

SPANKSGIVING

silkstockingslover

Lesbian mom, disobedient daughters and a new tradition.

Incest/Taboo

4.76

18k words

Summary: Lesbian mom, disobedient daughters and a new tradition.

Note 1: This is dedicated to Chris & Breanna for requesting this twisted idea.

Note 2: This is a Holiday Season 2020 contest story so please vote.

Note 3: Thanks to Tex Beethoven and Robert for editing this special Thanksgiving story (my first by the way)

Spanksgiving

The divorce had been inevitable.

Jake had always been away at work; he'd seemed to love his prestigious job as an investment counselor to large corporations more than he did her. And fuck, during the last time she'd given him a blow job, he'd answered his phone and talked business with some big ticket client while... seemingly absentmindedly... depositing his load in her mouth... and then he'd even held her head in place until she was forced to swallow! She'd never enjoyed giving head in the first place, and she hated swallowing. But in the bedroom she was a natural submissive, so when they were having sex, she did lots of things she didn't care for simply to pleasure her man.

They'd been awarded split custody of their two daughters, following which her relationship with them had actually gotten worse instead of better. While they were married he'd spoiled them rotten, and since the divorce three years ago, he'd reached an entirely new level of indulgence.

It had pissed Angela off big time while they were married, and even more so now, since the girls made no secret of their preference to spend time with their Dad rather than their Mom, because he bought them everything their little hearts desired, while she attempted to parent them and teach them lessons about the real world.

Sick of men once the divorce was finalized, she decided to explore her recently (a few years) growing interest in women, particularly assertive ones. She couldn't explain why, or actually she could, the rat bastard, but she was now finding women attractive. She found women wearing nylons particularly attractive.

Now that she was single, she still fantasized about rough, dominant sex where she was the submissive, and her partner was the dominant who fucked her silly and who used her as a fuck toy. But these days she wanted that partner to be a woman.

In the erotic stories she read, it was dead easy to find a strong-willed dominant woman to take control of you, but in real life it certainly wasn't.

She couldn't come out even as bi-curious to her friends or family... she wasn't self-confident enough for that... and even though she was now reading online erotica and watching lesbian porn, she'd never even kissed a woman.

So after six months of using no implements better than her vibrator, her shower head, her washing machine, and of course her fevered imagination to deal with her sexual needs... she went online.

She found a lesbian chat room for women from the local area (a two-hour perimeter), and filled out the questionnaire.

Name: Angie, which was short for Angela, but different enough to camouflage her true identity.

Job: Secretary.

Lesbian experience: Do erotica and porn count? Sadly, I'm not even at the 'I Kissed A Girl and I Liked it,' stage yet... but I want to be. Absolutely true, unfortunately.

Bi or lesbian: Don't know because I've never tried, but likely lesbian. I'm recently divorced from a man and want to explore my growing curiosity about being with women, which has frankly become an obsession. I'm sick of men, maybe permanently, and I'm definitely curious to explore a same-sex relationship.

Mistress, switch or submissive: I had to google the term switch, and after reading urban dictionary's definition, I concluded I wasn't a switch, and I definitely wasn't a Mistress, so I answered truthfully, feeling rather liberated at this opportunity to be completely honest, if only in this semi-anonymous survey: **completely submissive.**

Fetishes: Nylons. I love wearing them, I only buy sheer ones, because I could afford them, but I didn't say that, **and I love admiring women wearing them. All my fantasies are about being seduced by women in nylons. The videos I watch the most are nylon based lesbian ones like on brattybabesownyou, where a woman uses her nylon-clad feet to pleasure and be pleased by another nylon-wearing woman, or footfantasy, where women are blackmailed into licking, sucking and massaging other women's nylon-clad legs.**

Anal: I have always loved taking a cock in my ass... in willingly giving myself to another person completely. And now that I've sworn off men, I'm certain that predilection would readily transfer to women and toys. Which is my theory anyway, so far untested.

BDSM: Not humiliation or pain... but I have a definite interest in a clear dom/sub relationship.

Dream Relationship: A romantic one outside the bedroom, and a sexually charged Mistress/submissive relationship in bed (or wherever I'm told to be).

She clicked Send and waited... having included a picture of herself on her knees in a garter-belt and stockings, and lace lingerie that showcased her natural submissiveness and her big tits... but didn't show her face at all.

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Over the next week, Angela chatted and even did some online roleplaying with a dozen different women... but only one of them really stood out for her... one who was beautiful, who had a real

picture of herself in her profile face and all, who was dominant in exactly the ways Angela fantasized, and who seemed particularly compassionate.

Thus Rhonda was the only one Angela sent a picture to revealing her face, and she was the only one she met in person. Angela had always been too terrified to go on blind dates, and this was kind of a blind dinner date, but nicely planned, since as soon as she'd mentioned Rhonda's name, the hostess had led her to a corner booth and plucked a 'Reserved' placard from the table as she invited her to be seated. It was a thoughtful touch that made Angela feel special; but even so, she was more nervous than she could remember being about any other date she'd been on.

Yet the moment she spied Rhonda approaching her table, Angela knew she'd made the right decision. She wasn't sure whether she believed in love at first sight, but she definitely believed in lust at first sight, since she was already in ultimate lust.

"Hey, beautiful," Rhonda greeted, thinking that for once, the picture hadn't done the woman she was meeting justice. In most of her previous meetings the picture had been taken when the woman was much younger, or it wasn't even of the same woman. But Angela was beautiful and real, and she was radiant in a way that enhanced that natural beauty.

Angela bolted to her feet quite nervously, her cheeks going red at the compliment, and was stunned when this tall, curvy, sexy woman kissed her on the lips... right in front of a restaurant full of strangers!

Angela couldn't hold herself back from melting into the tender yet passionate kiss... as she discovered a few things. One, a woman's lips are a lot softer than a man's. Two, kissing a woman can be much more passionate than kissing a man. Three, she was instantly in lust with the aggressive Rhonda, who pulled her into an embrace as if she was already her girlfriend... and perhaps even her acknowledged pet. Fourth, she was within a few seconds 100% certain she was no longer straight, and 99.99% certain she was a complete lesbian, since chills went up her spine, her body trembled slightly, her head went a little light, and her pussy dampened into her pantyhose (she was now wishing she'd also worn panties, but feeling a little naughty and kinky she'd decided to forego the panties.

"You look really hot," Rhonda admired, still standing closely face to face with Angela, and in her five-inch heels, she hovered a full foot above her.

"Thank you," Angela said, flattered to be complimented by such a complete knockout. "You look amazing."

"I know," Rhonda smiled without any false humility as she sat down and gestured for Angela to do the same.

Angela did, and for the next hour they got to know each other. They didn't talk about sex or mention anything about their online profiles, and Rhonda didn't noticeably lead the conversation... they just chatted about life... their jobs, family, travel, favourite movies and so forth.

They discovered they had a lot in common.

Both worked in the field of medicine. Angela was a doctor (yes, she'd claimed to be a secretary in her profile because she didn't wish to give herself airs), and Rhonda was a nurse: an RN, so it seemed strange they'd never encountered each other professionally. But Greater Boston was very large and crowded, after all.

They had both been raised in large families, although while Angela subsequently had two daughters, Rhonda, having known she was a lesbian ever since puberty, had never seriously considered having any children at all.

They both loved to travel, although while Rhonda had travelled all over the world, having taken an entire year off three years ago and visited over fifty countries, staying only a week or less in each of them... Angela had only been to Canada (Niagara Falls and Toronto) and Mexico (Cancun a few times) ... although she had fantasized about travelling the world: Norway, Scotland, Japan, Brazil and Indonesia just a few places she dreamed of visiting.

They both loved movies. Both loved John Hughes movies, both agreed *Sixteen Candles* was the best, and *Some Kind of Wonderful* the most underrated. They both loved musicals... and both agreed *Mamma Mia 2* was way better than the first one, largely because there was way less of Meryl Streep pretending she could sing. They also both secretly liked *Grease 2*, and loved the sexually charged Chicago.

They were waiting for their dessert offerings when Rhonda said, as unbeknownst to Angela she slipped out of her heels underneath the table, "So you say you like watching those Bratty Babes Own You videos?"

"What? Yes... I..." Angela began, startled by the abrupt sexual question after an hour of conservative but engaging conversation... but she hadn't even finished formulating a complete reply before she felt a foot part her legs, and then move directly to the crotch of her pantyhose... with Rhonda's eyes locked in on hers the entire time.

"Although unlike those videos, there won't ever be any blackmail or manipulation between us," Rhonda smiled, as she moved her foot up and down her instantly wet pussy. "Whenever you submit to me, it will be only because you want to."

"Ooooooh," Angela moaned, the pleasure instant and exciting, although she glanced worriedly around to see if anyone was watching.

"You and I are the only ones here who matter right now," Rhonda said, beginning to establish the ground rules for the intense relationship she sensed could blossom here. Angela could even be The One... not just a passionate sexual relationship, which she'd been envisioning all along, but an actual committed relationship (although not an exclusive one but open, with full transparency and honesty between them). She couldn't explain why, but she definitely sensed Angela was The One.

"Okay, if you say so," Angela moaned again, just as their waitress returned with a slice of cheesecake with two forks for the women to share.

"Thank you, beautiful," Rhonda said, smiling at the pretty college-aged waitress... a functionary she'd often seduce on nights like this if the date wasn't going the way she wanted it to. But tonight her focus was on Angela.

"You're welcome, ma'am," the pretty waitress replied, feeling her cheeks go red at the compliment from the beautiful woman. The waitress was bi, and she had a thing for older women. "May I get you two anything else?"

"Not at the moment," Rhonda said, giving a smoldering look to the waitress that Angela noticed made the girl melt, as she continued slowly moving her foot up and down her dinner date's nylon-clad crotch.

"If you need anything, anything at all, please let me know," the waitress tried to slyly, but also clearly, hint she'd be more than willing to have some fun later on with these two hot cougars.

"Good to know," Rhonda said, deliberately hinting back she might take her up on that offer sometime.

The waitress left, her panties noticeably damp, as Rhonda said, "She'd come home with us in an instant if we invited her."

"Really?" Angela said, having noticed there'd been some flirting during that conversation, but the foot slowly rubbing her pussy had kept her pretty distracted.

"For sure," Rhonda said. "I have very strong... 'gaydar', for lack of a better term."

"Crazy," Angela moaned again, as Rhonda now began moving her foot in a slow, circular rotation.

"Which we might do together sometime. But tonight it's just about us."

"Okay," Angela whimpered softly, flattered this beautiful woman would choose her over a younger, prettier woman.

"Are you a little jealous of her?"

"Maybe a little," Angela admitted, "she's very young and pretty," as Rhonda picked up one of the forks.

"Don't worry," Rhonda said. "Tonight is about our exploring all of *your* fantasies."

"Oooooooh," Angela moaned, as Rhonda's toes exerted strong, delicious pressure on her pussy.

"You like my doing that?" Rhonda asked, even though the answer was obvious.

"It feels amazing," Angela said, as an orgasm was already rising through her. She'd always thought the women in porn came rather quickly, and had wondered if they were faking it more often than not, although they seemed pretty authentic... but now she understood how it could happen in reality... this foot was already driving her nuts.

"I want you to come all over my foot, my pretty pet," Rhonda said, using a term of endearment, yet establishing the hierarchy at the same time... Rhonda had truly mastered the art of seduction during her more than twenty-five years of sexual relationships.

"Oh yes I will, Rhonda," Angela moaned, "and that won't take very long at all," her orgasm rising as the pretty bombshell artfully took a bite of cheesecake as if that were all that was happening.

"Mmmmmm," Rhonda moaned herself, as she began circling her toes in faster motions. "This is delicious."

"Oh God, *please* don't stop," Angela mumbled as softly as she could manage, as she braced both hands on the table, feeling like a real life version of Meg Ryan in a crowded restaurant having an orgasm... but unlike in *When Harry Met Sally*, she wasn't faking it.

