

LIKE MOMMY, LIKE DAUGHTER CH. 02: OBEY

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Sub mom falls deeper; shy daughter discovers her sex drive.

Incest/Taboo

4.74

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SUMMARY: Sub mom falls deeper; shy daughter questions her own sexuality.

NOTE 1: *Thanks to Kelly Winters for suggesting the original idea.*

NOTE 2: *Thanks to MAB7991, LeAnn and Goamz for their excellent copy-editing.*

Warning: The story is a novella of sorts. The first ten chapters were released under the title: *Like Mommy, Like Daughter*. It isn't pivotal for you to read them, but they will explain how the characters ended up where they currently begin.

Summary: In part one, a Mistress, **Mariah**, returns with her daughter, **Taylor**, after 18 years to reclaim her submissive, **Sandra**, who had betrayed her and also to claim her sub's 18-year old virgin daughter, **Kelly**. Told through flashbacks, we learn about Mariah's and Sandra's past as well as present day encounters as Sandra is unable to resist the temptations once again to surrender to her submissive nature. Meanwhile Mariah and Taylor gradually entwine themselves in Kelly's life.

PS: I had a lot of fun creating chapter titles that refer to popular songs of the past and present; that will continue in this part and future parts.

LASTLY, this was originally released years ago, but was accidentally deleted somehow. So I decided to take the opportunity to rewrite both parts and thus this a massive rewrite with great help from **Tex Beethoven**.

LIKE MOMMY, LIKE DAUGHTER: 2 OBEY

11. LOVE THE WAY YOU LICK

Sandra woke up Saturday late in the morning after having spent the night in her daughter's bedroom (her daughter being away at a track tournament in Calgary) pleasing her new in-training eighteen-year-old Mistress, Taylor. As she replayed last night in her head, she sighed at her weakness and her need to obey. She also relived in her head the incest scene she'd witnessed between Mariah and Taylor and briefly envisioned that scene being re-enacted by herself and Kelly. She quickly shook off the thought.

Turning over, Sandra saw her young Mistress still sleeping. Sandra quietly snuck out of bed and her daughter's room and went down to her own new bedroom in the basement (she had surrendered her former master bedroom to Mariah) and into the adjoining bathroom for a shower.

Once she was dressed, Sandra went up to the kitchen and was greeted by Mariah, who was already dressed, seated at the kitchen table and enjoying some sliced fruit. "Good morning, slut."

"Good morning, Mistress Mariah," Sandra answered, as always dropping to her knees.

"Would you like some breakfast?" Mariah asked.

"Always," Sandra replied, crawling to her Mistress, both women's cunts already wet in expectation of their morning routine.

Mariah spread her legs and allowed her pet to crawl to her under the table.

Sandra didn't hesitate as she crawled submissively under her own table in her own kitchen, between Mariah's stocking-clad legs and to the sweetness she'd missed out on for all these years. She extended her tongue and slowly licked her Mistress's pussy. Remembering her earlier years of 'special' breakfasts, she knew at this time of day it was to be a slow, tender, brimming pleasure. It would typically last anywhere from fifteen minutes to sometimes as long as an hour.

Sandra flashed back to her first of many 'special' breakfasts:

It was March of my freshman year when I woke up and crawled out of my doghouse, having been sent to bed early by my Mistress for some trivial disobedience. Needing permission to have a shower on a weekend (weekdays were still my own call), I crawled to Mariah's door. She was still sleeping, so I waited like the loyal pet I had become.

An hour later, Mariah woke up and smiled at seeing her pet patiently waiting for her, hands on the carpet and resting on my haunches. "Good morning, slut. Follow me."

I greeted, "Good morning, Mistress Mariah," and crawled after my blonde Mistress.

"Are you hungry for some breakfast?" Mariah asked as she sat down on the couch.

"Yes, Mistress," I admitted, starving after being sent to bed last night without supper.

"Well, crawl between my legs and have your new 'special' breakfast," Mariah offered, once again surprising her still-in-training pet.

I didn't pause, after having hesitated yesterday and being punished for it, I crawled into position between my Mistress's legs. I leaned forward and began a tradition that would last every weekend for the next three-plus years.

As Sandra licked her Mistress's cunt, Mariah spoke. "Oh, how I've missed this morning ritual. I so love the way you lick me, my pet."

Sandra always loved the rare moments of intimacy when Mariah spoke to her softly, with tenderness and sweetness. Sandra briefly took Mariah's clit into her mouth in response.

"You obviously missed this too," Mariah moaned. Then changing topics, "Some day next week I'll be picking Kelly up from school after her track practice and take her shopping."

Sandra heard the words, knew she should be protective of her daughter, but knew she was helpless against the powerful will of her Mistress. Instead, now her only motherly option was to tell her daughter the humiliating truth of her past and warn her to be strong. Instead, she focused on savoring Mariah's sweetness, a taste she'd once been so addicted to she'd craved it like an alcoholic

craves liquor or a smoker craves nicotine.

Mariah continued, "And once Kelly is my pet, you officially become Taylor's, although I think we should continue this morning breakfast ritual. Don't you agree?"

Sandra continued the lavishly slow pleasing as she answered, "Oh yes Mistress, I would hate to see this tradition ever end again."

"Good girl," Mariah moaned as she opened the newspaper and allowed her pet to pleasure her slowly for the next forty minutes.

By the time Mariah finally spoke again, Sandra's knees were aching and her neck was sore. "So after you finish breakfast my pet, I expect you to go upstairs and wake up Taylor. She's not much of a morning person. Then I'll have an outfit for you to wear tonight when we go out for you to fulfill the third of your eighteen punishments."

Sandra's eyes went big, as the anxiety of the unknown always caused her major stress. She always ended up enjoying whatever humiliation Mariah would set up for her, yet the day of anticipation was still nerve-wracking.

Sandra felt her head being pulled deeper into Mariah's wetness, an unspoken cue that her Mistress now wanted to come. She shifted from slow licking to concentrated pressure as she sucked Mariah's clit into her mouth while using her tongue on it recklessly.

Mariah's moans escalated from the lengthy simmering to heavier breathing as her pet's intense ministrations increased.

A couple minutes later her legs stiffened and she squirted like a broken faucet all over Sandra's face. Sandra bathed in the juices, moving her face around to get it soaked everywhere, loving every drop.

Once she was completely spent, Mariah snapped her fingers and Sandra obediently crawled out from under the table and returned to her daughter's room to awaken her younger Mistress. She crawled onto the bed, under the sheets and between the blonde teen's legs. She licked the girl's dry cunt lightly, hoping not to startle her too much.

Taylor was already slightly awake and knew exactly what was going on, but decided to play mind games with the older slut. She moaned, "Oh yes Kelly, lick my cunt again, you dirty little dyke."

Sandra wondered whether Taylor was dreaming or her daughter Kelly had already submitted to her. Regardless of what might have transpired she couldn't do anything about it and she certainly wasn't going to ask Taylor for clarification, so she just focused on waking her Mistress-to-be properly. She replicated the slow pleasing she'd already done for Mariah, Taylor's Mother.

Taylor enjoyed the leisurely licking and just allowed the slow buildup to grow. Her eyes remained closed as she fantasized about all the things she planned to do to this MILF slut once she was completely hers.

Twenty minutes later, Taylor's fantasies getting her revved up, she ordered, "Finger fuck me, slut."

Sandra was relieved to get permission to get her off, as her jaw was killing her. She slid two fingers inside the teen's wet box. She pumped furiously while assaulting the teen's clit with her tongue.

The dual pleasing was all it took to get the young Domme off as Taylor screamed, "Fuuuck, you're such a good cunt eater, don't stoooooop!"

Sandra continued the double pleasing until she was coated with the teen's cum and Taylor pushed her away.

Taylor, her breathing still erratic, said, "Fuck, you have one nasty tongue."

"Thank you," Sandra replied, loving being complimented.

"Now, go make me breakfast while I shower," Taylor ordered.

"Of course, Mistress," Sandra replied, climbing off the bed and crawling back to the kitchen.

The rest of the morning and afternoon was calm, as both Mariah and Taylor left the house, leaving plenty of time for Sandra to ponder what this evening's promised discipline might be.

Later in the afternoon Mariah called and told Sandra her outfit for the evening was on Mariah's bed. Sandra went up to what had been her room a few days ago and saw there were a plaid skirt, white thigh highs and a blouse laid out for her.

She expected some sort of crazy night as she flashed back to an earlier punishment:

Mariah was four weeks pregnant, a day away from realizing it, a day away from learning her pregnancy was why she'd been so sensitive and snappy recently, and why she was punishing her pet at a frat party.

I was to be punished for coming without permission, even though it was because Mariah had left a vibrating egg inside me all night. Mariah blindfolded me after dressing me up in an adult girl scout's costume and drove me to a mystery location. This wasn't the first time I'd been blindfolded for a night of debauchery, but this occasion turned out to be the most extreme.

It was a short drive, which alarmed me because it meant I was still on campus and perhaps would encounter people who'd recognize me during whatever humiliation I was about to endure. When I was led into a room full of men's voices, my already high anxiety had me almost hyperventilating as I was lowered to my usual all fours position.

Mariah said, "Boys, my slut has been very, very bad and needs to be punished. She is yours for the night, but she can only be fucked in her ass or her mouth. Her cunt is off limits. Is that understood?"

A chorus of yeahs and sures followed as I gave a sigh of relief, knowing I was at a very fertile part of my menstrual cycle.

Mariah added, her tone no nonsense, "Also, although she is a slut, a slave, an obedient little cock sucking ass-slut, there is to be no physical abuse, other than ravaging her mouth and ass

with your cocks and your cum; you may also undress her and feel her up, gently, and come anywhere you wish on her body, but nothing else, is that also understood?"

Again the boys agreed without hesitation, and I heard the sounds of many of them already discarding their clothes.

"Well the house rules are established, so fuck away," Mariah offered.

Soon, still blindfolded, which was a curse because I never knew what to expect next when hands began pawing me and removing my clothes and a cock was shoved in my mouth. But it was also a blessing because blindfolded, my identity was being protected. I began bobbing on the cock like the cock sucking slut I'd been trained to be. As I easily deep-throated the smallish cock, I felt a continuous series of hands squeezing my breasts and soon I felt a cock between my ass cheeks. By this time I was completely naked except for my thigh high stockings and the blindfold.

"Do you want your ass fucked, slut?" a gruff voice asked.

Taking the cock out of my mouth and holding it in place like a cigar I was planning on taking another puff on, I begged, again as I had been trained to do, "Yes, I do, Sir. Please shove that cock of yours in my ass."

"Sir? Joey a Sir? What a dumb slut," someone else said, as I returned the smallish cock to my mouth for another 'puff'. I didn't know anyone named Joey so my ignorance about him was being unfairly criticized, but whoever was doing the name-calling likely didn't know how much I enjoyed that, so it was all good. Also, being blindfolded helped to make me more relaxed, I don't know why, and all in all I was thoroughly enjoying this punishment. Like the slut I was now constantly accused of being, I preened under the verbal abuse as I bobbed up and down on the small cock, desperate to taste that first load of cum, just as I felt another small cock begin to penetrate my ass.

As the cock in my ass began to pump in and out of me, my taste buds were rewarded with my first of many loads of cum. As soon as the first cock in my mouth pulled out, a second, bigger cock replaced it. I eagerly went to work on this cock as my ass began to be fucked hard. The cock in my ass must not have been used to such tightness and warm pulsing, and after only a couple minutes of being ass-fucked by this first guy, I felt my anal walls being coated with cum.

As the first cock slipped out of my ass, it too was replaced by a bigger cock. The next couple of hours were a delightful sexual blur as I was filled from both ends over and over. Some guys must not have been willing to wait for their turn at one of my holes, because periodically I felt warm cum raining down in random locations on my head and back. My face, hair, tits and ass were all coated with cum as I was filled with and sprayed by what must have been two or three dozen loads. Having received Mariah's permission beforehand, I'd come multiple times, I have no idea how many.

As the last two cocks filled my ass and mouth I felt so full.

The night ended as I pleased Mariah and the boys hooted and hollered and rained more loads of cum down upon me at the lesbian sight.

Although Sandra would never admit it, she craved another such gangbang, next time where all three of her holes could be filled over and over.

