

Perverting The Neighbour

By

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From the Series:

Mommy Issues

Skye's Anal Therapy
Perverting The Neighbour
Corrupting Laura

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“Look. I don’t mind a bit of fun and I’m certainly not one to stop an adult girl enjoying a bit of sex with her boyfriend but those are the issues, Christie. It seems to be all the time at the moment and whatever it is they’re doing... well it doesn’t sound like fun. If they’d close the window that might help, but even then I think you need to have a word with Skye about the kind of sex she’s having.”

“Don’t you worry, Cynthia. I’ll get to the bottom of this”, she said, pouring more of the Long Island iced tea from the jug into the dark haired woman’s glass.

Ice cubes chinked and Cynthia looked up at Christie, her red painted lips curling into a smile under her pointy nose.

“Thank you. It’s also Laura. She’s the same age as Skye and, well you know how impressionable she is, I don’t want her to start thinking she needs to be doing... well whatever Skye does with her boyfriend.”

She brushed her blue floral dress under her bum as she spoke. It wasn’t an easy thing to tell her neighbour that her daughter was a dirty skank but that’s what she was basically doing and yet there was something satisfying about pointing it out. Skye used to be such a pretty girl until she had become a Goth or was it Emo, Cynthia never really knew what the difference was.

“Just one thing, Cynthia”, Christie said, sitting back in the chair opposite, her blue eyes looking impish, “Skye doesn’t have a boyfriend.”

Cynthia almost choked on an ice cube but before she could say something Christie had called out Skye’s name.

Cynthia had expected the pale girl to be wearing some skin tight ripped jeans and an appropriately monotone matching top of some description, hidden under that black hoodie she wrapped around her like a safety blanket.

Skye clunked down the stairs in the heels. She was still getting used to wearing them and she had to hold on to the rail to keep from stumbling and falling from the extra inches of height they gave her.

She caught sight of Cynthia as she turned and walked down the hallway to the lounge.

Fuck. Why did it have to be Cynthia? Why did the first

woman she'd seen in days since that fateful trip to the therapist have to be the biggest busy body and prissy stepford wife in the neighbourhood? Her piercing green eyes had already widened and her deep red lipstick lips had opened as if she was going to say something but couldn't find the right words.

I know what you're thinking, you horse-faced bitch. I look like a slut. Well Cynthia, I am a slut, Skye thought as she swung her slim hips and placed one foot in front of the other.

She came to a halt on the wooden flooring just to the side of her mom.

"Yes, Mommy?"

Cynthia's jaw dropped. To say that Skye had changed would have been an understatement. She looked like a hooker or a strip club dancer. Her skirt was a tiny low-rise skater in pale blue. It sat under her flat, slim tummy and only just swept down to cover her crotch. Pale thighs and legs, youthful and lean stared naked back at her over red shiny ankle boots with laces up the front and a little lock dangling from a strap, but it was the girl's top that was making Cynthia's heart race. A sheer bubble gum pink crop top wrapped itself tightly around the teen's pert breasts, so see through that she could see every soft curve and her two nipples, stiff and aroused beneath the material.

Skye's spiked collar around her neck and the thick leather cuffs on her wrists were dismissed as just being Skye. She'd worn that ugly collar for a few years now and it was shortly after her change in fashion sense that Cynthia started telling Laura to avoid her.

"I've called you down because Cynthia says you've been making too much noise in your room. It's disturbing her and her family. Have you been making too much noise in your bedroom, Skye?"

You know I have, you bitch, Skye thought. Her eyes flashed a hint of anger but her face remained expressionless, like a mask. Even her face looked different. Cynthia stared open mouth, taking in every detail for future gossip. Goths or whatever didn't wear

pale pink lip-gloss did they? She still had those pieces of metal in her lip, nose and eyebrow that made her look like a total delinquent. Christie must be so embarrassed. What she was wearing now must be some other way of acting out, some ironic expression of what a total slut looked like. The silly girl is always screaming for attention... shame because under all her clothes and makeup she was really rather attractive.

"Yes, Mommy. I have."

Cynthia wasn't used to such nerve and spine. She'd hoped for a bit of drama as Christie dragged the truth out of her daughter. That would have made for better gossip.

"What have you been doing that makes so much noise?"

You fucking know, Skye thought.

"Having sex, Mommy."

Skye wasn't sure if that was the word she would have used but it was the closest one she could think of to the fucked up things that had taken place in her room over the past few days.

"Having sex huh?" Christie drawled.

Cynthia noticed the snake-like smile on her blonde neighbour's lips as she said the word sex. Instinctively, she crossed her legs. This was awkward. She had to see what happened next. Skye was so going to get it.

"Yes, Mommy."

"Well, you've upset our lovely neighbour here with all your moans and cries. What do you have to say for yourself?"

"Uh... Sorry, Mommy?"

"Hmm, I'm not sure that's good enough, Skye. I'm going to have to punish you in front of her."

Cynthia was stunned and frozen to the sofa as Christie pulled a riding crop out from the side of the chair she was sat in and stood up, grabbing Skye's purple dyed hair by the loose pony tail it was tied into at the back and making the obscene-looking teen clump over the wooden floor to the other side of the sofa.

"Get over the arm, bitch", Christie said, pushing the girl

over so that her chest and chin hit the cream leather cushion just beside Cynthia.

She hadn't given much thought to Christie's grey scrunch bum leggings and white vest top but they contrasted strongly with the little slut playing dress-up that was now only inches from where she sat.

<Thwack>

"How dare you disturb our sweet neighbours with all your incessant fucking!"

"Shit... Ooow... Sorry, Mommy."

<Thwack><Thwack>

The crop made a noise as it whistled through the air to land just where her thighs met her bum. Her mom had found the sweet spot that meant she could whip her daughter's pussy lips and pale flesh all at once at the therapist session and now it was her favourite place to thrash the eighteen-year-old.

"Don't apologise to me, you dumb slut. Tell Cynthia how sorry you are."

<Thwack>

"Uuuh... I'm so sorry Cynthia!" Skye wailed.

<Thwack>

"Sorry for what, bitch?"

"Aaah... Sorry for making so much noise", the teen blubbered.

Cynthia tried to stand up but the coffee table and the positioning of the sofa, pressed into the wall her side, meant that she would have to wait for Skye and Christie to move and Skye didn't look as if she was going anywhere right then.

"Really Christie. It's fine. I'm all for a bit of firm discipline but I think she's learned her lesson", she stammered, looking for a way to somehow push the coffee table across the floor but etiquette stopped her from re-arranging the blonde woman's furniture, that and what Skye said next.

<Thwack>

“You know that’s not what I mean, bitch. What caused all the noise? What are you really sorry for?”

<Thwack>

“Uuh... I’m sorry for being an asshole, Mommy! I’m sorry for being a dirty anal slut!”

Cynthia gulped. Her mouth became immediately bone dry and she had to empty her almost full glass of strong Long Island Ice Tea just to be able to breathe again.