"Come now my pet, come all over my foot," Rhonda ordered, loving the vulnerable look of a woman about to come... it was so sexy, so authentic, and so liberating.

Angela couldn't hold back anymore, so she closed her eyes and bit her lip to keep from letting out a mighty scream that would alert the entire restaurant to what was happening underneath the table. "Oh fuck," she moaned weakly as the orgasm hit her.

"Good girl," Angela praised equally quietly, as she continued the circular motion throughout her pretty pet's orgasm.

"Thank you," Angela said, resisting the urge to call her Mistress... even though she really wanted to.

"Of course," Rhonda said, as she moved her foot away and resumed eating her cheesecake.

After a minute, Angela still recovering from her orgasm, Rhonda asked, as she was about to finish all the cheesecake by herself, as she had planned to do all along, "Would you like some dessert?"

"I did burn off a lot of calories just now," Angela smiled playfully, feeling so comfortable with this woman. In the past she'd sucked her man in a taxi, jerked him off in a plane, and sucked him under a table... but each time she'd been terrified of getting caught, so she didn't remotely enjoy it. However she'd immensely enjoyed the foot rubbing just now; it was unlike anything she'd ever experienced before.

"Unfortunately I've greedily eaten all of our cheesecake," Rhonda admitted as she polished off the final tiny piece.

Angela looked around, happy they had a corner booth, one she now realized Rhonda had likely specifically requested, as she asked playfully, already imagining herself crawling beneath this table and licking this amazing woman's pussy, "Is there some other sort of tasty dessert nearby?"

"Actually, there's some homemade pie readily available," Rhonda offered, loving how quick of a learner Angela was... enjoying this sexually charged and playful banter, compared to her normally quick domination of younger women... many of whom were insensitive to innuendo.

"Mmmmmmm, I've never sampled that variety of homemade pie," Angela said, anxious to duck right under the table, yet preferring to wait so she could be told to do so.

"Well, just slide under the table here, and try it hot from the oven," Rhonda obliged, as she glanced around and saw the waitress looking over at them.

"Yes, Mistress," Angela said, not even realizing she'd called her that until the word was out in the open. Feeling her cheeks redden at her response, she didn't even look to see if anyone was watching as she quickly slipped under the table, surprised once she was down there at how dark it was... the tablecloth reaching almost to the floor.

"Good girl," Rhonda said as she parted her legs, wearing a garter-belt and stockings underneath her dress... and as always, no underwear. She looked over to the waitress, who'd been watching with big eyes, and she smiled at her conspiratorially.

"I can't believe I'm doing this," Angela said, as she placed her hands on Rhonda's nylon-clad legs. She slowly glided her hands up them as she positioned herself between Rhonda's legs until she felt the clasps attached to her stocking tops.

Rhonda said, "You'll soon become accustomed to finding those; I almost always wear a garter-belt with my stockings."

"So sexy," Angela said, as she rubbed her hands up and down the sheer nylon legs, while also moving her head closer to a pussy she couldn't really see... which was a bit of a disappointment.

Rhonda, having had many women eat her pussy from under a table, at least a couple dozen of them at this table alone, although her usual waitress wasn't here today; she knew how dark it was under there, so she fished her phone out of her purse, turned on its flashlight and handed it under the tablecloth. "Would you like some light, so you can see how moist your dessert is?"

"Oh thank you, it looks so juicy and delicious," Angela crooned, now able to stare at this completely shaved, perfectly pink, slightly glazed, pussy... a pussy looking so much more inviting than a cock ever had.

"I'm told it's to die for," Rhonda said, having been told that hundreds of times in her life. She'd had many women text her afterwards, begging to be allowed to come over and eat her again.

"I imagine it will be," Angela agreed, already completely intoxicated by her task, even though she hadn't begun it yet. She took a deep breath, inhaling the feminine scent, before leaning forward and beginning to lick. That final 0.01% chance she might be bi became a nice round zero the moment she tasted Rhonda's pussy. It was subtly sweet, and didn't taste or smell anything like fish... which is exactly how her husband had used to describe her pussy, which had always gotten her painfully self-conscious.

"Mmmmmmm, good girl, lick my pussy, baby," Rhonda moaned, always enjoying the feel of a tongue on her pussy, but this one was somehow more stimulating, as she already felt something for Angela she hadn't felt for anyone in years... an emotional connection to go along with the strong sexual connection.

"You taste so good," Angela said mindlessly, as she explored this entire pussy region... inside and out... in many ways she was like a child playing with a brand new toy.

"I know," Rhonda repeated, as the waitress walked towards her, clearly knowing what was occurring under the table.

"May I get you anything else, ma'am?" the waitress asked, wondering what it would be like to be under the table doing what the other patron was obviously doing... there was something so intriguing about this pretty older woman.

"Well, as you've no doubt noticed, I'm being taken extremely good care of at the moment," Rhonda said, holding back a moan.

"I see," the waitress said.

"However," Rhonda said, as one hand went under the table to gently grasp Angela's head and guide it a little deeper, "I'm curious whether you provide home deliveries."

"I haven't ever before," the waitress said, certain she was reading the woman's message properly, "but I'd be more than willing to do it for you, ma'am."

"Then write your cell number on my receipt, and I may get in contact," Rhonda said, as her orgasm was inexorably rising... this virgin pussy lickster doing a pretty impressive job for a first timer.

"I'll definitely do that," the waitress promised.

"And what's your name, my dear?" Rhonda asked, as Angela licked and listened in... in awe that Rhonda seemed to be seducing and setting up another date even while she was on one. On the one hand it was very impressive, but on the other hand perhaps she'd been mistaken about how well Rhonda thought the date had been going. She herself had truly felt this was an amazing date that hopefully would lead to others... but perhaps she'd misread the signs, and this would just be a one-time encounter. Either way she supposed, she'd certainly enjoyed her dinnertime orgasm, and she knew she was about to enjoy Rhonda's as well.

"My name is Katherine," the waitress replied.

"Well, Katherine, my friend here needs to finish her dessert, and the sweet cream in the middle is very close to boiling over," Rhonda said bluntly.

"Oh, okay," Katherine said, her face going red and her mouth watering.

"But I'm sure we can have you over someday so you can enjoy some dessert too," Rhonda said. "It's a shame you never get to have a bite to eat yourself while you're working."

Angela couldn't believe how direct Rhonda was being, but she was also intrigued by the word 'we'. Was she herself possibly included in this 'we'? Could she and Rhonda possibly be considered a 'we'? In any case, she focused on steaming out the creamy middle Rhonda had so naughtily mentioned.

"I'd love to," Katherine said.

"What time do you get off?" Rhonda asked. "If you know what I mean."

"Nine o'clock," Katherine replied, excited that maybe she'd get the chance to serve this amazing woman this very night.

"Well, I'll check in with my girlfriend once her mouth is no longer full, and see if she'd be in the mood for a late-night snack," Rhonda said, letting out a little moan, since Angela caught her breath excitedly at hearing this, and thus suddenly sucked on her clit.

She just called me her girlfriend! She isn't planning on replacing me with this hot young woman... but rather might invite her over for a threesome with the two of us... which I'd definitely be up for.

"I'd love to get off and *come over*," Katherine said, even stressing the word, praying she'd be offered the opportunity.

"Please bring us the bill with your number on it, Katherine," Rhonda said, as she pulled Angela's face directly into her pussy.

"Yes indeed, ma'am," Katherine agreed, her pussy on fire.

"Don't stop Angela, your mouth feels *so good* on my pussy," Rhonda moaned, knowing full well Katherine was listening, and feeling her orgasm rising quickly.

Angela had no intention of stopping until she tasted Rhonda's cum... for unlike all the unpleasant facials she'd taken and all the nasty-tasting loads of cum she'd swallowed in the past so reluctantly, she was dying to feel a female cum facial, and to taste Rhonda's pussy juice.

"And later on if you want, you can eat that college girl, or fuck her with one of my strap-ons," Rhonda said before adding, "or get double penetrated by two women."

Angela's pussy leaked into her pantyhose upon her hearing all these wicked, wild possibilities... this first romantic and then sexy evening potentially getting completely out of hand... and in a very good way.

"I bet you'd love to eat that girl's pussy," Rhonda moaned, imagining watching it happen... she always enjoyed hosting live lesbian acts... having watched many of them over the years, including more than a few mother-daughter, sister-sister and even grandmother-granddaughter 69's.

"Mmmmmmmmm," Angela moaned, trying to make it loud enough to inform Rhonda she was more than intrigued by her offer, yet also hungrily concentrating on the immediacy of continuing to lick and suck on her pussy.

"I'm close, Angela, I'm getting *so close*," Rhonda moaned, as she looked over to the waitress, who was entering something into a computer.

Angela kept licking and doing what she'd liked done to her back when her husband used to go down on her; she sucked the clit between her lips and shook her head side to side.

"Oooooooh yes," Rhonda moaned, closed her eyes, and came from the impressive, aggressive pussy attack from this first-time pussy pleaser. "Good girl!"

Angela felt a gush of wetness explode into her mouth, and onto her lips and chin, as she began hungrily lapping up the excessive pussy cum... and unlike male cum... it wasn't gooey and salty... but was rather a smooth wetness, and pleasantly sweet.

Rhonda held firmly onto Angela's head throughout her orgasm, and then she released it and said, "You may come back up now, you darling girl."

"Okay, thanks," Angela said, giving one last long lick up the slit to savour the last drops of sweet pussy cum. She climbed back up to her seat, which was oddly more awkward than going down. She sat up and could feel wetness on her face as she looked at Rhonda.

"You sure you've never done that before?" Rhonda asked.

"Never," Angela said, feeling a warm glow from Rhonda's kind words.

"Well, you're a natural at it," Rhonda said. "I can't believe you wasted all those years on your husband's dick."

"Tell me about it," Angela smiled, feeling so wonderfully appreciated.

"Were you listening in on my conversation with our waitress Katherine?"

"Mostly," Angela admitted, but added, "although for some strange reason, I was a little distracted."

"By what?" Rhonda asked, batting her eyes innocently.

"By the life-changing experience of eating your amazing pussy," Angela answered gratefully and bluntly, not at all ashamed of what she'd just done, but delighted.

"Oh right, that little task of yours," Rhonda said playfully, as Katherine was returning with the bill.

"I'm game," Angela hurried to say, just before Katherine arrived.

"Good to know," Rhonda said.

"Here's your bill, ma'am," Katherine said, placing it on the table with some mints, and her number clearly written on it.

"Would you like to receive your tip here and now, or at my place after you get off work?" Rhonda asked.

"After work, most definitely," Katherine replied, her cheeks reddening.

"We both hoped you'd say that, isn't that right, Angela?"

"Absolutely," she agreed instantly.

"Then I'll text you my address," she continued, "and we'll expect you to come right over once you're done with work."

"Wow! Of course I will," Katherine nodded enthusiastically; it was already 8:15.

Angela watched how smooth and confident Rhonda was... in awe of how she had this college girl completely wrapped around her finger.

"Good, we'll see you soon then," Rhonda said.

"Yes, *ma'am*," Katherine replied, and walked away with a noticeable spring in her step.

"Wow!" Angela said.

"I continually draw straight, bi and lesbian girls like moths to a flame," Rhonda said, having always struck it lucky with all kinds of girls. Young and old... and all races.

"So I see," Angela said, impressed, but feeling her insecurity rising inside her.

Rhonda noticed Angela's uncertain tone and asked, "May I be completely honest with you, Angela?"

"Please, always," Angela said, although she wasn't certain she wanted to hear this particular bit of complete honesty.

"I really like you," Rhonda said.

"I really like you too," Angela said, relief coursing through her; she'd been worried she was about to face the dreaded 'it's not you, it's me' mantra, or something similar.

