

# DEBUTANTE MILF LESBIAN SUBMISSIVE

***silkstockingslover***

*A mother submits to her daughter's seductive nemesis.*

Incest/Taboo

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*Summary: A mother submits to her daughter's seductive nemesis*

Note 1: Thanks to goamz86 and LeAnn for editing this story

Note 2: This story is dedicated to Chris who requested the plot.

## **Debutante MILF Lesbian Submissive**

### SHOCKED INTO SUBMISSION

Miranda walked into the kitchen, slammed her school bag on the table and cursed, "I hate her so fucking much."

"Mind your language, young lady," I scolded, surprised by my shy daughter's language, as I confirmed the times for our flights to Paris. "Hate who?" I asked, looking up and seeing my daughter ready to burst into tears...something I had seen a lot of since her dad's untimely death in a car accident last year.

"That bitch, Serena," Miranda said through gritted teeth.

"She just loves getting under your skin sweetheart," I said, this being a usual rant of my daughter.

"She told the whole school I was a dyke," Miranda said with venom in her voice.

"She didn't," I gasped. Miranda and Serena had always been natural born enemies, both coming from two of the most powerful families in the city.

"This is the final straw," Miranda seethed.

"Honey, you need to be the bigger woman here. We are a month from the debutantes ball," I reminded her as we had been trying to prepare her for her formal introduction into high society.

"Fuck that," Miranda snapped.

I sighed, never seeing Miranda so angry or hearing her swear so much. "Honey, it's just silly high school name calling."

"I can't take it anymore. It is bad enough she mocks me over my fashion, my intelligence and not having a father," Miranda said, the tears now falling freely.

I pulled my daughter in for a hug, my heart breaking at seeing my daughter so miserable. "High school ends in four months," I comforted.

"That is four months too long," Miranda replied.

"Then you will be with people like you," I said.

"Like me?" Miranda looked up.

I realized my temperamental daughter was easily hurt, especially since her father's untimely death. I explained, "When you go to college without the silly social hierarchy of high school, kids who have similar interests as you and it will be a fresh start where you can just be you."

"I'm always me," Miranda sighed, before adding with a soft laugh, "I guess that is the problem. I'm a nerd living in a plastic world."

Although the shot wasn't aimed at me, it hurt. In high school I was way more like Serena, a popular cheerleader, than I was my daughter, a socially shy nerd who I too would have picked on back in the day. Instead I agreed, "Exactly, soon you will be in a whole school of nerds."

Miranda laughed as her sarcastic humour returned, "You really know how to cheer me up."

"I love you honey," I smiled, as I let her out of our embrace.

"I love you too, Mom," she replied, before adding, "I would still like to publicly humiliate her though."

Just like Miranda and Serena were enemies, Serena's mother Gwen and I were socialites that tolerated each other because we had to. I hated Gwen as much as Miranda hated Serena, but I had long learned how to play the game. "Honey, that is not the solution."

"Maybe not, but I am not sure I can handle the daily abuse for four more months," she said.

"Well, they say revenge is a dish best served cold," I countered.

"This is not a James Bond movie, Mother," she quipped.

"I know, honey but the sweetest revenge will be beating her at her own game," I suggested.

"How?" Miranda asked, curious where I was going.

"By outshining her at the debutante's ball," I said. "Now just remember that tomorrow we are heading to Paris to meet with the top dress designer in the world so you can look more beautiful and elegant than her."

"I still want to punch her in the face," Miranda said, although her tone was less angry and more playful.

"I want to punch Gwen in the face every time I see her too," I admitted.

"Maybe we should go to one of those ultimate surrender wrestling matches as a team," Miranda said smiling, an inside joke when we found dozens of files of girls' sexual wrestling and then the losers were forced to sexually submit to the winner on my husband's computer after he passed away.

"Those are lesbian matches," I pointed out.

"Touché," Miranda laughed, before adding, "although it would be fun to have Serena capitulate to me completely."

"I bet it would," I laughed not completely understanding today's new bisexual fad.

After a moment of awkward silence, I added, "At least you will have the best dress."

"I can't wait to see her face when she sees me in an original Perse dress," Miranda said, her face lighting up.

"There you go," I smiled, loving seeing my daughter smiling, something I hadn't seen much of since the death of her father.

Miranda said, "I just wish I looked more like you."

"Oh honey," I said softly, looking at my daughter who received my husband's red hair and freckles, "you are a beautiful young woman, but you try to hide it."

She looked at her Baggie sweater, long skirt and clumpy shoes and said, "I just dress for comfort."

"I know," I nodded, while I dressed every day in skirts or dresses, Wolford pantyhose, and heels even on days I never left the house. Today I was dressed in an elegant lace and leather-like marguerite dress, beige pantyhose and four inch heels. My blonde hair was perfect, my make-up perfect and I was ready to continue my reputation in high society, for a later meeting I was going to with all the debutante moms. I added, "Your breasts are as big as mine, honey, but you hide them in those bulky sweaters. You have my same long legs but hide them in your long sixties skirts, and you have radiant red flowing hair and hypnotic green eyes, that you hide in pigtails and glasses."

Miranda said with a heavy sigh, "Fitting in is too much work."

I laughed, "Agreed, sweetheart."

"Mom," she said.

"Yes, dear," I asked.

"Will you help make me over?"

Those were words I has been praying for forever. "Oh honey, I would love too."

"I really want to beat her," Miranda said, which was completely out of character for her.

"And we will, my dear," I promised. The thought of getting the diva daughter I had always hoped for was finally a possibility. I mean I loved Miranda with all my heart, but we had little in common. She is a reader of classic literature, I read fashion magazines and Cosmo; she watches black and white or subtitled movies, I love Adam Sandler comedies; she never cared what people think, I spent my life keeping up the image of perfect wife, mother and socialite; she dresses in comfort, I dress for high society. Although I admired her greatly for who she was, the thought of being able to help her in something I was an expert in, was thrilling.

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After dinner, I went to Belmont Hall, where all our galas take place, for a parent's meeting about the upcoming Debutantes Ball. There were seventeen girls who were going to have their official

welcome to high society early next month.

The meeting itself was the usual generic reminders. As a debutante myself back in the day, I had been a part of my own ball, and as a member of the Bellmont society I had been involved in running a dozen of these balls already. Yet, it was different when your daughter was one of the participants. I was giddy with excitement for the opportunity for Miranda to join the inner circle. 'Once a debutante, always a debutante' is a guiding principle for the debutante as she takes her rightful place in their parents' society network...even if Miranda was a bit out of the social network with her peers.

Once the meeting was over, I headed back home with the full agenda of the special day now clearly laid out. I was just pulling in the driveway when I realized I had forgot to ask Portia (yes she was named after a Merchant of Venice heroine, just like Miranda was named after the heroine in Shakespeare's *The Tempest*) a couple of questions about next week's fundraiser for breast cancer. I called her on her cell but received no answer and realizing I was heading to Paris in the morning I decided to return to Bellmont Hall where she was sure to still be...she literally lived there it seemed.

It was almost an hour by the time I left and returned with traffic and was thankful to see Portia's Porsche (I know ironic) in the parking lot. Surprisingly the door was locked, but I had a key and let myself in. The building was dark except, not surprisingly, a light at the end of the hallway where Portia's office was.

I headed down the hallway and froze in my tracks as I heard Portia protest, "Not here."

"I don't believe I was asking your opinion," a young girl's voice countered.

"But what if someone comes in," Portia protested, as I eavesdropped on the curious conversation.

"I locked the door," the very familiar voice replied.

I moved closer so I could hear better and pinpoint the young girl's voice.

"I don't know..." Portia said, her tone implying she was very hesitant.

"In position," the voice demanded firmly.

"Oh God," Portia said.

"Oh, don't you worry, my pet, you will be worshipping very soon," the voice promised.

I gasped, was I hearing what I thought I was hearing?

"Good girl," the young voice said a moment later, Portia assumedly getting into a proper position for whatever.

I moved closer to the door that was slightly ajar.

"So I need you do to something in return for the privilege to eating my cunt," the young voice said, which had my mouth drop open stunned by the implied fact that Portia was a lesbian, I had known her for almost ten years and besides being married with two kids she was the most dignified lady I had ever met. On top of that, I suddenly recognized the young girl's voice.

It was Serena. I almost laughed at the thought that she called my daughter a dyke earlier today, and here she was seemingly participating in a lesbian act with a much older woman. Portia was in her

mid-fifties although she still looked amazing and ten years younger than her age.

There was no way that Portia would stand for such disrespect. Yet, I was wrong as the next words I heard were Portia's strong British accent answering, "I'll do anything, Mistress."

Mistress? Anything? Was I in a Twilight Zone episode? I moved to the door, although not close enough to peek inside.

"I want to be the last debutante introduced at the ball," Serena revealed.

That bitch. Based on tradition, Miranda would be last since our last name is Zimmerman.

"But how would I defend that? Tradition is alphabetical order," Portia pointed out, her tone seemingly pleading.

"Is that my problem, cunt licker?" Serena shot back.

"No, Mistress," Portia replied, her tone so submissive, so unlike her usual strong demeanour.

"So you will make it happen?" Serena questioned, her tone implying the question was rhetorical.

"Yes, Mistress, although Petra will throw a fit," Portia correctly predicted, as I planned to do more than just throw a fit.

Serena laughed, "Don't worry, she is all talk no action."

Rage bubbled through me at them talking about me behind my back. I pulled out my phone to record the conversation.

"Come get your reward, my pet," Serena said.

I had to see this, to get the visual on my camera and peeked through the open door just in time to see Portia, on her knees, lean forward between the legs of Serena who was fully dressed in her school cheerleader's outfit.

I couldn't believe what I was seeing, nor could I believe the wetness that was forming in my panties. It had been over a year since I had had sex with anyone other than my wide collection of toys, and it had been twenty years since I last was between the legs of another girl.

I watched quietly as Serena put her hands in Portia's hair and undid Portia's traditional bun. "Good sluts don't dress like nuns," Serena scolded.

"Sorry, Mistress," Portia replied, her head remaining buried between Serena's pantyhose clad legs which confused me considering Portia was obviously licking her pussy.

"That's it slut, lick my cunt. Tell me how much you love my sweet cunt juice," Serena purred, her smug smile showing how much she enjoyed the power she had over poor old Portia.

Portia responded, apparently not being forced or blackmailed to obey, "I love your cunt juice, Mistress, I can't get enough of it."

A couple of minutes later, with more than enough video to crush my daughter's enemy, I was about to back away when I stumbled (stupid four inch heels) and fell forward into the room.

Portia quickly stood up, her face mortified at seeing me, as she stammered, "I-I-it's not what it looks like."

Serena, on the other hand, didn't move at all, her legs still spread open. She smiled, "Actually it is exactly what it looks like." Opening her legs more, she asked me, "Were you enjoying the show?"

"What!" I gasped, as I regained my composure after the stumble, unable to be diverted from the vision her shaved pussy.

"Did you enjoy watching my slut here eat my cunt?" Serena asked bluntly, clearly revelling in humiliating Portia.

"That is ridiculous," I shot back, ignoring the wetness in my panties, as I returned my gaze to hers.

"Well, you staring between my legs suggests otherwise," Serena said, before adding, "as do your red cheeks."

"I just can't believe what I am witnessing," I said, even as I could feel my gaze lowering, like a train wreck you don't want to stare but you can't help it.

"Sure, sure," Serena laughed, hopping off the desk and moving to me.

I turned to walk out and Serena ordered, "Stop, bitch."

Suddenly I stopped. I turned around and threatened, "Don't you ever call me a bitch, you little diva."

She laughed, reaching me, "I'll call you whatever I want: bitch, my slut, my cunt-licker."

"How dare you?" I glared, even though I could feel my body weaken as her hands went to my hands.

"On your knees, you fucking dumb bitch," Serena instructed.

I tried to move, but my legs were like cement, I couldn't leave, although I didn't obey.

"I bet you were envisioning yourself between my legs," Serena confidently said grabbing my phone from my hand. "Delete the evidence, slut," she ordered, handing the phone to a clearly humiliated Portia.

"Y-y-yes, Mistress," Portia stammered, thankful to delete the only real evidence against her nasty transgression.

"So, did you enjoy the brief show, Petra?" Serena asked, her lips moving to my ear.

"What? No, I was just shocked and disappointed," I answered.

"Your cunt isn't wet right now?" Serena asked, her hot breath on my neck, something I hadn't felt in a long time.

"Noooo?" I moaned, which gave away the truth.

"Nooooo," she mocked, her hand going under my dress and directly to my very damp pantyhose and panties.

"Hmmmm, that is interesting," Serena purred. "Your cunt is soaking wet, why?"

Ignoring the question, and desperately trying to ignore her fingers putting pressure on my vagina, I accused, "You were trying to use sex to change the order of the debutantes."

"Yes I was," Serena admitted. "And the order will change."

"Over my dead body," I snapped, going to move away, but she stopped me with her firm voice.

"Stand still," she snapped, before smiling again, tapping my pussy with her fingers "Actually, you will play a key role in the program change."

"I won't be a part of this sick sinister sex play," I firmly said, even as I allowed my vagina to be molested by my daughter's eighteen year old arch enemy.

"Actually, this is just the beginning," she smiled, her right hand pushing down on my shoulder.

I wanted to resist, yet I felt my legs give out and I was slowly guided onto my knees.

"Good girl, get used to being on your knees, my slut," Serena purred.

I couldn't believe I was letting her talk to me that way, but somehow I felt the urge to obey, as ludicrous as it sounded.

"Do you want to lick my cunt, Mrs. Zimmerman?" Serena asked, lifting up her cheerleader's skirt and showing me her shaved cunt framed perfectly in what appeared to be crotchless pantyhose which I didn't even know existed.

I stared at her pussy, it looked so inviting, and my mouth seemed to water. Yet, I couldn't speak.

Serena moved closer, her pussy lips so close I could smell her exotic scent enveloping me, drawing me in against my will.

"You sure you don't want a taste. I know Portia here is very jealous of you at this moment, isn't that right, cunt licker?" Serena said.

Portia replied instantly, "Yes, Mistress."

"Yes, Mistress, what?" Serena sighed.

"Yes, I'm jealous of that bitch Petra getting to pleasure you, Mistress," Portia answered.

I gasped at being called a bitch by Portia but yet couldn't leave the beauty of what was directly in front of me, as I flashed back to my college days and being submissive to my roommate Angela all four years.

"Last time I ask, Mrs. Zimmerman, do you want to lick my cunt?" Serena asked.

I don't know why I said what I did, but at that moment the answer was obvious, "Yes."

"Yes, what?" She asked me, obviously trying to establish her power over me.

"Yes, I want to lick your vagina," I admitted, even as I couldn't believe I was saying the words and hated myself for giving her such power.

"Vagina," she laughed at me. "It's a cunt."

My face burned with shame at being on my knees, at not getting up and leaving and being disrespected by a teenager...nevertheless my daughter's bully.

"What designer dress is your daughter wearing for the ball?" Serena asked, her cunt so close to my lips I couldn't concentrate properly.

"W-w-what?" I asked, so intoxicated by Serena's scent and cunt that I wasn't processing properly.

"What designer is making your daughter's dress?" She repeated.

I didn't even think of the consequences as I answered, both to obey and to throw it in her face, "Perse."

"Really?" Serena asked, sounding impressed. "Have you already gone to Paris?"

"No," I admitted, "we leave tomorrow."

"Interesting," Serena said, before ordering, "Tell me how much you want to serve me, Mrs. Zimmerman."

I again should have stood up and left, again should have refused to play her game, yet I answered, "I want to lick your vagina, I mean cunt."

"Have you eaten cunt before?" She asked.

I admitted, reminiscing again to my wild high school cheerleader days and my crazy submissive sorority years, "Yes, but that was a long time ago."

"But you want to eat mine?" Serena questioned.

"Yes," I admitted, her scent driving me crazy with hunger. I would do anything to get a taste of her pussy.

Serena dropped her skirt and moved away, sitting back on the desk I first caught her on...which now seemed hours ago when in reality it was a few minutes, if that. "You don't get my cunt that easy Mrs. Zimmerman, you've got to earn it."

My already red face flushed at yet another humiliating slap in the face.

Serena opened her legs, snapped her fingers and Portia immediately returned to her submissive place between the cheerleader's legs.

I watched still stunned.

"Of course, Mrs. Zimmerman, you understand this little secret is between the three of us," Serena said, pointing to a video camera in the corner before her hands went through Portia's hair.

I remained speechless...helpless...in a daze of sexual hunger and personal humiliation.

"You may go," Serena ordered.

Bewildered, humiliated and angry, I got off my knees and silently walked out of the room even as I heard Serena say, "That's it, slut, lick my cunt."



I scurried out of the hall, to my car and looked at myself in the mirror. What just happened? Why couldn't I stand up for myself? Why did I say what I said? Shaking my head, I pulled out of the driveway heading home, a million questions ricocheting in my head...and yet no answers.

Once in the house half an hour later, Miranda said, "You're home later than anticipated."

I stammered, all my humiliation flooding back to me, "I-I-I, it was long."

"Are you okay, Mom?" Miranda asked, sensing my anxiety riddled state.

"Yes, yes," I said. "Just tired and realized we have a lot to do before the big day."

"Tell me about it," Miranda sighed, her earlier eagerness to change already seemingly beyond her comprehension.

Immediately an anger grew inside me at myself for what I almost allowed to happen and at for Serena for being such a bitch.

"Oh honey," I smiled, now even more determined to crush that bitch and slap that smug smile off her face. "We will make you the most beautiful, alluring young woman at the ball."

"You are just saying that," Miranda said, not believing my words, her self-confidence not strong when it came to her looks.

"Honey, you are a beautiful young woman. Like I said before, you just have done a great job of hiding your beauty with conservative clothing and a lack of make-up," I said, before asking, "Do you think I am a beautiful woman?"

"Of course, I wish I looked more like you," she said again.

"And I wish I was as smart as you," I said, embarrassed that my eighteen year old daughter was way smarter than me. I then added, "You understand that you look a lot like me."

"Now I know you are lying," Miranda said, knowing that we were polar opposites in looks.

"Oh sure our hair, eyes and face are different, you got those from your father, but your body is exactly what I looked like when I was your age," I explained.

"Really?" Miranda asked.

"Come upstairs," I suggested an idea suddenly popping into my head.

"Okay," Miranda agreed, following me up to the Master bedroom.

In the room, I searched the back of my walk-in closet until I found the box I was looking for. Opening it, I pulled out my old high school cheerleader's outfit. I tossed it to her. "Put it on."

"You're kidding?" Miranda asked, catching the outfit and holding it like it was toxic.

"I want to prove a point," I said.

"I don't know," she said tentatively.

"Trust me," I soothed.

"Okay," she agreed, moving to the bathroom.

"You can undress in front of me," I said, "we are both women."

She again stopped, "Really?"

"Of course," I said, "plus you will be trying on dresses all day with me in a couple days. It's just me seeing you in your underwear."

"Really?" She asked again, her massive vocabulary not overly impressive at the moment, her insecurities pouring out of her.

"Yes, dear, we may as well have a trial run with just you and me," I suggested, suddenly thinking it was a good idea.

"I guess," she cautiously agreed, putting the outfit on my king-sized bed. She nervously got out of her sweater, never making eye contact with me, as she quickly put on the white, tighter than she usually wore, cheerleader's sweater. She then pulled down her long skirt and put on the much shorter and sexier cheerleader's skirt.

Once on, she looked at me as if expecting me to mock her. Instead, I felt my pussy tingle as I flashed back to being on my knees just an hour ago in front of Serena in her cheerleader's outfit. I had never considered my daughter in a sexual manner, yet at this moment I couldn't help it. I complimented her, even as my face flushed, "You look amazing, Miranda."

"I do?" She questioned, not able to fathom herself as anything other than plain.

"Look in the mirror," I pointed, as I wasn't lying, the outfit really accentuated her figure like it did me many years ago.

She stared at herself in the mirror as if seeing herself for the first time.

I added, "Of course, we can make the outfit literally shine."

"How?" She asked, still staring at her reflection.

"Well, tights don't really go with that outfit," I pointed out.

"I suppose," she laughed at herself.

"Do you have pantyhose?" I asked. I didn't do her laundry, Cecilia, our maid did.

"Maybe one black pair," she shrugged, before adding, "somewhere."

I went to my dresser, pulled out a pair of tan Wolford pantyhose still in the package and brought them to her. I said, "These pantyhose will make you instantly feel sexier."

Miranda looked at me perplexed, but pulled off her tights and put on the pantyhose.

