

CATCHING MOMMY: OLIVIA WINS

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Seductress Olivia humiliates and takes Victoria as her pet.

Incest/Taboo

4.4

11.8k words

WARNING: *This is one of three alternate endings to the Catching Mommy saga. You can also read **Catching Mommy: Victoria Wins** (for the **TEAM VICTORIA** fans) and **Catching Mommy: Win Win For All** (for the kinky romantics at heart).*

Note 1: A great, big, super thanks goes to **MAB7991, Robert and Goamz86** for their dedicated copy-editing.

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

Note 3: Lastly, a thank you to all my readers who voted, and left comments for this story so far. Part 5 is the highest rated of the series and with over 275 comments is my most commented on story. The debate of Victoria or Olivia has warmed my heart and pussy, surprised me greatly and pushed me to write an epic story that both is erotic and keeps you guessing...an erotic thriller of sorts. Part 6 disappointed some because I didn't end the series as promised..well here is the ending (or endings if you choose to read all three) and I feel I came up with three fun, sexy and fulfilling endings to this crazy series.

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), bugger (for fuck...also makes sex sound dirtier), rodgering (for arse fucking which again is nasty as hell), dogging (which is public outdoor sex), fancy (which is a way to say I like you).

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 Slut: 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.

Part 4: Daughter's Domme: Victoria confronts her mother about her dark secret and makes her Mother her personal submissive.

Part 5: Housewife Lesbians: Victoria is betrayed by her mother; Victoria briefly weakens when confronted at school by Olivia; Victoria learns her best friend is also a submissive plaything to Olivia; after seeing her mother again dominated by her nemesis, Victoria seeks revenge by videotaping Olivia's mother and another MILF in very compromising positions.

Part 6: Protecting Slut-Mom: Victoria forces her mother to make a choice; Victoria party crashes Olivia's father's birthday supper with erotic and surprising results; Olivia is briefly made speechless; a MILF sub is gangbanged at a frat house in front of many; Olivia and Victoria meet face to face both confident they can turn the other.

And now...finally... the exciting conclusion(s) of Catching Mommy: Olivia Wins.

During the drive to Becka's house I must have bounced a dozen offensive strategies to stand up to Olivia. Yet, even as I reached Becka's, I took a deep breath; I was still unsure which approach I was going to take. Walking into Becka's house ready for the confrontation that had to happen, I opted for aggressive, "I'm here, bitch."

"So you are," Olivia called back, her 'who cares' tone obvious.

I walked into the living room and was surprised to see a lesbian orgy of sorts occurring. Four of Olivia's cheerleader posse were all sitting with their legs spread on a couch, a chair, and love seat with someone between their legs. Between Olivia's legs was her mom, my pet.

"By the way, thank you very much," Olivia scoffed, her hands going through her mother's hair.

"For what?" I asked, my tone ice cold.

"Well I accidentally set you up with your own live in Mommy-slut and I figured I should have one for myself," she grinned.

"You're thanking me for seducing your dim-witted mother and making her a rug munching submissive?" I asked, trying to be obnoxious and extreme.

"No, no," she said. "I always knew she was a cunt-licker, Sandrine long ago told me about her adventures didn't you, slut?"

"Yes, Mistress," Olivia's black maid answered, as she looked up from between Angela's legs.

I finally took a closer look at the array of submissive sluts on their knees. Besides Lauren between her daughter's legs and Sandrine between Angela's, I recognized Becka eagerly licking away at the chubby cheerleader Betty, her massive udders bigger than my head, and apparently incest was the new 'in' thing as Katrina had her mother between her legs. Both my pets were now being used by their daughters.

Katrina smiled, "Thanks bitch. Mom and I have never really gotten along all that well, but that is changing thanks to you. Isn't that right, Mom?"

June's hair was pulled and she looked up at her daughter and replied, clearly mortified by her predicament, "Yes, Mistress Daughter."

I couldn't believe that all my work had somehow helped these bitches. I could feel myself getting frustrated even as I tried to figure out who the last submissive currently between Carrie's legs was.

"Don't recognize the slut between Carrie's legs?" Olivia asked.

I shrugged, "That is not why I'm here."

"Say hi, Miss Watkins," Olivia said.

My mouth dropped open at hearing who the unknown submissive was.

Miss Watkins looked up, her face red with shame, as she said, "Hi, Victoria." She quickly returned to her task at hand. I tried to figure out how our first year English teacher, and easily the prettiest woman in our school had ended up another of Olivia's playthings. She was from England too and her accent had the boys drooling. Rumour had, she was dating, our football coach, Mr. Hammersmith, and didn't seem like someone who would sexually submit to anyone. Yet, there she was between Carrie's legs and I assumed she had been between Olivia's as well.

It seemed that nobody could say no to Olivia. Yet, I knew I had to...not only for mom, but for me.

"This thing with you and my mother ends now," I firmly said, returning my icy glare to the ice queen.

"Oh really," Olivia smiled amused by my threat.

"Or I out your mother," I threatened.

"Yes, you blackmailed my mother, who submitted to you in order to protect me, her loving daughter, and our family name. While your mother submitted to me like a dirty lesbian slut willing to do anything to please me...including seducing her dyke daughter," she said, her smug smile pissing me off.

I glared back, realizing she was right about the difference in our mothers, but I responded, "She never tried to seduce me, she lied to you. She is not as obedient as you think." I knew it was a weak counter, but it was all I had.

Again she laughed, seemingly amused by this whole conversation. "Yes, I learned that. Instead of her seducing you, you took her. Now that is fucked up. I mean, sure, I love to seduce, train and dominate older lonely women, but you took your mom while vulnerable and confused with her sexuality and took advantage of her."

I could feel my house of cards crumbling around me...as I realized I had inadvertently done exactly what Olivia accused me of. I had been the one to commit incest first, not Olivia.

Just then, as my head spun trying to find a way out of this crazy web of sin being woven all around me, and by me as well, Olivia said, "Speaking of the slut."

I turned around and saw Mom behind me.

I said tersely, "I told you to stay home."

"And I told her to come," Olivia countered. "Not cum as in orgasm," she laughed, before adding, "Although that will happen in time, but to come as come to me."

"Thanks for the clarification, bitch," I snapped, pissed off that my mother had again disobeyed me, and had once again chosen Olivia over me. I was hurt by my mother's betrayal, but I hid my pain.

"She will always choose me over you, Victoria," Olivia smiled. "Just like every other cunt licking submissive here. I am the queen bee and you are just another of my servants. You're a disobedient servant, one that needs some very stern discipline, but a servant none-the-less."

"That will never happen," I shot back, still grasping at straws of strength.

"Oh denial is so adorable," Olivia said. "Watching the final moments of strength usurped from you as you accept your place on your knees begging to please me is so adorable."

"Fuck you," I said with defiance, even as I glanced down at her mother between her legs.

She saw my quick glimpse and asked, "Do you want to replace your submissive?"

"Never," I said, turning to my own mom and saying, "We're leaving."

"Slut, don't you dare move," Olivia sternly demanded.

I froze against my will.

Olivia laughed, "I was talking to your mother, but your obedience is a pleasant surprise."

I cursed myself for stopping; showing a sign of weakness to a vulture like Olivia was not good.

Mom finally spoke. "I'm sorry Victoria, but as I told you before I can't resist Olivia. I love her."

"You love being used as a submissive plaything?" I asked, furious and yet near tears.

