

"OH" SUBMISSION TOWN: A MOTHER FALLS

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Wholesome MILF gets pulled into submission by Domme daughter.

Incest/Taboo

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Summary: Wholesome MILF gets pulled into submission by domme daughter.

Note 1: This is a Christmas 2012 Contest Story so please vote.

Note 2: The story is dedicated to Chuck who sent me the original idea for this story.

Note 3: Thanks to **Mab7991** and **LaRascasse** for editing this work.

"Oh" Submission Town: A Mother Calls

Kimberly Martin was not used to it being so quiet in her house. As the wife of a Minister, she had a very full schedule that either had her out and about in the small community of Spring Creek, at home doing her many household chores, that her old fashioned husband referred to as woman's work, or at home fighting with her eighteen year old daughter, Cinthia, who had been a hellion for years, but who had become particularly worse since turning eighteen a few weeks ago.

Actually, the house was particularly quiet since Cinthia had stormed out of the house after another argument about her risqué fashion sense. She had come downstairs dressed in a plaid skirt so short the top of her white thigh high stockings were completely visible, with a white blouse that was so see-through Kimberly could see her daughter's black bra.

"You are not going out dressed like that," the forty-two year old mother said, as she stopped decorating the tree that she was suppose to be doing with her daughter and not alone.

"Like what?" Cinthia asked, acting as if such an outfit was perfectly normal.

"Like a harlot," the pretty, but conservative mom replied.

The eighteen year old daughter, who was the spitting image of her mom, laughed, "Really, Mother, harlot, can we at least get in the right century?"

"Don't use that tone with me young lady," a growingly frustrated Kimberly responded.

"What tone?" Cinthia shrugged, being sure to add tone to her question, before adding, as if her Mother had no say in the decision, "Tommy and I are going out."

"Not in that, not dressed like a...," the mother paused unsure what word to choose.

"Like a what, Mother?" Cinthia asked with a challenging glare.

"Like a slut," Kimberly finally blurted out.

"Are you calling me a slut?" the daughter questioned, the tension in the room growing instantly.

"No, my dear," the mother replied, her hair in a bun, hiding just how pretty she could be with her hair down, said, "It's just...."

"Now am I, a dear or a slut, Mother?" Cinthia snapped, her anger bubbling over.

Regretting her word choice, Kimberly tried to rephrase, "Please Cinthia. We have an image to uphold for your Father`s sake."

"Fuck Mom," Cinthia exploded, "Everything is about our image. I am sick of the facade we have to endure in this fucking God awful town."

The mother was shocked. Sure they had fought, more frequently as her only daughter got older, and since her only son, Ben had left for college, but Cinthia had never before swore in her presence and had never used the Lord's name in vain. The stunned mother's own anger exploded, "That is enough young lady. Do not swear in our house and don't you ever use the Lord's name in vain, is that clear?"

Cinthia's next words were poisonous. "Yes, for God fucking sakes, could you fucking imagine if people in the community knew that the Minister's daughter was some fucking cheap slut and that the Minster and his wife are in a sham of a fucking marriage? Holy shit, the fabric of our town would crumble right before our eyes, wouldn't it Mommy dearest?" As she finished a smile crossed her face as if she had some deep dark secret.

Before Kimberly knew what she was doing, she slapped her daughter in the face.

Instantly the mother was apologizing, "I-I-I am so sorry. I can't believe I just did that."

Instead of feeling offended, Cinthia seemed relieved. She smiled and said, "Well, good to know there is some emotion behind the pretentious perfection you exude in front of everyone."

"Cinthia, please let's talk like two mature women," the mother, near tears, pleaded.

"Ok, Mom. When was the last time dad fucked you?" Cinthia asked, smiling, knowing she had long ago crossed the line.

"Cinthia!" Kimberly gasped at the shocking question.

"Mom, even though you try to hide it with your hair in a bun, conservative blouses, long skirts, dresses and no make-up. You are very beautiful. Stop hiding your sexuality, Mom. It is 2012, not 1955," Cinthia said, her tone no longer angry, but sincere.

Kimberly was weakened by the rare compliment of her looks, before she could respond she heard a car honking.

"That is Tommy," Cinthia said, leaning in and kissing her mom on the cheek, before adding, "I'll be home by midnight."

Cinthia started to leave and Kimberly tried to be the one in control. "Do not leave this house, young lady."

Cinthia stopped, turned around and said, "And what are you going to do to stop me?"

The words every parent dreads, the utter defiance and the moment when you know that you can't win.

"That's what I thought, Mommy," Cinthia said smiling, using the word 'Mommy' condescendingly. "Just like with Father, you are submissive. Now be a good Mommy and go finish putting up the tree and then clean my room." Patting her mother on the cheek, Cinthia turned and left through the front door.

Tears flooded her eyes as the defeated mother stood there devastated by the treatment of her daughter, the utter disrespect and at the accusation of her being submissive. After a moment, Kimberly moved robotically to the tree and continued the lonely job of putting up the family Christmas tree by herself.

As the mother did as she was expected, she wished her husband was home. There is no way Cinthia would have walked out of the house dressed like that if he was home. She never considered herself submissive, but rather just a faithful wife who did the duties a stereotypical 'woman who stays at home' does. In reflection, Robert was a very demanding man, stern, but fair. With Robert, there was only black and white, never any shade of grey in between. Yet, Robert would not be home for a few days as he was giving a special sermon at the biggest church in Tennessee and then staying for a few days for a big religious conference where he was the closing keynote.

Kimberly finished putting up the tree which had always been a special tradition for herself and her children. Kimberly went up to clean her daughter's room but stopped, she began shaking her head as she thought to herself, 'What am I doing? I am doing exactly what she told me to.'

Kimberly instead returned downstairs and seated herself at the table in the rectory dining room. Kimberly was in charge of almost every fundraiser for the church and the upcoming annual Christmas pageant was no different. She sighed thinking about how predictable her life had become, something she had not considered before the harsh accusations of her daughter. She spent the next hour organizing things for the upcoming pageant: she called and chatted with Mrs. Weber who was in charge of the show itself and somehow ended up agreeing to be the virgin Mary; she called Mrs. Addleton to confirm food was all organized and ended up agreeing to make her famous beef stew; she called Mr. Hamilton about the hall and ended up agreeing to pick up more Christmas lights for the show. She quickly decided no more calls as her workload kept increasing with each call.

'Am I submissive?' Kimberly thought to herself. Everyone just expects I will do what they ask: my husband, my daughter, the community. She was suddenly frustrated and was about to call it quits for the evening when she remembered Mr. Hamilton mentioning that the special hand carved chest that had been used in all of the pageants, the one held by one of the three kings could not be found when they had done an inventory. It was a lovely piece and she recalled seeing it not too long ago in the church basement in one of the storage rooms. She thought about leaving it till tomorrow, but she was rather anal about things. Still wide-awake after her fight with her daughter and knowing she wouldn't sleep well until she at least checked if it was there.

Outside it had just finished snowing and the town looked beautiful with fresh snow. Kimberly decided to walk the three blocks instead of driving to enjoy the fresh winter air. Seldom had she just walked around at night and enjoyed the calm beauty of the town. Every house had Christmas decorations on their front lawn and lights on their homes; she smiled as she began to sing, "It's beginning to look a lot like Christmas."

The three-block stroll took over twenty minutes as Mrs. Martin just admired the houses, chatted with Mr. and Mrs. Smith who were out for a walk themselves, and just enjoyed the freedom of being alone.

When she arrived at the church, Kimberly found the door locked and sighed as she realized she had not brought her keys. The church never used to be locked, until an unfortunate incident a few months ago where it had been vandalized in the middle of the night. She was about to turn back and go home when she noticed the lights were on in the basement. She wondered if someone was downstairs, probably looking for the chest just as she was about to do, and decided to go take a peek.

There were fresh footprints in the snow leading to the back door and sure enough, it was unlocked. Kimberly went inside, took off her snow covered boots and went downstairs. As she reached the bottom she was about to say hello, when she heard grunts and moans coming from the far back room. The one used for marriage counselling usually. She was suddenly extremely anxious and slowly tiptoed to the door that was slightly ajar.

