

BLACKMAILING A FEMINIST BITCH

silkstockingslover

An 18-year old daughter manipulated; a bitch mom dominated.

Incest/Taboo

4.59

14.5k words

Summary: An 18-year old daughter manipulated; a bitch mom dominated.

Notes: The concept of *Syndom* was first used in the **Bride Submission** series.

Thanks: To **BLUE** for the unique idea that led to this story and his suggestions that led to the lengthy plot.

Thanks 2: Thanks to Robert, Wayne, goamz86 and Mike for editing.

1. A LENGTHY PROLOGUE with interludes of incest

Syndom is a powerful secret society that has silently been manipulating world events for centuries. This male dominated society believes women are subservient: both sexually and socially. The society, besides having powerful men in almost every country in the world, especially in Europe and America, although Saudi Arabia is quickly closing in, also believes incest is a natural progression in the family cycle. You reproduce, you raise them, you train them and eventually when they are of legal age, the daughters become submissive sex slaves to their fathers.

Yet, as the 21st century began, their power seemed to have been slowly weakening through the now fifty year trend towards equality in women's rights. Thus, Syndom decided it was time to take control of society as they had in the 1950's and earlier.

The most common, popular symbol of a woman's place underneath men in Syndom, besides the requirement that obviously all three holes were to be easily accessible for pleasure, was that they must wear silk stockings at all times. Deciding it was time for a sexual revolution, and a return to the lost fashion of nylons, Syndom purchased a few different pantyhose companies and created a new worldwide business called Silk Stockings.

Syndom, having billions of dollars to spend, set up stores in prime locations in malls around the world, and went about getting celebrities to promote their product, not only in thirty second commercials but also half-hour infomercials where the implication was obvious... stockings empower sexuality (the irony of the real purpose that all Syndom sluts wore nylons notwithstanding).

Sometimes Syndom paid the celebrities (money always talks) for their participation in commercials and for wearing stockings in music videos, movies and in public; other times, the women were Syndom sluts who just obeyed their male Masters. (Syndom sluts existed in every field of work: pop stars, movie stars, doctors, lawyers, CEO's, directors and in every level of government...just to name a few).

Yet, in the fine print of the contract, it was always agreed that these women would also wear them in all their movies, music videos and public appearances which gave their product literally twenty-four hour product placement. It was on commercials, in music videos on YouTube, TV shows, concerts, posters and the big screen. It cost Syndom a ton of money, but money was never an issue for the very rich secret society.

Big name ex-Disney pop stars were the easiest to recruit as they wanted to change their wholesome image; they were quite eager to be the sex symbols of the more exotic thigh high line (the most popular of Silk Stockings' hosiery lines). In a few months, thigh high stockings were common in high schools and worn by the majority of the coeds at the bars and sorority houses.

Over the next year, sales boomed, especially in Europe, where women were always trying to follow the newest fashion trends. There were special nylon-only fashion outfits in edgy cities like Amsterdam where the silk stockings were being sold for ten times their retail price because of their popularity. Young women and teenagers were the first to jump on the bandwagon as their favourite singers and actresses hawked the nylons.

Not surprisingly, the feminists were irate with the very sexually charged commercials that they believed should not have been allowed on prime time television, but Syndom had connections everywhere including television. Concurrently, the feminists argued the various media forms of Silk Stockings all implied that for young girls to be popular they must wear items that were meant for the bedroom. Syndom continued to fuel these fires by creating more provocative ads and having their celebrity models shift almost entirely to thigh high stockings with skirts so short that the entire lace top was visible...which, in turn, became the newest fashion trend for young women.

The confrontation came to a head when leading feminist American lobbyist Eva Parsons went on CNN and demanded the federal government clamp down on Silk Stockings' pornographic advertisements pointing out the negative impact it had already had on once adorable Disney stars and classrooms across America.

Eva Parsons really got on a roll with her criticism of the newest all girl supergroup, Silky Sin, and their debut album "Stocking-Tease" which featured each of them in some sort of nylons playing a game of twister.

Parodying the Spice Girls, each of the four sudden celebrities wore a certain type of hosiery:

Star always wore thigh highs

Cherry always wore sheer pantyhose

Brittany always wore garter belt and stockings

Tiffany always wore sheer knee highs

Of course, unknown to the world, each of these four young ladies aged 19-21 were Syndom Sluts who were submissive incest slaves to their families (both paternal and Syndom).

Also, Syndom, knowing sex sells, made an edgy, provocative, sexually charged, music video for each track on the album.

Eva trashed the young girls for dressing like tramps, using sex as a weapon and writing provocative, demeaning lyrics including the title track "Stocking-Tease" with the chorus:

I'll be your stocking tease

I'll do anything you please

I'll drop down onto my knees

I don't care if everyone sees

Because I'm your stocking tease

Other tracks included "Crotchless Pantyhose," "School Girls and Knee Highs," "Nylon Girls Have More Fun," "Toenail Temptation," "Two Girls and a Boy," "School Girl Twirl," a racy cover of ZZ Top's "Legs," and their second single "Thigh Highs Are Fly," which included more sexually charged lyrics:

Thigh highs, thigh highs are fly

They'll get you any guy

Show a little leg

Every guy will beg and beg

To touch your S-spot

Your silky sin spot

Thigh highs, thigh highs are fly

They'll get you any guy

If you tease and flaunt

You'll always get what you want

A cute guy who has lots of money

You can be a cute trophy honey

Thigh highs, thigh highs are fly,

They'll get you any guy.

Eva went on a tirade about the complete filth of the album and the manipulation of the girls who had been turned into bimbo sluts by the male dominated recording industry. "Where are the parents of these young ladies? Where are the role models? My husband would snap if our daughter was ever in such a video or group." The irony was that, unknown to the lobbyist, the parents were instrumental in the girls' dress and sexual identity.

No one knew who Syndom was, of course, nor that they were the real men behind the nylon boom. Instead the public head of Silk Stockings was multi-billionaire Carl Williams, a 22nd generation Syndom member. As he watched the very pretty, uppity, feminist rant, he thought to himself, 'Who is her daughter?' As he continued to listen to the woman rant, he pondered to himself, 'Wouldn't our stock explode if we could get feminists like her, who are already wearing pantyhose, although not our brand, to promote our cause?'

He called CNN and as expected was quickly added to the conversation.

David Harper's eyes went big as a member of his staff whispered to him who was on the line. A moment later, he announced, "Well, we have a big surprise. Carl Williams, CEO of Silk Stockings, has called in to defend his company."

Eva sighed heavily, this was her opportunity to shine and she didn't want to have to share the spotlight with this sexist pig, or get her lobbyist point muddled by him.

"Welcome, Carl, it is great to have you join this conversation," David warmly greeted.

Carl responded, "I was just watching your show, as I always do, and thought your guest was being a little prejudiced on her point of view of my company."

Eva sharply quipped, "I'm a lot prejudiced."

Carl laughed softly, "I was trying to be civil."

Eva shot back quickly, wanting to stay on the offensive, "Civil? You are attempting to take civility back decades."

"And that's a bad thing?" Carl questioned, knowing this would piss her off.

"What a pretentious answer," Eva sighed dramatically.

"It was actually a simple question. Society, most would argue, isn't as good as it was back in the fifties, when things were simpler," Carl countered, knowing it would piss her off.

"When women were submissive housewives who brought their men their slippers after a hard day's work," she sarcastically quipped.

"I didn't say that, you did," Carl pointed out, before adding, his tone sly, "It is interesting that is the first thing that pops into your head. Are you still the submissive one at home, Mrs. Parsons?"

"Yes, all women are submissive to their husbands," Eva sarcastically quipped.

"Again your words, Mrs. Parsons, but it is an interesting theory," he replied, no sense of irony in his tone. "Nowhere in our promotional pieces do we remotely suggest women should be submissive to their men... although I have found many women indeed do enjoy such a traditional relationship."

Eva scoffed sharply, "Traditional relationship? What next, polygamy?"

"Again your words, Mrs. Parsons."

She responded, "The fact of the matter is, your product objectifies women and makes the viewer of your porn believe that they must wear such trashy outfits to fit into today's society."

"Are you saying today's women are too stupid not to see through such sexist propaganda, if your view is right?" Carl shot back, already imagining a time in the near future where he was fucking her, or better yet fucking her in front of her daughter. Suddenly an idea formed. What about making a secret subsidiary company that would make stocking focused porn movies...maybe even using women like Eva to star in them.

"Don't put words in my mouth," she snapped.

Carl wanted to quip 'I have something to put in your mouth', but instead calmly clarified, "I'm just trying to understand your rationale. I believe each consumer is quite capable of making up their own mind as to what is appropriate for them."

"That is fine for adult women, but for our teenagers and even tweens, your product is inappropriate, your advertising is immoral and your hidden message is appalling," Eva countered, regaining her focus.

"Appalling message?" Carl asked, although truthfully she was completely correct, the whole creation of the company was part of a global attempt to make women become submissive to male society... to correct the past hundred years of the slow evolution of the women's equality movement which had greatly weakened society with all this touchy-feely left-wing philosophy. For thousands of years, men ruled the world and women obediently followed. It was time to turn back the clock to a simpler time and Silk Stockings was just the first piece of the puzzle to creating that male dominated society.

