

# CATCHING MOMMY: WIN WIN FOR ALL

***silkstockingslover***

*Teen seductresses Victoria and Olivia team up to Domme all.*

Incest/Taboo

4.67

5.5k words

**WARNING:** *This is one of three alternate endings to the Catching Mommy saga. You can also read **Catching Mommy: Olivia Wins (for the TEAM OLIVIA fans)** and **Catching Mommy: Victoria Wins (for the TEAM VICTORIA fans)**.*

**Note 1:** *A great, big, super thanks goes to **MAB7991, Robert and Goamz86** for their 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. Part 5 is the highest rated of the series and with over 275 comments is my most commented on story. The debate of Victoria or Olivia has warmed my heart and pussy, surprised me greatly and pushed me to write an epic story that both is erotic and keeps you guessing...an erotic thriller of sorts. Part 6 disappointed some because I didn't end the series as promised..well here is the ending (or endings if you choose to read all three) and I feel I came up with three fun, sexy and fulfilling endings to this crazy series.*

**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), dogging (which is public outdoor sex), fancy (which is a way to say I like you).*

**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.

**Part 5: Housewife Lesbians:** Victoria is betrayed by her mother; Victoria briefly weakens when confronted at school by Olivia; Victoria learns her best friend is also a submissive plaything to Olivia; after seeing her mother again dominated by her nemesis, Victoria seeks revenge by videotaping Olivia's mother and another MILF in very compromising positions.

**Part 6: Protecting Slut-Mom:** Victoria forces her mother to make a choice; Victoria party crashes Olivia's father's birthday supper with erotic and surprising results; Olivia is briefly made speechless; a MILF sub is gangbanged at a frat house in front of many; Olivia and Victoria meet face to face both confident they can turn the other.

**And now...finally... the exciting conclusion(s) of Catching Mommy: Win Win For All.**

I walked into Becka's house and announced, "I'm here bitch."

"Please come in," Olivia said, her tone surprisingly polite, instantly catching me off guard.

I walked into the living room and was surprised to see there was only Katrina, Becka and Olivia there. Katrina and Becka were sitting on one couch, while Olivia had the other to herself. They were watching the Real Housewives of Beverly Hills, which seemed just about right. Olivia said, looking at Becka and Katrina, "You two, go pick up a pizza."

"What kind, Mistress?" Becka asked.

"What do you like on your pizza?" Olivia asked me.

"I don't really plan to stay long enough to eat," I said, still glaring at her.

"Well, in case you are still here, what kind?" Olivia asked.

Becka answered for me, "She likes cheese pizza."

"Good. Get two pizzas, the usual and a cheese," Olivia ordered, in her usual bossy persona.

"Of course, Mistress," Becka nodded. Katrina looked confused at being sent away, but like the follower she was, she just obeyed.

Once they were gone, Olivia stood up and walked to me. She said, "I am actually very impressed by you, Victoria."

I was taken aback by her soft tone and what seemed to be a compliment. Yet, I knew her well enough to know that such niceness was most likely a part of some devious plan. "How so?" I asked, waiting for the attack or insult.

"You played the game very well," Olivia said.

"The game?" I questioned.

"This has all been a game, every seduction is," she continued.

"It didn't feel like a game to me," I countered, annoyed by her flippant attitude to all the life changing impacts she had on others.

"You are a lot stronger than I anticipated," she continued.

"You mean I didn't drop to my knees and beg to please you like some slutty bimbo?" I sarcastically replied.

"Truthfully, yes," Olivia smiled, softly. "I am used to getting my way."

"I can see that," I replied.

"But you," she said, "you were strong enough to resist my full-scale assault."

"I have a mind of my own," I said.

"So I've learned, which is why I have such a new found respect for you," Olivia continued the unexpected flattery.

"You respect me?" I questioned, surprised and yet still not trusting her.