She could feel herself sweating. Gossip about the fucked up neighbours was one thing but this was titillation overload and Skye had just said the ‘A’ word. To Cynthia it was the ultimate taboo and something she had avoided for the sin she’d been taught it was.

“Oh Cynthia. She’s such hard work. I have to fuck her ass morning, noon and night. My hips are exhausted pounding her round butt all the time and now I have to fuck her in front of you to punish her.”

Cynthia had almost completely lost her voice.

“Er... really it’s not necessary. I’m sure the noises will stop.”

“Not if I can help it”, Christie gave that snake-like smile again as she leaned down and across. Her hand brushed Cynthia’s calf as she reached under the sofa and pulled something out.

She could feel Christie’s breath on her thigh as she leaned in, her salon tanned arm stretching under where she was sat. When it was flopped out from its hiding place it brushed against her skin. Eight inches of thick veiny silicone was wafted past her, almost real looking in shape and colour and attached through a harness with buckles and straps dangling from it.

Ohmygod! Ohmygod! Christie’s head screamed. She felt her face flush and her mind go completely numb for a moment.

“Yeah, this is what makes Skye cry out so loudly in her room. That and all the other things I do to her while she’s tied to her bedposts. Speaking of which...”

Christie took the girl’s hands and pulled them behind her

back. She fiddled with a screw latch that connected the two cuffs and turned them into the restraints they really were.

"I like her in bondage when I do things to her", Christie said, slapping Skye's butt cheek then groped it and chuckled.

"You won't be needing this for a little while."

There was a little slurping noise then something thudded onto the coffee table as Christie tossed it nonchalantly down.

Cynthia almost choked as she temporarily forgot how to breathe. It was a butt plug. A four inch black missile shaped sex probe with a similar curled length the other side that looked like a stunted dog's tail.

It was wet and smutty looking and had slid along the shiny coffee table before coming to rest just in front of her.

"Here we go again", Christie said rolling her eyes melodramatically. She pulled the strapon up over her leggings and buckled the harness like a woman that knew what she was doing.

Within seconds she was behind Skye, had lined up, grunted and plunged the dildo that was bigger than Cynthia's husband's cock all the way up the girl's asshole.

There was a noise. Like nothing Cynthia had ever heard. Like a dull unzipping and a long clicking squelch as she witnessed someone take it in their ass for the first time.

Skye let out a groan. It wasn't pain. A small part looked as if it could be from the sheer speed of the penetration but having the shaft spear into her rectum somehow completed the girl and the groan was pure satisfaction.

Skye glanced at Cynthia. Her head was now pressed into the other sofa cushion and her glossy lips parted and wet as she let the drool slip out onto the cream leather. This was her drug. Her hit from her dealer and she was going to enjoy it despite the humiliation of doing it front of the woman that, after her mom, she had probably despised the most in her life.

Cynthia had made her life outside her house a hell in the

neighbourhood. She'd judged her and gossiped, sniffed and commented every time she saw Skye and was always shoving her own robot of a daughter's achievements in everyone's faces. She was as dumb as her mom too and she was a housewife by choice.

I mean does this pearl necklace-wearing bitch come from the 1950s? Skye thundered. At least she looks like she's seen a ghost. Hopefully, I'll never have to see her again after she finishes freaking out and is finally allowed out of her trapped corner by Mom.

The dildo slid in and out with wet crackles and clicks and Christie smiled as she looked down at the deliciously round butt cheeks as she gripped them and watched the girthy dildo slip effortlessly into Skye's pretty pink pucker. It had swallowed this fake cock deep inside it over a dozen times since she'd been given it to use on her but it still amazed her at how much the teen seemed made for anal sex.

"You need to explain to Cynthia why you make so much noise when I fuck you like this."

"Uuuh... It's because... I'm an anal whore... Cynthia", Skye moaned, her breath catching each time Christie thrust hard inside her.

"Be... more... specific", Christie grunted on each hard pound of her hips.

"Uuuuh... I love it up my dirty asshole... I live to have my bum fucked by my mommy."

"She really does... She's such a filthy nymphomaniac", Christie commented as if she were just having a normal conversation as her crotch slapped noisily against Skye's perky butt cheeks.

Cynthia regained the ability to speak but she still couldn't think enough to say anything of sense.

"Ohmygod... but... Ohmygod..."

Christie leaned over the girl's back then tugged her ponytail until Skye was almost upright but with her butt still pushed out behind her as her waist pressed against the sofa arm's edge.

Her eyes rolled up into her head as her mom pummelled her. The lewd noises of her ass reaming and her groans and moans were the only sound for several minutes as Cynthia just stared, her eyes bulging as she soaked in what was happening.

Skye panted through parted, full lips. She tried not to think about who was there in the lounge watching her most intimate pleasure. She was still getting used to being her mom's fuck toy, so having her neighbour sat there as if she had just come round for a chat while her asshole was being speared with eight inches of mom-cock was making her face burn with embarrassment and humiliation.

That feeling as it filled her rectum, the thudding of her bowels, the slippery clench of her anus. Skye loved it so much but it was the orgasms that had turned her into a slave to her own asshole and she was now close to another Earth-shattering climax.

Christie knew her daughter's moans and groans now as the language of the girl's lust and she knew from the many times over the past few days when Skye was about to cum. She wanted this one to happen, not just to reward the pale teen for her conditioned 'good' behaviour but also to make a very powerful point to Cynthia.

Skye's hole was pliant and relaxed. It took a reaming really well for such a pretty looking hole and the girl liked it rough the best. Christie pumped hard and fast. The noise was a constant squelch as the dildo blurred in and out between repeatedly heavy thuds against the girl's globe-like bum cheeks.

It felt like her asshole was melting and sending streams of pleasure that was becoming a cascade and then a flood that made her lose her senses for a few seconds again and her head getting that white-out overload as endorphins squeezed through it.

"Uuuh... Uuuuh... Aaaaah!"

Cynthia watched the tight teen body writhe and convulse, her hips spasming so hard she was actually fucking back savagely onto the shaft. Her eyes had been lost for the past few minutes only to return mid-orgasm-groan to bulge wide and stare intensely at nowhere, her mouth

open into a wide pale pink circle.

Christie squelched out with her fake cock. Cynthia noticed the look of lust in the tanned blonde's blue eyes as she stared down at her daughter's butt and the slippery, used dildo. Her fingers stroked the length of the shaft then appeared to circle Skye's reamed out rim but she couldn't quite see. Then, impulsively and quickly, the woman brought her fingers up to her nose, rubbing the tips around her nostrils and upper lip as she snorted lewdly several times.

That was her daughter! This was grungy Skye and Christie who she'd know all the girl's life. They were having... They were doing... in her ass! Her own daughter's poop hole! And she breathed in those sweaty, dirty odours from the teen's anus like it was the most delightful and intoxicating thing she'd ever smelled!

This had gone so far beyond gossip... It had flown past scandal... Cynthia was at a loss as to who to tell... Who would believe her? She'd just seen it and she still didn't believe it!

