

LIKE MOMMY, LIKE DAUGHTER

silkstockingslover

MILF's ex-Mistress comes to claim her submissive & daughter.

Incest/Taboo

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SUMMARY: MILF's ex-Mistress comes to claim her submissive & daughter.

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LIKE MOMMY, LIKE DAUGHTER

1. SOMEBODY THAT I USED TO SERVE

Sandra didn't recognize the number on the cell, but she answered it anyway. "Hello?"

"Hi, slut, isn't today your daughter's eighteenth birthday?"

In one instant everything changed. Sandra had spent the last eighteen years protecting her daughter from her dark nasty past, from the dominant woman on the phone, but in the blink of an eye everything had caught up with her.

Sandra stammered, still praying she was wrong, "M-M-Mariah, is that you?"

"Shouldn't it still be *Mistress* Mariah to you, my long-lost slut?" the voice on the phone corrected her abruptly. Even over the phone her tone rattled Sandra, bringing back emotions from times long buried.

I mustn't give her that! But... Sandra looked around to make sure her daughter wasn't nearby before whispering, "Hi, Mistress Mariah."

Sandra hadn't seen Mariah in just under eighteen years. Sandra had known she had to break free from the life-controlling power Mariah had exercised over her throughout her college years. The power that had reached its pinnacle when Sandra, eight months pregnant, while bound and being fucked in the ass by Mariah's big strap-on, had promised Mariah that she would give her Mistress full control of the daughter she was going to give birth to. It was a ridiculous promise, but Sandra had been a completely obedient sub back then. She would do anything to please her Mistress... ANYTHING. Christ, Sandra had even gotten pregnant at a sperm bank a month after Mariah had learned she was pregnant, just so they could raise their children together. It was ridiculous, so one night, Sandra fearing for the future of her soon-to-be-born child, just up and disappeared, created a new identity for herself and her child in another country... Canada.

"Hi, slut. Miss me?" Mariah asked, her tone playful. Well, playful in the way a cat is with a mouse.

Sandra thought to herself how much she hated her past reliance on Mariah for all her sexual needs and the humiliation that always went with it all those years ago.

Plus, the true reality that she had denied all these years which was she hadn't remotely been sexually fulfilled since those wild submissive days when she a mindless slave to her college roommate.

"What, slut? The thought of my pussy got you tongue tied?" Mariah snapped sarcastically.

"Sorry, I'm just really surprised to hear from you." Sandra said, her head spinning with all the potential threats to her orderly life that flooded into her thoughts with this phone call, even as her pussy dampened uncontrollably.

Sandra flashed back:

Images of being on my knees between Mariah's legs while my Mistress wrote essays, while she watched TV and even once under a crowded table at a charity fund raiser meeting, flooding back to my mind and to my cunt.

"Well, I suppose your surprise is understandable since you did run away from me," Mariah pointed out, not condoning but stating a fact.

"I had to," Sandra replied, determined to be strong.

Sandra flashed back:

Mariah telling me how her child would eventually become my Mistress when she was old enough, (she knew she was having a girl), while she would become my daughter's Mistress (I too had learned I was going to have a girl).

"Why?" Mariah asked, although her tone implied she knew.

"To protect Kelly," Sandra replied, still determined to stand strong.

"From what?" the Mistress asked, innocently.

"From becoming like me," Sandra admitted.

Sandra flashed back:

To my freshman year, much of which I had spent sleeping and even doing homework in a dog house in my own room while training to be Mariah's perfectly obedient pet. We were living together in a rather upscale dorm, where instead of sharing just a room, we had an actual suite, with a small sitting room just off the common hallway where our desks and a sofa were, a bedroom for each of us, our own bathroom and even a small kitchenette.

"Well, that's an impossible goal," Mariah responded confidently, "Like Mother, like Daughter, it's one of the only laws of evolution that matter."

"That's absurd," Sandra replied, praying her (former? Once again?) Mistress was wrong.

Sandra flashed back to the first time she'd submitted to Mariah:

It was an absurdity that started it all. I had been watching TV in the common area with some other girls, when I returned upstairs to our suite to find Mariah waiting for me. She was standing across the room from me naked except for her ubiquitous thigh high stockings and a strap-on cock attached to her hips. I was unable to take my eyes off her firm breasts. I was still a virgin. I had dated a few boys in high school but had never gone further than giving a couple of blow jobs, which I'd hated doing. I'd even wondered if maybe deep down I wasn't gay. My late-night dreams usually included girls and since moving into the girls' dorm, those fantasies had begun including my outgoing, voluptuous, blonde, pretty, aggressive roommate Mariah. My gay curiosity was about to be satisfied by Mariah herself who smiled at me confidently and ordered, "Get naked, Sandra."

"What?" I gasped.

"Get naked, now," she demanded, her tone aggressive.

"This is absurd," I said, turning to go to my room.

"Stop, or else," Mariah threatened me.

I stopped, startled by her threatening tone and turned back to look at my roommate. "Or else what?" I asked her, nervously.

"You don't want to know," she replied ominously, her glare daring me to challenge her. I was pretty sure she knew I'd been drooling over her since we met but was too shy to do anything about it, and even though I myself wasn't sure of my sexuality, I could tell she'd already decided on my behalf that it wasn't hetero. She'd decided I was a lesbian and she was going to seduce me, and what's more, she planned to slowly but inexorably turn me into a perfect pet plaything. I felt like a deer in the headlights, frozen in place as Mariah confidently walked over to me.

"But..." I attempted to find something to say as I stood there helplessly, watching her approach.

"But nothing, unless you want this dick in your butt instead of your cunt," Mariah smirked, playing on the word but. Stepping up to me, she began to unbutton my blouse, the anticipation of what her actions portended adding to the wetness of my already damp vagina.

"No, I..." I again tried to find words to stop this, but my resolve was weakening. My roommate's full, naked breasts with their obviously hard nipples looked so appetizing, and the plastic penis poking through her skirt at my vagina had my head spinning.

"Look, Sandra," Mariah began, as she pulled off my blouse. "You are a lesbian. A submissive one. I know it and you know it. And starting right now, you will be trained to become my personal pet. I know you'll want to be a good one."

Mariah's words were absurd, but her touch had me feeling docile and weak. She unclasped my bra. "Such small titties," my seductress pointed out, not in a kind way but intended to humiliate. "You could almost be a boy."

Her criticism shamed me. I'd always felt self-conscious about my small breasts, but instead of criticizing her in return or even saying something timidly defensive about people liking my

pretty eyes or something, all I could do was stand there paralyzed as my vagina got wetter.

Already feeling resigned to becoming her pet-to-be, I allowed her to yank down my skirt, pull my panties to my ankles and aggressively bend me over the couch. I felt dazed as she rubbed the plastic cock head up and down my wet vagina until she asked, "Do you want me to fuck you, Sandra?"

All I could do was involuntarily moan, my mind a fog of conflicting emotions. Yes, in the short time since we'd met I already had a secret crush on Mariah and wanted desperately to have her approval, but I'd always been a romantic and, well, this was far from romantic.

"All you have to do Sandra, is ask me to fuck you and you are mine," Mariah promised.

The dominating eighteen-year-old's hands grasping my hips and her teasing of my virginal vagina were too much and I heard myself whimpering, "Please."

"Please what?" my temptress asked insistently, tapping her cock on my very wet pussy and its sensitive lips, almost sending me into a swoon.

"Please have sex with me," I managed, weakly.

"Don't you mean to say you want me to fuck you?" Mariah asked crudely.

I was a shy, reserved girl and wasn't much of a swearer and Mariah had previously commented on that, but my desire to lose my virginity to this forceful girl overpowered my normal morality so I begged, desperate to succumb, "Please then, fuck me, Mariah."

"You want me to shove my cock in your wet cunt you cute, submissive little slut?" Mariah asked, relishing her power as she pushed me my first few steps down a long road of lesbian domination.

Mariah's plastic cock was now poised between my virginal but eager pussy lips. I heard in my head alarm bells clamouring loudly for me to 'run', but the rest of my body was filled with an overpowering urgency for release, so instead of running I begged, "Yes, Mariah, fuck my cunt with that big cock, take my virginity."

Mariah plunged the cock deep inside her slave-to-be and my descent as her submissive slave began. It's said that you never forget your first time and that was certainly true for me, as my first was the beginning of a long transformation from sweet, shy Sandra to submissive, slut Sandra.

A part of myself I'd never known existed was awakened the moment my pussy was filled by the plastic cock. This previously undiscovered part sprang alive in a heartbeat, the sexual being that had lain dormant for the majority of my life other than the small, timid, late-night pleasures I had given myself. The real thing was so different from those experimental baby steps and so electrifying that I felt alive for the first time in my entire life. My pussy was being ravished and all I wanted was more.

Reserved Sandra was gone, horny Sandra moaned and begged, "Oh God yes, more, Mariah."

Mariah later told me she smiled as she watched her shy roommate transform in front of her eyes, knowing it was only a matter of time before she had her own live-in pet. Having been on the receiving end it came as no surprise to me when Mariah said she hadn't had the

faintest intention of making love to me, she wanted to fuck me hard, and she took great pleasure that with each forward thrust her entire body collided with mine. The slapping sounds of two bodies meeting echoed through the room, as did the increasingly loud moans of the no-longer-a-virgin Sandra. I was so overwhelmed that it felt like an out-of-body experience as the physical Sandra writhed and cried out in frantic ecstasy while my consciousness was no more than a bodiless observer.

Not surprisingly, all this time of pent-up desire soon exploded into one intense, body-numbing orgasm as I screamed, "Aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaah, I'm coming!"

I'd brought myself to orgasm before, but it was apparent I hadn't been very good at it. The orgasm that was currently riddling my body with pulses of pleasure from my head down to my toes was like nothing I'd ever experienced. The pleasure kept coming in wave after wave after wave and I can still remember almost passing out when I forgot to breathe, being so overwhelmed by the pleasure cascading through my body.

Looking back, I'm sure Mariah was smiling as she knew her pet was experiencing a newfound pleasure (and I certainly was) and knew that the first step in the lengthy training process was completed (and it certainly was). Mariah pulled out of me while I was still quivering and left the room, knowing she was leaving me wanting more and knowing when my orgasm had subsided I would be riddled with insecurity, self-doubt, shame and craving... the perfect mixture needed to manipulate me with later. And she'd been right.

And so it had begun.

"Oh, we will see how well you have protected your daughter," Mariah said, her tone so confident and foreboding, a chill went up Sandra's spine. "Now go get yourself off, slut. I know you're about to burst at the seams just from hearing your Mistress's voice."

Thankfully there was a knock at the door, even as Sandra's hand automatically moved under her sundress to her wanton pussy, beginning to obey the order without thought.

Realizing what was happening, using all her will power to prevent herself following through, knowing how easily she could fall and be right back where she'd been all those years ago, a submissive slave to Mariah.

Sandra said, "Someone is at the door, I've got to go. Please don't call me again." Before Mariah could respond, Sandra hung up and took a deep breath, using her yoga breathing to calm herself after the stressful phone call.

A second knock at the door brought her back to reality and she went to answer it.

Opening the door, Sandra froze. There she was... Mariah herself, looking just like she had all those years ago. Her blonde hair straight, her blue eyes piercing and her smile disarming.

Sandra froze and Mariah spoke, her smile smug, "Thank you for hanging up on an old friend just to answer me at the door. Are you going to invite me in or what?"

Sandra stammered, shocked to her core as all her memories of the past flooded back like a never-ending tidal wave, "W-w-what are you doing here?"

"Is that any way to greet your Mistress?" Mariah asked with a smile.

"Sssshhhh," the rattled ex-sub whispered, "my daughter is upstairs."

"Then you'd better be a good kitty and go fetch my things," the blonde bombshell ordered, pointing to her car parked at the curb. She thought to herself, assessing the black-haired sub, '*The slut looks just as cute and innocent as ever*'.

"What? Why?" Sandra asked, praying she wasn't planning on staying more than a minute or two.

"Taylor and I will be staying here for," Mariah paused for dramatic effect, "well, indefinitely."

"You can't!" Sandra gasped, terrified at the thoughts of what Mariah might do... both to her and her daughter.

The Mistress's bantering tone shifted in a heartbeat to one of menace. "Look, slut. Either you be a good sub and do as you're told or I go up there, find your daughter and make her my slut this instant."

Fear growing, as Mariah had never been one to bluff, Sandra panicked. "OK, OK, I'll get your things."

"Good girl," the Mistress smiled warmly, realizing the domme-sub relationship from years ago was going to be easier to re-establish than she'd anticipated, her harshness gone as quickly as it had arrived. Mariah said, sweet as honey, "And you must be Kelly. I've heard so much about you."

Sandra turned to see her daughter Kelly, in a t-shirt and short shorts walking away from the staircase and towards them. "Um, hi," Kelly greeted the stranger politely, her expression curious.

Mariah introduced herself warmly, "Hi, I'm Mariah, your Mom's old college roommate... I've just arrived from California down in the States, and your sweet Mom has offered to let my daughter and me stay here while we look for a place to live."

"Well it's great to meet you, ma'am," Kelly smiled warmly like she always did, not mentioning the fact that her Mom hadn't ever mentioned this roommate before, which was strange.

Her mother and she had an amazingly close mother-daughter relationship, so this lapse was totally out of character for her mom, not mentioning they were going to have house guests, or even mentioning the existence of this person.

"I'm delighted to meet you as well," Mariah replied, giving Sandra a look that said 'go get the bags', as she pulled Kelly into a hug. Sandra sighed, not wanting to leave her daughter alone with such a predator, but fearing the consequences of disobeying Mariah.

Kelly was surprised to be getting a close hug from a big-busted stranger, but had been brought up to respect her elders and just went with it.

Outside, Sandra's mouth dropped open when she saw a younger version of Mariah. Taylor was leaning against the car, dressed in a skimpy sundress that hid very little, that she must have known would have every guy in the world drooling over her and every gal calling her a slut.

Taylor looked up as Sandra approached the car. Putting the MILF in her place with her very first words, she assessed, "Well, you're cuter than I thought you'd be, slut."

Sandra gasped, shocked that this eighteen-year-old would be so disrespectful and forward. "Excuse me," she objected with self-defensive affront.

Taylor smiled, looking her over, "I think I was pretty clear. I was just assessing the merchandise."

Sandra ignored the teenager's crudeness and went to get the bags, her worries about Mariah now doubled with Taylor in the picture.

'Like Mother, Like Daughter,' Mariah had remarked on the phone just minutes ago. Taylor appeared to be another example of that truism, which was terrifying. Sandra grabbed a couple of suitcases.

As Sandra began walking back to her house, Taylor asked, "I see Mommy already has you doing her bidding, slut?"

Sandra's cheeks went red as she ignored the shot by the teenager. Back in her house, her daughter was unwrapping a present the size and shape of a garment box even as she protested, "You shouldn't have."

"You only get one eighteenth birthday," Mariah smiled, befriending her future pet, while giving a quick glance to Sandra.

Sandra put the bags down and walked over to the couch to see what Mariah thought would be an appropriate present for her eighteen-year-old.

Kelly pulled out a gorgeous gold dress. "Oh my God, it's beautiful," she gasped excitedly, amazed to receive such a nice gown.

Mariah, her smile seemingly genuine to Kelly but fake as could be to the older and wiser Sandra, who knew (but still seemed to fall for) all her tricks, asked, "Isn't prom soon?"

"Yes," Kelly squealed, realizing the dress she'd purchased for the event was now superseded by a gown far more wonderful.

"Oh, but there's more," Mariah purred.

Kelly looked back in the box and dubiously pulled out a package of mocha thigh highs which surprised her. Pantyhose were so 1980s.

Mariah pointed out. "I know, I know, pantyhose are out, but my dear, stockings are so in. Trust me, the boys will be drooling."

"Really?" Kelly asked innocently, unsure of the difference between stockings and pantyhose.

Sandra sighed to herself, recalling that Mariah's fetish was stockings.

Sandra flashed back:

For all four years of my humiliating sub life either I wore a garter belt and stockings, thigh high stockings, or crotchless pantyhose every day.

I licked Mariah's feet while she was wearing stockings practically every day when we returned from school. Since breaking free from Mariah's clutches, I hadn't worn stockings of any sort. Not once!!!

Mariah looked down at Sandra's legs, condemning her without a word before turning back to Kelly and explaining, "Trust me. Boys love stockings."

"OK, Aunt Mariah," Kelly replied, although she was skeptical.

Sandra gasped, "Aunt Mariah?"

Mariah gave her another silent look and Sandra scurried away to fetch the rest of the suitcases.

Mariah pointed out. "If you look at my legs in these dark brown, called mocha, stockings, the same as yours, you'll notice my legs come alive in them."

Kelly looked at the woman's legs and had to agree the dark color really did seem to accentuate her legs. "They do look nice," Kelly agreed.

"While if you check your Mom and her pale white legs, you can see they are less appealing. With a pair of stockings, even your mother's skinny legs would have some color and come alive," Mariah continued.

Kelly wondered if these new stockings would do the same for her.

As if reading the girl's mind, Mariah offered, "Why don't you try on the dress and stockings? You can see for yourself what stockings can do for you; plus, I want to make sure I got you the right size."

"Sure," Kelly agreed, excited to play dress up. Her mom was much more a jeans and t-shirt type, and thus Kelly had grown up wearing a similar style. For Kelly, this new look was like a Disney movie, an opportunity to play a princess. She was Cinderella and Mariah was her fairy Godmother.