"There's something really special about you," Rhonda continued, actually not very good at expressing her feelings when they were strong, yet feeling like she needed to get this out.

"There's something really special about you too," Angela replied, realizing she was literally repeating word for word what Rhonda was saying, just adding the word 'too'.

"I haven't felt such a tangible emotional connection with anyone in years," Rhonda said. "I mean, I... well... I... that is, I see you as more than just..."

Angela was astonished to see such vulnerability after the wildness of the evening and her ultra-smooth seduction of the waitress. She said, "Please don't worry, because I feel just the same."

"You do?" Rhonda asked, having felt vulnerable for the first time in years, and not at all fond of the feeling.

"Yes, I can't explain why at all sensibly, but being with you seems right and natural," Angela said before adding, "and I felt that *before* the foot rubbing and my under-the-table dining."

"Yes, that was fun," Rhonda said, before asking, "so do you want to go back to my place and get to know each other better... and maybe fuck a hot waitress together?"

"Only if I'm allowed to eat your pussy again," Angela allowed.

"I think that might be arranged... if you'll be my good girl," Rhonda agreed, as they got up and strolled out of the restaurant hand in hand.

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That night while Rhonda blessedly called all the shots, Angela ate Rhonda again; then Katherine arrived, so Angela ate her from beneath while Rhonda fucked her from behind; then Katherine and Angela ate Rhonda together taking turns; before they ended the night by double penetrating the young waitress front and back with strap-ons.

For the next six weeks Angela submitted unconditionally to Rhonda, while Rhonda proved Angela's initial impression had been correct: she was a compassionate Mistress; sometimes stern, which Angela loved, but never cruel.

They went to Le Chateau Club a few times. The first time Rhonda insisted they both strip down to their stockings and go onstage together to share a 69 for everyone's enjoyment. Angela had been terrified and had adamantly refused at first, but Rhonda stood her ground, and Angela could never resist her Mistress's will for long. To her astonishment, she really got off on all those women's boisterous approval, so thereafter whenever they went, she thoroughly enjoyed their staging some kind of naked show for everyone.

And at Rhonda's house they enjoyed a dozen threesomes, a couple of foursomes (Katherine brought along her best friend), and an eight-girl orgy. For Angela it was heaven... the only drawback being her keeping this relationship a secret from her daughters.

Rhonda had made it clear though, that during the Thanksgiving weekend Angela must introduce her to her two daughters, and specifically as her lover. Rhonda loved Angela and wanted to share her life with her, but Angela needed to be honest with herself and her family.

Angela was more than a little nervous to reveal to her daughters she was a lesbian... but there was no way she'd allow herself to lose the love of her life.

"Look, invite your girls over a day early, and then they can help as we all cook Thanksgiving dinner together," Rhonda suggested, having loved to prepare fancy meals with her Mom when she was young... having missed those daylong Thanksgiving Day cooking marathons since her Mom had passed six years ago.

"But my daughters don't cook," Angela objected, their father enabling them in every possible way.

"So? We'll change that," Rhonda refuted.

"Good luck with that," Angela said, knowing her spoiled daughters all too well, and their complete lack of a work ethic.

"Oh, you know by now I don't take shit from people, especially not from a couple of teenagers," Rhonda said. "And *they* won't even have to strip down and eat my pussy in front of a crowd of horny women."

"I hope you're right," Angela said, hoping Rhonda could pull off what she'd never been able to ... disciplining her daughters.

"Oh, I definitely am," Rhonda said, "just follow my lead," wanting to help Angela build the relationship she'd always wanted to have with her daughters... it was obvious that was the one black hole still remaining in her life.

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At first the girls, Megan at twenty and Wendy at eighteen, whined they didn't *want* to come an endlessly boring day early, but once Angela said they'd get to meet her new love interest... they became intrigued to meet their Mom's new boyfriend.

Megan said, as Wendy licked her pussy, something they'd been doing together regularly since a wild high school party to kick off Wendy's senior year, "So Mom finally found herself a man."

"Maybe we can start manipulating him just like we do Dad," Wendy said, as she parted her sister's pussy lips and probed her hole with her tongue.

"Mmmmmm, God, you eat pussy good," Megan said, happy she'd decided to live at home instead of in the dorm this year... having a live-in pussy pleaser was incredibly convenient... and she also liked having some fresh pussy to eat whenever she was hungry (which was often, but not as insatiably often as her completely lesbian sister). The fact of their Dad often being gone for weeks at a time flying here and there on private jets meant they could often play freely without any risk of getting caught, and they'd had sex in literally every room in the house... Megan's favourite location to be eaten was while sitting on the washing machine while it was running.

"You know I can ever get enough of your pussy," Wendy said.

"I do, but about your suggestion... yes, we can likely manipulate him," Megan said. "Most men are pushovers."

"Especially if we show him a little tit, bend over for some butt, or just flirt a little," Wendy said, having always been able to get whatever she wanted by using her looks and body to her advantage.

"Are you saying we should tease Mom's new boyfriend?" Megan asked, as she pressed her hand on the back of her sister's head and guided her deeper into her burning pussy.

"Well, I'm not saying we should fuck the old guy," Wendy said, getting more aggressive with her sister's pussy, the hand on the head being a nonverbal sign her sister was close. She'd had sex with just one boy this past summer, a week after her eighteenth birthday, but it had been terrible and just confirmed her opinion she was gay. Of course when her sister had caught her eating out a fellow cheerleader at her back-to-school party in her bedroom, her sister had taken full advantage... not that she was complaining about that now. She loved her sister's pussy... literally craved it.

"No, of course not," Megan said, although with her being promiscuously bi, in her case the idea wasn't completely out there. Her mother drove her nuts, and although she loved her (but would never tell *her* that), she also often hated her. "But we can have a lot of fun teasing him."

"Mmmmmmm," Wendy moaned, as she slowly rubbed herself while she licked her sister, wondering what she had in mind... she was the wilder one of the two and almost always the instigator, although Wendy didn't ever resist going along with her extremes. She'd eaten her elder sister in a variety of crazy locations since her first lick during that party, including: the back seat of an uber, a few public bathrooms, a Victoria Secret change room, under the kitchen table while Dad walked in oblivious and actually asked where she was, and in the basement the last time they'd visited Mom. They agreed with each other that the risk of getting caught enhanced the taboo thrill of the act.

"Now get me off, my sister slut," Megan ordered, constantly loving to remind them both they were committing incest... which was the ultimate turn-on. Although she'd never fuck their Dad, only because he was past his prime, the idea of adding their eternally straight mother to their lesbian family play was a frequent fantasy of hers... especially turning her mother into her pet... just like her sister was already.

"Come all over my face, big sister," Wendy begged between licks, and before she flicked her sister's swollen clit... loving the constant reminder that the pussy she was licking was her sister's.

"You love being your big sister's pussy pleasing pet, don't you?" Megan, who loved alliteration, asked.

"It's what I was born to do," Wendy replied, never feeling more at home, more natural, than when she was between her sister's legs.

"Yes, you certainly were," Megan agreed, as she closed her eyes and let her baby sister get her off.

A couple minutes later Wendy was lapping up her sister's pussy cum, and Megan was lightly trembling from her intense orgasm... her orgasms always the most intense when they were brought about by her sister's tongue... and she came frequently, having a few pets at college to go down on her, including a lady prof, and also a couple of studs in reserve to fuck her whenever she wanted dick... which was becoming less and less frequent now that her sister was on hand to get her off pretty much anytime she was in the mood.

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The next day as the girls were getting ready to head over to their Mom's, both wearing tight dresses and nylons (having learned early on how men got particularly weak and easy to manipulate whenever they showcased their big tits, tight asses and long legs). They were assuredly going to have some fun today!

Angela texted both daughters: **Please pick up milk, eggs and whipping cream on your way over.**

They both saw the text but ignored it, not about to spend their own hard-earned money, or rather the excessive money their father always gave them, on groceries for their mother; so they just headed over. The girls arrived and walked in empty-handed.

Angela sighed, "Where are the groceries you girls were picking up?"

"Oh, we forgot," Megan said, even though it was obvious they just hadn't bothered.

"Seriously," Angela sighed, knowing she'd now have to make a special trip to pick up those items.

Rhonda strolled into the living-room, dressed in a black dress (and matching stockings with a seam down the back and a garter-belt, none of which were visible at the time), that showcased her excessive assets. "So these are your daughters?" Rhonda asked, walking over to the very pretty young ladies.

Both Wendy and Megan's eyes went wide... their straight mother was dating a woman!?

Rhonda pulled Wendy into a tit-crushing hug first, and then one for Megan before saying, "I'm Rhonda; it's a pleasure to meet you two young beauties."

"I-I-I'm Wendy," Wendy said, stunned her mother was dating a woman, and she was easily one of the most beautiful women she'd ever met in real life.

"I'm Megan," Megan said, equally attracted but controlling herself, as she quickly revised her plan to flirt with the boyfriend, to perhaps flirting with the girlfriend.

Angela added proudly, "Girls, Rhonda is my girlfriend."

"So you're a lesbian now?" Megan asked, as Wendy drooled over the older woman.

"After being stuck with your Dad for all those years, who wouldn't be?" Angela joked.

"Your mother is an amazing woman, and she deserves another amazing woman, so we're a perfect match," Rhonda said.

"Yes, she does," Megan nodded, giving the older woman a complete once over... stunned not only that her mother was now a lesbian, but that she'd scored with a woman as incredibly hot as this one was.

"I need to go out and pick up the groceries the girls didn't," Angela told her lover, trying to appear upbeat about it, even though she was annoyed they couldn't even do such a simple thing for her.

"Girls, you didn't bring the few items your mother requested?" Rhonda asked.

"We forgot," Megan said, feeling a little intimidated by the older woman.

"Well then, you two should be the ones to go back out and get those items, while your mother and I remain here and continue prepping the food for tomorrow," Rhonda adjudicated.

"I don't think so," Megan said. "Mom can go get them. She always does, and she doesn't mind."

"You're both adults; you can both certainly contribute to the splendid meal we'll be sharing," Rhonda said, not at all fazed by the two daughters' spoiled behavior.

"I just want to sit down and relax," Megan insisted. "And so does Wendy; we deserve to."

"As does your mother," Rhonda said before adding, "but everyone needs to contribute to this family weekend."

"Mom *always* does everything," Megan persevered, "that's her job," as Wendy remained speechless, unable to stop staring at Rhonda's big tits and long legs.

"Really? Then how do you two layabouts learn how to do anything useful?" Rhonda challenged, more amused than anything. This altercation was no different from many of her seductions over time, where immature and entitled girls were eventually turned into obedient, even submissive pets... something she could readily achieve with these two girls if Angela gave her permission.

"We don't care to learn so-called *useful* things, do we, Wendy?" Megan demanded, looking to her sister for support, a little annoyed at her silence.

"Yeah, for instance we don't cook," Wendy said, all their meals since moving in with their Dad being delivery or drive-thru.

"You won't always have your Daddy to buy you everything," Rhonda said. "You need to be able to look after yourselves."

"Mom, are you going to let this stranger speak to us like that?" Megan demanded.

Rhonda turned to Angela and observed, "You've already introduced me as your girlfriend, yet now she's calling me a stranger. Your daughters need to learn some respect."

"Mom!" both Megan and Wendy whined, not accustomed to being talked about this way. *They* were the ones deserving of respect; always had been, always would be.

Rhonda turned her attention back to the bratty girls and said, her tone firm like when she was training a new pet, "Your mother works hard to make these special events amazing, and you two just lollygag around doing nothing to contribute. It's ridiculous, and you should expect better from yourselves."

"She's right," Angela said, finally standing up to her daughters for the first time in years. "You two have become too entitled and lazy since you've been living with your father."

"Fine, whatever, we'll go pick up the stuff," Megan said, stewing. *No one* talked to her like that, but it seemed that Rhonda bitch had given her some balls.

