

# CATCHING MOMMY: HOUSEWIFE LESBIANS

*silkstockingslover*

*18-year-old dommes two rich MILF bitches; mom falls deeper.*

Incest/Taboo

4.71

7k words

**Summary:** An 18-year-old dommes two rich MILF bitches.

**Note 1:** A great, big, super thanks goes to MAB7991 for his dedicated copy-editing.

**Note 2:** Another thanks goes to Goamz86, LaRascasse and MAB7991 for plot suggestions earlier in the series.

**Note 3:** Lastly, a thank you to all my readers who voted, and left comments for this story so far.

**Note 4:** Because two of the characters are English I will sometimes use English words like arse (for ass...it sounds so much dirtier), knickers (for panties...which also somehow sounds naughtier), shag (for fuck...I just imagine the English accent and get wet), slag (for slut...which I think sounds so much worse), snog (for kiss...which I find hard to say with a straight face), bugger (for fuck...also makes sex sound dirtier), rodgering (for arse fucking which again is nasty as hell).

**Catching Up! A crash course reminder of what happened previously in the Catching Mommy series:**

**Part 1: A Shocking Secret:** *An 18-year-old English girl transplanted to Boston, Victoria, stays home sick one day and accidentally learns that her proud, dignified, lawyer Mom is a submissive lesbian to another 18-year-old girl. To make matters worse her Mom's Mistress is none other than Victoria's arch-enemy. (Don't deny it, if you are a female you had one in high school too!!!)*

**Part 2: Blackmailing a MILF:** *Shocked by Olivia's attack on her mother and her disgusting attitude, Victoria decides to get revenge by blackmailing her arch-enemy's Mother and making her a lesbian sub. (They say revenge is a dish best served sweaty and hot!!!)*

**Part 3: Creating a Slut:** *Victoria announces to her Mom she is a lesbian, as she begins to set up her Mother for the inevitable seduction. Meanwhile, her Mom begins her own plan to seduce her daughter. Lastly, Victoria continues the training of her new pet...her arch enemy's Mother and her own mother's Mistress.*

**Part 4: Daughter's Domme:** *Victoria confronts her mother about her dark secret and makes her Mother her personal submissive.*

**Catching Mommy: Housewife Lesbians**

After a long shower where I replayed the final seduction of my mother, I smiled at how successful it had been. I then shifted my focus to the next part of my master plan...to seduce Olivia. I got out of the shower, tossed on a robe and went to mom's room with an idea of emailing Olivia while pretending to be my Mom but was surprised to see she was already on her computer sitting in the middle of her bed. As soon as she saw me enter the room, she quickly closed her computer, her red cheeks screaming guilty.

I asked, "What are you doing, Mommy?"

"N-n-nothing," she stammered.

"Open your computer," I ordered.

"Honey, no it's nothing," my mom started.

"Then you won't mind me taking a look," I said, grabbing her laptop from her.

"Please, don't, I can't help it," my mother pleaded, tears welling in her eyes.

"Can't help what?" I asked as I opened the laptop.

"I am too weak to disobey her, Victoria," she admitted, tears now freely falling down her face.

The laptop screen came back on, and she was in her e-mail. Even after all the things I had recently learned about my mother and the fact that we had just had sex, I couldn't believe she would betray me.

**From: Slut Sarah**

**To: Mistress Olivia**

**Time: 10:33 pm Thursday February 28, 2008**

**Subject: Task Accomplished**

**Dear Mistress,**

**I did it!!! I fucked Victoria. I will be on chat to give you all the details.**

**Your obedient Slut Kate**

"You emailed this?" I questioned, shocked.

"Yes," she sheepishly admitted.

"Why?" I asked, staring at the words and noticing the three exclamation points that implied she was proud of her accomplishment.

"I need her approval," she answered.

"What?" I gasped.

"I can't help it. Once you went to shower my only thought was I had to tell Olivia," she explained. "I argued with myself at how wrong it was to do such a thing, but my body was already moving up the stairs and to my room."

"But I thought we agreed that we were going to stop her?" I said.

"I know," she sighed, "but I...."

"Stop!" I snapped.

She obeyed, becoming silent and ending her feeble attempts to justify her actions.

"I can't believe you sent this. You just gave her more power," I ranted.

A ding sound from her computer told me mom had a message.

I opened the chat window and read Olivia's response to mom's email.

**Olivia: You seduced your daughter, slut? Details NOW!!!**

I stared at the demand made by the pretentious bitch. Anger rose in me instantly and I wasn't even thinking when I typed back.

