

"PET MOMMY": MY DAUGHTER SUBMITS

silkstockingslover

Pet Mommy assists in making her daughter submit to her son.

Incest/Taboo

4.71

8.5k words

Summary: **Pet Mommy** assists in making her daughter submit to her son.

Recap: This is part four of a series. Obviously, this story will only be a complete narrative if you read parts 1, 2 and 3 first, as they will help you understand how the mother ended up where she is now; but if you have already read the first three parts and can't remember the basic plot, or just want to start here on part four... here is a very brief summary of the story so far.

"Pet Mommy": Creating a Mommy-Slut: A mother learns her son fantasizes about fucking her and, realizing how much he resembles her deceased dominant husband, decides to make his fantasy into a reality... in the end seducing her son and becoming his submissive Pet Mommy.

"Pet Mommy": DP Mommy Slut! Pet Mommy's dominant son makes another fantasy come true... her first double penetration.

"Pet Mommy": Fucking with Mommy-Slut: Pet Mommy's task is to seduce her daughter and give her to her son as a present at his high school graduation... but alas, things go terribly astray when the daughter takes charge of the mother for herself.

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My Daughter Submits

Crystal and I got home pretty late that night, and thankfully Crystal didn't insist we sleep together or anything... each of us headed to our own bedrooms.

I was startled when I entered mine to find Michael wasn't asleep, but was sitting up in our bed, on his laptop.

He asked, without looking up from his computer, "So how did it go?"

"Not as anticipated," I answered, nervous at the consequences of yet another sexual weakness on my part.

"Explain," he said, closing his laptop and setting it on the side table.

I retold the whole story, including my own lesbian sexual submission to my daughter Crystal. He seemed slightly shocked at first, but continued listening intently.

Once I was done, I finished with, "I'm sorry, Master, I just wasn't strong enough to stand up to her, but I did manage not to tell her about you."

He snapped his fingers and pointed to his crotch. I crawled onto the bed, tugged down the sheets and blanket and found a very stiff cock waiting for me. I bent down and took it in my mouth.

"Well, tomorrow we'll have to put her in her place," he said, as I devoured his entire cock into my mouth.

"How?" I asked a moment later.

As he grasped my head and guided it back onto his cock he explained but only vaguely, "Psychological warfare."

I bobbed on his cock, enjoying being back in my comfortable submissive position pleasuring my son. I bobbed up and down on his stiff rod, enjoying its familiar presence in my mouth. A few minutes later I was swallowing Michael's seed. Once he was done, I climbed into his arms, glad to be welcomed there in spite of my failure, and I fell asleep in his warm embrace.

The next morning I awakened very close to noontime and alone in bed. I got up, slipped on a robe, and headed down to the kitchen. I was surprised to see Michael already wearing his tux. He greeted me, "Good morning, Mom."

"Good morning," I yawned.

He smiled, "Don't be yawning already, it's going to be a long day."

"Just need some coffee," I mumbled robotically, trudging over to the coffee machine.

"Not cock?" he quipped.

"Oh, that too," I smiled, perking up, always ready to feed his aggressive sexual behaviour and my insatiable appetite for his cum.

"Knees, Mom," he ordered.

"But Crystal could come down any second," I fretted.

"She already knows you're a submissive slut, she proved it herself," Michael shrugged.

"Michael please," I pleaded, normally getting off on his sexual dominance, but thinking this time it seemed out of place with Crystal upstairs, even after she dommed me last night.

"Please what? Please Master shove your cock in my mouth, please Master shove your dick in my cunt, or please Master sodomize me with your massive rod?" Michael asked, stepping towards me.

My cunt dampened at his nasty words, and as usual I shifted from mother to slut, consequences be damned. I answered, ready for whatever he wanted to do to me, "Please Master... use me however you please. My body is yours to use as you please, Master."

"Get me hard, Mommy-pet," he ordered, his hands going to my shoulders and guiding me to my knees. "And you're not hiding under any tables this time."

"Aren't you hard already?" I pouted as I looked up at him.

"Discover for yourself," he smirked, looking down at me.

I fished out his cock and discovered it was already hard and ready for action, but I took it between my lips anyway.

I bobbed back and forth on his gorgeous cock in my own kitchen with my dominant daughter, my Mistress, upstairs. It was nerve-wracking, yet also exhilarating.

As I continued to deep throat his iron-hard rod, I pondered how I now had both a son as a Master and a daughter as a Mistress, and how it could all fall apart in a few seconds.

"Pussy or ass, Mommy-slut?" he asked.

"Your choice, baby, but my cunt is on fire right now," I answered, taking his cock out of my mouth, the risk of being caught turning me on.

"Drop your robe and bend over the table," he instructed.

"If Crystal comes down?" I asked, already obeying by removing my robe, and now wearing nothing but thigh highs.

"Not your problem. It isn't about her coming, it's about my coming," Michael answered, playing on my words.

"Ain't that the truth," I smiled playfully, finally trusting in his control and in his protection from whatever, obediently bending over the table, leaving both my cunt and ass available for my Master's beautiful fuck stick.

I wasn't surprised when he slid his cock in my ass. It had been his favourite hole of late, and the one that got me the most animated. "Ooooooh, you're such a bad boy, Michael, fucking Mommy's ass," I moaned as his cock filled my back door.

"Just how you love it," Michael smirked.

"Sooo true," I moaned as he began sliding his big cock in and out of me.

I forgot all about the risk of getting caught and just enjoyed the sensations of being ass fucked by my Master.

For a few minutes he fucked my ass, eventually pounding me so hard the table began to jerk across the kitchen floor. I moaned, "Oh yes, baby, fuck Mommy hard."