"Don't play dumb," Eva said, smiling for the first time, feeling she was finally regaining the upper hand, as she always did. "You know full well the impact your propaganda pornography has had on society."

Carl, who was already bored with the conversation, and was close to coming from the lengthy blow job his daughter had been giving him for almost half an hour, countered, "Well, I guess we will have to agree to disagree. I see you are wearing nylons while protesting nylons, kind of ironic don't you think?"

"Pantyhose with the proper attire is classy and sophisticated," Eva explained.

"So the pantyhose you are wearing makes you classy and sophisticated, while the pantyhose Silk Stockings sell is sexist and derogatory?" Carl questioned.

"Your product, I am sure, is fine," Eva sighed, realizing he had put her in an awkward position, before quickly countering back, "It's not the product I am criticizing, it's the advertising and the implied behaviour that goes with it."

"But, and I apologize for sounding crude here, you are wearing nylons and I don't think anyone on television watching right now assumes that you are a slut," Carl said, purposely pushing the envelope.

"How dare you!" She gasped, fire in her eyes.

Carl continued, amused as hell, "But I'll tell you what, I'll have someone send you some of our product, you would be a great spokesperson for us."

"Hell would have to freeze over first," Eva scoffed, unable to believe the gall of this pretentious prick.

"Never say never, Eva," he said, rather sing-song, purposely calling her by her first name,

"It's Mrs. Parsons," she shot back, again full of fire and brimstone.

"Yes it is," Carl agreed with an amused chuckle, before adding, "Thanks, David, for having me on your show, next time I will be sure to be there in person."

David who had watched and listened along with his viewers finally spoke, "That would be great, and thanks for calling in."

"Always a pleasure," Carl said, before hanging up and ordering, "Deep throat, Mercedes."

The hungry daughter, who had listened to the entire conversation and was sopping wet, eagerly obeyed taking all of her Daddy's cock in her mouth - something she did daily.

Carl watched his beautiful daughter bob hungrily up and down on his cock, something she had been doing for almost three years now, since he first gave it to her when she returned for Christmas break during her first year of college, six months after her eighteenth birthday. She was a great cocksucker, had a tight cunt and an amazing ass, but to top it all off she was a psychological genius. He said, "I think, baby girl, that once you swallow Daddy's cum, I have a new mission for you...a very challenging one."

Mercedes took her daddy's cock out of her mouth and asked, "More challenging than taking all Mr. Codwell's eleven inch cock in my ass?"

"A different type of challenging," Carl chuckled, as he decided he wanted a piece of his daughter's ass, now that she had mentioned it. "Ride Daddy's cock with that tight rosebud of yours, honey."

"Yessss, Daddy," Mercedes eagerly obeyed, wanting to be fucked badly. She straddled her dad's erect cock, put her nylon-clad feet (she always wore nylons, of course, as a Syndom slut) on his legs and slowly lowered her ass onto his cock.

"Besides being beautiful and smart, you are damn flexible," Carl groaned, as his cock disappeared in his daughter's ass.

"I'm the perfect Syndom sluttttt," she moaned proudly, as she took all her dad's cock in her ass.

"That you are," he grunted, as she began bouncing up and down, taking all seven inches of his cock.

"I love your cock, Daddddddd," she moaned, loving her ass filled.

"I love all of you, baby girl," he countered back, knowing he wouldn't last long as her ass milked his cock.

"What's my task, Daddy?" she asked, always eager for another task. She flashed back to her last task, seducing the daughter of a rich oil baron, who happened to be a member of the KKK, and making a video of her eating a few black girls' pussies while declaring that she loved, "Black cunt," which mortified the Texas oil tycoon. The video was enough for him to change his view on the pipeline that the Texas governor, a member of Syndom, wanted to go through.

He explained, "You need to find out about this Eva Parsons' daughter, and, if she is of legal age, it is time to test the theory of all she would never do."

"Challenge accepted," Mercedes quipped.

"You and your Barney quotes," Carl laughed, his daughter was in many ways the female version of the Barney Stinson character on the television show 'How I Met Your Mother'. Nylons were her suit and she was always after her next conquest. She was indeed the perfect Syndom Slut.

She rubbed her clit furiously, wanting to come when he did, as she cornily quoted, "It's gonna be legend-... wait for it... and I hope you are going to come soon."

Carl was indeed close and yelled, as he bucked up to shoot his seed deep in her ass, "Dairy."

"Yesssssss," she screamed, her orgasm flooding out of her cunt as her ass was simultaneously filled. She kept riding her daddy's cock for another moment before cramping up and falling sideways off him and onto the couch.

Carl smiled, as he saw some cum leaking out of her ass, "Hard to believe you used to not like it in the rear."

"Now it's the mini-cherry on top of the regular cherry on top of the sundae of awesomeness that is my life," she responded, Carl assuming it was another Barney quote.

"So you're in for your newest mission?" Carl asked.

"Recon will begin as soon as I recover from my orgasm," she replied, still breathing heavily.

"To make it more interesting, no cock for your pussy or ass until you have succeeded," Carl said with a devious smile.

"Daddy!" She pouted.

"Don't worry, you can still suck your dad's legend, wait for it," he paused, not really knowing the exact words of his quote, but liking the pun that popped into his head ""dary."

"Oh Daddy, that was a terrible pun," she said, playfully hitting him.

"Now go find out about her," Carl ordered as he flipped the channels to sports highlights.

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An hour later, Mercedes came downstairs and said, "This will be a very interesting mission."

Carl asked, not even looking up from the book he was now reading, "How so?"

"She is a grade twelve senior," she opened.

"Eighteen?" Carl asked, finally looking up.

"Three weeks ago," she answered, with a big smile on her face.

"That's good," Carl nodded, "that's very good."

"She is easily one of the most wholesome teenagers in America," Mercedes continued.

"So were you until a little after your eighteenth birthday," Carl pointed out, fondly recalling taking his daughter's virginity.

"True," she shrugged, smiling at the fact that her Dad didn't know just how big a slut she had been in her first college semester before he claimed her as a Syndom slut. "She is in the church choir, the President of her school council, editor of the school newspaper, a member of debate club where she just won the state championship, and..."

"And what?" Carl asked, patience not being one of his virtues.

Mercedes, loving the shock value of things added, "The best part is she is the leader of the chastity club at her school."

"Fuck off!" Carl gasped, the thought utterly delicious. If they could turn her into a submissive slut, they could use that to turn her mother into their sexual and political plaything. If all went well, Eva Parsons would be a lobbyist for his cause.

"Fuck me," she posed all sultry.

"No cock for you," Carl shot back, parodying the soup Nazi in Seinfeld.

"Well no soup for you then," she pouted, lifting up her pussy in an attempt to change her Daddy's mind.

"I think I have a lot of types of soup available if I get hungry," Carl smiled back, wondering where his wife was.

"But I'm the full meal deal," she smiled, putting her nylon-clad foot directly on his crotch.

"That you are," he laughed, "but I imagine I should save something for your mother."

"Does Mommy have these?" she asked teasingly, lifting up her t-shirt and cupping her firm tits.

"I think she does," Jasmine responded, from behind, watching her daughter trying to seduce her husband.

Mercedes turned around and smiled, "Hi, Mommy."

"Have you already fucked your father today?" Jasmine asked.

"Not in my cunt," Mercedes answered with a pout, the mother-daughter conversation not like most in the country.

"Well, I think you can get Mommy's cunt ready for your father," Jasmine ordered, sitting beside her husband, spreading her legs before leaning in and kissing him.

Mercedes, who was also her mother's submissive based on Syndom slut hierarchy (Syndom slut hierarchy was clear - the hierarchy was not based on age, but on when the woman becomes a Syndom slut; obviously all daughters became submissives to their veteran mothers, but older women were often submissive to younger ones if their father delayed the initiation into Syndom later than the usual eighteenth birthday), dropped to her knees between the nylon-clad legs of her mother. "Mommy, you got a Brazilian today," she announced, as she stared at her Mom's completely smooth cunt.

"Got to keep pace with my slut daughter," Jasmine countered.

"I hope you mean Brandi," Mercedes shot back. Her younger sister had turned eighteen a few months ago, but hadn't been initiated yet... which drove Mercedes nuts, keeping such a naughty secret and eager to have her own live-in submissive.

Carl quipped, "Yes, her initiation will be soon, my slut daughter. Pretty soon you will have more competition for Daddy's attention."

Mercedes pouted, "But I'll always be your first slut daughter."

"That you will," he nodded, standing up and leaving his wife and daughter alone.

Jasmine ordered, "Now get licking. Apparently your father isn't going to fuck me, so you will have to get me off."

"If I have to," Mercedes teased her mother, before burying her face in the pussy she ate the most, looking forward to the day soon when she would no longer be low slut on the totem pole.