**Sarah: Yes, Mistress! It was crazy.**

**Olivia: Details slut!!!**

I briefly pondered what to tell her, my pussy beginning to tingle at the thought of making Olivia my slut. I glanced to Mom who looked petrified at what I may do next, a mixture of guilt and anxiety.

**Sarah: She came home upset and she told me her crush, you, didn't like her.**

**Olivia: And...**

**Sarah: I offered her a massage to relax her, which she reluctantly agreed to.**

Looking at mom fretting, I snapped my fingers and pointed to my cunt. Mom sheepishly moved between my legs as I continued typing.

**Olivia: And...I am losing patience.**

**Sarah: Sorry, she is between my legs right now as I type this.**

**Olivia: OMG! You slut.**

**Sarah: Thank you, Mistress. I did it all for you.**

**Olivia: Continue on.**

**Sarah: So after a lengthy massage, I suggested she get undressed so I could do a better job. She was shy at first, but with a little coaxing she got undressed.**

**Olivia: Nice.**

**Sarah: Thank you. I continued the massage focusing on her lower back before I began caressing her ass. She tensed up a bit but didn't say anything so I moved lower. When I parted her legs she let me. I could smell her scent and I purred, 'Let Mommy take care of you, my princess'. She then let out the softest of whimpers as my finger touched her wetness.**

**Olivia: She is as big a slut as you are.**

**Sarah: I think she will make a great addition to your harem, Mistress.**

I was really getting into my story and pretending to be a sub. Mom's tongue gently lapping away at my cunt helped as well.

**Olivia: Did you eat her cunt.**

**Sarah: Yes, and she ate mine.**

**Olivia: Excellent. You did good my slut. I will reward you tomorrow afternoon.**

I instantly wondered what the reward would be, briefly forgetting I was not the submissive in this conversation and that I was just pretending to be my mom.

**Sarah: How so?**

**Olivia: Don't ask questions, cunt. Just be home at 2:00.**

**Sarah: Yes, Mistress.**

A chill went up my spine as I pondered what she had planned for my mom next.

**Olivia: I will have Katrina drop off a cheerleading outfit tomorrow morning. I expect you in it when I arrive, with pantyhose with the crotch open for easy access to your two fuck-holes.**

**Sarah: Yes, Mistress.**

Her demands were turning me on and I without realizing it I kept thinking of myself as the sub in this devious twisted little game of hers.

**Olivia: See you tomorrow afternoon...I need to go and plan the final seduction of your whore of a daughter.**

**Sarah: I will be here ready for you, Mistress.**

She didn't respond and I was surprised as I waited for a response how disappointed I was by no more words from her. I shook my head frustrated that I had been pulled into her web of submission and grabbed my mother's head and began rubbing my wet, needy cunt up and down. It didn't take long for my orgasm to hit, but it came as a shock to me when my orgasm peaked that it was Olivia's smiling face that I saw.

Once my orgasm was done, I let go of my mother and said, snidely, "You better read your conversation I just had with your Mistress as she has big plans for you tomorrow."

I stood up and walked out of her room, leaving her face shiny with my cum. I peeked into her room a minute later and as expected she was reading the conversation. I understood now that Mom was in way deeper than I thought and it was up to me to save her before she ruined her career and her life.

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The next morning, I woke up to find Mom had already left for work, to avoid the awkward day after tension. I headed to school and was not surprised to find a smiling Olivia waiting for me by my locker, the only surprise was she was alone.

"Good morning, Victoria," she greeted, her voice so cheery it made me want to punch her in the face.

"Hi, Satan," I quipped back.

"Now is that any way to greet someone," she smiled, moving in front of me. "Especially someone you have a crush on."

"Excuse me?" I questioned, surprised she used this knowledge now, and not when she was with her dimwit posse.

Leaning in towards me she whispered in my ear, her hot breath making my pussy unwillingly tingle, "I know you are a cunt-muncher, and I know you have a crush on me."

"T-t-that is ludicrous," I stammered, suddenly feeling weak at the knees even as I tried to be strong.

"I-I-is that so," she mocked me as she moved away from my ear.

"You are delusional," I retorted. "Just because the whole school falls on their knees to worship you doesn't mean I do." As soon as I said it I realized the unintentional sexual implication of my words.

"Interesting visual," she smiled as she turned and walked away, leaving me rattled, my pussy wet and confused by my weakness around her.

Frustrated and horny, I slipped in the bathroom and to an open stall at the end. Lifting my skirt up, I slid my panties down and began to pleasure myself knowing I would be distracted until I came and I needed to be focused if I was to beat the devious bitch.