"More than you could ever know," Olivia answered. Suddenly she looked slightly nervous. After a brief pause, she revealed, "The whole seduction of your mom was to get to you."

"Really? Why?" I asked.

"Yet, instead of being drawn into the web I had woven, you counter-punched by blackmailing my mother," she continued, before adding, with a rueful smile, "which was an impressive play, by the way."

"I didn't realize I was playing a game, I was trying to protect my mother," I explained.

"Which is even more impressive," Olivia said.

"How?" I asked, confused by this whole conversation.

"Because I finally found someone who is my equal," Olivia said.

"Pardon?" I asked, still sensing some grand scheme to this strange sincerity.

"I will be honest," Olivia said. "I seduced and dominated your mom to get to you."

"Why?" I asked again.

"Well you were pretentious, didn't follow the school's social hierarchy and you were a threat to me," Olivia admitted.

"I was a threat to you?" I scoffed. "You run the school and I knew that before I learned of your submissive lesbian following."

"Yes, but you didn't care and that pissed me off at first. Thus when the opportunity presented itself to train your mom, I saw a bigger opportunity," Olivia admitted.

"To get to me?" I asked.

"Yes, to put you in your place," Olivia admitted. "But the longer the game was played, the more I respected you and after our confrontation tonight at the frat house, I was sure of it."

"Sure of what?" I asked, this implied innuendo driving me nuts.

"That you are my equal," Olivia repeated, before adding, "and together we can be way more powerful than either of us can be alone."

"You're serious?" I asked, cautiously intrigued yet still not buying it completely.

"Is this serious?" She asked as she leaned forward and kissed me.

At first I froze, stunned by the way this supposed confrontation had transpired, but her lips were so soft, her kiss so tender, that my defenses weakened and I began to tentatively return the kiss. At first it was tentative, yet the longer the kiss lasted the more aggressive and passionate it became. It was me, who first began to explore her mouth, but she quickly replicated my sudden aggressiveness and soon our tongues were dancing in each other's mouth.

Finally, I broke the kiss, my mind a muddled mess of 'what the fuck'. I asked, looking into her hypnotic eyes, "you want a partnership?"

"Actually," she said, taking a deep breath and looking completely nervous, quite the opposite of her usual confident aggressive nature. "I want a relationship," she finally said.

I was floored. I didn't know what to say. Finally, I asked, "Like girlfriend and girlfriend?"

"Yes," she said. She actually reminded me at that moment of Julia Roberts in that great American movie filmed in London 'Notting Hill' when she tries to tell Hugh Grant she loves him.

"Like walking down the hallway at school holding hands?" I asked, knowing she would never risk her popularity.

"If you want," she said, "although I'd rather keep it between us and our pets. No reason causing a stir at school. Plus I do like a nice cock once and a while."

"I don't believe it," I said, still unable to fathom her suggestion.

"Let me prove it to you," Olivia said, taking my hand and leading me to a couch. "Sit down," she ordered.

I did, not out of obedience, but out of intrigue.

"Pull out your phone," she said.

I reached for my phone and pulled it out as she dropped to her knees in front of me.

"Take pictures while I massage your feet, suck on your toes through your nylons and, if you allow me, lick your cunt," Olivia said, as she lifted up my foot and took off my right heel.

In a million years, even if I had a trillion fantasies, none would have started like this. Yet, as it happened live in front of me, my cunt burned with intensity and need. I watched, transfixed with Olivia's beauty as she began to massage my foot.

"Take pictures, Victoria," Olivia said. "As many as you like. I want you to have blackmail evidence on me to show you I am serious."

I began taking pictures as she ever so gently massaged my calf, ankle, sole and toes. As she leaned forward to suck on my toes, I switched to video and filmed my arch enemy, my mother's mistress, pleasuring my foot. "Have you ever been submissive before?" I asked.

"I've never even been on my knees," she answered, looking straight into the camera, before adding, "but for you Victoria, I will do anything."