Before she could think any further, before she could get to the point where she might even imagine how she was going to make her excuses and get up, Christie quickly slipped off the strapon harness then climbed up onto the sofa, her big, shapely butt out behind her as she knelt on the cushion that Skye had just been drooling onto and placed her fake tits against the back rest.

"You gotta see this, Cynthia", Christie said, grinning at her neighbour as she placed the dildo right next to the brunette's right side then slipped her leggings down to reveal her ample butt.

"Thank mommy for fucking you, asswhore. Eat my gorgeous butt like the little anal pig you are."

It sounded like an order, firm and clear, and Skye obeyed almost automatically, quickly scrabbling up onto the coffee table with her bare knees and awkwardly leaning over, she pressed her front down so that she could balance with her hands still bound behind her and pushed her face out in front of her.

The girl's tongue stretched out but Christie was showing off to the neighbour so Skye would have to endure a little teasing at first.

Skye reached out as far as she could, her neck straining as Christie gripped her own large honey-toned cheeks and peeled them apart like she was tearing open a giant peach.

She laughed as she bobbed her butt forward, just out of the girl's reach.

"Beg for it, whore. Tell mommy how much you want my delicious asshole."

Skye winced for a second. Fucking bitch. She's doing this just to show off to horse-face. Skye had been on the high from her orgasm as she had gotten onto the coffee table but now that exposed feeling she sometimes felt hit her hard as Cynthia stared, her eyes bulging as she sat there, trapped and cornered, witnessing the last thing she'd ever dreamed of seeing that day, happen right in front of her sharp, pointy nose.

But being humiliated fed her lust and her lust made those addictive butterflies flutter around her body just how she loved. She'd waited longer than she normally would have. She had to speak now.

"Ooh... Please Mommy... I want your tasty, yummy asshole so much... Please let my worthless whore mouth taste your deliciousness... I need your ass sweat to slide down my throat and feed me your goodness... Please Mommy... Let me push my tongue deep inside your perfect hole..."

Christie bit her lip as she soaked in the look on Cynthia's face. It was a blend of horror and intrigue. She was captivated in the thrill of what was happening. Good. She had her on her hook.

She pressed back and allowed Skye full access to her bleached asshole. She was well aware how perfect it was after the treatments and she genuinely believed that her daughter was privileged to tongue fuck it.

Skye opened her bubble gum coloured shiny lips around her mom's bleached pucker and French kissed the orifice

with a genuine hunger for it. This was the most intimate hole of the woman she'd argued with a thousand times and it felt so hot every time she surrendered her self-esteem and pushed her mouth and tongue into it like a proper little submissive. Plus it tasted as delicious as she'd dreamed. Light and sweet, not as flavoursome as she'd imagined another person's asshole would be as she'd masturbated in her room but then her first experiences of sex or whatever this was with another real person hadn't been what she'd imagined it would be either.

She made little purrs and moans as she licked and lapped inside her mom's anus. The tight clenching muscle was smooth and slippery but relaxed as she worked it and fed it saliva from her mouth.

"Mmm, that feels soooo good", Christie purred, looking over at Cynthia with dull arousal in her eyes.

Cynthia's eyes darted from Skye's buried face that was busily swirling and munching Christie's butt, making clicking squelches as she moved her tongue, over the girl's near naked body, with her tight milky curves looking youthful and alluringly sexual in the way she arched cat-like and then over her neighbour's hour-glass figure up to her face that looked like she was feeling more pleasure than Cynthia had even faked feeling with her husband.

Christie put her fingers in her mouth and sucked and swirled them as she groaned.

"Uuh... Thank me for fucking you, you filthy slut", she muttered drunkenly.

Skye bobbed her head back and forth, tongue plunging into her mom's sphincter as she spoke.

"Thank you... Mommy... for fucking... my nasty asshole..."

Christie's other hand started to swirl over her clit.

"Uuuh...Thank me for letting me eat my butthole."

"Thank you Mommy... for letting my undeserving tongue... dig inside your delicious tunnel... Thank you for making my mouth taste of your beautiful hole."

Skye was smart enough to embellish on her empty-headed mom's crude attempts at dirty talk and besides

what she added was done because it made her tummy tingle more.

“Yes, that’s it. Compliment me more. Tell me how hot I am”, Christie said, her breathing quickening.

“Ooh Mommy you are so hot and pretty... You have the hottest ass I’ve ever seen... I’m so lucky to have a sexy, pretty mommy to worship... You taste so fucking good, Mommy... You’re so beautiful...”

Cynthia and the neighbourhood knew that Christie was known for her self-obsessive high opinion of her own looks. She was an attractive woman but then she had gone to a lot of effort and expense to make herself that way but Cynthia could see the true natural beauty in the room was Skye.

Her attention was soon snatched back to Christie as she started to moan out loudly and then reached around with her hand to grasp the back of the girl’s head.

“Oh fuck... fuck... Oh yeah... fuck”, she said through gritted teeth as her hips started to twitch and convulse her butt onto Skye’s face.

“Ooooh!” she cried out then held Skye’s face firmly in her butt as she twitched and held her breath, riding out every last drop of orgasm before letting the teen’s head go.

The contrast was stark as Cynthia stared at the two faces. Skye’s was flushed, sweaty and covered in wet slipperiness around her mouth and chin, her mouth was open as she gasped for air and her eyes looked dull and watery. Christie, on the other hand, was beaming. Her eyes sparkled as she leaned in close enough for Cynthia to feel the heat of her breath as she spoke excitedly.

“There’s nothing like having your ass eaten out. Skye just loves the taste of butt and she gets in nice and deep. You should let her do you. What do you say?”

Cynthia had just sat through the most shocking thing she’d ever witnessed. She couldn’t speak again. Her mouth was parched but Skye noticed how she kept shuffling on the leather sofa and constantly adjusting her dress as she crossed and swapped her legs. She might have been denying and suppressing her arousal but the

teen could see the frigid woman was turned on and her pussy was getting wet, making her instinctively want to move and slide on it where she sat.

Cynthia opened her mouth but just coughed.

"Here, have some iced tea", Christie purred, pouring a full glass of the strong cocktail.

Cynthia downed it in one go. Her throat felt like she hadn't had a drink in days.

She almost burped but held herself. Her head started to spin a little as she gazed at Christie's eyes. She couldn't respond how the blonde wanted her to, everything that she resisted the urge, the sense of excitement that she wasn't supposed to feel.

"I really must be getting back. Laura has a project she needs some help on... Er... Thank you for the offer."

"Oh it's not an offer, Cynthia. You really should let her do you. I can tell you need it. I bet Bob's never eaten your ass. Poor thing, you've probably never had a mouth near your asshole in your life."

Christie's mouth was only a couple of inches from hers. She hadn't realised when her own thighs had parted but the busty blonde's hand was now placed between them, dangerously close to her pussy - not that she called her 'foo foo' her pussy.

"...That's the dirty hole", she mumbled.

"Ooh... Yes, it is isn't it?" Christie said, sucking her teeth and inching her wrist until it pinned Cynthia's dress tightly down over her crotch.

