

SEET MOMMY": FUCKING WITH MOMMY-

silkstockingslover

Mom's task is to seduce daughter for her Master...her son.

Incest/Taboo

4.59

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Recap: This is part three of a series. I recommend you read parts 1 and 2 first, as they will help you to understand how the mother ended up where she is now; if you've already read the first two parts and can't remember the basic plot or just want to start here on part 3... here is a very brief summary of the story so far.

"Pet Mommy": Creating a Mommy-Slut: A mother learns that her son fantasizes about fucking her and, realizing how much he resembles her deceased dominant husband, she decides to make his fantasy into a reality... by seducing her son and becoming his submissive Pet Mommy.

"Pet Mommy": DP Mommy Slut! The mother's dominant son makes another fantasy come true... her first double penetration. He also insists that she seduce her daughter and give her to him as a present for his upcoming high school graduation. That seduction is what part three will focus on.

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I love Michael, my son.

I love how he's become the man of the household, I love that he always knows what I need sexually.

I love that he's discovered both my long-lost submissive side and his own newly-discovered dominant side.

I love that he uses all three of my holes whenever he wishes, and recently he's even begun sharing me with his best friend Frederick, and that's been amazing.

I love the taste of my son's cum in my mouth, the feel of his cum exploding in my pussy and even the embarrassment of his cum leaking out of my ass.

I love that he is my Master and that I am his submissive.

Yet, it's one thing to make a promise while in the throes of passion, but it's quite another to attempt to fulfill said promise once clarity hits; which leads to his latest expectation of me... to seduce his sister, my daughter, which seems an impossible task to fulfill.

Two days before Crystal was to return home for Michael's high school graduation, he asked, while his cock was pounding my ass slowly, his cum still dripping out of my cunt from his last load just a few minutes ago, for me to explain what my seduction plan was.

"I-I-I don't know," I stammered, distracted by how good his cock felt in my ass, not to mention I had no feasible idea of how to turn such an impossibility into a possibility.

His cock lodged deep in my ass, he stopped fucking me as he pointed out, disappointed by my insufficient answer, "Mother, you've had almost a week to plan. She's going to be here in two nights. I expect her to be on her knees and ready to please me by Saturday evening, is that clear?"

He pulled out and slammed into my ass, hard. I screamed, "Buuuuuuuuut hooooooooooow?"

"You want my help?" he asked.

"Of course, Master," I purred, "I feel completely helpless about this," trying desperately to get him to assist me in this crazy conquest he had in mind. Oddly, when I was horny, which was often, the idea of seducing my daughter was quite the turn-on; I'd already crossed the line in every way possible with my son, so doing it a second time with my daughter didn't seem as bad as the on again off again guilt I'd felt while I was seducing him. Accepting yourself for who you are and setting aside society's attitudes about incest was very liberating. So was doing research on incest and realizing three things:

1. Historically, it has been quite common.
2. Although seldom revealed openly, incest is much more common than people let on... once you dig deeper into the underbelly of society's unrealistic expectations.
3. The more I accepted the first two items, the easier it became to convince myself that there was no better way to show how much I loved my son than to give myself to him unconditionally: mind, body and soul. After all, those are the traditional expectations of a woman when she marries a man, and that was exactly what I had done for my husband for those several years before his unexpected death. In the most simplistic terms, Michael had recently stepped in for his father as head of the household, and now received the exact same benefits my husband used to enjoy. Plus, as much as I loved my husband, god bless his soul, I now loved my son even more.

"On Friday, take her shopping somewhere to get her a new dress for the graduation ceremony, and then suggest going to a lingerie store as well, telling her you have a new man in your life," he began.

"Okay," I moaned, his cock pumping in my ass a constant distraction. "I'm not sure that will be enough."

"Well, if she's as big of a slut as her mother it may be, but I thought while you were bonding with her, I could do some reconnaissance on her computer," he continued.

"Ooooooh," I moaned, thinking this idea seemed like a good start. Such an approach had been invaluable when I'd first explored the idea of seducing Michael.

"If the eyes are the gateway into the soul of a person, their hard drive is the gateway into their kinks," he concluded, something that was pretty hard to disagree with.

On the computer you could research secret kinks, read stories based on such interests, have chats with people with similar kinks and, of course, watch every type of porn imaginable, many subsets of which I never knew existed. (Did you know there's a cartoon porn site which depicts many of the cartoon characters we grew up watching? I sure hadn't.) Since seducing my son, I've watched online incest porn and read lots of incest stories, each story making my guilt fade away a bit more. Since

receiving Michael's order for me to seduce Crystal, I've been reading mother-daughter incest stories not only because they're hot, but also trying to research ideas I can use to come up with a game plan. Yet, incest stories are exactly that, stories, and making such a seduction into a reality was way more complex than putting pen to paper. (Or okay, these days putting keyboard to hard drive.)

"That's a good idea," I moaned, my orgasm starting to build, my greatest orgasms coming from anal sex (strange but true).

"And just to add a little motivation to your task," he announced, surprising me by pulling out of me, he loved coming in my ass.

"Whaaaaat?" I whimpered, frustrated that he'd pulled out with me so close to orgasm.

He circled around and shoved his pulsing, stiff cock in my mouth and began fucking my mouth as he explained, "You aren't allowed to come until your task is completed."

My eyes went wide; the gravity of his expectation and the consequences of failure were now clear. I would have responded with pleas for mercy, but his cock was fucking my mouth, his balls spanking my chin with each thrust. I usually loved his aggressive need to come approach, but with my orgasm so close and suddenly knowing I was no longer allowed *any*, I was super annoyed.

He continued, "You can still get your daily dose of my cum with blow jobs, but you aren't allowed to *coooooome*."

His sweet white stuff exploded in my mouth and I focused on swallowing it all like I'd been trained to do, wasting cum was way worse than wasting booze. He slowed down as I milked his cock for every last trace of his addicting sperm.

Finally he pulled out and continued the conversation as if it hadn't been interrupted by his shooting his load in his mother's mouth, "Is that understand, Pet Mommy?"

"Yes," I answered, stretching my mouth after the quick pounding it had just taken.

"You don't like the idea?" he asked, catching my disappointed tone.