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A couple days later, Mercedes had made all the arrangements for the complex plan that lay ahead. It was going to be expensive, but if it worked it was going to be the biggest coup of her young seduction life. Plus, even worst case scenario, she was going to create huge hype for Silky Sin as she had written a new song for them called 'Silk Stocking Revolution' and she planned to make a video for it while seducing Eva's daughter Mary.

As Mercedes came downstairs with her suitcases, she went to her father, lifted up her skirt to show off the fresh Brazilian she'd got to match her mother's, and asked, "A quickie for the road, Daddy-kins?"

"As I said," he smiled, standing up in front of her, "no cock until you accomplish your task."

"Fine," she sighed. "My flight leaves in under two hours anyways."

"Excellent, I'm looking forward to your success at this task," he said.

"Have I ever failed you yet?" She asked.

"No my baby-girl, you haven't," he said, kissing her forehead, like a normal father would do, he then put his hand on her head and guided her to the ground, quite unlike what a normal father would do.

Eagerly she fished out her favourite snack, hungry for a nice load of Daddy's cum for the road.

2. TURNING THE TABLES on the righteous left

Mercedes arrived at the public high school in disgust; she had only attended private schools and the various levels of social pathetic-ness she saw in the first couple of minutes was enough to almost convince her to go back home.

Yet, she looked at the clock and saw the final bell would ring in twenty minutes. So she went to the school principal to discuss her plan: to donate a hundred thousand dollars if they could film a video there.

The principal asked skeptically, "You look too young to be a director."

"I've been told that my whole life," Mercedes said with a charming smile, able to be either dominant or sweet as the situation unfolded, "I have spent my whole life trying to prove I am more than a last name."

"I'm sorry, what is your name again?" The principal asked, trying to place this confident young woman...who reminded him of the school's president, Mary Parsons.

"Mercedes Williams," she answered gracefully. "My father is Carl Williams."

The principal suddenly shifted from slightly patronizing to excited, likely optimistic, as he realized the money wasn't a scam. Carl Williams was famous for donating to schools in the country. "Your father is a very generous man."

Mercedes replied, her true meaning not caught, "Oh, he gives and gives and gives."

"So what would you like us to do?" He asked, now curious.

"Our idea is rather ambitious," she answered cryptically.

"We are capable of almost anything," he replied, already drawn into her plan without knowing it...money does that to people... as do celebrities.

"Tomorrow I would like to give all your girls a school-girl outfit to wear while we do a live music video for the band Silky Sin," she explained.

"The pop band?" He asked, surprised as they were easily the most popular band in the world right now...his two tween daughters would kill him if he didn't say yes.

"The one and only," Mercedes shrugged as if it wasn't a big deal.

"And you want to do this tomorrow?" He asked, trying to figure out the logistics of pulling together such a massive event in only a few days.

"It must be tomorrow, as the band will be arriving later today and has to head out again tomorrow night for a show in Denmark," Mercedes nodded, not wanting to spend any more time here than she had to, plus this whole no sex thing was already driving her nuts... she was a nymphomaniac and had no qualms at being called such.

"That is awfully quick," he said, with slight trepidation. No way to get permission from the board, there wouldn't be enough time to get permission forms home and back, and he could already see how Eva Parsons would react, having seen her CNN news clip and her adamant protest last month that any hosiery other than full pantyhose should be banned from the school dress code.

Mercedes could see his hesitation and asked, seeing the picture of two young girls on his desk, "Are these your daughters?"

"Yes," he nodded.

Mercedes smiled and offered, "If you say yes, I am sure I can have them come meet the band tonight."

"You could?" He asked, his mind flashing to his daughters' joy and the fact that he would be dad of the century if he got his daughters the chance to meet Silky Sin.

"Of course," she shrugged, "I manage the band," which was somewhat true as they were at her disposal whenever she needed them... like when she called them after a show in France and ordered they get here ASAP.

"Wow, you are one ambitious young lady," the principal complimented.

"It's important that I get out from under the shadow of my last name," She answered, which wasn't remotely true... she loved the power that came with her last name.

"That is so admirable," he again complimented, impressed by the young woman's determination.

"I would like to meet with your school president tomorrow morning to discuss her role," she explained, setting the plan in motion.

"That could be a problem," he answered, a thought in the back of his mind that it likely wasn't a coincidence that Carl Williams' daughter was here just a few days after the televised confrontation with Eva Parsons.

"How so?" Mercedes asked innocently, wondering if she should have lied about who she was.

"My school president is Eva Parsons' daughter," he answered.

Mercedes considered how to play this, but sensing that Eva and Mary were both major thorns in his side, she went for blunt as she leaned in and whispered, "I know... I plan to crush that lobbyist bitch."

Hearing someone other than a teacher call Eva a bitch sent a chill up his spine. She had been the bane of his existence since he took this job two years ago, and the thought that she would finally be put in her place (she pushed the previous principal out) was very exciting. Yet, if this backfired, he would never get an administrator job in the state ever again. He said as much, "This could cost me my job."

"I never lose," she countered, stressing the word never.

"I don't know," he said, suddenly full of trepidation.

"I guarantee I will have Eva eating out of the palm of my hand," she smiled, before adding, trying to use sex to sell, "and between my legs."

His face went beet red. He wasn't used to such sexual bluntness in the south, especially at school. "How are you going to possibly do that?" He asked, both curious for his job and the sexual vision.

"A mixture of seduction and blackmail," she smiled, before adding, "but Mary can't know who I am."

"Of course," he nodded, drawn in by the beauty and confidence of the young woman.

Looking at her watch, she said, "I've got a lot of work to do if we are doing this, so I hate to put you on the spot, but I need a yes or no."

"And my daughters can meet them?" he asked.

"They can stay overnight if they wish," she added, continuing to sweeten the deal.

Figuring worse case he'd get fired, best case he'd get rid of the biggest pain of his life, the risk analysis was favourable and he agreed, "Go for it."

"Great," she smiled, getting her way like she always did in the end... and she didn't even have to suck his cock to do it, though she would have happily done so (an ends to a mean!). "Please have Mary ready to meet me at nine in the morning," she added, standing up.

"Of course," he nodded.

"And please stop by the Senator Hotel at eight," she offered.

"Great," he agreed, excited to tell his children the news.

"Here is my cell. Call it when you arrive and I will come and get you," she said, writing her number on a piece of paper.

He took the paper and said, "My girls are going to be in heaven."

"Oh, how many students go here?" she asked, just as she was leaving.

"Just over 700," he answered.

"Girls?" She continued.

"I'll check and text you an exact number," he offered.

She headed out, went back to the hotel and made a few calls to guarantee she would have 400 school girl outfits with plaid skirts and thigh high beige stockings for the next morning.

When the band got in, Mercedes pulled Tiffany, the best of the four girls at eating pussy, into her room and got a much needed orgasm. She figured she wasn't allowed cock according to Daddy, but he didn't say anything about a slut's tongue.

The rest of the night was anti-climactic, pun intended, for Mercedes, who kept her promise for the Principal's kids who were staying the night in the penthouse suite with the band.

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The next morning, Mercedes was introduced to a very forward, quite pretty, Mary. Mary greeted her like a politician trying to get a vote, "Hi, I'm Mary Parsons, Principal Martin says you wanted to meet with me about an opportunity to promote our school."

Mercedes greeted, all sweet, "I'm Mercedes, I know, strange name. My father is a car nut, at least you're named after the Bible."

Mary laughed, before asking cheerily, "That I am. So what can I do to help?"

Mercedes explained, "I am making a documentary on the growing number of teenagers who are choosing abstinence."

"Really?" Mary asked, clearly surprised.

"Oh, yes," Mercedes said, "and after seeing your mother on CNN, I was inspired to find you and add you to my documentary."

Mary couldn't believe it. She was used to always having to defend herself and was always in the shadow of her mother. The opportunity to have her own spotlight was instantly appealing, she asked. "And what do you have in mind?"

Mercedes could tell she was already reeling Mary in. "Well, I want a camera to follow you around at school and maybe even after school to see how a normal 2015 teenager really lives."

Mary loved the idea, but was instantly concerned about her mother getting involved and taking the spotlight. "Could we keep my mother out of this?"

Mercedes smirked to herself. Mary was so predictable and was playing so perfectly into her hands. She wanted to make it about her, to get out of her mother's overbearing shadow. This was going to be even easier than Mercedes had anticipated. "Of course," she answered, "I want to focus on the teenager perspective. With all this push about using women to sell sex, we thought we would make a documentary and finish by making a music video where the chastity girls dressed provocatively to show that women can be pretty, can showcase the body God gave them, and still not be a..."

"A slut," Mary finished.

"Exactly," Mercedes nodded. "Are there many girls who dress like sluts here?"

"God, yes," she answered, then covered her mouth and apologized, "Sorry, my Lord and Saviour."

"It is so nice to see someone who still has morals," Mercedes complimented, playing the Christian girl.

"Thank you," Mary smiled, "it isn't easy in this cesspool of sin."

"That is why you are the perfect girl to lead the revolution," Mercedes continued.

"Revolution?" Mary questioned.