"Yes," Mom admitted, her tone and inability to look me in the eye implying that she was ashamed by her answer.

"You love your eighteen year old, heartless Mistress over your own daughter?" I asked, tears beginning to form.

"Don't put it like that. It is not that black and white Victoria," Mom tried to rationalize her betrayal to me, while talking to me like a mother scolding her daughter.

Olivia chipped in, adding fuel to the already out of control fire, "Slut Kate, who is prettier, me or your daughter?"

I looked at Mom who paled instantly. "Please, don't make me answer that," Mom pleaded.

Olivia's smile turned as she looked down and ordered, "Mom, move away."

Lauren crawled out from between her daughter's legs, and Olivia opened her legs wide to showcase her cunt. I knew I shouldn't look, but I could feel a magnetic pull drawing my eyes directly to my enemy's cunt.

Olivia said, "So slut Kate, take a good look at your Mistress's cunt."

I tore my thoughts away from Olivia's inviting cunt to see my mother staring between Olivia's legs in an almost hypnotic trance.

"I'll ask you again, my submissive little British slut. Who is prettier? You're Mistress or your daughter?" Olivia asked, her fingers moving to her pussy.

Again, I was being drawn in by the completely, frustrating, undeniable beauty of Olivia. Yes, she is a bitch. Yes, she is a stuck-up whore. And yes, I hated her. Yet, I couldn't pull my eyes away from her beautiful cunt.

I heard Mom say, "I'm so sorry, Victoria."

I pulled my gaze away from Olivia's pussy, my own pussy betraying me as it burned with hunger, to find my mother near tears. Unfortunately, I knew her answer before she even spoke it. Her answer was obvious from all her earlier betrayals leading up to this moment, as well as the look of guilt on her face.

Mom broke eye contact with me and turned her gaze to Olivia. Although I already knew what she was going to say before the words left her mouth, a piece of me still died when she said them out loud. "You are, Mistress."

"I am what, my good little pet," Olivia asked, wanting to add to my humiliation.

"You are prettier than my daughter," Mom answered, refusing to look at me.

"Are you sure?" Olivia asked, snapping her fingers and pointing at her cunt.

"Without a doubt," Mom answered, moving towards Olivia and seemingly forgetting her only daughter was watching and hearing her submission.

"Look at your daughter and tell her who is more beautiful," Olivia instructed, before adding, "Then you will receive your reward."

"Please, leave my daughter out of this," Mom pleaded.

I am sure Olivia was about to scold her, or threaten her, but I said, "Go ahead Mom, do what you have to do."

Mom looked at me with such guilt I could almost feel her pain inside me, yet that didn't make her words hurt any less. "Victoria, Mistress Olivia is prettier than you."

Tears began streaming down my face, even as I tried to will them not to. I shouldn't have shown such weakness in front of Olivia, yet the tears were streaming freely.

Olivia snapped her fingers again and Mom turned around, dropped to her knees and buried her face in Olivia's cunt.

I wanted to pull her out from her submissive position and drag her out of there. Yet, it was obvious, like an alcoholic who refuses to seek help, that she didn't want saving.

I looked around, dazed, bewildered and, for the first time ever, lost.

Olivia said, "Let it out, Victoria, understanding your position is the first step to acceptance."

"My position?" I questioned with spite, although I could feel my strength and resolve were not as strong as they once were.

"Yes, like the social hierarchy of high school, there is a sexual hierarchy too," Olivia explained, before being interrupted by Betty's screams.

I laughed, "A sexual hierarchy?"

"Oh shit, yes, fuuuuuck," Betty bellowed as Becka made her come.

Olivia smiled, "You see, Becka is a perfect example of my theory. Becka is near the bottom of the social hierarchy and thus is eager to be accepted. Thus her submission was one of accepting her role in both hierarchies and eagerly becoming the submissive pet she was born to be."

"We are born into the sexual hierarchy?" I asked, actually laughing at her bizarre logic, forgetting my previous hurt.

"Often," Olivia shrugged. "For some they are born submissive, for others they see it in their mother to their father, for others it's a stressful job like your cunt-licking mother, for others it's about race like Sandrine who is meant to serve at work and at play. Yet,

for others they don't yet know they are submissive, often trying to play a role they were never meant to play...girls like that...girls like you...are in denial."

"I'm in denial that I'm really just a submissive?" I laughed. The suggestion was absurd. "I didn't feel much like a submissive when I turned your mother into a dyke."

Olivia shrugged, "Like I said before, you blackmailed her. The only submissive I blackmailed was Sandrine and I am sure she too could have been turned but I really wanted to have a live-in cunt licker, plus I liked the idea of having a black submissive."

Angela interrupted the conversation as she moaned, "That's it cunt licker, soooo close."

I glanced over to watch Angela grabbing Sandrine by the back of her head and grinding her cunt on the black maid's face. The contrast between black and white was hot.

"Yes, yes, yeeeees," Angela bellowed as she came.

Olivia continued, "It's obvious you are in denial right now, Victoria."

Returning my gaze to her, trying to ignore the reality that my mother was licking her cunt while we chatted, "Is that so?" I asked, realizing I was playing right into her game. Yet, I couldn't leave, my feet felt magnetically held to the floor.

Katrina interrupted, "Thanks Victoria. I have my own live-in cunt licker now."

"You're welcome," I replied, adding, "At least now you have someone you're in charge of unlike being the bimbo follower you're to Olivia."

"Bitch," Katrina weakly shot back.

"Oh, that hurts coming from a bimbo bitch," I countered.

Carrie interrupted our ridiculous banter as she screamed, "Yessssssss."

I again looked over to see Carrie coming, seemingly a squirter, as she sprayed everywhere coating Miss Watkins' face.

Olivia purred, "So Victoria, are you ready to join your mother?"

"As a submissive to you?" I scoffed, even though my pussy was burning for attention.

"Of course, it is obvious you want to," she said, as she put her hands through my mom's hair. "Like mother, like daughter."

Katrina screamed over dramatically, "Yes, Mommy, lick my cunt."

"Don't you see, Victoria, even when you thought you were winning, all you were doing was making me stronger," Olivia said.

My cunt was soaking wet and my head was in a fog. I still wanted to crush Olivia, yet I couldn't deny I was curious what all the fuss was about. Why couldn't my strong-willed mother resist her? Why were these other smart women on their knees serving Olivia's friends? Why was my cunt so wet?

"Becka, come take off my blouse," Olivia ordered, still wearing the blouse and thigh highs she had been wearing at the frat house, but with her plaid skirt on the floor.

"Of course, Mistress," Becka agreed, getting off her knees and moving to Olivia.

I said, "Becka, don't."

Becka ignored me completely as she unbuttoned Olivia's blouse.

"And my bra," Olivia added.

Becka obeyed, releasing Olivia's firm breasts. I knew I shouldn't look, yet I allowed myself to look, all the while sensing I was being drawn in to Olivia's magnetic pull.

"Slut Kate, come suck on your Mistress's tits," Olivia ordered.

Mom got off her knees and went directly to Olivia's right breast.

Olivia said, "Come join your Mom, Victoria, I know you want to, it is in your eyes."

I scoffed again determined to stay strong, even though I was beginning to sense she was right, "My eyes tell you I want to be your submissive?"

"Yes, as does your posture," Olivia added.

I laughed, "I'm not on my knees like the rest of your playthings," I countered.

