

CATCHING MOMMY: BLACKMAILING A MILF

silkstockingslover

An 18-year-old seduces her arch-enemy's MILF Mom.

Incest/Taboo

4.61

3.8k words

Summary:An 18-year-old seduces her arch-enemy's MILF Mom.

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 voted, and left comments for this story.

Note 4:Because two of the characters are English I will sometimes use English words like arse (for ass...it sounds so much dirtier) and knickers (for panties...which also somehow sounds naughtier).

Note 5:Although not mandatory, I highly recommend you read the first part in this lengthy multi-chaptered story "**Catching Mommy: A Stunning Revelation.**" But in case time doesn't permit or you just want a quick refresher:

Part 1: A Shocking Secret:*An 18-year-old English girl transplanted to Boston, Victoria, stays home sick one day and accidentally learns that her proud, dignified, lawyer Mom is a submissive lesbian to another 18-year-old girl. To make matters worse her Mom's Mistress is none other than Victoria's arch-enemy. (Don't deny it, if you are a female you had one in high school too!)*

Note 6:Although this part does not have direct incest, future incest is implied and the seduction of her Mother is under way.

Catching Mommy: Blackmailing a MILF

Out walking, a million ideas flowed through my head, but two kept recurring. One was to get revenge on Olivia and the other was to confront my mother.

Olivia was a rich kid and I knew her Mother was the President of the PTA. I suddenly realized I could play a little game of tit for tat (plenty of tit actually). If she was going to fuck my Mother, I could fuck hers. I had seen her in school on a few occasions and knew she was a Diva Mother to be sure, but a very attractive Diva Mother. I decided right then that I was going to blackmail her Mother. The video on my Iphone would be very handy.

As for my mother, I couldn't deny it, a growing part of me wanted to have her please me. I knew it was wrong, but my wet cunt was telling me differently.

Two hours later, I walked in my house and Mom was in the kitchen dressed in jeans, a t-shirt and I noticed her pantyhose clad feet, with presumably the same stay-up stockings she had worn during her sexual debauchery, and I smirked. She obeyed completely even when Olivia wasn't around.

I greeted her cheerfully. "Hi Mom, how was your day?"

"Same as always," she replied, lying to me.

I walked over and gave her a big hug, my hand going to her ass, attempting to feel if there was a butt plug still there. There was, and my Mom quickly flinched away. I asked innocently, "What's wrong, Mom?"

"Oh, oh, nothing," she replied, her face flushing.

I decided not to push it yet, neither my questioning nor the butt plug lodged in her arse, at least not until I decided what I wanted to do. We had supper, and once we were watching the news my Mom sat beside me and asked, "Do you want a foot massage?"

I shrugged, "Sure, Mom." I flipped my feet onto her lap and watched her massage my feet. I pointed out, "Mom, you have been extra nice to me lately, what gives?"

Her face went slightly red again as she answered, rather believably if I hadn't already known the truth, "Oh, can't I just do nice things for my only daughter?"

"Of course," I smiled, allowing her to give me a very gentle foot massage.

Eventually, I offered, "Mom, let me return the favor."

She looked surprised, but allowed me to massage her stocking-clad feet. I asked, as I gave individual attention to each of her toes, "Why are you wearing stockings with jeans?"

She paused before answering, "Oh, I just like the feel of them."

Flirting just a bit, hoping to throw her for a loop, I said, "Hmmm, they do feel sexy, Mom."

Her face flushed again as I tried to open the door for her to seduce me as instructed by her Mistress...and my enemy. But she wasn't able to pull the trigger, and silence lingered in the air until I finished her massage.

Eventually, I went upstairs to do homework. That night, while sleeping, I had a very vivid dream. Mom sneaked into my room at night, crawled under my covers and licked my pussy. She had an amazing tongue and I came all over her in only a few minutes. Once she was done, she looked into my eyes and said, "I am your slave, baby. Do with me as you please."

I woke up wet and with my hand in my panties. Closing my eyes, I fingered myself to an intense orgasm and lay there in my bed with another decision in my mind...I would make Mom my slut.

The next day, after Mom went to work, I quickly logged into her computer and searched her e-mails. I read

From: Slut Sarah

To: Mistress Olivia

Time: 10:14 pm Tuesday February 26, 2008

Subject: Small Advances

Dear Mistress,

I gave my daughter a foot massage and she gave me one too. It was a small step, but a step

nonetheless. Also, she hugged me and I think felt my butt plug in my ass. I quickly moved away before she could know for sure.

What next?

Your obedient, nervous servant,
Kate

I couldn't believe Mother was such a slut. Her computer went ping and it was a response from Olivia.

