

CATCHING MOMMY: DAUGHTER DOMME

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An 18-year-old makes her Mom her submissive.

Incest/Taboo

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Catching Mommy: Daughter Domme

Summary: An 18-year-old makes her Mom her submissive.

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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), shag (for fuck...I just imagine the English accent and get wet), slag (for slut...which I think sounds so much worse), snog (for kiss...which I find hard to say with a straight face) and bugger (for fuck...also makes sex sound dirtier).

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!!!)*

Part 3: Creating a Good Pet: *Victoria announces to her Mom she is a lesbian, as she begins to set up her Mother for the inevitable seduction. Meanwhile, her Mom begins her own plan to seduce her daughter. Lastly, Victoria continues the training of her new pet...her arch-enemy's mother and her own mother's Mistress.*

Catching Mommy: Daughter Domme

I arrived home and was disappointed to see Mom was not home yet, even though that was her usual norm.

I texted Mom, asking if she would be home for supper and she texted back she would be home around 6:30. I quickly texted back that I would make supper. I poured some wine, trying to assist my mother in her seduction of me.

Supper was made and everything was ready when Mom got home a few minutes late.

As she closed the door, she called out, "Sorry, honey, traffic was a bitch."

"No problem Mom," I called back, walking out of the kitchen and giving her a glass of wine.

"Oh my," she smiled, "how did you know?"

"Call it a hunch," I shrugged.

She took the wine. "You always have great hunches."

I agreed. "I am pretty much perfect."

"Yes, you are," Mom laughed, flipping out of her heels, giving me a good look at her perfectly manicured stocking-clad toes.

I looked down, attempting to be obvious, before looking back up. "Hungry?"

"Famished," she replied, moving towards the kitchen.

I ordered, my tone just slightly authoritative, "Sit down, Mommy. I am here to serve you tonight." The innuendo was as obvious as humanly possible.

I could tell her head was spinning as her face went slightly flushed. She sat down with a slight wince.

"You ok?" I asked, knowing exactly why she winced; obviously the butt plug was still in her arse.

I brought her a plate and topped up her wine, which she had already had half finished.

"Thank you, my dear," Mom graciously said.

"Anything for my Mommy," I countered, my hand lingering briefly on her shoulder.

I sat across from her and we ate and chatted about work and school. It wasn't till we were having dessert, both on our third, very full, glass of wine, that Mom opened the door to my seduction. "So, did you see that girl today?"

"What girl?" I asked, playing dumb.

"That Olivia girl," she replied, pretending she had no idea who Olivia was.

"Yes," I admitted.

"Did she say anything to you?" she asked.

"No, but she gave me a really smug look. It was really strange, as if she knew something," I said, playing my Mom as she tried to play me.

"That is strange," Mom replied, her facial expression giving away that she knew exactly why Olivia looked so smug.

"I know," I said. "Half of me wants to punch her in the face, the other half wants to have her sit on my face."

Mom gasped, "Victoria!"

"Sorry," I shrugged, "this wine is shutting down my inhibitions, it seems."

Mom laughed, "Well, you are an adult now, I guess I should start treating you as one."

Standing up and walking to her, I said, "Thanks Mom." I grabbed her hand and pulled her up. "You clearly need a foot massage."

"Always," she answered, now looking me in the eyes. I could see her trepidation, her eagerness to push along with her task given by her Mistress, yet I could also see her insecurity.

I pulled her along to the couch and playfully pushed her on the couch, before falling on top of her, my left hand landing firmly on her breast. She let out a loud yelp as the plug in her ass reached new depths as I stammered, pretending it was an accident, "S-s-s-sorry, Mom."

"It was an accident," Mom smiled back, clearly not embarrassed by being felt up by her daughter.

"Of course it was," I agreed, even though my tone was playfully saying the opposite, as I moved beside her. I took her stocking-clad foot in my hand and began massaging it. As I did, I pretended to ask for advice. "So Mom, how would you deal with my situation?"

Mom was quiet for a bit before she answered. "Well, you need to talk to her one on one. You need to confront her about how she has treated you in the past and how it makes you feel. "

"I have to admit that her treating me like a slag somehow makes me want to snog with her?" I asked incredulously.