"Yes, the revolution to stand up to society and show that we are more than just a pretty face or a nice body. The plan is to film you in your current outfit just hanging out and then for the music video we want to film this afternoon have you change you into a," Mercedes used air quotations, "more provocative outfit, to make a point."

"How provocative?" The conservative girl asked.

"Nothing too risqué," Mercedes promised. "Just a school girl uniform. Something that unifies girls, and demonstrates that even in a traditional outfit we can be beautiful, sexy and smart...plus your whole school will be wearing the same outfit, the girls that is, to signify solidarity for young women."

"Sounds fun," Mary admitted, drawn into the chance to promote young women in a positive light.

"Oh, it will be a blast," Mercedes agreed, already envisioning the complete corruption of this syrupy sweet girl. Mercedes hated girls like Mary - girls who judged others based on what they wore... she couldn't wait to see her fall from grace.

"Plus, for the few scenes intertwined in the live music video, actor Walker Stevens will be your love interest," Mercedes revealed, knowing if she had any reservations this should seal the deal.

"Oh my," Mary said, blushing. Walker Stevens was the most famous male actor/singer in the world...a nineteen year old Justin Timberlake, able to act and sing.

"So you will film a few scenes with him dressed as how you are now," Mercedes explained, not giving her time to really think about it.

"Really?" Mary questioned, excited at the thought of meeting the cutest actor in the world.

"Of course," Mercedes said "he is meeting with the director right now."

"He's here?" Mary gasped, like the giddy high school student she is.

"Want to meet him?" Mercedes asked, knowing she had her hook, line and sinker.

"Yes!" Mary exclaimed eagerly.

"Great," Mercedes said, "Come with me. You can meet him and then we will film a few scenes dressed as you are now."

"Okay," Mary nodded, oblivious to the real plan to turn her into a horny submissive.

Mercedes introduced Walker Stevens to Mary and had them go to class together to film some of the earlier scenes, while she dealt with all the last minute details that had to be looked after. She made a few phone calls to make sure the band would be there by lunch, went to the gym for set-up, made final arrangements with the video director and had all the school girl costumes ready. She requested the whole chastity club meet right at lunch, except Mary, and then recorded a brief video of each before and after the clothing change.

Meanwhile, they filmed a few scenes with Mary and Walker, including one where they kissed. Mary hesitated briefly, but the director reminded her she was just acting. That convinced the innocent girl as she kissed Walker on film.

Mercedes showed up just in time to send her to wardrobe. "Come with me, we need to get you into wardrobe."

"Okay," Mary agreed, her head spinning, feeling like a movie star. She had kissed Walker Stevens... on the lips. She had held his hand. She reached wardrobe and was soon in a room with what was obviously the band. They looked familiar, yet she was too embarrassed to ask and insult them by not knowing.

A tall redhead, Claire Elderson, a Syndom slut for a few years now, asked Mercedes, "Is this her?"

"It is," Mercedes nodded.

"Come with me," the redhead ordered.

Mercedes smiled, "Just do as they tell you... we are quite behind schedule."

"O-o-okay," Mary stammered, intimidated by the bossy redhead.

Mercedes watched her walk away and went to make sure the rest of the cast was in the gym and in costume. As expected, they were, and she explained things to the 700 boys and girls... every girl wearing the exact same outfit.

"Today we are shooting a brand new video for Silky Sin," Mercedes announced.

The gym descended into pandemonium.

Mercedes waited for the shrieking teen girls to calm down.

"And they are here to perform for you live," Mercedes added, and the gym erupted again.

When the chaos finally died down, Mercedes, who often was at Silky Sin concerts, continued, "Do you want to be the stars of the video?"

"Yesss," all the girls screamed.

"When the band begins their new song, I want you all on your feet and dancing to the groove. And seniors... when Brittany gives you orders, you will do it, right?"

"Right," over 200 seniors, all purposely placed in the front, screamed back in unison.

"Now I do have one more surprise," Mercedes said, "but I'm not sure you girls can handle it." She paused a moment before adding, also joining Silky Sin on stage is none other than Walker Stevens."

With that, Walker Stevens, in a football outfit, sauntered onto the stage to join Mercedes.

Meanwhile, Mary was given a whole new wardrobe. As she realized how short the skirt was she protested, "This is too short."

Claire sighed, knowing she had to just stay in control, "Just put it on."

Mary, who was used to being the one doing the instructing, continued, "But this isn't school appropriate."

"The principal has approved it for all your classmates," Claire explained, annoyed by the girl's questions.

"Principal Martin approved these?" Mary asked, surprised because of his usual conservative demeanour.

"Money talks," Claire shrugged. "Just please put it on or we will have to get another classmate of yours to play the lead across from Walker."

Mary, who was still in seventh heaven over the brief kiss with Walker Stevens and was hoping for another one, nodded, "Okay, okay."

Mary put on the tight sweater, the plaid skirt and was staring at the nylon thigh highs when Claire returned.

"Is there a problem?" Claire asked.

"It's just, these are not pantyhose," Mary said, having never worn anything else.

"Yes they are," Claire said.

"They're thigh highs," Mary pointed out to the package.

"It's all the same," Claire shrugged. "They are nylons...nylons are nylons. Put them on now. We are running behind."

"But..." Mary began, but was interrupted.

"Either put them on or we will have Sarah Spencer be the lead," Claire threatened, having quickly learned that Sarah was a cheerleader and Mary's antagonist.

Mary, not wanting to let Sarah have such a role for the school and also eager to shove her time with Walker in Sarah's face, changed her tune, "Okay, okay." Mary put on the nylons and couldn't believe how silky soft they were. Looking in the mirror, her make-up done, her hair full of life, she only vaguely looked like herself. This version showcased her eyes, her cheekbones and her body. She usually hid her voluptuous breasts, but this sweater seemed to frame her breasts, without being slutty. The dark brown nylons gave her legs a shine that accentuated her long legs.

Meanwhile, Silky Sin was playing their song "School Girl Twirl" as a warm-up to get the crowd in a frenzy.

Dressed in a school-girl outfit that would give her conservative mother a coronary, Sarah was led to the back of the stage out of view.

When the song ended, Cherry asked, "Are you ready to be a part of history?"

"Yes!" the feverous crowd roared.

"To be a part of a revolution?" Cherry questioned.

"Yessssssss," 700 students screamed in unison.

Mercedes went to Mary and complimented, "Wow, you went from nerdy to hot in half an hour."

"Thanks," Mary said, not used to being called hot.

"Are you ready?" Mercedes asked.

"As I will ever be," Mary said, looking out at her classmates all standing up.

"You will stay here until you hear the line 'It's a transformation, the end of traditional expectations.'"

"What does that mean?" Mary asked.

"It's all part of standing up for the right to be yourself," Mercedes explained. "Also, have you ever seen Grease?"

"Yes, it's one of my favourite movies," Mary replied.

"Well, you know that part in the movie where Olivia Newton-John dresses in leather and gets John Travolta?" Mercedes asked.

"The best scene ever," Mary nodded.

"You are Olivia-Newton John and that Sarah chick is trying to take Travolta away from you," Mercedes explained.

"Sarah is in this, too?" Mary asked, instantly annoyed.

"Yes, but she loses and you win," Mercedes pointed out.

"Good," Mary said, a new determination in her eyes.

"But you have to be more alluring than Sarah," Mercedes pointed out. "You have got to make Walker want you more than her."

"Okay," Mary nodded as the song started.

Mercedes leaned in and surprised Mary by kissing her on the lips.

Mary's eyes went big with shock.

Breaking the brief kiss, Mercedes shrugged, "Sorry, you just are so fucking hot."

Before Mary could respond, the line she was supposed to enter on was sung.

"Go, go, go," Mercedes said, putting her hand on Mary's ass and giving it a firm squeeze.

Bewildered, Mary walked on stage and saw that Sarah, who was the only person in a cheerleader's outfit, was fixing her thigh high stocking a few feet in front of Walker, who was staring at her.

Anger, lust, determination, all mixed together as Mary sauntered over to Walker and put her three inch heel on his leg, as she replicated Sarah's thigh high stocking adjustment. This was so out of character for her, but the rockin' beat and the jealousy boiling inside her made her do things without thinking.

Just then, the band broke into the chorus:

It's a silk stockings revolution,

It's a 360 in evolution,

Stop all this sexist pollution,

Silk stockings is the solution,

It's a silk stockings...REVOLUTION

Sarah smirked at how Mercedes was completely right. Mercedes predicted that this wholesome and self-righteous bitch could be turned into a slut in seconds and even promised that once this day was done Sarah could have her as a lesbian plaything. Although that still seemed unlikely, just the idea of adding the bitch to her small collection of nerd herd cunt-lickers was a major turn-on.

Mary couldn't believe she was acting so provocatively, but Mercedes said she had to get Walker to want her more than Sarah. Once the stocking was adjusted, she leaned forward and kissed Walker.

Sarah stood up and continued the next part of the plan. She went to the bitch, pulled her off of Walker and challenged, "Dance off."

Mary, who was a dancer as well, smirked, "You're on."