"Anything?" I asked, the word so expansive it was impossible to be true.

"Ask away," she said as she moved to my other foot and replicated the dedicated attention to my foot.

"Have you had anal sex?" I asked.

"Yes, my dad's business partner took it a couple months ago at a retreat after catching his wife eating my cunt," Olivia admitted, knowing full well she was still on camera.

"Did you enjoy it?" I asked.

"Hurt like hell at first, but once I made his bitch wife lick my cunt it began feeling okay, then good and then amazing," Olivia answered, as she massaged the sole of my foot, licking the sweat off the silky nylon.

"Ever fucked yourself with fruits or vegetables?" I asked.

"Can't say I have, I usually have a girl eagerly willing to get me off whether I am at home, work or school," she answered.

"You get eaten out at school?" I asked.

"Every day," She said, sliding her tongue from the bottom of my heel up to my toes.

"By who?" I asked, curious as hell, before adding, "besides Becka."

"Oh, there are a few," Olivia smiled playfully, as she bit my toe through the nylon.

"Tell me," I ordered, my voice stern.

"Do you trust me?" She asked, looking up at me.

"I am beginning to," I admitted, her worshipping of my feet both sweet and erotic.

"To show I trust you, I will tell you their names," Olivia said. "If you decide to work with me they will be your pets too,"

The idea of a bunch of high school girls doing as I told them was an instant turn on, a plethora of attractive girls, cute nerds and stuck-up bitches popping into my head.

She sucked on a toe and then revealed a name. "Amber Kennedy."

Amber was the daughter of our state senator and mostly kept to herself; she had run for school president and won. She always wore business skirts and always wore her hair back. She was an intriguing seduction. "That must be a good story."

"Oh it is," she smiled, before adding, "Mrs. Baker," before sucking my second toe between her lips.

Mrs. Baker was our school councillor and about as nerdy as a teacher comes, but in a cute way. Yet, the fact that Olivia even had a teacher submissive only enhanced the appeal of joining up with her.

Before moving to my middle toe, she continued her list of submissive pets, "My most recent is my mother. Thanks by the way."

"Pardon?" I asked, surprised by this one.

"After you left, I made her serve me and tell me the whole story of how she submitted to you," Olivia answered.

"Didn't your dad wonder where you two were for so long?"

"He has long ago given up on understanding women," she shrugged, spending extra time on my middle toe.

"All men should do that," I joked.

"Agreed," Olivia said moving to my fourth toe. "Tabitha Pollington."

Tabitha was yet another surprise. She was the star of our girls' basketball team, and was dating Ethan James, the star of the boy's team, and she was black, not that there is anything wrong with that. A mixture of Beyonce and Halle Berry she was one of the most beautiful girls I had ever seen...in real life or in pictures.

"She was the second hardest to break after you," Olivia said.

"I was never broken," I pointed out.

"True enough," she smiled. "But once I broke past her hard exterior she became the most submissive little slave I have ever had, including your mother."

"Wow, I want to hear that story some day," I said.

"You can hear her tell you herself if you wish. She is your slave, too, now," Olivia said. "By the way, she likes being called slave."

Although that seemed racist, the thought of having Tabitha, one of the hottest girls I have ever seen in real life as my slave, made my cunt tingle.

Finally, reaching my pinkie toe, she left the biggest surprise for last, "Miss Watkins."

I gasped. Miss Watkins was a first year English teacher who I had befriended because she too was from England. She was a very attractive woman and all the boys drool over her and her very European fashion sense.

"Plus, after getting her, I knew I had to have you too. The accent itself is a major turn-on," Olivia admitted, as she moved between my legs and asked, looking straight at my phone which was still filming, "Want to film me eating your cunt?"

Suddenly deciding to get the most out of Olivia's surprise submission, I ordered, as I opened my legs to showcase my cunt, "Beg, Olivia, beg to pleasure me."