As the curious Minister's wife slowly looked inside, her mouth dropped open and she had to cover her mouth to keep from gasping at what she was seeing. On the table used to discuss the sanctity of marriage was her daughter, naked except for her blouse and she was clearly having sex with Tommy Chase, her bad boy boyfriend that Robert greatly disapproved of. Only the Mother, Caroline, came to church, neither her slimy car salesman husband, nor their only son Tommy ever came to the Sunday services.

Kimberly's first instinct was to walk in and stop this as any mother would do in this situation, yet that is not what she did. Instead, she watched transfixed by her daughter being fucked so thoroughly by the surprisingly muscular teenage boy.

Cynthia moaned, "Harder Tommy. Slam that big snake of yours all the way in me."

Hearing her daughter's filthy mouth was also shocking, even after their explosive fight earlier. Yet, while the words last time went directly to her heart, this time the words went directly somewhere else. Kimberly couldn't deny the sudden twitch in her vagina. So instead of stopping the sexual debauchery, the Mom who couldn't remember the last time she actually had sex watched in voyeuristic awe.

Meanwhile, Cynthia was getting even more animated as Tommy continued hard deep thrusts into her. "Oh fuck, oh fuck, Tommy, I'm getting close."

Tommy grunted back, "You love my big cock, don't you, slut?"

Kimberly again gasped at hearing her daughter being called such a derogatory name, yet it only seemed to enhance the euphoria growing in her daughter.

"Yes, baby, your cock fits my slutty wet little cunt so perfectly," she moaned back.

Again Kimberly could not believe it. Sure Cynthia had been a handful, but never in a million years would she have anticipated her daughter not only allowing herself to be called a slut, but calling herself one as well.

"I am going to take your back door one of these days, slut," Tommy said, his hands squeezing Kimberly's daughter's breasts through her shirt.

"I don't know, baby," Cinthia moaned.

"I wasn't asking your opinion bitch. You're my cunt now and you will do as you are told," Tommy said with a confidence that implied this was not negotiable.

The firmness of his voice sent pulse waves to the voyeuristic mother, her own submissive personality bubbling to the forefront.

"Just get me off, baby," Cinthia demanded, clearly two strong-willed people both trying to control the situation and each other.

Tommy obliged, sweat pouring off his body as he slammed into the near climactic Cinthia.

Cinthia's body bounced back like a Raggedy Ann doll as she screamed, "Shiiiiit, I'm coming."

Kimberly watched her daughter orgasm and imagined it was her getting fucked so hard. She couldn't resist the temptation any longer as her hand went under her dress and to her wanton, long-neglected vagina.

A minute after Cinthia orgasmed, Tommy grunted, "Suck my big fat snake, cocksucker."

Again Kimberly couldn't believe what she was hearing, or what she was witnessing or the effect it was having on her. She was now rubbing herself quickly, desperate to get off as she watched her daughter hop of the table and quickly devour what was easily the biggest cock she had ever seen. Although she was not close enough to see exactly how big it was, she was sure it was substantially longer and thicker than her husband's five inches.

Cinthia bobbed eagerly on Tommy's cock, tasting her own cum. She loved sucking Tommy's thick long cock and although she didn't love the taste of cum, getting her face coated with his sticky goo was a turn-on for some reason. Possibly, because her home life was such a boring, rigorous structure of goodness that being slutty was just a natural release for her frustrations.

"Here it comes, baby," Tommy grunted and pulled out of Cinthia's mouth pumping his cock furiously.

The mother was just as furiously rubbing herself as she too was close to orgasm.

Kimberly covered her mouth with her free hand to smother her scream as her orgasm hit, just as she saw her daughter's face getting coated with stream after stream of white goo.

"Hmmmmm, I love your cum baby," Cinthia purred as she licked Tommy's cockhead. Hearing a slight sound, she glanced to the door. She gasped as she saw her Mother watching her.

Kimberly thinking she may be caught, quickly backed away from the door and quickly, but quietly, moved up the stairs.

Cinthia whispered to Tommy, "My mom is here."

"Shit," he cursed, quickly pulling up his pants.

"No, no, no, it's ok," Cinthia smiled, devilishly. "She was watching us."

"Fuck off," Tommy replied, his own devious smile crossing his lips.

"I'm serious," Cinthia smiled, quickly deep throating her boyfriend's cock.

"So now what?" Tommy asked, knowing his girlfriend's often devious, naughty ideas.

Taking Tommy's cock out of her mouth and standing up, Cinthia smiled, "I think it is time to have some fun."

"And what was what we just did?" Tommy joked.

"Oh, tomorrow we get my Mommy on this table," Cinthia announced.

"Are you shitting me?" Tommy asked.

"Nope," Cinthia said, "I finally have Mommy dearest exactly where I want her."

"And where is that?" Tommy asked, finishing putting his cock away.

"Blackmail," Cinthia smiled.

"You are not saying what I think you are saying," Tommy questioned, his cock staying hard with just the thought of fucking Mrs. Martin."

"Well, you said my Mom is a MILF," Cinthia teased, already visually planning having her mother eating her pussy.

Meanwhile, Kimberly ran home, almost falling twice as she tried to collect her thoughts. She couldn't believe she just masturbated while watching her daughter have sex...in church! She was mortified by her actions, horrified by her daughter's actions, and petrified by the reality that having watched her daughter having sex and being treated as a complete slut, brought back so many memories of her own wild sexual exploits in college.

Before Kimberly met Robert, she was a bit of a wild child, but that all stopped the moment she met Robert. He was ten years older than her, but Kimberly was sick of the crazy life she was leading and was drawn in by his high moral values. In very little time, her naughty past faded and she was pulled in by Robert's strong resolve and his smooth way with words. He was the yin to her yang, the calm to her storm and they were married just over a year after they met. Her son Ben came a year later, and fourteen months after that Cinthia was born and although Robert was thrilled to have children, he never seemed to get past seeing Kimberly as big and pregnant. After the children's births, he lost all interest in intimacy and once in a while, a flicker of disgust crossed his face as if he could still visualize her being pregnant. So although Kimberly lost all the baby weight and was still a very attractive woman, actually in better shape than when she was in college, they had not had sex in years.

Occasionally the temptation to pleasure herself occurred, but she combated the urges by keeping herself super busy. However, seeing her daughter being fucked had brought back her repressed sexuality and when the dam had burst, she had masturbated in church while watching her daughter used as a slut, flashbacks of herself being used as a slut returning to her head like a vintage old movie.

Once home, she went directly to the shower to wash away her sin. The hot water warmed Kimberly, but she couldn't completely cool the fire that was still flickering down below. She tried desperately to forget what she saw, what she felt, but once the apple is bit there is no going back and she had taken a very big bite.

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Usually Kimberly waited up for Cinthia to get home before retiring to bed, but decided she really didn't know how to face her daughter after what she just saw. So after getting in her pajamas, she went down stairs to get a glass of milk. She was just putting the milk back in the refrigerator when the front door opened. She tried to finish her milk and escape back to her bedroom, before her daughter came into the kitchen. However, she failed; they were now standing there face-to-face.

Cinthia had decided she was going to play mind games with her mom and not just come out and blurt that she knew what she knew. She opened with fake sincerity, "Sorry about my earlier outburst, Mom."

Kimberly was surprised by the softness of her daughter's voice and doubly surprised when she came and hugged her. She had craved such mother-daughter intimacy for years, ever since it had stopped a few years ago, yet now it just felt awkward. Instead of the normal innocence of a mother-daughter hug, she noticed her breasts crushed together with her daughters. Her daughter's hand landed harmlessly on her lower back, the fingers just touching her backside. Kimberly felt another rush of excitement which mortified her (even in her wild college days she had never been with another woman).

As soon as the embrace ended, Kimberly tried to remain cool. "I'm sorry too, Cinthia. You are eighteen and old enough to make your own decisions, even if I don't always approve. I was young once too you know."

"You were?" Cinthia teased her mother, "I just assumed you were born as an adult."

"It feels that way some times," Kimberly replied.

"Tommy is taking me to the Christmas formal tomorrow," Cinthia said, stirring the pot by mentioning Tommy.

Kimberly's face flushed at just hearing Tommy's name, his cock instantly flashing into her head.

"You ok, Mom? You look all flushed," Cinthia said, feigning concern.