"May I speak honestly?" I asked, looking up at him.

"Of course," he shrugged, his cock beginning to shrink before me. It really is one of the really great wonders of the world, the beauty of a cock growing to an aroused state or a just-shot-its-load-cock slowly returning into sexual hibernation.

"I'm very close right now, Master," I explained, praying for sexual release.

"All the better for you to understand the full importance of my expectations of you. I want Crystal as my graduation present," he answered.

"I just don't know if I can do it," I admitted.

"I know you can, Mom," he said, putting his cock back in my mouth. I swirled my tongue around, giving his cock a quick wash before he pulled out and cautioned, "Now, no more of this defeatist mindset, is that understood?"

"Yes, I understand," I answered, adding jokingly, "May I go and take a cold shower?"

"Does that work for women?" he asked with a chuckle.

Standing up, I answered, "I'm about to find out."

Although the coldness didn't extinguish my burning flame entirely, it did cool down the fire inside me sufficiently to let me think straight.

The next two days were torture as I tried to resist the temptation to come, especially when each morning's wake up and evening's bedtime included my swallowing a load of Michael's cum. I wanted him in my cunt and ass, I wanted to be fucked, pounded, and used. Yet each time, Michael only reminded me of the task at hand.

When not being used as a cum receptacle, or working (selling real estate), I was reading sex stories, chatting with online mothers who had seduced their daughters (if they really were mothers, there are a surprising number of men out there masquerading as women), and trying to formulate a plan that had a chance of working. In the end, a mixture of flattery, intimate contact and open conversations seemed to be the key... and of course, booze. The major problem was that I was on a very limited timeline.

The morning of the day Crystal was to arrive, Michael deposited a load down my belly for breakfast and asked, "So, is my pet excited for her new task?"

"I'm excited to be allowed to come and to make you happy," I answered.

"You don't want to seduce your daughter?" he asked, surprised by this possibility.

"I'm more scared than anything," I answered. "Even though I knew it was technically wrong when I seduced you, I knew it was your fantasy."

"That it was," he smiled, his beautiful cock beginning to shrink.

"But with Crystal... first of all, girls are different," I began.

"Oh, I beg to differ," he quipped, "you're usually hornier than I am," tracing my willing lips with his cock.

"Okay, but I'm the exception," I smiled back, licking the bottom of his cock.

"Well, Crystal looks like you, has the same body type as you, and the same quirky personality as you," Michael pointed out.

"So if Mommy is an incest slut, then Crystal must be one slut too?" I quipped, moving my tongue to his balls, something I'd never done to him before.

"It's a theory," he moaned, as I took one of his balls in my mouth.

I didn't respond as I pleased one ball and then the other.

"Shit Slut, you never cease to surprise me," he moaned softly.

"I aim to please," I replied.

"That you do, Mom," he agreed (calling me Mom without adding any derogatory words before or after was rare when we were alone). I was used to Pet Mommy or Mommy slut, Mommy whore,

Mommy slave, or during the past couple days, just cum bucket.

I slid my tongue back up his stiff rod, wishing he would just fuck me hard.

As if reading my mind, "Does Crystal's Mom want her back door plugged?"

Using my daughter's name was strange in this context, yet I responded, playing along, "Yes, Master, Crystal's Mom would love her back door to be pillaged."

"Show me that ass," he ordered.

If there were an obedience speed Olympics event, I'm sure I would have set a new world record as I quickly got in position, offering my ass to my son.

"You are such a good bad Mommy," he commented, his cock now between my ass cheeks, teasing my hunger.

"Please Master, I need it soooo bad," I begged, my hunger for his cock more addicting than nicotine.

"What are you willing to do for it?" he asked, the head of his cock pushing into my tight rosebud.

"Whatever you wish, Master," I responded, so horny I would walk into church, drop to my knees and blow our minister during his sermon if ordered.

"You'll eat your daughter's pussy?" he questioned, his beautiful cock so close to filling me.

"I'll be her Mommy-slut too if you want, Master. I'll make sure she's in stockings for you on Saturday when I offer up your sister as a gift for you," I answered, the idea turning me on more than I thought it would.

"If you promise she'll be my slut by Saturday night, I'll let you come from a good hard ass fucking," he offered, as his cock broke through my rectal resistance and slid into my wanton ass.

"Yeeeeees," I screamed, a two-day cum fast being two days of frustration too long.

He started slowly but I begged, "Don't make love to Mommy's ass, baby, pound it."

Obliging my unique motherly request, he slammed into my ass, filling me so fully that my orgasm began bubbling inside me after just a few strokes.

"Oh God, Michael, I love your cock in my ass," I screamed. "Promise me you'll never stop using Mommy."

"That's one promise I know I can keep," he laughed between his deep hard thrusts.

He fucked me deep and hard for a while until my orgasm was inevitable.

"Oh yes, Michael, I looooooove yooooooooou," I screamed like the slut I was, as I came from being ass fucked by my son.

"I love you too, Mom," he replied, even as he continued hammering away as my orgasm coursed through me.

"Fill my ass with your cream, baby, I want to walk around all day with a constant reminder of you," I begged, the thought so nasty that another gush of pleasure pulsed through me.

"Fuck, you're such a hot little slut, Mom," he groaned.

"Just your slut, son," I moaned back, as my ass began bouncing back on his cock, my ass clenching as I tried to milk his cock dry.

"And Frederick's," Michael reminded me, memories of my first double penetration flooding back to me, causing a second orgasm to begin building inside me.

"Yes, and your best friend's that you shared your Mommy-slut with," I agreed, wishing I had a second cock for my cunt right now, and maybe even a third one to blow, air tight being another fantasy I hadn't yet fulfilled.

"And soon you'll either have a Mistress or a pet of your own," he added, throwing another wrinkle into the upcoming seduction of my college daughter. I'd just assumed I'd be the submissive, but if I could make my demanding daughter into my pet... well, that was a delicious idea.

I asked, "Do you want your bitchy sister to be my Mistress or Mommy's little cunt slave?"

"Both sound delicious, but it would be awesome to see her knocked down a peg or two," he answered, as my ass continued riding his cock.

"Then I'll make her my little eager cunt-licking, cock-sucking, ass-fucking submissive for us," I moaned, getting drawn into the nasty seduction, a second blessed orgasm for me now inevitable.