"On your knees, Mom," Michael ordered, pulling out of my ass.

I spun around, dropped to my knees, and opened my mouth just in time to feel the first spray of his cum hit my face. A second and third rope hit my face and mouth before I leaned forward and took his cock in my mouth while it was still pulsating.

After only a few seconds, he pulled out and said, "Sorry, but Crystal will be home any minute now."

"She's not here?" I asked, surprised.

"She went for a jog," Michael revealed. "Did you enjoy the suspense of thinking she could come downstairs at any moment and discover us?"

"Actually, yes I did, Master; that was a good tease. So what's the plan now?" I asked, standing up.

"I don't know yet, but make sure she's here and dressed sexy when I get home from the grad party," he instructed.

"That won't be easy," I said.

"Just make sure she's here," Michael ordered. "I'll take care of the rest."

"I do love a confident man," I purred.

"And no coming until Crystal is mine," Michael ordered.

"Okay," I sighed, my pussy burning at the moment, having no idea how I would refuse if Crystal tried to make me come.

"I'm going to shower," Michael said, leaving me alone in the kitchen.

I hurried to the kitchen sink, washed the cum off my face, slipped on my robe and was just drying my face as Crystal came in all sweaty from her run.

"Hi, my dear," I greeted, not sure what our relationship would be like today after yesterday.

"Hi, Mom," she smiled back, looking around for Michael.

"He's in the shower, I think," I said.

"So we have enough time?" she smiled.

"For what?" I asked.

"For you to have some breakfast," Crystal said, tugging down her shorts.

"Not here, Crystal," I said firmly.

"Are you disobeying me?" she asked, raising her eyebrow.

"Last night was a mistake," I said.

"Is that what you think?" Crystal asked.

"Yes," I insisted. "I'm your Mother."

"And *my* pet," she added, emphasis on the 'my'.

"No," I said. "Plus, you're flying back home in a couple of days."

"All the more reason to enjoy the weekend," she smiled, moving towards me very like Michael had just a few minutes ago.

Still prevaricating, I offered, "Tell you what. We all need to leave soon, but you and I can resume our mommy-daughter time after we return from Michael's graduation."

"Hmmmmm," she said, staring me in the eye.

"Then we'll have enough time for me to be your complete mommy-slave fuck-toy," I offered, speaking crudely in hopes of gaining her agreement to postpone things, and to give Michael time

to plot his own seduction plan for her.

"I don't know, my cunt is calling your name," she said.

"Please, just wait till then," I said, adding, "And then I'll do anything you order me to."

"Anything?" she asked, such terms being rather all-inclusive and lacking in wiggle room.

"My body is your canvas," I replied, sounding corny as hell.

"Okay, Mommy, I'll behave until after the graduation. But then you are *fucking mine*," Crystal said, slapping my ass and leaving me alone in the kitchen.

I shook my head, wondering what I'd gotten myself into. You know the First Rule of Holes? When you find yourself in one, stop digging? I just didn't seem able to stop digging, and between first Michael and now Crystal, I was already in very deep.

The graduation was boring, like they always are, but both Crystal and I got a few extra looks because of our gowns, which were rather over the top for a high school graduation... both of us truthfully outshining many of the teenage girl graduates. Crystal had decided for neither of us to wear bras, and as we mingled with people before and after the ceremony, the freedom our large breasts enjoyed were attracting many an eye. I liked getting those looks and, although I was nervous, I was also really excited to see how Michael planned to deal with Crystal later today.

Michael found us after the ceremony and said, "Wow, you two. This is a graduation, not a pickup bar."

I quipped, "We just wanted to make you look good."

Crystal added sharply, "Especially because you can't do it yourself."

"Love you too," Michael replied, trading shots like they always did. "But seriously Crystal, you look super hot."

"Yuck... like I'm your *sister*," she said, her face scrunching up like a dried raisin.

"I just said you're hot, not that I wanted to fuck you," Michael rebutted, shocking her.

"Michael!" she gasped.

"I need a picture of my big man," I said, trying to change the subject, the innuendo transparent to Crystal, but not to Michael.

I'd taken a couple of pictures of Michael when Frederick arrived.

Frederick's eyes went instantly to our mobile chests and he repeated Michael's sentiments, "Holy cow, Ms. Lodge and Crystal, you two are the hottest girls here."

Crystal glared, not a diplomatic bone in her body, "And you look just as nerdy as you always have."

Frederick quipped back, "I know you love me, Crystal. One day you'll accept it."

"When hell freezes over," Crystal snapped back.

"With all this climate change, that could be sooner than you think," Michael quipped, clearly foreshadowing his full intentions (at least to me), which Crystal was oblivious to.

"Why don't I take a picture of your whole family," Frederick offered, ignoring the insult.

I agreed, "Thanks, Frederick, that would be great. I don't get my two babies together very often anymore and never while we're dressed so... maturely."

I got Michael to stand between Crystal and me, and Frederick took a few pictures.

Once the impromptu photo op was over, Michael slyly pinched my ass and I yelped.

Crystal looked at me and asked, "You okay, Mom?"

"Oh fine, I just had a bee land on my neck for a moment," I said, blushing.

"So what are you two studs up to now?" I asked.

Crystal laughed, "I'll bet an all-night marathon of dungeons and dragons."

"That was last weekend," Frederick countered, ignoring her sarcastic tone completely.

Michael said, staring directly at Crystal, "Oh, I plan to have a very eventful evening."

Crystal, not catching on at all to the sex in her brother's implications, laughed, "Oh, I'm sure you do."