Kimberly stammered as she tried to justify her burning cheeks. "O-o-oh, I just feel a little under the weather."

Cinthia put her hand on her mom's forehead. "No fever, Mommy, maybe you just need some TLC."

Kimberly's red faced cheeks burned even more as the thought of her daughter's boyfriend being the one to give her a very special kind of TLC popped again into her head. Mortified by the sick and twisted thoughts that continued to recur in her mind, she decided to finish the conversation. "I think you are right, Cinthia. I am going to hit the hay."

"Me too," Cinthia agreed, throwing another innuendo at her mother, "I am really worn out myself."

The Mother's mind flashed back to seeing her daughter getting fucked by Tommy's big, thick, hard cock.

Cinthia added, confident that her Mother was currently remembering what she had witnessed earlier, "It really was a long hard night."

Kimberly oblivious to her daughter's innuendo agreed, "Yes it has been a long night."

"Long and hard," Cinthia corrected, barely able to hold back her laughter.

"Sure, long and hard," Kimberly replied, her mind again thinking of her daughter's boyfriend's cock.

"What are you thinking about, Mom?" Cinthia asked, knowing exactly what her mother was thinking.

"What? Sorry, I am just way past exhaustion," the dazed and increasingly horny mother replied.

Cinthia yawned, finally deciding to let her mom off the hook for the night, "I'm exhausted too."

"Good night," Kimberly said.

"Night Mom," Cinthia replied, new ideas forming on how to make her mom her plaything.

In her bed, Kimberly couldn't resist the temptation of pleasuring herself for the second time that night and the second time in years while thinking of Tommy's cock fucking her deep and hard like he had her daughter. She came hard again and like the last time she was horrified by her weakness. How was she going to face her daughter or Tommy tomorrow? A million thoughts bounced in her head as she drifted into slumber.

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The next morning, last night just seemed like a strange dream as Kimberly woke up from the best night's sleep she could remember. Yet, as the memories from last night returned, she sat straight up ashamed. Looking at the clock she gasped it was 9:10. Over two hours later than she normally woke up. She was suppose to be at the hall by ten to help set up for the dance tonight. She quickly got ready, happy she showered last night, and made herself a quick breakfast.

The day itself flew by like most days did, as Kimberly was kept busy running around doing other people's jobs to make sure the dance would be ready. By the time she arrived home at three, half an hour before Cinthia should be home, she was already exhausted.

For the second time in less than twenty-four hours, Kimberly was going to witness her daughter engaged in sexual activity. This time though the shock value would double. Closing her front door, she instantly heard the moans of pleasure, but this time there was no hiding.

Cinthia called out, "Hi, Moooooommy," through an exaggerated moan.

Kimberly again froze in her tracks, just like she had last night.

"Get your ass in here Mother," Cinthia ordered, her tone changing in a heartbeat.

Kimberly's face went flush not with embarrassment, but anger at her daughter talking to her like that. She turned the corner into the living room with guns a blazing. "Don't you ever talk to me

like...." The mother stopped in mid-sentence as she stared at her daughter, naked, with her legs open and a girl kneeling between them licking away.

"Like what Mommy? Cat got your tongue?" Cinthia smiled.

Regaining her composure, the mother snapped, "What do you think you are doing, Cinthia?"

"I am having my cunt licked, Mommy. You should try it sometime. It is absolutely divine. Isn't that a word from your generation?" Cinthia moaned.

"Stop it this second!" Kimberly demanded, rage boiling over, even as her own vagina began to get wet.

Instead of stopping, Cinthia grabbed the girl's head between her legs and pulled it deeper inside her cunt. Ignoring her mother's protest, Cinthia asked, "Did you know that Dad added cameras in the church after the break-in last year?"

"I don't know what..." the angry mother began not realizing the true implication of her daughter's words.

"Shhh, Mommy. Your Mistress was talking," Cinthia said smiling.

"Excuse me," the mother gasped.

"Your Mistress, I own you now Mommy," the daughter said rather matter-of-factly.

"Cinthia this has gone too far," the mother said, already feeling herself losing the power struggle.

Cinthia ignored her mother's lame protests and explained, "Anyway, the point being that a camera was on and filmed someone masturbating in a hallway last night, Any chance you know who that was, Mommy?"

Kimberly's face went from ruby red with anger to pale white instantly.

"There is also one in the room where you watched Tommy fuck me, but I already took care of that tape, aaaaah," Cinthia moaned, as she continued the explanation.

"Cinthia please," the rattled mother began.

"Give me a second, Mommy. Lucy has me so fucking cloooooose," Cinthia moaned.

Kimberly had been so thrown by the whole ordeal; she had never really focused on who was between her daughter's legs. Looking closer now, she recognized Lucy's red hair. The domino effect of shocking revelations continued to fall for the bewildered mother, Minister's wife, and community leader. Lucy was the church choir leader, married to the town mayor, and the second most influential woman in the town...after Kimberly herself. No matter how she spun it, she couldn't figure out how Lucy Winters could possibly end up between her daughter's legs.

"That's it you fucking cunt-licking slut, faster, faster, oh fuck, oh fuck, fuuuuuuck," Cinthia screamed as she had her intense orgasm cascaded through her. The thrill of knowing her mother was watching helplessly and of her mother's inevitable submission, served only to intensify her earth-shaking orgasm.

Kimberly couldn't believe the words out of her daughter's mouth or the fact that she herself felt her panties getting excessively wet. She decided to leave, feeling helpless to stop the dominos.

As her mother turned to leave, Cinthia demanded, "Don't you dare fucking leave, Mother. We are not done talking."

Kimberly froze, startled by the dominating tone of her daughter, so similar to her father's.

"Good Mommy, now turn around like a good girl," Cinthia purred, as she finally released the head of

the MILF between her legs. "Pet Lucy, say hi to my new pet."

Lucy looked up from between the teenager's legs, her face dripping with pussy juice, and looking directly at her good friend Kimberly, said, "I'm so sorry, Kim."

Cinthia scolded her pet. "Pet Lucy, is that what I fucking asked you to do?"

"S-s-sorry Mistress," Lucy stammered as she quickly apologized, an obvious fear in her eyes not wanting to be punished by her powerful Mistress.

Kimberly stood frozen as she watched her best friend's humiliation.

"I am sure you are wondering how Pet Lucy ended up my personal cunt lick," Cinthia said, before adding, "But this is actually about you, my Mommy pet."

"Mommy pet?" Kimberly repeated, in a sexual daze.

"Yes, Mommy, you are going to do what I say without hesitation or question, or the tape of you masturbating in the church will go public," the smiling daughter revealed.

Kimberly gasped. "You wouldn't."

"Would I slut Lucy?" Cinthia asked, looking down at her MILF pet.

"Yes, Mistress, you would," Lucy nodded.

"You see Mommy, I am a lot like daddy. I love to be in charge," Cinthia explained, looking back down to Lucy. "Clean up my cunt, pet Lucy."

"Yes, Mistress," Lucy replied, returning to her submissive position between the teen's legs.

"You see Mommy; there are two types of people. People like daddy and I, who are dominant personalities and people like Pet Lucy and you who have submissive personalities," the powerful teen explained.

Kimberly finally spoke. "Cinthia this is wrong."

"But it feels soooooo right," the daughter purred. "Now up in your room is your outfit for the dance tonight. You will wear exactly what I laid out for you, including the little toy I left for you. Any disobedience and the tape goes public Mommy."

"Please Cinthia," Kimberly pleaded.

"What you want to replace Pet Lucy now?" Cinthia asked smiling.

"What? No, that is incest," Kimberly gasped.

"Yes it is," Cinthia purred, "Is your cunt wet now, Mommy? I bet it is."

Kimberly's face went red as she couldn't deny just how wet she was.

"I thought so," Cinthia smiled. "Now go get dressed Mommy. Your friend has me pretty revved up again."

Having permission to leave, Kimberly quickly dashed out of the living room and up to her bedroom. Her door closed, the tears began to flow. 'What had just happened? How did Lucy end up being her daughter's pet? Why was her pussy so damn wet?' Kimberly had never even considered another woman sexually and yet now she couldn't get her own daughter out of her head.