"Shoot, Mom, you know just the right words to say."

A few more hard bounces back on his stiff rod, and I was about to burst as I begged, "May I come again, my son, my master?"

"You truly are insatiable," Michael responded.

"You turned on my long dormant inner slut, baby, and it has no intention of ever going back into hibernation," I squealed back, holding back the inevitable earthquake.

"Don't you dare cum until I do, slut," he ordered.

"Okay, baby," I moaned, knowing that as soon as I felt my son's seed filling my back door, my orgasm would follow instantly. It seems I had an ass hair trigger, as absurd as that sounds. Knowing he liked dirty talk, I asked, "Should Mommy go and buy a nice big strap-on to fuck your sister?"

"Shit, yes," he grunted, getting close.

"Or maybe a double-ended dildo so we can fuck each other, our stocking-clad feet pressed together?" I continued, turning myself on as I tossed hot visuals into his head to try and get him off.

"Here it comes, you cum slut," he grunted, and the very moment his cum shot inside my ass, my own orgasm triggered simultaneously.

I continued slowly sliding back and forth on his cock as we both enjoyed the aftershocks of our orgasms.

Pulling out eventually, Michael said, "I really do love you, Mom."

"I love you too, son," I replied, the soft words warming my heart.

The brief minute of intimacy was short-lived as Michael spanked my ass and ordered, "Now go forth and make my sister into our slut."

"Yes, Master," I agreed, a little more excited about the possible seduction, now that I was thinking it in terms of her being my pet instead of the other way around. Crystal had been a handful to raise, unlike Michael who'd been very little trouble. The thought of disciplining her sexually made Michael's demand feel more exciting to complete... plus, the payoff would be awesome.

All day at work I was distracted, thinking about the next forty-eight hours and the seemingly impossible, yet incredibly intoxicating, possibility.

That evening, after swallowing loads from both Frederick and Michael, I headed to the airport to pick up Crystal. I had butterflies in my stomach as I contemplated the task at hand.

The flight was late and Crystal, being Crystal, was in a foul mood as she ranted about the inept stewardesses and the turbulence as if the gods were on her case.

Trying to appear as a normal mother, once we were in the vehicle I asked about her first year of college and about how the summer job was going, the college semester already over, and how she was enjoying the west coast. I learned her job working as a secretary at a dental clinic was mind-numbingly boring, she loved the ocean but hated the cool breezes, and she was into an 'I hate all men' phase.

An opening given, I joked, "Well, you could try being a lesbian."

She laughed, "I'm seriously considering it."

Trying to keep the conversation going, I admitted, "Can't deny I miss my college days."

Crystal's eyes went big. "Mom, are you implying what I think you are?"

"I don't know what you think I'm implying, I'm just saying I miss those carefree dorm days," I replied coyly, before adding, another seed planted, "and those nights... those late, late nights."

Crystal was stunned by my hints that I'd played around with other girls in college. After a brief moment of silence, she said, stunned, "I can't believe you dyked out in college."

"I didn't say I did... as you so eloquently put it... dyke out."

"You hinted at it," she countered.

"No, you construed it, darling," I countered right back, enjoying this verbal manipulation and the frustration and confusion I was stirring up in her.

"So Mother, hints aside, do you have any naughty secrets you're willing to share from your past with your oh-so-innocent daughter?" Crystal asked, impressed that her old bag of a mother may have been wild when she was younger.

"Do you have any?" I countered, continuing to elude answering any of her questions.

"Are you asking your daughter if she's a dyke?" Crystal asked, surprised by my strange behaviour.

"Dyke is such a crude word," I replied, continuing to manipulate her, trying to draw her into my web of seduction as I felt her out.

"Sorry, Mother," she said, annoyed with me. Using the bluntness she was well-known for she asked, "Let me put it this way: did you lez out back in college?"

"Don't know. Define 'lez out'," I requested.

"You, Mommy Dearest, are more frustrating than my last boyfriend was," she said, exasperated by my answers. She defined bluntly, "To lez out. Verb phrase. To lick pussy, to munch cunt, to sample snatch."

"Crystal," I scolded her, "watch your language."

"Are you kidding me?" she asked.

I glared at her theatrically for a moment before breaking into laughter and answering her question, but only vaguely, "I too was once young and carefree."

"So you did?" she asked wanting to hear the words coming out of my mouth.

"Did I eat pussy and munch cunt?" I asked with a smile, parroting back her foul language, she still being unaware of how dirty my mouth could get, or the creamed sausage it had been filled with daily ever since my seduction of her brother.

"Mom, what's gotten into you?" she gasped.

"That's a rather personal question," I joked, as we rolled into the driveway.

"I can't believe we even had this conversation," Crystal said, overwhelmed by our frank, yet vague, questions and insinuations.

"You're an adult now Crystal," I said, placing my hand familiarly on her leg. I softened my tone as I said, "Going forward, I want us to have a far deeper relationship than simply mother and daughter," the underlying meaning of my words much more sinister than they sounded.

"Really?" Crystal asked, used to our bumping heads more times than not; I hoped to be doing a whole different type of bumping with her, and soon.

"Of course, honey. You're turning twenty soon. I want our relationship to move to another level," I explained, staring into her blue eyes, my pussy wet with intent.

Crystal was so surprised by the shift in our mother-daughter conversation, she said, "Cool," still sounding like a teenager, which technically she still was.

I gave her leg a firm squeeze as I added, "Of course, I'm still your mother, and I always know what's best for you."

There she is," Crystal smiled.

"There who is?" I asked, knowing exactly what she meant.

"The mother I know and love," she countered, laughing gently.

Leaving her with ominous implications, I responded as I opened my door, "Oh honey, I know you think you know me, but so far you only know me as your mother, not as a woman. And as for love... you ain't seen nothing yet."

Before she could respond, I climbed out of the car, allowing my words to fluster her. I was thrilled with how well the drive had gone, the seeds of seduction slyly planted.

That night Crystal went out to see some friends after agreeing to go shopping with me the next afternoon. The plan was that I would show houses for half a day, pick her up for lunch, and then we'd go and get new outfits for each of us for Saturday's graduation ceremony.

