

CATCHING MOMMY: CREATING A SLUT

silkstockingslover

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

Incest/Taboo

4.65

3.7k words

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

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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 so far.

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

Note 5: Although this part does not have direct incest, future incest is implied (and will come to its completion in part 4).

Catching Up! A crash course reminder of what happened previously in the Catching Mommy series:

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!!!)*

Part 2: Blackmailing a MILF: *Shocked by Olivia's attack on her mother and her disgusting attitude, Victoria decides to get revenge by blackmailing her arch-enemy's Mother and making her a lesbian sub. (They say revenge is a dish best served sweaty and hot!!!)*

Catching Mommy: Creating a Good Pet

I was in my car only a few blocks from home when Olivia's red Mercedes flew past me running a stop sign. A smile crossed my face as my tit-for tat plan advanced.

Mom wasn't home yet, so I quickly checked her e-mails but there were none. Oddly, I felt a pang of disappointment at not having any new e-mail to read of Mother's sins. I logged back out and had a quick shower to wash away my sin...although truth be told I reveled in my sin.

Mom called just after I was out of the shower that she was working late and there was money to order pizza in the usual place. As soon as she hung up I wondered if she was really working late or if she was off with Olivia.

I turned my laptop on, which I had picked up on the way home from dominating Olivia's mother, and logged into my e-mail account. No e-mail from my new slut yet, but it was only five o'clock. I researched my History essay on the British impact on American foreign policy for an hour, watched

a new episode of The Bachelor (man that show is accidentally funny) and was re-reading Hamlet before our Act Five test when finally my e-mail binged.

I checked the e-mail and was disappointed to see it was from Becka, a good friend from back home. I e-mailed her back that I was planning to come visit and that she should come here soon too.

Glancing at the clock, I saw it was five after eight and I was already thinking about punishments for my disobedient MILF slut when another e-mail arrived.

I clicked on the e-mail and saw it was from Mrs. Phillips

From: LPhillips

To: Victoria Jones

Time 8:04 pm Wednesday February 27, 2008

Subject: Sorry!!!

Sorry this a few minutes late. I was on the phone with my Mother and lost track of time.

L

I shook my head at her weak excuse and immediately replied.

From: Victoria Jones

To: LPhillips

Time 8:06 pm Wednesday February 27, 2008

Subject: Dumb Slut

Slut,

First of all, every time you address me you will refer to me properly and with respect.

Secondly, I do not accept excuses. You will be punished for not obeying instructions.

Third, you will change your name on your id to Slave Olivia's Mom.

Lastly, your first task, for not following instructions like a good slut, is to go downstairs and grab a cucumber (if you don't have one go and purchase one) and take a picture on your laptop cam with the green fuck-stick in your cunt. I expect the picture e-mailed to me before 10 o'clock. (The picture must include your pretty face my diva whore)

Mistress Victoria

P.S.-Of course, disobedience to this simple task will result in videos of both you and your slut daughter being broadcast on many sex websites (and the links will be sent to EVERYONE you know).

Satisfied with my response, I clicked send and waited for the e-mail of protest I expected to return. Much to my surprise it didn't arrive and a few minutes later I heard the front door open and close. I

closed my laptop and went to greet her. She was just taking off her heels when I got downstairs and I greeted her. "Mom, you look exhausted."

She yawned and said, "It was a long day in court."

"Did you win?" I asked, grabbing her bag.

"The jury is still out," she said, yawning yet again.

"Did you have dinner?" I asked.

"Yes, we had food brought in while we waited and waited and waited," Mom sighed, yawning again.

"You need another foot massage, Mommy," I said, using a term of endearment I had not used in years.

She gave me an odd look, but headed to the couch. "I would love one, dear. My feet are killing me."

For the next few minutes Mom recounted her trial as I massaged her stocking-clad feet, my hands moving slyly more up her leg as I also massaged her ankle and calf. As Mom's legs opened a tad I saw the top of her lace stocking top and asked, "Mom, you wore stockings to work. Were you not worried the lace top could be seen if you sat a certain way?"

Mom jolted up and stammered, "Oh-I-I-um, oh no honey, I made sure to wear a skirt that was conservative enough."

"Ok, then, new question," I said, my hand moving slightly up her left leg. "Why stockings at work?"

She quickly replied, "Well, I noticed you wear them and thought I would try a pair myself."

I questioned her, acting as if she violated my privacy, "How did you know I wear stockings?"

"I still do your laundry." She smirked.

"Touché," I agreed, before asking, "Don't stockings make you feel sexier?"