Sarah began dancing, grinding her hips and shaking her butt making the male members in the crowd roar.

Mary knew she should back down. If she didn't dance provocatively she was going to lose, but if she did dance provocatively she would be going against her morals; yet her determination to defeat Sarah, to win Walker, overrode her morals. She, too, began dancing provocatively, using her dance training to be both smooth and sexy.

Mercedes watched as things went exactly as planned (as they usually do). She loved how easy it was to manipulate people. The principal, Mary, and Sarah were all putty in her hands. The plan to get Eva to be a Silk Stockings spokesperson was well on its way. She already knew what the third part of the plan was, but it was the second part, getting Mary between her legs that was still a work in progress.

As the song neared its end, Walker, who was now dancing back and forth between the two girls, being pulled in both directions, grabbed Mary, dipped her like in the movies, and kissed her. The kiss lasted for the entire last chorus.

Mary felt her legs give out like Jello, her whole body giving in to the passionate kiss. She forgot she was in front of all her peers, she forgot she was being filmed, she was just in the moment.

The song ended, the crowd went wild, and the lights went out.

Walker led Mary out the side and to a room where Mercedes was waiting with cameras.

Mercedes asked, "How was that?"

"Crazy," Mary admitted, her face red, still holding Walker's hand.

"You were amazing," Walker complimented.

"Thanks," Mary said, clearly completely smitten with her celebrity crush.

Mercedes asked, "What did it feel like to have the whole school watching you dance like that?"

"I forgot there was anybody else there other than Sarah," Mary answered.

"And you didn't want her to win?" Mercedes asked.

"God, no," Mary answered.

Mercedes noticed she didn't try to correct herself this time, her Christian values already fading as she was drawn into Walker.

Mercedes said, "Now, a quick photo shoot with Walker for the website."

"Really?" Mary asked.

"Sure," Mercedes smiled, knowing these photos would be the key to the rest of her plan. "Now, first pose. Mary, put your right foot on the chair."

"Like this?" Mary asked.

"Yes," Mercedes nodded, "and now push your skirt up so we can see all the top of the silk stocking."

"But, that's a bit risqué!" Mary protested.

"It's a video promoting 'Silk stockings'," Mercedes pointed out, "we must see that you are wearing them."

"Um," Mary began, but was interrupted.

Mercedes sighed. "Mary, I don't have time for this. Either you pose as instructed or we will have to go with Sarah."

Mary felt a rush of jealousy just at hearing the name 'Sarah' being uttered. She wanted to beat her, and if that meant posing in a few sexy poses so be it. "Okay," she agreed, moving her skirt to show the whole thigh high stocking and a bit of her creamy white thigh.

"Very good," Mercedes nodded, snapping a few quick shots.

"Walker, on your knees in front of her," Mercedes instructed.

Mary watched in awe as her dream crush dropped to his knees in front of her.

"Now Mary, put your heel at his lips," Mercedes continued.

Mary did.

A few more shots were taken.

"Now Walker, place your hand on her thigh," Mercedes ordered.

Walker did, and a few more shots were taken as Mary felt her vagina get tingly.

"Hmmmm," Mercedes paused. "Let's get playful. Mary, sit down on the chair. Walker sit between her legs, both looking at me. Then, Mary, slide out of your heels and wrap your legs over his shoulders letting your feet dangle.

Mary, overwhelmed and yet flattered, feeling like a model, obeyed the instructions, as did Walker.

Mercedes took photos from different angles, her head already toying with the tagline:

"Even the Christians wear Silk Stockings."

"Now Mary I want you to lay across the chair, your legs dangling over, while your head dangles over the other end," Mercedes ordered.

"Okay," Mary nodded, really getting into the posing, forgetting completely that her outfit was so revealing,

"Now close your eyes." Mercedes ordered, as she pointed to her black videographer, who had already been instructed on what to do.

He walked over to the naïve young lady, pulled his big black cock out of his pants, and moved it directly in front of her face, as Mercedes continued her devious plan. "Now keep your eyes closed, but open your mouth wide."

Mary thought the order strange, but did as instructed, as a few more photos were flashed. Unbeknownst to her, the photos made it look as if she was eagerly opening wide for a big black cock.

The videographer quickly moved away, just as Mary opened her eyes, completely oblivious to what had just transpired.

Mercedes, very content that she got what she wanted, asked Mary, bluntly, "Ever eaten cunt?"

"Excuse me?" Mary gasped, sitting up.

"Vagina, pussy, cunt?" Mercedes listed off. "Have you ever dropped to your knees, crawled between a woman's legs and buried your pretentious face in one?"

Mary couldn't believe what this girl was saying.

"It's a simple yes or no question," Mercedes pointed out. "I know that most chastity girls are usually big dykes."

"I'm not a dyke," Mary said, standing up.

"Well, time to change that," Mercedes countered, lifting up her skirt and ordering, "Crawl."

"How dare you!" Mary said, astonished and instantly furious, and moving towards the door.

"Markus, show our little slut the photos," Mercedes smirked.

"So what?" Mary shrugged, "Those were harmless."

"Oh, were they?" Mercedes questioned. "Show the stuck up bitch, Markus."

Markus walked to the girl, turned the camera around and showed a picture of his big dick in front of her open mouth.

"Oh my God!" gasped Mary, as she realized she had just been played.

Mercedes, opening her legs further, explained, "Now be a good little bitch, drop to your knees and crawl over to me and I won't put these photos all over the internet."

"Why are you doing this?" Mary asked, tears streaming down her face as she realized she was being blackmailed.

"Your mother is a bitch," Mercedes frankly answered.

"This is about my mother?" Mary questioned, through tears.

"Of course, her self-righteousness pissed me off," Mercedes nodded, "now get over here and pay the price for your mother's pretentiousness; although the apple doesn't fall far from the tree, quite frankly."

"How so?" Mary asked, offended by the comparison.

"Really?" Mercedes laughed. "You judge Sarah, criticize her, and yet you're a good Christian girl. A good Christian girl who broke how many of the seven deadly sins today?"

"I did no such thing," Mary firmly responded.

"Really?" Mercedes laughed. "Let's see, lust. You definitely were lusting after Walker here. Greed, your fight to defeat Sarah on the dance floor to have Walker to yourself. I suppose that could also be wrath because of your jealousy towards her or envy, since you clearly envy Sarah and all she stands for, which is ironic since you want to be her."

"I do not," Mary weakly protested, guilt and shame coursing through her at the truth of this mean girl's words.

"Your pride blinded you to my real intent and that only leaves sloth and gluttony," Mercedes concluded. "Now, I will give you that you are not a sloth but," she paused, spreading her legs wide, "you are about to be a glutton, a glutton for pussy juice."

"Please, don't make me do this," Mary pleaded, her whole life of righteousness about to be erased by this manipulative bitch.

Mercedes shrugged, "I'm not going to make you do anything. You control your choices. Either walk out that door and allow the pictures of you to go viral or get your ass over here and eat my cunt."

Mary was paralyzed with indecision. Both choices were fraught with consequences.

"Make up your mind...now!" Mercedes demanded.

Knowing this was the lesser of two evils, Mary began walking to Mercedes.

"Crawl," Mercedes ordered, always enjoying adding to the humiliation.

Mary obeyed, dropping to her knees and then onto all fours, her hands trembling as she crawled to the bitch.

Mercedes smiled, the camera filming the submission, blackmail always a powerful deterrent to future disobedience, plus critical in regards to her plan to get the mother. When Mary got to Mercedes, Mercedes slipped out of her heel and ordered, "Suck on my toes."

Mary was angry, yet more at her mother for putting her in this situation with her constant save the world crap. She opened her mouth and began sucking the girl's nylon-clad toes. She sucked on each toe, oddly not finding the act as disgusting as she should have.

Mercedes instructed, "Now the other foot."

Mary continued to obey, her dignity broken.

Eventually, Mercedes ordered, "Now taste heaven."

Mary looked up and stared at the bitch's hairless vagina. Only real sluts would shave such a private area, she thought to herself. She hesitated briefly before moving between her legs, tears still rolling down her eyes, and beginning to lick.

Mercedes moaned, loving the feeling of adding another bitch to her stable of submissive sluts. Past experience had taught her that one time between her legs and, almost always, the girl was completely under her spell.

Mary licked, surprised completely by the indescribable taste. Although she was mortified that she was being forced to do this, she could feel her own vagina getting wet.

Mercedes purred, after a couple of minutes where it was obvious Mary was enjoying her newfound lust, "How does heaven taste?"

Mary, completely intoxicated by the sweet taste, mumbled mindlessly, "Soooo good."

"What is?" Mercedes asked, amused at this sweet Christian girl getting tangled in her web of corruption.

"This," Mary mumbled as she kept licking, unable to admit any more and yet unable to stop licking.

"Tell me Mary," Mercedes ordered, pushing the eighteen-year-old's head away. "Tell me how much you love eating cunt."

Mary, hungry to resume licking, ignored the reality that she was being filmed, ignored the reality that she was breaking all her Christian values and ignored the reality that she was betraying her mother as she answered, "Yes, I love eating your delicious cunt."