Outside, Taylor had been awaiting Sandra's return and she resumed her verbal assault on the MILF she knew would soon be hers. "So Sub-Sandra, are you happy to see your Mistress again, or are you delighted?"

Sandra was mortified that the girl knew about her dark past, but she decided just to ignore her. Perhaps she would have better luck in resisting this arrogant teenager than she had when her mother was this age.

As Sandra pulled the last two suitcases out of the car, Taylor sauntered leisurely in front of her, carrying nothing except her purse. Her smile, a virtual replica of her mother's as she turned back, spoke volumes. "You know what my Mother gave me for my eighteenth birthday?"

"I have no idea," Sandra said flippantly, trying to maneuver herself around the blonde beauty, who was walking too slowly and hogging the walkway.

"Stop, slut," Taylor snapped, her tone identical to her mother's. Sandra froze in her tracks out of both shock and fear.

The young Domme's tone instantly turned soft as if speaking to a small child as she praised the older woman. "Good girl. I am hoping you won't cause me any trouble, because my birthday present was you, and I've had to wait over a month to claim my present."

"Pardon?" Sandra asked, shocked, even though she had heard what was said. Mariah had given her away as a gift. To a teenager! Her mind spun with the implications.

"Isn't it clear? Mom is going to take your daughter as her new slave, so she is giving me her old one. But instead of getting an old car for a hand-me-down like most eighteen-year-olds, I'm getting an old woman."

At forty-one Sandra felt old sometimes, but being called old by a teenager who was acting like she owned her cut rather deeply.

Yet, realizing her situation was far more dire than she'd originally thought, instead of fighting her, Sandra asked, attempting to buy herself some time without confrontation, "How is this going to work?"

"Good question, my pet," her new Mistress purred, her tone again condescending. "Well, for now we'll keep it on the down-low." She paused, her hand slyly cupping the overwhelmed woman's small breasts, before warning, "As long as you're good."

The teenage girl's hands on her long-neglected breasts set off fireworks inside Sandra and her dire situation became even worse as she felt an inner urge to submit to this girl building inside her. She heard her words before she thought them. "I'll be good."

"Awesome," Taylor said, her eighteen-year-old exuberance shining through. "I can't believe it. I have my very own slut. If you remember your training, even better!" She squeezed her new slave's breasts once more and started strutting towards her new residence.

Sandra was certain she remembered her training only too well as she watched the attractive girl leave, her shapely ass wiggling freely. She sighed, knowing she was already in way over her head. A second sigh followed before she resumed dragging in the bags of both her old and her seemingly new Mistresses.

Back in the house, Mariah was helping the sweet, innocent Kelly get her stockings on. "Now pay attention, Kelly," the seductress explained, "if you roll the stockings on like this, they'll slide easily up your leg."

Sandra arrived to see her former Mistress on her knees draping stockings on her sweet, innocent daughter.

Kelly was in awe. She watched the stocking slide up her leg and felt a strange tingle she couldn't place, as her Mom's friend's hands glided up her leg and to her upper thigh.

Mariah watched her daughter's expression and as expected, the girl's face was flushed... a sure sign the woman's attention... treating the girl like a diva... was causing her libido to warm up.

Taylor watched the scene, then turned back and whispered to Sandra, who had paused just inside the front door to stare, "By the way, make sure you offer your bedroom to my mother."

"What?" Sandra asked, "Why?"

"You really are a dense bitch," Taylor said insultingly. "To save time, of course. She'll be Mistress of this home soon, so why inconvenience her?"

Both of Kelly's stockings in place, Mariah stood, and grabbing the shy girl's hands pulled her up, purposely a bit too hard so Kelly overbalanced and stumbled into Mariah.

Kelly apologized like a nice girl would do even though it wasn't her fault. "Sorry, ma'am."

"Ma'am," Mariah roared with laughter. "I'm not a ma'am, I'm just your Aunt Mariah."

Again apologizing, Kelly said, "Sorry, Aunt Mariah."

"Good girl," Mariah replied, planting a seed in the young girl for later. Respecting Aunt Mariah was the right thing to do and earned approval.

Sandra watched the scene and knew exactly what the manipulative Mariah was doing and although she desperately wanted to stop it, she was already feeling helpless against not one, but *two* strong, overbearing personalities.

Sandra flashed back:

"You are such a good kitty, aren't you," Mariah purred.

I warmed at my Mistress's praise and meowed in return.

"Come on Kitty, get your reward," Mariah offered, opening her legs to me.

"Wow," Mariah praised the daughter dramatically, "you look absolutely ravishing."

"I do?" Kelly asked, not used to such flattery. She knew she was cute, but ravishing was not a word ever used to describe her.

"Truthfully, you remind me of a young Audrey Hepburn," Mariah added, knowing she was Sandra's favorite actress and that Kelly probably knew exactly who she was.

"Really?" Kelly asked excitedly, "I love her!"

"Well, in this dress, with these stockings, you're a stunning replica of her, except that you have more sex appeal," Mariah said, piling on the compliments.

Again Kelly was in awe with the flattery. She said, "I need to see what I look like," and disappeared up the stairs to admire herself in the full-length mirror in her bedroom.

Once gone, Mariah turned to her daughter and her ex-submissive and said, "So I assume you two have met."

Taylor said curtly, "We have, but you didn't tell me how insipid she is."

Mariah said, "Well, this is a lot for the poor thing to take in so quickly. An hour ago she had no Mistresses, now she has two."

Sandra, desperate to end this before it started ordered with conviction, "You two have got to go. I'm not going to put up with this treatment."

Mariah's smile didn't fade as she objected all sing-song, "But we just got here."

"I can't go through this again," Sandra explained.

"You can't go through what?" Mariah smiled, pushing the submissive into saying it.

"I can't be your slave again," Sandra said, her assertiveness already fading, as just admitting what she used to be had her pussy tingling even more.

Mariah walked over to Sandra, her smile never fading. "Look me in my eyes my pet, and tell me that you didn't miss me, that you didn't crave the submission and didn't fantasize about this exact moment every night since you skulked away."

Sandra had missed her submission to Mariah, more than she would ever care to admit, had craved it constantly when she was alone in her bed at night and every masturbatory fantasy she'd had over the years were flashbacks to her time as an obedient pet to Mariah. She tried to make eye contact and lie to her former Mistress, but she couldn't force any words out and instead of assertiveness, her eyes displayed only helplessness.

Mariah smiled, knowing she had her long-lost pet exactly where she wanted her. "I tell you what, my pet. If your cunt is dry, Taylor and I will leave immediately and never bother you again, and you will have protected your pretty daughter from a similar fate to the one you lived through all those years ago. On the other hand, if your cunt is as wet as I know it is, your panties damp already just from seeing me, then you will resume your role as my submissive slave, you will also accept my daughter as your new Mistress, and you will passively allow me to seduce your daughter, which deep down we both know you want to happen."

Sandra's face went beet red with shame at the options before her. Her cunt was sopping wet as eighteen years of unfulfilled sexual desires all came flooding back. If she could control her desire, like she had more or less done since Kelly was born, she could even now prevent the coup that was about to occur. Yet, even though she desperately wanted to protect her daughter, even though she had sacrificed her sexuality to that end for years already, the arrival of Mariah had trumped everything, the line between black and white had blended into confusion, even though she in no way wanted to see her daughter succumb like she herself had done.

Mortified by her weakness, Sandra whispered as Mariah slipped her hand into her shorts, "Just please leave my daughter out of this."

"You were supposed to give her to me on her eighteenth birthday," Mariah said, her fingers teasing the submissive pet's clit. "It's Princess Aurora's birthday and the fairies have arrived to take her to bed as promised."

"Aaaaah, but that was a ludicrous promise you forced on me while I was desperate to come," Sandra protested.

Mariah's self-confident smile never faded, ignoring her pet's weak protests, as her fingers rolled over Sandra's swollen clit, "Fuck, slut, you're soaking wet. What exactly is turning you on? The thought of submitting to me again, the thought of being a sub for my daughter, or the thought of my making your daughter my pet?"

Fingers penetrated her and Sandra let out a soft, uncontrollable moan. "Please, not here," she pleaded, ignoring the question.

Mariah reminded her again, "Regardless of the circumstances, you promised me your daughter a long time ago and I have come to collect."

Sandra flashed back to how she'd been coerced into offering her daughter to her Mistress:

It was two weeks after we had graduated from college, Mariah with a degree in psychology and me with one in marketing. Despite our extra-curricular activities we had both been excellent students and graduated a semester early.

We had moved off-campus into a two-bedroom apartment where we were going to live until we'd both had our babies, Mariah's expected in early March and mine about five weeks later around mid-April. But I decided not to remain until I gave birth, and instead to flee.

What prompted that decision was an event that happened when I was almost eight months pregnant.

In spite of my condition I was bound to my bed where I'd been on my knees for two hours with a vibrating egg in my cunt.

Mariah was out doing whatever she did when she left me bound, often for hours at a time. By Mariah's nefarious design, the egg had given me sexual stimulation insufficient to make me come, but plenty sufficient to drive me crazy with need.

I heard the door to the apartment open and thanked the heavens. Being bound on all fours had become a frequent motif of my submission long ago, but being in advanced pregnancy, this was way more uncomfortable and frustrating than normal.

A couple minutes later Mariah entered my room and stripped down. Grabbing a strap-on from her box of toys, she climbed onto the bed and asked, "Is my slut ready to be fucked?"

"God, yes," I whimpered, the egg in my cunt having had me on the brink of bursting for hours, and being pregnant having enhanced my already overactive sex drive.

I moaned as Mariah's fingers went to my sopping wet and leaking pussy and teased me almost, but not quite dammit, enough to make me come. "Fuck, you must really need it," she assessed.

"Yes, Mistress Mariah, I can't handle it much more," I whined in desperation.

Rubbing her cock up and down my pussy lips for lubrication and still teasing, Mariah announced, "I decided the name of your daughter today."

"What?" I asked, stunned by the declaration. *I don't even get to name my own daughter?*

"Tamara," Mariah revealed, adding, "Taylor and Tamara, don't they sound like adorable siblings?"

"I guess," I replied, trying to get my head wrapped around having no say in the naming of my own child, as the cock began to push into my ass. My ass having been thoroughly trained during my third year of slave training, it could by now easily swallow the big cock.

Although not as pleasurable as having my cunt fucked, being ass-fucked still could get me off, and with the egg already teasing my cunt, I didn't care where I was fucked, just so long as I was. I moaned from the anticipation of a cock in my ass triggering a release that I badly needed.

Mariah was in a fucking mood and began pounding me. The sight of a pregnant woman being fucked by another pregnant woman probably would have looked absurd, but all I cared about was coming.

Five minutes into this hard deep fucking I was almost there, but had been trained not to come without permission. I begged, "Mistress, please may I come?"

"All you have to do is make one promise, my pet," my Mistress said innocently.

Oh oh, I thought, this innocent tone always means trouble. "Whaaaaaaaaat?" my desperation to come made me moan.

"You have to promise me your daughter," Mariah revealed.

"Whaaaaaaaaat?" I cried out. That was a crazy request, but I really needed to come.

"You must promise to give me your daughter as my pet on her eighteenth birthday," Mariah repeated, each thrust into me going as deep as humanly possible, driving me as insane as her demand was.

"Noooooooooooo," I moaned, but as soon as I did, my Mistress stopped... her cock buried deep in my ass.

"No, what?" Mariah asked.

"No I can't do that," I answered. "That's too much to ask."

Mariah responded by giving me five quick hard deep thrusts before stopping again... her cock again buried deep in my ass. Just one more and I might have been forced over the top, permission or not, but it was only five, so I managed to hold it back.

"Oh please let me come, Mistress," I begged her, my mind in a complete fog from the hours of teasing.

"Give me your daughter," Mariah repeated, three more quick thrusts bringing me once more to the brink.

"Please, anything but that," I moaned, it taking all my will power not to come.

"Very well, I'm counting to five before I pull out of you and go to bed," Mariah threatened.

I had learned by now that my Mistress never made an idle threat. My desperate need to come clouded my judgement as I heard the countdown begin.

I tried to rationalize what such an agreement would mean, I tried to be strong to protect my unborn child, but at the count of four I heard myself offering, submitting like I always did, "She is yours Mistress, just please let me come."

Mariah getting what she wanted, replied, as she began fucking my ass again, "Then come my pet, come from your ass-fucking."

"Fuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuck," I screamed loud enough for the neighboring apartments on our floor to know exactly what was happening.

Taylor finally spoke, having enjoyed watching a master Mistress like her mother at work. "Answer the question, slut! Why are you so wet?"

Sandra stammered, the finger in her cunt distracting her as was the overwhelming desire to succumb unconditionally to Mariah like she had all those years ago, "I-I-I don't know, this is all j-j-just too much."

Taylor mocked the bewildered weak MILF. "Y-y-you don't know? What are you, f-f-five? Answer the fucking question or when your daughter gets back down here she'll witness you between my legs."

Petrified that Taylor wasn't bluffing, she admitted, "All of them, dammit."

"See that wasn't do hard now, was it?" Mariah whispered, her finger still roaming inside the humiliated sub.

Hearing footsteps, Mariah quickly pulled out her finger and put it to her daughter's mouth, and without hesitation Taylor sucked the juice off her mother's fingers.

"Not bad for an old cunt," she whispered in Sandra's ear just as Kelly returned to the room, glowing.

"OMG!" Kelly cried out.

Sandra panicked, thinking her daughter must have witnessed the humiliating ordeal she'd just gone through.

Luckily Kelly was talking about herself. "I can't believe how different I look in this!"

Mariah, back in her seduction mode, turned and buttered the young girl up even more. "Well, you have a very natural beauty my dear, you just need to bring it out."

"I do?" Kelly asked, always being insecure about her body. Like mine, her breasts were virtually non-existent and being tall, almost six feet, she often towered above her peers, which made her a great athlete, but not cheerleader-quality eye candy for the boys.

Mariah loved how insecure the girl was, those ones were always the easiest to take control of. They desperately wanted to be wanted and needed to be needed.

Mariah continued her sugar-coated flattery. "You have hypnotic emerald green eyes, you have silky black-as-night hair, legs I would die for, and a sweet-as-pie smile that would slay any boy," she flattered, before adding the first of many subtle hints of what was to come, "or any girl, for that matter."

Kelly bathed in the compliments, but was startled by the older woman's last words. 'Girls?' the naïve sub-to-be wondered what could have prompted that statement.

Mariah shrugged, "Well according to my daughter Taylor, if you aren't bi in 2018, you're a nobody." Before Kelly could process this startling comment, Mariah took the opportunity to introduce the two teen girls. "On that note, Kelly, this is my daughter Taylor."

Taylor's bitch facade disappeared as she greeted Kelly like a stereotypical cheerleader blonde, bubbly and fake, "Hi, Kelly, it's like a pleasure to meet you."

Kelly went to shake the girl's hand but was surprised to be pulled into a warm embrace, where the blonde's big breasts, very much like her mother's, almost knocked the wind out of her.

Mariah added, "Taylor will be joining you in school, starting tomorrow."

Kelly asked, "With only two months until graduation?"

Mariah shrugged, "Don't get me started on the events that transpired to lead us here." A quick look to Sandra was a subtle explanation.

"Well, cool, I can show you around," Kelly offered, adding, "you can be the sister I never had," unaware of the real reason these two Dommies were here.

"That would be like totally awesome," Valley Girl Taylor agreed, kissing Kelly's cheeks and agreeing, "like sisters."

Mariah suggested, already controlling the household with soft subtlety, "Why don't you take Taylor for a tour of the town while you're Mother and I get reacquainted?"

Sandra's face went pale, as conversely her cunt got wetter with the knowledge of what this 'getting reacquainted' would likely entail.

"Sure," Kelly said, "I was just about to go meet some friends for some birthday shopping therapy."

Mariah turned to Sandra and asked, "And where will we be staying, Sandra?"

Sandra glanced nervously at Taylor, whose expression warned her that there was only one acceptable answer to this question. Sandra sighed to herself before saying, "Why don't you take my room, and Taylor can have the spare bedroom in the basement?"

"Are you sure?" Mariah asked with fake sincerity, "I don't want to be a burden."

Sandra knew she planned on being a lot more than a burden, but replied cordially, acting her ass off, "Oh, no burden at all."

"Well, I can't have you sleeping on your own couch," Mariah said showing real concern. "How about Taylor and Kelly share a room?"

Kelly shrugged, "That's fine with me, my room is pretty big and I have a king-sized bed."

Mariah said, "Well then, that takes care of that. Thank you so much, Kelly." Mariah pulled her in for a breast-smashing hug of her own before the two girls went upstairs to get ready for shopping.

Sandra watched mortified, as the whole charade of respectability she'd created for her and Kelly was tumbling down like a house of cards in just a few minutes.

Now with only the Mistress and the sub remaining in the room, Mariah's expression shifted from sweet and friendly to strong and controlling. "As soon as they're gone I'm going to fuck you like you've never been fucked before, my slut."

Sandra's face went red and her cunt leaked a little. But she remained silent as no begging, pleading, threats or anything else could possibly change this appalling situation or alter what Mariah decided was inevitably going to happen. Even as she knew she still wanted to protect her daughter, she realized she was already craving the submission she had long ago left behind. Also, maybe if she was a very good sub, a perfect pet, perhaps she could convince Mariah to leave Kelly alone. It was a long shot, but it was all she had left, as she knew there was no way she could ever stand up to Mariah. That was why she had left without warning and moved to a different country, a country with six months of fucking winter, for Christ sakes.