"Well, I wouldn't start with that." Mom smiled. "But only by accepting who you are and what makes you tick will you find true happiness."

"Mom have you been reading Chinese fortune cookies?" I quipped.

"I am serious," she said, determined to make her point, even though I knew she was really rationalizing to herself how she became the lesbian slag she had become. "It has taken me many years to accept who I am and what makes me tick."

"And what is that?" I questioned, as my hand began massaging her calf.

Her face went red, as she answered, "That is not the point."

"Mom, if I am going to be honest with you, then I need you to be honest back," I argued.

"But I am your mother," she rationalized.

"And I am your daughter. We are all the family we have, there should be no secrets," I countered.

A long silence lingered as I continued to massage her calf. Finally, she said, "Honey, the truth will surprise you."

"More than me telling you I think I am a dyke?"

"Yes," she admitted.

"No way," I gasped, acting shocked. "What dark, dirty secrets could you possibly have in your closet?"

She sat up and took my hands in hers. She took a deep breath, looked me in the eye and said, "Victoria, I am a lesbian."

"Bugger off," I responded.

"I'm serious," she said, her face showing her utter nervousness.

I paused briefly, and looking into her eyes saw so much: insecurity, trepidation and something I couldn't explain. I finally said, "You are serious."

"Yes," she whispered, "but there is more."

"I am submissive," she admitted.

"Now I know you are fucking with me," I responded. "You are way too confident to be submissive."

"That is exactly the point," she shot back with.

"How so?"

"Well," she began, "My job is very stressful and I always have to be in charge. Yet, in the bedroom, I like to just let go and allow someone else to be in control."

"I can't believe it," I whispered back, acting shocked.

"So what does being submissive entail?" I asked.

"That is a complicated question," Mom replied, clearly not wanting to go any deeper into her secrets.

"Well, I would never be submissive I don't think," I said.

"I don't know," Mom said, trying to manipulate me. "You are a lot like me."

"I suppose," I pondered thoughtfully, knowing I was far from submissive. "Give me an example of what being a submissive means in the bedroom."

Again a long silence lingered.

Trying to move this seduction along, I said, "Mom, you look more stressed than usual. You clearly need a back massage."

Mom considered the offer, before saying, "I don't think so."

I stood up and pulled her up. "That is an order."

"Excuse me?" she questioned, her tone her usual motherly questioning self when I had crossed the line.

"Well you said you need to let go and have decisions made for you. I am making one for you. You need a massage," I said confidently, pulling her up the stairs.

After a brief moment where time seemed to stand still, Mom, like the submissive she was, actually followed behind me and into her room.

Once in her room, I ordered not bossy but in control, "Lie down, Mommy."

She gave one last skeptical look before going to her bed and lying on her belly. Not wanting her to have any second thoughts, I quickly climbed on top of her and began to massage her shoulders. "Wow Mom, your body is super tight. You are clearly super stressed. What is causing all this tension, Mom?" I smirked to myself, as I knew exactly what was causing all that tension.

"Just work," she lied.

"Nothing else?" I questioned. "Problems with your Mistress?" After I said it, I froze, realizing she had not yet mentioned that piece of information to me.

"Pardon?" she asked, her shoulders instantly tensing back up.

I covered, "Oh sorry, I was just being facetious."

She let her guard back down with an awkward chuckle. I remained silent for the next few minutes as I slowly moved lower down her back. When I reached her ass I calmly lifted her dress up before Mom had a chance to react.

"Victoria please no," she said alarmed as my hands began to caress her panty-clad ass, the butt plug outline obvious.

"It's ok, Mommy," I replied, explaining, "where the back meets the ass needs to be worked over too."

"But...." She began.

"No buts," I cut her off, before giggling, "No buts...that is funny since I am massaging yours."

She sighed, again clearly tight again, but after a minute she said, "Victoria I need to tell you something."

"What is left?" I questioned, "Are we not yet out of secrets?"

"I do have a Mistress," she finally admitted.

"No way," I faked shock.

"And she is a very powerful woman," Mom continued, ignoring my shock.

"How so?" I asked.