"And is your cunt wet?" Mercedes asked.

"Yes," Mary admitted, sensing that Mercedes would see through any lie.

"Play your cards right and you can lose your big 'V' to Walker," Mercedes offered.

Mary who planned to remain a virgin until marriage felt her panties get very wet. She stammered, "I-I-I'm not sure."

"If you want, Walker will take you on the red carpet next week as his date," Mercedes continued.

"Really?" Mary asked.

"I can give you almost anything you want," Mercedes smiled, grabbing the virgin's head and pulling her back into her pussy. "And, at the moment, I know exactly what you want."

Mary resumed licking, somehow feeling like it was the most natural thing in the world.

Mercedes just relaxed and allowed the rookie pussy pleaser to pleasure her.

Mary's head was spinning. She was licking a stranger's vagina. She had dirty danced in front of her whole school. She had been videotaped and photographed in compromising situations. She had the chance to lose her virginity to the biggest actor in the world. Yet, at the moment, she wasn't the President of her school and chastity club, she was a sexy young woman licking a vagina and dying to get the bitch off.

Mercedes, close to orgasm, grabbed the new submissives' head and held it tight against her cunt. She began grinding on the teenager's face, loving to cum this way on a new pet.

Mary tried licking, but mostly she just tried to breathe as her face was completely encompassed by Mercedes. Seconds later, her face was coated with wetness. She hungrily licked, the excessive pussy juice which tasted so amazing she couldn't stop lapping it up.

Finally, Mercedes pushed her away and said, "I think you're a natural pussy pleaser."

Mary was suddenly ashamed by the act she committed, yet she was paralyzed on the floor.

"Crawl to Walker," Mercedes ordered.

Mary looked to her left and saw that Walker was standing up with Sarah sucking him, and instantly wondered when Sarah had come in. Again, she felt an undeniable sense of jealousy; again she felt an undeniable desire to obey. Thus, after a brief resistance, she began crawling to Walker.

"Sarah, crawl to our camera guy," Mercedes ordered.

Sarah reluctantly took Walker's nice big eight inch cock out of her mouth, glared at Mary and crawled to the camera guy, who was still filming Mary's descent into sexual submission.

Mary was now staring at the first penis she had ever seen. It was so big and seemed to be staring directly at her.

"Go ahead, Mary," Mercedes offered, "Take Walker's big cock in that cute eager mouth of yours."

Part of Mary wanted to, the cock looked so big and juicy, yet another part of her knew this was morally wrong. Yet, after licking Mercedes pussy, this didn't seem any worse.

Mercedes added, "Take his cock in your mouth and you've got yourself a celebrity boyfriend. You can finally beat Sarah."

That was the final push needed. Mary glanced over to Sarah who was bobbing back and forth on the ugly camera man. Returning to Walker's penis, she opened her mouth and took it between her lips. She was surprised how hard it was in her mouth, a living lollipop.

Mercedes watched the goody two shoes cross yet another line, this time without being blackmailed. She texted her father:

Mission complete. I expect a good hard fucking when I get home.

Mary bobbed slowly back and forth, not really sure what she was doing, but wanting to do a good job.

Walker groaned, loving watching a young newbie suck him. Of course, he also wanted to be the first to fuck her and after a couple more minutes of sucking, he asked, as he pulled his cock out of her mouth, "Want to get fucked, Mary?"

Mary looked up at him with a confused look on her face.

"Come here, baby," he smiled, pulling her up and kissing her. He had fucked a ton of virgins and it never got old.

Mary melted at his touch, her body feeling sensations she never knew existed. Her vagina was leaking and she didn't know how to make it stop.

Breaking the kiss, Walker lowered himself and pulled her panties down her legs.

Mary trembled with anticipation, knowing she was about to lose her virginity.

Walker put his fingers to the virgin's cunt and asked, "Are you all wet for me?"

"Yessss," Mary moaned from the touch.

Mercedes pointed out, "But I thought you were the President of the Chastity Club?"

Mary froze, her insatiable hunger suddenly cooled by the bitch's words.

"Actually, a delicious idea just popped into my head," Mercedes said, as she formulated a brilliant plan. "I think we will start a whole new campaign about how good girls wear silk stockings too."

Walker asked, his cock hard and wanting to deposit a load, "Am I fucking her or not?"

Mercedes nodded, "Yes, but in her ass. We'd better keep our chastity President a virgin."

Mary stammered, "W-w-what?"

Mercedes continued, "You will be the spokesperson for the silk stocking chastity movement: Good Girls Do, so we need to keep that cunt of yours virginal."

Mary was again speechless, her body conflicted: lust versus morals.

"Get on all fours, Mary," Walker ordered.

Mary hesitated.

Mercedes ordered, "Mary, on all fours now. It's way past the time for moral indignation."

Mary sighed, knowing she had no control over the situation anymore, her pussy burning. On all fours she saw that Sarah was sucking the cameraman who was filming her. She knew she should stop this, but her cunt desperately wanted to feel Walker's big cock in her vagina.

Walker moved behind her, slipped up her skirt and poured lube down the virgin's ass cheeks.

Mary trembled at his touch, dying to feel his penis in her, but petrified to have to in her ass.

"Do you want to be fucked?" Mercedes asked.

Her body felt like it was overheating, an uncontrollable desire to give in to her lustful sin impossible to deny. "Yes," Mary admitted, agreeing to being sodomized, a shame coursing through her answer even as she awaited the act.

Walker warned, "Here it comes," and slid his cock inside her incredibly tight ass.

"Holy shiiiiit," Mary screamed, feeling her ass widened unnaturally.

For a few minutes Mary whimpered and whined as the sodomy burned her entire body.

Sarah, having taken the cameraman's load, looked on with amusement at the bitch's anal submission.

"You'll worship cock and cunt now," Mercedes quipped eventually, after watching the virgin go from intense pain, to pleasure, to euphoria.

"God, yessss," Mary agreed, indescribable pleasure coursing through her.

"You like having a big dick in that asshole of yours?" Mercedes asked.

"Yessss," Mary moaned, as she began bouncing back to meet Walker's hard strokes, wanting to feel even fuller.

In less than a minute, Mary reached her first orgasm ever as she screamed, "Godddddddddddddd."

"Even in orgasm you're a Christian," Mercedes laughed.

Walker grunted seconds later as he filled her ass with his cum.

The next day, Mercedes took a bunch of photos with Mary in a variety of outfits and thigh high stockings before having her eat her out one more time. They also made a commercial that was going to go on the website and YouTube tomorrow... just after her father met with Eva Parsons and made her the newest spokesperson for Silk Stockings.

3. TAMING OF THE SHREW and making her a submissive

Carl watched the video a few times, for his own amusement as well as to edit it for Eva Parsons, and also to revel in the beauty of his daughter and her alluring power.

He learned that Eva was going to be in Washington tomorrow and he planned to surprise her tomorrow morning at her hotel. Eva, so focused on bringing his company down, didn't have a clue about her daughter's sexual debauchery, even though the new Silky Sin video had hit YouTube that morning.

After fucking his wife one more time, he flew to Washington looking forward to his face-to-face with Eva in the morning.

While at the airport, he sent a message to Eva's hotel to be given to her.

Watch the new Silky Sin video 'Silk Stockings Revolution'.

He smiled as he stirred the pot for tomorrow's blackmail.

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Eva got the message hand delivered to her while she ate dinner in her room preparing for tomorrow's meeting with two senators, Johnson and Spelling, who seemed to be willing to listen to her concerns over Silk Stockings and the impact they were having on the moral fibre of America.

She went back to her room wondering what filth a band like Silky Sin was releasing now.

As Eva watched the new Silky Sin music video she went from disgusted, to furious and finally to mortified. First, she was disgusted by the almost naked young women shaking their bodies like cheap sluts; second she was furious that it was clearly being filmed in her daughter's school; and third, completely mortified when she not only realized her daughter was in the video, but that she seemed to be the star and was dressed completely inappropriately.

A half-hour phone call with her daughter only made things worse and she said they would have a much longer talk tomorrow night when she returned home. She considered cancelling the meeting she had with Johnson and Spelling for lunch, but she couldn't reschedule, this meeting took a lot of phone calls and favours called in.

She couldn't fathom why her daughter would have done such a thing, yet a sense of guilt hit her as she realized maybe her lack of being home recently had given her daughter too much freedom.

Tomorrow... tomorrow she would fix everything.

...

Eva had a rough night's sleep, tossing and turning and stewing as she realized that this was likely all part of a plan by that Williams asshole. He likely targeted her daughter to get to her.

Once showered and dressed, she did more research on Carl Williams and his company in preparation for her meeting with the senators, her determination even more extreme than ever to bring down Silk Stockings.

She was startled by a knock at the door. She closed her laptop, walked to the door, peeked through the peephole and gasped when she saw public enemy number one on the other side of the door. Instantly, a rage burned through her as she opened the door and roared, "What are you doing here?"