12. STEADY AS SHE BLOWS

Sandra was dressed as expected in her schoolgirl uniform and waiting patiently inside her house for whatever Mariah had in store for her as her punishment.

A little after seven, Mariah texted Sandra and told her to meet them at Perry's Playhouse, an adult store on the opposite end of the city. Sandra cringed at the thought of what this could lead to, but she headed to her car and began the long worrisome drive to her fate.

Once outside the scuzzy store, she took a deep breath, knowing she was about to get some strange looks, and headed in. To her surprise, neither Mariah nor Taylor was there. Nervously, she walked around looking at toys as the few men in the store kept leering at her.

Her anxiety was getting more and more extreme until Mariah finally entered the store, dressed in a tight, metallic gold dress and beige stockings. The contours of her large breasts, obviously with no bra, were fully on display, and they swayed delectably as she walked, commanding everyone's attention, including her pet's. Knowing every man there was watching her with bated breath, she sauntered to the bondage section and grabbed a collar and leash before slinking over to a petrified Sandra.

Without a word, Mariah put the collar on her pet's neck, hooked the leash to it and gave Sandra a look. Understanding, Sandra, immediately fell to her knees on the dirty floor even as the creepy men stared at the two of them.

"Good pet," Mariah purred, loud enough for all to hear. Mariah gave the leash a twitch and went to the till, every man in the joint watching the two girls with drooling mouths. Once at the till, Mariah smiled wickedly at the mid-fifties balding man and asked, "Do you take slut?"

"Pardon?" the older man asked, confused.

"Well, I can pay you the boring old fashioned way for this collar and leash, or we can complete the transaction in a more entertaining fashion," Mariah explained, her eyes glancing down at her pet.

Sandra was mortified, she was being offered as a means of payment to some stranger.

"What do you have in mind?" he asked, with a growing smile.

"Well," Mariah explained, "rumor has it you have a glory hole in here somewhere."

"That rumor may be true," the older man replied, playing it cool.

"Well, if that rumor is true, I would love to pay you for these two items by bartering an hour of free service by my slut here. She's been a very, very bad girl," Mariah bargained as she tugged slightly on the chain.

Sandra flashed back to her first glory hole punishment:

It was late in my third year at college and we were trying out a new club. Mariah had dressed me relatively conservatively for an outing, in a long sundress and beige thigh highs. After a couple hours of drinking and flirting, with no detectable evidence of our domme-sub relationship, Mariah surprised me by taking my hand and leading me upstairs to the secured level. The bouncer had us pause long enough for him to assess me thoroughly, top to toe, even having me turn around briefly, before nodding to Mariah and allowing us to pass.

Mariah said, "Thanks, Jack," and led me past the tables, to a hallway and eventually into a small room.

Even after all that I'd done as a sub, I had no idea what a glory hole was. I looked at the small room with a stool and a small circular hole in the wall. I knew by now not to ask questions: Mariah would tell me what she decided I should know, no more, no less.

Mariah led me to the stool and ordered, "Sit down my pet."

I obeyed, "Yes, Mistress Mariah."

She asked me, "Do you know what a glory hole is?"

I shook my head no, although I suspected I was about to find out.

Mariah smiled. "You're still so innocent for such a complete slut. A glory hole is a place where a hungry cock sucker goes so he or she can suck cock after cock after cock after cock."

"Oh," was all I could reply, now realizing what the hole was for.

"So tonight you're going to practice your cock sucking skills," Mariah informed me, just as a flaccid cock popped through the hole.

I stared at the wrinkled soft cock as I began to understand exactly what I was expected to do: suck anonymous strangers' cocks. Instead of being repelled as most women or men would be, the fact that my identity was hidden by the wall comforted me and without further instruction I leaned forward and took the 'soft on' into my mouth to turn it into a hard on.

"Good pet," Mariah purred, "you're such a quick learner."

A sense of pride beamed through me at being recognized for my obedience, as the cock grew in my mouth. Like when I was getting off Mariah or another woman, I loved the feeling of knowing it was my tongue and mouth causing pleasure in someone.

The cock growing inside my mouth turned me on, and once it was erect, I began to bob slowly back and forth on the medium sized cock. I heard moans from the other side of the wall, which enhanced my eagerness to please, and I shifted to a faster pace. The voice on the other side groaned again, and I bobbed on the cock sticking through the wall like a porn star. Such focused sucking had the cock spewing his load down my throat in only a couple of minutes. Once it was spent, the cock slipped out of my mouth and disappeared from the

hole. No please, no thank you, the entire brief encounter had been completed without a word exchanged.

Seconds later, as the exhilaration of the slutty deed warmed me, a much bigger, already fully erect nine-inch cock poked through the hole. I briefly looked at Mariah with a 'holy-shit-is-that-huge' look on my face. Mariah pointed out the barbed wire tattoo wrapped around the base of it and we exchanged a 'Wow' look. I opened my mouth and decided to really enjoy this decorated and massive cock. I swirled my tongue in constant circles around the wide mushroom top, teasing the monster. I continued this for a couple of minutes before slowly taking more of the big cock in my mouth.

"That's it slut, take all of mah big cock," the stranger on the other side of the wall drawled, hillbilly style.

The twangy words only encouraged me and I did exactly as requested, gradually accepting more and more of it into my mouth and before long, into my throat. Soon I was in a reasonably slow rhythm, incrementally taking a bit more all the time. Unlike the first cock that I'd sucked fast and furiously, this much bigger cock deserved special attention and patience if I was eventually going to take it all, which I really wanted to do.

More moaning came from the stranger behind the wall. "Fuck, slut, y'all are one great cock sucker. But ah betcha can't take it all."

Never one to back away from a challenge, I began bobbing back and forth harder, my goal to get all nine inches in my mouth. I was always determined to be the best at everything I did and if I was going to suck a stranger's cock, I was going to do it right. I was going to deep throat this big cock. The next two inches totally filled my mouth as I gradually took more and more with each advance. However, as I attempted the eighth inch, I couldn't fathom how I could get any more in. Struggling to control my gag reflex I pushed on, determined to do the seemingly impossible... to get all nine inches past my lips.

Tears were flooding my eyes as I persevered through the gag factor and got the final inch down my throat and the barbed wire tattoo past my lips.

"Criminy, she did it," the faceless stranger announced, impressed.

A rush of euphoria filled me at reaching my goal. Having accomplished it, I now focused on getting this hayseed off. I returned to porn star sucking: fast and furious.

"Sheeeeeiiit!" grunted the nameless horse cock.

I would have loved to feel this big cock in my cunt, but settled on the task at hand, soon feeling his sticky goo sliding down my throat. Like most men, a couple of minutes of concentrated fast-paced sucking and he was shooting his wad down my throat.

Once he was spent, he pulled out and complimented, "That was amazing, ma'am. Ah hope ta see y'all here again sometime."

I warmed at the compliment before another cock, much smaller, replaced the big one in the hole. The next couple of hours I swallowed nearly two dozen loads of cum as I sucked a

smorgasbord of cocks.

"I think that could be arranged," the older man agreed, before adding, "You can take her to room two, it's just down the hallway where the bathroom sign is."

"Thanks," Mariah smiled and led the pet on all fours pet to a dirty back room.

Once in the room, Mariah led her to a hole in the wall and explained, "Get each guy off, and I want every guy to leave his cum on your face and hair."

"Yes, Mistress," Sandra said, surprised by the order and slightly disappointed, already craving the taste of cum.

Mariah left the room to instruct the men they were to warn her slut when they were about to come.

After a couple of minutes of waiting, the first cock popped through the hole. Sandra assumed, correctly, that the small, wrinkled cock was that of the older man from the register. She opened her mouth and took the shriveled cock between her lips. It took longer than usual to get the old cock fully erect, and way longer than usual to get him off. Finally, after what seemed like an eternity for Sandra, the old man mumbled he was about to come. Sandra quickly took her mouth away from the cock and switched to jerking the cock off as she placed her face directly in front of the imminent cum-shooter.

"Keep your mouth closed, slut!" Mariah corrected her.

Sandra closed her mouth and... oh yes... her eyes, and pumped the small cock until she felt the first sprays shoot across her nose, forehead and hair.

When Sandra opened her eyes, the cashier's cock had disappeared and was quickly replaced by a semi-hard larger one. Sandra replicated the blow job process, working on quantity over quality. Obviously younger, the next one only took three minutes before she heard the warning he was about to come. She again took the cock out of her mouth, stroked the decent sized cock and closed her eyes, waiting for her facial. Once again she felt the sticky goo hit her face, this time more on her chin, lips and cheeks.

The next couple of hours, an hour longer than originally bartered for, was a Groundhog Day of sorts as Sandra opened her eyes, saw a new cock waiting for her, sucked it until a warning came and pumped, waiting for the facial. Soon she got a bit playful, presenting the top or side of her head to be anointed. Finally after eighteen cocks, the hole remained empty.

Mariah waited a full minute, then walked over to her cum-covered pet and reached down for the leash. Up close, she couldn't believe how much cum was covering this mother of one. Except for her eyes, her face and the entire top and sides of her head were coated with white, fragrant goo. She stood back up, and twitched the leash, leading an exhausted Sandra as she crawled out.

Sandra's humiliation grew as she was led out of the glory hole and back into the public area of the store, looking almost as if she'd dipped her entire head into a vat of semen. Only a few people were in the store, but each one stared at the strange, almost otherworldly spectacle.

A girl audibly gasped at the sight, while her boyfriend stared in awe.

Mariah led her white-headed pet to the man at the register and asked, "Are we square?"

"Yes, ma'am," the older man said, looking down at the cum-drenched cock sucker.

"Excellent," Mariah said and led Sandra to the door and out to the parking lot. Once they were outside, Mariah allowed Sandra to stand and walk to the car. Before they got in, Mariah went to the trunk and grabbed a large bath towel to wrap around the back and sides of Sandra's head to protect the car upholstery from the mess.

Once in, Mariah quipped, "Home, James."

Sandra started the car and drove in silence, petrified she may have to stop at a red light. A couple of minutes into the drive home, Mariah surprised her cum-covered slave by announcing, "I'm kind of hungry, how about you?"

Truthfully Sandra was famished, but the thought of going to a restaurant was mortifying, so she lied. "No, not really, Mistress."

"Really? You seemed to be working pretty hard back there," Mariah assessed, not buying the lie.

"I can make us something at home," Sandra offered.

"Nonsense, you've worked hard enough. Go through the McDonald's drive-through up ahead," Mariah ordered, pointing to one on their right.

Sandra wanted to plead not to make her do this, but she knew that once Mariah had made a decision, she wasn't going to change her mind. So reluctantly, she signaled right and pulled into a drive-through lane.

Mariah asked, "Sure you don't want anything? I'm buying."

Sandra's belly rumbled and figuring since she was being forced to go through the drive-through either way, she may as well eat. "I guess I could use a bite."

Mariah joked, "Be careful what you wish for," snapping her teeth together.

Sandra pulled up to the speaker to order. "Welcome to McDonald's, you may order when ready."

Mariah leaned across and ordered. "A quarter pounder combo with a sprite, please."

The polite tone of Mariah's order seemed so absurd in comparison to everything she'd made Sandra do. Sandra added, "Can I have a chicken grill combo and a coke?"

"Is that everything?" the male voice asked.

"Yes," Sandra answered after glancing to Mariah for confirmation.

Sandra moved up, dreading the window where she'd have to pay. To make matters worse, she'd have to pay first, then go to a second window to get her food and be seen by someone each time.

Maybe if she averted her face, she could hide behind the towel. But Mariah reached over and draped the towel, sticky side up, over the headrest and instructed, "Make sure to smile, slut."

"Yes, Mistress," Sandra agreed as she began the slow roll forward to the window to pay. Once there, the teenage cashier began, "That will be fourteen...." He froze as he realized what he was seeing. The irregular white coating hadn't yet had a chance to dry, so it was obvious what it was, and the volume was astounding. He stammered, "T-t-that w-w-will be fourteen seventy-eight." His eyes never left the cum-covered Sandra's head and face.

Mariah handed her slut a twenty and ordered loud and clear, "Pay the young man, my slut."

Sandra blushed as humiliation burned through her very being as she accepted the cash and passed it along to the bewildered young man. He took the money and a moment later returned with the change, his eyes again never leaving Sandra's white, gooey head.

