and she was beginning to accelerate.

She thrusted. He swooned… his legs clamped to her waist.

"NNu-"

Shlick

"-UUUYHhhhh-"

The pitch of his voice jumped to somewhere far too submissive, and he felt the adrenaline coursing through his body as he was taken over, his conscious mind being overtaken by unconscious impulses as she sent a series of pumps into him. The slaps of their skin became audible, and Baron the brat began to dissolve in his step-mother's embrace.

Plap-plap-plap-plap-

He began to whine, a strange drone punctuated by his body being jolted by each dick-thrust hammered into him by his lover. The woman anchored her arms around him, and suddenly the most passionate missionary position had been reached, both clutching onto each other as Kanjana finally let herself go, and sent her muse to the moon.

PLAP-PLAP-PLAP-PLAP-

"FFffUUUGHHHHUYYYY-"

"*OhH-s…* SAPLING….. *HHUNNN-!"*

She heaved a series of ten full-length dick thrusts that compressed him so deep into the mattress that he could feel the bed springs and slats digging into his back as Baron began to scream, but this time they were screams of bliss as euphoria was released through his body, the dick sawing across his insides triggering a chain reaction that flowed through him. On the outside, the boy simply gave a savage cry and launched an endless series of white strings from his dicklet, firing all over himself and the woman jack-hammering into his butthole. Inside, Baron was swept away, entire sections of his brain shut off as the pure animal bliss overtook the rest. Being subsumed within a lover was something almost impossible to describe, and when prompted in the future, Baron would simply smile, going within himself, searching for that feeling… finding it only when he looked into the eyes of his lover and owner, feeling himself back in that bed, back underneath her as she gave him a scorching stare of molten passion, eyes bulging as she cannoned her hips into his back side.

"My-PER-FECT-LIT-TLE-BITCH!" She chuntered, arrhythmic and now laced with urgency.

The boy being posterized could feel the growing ripples from his partner amid the sweaty pumps. Yet he could not heed or acknowledge it as his eyes crossed, a glaze coming to his features that only someone completely untethered could ever achieve.

A few more thrusts, and then Kanjana seized up in one moment, her expression urgent.

"*-Love you,"* she managed.

Then the huge shaft pulsed within him, and Baron felt a volcanic eruption in the core of his body. A moan of pure bliss was in reality more of a scream, yet reality

was something he no longer inhabited as his eyes rolled up, feeling the heat of another human basting his insides in their seed, the woman thrusting and grunting into him, connecting them with a passion deeper and more primal than any pleasure he had managed to procure in his brief lifespan.

Manicured fingernails dug into the back muscles of Kanjana. The woman grabbed his spasming head and wove her fingers into his hair, moaning at his ear as she felt his asshole oscillate around the base of her penis. It only served to coax out more of the tidal wave of cum beginning to pressure his anal walls and bloat his belly. Amidst the pulsing and insemination, Baron began to swell to his first, and then second trimester.

The pair quivered like some strange creature, the squelches between their bodies odious in the most beautiful way. Baron couldn't recall the point he became a different man (although 'man' might have been the wrong word for the figure that emerged the following day from Kanjana's bedroom, limping and broken).

When some sense of personality returned, he was still clutching tight to Kanjana, spasming as the last of her seed trickled into his abdomen. The pressure felt immense, Baron groaning as he felt the hog flex inside him, and fall still.

"*UUYhhh…"*

The smells were brutal. Only sweat, BO and the musk of bull and bitch seed mixed in the air, clouding the air as he felt a bead of sweat fall onto his face from his conqueror's, mixing with the tears that ran down his face. Whether they had been from pleasure, pain or happiness he wasn't sure. Probably all three.

"*Well done, sapling,"* she murmured, still shivering from the afterglow. In this half-light, she looked beautiful - her wizened face seemed younger almost, almost magical (although perhaps that was partly because of the iron bar still jammed up his rectum, sending aftershocks of pleasure through his system). Baron didn't yet realise that he would yearn for the eyes with soft lines underneath, and drink in every knowing look that came from her years of hard-earned wisdom.