"She is very manipulative and impossible to say no to," she tried to explain.

"I find that hard to believe," I pushed.

There was a brief pause before Mom finally revealed, "She wants you."

"What?" I gasped.

"Please let me get up so we can have a normal conversation," Mom requested.

I began to move but purposely stumbled so my hand fell directly on the butt plug. Mom froze. I said, "Um Mom, there is something in your ass."

"I know," Mom replied, mortified before adding, "My Mistress made me wear it."

"Why?" I asked, moving off her.

"To punish me," she admitted, as she slowly turned around to face me.

"Punish you, why?" I questioned, enjoying watching Mom struggle.

"Because I had not fulfilled an order," she said, unable to make eye contact with me.

"What would that be?" I asked, my tone implying this was absurd.

Still avoiding eye contact, Mom said, "You will hate me."

"I will never hate you," I replied, suddenly feeling guilty for playing with her this way. I took her hand in mine and added, "You can tell me anything, Mom."

"I am...I am...I am supposed...I am," she was unable to say it, never mind accomplish the crazy task she had been instructed to complete.

Tears streamed down her face and my heart broke. Deciding it was time to come clean myself and assist my mother in accomplishing her task, I put my hands on her cheeks and made her look at me.

Looking at her face all messy with a mixture of tears and make-up I realized just how much I loved my Mom. Not just like a mother-daughter, but also much deeper. With that in mind I crossed the invisible barrier we had both been approaching, yet avoiding, for a few days. I leaned in and kissed her.

She sat there frozen as I plastered her lips with kisses until finally she opened her mouth just enough for my tongue to slip inside. She briefly kissed me back before breaking the kiss and saying, "Victoria, this is wrong."

"Mom, I know everything," I admitted.

Her face went pale. "What do you mean?"

"Your task is to have me ready to serve her on Saturday," I revealed.

"But how?" she asked, confused.

I ignored the question before adding, "I also know who your Mistress is."

"Oh my God Victoria, I am so sorry," Mom said, her face horrified.

"It is ok, Mommy," I smiled, before going in for the kill. "But if my wonderful beautiful Mommy is going to be a submissive slut for an eighteen year old, it isn't going to be for that bitch Olivia."

I moved closer, my intent obvious.

"But, I...."

I put my finger to her lips. "Shut up, Mommy. Starting now, I am your Mistress, is that understood?"

I moved my finger away and watched my bewildered Mom try and process all this information.

"Victoria, I am a horrible mother."

"Stop!" I barked, startling her. My tone instantly shifted back to normal as I said, "Don't you dare say that. You are a submissive slut, Mommy and you need someone to protect you."

She just stared at me, shocked by my controlling manner.

I continued, "Olivia won't protect you, she will eventually end your career as she is a ruthless, scheming shit-ass bitch. But don't worry I have already started our revenge plan."

"Revenge," she repeated, unable to keep up with all my revelations.

"Yes, but I will explain all that later," I said, pushing my Mother into her back. "Now, we start your training."

Her eyes went wide as I straddled her face and lowered my sopping wet pussy on Mom's shocked face. Time stood still as my pussy lingered over my confined Mom and she didn't do as I expected she would....submit.

I leaned back with my left hand, slipped my hand inside her underwear and felt Mom's cunt. I said, "Oh my Mommy, your cunt is dripping wet. Is it because you want to fuck your daughter, Mommy?"

I began tapping on her clit with my finger as I pushed her on. "Go ahead, Mommy, lick your daughter's cunt." I continued teasing her swollen clit until the inevitable happened...Mom began licking my pussy.

I moaned on contact. "Hmmmm, good Mommy, lick your baby's cunt."

Like most dykes who had licked my sweetness, after a couple of quick licks, Mom shifted from tentative to eager. I quit teasing Mom's clit and leaned back up to focus on the pleasure Mom was giving me.

Although I had already come earlier today from Olivia's dyke mom, having my own mother lick my box had me revved up very quickly. After less than five minutes of Mom's eager tongue pleasuring my twat, I felt my orgasm building and I lowered myself and began rubbing my cunt on Mom's face. Mom continued licking as I fucked her face until I exploded my juices all over her face. Mom continued licking hungrily her daughter's juices as my orgasm flowed out of me. Finally spent, I rolled off my submissive mother and onto my side.