Sandra could either try to look inconspicuous, which was impossible, or brazen it out. "Thank you, sexy," she replied with a cheap, slutty leer as he handed her back the change.

"Y-you're w-w-welcome," the teenager stammered as Sandra rolled forward, thankful she was halfway finished with her humiliating McDonald's ordeal.

Mariah ordered, "Ask for extra napkins so you can wipe the cum off your face."

Sandra turned and stared at Mariah, her mouth dropping open.

"Is there a problem?" Mariah asked, her tone indicating there had better not be.

"Of course not, Mistress," a defeated and slightly scared Sandra replied.

Rolling up to the second window, a young strawberry blonde female began to hand her the food when she froze. Her eyes went big as she stared at Sandra and her cum-coated head.

Sandra reached for the food and asked politely, "May I have some extra napkins?"

"Sure," the stunned girl said, trying totally unsuccessfully to act like nothing odd was happening.

Mariah cleared her throat meaningfully and Sandra took note.

When the girl returned a moment later with more napkins, Sandra smiled and explained, attempting to be casual, "I forgot to clean my face after my glory hole session and this cum is drying too fast. Do I have any in my ear?"

The cute blonde totally lost any pretensions of normalcy and burst out in appreciative laughter. "I hate when that happens," she quipped. "No, your ear looks fine, but your hair looks like you shampooed it with raw egg whites and forgot to rinse. You must have had fun!"

Mariah laughed out loud as Sandra began pulling away, greatly relieved at the girl's jovial response.

The rest of the drive home was silent until they pulled into the driveway. Mariah asked, "Do you still go to church every Sunday?"

Sandra panicked again as she could tell by her Mistress's tone that another punishment was in the works.

"Yes," Sandra admitted, adding, "I'm a greeter tomorrow."

"Oh, that's perfect," Mariah quipped, her mind already plotting tomorrow morning.

13. SUNDAY BUZZING SUNDAY

The next morning Sandra showered quietly, hoping to sneak out of the house for church without waking either Mariah or Taylor. She dressed according to Mariah's dress code but wore a skirt long enough to hide the tops of her thigh highs.

Sandra was sneaking out of her own home when she heard Mariah's voice questioning, "You weren't leaving without instructions from your Mistress were you, my cunt-licking slut?"

Sandra grimaced at the last three words as name-calling during a conversation always signaled her Mistress wasn't happy. Sandra lied, "Of course not Mistress Mariah, I was just waiting until the very last moment to awaken you and learn of my task before leaving."

"You mean your fourth punishment," Mariah corrected.

"Of course, Mistress," Sandra agreed, dreading whatever Mariah had planned.

Mariah handed her pretty pet a vibrating egg.

Sandra's eyes went big. She asked, "You want me to use this while I'm at church?"

"Of course," Mariah smiled, adding, "I want you thinking of me the whole time you're greeting the members of the congregation."

"But everyone will know," Sandra pleaded, without directly questioning the order.

Mariah took the egg back, turned it on, and reached down to slip it expertly inside her pet's cunt.

Sandra let out a soft moan at having her cunt touched, and again when the lightweight pulses began tingling inside her.

Mariah explained. "As you can tell, the toy is quiet as a mouse. Your primary concern will be keeping it inside you without your panties."

"Then may I please wear panties?" Sandra begged.

"What will you give me in return?" Mariah asked.

As the toy inside her was already getting her wet, Sandra offered, desperate to be allowed to wear panties to keep her cum from trickling down her legs while at church, "Whatever you wish."

Mariah agreed. "Tell you what, you may wear a thong if you wish, and in return you must at some point during your time at church cup the breast of someone you'd like to fuck."

"Oh god," Sandra gasped at the dubious offer. After a brief consideration, she realized that it was still a better option than the possibility of the toy slipping out of her wet pussy. Cupping a breast could be done and still appear accidental.

"Oh god yes, or oh god no?" Mariah queried, curious to know her pet's choice.

"Yes, I'll do it," Sandra agreed weakly.

"Do what?" Mariah asked, both to make her pet say it and to clarify the agreement.

"Yes, I'll cup someone's breast at church," Sandra announced out loud, mortified by the task lying before her.

"Excellent," Mariah smiled, before adding another twist to the task, "be sure to consider carefully whose titty you decide to squeeze, as you may very well be assigned another task later with those same titties. Oh, and be sure to wear at least four-inch heels."

Before Sandra could respond, Mariah turned and walked upstairs.

Defeated, yet increasingly horny, Sandra rushed downstairs to her room to grab a thong and her black four-inch heels and headed out before her morning got even more complicated. In her car, she put her string-like underwear on before driving to face yet another humiliation. She fretted the whole journey and pondered how it had been just a week ago today when Mariah had reappeared into her life. Who knew that last week, while she listened to a sermon on self-control, that all of hers would disappear in a heartbeat? During the sermon she had actually beamed a little at how well she had reclaimed her life, protected her daughter, and maintained strict discipline over her baser desires for all these years.

Once at church, she took a deep breath and headed inside. She felt so dirty and sinful going to church with a toy teasing her pussy. She also felt ashamed at the extra task she was expected to accomplish.

"Hi, Sandra," Mrs. Washington greeted warmly.

Sandra took Mrs. Washington's hand in hers and greeted the sixty-year-old dowager in return. She was one of the mainstays of the church, always dignified and gracious. "Good morning, Ingrid."

"You look lovely this morning," Mrs. Washington replied, eyeing Sandra's impractical high heels.

Sandra chuckled, "I know, they're silly high, but I need to practice in them if I'm going to fit in at a gala I'll be attending in Toronto." She suddenly realized that the heels were the perfect excuse to cover her 'slip' when she accomplished the ludicrous breast-grabbing task assigned her.

"Of course, dear," the older woman smiled warmly back.

Sandra tried to avoid needless chatter, but that was impossible when your duty was to greet all the

people coming to worship.

The next twenty-five minutes were a hurricane of greeting, light chitchat and a growing dread inside Sandra at the task not yet accomplished. It would be pretty unbelievable to try and stumble against someone while you're sitting in a pew.

With only a few minutes until the service was scheduled to begin, Sandra saw Carissa Teller, a redhead in her early twenties. When Sandra first met her a couple of months ago she'd reminded her of Mariah. Carissa had the same blue eyes, a similar sly smile and a similar saunter when she walked, that oozed self-confidence. She was in college studying to become a lawyer. Carissa walked over to her and Sandra greeted her, "Good morning, Ms. Teller."

Her smile, a mixture of sweetness and something devious, crossed her face, as she looked down at the inappropriate shoes Sandra was wearing. "Good morning, Sandy."

Carissa was the only person who called Sandra by a diminutive name, as if trying to hint at an unacknowledged power over her. Carissa had never done anything else remotely inappropriate to give Sandra any hints she might be a Domme, yet after spending a few intimate years with Mariah, Sandra could sense these things. As Sandra leaned forward a bit to shake Carissa's hand she stumbled forward, not on purpose actually, and crashed hand first into the right breast of the well-endowed redhead. Sandra's vibrating pussy gushed a tad as her hand briefly cupped Carissa's perfect, firm breast.

Carissa made no attempt to move away as she allowed the older sub to cop a feel. Carissa knew very well when a women were submissive and utterly revelled in the opportunity to turn them into eager little lez playthings. She'd already accomplished turns with her economics prof and two country-girl co-eds this year. She'd already planned to start Sandra's seduction today, but fortuitously it had been started already by a simple slip-up... the goddess of pussy seemed to be smiling down on her today.

Sandra, her face blood red, quickly stood back up and stammered an apology. "I-I-I am so s-s-sorry."

Carissa quickly retorted, "It's ok Sandy, we're all family here."

Sandra looked around and breathed a sigh of relief at the task accomplished and no one appearing to be aware of the embarrassing moment. "Thanks, these new heels are a definite challenge."

Carissa, her smile a carbon copy of the young Mariah's all those years ago, replied, "Well, maybe after church we can go for a bite to eat and I can train you how to wear high heels."

Train me? Sandra thought to herself. *Is Carissa implying something more?* Sandra didn't want to agree as she now felt like prey, but she wasn't able to invent a quick lie. "S-s-sure," she stammered.

"Lovely," Carissa cooed, "I'll see you after the service, then."

"Sounds like a plan," Sandra smiled back, trying to act casual, even as the buzzing inside her was beginning to distract her in a serious way.

Catching her breath and trying to control her lustful desires, she was startled by the familiar voice of

the minister's snooty wife Lucille, her disapproval not remotely hidden as she asked, "Sandra, don't you think the heels are a bit much for Sunday morning? We *are* in the house of God, after all."

Sandra's shame burnt through her at being criticized by the minister's wife, someone she'd worked hard at being civil to. "I suppose," she answered weakly.

"You suppose?" reverend's-wife-and-don't-you-forget-it Lucille criticized, looking older than the forty-two she was, dressed like a minister's wife, her hair in its usual bun and her outfit lacking any shape or color that might showcase her well-hidden assets. "You look like you never made it home last night," she accused harshly.

"Excuse me?" Sandra responded, as if she had been slapped in the face.

"Look, if you want to be a weekend harlot and party until all hours on Saturday night, that's between you and our Savior, but do not showcase your sin at my church so blatantly," Lucille rebuked her, her words razor sharp.

Sandra, always one to avoid confrontation replied, like a servant, "Yes, Mrs. Light."

"Good. May I rest assured such irreverence will not happen again?" Lucille finished, her tone indicating the question was rhetorical.

Before Sandra could respond, she heard Mariah's sing-song voice, and with it came yet another feeling of horrifying dread. "Well, good morning, Sandra."

Sandra could feel her face burning as she turned and saw a totally unprecedented conservatively dressed Mariah in a lengthy black skirt, a blue blouse, a black blazer and, she guessed, black thigh highs. "Good morning, Ms. Heart," Sandra greeted her as she would any parishioner entering the church.

Mariah, with the grace of a woman from Paris, leaned in and gave her obviously nervous submissive two quick pecks on the cheeks. "Thank you so much for inviting me," Mariah gushed warmly, before turning to the skeptical prudish-looking Minister's wife, and saying, "Nice to meet you, ma'am. I'm Mariah Heart."

In the blink of an eye, Lucille shifted from cold and threatening to warm and inviting. "I'm Mrs. Light, the Minister's wife." She extended her hand and Mariah shook it graciously.

"Oh my," Mariah said, "So you're the one who *really* runs the show here."

"I beg your pardon?"

"Well, we all know that women really run this world, we just let the men think they do," Mariah exclaimed, her disarming warm smile on the attack.

Lucille laughed heartily, something Sandra had never witnessed her doing before except for the fake laugh she emitted in public when she had to. "If that isn't the truest thing I've ever heard! What brings you here, my dear?"

And with one witty remark, Mariah is in closer with Lucille than I've managed in years of kowtowing

to her, Sandra thought to herself.

Mariah answered, "I needed a new start, and I thought seeing an old friend, moving to a new city and finding religion would be a great way to start fresh."

Lucille's eyes went big as she saw another soul she might save. "Well, it's great to have you with us this morning, Mariah. Why don't you come with me and meet my husband?"

"That would be lovely," Mariah said, acting like an idyllic southern belle of innocence.

Sandra watched the two leaving arm in arm before returning to greeting the stragglers. A trillion thoughts began to ping-pong in her head. *Is Mariah going to make me try to seduce Carissa?* The earlier threat about being careful whom she chose; the idea had Sandra's buzzing cunt dripping with anticipation. *Does Mariah plan to humiliate me in church?* The thought petrified her, as it was the one place other than work and her PTA meetings where she felt welcome. *Is Mariah going to try and seduce Lucille?* As ridiculous as it sounded, Sandra had long ago learned no one was off limits for Mariah.

Sandra flashed back to a shocking revelation:

I spent Easter break of my sophomore year at Mariah's mother's house. I'd anticipated a rather placid time, as Mariah had never given any hints that her mother knew of her sexual prowess. But the thought of normality was gone the moment we walked inside.

Mariah's mother was on her knees waiting just inside the door, naked except for white thigh high stockings and a red collar around her neck with a leash attached.

I let out a startled squeak at the sight.

Mariah smiled at both her mother's obedience and her slave's shock. She lifted her heel and her mother, without a word, took it off and began sucking on her daughter's stocking-clad toes.

"Hello, Mommy-slut," Mariah greeted her, amused.