From: Mistress Olivia

To: Slut Sarah

Time 7:51 am Wednesday February 27, 2008

Subject: Re: Small Advance

Slut,

This is not good enough. I want your slut of a daughter on her knees ready to obey me very soon. I want her cleaning my feet with her tongue after a long day of cheerleading practice. I want her cleaning my sweaty ass cheeks after a long run. I want her begging to lick my pussy just after I have had my boyfriend fill me with cum. I want your bitch daughter Victoria!!!

Make it happen, cunt. Or the repercussions will be worse than your tiny little brain can comprehend.

Mistress Olivia

I gasped. I sat there transfixed at the shocking e-mail. The fucking gall of her!

Revenge!!!

It was clear as crystal, I had to get her mother, and soon.

I drove to school and went to my classes in a daze. At lunch I saw Olivia, in a plaid skirt and knee-high socks, coming my way. She smiled at me with a smug smile, unaware of the secret I knew. As we crossed paths she took her shot, in a whisper, "Hey, how is your dad?"

She clearly was trying to provoke me, but I knew this game and responded, "Ok, but not as good as Mike was yesterday when you ditched from school and him and I went at it."

Her smile faded and her claws came out, "You are so fucking dead."

I smiled, my turn to be smug, "Oh no, what are you going to do, make me a submissive little follower like all your dyke friends here?"

"Fuck you," Katrina snapped, one of the girls I know my Mother had pleased.

"Being the dyke you are," I retorted, "you probably would love to, wouldn't you."

"I'm a dyke?" she snapped, "You know who the dyke is it's...."

"Shut up," Olivia ordered, attempting to take control of the situation, glaring at Katrina. "This is not the time or place."

"Good puppy, roll over, play dead," I mocked Katrina, even using sarcastic hand gestures. "You really are her submissive little pet."

Katrina fumed, but said nothing.

"Let's go, now," Olivia ordered, before snapping at me, "she'll get hers soon."

Watching them leave, I decided to give just a hint of what I knew, "Hey Katrina, don't forget to keep the pantyhose on at all times, like a good pet."

Olivia quickly turned to look at me, trying to interpret my words. She looked me over, noticing I too was wearing pantyhose. We stared at each other like gunfighters in the old west, a showdown, before she turned and walked away, Katrina following closely behind her.

The day ended, and knowing Olivia had cheerleading practice, I drove over to her house, which was a mansion really. I parked and went to the front door. I rang the doorbell and waited. It was opened by a black woman in a maid's outfit. 'How fucking fitting,' I thought to myself. 'What year are we in, 1950?'

She asked, "What can I do for you?"

"I am looking to speak to Mrs. Phillips."

"May I ask who is calling?" the maid politely asked.

"Sure," I agreed, making up a name, "it is Allie, and I am an acquaintance of Olivia's."

"Ok, ma'am, please take a seat in the front room and I will inform her she has a guest."

"Thank you."

I walked into the big front room that could host a hundred and perused the many pictures on the wall. Although the husband/dad was in a couple, this was really a gallery of pretentious beauties, celebrating the looks of both the daughter and mother. I was shaking my head in utter disbelief when I heard the polite voice of Mrs. Phillips, "Good afternoon, Allie. I am sorry, but Sandrine should have told you Olivia isn't home."

I turned and smiled at the perfectly dressed mother of my enemy. Dressed entirely in white, it seemed so appropriate for what I was about to do. "Oh, I know she isn't. I came to speak with you, Mrs. Phillips."

"Oh," she replied, caught slightly off guard, before responding, "Please call me Lauren."

"OK, Lauren," I replied, "can we speak in private?"

"Of course," she replied, although her perplexed expression hinted at the oddity of the request. "Follow me."

I followed her out of the front room and into a smaller, room, albeit still way too big, that I learned was a drawing room. She offered me a seat, took one across from me, before asking, "And what can I do for you, Allie?"

I smiled, "Funny you should ask me that."

"Why is that?" she asked, showing just the hint of being out of her comfort zone.

"Because I do want something from you," I teased, my voice sing-song like a silly high school girl.

"What is it?" she asked, still not remotely ready for the bombshell I was about to play.

"You on your knees begging to eat my cunt," I announced, my tone instantly changing much more authoritarian.

"I beg your pardon," she asked, shocked.

"I want you, on your knees, before me, begging to be my personal fuck-toy."

"How dare you!" she stood up.

"How dare your daughter!" I retorted.

"What?"

"Before you decide to 'not' drop to your knees and beg to please me, you should look at this video." I offered her my cellphone.

"I want you out of my house this instant!" she demanded with fire in her eyes.

"OK," I shrugged, turning to leave, "I guess I can just upload this video on Facebook and a couple of sex sites, and your perfect little prima donna's reputation will be ruined, as I imagine would be yours as well."

I continued walking, waiting for the words I knew were coming. Before I even reached the door, the word came, "Wait."

I turned around, walked back to her, and said, "We only have a tiny, precious amount of time, Mrs. Phillips. Either you beg to be my slut or I ruin your daughter. The choice is yours."

