

# CATCHING MOMMY: PROTECTING SLUT-MOM

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*A plan to humiliate her arch-enemy completely backfires.*

Incest/Taboo

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## **Catching Mommy: Protecting Slut-Mom**

**Summary:** A plan to humiliate her arch-enemy completely backfires.

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**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.

**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) and 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.*

## **Catching Mommy: Protecting Slut-Mom**

I got home confident after adding June to my suddenly growing harem of MILF pets which now stood at three if you included my mother.

I walked into the house and found Mom in the kitchen making dinner.

"How was your afternoon visit?" I asked, even though I knew how it began, she didn't know how long I had stayed or what I saw.

"It was..." she paused clearly still uncomfortable talking to me about this.

"Orgasmic?" I finished, as I hopped onto the dinner table.

Her face blushed red at my frank innuendo. Trying to keep her motherly role in tack, she said, "Off the table, we eat off that."

"Yes, yes you do," I smirked as I opened my legs.

"Victoria, I am not sure we should continue this," she replied, her attempt at exerting her parental role rather cute.

I laughed, "I wasn't implying this was up for debate, Mother."

Her face was going red yet again, a clear mixture of shame and excitement. "Please, Victoria."

"I like that, Mother, begging to eat your daughter's cunt," I smiled, continuing to establish a clear line between mistress and submissive.

She glanced between my legs, her brief moment of strong will already crumbling, just like it did when she gave into Olivia after she had just submitted to me. "This is too overwhelming," she finally said.

"What? Being your daughter's submissive?" I asked, continuing to remind her who was in charge.

"Yes, no, I mean," she struggled to form a sentence, tears beginning to stream down her face.

"What's wrong?" I asked, getting off the table shifting from dominant to caring daughter.

"It's just Olivia is expecting me to give you to her and you are expecting me to give Olivia to you," she explained.

I pulled her in for a hug realizing just how fucked up the situation had become. I felt a strange maternal instinct to protect my suddenly insecure mother. "Mom, it's okay," I soothed.

For a brief moment of time I held my mom tight, our roles suddenly switched. Finally she spoke. "I love you, Victoria."

"I love you too, Mom," I answered back, before adding, "Mom you are a strong person."

"I used to think so," she smiled.

"Seriously, you brought us to America, raised me single-handedly and created a successful career for yourself," I pointed out, trying to bolster my mother's once iron willed confidence.

"But it is all a house of cards," she replied cryptically.

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"One bad decision, one time giving into temptation and everything I worked so hard to make a reality can come crumbling down," she continued.

"Mom, I can protect you," I said confidently, the video of Olivia's mom's submission on my phone.

"Honey, she has so much more evidence to use against me. I am completely at her mercy and sadly," she paused, breaking eye contact, before she admitted, "and sadly I revel in it."

"I have evidence too," I said pulling out my phone.

"You don't get it," Mom said, her eyes going a little wild. "I can't disobey her, nor do I want to. I don't want to crush her or stop her; I just don't want you drawn into her web of submission."

"I can look after myself," I confidently said.

"I know you believe you can, but I thought so too and now look at me," she said.

"What was her last order?" I asked, knowing my mom needed an intervention of sorts, clearly her addiction was controlling her life.

"There was one thing," she answered, avoiding answering the question which implied it had something to do with me.

"Tell me," I said, curious what Olivia had planned for my mother and potentially, for me.

"I am to videotape you admitting your feelings for Olivia," she began.

"I don't have feelings for her, I just said that to see how you reacted when I began seducing you," I countered.

"I know that, but Olivia doesn't. She only hears what I want her to hear," Mom said, clearly trying her hardest to protect me even though she was too weak to protect herself.

"Hmmm," I said, trying to decide how to play this.

"She is coming over for dinner tomorrow on the pretense that she is here to learn more about my job, but really will end in her revealing she owns me and consequently you," Mom finished.

I already knew of the dinner plan and instantly an idea popped into my head. "Mom, I have the perfect plan."

"You do?" She asked.

"I will get her mother over here before Olivia arrives and have her under the table. If I know Olivia, and I do, she will reveal her power over you in some dramatic way like making you go under the table and service her in front of me...when that happens, her mother will instead be the one doing the serving. The key will be to videotape it," I said, my plan brilliant.