I had barely begun pleasuring myself when others entered the bathroom. I froze knowing that being caught masturbating was social suicide. I lifted myself up so my feet were not showing and after a few seconds I heard the voice of Becka, the senior class genius and the first girl to befriend me when I moved here say, "We are alone, Mistress."

The word 'Mistress' surprised me, but the voice that followed didn't. "Excellent! We only have a few minutes slut, so go put the sign out and get back in here."

"Of course, Mistress," Becka said.

I heard Olivia's heels click-clack to the stall beside me. A moment later, Becka returned and joined her in the stall. I reached for my phone and pressed record hoping to add another piece of blackmail to my arsenal of weapons to use against Olivia.

"Hurry up, we don't have all day," Olivia demanded, and I saw Becka's, trademark long flowered skirt below the stall wall, as she dropped to her knees.

I held in a gasp even as my pussy began burning for attention.

"Yes, Mistress," Becka again replied.

"That's it slut, get me off quick, that bitch friend of yours really got me horny," Olivia moaned, Becka's tongue obviously already at work.

A few seconds later Olivia asked, "Did you know that Victoria is a cunt-muncher just like you?"

Becka's tone was one of surprise, "No, Mistress, I never would have imagined."

"Well, she will soon be joining you on her knees pleasing me, does that excite you," Olivia said, even as her breathing increased.

"Yes, Mistress, I have fantasized about her ever since I met her," Becka admitted, which surprised me.

"You really are a little lesbian slut, aren't you," Olivia continued.

"Yes, Mistress," Becka admitted.

I couldn't believe my ears. Becka had fantasized about me. If I had to pick the one girl in the whole school who would be sexually unspoiled it would have been Becka, yet there she was on her knees, eagerly pleasuring Olivia and maybe even fantasizing Olivia was me.

"You will help me make her my slut, won't you?" Olivia asked.

"Anything you wish," Becka replied between licks.

My pussy was on fire and as I closed my eyes the first image that popped into my head was not revenge on Olivia, or making Becka my pussy pleaser, but me on my knees replacing Becka. I opened my eyes just as quickly, frustrated by the way my mine was suddenly playing tricks on me.

Nearby, Olivia's moans were increasing and she moaned, "Faster, yes, yes, shit, fuuuuuuuck."

Listening to Olivia come right beside me had me desperate to come as well. Yet, I refrained not wanting Olivia to know I had heard the whole conversation until I was ready to use it against her.

A minute later, Olivia said, "You really are good at everything you do, aren't you?"

Becka still on her knees, replied, "I aim to please, Mistress."

"Well, then I expect you to make me happy by getting Victoria between your legs on video, is that clear?" Olivia instructed.

"Yes, Mistress, although I have never tried to seduce anyone before," Becka said, her tone showing her insecurity.

"I am sure you will find a way. You excel at everything you do and you wouldn't want to disappoint me, would you?" Olivia said, standing up and opening the stall.

"Of course not, Mistress," Becka answered, clearly showing her submissive nature in her insecure tone.

"Good girl," Olivia said. "I will leave the sign up so you have a few minutes to clean yourself up before class."

"Thank you, Mistress," Becka replied and stood up as the clicking of heels faded away and out the door.

Horny as hell and needing to get off, I said the words before I even had time to think of the ramifications of them. "Slut, get over here and get me off."

Becka gasped. "W-w-who is there?"

"Your new Mistress," I answered, standing up to unlock my stall.

"V-V-Victoria is that you?" Becka asked, her tone implying she was clearly shocked to hear my voice.

"Hurry up, Becka, class begins soon and listening to you eat out that bitch has me revved up and ready to burst," I said, opening the door and staring eye to eye with a white as a ghost Becka.

"You heard?" she asked, not moving.

"Every moan," I replied, grabbing her hand and pulling her into the stall.

"I am so sorry," she said, tears beginning to form.

"It's ok, she is hard to resist," I said, "but so am I."

I lifted up my skirt and opened my legs.

It was like a switch occurred inside Becka. The tears stopped, the nervousness stopped, the second she saw my shaved pussy. Without a word, she returned to her submissive position on her knees.

"Good girl," I purred, knowing that soft guidance was what she needed to cross the invisible barrier between us.

Olivia was right; Becka really was good at everything she did. Her tongue was surprisingly wide and she lapped back and forth like a paint brush. I was already horny as hell from my bizarre morning so it didn't take long to shift from brimming to come to exploding my pussy juice all over her face. Becka, lapped and lapped right through my orgasm as eager to please my pussy as she was to get a 100 percent on a test.

