

# CATCHING MOMMY: A SHOCKING SECRET

***silkstockingslover***

*18-year-old daughter learns her Mom is a submissive lesbian.*

Incest/Taboo

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## **Catching Mommy: A Shocking Secret**

**Summary:** 18-year-old daughter learns her Mom is a submissive lesbian.

**Note 1:** A great, big, super thanks goes to great Estragon for his dedicated copy-editing.

**Note 2:** Another thanks goes to Goamz86, LaRascasse and MAB7991 for plot suggestions.

**Note 3:** Lastly, a thank you to all my readers who vote, leave comments, make suggestions and request sequels or new stories. This story is an amalgam of many suggestions over the past year, and has been percolating since 2010.

**Note 4:** Because two of the characters are English I will sometimes use English or UK words, such as arse (for ass...it sounds so much dirtier in my opinion).

**Note 5:** Although part one does not have direct incest, future incest is implied (although we are a couple parts away from real incest).

## **Catching Mommy: A Shocking Secret**

I love sex!

I mean I really love it!

And although I like the odd cock in me, I prefer women...always have.

For whatever reason, older women have also always taken a liking to me. I just seem to exude a sexual aura that has older women, straight or bi, falling all over themselves to be with me. Within three weeks of turning 18, I had slept with three older women: a neighbor, a friend of my Mom's and the mother of one of my best friends. All three came onto me and all three ended up being personal play-things, always ready and willing, and ever so able.

But for now this is the story of how my mother became my personal sex slave.

It was early March of my graduating year, when I learned a secret about Mother that would change everything. Blackmailing her to become my personal slave had never occurred to me, even though she is a fucking knockout. She is pretty much me, but 25 years older. Her breasts were as large as mine and firm (she worked out every day), her legs were long like mine, her hair the same blonde and her eyes the same blue. We were truthfully often mistaken as sisters, something that my mother obviously reveled in.

It all started on a day when I decided to stay home from school. I slept till almost lunchtime. After the good sleep I was feeling better, but figured I would stay home and relax; why go to one more boring Chemistry class? I decided to play on the computer, but mine was being repaired so I

logged onto Mom's laptop. She never let me use it, but on my third guess I got her password. I checked my e-mail, downloaded some new tunes, surfed the net and so forth when I noticed my Mom's email flashing on the bottom. I clicked on it and she had three new emails. I never planned to read them, but you know what they say, curiosity killed the cat. I wouldn't say that was the case, but curiosity definitely changed everything. I skipped the new ones because Mom would notice that they had been read, but then I saw a few from someone called Mistress Olivia. I clicked and read one:

**From: Slut Sarah**

**To: Mistress Olivia**

**Time: 11:58 pm February 20, 2008**

**Subject: Mission Completed**

**Mistress,**

**I have fulfilled your demand as commanded. Your friend Katrina has a beautiful pussy. Her mother almost walked in on us. We heard her coming up the stairs and I had to hide under the bed. Her Mom came in and asked if something was wrong. Katrina asked why and her mother said she thought she heard some strange sounds. Katrina laughed and said no she was just studying for a test. The fear of getting caught was a major turn-on Mistress and after her Mom left again I finished pleasing Katrina.**

**Your obedient slut,**

**Sarah**

I was fucking flabbergasted. My Mom was a submissive slut? To whom? She was the most confident woman I have ever met. She was the reason I was so confident. When daddy dearest became abusive, she packed us up and moved us across the fucking ocean, from England to America. She took shit from nobody, which was what made her such a great prosecutor and why she was hired by the City of Boston. Yet, here she was being told what to do by some Olivia. I searched my mother's emails and saw a folder called Olivia. The emails dated back to February 17th. I also looked at her msn friends' folder. She had about 40 friends, all women, some from back home, and one was Olivia. I clicked on history and was floored. The first date was New Year's Eve. I was in the UK visiting friends over the holiday break during that time. What the hell did Mommy dearest do while I was away?