"What if she doesn't order me under the table?" Mom asked, clearly skeptical of the plan.

"She will," I confidently predicted. "Olivia will want to show me her power by humiliating you in front of me thus humiliating me too."

"Sounds like Olivia," Mom said after a moment.

After our intimate family moment done, I jumped back up onto the kitchen table, and opened my legs, "Now where were we?"

"You really are insatiable," Mom smiled playfully, as she moved between my legs.

"If nothing else, without Olivia we would never have had this," I smiled.

"What? Incest where you use your mother as your submissive play thing," she said, burying her head between my legs.

"Exactly," I laughed as she began licking my cunt. Looking down at her between my legs was sexually stimulating unlike any experience I had ever had, and ironically I had to thank Olivia for turning my mother from super reserved to extremely submissive. Mom also had become very good at licking pussy as she had my orgasm building instantly and after a couple of minutes she slid two fingers inside me and after a few seconds she found my g-spot and I screamed, "Fuck Moooooooooommy, don't stop you fucking cunt-muncher."

My orgasm coursed through me intensely as she did things to me no other person had ever done. My breathing was erratic, my body twitched and I babbled incoherently a variety of nonsense.

Once my orgasm had run its course, I pushed her head away, as her tongue had began to make me need to pee. She looked up at me, her eyes full of fear, as if fearing I was disappointed with her. I quickly reassured her, "Oh Mom, I'm not upset with you; you just gave me the best orgasm of my life. It's just you also got me sensitive and if you kept licking me I would have peed on you."

"You may if you wish," she replied instantly, her submissive personality jumping at the potential opportunity to please me.

"Has that bitch peed on you?" I asked in total shock and disgust.

Her face went beet red at my question, before she stammered, "T-t-today she did."

"That fucking bitch," I snapped, standing up anger raging inside me.

Mom tried to defend Olivia which was ludicrous. "She was testing my obedience because I have no real evidence of proving you were my submissive."

"Which I'm not," I snapped.

"I know, but she thinks you are," she countered, clearly stressed about how our conversation had transpired.

"Did you like it?" I asked, not expecting the answer I would get.

"Yes," she whispered looking away.

"Pardon?" I asked, hearing the answer but not believing it.

"Yes," she admitted, looking up at me. "It was surprisingly quite a turn-on."

"You got turned on getting peed on?" I asked.

"I swallowed most of it," Mom sheepishly admitted.

"You drank her piss?" I asked, flabbergasted by her answer.

"I did as I was told," she admitted, her tears freely flowing down her cheeks. "I just can't say no to her."

"This ends tomorrow," I snarled, still furious, both at my mother's pathetic weakness and more so to Olivia's treatment of my mother. I stormed away, no longer wanting to talk about Olivia. Plus, if Olivia was going to continue to humiliate my mother, it was time to return the favor with a little dogging action.

Once in my room, I texted Lauren, Olivia's mother:

*Slut, meet me at The Love Shack at 8. Don't be late or you'll be punished severely. Mistress V*

I went and had a shower to calm down as I tried to figure out how to crush Olivia once and for all. Yet, as the hot water sprayed down on me, the thought of golden showers popped into my head. What would it taste like? What would it feel like? Suddenly, I cursed myself as I realized I was getting pulled into submissive feelings like my mother...and I am not submissive. Yet, as I closed my eyes to wash my hair Olivia's smug face popped into my head and she said confidently, "You're next."

I threw the shampoo bottle against the wall, angry at the power Olivia had over my mother.

Once out of the shower, I decided I would humiliate Olivia's mother tonight, videotape it on my phone and have it ready for the final confrontation with Olivia.

My phone was flashing that I had received a text. I clicked on it and it was a reply from Lauren:

*I can't; I am going to be at a family supper...it is my husband's birthday.*

I smiled as a new plan popped into my head; this would be a perfect opportunity to show my power over Lauren by making her leave her husband and daughter.