"Good," Rhonda said. "And pick up some dessert for tonight."

"Okay," Wendy said, feeling compelled to obey this beautiful strong-willed woman... the exact kind of woman she imagined while pleasuring herself.

"Then at least give us some money," Megan ordered, sticking out her hand.

"No, you two are wealthy enough to afford a few groceries," Rhonda refused.

"Whatever," Megan sighed dramatically, wanting to make it clear she wasn't remotely happy about any of this.

"And going forward, I expect a lot less sass from you, young lady," Rhonda added, making it clear who was really in charge.

This demand made Megan's cheeks go red with fury, but she bit her tongue as she stalked out, only saying, "Let's go, Wendy."

Wendy followed and once they were outside, Megan snapped, "You were no fucking help *at all* in there."

"Sorry sis, she was really scary," Wendy said.

"All you could do was just stand there and drool at her. You just want to suck on those big tits and eat her pussy," Megan accused correctly.

"I certainly wouldn't say no to them," Wendy said, as they walked to the car... a Porsche... another of Daddy's expensive buy-love-from-his-daughters gifts.

"You're such a complete lesbian," Megan sighed.

"You've never complained about it before while you reaped the benefits," Wendy pointed out.

"Shut up," Megan said as they got into the car. "I need time to think. I need a plan to put this bitch in her place."

"Good luck with that. I don't think she's going to be threatened by the likes of us; that lady's been around the block a few times," Wendy said.

"I said shut up," Megan repeated, as she sped out, ignoring the thirty miles an hour zone.

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"Thank you for stepping in so assertively," Angela said. "I've *never* been able to do what you just did with them."

"You're very welcome," Rhonda said, coming over and kissing her.

"I can't believe they listened to you," Angela said.

"It's all about discipline," Rhonda said. "Mine, not theirs. I set very high standards for myself, which gives me strength, and they sense that in me, if only subliminally."

"Ooooooh, I know all about your discipline," Angela smiled, loving Rhonda's form of it.

"Did watching that scene play out get you horny?" Rhonda asked.

"You know me too well. Yes, I found watching you taking control like that really arousing," Angela admitted.

"You know Wendy is a total lesbian, right?" Rhonda asked, as she reached her hand under her girlfriend's dress to her wet, and these days un-pantied pussy.

"What?" Angela moaned.

"She was literally staring at me the entire time," Rhonda said. "I expected her to begin drooling at any moment."

"You make me drool all the time; my sexy Mistress is totally drool *worthy*," Angela appraised, as two worthy fingers slid inside her.

"That I am," Rhonda agreed, as she lowered herself before Angela, lifted her skirt, and began licking her pussy.

"Ohhhhhh," Angela moaned. "Not here and now, what if they walk back in?"

"Then they'll find me eating and finger fucking their mother, and might learn something else useful," Rhonda answered matter-of-factly, as she pumped two fingers in and out of her pet's pussy.

"Oh, God," Angela moaned, her orgasm rising instantly.

"I think Megan is at least bi, too," Rhonda added.

"You think so?" Angela asked, as she braced a hand on Rhonda's shoulder for balance.

"Yeah, she tried to hide it, but she too was taking some pretty lengthy ganders at my body," Rhonda said, in between sucking on Angela's clit.

"Who *could* resist ogling your hot bod?" Angela moaned, her orgasm close.

"Straight girls can," Rhonda answered, "it's like when you encounter a handsome man these days: you can tell he's good-looking, but it no longer makes you wet," although that wasn't completely true; she'd turned dozens of straight girls into cunt-addicted pets who got very wet for her.

"Don't stop doing that," Angela begged, as Rhonda furiously pumped her fingers in and out of her.

"Come for me, my sexy slut," Rhonda ordered, as she tugged on Angela's clit and was rewarded with a gush of cum.

"Ooooooooooh, yes," Angela moaned loudly, as her orgasm flowed through her and out.

"Mmmmmmmm, so yummy," Rhonda said, loving to eat her girlfriend's pussy as much as she did having hers licked.

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"I'm going to make that bossy bitch eat my pussy," Megan announced, as they arrived at the grocery store.

"Yeah, right," Wendy said, even though herself doing the other way around to the bossy bitch was all she'd been thinking of since first setting eyes on her.

"I've had many older women beg to eat me," Megan pointed out.

"But it's obvious Rhonda is the kind of woman who wears the strap-on and isn't afraid to subdue someone with it," Wendy pointed out, imagining Rhonda bending her over and slamming a dick into her. She hated men's cocks, but she did love getting fucked by a strap-on... something Megan didn't do nearly enough of to her.

"Yeah? Well I'll just reshuffle her hierarchy," Megan said confidently. "There can only be one Mistress when *I'm* around."

Wendy didn't say anything. While Megan's assertion might be true, she suspected her sister, even as dominant as she was, would be quite surprised when she learned who that 'only one Mistress' turned out to be. She could sense Rhonda wasn't someone to fuck with, which was evidenced by the fact that they'd successfully been sent out to buy the groceries, and with their own money!

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"I still can't believe you got them to run that errand," Angela said as they went into the kitchen.

"The key is to be firm and not to back down," Rhonda said. "Your daughters have gotten accustomed to always getting their way; their father is obviously even a bigger pushover than you are, so they'll continue expecting to get whatever they want, until they're forced to learn otherwise."

"It was amazing to watch you in action."

"It's important for you to remain strong too, since their next salvo in this battle will be to work you over and try to turn you against me," Rhonda said.

"Fat chance of that. I'll *always* do *whatever* you tell me to," Angela smiled.

"Oh I know you will, Ms. Headliner at Le Chateau," Rhonda said, kissing her again.

"Will I ever live that down?"

"I doubt it; but would you want to?"

"Now that you mention it, I wouldn't."

"That's my good girl."

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As the girls drove back, Megan said, "This time I need you to be far more helpful as we stand up to that bitch."

"Okay," Wendy said, unsure whether she actually *could* stand up to Rhonda, when push came to shove.

"I'm serious," Megan said. "Stop daydreaming about eating her pussy, and stand strong with me."

"You know how weak I am when it comes to pussy," Wendy pointed out.

"Just support me," Megan said. "Or I'll cut you off of *my* pussy."

"Fine," Wendy said, although the threat was rather idle, since her sister had used it dozens of times when she wanted something, but she'd still always ended up spreading her legs just as soon as she wanted another orgasm.

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The girls returned and slouched in, Megan dropping the grocery bag on the kitchen counter and saying, "We'll be watching television downstairs."

"No, you'll be helping us with tomorrow's dinner preparations," Rhonda disagreed, having anticipated this next confrontation.

"You two look like you've got it handled," Megan tried to brush her off.

"Oh, we do," Rhonda agreed. "But you two are adults, if only inept ones, and you need to learn how to do these things."

"I think we're fine with not knowing," Megan said.

"Yeah, fixing food is gross," Wendy added, but only after getting kicked in the back of the leg by her sister.

"Blah, blah, blah," Rhonda mocked, waving her hands. "Put on some aprons and come and get your hands dirty, probably for the first time ever."

"Mom, this woman is going *way* too far," Megan complained. "She's completely disrespecting our point of view."

"Just do as you're told," Angela sided with Rhonda, "It's about time you two learned how much work goes into the Thanksgiving dinners you enjoy eating so much."

"Let's just do it," Wendy said, grabbing an apron. "All this arguing is giving me a headache."

"Whatever," Megan grumped, annoyed at her sister's weakness. "Use us for child labour, then."

"You're old enough to vote, so you're old enough to do some work," Angela insisted, feeling so confident knowing she had Rhonda's full support... something she'd never had with her ex.

And for the next two hours, other than a few sighs by Megan, plus a little complaining also by Megan, the four worked as a team to get everything ready for the next day.

Wendy was in a lustful daze the entire time, unable to focus, from being so distracted by Rhonda's big tits, her amazing ass, her long legs, and her shoeless toes enhanced in nylons... a fetish of hers she'd never told anyone about... not even her sister, since she'd think it was weird... she'd even secretly used her Dad's credit card to purchase every lesbian-pussy-rubbing-in-pantyhose scene on the brattybabesownyou website, as well as many of the foot licking scenes from a site called footfantasy.

That night after dinner, they watched a movie together, the newest Hallmark Christmas movie, which had been a family tradition when the girls were younger.

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Rhonda, feeling generous and pointing out the girls were adults and could have a drink or two, poured each of them a glass of expensive wine... and the four of them ended up finishing off two bottles... which got Angela and Rhonda only moderately tipsy, but Wendy and Megan drunk.

Rhonda, deciding to fuck Angela good with a strap-on and hoping they'd be loud enough for the girls to hear... remained confident Wendy was a complete lesbian (the girl had been perving on her legs and feet all night... apparently the foot fetish a mother-bequeathed-to-daughter thing), and Megan was at least bi, asked the girls to check on the turkey in the oven every couple of hours and baste it each time, as the girls said they were going to stay up to watch another movie.

Megan agreed, wanting the old ladies out of the way so she could get her sister between her legs... and she couldn't explain it, but Rhonda's dominant behavior towards her had pissed her off at first, but over time it was turning her on... which added to the wine made her horny as fuck, and she planned to sit on her sister's face and enjoy multiple orgasms.

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Twenty minutes later Megan was sitting on her sister's face, while upstairs Rhonda was fucking Angela.

Megan moaned, "Rhonda is pretty fucking hot, isn't she?"

"Yes," Wendy answered, as she tried to lick while her sister slowly ground her hips back and forth.

"You want to eat her pussy, don't you?" Megan accused, she too wanting to taste that blonde beauty.

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"Oh fuck," Angela moaned as Rhonda slowly fucked her, having already received an orgasm from her tongue.

"I think both of your daughters want to fuck me," Rhonda said.

"I imagine so," Angela said. "Who wouldn't?"

"Wendy especially; she'd drop to her knees and eat me if I just snapped my fingers," Rhonda predicted.

"That would be so hot to watch," Angela said, the idea both kinky and pussy-leaking wild.

"Want me to make your daughters into our pets?"

"Ours?"

"Yes, you know I always want to share everything with you. I'll have them both serving us before tomorrow night is done," Rhonda predicted confidently. Wendy would be dead easy; Megan might take a bit of work.

"Serving us?" Angela asked, intrigued and wondering if her Mistress actually meant incest.

"Yes, you can have your daughters not only doing as they're told, massaging your feet and the like but, if you're a *real* kinky slut, having them eat your pussy," Rhonda suggested.

"Oh my God!" Angela moaned, so deliciously shocked by the wicked idea, yet unsure if she would be capable of crossing such a line... even though she thought a mother-daughter sex act she'd watched and had partaken in with Rhonda a couple weeks ago had been wickedly wild.

"I'll take that as a yes," Rhonda said, as she pulled out of her pet's pussy and unexpectedly slid into her ass.

"Oh, you mother fucker!!" Angela screamed as her ass was suddenly filled with silicone dick... forgetting her two daughters were downstairs.

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"Did you hear that?" Megan asked, looking down at her sister.

"Hear what?" Wendy asked, having been focussed on licking her sister's pussy.

Megan got up. "That scream. I think Rhonda is banging Mom."

"No way," Wendy said, sitting up, her sister's pussy juice all over her face.

"Way," Megan said, as she headed upstairs.

"Don't," Wendy said.

"Oh, I definitely will," Megan said.

"Oh yes, you love my dick in your ass, don't you?" Rhonda asked, habitually treating her as an equal outside the bedroom, but as the submissive slut she was so happy to be behind closed doors.

"Oh yes, I love getting my asshole drilled," Angela moaned, her orgasm rising from the rough fucking and the nasty talk... just like it always did. She loved how Rhonda could treat her like a lady in public, and a whore in private.