"Look at her. When are you going to get an opportunity like this in your life? A pretty little whore, a girl you know so well wanting to give you the kind of heavenly pleasure you've been missing out on for too long. She really wants to taste you and worship your glorious asshole."

Skye's body was folded into a tight kneeling pose with her calves and thighs pressed down and her cuffed hands resting on her back. Her face hung over the edge of the coffee table looking as intoxicated as Cynthia herself felt, the girl's lips parted and her tongue swirling inside as she

swirled her hips hypnotically.

Cynthia had never known that a straight woman such as herself could find girls sexually attractive but, after what she'd just witnessed, she wondered if anything she thought she knew about sex was true.

Christie tried a different tact. She realised she hadn't quite coaxed the woman to let her daughter have oral sex with her but she was close.

"Don't even think of it as sex, Cynthia. You probably don't like Skye very much much after all the noise she's been making recently... how she acts and dresses, grunting at you as she passes you in the front garden. See it as a dirty punishment for the ill-mannered teen. Imagine the satisfaction of rubbing Skye's pouty face with your 'dirty hole'. It's discipline, Cynthia. You get that, don't you? Help me to discipline my daughter. I'd consider it a real neighbourly favour if you would."

Skye's face went pale and she stopped moving her hips and tongue. Shit. Her mom was going to make her eat out horse-faces ass. As if she hadn't just been humiliated and degraded enough in front of the nearest thing to an enemy she had, now she would have to lick and kiss her tight-ass pucker that probably hadn't seen the light of day outside a toilet bowl. She scowled, her eyes looking more like the girl that Cynthia knew well, filled with resentment and rage.

There was something about that Skye that made doing things to her exciting and for a moment she could see the appeal in the perverted things Christie had just done with her.

"Go on. We won't tell a soul if you keep our little secret. If you like it, I'll let her do it to you again whenever you want. Trust me, it feels like heaven", Christie whispered, her lips brushing Cynthia's ear.

It felt like an age but it was only a minute or two then she spoke.

"Er... how would I... I mean... where would I?"

"Right here is fine", Christie purred.

"If you stand up for just a moment we can lay Skye along

the sofa. More comfy on your knees.”

Cynthia couldn't believe she was actually standing. She felt as if her body had been taken over. At least that's what she told herself to find an excuse for what she was about to do.

Skye looked sullen and reluctant as she was made to stand in her slutty heels then pushed backwards over the arm so that she whumped down on her back, her hands still bound behind her.

She looked so pretty and vulnerable bound up, lying there. Her fierce blue eyes and pouty lips were a picture of who the girl really was underneath all that whorish get up and it was that that made Cynthia feel a tingle that was less sensual and more sadistic for what she was about to do to that face.

“I think you don't need this skirt any more”, Christie said, slipping it down the girl's slim legs and off her to reveal a very recently waxed crotch, as milky and soft as the rest of her tight little body.

“And let's pop your little tits out from under this top. Yes, there we go. Now you look ready to be punished by Cynthia”, her attention turned to the green eyed brunette, “Here let me help you. Let's lift this dress up and see what we have under here.”

Christie crouched down as she brushed the floral material up around Cynthia's waist.

“Ooh, so slim. I see all that working out you do is keeping you as thin as your skinny daughter.”

Cynthia enjoyed the compliment but was embarrassed about her knickers. She hadn't imagined she'd be showing them to the neighbours.

“I like the frilly edges”, Christie said kindly as she pulled the striped, utilitarian panties off of the woman's crotch and down her legs.

“The trimmed natural look. Very trending on social media”, Christie said approvingly, her hands stroking down Cynthia's thighs in a way she hadn't been touched in such a long time.

She hadn't done anything and she was already breathing rapidly, her heart racing as she looked down at the girl on the sofa. Christie handed her the bundled up lower part of her own dress and nodded for her to take her 'seat'.

She closed her eyes as she placed a knee over the side of Skye then lifted herself up onto the sofa with the other one the other side.

Skye got a view of Cynthia's butt looming above her, her dress lifted so that the girl got her first naked look at the square shaped cheeks she'd already figured out she wasn't attracted to a long time ago. She could see the juices betraying the woman's tidy slit, her pussy lips hidden but her arousal clearly on show as it webbed down the top of her thighs.

Skye had time for a little thought. If this woman could get turned on seeing Skye being her mom's asswhore then just about any woman would. There would be no end to the superpowers of seduction and lust her incestuous pairing would produce... and that meant no end to the amount of women that Christie could get to play with her teen body. Skye gulped. She'd been a horny teen lesbian virgin for a while but even so she wasn't sure if she was up for being fucked by every woman they knew and didn't.

Christie almost pushed Cynthia back so that she sat down on her daughter's face and Skye caught a deep breathe of the woman's scent as her dark pink pucker pressed down onto her nose. She could tell why the woman called it her dirty hole. For all her pretence at prim and proper - my ass smells of rose petals - it had a pungent aroma.

Skye knew her new role in life. She was a twenty-four hour sex object. She walked around in embarrassingly slutty clothes that her mom had bought for her, wearing the tail plug in her ass and cuffs on her wrists so that she could be restrained at any time and fucked in her sexy, round ass with eight inches of thick silicone cock. She was her mom's fuck toy, there for the selfish woman's sexual amusement and to end the acting-out and arguments that had been making Skye a real annoyance in her self-consumed life. Skye wasn't sure which was more

important to the empty-headed plastic woman. She seemed to enjoy both a lot, especially when Skye was made to worship her.

It wasn't as if Skye hadn't had warnings that something like this would happen. Apparently an 'asswhore' was her new role's name and it seemed to come with a manual that Christie had access to from Lydia the therapist over the phone. But it said it in the title - Ass and Whore - A girl who had anal and ass-related sex and was whored out by her mistress... when she wasn't busy being a whore for her mistress.

Christie had hissed nasty things about her getting passed around Christie's large circle of friends and acquaintances, most of them air-headed bimbos like the enhanced blonde. She'd snarled all the things Skye would do for them and get done to her by them and it had served to make the girl's orgasms so hard she had roared as she was brought to climax, Christie purposely leaving her bedroom window open to humiliate and degrade the teen further.

If her own mom could fuck her and use her like this, she could easily turn her daughter into an actual whore. Besides, there was always another nip tuck surgery that she could waste extra money on looking even faker than she did.

But Skye wasn't really a slave to the woman. Skye was a slave to the asshole. She was obsessed with her own and she had dreamed of licking, smelling and probing so many women's and girls' as she lay on her bed and pushed her hairbrush handle up herself while watching lesbian Kink videos. She was also a masochist. Her spiked collar had been squeezing her neck for as long as she realised she got off on stuff like that.

And this was why Cynthia's sweaty dark pink pucker pressing onto her nostrils was ticking all the boxes. It was still a lot to take in, in reality, and it was making her face flush and burn to think that she was demeaning herself like this under the stupid woman from next door.

"Oh my God", Cynthia said, putting her fingers over her mouth as if Christie might sympathise with her shock at

her own boldness.