The mom's eyes still watery, she glanced over to her bed. Curious what her daughter expected her to wear, she walked over. The dress was one she seldom wore, a red number usually worn at weddings. It was her most provocative dress, but nothing that was inappropriate. Beside the dress, was a pair of beige pantyhose still in the package, also nothing out of the ordinary as she always wore pantyhose. The panties and bra too were her usually ones...no frills. She then grabbed the little box. Opening it she pulled out an egg shaped object. As she held it in her hand she tried to figure out what it was.

The mother was startled by the voice of her friend. "It's a vibrating egg."

Kimberly turned around confused. "A what?"

"A vibrating egg. It is suppose to go in your vagina," Lucy explained.

"Oh," Kimberly said, even though she couldn't fathom why anyone would want to put such a thing inside their vagina.

Lucy walked over to the bed, grabbed the remote from the box and explained, "This controls it."

The egg suddenly started vibrating in Kimberly's hand.

"I am so sorry, Kim," Lucy said, taking the egg.

"How?" Kimberly asked, needing to know.

"It's a long story. But to make a long story short, she learned of my many infidelities with a few other women in the community and used it to blackmail me," Lucy explained.

"You're a lesbian?" Kimberly asked, trying to process the thought of her best friend and others in the community being lesbians.

"No, but I am bi. So are many others in town," Lucy explained.

"I can't believe it," Kimberly said, such a revelation unfathomable.

"Anyway, I have been instructed to help you get ready for the dance," Lucy said, reaching for the package of stockings.

"I can get dressed myself," Kimberly snapped, her anger coming back.

"I have no choice. It is an order from your daughter. If I don't I will be punished," Lucy said, opening the package.

"Punished?" Kimberly questioned.

"Yes, last time I disobeyed she made me masturbate at church during the service," Lucy explained.

"No!" Kimberly said, still unable to believe such a thing.

"Yes and if I disobey this time she promised to release a video of me and another woman in the community," Lucy explained sheepishly.

"Oh my, who?" Kimberly asked, just beginning to understand the full complexity of what was happening.

"That is for your daughter to tell you," Lucy answered.

"Can't you stop her?" Kimberly asked.

"No, she runs this town," Lucy revealed.

"She runs this town?" Kimberly repeated.

"Yes, you will see," Lucy promised as she said, "Please get undressed, Kim."

"You can't be serious?" Kimberly asked.

"Please," Lucy said, her tone desperate.

"So she will do it?" Kimberly questioned.

"Definitely," Lucy said.

Kimberly slowly got undressed. Her hands trembled as she unbuttoned each button. She had not been naked in front of another person other than her husband since college and even now, that was a rarity. Naked except for her bra and panties the modest mother hesitated.

"Everything, Kim," Lucy instructed.

Kimberly's face flushed at the thought of being naked in front of a friend.

"Now!" Lucy ordered, her tone demanding obedience. Kimberly was startled and about to respond, but the look in her friend's eyes stopped her. Instead she nervously unclasped her bra and slipped out of her panties.

Once naked, Lucy smiled, "Wow, you have done quite a good job of hiding your body."

Kimberly feeling so awkward and insecure asked confused, "What do you mean?"

"Your body is perfect," Lucy said.

"Really?" Kimberly asked, flattered by the compliment especially considering no one had given her such a compliment in years.

"Seriously," Lucy said, moving forward and cupping her best friend's breasts. "Do you know how long I have wanted you?"

"What are you...what?" Kimberly asked, surprised by her best friend's actions and words.

"You would be a great addition to our weekly housewives club," Lucy said softly, as she let go of her friend's firm breasts, grabbed the bra from the bed, and slowly, teasingly, put it on her naked friend.

Kimberly just silently allowed herself to be a real life Barbie as she was dressed by her friend. She lifted up her leg to allow her panties to be put on. As her friend slid the panties up her legs, she could feel her friend's hot breath so close to her burning vagina.

Lucy smiled, knowing her friend could be seduced right here, right now. She said, "Kimberly, when was the last time you trimmed this thing?"

"T-t-trim?" Kimberly stammered, her excitement growing against her will with her friend's face just inches from her vagina.

"Yes, have you ever trimmed your cunt?" Lucy asked, pushing the boundaries with the nasty 'C' word.

"Never," Kimberly admitted, the thought never once occurring to her, not since college.

"Interesting," Lucy smiled, standing back up and gently pushing Kimberly on to the edge of the bed.

"What are you doing?" Kimberly asked.

"I have to put on the stockings," Lucy explained, taking one of the two thigh high stockings from the bed.

Kimberly watched confused, realizing the package was not the normal pantyhose she always wore. "They make them like that?"

Lucy laughed. "You really are innocent, aren't you?"

The way she said it made it sound like an insult and Kimberly quipped, "Well, I don't submit to teenagers like some cheap slut."

Lucy looked at Kim, as if Kim had slapped her in the face. Her face recovered quickly as she retorted, her tone biting, "Oh don't worry, I give you only a few more hours and then that statement will no longer be true. Then you will be just another cheap slut like me."

Lucy was no longer sweet and smooth as she rolled the first thigh high stocking up Kimberly's legs.

Kimberly wanted to apologize for calling her best friend a slut, but couldn't get the words to leave her mouth even as her thoughts were formulated. She robotically gave Lucy her other leg and watched the stocking slide up her leg.

"Stand up," Lucy ordered, the earlier wariness gone.

Kimberly obeyed.

Lucy noticed the quick obedience and pointed out, "You really are obedient, Kim."

Kimberly blushed but admitted, "I have always been the good wife."

Lucy put the dress on Kimberly and her tone now softened again as she said, "I really am sorry. I never imagined you being pulled into your daughter's web."

"It is not your fault," Kimberly said, feeling bad herself for calling her best friend a slut when she had been having such nasty thoughts herself, before adding, "Well, your predicament is your fault, but my current dilemma is not."

"Oh shit, I almost forgot," Lucy said. "Cinthia would punish me big time if I forgot the most important part."

Kimberly watched Lucy reach for the egg.

"Be warned, this may feel a bit cold at first," Lucy warned.

"You are not seriously going to...." Kimberly stopped mid sentence as her best friend, quickly reached under her dress, pulled her panties to the side, and slipped the toy easily inside her vagina. "Aaaaaaaah," Kimberly gasped as her vagina was violated by her friend.

Standing back up, Lucy explained, "That is to stay inside your cunt until your daughter retrieves it."

"Really?" Kimberly said, more rhetorical than a question.

"Really, really," Lucy smiled cheerily, trying to relax a tense situation.

"I have to find a way out of this, Lucy," Kimberly said.

"I thought that at first too, but now I couldn't fathom living without it," Lucy replied.

"Without what?" the still bewildered Kimberly asked.

"A Mistress," Lucy revealed, slowly pulling her best friend deeper into the sweet sin of submission.

"But what about Gary?" Kimberly asked, pointing out her best friend was married.

Lucy laughed, before explaining, "We have been going through the motions for years. Our marriage is a charade and as soon as Janet finishes high school I will leave him."

"Really? Why didn't you tell me?" Kimberly asked, concerned for her friend, briefly forgetting the absurd situation she was currently in.

"I was living the charade," Lucy said with a shrug as she turned and walked to the door, before leaving with a lingering question, "The real question is, are you living a charade of a marriage too?"

Before Kimberly could respond, Lucy was gone and she was left alone thinking about the absurdity of it at first, but not so absurd when much consideration was put in it. She loved Robert, but in reality, she loved him the way you would a father; they had not had sex in years, other than occasional blow jobs when he demanded them, and they were definitely just going through the motions. Yet, you didn't leave your minister husband. Then again, you didn't allow your best friend

to dress you and shove a toy inside your vagina either; nor did you drool over your daughter's boyfriend's cock and you definitely didn't get wet thinking of your 18-year-old daughter becoming your Mistress. Yet, all these had happened and the guilt of earlier was fading as the excitement of real sexual pleasure began to build.

As the Minister's wife looked in the mirror, she wasn't sure she recognized the woman whose reflection was staring back at her. Trying to change her image of purity, she took her hair out of her traditional bun and let her hair down. Her blonde hair fell happily down and created a whole new look for the conservative mother. Kimberly opened her unused make-up bag and pulled out the red lipstick, which her husband called harlot red. She painted her lips. She followed this by taking her thigh high stockings off and painting both her fingernails and toenails a matching red. The everyday task for most women was liberating for the long tamed woman and a clear statement that Kimberly was coming out of her sexual cocoon. Once her toes were dried, she put the stockings back on her legs and was surprised how naughty she felt wearing them. The dress was plenty long to hide her stockings, yet just the thought of dressing sexy excited her. Suddenly a thought popped inside the mother's head.

