

# CATCHING MOMMY: SUB MOM'S STORY

*silkstockingslover*

*Sub mom submits to 18-year-old enemy of daughter.*

Incest/Taboo

4.51

33.1k words

**Summary:** Sub mom submits to 18-year-old enemy of daughter.

**Note 1:** I have been asked for years to write a new Catching Mommy story (the last three alternate endings were all released in February of 2014). But since I had already written three alternate endings I wasn't sure how. Then I had an idea: what if I told the story from Mom's point of view (the original series told it from her daughter's point of view).

So here is a new telling of Catching Mommy that uses some of the same dialogue from the original first six parts, as well as much brand-new dialogue and, of course, illustrations.

**Note 2:** Because two of the characters are English I will sometimes use English or UK words, such as arse (for ass...in my opinion it sounds so much dirtier).

**Note 3:** Thanks to Tex Beethoven, thor\_ph, Robert, and Wayne for editing this story.



Moving to America was what was best for my daughter.

It was also a new start for me.

My ex, her father, drank a lot and became abusive after he lost his job, and was jealous when I became the breadwinner of the family.

Not one to take shit from anyone, I filed for divorce and took the job I had been offered three times, but rejected because I would have to move from England to Boston... as a prosecutor. So I brought Victoria to America with me for a new start for both of us.

And although I was happy with my work and loved my job, I was lonely.

Very, very lonely.

This led me online.

I read stories on Literotica.

I watched porn.

All of it lesbian as although my daughter didn't know it... I was a lesbian.

Although I'd been married for almost twenty years, it was a loveless marriage... a charade to make Victoria's childhood seem normal... the result of one drunken night where I ended up with a hot asshole of a man. I would have regretted the marriage completely if it hadn't also resulted in my precious daughter Victoria.

Anyway, as the year came to an end I got really depressed... and I ended up posting a profile on a lesbian chat website.

## **Profile**

**Name: Sarah**

**Age: 43**

**Nationality: UK (Now with dual UK-USA citizenship)**

**Location: Boston**

**Weight: Average**

**Height: Tall**

**Interests: Reading, movies, work**

**Books: Anything by Jane Austen**

**Bands: Chicago, Duran Duran, U2**

**Orientation: Gay**

**Sexual Preference: Younger girls**

**Perversions: Submission, stockings, domination**

I answered online quizzes that helped define who I was, that could be seen by others online.

The first quiz declared I was femme which was the second most common type of lesbian. It said:

**You probably think you don't fit any stereotype at all. Well, you're wrong. You love a woman in charge, but when it comes to all things girly, you definitely like to dress up.**

A second quiz confirmed my femme persona:

**Grab your lipstick and your newest pearl necklace, because you're a femme lesbian! You're often mistaken for straight and when you tell people you're a lesbian, oftentimes no one believes you. You're the holy grail of lesbians. Keep doin' you, baby girl!**

As I read the second one I couldn't believe how true it was. No one at work had a clue I was a lesbian; I wasn't in the closet, but I kept my sexuality and my career separate.

The third quiz was a bdsm quiz which gave me the following results:

**95% Degradee**

**84% Submissive**

**80% Primal (Prey)**

**80% Non-monogamist**

**75% Pet**

**73% Voyeur**

**70% Slave**

**65% Experimentalist**

**62% Exhibitionist**

**52% Ageplayer**

**45% Masochist**

**40% Vanilla**

**37% Brat**

**25% Switch**

**21% Rigger**

**20% Rope bunny**

**5% Boy/Girl**

**4% Primal (Hunter)**

**3% Daddy/Mommy**

**1% Dominant**

**1% Sadist**

**0% Degrader**

**0% Owner**

**0% Master/Mistress**

As I perused the results I considered them pretty accurate. I was definitely submissive in the bedroom, even though I was very strong-willed at work and in public. No one who knew me would believe I enjoyed submitting sexually to others. No one would believe a) I liked being called names, b) I enjoyed using the word 'cunt' or c) that I liked being treated like a bimbo or a slut.

The fourth quiz was the Kinsey Scale test where I scored:

**Predominantly homosexual, only incidentally heterosexual.**

That too seemed right. A 5 out of 6 towards completely lesbian.

The fifth quiz I took was which porn star would I be, and the results were:

**You are JENNA JAMESON!**

**Maybe the most famous porn star in history, you're so sexy and wild that you've broken through to the mainstream. Though you occasionally like to dabble in kink and fetish, your real talent is lookin' good and making money at it!**

That made me smile, although I'd figured I'd be Phoenix Marie.

Lastly, I took a slut quiz where I got these results:

**You're 58% slut which means you are a slut, maybe not a full-blown slut, but a slut. By the way, that's 61% higher than the average test-taker, which is 36%.**

I honestly wasn't sure how to take that... slut is such a strange word. I like to fuck. I like to have kinky sex. I like to be dominated. But I wasn't one who would be gangbanged or anything... although a lesbian orgy was something I had fantasized about on more than one occasion.

I then spent a few days looking at profiles.

Oddly, I knew what I wanted.

Someone younger... it had always been a fantasy... truth be told many of Victoria's friends back home had turned me on.

Someone dominant... I wanted to come home from work and just be told what to do.

Someone hot... I am shallow when it comes to women... I want someone beautiful.

After a few days, and a couple dozen chats, including some online role play, I finally found someone who really intrigued me and checked off all my boxes.

Her name was Olivia and she was utterly beautiful.

**Profile**

**Name: Olivia**

**Age: 18**

**Location: Boston**

**Weight: Skinny**

**Height: Average**

**Interests: Reading, writing, dancing**

**Books: Pride and Prejudice**

**Bands: Chicago**

**Orientation: Bi**

**Sexual Preference: Girls, Girls, Girls (A decent song too)**

**Perversions: Cheerleaders, teachers, submissive girls, stockings, power, I AM A DOMME  
LOOKING FOR OLDER SLUTS TO TRAIN!!!**

As I read her bio, my cunt got wet.