"Th… thanghsuhh," he drooled, still trembling.

"I'm sure you're scared, but it's alright. You'll be fine," she whispered, kissing him on the forehead. "Here… let me roll you over, and sleep."

He didn't think anything could make him want to sleep in the place where he'd just been broken in by a huge cock, but the moment her arms and a powerful leg

wrapped around him, consuming him with her grasp, he was out like a light, her cock still hard in his asshole.

Kanjana observed the boy drifting off, and looked down with a deep desire at the butthole cinched around her cock. She rippled… but slowly pulled it free. There was no need to hurt the boy, not at this tender moment of sexual awakening. Baron's eyelids briefly fluttered open as a gigantic squelch took place, and a wave of cum fountained out of his ass, his belly diminishing in size.

A weak gurgle came from his throat. As it spread across the bed, Kanjana sighed.

"Apologies, Kathy," she murmured. In the future, she'd have Baron clear up his own mess, but tomorrow would most certainly not be possible for the sweet little creature. Likely he'd sleep until midday at least. She was sure that at least Kathy would happily gossip with the other maids about the mess they'd created, so it wouldn't be such a hardship for the girl.

Kanjana put the thoughts aside and pulled him to the dry side of the bed, before wrapping him back up. It didn't matter that his ass was leaking against her crotch, and she even smiled as she felt it began to spread across the mattress.

Her sapling was blossoming.

***

The maid weaved her way past a series of guests to the kitchen, placing dirty dishes on the side.

"Mr Kelleher!"

"Right you are, sweety-pie," the man leered.

Brianna rolled her eyes.

"Enough *flirting,* where's the desserts?"

"Snippy today, huh? I like that…"

"Oh shush…"

She knew now not to allow him to get too forwards, but resist entirely and the man could be in a foul mood for the rest of the day.

"Sully, those desserts?" she called over, to the man carefully placing a tray from the oven onto a work surface.

"Two minutes Brie!"

One minute and fifty-eight seconds later, Baron, or rather Brianna, was weaving back through the guests and out onto the patio with a tray of chocolate eclairs,

where several tables were arranged with chairs surrounding them. The sun shone upon her doll-like face, lashes long and thick, lips juicy and shining with pink gloss. She'd had to forgo heels sadly so her feet could deal with the rushing back and forth, but she plastered a smile on her face and placed several dishes of lava cakes in front of smiling guests.

"*Thank you!"*

"Ohhhh you're welcome!"

As she rushed back, a voice called to her.

"SAPLING!"

Many of the guests halted as the lady of the house's voice rose above the nattering (not to mention the string quartet playing near the oak tree).

"Come here!"

Brianna gave a fawning look to her mistress.

"But MISTRESS!"

Kanjana's lips curled into a smile, stood up at the top table.

"Come and sit."

Brianna rolled her eyes and minced closer, putting on more of a pout.

"But Kathy and the girls will be overworked!"

"They'll be fine… come."

He did so, guests laughing and nodding their approval as Brianna skipped around to the table and immediately melted onto her mistress's lap. Kanjana's voice lowered as Brianna kissed her gently on the cheek.

"I did tell you not to call me mistress in public."

"I know… but you liked it…. *mother*"

The woman had to concentrate incredibly hard to see through the cloud of aggressive, molten lust flooding through her as the sissy maid bounced on her lap. Another voice punctured the moment somewhat.

"Anything else Madam?"

Phillipa's voice was filled with just a touch too much cheer. The woman didn't even turn her head as she responded.

"No. You may go."

Brianna looked back at Phillipa, clad in the equally revealing maid's uniform, and for a moment he saw the spite in her face, grinding her teeth as she stared at the

seat she so desperately wanted, yet detested in equal measure. But then she straightened, stalking off and ignoring a guest who tried to ask if she could bring another round of champagne.

"Well, I don't know how you did it, but that Phillipa Deville might actually have learnt some manners!" the man to Kanjana's left stated, grinning under his moustache.

"Not enough," Kanjana stated, eyes still on Brianna's.