I said, "Well Michael. You two have fun."

"You too," Michael smiled, giving me a kiss on the cheek.

Once the boys were gone, Crystal asked, "Ready to go home and play?"

"Oh Crystal, let's go and get a bite to eat first," I said, trying to delay the inevitable as long as possible and give Michael more prep time for whatever he had in mind.

"Sure," Crystal said, "Although my plans for our playtime do include you eating a fair amount."

"Crystal!" I gasped playfully, enjoying the sexual word play. All responsibilities for how the remainder of the day turned out were in the hands of Crystal and Michael, so all I had to do was whatever I was told while I enjoyed the sex.

Oh! Except that I couldn't come until Crystal submitted to Michael. That could be a challenge.

"Let's go," Crystal said. "I can't handle all these horny teenagers staring at me."

"Well, you look good enough to eat," I quipped, unable to resist her setup line.

"Mother!" Crystal mocked shock.

I laughed, "Look what you've done to me."

"Oh, it's only the beginning," Crystal purred, as we headed to my car.

At the restaurant, I decided it was time to begin planting seeds in Crystal's mind that she wasn't as dominant as she thought she was. As we waited for the bill following a dinner dripping with sexual innuendo, I announced out of nowhere, "Crystal, I have something I need to tell you."

"What is it now?" Crystal asked irritably, her dislike of surprises one of her biggest flaws.

"I have a Master," I announced. I did it bluntly, to shock her.

"Excuse me?" she gasped.

I repeated, "I have a Master."

"What? Who?" she asked in annoyance.

"I can't say," I answered.

"Tell me!" she demanded.

"I can't," I repeated.

"I'm your Mistress, Mommy-slut," she pointed out.

"But I had a Master first, and my primary loyalty is to him," I stated, before adding, "It was his idea for me to seduce you."

"I can't believe this," Crystal said in frustration, as the waitress showed up with the bill.

I took the bill and stood up.

Crystal warned me, "This conversation isn't over."

"Of course not," I nodded, before adding, "but I won't reveal who he is. He'll reveal himself if he chooses."

"Fuck," Crystal cursed, storming away.

I paid the bill and joined her in the car.

The entire drive home Crystal stewed, pissed off and giving me the silent treatment until she broke the silence and announced, "I think we need some new toys for tonight," and instructed me to pull into an adult store we were passing.

"You going to fuck Mommy?" I asked, unable to turn off my insatiable desire to submit, and to be a complete slut, as well as to continue stirring the pot.

"Or vice versa," she shrugged, leading me into the store.

I learned, in case it wasn't already obvious, that my daughter was as sick, twisted and kinky as her Mother. She made me buy a double ended dildo, two different sizes of strap-ons, some furry handcuffs, a blindfold, a vibrating butt plug, and a choker, which she fastened onto me right in front of the older man at the checkout.

While doing so she intoned an impromptu litany: "This choker is to be worn at all times as a constant reminder of who owns your cunt," before adding for dramatic effect, and to humiliate me

even further in front of someone, trying to establish her dominance in spite of what I'd said about a Master, "and who owns your cunt?"

"You do, Mistress," I replied, playing the role of submissive even while I crossed some mental fingers.

"What else am I to you, slut?" she asked, putting the collar on me.

"My daughter," I answered in front of the checkout guy.

"Pay for our sex toys, Mommy-slut," she ordered, before asking the older man, "is there a glory hole in this dump?"

"No, ma'am," the older man replied, as she shocked me once again... willing to have her Mother suck a stranger's cock... which instead of resenting, I found to be a turn on.

"Too bad," Crystal shrugged.

Unfazed... it would probably have been fun ... I couldn't help myself as I tossed out, "I really could use a load or two."

The man's face displayed utter shock, which is really saying something, because one would have to assume he saw a lot of crazy shit going down in that store.

"Pay the man, Mommy-slut," Crystal ordered.

"Yes, Mistress," I replied agreeably, enjoying getting this stranger going. Our tits were still freely swaying around in our bodices, which added to the fun.

Once we were outside, Crystal ordered, "Stick the vibrating butt plug in your ass, Mother."

"Here?" I asked, seeing a few people within viewing distance of us.

"Yes," Crystal said, pointing to a side alley that probably would hide my public act, but no guarantees. "We need to get that ass of yours trained."

I replied, partly to shock her again, partly to avoid having to put it in, but mostly to remind her she wasn't ultimately in charge, "I'll do it if you wish Mistress, but it isn't really necessary. Master pounds my ass regularly."

"You really are a nasty slut, aren't you, Mother?" she asked.

"Master has opened up my inner slut," I replied rather matter-of-factly, before adding with a chuckle, "literally."

"Nevertheless, go plug your ass, Mother," Crystal again instructed.

"Okay," I said, for the first time tentative about obeying an act. What if a cop saw me?

I moved to the concealment of the alley and was just lifting up my dress when Crystal added, "Be sure to turn it onto vibrate."

I turned it on and awkwardly (if anyone was watching, I imagine it would have been hilarious) inserted the vibrating plug in my ass.

I returned to Crystal who quipped, "Ready to buzz off?"

"Frankly I'd rather just get ass fucked," I answered, which, although I was trying to shock her, was the truth.

Back in the car as Crystal drove, it was impossible not to be distracted by the constant vibrations. Although Michael had pounded me back there many times, including earlier today, the vibrations caused a different pleasure. Also, because it just sat lodged inside me and wasn't slamming in and out, it was more of a frustrating tease... not getting me off, just making me want to get fucked... hard. Thinking of Michael's big cock plugging my ass, I moaned.