I texted:

*Where, slut?*

I worried she may not reply, but she did:

*Nadine's.*

I inquired:

*When, cunt licker?*

She replied:

*8PM. Please I'll do whatever you wish tomorrow...please allow me to be a good wife for one evening.*

I replied lying:

*Of course my pet...you can have one night of family time.*

Perfect, I thought. Nadine's was the fanciest restaurant in town. I already knew what Lauren would be dining on...my cunt.

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After dinner, I was getting ready to go out, while texting friends back in England, when Mom walked in sheepishly and asked, "I'm so sorry, Victoria."

"I am too," I sighed, before adding, "but this ends now. You are my mother, my slut and I will not have you submitting to my enemy any more, is that understood?"

There was a long pause as Mom obviously struggled with my expectations. Finally, she whispered, not making eye contact, "I'll try."

"Try?" I said. "You don't try, you do. It's that black and white."

"But she is so powerful," Mom tried to explain.

"As am I," I countered, knowing I had to be strong for both of us.

"I know, but I," she tried to explain again, but still couldn't get the words out.

"I know, I know," I sighed dramatically, before shifting to sarcasm, "Olivia is irresistible, Olivia is powerful, Olivia is sexy."

"S-s-so are you," she stammered, clearly trying to keep me happy.

"Then choose," I snapped. "Either you are my mom, my pet, my submissive or you are not."

"Okay," Mom said, her tone not remotely believable.

"Okay, what?" I asked.

"Okay, I'm your mother and pet," she answered.

I walked to her and hugged her. "Mom, I will protect you at all costs."

"I know," she replied, tears again streaming down her face, "but can you protect yourself?"

"Of course I can," I replied, taken back by the question.

"Olivia will do whatever she has to do to win," she warned.

"As will I," I replied confidently, my plan for her mother now completely formulated.

I grabbed my phone and texted an ex-boyfriend who was now in college.

*Darian Can you get some guys together to triple team a MILF slut? Victoria*

Mom asked, "Who are you texting?"

"An old friend, plan 'Crush Olivia' is under way," I smiled, trying to replicate Olivia's smugness.

My phone buzzed.

*Victoria What do you have in mind? We have a keg party planned for tonight, so there will be plenty of horny guys here.*

I smiled and called him.

"Hi, sweetheart, long time no talk," my player ex-boyfriend oozed.

I snapped my fingers and pointed to my feet. Mom dropped to her knees and crawled to me as I sat at the edge of my bed.

"Indeed. Long story short, I have a slutty MILF whore who I need to test her obedience to me and I thought a nice dogging session would be the ultimate test," I answered.

"You always were more into cunt than cock," he said jokingly.

"I like them both, but I didn't want to share as you seemed to," I countered, reminding him why we broke up.

I lifted my foot to Mom's lips and she began sucking my toes as expected.

"Truce," he chuckled. "So what do you have in mind?"

"I'll bring over the slut and you guys use her as you wish. But the only phone allowed is mine," I explained.

"Fair enough, come over around ten. There should be lots of guys ready to shoot a load by then," he said.

"See you then," I agreed, smiling from ear to ear.

After hanging up, I looked at Mom, whose face was ruby red; obviously she thought I was talking about her. I comforted her, "The dogging is for Olivia's mom at Kappa Lambda frat house."

"Oh," she said, as she sucked my pinky toe.

"I've got to get ready," I said, not remembering the last time I'd had a real cock. I figured I might as well get myself some college cock, as an added bonus, while there to video Olivia's mom being gangbanged. I preferred girls by a long shot, but the odd quickie with a guy was a nice diversion.

I walked to my closet while Mom watched from her subservient position.

"You may go, Mom," I said.

"Yes, Mistress," she replied, and she left without another word.

I felt I had finally got through to her and now just had to finish the plan. I dressed in a black leather skirt, black pantyhose, which I had cut a hole in the crotch for easy access by mouth or cock, a gold blouse that really made me look ravishing, and four inch fuck me pumps. I looked like I was on the prowl and really I was.

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I got to Nadine's just after eight, I perused the room for the happy family, only able to see Olivia from where I stood, and then headed to the bathroom.

I texted the Mommy-slut:

*Come to the bathroom now....stall at the end.*

*DON'T MAKE ME COME AND GET YOU!!!*

I smiled at my threat as I unzipped my skirt and lowered it to my ankles, sat down on the toilet at the end stall, and waited. Not surprisingly, the click of heels sounded a minute later.