"You're such a *nasty* anal slut," Rhonda accused teasingly, as she slammed into her forcefully, "especially with your bitch daughters right downstairs."

Megan was standing just outside the bedroom door eavesdropping, listening in on every word.

"I can't resist your big dick pounding my ass," Angela moaned, happy she lived in a bi-level house, and her bedroom was distant from the living room.

"Holy shit," Megan mouthed to Wendy, who had just arrived upstairs too.

"Yes, you're my submissive Mommy ass slut," Rhonda declared, as she drilled her hot pet... loving to hear her moans.

"Yes, yes, fuck my asshole, Mistress," Angela moaned, her orgasm rising.

Wendy's eyes went wide at hearing her boring mother sounding so slutty.

"Come from getting your shit hole reamed," Rhonda ordered, loving to hear Angela's increasing moans, loving to hear their bodies slapping into each other, and especially loving hearing Angela come.

"Oh yes. Drill my asshole," Angela moaned loudly, unable to control herself from within her rising rapture.

Megan pointed to the floor and nodded her head to emphasis she was giving Wendy an order.

Wendy stared back in disbelief and whispered desperately, "But they'll hear us!"

"Now," Megan mouthed, as she listened to her mother getting ass fucked to orgasm.

Wendy sighed, knowing she never won these confrontations, and slowly came close to her sister, dropped to her knees, and slowly began licking.

"Now, slut, come right fucking *now*," Rhonda ordered, as she slammed her cock as deep as humanly possible into her nearly orgasmic pet.

"Yessssssss," Angela screamed, once again unable to control her volume as an intense orgasm swirled through her.

"Good girl," Rhonda said and admired her pet's gaped asshole, as Angela collapsed forward, her entire body quaking.

Megan pushed her sister away gently, and they tiptoed back downstairs, where in a rare moment of intense hunger and lust, she pushed her sister to the floor, straddled her face, parted her sister's legs, and dove into *her* pussy as well.

Wendy and Megan, both of them hot and bothered from the beautiful and dominant Rhonda, as well as from listening in as she dominated and ass fucked their mother, hungrily lapped each other's pussies.

Rhonda said, grabbing a robe, but keeping her strap-on in place, sensing she'd heard something near the end of her fucking Angela, "I'll be right back."

"Don't be long," Angela said weakly, as her lingering orgasm was still sending fireworks through her body. "I need to drink some fluids back into my body."

"Oh, I have just the fluids the doctor, that being yourself, ordered," Rhonda quipped, Angela always going down on her after receiving a good fucking.

Rhonda quietly slipped downstairs, hearing soft moans as she neared the bottom. Although she'd been involved in a few incestuous acts (not with her own relatives, they just weren't that close), and had even tantalised Angela about getting her two girls to service her sexually, she was surprised as she peeked around a corner and saw the two hot girls engaged in a 69. Rhonda smiled... this conquest was going to be even easier than she'd anticipated. She walked quietly towards the two girls before saying abruptly, as the girls' moans increased, "Just *what* is going on here?"

Megan sprang to her feet in sudden panic off of her sister, and Wendy sat up in bewilderment to see her Mom's beautiful girlfriend in a silky robe, a strap-on cock poking out of it.

"N-n-nothing," Wendy stammered, horrified to be caught committing incest.

"Nothing different from what you were just doing," Megan said, trying to remain strong, even as wetness leaked out of her.

"And how would you describe what I was doing?" Rhonda asked, comfortable at knowing the two girls could see her dick.

"You were ass fucking our mother," Megan answered bluntly.

"Yes, I was. But *that* was an intimate act between two lovers in a committed relationship," Rhonda said, then pretending to be repulsed added, "not committing... *incest*."

"*You* were committing sodomy," Megan countered.

"Please don't tell our Mom what we were doing," Wendy pleaded.

"I don't know," Rhonda said, acting dramatically. "Eating out your sister is illegal. If it weren't just your word against mine, you could both go to jail for that."

"Please, we'll do *anything*," Wendy pleaded, nearly in tears.

"Well, I don't know," Rhonda hesitated, appearing to ponder her options. When in truth she'd already planned out a clear road map of where this was going.

"What do you want from us?" Megan asked, able to tell that in truth Rhonda was anything *but* put off by what they'd been doing. She was just enjoying putting on a show.

"Several things," Rhonda said, after a lengthy delay simply for effect.

"Like what?" Megan asked.

"First, you two must help your mother tomorrow," Rhonda said. "eagerly and without any whining."

"We can do that," Wendy agreed eagerly.

"And you shall treat her with the respect a hard-working woman like your mother deserves," Rhonda continued. "There must have been many times you've seen how exhausted she comes home following a twenty-hour shift at the hospital making constant life or death decisions."

"Of course," Wendy agreed, not noticing her sister wasn't agreeing at all; she was just getting annoyed.

"And," Rhonda said, opening her robe completely. "Megan will suck my dick."

"Not going to happen," Megan sneered, surprised to see how big the dick was... impressed her mother could take all eight inches of it in her ass.

"I'll do it for you," Wendy said, willing to do absolutely *anything* to keep this a secret, and also dying to submit to this beautiful woman, as she stared at her big tits and hard nipples.

"No, your sister will," Rhonda said firmly.

"Excuse me?" Megan asked.

"You heard me," Rhonda said, asserting her well practised Mistress persona. "Get down on your knees and suck my dick."

Megan could feel herself getting drawn in by Rhonda's beauty and her dominant persona, but knew she mustn't give in, she couldn't afford to let this near stranger assume any power over her. "I'm *not* going to suck a dick that was just inside my mother's ass."

"You shall do exactly as I tell you," Rhonda said, striding the few feet to Megan, slamming her hands on her shoulders, and roughly shoving her down to the carpet.

"What the fuck are you doi..." Megan began to squeal, shocked at this sudden and forceful treatment, but was interrupted when Rhonda shoved the cock in her open mouth.

"Shut up and suck my cock, you spoiled brat," Rhonda ordered.

Megan was shocked... humiliated... but also turned on.

"Yeah, suck it, Megan," Wendy cheered the hot action, so turned on by Rhonda's beauty, her dominant persona, and seeing Megan put in her place.

Megan was pissed by her sister's words and attempted to eject the unwanted dildo from her mouth.

"No Megan, you need to suck, not struggle," Rhonda ordered. "Or else I tell your mother about your incest."

"Do it, Megan," Wendy urged, going to her sister and pressing her hand into the back of her head.

Rhonda, loving to see this aggressive side of the younger sister, which probably came as a surprise to the girl herself, as she began slowly face fucking the pretty college girl.

Megan was stunned as she felt her submissive sister's hand controlling her head and the cock beginning to fuck her mouth, so instinctively, even though she knew she shouldn't, she obediently began to bob.

"Good girl," Rhonda encouraged.

"Yes, good girl," Wendy added, while staring at Rhonda's large, completely exposed tits.

"So, you're a total lesbian; right Wendy?" Rhonda asked.

"Yes, ma'am," Wendy admitted, her lustful stares making it pretty obvious.

"And your sister uses you however and whenever she wishes," Rhonda guessed.

"Well that's true, but I *like* doing it," Wendy explained, not wanting it to seem like her sister forced her.

Megan bobbed on the cock, her cheeks burning red in humiliation, but her pussy leaking slightly, as she listened to the conversation.

"And your sister is bi?"

"Yeah," Wendy answered.

"Okay," Rhonda said, pulling her cock out of Megan's mouth. "Be good obedient girls, and I'll keep your sordid secrets."

"Thank you," Wendy said, greatly relieved.

"What? You don't want to *fuck* me too?" Megan asked in a sarcastic tone, but behind that tone was hope. She needed that dick bad.

"Perhaps. Do you want me to?" Rhonda asked, looking down at the defiant college girl.

"God, no," Megan said, not wanting to let her win any more than she already had.

"Okay," Rhonda shrugged. "Go check the turkey and baste it, and if you two are going to lez out, at least do it somewhere private. You're fortunate it wasn't your *mother* who happened to come downstairs just now."

"Thank you, Rhonda," Wendy said, as she admired the older woman's tits one last time before Rhonda covered her body up again.

"You're welcome, Wendy," Rhonda said. "Now *scoot*."

Rhonda returned up the stairs, and as soon as she was out of earshot Megan asked, "What the fuck was that all about? You were falling all over yourself to kiss her ass!"

"What?" Wendy said, as they headed to the kitchen. "What choice did we have?"

"It was two against one! If you'd sided with me instead of her, we could have turned her," Megan said, trying to conceal the inner lust still coursing through her from being humiliated and used like

that.

"I really don't think so," Wendy disagreed. She then added, "Plus after that brief resistance, you seemed to enjoy sucking that dick."

"Fuck you," Megan said.

"How? With this?" Wendy teased, proffering the baster in her hand. "It has a tiny little pointy end, but then it'll really grow on me."

Megan grabbed it from her, growling, "Your wish is my command, slut!" She bent her sister over and slid the baster into her pussy.

"Don't do that *here*," Wendy moaned, as her sister furiously fucked her pussy.

"Shut up, slut," Megan said, regaining control. "You're still *my* little slut."

"Fuck," Wendy moaned, the deep fucking, mixed with her horniness over what had transpired near the bottom of the stairs had her a muddled mess in seconds.

"Who owns you, sister slut?" Megan demanded, finally recovering her dominant persona.

"You doooooooo," Wendy moaned, loving getting treated roughly and getting fucked hard.

"Then don't fucking forget it again," Megan snarled, pulling the baster out of her sister just as she was close to coming.

"*Nooo!!* Put it back in," Wendy whined.

"Nope," Megan said, as she used her sister's wetness to baste the turkey. "You're cut off from orgasms until you show me more loyalty and better decision making."

"I will, I promise," Wendy pleaded, so close to coming... even though she wasn't sure she'd be able to do anything *at all* to resist Rhonda if she made her an offer.

"We'll see; but don't you *dare* touch that sloppy cunt, is that clear?"

"Yes," Wendy said, frustrated but resigned.

"Yes what, you dumb slut?" Megan snapped, by now having fully regained her dominant persona.

"Yes, *Mistress*," Wendy corrected.

Good, and don't you fucking forget it," Megan said. "I'm going to bed. See you around noon tomorrow."

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"That's it, eat my pussy," Rhonda begged theatrically, knowing her pet would continue regardless, but unsure of whether she should tell Angela what had just happened or not.

Angela munched on Rhonda's pussy as her bedtime snack every night, and they both loved it.

Then, throughout the rest of the night:

Megan, not wishing her sister to know the impact Rhonda had on her, quietly fucked herself to an orgasm, taking just a couple of minutes with a wine bottle to get there, as she briefly replayed her submissiveness to Rhonda.

Wendy resisted touching herself even though her pussy was on fire, which led to quite a restless night's sleep.

Angela slept like a baby, just like she always did ever since Rhonda had moved in three weeks ago.

Rhonda tossed and turned a bit as she pondered tomorrow. Should she tell Angela? Should she seduce Wendy and surprise Angela with a *fait accompli*? That would take no work at all. Should she make Megan into her pet as well, which might take a bit of work?

.....

The next morning, as Angela licked Rhonda to her regular morning orgasm, Rhonda said, "So I have some pretty big news for you."

"What's that?" Angela asked between licks.

"I caught your daughters in a 69 last night," Rhonda revealed. "Right in the living room."

"No way," Angela gasped.

"Yeah, I was going to tell you last night, but I wasn't sure how to," Rhonda said, "but I figure you should know."

"I can't believe it," Angela said, looking up at her lover.

"I should also note that after catching them having at it, I made Megan suck my dick, which had last been in your ass, to teach her a lesson after she gave me some attitude."

"No way," Angela repeated, struggling to process these shocking revelations.

"Yeah, and I told them they need to do exactly as I tell them today for me to keep their secret," Rhonda said. "I hope you're not angry with me."