Mom blushed as she replied, "I suppose so."

"That is why I wear them," I admitted. "I feel sexier when I have them on and I know I get more looks from men and women."

"Women?" she questioned, clearly surprised.

"Mom, it is 2008, if you are not bi you are not popular," I joked.

"You're bi?" she asked, her head clearly spinning.

Suddenly acting shy and innocent, I said, "Well, if truth be told, I think I am a lesbian," planting seed after seed. Mom was speechless so I admitted, lying, even as my hands moved up to her calf, "Although I have never been with a girl, I just know I want to."

"Y-y-you do?" she asked, her head I imagine spinning with opportunity based on her orders from Olivia.

"Yes, desperately, it is all I think about. The worst part is the girl I have been crushing on is my worst enemy at school," I sighed, "but I still can't get her out of my mind, even when she belittles me over and over. Oddly, somehow her belittling makes me want her more. Does that make any sense?"

"Oh honey, your Father and I had a love-hate relationship, so I know exactly what you are talking about," she answered, but I noticed her head was spinning with my revelations.

"But I really hate this girl, yet I can't get her out of my mind. She is my polar opposite. A rich, stuck-up bitch that thinks the world revolves around her," I complained.

Mom pointed out, "Girls like that are often hiding behind their insecurities as a defense mechanism."

"Really?" I said, before going in for the kill. "Well, I can't imagine Olivia Phillips being insecure. She is a perfect ten body wise and has Hollywood looks."

Mom's face went pale as I revealed the name of her Mistress.

I asked, "Are you ok, Mom? It looks like you just saw a ghost."

She stammered, trying to regain control of her emotions. "W-w-what is her name?"

"Olivia Phillips," I repeated. "I have told you about her. She is the bitch always giving me a hard time."

Mom stood up suddenly, clearly trying to come to grips with all the information I was shooting at her.

I added, "Even though I hate her and everything she stands for, there is just something about her I can't explain. But she is not a lesbian."

Mom paused for a moment before turning back towards me. "How do you know?" Mom asked, suddenly attempting to assist her Mistress in seducing her own daughter.

"A girl just knows," I replied, leading Mom with a juicy carrot.

"Oh," Mom paused, "I don't think you can ever tell."

"Really?" I asked, playing innocent.

"Well, before this conversation I had no idea my daughter might be gay," she pointed out. I was so impressed with how quickly Mom recovered, clearly the lawyer in her was coming out.

"Touché," I responded and joked, dangling another carrot, "Now what would be crazy was if you were a lesbian."

Mom's face went red again, but she again recovered quickly. "I can't believe you would say that."

"It was a joke, Mom. There is no way in a million years anyone would think you were a lesbian," I said, trying to comfort her.

"Why?" she asked, "Am I too old?"

I stood up, pulled her into a hug and comforted, "No, Mom, you are not too old. You are as beautiful as you ever have been."

"Thanks, honey," she replied, weakening in my arms. "I don't know what came over me. I am really overtired and stressed about the case I guess."

"Actually," I added, my flirting subtle but setting another seed, "If you weren't my mom I would have a crush on you."

"Oh my," Mom replied, surprised by my flirting and my hand now resting firmly on her ass.

"It's ok, Mom," I said, "You should get some rest."

"Agreed," she confirmed and headed up to her room. She stopped at the stairs and said, "By the way sweetheart, I am fine with your sexual preference and if you ever need to talk about it, I am always here."

"I know, Mom, I know," I replied, waving her off to her room.

Smiling, I returned to my room to check my e-mail. I was pleasantly surprised to see an e-mail from her, under her new name, and an attachment.

I clicked on the e-mail.

From: SlaveOliviasMom

To: Victoria Jones

Time: 9:55:54 pm Wednesday February 27, 2008

Subject: Completion of Task

Dear Mistress,

I obeyed your command as ordered.

Slave Olivia's Mom

PS: Sorry that it is a video, but I do not know how to take pictures on this computer, but I do know how to make a video.

I smiled thinking of all the things I could do with her and a web camera. I clicked on the small video file and watched a semi-dressed MILF shove a cucumber of medium size in her cunt. She never makes eye contact with the camera, but it is obviously she.

I saved the file and e-mailed her back.

From: Victoria Jones

To: SlaveOliviasMom

Time: 10:04:33 pm Wednesday February 27, 2008

Subject: Re: Completion of Task

My slut,

You did very well. I am happy with my pet MILF. Starting tomorrow you will not wear panties anymore and you will wear stockings at all times (not pantyhose) so if I am in a hurry and want access to your box I won't be slowed down.