The sounds got nearer before the stall door opened and Lauren appeared dressed elegantly in a red cocktail dress.

"You look delicious, my pet," I complimented.

"Please, not here," she pleaded, as I spread my legs, answering her question before it was even asked.

"It's now or at your house later tonight," I shrugged, "It's your choice."

She looked back as if someone may be behind her, before entering the stall and locking it.

"You better hurry before your bitch daughter wonders what is taking so long," I smiled.

She sighed resigned to her fate as she lowered herself between my legs, slowly, lifting up her dress as she kneeled on her nylon-clad knees.

Without a word she leaned forward slowly, clearly trying to avoid messing up her make-up or hair, and began licking me.

I moaned, "I can't believe you're licking my cunt on your husband's birthday, you must really be a slut."

After a few seconds, I was about to say more when someone else entered the bathroom and soon was in the stall beside us. Lauren froze clearly petrified of being caught publicly in such a compromising position; I grabbed her by the back of her head and pulled her into my cunt. Knowing after my own mom's tongue on me, I would not come as quick with such a slow process, I decided to just rub my cunt juices all over her face making a mess of her make-up.

I ground my cunt on her face and ran my fingers through her hair, making that a mess too. The toilet in the next stall flushed and a minute later whoever it was had left. I was just considering fucking Lauren's face to an orgasm when Olivia came into the bathroom.

"Mother, are you in here?" Olivia asked.

"Go ahead, you may leave," I whispered.

"Like this?" she whispered back, pointing to her face.

"Better your daughter than your husband," I shrugged.

"Mom," Olivia called out again.



Lauren got up, wiped her face with her sleeve, sighed and exited the stall.

Olivia gasped, "What happened to you?"

I pulled up my skirt as I decided on a whim to reveal my cards. I took a deep breath and sauntered out of the stall to face a totally confused Olivia.

Olivia's face was so stunned I wish I would have had a video camera. At first confused and then the realization of what had happened and why her mother was so disheveled became clear.

I had finally made the bitch speechless.

"You came too early Olivia...thus I didn't get to," I said, bubbling with smug confidence. Walking past a still stunned Olivia, I said to the ashamed mother, "we will finish this later, slut."

Olivia's face burned red as I sauntered past her smugly.

Before she could formulate a response, I left the washroom leaving the mother-daughter to deal with their situation the same way I had to with mine not so long ago.

I stopped, realizing that I needed to make clear that I too had blackmail evidence on her mother as well as her; I peeked back into the bathroom in time to hear Lauren trying to explain.

"She...blackmailed...me...because...of...you," Lauren said between sobs.

"How the fuck..." Olivia began before I interrupted.

"Just so you know," I said, Olivia turning around at the sound of my voice with daggers in her eyes, "in case you were planning to get revenge by outing my mother, I have video evidence of your mother in compromising situations as well as you."

"This isn't over," Olivia said through gritted teeth.

"Oh, I know," I smiled.

"Watch your back," she threatened.

"I'll try but it's hard with your mother's face buried in my front all the time," I retorted, then leaving, happy with getting in the last word.

Once back in my car, Thrilled with how it went, and realizing I wouldn't be able to get Lauren to the dogging humiliation I had planned, I texted Darian:

*Hey baby, plans changed, but I'm fucking horny as hell.*

He texted back:

*Great offer, baby. Getting beer right now, can you wait till ten?*

I sighed looking at the clock it was only 8:40. I texted back;

*Fine...but you better be good.*

He replied back:

*I usually don't get any complaints.*

I drove back home with time to kill and was surprised to find that Mom wasn't home even though her car was in the drive way. I went inside and texted her:

*Where are you?*

I didn't get a response and an uneasy feeling hit me. What if my plan had backfired? Had Olivia called Mom during this brief time since our meeting in the bathroom. I called her but eventually got her voice mail. "Call me ASAP," I demanded.

I was beginning to freak out when I received a text from her:

*At the movies with Brenda.*

Relieved, I went to the washroom and then headed over to the frat house.