I clicked on the first log:

***December 31, 2007 22:30:11***

*Olivia: Hi, your profile picture is very flattering.*

*Sarah: Thanks.*

*Olivia: I will be honest with you. Your profile interested me. I am an 18 year old high school student. I like to dominate older women. I am looking for a new slut. British women turn me on. Are you looking for a mistress?*

*Sarah: I am not sure.*

Olivia: Ok, bye.

(Olivia has left chat)

Sarah: Hello?

Sarah: Hello?

Sarah: Um, sorry but it was a surprising question.

Sarah: I think I might be looking for a mistress.

Sarah: Hello...

Sarah: ☐

**January 1, 2008 11:23:14**

Sarah: Hello.

**January 1, 2008 13:44:11**

Sarah: Hello.

**January 1, 2008 16:00:31**

Sarah: Olivia?

**January 1, 2008 19:54:27**

Sarah: Olivia?

Sarah: Hi.

**January 1, 2008 21:39:23**

Sarah: You there?

**January 1, 2008 23:21:26**

Sarah: I will try again tomorrow.

**January 2, 2008 17:43:02**

Sarah: Olivia, you there?

Sarah: Hello.

Sarah: I looked at your picture. You are beautiful. Your green eyes are hypnotic, your luscious lips are tantalizing and I have a weak spot for redheads.

Sarah: How can I please you?

Olivia: Tell me one secret about yourself.

Sarah: Thank you for responding.

*Olivia: Don't disappoint me again.*

*Sarah: Understood.*

*Olivia: Good, because I have many older woman very eager to be trained by me.*

*Sarah: I will obey.*

*Olivia: So let's start by telling me one secret about yourself.*

*Sarah: I had a Mistress throughout college and have recently begun to crave that feeling of obedience and submission I long ago quit being a part of.*

*Olivia: So you have been dominated by a woman?*

*Sarah: Yes.*

*Olivia: When?*

*Sarah: In college.*

*Olivia: Tell me the story.*

*Sarah: My roommate in college was a year older than I and she seduced me the second month we were together.*

*Olivia: What was her name?*

*Sarah: Sarah.*

*Olivia: Thus the user name?*

*Sarah: Yes.*

*Olivia: What is your real name?*

*Sarah: Kate.*

*Olivia: Good girl. Go on with your story.*

*Sarah: Well, I came home upset after being dumped by some man because I wouldn't put out and she consoled me. We drank a bit and eventually she kissed me. She then simply slipped out of her robe, slid off her knickers, and demanded I eat her pussy. I had never even considered doing such a thing, yet it never even occurred to me to disobey her command. From that night on, I was her submissive sex toy. I ate her pussy every day it seemed and she often fucked me with a variety of different toys. I also fucked her, but she never, not even once, ate my pussy. The situation was clear: I was the lesbian slave and she was in charge.*

*Olivia: It ended?*

*Sarah: Yes. This lifestyle existed all four years of college and then we went our separate ways.*

*Olivia: What happened after college?*

*Sarah: I got a job, met a guy, got knocked up, got married and lived happily ever after. Until he got abusive a couple of years ago and I moved to America to start over.*

*Olivia: You have not been with ANY other women since then?*

*Sarah: No.*

*Olivia: Interesting.*

*Sarah: I liked your profile too.*

*Olivia: What do you like about it?*

*Sarah: Well you're gorgeous, I got wet just looking at you and imagining submitting to you in real life. But I am fascinated that you like Jane Austen. Your favorite band is Chicago (how many other teens could even name a song by them?) and you also like stockings.*

*Olivia: Stockings = power.*

*Sarah: I have pairs of knee high silk stockings to wear on my hands to masturbate myself. The feel of them touching me is orgasmic.*