Olivia didn't hesitate, which made all her earlier promises and suggestions suddenly believable, as she responded, "Victoria, may I eat that sweet cunt of yours?"

"Would that be good enough begging, if those were your pet's words to you?" I questioned, wanting to see if I could push her further.

Olivia smiled, "You really are a devious one." She kissed my inner thigh before looking up and saying, "Mistress Victoria, can your eager bitch, hungry cunt-licker earn your trust by eating that cunt of yours until you come all over my face?"

This declaration turned me on and I stood up, slid out of my leather skirt before sitting back down and offering her my wet cunt.

"Crotchless pantyhose, hmmm," Olivia purred.

I grabbed her head and pulled her into my wetness. It was obvious, as she tentatively licked my cunt, it was not something she had done much. Her style was awkward and all over the place, yet she made up for it with her eagerness. I asked, after a few minutes of her licking me, "You don't do this much, do you?"

Looking up at me, her lips shining with my wetness, she said, "This is only the third time I have ever eaten a pussy. I have learned that to keep your pets in their rightful place it must be a one way street."

"Who have you eaten?" I asked.

"No one you know, truthfully," she said, looking sad.

I put my phone down and demanded, "Tell me."

"The first was just a camp councillor last summer, but while in Europe at Christmas I met a girl from England named Meredith and," she said, showing a sensitivity and emotion I had never seen in her before, "I fell hard."

"You have a thing for English women," I asked.

"That I do," she smiled, moving up and kissing me again. I could taste my own pussy juice on her lips just as the front door opened. Not moving away, she asked, "Are you in?"

"Definitely," I smiled, "plus, I need you to finish what you started," pushing her shoulders down and back between my legs.

Olivia buried her head in my pussy just as her two submissives came into the room and froze on the spot at seeing us in such an act.

Katrina gasped and said, glaring at me, "What is going on here?"

"Isn't it obvious, Olivia is eating my cunt," I answered adding, "you really are not all that bright are you?"

"You fucking bitch," Katrina snapped back.

Olivia moved out from between my legs and ordered, "Slut, get on your knees now."

Becka, holding the pizza, dropped to her knees, while Katrina looked at her, bewildered by what she was witnessing.

"No, not you Becka, the other slut," Olivia said, her firm don't-fuck-with-me glare, now aimed directly at Katrina...the same glare that had been aimed at me just a couple of hours ago. Was it really two hours ago that I was watching my mom get gangbanged at a frat house? Two hours since Olivia and I were face to face challenging each other like in the old west. Yet, now, Olivia, my enemy and my mom's mistress, was licking my pussy and trying to recruit me to join her.

"You're not serious?" Katrina said, her tone as sour as vinegar.

"Do I ever joke about discipline?" Olivia asked.

Katrina glared at me and then reluctantly lowered herself to the floor.

"Good choice. Now crawl between your new Mistress's legs and finish what I started," Olivia ordered.

I opened my legs wide and added, "Yes, my little cheerleading bitch, come serve your new Mistress."

Katrina was furious and she looked over to Olivia one more time, as if hoping this was some kind of sick, twisted joke.

"Starting now, Victoria is my girlfriend and everything that is mine is now hers, too. Is that clear, my pets?"

Becka instantly agreed, "Of course."

Katrina still couldn't believe what she was hearing. Olivia repeated, her tone clearly showing her annoyance, "Is that fucking clear?"

"Y-y-yes," Katrina stuttered, her eyes big with sudden fear.

"Now get your ass between Mistress Victoria's legs and beg to serve her," Olivia sternly ordered. "Becka, go get us some plates for the pizza."

Becka nodded as she went to the kitchen while Katrina began the crawl of shame. It was easily the most satisfying moment so far, watching this bitch submit to me. Reaching me, I ordered, "Beg to pleasure me."

Katrina's glare seemed frozen on her face as she begrudgingly said, "May I please lick your cunt?"