"With *you*? Never! And I don't know why, but I find knowing all that kind of hot," Angela said, finding incest a real turn on whenever she read about it, as well as the time she'd watched it live... although she'd never imagined her own kids doing it.

"I'm going to really push them today before later on telling them you already know," Rhonda explained.

"You're so wicked," Angela smiled, as she resumed licking the best breakfast ever, and pondered the implications of her two daughters committing incest with each other.

"And you love that about me," Rhonda retorted, as she gently rested her hand on the back of Angela's head as a way of telling her to be more aggressive... Angela already very well trained in the art of cunnilingus.

As Angela licked, a couple thoughts popped into her head. *Could* she commit incest with her daughters? The tingling in her pussy said she could. How long had they been going at it? But worst, had they committed incest with their father?

After getting Rhonda off, Angela asked, "So what exactly is our plan?"

"Today we scare them into doing whatever we want them to do," Rhonda said.

"Okay," Angela said, having expected something a little more nefarious and sexual.

"And then if you're willing, we turn them into our pets," Rhonda added, loving to facilitate families playing together... and in this case, it could be used to set the hierarchy in this family in its proper orientation at long last, and to give Angela the respect she deserved.

"I don't know whether I'm willing or not," Angela admitted.

"Okay, no pressure; it's entirely up to you and you needn't even decide today if you'd rather put that off. But would you mind if I played with them a bit?" Rhonda asked.

"I'd probably be comfortable with that. What do you have in mind?"

"Oh, a little tit squeezing, some fingering and obligatory pussy licking," Rhonda suggested.

"Really? Yeah, go for it," Angela agreed in a heartbeat; those prospects really turning her on.

"Then it's time for me to go wake them up," Rhonda announced.

"They'll kill you," Angela said, neither of the girls morning people.

"They might *try*, but what they'll actually *do* is start making us breakfast in a few minutes," Rhonda declared.

"I can't imagine your succeeding at that," Angela said. "But then again, I've never seen you *fail* to succeed at anything!"

"Just make sure my coffee is ready for me," Rhonda said, always first needing her morning orgasm, and then her morning mug of java.

"I can do that," Angela said, getting out of bed and into a robe... still wearing her nylons from last night... something they both did as a matter of course.

Rhonda kissed Angela before putting on her own robe and heading to Wendy's room first... glancing at the clock to see it was just before nine... three hours before their usual noontime wake-up.

Rhonda bounced into Wendy's room and greeted jovially, "Good morning, sunshine."

"What time is it?" Wendy asked groggily, feeling like she'd gotten no sleep at all last night.

"Nine," Rhonda said. "I let you sleep in."

"I don't get up until noon on holidays," Wendy disagreed, still groggy. "You're too early."

"But today you have a lot to do," Rhonda countered.

"Okay," Wendy said, still very intimidated by Rhonda, but also aroused by her.

"Hurry up," Rhonda ordered. "You have our breakfast to make."

Okay," Wendy repeated, rubbing her eyes and getting up.

Rhonda walked out, thinking that had gone easier than she'd expected, but she still expected more difficulty from the more dominant and defiant elder sister. She walked into Megan's room with a similar chipper greeting. "Rise and shine, Megan."

"Get out," Megan grumped, not budging an inch.

"Get up," Rhonda insisted, marching over to the bed and yanking off the blanket.

"What the fuck?" Megan objected, grabbing for the blanket, but it was now on the floor.

"I see you enjoyed yourself some more last night," Rhonda smirked, as she saw an empty wine bottle on the bed.

"What?" Megan asked, as she rubbed her eyes.

"You drank all of that?" Rhonda asked, pointing to the bottle.

"What?" Megan repeated. "I just finished the bottle."

"The open bottle I know about was already finished," Rhonda pointed out.

"Whatever, just get the fuck out," Megan said.

"Nope," Rhonda said, adding, "You're helping us get everything ready for our feast today, beginning with you and your sister making breakfast for your mother and me."

"Not happening," Megan said, still grumpily.

"Get up or you'll regret it," Rhonda warned, and then walked out... knowing when to make an exit.

"Fuck!" Megan snapped loudly... yet she reluctantly got up.

She grabbed a robe and trudged into the kitchen. "You can start by cooking three eggs for your mother," Rhonda ordered. "She likes them over easy with a dash of tabasco."

"Excuse me? Megan asked.

"I think I was pretty clear," Rhonda said, as Megan noticed Wendy already mixing some pancake batter.

"Mom," Megan whined, looking to her mother who was simply sitting and watching with a mug of coffee in her hand.

Angela sighed, and yet leaning on her girlfriend's strength and feeling empowered by the knowledge she'd been given about her girls' dalliances, only replied, "Just do as you're told, young lady."

Megan was surprised at her mother's no-nonsense tone, yet she sighed in the most dramatic way possible, "Fine."

The next twenty minutes featured a lot of sighing by Megan, but by the end of that time everyone's breakfast was almost ready.

Rhonda though, had some fun throughout the making of breakfast.

Rhonda inconspicuously (to Angela, but only for the girls' sake) squeezed Wendy's ass as she finished mixing the batter... which made Wendy's eyes go wide and her pussy tingle... God, did she find this older woman hot!

Rhonda inconspicuously (to the girls) used a wooden spoon to reach between Angela's legs and tap her pussy... which required Angela to suppress a moan.

Lastly, Rhonda sauntered playfully close to Megan, who'd just finished frying everyone's eggs, and when Angela went off to the washroom, she hopped up on the counter next to the stove, opened her robe and spread her legs, and ordered Megan, "Come have some breakfast."

"What?" Megan asked, hearing the words and staring at a completely shaved snatch... unlike hers or her sister's... both of whom trimmed, but couldn't be bothered to shave.

"I'm telling you to eat my pussy," Rhonda said bluntly.

"But you're my Mom's girlfriend," Megan pointed out, as Wendy watched things play out and wished she'd been told to do that.

"And you're my college plaything," Rhonda countered, as she reached for Megan, pulled her close, and in an impressively quick and forceful move, pushed Megan's head into her pussy. "Now lick."

Megan couldn't believe what was happening, but she also couldn't deny how turned on she was, both by being treated so roughly, but also by the subtle scent now engulfing her. Mindlessly, she began to lick.

"Good girl," Rhonda moaned, winking at a stunned Wendy.

Megan disliked the condescending tone the older woman used, but she did like the sweet tasting pussy, as she was humiliated in front of her sister.

Rhonda held Megan's head in place until she heard the distant flush of the toilet. She let go of Megan's head and observed, "Not bad, but you need some training."

"I'm telling my Mom," Megan said.

"Do tell. And what exactly will you tell her?" Rhonda asked. "That you took advantage of your younger sister last night, and it was far from the first time?"

"What? No," Megan said. "That you forced me to eat your pussy."

"Okay; and don't forget to mention that you enjoyed doing it," Rhonda said.

"I did not," Megan denied, as her cheeks went red with anger and shame... since she had enjoyed it.

"Then why did you lick me?" Rhonda asked, "and then lick and lick some more?"

"Because you made me," Megan pointed out.

"I shoved your head against my pussy and I told you to lick me," Rhonda agreed, hopping off the counter, "but you're the one who chose to obey."

"That's.... Megan began.

"Is breakfast ready?" Angela asked brightly, returning to the kitchen.

"I believe it is," Rhonda said. "The girls have been working very hard for you."

"That's very sweet of you girls," Angela said, noticing some tension from Megan directed at Rhonda, and also noticing some telltale shiny moisture on Megan's face.

"Bring the food to the table, ladies," Rhonda ordered as she went to sit down... Angela following her lead.

Megan was stewing, yet she silently complied, glaring at her sister, useless in this battle, as the two delivered pancakes, eggs and toast to their elders. (Warm maple syrup, salt and pepper and tabasco, etc. were already in place.)

"Thank you girls, this is so sweet of you," Angela said, enjoying her fringe benefits of Rhonda catching her two girls committing incest.

"You're welcome, Mom," Wendy said agreeably, as Megan remained fumingly speechless... trying to figure out a way to turn the tables on this smug interloper.

"Come sit down and eat with us," Rhonda ordered courteously.

"I'm not hungry," Megan grumbled.

"Really? You seemed *quite* hungry a moment ago," Rhonda replied wickedly, as Wendy sat down without a quibble and her eyes went wide at what she was hearing.

"I lost my appetite," Megan said coldly, as she poured herself some coffee.

"Then come sit down, and we can visit," Rhonda invited pleasantly.

"No thank you," Megan said,

"That wasn't a request," Rhonda said, her demeanor switching from friendly to firm in a heartbeat. "We eat breakfast and dinner together as a family."

"We're *not* a family," Megan denied tersely. "You're just my mother's... whatever."

"Enough unpleasantness Megan, sit down this instant," Angela ordered.

"Mom, I...." Megan began.

"Now!" Angela said firmly, finally feeling empowered to give these girls the discipline they sorely needed.

"Fine," Megan said, sitting down.

"So how is school?" Angela asked, immediately back to pleasant.

"Good," Wendy answered, kind of liking to see her sister put in her place... oddly, it turned her on... yet she was still terrified of her Mom learning about their nasty little secret.

"Tell us more, we're all ears," Rhonda invited.

And for a few minutes Wendy willingly informed her Mom and Rhonda about her classes, her friends, the recent basketball tryouts, where she would learn after the Thanksgiving weekend whether she'd made the team, and her college plans, which were rather vague so far, although thanks to her father, she certainly wouldn't be accruing any student debt, just like Megan wasn't.

Angela was thrilled. She'd just learned more about Wendy's life in these few minutes than she had during the past few months.

"And what about you, Megan?" Rhonda asked.

Megan, who'd grudgingly chosen to eat, shrugged, "It's just school."

"What are you majoring in?"

"Kinesiology."

"Wow. That's impressive," Rhonda nodded.

"I know," Megan said, always annoyed when people didn't think she was intelligent... which she actually was.

"I'm very proud of you, honey," Angela said.

"Thanks," Megan said, oddly appreciative of hearing those words... her Dad never said anything nice, or even otherwise, about her schooling... he just gave her money.

During the rest of breakfast they chatted about lots of things: how Angela and Rhonda had met (they told mostly the truth... it was online... but not that they'd established a Mistress-submissive relationship even before meeting in person, their jobs, Christmas plans and where they'd each love to travel when this fucking COVID was vaccinated back to nonexistence (Wendy to Italy, Megan the Caribbean, Angela and Rhonda a three-week European tour together... including Italy).

The girls did the dishes while Rhonda and Angela went to shower.

Angela had to leave to go deliver a baby at the hospital, and Rhonda reassured her, "Don't worry, your daughters can pick up the slack."

"We can?" Megan asked.

"You can," Rhonda said firmly.

"Great; I'll be back as soon as I can," Angela promised.

Rhonda accompanied her outside to the porch and kissed her before saying, "Take your time. I'm about to begin really pushing these two 'behind your back and you mustn't tell your Mom'."

"Sounds like fun! But please don't fuck them before I get back," Angela requested.

"Maybe just some fingering?" Rhonda asked.

"I guess a little fingering is okay," Angela said with a giggle.

"But tonight we're fucking them," Rhonda said.

"Okay, you've talked me into it. But this is so crazy," Angela said, the idea now really turning her on.

As soon as Angela was gone, Rhonda announced, "Now girls, I want this house cleaned from top to bottom today."

"We're not your servants," Megan argued.

"Actually Megan," Rhonda said, walking up to her, "that's *exactly* what you are. My servant. And since you can't seem to get that simple idea through your head, you'll now clean the house fucking naked." Rhonda ripped open Megan's robe, and began pulling it off of her.

"What the *fuck* are you doing?" Megan said, trying to fight off the older woman, but losing quickly.

"I'm taking your robe away from you," Rhonda said. "You shan't be needing it."