Michael and Frederick went out as well, going to a nine o'clock movie, leaving me home alone. Happy with my progress, I drew myself a bubble bath and relaxed, knowing tomorrow was potentially going to contain another life-altering seduction.

Friday morning, Michael had school and woke me up with his cock tapping on my lips.

I woke up groggily, the bubble bath having prepared me for a great night's sleep. I asked, "With Crystal home?"

"She didn't get home until after two, so she won't be up for hours," Michael told me, filling my mouth before I'd even fully opened it.

In my position between a cock and a pillow case I didn't have room to bob on his cock, so instead I just allowed him to fuck my mouth, which he did slowly. After a few minutes of gentle fucking, he pulled out, tugged me out of bed, and guided me to my natural place of obedience on my knees before him. He shoved his throbbing member back into my mouth, wrapped his hands around my head and began pounding my face. His balls bounced against my chin, as almost half of his cock violated my throat.

Michael must have been fantasizing about adding a second submissive incest slave (Crystal) to his tiny harem, since he was rougher and more aggressive than usual, and I even gagged slightly a couple of times.

Finally without warning, Michael's cum filled my mouth and I gagged again, some cum dripping out of my mouth and onto my pajamas and the floor.

Disappointed in myself for gagging and spilling some of his sweet seed, as soon as he pulled out and released my head from his vise-like grip, I leaned down to the floor and licked up the small puddle of white goo.

"One more day," was all Michael said as he left my room. I got off the floor and began my day.

I dressed in a black knee-high skirt and black thigh highs that I hoped would become a conversation piece when we were trying on dresses. I finished the outfit with a black lace bra and a blue patterned blouse that fit tightly around my breasts.

I texted Crystal at eleven to make sure she was awake and surprisingly she was, although she hadn't showered yet. I told her I'd swing by to pick her up around quarter after twelve.

I arrived home and Crystal came out, surprising me in a flowery sun dress, although not surprisingly she wasn't wearing nylons, something I would need to change. In the car she asked, taking in my attire, "Are we going somewhere fancy?"

I laughed, "Did I use to dress so poorly that this is fancy?"

She responded, "I didn't mean that. You look very good, and the outfit makes you look younger."

As I started driving, I said, "That's the nicest thing you've ever said to me."

Crystal was in a lot better mood this morning and we chatted about her idea of changing her major to secondary education and reducing her current major of psychology into a minor; this was with the goal of becoming a high school teacher which surprised me a bit, but I was just happy she finally seemed confident in her choice.

We had a great lunch, where I skirted anything that would be remotely edgy, keeping the conversation light and relaxed.

It wasn't until we were walking into an upscale clothing store that I began the seduction. I asked, "So what were you thinking of wearing tomorrow?"

"I truthfully haven't put any thought into it," Crystal shrugged.

"I thought we could have some fun and get all dolled up," I said as we reached the cocktail dresses.

"Aren't these a bit too night clubby for a high school graduation?" she asked as I reached for a fire truck red dress.

"You can never be too classy," I shrugged.

"If you say so," Crystal responded.

"Trust me," I countered as I handed her the red dress.

"For me?" she asked, surprised.

"You'll look really hot in this," I said, wanting to build her confidence.

"It's kind of expensive," she said, examining the price tag.

"My treat. Every woman should have two dresses at their disposal: a sexy slinky black fuck me dress, and an elegant tease everybody gown."

"Mother, a 'fuck me' dress?" Crystal questioned, again surprised by my language, before adding, "I don't have either of those dresses."

"Well, it's time to rectify that," I smiled before adding, "Go ahead... try it on."

"Okay," she said, a twinkle of excitement in her eyes.

I grabbed a dress for myself, gold, browsed through another area where I checked out a couple of sexy little black numbers, decided not today, and headed into the dressing room area. Surprising

my daughter, I knocked on her door, recognizing her shoes beneath the door.

"Just a second, Mom," Crystal replied.

I waited a few seconds before she came out looking radiant, although the dress was a size too large.

"You look gorgeous," I complimented.

"It's a bit too big," she said.

"You're right; I'll go get you a size smaller," I smiled, joking, "I forgot you're a bit slimmer than I am."

"Oh, you're in amazing shape, Mom," Crystal replied.

"Thanks honey," I said, pulling her in for a close hug.

I held on a bit longer than a normal mother-daughter hug, and even allowed my hand to rest briefly on her ass. Breaking the hug, I said, "Go get undressed, I'll fetch you another one."

Crystal returned into the dressing room as I went to grab the next size down.

When I returned, I walked right into her room as if it weren't a big deal.

"Mom!" Crystal said surprised, only wearing bra and panties, and sadly, unflattering grandma panties.

"Honey, we're two adults," I countered as I handed her the dress, "besides, I've seen you in swimsuits that covered less."

She sighed, but took the dress and put it on as I started getting undressed myself.

Again she was surprised as she asked, "Mom! What are you doing?"

"Trying on a dress," I answered breezily.

By then, my skirt was off and Crystal gasped, going from surprised to scandalized, "Where are your panties?"

I answered, "At home in my drawer."

"Why aren't you wearing any?" she demanded, staring at my shaved pussy.

"I like the thrill of dressing sexy underneath," I replied, adding some sexual naughtiness to our conversation, "Plus, you can see that I shave; I don't want anyone having to eat a hair pie," I replied, each answer revealing a bit more of the new me.

"Oh my God," she gasped, still staring at my shaved cunt.

"Funny, that's what *she* said," I quipped back.

"And you're wearing stockings?" she continued, stunned by the new me.

I shrugged, "They're called thigh highs, and they not only make me feel sexy, but they provide easier access, if you know what I mean."

"Oh my God, oh my God, oh my God," Crystal gasped again, stunned by my frank sexual innuendos.

"What?" I asked. "You do know your mother has sex, don't you? Quite a lot, actually."

"Please stop," she replied, covering her ears.

I laughed as I removed my blouse and put on my dress while Crystal did the same.

"How do I look?" I asked her; she was rattled by the TMI I'd just revealed.

"Good," she answered.

"Ouch," I replied.

"What?"

"No woman wants to be told she looks *good*. It's such a so-so term," I said, "for example, I think you look radiant in that dress."