Olivia slapped her ass and ordered, "Obey her with respect or you will be punished."

Again Katrina's eyes went big and I was instantly curious what kind of punishments Olivia had handed out to disobedient pets, besides the ones I already knew about that she'd given to my mother.

"S-s-sorry Mistress," Katrina stuttered looking back at Olivia, before turning to me and begging with much more conviction, "Mistress Victoria, please may your new slutty bitch serve you?"

"Better," I smiled, snapping my fingers and pointing to my cunt.

She crawled the last few inches and buried her face in my very needy, wet cunt.

Olivia said, "She is pretty good at it. Despite her strong exterior, she is quite submissive."

Becka brought out the plates and served us pizza and poured us drinks.

"Thank you Becka," I said, as Becka handed me my plate.

"You're welcome, Mistress," Becka nodded.

"Becka, to you I am just Victoria," I clarified.

She smiled, "Sounds good."

"Of course, I hope to still have you between my legs and me between yours," I added, smiling.

"I look forward to that," Becka said, before serving pizza to Olivia.

I ate pizza, while Katrina ate me. While eating, I asked Olivia, "Is slut Katrina an arse slut?"

"No, I believe she is an arse virgin," Olivia said, before adding, "isn't that right, slut?"

Hearing Olivia say arse was fucking hot and only enhanced the excitement of the evening.

Katrina looked up and said, her eyes showing her fear of my intent, "Yes, Mistresses."

"Should we change that?" I asked, looking at Katrina.

"Please no, I will obey all your orders," Katrina pleaded.

"I was asking Olivia, not you, cunt-licker," I said coldly, grabbing her hair and pulling her roughly back to the task at hand.

"She has shown signs of forgetting her place," Olivia said.

"And greatly disrespected me today, and almost every day since I moved here," I added.

"Becka, go get your toy box," Olivia instructed.

"You have a toy box, Becka?" I asked.

"Of course," she said.

"Shit Becka to think all the times I was over here and instead of doing homework or watching movies, we could have been playing with your toy box," I said. "I'm not impressed, Becka."

"I promise to make it up to you," Becka said, as she winked and left the room.

My own orgasm rising, Katrina a lot better at eating cunt than Olivia, I held the back of her head and began rubbing my cunt up and down all over her face...trying to humiliate her even more by fucking her face like the cheap slut she was.

Just as Becka returned with a box of toys, I came hard, covering Katrina's face.

Finally letting go of Katrina's head a minute later, as Becka pulled out a strap-on cock, I said, "We finally found something you are actually good at, slut."

"Thank you, Mistress," Katrina replied. I think being civil to avoid the threat that her ass was going to get fucked.

I stood up and Olivia handed me the strap-on cock that Becka had just given her.

"For me?" I asked.

"Allow it to be my one hour anniversary gift to you, Katrina's arse," Olivia said.

I looked into her eyes and said, "It is a great gift and exactly what I wanted." I leaned in and kissed her.

Katrina pleaded, "Please not my ass. I'll do anything."

"Shut up, or we will do it without lube," Olivia threatened. "Becka get our new arse slut ready for her sodomy."

Becka nodded, "Of course, Mistress," and reached into the box for an absurdly large bottle of lube.

Olivia helped me with the strap-on cock before whispering in my ear, "Fuck the shit out of her."

"Oh, that's the plan," I nodded, as she nibbled playfully on my ear.

"Finger her arse, Becka. Get her slut arse ready for my big plastic cock," I requested.

Becka nodded and slid not one, but two fingers in Katrina's ass.

"Ooooooh," Katrina groaned, as Becka filled her arse with her fingers and began slowly finger fucking her.

Olivia continued teasing my ear, as she whispered, "I can't wait to go seduce and dominate straight mummies, bitchy teachers, and innocent nerds with you."

"Hmmmm, so many potential submissives, so little time," I joked.