I pushed her head away to avoid the temptation to have her bring me to a second orgasm, I quipped, "That was an A plus performance Becka."

Looking up at me, she laughed tentatively, "So you heard her ordering me to video us together."

"I did," I nodded, standing up and pulling her up as well.

"She doesn't take well to failure," Becka explained, her face showing genuine concern.

"Don't worry, I've got it covered," I replied, moving in and kissing her gently, before remarking, "And to think of all the damage we could have been doing to each other instead of wasting all that time studying."

Becka again laughed tentatively. "Yes, our breaks could have been a lot more rewarding."

"How did you end up being used by that bitch?" I asked.

"It's a long story," Becka said, clearly not wanting to get into it.

"Tell you what, we will make a video this weekend," I promised, my plan rather fun and if it went right Olivia would join her cunt-muncher brethren on her knees before me, "How about Sunday, my place?"

"What about your mom?" Becka asked, still anxiety riddled, but mellowing a bit at the thought of not disobeying Queen Olivia.

"Trust me, she will not be a problem," I answered, thinking she may actually be a part of it.

"OK," she said, before adding, "We need to get out before someone ignores the bathroom closed sign."

"Good call," I said, kissing her again, tasting my own nectar on her lips. "Damn, I taste good."

"That you do," Becka responded, flirting with me.

"You little lesbian," I teased, cupping her small breasts. "Damn it, no time to play."

I let Becka leave and I exited a few seconds later and headed to class my head spinning with the new possibilities to trap Olivia with Becka's help.

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I was so curious as to what Olivia had planned for my mother, I called my pet MILF, Olivia's mom, and told her I would be rescheduling our little encounter and addition of Katrina's mother to my bitch harem until another time. I did stress that she was to tape her lesbian playtime with Katrina's mom and have a DVD ready for me tomorrow. I also stressed that I expected her to be on call tomorrow evening in case I needed her.

When I left school, instead of going to my previously planned rendezvous, where I had planned to dominate, two MILF bitches. I drove home, parked a block away and entered my house just after lunch through the back door. Mom was already home, but not yet in her assigned outfit.

"Hi, mother," I greeted as I entered the kitchen.

"W-w-what are you doing here, Victoria?" she asked.

"I wanted to see Olivia in action," I answered.

"Please leave," Mom replied her eyes big and frantic.

"What are you worried about?" I asked, slightly amused by my mother's sudden insecurity. She was the most secure woman I knew before this whole Olivia ordeal.

"I don't want you to submit to her too," Mom answered, clearly convinced I would just eagerly drop to my knees at the snap of that bitches' fingers.

"Mom," I said, softening my tone and pulling her in for a hug. "I am playing her, she is not playing me."

"She is very manipulative," Mom warned, her tone clearly not convinced I could stand-up to Olivia.

"So am I," I countered.

Mom laughed, "That is true."

"That said," I continued, as she backed away and I looked her in the eye, "I can't prevent whatever she has in store for you today."

"I know," she answered.

"You are looking forward to it, aren't you?" I asked, seeing a eagerness behind the façade of motherhood.

Looking away from me, she answered clearly ashamed, "Yes."

"Why?" I asked, unable to understand even though after my brief encounter with Olivia this morning and Becka's submission, it had a strange perverse logic.

"I wish I could explain it," she began, adding, "It's like an addiction."

"How so?" I pushed, truly wanting to understand.

"I know it is bad for me, I know I should just quit cold turkey, but that only makes me want to submit more," Mom admitted.

"Well, after tomorrow I will help you break free from her clutches while submitting to a new Mistress...me," I promised.

"Ok," she smiled tentatively.

"Now go get dressed up in the cheerleading outfit, I am curious to see what you look like dressed as a slutty teenager," I quipped.

"Just like you, I imagine," my Mom quipped right back, her usual wit suddenly back.

I slapped her ass and once she was gone I went to grab the video camera I planned to hide in my room, assuming the bitch would humiliate my mother on my bed again. I set it up and hid it pretty well in the corner, taking the remote with me.

I went into mom's room just in time to see her finish putting on the dark beige pantyhose that really brought out her legs. She turned to me and asked, clearly insecure, "How do I look?"

"Good enough to make me want to devour you whole," I countered, my pussy getting a bit damp looking at my mother in such an outfit.

"Thank you, honey," she replied, appreciating the very inappropriate but very honest answer from her daughter.