"We need to chat," Carl calmly replied, smiling that her first reaction was so angry and that it was being filmed by a small camera on his glasses (new technology he was testing for a technology company who did lots of work for his company).

"You bet your ass we do," Eva glared.

"We should probably have this conversation in private," he suggested, remaining calm.

"Fine," she tersely said, as she walked back into her room, barely holding in her anger.

Carl followed her in and said, trying to push her buttons, "A pretty nice room for a lobbyist."

"How dare you bring my daughter into this," Eva turned and accused.

"Your daughter was dying to get out from under the shadow of you," Carl responded.

"You blackmailed her," Eva continued.

"We gave her an opportunity to be popular and she took it, like Eve took the apple," Carl slyly countered.

"You bastard."

"I suppose," he shrugged, "but I am here to make you a deal."

"I'd rather burn in hell," Eva shot back.

Carl shrugged, "It's up to you, but you should probably watch this first."

"Watch what?" Eva asked, suddenly sensing something ominous.

"A special video made after the concert," Carl smiled.

Carl pressed play on his iPad and turned it to the bitch he was about to own.

Eva gasped as she watched her daughter between another girl's legs.

"I was thinking of calling the video 'Mary had a little beaver'," Carl quipped smugly, reveling in Eva's stunned state, the color quickly draining from the bitch's face.

"You blackmailed her," Eva accused, grasping at straws as she tried to find a way out of the predicament she knew she was in.

"I wasn't even there," Carl shrugged, before adding, "there is a second scene which is a lot hotter."

"No more," Eva said, putting the iPad down.

"You don't want to watch your daughter beg to be sodomized?" Carl asked.

"Please leave," she asked, tears beginning to form.

"If I leave, both these scenes go live," Carl revealed, not remotely bluffing.

"Please," Eva said, "that's my daughter."

"Is her mother an eager ass slut too?" Carl asked.

"God, no," Eva replied, even though she instantly realized an opening. If she fucked him, maybe the asshole wouldn't release her daughter's sex tape.

"You sure?" Carl asked smiling, "They say like mother, like daughter."

"Is that what you want?" Eva asked, "To fuck me?"

"Oh, yes I want to make you my personal fuck toy, all three of your holes used for my enjoyment," Carl nodded.

"You're a pig," she accused, trying to delay as she pondered a way out of this situation.

"Oink, oink," he shrugged. "And you're a pretentious bitch who isn't at home enough to raise her daughter."

"Excuse me?" she said.

"If you were home more, maybe your precious little daughter wouldn't have acted out so extremely," he continued, "it was obviously a rebellious act. She was clearly trying to get out of the shadow of her overbearing mother."

""Do you even have children?" she questioned, even though she had similar thoughts last night as she tried to understand the bad decisions her daughter had made...and that was before the new bombshell this prick had revealed.

"Two girls," he answered, before adding, a great play on words considering his relationship with his eldest, "they can be a handful."

"I can't imagine you're a hands on type of father," she snapped.

He quickly quipped back, "Actually, I'm very, very hands on."

"Whatever," she sighed. "I need to get going soon, we'll have to finish this riveting discussion later."

"Back to being my cum bucket," Carl said.

"You can't be serious?" she asked, even though it was obvious he was.

"Deadly," he nodded. "You'll be a great asset for the firm."

"What?" she questioned.

"Besides being my three-hole cum bucket, I have one more thing I expect from you if you don't want your daughter to be the next online porn star," he continued, really enjoying how frazzled she was becoming; he was confident desperation would follow.

"Can't we make a deal?" she asked, desperate to find a way out of this.

"We are making a deal," he said. "You become my slut and in return I don't release videos that will humiliate your daughter."

Anger burning again, she snapped, "I'll call the police."

"Go ahead," he shrugged. "Although I should note that releasing videos online isn't illegal."

"Blackmail is," she countered.

"It's your word versus mine," he again shrugged, which was driving her nuts.

"Stop being so causal about this," she demanded.

"To be honest, I don't really care how this turns out. I win either way," he pointed out.

Feeling boxed into a corner, and feeling completely repulsed, she pondered her situation. She could tell this slime wasn't bluffing. He would make the video go viral if she didn't do exactly as he demanded. She couldn't fathom fucking him, yet if that was what it took to protect her daughter she would. But there was more and she asked with trepidation while allowing her tone to drip with disgust, "What one more thing?"

"You will become the newest spokesperson for Silk Stockings," Carl revealed, his power play complete.

"You can't be serious?" Eva asked, each word dripping with disdain.

"That's what rattles you?" Carl asked. "Not the fact that I plan to fuck your ass in a few minutes?"

"You repulse me in every possible way," Eva responded.

"I'll have you squealing like the slut you are, soon," Carl continued, loving to watch a bitch become a bitch in heat once he treated her like the slut she had hidden deep inside for years.

"You wish," Eva replied.

Carl, deciding to make the situation even worse when she succumbed completely to her sexual submission, gave her hope by saying, "Tell you what. If you don't come during your hour of complete obedience to me, an hour where you obey every order I make, I will not only delete all the footage I have of your slut daughter, I will also walk out this hotel room and never bother you again."

Eva was confident she could resist coming, she couldn't even remember the last time she got off by her husband, her we-vibe the only way she came the past few months. "You swear?"

"Although you think I'm a monster, I'm a man of my word," Carl nodded, and he meant it, although he was confident he would get her off. He then added, "But if you come, and you will, you will be the spokesperson for Silk Stockings, wear them everywhere you go and be my three-hole fuck slut whenever I see you."

"Does calling a woman a three-hole fuck slut get you off?" she asked.

"Not as much as making them a willing three-hole fuck slut," he countered.

"That," she paused for dramatic effect, "will never happen. You can use my body, but that is all it will be, a body."

"So that is a yes to the one hour test?" he asked.

"Do I have another choice?" she questioned.

"There are always choices, but there are also always consequences," he countered.

"How fortune cookie of you," she glared.

"Yes or no?" he questioned.

After a lengthy pause where she hoped if she waited long enough he would back down, she said, thinking that one hour of hell would get her out of this predicament, "Fine."

"Fine what?" he asked, wanting to hear her say it.

"Fine, it's a deal," she answered, annoyed.

"Knees," he ordered, her defiance longer than most, but futile either way.

She sighed dramatically, but obeyed.

"On all fours," he continued, knowing her strong exterior was about to be shattered.

Again she obeyed, even as she glared at him.

"Crawl to me," he demanded.

She did.

"Fish out my cock."

Eva did and was surprised to see a cock a good two inches bigger than her husband's.

Carl saw the look of shock on her face and asked, "Bigger than your husband?"

"A little," she shrugged.

"Sure, sure," he chuckled, as she mindlessly stroked his cock. "Go ahead, get it ready for that cunt of yours."

"Can you talk like a gentleman?" she asked.

"The next hour, you're my slut and I plan to use you as one," he replied, before ordering, "Now get those pretty cocksucking lips wrapped around my cock."

She couldn't believe she was about to do this. She had never cheated on her husband, never even considered it, yet she would do anything to protect her daughter. Reluctantly, she opened her mouth and took his long, thick cock in.

Carl smiled as another pretentious bitch fell, like they almost always did.

Eva bobbed hungrily, not because she was turned on, but hoping she could get him off without having to fuck him, especially in her ass, which she had never allowed a man to touch.

Carl, who hadn't come all last night or this morning, was planning for two loads in one hour, the first to be coated all over the bitch's face.

Eva could sense he was close after only a couple of minutes and smirked to herself thinking he was like most men, trigger happy.

As Carl got close, he waited until the last second before pulling out and ordering, "Take it all on that pretty face of yours."

Eva gasped, and closed her eyes, as the hot cum coated her face a couple of seconds later, another thing she had never allowed any man to do. A facial was degrading and, as a feminist, she would never allow a man to perform such a misogynistic act. As it happened, she felt so dirty allowing a man to shoot his cum on her face, yet much to her surprise and disgust, she felt her panties dampen at the act. She didn't understand why her panties were wet, the act hadn't remotely turned her on. Regardless, she quickly reminded herself that she couldn't come no matter what.

Carl had a massive load and by the time he had finished the bitch's entire face was covered in white goo. Quickly pulling his phone out, he snapped a photo and just as quickly slid it back into his pocket right before Eva attempted to open her eyes.

"Why do men think covering a woman's face with cum is hot?" Eva asked, moving her fingers to her eyes to wipe away his cum.

"We like to mark our territory," Carl quipped, before adding, "plus it's fun to put a bitch in her place."

"You're a complete asshole," Eva said, as she opened her eyes.

"No denying that," Carl laughed, as he took off his jeans, preparing to seal the deal by getting her off.

"I thought we were done," Eva said, even though she assumed the asshole planned to do more than just get a blow job.

"Oh, we are just getting started," Carl responded, as he ordered, "Get undressed."

"You really are a pig," she accused again, still on her knees, trying to delay the inevitable.

"And you are my bitch," he shrugged, "now fucking stop delaying and get naked."

"Fine," she said tersely, standing up. "But just make sure you understand I'm not going to enjoy one second of this rape."