She was eighteen... legal and yet young.

She was into stockings... my fetish. I'd brought along over thirty pairs of Wolford stockings when I fled London.

She was a domme looking for older sluts to train and I was an older slut wannabe craving to be trained.

She even liked Chicago (how many teens today even knew who they were???).

So, on New Year's Eve, alone with wine and porn, I sent her a message under my fake name Sarah, saying that I would like to get to know her.

She replied twenty minutes later.

**December 31, 2007 22:30:11**

**Olivia:** *Hi, your profile picture is very flattering.*

**Sarah:** *Thanks.*

I had used a picture from a few years ago, one that showcased my body but slightly distorted my face to keep it anonymous.

**Olivia:** *I will be honest with you. Your profile interested me. I am an 18-year-old high school student. I like to dominate older women. I am looking for a new slut. British women turn me on. Are you looking for a mistress?*

Her words turned me on, but I didn't want to seem too eager so I responded rather generically.

**Sarah:** *I am not sure.*

**Olivia:** *Ok, bye.*

*(Olivia has left chat)*

I was shocked. She just quit talking to me and disappeared!

**Sarah:** *Hello?*

**Sarah:** *Hello?*

**Sarah:** *Um, sorry but it was a surprising question.*

I tried to defend my response.

After an hour of waiting, I admitted the truth... her ignoring me somehow made me want to submit to her more.

**Sarah:** *I think I might be looking for a mistress.*

**Sarah:** *Hello...*

**Sarah:**

I celebrated the new year with a hot lesbian porn scene starring the always hot and nasty Phoenix Marie and an orgasm with the evening's empty wine bottle while I stared at Olivia's profile pic, wishing she would indeed be my Mistress.

I woke up the next morning, well it was almost lunch, and checked my chat box, disappointed to see she hadn't responded to any of my messages.

So I sent her a new one.

**January 1, 2008 11:23:14**

**Sarah:** *Hello.*

*And another after I had breakfast and showered.*

**January 1, 2008 13:44:11**

**Sarah:** *Hello.*

*And another while I made dinner.*

**January 1, 2008 16:00:31**

**Sarah:** *Olivia?*

*And yet another while I watched television with my daughter.*

**January 1, 2008 19:54:27**

**Sarah:** *Olivia?*

**Sarah:** *Hi.*

And another while I was online again... where I ended up role playing with someone else, but I couldn't get into it... I wanted to talk to Olivia. It was strange since we had spoken for under a minute, but I was completely obsessed. My eager need for sexual acceptance consumed me; ironic since at work, acceptance was the last thing I strived for. At work, I was a bit of a bitch, a pit-bull, and took shit from no one... yet, I felt frustratingly helpless when she didn't respond.

**January 1, 2008 21:39:23**

**Sarah:** *You there?*

**January 1, 2008 23:21:26**

*Sarah: I will try again tomorrow.*

When she still didn't respond, I gave up.

Yet, that evening, just after dinner, I decided to try again.

**January 2, 2008 17:43:02**

*Sarah: Olivia, you there?*

*Sarah: Hello.*

I stared at the screen praying for a reply. I then wondered if I should flatter her....

**Sarah:** *I looked at your picture. You are beautiful. Your green eyes are hypnotic, your luscious lips are tantalizing and I have a weak spot for redheads.*

I spoke the truth. Her green eyes in the picture drew me in and I could only imagine the power they would have up close and personal. My main Mistress in college had been a redhead, and from my sexual submission experience redheads were the most dominant... the most fiery... and the most intoxicating.

Desperate, I tried one more time... implying my submissive nature.

**Sarah:** *How can I please you?*

**Olivia:** *Tell me one secret about yourself.*

She'd responded!

A rush of adrenaline coursed through me... the same rush I got when I won a case (And I usually won).

I quickly responded with gratitude.

**Sarah:** *Thank you for responding.*

**Olivia:** *Don't disappoint me again.*

**Sarah:** *Understood.*

I was giddy with excitement. My life had become a bore and this, although likely nothing more than online play (no way would I actually skype or meet in person) it was exciting.

**Olivia:** *Good, because I have many older women very eager to be trained by me.*

If she really was eighteen (let's be honest 99% of people online lie... many women are actually men) how could she possibly have 'many' already? It intrigued me, yet it should have scared me.

**Sarah:** *I will obey.*

**Olivia:** *So let's start by telling me one secret about yourself.*

I pondered what to tell her.

A truth?

A lie?

Yet, feeling safe in the comfort of my home and the anonymity of being online, I told a truth.

**Sarah:** *I had a Mistress throughout university and have recently begun to crave that feeling of obedience and submission I long ago quit being a part of.*

**Olivia:** *So you have been dominated by a woman?*

*More than one, I thought to myself.*

**Sarah:** *Yes.*

**Olivia:** *When?*

I wasn't going to point out I said university in my answer... I knew enough to NEVER correct a Mistress... EVER!

**Sarah:** *At uni.*

**Olivia:** *Tell me the story.*

I smiled as I recalled my lesbian past. I also parted my legs and slowly touched myself with my left hand as I responded.

**Sarah:** *My roommate in uni was a year older than I and she seduced me the second month we were together.*

**Olivia:** *What was her name?*

**Sarah:** *Sarah.*

**Olivia:** *Thus the user name?*

**Sarah:** *Yes.*

**Olivia:** *What is your real name?*

I stared at the question. I had never used my real name for online play. Yet, I felt compelled to give her my real name. Plus, it was just online fun, no way would she be able to connect my first name to my true identity.