"I like to keep my mommy slut happy," I quipped, moving in and kissing her hard. Breaking the kiss, I reminded her, "Just remember who your real Mistress is."

"Yes, dear," she answered, her tone already shifting to one of insecurity that Olivia clearly brought out in her.

"I am serious, Mother, you are my slut," I said, annoyed by her doubt.

"Ok, ok, I'm sorry," she said, trying hard to believe my words.

I was about to say more when I heard the front door open, earlier than expected.

"Have fun," I quipped, strangely looking forward to watching Olivia in action now aware of her full power. I also wanted to try and see if I could find any weaknesses.

"Slut, you better be dressed," Olivia yelled out.

"Of course, Mistress," Mom called back down, giving me a helpless look as she was already moving towards the door.

I waited a few minutes upstairs in my mother's room, assuming that Olivia would want to take my mother to my room, but was surprised when they didn't make their way upstairs. I could hear talking, both Olivia and Katrina were downstairs, but I couldn't clearly hear the conversation.

Frustrated, I snuck out the door to hear more and I heard that Mom was doing the talking, telling the whole story of our night of intimacy together.

A couple of minutes later, Mom finished the vivid retelling before Olivia finally spoke. "Did you enjoy committing incest, slut?"

"Yes, Mistress," Mom admitted.

"And you are willing to help me make your daughter my slut?" Olivia asked.

"Yes, Mistress," Mom agreed, her tone hinting she wasn't proud of her answer.

"What, slut? Are you ashamed of your Mistress?" Olivia snapped.

"N-n-no," Mom stammered, "It's just I don't want her to be corrupted because of me."

"A little late for that you dumb bitch," Katrina attacked Mom.

"You are going to invite me over for supper tomorrow," Olivia said. "Make it seem innocent; say I am doing research for a paper I am doing on powerful women and their inspirations and I asked to interview you."

Katrina, "That is funny."

"Technically true," Olivia chuckled. "although my research is how to make powerful women submissive little cunt-licking slaves."

"You should probably already have your Masters," Katrina giggled.

"I'm working on my PHd," she retorted.

"Can I fuck her, yet?" Katrina asked.

"Let's reconvene upstairs to my slut-to-be's room," Olivia said, forcing me to scurry back to the bathroom to hide, my pussy already wet with anticipation of watching mom be dominated by two teens.

A minute later, all three were in my room, as was a video camera on a tripod and I gasped worried that they had videotaped mom's detailed retelling of her and my incestuous shagging. I tiptoed from the bathroom, to spy through the thin crack of the door to my room, as mom's humiliation continued. I pressed record on the remote control so I too would have video evidence at my disposal if need be.

Katrina moved the camera towards my bed as Olivia ordered, "Slut get on your daughter's bed."

"Yes, Mistress," Mom obeyed, moving to my bed.

"Look at the camera, whore, and fuck yourself with this," Olivia ordered, tossing a huge black cock shaped dildo on the bed.

Mom reached for it and without even the slightest hesitation or any signs of restraint, she spread her legs and slid it into her already wet cunt. I couldn't believe how quickly my practical mother turned into an obedient slut.

Olivia asked, "Who owns you?"

"You do, Mistress," Mom replied through moans.

"What about your bitch of a daughter?" Olivia added.

"You will soon own her too," Mom answered, betraying me in seconds, before adding as if an afterthought, remembering I was in the house, "but she is a lot stronger than me."

"I don't think so," Olivia laughed, "I could have had her eating me today, but I want to make her submission epic."

"H-h-how so," Mom asked, suddenly seeming concerned by Olivia's ominous tone as I flashed back to my brief moment of weakness this morning.

"Dumb sluts don't ask questions, is that clear?" Olivia snapped at Mom.

"S-s-sorry, Mistress," Mom stammered back.

Katrina raised her skirt and joined mom on the bed, her body perfectly curved like Olivia's, and straddled mom's face. "Lick away slut."

Mom leaned up, the angle clearly awkward, and buried her face in another of my high school nemeses. I hated Olivia the most, but Katrina was a close second and that was before I had learned the truth of my mom's submissive submission.

Olivia smirked, "I can't wait until I have you and your daughter pleasing all the cheerleaders."

My pussy undeniably got wet at hearing Olivia's plans for me even though I had no intention of allowing her to win, even though the video currently being filmed greatly complicated things.