Arriving there a couple of minutes after ten, I texted:

*I'm here big boy where are you?*

A text came a few moments later as I entered a surprisingly half empty frat house. Usually these parties were wild and full. The text from Darian explained why and raised my anxiety instantly:

*Out back, your slut showed up and is already getting triple teamed as we speak.*

I hadn't sent Lauren here, nor even mentioned it to her, and instinctively I knew it was my mom who was the slut he was referring to. I didn't know how Olivia had done it, but obviously she had. How did she even know? Yet, I knew before I even witnessed it with my own eyes.

As I reached the back, I saw a big crowd outside of the house and all the blood drained from my face as I pushed my way through the crowd already knowing what I was going to see.

My mom, dressed in a high school cheerleading outfit from my school, thigh high stockings, a masquerade mask vaguely hiding her identity, was on the ground, leaning forward taking a cock into her mouth, while sitting atop a cock, while yet another boy was pounding her ass. At least a dozen more guys were forming a line to await their turn to fuck the MILF slut provided for the evening's entertainment.

Unexpectedly I got a text from an unknown number:

*Check.*

I was confused by the one word text as I stared mortified at what I was witnessing. My plan of humiliating Olivia's mother by having her videotaped dogging had backfired miserably. Yet, I couldn't do anything about it. I couldn't go and save my mom as then everyone would know who she was. Instead, I boiled with anger as I tried to think of how to revenge this.

Darian saw me and walked over. "Shit girl, you told me she was a slut but this one is crazy."

Playing along, I said, "She is insatiable."

"Shit, that would be putting it lightly," he laughed.

"What do you mean?" I asked, curious if he knew anything I didn't.

"You said three guys, but when she got here she told me her fantasy was to be watched fucking as many guys as she could," he revealed.

"Are these the first three?" I asked, hopefully.

"The guy on the ground hasn't changed, but it's the second in her mouth and ass. She is the hottest, nastiest, MILF I have ever seen and I have had quite a few," he said.

The disgusting thought that he had not only fucked me, but now had fucked my mom as well I asked, "Did you do her?" even though I already knew the answer before I even asked.

He looked at me confused. "She told me you insisted that I be the first in her ass."

"Oh right," I said feigning forgetfulness.

He smiled, grabbing his junk, "I'll be ready in a bit if you still want a piece of this."

"I'll take a rain check," I said, knowing I had to get out of here.

Before I could turn to leave I heard Mom's pleading voice, "More, I need more."

I shouldn't of, but I looked to see as one guy pulled out of her ass and another was just about to replace him.

"Text me when the slut is done," I ordered.

"Sure," he said, turning back to watch the show.

I began walking back through the crowd needing space to clear my head when I received another text from the unrecognizable number:

*What leaving already?*

I stopped in my tracks and looked around.

I quickly texted back knowing that it was Olivia and that she was here somewhere:

*Two can play this game.*

I continued walking, my body burning with anger knowing I had to go and get to Olivia's mother somehow.

Behind me, Mom screamed, "Yes, fuck my ass."

Mortified, I knew I needed to confront Olivia now.

Another text came:

*You played your cards to early...Checkmate...bitch.*

I laughed and texted back:

*Oh you may have my queen, but I have yours too.*

Again Mom's desperate sexual hunger echoed around me, she was obviously enjoying the gangbang I accidentally set up for her, "Another cock please another cock," she begged frantically.

Shame pulsed through me at how my mom could not stand up for herself. It was up to me to save her from not only Olivia, but herself.

I looked around; knowing Olivia had to be nearby. Unable to spot her, frustration began to build as I wanted to meet her face to face.

As if reading my mind, she texted again:

*Let's end this.*

A chill went up my spine...a final showdown. This had to end and it had to end now. I texted back:

*Just tell me when and where.*

I walked back through the frat house and towards my car. I had planned to somehow be here for mom when her humiliation was done...although she sure didn't look or sound humiliated...but I needed to get some insurance in the form of more incriminating video of Lauren.

My phone rang just as I reached my car.

Looking at the number I was surprised it was Becka. I smiled for the first time since arriving at the frat house, reminiscing of her between my legs this morning, although it seemed so long ago considering this crazy day.