*Olivia: I always wear stockings.*

*Sarah: I wear pantyhose to work every day.*

*Olivia: Actual pantyhose?*

*Sarah: Yes. But only sheer sandalfoot ones.*

*Olivia: Sheer-check. Sandalfoot-check. Pantyhose -- no.*

*Sarah:?*

*Olivia: My subs only wear stay-ups, thigh highs, or garter and stockings.*

*Sarah: Oh. I have a garter and stockings, but I haven't worn them since who knows when.*

*Olivia: When was the last time you had sex?*

*Sarah: Over a year.*

*Olivia: Mission 1.*

*Sarah:?*

*Olivia: I will give you missions to see if you are qualified to continue talking to me and maybe eventually qualify for complete submission to me.*

*Sarah: Um...Ok.*

*Olivia: Mission 1-Go and buy a variety of new stockings.*

*Sarah: Ok.*

*Olivia: Now.*

*(Olivia has left chat)*

I click on my Mom's profile and was surprised. At least she didn't use her real name, but she had offered up her real name to Olivia already.

**Profile**

**Name: Sarah**

**Age: 43**

**Nationality: UK (Now with dual UK-USA citizenship)**

**Location: Boston**

**Weight: Average**

**Height: Tall**

**Interests: Reading, movies, work**

**Books: Anything by Jane Austen**

**Bands: Chicago, Duran Duran, U2**

**Orientation: Gay Curious**

**Sexual Preference: Younger girls**

**Perversions: Submission, stockings, domination**

I clicked on Olivia's profile and almost shit myself. Olivia, the girl who appeared to be my Mom's mistress, was a student at my school. Not just any student either. She was the head cheerleader, a rich bitch and my nemesis. Since my arrival, we had been at war. I clearly threatened her spot on the top of the popularity chain, what with my amazing good looks, great fashion and perfect body, and modesty.

**Profile**

**Name: Olivia**

**Age: 18**

**Location: Boston**

**Weight: Skinny**

**Height: Average**

**Interests: Reading, writing, dancing**

**Books: Pride and Prejudice**

**Bands: Chicago**

**Orientation: Bi**

**Sexual Preference: Girls, Girls, Girls (A decent song too)**

**Perversions: Cheerleaders, teachers, submissive girls, stockings, power, I AM A DOMME  
LOOKING FOR OLDER SLUTS TO TRAIN!!!**

I went to my Mom's drawer and found her knee high stockings. I sniffed them. Yep, she still masturbated with them. I put one on my hand and, after sliding off my knickers, I started touching myself ever so gently, while I continued to read about my Mom's sexual debauchery.

***January 2, 2008 22:38:38***

*Sarah: Olivia?*

*Sarah: You there?*

*Sarah: I bought some stockings as instructed.*

***January 2, 2008 23:59:37***

*Sarah: Olivia?*

*Sarah: I am wearing a pair right now.*

*Sarah: A black pair with matching knickers and a nightie.*

*Sarah: Goodnight.*

***January 3, 2008 08:33:12***

*Sarah: I have to go to work for a few hours. I should be back by 4.*

***January 3, 2008 16:12:48***

*Sarah: I'm back.*

*Olivia: Hi, slut. Tell me what you bought.*

*Sarah: I bought stay-ups or thigh highs, whatever you call them in mocha (3 pairs), beige (2 pairs), black (3 pairs), red (1 pair), white (2 pairs). I also bought a pair of black, white and tan stockings for my garter-belt.*

*Olivia: What are you wearing right now?*

*Sarah: Mocha thigh highs, a black business skirt and blazer and a white blouse.*

*Olivia: I see. Just a minute.*

*Olivia: Sorry, I am also online with another slave. One that has completed her training.*

*Sarah: ☐*

*Olivia: Play your cards right and you too can be my slave too.*

*Sarah: ☐*

*Olivia: What kind of toys do you own?*

*Sarah: One vibrator.*

*Olivia: Really? I guess we know what your next mission is.*

*Sarah: Get more toys?*

*Olivia: Of course. You will need a couple more vibrators, a strap-on for me to fuck you with if the time comes, a butt plug and some sort of vibrating toy to wear in your pussy while you are at work.*