Deciding I had to get my own video of Olivia's mother and frustrated that I was getting turned on by the humiliation my mother was enduring and the implications of my future involvement. I quietly snuck out worried of getting caught and already planning my next move. Once outside, I went to my car and drove directly to Olivia's house to do to her mother what she was doing to mine. I sped the whole way, my pussy wet from what I had just witnessed.

As I drove to the Phillips, I pondered if I should have not tried to save Mom today, even though I still wasn't sure how. I chuckled to myself as I realized ironically while Olivia was fucking my mother, I would be fucking hers.

I walked right into the house and up to Lauren's room, the sounds of sex coming from her room...she had obeyed my order.

When I reached the bedroom door I peeked inside. Lauren was on the bed and Mrs. Neilsen, Katrina's mother, had her face buried between Lauren's legs.

I pulled out my phone and filmed for a couple of minutes as Lauren, not surprisingly, was the domme in this relationship, as she moaned, "That's it, lick my cunt."

I finally walked in startling both ladies as I said, "And what is going on here?"

Mrs. Neilsen's jumped up and turned to look at whose voice was behind her.

"Hi, Katrina's mom," I greeted, as I walked over to the bed.

"W-w-who are you?" she asked, her face glistening with pussy juice, as she tried to cover herself up.

"Its ok, you don't know me," I smiled, moving to my slut and sliding my finger inside her, I added, "but you will very soon. I am your new Mistress."

"Excuse me?" she asked.

Ignoring her, I snapped my fingers and Lauren crawled off the bed, without a word, dropped to her knees and knelt at my feet.

"What is going on here?" the dignified and startled mother asked.

"Slut, tell her who owns you," I instructed, copying Olivia's earlier words used on my mother.

Without looking up, she answered, "You do, Mistress."

"Look at the other slut when answering," I demanded.

"How dare you?" Katrina's mom said, standing up.

"Sit down, cunt-licker," I ordered, putting my hands on her shoulders and pushing her back onto the bed. "By the way, nice tits for an old hag."

"Fuck you," she glared, beginning to get up again.

"Oh trust me, I intend to," I promised playing with her words as I again pushed her onto the bed.

Katrina's mom glared at me, glanced quickly to her friend for help, before asking, "What the hell is going on here?"

I smiled, "Your daughter, along with my slut's daughter, have turned my mother into their sex slave. I thought I would return the favor."

"I am not going to be your sex slave," she said defiantly.

"I beg to differ," I smiled. "I know you and slut here have been secretly shagging for a while."

Her face which had been red with anger, instantly faded to white, as she stammered, "I-I-I."

"Y-y-you what?" I laughed, as I snapped my fingers at Lauren again and she instantly went under my skirt and to my already slightly damp pussy.

"Please," Katrina's mom whispered.

"Please what?" I asked amused.

"Please, I have money," she offered, like all rich people do, thinking that their money can buy them out of any situation.

"Funny, that is exactly what your friend here said before she became my submissive little fuck toy," I countered.

She looked at her friend under my skirt and looked back up and said, "What do you want?"

"Revenge," I answered, simply.

"Meaning," she said, her tone as cold as ice.

"I want to crush your daughter," I replied, before adding, "to do that, I must first take control of her mother...you."

"That is ridiculous," she answered, more defiant than I anticipated, her daughter being such a follower.

"I have video of your daughter munching pussy," I lied, all I really had was e-mails and whatever got filmed today. I added, "I also have video of you just a few minutes ago on my phone here I could put online."

Her face grimaced briefly, but she remained strong. "Go ahead."

"Sure," I agreed, "Is there any specific porn site you want to be on? MILF dykes? Mom sluts? Mommies at home?"

"You're not serious?" Katrina's mom asked, her tone a mixture of defiance and disbelief.

"Come join your friend on your knees, slave," I ordered, "or your daughter's and your own cunt-munching exploits go viral...either way I win."

The MILF was grasping at straws as she said to Lauren, "She can't be serious, Lauren?"

I tapped her head from between my legs and she obediently showed her face from underneath my skirt.

"Tell your friend how serious I am," I ordered.

Lauren answered, "June, I didn't believe it at first either, but...."

"How could you?" June interrupted.

Lauren eyes changed and she instantly got annoyed, "Don't get all high and mighty, June. You are submissive to me in the bedroom whether you think so or not and out in public for that matter, so don't you be judging me."

"I'm not," June replied, clearly insulted.

Lauren laughed, her true uppity personality coming out, "Are you kidding me. You are a follower, a social climber who does pretty much anything I say."

"Lauren," June said, hurt by the words of her friend.

"I am doing what I have to do to protect my reputation and family and I suggest you do the same," Lauren replied, even better than I could have myself.