Trying to sound casual, I answered, "Hi, Becka."

"Hi, Victoria," she replied, her tone hinting something was amiss.

"What's wrong, Becka?" I asked.

She was clearly upset. "I have a message for you from Olivia."

"Why the fuck can't she do anything herself?" I snapped.

"S-s-she wants you to meet her at my house at midnight," Becka said stammering clearly uncomfortable being involved in this.

I looked at my watch. That was over an hour and a half away. "Is she there now?" I asked.

"No," Becka said.

"Where are your parents?" I asked, finding it strange we would meet at her house.

"In Vegas," she admitted.

"All right," I agreed. "Tell the bitch I will be there."

"Okay," she said, before adding, "and Victoria."

"Yes," I asked, annoyed at her weakness as well.

"I'm so, so sorry," she said and hung up before I could ask why.

I texted Olivia back:

*Too scared to just meet one on one...bitch?*

I didn't get a response back as I texted her slut mother.

*Slut, Where are you right now?*

As I waited for a response, I tried to come up with a new plan. I definitely needed Lauren with me when the confrontation took place. Yet, other than the video evidence I had on Olivia's mother, which she had equally embarrassing video of my mom also, I had no trump card to play. On the other hand, her family was way wealthier than mine and such a scandal would shock her world more than mine; although Mom would definitely be out of work if the truth of her sexual proclivity was ever made public.

Finally a response came from Lauren:

*I'm with my daughter. She says to tell you check.*

"Fuck," I cursed as I sat in my car pondering my next move. I couldn't just show up and face Olivia empty handed.

Looking at the clock, it was almost eleven; I decided to return to the party determined to make sure I got Mom home and not in some other scene of sexual debauchery.

"Where are you going bitch?" I heard from behind me, the unmistakable voice of Olivia.

I turned around and looked at her with daggers in my eyes. She had Kristina to her left and another blonde bimbo follower, Angela to her right.

She smiled as she asked, "To get that slut mother of yours?"

"Takes one to know one," I countered.

She walked towards me with a smug confidence that pissed me off even more. Dressed in a plaid skirt, nylons and blouse she looked straight out of a private school uniform advertisement. Her bimbo posse followed behind her like they always did looking vapid as ever.

"So you got my mother," she said as she reached me.

"It was rather easy, she really is a slut," I said, pulling out my phone, "Want to see?"

She laughed, "You have evidence of me and I you...but there is one major difference."

"And what is that?" I asked.

"I'll share that info at Becka's tonight...if you have the guts to show," she said.

"Why are you here then?" I asked, getting frustrated by this whole conversation.

"To pick up my slut, of course," she revealed. "Plus, I thought I would give you one more chance to admit the obvious."

"That you are a fucking twat," I shot back in anger.

Ignoring my blatant bitterness, she said, "Well using your language, what is the term again, that you fancy me."

Her finger went to my lips and I slapped it away, as I said, "That will be a cold day in hell."

"Your mother told me the whole sordid ordeal of you and her on the drive to her gangbang. Apparently, you are vying to be her Mistress too," she revealed.

"That's ludicrous," I said to both accusations, sensing the situation getting out of hand and a sudden wetness slithering down my leg.

"I agree," Olivia laughed harshly. "You are definitely a submissive like your mother."

"Your mother doesn't think so," I countered, before adding, looking at Katrina, "or yours either."

"You fucking bitch," Katrina snapped, as she lunged towards me.

Olivia snapped her fingers and Katrina stopped instantly.

I sarcastically smirked, "Do you sit up and roll over too?"

Katrina wanted to speak but didn't, the power hierarchy of Olivia's posse obvious.

"Good puppy," I quipped, stirring the pot even more.

"We will continue this conversation somewhere more private, where you can submit to me once and for all," Olivia said smugly.

"It will be you submitting to me," I countered.

"Now that is funny," Olivia laughed before getting serious. "Midnight at Becka's."

"Whatever," I said, acting tough even though I knew I was getting in over my head.

"My mom is already at Becka's; go get your incest loving mommy-slut and meet me at Becka's," Olivia ordered.

"Don't ever tell me what to do," I said, venom in my tone.