"I do?" she asked, surprised by my choice of words.

"Not only that, but alluring and sensual," I added to the flattery.

Her face went red, surprised by my flattery and flirtatious choices of words.

"That said, it's missing one thing," I said, before adding, "wait here."

Crystal began to ask what it needed, but I was gone before she could finish.

I grabbed a pair of mocha thigh highs which would definitely enhance her legs with that red dress, and returned to the changing room.

Once back, I opened the package and instructed Crystal, "Sit down, dear."

"What? Why?" she asked, still a bit rattled by my strange behaviour.

"Just sit down," I ordered, my tone carrying a hint of impatience.

She obeyed as she sat down on the bench, her expression perplexed. The package opened, I quickly and expertly rolled a stocking up and then knelt in front of her. The sheer shock in her eyes was hilarious as I ordered, "Lift your foot up, honey."

She did, although she looked utterly confused.

I rolled the stocking up her leg, going very slowly, trying to tease her in the process.

"Lift up, dear," I instructed as the lace top reached her upper thigh.

Although she was taken aback by my authoritative behaviour, she obeyed, lifting up her leg so I could finish draping the stocking in place. Once it was on, I replicated my slow, slightly sensual approach in putting on the second stocking whereupon she, without instruction, lifted up her leg to facilitate my completing the act.

"Stand up," I ordered, beginning to think that Crystal may indeed be submissive.

She obeyed.

"Wow," I said, grabbing her hand and turning her to the large mirror in the room.

Her demeanour changed as she stared at herself, as if not believing it was her .

"You look radiant, Crystal, absolutely gorgeous," I sugar-coated the flattery, although I was telling the truth: she did look radiant.

She remained speechless. I whispered into her ear, "Every senior boy is going to want to fuck you, while every senior girl will wish she were you."

"Mom!" Crystal gasped, my hot breath directly on her ear, distracting her.

"Or wish they could eat you, if that's your thing." I added, smiling deviously.

"Mom!" she repeated.

"What, isn't being bi the new 'in' thing?" I asked.

"Mom!" she repeated yet again.

"Sorry Crystal, it's just that I've rediscovered my sexual appetite recently, and it's really played havoc with my naughty talk," I explained.

"TMI," she complained, covering her ears.

I took her hands in mine and said looking directly at her. "Crystal, I don't have many girlfriends, and I was hoping you and I could have some long and frank discussions about life, love and sex."

"Mom, this is just too weird," she answered.

"I know, but how about we pretend I'm not your Mom, but we're just two girls chatting?" I asked, before adding with puppy dog eyes, "Can you please do that for me?"

"O-o-okay," she stammered, nervous about where this might be going.

"Stay here, I'm going to get you the right panties for this outfit," I said, before adding, "unless you want to join me in going commando."

She finally laughed, the ice wall of awkwardness breaking down, as she said, "I think I'll wear some panties to a high school function, as should you."

"Should? That's what makes going without them even more fun," I smiled. "No one knows that underneath the reserved classy exterior is a sexy, horny MILF with no barriers in the way of her getting fucked: just a flip of the skirt and I'm ready to go."

"Oh my God, what's gotten into you?" Crystal gasped.

"Not what I need," I quipped, leaving her before the conversation could continue, letting my unexpected naughtiness marinate in her head.

My phone vibrated, and I checked the message.

Mommy-slut,

I did the recon on her computer. The results are not completely conclusive, but she reads a lot of online porn. A lot of it is lesbian, although a lot isn't. Much of it has submissive female characters. Although I can't tell if she is sub or domme.

Master Michael

I texted back.

Master

She is sub without a doubt. Any incest stories?

Mommy-slut

I selected a red thong that could almost be considered underwear, when I got another text.

Mommy-slut

There were a few, not many, and no brother and sister stories sadly, but there were two or three mother-daughter ones.

Master Michael

This new information in hand, I returned to the changing room and walked in, once again unannounced. Crystal was still admiring herself in the mirror.

"Remove your panties, my dear."

"Pardon?" she asked, again surprised by my words.

"Take them off; I have something sexier for you."

"This just keeps getting weirder," she said, but again obeyed me.

Once they were off, I knelt down and said, "Lift up your foot, honey."

She obeyed, and I slid the thong up to her ankle.

Seeing what I'd brought her, she scoffed, "You call that underwear?"

"We can call it sexy underwear," I shrugged as she cooperatively lifted her other foot even as she expressed mortification at my choice.

"More like dental floss," she quipped back.

"Sexy dental floss," I retorted, "it's red," as I pulled the skimpy fabric up her legs.

"I can do that," Crystal said uncomfortably, reaching down.

Not wishing to scare her off, I let her finish pulling up the thong and asked, "So are you happy with the outfit?"

"It seems a bit much," Crystal said, although she couldn't stop admiring herself in the mirror.

"Every gal needs such an outfit," I countered, before adding, "Plus, like I said before, Mommy's buying."

"*Mommy's* buying," she repeated, making fun of me for using that word. "Who can resist that offer?"

"No one will be able to resist you in that outfit," I replied, continuing to shovel on the flattery.

"Oh Mommy," she smiled, continuing her playful, unlike her, behaviour. I felt confident I'd broken at least partway through her usual hard shell and cracked open the door to the seduction my Master expected me to complete.

"Oh Mommy indeed," I playfully replied right back, my tone dripping with foreshadowing of those words being used with a very different inflection, and very soon.

"I should probably take all these things off until you pay for them, don't you think?" she asked.

"I suppose that's a good idea," I agreed.

Crystal laughed, "My new Mom is a refreshing surprise."

"You have no idea."

As we got undressed, Crystal began to take the thigh highs off, but I objected, "No, keep those on, and the thong. I still have the packaging for the stockings and the price tag from the thong for them to scan."

"Okay," she shrugged, now obeying every order I gave her with very little hesitation.

We finished undressing and getting redressed in the clothes we'd worn coming in, before heading out of the dressing room and towards the checkout.

I asked Crystal, "Would you like to have a girls' night out tonight?"

"What would that entail?" she asked, not just refusing me like she would have in the past.

"Dinner and dancing," I shrugged.

"Sounds like fun," Crystal casually agreed.

"It's a date," I said.