Kimberly went to her closet and pulled out a pair of black boots she had never worn. She bought them a couple of years ago in New York while her husband was at a conference. She was so excited by the boots, but when she showed them to Robert when they got home he disapproved saying, 'No wife of mine is going out in public in screw-me boots'. Thus, they had sat at the back of her closet ever since. Robert gone, she decided to rebel secretly against her husband's authority by putting the four inch heeled leather black boots on her stocking-clad legs. Make-up added, boots on, Kimberly looked back in the mirror after her own self-created transformation. She smiled at how a few simple changes (eyeliner, lipstick, boots and hair down) could so drastically change her look. For the first time in years she felt sexy and a tingle triggered again down below.

Kimberly went downstairs, still nervous about having another confrontation with her daughter, and was thankful to find she wasn't home. Looking at the clock, she realized she was already late for last minute set-up at the dance and quickly headed into the evening. A mixture of trepidation and excitement rattled inside the long ignored woman...but excitement was winning.

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The dance itself was uneventful for the first couple of hours for Kimberly. She quickly got used to the egg inside her vagina and spent most of the time solving crisis after crisis. Trivial things like no one was manning the punch bowl, no one got a cash box for the door and so forth. When time did permit Kimberly to think, she looked at every female for some sort of hint which of them, if any, we're in Lucy's housewives' club. She also kept looking for her daughter to show up, but it was Lucy she first saw.

Lucy joined Kimberly at the punch table and said, "Oh my, you look good enough to eat."

Kimberly blushed at the naughty compliment, catching the obvious innuendo.

Lucy said, "Wow, you are even more beautiful with your hair down."

"T-t-thanks," Kimberly stammered, flattered by the words of her best friend and yet confused at the slight tingle down below.

"And those boots, where did you get them?" Lucy asked.

"New York, long time ago," Kimberly admitted.

"Why have you never worn them before?" Lucy asked.

"Robert said they were too slutty," Kimberly answered and then covered her mouth for swearing.

"You are so precious," Lucy laughed, squeezing her best friend's hand softly. "Trust me, before you know it you will be using a lot of profanity."

"I would never...", Kimberly began, before being interrupted by Lucy.

Lucy looked over to the adults supervising and quipped, "They all look so wholesome, don't they?"

Kimberly turned and said frustrated, "Yes. I keep looking for any hint, but can't find any."

Lucy said, "Well, like you, they are all very good at keeping secrets."

"So some are here?" Kimberly asked curiously.

"Some what?" Lucy playfully asked back.

"You know," Kimberly replied frustrated.

"I do, I just want to hear you say it," Lucy smiled.

"Say what?" an increasingly frustrated Kimberly asked.

"That you want to know who here tonight are housewife lesbians," Lucy began, before adding, leaning into the future addition to the group, "who look all prim and proper and yet love to eat pussy, get fucked my strap-ons and wear butt plugs in public," Lucy clarified.

"What?" Kimberly whimpered, her friend's hot breath and nasty talk distracting the once unflappable woman.

"One woman here has a butt plug in her ass right now," Lucy added, "Don't you wish you knew who it was?"

"Fine!" an aggravated Kimberly said, asking, "So who are the housewife lesbians here?"

"Well, there is me and you," Lucy smiled.

"I am not a lesbian," Kimberly declared adamantly.

"No? Your pussy was soaked from watching me munch on your daughter's cunt and I bet you wouldn't have stopped me if I would have offered the same service to you," Lucy challenged, moving away from her friend's ear.

"What? No, I," Kimberly stammered, just as a few kids came to get some punch.

Once the kids left, Lucy let her best friend consider who at the dance were also in the housewives' club. "I'll give you a hint, there are two others here, Kimberly and neither has any clue that you know a thing."

Kimberly went to ask another question but Lucy was gone. She sighed as she again looked around at the different women in the building. There was Mrs. Queenston who at fifty-eight would be a big surprise; there was Mrs. Kramdall who was the school principal and also an unlikely choice since these housewives' club meetings assumedly happened during the day when the men were at work; there was PTA co-chair Mrs. Anger who was a stay-at home wife with both her kids in school, but she was way too sweet to be involved (although Kimberly would have thought that of Lucy just a few hours ago too); there was Mrs. Churchill who was married to the owner of the car dealership in town and only worked part time; there was a couple other teachers Ms. Cooper and Ms. Tremble, but both would have the same alibi as Mrs. Kramdall; and lastly, there was Mrs. Smith, the bank manager and again someone who worked during the day. Kimberly could not come up with any clue to how any one of these ladies could be involved in lesbian escapades, never mind two. Her curiosity to know who, had her spend the next forty-five minutes in brief conversations with each of them. However, her detective skills were lacking; leaving her convinced she was right and none of them were afternoon lesbians. On the bright side, almost all her friends complimented her hair being down and how amazing she looked.

As Kimberly returned from the washroom, peeing with an egg inside was a bit weird; she almost doubled over as a buzzing began suddenly in her vagina. She instantly found a chair in an empty, reclusive back area and sat down. A moment later her daughter, dressed elegantly in a blue dress she didn't recall her having. The dress had a long generous side slit, which showed she too was wearing similar colored thigh highs, said, "Mom? Is that you? I almost didn't recognize you, you look super fucking hot with your hair down. A new order of yours to obey is to always wear your hair down. Is that understood?"

Flustered, the suddenly horny mother, stammered, "O-o-ok,"

"O-o-o, good," Cinthia teased, before asking, "So how is my lovely Mother this evening?"

Kimberly looked at a smiling Cinthia and Tommy and said weakly, "Good."

"Dam Mrs. Martin you are one hot MILF, you look good enough to...," Tommy quipped, with a lecherous smile, before being interrupted by Cinthia.

Turning to Tommy, Cinthia said, "Down boy, all in good time," foreshadowing the fall of her mother. Turning back to her flushed, pretty mother she asked, playing with her words, "It seems things here are a buzz."

Kimberly's red cheeks turned redder at the obvious implications of her daughter's words as well as the buzzing down below.

"Enjoying yourself, Mommy?" Cinthia asked as she turned up the speed with the remote control in her hand.

"Yeeees," the mother replied, letting out an uncontrollable and embarrassing moan as the sensations inside her sped up.

"You ok, Mommy?" Cinthia asked, sitting down beside her.

Kimberly just held onto the table as the increased vibrations inside her had an orgasm on the rise whether she wanted it or not.

Cinthia leaned into her mother and whispered, her hot breath adding to the sexual build up, "Come for me, Mommy."

The mother embarrassed by her lack of control closed her eyes, clenched her teeth to avoid the scream that wanted to break free, and obeyed her daughter's order. Her legs stiffened under the table as the orgasm that had been simmering inside her all day since walking in on her daughter and best friend cascaded through her like a waterfall breaking through a dam.

"Good Mommy," Cinthia purred in her mother's ear, already learning that praise of a task of obedience only added another layer of submission and loyalty.

The mother's head was mush as the orgasm overwhelmed her. Finally, as the last waves slowly crashed in she opened her eyes and saw Tommy with his cell phone. He smiled and said, "Mrs. Martin, that was the hottest thing ever."

Kimberly actually smiled at the absurdity of it all and asked, "Is that so?"

Cinthia stood up and said, "Let's go dance, Tommy. Mommy clearly needs to recover before the big finale."

Kimberly watched her daughter sashayed away, Tommy's hand clearly on her daughter's ass as she contemplated the last ominous words of her daughter. What was the implication she wondered? Oddly, instead of being fearful, she was intrigued and even a bit excited.

She watched her daughter dance before Mrs. Smith came and asked her to help with getting appetizers ready for the late night snack.

The dance was near ending an hour later when the buzzing started again. Kimberly sighed as she was standing with a few ladies when it started and worried it could be heard.

Lucy waved her over and Kimberly said, "Excuse me ladies."

Thankfully, the vibrations were on low and Kimberly, although her panties were quite wet, made it to a smiling Lucy.