"Welcome home, Queen Mariah," the submissive mother greeted in a barely intelligible mumble, without taking the stocking-clad toes out of her mouth. Only able to see her daughter intermittently since college began almost two years ago, she desperately craved the feelings that utter submission to her daughter brought her.

I watched stunned and in awe. *Queen?* I thought to myself.

Mariah changed feet and the obedient mother replicated the expected service, taking the other stocking-clad foot between her lips.

Mariah asked, "Does Mommy need to come?"

"Oh God yes, my Queen," the MILF on her knees responded. A text from Mariah a month ago had forbidden her to have an orgasm until her daughter's arrival, which she had obeyed, although with great difficulty.

"You obeyed my order not to come?" Mariah asked, although she knew her mother was her most obedient slave.

"Of course, my Queen," the submissive mother replied.

"You're such a good Mommy-slut," Mariah purred, like she was praising a two-year-old.

"Thank you, my Queen," her mother replied, glancing up to see who was accompanying her daughter. There was always someone accompanying her daughter.

Mariah walked into the living room, seated herself regally on the couch and called out to us. "Sluts, crawl to me."

I fell to my knees immediately and found myself face to face with an older version of my Mistress.

The mother looked into my eyes briefly before wordlessly turning and going to her, or rather to *our* Mistress.

I followed, and soon we were both at her feet.

Mariah extended her right foot and ordered, "Fuck yourself on my foot, Mommy."

The startled look on Mommy's face told me this was unexpected and new.

Nevertheless, the MILF didn't hesitate as she straddled her daughter's foot and began rubbing her wet cunt on it. She closed her eyes, grabbed her daughter's calf, and began bucking back and forth, rubbing her clit and her sopping wet pussy on her daughter's stocking-clad foot. The orgasm, which had been simmering just below the surface all day with eager anticipation of her daughter's arrival, didn't take long to begin to boil and she obviously knew she was going to erupt soon. Unable to come without the permission of her dominant daughter she begged, "My Queen, may I please come?"

"On your daughter's foot?" Mariah questioned, amused.

"Yes, my Queen," the frantic mother answered, rubbing herself furiously on her daughter's foot, like a dog humping someone's leg.

"What will you do in return for such a privilege?" Mariah queried, lovingly watching her mother so close and so desperate.

"Anything, my Queen," she moaned, although as her daughter's sex slave, I couldn't fathom what 'anything' could entail beyond what she was already committed to do.

"You will pay for me and my pet to travel to Europe this summer?" she asked.

"Of course," the well-off MILF agreed, looking at me curiously as if wondering whether I was the pet being mentioned.

"Come now, Mommy," she ordered.

The volcano of lust erupted, and on cue, the long-awaited orgasm quaked through the obedient mother's body.

I watched in awe at the self-control the mother had and how perfectly the permission given and the resultant orgasm coincided.

No one appeared to be immune to Mariah's seductive power, and Sandra wondered just how far Mariah would go on this occasion.

Once the service started, Sandra felt her phone vibrate. She checked it and saw a text message from Mariah. **I am in the front pew, come and join me.**

Sandra prayed Mariah would behave herself as she headed into the sanctuary where everyone would see her in her heels, so inappropriate for church, as she walked to the front pew.

When Sandra reached the front, she saw that Mariah was sitting with Lucille and her chunky eighteen-year-old daughter Elly.

Mariah, seeing her sub, patted the open seat next to her as if Sandra were a puppy.

Sandra slid into the pew past Lucille's cold glare, Elly's bored glazed stare into nothing, and finally past her Mistress's smug smile.

For Sandra the next hour was an anxiety-riddled disaster waiting to happen as she kept anticipating being humiliated in some unpredictable fashion in front of the whole congregation. Yet it never occurred, although the low vibrations from the egg in her cunt still kept her edgy throughout the sermon about the risks of reckless ambition. Sandra thought her biggest risk this morning was probably reckless *optimism*. Who knew what Mariah may have in store for her?

Once the sermon ended and everyone was standing for the last hymn, Mariah whispered in her pet's ear, "Come right now, slut."

The inevitable disastrous order given, Sandra was thankful that at least the hymn was an upbeat one, with two guitars and drums, and that she was standing up. She closed her eyes so anyone who might pay attention to her would think she was deeply into the hymn, but the reality was that she was lost in deep concentration. She was letting go of the control she'd held in check so strongly from the buzzing within her cunt all morning, and allowing, no, *encouraging* the pleasure to do its thing. The orgasm built instantly as it had been lingering ready to ignite for more than an hour, and as it reared its tumultuous head, Sandra now focused on keeping her mouth closed when the imminent big bang hit. The hymn was nearing the end when she felt the bubble burst and was in such awe by the pleasure the long held back orgasm brought, she couldn't maintain her silence (singing had been out of the question) as she screamed, totally out of character, "Oh my God!" then thinking quickly, followed it with, "Halleluiah!"

Others followed, seeing Sandra's euphoric outburst as a call to God, and the church echoed with praises to their Enlivener.

Mariah smiled to herself, knowing what had really transpired.

Turning to the tightly anal minister's wife once the hymn ended and the congregation began milling about, Mariah asked, "Could we meet for coffee this week sometime? I would love to know more about your church."

"Of course, my dear," Lucille replied, giving the probable wayward soul's hand a warm squeeze.

Sandra was recovering from her intense orgasm and could feel her juices overflowing the thong and running down her legs, but she didn't want to leave to clean herself up. She wanted to eavesdrop on the conversation.

"What day works best for you, Mrs. Light?"

"I insist you call me Lucille, and my schedule is quite flexible. So whatever works best for you, my dear."

"How about Wednesday then?" Mariah asked.

"That will work splendidly," Lucille said, pulling a card out of her purse. "Just give the office a call and we can work out the when and where."

"Thank you very much, Lucille, I look forward to it," Mariah said politely, accepting the card.

Once Lucille and her daughter left, Mariah turned to Sandra and confirmed Sandra's suspicions by saying, "She'll be lots of fun to turn."

"You can't be serious?" Sandra asked, even though she knew Mariah was deadly serious.

"I'll have her on her knees and worshipping my cunt in a month," Mariah predicted.

"That I would love to see," Sandra said, resentful of Lucille's comments earlier today, and jealous at how easily Mariah had won her over.

"Maybe I'll let you have her daughter as a plaything," Mariah teased before changing subjects entirely. "Did you enjoy copping a feel of that sexy redhead?"

"You saw?" Sandra asked.

"Of course," Mariah said, "I was curious how you would accomplish the task. You know she's obviously a domme."

"Really?" Sandra exclaimed. "The thought did occur to me for a moment, but how can you be sure?"

"I guarantee it. It's in her demeanor," Mariah explained.

"How so?" Sandra asked, curious.

"You doubt me?" Mariah asked.

"No," Sandra replied, "now that you mention it, it seems obvious, especially considering how much

she reminds me of a younger version of you." She then added, "She even invited me to have lunch with her after the service so she could train me to wear high heels."

"Really?" Mariah said, knowing she was right.

"Yes," Sandra answered, "May I go?"

"You're such an eager little slut," Mariah purred as she surveyed the sanctuary before ordering, "Introduce her to me."

Sandra joked, "I am what you made me. I wonder where she is."

"Aaaah, there she is," Mariah said, beginning to walk in the direction of the beautiful redhead.

Sandra followed behind her Mistress, petrified of the conversation she was about to be a part of.

Carissa was conversing with a friend when she saw Sandra coming her way with some new blonde. She smiled and decided she would have some fun. When Sandra reached her she joked, "Hello again, Sandy. Come to cop another feel?"

Sandra blushed but replied playfully, "Well no, not here."

Carissa laughed, "Minister Light was really on a rant today, wasn't he?"

Sandra agreed. "He always is. I'd like you to meet an old friend of mine who just moved here from California. Mariah Heart, this is Carissa Teller."

Carissa smiled warmly, sizing up the potential fresh meat, "Nice to meet you."

"The feeling is mutual," Mariah returned, ignoring the extended hand and moving in for a hug.

Carissa was surprised, but allowed the close embrace.

Sandra watched the two in what appeared to be no more than a quick harmless embrace, but she knew it was so much more.

Mariah pulled away and said, "So my Sandra tells me you invited her for lunch."

Carissa noted the phrase 'my Sandra' and deduced two things. One, she was right, Sandra was a submissive and two, Mariah was her mistress. Carissa asked, Mariah and not Sandra, "Is she available?"

"Why, yes she is," Mariah answered. "Why don't you and I go outside for a chat?"

"I would love to," Carissa smiled deviously, giving the quiet Sandra a quick, hungry glance.

Sandra watched the two leave, still in awe after hearing their conversation that was all about her as a submissive, as if she wasn't there. She fretted over what the two would be discussing without her and sighed, knowing she was helpless to stop it anyway. All the while the vibrations that were still

teasing her cunt were tormenting her with naughty, naughty thoughts. She conversed with other parishioners, just idle chit-chat for a few minutes, before she saw both women returning.

Carissa sauntered over to Sandra with a confidence which immediately told Sandra she knew her dirty little secret.

Mariah watched, and then gave Sandra a subtle nod that commanded whatever Carissa ordered, Sandra was to obey. She held up five outstretched fingers and mouthed the word "Five," indicating this was the fifth punishment.

Carissa said, not giving away anything yet, "Are you ready for lunch, Sandy?"

Sandra replied, "Sure, where would you like to go?"

"My place," Carissa answered, abandoning any pretense they were going to lunch.

Sandra, without hesitation, now that any uncertainty was gone slipping happily into her role as a good sub, replied, "Yes, Mist... Miss."

"Excellent," Carissa said before adding, "We're going to have so much fun."

Sandra had to agree as she followed Carissa out of church for an afternoon of unpredictable fun, glancing over to Mariah, who was chatting away with the reverend and his wife. Sandra smiled to herself as she wondered if Lucille had any clue of the doorway to her own sin she had just opened.

14. BORN TO BE SPANKED

Carissa lived within walking distance from the church, but Sandra drove them both the short way to yet another unpredictable adventure.

This was not the first time Sandra had been given to another woman for a few hours or even a weekend. There had been many adventures where Sandra was led willingly into the naughty world of kink and submission.

Sandra flashed back to the first time she was given as a gift in her sophomore year:

I came home from school on a Friday, exhausted after taking two midterms. My brain was fried, and I desperately needed some sleep. I crawled into bed for a nap a little after three and had a rejuvenating sleep until being awakened by Mariah.

"Wake up, slut," she instructed.

I groggily opened my eyes and was surprised to see it was already eight fifteen. I yawned and said, "Wow, I really slept."

"Good," Mariah said, before hinting of something naughty, "because I doubt you'll get much more sleep tonight."

"What are your plans for tonight, Mistress?"

"We have separate plans. I have a date tonight, and so do you," Mariah informed me.

"I do?" I asked, still shaking off the cobwebs.

"Well 'date' may be a misleading term. I'm lending you to a friend of mine for the night," she said nonchalantly, as if she were lending a t-shirt to someone.

"You what?" I asked, bolting upright.

"Is there a problem?" Mariah asked in a tone saying there'd better not be.

"No," I held in a sigh, "it's just that I'm really tired after my midterms."

"So is Sheila," Mariah said, "and she still has all the grading to do."

"Who's Sheila?" I asked cautiously.

"Professor Moore," Mariah replied nonchalantly.

"She knows about us?" I asked, mortified. Professor Moore was my Shakespearean Literature professor, who was on a one-year exchange from London. I adored her as a professor.

"She knows I'm a domme and she knows I'm sending over a submissive to be her plaything for a night," Mariah said.

"She doesn't know it's me?" I asked, my head spinning, desperate to find a way out of this.

"She'll know in forty minutes. I left an address on the table and you're to be there at precisely nine o'clock."

"Please, not our Professor," I attempted to wheedle Mariah into being more rational.

"Tonight she isn't your professor but your mistress," Mariah countered casually. "Now get ready to go please her."

I obeyed; knowing the tone of Mariah's last sentence meant the conversation was done. Once I was dressed, I picked up the card and looked back to Mariah, hoping for a last moment reprieve that wasn't forthcoming. I drove to the address, and once I arrived at the typical suburban bungalow, I paused. Every other time I'd been ordered to do something Mariah had been there with me, but flying solo like this was new, uncharted territory.