Also, I will be over after school again to start your training.

Mistress Victoria.

Horny as hell, I considered just going to Mom's room and sitting on her face, but incest was something I wasn't quite ready for. I pulled open the Literotica website and read a few stories including 'Mommy: Becoming My Daughter's Slut' which seemed similar to my mother and me. Grabbing a toy, I shagged myself to a frenzy as I fantasized making Mommy mine. When horny, it was an intoxicating idea that I wanted to do ASAP, but once I had come and was not thinking with my cunt, the repercussions worried me.

THURSDAY

After Mom left for work the next day, I scurried to her computer like mouse to cheese, craving more information.

Surprisingly, there was no e-mail from Olivia. Searching the sent e-mails I did find one sent from Mom to Olivia last night.

From: Slut Sarah

To: Mistress Olivia

Time: 10:07 pm Wednesday February 27, 2008

Subject: A Major Development

Dear Mistress,

I have BIG news....can we chat?

Slut Kate

(Closer to accomplishing your order)

A smile crossed my face as I realized that my Mom was indeed planning to seduce me. I searched her folder and found a transcript from last night. I opened it and read:

Olivia: Slut, this had better be important; I have not had a good day.

Sarah: I am sorry to hear that, Mistress.

Olivia: What fucking news to you have for me.

Sarah: Victoria has a crush on you.

Olivia: She does? How do you know?

Sarah: She told me so tonight when also admitted she thinks she is gay, although she has never actually had a real experience to base it on.

Olivia: Well, well, well...

Sarah: And I think she flirted with me.

Olivia: What?

Sarah: Her hand lingered on my ass way too long and when she was massaging my feet it just seemed more than just a massage and she complimented me by saying if I wasn't her Mother she would be into me.

Olivia: Fuck! Fuck! Fuck! This is too good to be true.

Sarah: What do I do now, Mistress?

Olivia: Flirt back...you know she is a dyke wannabe...just like her whore Mother.

Sarah: Yes, Mistress.

Olivia: I want her ready to please me by Saturday.

Sarah: This Saturday.

Olivia: Yes.

Sarah: Oh my that is not much time.

Olivia: Is there a problem?

Sarah: No, Mistress, I will make it happen somehow.

Olivia: Good slut. Be good and you will be rewarded.

Sarah: Yes, Mistress.

Olivia: But I am tired and going to go to bed. You are to keep that butt plug in your fat ass of yours until your daughter takes it out...is that understood?

Sarah: Yes, Mistress. But won't it fall out?

Olivia: Of your fat ass?

Sarah:?

Olivia: Fine, you can wear panties this one time.

Olivia: Good night, slut.

Sarah: Good night, Mistress.

I logged out of mom's computer and took a cold shower. At school, as expected, the smug look on Olivia's face was intolerable and yet amusing. She was so confident she was playing me and yet had no idea that it was the other way around.

Once school was done, I quickly drove over to Olivia's house and was greeted by my new pet. I said condescendingly, "I didn't know you knew how to open your door by yourself."

"I sent Sandrine out," the nervous MILF explained.

"Eager to continue your training are you?" I smiled, walking past her and into her house.

She closed the door and asked, still praying for a change of heart, "Can't we work something out?"

I smiled, "Oh I have a very lengthy plan already worked out my slut."

She winched slightly at the derogatory name as I walked past her. She let out a sigh that implied she wasn't happy but had reluctantly accepted her predicament.

I turned and ordered, "Show me your stockings, whore."

Her face went red with an anger she impressively controlled before lifting up her flower print dress and showing she had obeyed my instructions with a pair of lace top tan stockings.

"You are such a good girl," I purred, like I was talking to a puppy that had just done a trick.

"Thanks, Mistress," she replied, even though it obviously was eating her alive to be treated so disrespectfully, especially in her own home.

I smiled, knowing even though her facial expressions and tone implied she was strong and upright, the reality was the fact that she had allowed me into her home and sent out her maid spoke volumes...she was mine. I asked, "When was the last time you shagged your husband?"

"Shag?" she asked.

I sighed, still getting used to American language. "Shag means fuck. When did you last fuck your husband?"

"Last night," she admitted, avoiding eye contact.

"Interesting," I mused, before adding, "submitting to me got you that horny, did it?"

"No," she defiantly replied, but the redness on her face told the truth.

"Are you lying to me?" I questioned, my tone shifting enough to show I did not like being lied to.

"I-um-sorry," she stammered, startled by my tone.

"Do not ever lie to me again or else," I threatened.