**Sarah:** *Kate.*

**Olivia:** *Good girl. Go on with your story.*

As I retold the story, I couldn't believe how fresh the memory still was... as if it only happened yesterday.

**Sarah:** *Well, I came home upset after being dumped by some man because I wouldn't put out and she consoled me. We drank a bit and eventually she kissed me. She then simply slipped out of her robe, slid off her knickers, and demanded I eat her pussy. I had never even considered doing such a thing, yet it never even occurred to me to disobey her command. From that night on, I was her submissive sex toy. I ate her pussy every day it seemed, and she often fucked me with a variety of different toys. I also fucked her, but she never, not even once, ate my pussy. The situation was clear: I was the lesbian slave and she was in charge.*

To this day, I've never understood how that night happened.

I hadn't known she was a lesbian.

I'd never felt any attraction to another woman.

I'd displayed no lesbian curiosity tendencies at all, not even to myself. I mean, I knew when a woman was beautiful. I admired women with nicer hair, eyes, tits, ass and legs than I had... but that was it.

Yet the kiss was so much more intimate than with a guy.

Her lips were so much softer, I was instantly smitten.

And the moment she ordered me to eat her pussy, although I'd never even contemplated such a thing, I felt compelled to do it.

I suddenly, as she spread her legs, knew I wanted to taste her pussy.

And, as cliché as it sounds, one lick and I was addicted.

The scent drew me in.

The taste tantalized my taste buds.

The act captivated my entire being.

I was confused by my feelings... I was straight... yet, quickly I accepted my new truth... I was in lust with my female roommate.

And the more I served her, the more I felt at peace.

I craved submission.

I craved pussy.

And I could never get enough.

Which made me reminisce of my first time with a girl.



**Olivia:** *It ended?*

I sighed at the thought that I never saw her again after university was over. I had looked for her on Facebook, but never could find her.

**Sarah:** *Yes. This lifestyle existed all four years of college and then we went our separate ways.*

**Olivia:** *What happened after college?*

**Sarah:** *I got a job, met a guy, got knocked up, got married and lived happily ever after. Until he got abusive some years ago and I moved to America to start over.*

I almost laughed at how predictable and mundane my life had become. I had become just another cog in the machine of typical life in suburbia.

**Olivia:** *You have not been with ANY other women since then?*

Although tempted on a few occasions... especially Victoria's friend Amy back in the UK... no.

**Sarah:** *No.*

**Olivia:** *Interesting.*

I wondered why she thought that was interesting, but didn't ask.

**Sarah:** *I liked your profile too.*

**Olivia:** *What did you like about it?*

I answered honestly.

**Sarah:** *Well you're gorgeous, I got wet just looking at you and imagining submitting to you in real life. But I am fascinated that you like Jane Austen. Your favorite band is Chicago (how many other teens*

could even name a song by them?) and you also like stockings.

**Olivia:** *Stockings = power.*

Funny, that was something I often thought too. Nylons were luxurious and showcased my legs. I felt empowered when I wore them. Thus why I wore the most expensive brand in the world (or close to it). If I was going to do something, I did it right. I loved the sheerness of the pantyhose. I loved the feel of silk. I loved the feeling of them on my feet, my legs and my ass.

I even loved masturbating with knee high sheer stockings to caress my tits, stomach and, of course, pussy.

**Sarah:** *I have pairs of knee high silk stockings to wear on my hands to masturbate myself. The feel of them touching me is orgasmic.*

**Olivia:** *I always wear stockings.*

I loved that she always wore stockings... it was a major turn on. Wanting to please her, impress her, I admitted I wore them every day too.

**Sarah:** *I wear pantyhose to work every day.*

**Olivia:** *Actual pantyhose?*

I wanted to clarify that I only wore the clear toe kind... I loved showcasing my painted toenails in open toed heels.

**Sarah:** *Yes. But only sheer sandalfoot ones.*

**Olivia:** *Sheer - check. Sandalfoot - check. Pantyhose -- no.*

I was confused.

**Sarah:?**

**Olivia:** *My subs only wear stay-ups, thigh highs, or garter and stockings.*

Ohhhhhhh. I wore stay-ups once (hold ups in England, pantyhose are tights in England too in case you are curious), but found them annoying. I also had a garter-belt that I hadn't worn in years. It was a sexy surprise for when I tried to spice up my sex life when I was married, but he just wanted to fuck me and go to sleep. Men.

**Sarah:** *Oh. I have a garter and stockings, but I haven't worn them since who knows when.*

**Olivia:** *When was the last time you had sex?*

I wanted to joke with this person, but chose not to. I didn't know if she had a sense of humour yet. Truth was I hadn't had sex since coming to America... at least not with a person.

My vibrator on the other hand usually got a daily workout.

**Sarah:** *Over a year.*

**Olivia:** *Mission 1.*

**Sarah:**?

**Olivia:** *I will assign you missions to see if you are qualified to continue talking to me and maybe eventually qualify for complete submission to me.*

I loved the idea of tasks... I loved finishing them.... Just like I loved scratching things off a checklist or even a grocery list (yes, I was that kind of woman).

**Sarah:** *Um...Ok.*

**Olivia:** *Mission 1 - Go and buy a variety of new stockings.*

I had already been considering doing just that once I read her nylons expectations.

**Sarah:** *Ok.*

**Olivia:** *Now.*

*(Olivia has left chat)*

I was disappointed that she had left chat so abruptly. I was enjoying the conversation and wanted to learn more about her.

Determined to obey her, I stopped pitying myself. I took charge of myself and went shopping.

I bought a whole bunch of thigh high pairs of stockings in a variety of colours: mocha, beige, black, red, and white. I also bought pairs of black, white and tan stockings for my garter-belt.