"Fine, I'll get her," Olivia said, adding, "she is my submissive anyway."

"Never again," I said firmly.

"Why don't you let your mother decide? I believe you told her tonight to choose between you and me...how did that turn out?" She asked.

"Fuck you," I snapped back, having nothing powerful to counter with.

"Oh I plan to soon enough, Victoria," she smiled. "You will be on your knees begging to please me very soon, very, very soon."

"That will never happen," I replied, even as my cunt continued to betray me.

"Never say never," she said, "no one has been able to resist me yet."

"Well there is always a first time for everything," I retorted.

"Denial is such a sad, sad thing, Victoria," Olivia said smugly. "I know you are a submissive, just like your mother."

She began to walk past me.

"Where are you going?" I asked.

"To get my slut," she said rather matter-of-factly. "Didn't I already make that clear?"

"I'll get her," I said, wanting to talk to her before the upcoming confrontation.

"My slut?" She asked, smiling.

"Just get out of here," I said, the longer the conversation went the worse it kept going for me.

"No, I'm going to get her," Olivia said firmly.

"No, I am," I said.

"Fine," Olivia shrugged. "You go get my slut and make sure she is with you at Becka's."

I glared at her before walking by her, my shoulder slamming into hers as I headed back towards the frat house, realizing I had just obeyed her.

"Don't be late," Olivia called out all sing-song, her friends giggling behind her.

I flashed her the finger without looking back.

Inside the frat house, the party was now getting into full swing and I prayed that meant my mom wasn't still being used as a cum bucket for every guy in the fraternity. Reaching the now smaller audience, I saw Mom was now servicing four guys at once. She was riding a cock, sucking another while she stroked two more cocks one in each hand.

As I watched, trying to figure out how I was going to get her out of here, I felt hands on my hips.

I turned to slap whoever it was, already being in a pissed off mood. Darian said, seeing my face, "Truce."

"I'll take that rain check now," I said, so horny that I knew I needed to come before I could think straight once again.

"I hoped you'd say that," he smiled.

"Pull that thing out, I need it now," I said hungrily.

"Here?" he asked surprised.

"Yes, just sit on the bench there and I will do the rest," I smiled, pointing to a secluded bench just outside the peripheral of Mom's gangbang.

"Sure thing baby," he said, leading me to my much needed quickie.

As soon as he was sitting and had his cock out, thankfully already hard and ready to get to work, I pulled my skirt down and lowered myself on him.

I bounced on his cock, taking all seven inches in me. My cunt already on fire, I knew it wouldn't take long to get off. Between not getting off at Nadine's and for some fucking unknown reason my conversation with Olivia, I was ready to burst.

I watched from afar as my mom took a load on her face and then took another cock in her mouth as she continued riding the cock she was straddling.

Ironically, mother and daughter were both bouncing up and down on frat boy cock which made me laugh.

"What?" Darian asked.

"Sorry, just watching the slut," I said.

"That slut of yours can really go. She has fucked or sucked over thirty guys," he said.

My orgasm imminent, I closed my eyes, and imagined briefly it was me getting fucked by guy after guy. Just as my orgasm hit, the guys in my fantasy switched to girls and it was Olivia fucking me. "Fuuuuuck," I moaned, the orgasm hitting me hard. I let it wash through me Olivia's smug smiling face refusing to get out of my head.

Pissed off at myself, at Olivia and at my mother for getting me involved in this mess, I got off Darian before he could come and ordered. "Tell the boys these are the last four."

"What about me?" he asked.

"Go finish on her," I said, pointing to my mom.

"Sure," he agreed, calling out, "Shows ending fellas." He slapped my ass and walked over to Mom.

A few minutes later the last of the guys shot their cum on Mom who was now a white, gooey mess from head to toe.

"Let's go slut," I ordered once she was finished getting coated with cum.

She heard my voice and turned to me, the look on her face, as best as I could tell one of surprise.

"Now!" I ordered.

She stood up, her legs clearly weak after the past hour plus of being used as a fuck toy and walked to me...clearly a walk of shame.

Reaching me, I said, "Just follow me."

She nodded and I led her through the frat house and to the car, almost everyone stopping to stare at the older woman dripping with cum from all over her body.