"Not yet," Olivia said confidently.

"Not ever," I countered.

Ignoring my refusal, Olivia ordered, "Becka, go feel your friend's cunt and see if it's wet."

"Yes, Mistress," Becka nodded, although her facial expression showed grave concern at the task she had just been ordered to perform.

"Don't even think about it, Becka," I said firmly as she reached me.

Olivia said, "Becka if you don't do as I tell you, you will be punished."

"Please Olivia," Becka pleaded, her eyes so full of fear I felt bad for her.

"Stand up for yourself," I said, grabbing her hands.

"It's not that easy," Becka pleaded.

"I'll help you," I said.

"You couldn't protect your mom," Becka said, "and she is a lot stronger than me."

I glanced at my mom, who was stilling nursing hungrily, it seemed, on Olivia's breast.

Olivia, looking directly at me ordered, "Switch," and mom moved to the neglected breast.

"Isn't that ass of yours still untouched?" Olivia asked looking directly at Becka.

"Yes, Mistress," Becka admitted, her eyes going even bigger with fear.

"And I was thinking, I bet Jackson is still a virgin," Olivia added, her threat disgusting. Jackson was a three hundred pound, acne covered, loser who never showered.

"You can't be serious?" I asked with disdain.

"Miss Watkins, tell my pet-to-be how serious I am," Olivia instructed.

My cunt frustratingly tingled at the words 'pet-to-be', my cunt again trying to betray me.

Miss Watkins on the floor, now licking the stocking-clad feet of Angela, said, her tone implying she still hadn't recovered from her punishment, "She isn't bluffing."

I was curious what sort of punishment Olivia had given our pretty teacher, but I didn't ask.

Olivia said, "And why were you punished?"

"I wouldn't lick you after school in my classroom," Miss Watkins admitted.

"You do now though, don't you?" Olivia said.

"Almost every day, Mistress, including today," Miss Watkins admitted.

"Why do you obey now?" Olivia continued, clearly wanting to show me her mystic power to control.

"Because you made it very clear that disobedience has consequences," Miss Watkins answered.

"What was your punishment?" Olivia asked.

"I was the basketball team's cum bucket after their city finals victory last month," Miss Watkins admitted, her face red with shame.

"You're one sick fuck," I said, glaring at Olivia.

"Obedience has its rewards and disobedience has its consequences," Olivia replied, rather matter-of-factly.

"This isn't fucking Stalinist Russia," I quipped.

"It is pretty close," Olivia smiled. "It is a pretty clear dictatorship."

"You risked Miss Watkins job," I said.

"I am not that sinister, at least on the first punishment. She was on the other side of a glory hole as she swallowed half a dozen loads and took another half dozen in her cunt and one final load in her ass," Olivia said.

The visual was undeniably hot; a glory hole being a fantasy of mine.

Olivia instructed, getting us back on topic, "Becka, finish your task or it is punishment time."

Becka pleaded, "Please Victoria, just let me touch your pussy."

"Ten seconds or Becka's ass is Jackson's," Olivia threatened.

"Please, please, please, I'll do anything," Becka begged, totally petrified of Olivia's threat.

I glanced to Olivia who was smiling victoriously, which pissed me off even more. Yet I knew I had to allow Becka to obey as ordered. My conscience couldn't allow Becka's sodomy at the hands of the most repulsive guy at school. I sighed dramatically to let Olivia know clearly I wasn't impressed, "Go ahead."

Becka instantly dropped to her knees, which wasn't necessary, put her hand under my leather skirt, and put her fingers on my cunt lips. I was still in my crotchless pantyhose and sans knickers. She surprised me as she announced to everyone there, "She is soaking wet, Mistress and not wearing any underwear."

"Becka!" I gasped, surprised, angered, and embarrassed by her declaration.

"Sorry, Victoria, but it's true. Your cunt is practically begging for attention," Becka replied, shocking me again, the shy girl using the 'c' word.

"Please, Becka," I pleaded, wanting her to stop.

Olivia intervened, "Victoria, the evidence in favour of my hypothesis is compounding."

"Because I'm wet?" I sneered.

"That, the look in your eyes, your posture, your mother and the fact that you are still here," Olivia smiled.

I instantly wondered why I hadn't walked out already. I had clearly lost the battle over my mother, lost my MILF pets to their daughters, and had just been sexually assaulted by my best friend in front of a dozen people. Yet, there I remained, humiliated, frustrated and overwhelmed.

"Pussy got your tongue?" Olivia asked, trying to be witty. Frustrated I didn't have a witty comeback to her accusations, I could feel the heat rising in my cheeks burning red, I could still feel Becka's finger on my cunt and I could feel the final checkmate in a game I had thought I could win.

"On your knees, Victoria," Olivia instructed.

I didn't obey, but I could literally feel the strength in my legs going away and suddenly, standing up was difficult to do.

"Kate, go help your daughter," Olivia instructed.

"Yes, Mistress," Mom agreed, as she finally stopped sucking on Olivia's tits and walked towards me, her face still riddled with guilt.

Olivia instructed, "Pets, rotate."

As my mother reached me, I watched as a group of very, very different women all on their knees, each moved to their right and between the legs of a new girl. Becka moved to Angela, Sandrine to Carrie, Miss Watkins to Olivia, my pet Lauren to Katrina and my other lost pet June, crawled a distance to big titted Betty. Each submissive buried their face between the legs of the new teenage girl in front of them, except Olivia who instructed, "Suck my toes, Miss Watkins, I want to make sure my pet-to-be has a clear view of my cunt."

"Of course, my goddess," Miss Watkins said, which somehow turned me on more, as did, beyond logical comprehension, the words 'pet to be' and the obvious implication that went with it.

I could feel my brittle shell of resistance shattering, and when mom put her hands on my shoulders and gently pushed me down, whispering, "Just give in, Victoria, this is where you were meant to be," I didn't resist, although her words ricocheted in my head. Did mom really believe I was born to sexually serve a bitch like Olivia? Did mom want her only daughter to become a submissive slut like her? Yet, even as my mind logically argued against such submission, my body betrayed me at every turn. My cunt was soaked, my mouth watered and my legs gave way.

"Good girl," Olivia said, as my knees hit the carpet. "Now crawl to me, my new pet."

I looked up to my mom, my eyes pleading for help and strength to resist the irresistible pull that had transformed me from a strong-willed woman to a submissive-hungry pet. That word was never suppose to be used on me; yet, hearing myself called a pet only enhanced my desire to submit even though I couldn't possibly explain why.

Mom whispered, "Submit, Victoria, join me in submission."

Mom's words were the final straw that broke me. I had lost my mother to Olivia, but if I submitted to Olivia I could still be with my mother, albeit not in the way I had envisioned. We would again be together like we were before this crazy, crazy chain of events. The logic was absurd but that the only way to continue to have a relationship with my mother was to submit to my enemy, but at the moment logic wasn't part of the equation. I felt alone, lost and horny, a mixture that would push me to a place I never thought I would go.

Lowering my head, I crawled the few feet to Olivia. I expected sarcastic remarks from the bimbo squad but none came as I obeyed her order. Reaching Olivia, I paused, unsure what to do, so unfamiliar with being in this position. I could see her pussy, slightly glistening, and I wanted to taste it, to get her off. It occurred to me, that if I licked her I would be in control, I could control the orgasm, and thus her pleasure.