Silence lingered as I looked at my Mom, her face glistening with my cum...her daughter's cum.

Mom finally turned to face me. Her eyes spoke volumes, even though she remained speechless. I saw her anxiety, I saw her uncertainty and I saw her eagerness to be accepted. I leaned in and kissed her. Unlike last time, she kissed me back allowing our tongues to explore every crevice of each other.

I finally broke the kiss and before she could speak, I explained everything. How I caught her in the act, how I snooped through her computer and how I made Olivia's mother my submissive.

Mom listened intently, her facial expression changing from embarrassed, to horrified, to angry as I spoke.

Finally, speaking for the first time since I had made her eat me, she said, "We can't do this."

"Do what?" I asked, unsure what she meant.

"We can't have sex," she said.

"We already did," I pointed out.

"But it is incest," she said.

"So?" I shrugged. "Did you not enjoy eating your daughter's cunt?" I asked bluntly.

"Please don't speak like that," she said.

I said with attitude. "Oh Mommy, I have heard you say so much worse, so don't you dare be all high and mighty."

"That is not what I meant." Mom tried to defend herself.

"Stop!" I ordered.

She froze, startled by my tone.

"Don't you dare! You were the one trying to make me a submissive to your Mistress," I pointed out.

"But...."

"Look Mother," I said laying down the ground rules. "You were sloppy and have got yourself in a shit load of trouble and I have to fix it. The price you must pay is obedience to me...which shouldn't be too difficult based on all the slut things you did for your bitch of a Mistress."

The look on her face was as if I had just slapped her across the face.

"I am now your Mistress. Do you understand?" I said.

There was a lengthy silence before she whispered, "Yes."

"Yes, what?" I pushed.

"Yes, Mistress," my mother acknowledged finally.

"Good, slut," I replied, my hand going to her pussy. "You are still very wet. Does being your daughter's sub turn you on?"

Her face went flushed and I could tell the answer was yes.

"Do you want to come?" I asked, my finger gently tracing her pussy lips.

She moaned, "Yeeeeeees."

"Ask permission," I ordered.

"Can I come, Mistress Victoria?" she moaned, closing her eyes as my fingers teased her.

Unable to resist, I moved between her legs and tasted my Mom's wet cunt. As soon as my tongue touched her pussy, she moaned. After a minute or two she surprised me, "Oh yes, lick me, lick Mommy's cunt."

I purred, as her breathing got heavier, "You want your daughter to get you off, Mommy?"

"Oh God yes, Mistress. Make Mommy your slut," she moaned, her Mommy filter disappearing completely as soon as her pussy was hot.

I slid two fingers in Mom's cunt and quickly searched for her g-spot. In seconds I found it as Mom's legs stiffened and she screamed, "Fuuuuuuuuck, baby, you are making Mommy commmmmmmmme."

I kept pressure on her clit throughout Mom's entire orgasm. Once spent, I pulled my fingers out of my Mom's cunt and sucked her juices off my fingers.

"You taste delicious, Mommy," I complimented her.

"As did you," Mom replied, seemingly accepting the power shift in the house.

"Roll over Mommy," I ordered.

"Honey, I have nothing left," she answered.

"Now!" I snapped.

She quickly obeyed.

I asked my tone again calm. "Don't you want this plug out of your arse?"

"Oh God yes," she admitted, relieved.

I pulled it out and gasped. "Holy shit Mom, how could you take this in your arse?"

She rolled back over, her face red. "I don't know."

"I have never had anything in my arse," I admitted. "Does it feel good?"

"After you get used to it," Mom answered, before adding, "then it adds another dimension."

"Interesting," I pondered, thinking it was something I would have to try one day. Standing up, I said, "Get dressed, Mommy, we have an e-mail to write. It is time to turn the tables on Olivia."

Mom sat up and said with concern, "Be careful Victoria, Olivia is not one to lose."

"Neither am I Mommy, neither am I," I replied, confident in my plan.

The End 4 Now...

Coming In 2013: Catching Mommy: Evening the Score