"Now stop daydreaming of my fucking your useless box and take my things upstairs," Mariah ordered, "my suitcases are that one and that one," she pointed before disappearing into the washroom with her small travel bag.

Sandra sighed, following the order, already a servant in her own home. As she carried the suitcases upstairs she wondered how Mariah had ever found her. It wasn't because Alberta was a place that fit her lifestyle. She was a Californian, born and raised. Sandra chuckled to herself at the thought of Mariah surviving a Canadian winter. *That* wasn't something the bossy bitch could control!

Five minutes later, Kelly dressed casually for shopping, she and Taylor left, leaving Mariah and Sandra alone together for the first time in just over eighteen years.

Mariah emerged from the washroom naked except for a nine-inch strap-on that was wider than anything Sandra could recall ever taking before, and of course her trademark thigh high stockings, black this time.

Sandra stared at her former Mistress, and realized she was no longer her former Mistress, but once again her current Mistress. Her panties were so wet she could feel her juices overflowing them and leaking slightly down her leg. Her mouth watered at the thought of her lips once again sucking her Mistress's massive tits. Everything she had fought so hard to resist, never to go back to a time where her life was controlled by another, was over. She was exactly where she was before she got pregnant... an eager sub willing to do anything to please her Mistress.

Mariah walked over to the couch and sat down. Smiling devilishly she ordered, "On your knees, slut, we have a lot of fucking time to catch up on."

Sandra didn't even hesitate as she dropped to her knees, her juices leaking farther down her leg.

"How badly do you want to be fucked?" Mariah asked, sauntering over to her reclaimed pet.

Sandra wanted nothing more. In retrospect, she had to admit she'd never been happier than when she was being used by Mariah; with utter submission came utter joy, a euphoria she hadn't felt in years.

2. THE FIRST LICK IS THE SWEETEST

Sandra flashed back:

The first time I tasted Mariah's pussy was three weeks after my first surprising sexual encounter with her.

I'd been fucked by Mariah, but since then she'd acted like nothing had happened. Each day of being ignored confused me and made me feel insecure: the sex had made me think I'd found love, but ever since then I'd been rejected. What had I done wrong?

I was riddled with insecurities, even though I tried to hide them by being my usual chipper self and by focusing on my studies.

It was after midnight on a Tuesday and I was fast asleep when I was awakened by Mariah, who was naked from the waist down. She ordered me, "Wake up Sandra, I need your help."

I woke up groggily and asked her with concern, "What's wrong, Mariah? Are you OK?"

"Just follow me," she demanded, turning and leaving my bedroom.

I got up and followed my mostly naked roommate, completely confused. She sat down at her desk in our sitting room and said, "I have writer's block and need to be motivated."

"What can I do to help?" I yawned, still half asleep. There is nothing worse than being awakened less than an hour after you hit your REM cycle.

"Glad you asked, my pet," Mariah replied, and my cheeks instantly went red at being called pet. "I want you to eat my cunt. I haven't gotten off in over a week and I think I'm going through orgasm withdrawal."

***She wants me to do what?* My mouth dropped open and I stammered, "Y-y-you want me to lick your vagina?"**

"God no," Mariah responded dramatically.

"Oh good," I replied, relieved.

Mariah deflated my brief glimmer of hope when she explained, "No, I'm a grown woman, as are you. I have a pussy, or better yet, a cunt. A little girl has a vagina. Now get your ass over here and eat my cunt."

I stared at my roommate, shocked even more by the absurd request than when I'd walked in to find her nonchalantly waiting for me with a strap-on around her waist and she'd proceeded to take my virginity.

Impatient, Mariah explained, "Look, I got you off that time, the least you can do is return the favor."

Oddly, that seemed logical to me. I felt I was in love with this confident girl... I mean woman... I was shy and inexperienced and had no basis for knowing what intimate behaviour was commonplace between two women, as opposed to what might be considered outrageous.

But my inexperience raised another issue. "I guess I could try, but I've never done that before," I cautioned, hating to be bad at anything.

Mariah turned her swivel chair around, smiled and promised, "Don't worry, practice makes perfect my pet, and going forward you'll get lots and lots of practice."

The thought of pleasing my beautiful blonde roommate had my vagina, no my pussy, no my cunt, tingling.

"Well don't just stand there, my cunt isn't going to eat itself," Mariah ordered me before turning back around.

I began moving towards her but realized there was no way for me to get between her legs. Tentatively, I asked, "Um, how am I going to..."

"To eat my cunt?"

"Yes..." I answered, my emotions torn between the excitement of pleasing Mariah sending a chill up my spine even as the heat of anxiety washed over me.

"Yes, what, my pet?" Mariah asked, her impatience obvious.

I paused briefly before worrying, "How am I going to eat your cunt? How am I even going to get to it?"

Mariah rolled her chair out a bit and ordered, "Crawl underneath the desk, my pet."

I felt like an actual pet, like perhaps a dog, as I lowered myself onto the floor, and on all fours crawled under the desk. Humiliation at being treated like an animal burned inside me, which triggered a slight leakage from my pussy. *I'm getting off on being humiliated?*

Once I was under the desk and facing Mariah, she rolled her chair back, opened her legs and ordered, "Now get to work, my kitty, lick away."

I stared at my roommate's trimmed pussy, her limited patch of hair neat and tidy, unlike my own unruly thatch. I admired the prettiness of my friend's pussy and thought I too should make mine look nicer.

Mariah barked, "Stop staring at my cunt and get licking, I don't have all night."

I leaned forward a bit and extended my tongue. I'd already tasted myself on occasion and found it wasn't an unpleasant taste, but when Mariah's taste hit my taste buds it was like a switch turned on inside my brain. Her taste was the final aphrodisiac that I needed to commit solely to the task at hand. I tentatively used my tongue like a paintbrush, using slow but wide strokes between Mariah's pussy lips.

Mariah moaned lightly, which was the signal I needed to confirm I was doing OK. I'd always been a perfectionist, and if I was going to do this, I wanted to do it right. Time became irrelevant as I savoured my roommate's tangy taste. The only sounds in the room during this lengthy licking were soft moans from Mariah and the clicking of her keyboard.

Eventually Mariah told me, "You're a life-saver, my pet. My essay is done and now it's time for me to get off." Mariah rolled her chair back several feet away from where I remained under the desk. "Crawl over here, kitty."

I was ashamed that such a pet name had my pussy tingling again. However, I felt compelled to obey; I crawled over to my half-naked roommate.

Mariah reached down and ran her fingers through my hair. "You'll always be a good kitty for me, won't you my pet?"

I looked up into Mariah's aqua blue eyes, and was captivated by them. I wanted nothing more at that moment than to be the perfect pet. I replied in a timid voice, "I will always be a good pet."

"And you'll always obey me?" Mariah questioned.

I wasn't sure what such a commitment entailed, but the sweet aftertaste of Mariah's pussy had me hungry for more and I answered the way I assumed Mariah wanted me to. "Yes."

"Yes, what?"

I had no idea what was expected of me. Being from the south originally, I answered the way I would respond to an elder or a teacher. "Yes, Miss Mariah."

"Hmmmmm, not what I had in mind, but I like it," she said.

I wondered what the correct form was and was frustrated I hadn't said the right thing. I hated when I was wrong or when I disappointed someone.

Mariah asked me, "Do you want to finish what you started, kitty?"

"Yes, Miss Mariah," I answered back eagerly.

"Go ahead," she offered, opening her legs wide.

I looked at the appetizing pussy that was drawing me in, with both the tantalizing scent and the glistening shine. I crawled back between my roommate's legs and resumed licking. A few minutes later Mariah's moans began getting consistently louder, which made me assume, correctly as it turned out, that she was close. I moved upwards a bit and sucked in her swollen clit.

Mariah screamed on contact, "Holy shit you fucking dyke, don't you dare stop!"

The sudden shift from belittling endearments to abusive name calling surprised and worried me, shy as I was, but it made me more eager to please. My tongue swirled around the clit in my mouth and deciding to be aggressive, something I usually wasn't, I slid a finger into my moaning roommate's dripping wet pussy.

That did the trick as Mariah demanded, "Yes, that's perfect! Fuck my cunt, slave. Finger-fuck me hard!"

Loving the power I suddenly had over my horny and bossy roommate, I obeyed, fingering her hard and fast.

Mariah's screams hit a fevered roar as a minute later she came hard, squirting her juice all over my eager face. "Yes, slut, more, more, fuuuuuuuuck, yeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeees!"

I didn't stop as Mariah squirted a torrent of cum on my face. I bathed in the sweet stickiness, allowing it to coat both the inside and outside of my mouth even as I drank it up.

Looking up, I saw her open her eyes and look down on me, her expression one of amusement at her once shy, reserved roommate, my face soaked with cum, her cum, eagerly licking her cunt like a famished dyke. "Lick it all up, my pet. It's your reward for being such a good kitty."

I felt the warmth of pleasure course throughout my body at the reassurance I'd been a good pet and assisted Mariah in reaching orgasm.

A minute later she stood up and said, "Goodnight, Sandra," and went to bed.

I stood up, my knees aching, looking over at the clock and realizing I'd been on them for almost an hour. My pussy was on fire and I rushed into my room to fan the flames until they engulfed my entire body.

3. I WANT YOU TO FUCK ME, I NEED YOU TO FUCK ME

"Crawl to me, my kitty," Mariah ordered.

Her freshman year nickname brought back memories that warmed Sandra even more as she tentatively crawled to her old Mistress. It was odd how easily she reverted to her old mentality and

how natural crawling on her knees like a pet was. Forgetting about her daughter for the moment, her mind and body wondered why she had resisted this servitude all these years.

Reaching Mariah's stocking clad feet, Sandra awaited instruction as she used to do, often sitting on the floor like an obedient puppy waiting to be played with.

Sometimes Sandra would sit there for hours and be ignored completely, other times she was expected to massage and or clean Mariah's stocking-clad feet, other times she was commanded to lick Mariah's pussy for extended periods of time and sometimes she was fucked like the slut she had become.

Mariah looked down at her pet and asked, "Miss me?"

"I tried not to," Sandra answered, avoiding answering the question.

Mariah lifted up her left stocking-clad foot to Sandra's face. Without instruction Sandra instinctively did what was expected of her and started licking Mariah's stocking-clad sole. She could taste the sweet sweat.

Mariah explained, "The last leg of the trip here was a six-hour drive, so they may be a little extra sweaty today, my pet. Now back to the question you attempted to avoid, did you miss me?"

Sandra sighed to herself, knowing Mariah could see right through her and would know if she was lying. She took Mariah's foot in her hands and looked up. "Yes, I missed you."

"As your Mistress?" Mariah questioned.

"Yes," Sandra admitted, her pussy dampening at the thought of having a Mistress again.

"Yes, what?" Mariah questioned.

For the needy sub, the answer felt strangely good to say. "Yes, Mistress Mariah."

"Oh, you are such a good kitty," Mariah purred. "Now get back to cleaning my feet."

Sandra obeyed and the eighteen years apart suddenly seemed like mere minutes. During the next few minutes Sandra licked every inch of Mariah's feet and ended by sucking each stocking-clad toe into her mouth like the tiniest of cocks, something that had always been a turn-on for Mariah.

Mariah watched in complete satisfaction at how quickly her pet regressed to her old ways. The four years of training and conditioning were still paying off.

Mariah stood up and ordered, "Take me to your daughter's room."

Sandra begged, still on her knees, "Can we please leave my daughter out of this?"

Mariah sighed, "Are you still under the delusion you have any say in what happens?"

Tears welled up in Sandra as she tried to reason with her stone cold Mistress. "It's just that Kelly has no idea of my past, of where she came from."

"She doesn't even know that it was my idea for her to be born?" Mariah asked, adding, "if anything, she's *my* child. You're just the one who carried her."

Sandra was mortified by the obliteration of her eighteen years of parenthood.

Mariah asked, "What did you tell her about her father?"

Sandra replied, "I told her he was a one night stand when I was in college, which isn't completely a lie."

"Well, if that lets you sleep at night," Mariah said, "we will talk more about everything later. Now take me to our daughter's room, now!"

Sandra had heard that exact tone before and knew that even the slightest disobedience would result in a punishment of some sort. A punishment she couldn't risk if it ended up outing her or drawing her daughter into the twisted web.

Sandra flashed back:

The first time I disobeyed Mariah was when she tried to finger me in a crowded movie theatre, and without thinking I pushed her hand away. That was very early in our relationship, if a domme-sub hierarchy can be considered a relationship.

I came home the next day and my bedroom had been transformed. My bed was gone and replaced by a large plywood doghouse painted pink, and with the name Sandra painted in dark blue above the door. The remainder of my freshman year when I didn't sleep at the foot of Mariah's bed, I slept in my doghouse, a constant reminder of my role as a pet and of my solitary disobedience.

"May I walk?" Sandra asked.

"No, my pet, when we're alone you'll always be on all fours, just like before. Taylor and I will have to retrain our pet, she seems to have regressed from her training," Mariah critiqued, giving yet another subtle hint of what life was now going to be like for Sandra.

Sandra should have known better than to ask such a stupid question, and she winced at the thought of being trained again. She crawled to the stairs and awkwardly up them. She went to Kelly's room and waited outside, since the door was closed.

"So helpless," Mariah remarked, as she opened the door to allow her pet in.

Shame compounded shame as she crawled into her daughter's room.

Mariah ordered, "Get naked, slut."

Laying on her back like a puppy wanting to have her belly rubbed, Sandra undressed, although it must have looked absurd.

As Sandra got naked, Mariah gave her more criticism. "I can't believe how far you've regressed. You have panties on, a bra and no stockings... you must really want me to punish you."

"No," Sandra grew defensive, "it's just when I broke free of you I couldn't bear to have any reminders of the old me. I had to become the complete opposite of your pet."

"I see," Mariah mused, "well, as time permits, I will create a new list of rules for you to begin complying with, but I expect you to be in stockings at all times starting tomorrow when you go to purchase a new wardrobe, is that understood?"

"Yes, Mistress Mariah," Sandra agreed, knowing that complying with this requirement would add one more subtle, at first, layer to her submission.

Sandra flashed back to the first time she wore stockings before she was first fucked by Mariah:

"Are you really going out like that?" Mariah asked me.

"Like what?" I asked, confused. I thought I looked professional in my black skirt, white blouse and blazer.

"You're an adult now, so you should be wearing stockings," Mariah informed me, as if that was the most obvious thing in the world.

"Oh, I hate pantyhose," I told her.

"I hate getting my period, but that's just life," Mariah countered then, "wait here," going into her room. Returning, she ordered, "Sit down, Sandra."

I obeyed the order although I was confused.

Mariah fell to her knees and removed my flats. "And these shoes? You've got to be kidding me."

"I hate heels," I defended, adding, "I'm kind of clumsy."

"Well, then you need to practice wearing them until you're not. You're a woman now, not some teenager," Mariah scolded, even though we were both still teens, both turning nineteen in the first week of September. Mariah was six days older, which she would remind me about many times throughout the next four years.

Mariah rolled up a black stocking and slid it up my legs as I watched, stunned. A girl's hands, especially ones belonging to someone as pretty and sophisticated as Mariah, had me flushing with a certain excitement I tried to ignore.

"I can't wear these in public." I objected, realizing Mariah was rolling up a stocking and not pantyhose.

"You can and you will," responded a confident Mariah. "Your skirt will be long enough to hide the lace top of the stockings most of the time, and it will make you look professional at your dinner."

"But..." I began.

"No, buts," Mariah interrupted me, moving to my second leg, "I know what's best for you. Don't forget I'm older than you."

"By six days," I pointed out.

"And two hours," Mariah added.

"Actually, one hour and fifty-seven minutes if we're playing that game," I countered, my roommate's hand on my thigh.

Mariah's hands lingered on my thigh once the second stocking was on, knowing that in the near future that cunt would be hers.

Mariah told me later that she knew the first day she met her shy, southern roommate (me) that I was submissive and after a few days, she was confident I was a lesbian but just didn't know it yet.

I held my breath, my pussy getting wet just from the touch of my roommate's hand on my leg.

Mariah stood up and instructed, "Wait here."

I waited obediently even as I looked nervously at the clock. I always wanted to be at least fifteen minutes early to any event.

Mariah returned with black pumps. "Now if we had more time we'd paint your toenails, but that will have to wait for another day, and we'll also need to spend some time getting you used to real high heels."

"Real high heels?" I asked, slightly flustered. "These aren't?"

"Yes, at least three inches, preferably four or five," Mariah explained casually. I couldn't fathom even attempting to walk on such stilts. "But for tonight I'm giving you a nice simple two-inch heel."

I was protesting even as Mariah returned to her knees and started putting the shoe on her slave-to-be's foot. "I can't wear these, I'll kill myself."

Mariah laughed, "No one's ever been killed wearing two-inch heels, silly."

She slipped the second heel on me and after getting up, pulled me up. A brief wobble followed. "Now walk," Mariah ordered.

I took a deep breath and tried walking. After a few steps of awkwardness, I got used to the slight angle and height difference. I realized they made me feel more feminine and even slightly sexy.

Mariah complimented me. "Well done, Sandra, you probably could have handled the three-inch pumps."

I cautioned as I reached for my purse, "Let's take baby steps."

As I reached the door, Mariah teased, "Now don't go fucking the first hottie that notices you looking so fuckable."

I shook my head and went out the door, but my pussy tingled at the thought of Mariah, a goddess of sexuality, thinking I was fuckable.

"Crawl onto your daughter's bed, my kitty," Mariah ordered.

Sandra crawled reluctantly to her daughter's bed and onto it, assuming some sort of humiliation was coming next.