"So, have you guessed who the two are?"

"I can't fathom any of the ladies here being involved in such unladylike behavior."

"Would you have guessed me before today?" Lucy asked.

"God, no," Kimberly replied, and then gasped at her use of the Lord's name in vain.

"I will give you a hint," Lucy smiled. "One works at the school."

"How?" I asked, "She would be working during the day."

"Principals can leave for meetings," Lucy said, putting quotation marks around the word 'meetings'.

"Betty?" Kimberly questioned, still in a daze of disbelief.

"Yes, it is usually at her house," Lucy revealed, adding another layer to the stunning revelations of small town sin.

"Wow," was all Kimberly could say.

"The other one is for you to figure out yourself, beautiful," Lucy smiled.

"I can't even gander a guess," Kimberly said, wanting to know. "Just tell me."

"On one condition," Lucy said, smiling.

"And that is?" Kimberly asked.

"You come to one of our afternoon gatherings," Lucy revealed.

"You can't be serious," Kimberly gasped.

"Of course, I am. The ladies would be thrilled to have you in our housewives' club," Lucy added.

"Oh my," Kimberly gasped as her friend's hand touched her leg.

Their conversation was interrupted by another crisis a moment later, with Kimberly's head spinning, while her pussy continued to tingle uncontrollably.

Twenty minutes later, Kimberly got a text from her daughter, "Same place as yesterday, Mommy...NOW!"

Kimberly's face went red again at the aggressive demand of her daughter. Yet, before she even had time to consider her options or rationalize the consequences, she was walking out the door. As she made her way to the church, only a few doors down from the hall (not wanting anyone to see her car at the church), she contemplated the expectations of her daughter. Even though her vagina was burning with a need she had long forgotten existed, she had to stand up to her daughter once and for all...she was the mother after all.

The nervous mother went down the stairs as she had the night before and again heard the sounds of sex. The door was wide open this time and she wasn't surprised to see Tommy again fucking her daughter. What surprised her was the video camera on a Tri-pod filming the action.

"Hi, Mommy, come in and get a better view," Cinthia smiled, Tommy slowly sliding his cock in and out of her.

"Hi, Mrs. Martin, nice boots" Tommy smiled, continuing the slow in and out of his hot girlfriend, not wanting to come until the time was right.

Cinthia noticed her mom's black boots and purred, "Oh, Mommy, I love your boots. We are both wearing fuck-me-like-a-dirty-slut boots. You really were dying to break out of your restrictive shell weren't you?"

Kimberly stammered, "W-w-what? No, they are just boots your father wouldn't let me wear."

"Because they are slut boots," Cinthia judged.

"That is what your father called them," Kimberly admitted, avoiding eye contact.

"So Mommy, dress like a slut, you must be ready to sin; are you ready to officially become my Mommy pet?" Cinthia asked, naked except for a pair of beige thigh high stockings and black, stiletto boots.

"Please, Cinthia," a distracted Kimberly said, the back and forth of Tommy's cock, creating an almost hypnotic state for the long neglected woman, images of the teen's big cock fucking her flashing again inside her head.

"Hmmm, begging, that is a good start," Cinthia teased, before adding, "Come to me, Mommy."

Kimberly obeyed the trance like state controlling her, the brief resistance considered on the short walk over already fading to oblivion.

"Kiss me, Mommy," Cinthia ordered.

The Mother hesitated. Although she had watched her daughter get fucked, watched her daughter get licked, and personally had an egg inserted in her vagina at the request of her daughter, kissing her daughter was crossing an invisible line...one where there would be no turning back. Plus the video camera staring at her caused a whole new level of trepidation.

"Oh, the camera, that Mommy is just for my collection. I always tape the first time a new pet slut submits to me. It is actually a pretty fast growing collection," Cinthia smiled, as she briefly reflected on the four adults and three fellow classmates that had submitted to her like the regressed lesbians they were, but this would be the ultimate addition to her small, but growing collection.

"Cinthia, you are my daughter," Kimberly tried to rationalize with her beautiful daughter, whose firm breasts suddenly looked appealing to the straight as an arrow Mother.

"And you are my Mother," Cinthia replied, "and you have kissed me almost every night since I was born."

"Yes, but," Kimberly began, her weak resolve melting away like butter in a frying pan.

"No buts, Mommy, kiss me now," Cinthia ordered.

Her daughter's tone was not rude, but it was firm and the mother did as she always did when given a firm order, she obeyed. She nervously leaned forward to kiss her daughter. She planned just a peck on the cheek like she did every night, but instead her daughter turned at the last moment and her daughter's lips met hers.

Cinthia moved her hand to her mother's cheeks and kissed her gently, but with a passion that was not suppose to exist between parent and child.

Tommy watched the mother-daughter kiss with the eager fascination of every boy in the world. Every boy at one point fantasies, often obsessively, about fucking their Mother. Cinthia had promised last night that after they finished the submission of her mother, she would help seduce his. Just the thought of fucking his mother had his balls boiling, as did watching the incestuous act in front of him. He grunted, "I am going to come soon, slut."

Breaking the kiss she moaned, "Come in me, baby. Fill my cunt with your sweet cum."

Kimberly turned instinctively to watch her daughter get filled with cum.

Cinthia purred, "Mmmmm, baby, come in me. Mommy is watching; show her how much you come."

"Aaaaah," grunted Tommy as stream after stream of cum exploded inside his gorgeous girlfriend. After a few more strokes, he pulled out, stepped closer to a still watching Kimberly, put his hands

on her shoulders, and ordered, "Clean my cock, Mrs. Martin."

Kimberly felt her legs weaken at his touch and she slowly fell to her knees any last moment resistance suddenly non-existent.

"Suck him Mommy," Cinthia ordered. "Clean my cum off his beautiful fuck stick."

Kimberly's mouth was open, watering with hunger, yet she froze at the realization that she would be tasting her own daughter's pussy juice.

The mother's decision was made for her when Tommy grabbed her head and slipped his cock in her open mouth. "Get sucking cocksucker."

Her mouth full of cock, the stunned but hungry mother had no choice but to obey. As Kimberly slowly moved back and forth on the teenager's big cock, her still buzzing vagina tingled with hunger for attention. Tasting her own daughter's cum made the submission so much dirtier and yet only seemed to enhance her hunger.

It was Cinthia's turn to watch in voyeuristic awe. Watching her mother sucking her boyfriend's cock was the hottest thing she had ever seen, especially since her mom was tasting her own daughter's cum.

"Cinthia, I see where you get your cocksucking skills, your mother is a natural," Tommy commented.

Such words should have humiliated the mother, yet it only made her want to impress the sexy tattooed teenager more. Kimberly began bobbing back and forth faster, trying to eventually take all eight inches of cock in her long neglected mouth. She hadn't sucked cock in years, although in college it could have been her major. She loved the taste of cum, or used to, and suddenly wanted to taste it again. Cocksucking it seems was like riding a bike, even if you don't do it for years, you never forget how.

Cinthia quipped, "Holy shit, Mommy! You are one eager slut. Are you trying to get your daughter's boyfriend to cum in your mouth?"

Kimberly froze. The question should have been ludicrous, yet it was exactly what she had been trying to do.

Tommy pulled out and asked, "Are you hungry for my cum, Mrs. Martin?"

Forgetting where she was, in a church, forgetting her daughter was in the room, her daughter, the horny mother whimpered, "God, yes."

Cinthia almost made a remark about her mother's use of the Lord's name in vain but refrained as she watched the fall of her mother.

"Good, beg for it," Tommy demanded, tapping his hard cock on the MILF's ruby red lips.

There was no hesitation as the lust filled woman begged, "Please Tommy, let me suck your big hard cock until you cum in my mouth."

"And you will let me fuck your cunt?" Tommy questioned, seeing just how far he could push his girlfriend's hot mom.

Cinthia moved her hand to her clit and began rubbing herself as she watched her mother's sexual submission. The next words out of her mother's mouth shocked even the foul-mouthed teenager.

"Yes, Tommy, my cunt is yours to fuck if my daughter will allow it," Kimberly said, completely turned on and willing to give in unconditionally to her daughter's power.

Cinthia smiled, her fantasy of her mom's submission so deliciously close, "Mommy, are you ready to submit to your Mistress unconditionally?"