"Mom, that is so 1980s," the old Crystal shot back.

"I'm *from* the 80s," I protested.

"Dressed as you are, you don't look it."

"I'll take that as a compliment, you sweet thing," I preened as we reached the cashier.

"You should. I meant it as one," Crystal replied, squeezing my ass. *Now that was an encouraging surprise!* I thought.

A chill went up my spine at how well the afternoon had gone so far. I paid for our outfits, and we hit two more shops to pick up outfits for our girls' night before we headed home.

At home, Crystal said, "I think I'm going to take a nap, if we're going out on the town."

"Crystal, that's so 1990s," I joked.

"Oh Mom," she said, giving me a surprise hug. "Thanks for this afternoon, it was surprisingly, delightfully fun."

"Then get some rest and wait until tonight," I promised. "I have another big surprise in store."

"I can't wait," she said, yawning.

Once she'd gone upstairs, Michael, who'd been playing video games in the living room, came into the kitchen and said, "How's your assignment coming along?"

"Lots better than anticipated," I replied, which was true. While I wasn't convinced I could seal the deal of seducing his sister and delivering her to him, especially in this ridiculously tight time frame, I was delighted with the many seeds I'd planted.

"Let's see if your afternoon really exhausted her like she said, or she went up to her room to masturbate," he said, opening the laptop he was carrying.

"What are you doing?"

"More recon," he explained, as I realized the screen was showing Crystal's bedroom just as she walked in.

"You put a camera in her room?" I asked, even though the answer was obvious.

"I did it a few days ago," he said as he sat down. "Want to watch?"

"I don't know," I said, part of me feeling guilty about violating her privacy, another part turned on by the idea of watching and seeing if I'd had any impact on her.

"In that case, crawl under the table and blow me," he instructed, his eyes never leaving the computer screen.

I sighed, wishing I'd answered differently, curious to see my impact, as I obeyed, crawling under the kitchen table between my son's legs and fishing out his cock.

"She's going into her closet," Michael announced; apparently he was going to do a play by play account of everything she did. That was certainly better than nothing.

I took his cock out, still almost completely flaccid, and awkwardly in the confined space, took it into my mouth.

"Oooh! She has toys in her closet," Michael announced.

I'd cleaned her room rather thoroughly while she was away at college, so this came as a surprise. I wished I could watch, but instead I slowly sucked Michael's cock as it began to grow in my warm, wet mouth.

"She's on her bed, still dressed in thigh highs but nothing else, good job Mommy by the way getting her into nylons, and she's beginning to use a vibrator on herself," Michael announced, as I imagined the scene in my head. *That didn't take long, she just went into her room, stripped down and*

began fucking herself. Had I turned her on that much? What was she fantasizing about as she pleased herself? Was tonight's seduction actually possible? These and many other thoughts played through my mind as Michael's cock became rock hard between my lips and I started to bob faster.

I wanted more intel from Michael, but he was silent for a long time as I pleased him from under the kitchen table. Determined to get him off so I could watch my daughter pleasure herself, I bobbed furiously back and forth on his stiff rod.

Unfortunately before I could get Michael off, Crystal got herself off. Michael said, "She's really a gusher when she comes, Mommy-slut. You're going to get a good mouthful."

I automatically envisioned being between Crystal's legs as she gushed her sweet cum into my mouth and all over my face, something that had seemed so out there when Michael first came up with the idea, but now the possibility of this fantasy coming true had my pussy wet with anticipation.

"Oh my, now she's cleaning the toy in her mouth," Michael said, his tone giddy like a teenage pervert, and not the impressive Dom he'd become.

My head spun with visions of making Crystal submit even as I bobbed hungrily on Michael's cock.

"Oh oh," Michael worried.

"What?" I asked, still under the kitchen table with his hard cock only momentarily out of my mouth.

"She's slipped on a robe and is coming downstairs," he said, as I heard him frantically clicking on his computer. "Keep sucking, Mommy-slut," he ordered.

I obeyed, realizing that even if he'd ordered me otherwise, I wouldn't have had enough time to escape from my very compromised position, so I was just thankful for the long tablecloth that would hide me pretty well, unless she bent down to look for some unimaginable reason, or she heard me make a noise.

A few seconds later, I heard Crystal open the fridge and ask Michael, "Where's Mom?"

"Don't know," he replied, before stirring the pot, speaking in his usual soft, caring, nerdy way, "you look flushed, Crystal, are you feeling okay?"

Crystal stammered, "I-I-I'm a bit tired. Just needed a drink, and then I'm going back up to take a nap."

"I thought you went to take a nap fifteen minutes ago," Michael goaded her.

The longer Michael continued this conversation with Crystal, the more likely I was to get caught. Oddly, the thought of getting caught, even though that would be mortifying and could ruin all our plans (or could instantly fulfill them if I pounced and she didn't freak: she was almost naked after all, and with a very wet snatch beneath that robe). Picturing that snatch had my own pussy dripping wet.

"I was, but like I said, I needed a drink," Crystal fended him off, her tone annoyed, like she often got with her little brother.

"Sure, sure," Michael said, not believing her.

I heard the fridge close and Crystal say, "Like I care what you think."

Michael didn't respond as Crystal left the kitchen and I, relieved that my submissive Pet Mommy secret was still safe, began bobbing faster.

Michael ordered, "Get out from under there, Slut."

I obeyed, thankful to be off my knees. Once I was standing up, he said, his stiff cock wet with my saliva, "Bend over the kitchen table, Mommy, I'm going to fuck your ass."

"With Crystal upstairs?" I asked. "What if she comes back down?"

"Now!" he demanded, his voice rising, annoyed at the way his snobby older sister had treated him.

Obedying like the submissive I was, any consequences of my incestuous submission beyond my control, I bent over the kitchen table and flipped up my skirt, exposing my cunt and ass to him.

"You'd better teach your slut daughter her place in this house, Mother," he said, sounding very little like a Master and more like a petulant teen as he positioned himself behind me.

But whether Michael was being petulant or not, I still knew my place. "Yes, Master, she'll soon learn who rules this house," I replied placatingly, my body's needs helping me to shift from worried about getting caught, to excited about getting fucked.