Once her pet was on the bed, Mariah instructed, "On all fours, like a good puppy."

Again Sandra obeyed, the excitement of being fucked overcoming any thought of humiliation or future consequences of disobedience.

"You're such an obedient little thing," Mariah praised, "it's hard to believe you had the guts to try living without me."

Sandra felt the cock head between her legs and zoned out to whatever Mariah was saying. Her integrity and morals put on hold, Sandra was focused on allowing herself the extreme pleasure she'd denied herself for all these years.

Mariah asked, as she teased her pet's wet fuck hole, "Do you want Mommy to fuck you?"

Sandra cringed at the question. Mariah had started requiring her pet to call her Mommy during their dual pregnancies, which enhanced the pleasure of their taboo acts.

Sandra, delirious with anticipation (eighteen years denying one's sexual needs will do that), whimpered, "Yes, Mommy, please fuck your slut."

"Did my baby miss me?" Mariah teased, allowing just the head of the cock to penetrate the eager bitch.

The eager bitch wanted to back up and swallow the cock whole, but knew she had to be a good girl and wait on Mommy's pleasure. Her answer was sincere, at least from the point of view of her body. "Yes, Mommy, baby missed you so much."

"Will baby ever leave Mommy again?" Mariah asked, the first couple inches of her plastic pleasure wand disappearing inside her pet, who was already desperate to come.

"No, Mommy, I was a bad girl, but now I'll be a good girl," Sandra whimpered. The cock inside her but not moving, was driving her crazy.

"You were a bad, *bad* widdle girl," Mariah agreed, talking to Sandra like she was a baby, as another inch disappeared inside her sub.

"I'm sorry, Mommy," Sandra apologized with a whimper, willing to say anything to be fucked like she so badly wanted.

"For promising to be a good girl, Mommy is going to let you fuck yourself," Mariah said.

Sandra didn't hesitate when permission was given, beginning to bounce her pussy back on the long, wide cock. After getting half of it inside her wanton pussy, she began moving back and forth, each backwards thrust taking a bit more in her cunt as her juices really began to flow.

Mariah chuckled, "Just like old times, my slut."

"Oh God yes," Sandra moaned, her body finally remembering the thrill of submission and the ultimate pleasure that came with it.

"Don't forget, you're not to come without permission," Mariah warned.

Sandra moaned in understanding as almost all the cock filled her long neglected pussy.

"Fuck, your box has almost taken it all, slut," Mariah announced, impressed.

Sandra flashed back to early in her sophomore year:

"Your three holes are mine to use as I please, when I please and with whom I please!" Mariah roared after I balked at the idea of a threesome with her boyfriend.

Quivering in fear, having never seen my Mistress so angry with me, I apologized profusely. "I'm so sorry, Mistress, but I thought our relationship just included you and me."

Mariah laughed, "Relationship? This is no relationship, I own you! I own your expert pussy-licking tongue, I own your cock-sucking mouth, I own your barely existent tits, I own your ass which I will fuck very soon, and I own your cunt, your pussy, your twat, your beaver, your box. Is that fucking understood?"

"Y-y-yes, Mistress Mariah," I answered, the humiliation from such a verbal barrage making my pussy wet.

Mariah, always able to read my mind smirked, her tone shifting, as she correctly recognized, "You got turned on from my declaration, didn't you?"

Looking down ashamed, I admitted, "Yes, Mistress Mariah."

"What got you all hot and heavy?" Mariah asked, genuinely curious.

"I don't know," I answered, before adding, knowing Mariah hated such a pathetic answer, "I guess it was the word 'box'."

"Interesting," Mariah pondered, adding, "But that's what it is, and a box is to be filled."

Sandra remembered how humiliated she'd felt to have her body categorized in such a way, but now all she cared about was having her box filled. She closed her eyes and after three more quick back and forth movements, she pushed back hard, her ass colliding into Mariah as all nine inches filled her. She'd had longer cocks fill her before, but none with such girth. She felt completely full and after getting used to it, she began to fuck herself hard, each backwards thrust filling her entirely.

Mariah asked, "Are you close, my pet?"

"Fuck, yes," she moaned, sweat pouring off her as she was literally fucking herself.

"And you want to come, my kitty?"

"More than anything," Sandra whimpered, her orgasm on the rise and near the point of climax.

"You may come my pet, as soon as you agree to just two simple things," Mariah teased, getting ready to set the stage for all that would follow.

"Whaaaaaat?" in near delirium, nevertheless her internal alarms began clamoring and Sandra asked, terrified by what these two so-called 'simple things' might be. She knew when it came to Mariah, nothing was ever simple, especially when they were labeled as such. The last 'simple' request had been a demand for her unborn daughter!

"One, you agree to receiving eighteen punishments that will be given to you as I see fit," Mariah revealed, grabbing Sandra's hips and making her stop fucking herself.

Sandra had been punished by Mariah many times in the past, and each time usually ended with her feeling totally humiliated and yet sexually gratified. Not thinking of the potential consequences or how extreme they might be, she agreed. "I can accept that, Mistress."

"And the second," Mariah began, sliding two fingers deep inside Sandra's asshole without warning, forcing a surprised scream from her pet, "you will keep your promise you made just over eighteen years ago. You will allow me to claim your daughter as my pet."

The cock in her box and the fingers in her ass had Sandra disorientated, and just like that night over eighteen years ago, she was willing to agree to anything, including promising her daughter to the ultimate seductress for a second time. "Kkkkkkkk," Sandra whispered, defeated and focused only on one thing... coming.

"Kkkkkk, what?" Mariah asked, wanting the declaration to be given unequivocally.

"I give you my daughter," Sandra finally broke down, her desire to come overpowering her desire to defend her daughter against Mariah's upcoming seduction.

"Good girl," the powerful Domme purred, "now come for Mommy, slut."

Sandra frantically began bucking her ass back, taking both the cock and the fingers deeper in her, and in less than twenty seconds her orgasm hit like thunder and lightning. Sparks flew, her scream exploded and her body quaked as an orgasm that had been over eighteen years in repression surged forth to overcome her body.

As Sandra collapsed forward, Mariah continued the double assault on her pet's holes, wanting this orgasm to be the one that Sandra focused on any time she had second thoughts about her total submission.

As the never-ending orgasm pulsed through Sandra's entire being, and as her pussy and ass continued to be ravished, she found bliss. In this brief moment of clarity, during the precious seconds after an orgasm hits and before euphoria takes over, Sandra knew she would never run away again. No matter the implications of what lay ahead as she accepted her need to submit unconditionally, she knew she was Mariah's without question, and now it seemed she was Taylor's too. Hopefully Kelly was stronger than her.

Eventually, Mariah pulled out of her exhausted slut and tossed off the fake cock. Horny herself, especially after all that had transpired today, she flipped her pet onto her back and straddled her face.

Without a word she lowered her perfectly trimmed cunt and teased as she rubbed her pussy all over Sandra's face, "You've probably missed this too, haven't you?"

Sandra had licked Mariah's pussy so many times in their four-year relationship that it became like water for her, a necessity of life. She craved it and had craved the taste ever since she'd left, like someone who quits smoking will sometimes crave a smoke even twenty years later, and like someone who starts up after all those years of resisting the temptation, one brief drag and they're addicted again. As Sandra tasted Mariah's wetness on her lips and was drawn into the intoxicating and hypnotizing scent she was addicted again. "Yes, Mistress, I have," she admitted, extending her tongue to her addiction of choice.

At that moment, Mariah's cell rang. "Fuck!" Mariah reluctantly got off her pet and ran downstairs to her phone.

Sandra lay on her daughter's bed, too exhausted to move.

Downstairs, Mariah answered the phone. "This better be good," she greeted.

Taylor was on the line. "We're on our way home."

"That was quicker than I expected," Mariah replied, annoyed that Taylor hadn't done her job.

"She forgot her wallet," Taylor explained in justification, having known her mother wouldn't be happy.

"Fine," Mariah said and hung up. Returning to Kelly's room she said, "Our daughters are on their way back, so you'd better get dressed."

Sandra got her second wind in a heartbeat of worry as she bolted up frantically. She quickly tidied the bed and ran out of the room. Mariah smiled at the determination of her sub to hide the truth.

It was inevitable that the secret would come out, but Mariah would allow her pet to have it kept safe for a little while longer. She grabbed the strap-on, headed to her new room and opened her suitcase. She found a pair of thigh highs and brought them downstairs.

Her pet was dressed already and pacing back and forth. "Relax, my pet," Mariah said, offering a comforting thought, "Taylor knows me well enough that she will have guessed of your slutty transgression, but Kelly will have no idea unless you start acting all weird."

"I suppose you're right," Sandra sighed, and caught the stockings her Mistress tossed at her.

"Put those on," the Mistress ordered, all part of her submissive dressing protocol.

Sandra asked incredulously, "With these shorts?"

"If you wish, although I would suggest perhaps a different outfit, especially for the supper we're going to later tonight," Mariah revealed.

"Supper?" Sandra repeated.

"Yes, the birthday supper you booked for your daughter tonight at The Rose House."

"How did you know about that?" Sandra asked.

"Oh, I know many, many things, my pet," Mariah replied, adding another bombshell to the already devastated landscape that was Sandra's new life.

"I'd better go change then," Sandra said, wondering what else Mariah knew.

"Yes, you'd better," Mariah agreed, already looking forward to tonight.

As Sandra walked up the stairs to the room that was no longer hers, she wondered how she was ever going to protect her daughter from the life-altering fate she herself was trapped in.

4. HUNGRY LIKE A SLUT

Mariah had convinced everyone to dress up for Kelly's eighteenth birthday supper, and as they walked into the restaurant, all eyes were directed at the four attractive women dressed to the nines. All four had dresses on, and all four wore thigh high stockings underneath. A number of men and a couple of women spent a fair amount of their dinnertime ogling the four beauties.

Mariah had phoned ahead, expanding Sandra's reservation to four and seated the four strategically, so her pet Sandra was at her side, and they were against the wall so she could see everything.

Once they were seated, they scanned the menus and exchanged chit-chat about what there was to do in this northern Canadian city. Edmonton was large for a Canadian city, but tiny compared to where Mariah was from... although she was excited about seeing one of the biggest malls in the world, where the Patrick Swayze movie 'Christmas in Wonderland' had been filmed.

The breadsticks arrived, and as soon as the waiter left Taylor announced, "I need to go to the ladies room. Kelly, come with me?"

Kelly shrugged. "Sure."

The moment they were out of view, Mariah took a breadstick and smiled, "I think this needs some special sauce. Don't you think, slut?"

Sandra gasped, "You aren't serious?"

Mariah smirked, "Oh, I'm deadly serious. Now open your legs, slave."

Sandra obeyed reluctantly, thankful their table was somewhat secluded and no one would be able to see what they were doing.

"You've got to be kidding me," Mariah said annoyed, "you're fucking wearing panties."

"S-s-sorry," Sandra stammered, knowing from past experience that Mariah getting annoyed usually resulted in Sandra getting punished.

"Take them off immediately," Mariah demanded, her tone teetering on anger.

"Here?" Sandra asked, even though the answer was obvious.

"Now!" Mariah snapped, her limited patience already reaching a boiling point.

Sandra looked around quickly and then lifted her ass up and rather smoothly, considering her sitting position, pulled them down to her ankles.

"Give them to me," Mariah ordered, her hand held open and higher than the tabletop.

Sandra reluctantly lifted a foot up so she could reach and nervously handed them over. The thought of how Mariah might use them stressed her out. Unlike her removing them, this exchange was made in plain view of other diners, and an observer might easily guess what was being handed over.

Mariah placed them openly not on Sandra's empty plate but on Kelly's, before roughly moving the breadstick between her sub's legs and shoving one end into her cunt. A couple quick pumps and she pulled it out and flipped it around before shoving the other end of the baked good into her shocked slave's cunt.

The waiter returned to fill up their glasses and saw the panties on the table. The boy, clearly in his early twenties, did a doubletake, but pretended not to notice as he filled the water glasses, oblivious to the breadstick currently lodged in the pretty brunette's cunt.

As soon as the waiter left, the process was repeated for all but two of the breadsticks, which Mariah placed, unjuiced, on her own plate. The final Sandra-flavored breadstick was replaced in the basket just before the girls returned.

Sandra sweated, seeing the girls coming back and her slightly soiled panties still sitting on her daughter's plate.

Mariah smiled, "After your disobedience, I should leave them out for your daughter to discover."

Sandra flashed back to an earlier threat:

A couple of months after first submitting to Mariah, I was studying in the library for a test when I was startled by her voice.

"What a surprise to see a dyke like you in a place like this," Mariah said, all sing-song.

My face burned with embarrassment and I shushed my Mistress. "Shhhhhh, not here."

Mariah's face shifted from playful to angry in a heartbeat. She grabbed a pencil from the desk and whispered in her disobedient pet's ear, "Embarrassed someone might hear that you're a dyke? Fuck yourself with this pencil so they can also see that you're a slut."

"Please, no," I whispered, mortified at the instruction.

"Now!" Mariah snapped.

I looked around nervously as I took the pencil, fearful of facing Mariah's full wrath. Turning my body sideways, I brought the pencil under my dress and slipped it inside my pussy.

Mariah watched me do it as she whispered in my ear. "I was just grabbing a book for my essay and had no intention of making you do anything, but your disrespect forced you into immediate punishment. Now come like the fucking slut you are... right here in the library."

I felt simultaneous shame and frustration for my ill-considered disobedience and the consequences resulting from that disobedience. I rotated the pencil vigorously in a circle, trying to get myself off quickly.

Mariah nibbled on my ear, and the odds of someone noticing something skyrocketed as she demanded, not softly, "Come, my slut. Come like the little whore you are. Now!"

It took a few more seconds, but I came from fucking herself with a pencil in the library, grinding my teeth together not to scream.

Sandra pleaded, "I wasn't thinking, Mistress. Please, I'll be a good girl."

Mariah reached for the panties and put them on the seat between us, out of view of the two girls, just seconds before they returned, talking a mile a minute like teenage girls do.

Sitting down, Taylor looked a question to her Mom, who answered with a glance at the breadsticks. Taylor smiled, understanding with one subtle glance what had transpired during the brief time they

were gone.

Sandra watched in absolute terror as her daughter picked up a breadstick saying, "This place has the best breadsticks in the world."

Mariah quipped, the innuendo understood by all but the innocent daughter, "I hear their special marinade is out of this world."

Kelly dipped her breadstick in the dipping sauce, Sandra praying it would conceal the scent and taste of her pussy juice on it. Sandra then grimaced as her daughter put it to her mouth and took a bite, unknowingly sampling her own Mother's juices.

Mariah asked, "How is it? Good?"

Kelly, glowing, answered, "Amazing, there even seems to be something slightly different about it this time."

"What do you think it might be?" Mariah asked curiously, piling on her pet's humiliation.

"I can't explain it. It just seems extra tangy," Kelly answered. "I like it."

Taylor burst out laughing.

"What?" Kelly asked.

"Oh nothing," Taylor covered, a glare from her Mother quickly making her compose herself, "I just find the word 'tangy' to be funny."

Kelly thought about it for a moment before agreeing, "It is kind of funny, isn't it?"

Mariah took a bite of one of her untreated ones and Taylor did the same, with the marinade although without the dipping sauce, and smiled, looking directly at her MILF pet-to-be, and said, "Oh my goodness Kelly, these really *are* quite tangy."

Sandra burned in embarrassment but said nothing.

Mariah asked, "Are you not going to try one, Sandra?"

"I'm watching my carbs," Sandra replied, trying to cover the real reason she didn't want to have one.

Mariah insisted, "Nonsense! You've got to try one, they're heavenly, so sweet and *tangy*," which had both teenage girls laughing.

Kelly ordered, very unlike her, "Mom, I insist you try one. It's my birthday and the carb rules are on hold for the day."

Defeated, Sandra took one and said, desperate to take the attention off her, "Fine, but if this turns me into a big fatty, you are so grounded."

Everyone laughed, and both Taylor and Mariah watched with quiet intensity as Sandra crunched down on the breadstick with her own pussy juice on it.

Not surprisingly, Sandra coated it with dipping sauce, trying to disguise her own taste. She took a bite, and if she hadn't known what she'd added, it was unlikely she would have noticed. Relieved,

she ate the rest of the breadstick.

The rest of the meal went without incident, other than Taylor's foot between Sandra's legs constantly teasing her throughout the meal.

Taylor and Kelly were in the bathroom again, as the grownups waited for the bill. Mariah asked, "Do you think our waiter was good?"

"I guess," Sandra answered, unaware of Mariah's intent, even though she shouldn't have been.

Mariah handed Sandra back her panties.

Sandra looked at her, unsure of what to do with them until Mariah ordered, "Give them to him as a tip, and be sexy about it."

"Oh my," Sandra blushed.

"You should hurry, your daughter could be back any second and you'll still have to do it," Mariah warned.

Sandra looked for the waiter and was thankful he was coming their way. *You know things have gone drastically wrong when you're thankful the waiter is on his way over so you can give him your panties*, Sandra thought to herself.

The waiter arrived and Sandra gave him her credit card and her panties, and smiled seductively, trying to be a good pet for Mariah, and yet hurrying to get it done before her daughter returned. "Put it on my credit card, sexy, and here's a little gift for such good service." He was clearly shocked by the gift, as he held it like it was gold. Feeling sexy for the first time in a while she added, her lips close to his ear, "They may be a little wet, my friend here fucked the shit out of me earlier."

His eyes went wide as she bit his earlobe, before he moved away.