Turning me around and looking into my eyes, "We have all the time in the world Victoria. I mean it, I want you and I want to be more than just tag team Mistresses, I want a relationship."

"Who wears the pants?" I asked, smiling.

"Neither of us," she laughed. "We both always wear skirts and stockings, of course."

"Great minds think alike," I said, kissing her again.

"Now go and use your present," Olivia said.

I moved behind Katrina who was still kneeling from when she was between my legs. "Get your arse up on the couch," I instructed, with a firm slap.

She obeyed, surprisingly without any glare. I flipped up her skirt, put my hands on her hips and rubbed my plastic cock between her cheeks. I could tell she was tense as Becka coated my plastic cock with extra lube.

"Ready, slut?" I asked, my cockhead at her rosebud.

"I-I-I guess," she stuttered, clearly dreading what was about to happen to her, but accepting the reality.

"Beg me to take your arse and be believable or your punishment will be a train of the chess club taking turns depositing a load in your arse," I threatened.

"Good one," Olivia said. "Why didn't I think of those virgins?"

Katrina begged, suddenly realizing I was just as strong and twisted as Olivia, "Mistress Victoria please take my anal virginity. Destroy my ass with your big cock and teach me my place as your ass slut."

"Just like your mother," I added, impressed by her response.

"Yeeeeeeeeeees," she screamed, as I began pushing forward and widening her tight arse.

As I watched the cock disappear into her arse, I smiled widely with great satisfaction at making this bitch pay. I had wanted to crush Olivia, but now, after her declaration I was confused. Reflecting back now, there is no doubt I found her attractive. My cunt got wet whenever we had confrontations and if it wasn't for trying to protect my mother, I have no idea if I could have resisted her aggressive advances.

Yet, now she was my girlfriend. I had never wanted a girlfriend, but now that I apparently had one, I was giddy with excitement. Not for sex, although I was sure that would be great, especially once I gave her enough training licking my cunt, but of something more. I couldn't explain it, but as I glanced back at Olivia, who was watching, I knew this was the beginning of something special.

The cock filled Katrina's arse as she squealed like a pig going to slaughter the whole time. "You loved humiliating my mom and I've got to say that making yours my slut was a lot of fun."

"Fuuuuuck you," she said through gritted teeth.

"Oh no, no, fuck you," I said, pulling back and slamming hard into her arse.

"Mother fuckerrrrrr," she screamed.

"Yes indeed, I am a mother fucker!" I laughed.

Moving behind me, Olivia added, as she wrapped her arms around me, "A mother fucking huntress."

"Hmmmmm, that would be a great reality TV show," I said, as I pounded the bitch's arse.

"It still huuuuurts," Katrina whined.

"Now you know what your words do to people," I shot back, fucking her hard and deep, fucking her like a cheap whore for every person she had humiliated.

"Tell you what," Olivia whispered, kissing my neck. "Finish your sodomy of Katrina and then let's go hit the clubs."

"I'm eighteen," I pointed out, as I continued slamming into Katrina as Olivia's hands roamed over me.

"So am I," Olivia pointed out, "but I know the owner."

"Let me guess she is a pet of yours," I guessed.

"I don't Domme and tell," she teased, squeezing my tits.

"You better, I want all the dirty details of how you got your sluts," I said. "Like how long has this slut been yours?"

"Fuck, she was my first," Olivia said. "I just grabbed her head and shoved it in my cunt after school one day when she was at my place. She didn't even hesitate as she told me how much she loved me, didn't you slut?"

"Yes, Mistreeeeeeess, I have always loved yooooou," she replied, her screams of pain slowly shifting to pleasure.

"Do you like your new position as an arse slut?" I asked.

"I don't knooooow," she answered, still trying to understand why her body was beginning to feel pleasure.

Olivia added, "From now on you're only allowed to come when you have a cock in your ass, is that understood?"

"Please, nooooo," she begged.

"Gangbang?" Olivia questioned.