I wanted to chat with Olivia as soon as I got back home, but Victoria wanted to chat about some bitch (her word) who was bullying her. I advised her to be the stronger woman and turn the other cheek... although when I was a teenager I would have stood up to her. But I didn't want Victoria, already new to an American school, to be ostracized. She was a strong young woman, but still.

Once she went to her bedroom, I got undressed and dressed up in a nightie, with black thigh highs.

**January 2, 2008 22:38:38**

**Sarah:** *Olivia?*

**Sarah:** *You there?*

**Sarah:** *I bought some stockings as instructed.*

I sat there and stared at the screen, praying a response would come. I felt like a teenager of a previous generation waiting for the phone to ring.

**January 2, 2008 23:59:37**

**Sarah:** *Olivia?*

**Sarah:** *I am wearing a pair right now.*

**Sarah:** *A black pair with matching knickers and a nightie.*

**Sarah:** *Goodnight.*

I ended up reading some online erotica and getting myself off wishing I was the protagonist in the story.

As soon as I got up next morning, I checked for a response and saw none.

I was disappointed.

I sent her a message to explain why I wouldn't be able to come online for a while.

**January 3, 2008 08:33:12**

**Sarah:** *I have to go to work for a few hours. I should be back by 4.*

At work, I turned off silly submissive me and turned on straight, confident businesslike me. It was amazing how easily I could shift from one to another.

Once home, I immediately went to my laptop and logged in.

**January 3, 2008 16:12:48**

**Sarah:** *I'm back.*

**Olivia:** *Hi, slut. Tell me what you bought.*

First, I was thrilled she was online.

Second, I was just called a *slut* by an eighteen-year-old. If a guy at work called me or any other woman a slut I would rip his nuts off. Yet, when this stranger called me one, an instant gush leaked into my panties.

I wanted to make sure she knew I'd completed mission 1.

**Sarah:** *I bought stay-ups or thigh highs, whatever you call them, in mocha (3 pairs), beige (2 pairs), black (3 pairs), red (1 pair), white (2 pairs). I also bought pairs of black, white and tan stockings for my garter-belt.*

**Olivia:** *What are you wearing right now?*

**Sarah:** *Mocha thigh highs, a black business skirt and blazer and a white blouse.*

**Olivia:** *I see. Just a minute.*

There was a long pause while I wondered what I had done wrong.

**Olivia:** *Sorry, I am also online with another slave. One that has completed her training.*

**Sarah:**

**Olivia:** *Play your cards right and you too can be my slave.*

**Sarah:**

**Olivia:** *What kind of toys do you own?*

**Sarah:** *One vibrator.*

**Olivia:** Really? I guess we know what your next mission is.

**Sarah:** Get more toys?

**Olivia:** Of course. You will need a couple more vibrators, a strap-on for me to fuck you with if the time comes, a butt plug and some sort of vibrating toy to wear in your pussy while you are at work.

**Sarah:** OK.

**Olivia:** Later. And from now on I expect you naked except for stockings and heels. Is that understood, slut?

**Sarah:** Yes.

**Olivia:** Good, you just may be worth my time. Goodnight, I have to go and train another slave.

*(Olivia has left chat)*

I sighed.

This was so frustrating.

It was like dating a boy in high school... completely unpredictable.

I went and had a quick shower, made dinner and ended up doing some research for an upcoming trial.

Realizing I was getting too eager, I decided to avoid the internet for a few days, especially since her implication of anal... something I had never been interested in.

That said, a few days later, I ended up in a sex toy store, on the other end of town, the sketchy side, where I ended up spending over four hundred bucks on a variety of sex toys including: a strap-on cock, four new vibrators in different sizes (one called a rabbit, another called Big Buzz (which made me smile), another black one (hey, all girls at some point wonder about black cock) and another smaller one for my purse (not sure I needed one for my purse, but I decided I did), a big black dildo (okay I may be obsessed), a suction cup dildo so I could fuck myself in the shower, a pair of handcuffs (because they were on sale and something I had always fantasized about), a vibrating egg with a remote control, a triple pack of starter butt plugs (although the largest one was way too fucking big for any human) and anal beads (that the nice tattoo covered saleswoman suggested are great for a novice anal girl). I also bought lube, lots of lube.

When I got home, I opened up all the toys, got undressed, except for my thigh highs, grabbed the black dildo, turned on some porn on the big screen TV (Victoria was out of town) and fucked myself to multiple orgasms.



Once I was sexually satisfied, I put all the toys together in a box in my closet and labeled it taxes, just in case my daughter somehow ended up in my closet.

I lasted a week before I was back online and chatting with the teen temptress.

To my surprise she didn't even ask where I had been for a week.

**January 10,2008, 20:00:12**

**Sarah:** *Hi.*

**Sarah:** *Dressed as expected.*

**Olivia:** *How would that be?*

**Sarah:** *Naked, except my thigh highs and heels.*

Which I actually was.

**Olivia:** *Good slut.*

**Sarah:** *Thank you.*

**Olivia:** *Did you buy a vibrating egg as expected?*

**Sarah:** *Yes.*

**Olivia:** *Good. Tomorrow I expect you to take the egg you purchased and wear it in your cunt all day at work.*

**Sarah:** *But I have a trial.*

**Olivia:** *That's no excuse.*

*(Olivia has left chat)*

I sighed.

Had I just offended her again?

It seemed so.

So I quickly apologized.

**January 10, 2008, 20:03:19**

**Sarah:** *I am so sorry...I will wear the egg as you requested.*

**Sarah:** *Please forgive your slut.*

**Sarah:** *U own me.*

The next night I went online, and desperate to get back in her good books I decided to use the word that shows the ultimate respect: the 'M' word.