*Sarah: OK.*

*Olivia: Later. And for now on I expect you naked except for stockings and heels. Is that understood, slut?*

*Sarah: Yes.*

*Olivia: Good, you just may be worth my time. Goodnight, I have to go and train another slave.*

*(Olivia has left chat)*

I immediately went searching for the toys. It took a bit of searching, but hidden in the back of her closet in a box marked taxes was a variety of toys. It was substantially above the list in the chat. She had a strap-on, a few vibes, a couple of butt plugs (one way too big for any normal person), anal beads, a double-ended dildo, handcuffs, and a variety of lotions and lubes.

I went back to the laptop, my stocking-covered hand slowly teasing my cunt, while I continued reading.

***January 10,2008, 20:00:12***

*Sarah: Hi.*

*Sarah: Dressed as expected.*

*Olivia: How would that be?*

*Sarah: Naked, except in my thigh highs and heels.*

*Olivia: Good slut.*

*Sarah: Thank you.*

*Olivia: Did you buy a vibrating egg as expected?*

*Sarah: Yes.*

*Olivia: Good. Tomorrow I expect you to take the egg you purchased and wear it in your cunt all day tomorrow at work.*



*Sarah: But I have a trial.*

*Olivia: That's no excuse.*

*(Olivia has left chat)*

**January 10, 2008, 20:03:19**

*Sarah: I am so sorry...I will wear the egg as you requested.*

*Sarah: Please forgive your slut.*

*Sarah: U own me.*

**January 11, 2008, 18:23:41**

*Sarah: I am home...*

*Sarah: Mistress?*

*Sarah: Please Mistress? I will do anything u command!*

*Olivia: Mistress, I like that. But that is twice now you have questioned my instructions.*

*Sarah: Twice?*

*Olivia: Yes, when I asked if you were looking for a Mistress and when you hesitated over putting the egg in your olds cunt.*

*Sarah: Oh, I am so sorry.*

*Olivia: U need to be punished.*

*Sarah: Yes Mistress.*

*Olivia: Is your daughter home?*

*Sarah: No.*

*Olivia: Good. Go into her room and grab her pillow.*

*Sarah: OK.*

*Sarah: Back.*

*Olivia: Are you dressed as asked?*

*Sarah: Yes, Mistress.*

*Olivia: Fuck yourself to an orgasm.*

*Olivia: Imagine u r on your knees pleasing my young, ripe, shaved cunt.*

*Olivia: Imagine I have just exploded my juices all over ur slut face.*

*Olivia: Imagine me fucking ur sloppy cunt with my strap-on, ur daughter in the room beside us.*

*Sarah: I just came.*

*Olivia: Rub ur whore cunt all over your daughter's pillow case.*

*Sarah: OMG!*

*Olivia: NOW!!!*

*Sarah: Yes, Mistress.*

*Olivia: Dry yourself completely!*

*Sarah: Done.*

*Olivia: Go return the pillow to ur daughter's bed.*

*Sarah: Yes, Mistress.*

*Sarah: I did it.*

*Olivia: Good slut. U just may be worthy yet of being my sub slut.*

*Sarah: Understood.*

*Olivia: I won't be online for a couple of weeks. I have finals and then my family and I are going skiing up in Canada.*

*Sarah: ☐*

*Olivia: While I am gone, I expect u to continue wearing only thigh highs and stop wearing panties. Understood?*

*Sarah: Yes, Mistress.*

*Olivia: Good, I also expect u to have a butt plug in ur ass whenever ur daughter is home.*

*Sarah: Understood.*

*Olivia: Talk 2 u in a couple of weeks.*

*(Olivia has left chat)*

I couldn't believe it. Olivia somehow knew that she was my mother and was using her against me. I couldn't believe my mother would use my pillow to clean her pussy, but apparently she did. I tried to recall anything out of the ordinary with my pillow back then, but nothing came to mind. I did recall commenting to my Mother quite a while ago that she was walking funny. Now I know why.