"Sooooorry, I'm your ass slut," Katrina quickly changed her plea, knowing Olivia wasn't bluffing.

"Good, now fucking come so Victoria and I can go Mommy hunting," Olivia demanded.

Becka, without instruction, joined the sex scene, awkwardly moving under my legs and sliding up to lick Katrina's cunt.

"Oh yes, yes, suck my cunt," Katrina begged, Becka's tongue obviously bringing a new pleasure to her.

"And what about your arse?" I asked.

"Oh yes, Mistress Victoria, fuck my arse, slam that big cock in my ass," she demanded, her breathing telling us she was getting close.

After a few more deep strokes, deciding to humiliate her more, I pulled out, and began to take off the strap-on.

"No, I'm so clooooooose," she whined.

"Close to coming getting your arse reamed?" I questioned.

"Yes, dammit," she replied, clearly frustrated at not being allowed to come.

"On your back, slut," I instructed, the strap-on cock now in my hand.

She quickly obeyed, her desperate need to come over taking her.

I handed her the cock and ordered, "Fuck your arse to orgasm."

Taking the cock, as I pulled out my phone, she shoved it into her arse and began fucking herself.

"Tell me what you are, slut?" I demanded.

"An ass sluuuuut," she answered back, still not aware her declaration was being filmed by me.

"Who owns your slutty mouth, cunt and arse?" I continued, revelling in the complete domination of Katrina.

"Mistress Olivia...and...Mistress Victoria," she answered, as she filled her arse with the toy.

"You may rub that slut box too," I said, wanting to catch it all on film.

"Thank yooooou, Mistress," she moaned as her free hand went directly to her cunt and began to frantically frig herself.

"Come, you stupid slut," I demanded.

"Come, you submissive slave," Olivia chimed in.

Surprising us both Becka added, "You fucking ass slut." She looked at us and shrugged, "Well, she is." We broke into laughter and were still giggling when Katrina finally reached anal euphoria.

"Oh God, oh, oh, oh, fuuuuck, shiiiiit, yeeeees," Katrina screamed as she reached orgasm.

I filmed the entire orgasm before Olivia said, "Becka, Katrina is to be your slut for the rest of the night."

"Oh thank you, thank you, thank you, Mistress Olivia!" Becka said all giddy with enthusiasm, "I have always wanted my own cheerleader slut."

I added, "Well, she is yours for the rest of the year."

"Oh, thank you, Mistress Victoria," Becka said, moving to a still trembling Katrina and ordering, "Crawl to my bedroom, slut."

"Yes, Mistress," a defeated Katrina said weakly, moving to the floor and beginning to crawl behind Becka.

"So, want to go hunting?" Olivia asked.

"How about we start tomorrow," I said, moving to her. "Tonight I want to explore my girlfriend's body...inside and out."

"Oh my," Olivia said, as I leaned in and we started snogging.

**Epilogue:**

That night, Olivia and I spent an eternity exploring each other's bodies, eventually ending in a long 69 marathon.

Although we kept our relationship a secret at school, we added a dozen students, two teachers, and our vice-principal, along with another dozen or more straight MILF's... the MILF seductions the most exciting.

Now heading off to college, we have quit pretending to be straight and plan to be pledges at the most popular sorority at college and once in...well...so many sorority sisters and so little time.

## **THE END of WIN WIN FOR ALL...**

### ***AUTHOR'S FINAL NOTE:***

*This story was a lot of fun to write. But as Team Victoria and Team Olivia camps began to form the pressure to write a great ending was slightly overwhelming. That said, I think, I hope, I did so with the three alternate endings.*

*So please comment on which of the three alternate endings you liked the best (on the assumption you liked one the best):*

*Catching Mommy: Olivia Wins*

*Catching Mommy: Victoria Wins*

*Lastly, thanks for supporting this and all my other stories through your comments, e-mails and votes.*

***Jasmine February 2014***