I looked at the time, sighed, I was a single minute early, and dressed in a black and white checkered skirt, beige thigh highs, a white blouse, and a black jacket. I obeyed the most challenging order from my mistress yet as I walked to the front door. After a brief hesitation... *What if I don't obey the order?* The thought not taken seriously, I knocked on the door.

A moment later the door opened and I was staring at the startled face of my professor. "Sandra?" she gasped, her English accent making my name sound like 'Sahndrah' so sexy that I began to look forward to what was likely to come.

"Yes, Professor Moore, or rather Mistress Moore if I may call you that. My Mistress Mariah sent me over, and I'll be happy to do whatever you may require of me," I explained, dispelling any doubt about why one of her best students was standing on her doorstep.

"I can't believe it's you," the brunette Brit said.

I felt the urge to prove myself, to reassure the professor, who was clearly taken aback by it being me. But first I had to get us inside, and the professor appeared too stunned to be able to accomplish that on her own. "Professor Moore, may I come in?" slipping back into a student's role for a moment.

"Of course you may Sandra," the professor said absently, still coming to grips with the identity of the submissive plaything Mariah had sent her.

As soon as the door was closed, I fell to my knees and felt a light gush coming out of my cunt as I shifted from respectful to determined in an instant. Looking way up at the flabbergasted older woman's face, I offered again, "I'm here to serve you Mistress Moore."

"Oh my," the Professor said, overwhelmed by the reality of the offer. She nevertheless assumed a horny grin.

Going onto the aggressive for the first time ever I said, "Professor, I've fancied you for a long time. It will be my great pleasure to serve you tonight and I repeat, I'll do anything you wish."

The professor looked down at me apparently seeing a pretty co-ed, who looked completely adorable on her knees, her sweet eyes looking up at her eagerly. "Please call me Sheila, Sandra."

"Yes, Mistress Sheila," Sandra agreed.

Sheila pulled me up from my knees and said, "I wasn't expecting it to be you."

"Who were you expecting?" I asked, suddenly feeling crestfallen that my Professor didn't consider me good enough.

"Honestly?" the older woman asked, showing her own insecurity.

"If you please, ma'am."

"Some dumb blonde bimbo," Professor Moore answered, "not someone as sweet as you."

"You weren't hoping for someone like me?" I asked pitifully, wounded by the disappointment my professor seemed to feel.

The professor urgently tried to rephrase that. She could see it had hurt me. "I meant, my

dear, that I didn't expect someone as intelligent and sweet. Trust me, this is a most pleasant surprise."

I felt all warm and gooey inside at hearing the new and improved version of my professor's attitude towards me. Nothing made me happier than being wanted. "Thank you, Mistress Sheila." Sensing Sheila's cautious reserve and knowing what she would have expected from the blonde bimbo she wasn't getting, I took the initiative; I stood up, took my Shakespearean Literature Professor in my arms and kissed her. Not aggressively, I knew my place, but earnestly enough that she'd know I meant it.

The professor was briefly surprised, but opened her mouth for my tender kiss. Her uncertainty and even timidity told me she hadn't been intimate in quite a while, and my willing human contact seemed to warm her completely. She opened her mouth and used her tongue to explore mine. The kiss lasted several minutes, as neither of us wanted it to end, and neither of us knew exactly what to do next.

Finally, it was I who broke the kiss and asked, "Can we go somewhere more comfortable, *Mistress*?" Interesting I had to remind her of her place above me in the hierarchy. I'd never had to do that with Mariah.

"Of course," the bewildered and horny British woman responded, taking my hand and leading me up the stairs and to her bedroom. "Is this better?" she flirted, gradually becoming comfortable with having a girl, an avowed tart no less, in her house.

"Much better," I flirted back, with a smile dripping with hunger.

Once on the bed, Sheila's curiosity got the better of her. "I have to ask. How did you end up like this?"

I felt comfortable and relaxed with this professor who had never been anything but kind to me, so I joked, "You mean how did I become a submissive lesbian to my roommate?"

"Well yes, I guess that's precisely what I'm asking, although I wouldn't have phrased it quite so boldly. This role doesn't seem to be in your character," the Professor assessed, even as her hand moved to my stocking-clad leg.

I briefly squeezed her hand to reassure her it was welcome where it was before launching into my entire story, at least in essence, and she listened, captivated by each word. But now I had a question for her: "How did I end up here tonight? Not that I'm complaining."

"You mean how did your British Shakespearean Lit prof end up requesting a submissive plaything for the evening?"

"Yes, that's exactly what I'm asking," I joked, my hand now settling itself on Sheila's leg.

"Strange story, actually," The older woman mused. "Although I guess somewhat similar to how Mariah started with you. Mariah came into my office after class a few days ago and bluntly asked if I was a dyke. I told her I wasn't even though I am, but she peppered me with reasons why I must be, until I admitted it and then she just said, 'thanks for the information' and left. The next day I requested to see her after class, as I'd barely slept, worrying about

our bizarre conversation. She promised to keep my secret and said as a gift, she would send over one of her submissives for the evening on Friday. Initially I refused the offer but she insisted, saying I was her favourite prof and she had the perfect little 'slut' for me, her word. I continued trying to refuse, but she insisted, I finally caved, and here we are."

"She didn't try making you her sub?"

"No."

And I take it you have some lezzie experience but none recently, and absolutely none at being a Domme?"

"That's exactly right."

"Odd," I mused, before adding, "but that's enough about her." I leaned in and kissed my sweet professor again, this time long and hard. Breaking the kiss, I smiled with a devilish grin. "If you think my essays are good, wait until you see what I can do with my tongue and my fingers."

For the next three hours the professor and the student reversed roles as I became the teacher, encouraging her to express herself by sharing her most outrageous girl-on-girl fantasies before I did my enthusiastic best in helping her to fulfill them, even the ones I almost had to force out of her and she blushed furiously while confessing them before I unhesitatingly fulfilled them with her. In short, it was an evening of mind-numbing, perspiration-dripping sex. It was passionate, it was raw, and yet all of it was tender.

Sandra's face paled when she realized Carissa lived in a dorm. That meant she had a roommate. Sandra pulled into a Guest parking spot and followed Carissa into the building. Only a couple of girls were around as Carissa led Sandra up a flight of stairs and into the hallway of her floor.

Once the stairwell door was closed behind them, Carissa turned around and asked bluntly. "How long have you wanted to eat my cunt?"

Sandra's face went from white to red as she stammered, "N-n-not long."

"Bullshit," Carissa called, explaining, "I knew you were a submissive dyke the first time we met."

"How?" Sandra asked, curious to know how this young woman had a clue to her hidden desires.

"I could see it in your repressed eyes, your fake smile and the longing in your eyes," the young redhead answered. "You had cunt-hungry whore written all over your face."

"Really?" Sandra asked, wondering who else could see past her well-created exterior.

"*Really*, really," Carissa said, her hand cupping Sandra's small breasts. "Sandy never really got big girl tits, did she?"

Sandra's shame built at having her major body flaw criticized as she looked around, hoping nobody was watching or listening. "No," she whispered.

"On all fours, Sandy," the redheaded beauty ordered.

Sandra didn't hesitate as she fell to her knees.

"That was quick. Good girl," Carissa said, "you've been very well trained. Now follow me."

Sandra's ruby cheeks burned with humiliation and excitement and a mixture of the two bounced around inside her... her head fighting against her body. Sandra crawled after Carissa, still in her heels, down a blessedly empty hallway and into her room, praying no roommate was home.

Carissa closed the door before sitting down on her couch and ordering, "Come to me, Sandy."

Sandra obeyed, crawling to the young woman's feet.

"So, all this time I've had my eye on you as a potential plaything and all this time you've been trying to hide that you're a willing little submissive," Carissa assessed. "I think you need to be punished."

Sandra's eyes went wide as pie plates, since punishments from Mariah encompassed the whole spectrum of kink.

"Stand up and get out of that skirt," Carissa ordered.

Sandra stood up, her hands quivering slightly, having not submitted to someone new in years, particularly someone she vaguely knew. She unzipped her skirt and allowed it to fall to the floor.

Carissa stared at the MILF for a moment as if assessing how much she could get if she sold her .

Sandra shivered as the cool breeze from the air conditioning chilled her.

"Climb onto my lap," Carissa ordered, patting her lap as if Sandra were a puppy.

Although this was an odd request, Sandra approached the couch and awkwardly began to sit on Carissa's lap.

"No, you silly slut," Carissa corrected, "stick that ass of yours up for me. You need a good spanking."

Sandra's eyes went big. This was new. All the years of submission to Mariah and to a variety of others and she'd never been spanked, other than the odd playful slap during intimacy. Regardless, she repositioned herself to lie across Carissa's lap, her ass pointing up towards the college student's face.

Sandra felt her bottom being softly caressed, which had her pussy, which still had the vibrating egg buzzing inside it, burning with desire.

"You have a nice ass for an older woman," Carissa complimented.

"Thank you, Miss," Sandra replied softly, the gentle massage of her buttocks making her feel relaxed.

Carissa began squeezing Sandra's ass cheeks, which were white as snow, as she spoke. "I can't

believe all these months there was an eager cunt pleaser just wasting away. Did you ever fantasize about submitting to me?"

Sandra had on rare occasions had fleeting moments of weakness where Carissa had starred in her late-night self-pleasure sessions. "Yes, a few times," she admitted.

"What did you fantasize about?" Carissa questioned, her finger sliding between the submissive's ass cheeks.

"Pleasing you," Sandra admitted.

"How?" Carissa pushed.

"Ultimate submission to you," she admitted.

"Ultimate," Carissa said, "I like that. Let's see if it's in you."

Before Sandra could ponder what she meant, she felt a sharp burn as Carissa's hand slapped her bare ass. The slap echoed around the small room as her right cheek was struck. A second slap smacked her left ass cheek and a similar searing pain coursed through her. Tears formed immediately as Carissa continued the assault on Sandra's ass.

"I told Mariah of my plans for you today, and she agreed you could use a good spanking for not offering yourself to me earlier and for your betrayal of her, although she never went into details," Carissa explained between slaps.

Sandra gritted her teeth, never feeling more helpless than she did in this moment of painful humiliation.

Carissa suggested. "Even though your ass is on fire right now and tears are probably streaming down your face, I can tell that cunt of yours is soaked."

Sandra thought the idea absurd at first, this abuse wasn't remotely turning her on, yet contrary to logic, she could feel her juices leaking out of her.

Carissa asked, after the sixth sharp slap to Sandra's backside, "Sandy, are you going to be a good girl?"

Sandra, now through sobs, promised, "Yes, Miss Carissa, I'll be a good girl."

"And you are sorry for not offering your services to me earlier?" Carissa asked, as her hand made solid contact with on the older woman's ass for a seventh time.

"So sorry," Sandra agreed and she was, both for the missed opportunity to taste the young redhead and the burning pain she was currently enduring.

An eighth and final slap made contact just as Sandra finished speaking. Carissa assessed the sub's red cheeks and smiled at the power of having a grown woman over her knee. Her own cunt begged for attention and she ordered, "Back on all fours, slut."

Sandra slowly dragged herself off the young woman's knees, each movement causing more discomfort until she'd returned to her submissive position on the floor.

Carissa stood up and undressed quickly until she was completely naked from the waist down. She returned to the couch and opened her toned legs. "Hungry?" she asked.

As much as Sandra wished she could deny it, as soon as she saw the open legs of the redhead, a natural redhead she could now tell, her mouth literally drooled. She answered earnestly, "Famished."

"Beg for it, baby," the redhead ordered, her fingers gently toying with herself.

Ignoring her ass which was still burning, Sandra didn't hesitate and begged. "Oh please, let me lick your cunt, Miss Carissa. Use my face for your pleasure."

"Not bad," Carissa moaned softly from her own self-pleasuring. "Do you like my bush?"

Sandra had never seen so much hair on a cunt. But from her close proximity it was obvious the hair did a great job of holding in the sweet aroma of the redhead's cunt, as Sandra could smell the powerful scent from a foot away. "I've never seen such a beautiful red bush before," Sandra admitted, moving closer to it on her own accord.

"I know. Most women today shave their cunts like a newborn, but I prefer the natural look," Carissa explained.

Sandra's mouth was watering and she asked, "May I *please* lick your cunt, Miss Carissa?"