Crystal said, "Already thinking of getting ass fucked, Mother?"

"God, yes," I moaned, although it was Michael's cock in my mind and not her strap-on.

Crystal pulled into a 7-11 and told me, "I'll be back in a minute."

I seized the opportunity to text Michael:

Master

Crystal has just bought some strap-ons, double-ended dildos, handcuffs and a blindfold. Also a vibrating ass plug which is already inside me. We should be home in twenty minutes.

Michael texted back almost immediately:

Delicious... will text you later... make sure you keep your phone with you at all times.

I texted:

Of course Master.

Just before Crystal returned to the car, I erased our conversation in case Crystal somehow got hold of my phone.

She returned and drove in silence.

Once we were in our driveway, Crystal asked me again, "Who is your Master?"

"I can't tell you."

"Do I know him?"

"Yes, but you'd never in a million years think of him in such a way," I answered, loving that I was giving her so many hints and yet she remained oblivious.

"I'm going to find out."

"Perhaps. But if you do, you'll end up on your knees serving him... not that you'll mind," I warned, praying I was foreshadowing the truth.

"Unlikely," she scoffed.

"He's a very powerful young man," I answered.

"How young?" She asked.

"Close to Michael's age," I answered, barely able to withhold my laughter as I mentioned my Master's name.

"A kid? Holy shit, mother, you really are a slut." Crystal declared. "Is he a friend of Michael's?"

"Not really," I answered truthfully.

"Let's get inside, this conversation is only getting me frustrated."

"Yes, Mistress," I replied, secretly enjoying driving her crazy, as she'd done to me throughout her teen years.

She sighed, "If I were really your Mistress, you'd obey me without conditions."

"True. But no matter how much I enjoy serving you, and I confess that I do, I had a Master first," I replied, "and he's very convincing."

"Fuck!" she snapped, storming out of the car and slamming the door.

I gathered our purchases and followed her in.

The moment we were inside, she was already out of her dress. She grabbed my hand and led me into the kitchen and ordered me, "Get out of that dress."

I obeyed, wondering when Michael planned to arrive home.

"On all fours," she ordered, as I stood in front of her wearing only my thigh highs (in our house, shoes came off the moment we came in the door) and the buzzing butt plug which was still lodged in my ass.

I again obeyed as she reached into the bag of new toys and pulled out a strap-on.

I watched her fasten it to her slender figure and walk over to me.

"I'm going to fuck the shit out of you, Mommy-slut," she said, her tone still brimming with frustration and anger.

"Twice is nice: Master already did that today as well," I said, giving her another major hint as to who he was.

"What!?!"

"Yes, while you were out jogging," I answered, relishing the obvious hints I was giving her.

"You got ass fucked just before I came in from my run?" she asked, incredulous.

"Yep. Remember how I was drying my face off as you walked in? I'd just finished washing my Master's cum off of it," I added, really enjoying the confused, frustrated looks on Crystal's face.

"Where was Michael while this kid was giving you a facial?" Crystal asked.

"Upstairs getting ready," I lied.

"You got ass-fucked while your son was upstairs?" Crystal asked, still skeptical.

"I obey Master without hesitation," I answered, "He owns me."

"So what if he walked in here right now?" Crystal asked, looking down at me.

"You'd see a whole new side of your Mother if Master chose to allow that," I answered, "and before you knew it, you'd more than likely join me on your knees serving him."

Just then my cell buzzed.

Crystal seized my phone and checked the message. "Well, speak of the devil."

"What does it say?" I asked.

"Be there in thirty minutes, slut. I expect you on all fours and ready," Crystal read out.

"Oh dear! You should leave," I urged her, pretending to be concerned for her, even though I knew there was no chance in hell she'd comply.

"Fuck that," she said, "I can't wait for him to catch me fucking you."

"You want my Master to catch us committing *incest*?" I asked, mock horrified.

"Why not?" she shrugged, "he already knows you're a dirty whore, so we might as well prove it."

"Oh, trust me," I smiled. "I've definitely proven it."

Crystal kneeled behind me, pulled the plug out of my ass and replaced it with her plastic cock.

"Aaaah," I moaned, "Yes, fuck Mommy's ass!"

"How big is your Master?" She asked.

"Eight inches," I moaned between her hard, deep thrusts.

She'd been pounding my ass for a few minutes, when the front door opened, way earlier than the thirty minutes mentioned in the text message.

"You're early," Crystal called out, claiming her territory.

Michael called out "Early for what?" just before turning the corner and feigning shock, "What the fuck?!"

Crystal hurried to cover her breasts as Michael and Frederick walked in on our incestuous act, her strap-on jerking out of my ass as if it had been burned.

Frederick said, staring at us, "Wow!"

"Stop staring, you fucking perverts," Crystal snapped, mortified at being caught by her brother and his friend.

"We're the perverts?" Michael laughed. "You're the one with a strap-on in Mom's ass."

"Wow!" Frederick repeated, drooling over Crystal's bod. Like me, all she was wearing was thigh highs, plus in her case, the strap-on.

"Just go away," Crystal demanded.

"Go away so you can sodomize our Mom?" Michael asked, "I love my Mom!" trying to keep a straight face even though he was thoroughly enjoying Crystal's embarrassment.

I feigned embarrassment, even though I remained on my knees in obedience to both of my dominant teens, "Michael, it's not what it looks like."

"It looks like Crystal was fucking your ass," Michael said, "it's something different?" looking directly at me.

"Okay, it is what it looks like," I said, "but I can explain."

"Okay, go for it," Michael said, looking intrigued.