"She's a good pussy lick but why don't you move a couple of inches forwards and see what that slutty mouth can do to your ass-pucker."

Cynthia awkwardly shifted forwards so that her wet slit pressed onto Skye's chin.

Skye felt the riding crop tapping her dripping pussy lips. Her pussy constantly felt wet nowadays and the flat crop tip made a splashing slap as it patted and flattened her lips.

She got to work. She swirled her tongue in a circle then pressed her lips around the pucker as if it were a lover's mouth and kissed it then slurped her saliva out of it to get a good taste of horse-face's asshole. This was her third asshole that wasn't her own and if she had to rank them, she'd put this one last but it was still good and the thought of French kissing Cynthia's most intimate hole made her feel so dirty.

Cynthia's moan was real and primal. She'd never had anything apart from toilet paper and the tentative sprinkles of the shower head go anywhere near her 'dirty hole'. It was icky just to imagine what it must taste like but Skye seemed to be enjoying herself as her tongue started to slurp and swirl and little satisfied sighs came from down there under her butt.

"Oooh my poop hole... I never thought... Oh my God..."

"It feels like heaven doesn't it? And my Skye is the best asslicker I've ever had between my cheeks."

"This feels... Sooo good... Heavenly, yes... but it's so wrong", Cynthia gasped.

"The best things always are, Cynthia. I mean look at me. Do you think I would rub my daughter's clit like this while pushing two fingers in her reamed-out anus? My own flesh and blood... my sweet girl... unless I knew how good it makes her feel to have mommy do it to her. See her hips swirling? She loves eating your asshole. Tell her, asshole."

"Uuh... I love the way your ass tastes, Cynthia. I'm such a lucky girl to be eating out something so delicious... Aaah..."

Thank you for sitting on my undeserving face so I can worship your asshole."

Cynthia bit her lip and fluttered her eyelids.

"Oh my God... Ooh... No one's ever..."

"Eaten your ass? Let you sit on their face? Complimented and worshipped you?" Christie asked, chuckling.

"Uuuh... all of them... Ooh... F-uck", Cynthia stammered breathily. She couldn't remember the last time she'd cursed and it felt strange coming out of her mouth but this was a time where all rules and taboos were being exploded so why the fuck not curse?

"Why don't you hold on to her little tits? If you lean forward a bit then the slut can fuck you with her tongue."

Cynthia looked unsure as she grasped her fingers around the two milky, perky breasts. They looked like iced buns with little pink cherries on top and felt soft and smooth in her hands. Then, distracted by the girl's pert chest, she felt it go in.

Her eyes bulged wide and her mouth opened into a wide circle. She gasped a broken breath as the teen girl's tongue pushed its way past her sphincter.

Nothing had ever gone in that way. She couldn't think. It was as if the sensation of Skye's tongue sliding past her clenched muscle had consumed her entire mind. In that moment Cynthia was her asshole.

Welcome to my world you prissy bitch, Skye thought as she pumped her stiffened tongue in and out as far as it would squeeze.

Slurping squelches clicked rhythmically as Christie laughed at the expression on her neighbour's face.

"You might want to take a breath, Cynthia", she said as she busily fingered her daughter from the other end of the sofa.

Cynthia gasped in air and let out a huge guttural groan.

"This is... This is..."

"Amazing. I know. You did see me orgasm while Skye did it to me just a few minutes ago, right?"

Christie brought her two fingers out and rubbed them over her lips, smiling devilishly as Cynthia tried to cope with the overwhelming new sensations.

“One of life’s pleasures is riding a pretty teen’s face. Use her like she’s your sex toy. She likes it rough.”

Cynthia gasped and panted then something came over her and she sat back with her full weight. Her green eyes narrowed and Christie watched as she went from being the passenger in this sexual encounter to the one firmly in charge. Lust and sexual frustration had gotten her this far but sadism and selfish cruelty was going to make her cum on Skye’s pierced face.

Skye grunted as Cynthia started to rub back and forth, pressing her full weight onto her features. She couldn’t slurp her tongue out unless she wanted it squashing and injuring so she just snorted and spluttered as the woman’s pussy slit and saliva-filled anus ground her lips and nose, smearing and pressing them into both holes as they passed back and forth.

Her whole face smelled of Cynthia. It got up her nostrils and filled her mouth through her gritted teeth and all she could breathe was heated and loaded with sweat and sex.

Cynthia made strange grunting noises above her and the grinding got faster and harder. Her nose was bumping in and out of holes at a fast pace and it kind of hurt. She could tell it was her nose that Cynthia was getting off on feeling pressing into every part of her aroused crotch.

She could feel her mom frigging her asshole with her fingers and swirling over her swollen clit, her reward for letting the neighbour scrub her ass over her face.

“Aaah Hhuuu... Uuuh...Ggrrr...” The noises were ridiculous but luckily the woman’s ass drowned most of it out. That was until she roared out her orgasm like she was possessed.

“Arrrrgghh!”

Skye tasted the salty sweet juices spluttering over her lips and jaw as she got a final deep-nose-fuck into Cynthia’s asshole and felt the shudders followed by some girlish squeals and a final deep groan.

Cynthia was still sat on Skye's face, looking dreamy, content and lost in her own sensations so much so that Christie had to remind her that Skye might need to breathe.

As she rose up off of the girl, Christie patted Skye's pussy. Skye wasn't dumb and she knew what she was meant to say just from recent experience.

"Thank you for letting me eat your delicious holes. Thank you for cumming on my worthless face", she mumbled hurriedly, her stropiness still not completely fucked out of her.

"You enjoyed that didn't you? I bet you're glad you did it." Christie pulled Skye from under Cynthia, dragging her by her legs until she was levered over the arm of the sofa and back up on her heels.

Cynthia slumped her butt down on the cushion, her legs curled under her almost as they had been when she had been on top of Skye's face. She looked girlish, vulnerable and prettier than Skye had ever seen her before. She circled her lips with her fingers, her eyes distant and deep in some conflicting battle in her head.

Then she looked up and smiled at Christie in a way that was almost psychotic in how quickly her expression turned to what she considered 'normal'.

"That was very enjoyable, Christie. Thank you."

Christie grinned as she pushed Skye to her knees and bent her over the coffee table, pressing her flushed and scented face into the flat surface sideways facing Cynthia.

"I... er... should be going now. Thank you for the drinks."

"Wait. Before you go wouldn't you like to push something inside this dirty, filthy slut's hole?"

Christie swirled her hands and stretched around Skye's perineum, making her anus open like a little bird's mouth waiting to be fed.

"I mean just look at it. How could you pass up a chance to make this nasty hole get what it deserves?"

Cynthia bit her lip as she fought with herself. She could never go back from what she'd just done especially now

she knew how good it was. Skye looked cross, her brow furrowed and her face squashed on the table top, blue eyes staring defiantly at her. She wanted to make the girl feel her. She wanted Skye to react as she pumped her dirty poop hole. A fiery lust burned through her seeing Skye's expression but... could she actually do it?