"Go ahead, slut, lick away," Carissa offered, amused by the eagerness of the MILF.

Sandra crawled into a perfect and well-practiced position, the movement again giving her a twinge because of the earlier spanking. She leaned forward and took a long sniff from within the luxuriant patch of red hair. It was one of the most intoxicating scents she had ever smelt. A perfume so erotically charged she wanted to bottle it and sell it. Extending her tongue, she slowly licked up and down, forging a path to the young girl's oasis of sin.

Carissa moaned, "That's it Sandy, just think how many Sundays you could have been tasting heaven."

Sandra did feel like she was in heaven as the distinctive aroma and the redhead's sweet taste had her feeling eager to lick forever. Sandra, deciding to take her time, not knowing if she would ever get this privilege again, continued a slow tease of Carissa's pussy lips, purposely avoiding the girl's clit.

Carissa leaned back and enjoyed the fruition of a plan that had been long in the making, but short in its execution. Learning that Sandra was a submissive to Mariah was intriguing, and although she wanted Sandra to herself to train as she wanted, and eventually to add her hot daughter Kelly as well, she'd accepted she would have to share the MILF... for now.

Fifteen minutes became twenty before Sandra finally moved up to the beautiful young vixen's clit. She took the hard clit in her mouth and Carissa let out an uncontrolled scream. The quick shift from

leisurely pleasure to intense surprised her. Carissa moaned, "That's it, Sandy, get me off."

Mariah, using the GPS to follow the tracker she'd installed in Sandra's phone, arrived at Carissa's and snuck through the unlocked door. Quietly, she pulled out her iPhone and taped the action of the lawyer to be and her temp submissive.

Sandra, listening closely to the girl's increasing moans, knew her orgasm was close and went in for the kill. She slid two fingers inside Carissa's wet cunt and searched for her g-spot.

Carissa screamed again, getting crazy animated as the orgasm built, "Fuck yes slut, make me come. Finger fuck my cunt!"

Sandra instead located the redhead's g-spot and tapped on it.

"Fuuuuuck," Carissa screamed, as her orgasm soared immediately to a fever pitch. "Don't stop, I'm comiiiiing!"

Sandra smiled to herself for a job well done as she felt the girl's legs tighten around her, pulling her in deeper. Sandra continued tonguing her clit and tapping her g-spot throughout the redhead's orgasm.

Carissa had never come so hard and was still feeling wave after wave after wave of pleasure when she was startled to hear Mariah's voice.

"Was my sub good for you?" she asked, still videotaping, with the smuggest look on her face.

Carissa glared at the blonde. "What the fuck are you doing in here?"

"Getting the evidence I need to make sure you understand your place," Mariah announced.

"What?" Carissa asked, chilled by the words.

"Well, just in case you had any grand illusions of trying to steal my pet from me, I had to make sure you understand who is in charge," Mariah explained, her smile never leaving her face.

Sandra flashed back to the time when Professor Moore had tried to help her break free of Mariah:

The professor and I had met for occasional secret rendezvous for a couple of months before Mariah put a stop to it.

I came home after school one day and was shocked to see Professor Moore in our sitting room being fucked by three college guys while Mariah videotaped the whole thing.

Mariah's greeting penetrated through my shock. "Welcome home slut, crawl to me and watch your girlfriend's punishment."

I fell to my knees in fear and crawled to my possessive Mistress.

As the professor bobbed up and down on a cock, two others were fucking her pussy and ass.

Mariah asked, "Sandra, were you really considering leaving me?"

I stammered, "N-n-no."

"Then why were you frolicking with Professor Whore?" she asked, her tone hinting at how hurt she felt from the betrayal by her sub.

I had no answer other than the sex with the professor was between equals and so different from the domme-sub relationship between Mariah and me. Finally I lied, "I thought you'd given me to her as a gift for the semester, Mistress."

Mariah considered this before saying, her tone vengeful, "Well, be that as it may, I never told *her* that, and betrayal will never be tolerated. Professor Whore must learn her lesson."

I wanted to defend my professor, for I'd come to think of her as that, but knew that nothing I could say or do would help, so I silently watched her humiliating gangbang.

The next day, Professor Moore resigned after being blackmailed by Mariah that the videotape would be sent to the Dean if she dared question Mariah's authority in any way.

Carissa, attempting to be strong refuted, "I'll charge you with breaking and entering."

Mariah paused and typed on her phone, sending the incriminating evidence to her email account. Making stern eye contact with the redhead, Mariah explained, "First of all, the door was unlocked and secondly, the video of you and my sub at play would probably get a lot of hits on some porn website, don't you think?"

Carissa glared at her blackmailer, but realized she was screwed. She couldn't afford to have this video released. Unlike the 'boys will be boys' attitude commonly awarded to men, at least awarded by other men, in her case this would ruin her career before it even started. "What do you want?" her tone was as sharp as knives.

"I've never had a redheaded sub," Mariah mused.

"Excuse me?" Carissa objected, unable to believe what this blonde expected.

"I think my meaning should be pretty clear to a domme wannabe. You can play with my slut here on occasion, but you'll serve me when I want you," Mariah explained.

"But..." Carissa began.

"Silence, slut," Mariah cut the redhead off, "Never interrupt your Mistress."

Carissa was furious and stood up demanding, "I want you to leave right now."

Mariah shrugged, "As you wish. I'll email you the web address so you can enjoy the video once it's released."

Sandra's mouth dropped open, realizing she was in the video as well but knew her Mistress

wouldn't ever out her in such a way. But she wouldn't hesitate to ruin this girl's life! She warned her, "You're making a very foolhardy decision, Carissa. My Mistress doesn't bluff. Ever."

Carissa looked down at Sandra, whose eyes were pleading her to compromise. Not threatening, not confrontational, just a helpless submissive pleading with her out of the goodness of her heart. She surmised that Sandra could be confident that no matter what, her Mistress wouldn't betray a loyal submissive, and that there was software easily available that could pixilate Sandra's face into unrecognizability if Mariah wished, so Carissa herself was the only one at risk here.

"Let's go, Sandra," Mariah ordered. Sandra stood up, giving one last look of warning to Carissa.

Carissa blurted, "Wait."

Mariah stopped and turned around dramatically, her tone sing-song, "Yes, my slut?"

"What must I do to get the video back?" Carissa asked with a grimace.

"For a start, get on your knees," Mariah ordered, her tone indicating her patience was already waning.

Sandra watched as the redhead reluctantly lowered herself to her knees, obviously not a trained sub.

Carissa's glare didn't fade as she obeyed the order, trying to buy herself time as she tried to think of a way out of this disaster.

"See, that wasn't so hard was it?" Mariah gloated.

Carissa's glare continued, but she remained silent.

"Crawl to me," Mariah ordered.

Carissa hesitated briefly before crawling slowly towards the older Domme.

Once she arrived at Mariah's feet, Mariah slipped out of her left heel and ordered, "Lick my foot, my sub."

Carissa cringed at the order and looked up and said, "Please Mariah, let's make a deal."

Mariah smiled at the once confident redhead, "It's important for you to know your place, my dear. Therefore, lick my foot."

Carissa was burning with rage, but she leaned forward and licked the top of the older domme's foot.

Mariah smiled at her victory. This one had come so easily. "You understand I could convince you to do so many other humiliating things?"

"Yes," Carissa agreed.

"Good," Mariah said, sliding her foot back into her heel. "As long as we understand each other," Mariah finished. "Let's go, Sandra."

Carissa remained on her knees, bewildered by all that had transpired as the two next-generational women left her room. Not until her door was closed did she get up from her knees and notice her cunt was leaking like crazy.

15. GREAT VIBRATIONS

Kelly was a mess. Since she'd first encountered the pleasure of her small sex toy, she'd become addicted to it. She had pleased herself two or three times since that first earth-shattering orgasm, and even at school she couldn't stop thinking about pleasuring herself when she got home. She dithered over whether to bring the toy along to her track meet, and decided she must. Thankfully, it fit perfectly in her small purse.

During the three-hour bus ride, Kelly slipped into the vehicle's bathroom where she got herself off. By the time they reached their hotel, she was craving another orgasm so she slipped away to a hotel bathroom to perform the sneaky deed. The magical gadget was so effective that it didn't take long. Once she'd recovered from her orgasm, she shook her head at her preoccupation and was determined not to use her toy again.

A couple hours later she was tossing and turning, unable to fall asleep. Figuring an orgasm may help her doze off, she quietly found her little toy and crawled back into bed with it. She didn't turn it on because the other three girls in the small hotel room might hear it, but she used it to fuck herself quietly. Being quiet slowed down the buildup, but eventually she achieved a small orgasm and she immediately tumbled into sleep, the toy still inside her.

Next morning, she was mortified when she realized she'd fallen asleep without hiding her toy. Luckily she was the first one awake, so she was able to hide her indiscretion in her hand and even carry it into the bathroom without anyone the wiser. A quick shower and another quick orgasm with her toy and she headed for the track meet, where she had the best day of her athletic life, winning both of her solo events, and leading her relay team to a second place finish, thus qualifying for tomorrow's finals in all three events. If she won her Zone in any of her events tomorrow, she would be going to Alberta's Provincial in two weeks.

That evening the girls played Just Dance for a while, then hit the pool and gossiped, as girls are bound to do when they're together for long periods of time.

Eventually they ended up in a game of truth or dare between the four senior girls. The first two rounds were harmless questions and dares, until finally Becka asked their first sexual question, opening up the door for whatever other naughtiness might follow. "Judy, have you and Bobby had sex yet?"

"Oh my God, Becka, is that really the question?"

Becka smiled, "Why yes, it is, and enquiring minds want to know."

The other girls laughed and Judy sighed. "Fine, no we haven't."

"Have you blown him?" Becka dug deeper.

"I only have to answer one question per dare," Judy shot back.

"I'll take that as a yes," Becka countered.

"I didn't say that," Judy protested, a cute, skinny brunette, who was an animal lover like no other.

"But your red cheeks and refusal to answer the question say you have," Becka concluded, confident she was right. Becka was the leader of the group and a redheaded beauty with a stubbornness unequalled by anyone. Her green eyes were piercing, and even though her figure was athletic rather than voluptuous, the boys all drooled over her.

"So what if I did?" Judy asked.

"Nothing," Becka shrugged, "in fact more power to you; you two have been dating for almost two months, so if you're not putting out, you must be bobbing."

Judy gasped at the frank assessment, especially because it was true. She turned to Annie, trying to get the attention off of her. "Truth or dare?"

Annie joked, "After that last question, I'm pretty sure I'm going with dare," the shy and usually reserved Asian answered.

Judy pondered the dare when Becka interrupted and dared, "I dare you to give head to that coke bottle."

"What?" the black haired beauty gasped, shocked by the ludicrous dare.

"You heard me. We already know Judy is a cock sucker, let's see if the innocent Annie can entertain us with her skills."

Although Annie was shy around guys, she had a very determined attitude and never backed down. Grabbing the bottle, she put it in her mouth and bobbed back and forth quickly, but only twice.

Becka called foul, "Come on spoilsport, you can do better than that."

Annie, always up for a challenge, decided *Fuck it, why not put on a good show?* She held the bottle vertically about a foot away from her face and gazed longingly at it and purred, "You're such a stud, you sexy coke bottle, you. And so well endowed, you must be at least seven inches!" She put it to her lips for a kiss and attempted to French her tongue into the opening. She next pointed it towards her mouth and swirled her tongue around the top of the coke bottle, teasing it as if it were the head of a cock before beginning to take it deeper into her mouth.

Kelly watched, surprised by the turn of events, but as she watched the semi-sexual act she got turned on and once again began thinking about her toy.

Annie sucked on the bottle for a minute more before tossing it to Becka and crowing, "I got it hard for you! I bet I know what you'd do with that if you were alone."

Becka countered, "Is that a dare?"

Annie shrugged, "If you want it to be."

Becka tossed the bottle to Kelly. "What would *you* do with this if you were alone, Kelly?"

Kelly, put on the spot, and after the past few days of sex talk with Taylor increasing her sexual repertoire of stories, even if none of them were hers, she shocked all three of her more experienced teammates. "I'd stick it up my cunt and fuck myself silly with it."

Judy involuntarily spit her coke out of her mouth when she heard the normally reserved Kelly answer so crudely.

"What on earth? I've never heard you even swear before," Annie gasped, also shocked by Kelly's answer.