"Rape," he scoffed. "You willingly dropped to your knees and sucked my cock. You didn't even flinch when I came on your face."

"But you blackmailed me," Eva protested.

"You sucked my cock pretty eagerly," he pointed out. "Probably so you had more time for your other two holes to be pounded."

'Shit', she thought to herself, 'why did I go so quickly?' As she reluctantly pulled her skirt down to reveal pantyhose and grandma panties, she said, "I only did it to protect my daughter.

"Are those your mother's panties?" Carl asked.

"My mother is dead," Eva glared.

"Sorry," Carl apologized, feeling slightly bad, before adding, "you do have great legs, they will look great in my thigh high silk stockings."

"Not going to happen," she said, trying to remain strong during this brief moment of degradation.

"We'll see," he said, moving to her and ripping the blouse open.

"That's a hundred and fifty dollar blouse," she protested.

"A push up bra," he assessed. "Figures."

Eva glared as the pig mauled her breasts.

Carl unclasped the bra and said, "Your nipples are rather erect. Is your cunt wet too?"

"Fuck you," she snarled.

"I couldn't agree more," he smirked, pushing her onto the couch.

"Such a gentleman," she shot back.

He ignored the bitch's words as he roughly spread her legs apart, ripped the pantyhose at the crotch, tugged the panties aside and buried his face in her wetness.

She moaned on contact, completely surprised that he was going down on her, something her boring husband never did.

Carl, although he rarely ate pussy, was very good at getting women off with his tongue. As he suspected, the bitch was wet and it wouldn't take a lot of work to get her off and seal the deal.

Eva kept her eyes open, kept looking at him, reminding herself she couldn't enjoy what he was doing, she couldn't come. Yet, his tongue was really making her feel good.

After a few minutes of teasing the bitch, he began focusing on her clit.

Eva's body twitched with each flick of her clit and she could feel her orgasm building. Not wanting to come, she begged, hoping this would slow down her orgasm rising, "Please, fuck me with that big cock of yours."

Carl smirked, knowing why she was begging; knowing she was close, he instead slid two fingers inside her cunt and in seconds found her g-spot.

Eva screamed, as in a flash her orgasm exploded out of her, the double pleasure of getting her g-spot hit for the very first time while getting clit pressure was too much. "Dammmmmmn it."

Carl immediately quit licking, instead looking up and watching her come.

Eva's eyes were now closed, feeling completely defeated...devastated...and yet her body feeling pleasure she had never experienced before.

As she continued trembling, the orgasm obviously intense, Carl repositioned himself and slammed his cock in her cunt.

"Godddddddd," Eva screamed, completely surprised to feel her vagina filled.

"Time to worship me," Carl smirked, slamming his cock into the bitch.

"Damn it," she cursed, both from already coming and from the pleasure cascading through her as he pounded her hard.

"You like it hard, don't you, slut?" Carl asked.

"Yes, nooo," she babbled, her mind muddled by the pleasure.

"Just another bimbo slut when she gets a real cock in her," Carl pointed out.

"Shut up and fuck me," Eva demanded, not wanting to hear the asshole talk, and undeniably feeling intense pleasure which pissed her off even more..

"That will cost you," he smirked, as he pulled out and without warning pushed his cock into her ass.

"Noooooooooo," Eva whined, as her virgin ass was filled.

"I told you, you're a three-hole fuck-toy," Carl clarified, as his cock slowly disappeared in her ass.

"It huuuuurts," she whimpered, clenching her teeth.

"It'll go away eventually," he promised, which was usually true.

"You bastard," she cursed, the pain intense.

"All in," he announced, impressed by how tight she was.

"Pull out," she demanded.

Instead he slowly moved in and out as he looked down at her smiling. "Relax, my slut, and the pain will fade."

"I'd like to fuck your ass," she bitterly responded.

"Still defiant," he said, shaking his head.

"Do you need your cunt fisted, or should I call my bodyguard to double team you?" he asked.

She could tell these weren't idle threats and shook her head no.

"Then beg me to pound your ass," he ordered.

The sigh was dramatic, but she obeyed, "Please, fuck my ass."

"We'll work on your dirty talk later," he said, as he began fucking her ass faster.

The pain still was there, but the longer he fucked her ass, the more a slight pleasure built in her.

Having already come, Carl could fuck her for an eternity, and he planned to.

Eva couldn't believe how good the ass fucking began to feel after a few minutes. She hated herself for enjoying it, yet her body was in control. She began moving her ass to meet his strokes.

"Liking the ass fucking," Carl assessed.

"Yessssss," she moaned, a second orgasm unexplainably rising.

"Is this what a feminist does?" he asked, "get horny having their ass fucked while their face is sticky with cum?"

"Shut up and fuck me," she demanded, her desire for her second orgasm building, she had never had two orgasms from sex with a man, rarely ever one.

He suddenly stopped, his cock buried deep in her.

"Noooooooo, don't stop," she whined.

"Don't stop what?" he asked.

"Don't stop fucking my ass," she declared, pissed off he was not only humiliating her, but making her beg for it.

"Your tight little asshole?" he asked, giving one hard thrust.

"Fuuuuuuck, yes, pound my tight asshole," she screamed, her orgasm so close she could literally taste it.

"Tell me your sorry for being such a bitch to me," he continued, loving breaking down a woman completely.

"I'm sorry, fine," she said, "now fuck my asshole."

"And that you're a dumb bitch who needs a man like me to put her in her place," he continued, giving three quick hard thrusts to get the answer he was looking for.

"You bastard," she screamed, the ass teasing driving her wild.

"Say it," he demanded.

"Fine, dammit, I'm a dumb bitch who needs a man like you to put me in my place," she declared. She couldn't believe the words out of her mouth, couldn't believe how her body was making her betray her morals. She was mortified that she wasn't being blackmailed to say the words, but was doing so to continue getting sodomized.

"And where is your place?" he questioned.

"On my knees," she answered, her stomach turning at her answer.

"So are you still the classy and sophisticated woman you presented yourself as on television?" he asked, before resuming pounding her ass furiously.

"Noooooooo, I'm just a dumb, fucking, bimbo, bitch, cum sluuuuuut," she declared, adding words not even ordered.

"Fuck, only dirty fucking cum bucket whores come from getting ass reamed," Carl accused, as he slammed into her hard.

"Damn you, you fucking priiiiick," she screamed, as her second orgasm hit her.

Carl kept fucking her ass and another couple minutes later he deposited a second load in the bitch's ass.

"Oh God, nooooo," she screamed, as she felt her ass filled.

A minute later, he pulled out, pulled her pantyhose off, and her panties and instructed, "You will wear silk stockings for the rest of the day and no panties."

"But what about the cum in my ass?" Eva asked, her body still shaking.

"A reminder of who owns you," he said as he went to his briefcase and pulled out a pair of thigh high silk stockings and a piece of paper.

He returned with both and said, "Sign it, slut."

"Please, don't call me a slut," she weakly protested, even though she felt completely like one.

"You are my slut, my three-hole cum slut," he shrugged, handing her a pen.

She saw it was an agreement to be a spokesperson for him. "And you promise to not release my daughter's indiscretions?"

"I'm a man of my word," he nodded. He wouldn't release the video, but he would use her daughter to sell his silk stockings to the chastity groups as his daughter suggested. He would also use the many words he filmed through his glasses camera if she ever decided to remotely cross him.

She signed the paper and then opened her package. As she put the stockings on, she was surprised how silky the nylons were.

He said, as he got dressed, "I told you, they are the best stockings."

"They are really soft," she nodded, surprised that the product was as good as advertised. At least she would be selling a product she did like, even if she hated him and how the company marketed their product.

"A film crew will be coming here in twenty minutes for you to make your first appearance," Carl announced.

"But I have the senator's meeting," she said.

"Oh, they will be here, too," he smiled, having already talked with them and promised they could double penetrate her this afternoon.

"You really are a bastard," she said, understanding she had been completely played, although still oblivious to the orgy she was soon going to be a part of.

"And you're a three-hole cum bucket," he shrugged, "Just like I said you would be."

She glared at him, but felt completely helpless at the moment wondering what else this bastard had in store for her.

Epilogue:

An hour later the once strong-willed feminist was indeed a three-hole cum bucket as she was triple-teamed by the two senators and Carl.

Three days later she was back on CNN this time explaining her sudden change of heart.

A week later she was ass-fucked in the principal's office as she apologized for being such a pain in the ass... the irony delicious.

As for Carl, he was already making plans to initiate his youngest daughter Brandi, into Syndom. He was also already onto a potentially much bigger problem... an election was coming in a few months and the left-wing party was ahead in the polls and looked like they may win; Syndom being a right-wing fellowship not surprisingly, he had very few allies in that party and none with any significant power. As he listened to their Presidential candidate, the first woman ever to run for President, he knew he had to add her to his list of submissives.

As he fucked his daughter's ass, he asked, "Do you think we can get Mrs. Harper to join our side?"

Mercedes moaned as she felt her father coat her ass with his cum, "Challenge accepted."

THE END