"Crystal is my Mistress," I confessed shamefacedly as if I were imparting humiliating news, before adding, "and we were setting the stage for my Master to show up, so she could put him in his place."

"You have a *Master*?" Michael gasped.

"Yes, I'm so sorry my son, I also have a Master," I admitted, pretending to be mortally embarrassed.

Crystal snarled, "So now you know. Leave the room so we can get dressed."

With a smile Michael dropped his horrified façade and ordered, "We won't. Get on your knees, Crystal."

"Excuse me?" she gasped, shocked by her timid brother's astonishing order.

Michael's stern and unaccustomed (to Crystal) expression didn't change at all as he accused, "Crystal, you're such a condescending bitch."

"Excuse me?" she gasped again. This wasn't a Michael she'd ever seen before.

Michael continued smugly, "My apologies. Was 'condescending' too big a word for you?"

"Fuck you," Crystal shot back.

"Thanks for the offer; I plan to," Michael replied.

"Excuse me?" Crystal repeated, again surprised by his response. It was obvious to me just from this brief exchange that Michael was the true dominant here, although I'd already demonstrated that on my own, their Mother couldn't stand up to either of them.

"Your college education really isn't helping you much," Michael quipped, before speaking more slowly, "I'm... going... to... fuck... you."

"You're sick," Crystal said.

"Says the daughter who was just caught using her own mother as a sexual plaything," Michael countered.

Crystal was speechless, which I'd never known was even possible.

Michael continued, "Plus, there can't be a Mistress in this house, there's already a Master. Isn't that right, Mommy-slut?"

All the attention... especially Crystal's... shifted to me as Michael turned his gaze my way.

"Yes, Master," I nodded, feeling liberated at finally having the heavy secret removed from my shoulders as I resumed my true role as submissive to my son.

"Is my Pet Mommy hungry?" Michael asked.

"Famished, Master," I smiled, not only willing and able, but downright eager to submit to him completely. The fact that Crystal was right here watching us was icing on the cake. I also thought it pretty cool that Frederick was present.

"Well, come get your snack," Michael said, turning his gaze back to Crystal.

Crystal watched in stunned silence as I crawled over to Michael, fished out his big erect cock and sucked it into my mouth.

"Mother!" Crystal gasped.

Michael answered for me, as I had a mouthful of cock, "You may have thought you conquered her last night, and you even did somewhat, but that was all part of the plan. You see, our Mommy is my pet... my Pet Mommy."

I bobbed hungrily like a porn star, taking all of Michael's cock in my mouth, trying to impress both him and Crystal.

Crystal asked in disbelief as she finally put the pieces together, "Michael is your Master?"

"I stand corrected, college really has paid off for you. You can add two plus two and figure out that my Mommy-slut doesn't belong to you," Michael quipped, as he ran his fingers through my hair.

"And what do you think *you're* doing, you stuttering nerd?" Crystal asked, mortified as Fredrick now walked nonchalantly towards me, unfastening his pants.

"Tapping your Mom's cunt," Fredrick answered smoothly without a trace of a speech impediment, as he knelt down behind me and slid his cock into my wet cunt in one deep thrust.

"Now get on your knees, Crystal," Michael repeated.

"As if," she refused.

"It's obvious that you're a submissive in need of training," Michael said.

"It is, is it?" Crystal shot back not very imaginatively, her voice dripping with its usual sarcasm.

"Well for one thing, you're standing in front of your own brother and his friend with almost no shame that we can see your tits, and all that's hiding that cunt of yours is a strap-on," Michael explained, as he pulled his cock out of my mouth while Frederick kept fucking my cunt.

Crystal snapped, "I'm out of here."

"Stop!" Michael demanded sharply.

Crystal obeyed.

"Mom, do you want Crystal to join you?"

"God, yes," I answered, looking directly at Crystal.

I could see confusion all over Crystal's face as mixed emotions swirled around inside her. She'd just recently become a Domme, but now she'd just gotten caught committing incest by a couple of nerds, a class of people she'd always thought despicable, and one of whom was her own brother. She'd always put him down almost out of habit, but now she'd learned he was my Master. And to top it all off, and I knew exactly what she was feeling for I'd often felt it myself, most recently last night thanks to her, she was being pressured by an undeniable need to submit. And what's more, this urge, this compulsion, wasn't being imposed on her by Michael from the outside, but Michael and this entire situation were drawing this feeling, this *need*, from deep within her own core.

Nevertheless, she'd always been more stubborn than anyone I knew, so she wasn't giving in. But I could see she was wavering.

I tried pushing her towards her tipping point, "Crystal, come and join Mommy. I know you want to."

"I do not," she said, but her usual ringing confidence wasn't present in her tone.

"Look at my cock, Crystal," Michael said. "It's either going back inside Mom... or it can go into you."

I loved Michael's confident demeanour, one that I knew he hadn't ever experienced before I seduced him. But now he brimmed with an overpowering confidence.

I moaned, wanting to put on a show for Crystal, to inform her how great submission to my two men could feel, "Oh God yes, Frederick, pound my cunt."

Frederick replied, pausing deep inside me, "No, Betty. Not until Crystal joins you."

Crystal glared murder at Frederick as I pleaded, "Honey, please come and join Mommy."

Michael added, seeing the struggle now very apparent in his sister's eyes, "Go ahead, Crystal, come and serve your Master," as he shoved his cock back in my mouth.

Because my face was now buried in Michael's crotch, I couldn't see Crystal, but I could sense her inner struggle, one I only vaguely recalled ever having, and that was decades ago. And was I also sensing jealousy? Was she jealous because Michael and Frederick were fucking me and not her? So unnecessary: I was certainly willing to share!