"Well go ahead," Becka suggested, adding with a devious smile, "This is truth or dare after all, so I dare you."

Kelly was mortified. One out of character moment and suddenly she was at the center of a predicament with a metaphorical spotlight on her. "I was just kidding, trying to shock you," she backpedalled, desperate to get out of this, her pussy unfortunately very wet and rooting for 'full speed ahead'.

"I double dog dare you to shock us some more by doing it," Becka countered, upping the ante.

Kelly's eyes went big, knowing you were never ever supposed to back down from a double dog dare.

Thankfully, Annie saved her with, "I call foul. It's my turn to ask the question."

Becka sighed before saying overdramatically, "Oh, you spoilsport. Kelly was just about to fuck herself in front of us all."

"I was not!" Kelly protested, although she wasn't sure what she would have done if the pressure had continued. She wasn't one for confrontation.

"Sure you weren't," Becka teased, "I saw you undressing that hottie bottle with your eyes."

Everyone laughed, the sexually filled moment now past.

The girls went back to gossiping and Kelly tried to ignore the thought of fucking herself with the bottle, which was substantially bigger than her toy. But no matter how much she tried to ignore it, the temptation kept returning. Eventually she excused herself to the bathroom to get ready for bed and snuck a bottle in with her. Once in the bathroom, she pulled down her pajama bottoms and undies and sat on the closed toilet seat. Grabbing the bottle, she rubbed it up and down her pussy lips, which were already very wet from her sexy contemplations, and after a moment of lubricating her new fuck toy, she slipped it easily inside her inferno of lust.

Kelly's wet pussy easily handled the wider girth and length of the bottle, so she began furiously pumping her pussy with the glass bottle. Already horny before she started fucking herself, plus this much bigger toy in her pussy, it didn't take more than a couple of minutes for Kelly to feel her orgasm rising fast. Using her free hand, she began frantically rubbing her clit. The double pleasure was the final push needed to bring the much-needed feeling of euphoria Kelly was becoming addicted to. Although she tried to keep her mouth shut, her orgasm hit her so hard, a scream escaped her lips, loud enough for the girls in the next room to hear her.

As the bathroom door began to open, Kelly barely had time to snatch the bottle out of her pussy and set it on the edge of the tub behind the shower curtain. Judy came in and asked, "You okay, Kelly? You're all red."

Kelly was barely able to answer, "Yes, fine," while the orgasm still cascaded through her.

"You sure?" Judy asked, concerned.

"Yes," Kelly answered, "just stubbed my toe on the tub," she lied, as her voice cracked.

"Okay," Judy said.

Kelly leaned back on the toilet seat, stretched her legs, closed her eyes and allowed the remainder of her orgasm to course through her. A minute later she washed up, dried the bottle, brushed her teeth, and returned to the room.

Becka saw the bottle in Sandra's hand and joked, "So you completed the dare, Sandra?"

Kelly, deciding the best way not to look obvious was to brazen it out, so she answered, "Fuck yeah, and he was a great lover."

"You slut," Becka laughed.

"That's the pot calling the kettle black," Kelly quipped back, trying to shift the attention off herself.

"Well, at least I fuck actual cocks," Becka countered.

"Any cock at all," Judy added, jumping into the repartee.

"Just the big ones," Becka retorted, using her hands to gesture nine inches.

The girls all broke out laughing and Kelly slipped thankfully into her bed, sexually fulfilled.

The next morning while in the shower Kelly used the shower head to get herself off one last time before her big final day... where she won both of her solo events: in the hundred meter and the high jump, but her group in the relay finished third by a tenth of a second, so they didn't advance. The only other girl from her school going to Provincial was Becka in the long jump. Three boys advanced also, as did the boys' four hundred meter relay team.

On the bus ride home Sunday morning, the girls celebrated their victories as they'd finished second in the Zone in overall points, their school's highest total ever. Oddly, even though Kelly was thrilled with her success and the chance to win a Regional championship or two, she couldn't think straight, as her pussy begged for attention.

One more hour until they'd be home and Kelly couldn't hold back any longer. She went to the tiny bus washroom and pleasured herself with her tiny bullet. Unfortunately, after the full feeling the

bottle had given her last night, as well as the amazing blast of the showerhead, the toy now wasn't doing any more than teasing her. By this time she was so horny she couldn't think straight. She looked around the tiny washroom for something bigger, but there was nothing. Suddenly a ridiculous idea popped into her head. Pilfering through her purse, she grabbed her new galaxy three phone, and studied it appraisingly.

Using the bullet on her clit, she took her phone and rubbed the edge of it up and down her pussy lips. Her desperation to come overriding logic, she began inserting her phone in her pussy. Once the phone was halfway in, widening her lips dramatically, she began seriously to fuck herself with her phone. The buzzing of the toy on her clit and the phone being stroked inside her had her orgasm building when the phone started buzzing too. Her phone was ringing inside her pussy! Kelly let out a moan as the vibrations from the phone brought her intense pleasure, so instead of answering it she allowed it to ring and ring and ring until the inevitable orgasm occurred. Cum leaked out of her as the phone brought her to orgasm and then stopped buzzing. As the climax ran its course, Sandra pulled her phone out and grabbed some toilet paper to wipe it off.

Standing up, she looked in the mirror and stared at herself. *What's becoming of me?*

Checking her phone, which still worked and didn't look any worse for wear, she noticed the missed call was from her Mom. She shook her head at the bizarreness of it all and laughed like crazy. *My Mom just made me come! How crazy is that?*

16. Raise a Little Sub

During the two elders' absence, Kelly had arrived home to an empty house around noon, and being tired from her adventures, athletic and otherwise, had left a note in the kitchen before immediately going upstairs to sleep.

Mariah, being generous, allowed Sandra to work the rest of Sunday as she prepared for her trip to Toronto.

It wasn't until bedtime that Mariah entered Sandra's office and said, "Well, today was fun."

Sandra blushed, remembering the day's earlier ordeal, her pussy tingling in sympathy. It was crazy, Sandra had been so focused on work she hadn't thought of anything else but the task at hand, but one sentence from Mariah and she was back to being that submissive college girl. "It was interesting."

"Remember when we went to Caroline's wedding?" Mariah asked.

Sandra went even redder as she remembered the humiliation of her first rejection.

Sandra flashed back to a Sunday at a church:

Just before our last year of college started, at a wedding service of a friend of ours, who I'd been ordered to lick to orgasm before the service, I was shocked by Mariah's newest order.

"Go into the Reverend's office and offer to suck his cock," Mariah ordered.

After three years I was well accustomed to Mariah's wicked tasks, but this instruction still shocked me. "P-p-pardon?"

"He kept checking us out during the service," Mariah explained.

"Probably because we're dressed for clubbing and not for a wedding ceremony," I pointed out; both of us were dressed in black leather skirts, nylons and five-inch heels.

"Well either way, go see if you can tempt him," Mariah ordered me.

"Please," I pleaded, even though I knew by now that such begging never worked.

"Right now, slut," Mariah ordered, as she pointed to the door. "Look, he just went into his office."

"I can't believe you're making me do this," I sighed, always ending up accepting any task from her, no matter how ludicrous. Predictably, no matter what my brain thought of the idea, my cunt was dripping wet at the thought of the naughty task at hand.

Reaching the open door, I knocked and asked, "Reverend, may I speak with you in private?"

"Sure," he smiled warmly, not showing any sign of distraction by my slutty attire.

I went in and closed the door. "That was a very nice service."

"Thank you, they're a lovely couple," he said.

"Yes they are," I agreed, not sure how to approach what I was supposed to ask.

"So, what can I do for you, young lady?" he asked.

My face was burning red, feeling the fiery flames of hell, but I pushed on. "I want to thank you personally for such a lovely ceremony."

"You do?" he asked, confused.

Suddenly feeling confident after he glanced down at my legs, I walked around his desk and approached him saying, "Yes, I do."

Reaching his side as he remained seated at his desk, I took a risk, lowering myself beside him.

"W-w-what are you doing?" he stammered.

"Thanking you personally by worshipping your member," I explained, reaching for the Reverend's crotch. Conveniently, his swivel chair didn't have arms.

"Young lady," he rebuked me, sternly pushing my hand away and standing up.

"Sir, I want to worship your cock with my mouth," I insisted, determined to complete my task.

"What? Get out of here this minute," he ordered angrily, yanking the sinful me off my knees.

"Your loss," I shrugged, looking him in the eyes, trying to shock him. "The bride thought I was great, before the service."

"You're a blasphemy of a woman," he condemned me, "Now leave me this instant."

"Yes, that didn't go too well," Sandra recalled.

"Lucille will be fun to turn," Mariah said.

"*She* is a complete bitch," Sandra said, remembering not only her earlier treatment at the hands of Lucille today, but on many occasions throughout her years at the church.

"She sees through your charade," Mariah said, matter-of-factly.

"There was no charade when I was going to church, I'd become a completely different person," Sandra pointed out.

"You can't change who you are, just as you can't change your past. You were submissive when we were together back then, you remained submissive since then even though you were in denial all those years, and you will always be submissive, no matter how much you embrace that fact or try to run away from it," Mariah expounded, psychoanalyzing her sub like she did so often.

Being honest, Sandra shrugged, "Maybe you're right, but I was quite content these past eighteen years."

"You were living a lie, and perceptive people such as Carissa could tell," Mariah smiled. "Were you honestly happy? I mean truly happy, like you were under me?"

"I thought I was," Sandra mused, considering the previous eighteen years and her firm resolve to break free from Mariah and her powerful psychological pull.

"Yet you returned to your rightful position beneath me so easily," Mariah smiled.

Sandra sighed, "I thought I could resist you if I ever encountered you again."

"But?" Mariah asked, knowing the answer.

"But apparently I can't," Sandra admitted, as Mariah opened her legs to offer her pet a snack.

"But Kelly is upstairs and we don't know if she's still asleep," Sandra protested even as her mouth watered automatically whether she would or no.

"It's only a matter of time before she learns the truth, my slut," Mariah pointed out.

Although she knew it was futile, Sandra requested, "Couldn't we wait until she graduates before we let her know of our past?"

"We could, but we won't," Mariah smiled. "So tomorrow you'll begin addressing me as Mommy again."

A chill went up Sandra's back at this renewed expectation, as she flashed back to just after she'd learned that Mariah's mom was submissive to her daughter:

"So starting now, whenever we're alone together I will be addressed as Mommy," Mariah said, once we arrived back in our dorm following our crazy weekend with her submissive mother.

"P-p-pardon?" I asked, not sure I'd heard my Mistress correctly.

"Since you need guidance and someone to make all your decisions for you... just like a child... you will now address me when we are alone, or when we're in this room no matter who else may be present, as Mistress Mommy," Mariah explained.

I was confused; watching the incestuous interactions between Mariah and her mother had awakened new sexual feelings within me towards my own mother, and this tension was now doubly compounded by the idea of calling Mariah my 'Mommy'. I had learned always to obey no matter how bizarre the order, and when I didn't I was punished harshly. So in spite of the turmoil in my heart and in my head, I whispered obediently, "Understood, Mistress Mommy."

"Good girl," Mariah purred, as she patted my head.

"Thank you, Mistress Mommy," I replied with sincere gratitude, feeling a rush of excitement at this rare verbal approval from my Mistress.

Mariah sat down at her desk and said, "Come here little girl, and get your treat."

I quickly obeyed, clambering around under the small desk to get between Mariah's legs, a chill going up my spine at being called 'little girl'.

"Go ahead my child, come and get your treat," Mariah purred.

I leaned forward and began licking.

After a few minutes, Mariah got verbal. "That's it, my precious little girl, you love Mommy's special treat, don't you?"

"Yes, Mommy," I agreed, licking hungrily, my own cunt begging for attention at this strange yet erotic motherly treatment.

"Do you want a bigger treat from Mommy?"

"Oh yes, Mommy," I replied, praying that would mean getting fucked by one of my Mistress's big strap-on cocks.

After a moment, Mariah's moans increased and as her orgasm hit, she screamed, "Here's your treat, you good girl!"

Cum flooded out of Mariah and I eagerly licked up the treat.

"You got all of Mommy's treat, didn't you?" Mariah smiled, looking down at her submissive me.

"Yes, Mommy and it was super yummy," I squealed happily, just as if I were a child.