Again my mind wandered to earlier today and the image of Serena's pantyhose clad legs. Frustration bubbled in me at the reality that I couldn't stop thinking about Serena and yet I held it in, even as my pussy begged for attention.

"You see the pantyhose completely brings to life your lovely legs, my dear," I complimented, which was true.

She returned her gaze to the mirror and said, still surprised by her transformation just by changing her clothes, "I guess they do."

"Can I make one more suggestion?" I asked.

"Sure," Miranda said, clearly enjoying this rare mom-daughter time.

I went to her and took out her pigtails. "Pigtails are cute, my dear, but they are not sexy."

I allowed her hair to fall and cascade down. As anticipated, it changed the whole look of her face.

"You see, Miranda, you are a beautiful young woman and at the debutantes ball we will reveal that to high society," I said, proud of my daughter and myself.

"I can't wait to see the look on Serena's face," Miranda said, still staring at herself in the mirror.

"Me, either," I said, although the face that popped into my head was Serena smugly looking down at me as I was mesmerized by the sight of her bared pussy.

## FLIGHT TO SUBMISSION

A day later we were in Paris and shopping at many of the fanciest shops in the world. It was the perfect place to begin Miranda's makeover as well as shop for the debutantes ball. Besides a designer dress, I wanted to get her new undergarments and heels that would match. We only had two days, before Miranda was going home, a day before me as she had a test on Wednesday and she refused to miss that. It was hard enough to convince her that she would miss two days of school, never mind three and a test.

Away from home, old Miranda surfaced. She was giddy, she was smiling and her youthful exuberance returned as she was in awe of the beautiful city.

We reached Perse's shop and I gasped, as the first person I saw when we entered the shop was Serena. Guilt and anger instantly hit me when I realized why she was here. I told Serena in my brief moment of weakness and she used that information against me and Miranda.

Serena smiled, her greeting so fake I wanted to slap her across the face, standing in a gorgeous cocktail dress, "Hi, Mrs. Zimmerman, Miranda."

Miranda's face dropped and instantly she went from the excited and jubilant to her old shy self.

I said, faking happiness in seeing her, "Hi, Serena."

"Thanks for the tip about Perse," she added, throwing fuel on the fire.

Miranda looked at me with a look of devastation in her eyes.

I said, ignoring her last words, "Where is your mother?"

"Back home," Serena answered, "she couldn't make it on such short notice."

I sighed, realizing this was all my fault. I turned to Miranda who was speechless and clearly upset, and said, "Let's go see Perse."

"Thanks again, Mrs. Zimmerman," Serena called out, adding salt to an already open wound.

Once alone, Miranda accused, a look of devastation and betrayal in her eyes, "You told her?"

I admitted, although not adding the details of my almost sexual submission, "Yes, but I was trying to rub her smug face in it."

"Well, as usual she gets the last laugh," Miranda sighed.

"No," I said firmly. "I will still make sure your dress is better than hers."

"But now I will look like I copied her, especially since I go last," she said.

"Well, they are thinking of changing the order," I pointed out.

"What? That is tradition," Miranda replied.

"But maybe we should go before her if we are both wearing a gown from the same dress designer," I said, somehow fighting for Serena's order change even though I had promised myself to not allow it to happen.

"Whatever," Miranda said flippantly. "It doesn't matter anymore."

"Oh honey, this is still your day and your time," I said.

"I just want to get my dress and get out of here," she said, clearly her exuberance crushed by the surprise of seeing Serena.

"Okay, honey," I agreed, just as Serena called my name.

"Mrs. Zimmerman, may I speak to you for a minute," Serena called out.

I sighed, not having any idea what she may have to say, but happy to be able to talk to her without Miranda listening. "I'll be right back, honey."

Angry, I went to the other room as some young woman measuring the dress was just leaving.

"Just so you know, I told Perse I was your daughter," Serena revealed.

"Why?" I asked.

"Perse would not make two dresses for the same ball, you know he is a bit of a diva," she explained acting rather diva-like herself.

"Are you saying that my daughter won't be getting a Perse dress?" I asked, realizing the full consequences of my actions.

"Not your real daughter anyway," Serena shrugged.

"I will be telling Perse immediately that you are not my daughter, but an impostor," I threatened, already turning to deal with the issue.

"I would look at this first if I were you," Serena replied, her tone dripping with smug confidence.

I stopped and turned to see her holding her phone. I grabbed it and watched in dismay as I saw a photo of myself on my knees, looking up a girl's legs. The camera never showed the identity of the girl in front of me. I felt sick to my stomach...this was my fault. Yet, deciding to call her bluff, I said, "So what, that doesn't prove anything?"

She laughed, "If you say so. I will just tweet the picture out and later the video and see if everyone agrees with you."

Realizing that I would be publicly scorned, and Miranda would be ousted from the Bellmont Society, I had to shift my defiance into pleading.

"Please, we can work something out, this has been Miranda's dream forever," I pleaded.

"And now it is mine. I mean I already had a great dress, but this was too good an offer to refuse," she replied.

"What am I going to tell Miranda?" I asked.

"You could tell her that you are my submissive pet," Serena shrugged.

"I am not," I firmly protested.

"Not yet," she laughed, before repeating ominously, "not yet."

I sighed as I tried to figure out how to overcome my current predicament. "I can't believe you did this."

Serena laughed, as I began walking back to my daughter, "Don't worry, I'll reward you later."

I got back to my daughter, grabbed her by the hand and said, "Let's go."

"Where?" Miranda asked surprised, as she followed me out, past Serena and out of the store.

Once outside, I explained, "We know what Serena's dress looks like. Now we have to find one that is even better."

"We are not going to work with Perse?" Miranda asked confused.

"Not if that bitch is," I replied.

"Mother, watch your language," Miranda said, suddenly smiling.

"Bitch, bitch, bitch," I cursed, smiling now too.

"So where to?" Miranda asked laughing.

"Deviles," I said, where I often went for much of my wardrobe.

"Cool," Miranda said, knowing my preference for Devilles' fashion.

As we caught a taxi, Miranda asked, "What did that bitch have to say?"

I lied, "She apologized."

"Apparently Hell can freeze over," Miranda quipped.

"So it seems," I replied.

We watched the plethora of people and cars as we travelled to our new destination, a place where we already planned to go to get the shoes and undergarments anyways. Now we could get it all in one place.

Arriving at Devilles, we walked in and I was instantly greeted by Marilyn, the owner, who said, after giving me the usual kiss on both cheeks greeting, "You are early, Mrs. Zimmerman."

"We were not happy with the options there," I said, which was technically true, as Marilyn greeted Miranda the same way.

Marilyn said, "Aren't you an adorably cute young lady."

"T-t-thank you," Miranda stammered not used to compliments or the touchy feely nature of a complete stranger.

"So you're looking for a dress as well?" Marilyn asked.

"Indeed we are," I confirmed.

"Great," Marilyn nodded, assessing my daughter.

Miranda was obviously uncomfortable with being stared at as Marilyn did a 360 around her before she finally spoke, "Well, she may have different eyes and hair, but her body is almost identical to yours, Petra."

"That's what I told her," I agreed.

Miranda's cheeks were so adorably red.

Marilyn continued, cupping Miranda's breasts nonchalantly, "Is she a 36C as well?"

"I'm not sure," I shrugged as I watched Miranda's eyes go big at being felt up by Marilyn.

Marilyn asked Miranda as casual as if she were talking about the weather, "Are you a 36C, my dear?"

"Y-y-yes, ma'am," Miranda stammered, obviously bewildered by what was currently happening to her.

"All right, come with me, my dear," Marilyn said, taking Miranda's hand and leading her to the private change rooms reserved for special guests like myself. I followed behind and once we were in the change room, Marilyn instructed the mid-twenties brunette, Allison, "get Mrs. Zimmerman some Chardonnay."

"Of course," Allison agreed, one of Marilyn's employees, immediately going to the corner bar to get my usual Chardonnay.

Over the next two hours, Miranda tried on over a dozen dresses, had her first ever glass of Chardonnay and her second, another dozen sets of shoes and clearly enjoyed herself. For a day, she

was a princess and she was bathing in the glow of being treated like royalty having forgotten the disappointing early sight of Serena.

By the time Miranda was done playing princess Barbie, she had picked an ensemble that would definitely outshine whatever Serena ended up getting made by Perse. Her white gown was traditional and sexy, conservative and yet tempting. Diamonds defined her voluptuous bust and draped across the bodice. Strapless, with a sweetheart neckline, puffed out, a ball skirt that went to the floor and a lace-back, the white dress made Miranda look sexy, dignified and radiant. We finished the outfit with a variety of accessories to complete the transformation of my shy, reserved daughter:

- a strapless push-up bra that made her voluptuous, always hidden, breasts stand out even more, accentuating her awesome cleavage
- three inch opened toe heels so her green painted toenails (that matched her eyes and jewelry I already had in mind) could be showcased
- a white thong that Miranda had no idea what it was when Marilyn first gave it to her and blushed when she learned what it was
- white thigh high stockings as Marilyn explained the logic of the thong and the thigh highs: dress like a debutante on the outside, but like a sexual being underneath...thus exemplifying the commonly accepted oxymoron that is the debutant is the unlikely combination of the demure and the sexual.

Miranda said, slightly tipsy after two glasses of Chardonnay, "Thanks Mom."

"Oh we are not done yet," I smiled. "I have some jewelry accessories that will compliment your ensemble as well."

"Oh Mom, I love you," Miranda said, hugging me.

"I love you too, my dear," I said back.

That night, we went to Le Meurice for a fancy dinner and hit an opera as well. The next day we went jewelry shopping where we purchased her emerald and diamond crown, matching earrings and bracelet. I decided the Tiffany necklace she loved that she saw in New York I would purchase for her as a surprise on the big day. The rest of the day was Miranda's to do as she wished and ended up spending hours at the Louvre Museum a place I had never been all the times I was in Paris. After I explained fashion to her the past couple of days, she explained art and history to me. It was an amazing day, an amazing couple of days, and it would be some of the last normality that existed in my life.

The next morning, Miranda flew back home while I did some shopping for myself and visited a couple of old friends, fellow eighties debutantes themselves.

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I was in line to get my first class ticket the next evening on the red eye flight, when I heard the undeniable voice of Serena. "Petra, it is so nice to see you again."

Feigning politeness, I replied, "You too, Serena."

"It is Ms. Madison," she corrected, as if she was the adult and I the teenager.

I ignored her power play and asked, praying the answer was no, "Are you on this flight too?"

"I am, but sadly there were no first class seats left," she sighed dramatically.

"That is a shame," I said, unable to hold back my sarcastic tone.

"It is," she agreed, before adding, "for you."

"Excuse me?" I questioned.

"You are going to give me your first class ticket and I will give you my regular seat," she said.

"I don't think so," I said, I had only once sat in the regular seats and I vowed I would never do it again.

"I am not asking you, Petra, I am telling you," she said, her tone shifting from her fake pleasantries to firm bitchiness.

"Look you got the dress, but I am not going to be blackmailed by you," I said.

She laughed. "You are so adorable."

I glared as I asked tersely, "What is that supposed to mean?"

"You think you are still in control," Serena explained as she moved right into my face. "You are my pet, my plaything, my MILF toy, my trophy bitch, my cunt muncher," she listed, each one more crude than the next and yet each making my pussy twitch against my will.

"Enough!" I said, louder than I meant to, making a few heads turn.

Her tone suddenly ice cold, her eyes even colder, she leaned in and asked, "Are we really going to have this out here?"

Somehow her tone and look weakened me, as did her hot breathe on my ear, and I said, "No."

"Good, because any more attitude from you and I will discipline you right here in this airport," she threatened.

Somehow I knew she wasn't bluffing and I also knew I wasn't sure I could stand up to her, my wet pussy already causing me distractions. I didn't say anything as I was lost in limbo between being the proper upper class woman I was and the hungry pussy pleasing woman I was so long ago.

"Good, now go to the fucking desk and get me my first class ticket and before you think about taking a different flight, I expect you to take my ticket and be on the same flight. Is that clear?" She said.

"Yes," I nodded.

"Yes, what?" She asked.

"Yes, Ms. Madison," I reluctantly replied.

"Good, now go," she ordered. "I'll be right behind you."

I did as I was told, although I was embarrassed, especially when I got the perplexed look the lady at the ticket booth gave me at my odd request. I handed Serena my ticket and started walking away.



She asked, loud enough for a few passersby to hear her, "Did I give you permission to leave?"

I froze, turned around with burning fire in my eyes and through clenched teeth said, "No, you didn't."

"I didn't think so," she said. "That is one."

"One what?" I asked annoyed.

"One disobedience, at three you will be punished," she explained.

I rolled my eyes.

"Two," she said with no inflection in her voice.

Suddenly scared of what Serena may try and make me do if she hit three, I didn't say anything, just waited to be told what to do by an eighteens year old bitch.

"Go get me an Avian water, a Cosmopolitan and Godiva truffles," she instructed, as she walked away towards our gate.

I watched her walk away still trying to figure out how I got myself into this situation and how I was going to get out of it. I reluctantly did as commanded, purchasing the items as requested, furious at myself for not standing up to her, at getting myself in such a ludicrous predicament and for being undeniably horny at the same time.

Reaching gate 70, I saw Serena sitting in a chair, on her phone, her long legs in shimmering black pantyhose and five inch heels impossible not to notice; every guy nearby was checking her out either slyly or staring at her. Again, against my better judgement, against my moral fibre, my long neglected pussy dampened at the thought of submitting to Serena, just like I had long ago submitted to Angela who also was a blonde, debutante bitch with long legs.

Serena seeing me standing, still staring at her smiled and waved me over.

I walked the few feet, an anxiety overwhelming me unlike any I could recall in years. Reaching her, I handed her a bag with the items she had requested. She took them and said, "Thank you, my Petra, my pet Petra, how adorable is that?" She laughed as she added, "Even your name was made to be mine."

I sighed and said, her voice loud enough to have others hear, "Could you please not call me that."

"What? Petra or pet?" she asked smiling.

"Pet," I whispered, sitting down beside her.

"But you are my pet," she purred, "My Pet Petra."

"Please," I said, her tone making my pussy damper.

"Please, what?" she asked.

"Let's just pretend that brief moment of weakness never happened," I said, unable to look her in the eyes, instead focusing my gaze on her legs.

She asked, "Is that really what you want?"

"Yes," I said, my head answered, ignoring the burning down below.

"I am not sure I believe you," she said, as she slid one foot out of her heel and moved her right foot up her left. I followed her nylon-clad foot like a hypnotist's watch. "Are you sure, you're sure?" she repeated.

"W-w-what?" I stammered, not really processing her question.

"Massage my feet, Pet Petra," she ordered.

"E-e-excuse me?" I questioned, hearing the words but praying I hadn't.

"Massage my feet, these heels are a killer," she repeated.

"Here?" I asked, looking at her.

"No better place like here," she shrugged.

"I can't," I pleaded.

"Two and a half," she threatened.

I looked around, there were lots of people surrounding us, there was no way to not be seen if I obeyed. Yet, I was compelled to obey, now with an all consuming urge to touch her nylon-clad legs, and not wanting to find out what may happen if I disobeyed and caused her to say three. "Okay."

"Well, get on your knees, Pet Petra," she said, before adding, "that really does have a ring to it."

Shame overwhelmed me as I avoided eye contact with any strangers, moved off my seat, onto my knees and took her foot in my hands and started massaging. Glancing up at Serena, she was smiling down at me as she grabbed the Cosmopolitan magazine I had purchased for her. Her foot was so soft, the nylon so silky, that it was easy to just move to my own world and forget where I was or that I had an audience watching me massage a teenager's feet. Thankfully, after only a couple of minutes, an announcement came that all first class members may board.

Serena moved her foot back into her heel, stood up and looking down at me, said, "We will finish this later, Pet Petra."

I nodded, not getting off my knees until she started walking away.

I got off my knees, grabbed my carry on and went directly to the restroom never looking up to make eye contact with any of the strangers who had witnessed the humiliating act. Once in a stall, I broke down. Tears rolled freely down my face at allowing myself to be humiliated like that.

I am a strong woman.

I am raising a daughter on my own.

I am keeping the family name alive since the passing of my husband.

I am soon releasing my daughter to the world.

I am a strong woman.

Yet, I pulled my jeans down, yanked my panties down, and began relieving the burning fire in my pussy. I closed my eyes, my mind immediately replaying the moment that just took place, imagining Serena pulling me between her legs, me unable to resist even in the crowded airport and making me pleasure her. I had just begun to pleasure myself when I was brought back to reality when my phone buzzed.

I stopped, sensing this was a sign from above, and quickly pulled up my panties and jeans, leaving my burning flame torching me. I looked at my phone and saw it was a text from an unknown number.

I clicked on it and gasped again. It was from Serena.

*Pet Petra,*

*Don't you dare go to the bathroom and get yourself off...your cunt belongs to me now. You come when I say you come.*

*Mistress Serena*

I reread the text a dozen times. Each time got me angrier; each time got me hornier. My own secret rebellion decided, I again tugged down my jeans and panties and furiously rubbed myself determined to disobey, and to finish what I started...even as the words 'Mistress Serena' echoed in my head.

The forbidden lust, my anger, the memories of submission and my fingers had me coming in less than two minutes and I bit my lip to avoid screaming in the restroom and announcing to whoever was in here of my own self-pleasure.

I sat on the toilet and allowed my orgasm to wave through me as my reality again became clear as the fog of submission and Serena's control faded away. Cursing myself, I pulled up my panties and jeans just as I heard my boarding call. I composed myself, left the stall and looked at myself in the mirror.

What was becoming of me?

Why could I not resist her? I fucking hate the bitch!

No more, I said to myself as I washed my hands to get rid of any evidence of my self-pleasure and got in line. As I got closer to boarding, my resolve hardened, as I knew I must stand up to her. I must regain my pride, my dignity.

Handing my boarding pass to the woman, she smiled and said, "Enjoy the flight."

I thanked her and headed down the long hallway and into the plane. Once on, I saw Serena, in my seat, the first row which I always request, sipping on a glass of wine, even though she is too young to legally drink. She stared at me the whole time I walked by, but never said anything, her smug fucking smile saying all she wanted too.

The first two hours of the eight hour flight were pure hell. I was in the middle of three and felt cramped in. I was borderline claustrophobic and being in such confined seats only enhanced the fear. I tried to watch the movie playing, but couldn't get comfortable. Thankfully, I eventually fell asleep. I was awoken by a soft touch and looked up to see a young stewardess, from first class, say, "Mrs. Zimmerman."

"Yes," I said, groggily awakening from a good sleep and confused of my surroundings briefly.

"Ms. Madison one of our first class passengers would like to speak with you," she explained.

"Oh," I said, where I was, my indiscretions and my predicament came flooding back instantly.

"Will you please follow me," she said.

"Of course," I said, thankful for the opportunity to get out of the passenger sandwich I was in and to stretch my poor legs. Yet, nervous to why Serena would want to see me and what she may have in store for me.

Once in the first class section, the woman sitting beside her stood up and asked, clearly embarrassed to be asking such a question, "What is your seat number."

"32b," I said.

She walked away, assumedly to my seat, as Serena said, "Come sit down."

I did, thankful to be in a comfortable seat and to have leg room.

"There really is no comparison to how people like you and I travel and the rest of civilization," Serena said.

"Agreed," I replied, finally able to agree to something the bitch had to say.

"So did you obey?" She asked.

"Obey what?" I asked, thankful there was no one across from us, another thing I liked about the front row seat in first class.

"Did you refrain from coming," she asked.

"Of course," I lied.

"You're lying," she said, before adding, "how disappointing."

"I am not?" I adamantly replied.

"I can tell by the look in your eyes you are lying to me," she sighed. "That really is a shame because you know what that means."

"No," I sighed back, before responding sarcastically, "Why don't you enlighten me on what it means."

"Three," was all she said.

"Four," I replied.

"Okay, four it is," she countered.

"I'm done with this game, Serena," I firmly said.

"What game?" She asked innocently.

"You know exactly what game. Go ahead show the pictures or the video, this is 2013, it will probably make me more famous. It is chic to be bi now," I replied, calling her bluff even though I didn't remotely want that picture or whatever other evidence she had on me released.

"Ooh, does my Pet Petra have a backbone, how adorable," she said, talking to me like she was talking to a child or a puppy.

"I am not your fucking pet," I snapped, standing up.

"Sit down," she ordered, her voice sharp.

I stared at her; she stared at me. It was like a Wild West showdown except no one would die...except my dignity.

She spoke again this time softer, "You can pretend to be strong, but I can see through that exterior." She slipped out of her heels which had me break eye contact and glance at her nylon-clad feet.