I sat on the edge of the bed and guided my right foot to my pet, who then took my shoe off without instruction and took my manicured toes in her mouth.

"But this is ludicrous," June answered very weakly.

Lauren couldn't answer with my foot in her mouth, so I countered, "No more ludicrous than your bitch daughter and Lauren's bitch daughter corrupting my mother."

"I won't submit," she weakly replied.

"I don't have time for this. Either get on the floor and join your friend or get the fuck out of here and you and your daughter will be an internet sensation, I don't really care," I threatened, confident she was on the brink of submitting.

June's face went red with anger as I saw her fuming and yet clearly unsure how to play the hand I had just dealt her.

June's face paled as she realized she had just been handed an unwinnable hand.

"On your knees, June, I own you," I ordered, making her predicament clear for her.

"Please," she said weakly.

"This isn't a negotiation," I countered, "although the longer this takes the better the chances you will be caught by Olivia or your daughter, who may arrive at any moment."

June looked at Lauren pleading for assistance, but Lauren already knew she too had been defeated. "Do you promise to leave my daughter alone?"

"If you obey unconditionally," I answered, not sure I planned to keep my word.

She seemed to be considering her options, but wasn't quite ready to submit.

"Now, slut," I demanded, knowing the pivotal moment had arrived.

June hesitated a second longer before slowly dropping to her knees, refusing to make any eye contact with me.

"Good slut," I purred, as if I was rewarding a puppy as I moved my left foot to her lips.

"Suck my toes, my new pet."

I could see her cheeks becoming red again as she took my foot in her hand.

"Lauren, are you recording?" I asked.

"Yes, Mistress," she answered, pointing to a video camera subtly hidden on her dresser.

"You are taping this?" June gasped, so close to having obeyed my order.

"Of course, Lauren is a good obedient slut, aren't you?" I said, rubbing her head playfully as if I was talking to a puppy.

"Yes, Mistress," she agreed.

"Now, my toes," I ordered, looking directly into June's eyes.

After one more brief hesitation, my second MILF seduction began her submission to me. She opened her mouth and took my big toe in her mouth.

I allowed her to obey the humiliating task in silence as I watched amused until I asked Lauren, "Do you want to come slut?"

"I didn't get to before you arrived," she answered, glancing at her friend sucking my toes.

"You two get back in your positions before I arrived," I ordered.

"Yes, Mistress," Lauren agreed, getting off her knees and pulling her friend up with her. "Get back between my legs and finish what you started June."

June was surprised by her friend's authoritative order and said, "Lauren, please don't."

Lauren, seemingly enjoying the small amount of power I was allowing her to have, ordered, as she moved onto the bed, "Don't get all shy now, you have been pleasing me for years."

June gasped, "Lauren, stop."

"Now slut," Lauren ordered, spreading her legs wide.

"Do as you're told, slut," I added, as I gently pushed her onto the bed.

June was surprised as she landed half on the bed. Obeying though, obviously both ashamed and defeated, she crawled the rest of the way onto the bed and between Lauren's legs. I watched as June, after a brief hesitation, leaned forward and began licking her friend's pussy. I moved to the video camera and picked it up and filmed close-ups of the two older women.

After a couple of minutes, I sat the camera down, angling it so it had a great view of June's ass. Then went to my duffle bag, pulled out my strap-on and lube and after strapping myself in, I joined my sluts on the bed and without any warning I slid my cock inside June's pussy.

"Aaaaaaaaaaah," June moaned, as I filled her cunt.

"You like that, slut?" I asked, as I began fucking her hard, my hands firmly on her hips.

When she didn't answer, I pushed a finger in her back door and she screamed, "What are you doing?"

"Disciplining my slut for not answering a simple question," I replied, as I slowly pumped my finger in her ass, while my plastic cock rested deep inside her.

"Please stop," she whimpered as my finger explored her clearly virgin ass.

"Will you be a good pet?" I asked.

"Yeeees," she said, the finger clearly bringing her a pleasure she didn't understand.

"So I will ask again, do you like it slut?" I repeated, as I kept my finger in her ass and began pumping my cock in and out of her cunt.

"Yeeees," she moaned, the double pleasure obviously working.

"And you will be a good slut?" I questioned, gaping her ass without her knowing my true intent.

"Yeeees," she whimpered, the mixture of pleasure and pain clearly causing her confusion.

"Good girl," I purred, as I continued slamming into her, forcing her face deeper into my other pet's cunt. A couple of minutes of deep, hard pounding and my new slut was obviously close to orgasm. "Are you ready to have your arse fucked?"