"Fine," Megan said, now completely naked. "If you want to check out my hot bod, go right ahead."

"I agree it's hot and sexy, but don't flatter yourself," Rhonda said. "I've seen many, many, *many* hot naked women."

"Probably old ones," Megan said, placing her hands on her hips to showcase her athletic body. She could now use this opportunity, thanks to Rhonda's pushiness and her own body, to turn this lesbian into her pet.

"Oh, I've had women of all ages," Rhonda said, openly admiring the college girl's very impressive body.

Wendy slipped out of her robe too and asked, craving some affirmation for herself, "Do I have a good body, Rhonda?"

"Yes, you have an amazing body," Rhonda said, as she checked out the high school student. Although Rhonda was in love with Angela, she had a thing for younger girls so long as they were legal... and Wendy was both young and legal.

"Thank you," Wendy said.

"Wendy, she's a dyke, she thinks all women have nice bodies." Megan said.

Rhonda was wearing a dress and black nylons as she asked, "Do I *look* like a dyke would look?"

"Well no, not really; I was just trying to make a point," Megan said, realizing her choice of words was careless.

"You're definitely not a dyke," Wendy offered.

"Thank you," Rhonda said. "I mean I only have sex with women, and I'm a hundred percent lesbian, but I'm way more feminine than a dyke or butch. They mostly seem to aspire to a very different look."

"Yes, you are feminine," Wendy agreed.

"Plus, if anyone here needs to consider their femininity, it's you two," Rhonda said. "Especially you, Megan."

"Excuse me?" Megan said, instantly insulted.

"I couldn't help but notice last night and today that you two don't have shaved pussies," Rhonda pointed out, pointedly glancing down at Megan's hairy bush.

"I tried it once, but I just found it annoying," Megan said. "It's just some male contrived expectation of beauty."

"Agreed," Rhonda nodded, although she didn't really see Megan as a feminist... just lazy. "But it's also sexy, and the considerate thing to do for your cunt-munching sister, "Hairy pussies are hideous, especially up close."

"Not hideous," Megan said.

"I do find it a little inconvenient," Wendy said, hating the times she got pubic hairs in her teeth or they tickled her nostrils.

"You've never complained," Megan said.

Rhonda said. "I'll admit that if you're only fucking guys it probably doesn't matter, they usually don't eat pussy anyway, but no woman truly wants to eat a hair pie."

"True," Wendy repeated.

"Whatever," Megan said.

"I trim," Wendy said.

"Let me see," Rhonda ordered.

"Really?" Wendy asked.

"Yes, and you too," Rhonda said, as she pointed to the kitchen counter.

"I don't think so," Megan said like a broken record, even while Wendy eagerly hopped onto the surface and spread her legs.

Rhonda inspected Wendy's proffered pussy and said, "See? Why would you wish to hide such a pretty pink pussy behind hair?"

"I'm too scared to do it myself," Wendy admitted.

"No worries, I can help you with that," Rhonda offered, as she admired the ripe young pussy.

"Really?" Wendy and Megan gasped in unison.

"Sure," Rhonda shrugged. "That's what any good future step-Mommy would do."

"Step-Mommy?" Wendy asked.

"I love your mother," Rhonda said, "and it's not official yet, but I'm certain that someday we'll be a married couple. Now don't you move, I'll be right back. And Megan, if you want your hairy pussy shaved too, you're welcome to hop up beside your sister."

Rhonda went upstairs to fetch what she needed, and Megan said, "This is crazy, right?"

Wendy, whose legs remained spread, nodded, "Yeah, but it's kind of cool, too."

"How so?"

"She's cool, and it's actually nice to have someone know what we do together and not be completely grossed out."

"I guess," Megan said, not having thought of that.

"I'm serious; it's actually quite liberating," Wendy said.

"But she's so condescending," Megan pointed out.

"Says the most condescending person I know," Wendy countered.

"Exactly," Megan shrugged, as Rhonda returned.

"Hop up there too, Megan," Rhonda ordered.

"Fine," Megan said.

Rhonda didn't say anything to Megan as she moved between Wendy's legs, still spread, and said, "Now don't move."

"Okay," Wendy said, rather excited to see this amazingly pretty woman between her naked legs.

Rhonda noticed her wetness and smelled it too, but she didn't say anything, as she shaved the eighteen-year-old's pussy.

Megan watched... quietly getting a little turned on as well. Part of her wanted to push the woman's head into her sister's pussy, and part of her wanted to drop to her knees and eat that older woman's pussy.

Once she was finished with Wendy, Rhonda said, "Look how pretty that pussy looks now."

"Does it?" Wendy asked, gazing down at her completely hairless pussy... noticing a little wetness leaking out of it.

"It looks absolutely delicious," Rhonda said bluntly as she admired the teen's pussy.

"Then why don't you just dive in and eat it," Megan said. "It's obvious you want to."

"I do enjoy a nice, ripe, teen twat," Rhonda agreed equably, as she stepped over to Megan and pulled her legs apart. "But only after the girl has submitted to me completely."

"Yeah, right," Megan said, confused from having such mixed feelings about this woman.

"Don't move," Rhonda said, as she began shaving Megan's pussy. After a moment she added, "You're quite wet."

"I always am," Megan said.

"Is it because you want to submit to me?" Rhonda asked.

"Yeah, right," Megan scoffed, although it didn't come out as strongly as she would have liked it to.

"I can see right through you, you know," Rhonda said as Wendy looked on, while also frequently darting glances down to admire her own pussy.

"Yeah? And what do you see?"

"An insecure girl questioning her sexuality, and also questioning whether she's dominant or submissive."

"I'm definitely dominant," Megan claimed.

"Yes, I think you believe that," Rhonda said. "But your obvious confusion ever since meeting me, and your desire to submit to me, is making you question it."

"I don't want to submit to you," Megan stated clearly.

"But I do," Wendy blurted out, no longer able to deny it.

"I know you do, my pet," Rhonda smiled tenderly at her.

"She's *my* slut," Megan said.

"She's a natural submissive who's in the habit of submitting to you," Rhonda corrected. "But you don't own her, and you don't deserve to. For one thing, a submissive needs to be loved, not just used."

"I know what my sister needs," Megan said, "my pussy."

"I'm sure she *loves* your pussy, I have to admit it's quite a delicious looking one; but a satisfying dominant-submissive relationship is far more than just the sex," Rhonda explained, offering this young wannabe mistress some very good advice, should she end up taking that path in earnest.

"Whatever," Megan said.

"Just trying to help," Rhonda said, as she finished.

"I'm going to shower," Megan said.

"Both of you should take a lengthy bath; it will help soothe your skin after being shaved," Rhonda suggested.

"Thank you, Rhonda," Wendy said, her legs still wide open.

"You're welcome, my pet," Rhonda smiled.

"She's *my* pet," Megan claimed again.

"I'm *no* one's property," Wendy disagreed.

"We'll see about that," Megan said, walking off in a huff.

"Go have a bath my pet," Rhonda said, as she bent down and administered a single long, slow lick between the teen's pussy lips.

"Ooooooooooh," Wendy moaned.

"Mmmmmmm, very tasty," Rhonda said, helping Wendy down off the counter.

.....

When Angela returned around three o'clock, the house was clean and her daughters were in the kitchen (now fully dressed) making dinner. "You're a miracle worker," she told Rhonda.

"I know," Rhonda said, before taking her girlfriend aside and telling her all that had happened while she was gone, and that while Wendy was undeniably submissive and happy to be, Megan was too, although she was still experiencing some troubling denial.

As soon as Angela walked back into the kitchen, Megan said, "Thank God you're back; you can finish up for us."

"No, I don't think so," Angela rebutted, as Rhonda waited in the living room, wishing to give Angela a chance to take charge on her own.

"I do think so," Megan said, "I'm sick of being your girlfriend's slave all day."

Angela asserted in a strong firm tone, "The two of you have spent years thinking *I was your slave* and blatantly disrespecting me, but that stops right now. Is that understood?"

"Yes, Mom," Wendy said.

"Fuck, Wendy," Megan sighed, "grow a pair of balls," sick of her weakness.

"And enough with that language," Angela said.

"Or what?" Megan said.

"Do you really want to know?" Angela asked.

"Yeah, I really do," Megan said, knowing that without Rhonda in the room, she could easily win this confrontation.

"Then you've got it. Living room, now," Angela snapped.

"Sure," Megan said, happy to get out of the kitchen.

"Wendy, please check the turkey again, and then join us in the living room," Angela ordered more politely than she would have addressed Megan right now.

"Yes, Mom," Wendy said, shocked to see her lame mother's remarkable transformation, but unlike Megan, she was very approving of it.

In the living room, Rhonda was on her iPad reading a lesbian story called 'Trophy Wives', an interesting fiction about rich women going to a spa of sorts for... well... fun.

"Sit," Angela ordered.

Megan obeyed, as she glanced around and noticed Rhonda was wearing thigh highs with the tops showing.

Angela asked, once her daughter was seated, "So how long have you been using your sister to get yourself off?"

Megan's eyes went wide.

"What? For the first time in years you've got nothing to say?" Angela taunted, enjoying the sudden power she could wield over her daughter.

Wendy walked in, and Angela asked her, "How long has your sister been making you eat her pussy?"

"P-p-pardon?" Wendy stammered, going completely white.

"You heard me," Angela said sternly.

"I never *make* her do anything," Megan finally justified. "She loves doing it."

"Is that true, Wendy?" Angela asked. "Do you love eating your sister's pussy?"

"Um, I..." Wendy stammered.

"Sit down," Angela ordered.

Wendy sheepishly obeyed, sitting beside her sister.

"Now you will answer all my questions and do exactly as I tell you, unless you want me to tell your overly religious father about his two innocent daughters being incestuous lesbians," Angela threatened.

"And I could tell him you're an *anal loving submissive* variety of lesbian," Megan countered.

"Why would I care?" Angela shrugged. "I'm not married to him anymore. Plus, he's the one who pushed me away from men and towards women anyway."

"We'll do anything, Mom," Wendy said.

"Whatever," Megan repeated, her most common response when she didn't like whatever was happening.

"Why have you girls treated your mother with such disrespect for so long?" Rhonda interjected.

"Because we could," Megan answered frankly.

Rhonda asked, as she stood up, "Don't you two think your mother deserves an apology?"

"I'm sorry," Mom," Wendy said, feeling so guilty about everything.

"And you?" Rhonda asked, looming over Megan.

"I'm sorry too," Megan said, although her tone wasn't as believable as her sister's.

That's not nearly good enough," Rhonda said. "I think what the two of you incestuous cunt-licking sluts need is some good old fashioned discipline."

Megan asked sarcastically, "What are you going to do, take me over your knee?"

Angela, not liking her elder daughter's tone, or her defiant attitude towards Rhonda, said, "That's enough. Either you begin obeying our every command, including the ones given you by my life

partner, or I'll be forced to tell your father. I'm sure he'll love hearing all about how you lick your kid sister's cunt. I doubt he'll continue to spoil you with money and clothes after learning his precious daughters are a couple of cunt-licking sluts with each other."

"Mom!" Wendy gasped, shocked to hear her speaking so forcefully, yet it also made her pussy twitch.

"You wouldn't!" Megan gasped as well, also astonished by her mother's unflinching attitude.

"Maybe I wouldn't have to if you two bratty sluts learned a little discipline," Angela said.

"We're adults," Megan said. "You *can't* discipline us."

"Oh, can't I?" Angela asked, taking that as a challenge. She turned to Wendy and said, "Wendy, how about you be a dear and go into Rhonda's and my bedroom closet and retrieve a largish box? It's pink."

"Yes, Mom," Wendy agreed.

"Good girl," Angela said, adding, "but don't open it."

"Yes, Mom," Wendy repeated.

"What is it?" Megan sneered. "A box of sex toys?"

"Actually, it is," Angela nodded.