Although my pussy was on fire as I read the sordid adventures of my mother, my anger was also bubbling at the thought of that bitch Olivia using my mother.

The next few e-mails in late January and early February were all trivial things but my Mother was slowly submitting to the bitch. She had fucked herself at work, she had apparently worn my panties, came in them and put them back in my drawer and she had attempted to fist herself. Then in mid-February came this one.

**February 11, 2008 17:22:34**

*Olivia: You are ready for the final stage of your submission. I have created a new e-mail for you to communicate with me. It is submissivesarah. I will now start sending your missions via e-mail.*

*Sarah: Yes Mistress. Thank you very much.*

*Olivia: Be sure to check it often, as missions may turn up at any Moment. Pass these final tests and you will become my sub slave.*

*Sarah: I eagerly obey.*

*Olivia: Now go fuck your ass with one of your toys, thinking of me fucking not only you, but your daughter.*

*Sarah: Thank you Mistress.*

What the fuck? Fucking me too? This was getting past the point of ridiculous. I could feel my cheeks getting red with anger; how dare that bitch use my mother to get to me! That was the last chat. I went back to her e-mails and the first one was dated a couple of days later.

**From: Mistress Olivia**

**To: Slut Sarah**

**Time: 7:14 pm Wednesday February 13, 2008.**

**Subject: Valentine's Day present!**

**Your mission is to be at my house at exactly 6:00PM tomorrow. My parents will be out for Valentine's Day till 10 or so. Wear all red.**

**Mistress Olivia**

\*\*\*\*\*

**From: Slut Sarah**

**To: Mistress Olivia**

**Time: 7:17 pm Wednesday February 14<sup>th</sup>, 2008.**

**Subject: Re: Valentine's Day present.**

**I will be there.**

**Your hopeful servant.**

\*\*\*\*\*

**From: Mistress Olivia**

**To: Slut Sarah**

**Time: 10:02 pm Thursday February 14<sup>th</sup>, 2008.**

**Subject: U R Now my Slut**

**You passed the test. You will make a good little slut. You understand now what the expectations are right?**

**Complete and utter faithfulness!**

**Mistress Olivia**

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Unable to control myself, I closed my eyes and imagined what my arch-enemy must have done to my Mother. It would have been extreme and humiliating, just like the way she treats 99% of the students at my school.

I tried to resist the image, but all that continued to play in my head while I rubbed my clit was my mother on her knees, between the legs of the bitchy redhead, begging to please her. I heard my mother offer, "Yes, I will seduce my daughter and bring her to you." I rubbed myself faster imagining my slutty mother trying to seduce me and came hard all over her knee high stocking. Like my slutty mother, I rubbed my cum all over it before taking it off and putting it back in the drawer.

I returned to reading the e-mails.

**From: Slut Sarah**

**To: Mistress Olivia**

**Time: 11:33 pm Thursday February 14, 2008.**

**Subject: U R Now my Slut**

**Dear Mistress,**

**Thank u so much for accepting me as your slut.**

**Your obedient, loyal servant,**

**Kate**

I noticed the name change. I shook my head, still baffled how my strong-headed Mom could have allowed herself into such a situation. I skimmed a couple of e-mails that repeated the Mistress/sub theme and then stopped dead in my tracks when I read one about me.