Olivia looked down at me, a smile so big that part of me still wanted to slap her in the face, yet another part of me suddenly saw the allure of her beauty. There was something unexplainable about her, something irresistible and I wondered how I had resisted so long. "Are you ready to begin your life as my pet," she asked, before adding, "our pet."

I stuttered, "'Our' p-p-pet?"

"Yes, since you have been such a bitch, such a handful, you will not only be my pet, but you will be the cheerleading team's pet, our mascot per se. You will come on trips as our trainer and service all of us as we request?" Olivia revealed.

Their mascot? The idea was degrading, the thought was repulsive, although submitting to Olivia seemed inevitable and somehow turned me on, the thought of having to obey Katrina, Angela and the other members of the bimbo squad was incomprehensible. Yet, I didn't see a simple way out of this.

I wasn't able to speak, there were no words to properly get me out of this predicament, as Olivia moved her hand to her pussy and asked, "Are you hungry, my pet?"

I stared at her cunt, suddenly unable to focus on anything else. I didn't want to answer, to admit my weakness, my hunger, but I also wanted to taste her, to see if she tasted as exotically addicting as she must to have so many women obey her every order.

"Answer me, Victoria, or your first punishment will be very unpleasant," Olivia threatened.

I instantly thought of all the twisted things Olivia had done that I knew of and replied without even thinking about the words coming out of my mouth, "yes, I am famished."

"Yes, I am famished, what?" Olivia asked, as her finger slid inside her cunt.

I froze. I knew the word she wanted to hear, I knew exactly the game she was playing and unfortunately I was unable to resist playing her game. "Yes, I am famished, Mistress Olivia." Strangely, just saying the word, one that had been exclusive to me when used up to this moment, felt liberating. I had spent so much time standing strong against Olivia, fought so hard to protect my mother with devastating results. That the thought of just letting go, giving in to my inner lust that was now bubbling to the surface came surprisingly natural.

"Good girl," Olivia purred, as if she were talking to a child.

My face flushed at the condescending comment, yet my pussy tingled. Although I had reveled in the power over her mother, and Katrina's, I never felt more at home, than I did at this moment, on my knees, in front of Olivia, waiting to be instructed. "Thank you, Mistress Olivia," I replied absurdly, the words rolling off my tongue.

"Checkmate," Olivia proudly announced.

"Yes, Queen Olivia," I replied, trying to tie my response to the game of chess.

"Queen Olivia, I like that," Olivia smiled, "Although aren't you named after a queen?"

I had been named after Queen Victoria, one of my mom's heroes. Assumedly, mother had given her that piece of trivia. "Yes, Queen Olivia, I was, but now I am just a peasant ready to serve her queen." I couldn't believe the words I was saying. They were so corny, so absurd and yet in the moment they were exactly how I felt. I was ready to worship her, serve her and obey her.

"So you want to eat my cunt in front of all of these, what did you call them, my bimbo posse?" Olivia asked, pulling her finger out of her cunt and moving it to me. I opened my mouth automatically and felt a rush of disappointment when she said, "Miss Watkins, want a treat?"

"Oh yes, Mistress," the pretty teacher replied, opening her mouth and sucking Olivia's wetness from her finger.

Olivia asked again, "So you want to serve me in front of my posse?"

"Yes, I do, Queen Olivia," I admitted, ashamed, excited, confused, and overwhelmed.

"And you want to eat all the cunts of my bimbo squad, as I believe I remember you also calling them," she continued.

Desperate to taste her, knowing that the longer I took to answer, the longer I denied my unconditional surrender to not only Olivia but all her posse, the longer it would be before I finally got to taste her, I answered, "I am your peasant, Queen, I do as I am told. After all, I AM their mascot."

"So to clarify, you will suck on Betty's big tits, lick Angela's cunt, lick Carrie's butthole, take a strap-on in the ass by Katrina who, by the way, can't wait to train you and make you serve every member of the senior cheerleading team?" She asked, the list disgusting, yet enthralling; humiliating...my new reality.

"My cunt-licking mouth, my wet pussy and my virgin arse are all yours, my Queen," I answered, shocked at the words that came out of my mouth. I had just degraded myself and announced to the deviant, twisted Olivia that I was an anal virgin, while agreeing to take it up the ass by that bitch Katrina.

"She's an anal virgin," Katrina said, finally speaking. "That makes this so much more delicious."

I sighed to myself both at the reality of what was assumedly bound to happen and by her atrocious use of the English language. I would have mocked her any other time, yet this time I remained silent.

"That is a pleasant surprise," Olivia concurred, before continuing my slow personal humiliation, "but I thought you said that being on your knees begging to belong to me would never happen."

Recalling the conversation from just a few hours ago, when I still thought I was in control, even though my mom was being gangbanged at a frat party, I replied, "I was in denial."

"Of what?" Olivia asked.

"Of everything I guess," I said, unsure how to answer the question, not knowing the answer myself.

"You're a smart girl," Olivia said, her finger going back into her cunt, slowly pumping in and out, as I suddenly felt like I was watching a hypnotist's watch. "Explain how you were in denial."

I sighed, just wanting to taste her, lick her, make her cum, yet I had to play her game first. "I thought I could beat you at your own game; I thought you were just a privileged bitch who needed to be put in her place and I thought I could pull my mother out of the twisted fucked up hold you had on her," I admitted honestly.

"And yet now you are willing to join your mother in this twisted fucked up situation," Olivia said.

"Yes," I admitted, ashamed by the truth of her words, at having lost completely.

"Beg to be my pet, my slut, my cunt-licker, my slave, my peasant," she rattled off, each name both demeaning and erotic at the same time.

My mind a muddled mess, my desire to please and come myself overriding dignity or common sense, I suddenly understood my mother's weakness and unconditional loyalty to Olivia. I turned to Mom, who was behind me watching my submission, and said, "Mom, I forgive you, I understand now."

"Oh honey," Mom said, breaking into a smile for the first time since she arrived here, which somehow made me happy.

"I love you, Mom," I said, before adding, "and I can't wait to join you in servitude to our Mistress."

"Oh, I love you too, Victoria," she replied, tears welling in her eyes. Her words sounded so sincere, and yet were so absurd considering our current situation.

"Beg, bitch," Katrina ordered, breaking the strange moment of intimacy in a night that couldn't spell the word.

I turned to her, wanting to bite her head off, but instead replied, "Yes, Mistress."

"I'm not a queen?" She asked.

"A princess, maybe but there is only one queen," I answered, turning my gaze back to Olivia. I said, my words still seeming to come from some unknown part of my subconscious, "Mistress, Queen, Goddess, may I bow down to you?"

"You may," Olivia said, looking down at me with curiosity.

I bowed down and kissed her foot, Miss Watkins having moved back a few minutes before. Olivia lifted it up and I put her nylon-clad toes in my mouth one at a time. The act, one of complete submission, turned me on as I just wanted to please her like no one, including my mother, had ever pleased her.

Olivia asked, "You like nylons, too?"

"I love them," I answered, as I licked the sole of her foot, a mixture of sweet sweat and nylon.

"Ever fucked yourself on a nylon foot?" she asked.

The thought was instantly a naughty visual in my mind and I replied, "No, my Queen."

Lifting her stocking-clad foot up, Olivia instructed, "Ride my foot."