Once in the car, Mom immediately got in apologizing mode, "I'm so sorry, Victoria."

"Don't!" I snapped. "I don't want to hear it."

She immediately stopped although it was obvious she wanted forgiveness.



We drove in silence briefly before I said, tears welling in my eyes, "You chose her over me."

"It-it-it wasn't like that," she responded.

"What was it like then, Mother," I said bitterly. "Olivia somehow knew our whole conversation today."

"I'm just too weak, Victoria," she said. "I can't say no to her no matter how much I try."

"So I see," I said, my tone still sharp.

After a moment, trying to remain calm, I explained everything that had transpired at the restaurant, the dogging plan that backfired, the confrontation with Olivia a little while ago and the midnight showdown about to happen.

"You can't go," she said, genuine fear in her expression.

"I have to go, I must stop her," I said. "Plus, I have to save you as you obviously can't save yourself."

"Please don't go," she pleaded.

"What choice do I have?" I asked. "You're willing to risk everything to obey her every whim."

"But your future is still safe," she said.

"Was that before or after you told your Mistress that we have an incestuous relationship?" I snapped, my anger at her not easy to control.

She again stopped speaking. I knew I had hurt her but sometimes the truth hurts. Finally, I whispered, my tone, expressing my hurt, as I repeated what was really bothering me, "You picked her over me."

"It wasn't like that," Mom said again trying to explain. "I love you with all heart and soul but somehow there is like a hypnotic pull when she speaks. I want to disobey her, I know I should disobey her, yet I don't, I can't."

"I'm dropping you off at home" I said, realizing that it was the only way to protect her.

"You can't go alone," Mom said.

"I can't take you; you just said you always obey her and I am not sure I could handle watching you choose her over me in front of me," I said.

"I wouldn't," she said.

"Are you sure?" I asked as we pulled up into our driveway.

After a brief silence Mom admitted the obvious, "No."

Parked, I said, still wounded from my Mom's weakness, "I will end this tonight."

"How?" Mom asked.

"By standing up to her, someone has to," I said, confident in myself.

"I thought I could too," Mom said.

"Go," I said.

"Please, don't go," Mom said pleadingly.

"Now!" I said, not looking at her, my resolve to finish this firm.

As she got out of the car, she said, "Please be careful, I don't want you turning out like me."

"Mom," I said, turning soft, "All I have ever wanted to be was as strong as you. We will get through this together."

I could feel tears in my eyes and could see tears forming in hers.

"Now go, this ends tonight," I ordered.

The car door closed, I quickly backed up and headed towards Becka's. I really had no idea what I was going to do, what I was going to say, but I knew that I had to end this once and for all. I had to be strong for Mom and resist Olivia at all costs.

Looking in the review mirror, I could see Mom watching me drive away. I turned away, there was no more looking back only looking forward with one goal in mind...to avenge my mother and crush Olivia.

Accepting I couldn't do it on my own, and accepting begrudgingly I had my own weakness towards Olivia, I knew I couldn't go against her alone.

Suddenly, a plan formed. I realized I couldn't beat her on my own...but she could be beat.

I pulled to the side of the road, smiling a plan finally formulating in my mind, I pulled out my phone and dialed.

### **The end for now...**

Will Victoria be able to resist the undeniable charms of the hypnotic dominant bitch Olivia?

Will Olivia be able to crush her nemesis and most challenging conquest yet?

Will Kate, Victoria's mom, ever be able to break free from the powerful invisible chains of sexual submission she is currently bound by?

Will Olivia's mother Lauren's weaknesses lead to the downfall of her dominant daughter at the hands of our sexy protagonist Victoria?

Will Olivia join Victoria in the naughty taboo of incest with her submissive mother Lauren?

What will happen when Olivia and Victoria meet face to face, breast to breast and cunt to cunt?

What role will the adorable submissive Becka play in the final showdown?

Who will win? Victoria? Olivia? Both? Neither?

These and many more questions will be answered in the exciting conclusion of the Catching Mommy series that includes cheerleaders, nerds, MILF submissives, a teacher, a maid, two teen

dommes and an epic lesbian orgy coming to a computer screen, phone or ipad near you in 2014.