**January 11, 2008, 18:23:41**

**Sarah:** *I am home...*

**Sarah:** *Mistress?*

**Sarah:** *Please Mistress? I will do anything u command!*

These were risky words... both the term 'Mistress' and the phrase 'I will do anything', yet I was desperate.

**Olivia:** *Mistress, I like that. But that is twice now you have questioned my instructions.*

**Sarah:** *Twice?*

**Olivia:** *Yes, when I asked if you were looking for a Mistress and when you hesitated over putting the egg in your old cunt.*

**Sarah:** *Oh, I am so sorry.*

**Olivia:** *U need to be punished.*

Being a sub, being punished was something I was used to back in college.

**Sarah:** *Yes Mistress.*

**Olivia:** *Is your daughter home?*

**Sarah:** *No.*

**Olivia:** *Good. Go into her room and grab her pillow.*

**Sarah:** *OK.*

Deciding to actually obey her, I went to Victoria's room and got her pillow. I then returned, unsure of the purpose of grabbing it.

**Sarah:** *Back.*

**Olivia:** *Are you dressed as asked?*

**Sarah:** *Yes, Mistress.*

**Olivia:** *Fuck yourself to an orgasm.*

I didn't have any toys nearby, so I moved my hand to my pussy and began rubbing. As I did, I looked at the screen.

**Olivia:** *Imagine u r on your knees pleasing my young, ripe, shaved cunt.*

I imagined just that... getting new information about my dream Mistress... her cunt was shaved, just like mine, although I hadn't had a complete Brazilian in years.

**Olivia:** *Imagine I have just exploded my juices all over ur slut face.*

God, I needed to eat cunt. It had been so fucking long.

**Olivia:** *Imagine me fucking ur sloppy cunt with my strap-on, ur daughter in the room beside us.*

"Oh my God!" I screamed, as I exploded quickly and intensely.



Even as I kept coming, I responded to Olivia.

**Sarah:** *I just came.*

**Olivia:** *Rub ur whore cunt all over your daughter's pillowcase.*

I couldn't believe that was the order.

**Sarah:** OMG!

**Olivia:** NOW!!!

I didn't want to disobey a third time, so I grabbed her pillow from the floor (it must have fallen during my masturbation session) and rubbed it all over my cunt.

**Sarah:** Yes, Mistress.

**Olivia:** Dry yourself completely with it!

I kept doing it until my pussy was no longer wet.

**Sarah:** Done.

**Olivia:** Go return the pillow to ur daughter's bed.

**Sarah:** Yes, Mistress.

I was so under her spell, I didn't hesitate.

**Sarah:** I did it.

**Olivia:** Good slut. U just may be worthy yet of being my sub slut.

**Sarah:** Understood.

**Olivia:** I won't be online for a couple of weeks. I have finals and then my family and I are going skiing up in Canada.

**Sarah:**

**Olivia:** While I am gone, I expect u to continue wearing only thigh highs and stop wearing panties completely. Understood?

Those instructions were pretty easy to obey.

**Sarah:** Yes, Mistress.

**Olivia:** Good, I also expect u to have a butt plug in ur ass whenever ur daughter is home.

That was a little less easy to agree to, but I obeyed like the submissive I was.

**Sarah:** Understood.

**Olivia:** Talk 2 u in a couple of weeks.

*(Olivia has left chat)*

So for two weeks, I went without underwear, well, minus the days I got my period, as well as wearing thigh highs.

It felt good obeying.

I also discovered the pains and pleasures of anal.

I tried the smallest of the butt plugs and with some lube it easily slid inside me. After half an hour, I was bored and tried the second plug. This one took some effort to insert and cost me some pain.

I needed to practice walking with it in me for when Victoria was home. I had no idea why I felt compelled to obey, it was only online role play, yet I did.

I got used to it, but yelped when I forgot it was in me and sat down... the plug reaching new depths in me.

Victoria asked what was wrong and I lied, saying I had banged my knee.

I also went shopping for sexier clothing. My business attire was black with black with a side of black. I decided I needed some colour, and shorter skirts and higher heels and tighter blouses.

The men at work noticed and my daughter did too. She asked, while I sat at the kitchen table with a butt plug lodged up my arse, "What's with the new attire?"

"You noticed?" I asked.

"Of course," she nodded. "It's quite different from your usual work clothes."

"Someone called me boring and stuffy and it pissed me off, but I realized there was some truth to it," I said.

"Why didn't you just say you're British and we're all a bit stuffy?" she joked.

"I should have," I laughed.

"Well, you look great, Mom," she complimented, which made me feel really good about myself.

Every night I checked to see if Olivia was back, alas every night I was disappointed. It sure didn't stop me though from fucking myself and experimenting with every toy I'd purchased. Usually I imagined being used by Olivia in some way, but on occasion my fantasy was triggered by someone I met that day.

I fucked myself with the wall cock while imagining I was servicing the hot waitress at the 50s diner I often go to.



I used the rabbit, which really had me bouncing, as I imagined Victoria's nerdy friend Becka sneaking into the kitchen and making me service her while Victoria was having a sleepover.



I used the Big Buzz while also inserting anal beads in my arse and imagining being the submissive sandwich of two cheerleaders I saw walking together at the mall (even though they were from a rival school to Victoria's).



That said, I was jubilant when I was getting ready for bed one night and there was a message from Olivia. It was just two words... and I didn't actually chat with her that evening, but I was giddy with excitement for whatever she had in store for me.

***January 27, 2008, 21:11:56***

***Olivia:*** *I'm back.*

I won't bore you with the chats that happened for the next couple weeks, but instead I'll share with you some of the many naughty tasks she had me complete.

**On the 29<sup>th</sup> of January:**

She had me come at work every two hours and never come twice the same way.