"That's better," Michael purred, as he rubbed his cock up from my wet pussy lips to the crack of my ass and back down again.

"Fuck me, baby," I moaned, his teasing driving me crazy.

"With your innocent sharp-eared daughter just upstairs?" he teased.

"You mean the slut who'll be your sister slave very soon?" I purred back, getting into the naughty play.

"Yes, my slutty sister slave and her Mistress Mommy," he countered, as his cock slipped into my cunt.

"Oh yes, Michael, fuck Mommy's cunt," I moaned in a whisper, the idea of becoming a Mistress an added turn on, as was the thrill of maybe getting caught.

"Don't you come, Mommy," Michael ordered. "You can't ever come again until your first time from Crystal's tongue."

"Kkkk," I whimpered, frustrated by the no-coming order, an insistent orgasm bubbling inside me already.

"But you can always have my cum," he promised with an ironic pretense at generosity, as he continued pumping his cock in and out of my cunt.

After another minute of hard deep fucking, and my focusing on not coming, he asked, "Where do you want my cum, Mommy-slut?"

"Wherever you want to shoot it," I replied, continuing to allow him to make all the decisions.

"Hmmmmm," he groaned, although his tone was more mischievous than pondering. "On your knees, slut."

He pulled out and I spun around and dropped to my knees. Michael stroked his cock, and seconds later I saw the first rope of cum shoot out of his cock and into my hair. A second shot hit my forehead, before a third smaller one landed right in my open, eager mouth.

As soon as Michael stopped spewing his load on my face and other places on my head, I took his cock, still pulsing, back in my mouth like I always did, to retrieve any last remnants of his seed. But now the clock was ticking: from now on until the moment I escaped into my bedroom, there was a possibility Crystal could emerge from her room and I'd have no place to hide before she discovered me covered in what could only be her brother's cum. I was very worried.

A minute later Michael pulled out, and ignoring my nervousness asked, "Did you know there's a lesbian club in town?"

Still obediently on my knees, I answered, "No, I didn't."

"It's a pretty famous lesbian club," Michael continued, as he assisted me off my knees, but didn't say I could rush upstairs.

"Interesting," I said, hoping he'd hurry and get to the point.

"You should take Crystal there tonight," Michael suggested.

"That'll work. We've already arranged to go out for a girls' night," I said, suppressing my desire to blurt, '*Can I go now?*'

"Perfect," he smiled, leaning in and kissing me. Breaking the soft kiss, he said, "I was going to make you walk into Crystal's room with my cum on your face, but I think I'll save that for if you fail tonight."

I gasped at his naughtiness, although relieved for the brief reprieve, "You're such a bad boy."

"And *you* are such a good Mom," he smiled back.

I scooped some of his cum off my forehead and put it in my mouth. "I doubt I'm going to win Mother of the Year."

"You'd win hands down in my book," he smiled, kissing me again.

"Now go finish your task," he said, slapping my ass, before heading back into the living room.

Finally dismissed, I scurried upstairs and into my room as quickly and silently as possible, and finally safe from discovery, undressed, went into my en suite bathroom and took a cold, cold shower as I scrubbed my face and hair and tried to cool down, that having kind of worked last time. An afternoon of lesbian innuendos with Crystal, capped with more sexual humiliation and risk of discovery from Michael, had gotten me really revved up. Thankfully, although the shower didn't extinguish the fire completely, it did calm me down considerably. As I looked in the mirror checking that I'd washed away all the cum, I pondered: *Am I really up to seducing my own daughter?*

Three hours later, Crystal and I were dressed in our sexy finest and heading out for a night on the town.

Michael, who had resumed his docile, nerdy persona, complimented us. "Wow, you two look really nice."

"Nice?" Crystal objected, "We were going for hot."

"Yes, Michael, don't Mommy and your sister look hot?" I asked.

Michael stammered, acting his ass off, "Y-y-you both look very good."

Crystal asked, her tone dripping with seductiveness, playing on her perception of her brother's awkwardness, "How good, baby brother?"

I noticed the look in Michael's eyes. He so badly wanted Crystal as his sex kitten, yet he knew this wasn't the time. So he continued his nerdy shy charade, as he came up with, "S-s-super good."

Crystal broke into laughter as she said, "Michael, you're absolutely hopeless."

"Be nice to your brother," I scolded, my tone motherly again, as we headed out.

A moment later we were in the car and Crystal exclaimed, "Michael needs to get himself a woman."

Without even thinking, I replied truthfully, "He has one."

"No... way!" Crystal cried, shocked.

"Yes, and she's absolutely beautiful," I added, secretly complimenting myself.

"Well, he still needs some social skills," she persevered.

"I think in time Michael will really surprise you," I said, finding it quite humorous how surprised I thought she'd soon be.

"How did he meet her?" Crystal asked.

"Oh, they've known each other forever," I replied cryptically.

"How long have they been dating?"

"I don't think they *are* dating very much, they're mainly just having sex, for a couple of weeks I guess," I answered.

"What?" Crystal gasped yet again.

"I'm very certain about the sex: I've heard them going at it," I reported in hushed tones suitable for sharing a scandal.

"Inside our house? And you could hear?" Crystal asked, unable to believe what I was saying.

"*He's* an adult too, Crystal," I pointed out.

"So you're telling me that my Mother wouldn't object if I brought someone back to the house so we could have sex?" Crystal asked disbelievingly.

"Well... hopefully not on the kitchen table or the living room couch, but yes, I suppose you could," I said, barely able to hold back my laughter, remembering how often Michael had already fucked me

on the kitchen table and how I'd gotten dp'd on the living room couch.

"Wow, you really *have* changed since I went off to college, Mom," Crystal said, acknowledging the obvious.

"Sweetie, you have no idea," I smiled.

We drove in silence for a few more minutes before reaching the restaurant. As we walked in, we both got a few glances from the men. I was dressed in a black dress, black thigh high stockings, the tops of which wouldn't be completely covered up when I sat down, and five-inch heels. Crystal was in a slightly more conservative, but still sexy as hell blue dress with a black belt that helped emphasize her perfect hour-glass figure, the same mocha thigh high stockings I'd purchased for her, and three-inch heels.