She continued, "You are submissive, Petra. You crave it. I can see it in your eyes, in your posture and in your longing."

Her words rang true as I remembered the happiest time in my life was at the feet of my roommate, Angela. Yet, I countered, "Apparently you need glasses as you can't read a thing."

"Can't I?" She asked. "Be honest then if I am so wrong. Did you masturbate in the bathroom after I left?"

"Yes, fine, I did. What does that prove?" I admitted, annoyed by her condescending attitude and at the reality that I was getting wet again. Why couldn't I control my sexual appetite?

"That you are controlled by your sexual desires," she shrugged.

"But I disobeyed you, thus I am not submissive," I countered smugly.

She laughed, "It's not that black and white. First off, if we are being so completely honest, tell me the truth, were you not a submissive in college?"

"Not really," I said, even though I definitely was.

"Not really, means yes," she said.

"Does no mean yes too?" I sarcastically questioned.

"With you, yes it does," she said seriously. "Now sit back down."

For some reason I did.

"Good girl, Pet Petra," she purred. "Now for your punishment."

"Look," I said. "Yes, I had a wild past; yes, I had a momentary lapse of judgement. But I am not your pet."

She ignored my words and said, as she pulled out a vibrator from her purse, "My vibrator is out of batteries. Please go to the dregs of society and offer someone twenty dollars for two triple A

batteries."

"You got to be kidding," I said.

"I don't kid," Serena said. "Now go before I double your punishment."

I sighed.

"If you want to earn the right to eat my cunt like the hungry cunt-licker you are you will do as you're told now," she said.

As soon as she said the blunt words my cunt leaked, my mouth watered and I wanted to obey, as frustrating and infuriating as that is to say.

Sensing my weakness, she added, again moving to my very vulnerable ear, "You like being called names, being put in your place, don't you, my little cunt-licker, my slave, my slut, my whore?"

Unfortunately, during the litany of names as well as her hot breath on my ear, I moaned.

"Mmmmmmm, there it is," she purred, her mouth tugging gently on my ear, her hand on my leg, "Say it, Pet Petra, tell me you want to eat my cunt, that you yearn to submit to me."

"Oh God," I moaned again, unable to think straight with her lips teasing my ear and her hand on my leg creating a warmth I could not control.

"Oh God, what?" She questioned, her tongue swirling in my ear.

"I caaaaan't, I doooon't, dammit, fine, yes," I babbled, as her hand moved towards my jean crotch.

"Yes, what?" She questioned, pushing me to the brink as her hand reached my crotch and put pressure directly on my cunt.

"Shiiiiit, yes, I want to eat you," I admitted, frustrated beyond all measure.

"Here, in the plane?" She asked.

"Anywhere, please it has been so long," I whimpered.

"So long since what?" She asked.

"I have been with a woman or been with anyone for thaaaaat matter," I admitted, her hand causing me to struggle to focus.

Moving her hand away, and returning to her seat, she said, "Then go earn it. Get me batteries."

The vibrator in my hand, I asked, "Do I need to take the toy?"

"Of course, that is part of the punishment," she said, closing her eyes making it clear this conversation was over.

I took a deep breath, my mind muddled by our conversation and my conflicting emotions and decided, fuck it I would do it! The problem and the good news was that it was after midnight on the plane and many of the passengers would be asleep.

Standing up, I walked past the curtain to suburbia hell and saw the first couple rows were sleeping. In the third row was a middle aged man reading his kindle. I went to him and asked, "You wouldn't happen to have any triple A batteries, would you?"

He looked at my hand with the toy in it and smiled, "Sorry, I don't, but I could replace that thing for you."

My face flushed and I replied, "Good to know."

I moved down the aisle, past a teenage girl who saw the toy and gave a look, but I wasn't going to ask her. In row seven was a woman my age watching the movie. I asked her, "I hate to be a bother, but you wouldn't happen to have any triple A batteries?"

She looked at the toy, gave a surprised look, but smiled, "It is a long trip. Let me see if I do."

She pulled out her purse while I stood there with a sex toy in my hand both embarrassed and yet exhilarated by what I was doing. I strangely felt free even though I was completely bound.

"I think this has triple A batteries," she said, opening a small flashlight. "It does."

Handing them to me, I said, "Thank you, you are a life savor."

"Oh I imagine right now, that thing is a life savor," she joked.

"That it will be now," I joked back. I handed her a twenty dollar bill.

"No, no," she waved the money away.

"Thanks again," I whispered as I put the new batteries in the toy and turned it on. "It works."

"So it does," she smiled as I winked at her and returned to first class.

Returning to my seat, I sat down unsure what to do as it appeared Serena was asleep.

Yet, a minute later, she opened her legs and without ever opening her eyes she ordered, "Get your treat, Pet Petra."

Again, for the millionth time my mind played good brain, bad brain. Good brain pointed out all the common sense consequences of obeying. This included getting caught by stewardesses, pilots or other passengers, obeying would also pull me deeper into the sick and twisted world of Serena and of course would potentially threaten my image and high position in the social hierarchy of the privileged. Yet, bad brain reminded me of my sexual liberation in college, how long it had been since I tasted pussy or had sex with a person, and how I was naturally submissive and needed to take risks on occasion...after all it wasn't like I knew anyone on this plane nor likely to ever see any one of them again.

Serena said impatiently, "it's now or never, cunt-licker. If you are not going to get into your natural position between my legs, return to your original seat and bring Jasmine back."

"Jasmine?" I questioned.

"Yes, the woman who was sitting here. She is a teacher from Canada and was eating my pussy rather eagerly in the bathroom earlier," Serena explained still not opening her eyes.

Oddly, the feeling inside me was jealousy and even as good brain screamed 'nooooo', I felt my body lowering to the ground and between Serena's nylon-clad legs, the vibrator still in my hand.

"Good choice, Pet Petra," she said, as she lifted up her ass, pulled her skirt up and revealed thigh high stockings and a lack of panties, her shaved pussy now right in front of me.

Bad brain said, "Dive in," and I listened as I leaned forward, drawn in by the beauty of her cunt and an exotic scent, and began licking.

"That's it, slut, worship your Mistress's pussy," she moaned softly.

The word Mistress had me cringe at the implications and yet turned me on simultaneously.

One taste and I was nineteen again; one taste and I was hooked; one taste and I knew there was no going back. I explored her pussy, my tongue moving up and down, in and out. I was in no hurry to make her come, no hurry for this moment to end. My own pussy was on fire, yet I let it burn as I concentrated on pleasuring Serena.

After a few minutes of slow pleasuring, she said, "You like Mistress's taste, Pet Petra?"

"Yes," I admitted, between licks.

"Yes, what?" She asked, putting her hand on my forehead and pushing me away from her delicacy.

"Yes, Mistress," I quickly corrected, before adding, "I love your pussy."

"And you will be an obedient pet from now on?" She questioned, still not allowing me you return to my task.

"Yes, Mistress," I agreed, without a second thought to the full breadth of my agreement.

"Let's see if that is true," she smiled, again testing me.

"How?" I asked, me on my knees in an airplane with a vibrator in my hand a seemingly pretty good example of obedience.

"Take off your jeans," she ordered. "By the way, sluts like you do not wear jeans. That cunt of yours should always be easily accessible."

"Understood, Mistress," I said, standing up, slipping out of my heels and taking my jeans off glancing to see if any of the other passengers were awake...they weren't.

"Thigh highs under your jeans, how sexy and slutty," Serena approved.

"I'm a debutante, dress classy on the outside, trashy on the inside," I shrugged.

"How poetic," she quipped, before adding to her expectations of me, "Your panties too, sluts don't wear panties."

I again obeyed, my hands trembling at what she was expecting me to do next.

"Becky, you here?" Serena called out.

"Of course," the young stewardess said appearing out of nowhere.



Handing Becky her phone, she said, "Could you please record this."

"Of course," Becky agreed, taking the phone even as she smiled at me.

My face flushed red again as I pleaded to Serena, "I will obey, but please don't record me."

"I won't use it against you," she smiled, looking up at me, "unless you disobey me. No, the video is just for my own collection of MILF slut submissions."

My face burned with shame and yet I knew I wasn't going to disobey whatever order she gave me.

She reached in a bag under her seat and I watched as she pulled out a big dildo with a suction cup and put it on the ground. She ordered, "Come sit, my Pet Petra."

Horny as hell, I didn't hesitate, even with the knowledge I was being filmed, as I returned to my precious position on my knees in front of Serena and lowered myself on the long, thick dildo which easily slipped inside my wet pussy.

"Good girl," she smiled, "Fuck yourself, slut."

I closed my eyes, riding the cock, my orgasm building after simmering for so long.

"Don't you come, slut," Serena warned.

"Okaaaay," I agreed, knowing holding back would be never difficult.

"Are you hungry for submission, cunt-licker?" She questioned.

"Yeeees," I admitted, wanting to taste her again, to make her come and also to get off myself.

"Open your eyes," Serena ordered. "A good pet slut isn't ashamed of obedience."

I opened my eyes and looked at the smiling Serena, as almost all the dildo filled me.

"What are you?" Serena asked.

"A submissive," I admitted.

"More," she instructed.

"A slut, a pet, your pet, your cunt-licker, slaaaave," I moaned, saying such words so naughty it only enhanced my pleasure and submission.

"And what am I?" Serena questioned.

"My-my-myyyyy Mistress," I stammered, not liking admitting such a thing.

"And what do you want to do right now?" She asked.

"Eat your cunt," I admitted, her legs still open and her captivating cunt was right in front of me.

"Your daughter's arch enemy's cunt?" Serena questioned, pushing me deeper into her web of twisted submission.

I froze, the dildo deeply in me. Submitting to Serena had happened rather easily, but far away from the reality of home and of my daughter. Serena was clearly testing me by bringing Miranda up at such a moment.

"Is something wrong Mommy cunt-licker?" Serena questioned.

"W-w-what?" I stammered, my head spinning in a million directions. Hearing my daughter's name brought my shame instantly back, a reminder that I was more than just a sexual being, but also a mother. Yet, the exotic scent of Serena's cunt, to the sexual thrill of submission, to the toy currently filling my cunt, I was too overwhelmed to do the right thing for Miranda, instead doing the right thing for my sexual hunger and weakness. "Yes, Mistress, I want to eat my daughter's arch enemy's cunt."

"And you will obey every order," Serena clarified.

Continuing riding the dildo, I agreed, "Yeeeeees, Mistress."

"Lean forward and finish what you started," Serena ordered, grabbing my head and pulling me back between her legs.

I just let the toy in me linger there as I concentrated on pleasuring Serena. Her cunt taste and scent was so uniquely exotic I couldn't get enough. I licked, I probed and I explored with my tongue, lavishing in her beauty. I have no idea how long I was between her legs before she ordered, "Fuck me with the vibrator, slut."

I grabbed for the toy I had left on my seat, turned it on high, and easily slid it inside Serena's wet cunt. Understanding by her moans she was getting closer, I took her clit between my lips and concentrated all my focus on it as I fucked her with the toy.

"Thaaat's it, cunt licker," she moaned, her breathing increasing.

A moment later, reminding me again of my betrayal to my daughter, she moaned, "I'm going to come, Miranda's mom."

She grabbed my hair, held my face firm on her cunt and I could barely breath as her cum flooded out of her and splattered my face. I kept trying to lick, wanting to taste and savour every drop of her juice. Her cum even stronger in scent and taste, my taste buds exploded with pleasure at the unique, yet appetizing flavour. I kept licking and sucking, even as I struggled to breathe, my nose awkwardly plugged against her skin.

Finally, she let me go and I looked up at her awaiting further instructions and her approval.

Looking down at me, she complimented, "Apparently you don't lose your ability over the years of neglect to eat cunt."

"Thank you, Mistress, I aim to please," I replied, flashing back to saying those exact words to Angela all those years ago.

"Do you want to come?" She asked.

"God, yes," I admitted, the dildo in me still dormant.

"Well, fuck yourself for the camera, but refer to yourself as Miranda's mom throughout," she instructed.

I hated the constant reminders of my betrayal, yet it turned me on too, and I began riding the dildo again, putting my hands on Serena's nylon-clad legs.

"Talk dirty slut," she ordered, after a minute of me moaning as I rode the plastic toy.

"Oh yes, a Mistress Serena, Miranda's mom loves fucking herself for you," I moaned, the nasty talk only enhancing my submission and my pleasure.

"Who owns you?" She asked.

"Serena Madison, my daughter's bitch arch enemy, owns Miranda's mom," I admitted, getting more and more turned on.

"Bitch?" She questioned her eyebrow raised.

"Yeeees, lovely, dominant, bitch," I added, taking most the cock in me with each downward thrust.

"And who are you?" She questioned.

"Pet Petra, or Miranda Zimmerman's mom," I moaned.

"And you are a slut," she said.

"Yeeeees," I agreed, my orgasm rising.

"A dirty mommy whore."

"Yes, yes," I babbled.

"A slave."

"Your slaaave," I moaned, so close to orgasm.

"Stop," she demanded.

I obeyed reluctantly, sweat dripping off me.

"Since you came without permission earlier today, you may not come until next time we meet," she said, shocking me.

"Please I'll be a good girl," I begged, desperate to come.

"Sorry, you need discipline," she said, ignoring my pleas. "Stand up."

I reluctantly obeyed, juice leaking down my leg.

She leaned forward, her face so close to my cunt that I could feel her breath as she said, "Shit, you are so fucking wet."

"All for you, Mistress," I replied, praying sucking up would change her mind.

"Will you ever disobey me again?" She questioned, as her tongue flicked my clit.

"Neeeeever," I moaned louder than I meant to.

"Good," she said. "Becky, do you want the slut for anything."

Becky answered, "I'd love too, but it's time for my rounds."

Becky handed Serena the phone as Serena said, "Well, she is yours if you want."

"Good to know," the young stewardess said, looking at me.

"Miranda's cunt licking mom," Serena said, turning her attention back to me.

"Yes, Mistress," I said, praying for permission for sexual release.

"Sit down and shut up, I need some sleep," she said, closing her eyes and denying me the orgasm I so desperately needed.

I obeyed, sitting down still without any panties or jeans. I wanted to ask permission to put my jeans on at least but was scared to disobey an order. Instead, I grabbed a blanket that was on the floor, covered myself up and tried to calm myself down. Exhausted, I crashed rather quickly once my cunt simmered. I slept for hours until I heard over the intercom we were beginning our descent.

I opened my eyes and Serena said, "Good morning, slut."

"Good morning, Mistress," I replied quietly, assuming people behind me were awake now.

"You really are obedient, aren't you?" She said.

"Yes, Mistress," I answered, curious though why she said that.

"You didn't even put your jeans back on," she said.

"I didn't have permission and you told me to shut up so I couldn't ask," I explained, the words ludicrous.

"I'm impressed," she said which somehow made me happy.

"Thank you, Mistress," I said.

"In public, you will refer to me as Miss Serena," she instructed me.

Although odd to speak to her in such formal ways, Miss Madison would be proper if I was going to speak formally, I didn't think it would cause any harm. "Of course, Mistress."

"You may put your jeans on," she said, handing them to me.

"Thank you," I said, awkwardly putting them on without standing up.

She turned away, looking out the window, our conversation apparently over. Once we landed, we went our separate ways and I wondered as I got in the limousine to return home what lie ahead.

ANOTHER HUMILIATING SUBMISSION

The next week I was on pins and needles as I kept expecting Serena to call, text or somehow contact me. Every night I dreamt of Serena, always waking up wet, yet I obeyed her order to not come, knowing she would somehow know if I lied. Every time I saw Miranda I felt guilty for what I had done, yet she was oblivious to it.

Instead, we continued her makeover. I took her to a tanning salon to get her a perfect tan before the ball; we went shopping for a new wardrobe for school...still casual but less frumpy. Miranda was becoming a woman right in front of my eyes and I was so proud of her.

I was at Tiffany's ten days after I last saw Serena purchasing the special necklace that Miranda had adored every time we went shopping. It was going to be her gift from me the day of the ball, and it would perfectly work with the diamond studded dress we purchased in Paris.

"Mrs. Zimmerman," I heard from behind instantly knowing who it was.

I turned around and said, seeing she was with her mother, "Hi Miss Serena, Mrs. Madison."

"How formal," Gwen said looking at me perplexed, we always called each other by our first name.

I joked, "just practising for the ball."

"Two weeks," Gwen said, "I can't believe our girls are becoming women."

Serena's cunt popped into my head and I said, "Oh, I think our girls are already women."

After a couple more minutes of generic conversation about the upcoming debutantes ball, I said, "Well, I need to finish my shopping if I am going to get everything done before tonight's meeting."

Gwen agreed, "See you tonight."

Serena asked, once her mother was out of ear shot, "What do you have there?"

"Oh, just something for Miranda," I said, moving it behind my back.

"Let me see it Pet Petra," she ordered.

"Please not here, your mother is just over there," I said.

"Then obey simple fucking instructions," Serena snapped.

Reluctantly, I showed her the diamond necklace I was planning to purchase for Miranda.

She shrugged, "Cute," and walked away.

Rattled, I quickly paid for the overpriced piece of jewelry and left before I could get in any more trouble with Serena.

I was half way to my car when I got a text. I knew without even looking at it who it was from. I considered not reading it or responding to it; yet, I was intrigued to read it and compelled to respond.

*Pet Petra,  
You left in a hurry.  
Are you hungry?*

*Craving some cunt?*

*Meet me at Bellmont Hall in one hour...I know you have a key.*

*Mistress Serena*

Like Pavlov's theory, the words now in my mind, my mouth instantly watered, my legs weakened and my mind shifted from dignified upper class woman to hungry, obedient submissive.

I replied, even though trepidation coursed through my very being:

*I'll be there Mistress.*

*Pet Petra*

I was in my car when another text came. I checked it:

*Of course you will be.*

A chill went up my spine at her assumptions, her correct assumptions, as I shifted into drive and drove to my next stop.

An hour later, I was walking up the steps of Bellmont Hall giddy with excitement of what I was about to do. I hadn't come in almost two weeks and my cunt was definitely in the driver's seat. I also had accepted, like it or not, my need and lust for Serena. My dreams were always of her since that fateful day, my thoughts were always of submission and my hunger was overpowering my day to day life.

I unlocked the door and was surprised to see not only Serena, but her mother, Gwen, too. Instantly, I shifted from eager to please, to strong willed mother, praying that Serena was not going to humiliate me in front of her mother.

My prayers were not answered.

"Pet Petra, on your knees," Serena ordered.

This was the moment. It was one thing to submit the first time in front of an already submitting Portia; it was also one thing to submit and give in to my held in lust and desires on the airplane, but in front of Gwen, in Bellmont Hall, was a completely different, life altering, power shifting decision.

"Now, cunt-licker," Serena demanded, her voice stern, clearly not appreciating the delay in obeying.

Reluctantly, my need to obey overriding my dignity, I lowered myself onto my knees, avoiding eye contact as my face burned with shame.

"Holy shit," Gwen gasped, "You really did it."

"Of course, I did. There has not been a MILF bitch I couldn't turn into my personal plaything," Serena confidently said, glancing oddly at her mother.

Gwen's face went red but she didn't say anything which I thought was odd, but I was brought back to my own situation when Serena asked me a question.

"Have you come since I ordered you not to?" Serena asked.

"No," I answered, this time honestly.

"Look me in the eyes when you answer me slut," Serena ordered.

I lifted my heavy head up and looked at her, trying to avoid eye contact with Gwen.

"Now, answer me again. I need to see your eyes," Serena said, walking closer to me.

"I have not come since ordered not to, Mistress Serena," I answered, drawn in by the beauty of Serena.

"You haven't, have you?" Serena said impressed.

"No Mistress," I admitted, happy she believed me.

"Well, you deserve a treat, my pet," Serena purred, again talking to me like I was a real pet. "Does pet want a treat?"

"Yes," I whispered, ashamed by her belittling tone, and yet desperately hungry for a treat.

"Mom, do you want your cunt eaten?" Serena asked, surprising me.

"I have wanted to put her in her place for years," Gwen not surprisingly said. "Crawl to me, bitch."

Horried, I looked up at Serena for a reprieve, but I wasn't really expecting any, before I began the humiliating crawl of shame.

Reaching Gwen, she said, "Beg to eat my cunt, Petra."

Even after all the humiliation I had suffered at the hands of Serena, this was worse. Yet, my need to obey overrode my shame and I begged, my cunt getting wetter, "Please, Gwen, may I lick your cunt."

"Is that the best you can do?" Gwen condoned.

Serena said, "I'm going to visit my other debutant slave."

I glanced to watch Serena walk away as Gwen snapped, "Focus on me bitch."