The question lingered in the air as Kimberly stared at the big hard cock in front of her face. She had no idea what her daughter had in store for her, yet she also knew she could not go back to the sexless vanilla life she had been living for years. She wanted to swallow Tommy's cum; she wanted to be a part of the town's kinky housewives' club; she wanted to feel Tommy's big cock inside her burning inferno of lust; she wanted to obey. The two words out of her mouth sealed her fate. "Yes, Mistress," the mother said, turning to look up at her beautiful daughter.

"And you are hungry for my boyfriend's cum, my pet?" the smiling daughter asked.

"Yes, Mistress," Kimberly answered, staring into the eyes of her daughter.

"Well my cunt is full of his cum, it is literally leaking out of me," the powerful teen seductress pointed out.

The mother took a couple of seconds to realize the implication of her daughter's words. She stammered, "Y-y-you want me to lick your vagina."

"No," Cinthia corrected, "I want you to eat my cunt."

Tommy lifted up the dazed mother as if she was a feather and positioned her between her daughter's stocking-clad legs.

Kimberly stared at her daughter's cunt. She could see the yummy white goo leaking out of her daughter. There should have been hesitation, a brief refusal. It was her daughter's cunt and she had never before this day, even in her wildest college days, ever licked a pussy. Yet there was no hesitation, no refusal. The mother leaned forward and escalated the earlier brief moment of incest by kissing her daughter's much more inappropriate lips.

Cinthia moaned on first contact of her mother's tongue and Tommy gasped, "Holy shit." Kimberly meanwhile, began lapping his cum from her daughter's cunt. The taste a mixture of salty and sweet only enhanced the mom's now insatiable hunger. Once the taste hit her taste buds, she was addicted and hungrily licked and sucked, attempting to retrieve every drop of Tommy's cum.

"Oh God, Mommy! You have a great pussy pleasing tongue," Cinthia moaned, her pussy getting revved up by her mother's tongue.

Kimberly's moral fortitude broken, she no longer cared about the taboo of incest and instead just wanted to taste her daughter's pussy and make her come.

"Does Mommy want to make her daughter come?" Cinthia asked, her orgasm that was building but didn't explode when Tommy shot into her was rising again.

"Get her off, slut," Tommy demanded, spanking the MILF's ass.

The derogatory treatment and order by the buff teenager only enhanced the eagerness to obey for the submissive mother. She took her daughter's clit in her mouth and slid two fingers inside her daughter's sloppy wet pussy.

"Fuuuuuuck, Mommmmmmy," Cinthia screamed, her mother bringing her to climax.

Kimberly opened her mouth and learned that her daughter was a flooder like herself as a river of cum exploded out of her daughter's pussy and into her mouth.

"Ohhhh shiiiiit," Cinthia quaked, shocked at just how intense her orgasm was. She had had plenty of girls lick her to orgasm and Tommy's big cock got her off too, but nothing had brought her this utter euphoria. Her body kept trembling, wave after wave of pulsating pleasure cascaded through every nerve of her body.

Tommy, his cock rock hard, lifted up the dress of his girlfriend's mother, pulled her panties down enough to get access to the hot mom and before the sexy MILF could protest or respond he slid his cock inside her hot inferno.

Kimberly felt her dress being pulled up, and felt Tommy's hands yank her panties down and moaned loudly into her daughter's cunt as the cock slid inside her, pushing the vibrating egg deep inside her.

"Shit," Tommy chuckled, "I forget the egg was still in your cunt, Mommy-slut."

Tommy pulled his cock out, slid two fingers easily inside the wet woman and pulled out the vibrating egg. He tossed it to an amused Cinthia whose orgasm was just starting to subside and ordered, "Clean off your Mom's cunt juice, bitch."

A dominant to women, but a submissive to her man, Cinthia caught the still vibrating egg, and began licking her mom's cum, "You taste like me, Mommy."

"Well then I must taste heavenly," the horny and submissive mother replied smiling up at her daughter, waiting to have Tommy's big cock back in her.

"Beg, slut," Tommy demanded, rubbing his cock on the desperately horny MILF's wet pussy lips.

"Shit, Tommy, shove that big snake in me," Kimberly begged.

"But according to daddy and the Bible, snakes are sinful," Cinthia pointed out.

"Then I must be a sinner," the mother admitted, looking directly in the camera. "I want to eat the apple whole."

"Shit, Mother. How long have you been holding in this hunger?" the daughter asked, her legs still wide open and her pussy still in front of her mother.

"Since you were born, Mistress," Kimberly admitted, adding Mistress to imply she wanted to be controlled, forced to sin.

"Well, sin away," Cinthia smiled.

Kimberly looked behind her and demanded, in the authoritarian tone she often used when getting something done at church, "Fuck me, Tommy. Shove that big snake in my hot cunt. I am yours to use."

Tommy couldn't resist any longer, the words from the minister's wife too much and plunged into the eager mother. Her pussy was so tight and wet; he was in a state of delirium at making one of his two greatest fantasies come true.

"One mother down, one to go, baby," Cinthia purred, as if reading her boyfriend's mind.

"Fuck your mother is super tight," Tommy grunted.

"Well, she hasn't been fucked in years and daddy's cock is puny," Cinthia added.

Kimberly was already near orgasm the second her cunt was filled with Tommy's big cock and had to agree her husband's cock was tiny. The thought that crossed her mind was 'but how would her daughter know?' Focusing on her own pleasure, she continued her submissive persona. "Oh thank you, Mistress for letting your boyfriend fuck me with is big hard cock."

"You are welcome, Mommy. I did all this for you," the daughter smiled.

"For meeeee me?" Kimberly asked, as Tommy began to slam into her from behind. The fucking was so raw and rugged, so animalistic and barbarian that Kimberly knew she would not last long before her orgasm hit.

"Of course, Mommy. It has been obvious you have been in sexual denial for years and when I saw the look in your eyes when I caught you watching me get pounded last night; I knew what I had to do. I had to save you from yourself," Cinthia explained, as if seducing her mother was just a natural thing like saving a puppy from drowning.

The daughter stood up and moved underneath her mother while Kimberly processed her daughter's odd, but true, assessment. 'Did she look sex deprived in public? Is that how others saw her?' The mother decided it didn't matter; all that mattered was the impending orgasm.

"Shit, Mommy. Your tree needs trimming," Cinthia said, stunned at how hairy her mother's cunt was. "You're going to have to keep this shaved from now on."

"Whatever you say, Mistress," the hungry mother whimpered as her orgasm built, seconds later as her daughter sucked her clit, while the cock inside continued to ravish her hard and deep, the orgasm exploded through her. "Fuuuuuuuuuuck, I'm coming," the delirious mother screamed loud enough to wake the dead as her orgasm continued to explode inside her like fireworks.

Tommy didn't slow down, the thought of giving his girlfriend's mother a facial already in his teenage mind.

Cinthia put pressure on her mother's clit, enjoying the power she now had over her mother.

The double sensation to Kimberly's long neglected cunt was overwhelming and the pleasure seemed to keep coming and coming as she came and came, flooding Tommy's cock and her daughter's face.

Suddenly Tommy pulled out and a river of cum exploded out of the mother's cunt and coated her daughter's face. Cinthia smiled at the similarities in her and her mother's orgasms.

Tommy grabbed the MILF roughly and pulled her onto her knees, Cinthia moving out of the way.

The submissive Mother needed no instructions as she gobbled his cock whole hoping for a full load of teenage cum this time, and not the leftovers of a good fuck in her daughter. She tasted her own juices as she eagerly deep throat the big, hard, teenage cock.

"Shit, Cinthia, your Mom is going to give you a run for your money as best cocksucker in town," Tommy grunted.

Cinthia, not one to be outdone, moved beside her mother and took the cock out of her mother's mouth and replicated her mother's deep throating technique.

Kimberly watched hungrily, jealous of the thought of her daughter getting all of Tommy's sweet seed.

A Moment later, Cinthia came up with a naughty idea. Taking her boyfriend's cock out of her mouth she asked, "Wanna try something new?"

"Sure, but I am not going to last much longer," Tommy grunted.

"Mommy move beside Tommy's cock and face me," Cinthia said, also moving herself to the other side of Tommy's ready to erupt missile.