She got up, not speaking and walked around the side of the coffee table where Christie was stretching and parting the girl's ass as if she was trying to tear it open.

She leaned at the waist but stayed above her blonde neighbour.

"It's... um... quite pretty", she muttered as she stared at the pale pink rim opening and closing into a wide, perfect gape, with a circle of darkness inviting her in.

"It tastes good too", Christie said, pushing her tongue out and flicking it around the inside of the gape.

"A girl's asshole is a thing to be enjoyed and used. Eat it, fuck it, whip it but use it and use it often. I mean we all have them - Skye, me, you... Laura."

She hadn't quite convinced Cynthia who was still an arms reach away from Skye's butt and was busy nervously adjusting her hair.

"And it's sooo humiliating and demeaning for someone like Skye to have someone know what her stinky poop hole tastes and smells like... and to fuck it! Well, I've had her in tears of embarrassment as her body showed me what a disgusting whore she is."

Cynthia carefully got on her knees next to Christie.

"Well it wouldn't hurt just to have a sniff", she said, getting her pointy nose within an inch of Skye's stretched asshole.

She sniffed. Then sniffed again. Then she inhaled deeply.

"Ooh... It's sweet... and nice... Mmm..."

"It doesn't smell how you imagined, does it? It's amazing, isn't it?"

Christie pushed her nose into the opened up hole and snorted like she was inhaling a drug.

“Oooh, yeah.”

“I’ve never smelled one before... but I expected Skye’s to be... well, nastier... like her.”

Christie laughed, “You really don’t like her much do you?”

“I used to but then she turned into a little bitch”, Cynthia said apologetically to the girl’s mom.

Cynthia realised how ridiculous she was being as she looked into Christie’s amused eyes. They both burst out laughing, relieving some of the awkward tension that had built up in the lounge.

“It’s fine. She is a little bitch. It’s the main reason why I have to do all this to her.”

Cynthia looked down at the teen with her front pressed down on the coffee table, her face still flushed and her eyes dull and half closed as she breathed through her parted, wet lips. She’d never seen anything so pornographic in her life and it shocked her how much it turned her on.

“Can I touch it?” She asked in an excited whisper.

Christie didn’t reply, she just took Cynthia’s hand and straightened two of her fingers. Slowly and seductively she circled the fingertips around Skye’s pink pucker watching Cynthia’s face as the brunette woman sighed and her breathing got heavier.

Christie licked her lips as she worked the woman’s fingers round then she pressed them against the closing muscle and pushed.

Skye sighed as the fingers slid in. It felt tight and yet it yielded and surrendered to her digits easily. It felt so satisfying, as though she was being rewarded for penetrating the tight tunnel with a welcoming suckling grip.

“Oh my”, she gasped.

Christie was in charge of her fingers. She could deny all complicity in her head but it was becoming less necessary to do so. The blonde chuckled then pushed the fingers deeper.

Cynthia felt the smooth clenching part open up into a soft,

hot tunnel that felt more relaxed and spacious. Just past her joints, the girl's anus felt like an elastic band squeezing her fingers. It felt amazing. She was inside Skye and not only that she was in her most intimate and private part.

She watched, intoxicated, as Christie slid her fingers out. She felt disappointed that the cute anus wasn't gripping them like a little suckling creature but her attention was soon snatched to the blonde as she took the fingers to her mouth and sucked on them.

The feeling of having someone sucking her fingers was almost as hot as the thought of where they had just been. Everything she had believed was wrong was turning out to be unbelievably exciting. She felt tingles all over her body as her fingers were pushed back in then turned and twisted inside Skye.

She anticipated what Christie would do when she took them out again and she was ready. Her lips parted and she accepted the two fingers that had been up the teen's asshole into her mouth.

Again it wasn't what she expected. It was sweet and fragrant, possibly a blend of sweat and the girl's mom's perfume after mauling and fingering it so much. It had the slightest malt to it but no bitterness at all. Maybe all that had been fucked clean out of her with the dildo.

She acted on an urge. Not something she was used to doing.

"Can I spank her?" She asked as she slowly removed her fingers from her mouth.

"Knock yourself out. Do what you want to the dirty whore", Christie said, moving back.

Cynthia's palm slammed down on Skye's right cheek hard enough to make the girl groan and spray drool out of her parted lips.

The brunette's lips curled upwards but it wasn't really a smile, more a look of satisfaction.

<Slap>

Another hit the other cheek, followed by a third.

<Slap>

<Slap>

"Uuuh", Skye groaned loudly. Cynthia was really going for it and it was really stung.

Something came over the usually prudish woman. It was like a fever spreading through her, making her lose control of her thoughts and letting those repressed feelings she kept locked up, the ones that were sinful and improper, out like a Pandora's box. Skye's ass was that box.

<Slap><Slap><Slap>

"Ooooww!" Skye moaned out. Her butt was really burning.

"Shut up you little brat." It was Cynthia speaking not her mom. She saw the woman lean over and pick up her own stripy panties.

She didn't speak as she fed them into Skye's panting mouth. Skye took it, her breathing through her nose becoming snorts. This was so fucked up... she loved it.

Cynthia moved back and slapped her flat hands down another several times in a blur, making the teen squeal through her make-shift gag. Then she started to knead and maul at the sore cheeks, pulling them apart as she worked up the lust and confidence to do what she really wanted to do.

She placed her nose over the girl's groped crack and breathed in deeply. She could see how wet Skye was. She really is a dirty whore, she told herself. Then she did it. She placed her chin down so that it rested in the slippery pussy lips and pushed her tongue out.

It tasted like candy, sweet and malty, and she immediately swirled her tongue around the deceptively innocent looking rim to get more of the flavour. She was licking the asshole of a girl the same age as her own daughter - the dirty, naughty hole of a girl she'd known all her life... and it was delicious.

Her hands rubbed instinctively down her dress and up under it, stroking her own thighs and then did the one thing she did occasionally do to ease her own tension. Her

fingers slid inside her easily, her body had reacted in a way she'd never thought it could with a lesbian encounter.

Skye felt the heavy ice-cream-licking laps over her asshole, like a dog cleaning its bowl, but it still felt great, maybe more so at the enthusiasm that felt like a real compliment from the woman that had thought 'poopy holes' were a no-go area.

She reached her cuffed hands down and parted her cheeks as best she could. The panties in her mouth tasted of perfume and the tang of arousal and it turned her on to think about all the times she'd exchanged glares with the beady eyed woman. She could still smell the scent of Cynthia's ass that had been rubbed into her nose and up her nostrils. Skye was helpless and bound, dominated by these two evil bitches that made her body tingle as they took advantage of her, used her and abused her.

Cynthia came out for air.

"Oh, that's soooo good", she sighed, her mouth parted as she breathed and stared in wonder at Christie.

"I know, right?" Christie shrugged and grinned, "You should try fucking it with a lot of spit and fingers then taste it. It makes it even better."