I turned back to Gwen.

"Beg bitch," she ordered again.

"Please Gwen, may your bitch serve you and lick your cunt," I replied trying to say the right things even as my head spun with disastrous consequences of what I was about to do.

"Follow me," Gwen ordered, walking over to a couch, pulling up her dress and sitting down. She too was wearing thigh highs and was sans underwear. Reluctantly, I crawled, even as pussy juice leaked out of me. Was I turned on by submitting to my arch enemy too?

Reaching her, I stared at her heels and awaited further instructions.

"You always thought you were better than me, didn't you?" Gwen asked.

"No," I lied.

"Tell the truth, bitch," she snapped.

Looking up, I admitted, "No more than you think you are better than me."

"But I am better than you," she said condescendingly, grabbing my hair and pulling me between her legs.

Her scent was much stronger than her daughter's and less intoxicating, she also had a hairy pussy, and yet my mouth watered with hunger to taste her.

"Start licking, bitch," Gwen said, as she shoved my face into her hairy cunt.

I obeyed, as I began creating a path in her pubic hair to her cunt. More awkward than a shaved pussy, but twice as pungent scent wise, I began licking her pussy. Her taste, like her daughter's was addictive and as soon as it hit my taste buds I wanted more.

"You are an eager cunt-licking bitch," Gwen moaned a couple of minutes into my submission.

I moaned at the name calling against my will.

"You are such a pretentious little uppity bitch," Gwen laughed, adding, "judging others all the while you are the biggest fake of them all."

Her words were sharp like knives. I had always been critical of other women and their two faced personas and now she was calling me one of them. Yet, on my knees between her legs it was tough to argue. Instead, I kept licking.

"Got nothing to say?" She chuckled, the question seemingly rhetorical.

I didn't. My hunger to please, to submit was way too strong to break. I was handcuffed by my sexual desires and I was no longer the pretentious woman judging others.

"I didn't think so," she said, adding, "especially with your mouth full."

Being humiliated by Gwen was worse than being humiliated by Serena, yet the pleasure pulsing through me was equally as great. I took her clit in between my lips and applied pressure on it and she moaned, "Shit, you got me close, biiitch."

I concentrated on getting her off, on fulfilling my appetite for her pussy juice, as I flicked her clit with my tongue again and again.

Her moans increased exponentially, high pitched whimpers actually that were quite entertaining, as I brought her to the brink of euphoria.

"Oh God, you biiitch," she squealed, "Don't you dare fuuucking stooooop."

I didn't and was rewarded seconds later with her cum as it flowed out of her and onto my lips and tongue. Her amusing whimpers continued as I continued licking up all her pussy juice like the addicted lesbian I was.

Finally, she pushed me away and said weakly, "Too sensitive."

My face sticky with her cum, I sat there on my knees, awaiting further instructions, exactly like a pet.



A minute later, she looked down at me as she stood up, allowing her dress to drop back down, and smirked, "Well, this changes everything."

I didn't say anything, as she walked to the bathroom.

On my knees I was unsure what to do. Was she done with me? Did Serena want me? My need to be needed was leading my emotions and paralyzing my ability to make a decision on my own.

I sat on my knees for almost five minutes before Serena walked back into the ballroom. She laughed, "You really are obedient, aren't you?"

"I guess," I agreed, even though the answer was obvious.

"You guess," she laughed even harder as she reached me. She slipped out of her heel and ordered, "Lick the sole of my heel."

Another humiliating task, yet I obeyed, leaning down and licking the sole of her heel. My pussy leaked, the more humiliating the act the wetter I became it seemed.

Gwen's voice startled me, "Fuck, you really are one submissive bitch."

I continued licking like a cat licking milk, the sweaty sole somehow turning me on even as I was humiliated in front of my arch enemy.

"Enough," Serena ordered, as she slipped her foot back into her heel. "Do you want to come?"

"God, yes," I said, my pussy again on fire.

"On your back," she ordered.

I obeyed without hesitation.

Gwen scoffed at my obedience.

"Get yourself off, Pet Petra, with the heel of your shoe," Serena ordered.

Permission to come given after almost two weeks of simmering, I obeyed the extremely embarrassing order, bending my leg, slipping out of my high heel and moving it directly to my burning pussy. I frantically rubbed my clit with the heel of the shoe, my eyes closed, ignoring the reality I was masturbating in front of Gwen and Serena.

"Fuck yourself with it, cum slut," Serena ordered.

I obeyed, so far gone that the idea of fucking myself with the five inch heel seemed natural.

"Slut," Serena said.

"Bitch," Gwen added.

"Cunt licker," Serena continued, each name sending jolts of electrical pleasure to my cunt that was already on the rise of euphoria as I pumped the heel in and out.

"Bimbo," Gwen called me, a term I had used against many of the other mothers in our group.

"Slave, pet, cunt, whore, dyke," Serena listed as my moans increased with each one, the tidal wave of pleasure crashing down on me with earthquake power.

"Aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaah," I screamed as the orgasm riddled through me.

I heard the click of heels fading away as my body quivered with the afterglow of pleasure. I heard the door open and close and I quickly turned around worried someone was coming in, but thankfully it was them leaving.

I remained on the ground for another minute before weakly standing up and slipping my foot back into the new fuck toy. Taking a deep breath, I was about to leave when Portia said, "She got you too."

I turned and said with a reluctant smile, "So it seems."

"I am to announce at the meeting tonight that the alphabetical order tradition is to be changed," she said.

"I figured that may happen," I sighed, the consequences of my indiscretions coming to light. "What is the rationale?" I asked.

"She is writing a script for me to read," Portia sighed back.

"Really?" I asked, although it shouldn't surprise me.

"I am just a pawn in her game of debutante power," she admitted, before adding, "I am so sorry I got you pulled into her sinister web."

I laughed, "You didn't make me fall to my knees in front of her."

"I suppose," she said.

"So are there others?" I asked.

"I believe so. She implies there are, but she has kept her word of keeping my submission to her a secret to all, except of course you and her mother," Portia explained.

"I just got to get past the debutantes ball without my daughter being drawn into my mess," I said.

"Be careful," Portia warned.

"Why?" I asked.

"She never said as much completely, but it seemed obvious to me that she has plans for Miranda," Portia said.

"Fuck," I cursed, guilt washing over me at the thought of Miranda getting drawn into this sick circle of sin.

"I never told you this," Portia said.

"Of course," I nodded, my head already spinning with how to protect my daughter from the predator that was Serena.

.....

That night, in a new outfit after dirtying the last one while writhing on the floor, I went with Miranda to a parent and debutant meeting. I purposely avoided Gwen and Serena during appetizers until the meeting was called to order. Just a few minutes into the meeting, I got a text. I usually don't check my phone when I am in such a meeting, but I forgot to turn my phone onto vibrate.

I apologized to Portia who I interrupted, and checked the message.

*Pet Petra,  
Go to the bathroom now and masturbate yourself to orgasm.  
Mistress Serena*

I sighed at the task and cursed myself for forgetting to shut my phone off. If I had, I never would have known I had a task.

I looked over to Serena who just nodded implying I needed to obey now.

I whispered to Miranda, "I need to deal with this."

"Now?" She asked, surprised I would leave.

"Oh honey, I have heard all this a thousand times," I smiled, squeezing her hand before heading to the bathroom.

In the bathroom, I went directly to the far stall when my cell buzzed again. I laughed to myself that I didn't turn it off after the last buzz.

*Pet Petra,  
Since you enjoyed fucking yourself with your heel...you may not use your fingers to reach orgasm.  
You can use the new plunger sitting in the corner of the last stall I imagine you are currently in.  
Mistress Serena  
P.S.: Take a picture of your new fuck toy.*

I sighed as I read the addition to the task. I glanced at the plunger which was sitting in the corner upright. She has got to be kidding? The long wood handle was the width of a cock, but still how humiliating. I wasn't sure if the text meant I must use the plunger or I could use the plunger. Hoping the latter was the case, I searched my purse for items that would be good to fuck myself but all I had was lipstick which would hardly do the trick. I sighed, as I grabbed the least likely sex toy in the world, lifted up my dress/skirt and sat on the toilet. I was just about to start rubbing myself when I received another text. I prayed it was Serena saying she was kidding, alas it was more instructions.

*Pet Petra,  
Text me for permission when you are close.  
Mistress Serena*

I sighed again, worried I would get close and she would again leave me brimming to come and yet not let me. Deciding to just complete the task, I began rubbing the top of the plunger up and down my already very wet pussy lips. Surprisingly, the wood makeshift cock felt good and after less than thirty seconds I wanted to feel it in me. I slid it slowly inside me and moaned at having something inside me even if it was a plunger. Closing my eyes, I lifted my legs up (thank you aerobics) and began slowly fucking myself. I pumped the plunger in and out of my cunt, again ignoring the

humiliation of what I was doing and instead getting off at obeying. I pumped my cunt for a couple of minutes before grabbing my phone and texting, albeit slowly as I continued fucking myself:

*Mistress Serena*

*May I come?*

*Pet Petra*

I kept fucking myself while I waited with bated breath for permission. She responded:

*Picture first Miranda's Mom.*

I didn't hesitate, or worry about the consequences of sending such a photo, as I snapped a picture of the plunger, a good five inches plus within me. I sent the picture, eager to get permission at any cost.

A moment later, she responded again:

*Pet Slut Cunt-licking Dyke Petra,*

*You may come when I phone you.*

*Put your phone on your clit and hold it there until you come.*

*Let Mistress Serena make you come.*

Again I obeyed, putting the phone on my clit and waiting for the vibrations that were bound to follow. I continued fucking myself with the plunger that was the best cock I had had in a long time and as soon as my phone began playing the song, Katy Perry's 'Hot and Cold' my second orgasm of the day shuttered through me. The double pleasure of the plunger and the phone created an orgasm unlike any other I had ever experience as I clamped my mouth shut in case anyone else entered the washroom.

The phone kept ringing, the vibrations kept buzzing and I kept coming, as the sensations created the longest orgasm of my forty plus years. Finally, the phone stopped, and a text followed a moment later.

*Slave Miranda's Mom,*

*Your daughter is looking around for you. Maybe you should stop being a complete orgasm whore and be with your daughter.*

*Mistress Serena*

The harsh words were like throwing water on a fire. I pulled the sticky plunger out of my cunt, put the phone, slightly sticky, in my purse, stood up, fixed my skirt/dress and left the stall. I looked in the mirror. My cheeks were red, but otherwise I looked no worse for the wear.

I returned to the meeting and joined my daughter.

"I was just about to come looking for you," Miranda said, clearly annoyed at how long I was gone.

"I came back as soon as I could," I replied, almost laughing at my accidental pun...the reality that I did come back as soon as I came.

"They change the alphabetical order tradition," Miranda said.

"Really?" I asked, acting surprised.

"There will be a drawing at the end of the meeting which will detail the order," Miranda explained.

"I will have a talk with Portia once the meeting is done," I said, pretending to be confident I could influence a decision I couldn't change.

"Good," Miranda said. "I want to go last."

"As you will," I promised, giving her false hope.

The meeting went on for another forty minutes, my pussy juice leaking slightly from the aftermath of my orgasm.

Finally Portia announced, "And now for the order draw."

Another debutant mother, Cameron, brought out a gold box and Portia began pulling out names and announcing the order as Cameron wrote the new order on the board.

I didn't know then if it was pre-arranged or not, but the final two names left were Miranda and Serena (I would learn later that was indeed on purpose). Of course, Miranda's name was called and Serena, getting what she wanted, would go last.

When Miranda's name was called, she cursed, "Dammit, she wins again."

My heart broke at knowing the role I played in allowing it to happen. Yet, I whispered, "this is even better."

"How?" She questioned.

"Now you go right before her and the new you will outshine her," I promised, praying it was true.

"That's unlikely," Miranda said, knowing that Serena had a beauty that surpassed not only her but almost everyone.

I squeezed her hand and I said, "I'll go talk to Portia now. You go mingle."

"With these girls?" Miranda said, her own pretentious attitude that she was better than them coming through.

"Just for a few minutes," I said, standing up and heading to Portia.

I chatted with Portia about other debutante ball details knowing there was no changing the order.

I returned to my daughter who was standing alone, as usual, and asked, "Ready to go?"

"Definitely."

"Me too," I said.

Just then Serena said, "Thank you, Mrs. Zimmerman."

Not wanting to ask why, I replied, "You're welcome."

"I really appreciate you suggesting we change the order tradition," Serena said, stirring the pot.

"It's nothing," I said, glancing to Miranda who looked completely betrayed.

"No, breaking tradition here is harder than finding a needle in the haystack, but your willingness to lead change is really inspiring," Serena said, her phoniness dripping with syrupy sweetness.

"Again, it's nothing," I said, desperate to get out of this conversation and come up with some explanation to Miranda, even though nothing came to mind.

"I really owe you," Serena said, hugging me and whispering in my ear, "Come three times at home tonight. Each time without your fingers or a sex toy and I want pictures cunt."

She moved away and said to Miranda, "Your mom really is something."

Miranda, barely holding it together, said, "She sure is...something," stressing the word something.

Once outside, Miranda asked, furiously, "What the hell was that about?"

"I have no idea. I had nothing to do with the change, I swear," I explained, which was technically true, although I probably could have stopped it...I didn't have anything to do with the change.

"Then why did she say you did?" Miranda asked.

"She is a manipulative bitch who is trying to stir the pot," I said, which was also true. "I just can't fathom what her end game is."

"To humiliate me," Miranda said, breaking down.

"Oh honey, you need to be the bigger girl," I said. "Remember in a few months you will be far away from all this drama."

"If I survive," Miranda said over dramatically.

"You will outshine her on the big day," I promised, even though I wasn't sure that was true.

"I don't even care if I go anymore," Miranda said disillusioned again.

"Then she wins," I pointed out, not wanting to see my daughter give up. I wanted my debutante daughter.

"She always does," Miranda said as we reached the car.

"Well, let's end her winning streak," I quipped, wanting to make my daughter feel like a woman, a lady.

"And how do we do that?" She asked skeptically.

"We start by dressing up in some of your new fashions from Paris," I suggested. "We continue your makeover."

"Fine," She said, although I couldn't tell if she meant fine 'good idea' or fine 'whatever'.

We drove home no longer discussing the debutantes' ball instead talking about school, summer plans in Europe and college...while I tried to figure out how I was going to deal with Serena's declaration of her intent on my daughter.

TASK ONE: VEGETABLE FUN

That night, I barely slept due to a mixture of sex dreams of Serena that often ended with my daughter submitting to her too.

I woke up in a sweat my pussy burning and yet mortified at the sight of my daughter being pulled into Serena's sick twisted game.

Determined to protect my innocent daughter from the clutches of Serena I decided I would confront Serena the next time the possibility presented itself.

Over the weekend, Serena didn't contact me and I again prayed that maybe she was not going to push this any further, even though I was craving submission again as I went through my own sexual withdrawal like an addict trying to quit.

Monday morning, I received a text from her. Relief and anxiety clashed inside me. I read the text:

*Pet Petra*

*Five days, five tasks.*

*Complete each and I will give you a very BIG treat!*

*Mistress Serena*

My cunt instantly tingled at the word treat which worried me. Yet, after a year of no sex, I yearned for intimacy no matter how twisted a form it came in.

I replied with only a brief moment of hesitation:

*I am ready Mistress.*

*Pet Petra*

Typing 'Pet Petra' felt both liberating and binding, just another example of the tornado of feelings spinning through me.

A few minutes later, I received the first message.

*Task 1:*

*This afternoon:*

*Fuck yourself for five minutes without coming with both ends of a cucumber.*

*Then Insert ten carrots in your cunt. Let them marinate inside you for half an hour while you cut up the cucumber and put it on a plate.*

*Then rub yourself to orgasm with the carrots inside you.*

*When done, take the carrots out and put them on a plate with the cucumber...serve to your daughter.*

As I stared at the humiliating task, one that would draw my daughter deeper into my sin, a second task came moments later:

*Pet Petra*

*of course I want a picture of the cucumber in your cunt, one of your special plate of vegetables and one of your daughter eating them.*

*Mistress Serena*

I didn't move for minutes as I read and reread the first task. I surely couldn't do it. I could fuck myself with a cucumber, I could even fill my cunt with carrots, both sick...both twisted...both turning

me on...yet making my daughter unknowingly eat vegetables with my pussy juice on them was too much.

I texted back:

*Please Mistress. I will obey the vegetable tasks but please don't make me feed my daughter them.*

*Pleading Pet Petra*

I received no response for a couple of hours, Serena was obviously in class, like my daughter would be. Then it came, of course I wasn't expecting any mercy and I didn't get any:

*Pet Petra*

*The pet obeys, the pet DOESN'T question.*

*That is one.*

*Annoyed Mistress Serena*

I sighed. I knew in my heart she wasn't going to change the task, yet I asked anyway. I went to the fridge to make sure we had a cucumber and carrots which we did before I headed out for a lunch date with a couple of other debutant mothers.

During the lunch, I wondered if either of them were Serena's pets too. Was I the only one besides Portia? Were there more?

I returned home at two, after a bit of shopping, and went to the fridge to complete my task. Taniesha, my maid, I had sent out for groceries and thus I had the house to myself. I grabbed a plate, a knife and pulled the cucumber and carrots out of the fridge, I put them on the island, lifted up my dress, sat down on a chair and rubbed the cucumber up and down my pussy lips. They were lubricated quickly, and I slowly, awkwardly, slid the thick green fuck stick in my cunt. A rush of naughtiness coursed through me at obedience and I began slowly pumping the vegetable in and out of me. Closing my eyes, I forgot it was a cucumber and imagined it was a strap-on and it was not my hand controlling the cock but Serena's. I took a picture of the cucumber half in me, which somehow only turned me on more...the grater the submission, the greater the humiliation, the greater the pleasure.

I don't know how long I was fucking myself but it was definitely over five minutes. I pulled the cucumber out, put it on the counter, and grabbed the bag of baby carrots. Slowly, I slid one after another inside me until the whole bag was gone. I felt so full, so horny and so bad. I cut the cucumber, shame washing over me at what my intent for cutting the cucumber was. Once done, I grabbed my kindle and began reading, again, 50 Shades of Grey, imagining that instead Grey was not a dominant Master but a Mistress.

So drawn into the story, my own twisted version, I lost track of time and was surprised when I heard the front door open. I quickly moved my hand to my cunt and frantically rubbed myself to get off and fulfill the task instructed. Thankfully, the naughty task and the porn I was reading had me already at a fever pitch and I came quickly just as Taniesha walked in...my cunt still full of carrots.

"Hi, ma'am," Taniesha greeted, her arms full of groceries.

"Hi, Taniesha," I greeted, flushed, my orgasm still sending twitches through my body as a carrot leaked out of my cunt and hit the floor.

She put the groceries on the counter opposite of me and said, "I got two more bags to bring in."



"Okay," I said, thankful as I urgently pulled the carrots out of my cunt, which was ridiculously awkward, difficult to do and put them on the plate. I still had a couple in my cunt when Taniesha returned, but I had twelve on the plate. I stood up, one more carrot slipped out of my cunt, and I reached down and grabbed the two sticky cum coated carrots on the floor. I held them in my hand as Taniesha reached me again.

I still had one more carrot in me and prayed it wouldn't fall out as I walked to the bathroom. I said, "I cut some vegetables for Miranda, you are welcome to have some."

"Thank you ma'am," Taniesha nodded, as she grabbed a cucumber and put it in her mouth.

I froze watching with both perverse pleasure and nervousness as she ate it. There was no facial expression change and I sighed thinking maybe it wasn't as obvious as it looked to me.

I went to the bathroom and with much difficulty I got the last carrot out of my cunt. For some perverse reason I can't even begin to fathom I popped it into my mouth. It still tasted like carrot, but it also undoubtedly had a coating on it.

I returned to the kitchen once Taniesha was gone and took a picture of the plate and noticed a carrot and more cucumber was gone. I smiled to myself at the reality my sweet maid had unknowingly tasted my cunt, I should have felt sinful; I should have felt guilty; yet, I felt naughty, but a good naughty, a very good naughty.

That goodness faded when I came downstairs an hour later and saw Miranda at the counter eating from the plate. I earlier had sent the two pictures to Serena but wasn't sure how I could or if I wanted to take a picture of Miranda eating them. Yet, from the stairs I inconspicuously took a picture of Miranda with a carrot in her hand going to her mouth. I felt guilty, yet I watched as she ate a carrot coated with my pussy juice. I watched as she took another, obviously oblivious to the special coating I had made.

Curious as hell, I joined her at the kitchen and greeted, "How was your day, Miranda?"