Skeptical of my evidence, she asked, "Let me see what you have."

I showed her a clip of her fucking my mother, although I made sure the volume was off. Her face went pale as she watched her daughter having lesbian sex. She grabbed for the phone and I pulled it away quickly. I snapped, "Don't you ever fucking touch my property without permission, you bitch. And just so you know I have already uploaded this file on a skydrive, so all it takes to end up online is one simple disobedience from you."

She looked up at me, frustrated and worried, yet still trying to control the situation, she asked, "How much?"

"How much what?" I asked.

"How much money do you want?"

"I don't want money," I laughed harshly. "I want revenge. Your daughter has been a complete bitch to me and pretty much every person at her school and I want her to pay."

"Why me?" she asked.

"Tit for tat," I replied, before adding vulgarly, "Your tits, my tat."

"What?" she asked, confused, tears welling in her eyes.

"That woman she is fucking. That is my mother," I snarled, adding, "if she is going to fuck my mother, then I am going to fuck hers."

She stood there motionless, clearly not used to being not in control or unable to buy her way out of a problem.

"On your knees, Mrs. Phillips!" I ordered.

"Please, don't make me," she pleaded.

"Oh, I am not going to make you," I replied, giving her false hope.

"Oh, thank you," she gratefully replied.

"No, no, no. You must submit to me on your own accord," I explained, crushing her brief glimmer of hope.

She looked so cute and so defeated.

"On your knees, Mrs. Phillips," I ordered.

She fell to her knees, tears now freely streaming down her face.

I explained, "Don't blame me for this. Blame your bitch, slut of a daughter. She went after my mother, and now I am going to repay the favor." I pulled out my Iphone and began filming, "Now beg to be my personal plaything."

She looked up and covered her face when she saw the Iphone.

I snapped at her. "Don't you dare look away from me! Show me your fucking pretty face!"

She slowly uncovered her face and begged, "Please, let's make an arrangement."

I smiled and said, "Oh, we are making an arrangement Mrs. Phillips. Now stand up."

She quickly obeyed, probably slightly hopeful that I had reconsidered.

I smiled, "Tell you what, Mrs. Phillips, I am nothing if not fair. So I am going to lift up your skirt and touch your knickers. If they are dry I will turn around and leave and we will pretend this never happened. On the other hand, if your knickers are wet, like I assume they are, then I am going to sit down on that white chair, open my legs and you are going to crawl over to me and beg to become my slut."

Her face went red, as she stammered, "T-t-that is ludicrous."

"You see, I can tell by the look in your eyes. You want me. You crave discipline. Your cunt, I am guessing, has soaked your knickers with the excitement of pleasing me."

"No," she whispered.

My hand lifted up her skirt and, as I expected, she had leaked so much even her pantyhose was wet. I purred, "Hmmm, it seems I was right and you are a flooder, aren't you?"

She shook her head no. I tapped her pussy three times and she let out loud moans at each tap. "Fuck, Mrs. Phillips. You are hornier than I expected. Doesn't Mr. Phillips fulfill your needs?"

She snapped at me, "That is none of your business."

I sighed, "This is getting old. You are horny thinking of pleasing me and I need to be pleased." I walked over to the white chair and beckoned her with one finger.

She stood frozen briefly, but did begin walking towards me.

I stopped her. "Crawl, slut."

She cringed at being called a slut, her humiliation clearly burning inside her. She obeyed though, dropping to her pantyhose-covered knees and awkwardly crawled toward me. Once at my feet, I looked down and asked, "Do you want to taste my cunt, Mrs. Phillips?"

"No," she answered defiantly.

"Really?" I asked, my eyebrow raised. "On your bitch daughter's life, be completely honest, do you want to taste my pussy?"

Tears returned to her eyes as she answered so softly I could only tell by reading her lips, "Yes."

"Louder, slut!" I demanded.

"Yes, dammit!" she snapped.

I opened my legs. "Take off my knickers, Mrs. Phillips."

I lifted my ass off the chair as, her hands literally shaking, she nervously tugged at my knickers. Once off, I spread my legs wide and asked, "Like what you see?"

She stared at my shaved, perfect pussy and nodded yes.

"Beg me," I ordered.

She looked up, her eyes pleading for me to show mercy. Instead, I waited. Eventually, the attractive MILF whispered, "May I lick your vagina?"

"Hmmm, that is terrible, Mrs. Phillips. We will have to work on your dirty talk," I suggested. "But time is of the essence. Go ahead, Mrs. Phillips, become my slave, lean forward and taste your new Mistress' cunt."

I was slightly surprised when there was no last minute resistance. She leaned forward between my legs and began licking my very wet pussy. She was tentative at first, licking my pussy lips slowly. But like the other MILFs who have sampled my goods, once my juices started flowing, the eager cunt-lickers get addicted to my taste and begin lapping like a thirsty puppy finding water in a desert. Her tentativeness faded and was replaced by an eagerness to please.