"Oh, yes Mistress," I agreed, way too eagerly. I stood up, my knees a bit numb, and straddled her foot, suddenly noticing that everyone, including the pets, were watching me. I felt self-conscious, but ignored the brief insecurity, my need to obey and to come taking over. I lowered my cunt onto her foot and began rubbing myself on her foot. It felt so naughty and yet so good that in only a few seconds I could feel a burning inside.

Olivia scolded, "I didn't say rub yourself, I said fuck yourself."

I stopped and asked, "You want to foot fuck me?"

"No, you silly slut, I want you to fuck yourself with my foot," she explained.

I stared at her foot, which was dangling over her left leg and tried to figure out how to get it in my cunt while standing.

Mom touched my back and said, "Turn around and face our Mistress."

"Okay, Mommy," I said, never having used the term 'Mommy' before except to put her in her place.

I almost tripped turning around and straddling the foot the other way as Mom asked, "Mistress Olivia, may I assist?"

"You want to help your daughter fuck herself on my foot?" Olivia asked, obviously loving her victory.

"Yes, Mistress," Mom answered.

"You can help her get my foot inside that slut box of hers, but then I want her to fuck herself," Olivia said.

"Of course, Mistress," Mom nodded, as she knelt down and grabbed Olivia's foot. Looking up at me, she instructed, "Now lower your slut box slowly as I hold our beautiful Mistress's foot."

"Yes, Mommy," I moaned, as I lowered my cunt and felt the nylon covered toes in between my pussy lips.

Mom moved Olivia's foot up and down a few times, making me super fucking horny, before she pushed Olivia's toes into my cunt.

"Oh fuuuuck, Mommy," I moaned, my cunt stretching open wider than it ever had before.

"Now slowly bend your knees down and up until you are riding Olivia's foot like the submissive little slut you are," Mom ordered.

"Oh ooh yes Mommy," I whimpered, not used to being ordered by Mom, although it, too, turned me on.

Olivia, noticing my submissive nature to my mother, said, "Slut Kate, you may get your own live-in submissive yet."

I closed my eyes and focused on trying to ride Olivia's foot and give myself a much needed orgasm. My moans began to increase as I slowly fucked myself on Olivia's toes. I don't know if it was the widening of my cunt, the feeling of the nylon, the complete act of submission or just how horny I was, but in only a minute I was beginning to feel my orgasm rise.

Olivia laughed, "Are you close to coming already?"

"Yeeeeees," I moaned.

"Don't you dare come without permission," Olivia threatened.

"Okaaaay," I agreed, even as the orgasm continued to rise.

"You are such a condescending slut," Katrina said.

Angela added, "A pretentious little bitch."

"I didn't even know you knew such wooswords," I whimpered, unable to not be the condescending, pretentious bitch they said I was as I realized she had her camera directed at me.

"Please don't," I begged, suddenly stopping riding Olivia's foot.

Olivia scolded, "Don't you dare stop without permission, you fucking cunt."

"S-s-sorry," I stuttered, feeling overwhelming guilt at upsetting Olivia which was illogical, as I continued fucking myself while assumedly being filmed, which mortified me...yet my orgasm was too close to care about the potential public humiliation at the hands of that bitch.

"Don't let her come, Olivia," Katrina said.

A few more seconds and I was ready to explode and begged, "Queen Olivia, please let your dumb slut come." Why did I call myself dumb?

Her foot moved out of my cunt as she said, "On your knees."

"Please, Mistress," I pleaded even as I obeyed the command.

"No bitch of mine gets to come before I or my guests do," Olivia said, snapping her fingers and pointing to her cunt. "Get to work, Victoria, it is time for 'never' to occur."

I smiled internally at her witty 'never' quip, as I quickly thrust my face between her legs and into her cunt. I licked and was instantly taken aback by her taste. It was surprisingly tangy and I knew that any morning after regret and guilt would be dissipated by the reality that I would drop to my knees and lick her cunt anytime or anyplace. I was addicted. I explored her pussy lips, her clit and, eventually, my tongue darted in and out of her pussy as her moans increased. My own cunt was leaking and begging to be finished off, yet I focused on Olivia's cunt, hoping that getting her off would eventually get me off.

I have no idea how long, I licked, nibbled and explored Olivia's cunt, but her hand on the back of my head, implied she was close. I sucked her clit between my lips and heard her moan, "Don't stop, my slut."

I had no intention of stopping, dying to taste the full blast of her come on my lips and tongue.

I felt hands on my ass and I stopped, startled, but felt my head pushed deeper into Olivia's cunt as I returned to the task at hand. I felt fingers playing with my pussy and then without warning I felt something big, a fist I thought shoved into my cunt. I screamed into Olivia's cunt, feeling a mixture of pleasure and pain, as my cunt was unnaturally widened. I quickly learned it was indeed a fist as I felt fingers wiggling inside me.

With my own cunt being violated, it was hard to stay focused on Olivia's cunt, but I literally had no choice as she began grinding her cunt up and down my face. I extended my tongue and just tried to please her as she fucked my face. I was moaning into her cunt and my mouth was wide open when the gush of pussy cum exploded into my mouth and all over my face. She held my face so tight against her cunt, I couldn't breathe anything but her heavenly scent.

I was just beginning to struggle to breathe when she let go of my head and I screamed, "Oh fuck. I'm so full."

"Do you want to come from Carrie's fist?" Olivia asked.

I didn't even look to confirm it was Carrie as I begged, my breathing so erratic, the sentence took forever to finish, "Oh yes, my Queen...please...let Carrie...fist fuuuuuck... me to...orgasm."

"You can come on five," Olivia said.

"Ooooh, thank you, Mistress," I moaned, thrilled that the long denied orgasm was finally going to occur.

"One, tell me who owns you, Victoria Jones," Olivia started the countdown.

A chill went up my spine at hearing my full name. "Olivia Phillips owns my tongue, cunt and aaaaaaaaass," I declared, as Carrie filled my cunt again.

"Two, tell us what you are."

"A condescending bitch that has finally learned her place as your slave," I declared, wishing Carrie would fuck my cunt with her hand instead of teasing me.

"Three, tell me something you will do to earn my trust."

"Anythiiiiing," I screamed, as Carrie fist fucked me quickly three times.

"I want you to bring me an offering, one of your loser friends," Olivia said.

"Okaaaay, which one do you want," I asked, so far gone I would sell my mother to a Sheik to come.

"Tamara," Olivia said.

Tamara was the minister's daughter and definitely a virgin. She hadn't been on a date, or even kissed a boy. She was cute in a nerdy way; although, she hid her body well with baggy sweaters and long skirts. "She is yours," I offered, although I really had no idea how I would possibly make it happen.

"Four, pull out, Carrie," Olivia instructed. Carrie did as ordered and my whole body quivered with broken anticipation, shaking like an addict who had not had a drink or smoke in a week.

"Oh please...Mistress, you...own me, please," I begged, my brain foggy with self lust.

"All in good time," Olivia shrugged. "I just realized it would be very wrong for you to come before your other Mistresses do, don't you think?"

"Of course, Mistress, that...is...very reasonable," I struggled to say through stunted breath.

"Go finger fuck Betty to orgasm," Olivia instructed.

I reluctantly, with pussy juice running down my legs, crawled to the chubby, huge titted cheerleader who opened her legs and ordered, "Suck my clit while fingering me, bitch."