Frederick's cock was buried deep inside me but not moving, as we all awaited Crystal's response.

Crystal finally asked, looking at the side of my head, "How? Why? When?"

Michael pulled his cock out of my mouth and ordered, "Go ahead, Mommy-slut, tell Crystal how this all came to be."

So as we all remained more or less frozen in this strange tableau, I retold the Cliff Notes version of my son's seduction, explaining my motivation, and went into a bit of detail about Michael's regular

usage of all three of my holes. Crystal listened silently through my extensive, graphic, sometimes even sordid story of my journey into incestual submission.

Once I was done, Michael walked over to Crystal and ordered, "Knees, big sister."

Her face burning red, her cunt soaking wet, she looked to me for assistance, but I just nodded and said, "Do it, Crystal. Just like I did. I promise you'll never regret it."

She protested, weakly now, her defiant fire gone, gazing helplessly down at Michael's big hard cock, "But you're my brother."

"And Betty is your Mother, and you used her even though you love her," Michael countered, "so you can't play the 'incest is wrong' card."

"I-don't-can't-think-I-mean-what, oh, I don't know anything at all!" Crystal babbled, too overwhelmed by the shocking revelations and the shift in power to think clearly.

Michael placed his hands on her shoulders gently, no force, no coercion, and instructed, "On your knees, big sister."

I watched as, in beautiful slow motion, Crystal hesitated briefly, like a leaf in autumn hanging on for a few last moments before it falls helplessly to the ground, and then slowly lowered herself to the floor.

"Good girl," Michael purred, his big cock now staring her in the face.

Crystal stared at Michael's cock, in awe of its size and the reality that she was on her knees in front of her nerdy brother, the one she'd ridiculed and bullied for years.

"Go ahead my pet, take my cock in your mouth," Michael instructed.

She looked up at him, her prior disdain for her brother gone and replaced with a look of hunger in her eyes that I knew so well, before returning her gaze to his cock.

I stared in complete voyeuristic awe as she leaned forward and took Michael's cock in her mouth.

Part of me was proud of Crystal for joining me in submission to Master's cock, yet another part was briefly jealous at having to share him...thankful she was only going to be here for a couple more days before heading back west.

Frederick resumed pumping his cock into my cunt as Crystal slowly sucked her brother's cock. The incestuous scene between my two offspring was incredibly hot, and it enhanced the pleasure I was receiving from Frederick.

Michael groaned, "I've imagined this for many years, my new pet."

Crystal didn't respond, but just continued bobbing back and forth on his cock.

After a couple minutes of Crystal sucking and Frederick fucking, Michael pulled out and asked, "Does my big sister want her little brother's big cock in her cunt?"

Crystal looked up and admitted, frustrated, "Yes, damn it."

"On all fours, my pet," Michael instructed, enjoying this newfound power over his sister.

Crystal obeyed without hesitation or protest, her desire to submit having now overridden her stubborn bitchiness.

Michael moved behind her and ordered, "Beg me, big sister."

Crystal sighed, "Just fuck me, Michael."

"That's Master," Michael corrected.

"Fine, fuck me Master," she corrected, not really buying into the Master-pet thing.

"Frederick, come and fuck her face," Michael ordered.

"What?" Crystal gasped. "God, no. Not him!"

"I wasn't asking your opinion, slut," Michael said, his hands firmly on her hips. "You didn't address me properly, and that results in a punishment."

Frederick pulled out of me and grinned, "With pleasure."

Frederick stepped in front of Crystal, who exclaimed upon seeing his big cock, "Shit, do all geeks have big dicks?"

Frederick answered by shoving his cock into her open mouth, and he began slowly fucking her face. "I've wanted to see your lips wrapped around my cock for years."

Michael asked, rubbing his cock up and down her pussy lips "How badly does big sister want to get fucked?"

Frederick pulled out of Crystal's mouth as she answered in frustration. "Stop playing games, just fuck me, Michael. Fuck me like you've wanted to do for years."

He kept teasing her pussy as he continued, "I'm not sure you really want my cock, Crystal. If you don't really want it, I know someone who does."

"Dammit, Michael," Crystal said, exasperated, "I just told you to fuck me, what more do you want?"

"I want begging," Michael answered, slamming his cock deeply inside her and pulling back out. "Not only do I deserve it after all these years of taking your shit, as your new Master I know you need to do it for your own welfare."

"Fuuuuck," Crystal moaned, as her brother filled her. When he pulled back out, she cursed, "Dammit Michael, stop teasing me. Fuck your big sister."

"My slutty big sister?" Michael asked.

"Yes, dammit," Crystal answered in frustration. "Now shove that big cock of yours in your sister's slutty wet cunt."

"You sure?" Michael asked, relishing the power he had over her, "After all, am I not just your annoying geek brother?"

"You're being *fucking* annoying right now," Crystal snapped, her pretentious persona not yet squelched.

"Call me Master," Michael ordered, slamming his cock deep into her.

"Noooooo..." Crystal moaned.

Michael kept his cock buried in her this time as he repeated, "Call me Master, Crystal."

"Damn it, just fuck me," Crystal demanded, still stubborn.

"Mom, do you want my cock?" Michael asked.

"Oh honey, my beloved Master, you know I want your cock in any of Mommy's holes whenever you wish," I replied, trying to sound sultry and alluring.

Crystal snapped, "Shut up, slut."

I looked at her and said, "Oh baby, you were never really my Mistress... I can't deny I couldn't resist surrendering to you last night, but today I followed your orders because Michael told me to, because I love submitting, and to draw you in."