**From: Mistress Olivia**

**To: Slut Sarah**

**Time: 8:43 pm Saturday February 23, 2008**

**Subject: Ur daughter**

**Slut,**

**I want u to begin the seduction of Victoria. How u do this is up 2 u, but I want her on her knees, ready to serve me, by the end of March.**

**Mistress Olivia**

**\*\*\*\*\***

**From: Slut Sarah**

**To: Mistress Olivia**

**Time: 9:51 pm Saturday February 23, 2008**

**Subject: Re: Ur daughter**

**Mistress Olivia,**

**I understand ur request. But I may need ur help. I really don't know how 2 go about seducing my daughter.**

**I badly want 2 please u, but how do I even begin?**

**Your confused slut**

**Kate**

**\*\*\*\*\***

**From: Mistress Olivia**

**To: Slut Sarah**

**Time: 11:15 am Sunday February 24, 2008**

**Subject: How 2 seduce ur daughter**

**Slut,**

**Only a real whore would even consider seducing their daughter. It makes me wet thinking about it. My suggestion is to start slow with Victoria. Begin complimenting her more, touch her more and show more skin. Attempt to bring up conversations about sex.**

**Good luck, once u have accomplished this task, I will reward u with ur very own sub.**

**I look forward to Victoria on her knees ready to submit to me unconditionally like her slut mother.**

**Mistress Olivia**

Reading my name in such an e-mail was shocking. I started to think about the past couple of weeks and realized that Mother had done everything Olivia had suggested. She had complimented my outfits, my hair, and my make-up. She had offered and given me two neck massages and she had definitely been dressing more provocatively lately. I just assumed she had met a man.

As I was about to click on an e-mail titled, "Seduction is going slow", I heard the door open. I looked at the clock. It was only 2. There was no way she should be home. I quickly exited out of her e-mail and computer, but I heard her coming up to her room and I heard another voice. I quickly went to my room through our joint bathroom. Just as I returned to my room, I heard a very familiar girl's voice order, "No! Not in your room, slut. I want you to eat me on your daughter's bed."

"Yes, Mistress," I heard my Mother respond. I just got back to my bathroom when my door opened.

I couldn't see the girl yet, but heard her demand, "Bitch, we only have an hour so get to work."

My mother replied, "Yes, Mistress Olivia."

I let out a quiet gasp. I reached for my Iphone, repositioned myself so I could see and began making a video of my Mother and the bitch. I didn't know what I would use it for yet, but getting revenge on Olivia was definitely part of my yet to be formulated plan. I watched in stunned silence, like I was watching a shockingly dirty porn movie.

Olivia sat on the edge of my bed, pulled off her sundress and opened her legs wide. My Mom fell to her knees and buried her head between the legs of her Mistress and my arch enemy.

For the next few minutes Olivia belittled my Mother, "Yes, suck my clit, slut," and "That's it, you like my young pussy don't you," and "Deeper dyke, shove your tongue inside me." Finally, I heard Olivia scream and collapse back on my bed. "I'm coming slave, keep licking, you fucking bitch."

Once Olivia had recovered, she ordered, "Slut, go get the strap-on. I want to fuck you on your daughter's bed."

"Yes, Mistress Olivia," my Mother obediently replied, and got off her knees and began walking my way. I quickly jumped in the tub and hid behind the curtain. I held my breath when I heard footsteps followed by the clear sound of someone, Olivia, peeing.

My Mother returned, just as the sound of peeing ended. Olivia ordered, "Slut, please clean up my piss."

I couldn't see anything, but I assume my Mother licked the last remnants of Olivia's golden liquid from her pussy. After a few seconds, Olivia ordered, "Get on your daughter's bed."

When I was sure they were gone, I got out of my hiding spot and returned to my voyeur position. My Mom was now naked, except for her thigh high stockings and heels and was on all fours. Olivia, completely naked, had the seven-inch strap-on around her perfect waist, and was crawling onto my bed. I began taping with my Iphone again.

"Ready for your Mistress to fuck you, slut?"

"Yes, Mistress Olivia," my Mother replied.

"On your daughter's bed?"

"Yes, Mistress Olivia."

"Are you looking forward to watching me fuck your daughter with this big thick cock?" Olivia asked, spanking my Mom's ass with the plastic toy.

"Yes, Mistress Olivia, very much so."

"Since you are such a fucking lesbian slut, I am just going to kneel here behind you and let you fuck yourself on your daughter's bed," she said, clearly amused at the power she had over my Mother.