"Yes, Mistress Betty," I agreed as I leaned forward and took her clit between my lips while I slid two fingers easily inside her. Wanting to get this over with, her scent way less appealing than Olivia's, I finger fucked her fast and hard. Thankfully, in only a couple of minutes I felt her grab my head as she came all over my face.

Backing away, a minute later, I heard Olivia say, "Ready for your punishment, Mother?"

"Please, Olivia, I won't ever betray you again. I'm your Mother."

"Yes, that is why I called you Mother," Olivia sarcastically said, as I turned around to see Olivia was wearing a huge strap-on cock, at least eight inches in length and thick.

Katrina added, also wearing an identical big strap-on cock, "Are you ready, Mother dearest?"

June, my ex-pet saw me watching and glared at me before suggesting, "Why don't you fuck that bitch's ass first?"

"All in good time. She wasn't the one who betrayed me, you were," Katrina replied coldly.

"Both of you, on all fours and stop fucking trying to negotiate or I will really give you a punishment worth complaining out," Olivia threatened, slapping her mother's ass hard.

Both mothers reluctantly obeyed, now each naked except thigh highs, getting on all fours side by side.

Olivia and Katrina got behind their respective mothers as Becka poured lube on Lauren's ass cheeks and Sandrine did the same to June.

"Finger fuck their asses my pets, get their asses lubed really well," Olivia instructed, as she moved to the front of her mother and shoved the plastic cock in her mom's mouth; Katrina, like the follower she was, quickly followed suit.

Both Becka and Sandrine obeyed, coating their fingers with lube and sliding them, rather easily, into the MILF bitches asses.

"Two fingers," Katrina instructed, as she fucked her mom's face with the plastic cock.

Both pets obeyed as they slid a second finger in and began finger fucking them. The MILF's moans were muffled by the cocks fucking their faces, which was undeniably hot.

A couple minutes of face fucking and ass fingering and Olivia pulled out, moved behind her mom and without warning slammed her cock into her mom's ass, all eight inches filling the surprised mom.

"Holy shiiiiit, pull it out," Lauren screamed and begged, her facial expression priceless.

"Sure," Olivia said, pulling out and then slamming it back in again.

"Please, stoooooooooop, you're tearing me apart," Lauren pleaded through tears.

June's eyes were big with fear as her daughter pulled the cock out of her mouth and moved behind her. She begged, "Honey, I'm so sorry, I will never betray yooooooooou." She didn't finish her sentence as Katrina replicated Olivia's harsh entry into her mother's ass.

"Will you ever betray me again?" Olivia asked, as she roughly and literally fucked the shit out of her mom.

"N...n...nev...nev...er," Lauren struggled to get out as the pain in her ass burned through her.

"Please take it out Katrina," June begged. "I will pay you."

"How much?" Katrina asked, stopping with her cock buried deep in her mom's ass.

"Whatever you want," June said.

"I don't know," Katrina said, before pulling out as though she was letting her mom off and then slamming into her again and beginning to fuck her hard while holding her mom's hips.

"Nooooo, fuck, Nooooooo, shiiiit," June babbled.

Lauren echoed similar babble as she screamed through clenched teeth, "Olivia, please noooo, I'm so sorrrrry."

Olivia snapped her fingers a few strokes later, they both pulled out, swapped places and started fucking each other's mom.

"We're going to continue to fuck your asses until both of you Mommy-sluts come. You both fucking submitted to that bitch and now you both will pay the price together," Olivia said, really fucking June hard.

"And bitch, what are you doing watching? Do you want some anal discipline too?" Olivia asked me.

"N-n-no," I stuttered, "I was just awaiting your instructions."

"Go eat Angela's asshole while Miss Watkins eats her cunt," Olivia instructed.

I had never tasted an asshole before, nor did I want to, I was really enjoying watching the sodomy of those two bitches who had betrayed me as well, but I obeyed praying I was one step closer to being allowed to come.

Miss Watkins lay on the couch, Angela straddled her and I got behind her, pulled her ass cheeks apart and stared at her small rosebud.

"Switch," I heard Olivia announce again and took a peek at the incestuous action, before returning to the humiliating, disgusting task at hand.

I was about to lean forward when Angela scolded, "Stop staring at my ass and fucking eat it, you fucking British bitch."

Startled and turned on by the usually quiet Angela, I leaned forward between her ass cheeks and began licking her rose bud. "That's better," Angela said, adding, "I expect that tongue in my ass."

"Yes, Mistress Angela," I said, just accepting I was the plaything tonight, and until who knew when, for all of Olivia's bitch friends.

Unlike sucking a cock, or a tit, or licking a cunt, eating an ass, such a twisted, dirty phrase, was completely different. The smell at first was non-existent, but as my tongue slowly bathed her rosebud, the slightest scent, not pungent, but definitely ass was undeniable.

I licked and eventually Angela's rosebud softened and I began to try to use my tongue as a cock. It was awkward, difficult and degrading, but strangely, I loved it.

I would have loved to have watched the incest scene, but I did get to hear it.

Olivia and Katrina switched three more times and their moms' painful screams and whimpers had begun to shift to moans.

Olivia asked, "Is Mommy finally enjoying a cock in her ass?"

"Yeeeeees," Lauren moaned.

Angela began grinding her cunt on Miss Watkins' face, her ass bouncing into my face with each backwards movement. Her breathing increased and she screamed a few moments later, "Ooooooooooh, yes."

I kept licking her butthole as she came on Miss Watkins' face.

I felt my head pulled back as Carrie pushed me onto my back, straddled my face and lowered her trimmed cunt onto my face. I had no choice but to lick her cunt. Awkwardly, I licked her already very wet pussy, although I couldn't move much to explore. Also, her legs covered my ears, so I couldn't really hear the incest scene other their moans. After a couple of minutes, I moved my head up as far as I could, found her clit and began flicking it repetitively. Her legs twitched each time I flicked her clit and suddenly she began bouncing up and down on my face. My head was bounced around like a Raggedy Ann doll as Carrie came all over my face. I was just along for the ride as her pussy juice coated my face.

Thankfully, she got off me, just as I was beginning to have trouble breathing.

"I can't take much more of this," Lauren whimpered.

"Then come," Olivia instructed.

"I caaaan't," Lauren replied frustrated.

"Want your cunt licked?" Olivia asked.

"God, yes," Lauren replied, as her daughter continued to ream her ass.

"Becka and Kate get over here, crawl under these Mommy ass sluts and eat their old wrinkled cunts," I heard Olivia order.

"Yes, Mistress," both pets answered in unison.

I watched, only having Katrina left to service, who was currently preoccupied with fucking her mom's ass.

Soon both of my former pets were breathing heavy, Becka and Mom pushing the new ass sluts to the edge of euphoria, creating a double sensation of pleasure.

"Come, Mommy-sluts," Olivia ordered.

"Eat my cunnnt," June demanded, obviously close to orgasmic bliss.

"My clit, swallow my fucking clit," Lauren moaned.

Both well trained pets did an excellent job as the two MILF ass sluts sounded like hyenas as they screamed, howled and moaned as the double pleasure brought them close to volcanic eruption, but not over the top.

Eventually June screamed, "Fuuuuuck," as she collapsed onto the floor shaking uncontrollably. Katrina continued fucking her ass because Lauren hadn't come yet.

Lauren moaned, "So close."

June begged, the pleasure too much, "Please stop fucking meee."

"Not until your partner in betrayal comes too," Olivia said.