I stood up, walked over to her and added, "You were always an unruly child, and now it's time to teach you your place. Like our Master told you, you need to do it for your own good, to help you learn not to be a bitch all the time."

Crystal winced like I'd just slapped her in the face, which, in a way I had.

I pushed Frederick aside, he complied, and I stuck my cunt in front of her face and ordered, with my support network now in place able to be truly dominant for the first time, "Lick Mommy's cunt, you lowly slut."

Her shocked look was adorable as I grabbed her head and shoved her face in my cunt. After a brief hesitance, I felt her tongue begin licking my extremely wet pussy lips. I moaned, "That's it, Crystal, be a good cunt licker for Mommy."

Michael began fucking her hard, each forward thrust forcing her face deeper into my cunt.

"That's it, Michael, make your slutty sister your plaything," I moaned.

Crystal's licking was sloppy, her moans increasing as Michael continued fucking her. I asked, moving my cunt away and moving my hand to her chin to force her to look up at me, "Crystal, who's an incest slut now?"

"I-I-I am," Crystal stammered, as Michael shifted from slow fucking to fast.

"You're what?" I asked.

"An incest sluuuut," she answered, her orgasm close.

"And who is your Master?" Michael interjected, still waiting for the response he longed for.

"You arrrrre," Crystal finally admitted, her hunger for pleasure finally overriding her strong-willed personality.

"I'm what?" he asked, insisting on the full declaration.

"You're my Master, Michael," she admitted, before surprising me, her face shiny with my juices, "and Mommy is my Mistress."

"Good answer, sister slut," he smiled, as he continued slamming into her. "Frederick, go sit on the couch."

Frederick, who had been a silent bystander for the past few minutes, did as Michael instructed, his cock standing erect like a lighthouse.

Michael pulled his cock out of Crystal, who had been bouncing back on it, riding him hungrily, and she whined, "Nooooo, put it back in."

"Put what back in?" Michael asked smugly.

"Your big fucking cock," Crystal snapped insatiably.

"Nope. Go ride Frederick," Michael ordered, surprising Crystal again.

Crystal looked back at him, "Are you fucking *serious*?"

"Of course," Michael answered. "Frederick and I share everything. Isn't that right, Mother?"

"They gave me my first DP," I revealed.

Crystal shook her head, "I can't fucking believe this."

"What?" Michael asked. "That Mom is my slut, or that you are too?"

Crystal stood up, turned to face Michael and answered, "That a timid geek like you has such a dark, confident side."

"Mom brought out the Dom in me," Michael replied, winking at me. "Blame her."

"And Michael brought out the complete submissive slut in me," I interjected. "I'll take all the blame you like, it's worth it."

"I've now brought it out in both of you," Michael added, looking directly in Crystal's eyes, his fingers playing with her clit.

"You love this, don't you?" Crystal said, still refusing to approach Frederick.

"If you mean after all these years of my pretentious, hot, popular and condescending big sister finally is being put in her place, yes, it's the second-best moment in my life," Michael smirked.

"What was your first?" Crystal asked, although we all knew what he was going to say.

"My biggest fantasy becoming a reality when Mom offered herself to become my complete, submissive fuck-toy," Michael replied, looking at me.

I smiled, "Oh, Master, you say the sweetest things."

"Now slut sister, do as you're told," Michael ordered.

"Yes, Master," Crystal answered, finally abandoning the last shreds of her defiance.

I watched as she trudged over to Frederick, but as she climbed on top of him she said, her usual snark back, "Geek, I'm going to rock your world."

As Crystal engulfed his cock, Frederick countered, "No slut, I'm going to fuck yours," as he bucked his ass up.

"Aaaaah Gaaaawwd!!!," Crystal screamed, as Frederick went deeper than she knew was possible.

"That's right slut, worship me," Frederick quipped, which sounded as nerdy as nerdy could be.

"Shut up and enjoy the ride," Crystal retorted, as she shoved her tits in his face and began riding his cock.

I went over to Michael and asked, "Are you about to take her ass?"

"Of course," Michael nodded, kissing me. Breaking the kiss, he said, "You did well, Mommy-slut."

"Thank you, Master," I blushed, "now go ass fuck her, make her your and Fredrick's DP bitch."

"You really are the best Mom in the world," Michael complimented.

"And don't you forget it when you're busy banging Crystal or some other slut," I replied, my hand stroking his cock.

"Oh, Mom, you'll always be my number one slut," Michael smiled, kissing me again. This time with the passion of a caring lover and not a dominant Master.

I returned the kiss with equal passion, knowing I would do anything he wanted without hesitation. I loved him as a son, as a lover and as a Master...he was in essence my perfect man.

He broke the kiss and whispered, "Go fetch the video camera, we should have your daughter's first DP on video."

"I wish I had my first DP on video," I smiled.

"Me too," he said, slapping my ass. "Now go."

I ran upstairs to my bedroom and grabbed the video camera, not wanting to miss any of the action. When I returned a couple minutes later, Crystal was pleading, still riding Frederick's cock, "Please, not my ass!"

"Have you never had a cock in your ass?" Michael asked.

"Not as big as yours," she answered, her eyes wide with fear.

"Well then, I guess it's time to fix that," Michael smiled, moving behind her.

"Please nooooooooooooo," Crystal pleading was adorable and hot... especially after her dominant performance on me the night before.

Michael rammed into his sister without lube, filling her with all eight inches of his rock-hard cock.

"You mother fucker," Crystal screamed, the pain tearing through her.

"Don't you mean sister fucker?" Michael laughed.

"Take iiiit out," she pleaded.