At the 8 o'clock hour I came with my fingers.

At the 10 O'clock hour I used a full Coke bottle (with a plastic cap, not a metal one... I'm not crazy).



At lunch I used a cucumber before slicing it up and using it in my salad (as ordered by Olivia). I'm not going to lie, my pussy garnish is quite yummy.

At the 2 o'clock hour I put the egg inside me and tapped my clit with the end of a stapler.

At the 4 o'clock hour I ground my pussy on the chair rest which was surprisingly pleasurable... leather was definitely a good choice.

Each orgasm was exhilarating, because I was obeying; nerve-wracking because I was at work; and exhausting as each orgasm took more work than the one before it.

### **On the 30<sup>th</sup> of January:**

I had to cum in a mall bathroom (kind of gross, okay *really* gross) and smear my cum all over my mouth. Then go and ask for help from at least three girls in different shops.

That wasn't overly bad, although one girl asked what lipstick I used to make my lips so shiny.

Which I answered, lying but enjoying the shock value, 'My girlfriend's lower lips'.

The look on her face was priceless and Olivia was proud of me for saying it.

### **On the 31<sup>st</sup> of January:**

I tried fisting myself, where I learned I simply wasn't that flexible. I could get four fingers in, but that was the best I could do.

I felt guilty for not being able to complete the task, but to my surprise Olivia simply said that she would fist fuck me herself one day.

That had my cunt gushing even if it was just a hypothetical.

### **On the 1<sup>st</sup> of February:**

I had to wear the butt plug at work all day.

### **On the 2<sup>nd</sup> of February:**

I had to kiss a girl.

This was hard to do.

The rest of the tasks were slightly risky, but this one was more so... not to mention it now involved someone else.

I considered just saying I did it and not do it, but I was a terrible liar and always felt guilty when I did. One of the reasons why I'm a prosecutor and not a defense lawyer... I would go crazy knowing the truth and still having to defend the scumbag.

I ended up in another area of town, where I went to an adult store looking to buy another butt plug. I wanted something slightly bigger, but not the mammoth one that was next in line at home.

The girl who was helping me was cute and I decided she was perfect. I explained, "My Mistress wants my ass well prepped for when we meet."

"Your Mistress?" she asked.

I nodded, "Yeah, I know I don't look it, but I'm a submissive."

"I definitely wouldn't have guessed that," she agreed.

"Will you do me a favour?" I asked.

"Sure," she nodded.

"May I kiss you?"

"Pardon?"

"Today's task is to kiss a girl and I have been looking all day and you're the first girl I've seen that I want to kiss," I said, which was mostly true.

"Really?"

I nodded, "And I get punished if I don't fulfill the day's task."

"Oh...um... sure, why not?" she said, after a lengthy pause.

"Thank you so much," I said and leaned in to kiss her.

Her lips were so soft... I'd forgotten how soft women's lips are.

I kept kissing her, way longer than the second I planned to and to my surprise she kissed me back.

After about fifteen seconds, she broke the kiss, looked all sheepish and stammered, "I-i-is that all?"

I nodded, "Yes." Figuring the task was accomplished and I didn't want to make it any more awkward than it was, I thanked her and left.

### **On the 3<sup>rd</sup> of February:**

I was made to masturbate in a public washroom stall and moan all the words she'd sent me. I also had to make sure at least one other person was in the washroom.

This one was the most terrifying so far and thus the most exhilarating.

I walked into a bathroom at a restaurant at the outskirts of the city (no way I was doing this downtown), a decent place where the bathrooms would be clean, but not a five-star place, and went directly to a stall. I noticed another stall was already occupied so I knew I could start.

I was so nervous and yet excited too.

I lifted up my skirt, spread my legs and declared to the stranger two stalls down, "Fuck, I need to come so bad."

I then proceeded to rub my pussy as the person gasped.

"Oh yes," I moaned, a few seconds later softly, wanting to let her know I was actually pleasuring myself in the stall.

As the toilet flushed, I declared loudly, "Ohhh, God, I wish I could eat your cunt right now."

"Pardon?" a voice outside the stall asked.

My eyes went wide. "Just craving some cunt right now," I answered, wondering if perhaps I could actually get some long-needed cunt right now. When I was horny like this, common sense flew out the window and was replaced by desire.

"You're disgusting," she said, and stormed out, not even stopping to wash her hands (and I'm the disgusting one?).

I kept rubbing myself alone, waiting for someone else to come in. About a minute and a half later someone did and as soon as the door closed I chanted, softly, but loud enough to be heard, with a hint of desperation, "I must come, I must come, I must come."

I heard a woman ask, "What are you doing in there, ma'am?"

I frantically rubbed myself as my orgasm hit, the naughty exhibitionism of it really triggering it, and I screamed, "Holy fuck, I'm coming."

Knowing my time was up, and unsure what would happen next, I declared the most humiliating of the lines, "Thank you, Mistress Olivia for allowing your dumb slut to come."

"Please come out of there and leave this establishment this second," a stern voice ordered.

"You sure you don't want your cunt eaten?" I asked, as I recovered from the surprisingly intense orgasm.

"Now!" she demanded.

"Yes, ma'am," I sheepishly said, hinting at my submissive side, the idea of eating a complete stranger suddenly exciting.

I stood up, not needing to pull up my panties as I wasn't wearing any, and opened the door.

"Oh my God, you're old," she said, disgusted.

Horny and wanting to shock, I dropped to my knees in front of her and repeated my offer, "You sure you don't want your cunt eaten?"



"Get the fuck out of here before I call the police," she ordered.

I shrugged, "Your loss," got up and sauntered out, surprised by how little shame I felt... NONE, although I was annoyed at being called old.

That night, as I replayed the encounter, I pleased myself to the fantasy of making her go down on me.