"Fucking come, Lauren," June snapped, her body still trembling uncontrollably as her daughter continued thrusting deep into her.

Lauren, desperate to come, began bucking her ass back to meet the powerful thrusts of her Mistress daughter even as her breathing got more erratic. The scene was hot as hell, as was the continual drilling of June, who was begging her daughter to stop. "I can't take it any moooooore."

Finally, it happened. "Oh God, oh God, oh God, yeeeeees Mistress," Lauren screamed as the inevitable orgasm ripped through her very being, although unlike June who collapsed, Lauren, being the insatiable slut she is, continued fucking herself on the plastic cock filling her back door.

"Pull out, pull out, pull out," June pleaded and Katrina obliged. June immediately rolled over onto her back. Her breathing was still erratic and made worse by the fact that Betty straddled her face.

Katrina looked at me and said, "Ready for your training to start, slut?"

"Yes, Mistress," I agreed.

"But I thought I was a bimbo?" she asked.

"Teach me my place," I replied.

"Oh, that I plan to do," Katrina smiled, her facial expression and tone implying she had already considered this moment. "But first, fucking my Mom really got me revved up. Crawl to me and eat me like I have envisioned you doing for such a long fucking time."

"Yummy," I said, like a bimbo, as I crawled to her, passed a still self-fucking Lauren which was very impressive, as Katrina took off the strap-on cock.

"Get licking bitch," Katrina ordered when I reached her.

"Yes, Mistress," I eagerly agreed, no longer seeing the bimbo bitch I hated, but rather another cunt to please on my journey to final submission to Olivia.

It was awkward, licking her while she was standing, yet I just focused on getting her off as quickly as possible with the hope I would be allowed to come.

"You look really good eating cunt, Victoria," Katrina said, as I began licking her very wet pussy lips.

"Thank you," I replied, as ludicrous as it sounded, her taste surprisingly sweet.

For a few minutes, I just licked and licked, her moans slowly increasing in intensity, when suddenly she grabbed the back of my head and began to use my face to spank her clit. My face bounced into her cunt and then was pulled away and then pushed back in her cunt.

"Oh yes, do you like face fuuucking me," Katrina said.

"Yes," I answered awkwardly as I was moved back and forth like a yoyo.

Then she held my head hard against her wetness as she came seconds later. I eagerly lapped her cum as it streamed out of her and into my mouth. Finally she pushed me away, making me fall backwards onto my ass.

Olivia was back on the couch with a video camera while everybody else was wearing strap-on cocks. I immediately knew I was about to be in for one long ride, both metaphorically and physically.

"Still want to come?" Olivia asked.

"Yes, Mistress," I replied, despite the realization that my lesbian gangbang was going to be filmed.

"All three holes?" Olivia asked.

"Are yours," I replied, finishing her sentence.

"Even your virgin ass?" she asked.

"They're yours to do with as you please," I answered, giving myself mind and body to someone who just over an hour ago I had come to crush.

Betty laid on the ground and ordered, "Straddle me, slut."

I quickly crawled to her and devoured the plastic cock with my cunt.

"Holy shit, you are more obedient than your whore mother," Olivia laughed.

I felt hands on my ass and turned to see that Lauren was pouring lube on my ass crack. She said, "Payback is a bitch."

My head was grabbed and a cock was shoved in my mouth as Angela said, "Let's keep this cock in your mouth to avoid hearing you scream," as she began slowly moving her cock in and out of my mouth.

I felt the warm lube between my ass cheeks, fingers poking inside my ass, creating a small burn. Then Olivia said, "Just fuck her, Mom. Her ass will get used to it...eventually."

My eyes went wide as I prepared for the pain I knew was about to come. I felt a cock in-between my ass cheeks, and then, slowly, Lauren began pushing forward, widening my tight virgin ass, before suddenly slamming forward just as the cock in my mouth pushed forward too and I gagged as my screams of intense pain were indeed muffled by the big cock choking me. I had assumed a cock in my ass would hurt, but as Lauren began pumping the cock in and out of my searing back door, I thought I was going to die. There was no pleasure, just an undeniable pain. Suddenly, Betty began bucking up, timing her thrusts with Lauren and soon I was being fucked by three cocks simultaneously.

Thankfully, Betty fucking my cunt created some pleasure down below and by rekindling the fire in my cunt; it began to distract me from the pain in my ass.

Olivia asked, "Enjoying yourself, my slut?"

Angela pulled the cock out of my mouth and I struggled to answer, "God, yes."

Laughter echoed around me as I was sodomized and humiliated by the cheerleaders and my ex-MILF pet as the plastic cock was shoved roughly back in my mouth.

The next few minutes, all three cocks pumped in and out of me and the longer I was fucked in the ass the more accustomed I got to it. The pain still hadn't faded, but slowly a tingling pleasure began to build.

Suddenly Olivia yelled, "Next."

The cocks were pulled out of my ass and my mouth. Then just as quickly, new cocks filled both of my briefly empty holes. Betty stopped bucking her cock in my cunt, as the other cocks slowly moved in and out, as if slowing down to deliberately deny me the orgasm that had just begun rising in me.

Olivia instructed, "No orgasm until everyone has had a turn."

I sighed on the cock, knowing there were eleven women here and only five had had a turn in me.

For a couple more minutes, I was slowly fucked, which was frustrating as it was a constant tease, bringing me slight pleasure and yet not enough to build up to a fevered frenzy. The pain in my ass, thankfully, was almost non-existent now.

"Switch," Olivia said, and quickly two cocks left and two more cocks replaced them.

This time they both slammed forward filling both my ass and mouth completely causing me to gag again and reviving the blunt pain in my ass. They kept their cocks buried in me before pulling out, waiting a few excruciating seconds, before slamming into me again, repeating the hard, deep rough thrusts, and then waiting anywhere from three to ten seconds before pulling out. After a few deep strokes, Betty joined in and again I was being deeply filled by three cocks. The pleasure began to rise slowly but not enough to do more than fan the flames.

"Switch," Olivia called out again as I realized, seven down only four to go.

As the cock was pulled out of my mouth, I saw that Mom was pleasuring Angela and it was Becka who was now going to fuck my face. I again felt hands on my ass and heard the undeniable British accent of Miss Watkins order, "Fuck yourself on my cock, time for a good dogging."

I pondered the use of dogging, a British term for sex in a public place, usually outside, yet I guess being ass fucked and used by eleven women was pretty public, particularly as it was being videotaped. I, of course, obeyed, and slowly began moving back on the cock onto my ass and then moving forward to swallow Becka's cock in front of me.

I slowly got in a rhythm as I buried one cock in my ass and then the other in my mouth, the whole while the cock in my cunt continuing to tease me.

"Faster, slut," Becka ordered, surprising the shit out of me, but I obeyed, beginning to really fuck myself on both the plastic cocks.

I was just getting into a perfect rhythm, just beginning to really enjoy myself, getting ass fucked now all pleasure, my ass finally accustomed to being so full, when Olivia announced, "Final switch."

As the cocks left my burning, hungry holes, I felt my hair grabbed and saw that it was Katrina who was about to drag me to the couch. I tried to follow as best I could as she threw me on my back, my head bouncing off the side of the couch. Katrina ordered, "Move up so your head is resting on the top of the arm."

I quickly obeyed.

Olivia asked, "Finally ready to cum, our slut?"