"Another day of painful drivel with insipid people," she said.

Somehow her pretentiousness to people like me when I was her age irked me and I asked, "Any Serena sightings?"

"No, of course she doesn't take any classes I take," she said, again her condescending attitude suddenly annoyed me. It used to be a sense of pride that she was so smart and yet now it seemed to bother me.

"Well everyone has their strengths and weaknesses," I countered.

"Yes, we need bimbo actresses, vapid cheerleaders and trophy wives," Miranda quipped. I realized then she was just as pretentious as Serena, just on opposite sides of the scale.

I also winced at the shot at other girls in her school as I was briefly an actress, I was a cheerleader and I supposedly had been a trophy wife by definition, although I married him out of love, not money. Deciding to change the topic, I asked, "Like the carrots? They are organically coated."

"Is that what makes them taste differently?" She asked. "They are really unique."

"Unique good?" I asked.

She popped the last one in her mouth and joked, "Are there any more?"

"I can get some more tomorrow I imagine," I answered.

"Since when did you go organic vegetable shopping," she asked.

"Oh Miranda, I am full of surprises," I replied, the innuendo dripping like the pussy coating of my carrots.

I sent the third picture to Serena without hesitation, annoyed at Miranda's pretentiousness and wanting to finish task 1, already curious what task two was.

Serena didn't respond until after ten at night:

*Good slut.*

That was all I got for completing my task. I was a bit crestfallen as I expected more. Disappointed, I went to bed curious what tomorrow's task would be.

## **TASK TWO: STICKY PILLOW GOO**

The next morning I woke up feeling guilt at what I did to my daughter and at being angry at her for not liking her bullies. Yet, just as that guilt was overbearing me, a text came. Instantly, I shifted from guilt ridden to eager and I clicked on the text.

*Pet Petra*

*Did Miranda enjoy her special snack?*

*Mistress Serena*

I replied, remembering her praising the unique tasting carrots:

*Mistress*

*She loved them. Said she wished there were more. I told her they were organic, which is technically true. I promised her I would get her more.*

*Perverted Pet Petra*

My cunt tingled at the naughtiness of the conversation and yet guilt hit me at selling out my daughter.

Serena replied:

*Well get her addicted to your cunt juice. Maybe one day she will be getting it directly from the source.*

My pussy twitched at the unthinkable incest reference. Yet, my naughty mind was playing tricks on me as an image of Miranda on her knees between my legs flashed in my head. I quickly shook it out as I realized that my withdrawal was making me cross one too many lines.

I replied back:

*Mistress*

*I could never commit incest.*

*Pet Petra*

A moment later as I ignored the growing fire down below, Serena responded:

*Silly Pet,*

*You already have let her taste your cunt juice...thus you have already committed incest...plus if I know you your cunt is wet...is it slut?*

Frustratingly she was right on both counts. I technically had committed the ultimate sin of incest and my cunt was a burning inferno of desire.

I sighed, as I admitted:

*Mistress*

*Disturbingly, yes.*

*Pet Petra*

A moment later another response:

*Dumb Pet,*

*It is who you are. A submissive cum hungry slut regardless of whose cunt or cock is in front of you or in you,*

*Do you want to come?*

I typed as fast as I could, praying for permission for sexual release:

*Yes, Mistress.*

A moment later, task 2 was sent to me:

*Task 2:*

*Every hour on the hour until she comes home you will go to Miranda's room, lay on her bed and get yourself off. Each time you come you will wipe that slut box of yours on her pillow or anything else on her bed that she sleeps with.*

My desire to come as usual overtook common sense or consequences as I looked at the clock it was five to nine.

I replied:

*I will obey, Mistress.*

She replied, as I prepared to commit another sick sin:

*One more thing whore,*

*You will find a pair of Miranda's soiled panties and wear them on your head each time you pleasure your slut box. The crotch of her soiled panties on your nose and mouth.*

I gasped. The sick and twisted task became more twisted at the addition. Yet again, common sense on leave, I left my room and went to make sure Miranda had left for school. She was often gone before I got up; like her father she was an early riser, which I wasn't.

Taniesha didn't start till noon on Tuesdays and Thursdays so I had the house to myself.

My cunt still burning with need, I went to Miranda's room and directly to her laundry basket, which I never touch, found a pair of her pink panties and went to her bed.

Still in my nightie, I slipped out of my robe and lay on Miranda's bed. I looked at her panties and noticed they were wet at the crotch. Instinctively I moved them to my nose and inhaled her scent. She had obviously masturbated this morning. I instantly wondered what she pleased herself about and what triggered a morning orgasm. Did she usually come in the morning?

Obeying another humiliating order of submission, I put my daughter's panties over my head, her wet remnants of self pleasure on my nose and lips, I began rubbing myself. Her scent overpowering to my senses, I closed my eyes and began licking, sucking my daughter's panties hungry to retrieve any lingering remnants of her cum. My orgasm hit me hard again as I imagined licking Miranda's cum directly from the source.

As my orgasm hit, I reached for her pillow, put it between my legs, and fucked the pillow to completion.

Once spent, reality set in and I quickly pulled Miranda's panties off my head and pulled her pillow out from between my legs.

Guilt again hit me and I went directly to the shower to, like Lady Macbeth, wash away my sin. Of course, Lady Macbeth couldn't wash away her sins and neither could I.

An hour later, I repeated the self pleasure in Miranda's room, this time riding her childhood teddy bear she called Snuggles to orgasm.

I replicated my naughtiness at eleven and just before twelve, before Taniesha would arrive, coming all over Miranda's pillow both times.

I left and went and got carrots as I already envisioned my three o'clock masturbation plan.

Returning a couple minutes after one, Taniesha was outside doing gardening and I scurried to Miranda's room, put the now thoroughly licked by me panties on my head and had my fifth orgasm in five hours.

At two o'clock I again repeated the task, this time finding another pair of Miranda's panties, blue this time, and putting them on my head.

It was at three o'clock, with a dozen plus baby carrots in my cunt that life got even more complicated. The orgasm with my cunt so full was more intense I screamed and Taniesha came rushing into Miranda's room asking, "Are you okay, ma'am?"

I looked up, Miranda's panties over my head, her pillow between my legs and was speechless.

She stammered, her face showing complete shock, "S-s-sorry ma'am," and left me a muddled mess of embarrassment.

I pulled the carrots out of my cunt, put them on the plate I had brought with me and headed downstairs. After putting the carrots on the counter, I pulled out a cucumber and cut it up and saw that Taniesha was back outside but I decided I had to clear the air with her.

I called her into the house and she came in and asked, not making eye contact, "Yes, ma'am."

"I just want to explain what you saw and apologize," I said.

"No need, ma'am," she said, still clearly uncomfortable,

"I do need to explain. It has been a long time since I have been with anyone and well I couldn't resist any longer," I explained, before adding, "but you shouldn't have had to see that."

"Understood, ma'am," she nodded.

"This will remain between the two of us, I hope?" I asked.

"Of course, ma'am" she agreed.

"You may go," I said, confident that my little indiscretion would remain between the two of us.

I again watched Miranda eat my cum covered carrots, this time more turned on by it and less guilty. Would I commit the act of incest? It had never remotely been a thought in my head but as I watched her eagerly devour my cum without her knowledge and reminisced again to her wet panties on my head as I began to have inappropriate thoughts of my daughter.

It also didn't help that she had listened to my advice and was dressed way more provocatively than she ever had before.

That night, I texted Serena:

*I completed the task Mistress. I even got caught masturbating with her panties over my head by the maid.*

*Pet Petra*

After ten, she replied:

*Good girl slut. You are 2/5 on your way to your BIG reward.*

### **TASK 3: GLORYHOLE ECSTASY**

The next morning I slept in late, accountable I am sure to too many orgasms yesterday.

My phone was flashing I had a message:

*Task 3:*

*Tonight you will go to 69 Playhouse, tell Bill at the counter that Serena sent you and then you will go to a gloryhole where you will suck five cocks.*

*Have fun*

Like the first two tasks, I stared over and over at the words. I hadn't sucked a cock in over a year and even that was rare as Dave liked to just fuck. Yet, I did love sucking cock back in high school and to a lesser extent college, as I spent most of my time between Angela's legs. I liked the power of knowing I controlled his orgasm, I had all the power even when I was in a submissive position like on my knees.

Also, like the two tasks at first I was mortified...sucking stranger's cocks is not what a classy lady does. Yet, I also felt my pussy tingle at the thought of obeying a command, of sucking a cock again reliving my past more carefree days.

A bit later, Serena texted me again:

*Pet Petra*

*Don't worry about photos this time. Bill will tape all your transgressions. I will get you your own blu ray copy if you wish.*

*Mistress Serena*

My face paled at the reality of it all being videotaped...by someone I didn't know. Yet, I figured Serena already had enough evidence on me to disgrace me...this would only compound it.

I texted back:

*Mistress Serena*

*Will only you have a copy?*

*Paranoid Pet Petra*

A few minutes later, as I was about to shower, a response came back:

*Pet Petra*

*Like I own you, I own him.*

*Be good and your true slut nature remains just between you, me, Portia and my mother.*

*Mistress Serena*

*P.S.: Feel free to fuck yourself to orgasm with a gloryhole cock if you wish after you complete your task.*

Strangely, the added permission, instead of adding to humiliation, added to my excitement. I hadn't been fucked by a real cock (a plunger and cucumber notwithstanding), in over a year and the thought of a real cock, even a stranger's cock had me very wet.

Without instructions, I went to my daughter's room and found a new pair of panties. Like yesterday, they were very wet and indeed she had come this morning.

I took them to my room and put them under my bed for later.

That day, I had a school board meeting and I saw Serena down the hall talking with other cheerleaders. Thankfully, she didn't see me as I turned into the office where the meeting would be.

At home, I made Miranda special carrots again and watched her eat them again which got my cunt wet.

After dinner, I told her I had a meeting, which was not out of the ordinary, and dressed in a black dress, thigh high stockings and five inch heels I headed to suck cock.

Oddly, I was not remotely nervous, but rather eager for the chance to suck anonymous cock.

I reached 69 Playhouse, which was almost an hour away from my home, and walked in. The store was classy as adult shops go and I went to the till and asked, "Are you Bill?"

The older gentleman said, "I am, who is asking?"

"Serena sent me," I whispered, as another man moved behind me in line.

"Oh my," he said, suddenly checking me out. "Follow me,"

I did, down a side hallway and to a room. The room had a water cooler on the side, a stool, and just above, a hole.

He said, "Are you ready? There is a longer than usual line today?"

My cunt dripped at his words even as trepidation coursed through me at another twisted task I was obeying for an eighteen year old bitch. "Ready and willing," I smiled, trying to sound like this wasn't my first time.

"Great," he said, "get comfortable. You can stay as little or as long as possible."

"Thank you, sexy," I flirted.

"Oh no, thank you," he replied ominously, before leaving.

I poured myself some water and when I turned around there was a cock already poking through the hole.

I smiled, moved to my seat, sat down and took it in my mouth.

A moan on the other side sent a chill down my back as I began slowly sucking his cock. It felt strange having a clock in my mouth, but like riding a bike or eating cunt, you never forget how to do it.

I focused on the first three inches, bobbing back and forth, getting accustomed to a cock in my mouth.

A voice on the other side ordered, "Take it all, slut."

As usual, name calling only enhanced my eagerness and I began taking more of his cock in my mouth, eventually taking all six inches in.

"That's better, slut," he groaned, as I bobbed back and forth wanting to taste his cum.

A couple more minutes of deep throat cocksucking and he grunted, "Swallow bitch," and I of course obliged.

He sprayed his hot seed down my throat and I eagerly drained his cock. Once spent, he pulled out and a moment later a smaller, older cock appeared.

I sucked cock after cock for forty-five minutes taking seven loads down my throat before deciding to deal with the fire down below. A black cock popped in front of me and one of my items on my long ago made sexual bucket list was possible. Fuck a black guy. I took it in my mouth and got it nice and hard for me. Then I asked, "Can I fuck your big cock?"

"You a white bitch?" he asked from the other side.

"Yes, sir," I responded, desperate to convince him to let me fuck myself on his cock.

"And let me guess you have never had a nice big black cock in that tight white cunt of yours?" he properly assessed.

"No sir," I answered, "I have not."

"Go ahead, bitch," he said.

I quickly stood up, lifted up my dress and moved backwards toward his cock. It was awkward at first, and it poked my never touched back door first, but once it slid inside my inferno of lust I moaned and moved back more letting myself take as much of his nine inches as I could.

"That's it, bitch, swallow my cock with that white cunt of yours," he demanded, seemingly used to having white girls eagerly fuck him.

Wanting it all, I continued bouncing back on his cock until my ass was hitting the wall and I was taking all his cock. "Fuck, yeeeeees," I screamed, the biggest cock I had ever experienced going deeper than I imagined possible.

"Keep riding slut," he groaned, as I fucked myself on his cock.

My moans increased and for the first time in my life I came from intercourse (I had only come from oral sex, my fingers and toys before now). "Fuuuuuck," I screamed, "I'm cooooooming."

The euphoria quaked through me as I slowed down, resting my ass against the wall. He took over thrusting his big sword in and out of me even as my orgasm continued its trickle-down effect.

He grunted, "I'm close, bitch."

Not wanting to have him inside me, I moved away, knelt down, took his cock in my hand just as cum shot out like a rocket and coated my face.

I felt so dirty and exhilarated at just letting go and being a slut, I licked the black lollipop to retrieve the last of his sweet cream.

Exhausted, body aching, I ignored the new cock in the hole, stood up and went to the table and wiped the cum off my face with a tissue. Cleaned up, I headed out of the gloryhole room, where a Bill was waiting and said, "If you want to hide your identity, go out the side door here."

"Thanks, Bill," I smiled.

"No, thank you," he smiled back.

I wonder if I sucked him off, assumed I did, and left out the back door radiating in submissive contentment.

#### **TASK 4: MAID TO ORDER**

My phone woke me up, at seven-thirty as it rang and rang, I grabbed it, and groggily answered, "Hello."

"Check your text slut and get your ass over here," Serena ordered, before hanging up.

I clicked on my texts and saw I had a couple of new ones. One was from a friend Beth, the other was from Serena.

*Task 4,*

*Today you are my mother's maid for a day. Get your ass over here now.*

I sighed. This didn't look like fun.



I got up, quickly showered and headed downstairs. Miranda was still home.

She quipped, her sarcasm already wide awake, "I didn't know you knew being awake this early was possible."

"Coffee, get me coffee," I said, still not really awake and not myself until the caffeine kicked in.

Miranda got me some and said, "I'm off."

"Have a great today," I said, as I took my first drink of coffee.

"You too," Miranda said, dressed in a short leather skirt that really showed off her legs.

I complimented. "I like the new fashionable Miranda."

"So do the boys," she quipped with a smile, before heading out.

I smiled at her transformation as I drank my coffee before heading out for a day I was very nervous about.

I drove to the Madison's mansion, which was smaller than ours I was proud to say, and nervously walked up the long walkway to my fourth task.

Reaching the door, I rang the doorbell and was greeted by their maid. She said, "Follow me."

I was surprised by her blunt demeanour, but followed her down a long hallway and to a small room. "Mrs. Madison wants you in this outfit."

I cringed as I saw the maid outfit. Apparently task four was about humbling me. I nodded as she left and I undressed out of my designer clothes and put on the polyester maid outfit. I felt humiliated at being treated like a servant and the day hadn't even began.

I walked out of the room and the maid said, "Your first task is cleaning the washrooms in their entirety."

"Really?" I questioned, grossed out by the task.

The maid, treating me like I was one of them, said, "Yes, and do a thorough job." She led me to the bathroom cleaning supplies and gave me a map of the five washrooms in the house.

I sighed, but spent the next two hours cleaning bathtubs, sinks, mirrors, floors and toilets. I understood suddenly just how hard Taniesha works and got a newfound respect for her work.

Finished, I put the supplies away and the maid said, "Now you are to wash Ms. Serena's floor by hand."

Another hour passed by with me on my knees, but not in a good way.

Gwen showed up just as I was finishing and she asked, "On your knees where you always should be, I see."

I still hated Gwen but I ignored her words instead finishing the cleaning.

"When you are done here, meet me in the kitchen," Gwen instructed.

"Yes, ma'am," I said, staying in my maid persona.

Gwen walked away and once I finished a few minutes later I headed to the kitchen. Her maid was making lunch and Gwen was at the table.

Gwen asked, "Are you hungry?"

"Somewhat," I answered.

"Your lunch is under the table and between my legs," Gwen said nonchalantly.

My face flushed as I looked to the maid who didn't seem fazed at all.

"Now, bitch," Gwen ordered.

Reluctantly, I moved to the table, got on all fours and crawled between her legs. Gwen instructed, "Take your time, bitch."

"Yes, Mistress," I replied, as I began licking and naturally shifting into my submissive role.

I don't know how long I was under there, over forty minutes, licking slowly as Gwen had lunch and talked on the phone. Finally, she ordered, "Finish your lunch, bitch."

I switched from slow and steady to hungry as I sucked on her clit and got her off in a couple of minutes. She came hard flooding my face with her pussy juice.

Once done, she stood up and said, "Crawl out from under the table, bitch."

I obeyed, my face shiny with her juices.

"Vacuum the house, do the dishes and you may go," Gwen said.

"Yes, ma'am," I said, getting off my knees.

Gwen left again and I finished the tasks, desperate to get out of this outfit and out of this house.

That night, I went to the movies with a couple of friends, forgetting ever so briefly, my submissive new life.

## **TASK 5: TOY DRIVE**

I was already showered before the task came along after nine o'clock. I curiously read it, looking forward to finishing the final task and receiving my promised treat:

### **TASK 5A**

*You are to go to Satin and Sin on the strip. There you are to purchase me a toy to use on you. You will also buy a sex toy for your daughter as a debutante gift and give it to her this weekend (using it on her is up to you). You will also choose a sexy outfit to wear tonight when you receive your special treat for your obedience.*

I read the task and found it tamer than previous tasks but two things were bothersome;

-it was called 5A implying there was more to come

-giving my daughter a sex toy would be super awkward

A second text of the task came moments later:

**TASK 5B**

*In addition, also buy a toy that needs batteries. Go door to door once you get home, with your toy in your hand and ask to borrow some batteries until you get some.*

A chill went down my spine at that one. Although being a widow now, relying on a toy would not be judged that harshly I hoped...although walking about with a toy might.

I was just getting ready to leave, I had a brief meeting at the bank, when another text came.

**TASK 5C**

*Book a room at the Ritz for tonight. Be there at nine o'clock. Be dressed in your new outfit. One that should 'wow' me with your sluttiness. One that makes it clear you are my slut.*

P.S.: Also, there will be a bag already there for you. Ask for Janie. DO NOT OPEN THIS BAG. BRING IT TO ME WHEN WE MEET TONIGHT.

I quickly booked a room at the Ritz, a five star hotel as my body quivered with trepidation and my cunt leaked with anticipation at the day ahead.

I grabbed my keys and was just getting in the car when I got yet another text.

**TASK 5D**

*Obey EVERYTHING Janie orders you to do.*

I sighed as I assumed I would soon be in all likelihood submitting to yet another stranger.

Two hours later I was at Satin & Sin, a fancy upper class sex shop. Truthfully, I could use some new toys for myself, my sexual appetite rekindling excessively since the first partial submission to Serena.

I had a few sex toys from a toy party actually at Gwen's house a few months before my husband passed but none of them prepared me for the options women have now.

I won't go into long boring detail but I bought myself some crazy things:

- a wall suction cup cock (the idea of fucking myself from behind a major turn-on...especially after the one I rode on the airplane)
- a wi-vibe which apparently has the power to pleasure both inside and outside my cunt
- a vibrating egg with remote control
- a strap-on cock that I hoped Serena would use on me tonight
- a waterproof vibrator for Miranda (actually I bought two...one for me as well).

Choosing a costume was harder. What was she expecting me to dress like? There was slutty everything, but I decided to go a bit out there when I choose a naughty nun outfit. In case, that wasn't slutty enough for her, I also bought a slutty nurse outfit and a slutty cowgirl outfit.

I finished by buying a dozen pairs of thigh high stockings in a variety of colours and headed to the cashier. I asked the plump but pretty girl, "Are you, Janie?"

"You must be Pet Petra," she smiled, looking me up and down like I was a piece of meat.

"I am," I said, sensing her predatory needs.

"Cameron come up front please," Janie called out.

A moment later, a young woman in her early twenties came out.

"Please cover the register for me, I have to help a customer with something in the back," Janie explained.

"Sure you do," she smirked back, any doubt that this was going to be sexual gone in three sarcastic words.