"Mmm, I will", Cynthia said, sounding more confident every minute. It was as if the elastic band holding the woman's depravity, lust and sadism together had snapped and twanged off. Christie had correctly judged that it was pretty frayed and stretched going into this, that's what made her the perfect target to tempt and corrupt.

Two saliva-covered fingers slid into Skye making her moan out as she drooled into the material in her mouth. Back and forth they plunged inside her, right up to the knuckles as Cynthia laughed incredulously at what she was doing.

The fingers soon slid out and went straight up to Cynthia's face to sniff and re-coat in another layer of spit.

"You love it, don't you? Skye's ass getting filled with your fingers, that smell and taste, the thought of what you are doing to this girl who is totally at your mercy. It's all the hottest thing you've ever experienced, isn't it?" Christie purred.

“Yes, it is”, Cynthia replied without having to think. Her face went back down to the girl’s round butt and she bit the inside of her left cheek hard as she pushed three fingers into the sweet pink anus.

Skye cried out through her stuffed mouth. Fuck! That hurt, you bitch, she growled in her head. But the three fingers that were now stretching her almost as wide as her mom’s dildo soon had her groaning again in achy pleasure.

Christie wasn’t sure whether she wanted to tell Cynthia to go easy on her fuck toy of a daughter. She liked seeing Skye cry out and feel the pain she deserved but she wasn’t sure she wanted a bite mark on her favourite part of her.

She looked down at the red crop lines at the top of Skye’s thighs, then up at the other marks she’d left in just the past few days all over the girl’s porcelain skin.

She laughed to herself. She was going to have to get used to her toy being roughly played with by others.

A Week Later...

Cynthia had been round every weekday as soon as Bob and Laura had left. Hour after hour, Skye took increasingly sadistic and brutal treatment as the green-eyed bitch from over the fence took a lifetime of repression, frustration and bitterness out on the teen's body.

The women had been busy shopping, something that Christie was an expert at. Skye had been surprised to learn that she even had a college fund - something left for her by her nana. What surprised her even more was that there was any of it left to spend on all the fetish toys and costumes, knowing how selfish her mom was.

They'd taken to filming her over the last couple of days. A video camera winked a red light at her as the two women stood with their matching strapons and whips in their hands.

Their garage was becoming a makeshift torture chamber for the pale girl. The women had set it up due to the space and the fact that it didn't take much cleaning if things got messy. In fact it had been Cynthia's idea to put a large square of plastic sheeting directly under the arm restraints.

Skye coughed and gasped through her metal ring gag. Her drool dripped down to the sheeting in an almost continuous, uncontrollable line. Her chest heaved as she tried to pull in some much needed air. The ridiculous puff sleeved, ruffled bodice dress and bow in her hair was a 'broken doll' costume that Cynthia had chosen and had just been delivered that morning.

It was already torn and the satin material in tatters along the back where it had been opened up to allow the two bullwhips to cover her back in streaks of red and pink lines.

Her feet in platform Mary Jane shoes and white ankle socks shuffled under her parted, bent legs, the white stockings she'd been made to wear as part of the costume shredded and hanging down from her thighs.

Between her reddened, orb-like bum a Monster Girl doll stuck out its spindly, coltish legs and waist, it's hands only just visible as the rest of it was now pressing up inside Skye's rectum. It had been her favourite toy growing up, now it was deep inside her asshole.

She was glad she had the chain pulling her arms up in a Y shape at the wrists. It was something to stop her from falling into the increasingly unappealing surface of the plastic sheeting.

As if her face had needed to be painted any paler than it already was hadn't been the point and her pretty features had been transformed into a clownish slutty Goth doll with pale pink lips and blusher and eyeliner on her eyes and mouth, stretching out a ghoulish expression. Of course it was now streaked and broken up with tears. Skye wasn't a crier but Cynthia's brutal fantasies were too much to take sometimes and she truly believed the horse-faced woman relished and drank in every salty drop from her eyes.

"I think we've gone too far", Christie said, staring at her daughter's back.

It had really been a brutal morning for her fuck toy and she was regretting it already as she thought about how many days it would take for her to heal up.

"Nonsense", Cynthia said with a cruel smile. "The whore deserves her punishment, don't you?"

She stepped in close to Skye and twisted the doll up her ass sideways.

Skye cried out, her neck stiffening under her spiked collar.

She nodded hard and with exaggerated enthusiasm.

"See? She knows she has to be punished for being such a fucked-up, evil little slut", Cynthia sneered.

Skye had already figured out that Cynthia was projecting her own personality onto her and making her pay for the woman's own twisted mind. No wonder she had to keep her sexuality suppressed. She's a fucking monster, she thought as she groaned sullenly.

"In fact. I think she needs to be fucked in her dirty little poophole for all her nasty thoughts", Cynthia snarled as

she pulled out the Wolf girl doll. She sniffed its face.

“Ooh, stinky”, she said then dropped it onto the puddle on the sheet.

Fucking bitch! Skye thought as she heard the doll hit the floor but she didn’t have time to continue her tirade of curses in her head as Cynthia pushed her eight inches of real-looking silicone deep into her pushed-out butt.

She rolled her eyes. She’d lost count how many times they’d fucked her in this session. It followed a cycle of hard, bone-shattering reaming then whipping followed by some humiliating thing inserted into one of her three holes then round again to another ass-hammering by the other woman.

She could barely feel the sides of the shafts as they slid into her. It all just felt like one numb, warm tingle up her tunnel and it served to make up for the stinging sharp pains all along her back.

“That’s it. Take my penis up your asshole”, Cynthia said. Her sexual sadism was definitely more a case of bite rather than bark, her inexperience still starkly apparent and at times even cute... at least when she wasn’t trying to break Skye’s body.

Skye’s moans were jarred and broken by the savage slams to her butt. She loved it rough but even she was starting to feel the scales of pleasure and pain tip firmly in the direction of the latter.

Cynthia was out of control. Christie needed to do something. She had been round five mornings in a row and each time had become increasingly cruel and brutal, every day living out some weird fantasy that she’d had bottled up in that head of hers. Talk about letting the genie out of the bottle, she thought to herself. This woman has been deceiving us all - herself included. She must have been thinking of sex all the time and pushing and shoving it down into some dark place where it festered and grew into something seriously fucked up. I mean what the fuck was that thing with the boiled eggs and the tree branch in the garden yesterday? And she made Skye eat every one! The girl had an upset tummy all day after that.

She stepped up and tapped Cynthia on her shoulder as she pile drove her fake cock into Skye's exhausted anus.

"I'm afraid that's all we have time for today, Cynthia. I have a lunch date to go on", Christie lied, but she could soon have one arranged with just a call.

"That's fine, Christie", Cynthia said between grunts. "You go... uugh... I'll look after Skye until you get back... grr... I could be her babysitter."

"Thank you. You are a good neighbour to offer but I think I am going to take Skye with me. She hasn't been out for days now and I want to make her wear her leash in public."

"Oh. Are you sure? Maybe she'd be better off staying home. It's pretty sunny out and her skin must be really sensitive."