"But it also contains some implements for disciplining certain young ladies in need of it," Rhonda added.

"I'm *sure* it does," Megan said, curious, but hiding it as best she could.

"Today you shall learn to respect your mother," Rhonda said, as Wendy returned with a large pink box.

"All right," Angela said. "Both of you... on your knees before me."

"Are you serious?" Megan scoffed, as Wendy eagerly obeyed. She found the idea of perhaps sexually servicing her Mom... or Rhonda... or even *both*... quite exciting.

"A hundred percent serious," Angela said, as Wendy knelt before her. "Knees, now, or your Daddy Dearest learns about your abusing your sister's face with your cunt."

"Megan, just obey Mom for a change," Wendy coaxed.

"Whatever," Megan said, as she obeyed by kneeling beside her sister, and before her mother and her mother's lover.

Rhonda reached into the box and extracted a couple of blindfolds.

"So from now on, you young ladies will respect me and all of my rules," Angela said.

"Yes, Mom," Wendy agreed.

Angela glared down at Megan, who eventually agreed, "Yes, Mom."

Rhonda tied the blindfolds onto the two girls and said, "Now get completely undressed, sluts."

"This is ridiculous," Megan said, as Wendy got up immediately and began shedding her clothing.

"No sass from *you*, young lady," Angela said, as she reached down and slapped her daughter's ass... hard.

"What the fuck?" Megan yelled.

"Now get undressed," Angela repeated.

"Whatever," Megan said, as she reluctantly stood up and obeyed.

"That's better," Angela said.

"Your daughter has a great body," Rhonda said, admiring the naked Wendy.

"They take after me," Angela smiled.

"Indeed they do," Rhonda agreed, as she watched Megan get undressed.

"I can't believe you're making us do this," Megan said.

"Oh, you'll love it," Rhonda promised.

"I doubt that," Megan grumbled.

Rhonda took Wendy's hand and led her to the couch. "Now bend over and rest your hands on the seat cushion."

"Okay," Wendy agreed.

Angela took Megan in hand and did the same thing, as Rhonda went and retrieved a couple of paddles and two strap-ons.

In silence, the two MILFs fastened their strap-ons on as the two daughters waited... Wendy nervous and excited; Megan annoyed and excited.

"So you've been disrespecting your mother for eighteen and twenty years, respectively," Rhonda said.

"Not since the day we were born," Megan pointed out.

"True enough," Rhonda chuckled.

"But she *was* a finnick baby," Angela pointed out, tightening the harness around her waist.

"Foreshadowing, then," Rhonda chuckled again.

"So Megan will get twenty then, and Wendy eighteen," Angela decreed their sentence.

"Seems appropriate," Rhonda agreed, as they each positioned themselves behind a nice, vulnerable, bare ass. Rhonda behind Wendy, and Angela behind Megan. It might have been less challenging for their mother if Angela had chosen Wendy, but Rhonda thought she was up for it by now.

"Twenty whaaaaaaaaaat?" Megan asked, but then *screamed* as she felt her ass spanked with something hard.

"Ooooooooooh," Wendy moaned, as she too was spanked.

"One spank on the bottom for each year you were a pain in *my* ass," Angela explained her reasoning.

"Ha-ha, but now *we're* a pain in *their* ass," Rhonda laughed, as they each delivered spank number two.

"Mom, that hurts," Megan whined.

"So did all of your disrespect and disobedience," Angela pointed out, experiencing a major adrenaline rush as perhaps for the first time, she assumed the power in this relationship.

"I'm sorry, Mom," Wendy apologized, as she and her sister endured spank number three.

"Me too," Megan added, as spans number four, five and six whacked down in rapid succession.

"Aaaaaaaah, *Mommy!*" Wendy wailed.

"No more, *please!*" Megan begged, her ass burning.

Rhonda caressed Wendy's ass gently, while Angela did the same to her subject's.

"So you two will be good and obedient girls from now on?" Angela demanded.

"Yes, Mom," they said in unison.

"Good," Angela said, as she silently counted off five fingers to Rhonda, and then after the gentle ass caressing, they swatted off five quick hand spans.

"Mom, no more," Megan whined, tears streaming from her eyes to dampen her blindfold.

Wendy, actually enjoying her ass spanking, which for some reason had made her pussy wet, said, "More please Mommy, we've been bad, *bad* girls."

"Wendy!" Megan gasped, as three more spans pummeled her burning ass.

"Thank you for our well-deserved punishment, Mistress Mommy and Mistress Rhonda," Wendy declared as if reading from a cue card, as both her ass and pussy burned in tandem.

"Only six more," Angela announced, as she once again caressed her elder daughter's red ass.

"Please Mommy, no more; I'll be a good girl, a very good and obedient girl," Megan pleaded.

"What do you think?" Angela asked Rhonda.

"Do you believe her?" Rhonda asked.

"I promise Mommy, I promise," Megan babbled.

"Well, we could proceed to stage two if you like," Rhonda said, as she angled her cock towards Wendy's pussy.

"Yes, we certainly could," Angela agreed, also positioning herself behind her daughter.

"What is stage two?" Megan asked, a little terrified.

"Something nice to ease the pain," Rhonda said, as she slid her cock inside a very wet pussy.

"Oh fuck, yes," Wendy moaned, as Angela followed suit by sliding her dick into her no longer disobedient elder daughter, at least if the girl kept her promise.

"Oh, Mom," Megan gasped, as she felt the cock slide into her pussy.

"I hereby declare that I *own* this pussy," Angela declared rather cornily, as she began fucking her daughter hard.

"Oh. God," Megan moaned, intense pleasure coursing through her, even as the pain in her ass began to fade. She couldn't believe her mother was fucking her... and so hard!

"Fuck me hard too, Mistress Rhonda," Wendy begged, wanting to get fucked roughly.

"Tell me slut, who owns your pussy?" Angela interrogated after a couple dozen strokes, as she pulled out.

"Just shove it back in," Megan begged.

"Only when you tell me who the bottom bitch is around here," Angela held out, spanking her daughter's bright red ass with her dick.

"Wendy is," Megan said.

"Wrong answer," Angela denied, as she went to her other daughter and Rhonda pulled out to go to Megan.

"Megan," Rhonda said, moving behind the bent-over twenty-year-old, "it's time you realized your true role in this family."

"And what's that?" Megan asked, a little annoyed... yet horny as fuck.

"Your role as bottom bitch," Rhonda said, as she slid inside her pussy.

"Nooooooooo," Megan moaned, as she was filled with cock again.

"Oh yes, it's obvious," Rhonda said, as very close by, Angela slid her cock into her younger daughter.

"Oh yes, Mommy, fuck me," Wendy moaned, so turned on by this experience.

"What is?" Megan asked, the fucking (literally) pleasure consuming her and making it difficult to think straight.

"You're a natural born submissive slut masquerading as a dominant," Rhonda said, as she gripped the college girl's hips and really fucked her hard.

"Oh fuck," Megan moaned, in awe of the intense pleasure coursing through her.

"Oh Mommy, yes, Mommy," Wendy moaned, as an orgasm rose inside her.

"You love Mommy's dick, don't you, honey?" Angela asked, feeling such power in this rare role of a dominant, comfortable with the fact that she too was a natural born submissive masquerading as a dominant; but in her case masquerading only for a short while, and knowing the truth about herself.

"Yes Mommy, you can fuck me anytime you please," Wendy moaned, as her loving mother began really reaming her pussy.

"And do you like being Mommy's slut too, Megan?" Angela asked.

"Not at all; this is so very wrong," Megan denied yet again, even as she began to bounce back on Rhonda's cock.

"May I please come, Mommy?" Wendy asked, her orgasm so fucking close.

"Yes, baby girl, you may come all over Mommy's dick," Angela said.

"Thank you, Mistress Mommy," Wendy screamed, as the moment permission was given, her orgasm erupted inside her.

"You slut," Megan moaned, although she wanted to come too.

Rhonda, knowing full well how close Megan was, pulled out and ordered, removing her blindfold, "Now go and eat your sister's cum."

"But you didn't even get me off," Megan pointed out.

"Bottom bitch comes last, so you'll have to wait," Rhonda explained, as she roughly pushed her to the floor.

Angela pulled out, grabbed her older daughter's face and shoved it into her younger one's leaking pussy.

"What the fuck," Megan complained, before her words were muffled by her face arriving at the portal of her sister's pussy. Mindlessly she began licking, as the two older women removed their strap-ons.

"Eat my cum, slut," Wendy said, taking her lead from the other two women as she reached back and held her sister's face in her pussy.

"Now you may eat your sister's asshole too, bottom bitch," Rhonda ordered.

"What? No!" Megan said, as she struggled to pull her head back.

"It wasn't a request," Rhonda said. "And you'll address me too as Mommy from now on. Pull your ass cheeks apart for our bottom bitch, Wendy."

"Yes, Mistress Rhonda," Wendy said, spreading her ass cheeks apart. She then added, "Now eat my asshole, Megan."

"Not going to happen," Megan said, before Rhonda irresistibly shoved her face into her sister's butt crack.

"Now eat, bottom bitch," Rhonda ordered.

Megan was humiliated, and yet turned on as she began licking her sister's rosebud.

"*Good* bottom bitch," Rhonda encouraged her teasingly.

Angela said after a minute, "It's time for my girls to enjoy their Thanksgiving appetizers."

"I couldn't agree more," Rhonda nodded, as she let go of Megan's head.

"Sluts, on your knees, and Wendy present yourself between Mommy's legs," Angela ordered.

"Yes, Mommy," Wendy agreed, loving the idea of tasting Rhonda and her mother.

"And come eat your *new* Mommy, Megan," Rhonda ordered, as she settled in on the couch next to Angela and spread her nylon-clad legs.

Megan complained, "This is getting *way* out of hand," even as she watched her sister crawl between their mother's legs.

"Just do as you're fucking told," Angela ordered as Wendy began licking her.

"Mom, I..." Megan began, even as she crawled towards Rhonda.

"Do it *now*, bottom bitch," Angela barked, and then added more gently, "be a good girl for me, and maybe Mommy will fuck that twat of yours."

"You taste so good, Mommy," Wendy said as she eagerly licked her mother.

"Come eat me Megan, come and eat your new Mommy," Rhonda instructed.

"This is so crazy," Megan said, although now in acceptance, as she moved between Rhonda's legs and began licking.

"Good girl," Rhonda moaned.

"Thank you Mommy," Megan replied mindlessly, as she finally settled into being the submissive Rhonda had seen in her.

"Yes, thank you Mommy," Wendy moaned between licks.

And for five minutes the two daughters licked their two Mommies... then they swapped places and Megan licked her actual mother, while Wendy finally got the chance to taste Rhonda.

A few minutes later, both girls got their Mommies off.

Angela looked down at her wet-faced daughter and asked, "So will you be a good daughter now?"

"Yes, Mommy," Megan agreed.

"And will *you* be a good girl?" Rhonda asked Wendy.

"I'll be the *bestest* good girl ever," Wendy replied girlishly, gazing up worshipfully at the beautiful woman.

"Good, now go finish getting dinner ready," Angela said. "And don't bother getting dressed; I believe we'll initiate a new dress code in this house."

"Yes, Mommy," Megan nodded, getting up. She paused and asked, "Will I get to come later?"

"If you're a good girl," Angela smiled indulgently, as the two girls headed to the kitchen without complaint.

As Rhonda wrapped her arms around Angela she appraised, "Well, that went well."

"After dinner we fuck their assholes," Angela said wickedly, surfing on quite the power rush.

"I think I may have created a monster," Rhonda laughed before kissing her.

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The naked Thanksgiving meal was great.

The pumpkin pie, followed by the pussy pie, was also great.

As was the marathon foursome orgy that climaxed the night. And yes, even Megan was allowed to come a few times.

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The next day, the girls told their Dad they were moving in with their mother permanently...

THE END.