"Behave and maybe I'll let her service you too," Janie said, talking about me, a complete stranger, as if I weren't there.

"You better," Cameron said, checking me out with intrigue.

"Follow me," Janie ordered.

"Yes, ma'am," I replied by repulse.

Once in the back room, Janie said, handing me a dildo contraption, "Have you ever seen one of these?"

"Is it a strap-on?" I asked.

"Of sorts," Janie said, as she pulled down her skirt and panties before sitting down on a leather couch.

"Um, I, don't," I said, trying to complete a sentence.

"Don't worry, slut, Serena told me I could use you as I please," she revealed. "And now it is time for you to please."

I stared at her hairy cunt that was spread open. Obviously she had never even had a trim. "Knees, slut."

I obeyed, my ability to reject orders seemingly long gone, my cunt already leaking at submitting to this chubby, pretty stranger.

"Crawl," she instructed.

I, of course, obeyed, until I reached her feet, the toy still in my hand.

"Hand me your new toy," she instructed.

I gave it to her.

She leaned forward and put it on my head. I knelt helplessly as I realized my face was being turned into a cock.

Once done, she looked down at me and said, "I'm assuming by the stunned look on your face this is a new contraption for you."

My mouth covered and replaced with a cock, I nodded in the affirmative.

"Fuck me, slut," she ordered, as she lied back on the couch offering me her hairy cunt.

Oddly, my mouth watered with the hunger to taste her, but that was impossible in my current predicament, and instead I awkwardly moved my head until my cock was at her pussy. She moved her hands to get my cockhead at her entrance and she ordered, "Slowly push forward."

I just obeyed again, my face moving forward as I watched the cock slowly disappear into her forest.

"Thaaaat's it, slut," she moaned, "fill my cunt completely with that cock."

I obeyed, until I could smell her wet exotic scent captured by her pubic hair.

"Good slut," she moaned. "Now, fuck me with your face, cunt."

It was awkward; it was humiliating; it was exhilarating. Her moans, which were more like squeals, echoed around and after only a couple minutes of face fucking, if that is what it is called, she began bucking her ass forward to meet my forward thrusts.

She squealed, "Don't stop sluuuuut, don't you dare fuuuucking stop."

I didn't and she screamed a few seconds later, loud enough the customers on the other side had to hear her, "Oooooooh yeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeees."

Her high pitched squeal was funny and yet I refrained from laughing as I continued fucking her cunt as she came.

Once she was finally done, she pushed me away and I fell haphazardly onto my ass.

She said, "That toy is on the house."

"Thank you," I said, already imagining what it would be like to fuck Serena with it.

"Clean my cum from the cock first though," she ordered as she stood up and got dressed.

I took the strange contraption off my head and put it to my mouth. Smaller than the many cocks I sucked a couple of days ago, I easily cleaned her juice off it.

"Stay," she ordered, like I was a dog as she giggled at her order and left.

I waited like a loyal dog for instruction my mind in a cumulus fog.

The young Cameron came in and said, "So you are a pet?"

"Yes, ma'am," I admitted, even as she looked at me condemningly.

"And you will obey my every order?" She asked.

"Yes, ma'am," I agreed, remembering task 5d.

"Roll over," she ordered.

Shame burned through me again as I did indeed obey by rolling over.

"Play dead," she said.

I fell onto my back, my arms and legs up in the air, my naked cunt in clear view to the stranger.

"Chase your tail," she demanded, laughing slightly.

I crawled in circles as if I had a tail.

"HMMMMM, you probably need a real tail," she said. "Stay."

I again obeyed, the humiliation this time somehow more extreme and yet more erotic than all my past submissions.

She returned with a strange looking thing and a bottle of lube. She lifted up my dress and poured lube down my ass cheeks which was when I realized her devious intent. I wanted to protest, my ass something I had always refused to give up, even to Angela, even when drunk.

Yet, now I seemed compelled to just give in. My body was no longer mine, it was a possession of Serena's and it could be used however she or her friends felt.

"Ever had a butt plug in your ass?" Cameron asked.

"No, ma'am," I admitted.

"Well then we will change your answer for future questions," she said, as I felt a plastic toy between my ass cheeks. "Relax or this will burn more."

"Okay," I whimpered, in anticipation of the pain.

"Here it goes, soon to be ass slut," she said, as she pushed forward and my ass was filled by a thankfully thin plug. She explained, "I started you small but I know there are bigger ones in your bag Mistress Serena had made for you."

My eyes went big as she stood up and ordered again, "Chase your tail and bark."

It was humiliating, yet I obeyed like I always do, pussy juice leaking out of my cunt from the degrading act. I barked at my ass as I chased what I learned was a dog tail as I spun in circle after circle...trying to make the impossible possible.

"Good puppy, does puppy need a treat?" She said, talking to me like I was a brand new puppy.

"Woof," I replied, before even realizing I had done it.

Cameron burst out laughing as she, lifted up her skirt, sat in the exact same place Janie had earlier. "Come here," she tapped her legs.

I crawled to her hungry indeed for my treat.

Between her legs was a completely shaved pussy that glistened with a slight shine assumedly horny from my obedience. I didn't wait for more instructions as I took my treat by extending my tongue and begging to lick.

"That's it, enjoy your reward," she purred as I began exploring her pussy with my tongue.

I started slowly parting her pussy lips, once I could taste the wetness created by me, I moved my mouth onto her clit and pulled it between my lips.

"Oh God," she quivered, from the shift from tender teasing to concentrated pleasure.

I wanted her to come...to get off because of my lips and tongue; I wanted to taste her...to savor the rush of cum as it flooded out of her.

I was rewarded a little while later as she grabbed my head and began grinding her pussy up and down my face. It didn't take long before her juices flooded out of her and coated my face. She continued fucking my face for another minute or two until her orgasm subsided. She pushed my head away and said, "Not bad for a prima donna bitch."

She stood up, as I remained on my knees, wishing I could come now too.

She seemed to recognize my hunger as she quipped, "Oh, does rich bitch want to come?"

"Yes, ma'am," I admitted.

She looked at her watch. "You have five minutes." She slipped out of her heel, offered her nylon-clad foot and ordered, "Fuck yourself on my foot."

Yet another humiliating task, and yet I again eagerly obeyed, my hunger to come and obey, overriding any sense of shame...as if I had any shame left. I lifted up my dress, straddled her foot, and moved her toes to my cunt. It was awkward at first, but I began rubbing my pussy up and down her nylon-clad toes.

"You are the dirtiest little submissive Serena has sent here yet," Cameron said, amused at watching me fuck myself so ludicrously.

I asked, curious to understand the full breadth of Serena's power, "H-h-how many have there beeeeen?"

"More than a dozen," Cameron answered, before adding, "all of them rich and older like you. I don't know how she does it, but she does."

I wondered if other members of my debutante community were caught in the web of submission to Serena. On one hand I hoped so, it made my submission less humiliating; yet, I felt a rush of jealousy at the thought that I wasn't the only one, even though I knew of Portia already.

I continued bucking my hips back and forth on her toes, desperate to get off.

She added to her instructions, "Take my foot in that wet box of yours, rich bitch."

Again the name calling, this one new, only added to my lust and I grabbed her foot and lowered my cunt onto it, slowly allowing her toes to slip inside me.

"Now fuck yourself, rich bitch. You have two minutes or you go home without an orgasm," Cameron informed me.

I knew I would be a muddled mess if I didn't come, so I obeyed, awkwardly moving up and down, her foot somehow going deeper into my cunt than I thought imaginable.

"Holly fuck, rich bitch, you really are taking it," Cameron said impressed.

"So close, Mistress," I moaned, my orgasm building at an escalated pace.

"Come rich bitch, come from a foot fucking, come like the dirty whore you are," she continued, each nasty name causing additional pulsations to trigger through me and a few seconds later I came,

flooding her foot with my cum.

A moment later, even as my orgasm continued to pulsate through me, she said, pulling her foot out of me, "Clean my nylon rich bitch."

I sucked my pussy juice off her nylon-clad toes the mixture of sweaty silky nylon and my cum yet another first of sexual submission.

Finally, she slipped her foot back into her shoe and said, "Meet you at the front slut."

"Yes, ma'am," I replied weakly.

"No Mistress?" She questioned looking down at me.

"Sorry, Mistress," I quickly corrected.

"You really are adorably slutty," she said walking away before adding, "Keep that butt plug in your ass until you see Serena."

I considered saying thank you, but that seemed too absurd as I slowly got off my weary knees.

I grabbed my new head dildo toy, returned to the front, and paid for my items as well as the special bag Serena had pre-arranged for me.

674 dollars later, I was walking out of the store as a woman stared at me with a strange look on her face.

I quickly returned to my car and gave a yelp as the plug went deeper into my ass. I looked in the mirror. My hair was a mess, my make-up smeared, I looked like I had just eaten pussy...which of course I had.

I returned directly home and reread the tasks for today. Beth was a good friend of mine two doors down and would probably not raise an eyebrow if I came and borrowed batteries, although holding a vibrator would make it strange.

After fixing my hair and reapplying my make-up so I didn't look like a lesbian whore, I took a vibrator I bought and headed to Beth's house. Her maid answered and I asked if Beth was home. Thankfully she was.

"Hi, Petra, how are you today?" She greeted, coming to me and giving me her trademark kiss-kiss cheek thing she picked up while in Europe a couple of years ago.

"Pretty good," I said, before adding, "although pretty crazy with the debutantes ball for Miranda next weekend."

"She is turning into a woman," Beth said. "Oh, how the time flies."

"Isn't that the truth," I laughed. We chatted for a couple more minutes before Beth noticed what was in my hand. The plug in my ass beginning to slip out.

Her facial expression implying something I just couldn't put my finger on, "And what may I ask is that for?"

I joked, "I hear they are all the buzz."



"I imagine they are," she smiled, before adding, "I assume you need batteries."

How would she know that? Unless...was she under Serena's spell to? "Actually, I do. I bought a few new toys today, but sure didn't think about batteries."

"Been lonely since a Dave died?" She asked sympathetically.

"Yes, and I am not into the whole dating thing," I said.

"Well, I am just heading out for a while, I'll be right back with some batteries for you," she said.

"Thanks, you're a lifesaver," I replied, dying to know if Beth was a submissive too. As soon as I was alone I lifted up my dress and pushed the toy deeper in my ass.

I waited a few minutes before she returned. She handed me a few batteries and joked, "You can never have enough."

"I so agree," I laughed.

"We should do lunch one day next week," Beth offered.

"I'm game for anything," I replied, hinting ever so subtly at more than just lunch.

"Great, it's a date," she said. "I'll give you a call."

"I'll wait for you to buzz," I joked.

"You're so bad," she said, squeezing my shoulder.

I added to my subtleness, "Oh, if you only knew."

We finished chatting and I headed home wondering if Beth was a submissive too. She was younger, only twenty-nine and didn't have kids. So she wasn't in the debutante circle that Serena was in. Thus, the more I thought about it the more I concluded it was unlikely she was under Serena's sexual spell.

## **MY BACKDOOR TREAT**

I texted Serena the room number and arrived a good hour early with a bottle of wine. I felt giddy like I was going on a first date, which was ludicrous since this was anything but a date.

I dressed in the naughty nun outfit. The one piece dress was so short that the curves of my ass were showcased if I bent down at all. The black and white dress, with long sleeves, also came complete with a black and white wimple headpiece. I slutted it up even more with black thigh high stockings and five inch open toed heels.

Of course, she was an hour late and I was on my third glass of wine when she arrived.

"Well, what a creative costume choice, my pet," Serena smiled.

"Thank you, Mistress," I replied, happy she approved of my costume choice.

"Let's see what you bought for today," she said going over to the bags on the bed.

She pulls out each toy and once checking them all she said, "A very nice variety. The suction cup cock is great for when you are alone and need to get fucked, the wi-vibe is the best toy out there, the egg will be great for later on, the strap-on will be great for tonight, and the vibrator is your battery choice I assume?"

"Yes, Mistress," I admitted.

"Who did you go to?" She asked, as she held up the head cock contraption looking confused.

"Beth Saunders," I answered.

"Oh you did, and how is Pet Beth?" She asked.

'I knew it,' I thought to myself. "She was very helpful."

"I imagine she was," Serena said, before asking, "and what is this?"

"It was a gift from Janie," I answered, before explaining, "I wear it on my face to fuck you with it."

"Oh my, how delicious," she purred. "This I need to see in action."

She slipped out of her skirt and blouse, soon naked except for thigh highs.

"Come fuck me, my pet," she ordered, as she climbed onto the king-sized bed and opened her lovely legs.

I grabbed the strange contraption, put it over my head, crawled onto the bed between her legs and moved my face cock to her pussy. I moved my head up and down to tease her and to get her wet. I wanted her to beg me to fuck her.

A couple of minutes of teasing and she demanded, "Don't tease me slut, fuck me."

I obliged as I moved my head forward and the cock slipped inside her cunt.

"Hmmmmm," she moaned.

Although awkward, I began fucking Serena's cunt. I wanted to get her off quick as my neck was getting stiff rather quickly.

After a few minutes, my neck burning, Serena ordered, "Get on your back."

I obeyed, thankful to be in a different position. I went to take the toy off but Serena said, "Keep it on, slut."

A moment later, she straddled my face, lowered her cunt on the plastic cock and began literally riding my face. My head bounced back and forth on the bed as Serena took all my face cock in her cunt.

"You like this?" she moaned, as she continued riding my face.

"Yeeeeeees," I said, talking difficult from this position.

"Do you want your Mistress's cum?" she moaned.

"Yesss," I said, my head really bouncing up and down.

"Here it coooooooooomes," she screamed a few moments later.

As she came, she sat on my face the whole cock still in her, pussy juice leaking out of her cunt. I was thankful to just lay there and not have my head fucked anymore.

Finally, she moved off me and said, "Go get your suction cup cock and fuck yourself while I recover."

"Yes, Mistress," I obeyed, taking the head gear off.

"But don't you dare come," she added.

"Yes, Mistress," I again agreed.

As I grabbed the suction cup cock, I pondered where to put it.

Serena snapped her fingers and pointed to the wall near the television.

I went there, put the cock on the wall with a bit of difficulty and turned to ask, "Mistress, may I take the plug that Candace put in my ass out?"

She laughed, "That Candace, always trying to be helpful. You may take it out if you wish...for now."

I took it out and felt a sudden emptiness after hours of having it in. As I moved my body back towards the wall dildo I heard Serena ask, "Are you hungry?"

I looked up and saw she was looking at the room service book. "Um, sure," I said.

"Great," she said, as she picked up the phone and ordered room service. "Get busy fucking yourself."

"Yes, Mistress," I obeyed, the cock half way in me already.

Over the next half hour, I slowly moved back and forth on the wall dildo, as Serena chatted on the phone to friends and watched television. By fucking myself slowly, I never got close to coming, instead more mortified that I was being completely ignored.

A knock on the door had me freeze. I looked up at Serena praying for a reprieve, yet she just smiled and said, "Keep fucking yourself."

I obeyed, as she put on a robe and went to the door and opened it and a young waiter rolled in the food.

Seeing me, he stopped briefly, but didn't say anything as he turned to Serena and asked, "Will you please sign here."

"Of course," Serena said politely.

Once she had signed it, she asked him, "Do you want my pet to suck your cock as a tip?"

"P-p-pardon," he stammered surprised.

"My pet loves sucking cock, don't you?" Serena asked, looking down at me.

My cheeks burning with shame, I admitted, as I continued to fuck myself, "Yes, Mistress, I love sucking cock."

"I-um-need to get back to work," he said quickly and left, rejecting the offer.

"Well, that was disappointing," Serena sighed, as she began making a plate for herself. "You may come and have a bite to eat if you wish."

"Thank you," I said, which was absurd considering I was paying for the food. Yet, I got off my knees and made myself a plate. We ate in silence as she texted at the same time.

Once we were both done, she asked, "Ready for your obedience present?"

"Yes, Mistress," I said, the term 'obedience present' another shot.

"Get on all fours on the bed," she ordered.

I obeyed eager with anticipation.

She went to the unopened bag and opened it. First she pulled out a collar with a leash. She smiled, "I should have put this on you when the waiter was here."

She pulled out some lube, a strap-on cock, some long thing I didn't have a clue what it was, a vibrating egg, and what I was pretty sure was a set of butt plugs.

She walked up behind me, lifted up my dress which was barely necessary it was so short, poured lube on my ass and said, "Since Cameron already began preparing your ass for me, we will start with the medium plug."

"I've never done anal before," I admitted.

"We will change that tonight," Serena said, as she pushed a wider plug in my ass than what was previously in me.

I whimpered.

Serena then grabbed the collar and said, "I think it is time to make you a real pet." She put the collar on my neck and hooked the leash onto it. I was mortified again, yet as always I was also turned on.

She sat beside me and spent the next ten minutes texting before silently pulling the plug out of my ass. Grabbing the strange looking toy she moved back behind me. She lubed my ass and seeing my confused look said, "These are anal beads."

"Oh," was all I could say.

Slowly she pushed them inside, each round ball causing a new burning sensation when it slipped inside me. Six balls later, my ass felt so full.

Suddenly, her phone rang. "Sit still," she joked as she reached for the phone.

As I sat there, my ass stinging and full, Serena chatted on the phone before eventually agreeing she would be there in an hour. Hanging up, she sighed, "Apparently, we are going to have to speed up your ass training."

Serena moved back behind me and slowly pulled the anal beads out of my ass.

"Oh God," I screamed the first time a bead was tugged out of my ass.

"Relax, my pet," she said as a second bead was pulled out.

I tried and slowly all six beads left my ass. Serena grabbed the strap-on from her bag of toys, put it on her waist and moved back behind me. "Ready to get ass fucked, my pet?" she asked.

I wasn't. I imagined an even bigger burning pain. Yet, I also wanted to give my body unconditionally to her. "Please, be gentle," was my response.

She again generously lubed my ass and said, "I'll go slow, slut or at least until you are begging me to fuck your ass harder."

I felt her hands on my hips and her plastic cock poking between my ass cheeks. "Now, relax your ass."

"Okay," I said filled with trepidation.

Slowly she pushed forward and her thankfully thin cock sodomizing me.

It didn't hurt at all, much to my surprise, the butt plugs and anal beads preparing me for the smaller cock.

"That's it, my pet, take all my cock in that ass of yours," she purred as her legs met my ass.

"Yeeees," I moaned, the pleasure of a cock in my ass not as exhilarating as in my pussy, but a riveting sensation of submitting to the ultimate taboo of giving myself to my Mistress completely.

"I should have brought the bigger cock," she laughed as she began to slowly move in and out of my ass.

Obedience and submission taking control, I moaned, "Fuck me harder, Mistress," and I meant it.

"You really are a slut," she laughed, as she obliged my request.

"Oh yeesss, your sluuuut," I responded as her body slammed into mine.

"I'm going to fuck your ass until you come, Miranda's mom," she said; always ready to add to my sexual submission.

"Yes, fuck Miranda's mom," I begged back, wanting to come so badly.

For a few minutes she slammed into me the only sounds were my moans, whimpers and begging. Eventually, I could feel an orgasm coming, and I moaned, "I'm going to commmmme."

"Come my pet, my slut, my ass-fucking whore," she rattled on and then finished with, "You incest wannabe dyke. You want to have sex with Miranda, don't you?"

"I-um," I babbled.

"To eat your daughter's pussy or have her eat yours," she added, continuing to slam into my ass.

"I, um, I," I stammered, the idea only getting me hornier.

"Admit the truth and you can come," she declared as she tugged on my chain and collar.

"Yes, dammit, I want to eat Miranda's cunt," I admitted, the orgasm no longer able to be held back. I screamed as I came at the thought of having sex with my daughter. "Fuuuuuuuuuuuck."

She continued fucking me throughout my orgasm until I fell onto my side out of exhaustion.

Standing up, she said, "I'm out of town until early next week. You are not to come unless it is at the mouth of your daughter."

"Okay," I weakly said, barely hearing her words.

Five minutes later she was gone and I was a complete mental mess. I stayed the night at the hotel enjoying the beautiful room of shame.

## **A BRIEF DEFIANCE**

All weekend I couldn't get mind off so many things. But mostly, a recurring dream of submitting to Miranda or her to me consumed my thoughts. Thankfully, I didn't let it go any further than fantasy as the final week before the debutante's ball arrived.

It was Wednesday, when I finally got a text from her:

*Pet Petra*

*What are you getting me as a gift to your Mistress for the debutante's ball.*

*Mistress Serena*

I sighed. I had no idea what would be the correct answer to such a question. I longed to submit to her again, I only felt alive, as crazy as that sounds, when I was around her. Although she treated me like a pet, I revelled in that type of attention. Yet, with the debutantes' ball so close, I was beginning to worry my indiscretions may negatively impact my daughter's big day.