"And whatever happened to her brother! Boris, was it? I can't remember for the life of me… what a little cretin he turned out to be! I hope you subjected him to similar treatment."

Brianna bit her lip and mouthed, *'fuck me',* just as her hand slid down and gently grabbed the growing package between the woman's legs.

Kanjana shuddered.

"I…*HNn…. I'm sorry,* I was distracted for a moment… what was that?"

The man laughed.

"No need for apology. I just enquired what happened to Phillipa's brat of a brother!"

Kanjana stared into Brianna's eyes, nodding. A promise, that she would do everything and more to her tonight.

"… he's out of the country. Joined the military… Luckily Brianna here more than fills the void of his absence."

"Indeed…"

The man looked approvingly upon the minx doting so deeply upon her master.

"Perfectly obedient!"

Kanjana was hypnotised, speaking only to Brianna.

"No…"

Brianna's mouth opened a touch, and Kanjana traced around her lips with a slender finger.

"…. She's so much more than that. *Would you like to paint later, sapling?*"

"Just fuck me," she whispered back.

"As you wish. Anything for my sapling."

Brianna's eyes closed. Somewhere within Baron's eyes closed too, his heart full, ass pressed up against the hard cock of his lover. Though his heels and calves

ached from all the rushing back and forth, jaw tired from the sloppy blowjob he had given her prior to the guests arriving, he realised he'd never been happier.

Brianna felt the woman under her shift, and opened her eyes to see lips approaching and bounced with excitement, her eternal service sealed with a kiss as Kanjana's lips sealed against hers.

***

In later years many would come to appreciate Brianna, the new maid and personal assistant of the owner of Deville Manor for her kindness, hard work and sweet nature. Though many of the staff knew her secret, they protected and nurtured her as one of their own, and some of the girls even began enjoying trips together to the local salons in town, making Brianna feel for the first time like she truly belonged. Suddenly Deville manor felt alive rather than lonely, a family with Kanjana at the head of the table, guiding them through love and a stern discipline that almost all came to respect.

Phillipa Deville only became more bitter and spiteful, particularly of Brianna's constant physical attentions, lusting after the deep dicking dangled within her reach. She soon found herself on a plane to serve some of Kanjana's extended family based abroad, and rumours of a cock-drunk blond whore in South-East-Asia taking trains of long, hard lady-cocks were whispered of in the hallways, although no concrete links were traced back to the absent Phillipa Deville. When brought up by Brianna, Kanjana merely noted that the girl would return when her attitude was appropriately adjusted. She remains there to this day.

Baron Deville Junior retreated from public life, surfacing only to confirm he and his sister where well and being treated properly. He signed almost the entirety of his shares over to foundations and charitable organisations (and would have signed it all if Kanjana had not persuaded him to keep a nest-egg for himself). Notable friends in high circles suggested that he had lost his mind, although none attempted to visit or contact him, noting the potential damage to their reputations were they to do so.

Over the years, the halls of Deville Manor filled with chattering guests, children and staff during the day, and echoed with the high-pitched squeals and bed creaks of a rabid whore during the night. Brianna's legs would ache for days after being bent over her head, almost crawling to her duties much to the amusement of her

colleagues, yet she gave her all each day, even staggering on jelly legs to join her fellow maids after some of her rougher sessions. Finally, the house was renovated in full, with the notable addition of a soundproofed basement where ‘adult games’ would take place. Kathy and Lydia would gasp whenever they entered to clean it, noting some new toy that had been added to the collection - dildos, whips, a pommel horse, ropes hanging from the ceiling and more. Brianna never spoke aloud of their relationship, but none of the staff or guests who witnessed their union were fooled. Sultry looks, glances and feathery touches…. They seemed to possess the vigour of a newlywed couple with the wistfulness of two pensioners in their twilight years. The pair remained there for the rest of their days, mother and daughter, mistress and slave, forever bound to live happily ever after.

***

The End.

About the Author

Thereshegoes123 has been creating erotic literature for years, specializing in stories about girls with throbbing bulges in their panties.

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