"Yeeesss, wait noooo," she answered, clearly answering before she had time to comprehend my question.

Before she could say anything else, I pulled the cock out of her cunt and replaced my fingers in her arse with the thin, long plastic cock.

"Noooooooooooo," she screamed, as I held tightly onto her hips and pushed inside her tight back door.

"Beg me to fuck your arse, slut," I demanded, as my cock slowly disappeared between the MILF's ass cheeks.

"Please, no more," she whimpered, the cock going much deeper than my finger and widening her more as well.

"Wrong answer," I said, slamming my body into hers plunging the cock deep into her arse.

"Ohhhhhhhh, God," June screamed, from having her back door violated.

"Now just relax slut and let the pain subside," I instructed. "Lauren, crawl underneath her and get in a sixty-nine to distract her."

"Of course, Mistress," she agreed, watching the sodomy of her friend with a peculiar sense of intrigue.

June didn't speak, her body stiffened as she tried to deal with the burning sensation overwhelming her.

Once Lauren was in position and began licking, I ordered, "Get back to eating pussy, slut, as I fuck your arse." She obeyed this time as I slowly began moving in and out of her butt.

"Now it is time to give you a good rodgering," I purred, as I grabbed her hair and began fucking her ass.

"Fuuuuuck," the slut screamed as I began pumping her arse with my strap-on cock as my other slut licked away at her cunt.

I can't explain the power that comes with taking someone so dominantly and even as I sodomized June, I was imagining doing the exact same thing to her daughter and more importantly to Olivia.

"Please it huuuurts," my new arse whore whined which only made me slam the cock into her arse harder.

"I am going to keep rodgering your arse until you cum, my nasty arse slut," I replied.

"Oh God," she whimpered.

"Now come for your Mistress," I ordered, as I continued to abuse her arse, the power its own aphrodisiac.

"I caaaaan't," she moaned, even as her breathing began to change, the shift from pain to pleasure obviously beginning.

"Well, I would guess we have an hour or less until bitch Olivia comes home, maybe even with your dyke daughter with her, so it is really is up to you," I pointed out, amused as hell by the complete humiliation I was causing this bitch.

"Shit," she whimpered, before surprising me when she demanded, "Lauren, suck my clit hard, you fucking cuuuunt."

The next couple of minutes were hot as sin as I slammed her arse and Lauren really went to work on her clit. The mumbling of the now submissive arse slut was hilarious. "Oh God, shit, it huuuuuuurts so good," and "Fuuuuuuck, I'm so close," and "Finger my cunt, Lauren, geeeeet me off."

"Come my little arse slut, come like the nasty little dyke whore you are," I demanded, as Lauren fingered her cunt as I fucked her arse.

"Yeeeeeeeeees, fuuuuuuuck," my new slut screamed as she came from the double pleasure.

I continued reaming her arse throughout her orgasm, a variety of strange sounds escaping her mouth.

Realizing I had not came myself, I took my strap-on off, roughly flipped the still trembling slut over and sat on her face. When she didn't start licking, I ground my cunt on her face and ordered, "First a rodgering and now a queening, you are really getting the royal treatment, slut."

Her tongue began licking my very wet pussy, the crazy day of sexual submission having me reaching orgasmic bliss in less than a minute. I grinded my cunt on the MILF sub's face literally fucking her face with my cunt. "Here it comes," I moaned, as I coated the slut's face with my cunt juice.

Once my orgasm subsided a minute later, I got off the defeated, exhausted, slut and ordered, "You too, get each other off, cunt to cunt. I want to see a good shagging."

June looked too exhausted to move, but Lauren, clearly horny, got in position and as the two women scissored themselves together as I went to the camera and filmed for a couple of minutes.

Smiling, I looked at my watch and realized I was probably playing with fire, and stopped the camera, popped out the tape, and said, "I will be in contact sluts. Both of you keep tomorrow evening free in case I need you."

"Yes, Mistress," they both said in unison as they ground their cunts together.

I headed out, my mind spinning with blackmail possibilities knowing that tomorrow was the pivotal confrontation day. I wasn't sure how I planned to play it yet, but I knew it was now or never.

**The end for now!**

**READER'S CHOICE:**

**Who should win? Olivia or Victoria? You decide.**

**Leave your suggestions below and I will base my final chapter on whoever the readers decide.**

**Coming fall of 2013 (I hope): The climatic ending to the Olivia & Victoria saga.**