Without further instruction, Mother leaned back, clearly eager to please, and engulfed the big cock in her pussy. As soon as it was in her, she began to move back and forth, fucking herself like a nasty little deviant.

Olivia continued to humiliate my Mother. "Fuck, you are one little whore, letting an 18-year-old fuck you on your daughter's bed. But you love it, don't you?"

"Oh, yes, Mistress, I am a whore, your whore," she moaned, taking the cock deeper in her.

"Do you want me to fuck your daughter?"

"Yes, fuck the whore," my Mom babbled.

I couldn't believe it. I was no saint, but I was no whore either. Well maybe I was, depending on your definition of whore, but she sure didn't know about half my naughty indiscretions.

"Do you want to eat your daughter's pussy?"

"Whaaaaat?" Mom moaned, seemingly surprised by the question.

Olivia grabbed my mother's hips and stopped her from continuing to fuck herself. "You heard me. Do you want to eat your daughter's pussy?"

Frustration filled the room, when Mother shocked me, "Yes, Mistress, I would love to eat my daughter's cunt while you fuck my whore hole."

Olivia pulled the strap-on cock out of Mom and asked, "So you will eat your daughter's pussy for me?"

"Yes," Mom whimpered, desperate to get the cock back in her.

"Will you give her to me as a gift?" Olivia asked, the toy rubbing up and down the crevice of Mother's ass.

"Yes, Mistress, you own me and soon you will own my daughter too," Mother whimpered.

I gasped, letting out a sound that luckily neither of them heard so busy with their sexual debauchery. Part of me wanted to break in and stop it there and then, another part of me wanted to join the naughty scene and yet another part of me had nasty blackmail plans spinning in my mind. So I decided to keep taping. I had both of them in compromising positions, albeit my mother was a lot worse, promising to commit incest.

"Good, slut, I think it is time to fuck the one last forbidden taboo," Mistress Olivia teased.

Anal sex, there was no way my Mother would allow that, I thought to myself. Yet the words out of the woman I clearly didn't know at all were, "You own that hole too Mistress."

"Beg me to fuck your ass, my dyke."

"Fuck my arse, Mistress, fuck your whore on her daughter's bed," my Mother begged, like a nymphomaniac.

Olivia put her hand in my Mom's cunt and used the juice to lube up my Mom's arse. I personally had never done that yet, although I had fingered myself there a couple times. I watched in awe as the long toy began to disappear between my Mom's ass cheeks.

My mother whimpered, clearly in pain, "Aaaaaah."

"Hold still slut," Olivia ordered, pulling my Mom's ass cheeks apart to watch her slut take the long hard cock.

Slowly the majority of the cock was in my Mom and Olivia began to slowly fuck my Mom's arse. The moaning, the whimpering, and the dirty talk were driving me crazy and I started to diddle myself while watching Mom's sexual depravity. I had never allowed anything in my ass, but after watching the screams of pleasure coming from my Mother it had me reconsidering my no entry through the back door policy.

Mom's moaning increased and she begged, "Harder, fuck my arse harder."

Olivia grabbed my Mom's long blonde hair and began to really fuck the shit out of my Mother.

"Yes, yes, fuck my arse, deeper, bang my arse, yes, yes, fuckkkkk," my mother screamed incoherently, clearly reaching climactic bliss by taking a strap-on up her arse. I quit diddling myself, worried I might come too, and taped the end of Mom's humiliation.

Olivia ordered, "Suck my cock, slut. Suck the cock that was up your ass, or what did you call it, your arse."

Mother turned around and without hesitation took the cock in her mouth. I filmed for a couple more minutes and quietly sneaked out from Mom's room and out of the house. My head was spinning with everything I had just seen. I needed time to think, to plan....

The End 4 Now....

*Coming Soon: Catching Mommy: Blackmailing a MILF (Victoria blackmails Olivia's Mom!!!)*