Before I could respond a second text came:

*Pet Petra*

*Actually, I know what I want...the necklace you bought at Tiffany's.*

*Mistress Serena*

I gasped at her request. The necklace was a one of a kind that I purchased as Miranda's present for the ball. It was going to be a surprise the day of the ball. A necklace she had personally pointed out a while ago.

I replied:

*Mistress*

*That necklace is for my daughter. I will meet you at Tiffany's to choose one of your liking.*

*Pet Petra*

I finished getting dressed and heard the doorbell ring. A moment later, my maid, Tineasha, knocked on my door.

"Mrs. Zimmerman, you have a guest at the door," Tineasha said.

"Who is it?" I asked, not expecting company this morning.

"A Ms. Madison, ma'am," Tineasha answered.

My face paled and yet my cunt instantly tingled, another mixture of emotions and feelings at the thought of Serena.

"Thank you, I will be right down," I said.

"Yes, ma'am," Tineasha responded and walked away.

Flushed, I finished getting ready and heading down the stairs and to my surprise guest.

"Good morning," Serena said pleasantly. "We need to talk."

I asked, looking over to Tineasha who was in the living room dusting, "Do we need privacy?"

"No, no," she smiled, "I am going to be late for school."

"What can I do for you?" I asked.

"I want my gift now," she said.

"Do you want to go to Tiffany's now?" I asked, even though I knew that was not why she was here.

"You know what I want," Serena said, "Now go get it."

"Please, I bought it for my daughter," I pleaded.

"Choose, cunt licker," Serena said, raising her voice. "Your daughter or me."

"Don't make me choose," I continued, "I'll buy you whatever you want."

"Good, I want the necklace you already bought," she repeated.

"Will you leave my daughter out of this if I give it to you?" I asked, thinking I could obey her and protect my daughter at the same time,

"If she wants me to," Serena said, as if implying Miranda would eagerly submit to her.

I gave a sigh of relief. "Okay, as long as you leave Miranda alone and stop picking on her."

"I don't pick on her, I just call it as it is," she countered.

"As it is?" I questioned.

"Like mother, like daughter," she quipped.

"What does that mean," I shot back, not liking what she was implying.

"You're a submissive cunt licker, it is only natural that your Harvard bound brainiac daughter is a cunt-licker too," she replied.

"This is done," I said, furious at her implications of my daughter.

"Knees, slut," she countered.

"No," I firmly said.

"Now!" She raised her voice, with made Tineasha look over.

"I can't," I said weaker than my last response.

"Fine," she said, walking out of my house and leaving me completely lost at what I had just done.

All day I was on pins and needles expecting retribution from Serena for standing up to her. Yet, none came.

That night I was a nervous wreck. Worried about what Serena would do; worried that Miranda was not home on time and not answering her phone; worried that finally doing the right thing would lead me to getting publicly outed or blackmailed; yet, above all, worried that Serena would dump me as her submissive...the longer the day went the more I yearned to see her, to submit to her, to please her. I began second guessing my decision. The necklace was just a piece of jewelry and I could buy an even more expensive one for Miranda. Yet, I knew I had done the right thing. These conflicting feelings created anxiety for me and every phone call or text had me jumping, hoping it was Serena.

Miranda came home two hours late, after supper, which only added to my inner hysteria. Had Serena got to her somehow? Alas, she had a Club UN meeting she stressed she told me about.

That night, I tossed and turned, tossed and turned my body demanding satisfaction, my mind soothing me with righteousness.

## **BACK IN HER GRACES**

Thursday morning I was awakened to my cell phone ringing and ringing. Groggily, I answered it:

"Hello," I said.

"You will bring my necklace to me at school as a punishment for your disobedience or the consequences will be big," Serena said and then hung up.

In an instant my morning was full of havoc. I was damned if I did and damned if I didn't. I didn't doubt she would be vindictive enough to humiliate me and my daughter in a heartbeat and yet giving in was a betrayal to my daughter. Now no doubt I had betrayed my daughter several times already since the first incident, but somehow this was personal. It was an attempt by Serena to play my daughter and me off each other. Yet, the more I thought about it the more I knew I had little choice. I couldn't risk whatever Serena would do...not so much to me, but to Miranda.

I showered and spent the morning deciding how to go to her school and slyly give her a Tiffany necklace. At lunch, I texted Serena:

*Mistress Serena*

*I have the necklace, where can we meet to give it to you?*

*Pet Petra*

I was heading to my place when she responded:

*Good choice you disobedient pet.*

*You may meet me in the cafeteria.*

*Mistress Serena*



My face paled. This would hardly be inconspicuous. I asked:

*Mistress Serena*

*Are you going to out me?*

*Pet Petra*

Again a quick response:

*No my slut, but I do need to show you there are consequences for disobedience.*

I drove to the school. Being there at any time was not uncommon since I was involved with the PTA and the upcoming Christmas dance. Arriving, I felt like everyone was watching me, felt that everyone knew what I had become and why I was there. Reaching the cafeteria, I saw her with other cheerleaders and some good looking guys and headed to her. Reaching her, I said, "Ms. Madison, may I speak with you in private a moment?"

"What about?" She asked, feigning innocence.

"It's about this weekend's debutante ball," I said, which was actually the truth.

"Oh. Okay," she smiled, standing up and leading me out of the cafeteria.

Once alone, I handed her the package and said, "So we are good now?"

"For now," she said ominously, taking the package and leaving me without a word.

I quickly got out of the school, avoiding seeing Miranda and drove straight to Tiffany's to buy an even better necklace for Miranda.

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Friday night was the usual dress rehearsal although that isn't a fair name as NO one wore their dresses, keeping them as a big surprise on Saturday.

Although I was high strung all night expecting some sort of duplicity from Serena none came. I figured she was too busy with her own debutant concerns to worry about me or Miranda.

I hoped, I prayed, that Saturday could go without a hitch...alas the whole day was a disaster.

## **ANOTHER SHOCKING SURPRISE**

I was again woken up by my cell as Serena said, "Get your ass over here and bring your salon stuff."

A click followed and I looked at the clock. It was almost ten. I was to do Miranda's hair at twelve. In previous years I was often hired out to do some of the debutante's hair, but I said early I wouldn't be doing any since I would be spending it with Miranda.

I quickly got ready and told Miranda who was reading the newspaper, "I got to go out and grab a few last minute hair supplies."

"Rather last minute," Miranda said.

"Sorry, I thought I had it all I needed to make your hairdo perfect, but I don't," I lied.

"Well, I guess that is a pretty good reason," she smiled.

"I'll be back as soon as I can," I said.

I headed straight to Serena's. Once there, she said, "Make me look perfect."

I joked, "You already are perfect."

"So true," she agreed, before adding, "I want something unique."

"Do you want your hair up or down?" I asked.

"Down and curls," she said.

"Hmmmm," I pondered, before the perfect hairstyle popped into my head, although it would be time consuming and almost surely make me late for my appointment with Miranda. Yet, as soon as the idea came into my head, I knew it was the only one for Serena....even the title of the do, the Tendril Temptress, was undeniably Serena.

The key to this a mixture of a long swoops of bangs to show off up front and yet have one side of your hair pulled back...and curled. The issue is the many layers of curls that had to be done. Thus I spent the next forty-five minutes curling Serena's hair with a one and a quarter curling iron. Then using a mixture of braiding and bobby pins, I secured her hair back to one side of her head. Once done, I fixed her bangs in front, hair sprayed enough to kill the ozone layer and ta-dah - I was done.

Serena looked in the mirror and said, "Wow!"

A chill went up my spine at her one word response. I had succeeded in making her even more beautiful than she already was. I would be lying if my pussy wasn't dampening at the thought of pleasuring her.

Gwen added, "Slut Petra, you really have outdone yourself this time."

Serena snapped, "Knees, Mother."

"Pardon?" Gwen asked, her eyes suddenly big.

"Now, slut," Serena demanded, her eyes bearing into her mother's.

"You said you wouldn't do this," Gwen pleaded, even as she lowered herself to her knees.

"That was before you disrespected my pet," Serena explained. "And I think my pet deserves a reward for doing such a lovely job."

"Please, don't," Gwen pleaded.

"Is that how you speak to your Mistress, Mommy-slut?" Serena asked tersely.

"S-s-sorry," Gwen stammered, the pretentious bitch apparently also under the spell of her daughter. She was no better than me...if anything she was worse. She had obviously committed sins with her daughter.

"Sorry, what?" Serena asked, perturbed.

"Sorry, Mistress Serena," Gwen answered, not looking up at either of us.

"Tell your friend Petra what you love to do the most," Serena instructed, her tone suddenly playful.

"Oh God, Serena, why are you revealing this?" Gwen asked, looking up with pleading eyes.

"Well, I have been training Pet Petra to be an incestual Mommy-slut and it will help her if she sees it in action and understands the concept as a living, breathing idea," Serena said.

"But she could ruin me...us," Gwen tried to rationalize.

"I don't think my pet has any thoughts of betrayal, do you Pet Petra," she asked me.

"No, Mistress, I am your greatest, most obedient, pet," I said, wanting desperately to outshine Gwen.

"Hear that Mother, she is my greatest, most obedient, pet," Serena repeated my words.

Gwen glared at me. "Mistress, I was your first, I am your most loyal and obedient submissive."

"Prove it," Serena ordered.

"Tell me what to do," Gwen requested.

"Lick Pet Petra's asshole," Serena instructed.

Gwen's face scrunched up into a ball and yet she said to me, "Lift up your dress and let me see that fat ass of yours."

"Beg bitch," I instinctively ordered.

"Hmmmmm, pet has some dominance in her...delicious," Serena said amused.

Gwen's glare could kill the average person, but I was revelling in my moment of power over a woman I hated so fucking much.

"Now, Mommy-slut," I said, even though I wondered if I was going to soon join her with that label.

Through gritted teeth Gwen begged, "Can I lick your asshole?"

I bent over, offered her my ass and ordered, "Lick my asshole good, Gwen."

She put her hands on my waist, pulled my ass cheeks apart and tongued my butt hole. I had never had such a thing done to me and it was exhilarating. Knowing she hated it, I added, "Tell me how much you love licking my asshole, my slut."

Begrudgingly, Gwen responded, "I love your asshole."

I looked to Serena who was watching amusedly and asked, "Can I have your Mother-slut eat my cunt?"

"Of course," Serena purred. "She is yours until you leave today."

"Thank you Mistress," I said, as I grabbed Gwen by the hair and pushed her awkwardly to my fevered cunt. "Start licking, bitch."

Gwen surprisingly, obeyed without hesitation, licking hungrily on my wet pussy.

Serena explained, "Mommy is a very good cunt lick, almost as good as you."

I was flattered at the compliment. "I aim to please, Mistress."

"That you do," she smiled, standing up and stretching.

For the next few minutes Gwen licked and licked and just as I was close to orgasm she slipped a finger into my ass and I screamed, "Fuuuuck, you biiiiiitch."

"Come like a nasty ass slut," Gwen said, pumping my ass with her finger as I began quaking and coming.

"Damn iiiiiiit," I screamed as I came from her tongue and finger in my ass.

"You two Mommy-sluts were made for each other," Serena laughed, clearly amused at the nasty lesbian act she was witnessing.

Just then my phone rang. Serena grabbed it and answered it as my eyes went big. "Hi, this is Petra's phone." After a pause, she said, "This is Serena. Your mom is just finishing cleansing herself after doing my hair."

'Oh God' I thought to myself, my lie had been revealed.

Serena said, "I think she will be on her way home soon. Okay, bye."

Looking at me, Serena said, "I think she is mad at you."

I sighed, "Shit, I told her I was just going to get more hair product for her."

"Hmmmm, you shouldn't lie to your daughter," Serena shrugged, before adding as she sat down and opened her legs, "Mommy-slut, come get your lunch."

"Yes, Mistress," Gwen obeyed, crawling between her daughter's tanned legs.

I watched in awe at the incest act right in front of my eyes.

Serena smiled, "Don't worry, you will soon be between your daughter's legs too or she yours."

"Mistress, I am not ready for that," I replied, as I stood back up.

"I wasn't asking your thoughts on the issue, but I do suggest you go home and calm down your daughter," Serena ordered.

I sighed, but quickly headed-out of Serena's house and back to mine...almost an hour late.

## **YET ANOTHER SHOCKING REVELATION**

Arriving home, Miranda was on the couch reading, her eyes red from crying. I greeted, "Sorry I was late, but I got some intel about what the bitch Serena is doing with her hair."

"I suppose you should since you did it for her," she shot back bitterly.

"But only to make sure we could make yours even better," I countered, which wasn't true, but could be now that I knew what Serena was doing.

"So you did Serena's hair and lied to me to help me?" Miranda asked not believing a word I was saying.

"I know I have been acting weird lately," I sighed, joining her on the couch. I put her legs on my lap and massaged her foot. "Honey, I am sorry for my behaviour lately. I can't completely explain it, but I just miss your father so much."

"Oh Mom," Miranda immediately softened.

"This is your day, honey," I said, squeezing her foot. "We can talk about everything else another day. Let's get you looking like a queen...my queen." Thoughts of sexually submitting to Miranda suddenly at the forefront of thought after witnessing Gwen going down on Serena I took a glance between her legs.

"Okay," Miranda agreed, suddenly bubbling with enthusiasm.

The next hour plus I created a look I called the Braided Beauty which gave a sexy look of sophistication and class. Plus the braid across the front keeps the rest of her hair out of her face. It was the perfect do for Miranda's adorably cute face.

"Just a second," I said and hurried up to my room and grabbed the new Tiffany necklace I had purchased for her.

I returned downstairs and handed her the gift box. "A gift for a princess."

"You didn't have to," Miranda said as she took the box.

"Yes, I did. You had a dress, a crown, earrings and heels, but you didn't have the final piece to wow everyone," I said.

She opened the box and said, "It's lovely."

I think it will perfectly complete your ensemble for tonight," I said.

"I imagine it will," she agreed.

"Wow, it looks amazing," I said, once it was on. Although it wasn't the first one I had chosen, it was a very pretty extravagant necklace and she would be the envy of most of the debutante's tonight. This would indeed be her coming out party.

Looking down at her legs, I gasped, as I asked, "When was the last time you got your legs waxed?"

"Just past never," she answered. "I don't believe in all that girly overpriced diva crap."

"Show me your legs," I ordered mortified.

She did and I gasped. "Honey, I book you a salon appointment every month."

"And I use that money at the book store every month," she replied.

"You can't go to a debutante's ball with hairy legs," I said mortified by my daughter's lack of understanding of proper etiquette.

"Lord forbid," she mocked.

"My bedroom now," I instructed.

"Yes, drill sergeant," she joked, actually saluting me, but she did follow me to her room.

Once in my room, I instructed, after laying a towel on my bed, "Take off your skirt and lie down."

"Really?" Miranda asked.

"The makeover is not yet complete it seems," I said, grabbing my razor and cream.

She reluctantly agreed and as I saw her in her blue panties I flashed to licking her wetness from them last week. Shaking my head, I got to the task at hand. Forty minutes later, I was lotioning her legs when I wondered something.

"Honey," I asked.

"Yes," she asked, seeming to enjoy the pampering her mother was giving her.

"Tell me you at least shave your you know what," I said.

"Why would I ever do that?" She questioned, seemingly baffled by the thought.

Before I even realized I said it, I quipped, "No one wants to eat a hair pie,"

"Mother!" She gasped and then shocked me back when she added, "And I have never had any complaints."

"Miranda!" I gasped back.

"Mother!" She mocked. "I'm eighteen, you don't think I am a virgin, do you?"

"You're not?" I questioned.

"You know in American Pie and how the nerdy band geek was rather sexually experienced even though she acted all innocent," she asked.

"Yes," I recalled the movie.

"Well debate club is a lot like that," she revealed.

"But your partner is a girl," I said, these new revelations more stunning than all I had learned before now.

"Yes, yes she is," she smiled, seemingly enjoying the shocked look on my face.

"Miranda are you saying what I think you are saying?" I asked, still in shock.

"I don't know, what do you think I am saying?" She questioned, clearly enjoying my discomfort.

"You're a lesbian," I said.

"I'm bi Mom, isn't that what you said was all the rage," Miranda joked.

"Wow!" I said stunned, before clarifying, "So you are not a virgin?"

"Depends how you define virgin," she vaguely replied.

"Have you been with a guy?" I clarified, somehow her playing with girls not phasing me at all.

"I've given head a couple times," she paused before rephrasing, and pointing to her cunt, "But no penis has been down there."

"Thank God," I said.

"Although I have had fingers, a brush and a beer bottle up there," she added to my shock.

"You are full of surprises today," I laughed, both impressed and shocked by my daughter's sexual history I didn't know existed.

"As are you," she ominously replied.

I ignored the vague words as there was a brief moment of silence between us.

"Are you going to shave my hair pie for me, Mother?" Miranda asked.

"You want me to shave your vagina?" I asked.

"You did the rest and I am sure Stacey will be thrilled to be able to get directly to my vagina without the hair," Miranda added, clearly enjoying her sudden power over me.

"If you want," I said, in a daze, trying to figure out how this conversation had taken such a strange and unpredictable turn.

She tugged off her panties and tossed them aside.

I carefully trimmed first and then shaved Miranda's vagina, noticing the undeniable wetness on her pussy lips as I shaved her. My own pussy was wet also and my mouth watered with the unthinkable thought of licking my daughter's pussy, the thought now unable to leave my nasty mind.

I half expected her to order me to eat her cunt, to be her Mommy-slut and yet once she was completely shaven she said, "Thanks Mom," and got up and left me alone in my room, a highly stimulated mess.

I calmed myself down although not easily and got myself ready with my hairdo, make-up and classy dress. Eventually, we were driving to Bellmont Hall when Miranda said, "Sorry for the TMI. It's just once I started I couldn't stop."

"You're eighteen and are old enough to make your own decisions," I said, before adding, "although that was a lot to take in for a first talk about sex."

"Have you ever been with a woman?" Miranda asked a couple of minutes later.

"P-p-pardon," I gasped, again shocked by her sudden candour.

"That answers my question," Miranda replied. "Has it been recently?"

"Oh my God, Miranda," I said, not remotely liking where this conversation was going.

"It's just you have been acting strange lately," Miranda correctly assessed. "At first I thought maybe you had met a man, but the more I think about it...."

"Enough, Miranda. I am not having a conversation with you about my sex life," I firmly replied.

"Fine," Miranda said. "I thought I could ask you anything."

After a moment, guilt riddled through me. I had always prided myself on being open and honest with my daughter. I apologized, "Sorry, honey, it's just I am not proud of some of my actions over the past couple of weeks."

Miranda was quiet a moment as if pondering what to say next. Finally, she said, "I'm here if you need to talk."

"Thanks, honey, that means a lot," I said.

We drove in silence until we reached Bellmont Hall.

## **THE DEBUTANT'S BALL**

"Well here goes everything," Miranda said.

"Just focus on you, my dear. For each of you it is your special day," I comforted.

"Easier said than done," Miranda replied, getting out of the car.

As soon as we entered the hall, photos were taken. The next hour was photos with mom and daughter and a plethora of photos of the debutantes. I never saw Serena or Gwen during this whirlwind time. It wasn't until the girls were called for lining up that Serena set the ball rolling on her grand end play.

"Miranda you look lovely," Serena complimented.

Miranda turned and froze as she saw the necklace around Serena's neck. It is clear Miranda recognized her necklace.

Serena deciding to add fuel to the fire said, "Yes, your mom got it for me. She is a very generous woman."

Miranda glared back at her, "And you're a bitch."

Serena laughed as Miranda walked away. I quickly followed Miranda into the bathroom.

"You gave her my necklace!" Miranda accused.

"I had no choice," I said. "She was threatening to out me."

"Out you how?" Miranda said, surprisingly more angry than sad.

"She has a video of me in very compromising positions," I admitted.

"Like what?" She asked.

"Sexual, it would ruin me and by association, you," I explained.

"So you were protecting me?" She asked her tone dripping with sarcasm



"After my indiscretions, yes I have done everything I could to keep you out of her line of fire," I answered.

"I don't have time for this," Miranda said, walking back out of the bathroom.

Feeling awful, I stayed in the washroom for a few minutes before joining the rest of the guests for the grand revealing of our debutantes.

To her credit, Miranda shined when she was introduced, no evidence of her earlier anger. She looked beautiful, graceful and perfectly like a debutante. It should have been the greatest moment of my parenting life and yet my insides were churning with guilt.