"Yes, Mistress," she quickly responded, fearing my threatened wrath.

"Good pet," I again purred, my tone instantly changing from angry to tender.

"So why did you shag him?" I asked.

"I was horny," she admitted, still not making eye contact with me.

"Why?" I questioned, already knowing the answer.

"I don't know," she whispered, her shame obvious.

"I think you do," I said, asking, "What were you thinking about while his cock was in you?"

"You," she whispered, almost inaudibly.

"Me?" I asked, feigning surprise.

"Yes," she repeated, slightly louder.

"And what about?" I asked, trying to delve deeper and build on the mother's obvious shame.

"Submitting to you got me unable to think straight," she admitted.

"Why?"

"I can't explain it. I am usually in charge of everything I do in life including my sexual encounters," she explained, trying to rationalize it to herself as she explained it to me.

"Yet, even though you tried to deny it in your head, your cunt said otherwise didn't it?" I replied, smugly.

"I guess," she admitted.

"Let's go upstairs," I instructed, turning and going up her stairs.

She followed me as I sauntered up to her room as if this was my house. I instantly sat on the edge of her bed and ordered, "Crawl to me, my pet."

She paused only briefly before dropping to her stocking-clad knees and crawled over to me. Once at my feet, in front of her bed, I ordered, "Take off my heels, Mommy."

Adding the word 'Mommy' was for my own naughty play as I imagined making my real mother my pet soon. After all, if one is good, two is better.

She obeyed.

"Lick my soles," I instructed, my left foot going to her lips.

Like the obedient pet she was quickly becoming, I felt her tongue slowly lick the bottom of my foot.

After a minute, I offered her my other foot and she replicated the focused gentle licking.

A minute later, I asked, "Do you want to taste your Mistress's pussy, my dyke?"

No hesitation this time as she answered, "Yes, Mistress."

"Eat away," I offered, lifting my ass up to pull up my dress. I opened my legs, revealing my shaved pussy to the hungry MILF.

Again there was no hesitation as she leaned up and dove into my cunt. It was amazing how someone so dignified and self-righteous in public could simply be a submissive dyke underneath that pretentious façade. It was also amazing how good a cunt licker she was. Her tongue teased and pleased my clit like no one else ever had. She had my cunt on fire in seconds and licked me

with such expertise I was in awe of her. I closed my eyes and moaned, "Yes Mommy, lick my cunt," again imagining it was not my arch-enemy's mother between my legs, but my own.

The twisted fantasy, mixed with the aggressive pleasing of the pretty MILF had me on the brink in a few minutes. Grabbing her perfect hair, I pulled her into my cunt and bucked my hips up and down, literally fucking her face. To her credit, she continued licking, even as she struggled to breathe.

I screamed as I creamed, "Fuuuuuuuck, Mommy slut, I am comiiiiiiiiing." My cum exploded out of my cunt as I vibrated from the euphoria my new pet brought me.

The intense pleasure made me weak, so I let go of my slut's head and collapsed back onto her bed. To my surprise, my hungry slut continued licking my cunt, seemingly unable to get enough of my perfect nectar.

Her concentrated assault on my cunt had me suddenly having to pee and I pushed her away and rushed to the bathroom.

To my surprise, when I returned from tinkling, my MILF sub was still on her knees on the floor. 'What a good pet' I thought to myself.

I complimented my pet. "Fuck you have an amazing tongue."

"Thank you, Mistress," she replied, a slight beaming in her tone at the compliment.

"I will be skipping class tomorrow afternoon, I expect June to be over here tomorrow as well, is that clear?" I asked.

Her eagerness faded as her face went white. "But I thought this would be our secret if I was a good girl."

"Well, you already munch her cunt anyway, so I might as well get a piece of her too." I shrugged.

"I am not sure I will be able to get her here, she is a busy woman," Mrs. Phillips replied, clearly desperate to avoid my instructions.

"That is your problem," I countered, "unless you want those videos released."

She sighed, knowing she was defeated.

"And don't you dare come until you fulfill this task and I give you permission tomorrow," I added, giving her a look that implied don't-you-dare-question-me.

"Understood, Mistress," she replied, again showing her true submissiveness.

"Good pet and make sure your whole Saturday evening is free," I said, walking over to her, patted her on the head and walked out leaving her on her knees, horny and rattled.

As I drove home I smiled, knowing my plans were coming perfectly into place. On Saturday, as Olivia prepared to play me, I was going to play her.

The End 4 Now....

Coming Soon: Catching Mommy: Daughter Domme