He stammered, "T-t-thanks," as he hurriedly put the intimate cargo in his pants pocket.

"Anytime, sexy," Sandra purred back. The waiter left with her credit card.

Mariah complimented her slut. "That was very good, especially the end part. Maybe I won't have to completely retrain you like I thought."

"Thank you, Mistress," Sandra replied, happy to have made her Mistress proud, as she saw the girls returning.

The waiter returned with the charge slip, which Sandra signed. The copy he gave her had his name and phone number on it. Sandra smiled, feeling sexy and wanted, something she had longed for for a long, long time.

They drove home and Sandra gave Kelly her birthday present, an iPad, all the while silently stressing about what Mariah may still have in store. She expected to be used in some way by either Mariah or Taylor, yet while she was getting her pajamas from her bedroom, Mariah ignored her completely.

In Kelly's bedroom the naïve birthday girl had no idea that she had welcomed a predator into her boudoir. Taylor, on the other hand, was salivating with the thoughts of all she wanted to do with this young, pretty slave-to-be. Alas, her Mistress Mother had made it very clear that things would happen in her time frame, not Taylor's.

In bed that night each female pondered the day that was:

Kelly was thrilled with the thought of finally having a sister of sorts, having been an only child.

Taylor was excited about having her own MILF pet and couldn't wait to play with her new toy... although having to wait was driving her nuts.

Sandra tossed and turned as she replayed the day in her head.

As a mother she was ashamed of her weakness, of her inability to say no and to stand up for herself... and in doing so had allowed her daughter to become prey for the hungriest wolf she knew. Yet, for the first time in almost two decades, she felt like herself, felt like a woman and felt wanted.

Her pussy burned with need as she fondly remembered being Mariah's sub. Funny how time can play tricks on you. Gone were all the stressful memories of her past, and all she could remember were the exciting memories of how it had felt when she was an obedient pet for Mariah.

Her fingers roaming freely to her cunt, she brought herself not to one, not two, but to three orgasms, as she reminisced about her many submissions over her college years.

Mariah was thrilled with how the day had gone. She was confident that Sandra would fall right back into the role she was born to play, but really had no idea until now what kind of personality Kelly would have... luckily it appeared it was like mother, like daughter.

5. MAN, KELLY FEELS LIKE A WOMAN

The next morning was a Monday and the girls had school to attend. Kelly was already dressed in her usual jeans and t-shirt when Taylor came back from her shower in just a towel and asked, "Is that what you're wearing to school?"

Kelly looked up, surprised by the question. "That's the plan, why?"

"Oh nothing," Taylor asked, acting nonchalant, knowing that if Kelly was submissive deep down, she would want to know why. A submissive never wants to disappoint anyone at any time.

"No seriously," Kelly asked, "what is it?"

Taylor, tossing her towel on the bed to reveal her voluptuous 38C breasts and her shaved pussy, reeled her in. "Oh, it's just that where I come from, we always dress to impress."

"You do?" Kelly asked, unable not to stare at Taylor's large breasts.

"We do," Taylor confirmed, pulling out a pair of stockings.

"You're going to wear stockings?" Kelly asked, watching the pretty blonde put on her first dark brown stocking.

"I always wear them. Like Mom says, they really enhance my legs and make me stand out in a crowd. Plus, I feel so sexy when I wear them," Taylor explained, posing sexily like she was a model in an otherwise nude stocking commercial.

"Oh," was all Kelly could get out.

Taylor, reaching for the other stocking added, "I hate pantyhose. They're too restrictive and get in the way when I need some action."

Kelly was taken aback by her new roommate's forthright declaration.

"Plus," Taylor added, "boys love the feel of my stocking clad legs when they fuck me."

"Oh my God," Kelly gasped, her pussy tingling a bit from this unexpectedly frank conversation.

"You're not a virgin, are you?" Taylor asked, as if that would be the most shocking state in the history of the world, even though deep down she suspected the answer was yes.

Kelly's face went beet red but she adamantly defended her virginity. "Yes, but that is by choice. I haven't met the right guy yet."

"Wow!" Taylor said overdramatically, "I can't fathom not having sex at least every few days."

"Really?" Kelly gasped, surprised again by such a frank admission.

"Do you do yourself?"

Kelly was again taken aback by the frank question. Her mother didn't talk about sex, and only on rare occasions did her friends talk about it. Kelly shrugged, feeling dirty admitting to such a truth, "On occasion."

"Oh my God," Taylor replied, "if I don't get off every day I turn into a fucking psychopath. You have toys at least?"

"No," admitted, ashamed, feeling like she was in a whole different league compared to this blonde vixen.

"Well, we're going to have to change that," Taylor announced, as if it was a done deal. "Now about your outfit," Taylor said, changing topics.

Kelly stood silently, every insecurity she had now prickling each thought.

Taylor pulled out a blue sundress, tossed it to Kelly and instructed, "Put this on."

Kelly looked at the long sundress and wondered what her friends would say if she wore a dress to school. Some girls in school wore dresses, but not many and she wasn't one of them.

Taylor, knowing Kelly needed some prodding suggested, "Just try it on, Kelly. I bet you'll look amazing in it."

Figuring why not, she was eighteen now and a woman, Kelly pulled off her t-shirt, but then felt naked in just her sports bra.

Taylor considered questioning the sports bra as well, but figured that may be too much too soon for this already overwhelmed pet-to-be.

Kelly pulled the sundress on before taking off her jeans, still too uncomfortable to be seen in her panties by this relative stranger.

Taylor smiled to herself, thinking about how sweet and innocent and pure Kelly was, and how soon propriety and modesty would become things of the past.

Once the jeans were off, Taylor buttered up the insecure girl. "You look delicious."

"Really?" Kelly asked, not catching the innuendo.

"Really, really," Taylor responded before adding, "obviously you would look even better with stockings."

"You think so?" Kelly asked, effortlessly being drawn into Taylor's web.

"I know so," Taylor smiled. "When it comes to fashion, I'm your girl."

"I only have the pair your Mom gave me yesterday," Kelly admitted.

"Would you like to borrow a pair of mine?"

"No, I'm ok," Kelly answered, deciding the stockings would be too much of a new statement.

"Whatever suits your fancy," Taylor replied, showing just the slightest hint of annoyance.

Kelly noticed it but let it go, leaving Taylor to finish getting dressed.

6. SANDRA CAN'T GET NO SATISFACTION

Sandra woke up in a hot sweat. What a crazy dream she'd had! Opening her eyes, she rubbed the sleep out of them and realized she was in the spare bedroom in the basement, which meant the recent events hadn't been a dream.

Which meant her Mistress from college was in her house dominating her and planning to seduce her daughter.

Sandra knew she had to stop this before it went any further. She rushed upstairs and found Mariah in the kitchen making breakfast. Sandra's resolve weakened the moment she saw the beautiful blonde bombshell. Instead of demanding she leave as she had intended, she said, "Good morning, Mariah."

"Good morning, my pet," Mariah smiled. "Did you have a good sleep?"

"It was ok."

"I slept like a baby," Mariah shared. "Your bed is really comfortable."

Sandra sighed to herself, knowing that comment was just another shot at a power shift that Sandra had no control over.

Kelly arrived downstairs for breakfast and Sandra noticed the dress. She looked down for stockings and was happy to see she had none on.

Mariah looked too. "Good morning, Kelly," she greeted. "I hope you're hungry."

Kelly shrugged, not used to big breakfasts, "Sure, it smells amazing."

Breakfast came and went and as soon as the front door closed leaving Sandra and Mariah alone, Mariah said, "We need to talk."

"Agreed," Sandra said, hoping there was still a chance to end this before it got completely out of hand.

Mariah continued, "Let's go through the training rules."

Sandra's Pollyanna hopes crashed and burned. "The training rules?"

"Clearly a part of you is desperately trying to fight me for your freedom, yet it's obvious that part is losing to your yearning to submit to me," Mariah assessed.

Sandra ignored her own plight and said with all the determination she had in her, "Regardless of my own desires, I need you to promise to leave Kelly alone."

Mariah laughed. "This isn't a fucking negotiation, slut. You really have regressed. I may have to add a few fillips to the rules."

"Please," Sandra pleaded, grasping at straws.

"Please, what?" Mariah asked, impatient.

"Can we make an arrangement where once Kelly has graduated and goes off to college, I return to being your..." Sandra began bargaining, but became unsure what to call herself.

"My pet, my slut, my whore, my kitty," Mariah listed, a collection of labels she'd used in the past.

"Yes, all those and any more you want," Sandra agreed, her last ditch attempt at saving her daughter from the same hopeless addiction she was subject to.

Mariah, giving the pet a glimmer of hope she never intended to follow through with, suggested, "Today, let's focus on you."

Sandra glanced at the clock and noticing the time cautioned, "I need to be at work in an hour."

"Then we'd better get started. This won't take long," Mariah ordered.

"But..."

Mariah ignored her sub's weak protest, reached in her purse and handed Sandra a piece of paper with the words: 'The non-negotiable rules for SANDRA'S retraining' printed at the top.

Sandra reluctantly took the paper, dreading the expectations that would be entered like tombstone engravings on the piece of paper. She looked at the paper and read the lengthy list:

The Retraining of Slave Sandra

1. You will obey EVERY command MISTRESS MARIAH or MISTRESS TAYLOR gives you no matter what it is.

2. You will ONLY wear panties when your period is visiting... otherwise you will never wear panties... unless instructed by either of your Mistresses.

3. *You will NEVER wear a bra unless at a significant work function or required by a Mistress to enhance an outfit.*
4. *You will wear stockings EVERY DAY from the moment you get out of your morning shower until you wake up the following day.*
5. *When alone with either or both of your Mistresses you will address them as MISTRESS.*
6. *You are a 24-hour pet and thus are on call at all times whether at work or not.*
7. *You will have your cellphone turned on AT ALL TIMES in case either Mistress decides to contact you.*
8. *You will have your nails... fingers and toes... painted at all times... RED!*
9. *You will ALWAYS wear dresses or skirts unless otherwise instructed.*
10. *Since you are a PET and OWNED unconditionally by your two Mistresses, you must give your body to them without restriction. Thus, you may only COME with the permission of a Mistress. If you are unable to contact a Mistress, BAD LUCK.*
11. *Other rules may be added as either Mistress sees fit.*

Of course, any disobedience of these simple rules will result in punishment.

Sandra flashed back to the when the original rules list had been introduced:

"My pet, I think you need guidelines," Mariah announced just after coming all over her still-in-training pet.

"Pardon, Mistress?" I responded, unsure what my Mistress meant.

"I think you will be more content if I make all your decisions for you," Mariah explained, as if this was just common sense.

"I don't understand," I replied.

"You are my pet. A puppy doesn't make choices on what to wear does she?" Mariah asked.

"Well, no," I replied, surprised by such an inter-species breakdown of our relationship.

"A kitty doesn't choose what to eat, does she?" Mariah added.

"You want to decide what I eat?" I asked, stunned to the core.

"Well, not completely, but I *am* going to start choosing your outfits for you every day," Mariah informed me.

"You are?" I asked, still in denial about yet another level in my bizarre relationship with my roommate. I loved the attention, I loved to please and I had become reliant on Mariah for my pleasure, but this new declaration seemed a bit extreme.

"Yes, it seems logical. You already wear stockings every day as a reminder of your obedience to me," Mariah pointed out.

I'd thought I was wearing the stockings to make me look sexier, but had to admit that in theory it was also to please my Mistress.

"So, every morning I will lay out your clothes for you. Is that understood?" Mariah asked, the question rhetorical.

"Of course, Mistress," I answered, knowing her tone meant the decision had already been made.

And for the remainder of my time as her pet sub, I never chose any of my own clothing to wear or to purchase. Gradually my old conservative wardrobe disappeared and was replaced with a far more provocative one.

Mariah, foreshadowing what lay ahead added, "This is rule two my pet. Rule one is always to wear stockings. More rules will follow in the near future."

"Ok," I agreed, unaware of how strict the additional rules would be.

"Do you accept the rules, my pet?" Mariah asked.

"Do I have a choice?" a defeated, yet horny, Sandra replied.

"Don't you go playing the victim, my slut," Mariah scolded. "Everyone has a choice."

"But what if I refuse?" Sandra asked, not convinced she had a choice.

Mariah answered the question with a question. "Can you refuse me, my pet? You never were able to before. Stop playing the victim, Sandra. You need me more than I need you."

Sandra contemplated Mariah's assessment. In truth she had never felt more alive than when she was back in college and living as Mariah's pet. All those feelings had come rushing back with Mariah's arrival, and if it weren't for her daughter, her submission to Mariah would occur without hesitation.

Sandra flashed back to a moment in her freshman year:

Having been sent to my doghouse after a brief hesitation to obey an order by Mariah, I had pondered my predicament, and after I'd made a lengthy pros and cons list in my head, I'd decided to stand up for myself. I climbed out of my makeshift doghouse and went to confront Mariah.

Mariah was watching TV when I came out of my banishment and did so on two feet.

Mariah barely reacted as she noticed, "My pet has learned to walk, has she?"

I ignored the condescending tone and said defiantly, "This has to stop."

Looking directly at me, Mariah asked, "What does?"

"The way you treat me," I answered adamantly. "I want to be treated with respect, not like some nonhuman pet."

"But you are my pet puppy," Mariah answered, standing up and striding towards me, "And a proper pet needs to be disciplined when she is disobedient."

All my life I had hated confrontation and I could already feel my resolve slipping away as Mariah reached me. Attempting to be strong, despite the growing weakness inside and an undeniable tingle down below, I muttered, "I can't continue doing this. I deserve better."

Mariah, her smile smug, put her hands on her stubborn pet's shoulders, and gently pushed me to my knees. Not forcefully, but gently. There was no way her physical strength was overpowering me.

I wanted to resist, but even as my mind protested, I felt my knees giving way and myself falling to my natural submissive place on the floor.

"Good girl," Mariah purred, "just remember my pet, I always know what is best for you."

I looked up from my position of submission and sighed in defeat. My adamant resolve of just a few minutes ago while alone in my doghouse had vanished and my abject need to obey my Mistress had returned in full force.

Mariah, able to read me perfectly ordered, "Go ahead, Kitty, lick your Mistress's feet. I'm wearing these lovely stockings you so love to worship."

I desperately wanted to resist but knew I was too weak as I remained in my accustomed position on all fours and began licking my Mistress's feet like a kitty would lick milk from a bowl.

"So I'll ask you the question again, my pet. Do you accept the rules?" Mariah asked again, confident she already knew the answer.

"I don't know," Sandra answered, her body screaming Yes as her moral compass screamed No.

Mariah chuckled softly. "You're so adorable when you try to be strong."

"I'm not trying to be adorable," Sandra replied, annoyed by Mariah's condescending tone.

"I know, you're trying to be something you aren't, my pet. That comes to an end now," Mariah said, her tone shifting from amused to firm. "Is your pussy wet?"

Sandra didn't answer, which on its own answered the question.

"I'll take that as a yes," Mariah said smugly. "You need to let go of the notion that you have any control in your life any more. I have returned, and I will once again make all your decisions for you."

Sandra winced at the promise.

"And for heaven's sake get down on your knees, I can't believe you've been permitting yourself to stand this long in my presence!" Mariah added.

"But..." Sandra began.

"NOW!" Mariah demanded.

Sandra instantly fell to her knees.

"That's better. I thought we made our situation clear last night. I own you; can it get any more black and white than that?"

Sandra knew she couldn't win, deep down she didn't want to win, yet she needed to be strong for her daughter. She had to protect her daughter. "Yes Mistress, I understand, and I even agree where I am concerned. But will you please reconsider and leave my daughter out of this?"

Mariah shrugged and conceded for the time being. "I know how hard you're struggling with that, and I even understand why. Right now, *you* are my priority, my pet. So we'll worry about Kelly and the promise you remade just last night at a later time. Understood?"

Sandra felt as if the weight of the world had been lifted from her shoulders! Even if this wasn't a permanent reprieve, it was far more than she'd expected. "Yes, I do understand Mistress, and thank you so much!"

"You're most welcome. But now I will ask you again, my cunt-licking slut, do you accept all conditions of the new rules?"

Distracted by her relief about Kelly and her wet pussy doing all the thinking for her as far as her own situation was concerned, Sandra whispered, "Yes."

"Yes, what?" Mariah sighed.

"Yes, Mistress, I will I obey the rules," Sandra agreed, knowing it was easier to agree now than if she were forced to agree later.

"Good," Mariah said, suddenly chipper. "Now go shower and come back to me once you've dressed for work."

"Yes, Mistress," Sandra replied, hoping a cold shower would calm her down.

While in the shower, Sandra desperately tried to think of some way to protect her daughter permanently from these two predators.

Other than up and leaving, which would be tough to explain to her daughter during track season, where Kelly was a star, and so close to her graduation, the other options seemed impossible.

How do you tell your daughter about a past as dark and naughty as hers? Eventually it occurred to her that the best idea would be to warn her daughter without going into all the sordid details.

Sandra concluded she would go to Kelly's school and talk to her at lunch. She wasn't sure what she would say yet, but she knew she had to warn her.

Content with her plan, fragile as it was, she finished showering, then dressed in a long flowered sundress, sans panties and bra, which was a little nerve-wracking for her, and the only pair of stockings she currently owned, given to her yesterday by Mariah.

Once dressed, hair done and make-up on, she returned to the living room and said, "Mistress, I need to get going soon."

"I know my pet, I won't keep you much longer," Mariah replied. "I only have one more thing for you to do before you go."