"Oh God yes," I answered, my need to come overpowering after all this humiliation, fucking, serving and teasing.

Olivia joined me on the couch with a ten inch strap-on, bigger than anything else I had ever had in my cunt or ass. She grabbed my legs and pushed them backwards towards my shoulders before instructing me, "Hold your ankles and don't you dare fucking let go."

"Yes, Mistress," I agreed, grabbing my ankles, thankful for all the years of gymnastics.

Olivia moved on top of me and slid the massive cock into my dripping cunt.

"Oh yeeeeees, fuck your British slut," I screamed, my long bubbling orgasm beginning to rise again as she pumped my cunt with the massive cock.

After a half dozen deep full thrusts, the cock reaching depths inside me never before explored, she pulled out and quickly shoved the long thick cock in my ass.

"Hollllly shiiiiit," I screamed, the return of the intense burn killing my growing orgasm.

"I am going to go back and forth between your two gaping fuck holes until you come, Victoria. No matter how long it takes." Olivia informed me.

Katrina added, as she straddled me, and shoved her plastic cock in my mouth, "And I am going to fuck your face like the dirty whore you are."

My mouth full, my head in a position I couldn't move, the plastic cock gagged me thrust after thrust.

Olivia's cock in my ass pumped in and out, the pain never disappearing at all. For the next few minutes it was like living through a sexual version of Groundhog Day, that funny Bill Murray movie my mom loves, as it was six deep hard thrusts in my cunt, just enough to start the bubbling in my cunt and then six equally hard deep thrusts in my ass that burned like hell. All the while, I continued to be viciously face fucked by Katrina.

Ever so slowly, my ass began to get used to being filled by ten inches of cock and my orgasm began to build.

Olivia started listing all the things she had planned for me, which only increased my pleasure as the thought of giving myself to her mind, body and soul, was a major turn-on, crazy considering my state of mind less than two hours ago.

"Oh Victoria, my little British slave, I have such grand plans for you. Eating each of us out on the bus, including Coach Williams," Olivia began. Coach Williams was a pretty, stern, black physical education teacher who disliked me strongly for not trying out for any sports teams even though I

was quite athletic. "Of course, the bus driver will also need to be served with a blow job or a quick, what do you British tarts call fucking? Oh yes, a shag."

Changing to my ass, she continued with her master plan for me. "You will bring me a new pet every month and at least one of them will be a teacher. You will be the glory hole cocksucker at prom and at the grad party since your reputation will no longer matter you will be naked in the living room and all three of your holes will be offered to all our graduating classmates."

The litany of future submissions should have stirred fear and common sense in me. Yet in my state of undeniable hunger my mind was not remotely rational as I was caught in a tsunami of lust.

Olivia again switched to my cunt as my orgasm continued to build.

Katrina pulled out of my mouth, and asked, "Do you accept Mistress Olivia's plans for you?"

As Olivia pounded my cunt, I moaned loudly, "Yeeeeesssss."

"Are you close, Victoria," Olivia asked.

"Yes, Mistress, sooooo close," I whimpered, as she again pulled out of my cunt and again filled my ass.

Katrina pinched my nipples and demanded, "Come you stupid slut."

"Yeeees, I'm your slut," I moaned, my orgasm so close I could taste it and yet refusing to reach the fevered pitch needed to push me over the edge.

"Stupid slut," Katrina corrected.

"Yesssss, I'm your stupid slut," I said, disparaging myself.

"And a bitch," Katrina continued.

"Yeeees, a fucking bitch," I agreed, as the cock filled my cunt again.

Suddenly, as my cunt was getting fucked, Olivia grabbed my ankles and spread my legs wide, and I looked down to see my Mom licking my clit.

I moaned, "Yes, Mommy, lick your slutty daughter's cunt."

A couple strokes later, the dam holding my orgasm back exploded and I screamed, "Yeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeessssssssssssssssssssss."

The rush of pleasure coursed through my very being as Olivia continued fucking my cunt, past the usual six teasing strokes, and my mom continued to lick my clit. The orgasm seemed to be endless as rush after rush of pleasure riddled my body.

Unfortunately, after a couple of minutes, the greatest orgasm in my life began to fade away and the harsh reality of my submission came to light. My brain no longer fogged by uncontrollable lust, I couldn't believe I had given in so easily.

Just as I was thinking about how I failed Mom, she moved up and kissed me, my cum on her lips. She whispered, "I love you Victoria."

"I love you too, Mom," I smiled, remembering that my submission came with a positive. Mother and I were again together, albeit twistedly so.

Olivia, pulling out of my cunt, said to my mother, "Slut, you may go home or sleep over, whatever you wish. Victoria, you will go home with Katrina and live with her for the week as she trains you."

"Yes, Mistress," I agreed, petrified of what Katrina perceived as training, even as my cunt tingled with anticipation.

Katrina pulled me up, put a collar on me with a leash and tugged. Naked except for thigh highs, I was led out of the house, into the dark evening, and to her car. My head spinning with consequence, potential and change, I wondered if I had ever even had a chance to defeat Olivia. It seemed unlikely in retrospect and it no longer mattered, I was hers now and although at times of clarity I cursed my weakness, I wouldn't have it any other way.

Epilogue:

The next couple of months, I did indeed pleasure every cheerleader on the bus, including Coach Williams, who kept me in her hotel room for a night of lengthy submission (she loved getting her ass licked and probed), and the bus driver who loved shooting his load down my throat. I also pleased the cheerleaders after every practice, washing their bodies in the shower, licking their salty sweaty pussies, tits and feet, and occasionally cleaning their pussies after they peed.

I did seduce and bring Tamara to Olivia as well as another friend Skyler. Lastly, although it was a challenge, I also brought her Mrs. Potter, my chemistry teacher.

At prom, I was in a stall in the boy's bathroom which had a glory hole where I sucked over fifty cocks, before taking five in my cunt and the last five in my ass.

Lastly, at the graduation party, I was revealed as the submissive, slut I was when I was gangbanged by dozens of guys, as well as eating a couple dozen cunts.

The following fall, I went to college with Olivia where I became the sorority pet for the next four years, serving all my sorority sisters night and day and sleeping in my pet house (which was a large dog house), unless a sister allowed me to sleep with her.

When Olivia married, I moved in with her and became her full service maid. Besides pleasuring Mistress and Master, I also did all the duties of a maid.

Today, I am carrying their child. Olivia did not want to have her perfect body ruined by carrying a child and thus I was instructed to carry their child. I am currently seven months pregnant and am about to make my fourth pregnant porn film; apparently that is a popular niche online. The first was a gangbang video, the second a lesbian orgy with fisting, the third an incest video with Mom that is apparently going viral and today another gangbang, this time with all black college students.

Getting dressed in a wedding dress for the scene, I looked into the mirror and barely recognized myself. I had become exactly what Olivia said I was and...as I mentioned before...I wouldn't have it any other way.

THE END of OLIVIA WINS...

AUTHOR'S FINAL NOTE:

This story was a lot of fun to write. But as Team Victoria and Team Olivia camps began to form the pressure to write a great ending was slightly overwhelming. That said, I think, I hope, I did so with the three alternate endings.

So please comment on which of the three alternate endings you liked the best (on the assumption you liked one the best):

Catching Mommy: Victoria Wins

Catching Mommy: Win Win For All

Lastly, thanks for supporting this and all my other stories through your comments, e-mails and votes.

Jasmine February 2014