"You're such a good girl, such a very, very good girl," Mariah told me.

"So you will resume calling me Mommy," Mariah instructed, repeating her newest expectation to her submissive.

A chill again went up Sandra's spine just as it had all those years ago when she was first ordered to do it. "Yes, Mommy," Sandra agreed, the strange word coming so naturally out of her mouth.

"And to be perfectly clear, you will refer to me as Mommy in front of your daughter as well," Mariah informed her obedient slut, the plan to add Kelly to the submission mix just getting underway.

"Please, no," Sandra gasped, knowing there would be no believable explanation for referring to Mariah as 'Mommy' except the truth. Everything else so far could be explained more or less as accommodating a good friend from her past, but this new requirement would be impossible to justify.

"I wasn't asking for your approval, only your obedience," Mariah said sharply. "Do I have it?"

"Sorry, Mommy Mistress," Sandra quickly apologized, "of course you do", knowing that tone was dictating this conversation was done. "But how will I explain it to Kelly?"

"I don't know, something about a game we used to play in the past," Mariah shrugged.

Sandra sighed, "This is getting out of hand."

Mariah smiled, playing on her pet's words, "It was always out of *your* hands, my pet."

Sandra couldn't help but laugh at herself, realizing how true that was. She'd tried resisting off and on for years back in college, and had tried resisting since Mariah's surprise arrival, yet she always felt like there was a higher power guiding her to obey. "It feels that way."

"Now come and get your treat, my good, obedient little girl," Mariah ordered.

Sandra, her cunt already leaking at the incestuous role playing, crawled between Mariah's legs and forgetting about her daughter upstairs whimpered, "Yes, Mistress Mommy."

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Next morning, Sandra got up and went to the kitchen to make breakfast. Kelly came down already dressed, she too was a morning person, and said, "Good morning, Mom." Kelly kissed her mother on the cheek like she always did.

"Good morning, sweetheart," Sandra greeted, noticing her daughter was in jeans and yet was also wearing pantyhose. "Pantyhose under your jeans?" she asked.

"Aunt Mariah said they'd make me feel more like a woman," Kelly explained.

"That they do," Sandra agreed, a tingle twitching down below, remembering hearing those same words for the first time so many years ago. Sandra knew Mariah's endgame plan, to recruit Kelly as her sub also. But until this moment her own daughter hadn't excited her sexually; not that Kelly wasn't attractive, she most certainly was. But incest with her daughter had just never occurred to her. Yet, Sandra's face flushed bright pink at the thought of her daughter on her knees beside her serving their Mistress. The flush this time wasn't resulting from shame or some such emotion, but from aroused excitement.

"You okay, Mom?" Kelly asked.

"What? Yes, I'm just not getting much sleep lately," Sandra covered, which wasn't a lie. Between her upcoming presentation in Toronto and the knowledge that Kelly would be left alone with two hungry sexual predators and no one to protect her. Sandra knew she was helpless to stop them, but also knew she had to protect her daughter, or at least try... the conflicting thoughts were psychologically wearing her down.

"Well, you'd better get some before your big meeting," Kelly advised her mother.

"Agreed," Sandra said.

Sandra was about to give Kelly a warning about Taylor and Mariah, when Mariah's sing-song voice echoed around the kitchen, "Good morning, my girls."

"Hi, Aunt Mariah," Kelly greeted her cheerfully, going over and giving her faux aunt the same greeting she'd given her mother.

Sandra watched, knowing her influence over her daughter was already slipping, and soon everything she'd worked so hard to do in order to protect her daughter would be a distant, ineffectual memory. A rush of jealousy at the idea of Mariah taking her daughter away from her finally hit her. How could she have been so weak? So selfish? She couldn't let her daughter succumb to Mariah's charms. She couldn't allow her daughter to end up being a submissive, disrespected plaything for years, like she'd been.

Once the hug was over, Mariah gave a look to her submissive.

For an instant Sandra considered standing up to her right here, right now, but she knew a full-scale confrontation in front of her daughter would be disastrous. Mariah would have the wits to turn everything ass over tits and leave Sandra looking stupid, hateful and helpless. Trying to act casual, Sandra greeted, "Hi, Mommy."

Kelly turned to her mother quizzically, not sure she'd heard that correctly.

Mariah replied, her eyes always on Kelly, "And how are you this morning?"

"Good," Kelly answered.

"I see you're wearing nylons again like I suggested: good girl," Mariah smiled, beginning the conditioning of approval she knew worked for all subs.

"You were right, I really do feel more like a woman in these," Kelly admitted, wiggling her nylon-clad toes.

"Next we need to paint your toenails," Mariah said.

"Okay, Aunt Mariah," Kelly agreed without thought, liking the way Mariah was giving her advice on how to be more of a woman, something her mother never really did.

While breakfast was being eaten, Kelly sat confused by her mother's strange behaviour; Sandra tried to think of a way to protect her daughter; Mariah was amused as she planned the next few days and the final submission plan for her future pet... Sandra's daughter; lastly, Taylor was upstairs in her shared bedroom getting dressed and considering her own plans of pushing forward Kelly's submission.

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After the girls left for school, Sandra needed to do some work in her home office on some further preparations for her upcoming trip to Toronto, and Mariah left her to it.

But after about three hours she came in and smiled, "Now that wasn't so hard was it?"

Sandra closed her laptop to give the Mistress her full attention. This conversation wouldn't be easy. Again.

"Did you see the confusion on her face?" she asked, having been embarrassed throughout the entire meal.

"She's going through the predictable stages of change," Mariah explained.

"But I just *can't* let her become like me!" Sandra stressed.

Mariah sighed, "Are we really going to have this conversation again?"

"Yes, I guess we are. There's no way I can let Kelly end up like me," Sandra said defiantly. "Can't you see how awful that would be?"

"You don't want her to be like you," Mariah said musingly, knowing a soft approach was needed. Like a mother with her child, a mistress with her submissive was very similar. "My pet, you are who you are. I didn't make you the way you are, I just satisfy your needs because you already are who you are."

"But Kelly isn't," Sandra pointed out.

"Are you sure? She's really so very much like you," Mariah countered. "She's sweet, shy, self-confident yet insecure, a crazy oxymoron indeed, and most of all she's eager to please."

"That doesn't make her a submissive," Sandra said.

"You still don't understand it, do you?" Mariah asked tenderly.

"Understand what?" Sandra asked, confused and frustrated.

"That the submissive and the dominant are equals. You can't have one without the other, and neither of them can cope successfully without the other," Mariah explained. Sharing vulnerable inner feelings she'd never before exposed to her pet, she continued, "Don't you understand how I need you as much, if not more, than you need me?"

Sandra was confused, even touched, almost in a protective way, by the softness in Mariah's voice, as well as the sincerity apparent in her tone. This was no ruse. "Really?"

"Of course. Why do you think I'm really here? I spent eighteen years looking for someone to fill the empty place in my heart that you used to fill," Mariah said. "I've always assumed you were spending those eighteen years longing for the same thing."

Sandra was overwhelmed by the sudden realization that it hadn't been a one-way street all those years ago, indeed the clarity hit her with such force that she had to wonder how she'd never understood it before. She *needed* Mariah to fill the role of Mistress for her, to guide her in her journey of sexual awakening and liberation. When she was being honest with herself she'd always known that.

But conversely, Sandra now saw through the facade of authoritative dominance into the deep insecurities that Mariah hid so well. Mariah... needed... her! The realization sent a rush of adrenaline through her. Finally she spoke. "I never figured out that was what I was missing for all those years, but obviously it was."

"What was?" Mariah questioned, her deepest vulnerability was now out in the open, which made her feel exceedingly uncomfortable.

"You, silly," Sandra giggled. "I always had an empty spot inside me, yet I always pushed it down, tried to pretend it wasn't there. I was in such denial of my past and of my need for you, that it never occurred to me that we complement each other. That we're two peas in a pod. That you benefit me just as much as I benefit you and vice versa. That we were meant to be."

A rush of relief washed through the dominant, hearing her pet say those words, "Yes, my dear, you've said it in a nutshell: *we are meant to be.*"

"And as more than just submissive and dominant," Sandra added.

"Yes my dear, as lovers," Mariah smiled, before adding, "very unorthodox lovers, but lovers nonetheless; truthfully, our love is so much more than the traditional variety. We have no secrets, no unfulfilled fantasies, no regrets... only each other."

"And that's what matters," Sandra said, shivering in fulfillment. In recognition of her other half.

"Come here," Mariah smiled.

Sandra got on her knees to begin to crawl, but Mariah smiled, "No, my love, walk to me. We'll return to our accustomed roles soon enough, but let's share this moment of discovered truth as equals,"

Sandra obeyed, although this time it wasn't so much obedience as destiny, and she was drawn into the warmest, most meaningful embrace of her life. Resistance was futile; she was a submissive, and looking at her daughter without the rose-coloured glasses of the obligatory motherly preconceptions, it was obvious that Kelly was one as well. She would no longer fight tooth and nail against her daughter's submission, so long as Kelly succumbed willingly, on her own terms.

Sandra asked, "Do you promise not to force Kelly into submission?"

"Have I ever forced you?" Mariah asked, still holding Sandra tightly, affectionately, lovingly.

"It felt like it at the time, but in retrospect I can see that was never the case," Sandra realized, another revelation that every submissive task in her life had been her own decision... even when it hadn't seemed that way. She could have said no; she could have gotten off her knees many times and walked away if she truly wanted to, and once she'd even done so, although as it turned out, unwisely. Because only when she was obeying the exciting, crazy and ludicrous orders of Mariah was she ever truly happy. Oh, sure. She loved her daughter and lived vicariously through her successes and youthful exuberance, yet on her own she hadn't been happy in over eighteen years.

It was like there's an emotional baseline for each of us. During the course of a day or a week or even longer, our emotions rise above and fall beneath that baseline for whatever reasons, but the placement of this baseline determines whether we're basically happy or sad or content or whatever. But some very few presences or absences in our lives are so profound that they can even change our baseline. Today, Sandra had learned that Mariah was the force capable of changing her baseline. And just as importantly, Sandra was the force that could change Mariah's.

"Your daughter will fall of her own accord," Mariah predicted confidently. "The seeds of submission have already been planted. And if I'm wrong and that isn't who she is, then she will not. But I know I'm not wrong, the signs are all there."

"I love you, Mistress," Sandra said looking into Mariah's eyes.

"Today Sandra, it's just Mariah," she smiled, "and I love you too."

The kiss that followed lasted minutes; it was soft and tender at first, but the longer it lasted, both women's hands began exploring each other's bodies without ever allowing their lips to part from each other, the kiss becoming ever more urgent and passionate.

Finally, Mariah ordered, as she led her lover upstairs to Sandra's old bedroom, "Get undressed and lay down, my sweetheart."

Sandra didn't hesitate, ready for whatever her mistress, her lover, ordered her to do.

"I'm going to bring you pleasure unlike any you've ever experienced," Mariah promised as she moved between Sandra's thigh-high-clad legs.

Sandra watched in awe as her mistress did something she'd never done before... she tasted her submissive.

Sandra moaned at the contact of Mariah's tongue and since she was already wet, already revved up and already ready to explode, it didn't take long for her orgasm to rush through her. The orgasm when it hit was like fireworks exploding in her cunt as she screamed, grabbing her Mistress's head, "God, yeeeeeeeeees!"

Mariah meanwhile kept licking and licking, her pet's cum flowing into her mouth, a wide smile on her face.

Sandra, her body weak, let go of Mariah's head and collapsed onto the bed.

Mariah joined her exhausted pet in another face to face, body to body embrace. "You understand you will always be mine?"

"Yes, absolutely, and I now know I want that more than anything," Sandra nodded, looking deep into Mariah's eyes.

"And so will your daughter," Mariah added, turning the conversation full circle.

Sandra understood that it was up to God and Kelly what was to happen next and she nodded, "I won't try to stop you, so long as Kelly submits on her own. So long as that's what's best for her, and now I think it probably is."

Mariah smiled, as she slipped out of her clothing and straddled her adorable slut, "My pet, you did a perfect job of raising a little sub; you just didn't realize that's what you were doing."

Staring at Mariah's cunt, Sandra imagined her daughter on her back submitting to Mariah as well... it just seemed inevitable... like the saying goes... like mother, like daughter.

The end. For now.