Sandra's mouth suddenly watered at the thought of tasting Mariah's perfection again. "What would that be, Mistress?"

Mariah handed her a pair of silver balls connected with a narrow strap that appeared to be silicone. "Ironically after all the trouble you've been, I'm going to allow you to break a rule this week. All week you are to wear these Ben Wa balls in that cunt of yours. Is that understood?"

Sandra looked at the small balls and wondered at their purpose. "Even at work?"

"All the time," Mariah said. "This is punishment number one of the eighteen punishments I owe you for eighteen years of betrayal... which is you may not come for a week."

"A full week?" Sandra asked, thinking that before Mariah's arrival a week would have been no problem, she had sometimes gone months without even thinking about an orgasm, but now such a lack seemed impossible and painful.

"Yes. You need to relearn your place," Mariah said, lifting up her pet's dress. She leaned over and rubbed the balls slowly along Sandra's slightly wet pussy lips before inserting both balls.

Sandra let out a small gasp as the second ball went in.

"You will eventually learn how to control your pussy muscles so you don't need panties, but while you're at work I will grant you this rare privilege," Mariah explained, as if she were doing her pet a great favor, before adding, "but at home you are to remain panty-less, is that clear?"

Sandra agreed, even as she tried to deal with the two balls inside her, "Yes, Mistress."

"When are you finished at work?"

"Four-thirty," Sandra answered nervously, figuring Mariah already had something in mind for the evening.

"I'll meet you at the West Edmonton Mall at five. Is that doable?" Mariah asked.

"Yes, Mistress, I believe it will be."

"Good, I'll see you then," Mariah answered, adding, "We will meet in front of Forever 21."

"Yes, Mistress," Sandra agreed, wondering what was in store for her, before going downstairs to put some panties on. Each step at first was awkward and a distraction. In her new room in the basement, she practiced walking for a couple of minutes before she felt slightly accustomed to having the weird balls inside her. Content as she could be in her current predicament, she headed to work.

At work, the balls were a constant reminder of her past, her present and her future. Sandra was in the middle of preparing a new summer ad campaign and it was crucial to get all her slides ready for her multimedia presentation on Thursday. The balls inside her were a distraction, but she realized if she sat at her desk and didn't move her legs, eventually she forgot they were inside her. However every time she moved, she got a constant reminder and her pussy would beg for a quick release she wasn't allowed.

Sandra worked her ass off all day and it wasn't till after one that she realized she'd worked through lunch and missed her opportunity to go meet with her daughter. She knew Kelly had track practice after school and she had promised to meet with Mariah, so the much-needed conversation would have to wait.

The rest of the day flew by; only on occasion was Sandra distracted by the balls in her cunt. Glancing at the clock, she saved her work on her computer and drove over to meet Mariah, knowing one of Mariah's biggest pet peeves was tardiness.

Driving was a major distraction as her foot continually shifting from gas pedal to brake moved the balls in a rather circular movement. Sandra was craving a satisfaction she knew she couldn't receive. She sighed; this was going to be a really long week.

7. LICKING IN THE GIRLS' ROOM

Sandra arrived early and waited till almost quarter after five before she saw Mariah dressed in a black leather skirt, black fuck-me boots, black stockings and a fire engine red blouse. Men and women took second looks as she sauntered by. The men drooled, the women glared, a mixture of envy and jealousy being thrown at the blonde vixen.

Mariah actually apologized, something as rare as an eclipse, "Sorry Sandra, I got lost, really, really lost."

Sandra shrugged, "It happens to everyone the first time they come here."

"It's fucking huge. Hard to believe capitalist, anything to make a buck, California hasn't built a super mall like this," Mariah said, impressed by how overblown this place was.

Sandra, suddenly proud to be an Edmontonian, explained, "It has rides, waterslides, a hotel, a shooting range, a movie theatre, a skating rink, and so much more. It even has a floating pirate ship."

"I see they also have a sex shop here," Mariah smiled, her usual mischievous grin back. "So let's get you a new wardrobe."

Sandra assumed that was why they were here, her outfits being very conservative and business formal. Two hours, five hundred bucks and six stores later and Sandra had a few new outfits. None were skanky, but all were definitely hipper and aimed at making her look younger, including a front zippered dress and a plaid skirt that looked like it would better fit a teenager.

They stopped for a bite to eat at Hooters, which for a stocking fetish freak like Mariah was pure heaven. Sandra could almost see the wheels turning inside Mariah's devious brain and started to worry.

Mariah decided that she wanted a few pair of Hooters pantyhose for herself, her daughter, her slut and her young slut-to-be.

Mariah scanned the various waitresses and studied them like the sexual predator she was. They ate in relative silence as Mariah assessed who her participant would be in let's make a deal.

Deciding to go with a cute brunette, who Mariah noticed had glanced their way a few times and who she confidently assessed was a dyke, or at the very least bi.

Mariah walked over to the pretty brunette, who was even younger than she'd thought from afar (she would later learn you only have to be eighteen in Alberta to work in or go to a bar).

Turning on her charm, checking the name tag on her uniform just above the girl's voluptuous breasts, she opened with, "Hi, Robyn, my name is Mariah."

Robyn smiled back, accustomed to being friendly with her customers. "Hi, Mariah."

"I have to ask," Mariah said smoothly, "Where do you get your pantyhose?"

"We just buy them from our boss," she replied.

Mariah continued, "The color really accentuates your legs."

"Thanks," she blushed.

"Do you have a break coming up?" Mariah asked, not wasting time.

The waitress was slightly surprised, but answered, "In about fifteen."

"I'm going to be very blunt with you. My pet over there, the slender brunette, is hungry for dessert," Mariah offered.

"Oh my," Robyn gasped, surprised by the unorthodox offer.

"All I want in return is the opportunity to buy a dozen pairs of those sexy pantyhose." Mariah explained.

Robyn looked over to Sandra, who was watching, and then back to Mariah. "She looks adorable. Submissive you say?"

Mariah nodded.

"I can easily get you the pantyhose."

"I can easily get you my slut," Mariah countered. Taking control, she said, "I'll have her upstairs in the washroom in ten minutes." Before the cute big-breasted brunette could respond, Mariah returned to her table.

Sandra had watched, knowing the conversation was about her as the pretty brunette had kept glancing over at her with more than casual interest.

When Mariah returned, she sat down beside Sandra this time instead of across the table and returned to her drink in silence. The anticipation was driving Sandra nuts, as the smug silence from her Mistress hinted at something inevitable.

Finally, Mariah still not speaking, she slipped her hand under Sandra's dress, pulled her panties aside and found the string. While Mariah finished her drink, her eyes were directly on Robyn as she tugged on the string.

Sandra moaned reactively.

Mariah tugged again.

Sandra whimpered and closed her eyes.

Mariah tugged again. "Don't you dare come, slut," Mariah warned.

Sandra tried to ignore the pleasure the balls' movement was giving her.

Mariah asked, "Are you hungry for dessert?"

Sandra, assuming the obvious, she was being offered in some form to the brunette waitress, answered, "F-f-famished."

Sandra flashed back to her sophomore year:

It wasn't until Spring Break of our sophomore year that Mariah made me service another girl. We were in Florida for Spring Break and at a bar where Mariah had already made me compete in a wet t-shirt contest. I was quite drunk when Mariah surprised me yet again.

"Which girl here do you want to lick?" Mariah asked.

"P-p-pardon?" I stammered.

"Choose a girl," Mariah repeated. "Any girl."

"I pick you," I played safe.

"Aaaah, how cute," Mariah purred. "But tonight I'm offering your expertise to another girl... one of your choosing."

"But..." I protested, sobering up quickly.

"Shhhhhhhh, pick a girl," Mariah instructed.

"Do I have to?" I asked like the shy schoolgirl I was.

"Yes you do," Mariah answered. "Choose, now."

I scanned the room, wondering who I could choose who would reject me. Seeing a chubby blonde, with glasses and with a guy, who seemed unlikely to take my Mistress up on the ridiculous offer. I sighed and pointed, "The chubby blonde."

"The nerdy chick?" Mariah asked, confirming.

"Sure," I agreed, confident in my choice.

Mariah stood up and left me alone. I watched as my Mistress joined the couple and chatted for a couple of minutes. At one point all three of them looked at me, which made me quickly look away.

Mariah returned a couple of minutes later and revealed, "Would you believe they're siblings?"

"Really?" I asked, a bit deflated as I glanced over to the table and saw the girl was gone.

"Really, really," Mariah smiled before adding, "Go to the washroom right now. She'll be waiting for you in a stall."

"She's gay?"

"Nope, but I told her that you're the best cunt-licker there is and that she wouldn't have to return the favor," Mariah explained, adding, "after that she was game. Her brother would like to fuck you, if you're interested."

"God, no."

"So just pussy and no cock?"

"Is there a third option?"

"Go now, slut," Mariah ordered me.

I gave her one last plea with my eyes before standing up and nervously going to the bathroom where I would bring the unnamed stranger to two orgasms in the girls' washroom.

Now some twenty years later, Sandra felt a crazy sense of déjà vu as Mariah instructed, "Go to the washroom upstairs and wait for her."

"Yes, Mistress," Sandra replied, at this point in her sexual journey not nervous at all about what she was expected to do. She couldn't even begin to count how many pussies she'd pleased in random bathrooms during her college years.

As she climbed the stairs, she recalled how she became addicted to eating strangers' pussies during her junior year of college. She was like an alcoholic as she became reliant on it and craved it.

Reaching the bathroom she feared failure, but entered the washroom, eager to taste the pretty brunette.

A few minutes later, after three customers had come and gone, the brunette server entered and said, "Don't worry about getting caught, I put an out of order sign on the door."

The brunette entered the stall and asked, "Are you really her slave? Willingly?"

"Yes, Miss," Sandra answered, even though she was twice the server's age.

"That's fucking crazy," the brunette responded. After a pause, she asked, "So you want to eat my cunt?"

"Yes, Miss," Sandra agreed with a mixture of embarrassment and hunger. The taste of a new cunt had always been thrilling to her after she overcame her early fears.

"Miss, I love that," the girl said, pulling her orange shorts, followed by her dark pantyhose and her pink panties down just past her knees.

Sandra could feel her mouth-watering.

Facing Sandra, the stranger put one foot on top of the toilet and presented a hairy pussy to the MILF sub. "Have a hair pie," the brunette offered.

Sandra preferred a shaved, or at least trimmed cunt, as long pubes made the job tougher to do, although she did enjoy how a girl's unique scent was always captured like a bouquet of flowers in more luxuriant pubic hair. Sandra leaned forward and began licking, clearing a path to the girl's pussy lips.

Once she began licking, Sandra was transported back to her college days. Her only goal back then was to give girls pleasure, and that was her goal at this exact moment. The girl's strong scent cleared Sandra's senses as she licked and licked. In only a couple of minutes, Sandra felt her head being pulled into the girl's cunt and the Hooters waitress began to rub herself on Sandra's face.

Less than a minute later, Sandra felt her face getting coated with the girl's cum as the stranger continued to grind her pussy all over her face.

Once done, the waitress pulled up her layers of clothing and asked, "How did you end up a slave?"

Her face shiny with cum, Sandra answered, "*That* is a long, long story."

"Well, if you ever get hungry again," the waitress offered, handing Sandra a card.

Sandra took the card and learned the name of the girl she had just pleased, the girl's cunt droplets still on her lips.

Back at the table, Mariah had paid the bill and had the twelve pairs of pantyhose she had bargained for, as well as a pair of the tight orange shorts and a Hooters t-shirt extra small. Mariah smiled as yet another naughty idea popped into her head.

8. CUM ON, FEEL MY TOYS

The next three days were anti-climactic, as Mariah agreed to let Sandra focus on her big presentation at work. Mariah continued to compliment Kelly, but was allowing her daughter, who was in training to be a seductress, to do most of the dirty work. Honouring her promise to Sandra, she cautioned her daughter not to go too far for now. Teasing was okay, maybe even offering Kelly a toy or two, but no touching.

Every night Taylor pleased herself to sleep, making sure that what she was doing was obvious to her roommate. Her moans were exaggerated, and her toys buzzed audibly. It was Thursday evening, after they had watched a movie starring Taylor Lautner at the Mall theater, that Taylor, getting ready for bed, went to the next level. She went to her suitcase and pulled out a six-inch vibrator. Waving it in front of her like a wand, she asked Kelly, "Do you want to try?"

"What? God, no," Kelly responded, stunned by the question.

"Your loss," Taylor shrugged, "but after a few days of only my fingers and trying to be quiet, I can't hold back any longer."

Kelly was shocked. Was Taylor really going to pleasure herself openly while she was in the room, even in the same bed? Kelly had noticed Taylor masturbating the past few nights, but ignored it, even though she wanted to do the same as it kind of turned her on. But trying to act cool in front of the worldly girl, she said flippantly, "Go ahead."

Taylor pulled out some other toys and showed, or rather offered them to the naive teen. "I also have a tiny bullet, which is more for clit teasing, if you wish. Or I have a wi-vibe, which stimulates the clit while also causing sweet vibrations inside, if you know what I mean. Then I have another longer vibrator that is for when you really need to experience a big cock." After a brief pause, Taylor said, "Actually I think I'll use that one right now since I've thought of it."

Kelly was flustered, unaccustomed to such frank sharing.

Taylor, seeing the teen was overwhelmed, nevertheless pulled out a strap-on as if it was by accident. "Oops, this one's for girl on girl play." She tossed it back in her toy box, just adding one more tidbit of titillation to her prey.

Kelly was stunned. Was Taylor a lesbian? Based on her drooling for Taylor Lautner at the movie, she surely couldn't be.

"Then I also have a dildo for wide stretching and some extra toys for anal play," Taylor finished, the sexual assault with the plethora of sex toy options complete, although she didn't bring out the other category which included handcuffs, blindfolds, a double-ended dildo, nipple clamps, anal beads and various other kinkier toys.

"Have you used all of those?" Kelly asked, not even able to fathom how most of them would fit inside her, or how a teenager could have collected such a massive collection of toys.

"Of course," Taylor smiled, reaching into her box and tossing a small pink vibe across the bed to Kelly. "Here, this is a starter toy."

"I couldn't," Kelly protested, although by now her vagina was tingling for attention.

"You can and you will," Taylor responded, with just a hint of authority.

Kelly picked up the small toy, curiosity getting the best of her.

Taylor got naked and slipped under the covers, turning on her toy and inviting, "*Cum* join me."

Kelly was frozen as she heard the buzzing, followed by a moan, which Kelly assumed meant the toy had been slipped inside the blonde's vagina.

Taylor, continuing the soft push moaned, "Kelly, stop being a prude. You have no idea what a real orgasm is like until you fuck yourself with a toy."

Kelly couldn't resist the growing temptation, even though she thought it weird to do so in the same bed as another girl. Although she had surreptitiously gotten herself off in a hotel room while sharing a bed during basketball season last year.

Kelly reached for the switch, but Taylor said, "No, leave the lights on for now," and Kelly complied. She got into bed, still dressed, modesty still an issue for her, particularly when she compared her athletic straight-up-and-down look to the curvy blonde perfection beside her. Under the covers she pulled her pajama bottoms and panties down tentatively while the growing sounds of unabashed pleasure beside her turned her on.

Looking at the toy, Kelly turned on the bottom piece and was startled by the power.

Taylor opened her eyes and softly whisper-moaned, "Go ahead gorgeous, fuck yourself. And make all the noise you want."

Kelly blushed, but wanting to be cool like Taylor, she obeyed, moving the toy to her wet vagina. As soon as it touched her clit, an electric bolt like electricity pulsed through her body. Suddenly controlled by a lust she'd never before felt, a desperate desire for more, she opened her legs and allowed the vibrating toy to slip inside her. "Aaaaaaaah," she moaned involuntarily, the feeling inside her so different from her fingers. The pulsing sensations had her head a muddled mess in seconds, and she completely forgot that about a foot away was another girl who would be aware of everything she was doing.

Taylor smiled to herself as she listened to the sexual awakening of the young innocent.

Kelly, feeling her orgasm building in only a couple of minutes, which was unprecedented for her, began to pump the small toy rapidly in and out of her vagina, by now totally forgetting there was someone in the bed with her. Her moans increased, louder than they ever did with her fingers, as the pleasure the toy was bringing caused sensations inside her the girl hadn't known existed. With the dam about to burst, she let out a scream, "Oh god, yeeeeeeeeees!"

Taylor turned on her side and watched the series of expressions on the pet-to-be's face, as watching a woman in the throes of an orgasm is the sexiest thing in the world. Taylor wanted to lean over and kiss her, but she refrained, knowing that going beyond the plan her Mom had laid out would lead to a punishment.

Kelly couldn't believe she'd waited this long to experience such intense pleasure. The orgasm spread through her like wildfire, enflaming every inch of her body and her mind. The quivering sensations seemed to keep coming in nerve-ending wave after wave.

Taylor pumped her own toy in her cunt, desperate to come herself. Watching the adorable innocent come provided the final straw for her as well, and she screamed, "Oh fuck, I'm coming tooooooooo!"

Kelly, suddenly reminded she wasn't alone, opened her eyes in fear and found herself face to face with Taylor. Kelly watched the blonde girl's quivering eyelids (fortunately closed), her red cheeks, and her sweet smile as the orgasm pulsed through her. Kelly had never considered another woman sexy until this moment. Sure, she knew when a girl was attractive, but never had a girl seemed sexy to her. Never had a woman's beauty affected her emotionally. As Taylor, obviously still in the throes of her climax, opened her eyes and smiled directly at her Kelly turned away, embarrassed to be caught watching.