"Yes, Mistress," the cum hungry mother obeyed instantly.

"Kiss me, Mommy," Cinthia said, leaning forward and putting her top lip on top of Tommy's cock.

Kimberly smiled at the kinky idea, realizing the unique way they were going to share the cock. She too leaned forward and their top lips touched, as did their tongues underneath.

Tommy needed no instructions as he grunted, "Shit baby, you are one sick bitch."

The mother and daughter licked each other's tongues as the cock began moving slowly in and out of their new made up position.

As Tommy got used to the unique sensation, his balls began boiling again and he began fucking both their faces.

Both girls struggled to keep their lips touching and their tongues teasing, while Tommy pleased himself. Tommy feeling his cum rising suddenly grabbed both girls' heads, forcing them to adjust their mouths to the hard piston moving back and forth. "Fuck you incest sluts. I am going to use both of you anytime I want. Mrs. Martin, I plan to tap your ass next time."

Kimberly had never even remotely considered ass play, but suddenly the idea sounded intriguing. Her response was a moan as she continued focusing on his cum she was sure was soon on its way.

The hungry MILF was not mistaken as Tommy grunted, pulled back and demanded, "Open your mouth, Mommy slave."

Kimberly eagerly obeyed, a spark in her cunt again at being called a slave. She watched for a few seconds as her daughter stood up, grabbed his big cock, and began pumping it.

"Does Mommy want a face full of cum?" Cinthia asked.

"Yes, Mistress, sooooo fucking badly," Kimberly moaned, her hand automatically going to her burning cunt.

"Are you my slut, Mommy?" the smiling, triumphant daughter questioned.

"Yes, Mistress, I am yours," the submissive mother admitted, her caged sexually finally released from years of harsh oppression.

"Hmmmmmm," Cinthia purred, just as the first rope of cum shot out of Tommy's cannon and landed directly on the famished mother's face, mostly hitting her forehead and nose, a little landing in her hair.

The mother opened her mouth wide hoping to catch the white goo she had been craving like an addict in withdrawal, all the while frantically rubbing her burning cunt. A second solid rope of cum mostly landed in her mouth while the third hit her chin and the fourth sputtering shot missed the mark hitting her dress.

"Fuck, Mom. Thank god I saved you," Cinthia said.

The mother swallowed the cum that landed inside her mouth and took Tommy's cock back in her mouth sucking it desperately searching for any last drop of cum.

"We have created a monster," Tommy moaned, surprised by the ferocious hunger of the seemingly prude mother before yesterday.

"We have our own Frankenslut," Cinthia joked.

"A really hot one," Tommy added.

Kimberly should have been mortified by her actions, her sin, at being called Frankenslut. Yet, with a dormant volcano awakened after all these years, there was no holding her back. She wanted more, she needed more. Taking the cock out of her mouth, she looked up at her daughter, her Mistress now, and whimpered, "Thank you for saving me, Mistress, I am yours."

"You will always obey?" the daughter asked.

"Yes, Mistress," the Mother replied without hesitation.

"You will fuck who I say, when I say, where I say?" the daughter added, pushing the full extent of her power.

Kimberly's eyes went big at the full spectrum of her daughter's intentions and asked, "What about your father?"

"For now, we will keep him in the dark," Cinthia said, "We can keep living his delusional value system and keep up the perception of the perfect family, but the true reality will be anything but that."

"I see," Kimberly said, not really convinced.

"Trust me Mother. When he is home, things will remain the same. The changes will be all beneath the exterior."

"Ok," the mother said, still full of trepidation about her reputation in the community.

Again the daughter could read her mother's mind. "Mom don't worry about your reputation. For most of the community it will still be the same old, same old. But for the select few who are in my

elite web of lesbians, as well as the housewives' lesbian cunt-munching club that Lucy is a part of, no one will know any difference. So I will ask you one more time, Mommy. Will you obey unconditionally?"

Deciding the line was long ago crossed, the submissive mother, her fingers still on her pussy, agreed, "Of course, Mistress."

"And you will go to the play party on Tuesday?"

"With bells on," the mother playfully replied.

"You will be the best Christmas present ever," Cinthia smiled. "Now take your dress off."

"Of course, Mistress," the mother again obeyed, standing up and allowing her dress to quickly fall to the floor.

"Shit, your Mom's tits are bigger than yours," Tommy gasped staring at the C cup breasts of the MILF.

"The bra and panties too, slut," Cinthia ordered, not liking Tommy's comment.

The mother obeyed, even as the cool chill of the basement made her nipples even harder.

"On the desk, slave," Cinthia demanded.

Again the mother obeyed as she watched her daughter go to her purse. The daughter returned with a candy cane she unwrapped smiling.

Kimberly instantly knew what her daughter expected and opened her hand for the Christmas fuck stick.

"Fuck yourself Mommy," Cinthia ordered as she handed her mother the long candy cane.

"Yes, Mistress," Kimberly eagerly obeyed, so badly wanting to come. She slid the long red and white pleasure cane in her wet pussy and began fucking herself.

Both Tommy and Cinthia watched the obscene act of the Minister's wife, the leader of the community, the controlling mother, fucking herself with a candy cane while squeezing her big tits.

After a couple of minutes, Tommy ordered, now completely dressed, "Go get your Mother off, slut."

"Yes, Master," Cinthia said for the very first time.

"Master, about fucking time bitch," Tommy agreed, slapping his girlfriend's ass. "I got to get going sluts. Have fun with each other."

"Bye baby," Cinthia purred, turning around and giving him a quick hard kiss.

"Bye big cock," Kimberly said, still pumping her cunt with the striped stick.

"Don't you ever forget it, my MILF pet," Tommy said as he was leaving.

Cinthia turned back to her Mother and dove between her mother's open legs, taking the candy cane from her mother. "Do you want me to fuck you Mommy?" the daughter asked, her voice syrupy sweet.

"Oh God, yes," Kimberly moaned.

"You shouldn't use the Lord's name in vain," Cinthia teased, pumping the candy cane all the way in her mother and licking her mother's clit at the same time. The next few minutes were sweet, sweaty lesbian sex.

"Fuuuuck, oh God, oh God, oh God, fuck me baby, fuck mommy, make mommy cum," Kimberly babbled, her second orgasm in minutes on the rise.

Cinthia, a naughty idea in her mind, decided to add another level to the crazy kinky submission, used her free hand and slid a finger up her mother's ass.

"Oh Gooooooooooooooooooooooooooooood," the mother screamed, as her orgasm riddled her again. She wrapped her stocking legs around her daughter as she quaked again and again.

Again Cinthia's face was covered with a river of her mother's cum and she eagerly lapped it up until she was paralyzed by surprise.

"Mom, what are you doing?" Ben asked, stunned by what he was witnessing. He had arrived a week earlier than originally planned. Ben and his mom were always close and he could tell during their long conversations on Skype with his mother that the past few months had been rough on her and he thought his early arrival would be a great surprise, but obviously it was he who was surprised. His mother was having an affair with a woman.

Kimberly opened her eyes and looked at her son in the doorway. She stammered, "B-B-Ben?"

Cinthia lifted her head from between her mother's thighs, her face dripping with pussy cum, and was surprised at see her big cute brother staring at them.

Ben gasped. His mother was having sex with her daughter, his sister. He had just walked in on his sister and mother in the throes of lesbian lust. He should have been appalled, yet the full tent in his trousers begging to get out implied differently.

Cinthia controlling the situation like she usually did, pulled the candy cane out of her Mother's sloppy cunt and put it to her mouth before she asked, "So, big brother. Are you going to stand there with that dumb ass look on your face, or are you going to get out of those clothes and come and join us?"

THE END

Author's Note:

Did you like the story? If so, please vote and comment. Potential future installments could be any of the following:

"Oh" Submission Town: Brother and Son Fun...*what happens next? Does Ben join the fun?*

"Oh" Submission Town: Cum Cum Lesbian Fun...*what happens when Kimberly goes to an afternoon Housewives' Club?*

"Oh" Submissive Town: Best Friends...*what happens when Lucy gets Kimberly home alone?*

Other suggestions or ideas...comment below or send me an e-mail.

Thanks for reading, voting and your comments....

Jasmine

Merry Christmas 2012!