My moans increased as her pace increased and I rewarded my new slut with compliments, "Good slut, you will make a very good pussy-pleaser," and "Hmmm, for a first timer you are a natural." Although she obviously wasn't enjoying her humiliating ordeal, my compliment had her begin licking faster. I smiled to myself as she was becoming the lesbian slut I had promised myself she would become.

Watching my revenge happen so smoothly and the evidence on my Iphone capturing every second of my enemy's mother's submission was a double satisfaction: one, the first part of my revenge complete and two, the MILFs' tongue really was doing wonders on my cunt. Curious, I accused her. "This is not the first time you have eaten pussy, is it, Mrs. Phillips?"

She looked up at me, my juices giving her lips a light shine, her facial expression implying so many unspoken things.

I repeated my question, "This is not the first time you have eaten pussy, is it, Mrs. Phillips?"

Defeated and yet clearly horny, she admitted, "No, it is not."

"You munch cunt regularly, don't you?" I questioned.

"Not really," she replied, vaguely.

"When was the last time?" I asked.

"Please, Olivia will be home soon," she pleaded, avoiding the question.

"I like your begging," I teased, "but the sooner you answer my question, the sooner you can finish what you started and the sooner you can come yourself."

"Fine," she sighed, "but can you turn that thing off?"

"Sure," I shrugged, as if it was not a big deal.

"There is a group of us that sometimes get together to play," she admitted.

"Who?" I asked, dying to know all the secrets of the filthy rich and slutty.

"A variety of different women."

"Name one," I pushed.

"I can't," she refused, her eyes giving away her fear of consequence.

"Just one, and you can finish what you are currently craving," I teased, my finger slipping inside my wet cunt.

"Fine," she said again, clearly a common word in her vocabulary that definitely didn't mean 'fine' at all. "June Neilsen."

"Katrina's mother?" I asked.

"Yes," she admitted, deflated.

"Delicious," I mused to know one in particular. "Speaking of delicious, get back to work my pet MILF."

I reached for her hair and slowly pulled her back into my gourmet dish.

She savoured my buffet of flavor as she eagerly lapped my pussy, clearly desperate to get me off quick. She went directly to my clit and swirled her tongue around it as she sucked it into her mouth. Instantly, I was close and I grabbed her head, pulled her in and began rubbing my pussy all over her

pretty face. A minute later, I was flooding my juices all over Olivia's MILF mother as I came harder than I can ever recall. Maybe it was the power I knew I had over her now, maybe it was knowing that by fucking her face I was fucking Olivia's, maybe it was the building tension inside since I saw Mother used as a submissive slut or maybe I was just fucking horny.

Once spent, I pulled my Iphone back out and took a picture of the humiliated MILF, her make-up a mess that screamed 'I just ate pussy'. I demanded, "Now lay on your back and come for your Mistress."

"Please, no," she again begged, as if this was a negotiation.

"Now, slut!" I demanded.

She nervously, pulled down her pantyhose and knickers and began frigging herself. She closed her eyes and I began taping again. In seconds her last signs of dignity faded as her moans and desire to come took over her body. It was easily the most dignified orgasm ever as she bit her lip and let out a lengthy whimper, clearly trying not to scream like her body desperately wanted to.

Once she was done, still on her back in her own home, I explained, "I own you now, Mrs. Phillips. You are my slut. If you obey all my orders, I won't upload this quaint little video of you onto the Internet. Is that understood?"

"Yes," she replied defeated, before adding, "Please, is there any way we can work something out?"

"No, slave. I have already laid out the conditions of our relationship. This is not a negotiation. You have no leverage. Now, from now on, I expect you to only wear stockings, none of this pantyhose crap. If I want access to that cunt of yours it better be readily available, is that clear, slut?"

"Yes," she agreed, tears again beginning to roll down her cheeks.

"Yes, what?" I asked, pushing her further into the submissive role I planned to use her for.

"Yes, Mistress," she announced, after a brief pause.

"Good girl," I replied, condescendingly. I wrote my e-mail address on a piece of paper and instructed, "You will create an e-mail address for me to contact you, using your real name. You will e-mail me this new address by 8PM tonight. You will check it regularly. Is that understood?"

"Yes, Mistress," she agreed.

Looking at the clock, I realized I had to leave. I finished with, "Your daughter will be home soon. You may want to clean up. Your face is a mess, it screams I-am-a-lesbian-dyke-who-just-ate-cunt, which, of course, you just did."

I left her alone to reflect on how her entire life just radically changed in less than an hour. In my car, driving home, I smiled knowing that this was only the beginning.

The End 4 Now...

Coming Soon: Catching Mommy: Creating a Slut