Taylor comforted, "It's ok, sexy. Masturbation is natural, although if you thought that felt amazing, wait until someone eats that pussy of yours." Taylor stood up before Kelly could respond and said, "I think I need a quick shower to cool off."

With Taylor gone, Kelly had time to replay what had just occurred. She had just pleased herself with a toy while another girl was with her in bed. The thought shocked her and yet excited her too, which she couldn't explain, but she blamed it on the vibrator that was still teasing her. She pulled it out so she could think straight again, even as small spasms of pleasure continued to course through her body. She was surprised at how great a toy could feel, and was really curious what it would feel like to have someone licking her down below.

Taylor, naked, returned from the bathroom and said as she grabbed her robe, "By the way beautiful, that toy is yours to keep."

"Thanks, are you sure?" Kelly replied, excited to be able to use this again whenever she liked.

"Actually, feel free to use anything that strikes your fancy in my toy box, girlfriend," Taylor offered, before returning to the bathroom.

Kelly was curious what else was in the toy box, but resisted... for now... the temptation to investigate.

9. DAUGHTER LICK ME ONE MORE TIME

By Friday Sandra was an exhausted mess. Left alone by Mariah to work on her presentation, Sandra worked long hours. These long hours mixed with the Ben Wa balls residing permanently in her

pussy had driven her to the brink of insanity. She was tired and horny, and she wasn't sure she'd be able to last much longer without coming. She already had sixteen more punishments to endure (the first being wearing the balls, the second being ordered to pleasure the Hooters waitress), so what was one day?

The Thursday presentation went remarkably well and next Thursday she was being sent to Toronto for a presentation with the owner of the target company. If Sandra could get this client to hire her firm exclusively, a long-sought promotion would be hers.

Arriving home after work on Friday, she was expecting some sort of training by Mariah. Mariah had kept her word and left Sandra alone all week, but she'd staked a claim that this weekend she was all hers. Kelly was gone for a track meet in Calgary and wouldn't be home until midday Sunday, it being a three-hour drive, so there was no reason to hold anything back until then.

Opening the door, she heard Mariah's soft moans coming from the living room. Sandra stopped and wondered who else could be here. Or was Mariah pleasuring herself?

Sandra didn't have long to consider what was making Mariah moan as she was summoned. "Slut, get your ass in here."

As she was expected to, Sandra slipped out of her heels, lowered herself onto all fours and began crawling to her Mistress. But as she reached the living room she stopped, realizing someone was between Mariah's legs.

Mariah, seeing her sub stop, snapped, "Get over here, slut! We had to start without you."

We? Sandra pondered, as she resumed her slow crawl to her Mistress, praying the unknown girl between Mariah's legs wasn't someone she knew or that knew her.

As Sandra reached the lesbian scene already in action, she saw Mariah sitting on the couch, naked except for red thigh highs, with somebody else, a girl, also naked except for green thigh highs, noisily busy between her legs. In addition to the clue of wearing thigh highs the girl had blonde hair, and Sandra briefly wondered if it was Taylor between her own Mother's legs, but she concluded that having sex with her own daughter was too extreme even for Mariah. As was often the case with such conclusions, she was wrong.

Sandra flashed back to another shocking time:

In my sophomore year, things were pretty clear in my domme-sub relationship with Mariah. I was in love with my Mistress and had become a very loyal, obedient sub. But I came home one night after volleyball to find Mariah on the couch with someone between her legs. I was devastated. Although our relationship was unorthodox, I'd believed we were in an exclusive lesbian relationship (except for the guys Mariah brought home on occasion). I felt betrayed and could feel my heart breaking.

Mariah smiled at me, saw my despair and reassured me in a tender voice, "My pet, you'll always be my favorite, but variety is the spice of life. Now get over here and lick Professor Wilson for me."

"P-p-professor Wilson?" I asked, shocked to the core at who she was telling me was on her knees licking her. Professor Wilson was our Psychology professor and in her early fifties. She was pretty, a bit chubby, with massive breasts that the male students drooled over.

"Yes, none other," Mariah confirmed, "and she's a damn fine pussy-pleaser."

I remained in place, staring and trying to figure out how Professor Wilson could have ended up where she was.

Mariah seemed to read my mind and asked, "Wondering how I ended up getting the Professor to eat my cunt, my pet?"

I nodded, watching the scene with a growing sense of jealousy. Her cunt was *mine* to eat.

"Pretty simple," Mariah began. "It was obvious she was a dyke by the way she was always checking us both out. Oh sure, she thought she was being subtle, but she wasn't."

I couldn't believe our Professor had been checking us, and particularly uncurvy me, out.

"So after class last week, I walked into her office and asked bluntly if she was hungry for my cunt. She feigned innocence, but a few minutes later her door was locked and she was on her knees dining on my cunt. Isn't that right, Professor?"

The Professor looked up, her face red with shame, and admitted, "Yes ma'am, that is correct."

"And you love eating my cunt, don't you?" Mariah questioned.

"Yes, Mistress Mariah," the embarrassed Professor agreed, looking at Mariah but not at me.

"And you're going to be our pet for the rest of the year, aren't you, Professor?" Mariah asked, revealing yet another surprise.

The Professor answered, her voice almost a whisper, "Yes, Mistress Mariah."

I was in awe at the power Mariah had over the Professor, even though based on how easily I myself had fallen under Mariah's hypnotic spell, it shouldn't have come as too much of a surprise.

"Go crawl to Sandra and offer her your services," Mariah ordered.

The Professor turned and crawled the few steps to where I was still standing near the door and looking up asked me, "May I eat your cunt, Mistress Sandra?"

I was flabbergasted at hearing the word 'Mistress' used by someone referring to myself. I looked to my own Mistress who nodded in confirmation that this was my next task, to be eaten by the Professor. Looking back down, the Professor looking up at me so eager and sexy and hopeful from her submissive position had my pussy on fire. I asked her, horny but still the sweet person I always had been and both unaccustomed to and ill-prepared for a dominant role, "You sure? You don't have to."

The Professor replied, surprising me again, "Yes, Mistress Sandra, I want to lick your cunt. I want to be your teacher slave." Then she began untying my shoes.

I allowed myself to be worshipfully undressed out of my volleyball gear. The Professor stayed on her knees as she removed my socks and shorts. I was no longer allowed to wear panties even when playing sports and the extra absorbency might be helpful. The Professor rose up on her knees and began licking my pussy. She was a very experienced cunt-licker, and had me on the brink of orgasm in only a few minutes, even with my awkward standing position.

I wasn't one to use profanity very often, I'm still not, but I couldn't control myself as I grabbed my Professor's head and pulled her face as deep inside me as I could. I rubbed my Professor's face up and down on my cunt until I screamed, "Oh fuck, yes, fuck, fuck, fuuuuuck!"

The rest of our sophomore year, Professor Wilson was an eager sub to both Mariah and me until she left the school at the end of the school year. I found it a confusing year as I never quite understood my place in my relationship with Mariah. It was clear Mariah was in charge, but whenever we interacted with anyone else it was always unpredictable what my role would be.

"Get your paws on the couch, my pet. I want you to watch this," Mariah instructed, with a devious smile.

Sandra obeyed the strange demand, curious to see who was between Mariah's red stocking-clad legs. Once her 'paws' were on the couch and she was sitting next to Mariah, she got a very good look at who was between her Mistress' legs when Taylor looked up at her with a saucy grin.

Mariah asked, "Surprised?"

"Yes, Mistress, and shocked; this is incest," Sandra answered, watching in voyeuristic awe as a daughter licked her mother. Of course, she had witnessed years ago Mariah's mother submitting too so it shouldn't have been that big a shock.

"Yes it is, my pet, but I bet your slut box is already leaking from watching, isn't it?" Mariah predicted confidently.

Sandra couldn't deny her pussy was soaked, but it had been like that all week because of those two silver balls bouncing around inside her. "Yes, but it's these damn balls that are driving me crazy."

"And the fact you haven't come for a week," Mariah added.

Sandra agreed, unable to take her eyes off Taylor eagerly licking her mother, "Yes Mistress, that's also driving me crazy."

"A penny for your thoughts," Mariah said.

Sandra had a trillion thoughts rocketing through her head, but the main one was what she was currently witnessing. Sandra admitted, "I just can't believe you're committing incest."

"You will be too, and soon," Mariah promised.

"Pardon?" Sandra gasped.

"Pardon, what?" Mariah asked, knowing she needed to be consistent while retraining her sub.

"Pardon, Mistress Mariah," Sandra corrected herself, hiding the annoyance she felt at being corrected.

"Well, it *is* the natural next step," Mariah answered as if that explained everything.

"It's very *unnatural*," Sandra protested, determined that this time she must now stand up for herself and her pure daughter.

Mariah's tone shifted slightly as she let out a moan and scolded her daughter, "Slut, slow down, Mommy isn't ready yet."

"Yes, Mistress Mommy," Taylor mumbled in return, her lips never leaving her Mother's delicious nectar.

Turning back to her bewildered pet, she explained, "You see, there is most of a very clear hierarchy here right now. I am the Queen and everybody here is to serve my every whim. Taylor here is the princess, so everybody other than her Queen Mistress is here to serve her without question. Although Kelly so far remains ignorant of all this. The only question that still exists is who is third in line. Is it you, my slut? Will your pretty daughter become your pet, or will you become hers?"

Sandra, defiant in a way she'd never been before, ever, stamped her feet standing straight up from the couch and declared, almost shouting, "Neither of those are ever going to happen."

Mariah smiled, her tone hinting at being impressed, "Is my pet standing up to her Mistress?"

Sandra wavered only briefly, realizing the consequences of her defiance if she lost this argument would be brutal, "Yes, I am. I can't allow you to seduce my daughter, and I will never allow myself to commit the act of incest!"

Mariah sighed dramatically. "I really thought we were past this."

Sandra's tone shifted from strong to pleading as she felt Mariah's disappointment and guilt hitting her. By this time she was incapable of displeasing Mariah for any reason without feeling very badly about it. "Mistress, please, this is asking far too much."

"Have I ever guided you wrong?" Mariah asked gently.

Sandra considered this point. As she reflected back to the many humiliating moments in her life that had been orchestrated by Mariah, every single one of them had ended up bringing her pleasure beyond what she could have predicted. Even being coerced into becoming pregnant had ended well, with the birth of Kelly, who had consistently been her pride and joy.

Mariah tapped the couch, instructing without words for Sandra to sit back down.

Sandra was in a quagmire of epic proportions. By now she was willing and eager to resume submitting to Mariah, knowing deep down that ironically the only time she was ever sexually free was when she had no say in anything. Yet, she couldn't commit incest and she couldn't assist in the corruption of her loving, trusting daughter.

Hesitantly she sat down beside Mariah, visibly trembling.

Mariah, who knew when to be aggressive, knew when to dominate, but also knowing when to be caring, spoke softly. "Sandra, I love you and I assume you love me."

Sandra nodded. "Yes, I do love you, Mariah."

"And I need you as much as you need me," Mariah explained.

"You need me? That comes as a surprise."

"Of course I do," Mariah smiled, so tender, "like you, I've been lost these past eighteen years. I tried to replace you, I tried to let you go, but you'd become irreplaceable."

Sandra's entire combative attitude fell apart at hearing words she hadn't known she'd been craving all these years. "Thank you," Sandra said, all she could muster as tears began streaming down her face.

Mariah leaned closer and Sandra followed suit and they were locked in a tender kiss.

Mariah breaking the kiss eventually, she said, "I'm going to reward you for being such a good girl by letting you come tonight."

"Really?" Sandra asked, a chill of excitement at the week-long teasing coming to fruition.

"Yes, my pet, but I've got to come first," Mariah moaned, her daughter's tongue doing wonders.

Shifting from soft and sensitive to direct and dominant, she ordered, "Get me off, daughter-slut."

Taylor, who had been listening to the whole bizarre conversation, obeyed, shifting from slow teasing to fast licking.

Sandra watched in perverse shock, her pussy unable to deny what the sight was doing to her.

Mariah, close to orgasm, grabbed her daughter's head and began pushing it back and forth across her cunt. It was Mariah's signature move when she wanted a super orgasm. Each push forward was like a spank against her pussy.

Taylor desperately attempted to lick while her face was being pounded by her mother's pussy.

Sandra watched the incestuous moment of raw heat with mixed emotions. Incest was morally wrong, yet watching it live, in its rawest carnal form, had her desperate to come.

Sandra flashed back to the first time Mariah had used her face roughly:

It had been two months after my submission to Mariah had begun and I had begun pleasuring my roommate at least once a day (except when her Aunt Ruby visited), as Mariah believed and enforced that practice makes perfect.

I was getting better at knowing when and where the trigger spots were for my lovely blonde roommate, and I loved nothing more than to hear her moans of pleasure rise, her legs stiffen and her scream echo when Mariah came because of the actions of my very own tongue.

This time Mariah's moans were louder than usual, her breathing heavier than usual, and suddenly she grabbed me by both sides of the head and began using my face as a cock.

I was surprised and helpless as she pulled me forward and back, each forward pull causing my face to collide with my Mistress's wetness. Mariah's screams exploded and after less than thirty seconds of the facial pounding, she jettisoned an explosive spray of cum from her cunt, coating my face.

I was dazed and bewildered at what had just happened, but without even touching myself I came the same time she did.

"Fuuuuuuuck, yes baby, fuck Mommy's cunt like a goooooood giiiiirl," Mariah screamed as her cum exploded out of her. These orgasms were always the most intense for her, and they led to copious squirting.

Taylor loved the taste of her mother's juices and opened her mouth wide, knowing the squirting was coming and managed to catch most of it.

Once done, and a couple of minutes later, Mariah still breathing erratically ordered, "Taylor my slut, go get the box of toys."

"Yes, Mistress Mommy," Taylor obeyed eagerly, standing up, her face shiny with her Mother's juices. Looking at Sandra, her smile widened, "Hi, my slut."

Sandra, knowing what was expected, replied, "Hi, Mistress Taylor."

"Did you enjoy the show?" Taylor asked.

Mariah interrupted, "Go get the fucking toys, slut."

"S-s-sorry, Mommy," Taylor apologized, shifting from mistress to sub in an instant, before rushing off to get the requested toys.

Mariah looked into Sandra's eyes and asked, "You agree that I know what's best for you, right?"

"Yes, Mistress," Sandra agreed without hesitation, knowing that deep down she always ended up loving whatever Mariah made her do, no matter how unwelcome it seemed at first, how taboo or how humiliating.

"Good, so there will be no more questioning, will there?"

"I will obey," Sandra agreed submissively, knowing she didn't have the strength to fight the powerful Mistress, nor deep down did she want to. She wanted to be able to shut off her brain and be trusting and obedient, like she used to be.

"Always?" Mariah questioned.

Sandra agreed, accepting whatever consequences might lie ahead. "Unless I get really stupid again, always, Mistress Mariah."

"Hmmmmmmmm," Mariah pondered, considering releasing Sandra from her invisible binds that constrained her from orgasm. "You have been a very good girl so far." After a brief pause, Mariah shifted back to the dominatrix she really was. "Now get back down on the floor like a good pet."

Sandra returned to her earlier position on the floor with her hands resting paw-like on the seat of the couch.

Mariah stood up as Taylor returned to the room with a large box.

She smiled, promising to do exactly what Sandra wanted, the literal meaning not yet obvious, "Now I'm really going to fuck the shit out of you."

10. TWO OUT OF THREE IS GOOD!

"Get me the Slim Shady," Mariah ordered her daughter.

Taylor put the box of kink on the coffee table and reached in for the requested slim strap-on, perfect for ass fucking. Taylor walked to her Mother and like a good servant silently fastened the fuck toy in place on her mistress mother.

Once it was on, Mariah said, "Put one on yourself, Taylor, it's time you finally got to use your birthday present."

"Yes, Mistress Mommy," Taylor assented, thrilled to finally be able to fuck her bitch. Wanting to show the MILF slut who was boss, she grabbed what had become known as the pile driver, a nine-inch long, thick, black strap-on dildo.

As Taylor attached the big cock to herself, Mariah quipped, "Is my daughter trying to overcompensate for something?"

Taylor retorted, "I just want my first time with my new plaything to be memorable."

"Oh, that it will be," Mariah promised. "Take the Ben Wa balls out of her first, Taylor."

Taylor went behind the fine assed submissive and lifting up the slut's skirt, reached inside her and snatched out the balls rather roughly, causing Sandra to release a small yelp.

Taylor, morphing from daughter sub to teenage Mistress, ordered, "Slut, get undressed!"

Sandra obediently obeyed the teenage goddess, her wet cunt doing all her thinking for her.

Once she was naked except for her beige thigh high stockings, she resumed her pet-like position.

Mariah asked, "When was your last ass-fuck, slut?"

Sandra admitted, her body tingling with the expectation of a cock in her ass, "Not since before I left you."

Mariah chuckled, "You really did just quit cold turkey. You used to love your ass being filled."

"Yes, Mistress, but then I avoided anything that would remind me of my past," Sandra explained.

"Do you want your slut ass filled?" Taylor interjected.

"My body is yours to do with as you please, Mistress," Sandra answered, "but yes, I also want this," willingly giving herself over lock, stock and barrel to the two Mistresses.

Taylor sat on the couch beside where Sandra was, the opposite side from her mother's, her cock sticking straight up and ordered, "Let's see how well my slut sucks cock."