"Look you little pretentious young bitch, I offered to eat your cunt, but since you declined you can eat mine," I firmly said, roughly pushing her onto her knees.

She protested, but it was weak, and I shoved her face in my wet crotch.



I came hard from the rare role reversal... and wondered what else Mistress Olivia had in store for me.

I mean I couldn't believe I did what I did.

Yet, it was exhilarating.

The risk enhanced the pleasure.

The need to obey exactly heightened the stimuli.

I realized I was getting myself in too deep.

Luckily, my period arrived and I had a few days of reprieve, which was good because I had a big case and needed to focus on that. One thing about me, when I have my period not only am I a bitch, I am also completely non-sexual. I just don't get horny. So for a few days I thought straight and realized in those few days of clarity that I was risking too much.

Role play was one thing.

Asking a stranger if they wanted to be eaten out was another... although as I reflected on this piece, I realized I had done that all on my own. There was no order to do so.

Shit.

I really had to control my internal lust... before something bad happened.

### **On the 9<sup>th</sup> of February:**

Of course, when she sent me a new task, even as my logical side screamed *don't do it*, my horny side took over... as it had since the new year began.

The task: Wear a pair of your daughter's panties all day.

Simple enough.

I went into her room when she was in the shower and grabbed a pink pair. I put them on and went to work.

Yet, I felt guilty.

Although I wasn't really drawing my daughter into my twisted web of sin, she was becoming incriminated by default. So that night I planned to tell her I was done. I was also on a high after winning my court case.

**Sarah:** *We need to talk.*

**Olivia:** *Those were great closing statements today, my pet.*

My eyes went wide.

How did she know I'd given closing statements today?

Worse!!! How did she know they were great?

**Olivia:** *I think it really was what won the case. The way you spun their main argument against them was genius.*

Oh my God! Oh my God! Oh my God! And not in the same vein as when I am screaming it during orgasm.

She knew who I actually was???

My photo was fake.

**Sarah:** *You live in Boston?*

The question seemed redundant based on what she'd just said, but I asked anyway.

**Olivia:** *Of course. How do you think we ended up chatting?*

**Sarah:** *Just random I thought.*

**Olivia:** *The website sets people up based on similar or opposite interests and location.*

**Sarah:** *Oh!*

Oh fuck!!!

**Olivia:** *Your daughter goes to my school.*

Oh fuck!!! Oh fuck!!! Fuck! Fuck! Fuck! She knows my daughter? I was definitely in too far.

**Olivia:** *Did you think we were just role playing?*

**Sarah:** *Yeah.*

**Olivia:** *Did you actually complete all the tasks as I instructed you to?*

**Sarah:** Yeah.

**Olivia:** Good.

Why did I tell her I had? Now she had even more leverage on me. My career, my family was suddenly at risk.

**Olivia:** How was wearing your daughter's panties?

**Sarah:** We can't do this anymore.

**Olivia:** Oh my pet, we are just getting started.

I sighed. How was I going to get out of this?

**Olivia:** You don't want to quit now. You're so close to final submission.

Those words were the dagger in me. I needed to quit. I had to. Yet, I was so close to final submission, I could actually taste it.

**Sarah:** But my career.

**Olivia:** I'm not going to out you... unless you choose to misbehave. No, I'm going to bring you to your happy place. I'm going to give you exactly what you need... ultimate submission to a superior woman.

God, before the revelation she was in Boston and knew my daughter, those words would have had my cunt dripping.

Now though, I was paralyzed with fear.

**Olivia:** Be honest with yourself, slut. Can you just quit on me? I mean can you really? You can say you will. You can even convince yourself you need to. But you will come crawling back.

Oh God, she knew me so well. I'd be lying if that wasn't exactly my past history. A couple of dozen times, at least, I tried to break out of my submissive role at uni... especially when it began to hinder my studies. Quickies in the bathroom, serving her while she studied (when I too needed to study) or even having me serve some of her friends (humiliating, which, of course, enhanced the pleasure).

Yet, back then I was single.

Back then I didn't have an eighteen-year-old daughter this could affect.

As I pondered, Olivia gave me an ultimatum.

**Olivia:** I'll give you ten minutes. If you decide you are not interested in being my submissive, I'll set you free. No consequences. On the other hand, if you respond back you must understand completely that I am the MISTRESS, you the SUBMISSIVE. It is that black and white, there is no grey. If you don't respond and declare yourself my pet in the next ten minutes you may never do so again. Do you understand, there is no I'm sorry, or I changed my mind... your future is based on what you decide now. I'll be back in ten.

(Olivia has left chat)

I stared at the ultimatum.

I sighed.

I went and grabbed a drink of water.

I returned.

I read it a couple dozen times.

I seriously didn't know what I was going to do.

On the one hand, I hadn't ever felt more alive than I had since I first met Olivia. She somehow understood my needs, who I was behind the façade at work.

On the other hand, although she implied she had no intentions of outing me, she knew my daughter. I could lose my job, which would mean I'd lose my work visa. My daughter could get drawn in somehow... especially since Olivia apparently knew her.

Was the risk worth the reward?

I sighed.

I looked at the clock.

Two minutes.

Even though I hadn't decided, I already felt my fingers typing.

**Sarah:** *I'm your pet, Mistress!*

I didn't press send.

I stared at my words.

I desperately wanted to be a pet.

I needed someone to guide me in my submissive journey.

Yet, did it have to be someone who knew my daughter?

The answer, I realized as I pressed send, was yes.

I stared waiting for a response back.

I waited five minutes.

Ten minutes.

Thirty minutes.

Then finally, as I sat on pins and needles, she responded.