I let Miranda have her moment. I watched from afar as she chatted with other girls and danced with a few of the boys. She never looked my way and I sat back like a wallflower on this special day.

Gwen asked me, smiling, "So ready to fuck your daughter?"

"What? God, no," I gasped, even though it had been a lingering thought for a while.

"That will be your next task," Gwen said.

"How did you end up under her spell," I asked.

"Everyone eventually does," Gwen shrugged, as if it were inevitable.

"It can't be that simple," I said.

"Isn't it?" Gwen asked. "How long did you resist? How long will your daughter resist?"

"Please leave Miranda out of this twisted game," I said.

"Too late for that," Gwen said. "Way too late for that."

She walked away and I wondered what she meant by her ominous last words. Had Miranda already submitted to Serena? It seemed so unlikely. Yet, so did her being sexually active before our conversation today. Still...it seemed unlikely.

Eventually, I saw Miranda alone and went to her. "You look beautiful, Miranda."

"Thanks, Mom," she said, finally looking at me.

"I'm sorry for everything sweetheart," I said. "You deserve the truth and I will give you the entire truth once we are home."

Just then Serena again interrupted our conversation. "So that was fun."

Miranda replied sarcastically, "It was lovely."

"As are you," Serena countered. "Adorably cute."

"Is that an insult?" Miranda asked.

"Being called lovely and adorably cute?" Serena asked.

"That is like being called nice," Miranda countered.

"Well, you are very, very nice," Serena said, knowing exactly what she was doing.

"Enough," I said.

"I won't take any disobedience from you, Petra. That is one," Serena threatened.

Miranda looked at me and said, "You are such a bitch Serena, you are not even worth it."

"Is that true, Petra, am I not worth it?" Serena asked.

"Not here," I said.

"Two," she said.

Looking at my daughter, I said, "I'm sorry Miranda, but she has too much influence over me."

"Good, Pet Petra," Serena purred.

SMACK! Miranda slapped Serena across her face...hard. "Fuck you, bitch," Miranda said, loud enough for many nearby to hear, before she grabbed my hand and dragged me away.

I looked back and saw Serena's face wasn't stunned but amused as if she got exactly what she wanted.

Miranda led me right out of the hall, to the car and demanded, "Drive."

The drive home was silent and once we got home she simply said, "I'm going to my room."

I broke down in the living room realizing my decisions and weakness had completely ruined her special day.

## **THE FINAL TWIST IN THIS TWISTED TALE**

Half an hour later, I was still on the couch when the doorbell rang. I went to it and was shocked when I opened the door and Serena pushed past me into the house.

"Knees, now!" She ordered, once I closed the door.

I obeyed.

"Where is your daughter?" She asked.

"In her room," I answered.

Serena walked up the stairs and ordered, "Follow me, slut."

I crawled up my stairs and to my room where she was waiting at the edge of my bed.

Serena opened her legs and ordered, "Come lick me, my pet."

"But Miranda is right next door," I protested.

"Three," Serena sighed, before calling, "Miranda, get in here."

"Please, no," I gasped, beginning to get up.

"Get back down now and crawl to me!" Serena ordered firmly.

Her tone firm, I lowered myself back down and reluctantly crawled to her even as I heard my daughter's door open.

"Now lick me, bitch, or I will make this much worse for you," Serena threatened, as she opened her legs.

I obeyed, even as I heard footsteps coming to my room.

I had just begun licking when I heard Miranda's voice, "What the Hell?"

"Hi, Miranda," Serena greeted sing-song. "I just came over to reward my pet for her obedience."

"Your pet?" Miranda asked.

"My pet, my submissive, my slave, my sex toy," Serena listed. "You can choose the term if you wish."

"Mom, what are you doing?" Miranda asked.

Serena grabbed my head and pushed me back a bit. "Go ahead, tell your daughter what you are doing."

My face burns with shame even more extreme than my many humiliating moments already. "I'm so sorry Miranda, I can't resist her."

"Can't resist what?" Serena questioned.

"Pleasing you," I admitted.

"Mom, I can't believe you would submit to...her," Miranda said, her tone dripping with disgust.

"I couldn't help it," I tried to rationalize.

"Really, she forced you to be her cunt-licker!" Miranda snapped, her severity again rather unlike her.

Serena laughed.

"Shut the fuck up, slut," Miranda cursed. "Why her? Why are you so determined to always usurp me?"

"Usurp you?" Serena laughed. "I don't even know what that means. I can't help it, girls and women just submit to me."

"Yeah, right," Miranda scoffed.

"Don't pretend you are not thinking about my cunt right now. I can see past your hate, I can see what you really crave," Serena said calmly.

"Yeah right, because every girl is a secret dyke dying to serve you," Miranda sarcastically replied.

"Well, not all, but most it seems," Serena shrugged, as she grabbed my hair and pulled me back between her legs where I eagerly returned to licking like the mindless submissive I had become.

"Mom, stop that right now!" Miranda demanded.

"Why? Do you want her to lick you? She is very, very good," Serena asked.

"So am I," Miranda countered with a smile, "not that you will ever find out."

"I knew you were a rug muncher," Serena replied.

"More of a receiver than a giver, truth be told," Miranda smugly answered back.

"Come join your Mother," Serena offered.

"Excuse me?" Miranda scoffed.

"You are just like your mother Miranda. I can see it in everything you do," Serena smugly said, as her hands went in my hair and drew me deeper into her cunt.

I licked and licked, my hunger to please her, still compelling me irresistibly.

"I am nothing like my Mother!" Miranda snapped.

That hurt, but at the moment her words made sense.

"Tell you what, Miranda. Want to play a game?" Serena asked.

"Oh, what are we twelve?" Miranda mocked.

"You think you are smarter than me, don't you?" Serena asked.

"I know I am smarter than you," Miranda smugly replied.

"And you have more self-control than me?" Serena continued.

"Obviously my legs are closed," Miranda responded.

"Good for you. Tell you what, I am so confident I know you that I am willing to bet my best new pet," Serena said.

My eyes went wide.

"Keep licking," Serena ordered and I obeyed.

"If I am right about you, I win. If I am wrong, you win and I will leave your mother alone completely and I won't pick on you anymore at school," Serena propositioned.

"And if you win," Miranda asked, getting drawn into a battle with Serena she didn't even realize she was being drawn in to.

"You do what comes naturally to you," Serena said.

"Which would be?" Miranda asked.

"Submit to me like your mother does," Serena revealed.

I was shocked by Miranda's next words, "Fine, what do you think you are right about?"

Serena pushed me away and snapped her fingers for me to stand up.

I obeyed and she whispered in my ear, "Retrieve Miranda's panties for me."

"Pardon?" I asked.

"You heard me," she glared, pointing back to the floor.

I sighed, humiliated, and lowered myself back to the floor. After a brief pause I crawled to my daughter.

Miranda looked down at me. I expected to see her mortified, yet the look on her face was amused.

"I predict that even though you feign disgust at your mother's submission to me or the idea of having your own Mommy-slut pet to play with, your panties are soaked right now," Serena predicted.

"That is your prediction, is it?" Miranda asked seemingly amused.

"It is," Serena smiled. "If your panties are dry. I am wrong and I will free your mother of her sexual chains of submission. But, if I am right and let's be honest, we all know I am right, you will join your slut mother on all fours ready to serve me."

"You think it is that black and white?" Miranda asked.

Serena stood up and said, "Go ahead slut, retrieve your daughter's panties for me."

I looked up at Miranda and mouthed, 'I'm sorry,' as I moved under her dress.

"Mother!" Miranda gasped, although she didn't stop my hands as they pulled down her panties. Miranda even lifted up her feet to allow me to get the panties off.

Serena ordered, "Give them to me, my pet."

I handed the very damp panties to Serena who said with a mixture of excitement and fear, "Wow, not just wet, but drenched," Serena smiled.

Miranda shrugged, walked to Serena and kissed her.

I stared in stunned silence at my daughter making the first move.

Breaking the kiss, Miranda explained to a stunned Serena, "Did you know that there is an exception to every rule?"

"What?" Serena asked, surprised, for the first time not in control.

"Well, for one. There is always a stronger Domme for a Domme and I wasn't horny thinking of submitting to you, I was horny thinking of you submitting to me," Miranda revealed, as she took her panties back and shoved them in Serena's stunned open mouth. Then her tone shifted greatly. "Now kneel, bitch!"

Serena's eyes went big.

"Those were all one syllable words, slut, even you should be able to comprehend," Miranda said harshly, as she put her hands on Serena's shoulders and guided her to the ground.

I expected Serena to refuse, twist the situation to her advantage, or something, yet instead I watched Serena fall onto her knees.

"Good girl," Miranda purred. "Does my little slut, want to taste her Mistress?"

Serena couldn't speak with panties in her mouth so Miranda pulled them out and said, "I know I have a special taste, don't I?"

"Miranda please," Serena begged desperately, suddenly on the other end of a shocking power play.

"Please what?" Miranda asked amused, as she slipped out of her dress.

"We can work something out," Serena tried to bargain.

"Oh, I couldn't agree more. First you can eat my cunt. I imagine you are not that good at it yet, but they say practice makes perfect," Miranda said, as she moved her newly shaven cunt into Serena's face, grabbed Serena by the back of her head and pulled her in.

Finally acknowledging me, Miranda said, "You see Mom. I learned early on, being smart, that to avoid being bullied I had to stand up for myself. You either are the bully or the victim most of the time. I tried to always play politically correct, but unfortunately life isn't fair, especially high school. Thus, after I concluded Serena had somehow made you her bitch, I knew I had to get her back. But I had to make it dramatic, I had to draw her along where I could get her exactly where I wanted...on her knees licking cunt like the little lez-slut she is."

"But how did you know she would come here?" I asked.

"She is a stereotypical diva...always wanting to not only win but make sure the losers know they lost," Miranda said.

"How did you know about me?" I asked.

"Your reaction around her mostly, although going through your phone messages confirmed my suspicions," Miranda revealed. "Did you really wear my panties on your head?"

"Yes," I admitted, ashamed.

"At first I was angry at you betraying me like that. She is my enemy and yet you easily submitted to her. I realized it was partly my fault because I hadn't ever really stood up for myself," Miranda continued.

"I'm sorry," I said.

"Oh I know," Miranda said. "You were vulnerable, weak. You were looking for attention and Serena gave it to you. But don't worry, I have lots of fun plans for you...Mommy."

My pussy tingled at her innuendo, at committing the act of incest I had fantasized ever since it was first brought to my subconscious.

"But first, Mom, go get a strap-on. It is time for you to fuck our new slut," Miranda ordered.

The word 'our' was quite a turn-on and I quickly went to my toys, got out of my dress and put a strap-on around my waist for the first time since college.

"You really are a shitty cunt-licker. I just assumed all you cheerleaders did was suck cock, get fucked and eat pussy," Miranda said, grabbing Serena by her no longer perfect hair I had done for her today and led her to the bed. "Up, slut."

Serena had still not said a word, but her eyes gave away both a hunger and humiliation I had felt for a long time. The two combined are a nasty mix of raw emotion and like a drug it triggers in you a hunger for more.

Miranda lied on the bed and snapped her fingers at her cunt. Serena wordlessly crawled between Miranda's thigh high clad legs and resumed licking.

I, no longer needing instructions, moved behind Serena, lifted up her dress, tugged her panties down and without a word easily slid the whole plastic cock inside her wetness.

"Oh, God," Serena moaned as I began fucking her.

"You like my Mom's cock in your cunt, slut?" Miranda asked.

"Fuck, yes," Serena answered as she moaned.

"Ever had a cock in that tight ass of yours?" Miranda asked a couple of minutes later as I continued to slam hard into Serena, loving the thrill of fucking someone.

"What? Nooooo," Serena moaned.

"A slut like you has never had a cock in her ass? Well, that is a shame, don't you think, Mom?" Miranda asked.

"A real pity," I quipped, before adding, "Of course that can easily be changed."

"Fuck her ass, Mom, like she did yours," Miranda ordered.

I pondered how she knew that, but didn't ask as I pulled out of her cunt and got some lube.

Serena begged, "Please, not my ass."

"Tit for tat or in this case ass for ass," Miranda smirked, grabbing Serena by the head and shoving her face deep into her cunt.

I rejoined them on the bed, generously coating Serena's ass and my plastic cock with lube and put the cock between her ass cheeks. Suddenly enjoying being in charge, I demanded, "Slut Serena, beg to get ass fucked."

Miranda let Serena go by the head and smiled, "Go ahead, beg bitch."

I rubbed the plastic cock between her ass cheeks as she moaned, giving into the lust, "Damn it, fuck my ass, Petra, fuck it like I did yours."

I pushed forward as she answered, enjoying hearing her scream.

"Fuuuuck," Serena screamed, as Miranda grabbed her head and shoved it back into her cunt.

I watched as my cock slowly disappeared inside Serena. I was in awe at the sudden power I had after being so weak. I wanted to make her whimper, scream, and beg. I wanted to see the whole

cock disappear in her ass. I wanted to dominate her, punish her for the humiliation she put me through.

Finally it was all in and Serena was making whimpering sounds that were muffled by Miranda's cunt.

I began moving in and out, slowly at first, but soon I was slamming all my cock in her ass.

Miranda smiled, "Enjoying this, Mother?"

"Fuck yes," I grunted.

"Be right back," Miranda said, leaving Serena and me alone for the first time.

As soon as we were alone, Serena said trying to be menacing but her moan weakened her leverage, "You will pay for thiiiiis."

"I'll pay for thiiiiis," I mocked.

"You wait, slut," she weakly threatened.

"You look good with a cock in your ass...Slut Serena," I smiled, slapping her ass hard.

"Yoooooooo bitch," she screamed.

"Yoooooooo slut," I mocked.

"Oh you two and your playful banter," Miranda joked as she returned to the room also wearing a strap-on. She returned to the bed and on her back and said, "Ride my cock, slut."

Serena didn't hesitate or show any signs of defiance like she had to me, instead she moved onto the longer, thicker plastic cock, mine sliding out of her ass, straddled it and slowly took it all in her cunt.

I watched amused as she began riding my daughter's dick, the one she came here to Domme. It was amusing...the Gods obviously had an ironic sense of humour.

After a couple of minutes, Miranda ordered, "Plug our slut's ass, Mother, time for some double penetration action."

"What? Noooooo," Serena whimpered, clearly close to orgasm.

"That's one," Miranda said, using Serena's words against her which made me smile.

I obeyed, reinserting my plastic cock in Serena's ass.

"Holy fuuuuck," Serena screamed as she was filled by two big plastic cocks.

Miranda bucked her ass up to completely fill Serena's cunt while I simultaneously buried my cock deep in her ass.

Serena got excessively animated over the next few minutes of double fucking. "Oh, God," "I'm so full," "Harder, fuck your slut harder," and "I'm so close to comiiiiiiing."

"Tell us what you are," Miranda ordered, clearly amused by the complete turn of events.



"A slut, your slut, fuck I can't believe it," Serena babbled.

"Believe what?" Miranda asked.

"You...could...resist...me," Serena admitted, between hard deep thrusts in her holes.

"And yet you couldn't resist me," Miranda said amused.

"Noooo," Serena admitted as two cocks filled her deeply.

Beg to come," Miranda ordered.

"Fuck, please Miranda, let this slut come," Serena begged.

"You will be a good girl from now on?" Miranda asked.

"Yeeeeess," Serena agreed, clearly using all her might to not come.

"Look up at the camera in the corner and beg to come, slut," Miranda ordered.

Serena looked up, probably mortified by the reality she was being filmed, (I was surprised too, when did she put that there?), but she obeyed, "Oh Miranda and Petra, please allow your slutty diva bitch to come."

I asked, "You want to come from getting your ass fucked?"

"Yeeeeess, I love your cock in my ass," Serena trembled.

"Come, now, bitch," Miranda said, bucking her cock harder up into Serena.

"Fuuuuuuuck, thaaaaaank yooooooou," Serena screamed, as her orgasm obviously was released instantly.

I continued slamming into her ass even as her orgasm quivered through her.

Serena moaned, whimpered and squealed as the double penetration continued throughout her orgasm.

Finally, I pulled out, flipped Serena onto her back and shoved my cock in her mouth. I roughly fucked her face with a cock that was just in her ass.

Miranda laughed, "That is hot."

Serena gagged briefly, but took my face fucking as best she could. Pulling out, I quickly slipped out of the strap-on, straddled Serena's face and ordered, "Get me off, Slut Serena."

My cunt was burning already from the reversal of fortune and watching my dominant daughter. Miranda lay beside us and watched quietly as Serena licked my cunt. Obviously, she hadn't eaten much cunt as she wasn't overly good, yet I was so horny I got off anyway flooding Serena's face with my cum.

Spent, I got off Serena and collapsed on the bed.

Miranda said, "So, Serena, I hope we understand each other now."

Serena weakly asked, "What now?"

"We go our separate ways," Miranda said, "unless you decide you need to come over and get dp'd again."

Serena laughed weakly, "You really are not what I expected."

"And you are exactly what I expected," Miranda responded.

Serena winced at the obvious insult.

"Mother, get my necklace back," Miranda ordered.

"Sit up," I ordered.

Serena obeyed, still clearly spent from the orgasm and the turn of events.

I took the necklace off Serena and handed it to Miranda.

"Now everything is as it should be," Miranda said. "Serena, go home. I am exhausted and so, do not need you anymore."

Serena got out of bed defeated, grabbed her clothes and headed out of my room with her head down.

Just as she reached the door, Miranda added, "You really need to work on your pussy pleasing, Slut Serena."

"Yes, Mistress," Serena nodded clearly desperate to leave.

Miranda waved her off and Serena turned and left. I imagine her head spinning with how things had went so drastically wrong for her.

Miranda and I lay in my bed in silence until after the downstairs door closed.

As soon as it did, Miranda ordered, "Pet Petra, get between your new Mistress's legs and finish what the slut couldn't."

"Y-y-you want me to pleasure you?" I asked, surprised, even though I was excited by the idea.

"Yes, I want you to eat your daughter's cunt," Miranda said crudely. "It was obvious you wanted to when you shaved me. Plus, it is also obvious you need a Mistress and I will be a lot less risky than Serena."

I smiled, as I moved between my daughter's legs and said, "Yes, Mistress, I am here to serve you."

"That you are," she agreed, grabbing my hair and pulling me into her wetness.

Extending my tongue, the last line of incest to cross faded, as I eagerly began licking my daughter. Her taste exotic and fruity was unlike any I had ever tasted.

"That's it Mom, lick your daughter's cunt," she moaned.

Wanting to bring her the greatest orgasm of her life, I took my time. I explored every inch of her pussy, teased her clit and parted her pussy lips. Yet, always going slowly not to get her to revved up

until I was ready for her to explode.

"Fuck Mommy, stop teasing meeeee," Miranda moaned, clearly enjoying my tongue.

I began swirling my tongue around her clit which enhanced Miranda's breathing.

"More, Mommmmy, more," Miranda whimpered.

I began flicking her clit, making her legs twitch involuntarily and as her breathing continued to get more erratic I slid two fingers inside her wet cunt, found her g-spot and began tapping on it like it was a drum.

"Oh yes, Mommmmmmmmmmy," Miranda screamed as her juices began flooding out of her and onto my fingers and face. I eagerly lapped up her sweetness never wanting the river of cum to end.

I continued licking and tapping on her g-spot until her orgasm was done. Sliding my fingers out of Miranda's hot cunt I put my fingers in my mouth and sucked them clean of my daughter's delicious pussy juice.

"Fuck Mom, you are one amazing cunt eater," Miranda said, looking up at me lovingly.

"And you Miranda, have one amazingly delicious cunt," I replied.

"That is what all the girls say," Miranda smiled.

"How many is all?" I asked, curious and kind of jealous.

"A couple more after today," she coyly replied.

"Well, I am always available to please you, Miranda," I said, moving beside her on my bed.

"Oh I know," Miranda smiled back, as she moved and crawled between my legs.

"Unlike that bitch Serena, I am a Mistress that likes to not only get, but give," Miranda smiled, from between my legs.

"Well, give away, Mistress Miranda," I smiled, putting my hand on my pussy lips and spreading them open.

"Mistress Miranda," she purred. "I like that Mommy-sub."

"Mommy-sub," I purred back. "I like that."

Miranda leaned forward and began licking my cunt. Like me, she took her time exploring every inch of my cunt.

I closed my eyes and just allowed the pleasure of being pleased by my daughter course through me. I flashed back to the crazy last two weeks that led to this moment. In the end, one thing led to another which led to another which led to this...and I...I wouldn't change a thing.

**The end**