I moved closer, filming my daughter's sodomy, as I comforted, "It's okay honey, just relax. Once Master starts reaming that tight ass of yours, the pain will fade away and an amazing fucking pleasure will take over."

"You're fucking *taping* this?" Crystal snapped, asking the obvious.

Michael quipped, as he began slowly moving his cock in and out of his sister's ass, "Language, sis, I'm not sure you're getting your money's worth at that college."

"Fuuuuck," Crystal whimpered.

I continued reassuring her, "Relax honey, the pleasure will come, and then you will, too."

Michael added, "All my sluts must allow easy access to all three of their fuck holes, big sister."

"You pverrrrrt," Crystal whimpered, but with a slight smile.

"Slut," Michael countered, picking up the pace.

"Sister fucker," Crystal quipped back.

"Brother fucker," Michael shot back.

"Oooooooh, fuuuuuck!" she screamed.

After a couple minutes of slow ass fucking, Michael ordered, as he slammed his cock deep into her ass, "Beg to get ass fucked, my pet sister."

"Oh shit, fuck, God," Crystal babbled, her body trembling as the mixture of pleasure and pain hit her fully.

"Close enough," Michael laughed, as he began to really fuck her ass. I loved watching my daughter getting double-reamed, but I was also envious, as I too wanted those two big cocks inside me.

She whimpered, getting hysterical and louder with each deep thrust, "Oh yes, shit, fuck, oh Goddddddddddddddd!!!"

Frederick quipped, "She likes it! She really, really likes it."

I laughed at the nerdiness Frederick couldn't turn off as he quoted a commercial that was before his time. I giggled, "That she does, just like her mother."

For a couple minutes, the only sounds were Crystal's loud moans and Michael's grunts.

I asked her, "Does my slut daughter like getting her ass fucked?"

"God, yes, Mommmmmmy," Crystal moaned, close to orgasm.

"Is my slut daughter going to come from getting her ass reamed?" I asked, still taping.

"Yesssss, Mommmmmmy," she whimpered, as her body began shaking.

Michael grunted, his warning grunt that he was close, and said, "Sister slut, I'm going to fill your ass with cum."

"Do it! Come in meeeee," Crystal screamed, as her orgasm hit.

"Aaaaaah," Michael grunted simultaneously as my two children reached mutual orgasms.

As soon as Michael pulled out, I thrust the camera into his hands and buried my face in her ass, hungry to retrieve as much of Master's cum as I could.

After a minute, Frederick demanded, "Ride me slut."

"I can't," Crystal said weakly.

Frederick, taking charge, flipped Crystal onto her back on the couch, knocking me out of the way, spread her legs wide and slid his cock back in her cunt. He fucked her hard, and Crystal soon began moaning as I joined Michael, casually stroking his cock while we watched.

After a couple minutes of hardcore fucking, Crystal moaned, "Oh, Freddy, fuck me harder."

"But I thought I was a geek," Frederick said, pulling his cock out.

"Damn it, Freddy, make me your bitch," Crystal demanded.

"My slut?" Frederick asked, rubbing his cock up and down her pussy lips.

"Yes dammit, bitch, slut, whatever you want, now please fuck the shit out of me," she moaned.

"As you wish," Frederick agreed, raising her legs high and slamming his cock not in her cunt, but deep in her ass.

"You fuckerrrrr," Crystal screamed, surprised by having another cock in her ass

Frederick pounded her hard, so hard the couch moved, before he grunted, pulled out, moved his cock to Crystal's face and shoved it in her mouth.

He fucked her face as he said, "I'm going to come all over your face, you fucking bitch."

He pulled out and began shooting his cum all over Crystal's face.

Crystal, who was close to coming, hungrily took his cock back in her mouth to retrieve any last remnants of cum.

Being the sweet mother I was, I crawled between my daughter's legs and completed what Frederick had almost finished.

I wasn't licking her for more than thirty seconds, when I felt my back door filled for the third time today, while I felt Crystal's hands on my head pulling me deeper into her wetness.

As I licked her and Michael fucked me, I realized our family was having its first incest threesome.

Unfortunately it didn't last long, as Crystal flooded my face with her pussy juice after only a couple minutes while screaming, "I'm coming, Mommmmmmy."

I eagerly lapped her juices as Michael continued pounding my ass.

Michael pulled out a couple minutes later, as my face remained buried in my daughter's cunt.

He moved to Crystal, pumping his cock and ordered, "Open wide, slut."

Crystal, although she was exhausted, opened wide, and seconds later took a second load all over her face and in her mouth.

Frederick, phone in hand, snapped a few pictures of Crystal's cum-coated face as Crystal protested, "Don't fucking take pictures of..."

Her protest was shut down as Michael shoved his cock in her mouth.

"This seems to be the only way to shut this bitch up," Michael quipped.

Frederick and I laughed as Michael slowly fucked his sister's face.

Frederick asked a moment later, looking at me, "Betty, what are the odds of your helping me make my mom into a mommy-slut?"

"Is that an order, Master?" I asked teasingly, the idea of seducing another woman a real turn-on after my failed attempt with Crystal.

"Since you ask, I think it is," Frederick grinned.

I shrugged as I dropped to my knees in front of him, "Tell me what you want me to do Master, and I'll make it happen."

"I want you to turn my mom into a cunt-licking, cock sucking submissive for me to play with," Frederick said, his cock getting hard at the idea.

"Yes, Master," I nodded, before taking his cock in my mouth.

Michael added, "I get first shot at your mom's ass."

"Fuck that," Frederick replied.

"Exactly what I plan to do," Michael retorted.

THE END

Continued in "Pet Mommy": Nerd Orgy