**Olivia:** *Good decision, slut. Are you still in your daughter's panties?*

**Sarah:** *Yes, Mistress.*

**Olivia:** *Come in them.*

**Sarah:** *Yes, Mistress.*

And without hesitation, I rubbed myself.

Making the decision, giving my life to her, the weight of the world was off my shoulders. By being bound to a Mistress, I felt free. I know that sounds absurd and it probably is, but that is how I felt.

Light.

I rubbed my pussy through my daughter's panties, quickly mixing rubbing with slapping my clit and my orgasm built quickly.

**Olivia:** *Come like the Mommy slut you are.*

**Olivia:** *Come in your daughter's panties.*

**Olivia:** *Come and you are my submissive slut forever.*

That was all it took. I erupted, flooding my cum into my daughter's panties.

**Sarah:** *I came, Mistress.*

**Olivia:** *And what are you?*

**Sarah:** *Your submissive slut.*

**Olivia:** *Now go and return Victoria's panties to her drawer.*

I noticed her using my daughter's name for the first time and guilt hit me again, yet I was too far in to disobey now.

**Sarah:** *Yes, Mistress.*

**Olivia:** *Good slut.*

**Sarah:** *Thank you, Mistress.*

I then took the soiled panties off and put them back in her dresser drawer. When I returned there was a closeup of a ripe cunt.



**Olivia:** *Your reward for obedience, Kate. What you get to eat soon, my slut. PS: Taken at school by one of my teacher pet sluts.*

(Olivia has left chat)

My mouth watered as I stared at the most tantalizing pussy ever.

I left a message for when she was next on.

**Sarah:** *That is the most beautiful pussy I have ever seen. I pray that one day soon I can be on my knees worshipping its perfection.*

Once I sent it, I felt that my response was corny, but it was what it was.

She sent me a message that she would be in contact in a couple of days.

Then on the 11<sup>th</sup> she contacted me on chat.

**February 11, 2008 17:22:34**

**Olivia:** *You are ready for the final stage of your submission. I have created a new e-mail for you to communicate with me. It is submissivesarah. I will now start sending your missions via e-mail.*

**Sarah:** *Yes, Mistress. Thank you very much.*

**Olivia:** *Be sure to check it often, as missions may turn up at any moment. Pass these final tests and you will become my sub slave.*

**Sarah:** *I eagerly obey.*

**Olivia:** *Now go fuck your ass with one of your toys, thinking of me fucking not only you, but your daughter.*

**Sarah:** *Thank you, Mistress.*

I used my newly purchased anal vibe, I loved the vibrations in my arse, especially as I had another vibe pleasuring my clit, and closed my eyes and imagined serving Olivia: eating her cunt, getting fucked in my pussy, having my anal virginity taken... and then, as my orgasm was about to erupt, a vision of my me getting fucked in the ass while I ate out my daughter popped into my head.

I came instantly.



Sure, Olivia had implanted the idea of my daughter in my head, but until that moment the idea of incest had never occurred to me.

Yet, there it was.

I knew I was falling in too deep.

I knew I was potentially pulling my daughter in equally deep without her even knowing, although she was a lot stronger than me.

I knew there was no turning back and I would have to do all I could to balance my need of submission with protecting my daughter.

On the 13<sup>th</sup>, after I had gone to my account, she sent me my password: bimbobitch, and I received my first email from Olivia.

**From: Mistress Olivia**

**To: Slut Sarah**

**Time: 7:14 pm Wednesday February 13, 2008.**

**Subject: Valentine's Day present!**

**Your mission is to be at my house at exactly 6:00PM tomorrow. My parents will be out for Valentine's Day till 10 or so. Wear all red.**

**Mistress Olivia**

She had also included her address. Sure enough, it was in Boston and not too far from my house, but even though I was a lawyer and was paid well, she lived in a far better neighborhood than mine.

There it was... the meeting.

Face to face.

The realization of fantasy.

The real beginning of my submissive renewal.

It was one thing to play online, but this was a whole new level of submission and risk.

Yet, my cunt gushed out of me and onto my chair... the hazard of no panties.

It took me a whopping three minutes to commit.

**From: Slut Sarah**

**To: Mistress Olivia**

**Time: 7:17 pm Wednesday February 13, 2008.**

**Subject: Re: Valentine's Day present.**

**I will be there.**

**Your hopeful servant.**

I decided to not touch myself... to save myself for her, as silly as that sounded, until I was at her place.

Surreal... I was saving myself for an eighteen-year-old girl.

Fuck, I really had fallen in deep.

.....

That afternoon as I walked downstairs in my red outfit as ordered by my Mistress, Victoria asked, "You have a date?"

"Don't act so surprised," I joked.

"I am surprised, I thought you were considering joining a nunnery," she joked right back.

"Brat," I said.

"So who is he?" she asked.

"Someone from work," I lied.

"Well, he must be special if you're dressed like that," she said, looking me over.

"Like what?" I asked, even though I knew exactly how good I looked, hopefully good enough to get fucked.

"Like someone looking to get laid," she answered, surprising me.

"Victoria!" I gasped, not what I would expect her to say.

"Mom, I'm eighteen, I know about sex," she said.

"You stay a virgin until marriage and even then only to get me a grandchild," I smiled.

She laughed, then asked, "Do you want me to be a lesbian then?"

I shrugged, "It's the 21<sup>st</sup> century, you can be one if you want to."

This seemed to surprise her. She asked, "What? No grandchildren?"

"Oh you can still have them," I said, definitely wanting grandchildren.

"You're acting differently lately, Mom," she said.

"I'm finally finding myself here," I said, not going any deeper into what I had found.

"Well, that's great," she nodded, "you deserve to be treated well."

"Thank you, honey," I smiled, appreciating her words.

I gave her a hug and she joked, "Now don't you be out all night young lady, you have work tomorrow."