Skye snorted through her tears. That was the funniest thing she'd heard that day. Cynthia had shredded her back and bruised her butt and now she was worried about her getting sunburn? These women were unbelievable. They'd both do or say anything to fuck her.

"I'm afraid I'm going to have to be a bad host and insist. Skye needs to come with me and I need you to go back home. I'll send you a copy of the video as soon as I get back. You can watch it in the bathroom when Bob's asleep. Now, if you could take your cock out of my daughter's asshole and hang the harness up on the hook please", Cynthia said firmly.

Cynthia realised she had overstayed her welcome. Pushing it might not work in her favour, she thought. What she didn't know was that Christie had already made her mind up about future sessions.

The dildo squelched out easily, followed by a tumble of juices.

"Okay. Will you be making her wear the new gape plug when you take her out?"

Christie smiled.

"Yes, the whore will feel the wind whistling up her tunnel under her miniskirt. Looks like she'll welcome it today. It

might soothe it after you fucked it raw.”

“You fucked it just as hard as I did, Christie”, Cynthia said, pulling her dress up and buttoning it before giving the blonde an oddly cold air peck on both cheeks.

“Have a nice weekend. I’ll see you Monday. You too, slut. I’ll see you in a couple of days. Miss me”, she cooed as she slipped a finger up along the girl’s crack.

“I’ll show you out”, Christie said.

“No need. Besides, you need to get changed”, Cynthia said, nodding down to the strapon around the woman’s curvy hips.

Christie waited until the front door had shut in the house before she turned and stepped over to Skye.

The girl’s blue eyes stared back at her, her face an obscene mess of smeared makeup and a lewd gape that was still leaking drool. It was still pretty in a depraved kind of way.

“You can thank me later when I sit on your face”, Christie muttered, getting a grateful deep nod from the girl and a moan of noise.

“Now let’s get you cleaned up a bit. Looks like we really are going out for lunch. If we don’t, Cynthia’s curtain twitching will have her coming back within the hour. Plus I think you really could do with a bit of fresh air up your asshole with that new gape plug.”

Skye groaned her agreement and her reluctance all at once at the thought of the plug. As soon as she had learned they’d bought it all she could think about was some mortifying scene of something tumbling out of her in the middle of some shopping centre like she was an untrained puppy. She’d have to go before they went out but that was a feat in itself nowadays after being pounded and pummelled morning, noon and night.

She just managed to stagger her legs forwards in time as the cuffs were unbuckled from her wrists to stop her from falling to her knees. She hadn’t realised just how tight her mom had pulled the straps as she rubbed each wrist knowing she would soon have to put her other ones back on.

The gag was taken off and removed from her stretched jaw. She moved it from side to side to unstiffen it then looked at her mom, the woman that had done all this to her, the one that had double-teamed her and fucked her, whipped her and abused her for the entire morning.

"Thank you, Mommy", she mumbled girlishly.

"I said thank me later", Christie said, slapping her face so that it made an echo around the garage.

"Come on. I need to shower you and get the antiseptic cream out for your back."

Skye nodded and followed her. Her mom was more a mom to her now than she had been in a long time and all it took was to be her sex slave to get the attention she needed so much.

Monday...

The doorbell rang at ten minutes past nine. Christie got up off of the sofa and walked to the door pulling her leggings up and rubbing her tickly asshole from all her daughter's saliva through the material.

"Who is it?" She asked. Playing dumb made Christie seem embarrassingly stupid. She knew all too well who it was.

"It's Cynthia... from next door. I've just popped round to help you with the baking", she said loudly for all the other curtain twitchers.

"I don't need any help today but thank you for the offer", she called back loudly, opening the door a crack to speak.

Cynthia sounded desperate as she stammered her response.

"But... but... I need to help you."

"And I said I don't need it, Cynthia."

"Christie. Please. I really, really need it", Cynthia hissed through the crack then looked around nervously.

The door opened and Cynthia slid in to the hallway hurriedly.

"Thank you", she muttered until Christie stopped her from walking through to the lounge, holding her back by her arm.

"I told you I don't need your help. Skye is off limits for now."

"What? Why? We were having so much fun weren't we?"

"Look, you're my neighbour. We've known each other for almost as long as I've had Skye so I threw you a few freebies for old times sake and to get Skye started in her career but that lunch date I had was actually Skye's first client or at least it would have been if she hadn't taken one look at her exhausted face and shredded back and told me she'd changed her mind. You cost me, Cynthia. If you want to fuck my daughter up so bad you ruin her for other people it is going to cost you."

"How much?" Cynthia looked like an addict, digging into her shorts pockets.

"Five hundred dollars", Christie said slowly.

"What? Five hundred!" Cynthia exclaimed. That was more than the money Bob gave her in allowance in a month in their 1950's style relationship.

"I... I don't have five hundred dollars, Christie. Be reasonable, I'll pay you one hundred. Please, I've been thinking about this all weekend."

"For one hundred I'll let you sniff her butt for ten minutes", Christie said with a smirk.

"I need more. I've got to have more. I'll do anything... please."

"Hmm, there is one thing... And it could work in all our favours, including Skye's... and Laura's."

"You don't mean... No, I couldn't. She's my daughter."

"And Skye is my daughter. I didn't see you getting all squeamish when you were rubbing yourself off watching me fucking her."

"That's different. Skye's different. She's a slut. She deserves it."

"And you think your skinny little doll of a girl is any less of a slut than Skye? They're all the same. You just have to train them right."

"But she's a good girl. She does everything we tell her to do and she's working so hard to get into medical school."

Cynthia stared into Christie's uncaring eyes. The blonde was so one track minded that she could convince anyone that she was right when she wanted to. The brunette slumped against the wall. She looked like she was fighting her own willpower to resist this new uncontrollable urge and desire she had and was losing.

"But... but she's a Virgin. We've been teaching her to save herself for her future husband", Cynthia mumbled, her eyes looking a few inches in front of her at nothing as she tried to think.

"Skye was a virgin. Imagine how happy she'll make some

man or woman in the future when she does settle down with all the experience she'll have... and not like some skank that sleeps around with loads of people you'd hate if you met."

"... I couldn't... It'd be wrong..."

"I think we both know that 'wrong' is just another word for taboo and we both know how good that feels. You'll have your own version of Skye on tap... for free."

Cynthia looked up at Christie. The hook was firmly in her. Christie smiled warmly.

"We could do swaps occasionally. I'd consider Laura worth one of your brutal sessions with Skye once a week or so."

Cynthia's lips curled up slightly.

"And we could make them do each other for our enjoyment. Oh, it'll be such fun and we could sell it on the net. Two eighteen year olds fucking each other would be worth a fortune."

"Laura would have to wear a mask", Cynthia mumbled.

"Of course. Can't have the medical professors wanking off to her ass", Christie said enthusiastically.

Then Cynthia looked worried.

"But how can we get her to... I mean turn her into..."

"Her mommy's little asshole", Christie completed what Cynthia was thinking.

"Don't you worry. Leave that to me. I already have a plan and it starts by you sending Laura up to Skye's room telling her she can help her with her project."