Sandra crawled between her young Mistress's stocking-clad legs and went directly to the plastic cock. She had sucked a few cocks during these past eighteen years, as it had become pretty much expected by a second date. Yet it had been almost a year since her most recent date and sexual encounter. She opened her mouth and began by swirling her tongue round the head.

Taylor ordered, "You aren't supposed to make love to my cock, slut, it doesn't have any nerve endings; your job is just to get it nice and wet for that slut box of yours. Now slobber all over it like the whore you are."

Sandra felt a slight tinge of humiliation at being treated so harshly by an eighteen-year-old, but she obeyed the order as she began to bob up and down on the big thick cock, poking the end against her throat to generate the requested slobber. Sandra was a great cock sucker, and easily got into a decent rhythm even with such an absurdly big cock.

"That's better," Taylor purred, "I can't wait to watch you do that with a real cock."

Sandra shivered at this promise Taylor no doubt planned to keep.

A minute or two later Taylor ordered, "That's good enough. Straddle my cock, slut."

Taking the plastic cock out of her mouth, Sandra replied placidly, enjoying her state of mindless surrender, "Yes, Mistress Taylor," and she quickly and eagerly climbed onto the big cock. Already very wet, she lowered herself slowly onto the enormous fake cock. The cock widened her long-neglected cunt and she moaned, "Aaaaaah, shit!"

"That's it slut, take it all," Taylor smiled, watching her slut's expression, a mixture of pleasure and pain.

Slowly but surely Sandra did take it all and couldn't remember a time her cunt had felt so full... well other than the first reunion fuck with Mistress Mariah of course.

Feeling hands on her ass, she instinctively leaned forward, used to being double penetrated by Mariah.

Sandra flashed back to her final year of college:

By now, I'd been trained to take a cock in my ass and even needed it to reach the most intense of my orgasms.

Mariah regularly fucked my ass and I'd now learned from long experience that with ultimate submission comes ultimate pleasure. I always came hardest when my ass was being fucked... hard. This ultimate taboo was so naughty that it freed me in ways my submission never had during my first three years.

The morning of my first DP started as it often did with a vague innuendo from Mariah. "Tonight, I have something very special in mind for you."

"I can't wait, Mistress," I replied sincerely, a tingle hitting me down below.

"Nor I," Mariah smiled, her tone hinting at something new.

All day at school I wondered what my Mistress had in store for me. When I returned home, my pussy having been on fire all day with anticipation, so addicted to submission as I'd been conditioned to be, I was surprised to see another girl present with Mariah.

Mariah, her tone powerful, ordered as soon as I walked in the door, "Get into position, slut!"

I felt my face going ruby red at being humiliated like this in front of a stranger, but without hesitation I began undressing.

As I undressed, briskly and efficiently, Mariah explained, "You see Alexandra, it takes time, but a good pet can be conditioned to obey instantly."

"I wouldn't have believed it if I hadn't seen it for myself," the short, chubby but pretty brunette replied, clearly impressed. "I don't think she knows me from Adam, I could be a photojournalist from the National Enquirer or something, but even with me here, she hopped right to it."

My face was burning red as my last piece of clothing was discarded, leaving me only in my standard thigh high stockings.

I then fell to my knees and began crawling across the carpet to my Mistress, who was still fully clothed, as was her guest. Once I arrived at Mariah's stocking-clad feet I sat on my heels and awaited further instructions.

"Good girl," Mariah complimented, before instructing me, "Now lick my feet."

"Yes, Mistress Mariah," I replied, burning in shame because of this other person watching, but nevertheless bending down to lick my Mistress's stocking-clad foot.

"Wow," Alexandra gasped, still stunned, watching the submissive act.

Mariah smiled, loving to show off her power, "Would you like for her to eat your cunt?"

"Really?" Alexandra asked.

"Yes. She's become a great pussy pleaser," Mariah explained. I was proud of the compliment.

"I thought I was just going to fuck her," the chubby girl said.

"You want to do that first?" Mariah asked, implying it was going to be a long night.

I switched feet, replicating my tongue bathing foot cleansing, my pussy on fire with both embarrassment and excitement.

"Sure, I've never gotten to fuck a girl before," an eager Alexander said.

"But you've had your cunt munched?" Mariah asked.

"We psych geeks like to experiment," the chubby girl flirted back.

"I just bet you do," Mariah quipped, before ordering, "Slut, go get the box of toys."

I obeyed, crawling into Mariah's room for her box of toys. I then returned, pushing the box across the carpet with my forehead, still on all fours.

By this time both girls were naked, except Mariah of course still had on her white thigh highs. I looked up and couldn't believe the size of Alexandra's breasts... they defied physiology and were literally as big as her head. I dearly wanted to touch them, and as usual Mariah seemed able to read my mind.

"Liking those titties, slut?"

"Yes, Mistress, they're very impressive," I responded hungrily, unable to take my eyes off them.

"Yes, they are," Mariah agreed, taking one in her mouth.

The chubby brunette let out a surprised moan. I watched in envy from my puppy dog position.

Finally, a couple of minutes later and after Mariah had thoroughly explored each of Alexandra's huge breasts, Mariah walked to the box and asked Alexandra, while her eyes

bored into mine, "Would you prefer to fuck my slut's cunt or her ass?"

"Oh God, can I do her ass?" Alexandra asked, her excitement similar to a guy being asked if he wanted a blow-job from a trio of hot women.

"Of course you can," Mariah replied, as if the question was trivial. Mariah gave me a wink before reaching into the box for the smaller strap-on cock. She sauntered over and strapped the cock on the chubby, eager psychology student.

Once it was on, Mariah surprised the girl by saying, as she nibbled on her neck, "You understand I plan to fuck you after we double team her, right?"

"You do?" Alexandra asked, surprised by the announcement.

Meanwhile I contemplated the possible meaning of 'double team', a term I'd never encountered before, although many naughty ideas began to percolate in my head.

"Oh yes, I do," Mariah purred, her tongue slithering down the girl's neck and back to those massive tits. "Tell me you won't mind if I do that."

"Kkkkkkkk," the surprised psychology student moaned, clearly overwhelmed by the turn of events.

"Good girl," Mariah purred as she bit playfully on the fat nipples of her new plaything.

I jealously watched the seduction of the chubby girl, hating when the attention wasn't on me. Desperate for some attention, I did something I'd never done before: I barked. "Woof!"

Mariah turned instantly, her turn to be surprised. The surprise was short-lived as she smiled and asked, "Is my pet puppy jealous?"

"Yes, Mistress," I answered.

Mariah smiled as she moved away from my big-titted competition and moved back to the box of fun. She reached for another strap-on and sauntered sexily back to an overwhelmed Alexandra. "Could you fasten this onto me, my pet?"

Alexandra's face went blotchy at her demotion in status as she fumbled to put the strap-on cock around the blonde goddess.

Once it was on, Mariah sat on the couch and ordered me, "Slut, climb on my cock. You want some attention? You're about to become the *center* of attention."

I pounced like a cheetah, onto the couch and then swallowed the plastic cock into my twat with ease.

Mariah quipped, "Horny, are we?"

"Yes, Mistress. All day I couldn't stop thinking about being fucked, ever since this morning when you hinted at something special," I moaned as my cunt surged up and down on her cock.

Mariah looked at Alexandra, who was still stunned. "As you can see, with proper training a shy, reserved, nerd like Sandra here can become a submissive, raging slut who obeys without

hesitation, and for a few years now she's been enjoying the most powerful and exciting orgasms of her life."

Alexandra just stood in place staring at the lesbian scene occurring live in front of her. Sure, she'd eaten pussy a few times with a couple of her classmates, to relieve stress during studying or just to experiment, but mostly she liked being fucked.

But she was captivated by the powerful blonde and a growing part of her wanted to be just like the slut who was eagerly bouncing up and down on the plastic cock.

Mariah, able to read the mind of a girl on the edge of submission promised, "Don't worry Alexandra, soon you too will get your chance to be my pet. But first, let's DP this slut."

"Ok," Alexandra agreed nervously, feeling vulnerable by the presumptive words of the blonde and yet excited all the same. She moved behind the pretty brunette riding the cock, me, and being a little aggressive grabbed me by the hips and ordered, "Sit still, slut."

Unused to being shared, I nevertheless stopped immediately and replied, "Yes, Miss." It now became clear as day what double team meant, as I felt the smaller plastic cock head probing between my ass cheeks.

Mariah asked, "Ready for two cocks at once, my pet?"

"Oh God yes, Mistress, double team your slut," I moaned, my body dying with the anticipation of two cocks inside me at once. Since I loved a cock in my cunt and I also loved a cock in my ass, theoretically I would love both at the same time, and that theory was about to be put to the test.

Alexandra didn't wait for instructions as she began to push her cock in my ass.

I screamed as the lack of any lube created an intense burning sensation at first.

Disregarding my pain, Alexandra continued to push forward until all six inches of her slender cock had disappeared inside my rectum.

Mariah was watching my face carefully and could tell I was in a state of overwhelmed sexual intensity as my expressions changed from pleasure to pain and then back to pleasure. "Are you full, my pet?" she asked caringly. "Can you handle this?"

"Yeeeees," I whimpered, the pain fading as I became accustomed to the bizarre feeling of being so completely filled.

"Are you ready for the ride of your life?" Mariah asked, her tone promising euphoria.

"Desperately," I answered desperately, my eyes begging for more.

"Pet Alexandra, fuck her ass," Mariah ordered, adding, "hard."

Alexandra obeyed, and I could feel her shivering with pleasure as she began moving slowly in and out of my ass.

Mariah scolded, "I didn't ask you to make love to my slut, I ordered you to fuck her whore ass."

"Sorry," Alexandra said, her voice revealing shame at being scolded. She began to pump into my butt faster, her pelvis now slamming against my ass cheeks with each forward thrust.

"Sorry, what?" Mariah asked, pushing the chubby girl to her final destination, to being a sub.

Alexandra was confused at first, distracted by the fact she was fucking a stranger in the ass.

"Sorry, um...."

I was amused at how innocent this new girl was, and how innocent I must have been three years ago, and I instructed this inexperienced new pet by moaning, "You must call her Mistress, tell her 'sorry Mistress'."

Alexandra's eyes went big as she looked at the smiling blonde. Unsure that she ever wanted to be owned like this slut she was fucking, yet sure she wanted to be fucked tonight, she obediently said the required words, "Sorry, Mistress."

"It's ok, my pet," Mariah smiled, as she bucked her ass up at the exact same moment as Alexandra buried her cock in my ass.

"Aaaaah," I screamed, as the cock in my cunt filled me simultaneously with the cock deep in my ass.

"Now ream her ass, slut," Mariah demanded.

Alexandra seemed startled to be called a slut and jerked in reaction, but she must have been so captivated by the activity she was involved in, she just did as she was told. She began giving me a fast-paced fucking, listening to my increasingly louder whimpers and moans. My Mistress had been right: this was wonderful!

I couldn't *believe* how full I felt, how the feeling was something new and was getting me overheated in a way different to anything I'd ever felt before. I was beginning to feel lightheaded as my inevitable orgasm began to build. I begged, "Harder, I beg you, please double fuck me harder!"

Mariah began to buck her ass up with each forward thrust by her big-titted slut-to-be, sending me into a chaotic delirium.

I mumbled incoherently, my head swimming in ecstasy as my orgasm rose to the brink, "Yes, fuck, aaah, god, oh my, oh my, aah, shit, shit, oh god, yes, my, my, aaaaah, shit, may I c-c-c-c, may, may I, c-come, Mistress?"

I sensed Mariah could tell I was too far gone to hold back any longer and with deeply appreciated beneficence she demanded, "Come, my slut."

Instantly, the invisible dam broke, my orgasm hit me like a tidal wave as I screamed, the loudest scream of my life, "Fuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuck!"

I collapsed forward onto my Mistress as the pleasure overwhelmed me. So fixated was I on the pleasure cascading through my body, I forgot to keep breathing and passed out.

Mariah told me later that as she smiled at the intensity of her pet's orgasm, she snapped her fingers at Alexandra, who instantly pulled out of my ass. Mariah snapped her fingers a second time and pointed to my leaking cunt.

I was barely regaining consciousness as Alexandra fell to her knees and I could feel the heavenly sensations as she licked the sweet nectar from my freshly fucked cunt.

I heard her murmur, "So sweet, so delicious, I had no idea," and after a couple of tentative licks as with thoughtless intuition I began sucking on my Mistress's nipple as I reclined against her, and Alexandra immersed herself in my wetness, eagerly lapping up all my cum.

As the cock between her ass cheeks teased her, Sandra wondered whatever had happened to Alexandra. She came to their dorm a few times over the next month, but never returned after the Christmas holidays. Her brief pondering was halted as she felt Mariah's cock begin pushing into her ass.

Taylor smiled, seeming to have her Mother's gift to read the mind of her sub, "Reminiscing about your first DP, slut?"

Sandra blushed even redder, as she whimpered, the burn in her ass coming back too, "Kind of."

Mariah laughed, "Didn't you pass out during your first dp?"

Sandra felt her ass getting full, the dull pain lingering. "I guess I did."

Taylor pinched her pet's nipples. "Enough fucking reminiscing about your early slut days. Who owns you now?"

Sandra grimaced at the twist of her sensitive nipples, but she answered as expected. "You do, Mistress Taylor."

"Good girl," Taylor smiled, giving one last twist of the nipple, her tone a stunning replica of her mother's.

"Thank you, Mistress Taylor," Sandra replied, like the obedient pet she had once been trained to be.

As the last inch of her cock disappeared in Sandra's ass, Mariah watched, amazed at how quickly Sandra had reverted to her submissive self. It was like the last eighteen years had never happened.

Both cocks filled Sandra, a dull pain still lingering, but a growing sense of building pleasure now usurping the pain.

"Fuck my slut's ass, Mommy," Taylor ordered. "She's ready."

"My pleasure, dear," Mariah returned, slowly beginning to move her plastic cock in and out of her pet's long neglected ass. "You used to love a cock in your ass, Sandra. How did you go so long without it?"

As the pleasure of a cock in her ass increased, bringing pulses of pleasure throughout her body, she wondered the same thing. How had she ever found the strength to leave the first time? How had she ever resisted such pleasure all these years? Sandra stammered honestly, "I-I-I don't know."

The next few minutes were a blur as Sandra was ravished front and back. Taylor sucked and bit on her nipples and tits, Mariah's fucking her ass increased in speed, and every once in a while Taylor would buck her ass up to remind Sandra of the cock in her cunt.

Sandra could feel the building orgasm and the sensations of euphoria that went with it. She begged Taylor, "Mistress, can I please come?"

Taylor smiled, "Not until you promise me one thing."

"Anything," Sandra agreed, her need to come overriding the fear of whatever expectations Taylor might have.

"Assist with the seduction of your daughter," Taylor revealed, her smile dripping with power.

"Nooooooo," Sandra whimpered, begging, "Please, anything but that!"

Mariah slammed forward, the cock reaching new depths in Sandra's ass. "All you have to do to be allowed to come is to give me what is already rightfully mine."

Sandra was already weakening as she pleaded, "Please Mistresses, leave Kelly alone."

Taylor chuckled as she thrust upwards three straight times to meet her Mom's forward thrusts. "It's a done deal, slut. Soon she will join you in serving us. Like mother, like daughter. Isn't that right, Mommy?"

"Of course, honey," Mariah agreed, admiring her *domme* daughter in training.

"Give Mommy your daughter, slut," Taylor demanded.

Sandra's head was clouded by the need to come and prayed that her daughter could be strong enough to resist what she couldn't hold back then and couldn't hold back now.

The simultaneous thrusts were the final nail in her motherly coffin as she simply *HAD* to come. "Fine, she's yours," Sandra agreed, exasperated.

"Who is?" Taylor asked.

"My daughter," Sandra said, still avoiding saying her name.

"Be specific slut, or you'll remain in pre-orgasmic limbo all fucking night," Taylor snapped.

"Fuuuuck," Sandra moaned, her orgasm on the bubble of ecstasy. Finally, giving in completely as she had all those years ago, she agreed, for a third time, "Mistress Mariah, I give you my daughter Kelly as your pet."

"And you will help us?" Taylor added.

"Yes, dammit, I'll even help, now let me the fuck come!" Sandra demanded back, her mind in a sexual haze of almost a week-long frustration.

"How dare you..." Taylor began, but was interrupted by her mother.

"Come now, my slut!" Mariah cried out, allowing her pet the fleeting experience of euphoria she had longed for.

Sandra let go completely, and instantly the violent volcano of yesteryear erupted again after eighteen years of being dormant. "Fuuuuuuck, yeeeeees, thank yooooooooou," Sandra screamed incoherently.

Both women watched intently as their pet quivered, shook and screamed through an intensity of pleasure few women had ever experienced.

And like Sandra had done all those years ago when she first reached orgasm from being double penetrated, she passed out. When she woke up a couple of minutes later, Mariah was fucking her daughter and explaining the responsibilities of a Mistress.

"Now do you see, Taylor? Once your sub gives you exactly what you ask her for, you must reward her, like you would a puppy who does a trick. If you don't reward her with the thing you promised her, the next time she won't feel the need to obey so strongly. She needs to be conditioned to know without any doubt at all that complete obedience is rewarded with ultimate pleasure, is that understood?"

"Yes, Mommy," Taylor whimpered, as her Mother really fucked her.

Sandra pretended still to be unconscious, but she was already trying to come to grips with the cold harsh reality that for the second time since Mariah arrived she had willingly exchanged her daughter's fate for an orgasm.

The end of this novel for now!

Continued in Like Mommy, Like Daughter: 2 Obey