It was obvious during dinner that a middle-aged man who, although he was here with his wife, was checking us out. And our waiter, an adorably cute young gentleman, had trouble focusing on his job while discussing our orders; of course I added to the situation with my teasing cleavage display and flirtation throughout the evening. As we dined, we spent the time catching up as we chatted in more detail about her first year of college, the pain of her catching her boyfriend cheating on her, her period of indecision about her future which had resulted in changing her major, her summer job and her roommate, Vanessa. By the way Crystal talked about Vanessa, I wondered if she had a crush on her.

I observed, "Vanessa sounds like a sweetheart."

Crystal's sparkling eyes spoke volumes as she said, "She really is."

"What's her major?"

"Secondary education, like mine's going to be."

"What's she like?" I continued, grilling for information.

"Oh, she's a lot like me. A diva who's used to getting what she wants."

"Who wins between you two, then?"

"Until recently I was a psychology major, Mother, I can out-manipulate anyone," she bragged, her tone suggesting more than just getting her way with her college roommate.

I briefly wondered whether she was sharp enough to see through my seduction charade, but then she changed the topic completely.

"I still can't fathom Michael having sex," Crystal said, before adding, "And that he's even had sex more recently than I have."

"Neither could I before it started happening, but trust me, there's more to Michael than meets the eye," I said, continuing to drop hints.

"This visit is just full of surprises," Crystal said as she ate her dessert.

We finished our desserts in silence, before I paid the bill and we headed off for the next surprise of the night.

On the drive, Crystal asked, "So it's not just Michael, you're also seeing someone?"

"Depends how you define 'seeing someone'," I replied vaguely.

"Mom, you're getting very frustrating with all these cryptic answers," she sighed.

"Sorry, teasing you is fun, especially after all the crap you put me through when you were a teenager," I smiled, laughing softly.

"Fair enough," Crystal said. "I guess I *was* a handful back then."

"Now you're a different type of handful," I quipped, cupping my breasts at a red light.

"It's been a while since anyone has wanted to cop a feel of these," Crystal said, cupping her own breasts, beginning to open up about her sex life.

"How long since the breakup?"

"Four months."

"I remember going way longer than that after your father died," I said, before adding, "But now if it's more than a day, I start going through withdrawal."

"When did you last have sex?" She asked.

"Does oral count as sex?" I quipped back playfully as we reached our destination.

"This just keeps getting stranger," Crystal said, shaking her head.

"Well... I hope you're ready to go along with even stranger," I warned, as I parked the car.

"Not sure that's even possible," she countered.

"We'll see," I said ominously. Changing topics, again sidestepping her question, I announced, "Time to dance."

Realizing where we were, she turned to me, suddenly serious, "Mom, this is a lesbian club."

"Is it?" I said, feigning surprise.

"Yes, it's Le Chateau Club, the most infamous lesbian club in the country," Crystal said.

"How much research have you done on infamous American lesbian clubs?" I countered playfully.

Crystal's face went red, as she stammered? "N-n-no, it's not that, it's just something you know if you're from around here."

"I'd never heard of it until someone mentioned it had the best DJ in the area," I said, continuing to act casual.

"I'm sure it might, but it's also a lesbian pick-up bar."

"Well... that should make tonight even more fun," I dismissed her concern, opening the car door.

"You still want to go in?" Crystal asked, once again showing me her scandalized face.

"Now more than ever: it'll be fun to see if we're lesbian hot," I quipped, climbing out of the car.

Crystal got out as well saying, "What?"

"Well, getting a man's attention is pretty easy as we both well know, but getting a lesbian's or better yet, a straight woman's attention... now *that* is the ultimate form of flattery," I said, closing the door.

"I suppose," Crystal said, clearly thinking about something or someone.

"A penny for your thoughts," I said, as we began walking to the club.

"Oh nothing," she said, although it obviously was something.

"You just seemed to leave me for a moment."

"Yeah, I zoned out for a second," she admitted.

"What were you thinking?"

"Honestly, it was nothing," she said, trying to hide whatever thought she'd just had.

"It's ok, sweetheart, if you don't want to share with me," I said, pretending to be hurt.

"It's just embarrassing," Crystal said, her expression showing her insecurity and embarrassment.

"Honey, would you like to know a secret of mine?" I asked, thinking if I opened up somewhat, it might encourage her to trust me more.

"Sure," she said.

"When I was your age, my roommate and I were lovers," I revealed, before adding, "Although if truth be told, Gretchen was more my pet."

"Your pet?" Crystal questioned.

"Yes, she did whatever I told her," I explained.

"Sexually too?" Crystal asked, drawn into her Mother's secret life.

"Especially sexually; she obeyed me without hesitation," I explained.

"Everything?" Crystal continued asking questions, trying to understand the full scope of Gretchen's submission.

"Yes, for example, one of her duties every morning was to crawl under my sheets and wake me up with her tongue licking you-know-where," I said, adding, "it's really the best way in the world to be woken up."

"I imagine so," Crystal laughed, before saying, "Mom, you kept a lot of secrets when we were young."

"Of course, you were young! But I also keep a lot of secrets now," I added, continuing to orchestrate my plan.

"Like what?" she asked, falling hook, line and sinker for my setup.

"I'm hoping to hook up tonight with some submissive little lesbian," I revealed.

"I thought you said you'd never heard of this place," she challenged.

"I hadn't until Michael told me about it," I admitted.

"Michael... my... brother... Michael... the nerd... who gets... tongue-tied... every time... he tries speaking to a girl... *he's* the one who told you about a lesbian club?" she gasped, pausing after almost each word.

"I told you, Crystal. Both my children are adults now, and we don't hide anything from each other," I said. "At least that's how it is between Michael and me, since he still lives at home."

"So it seems," she laughed.

"I'd love to establish that kind of trust and openness with my favourite daughter, too. Will you be my wing-girl tonight?" I asked, wrapping my arm around hers.

"Why not? You're my outrageous Mother and this day can't possibly get any weirder," Crystal agreed.

"Great," I said, moving my hand to hers as we walked hand in hand into a new adventure.

Once we were inside, I scanned the club. "Oh my," I whispered.

"Oh my, indeed," Crystal whispered back.

The club was only half full, but it was already a veritable smorgasbord of women. They ranged widely in age and in dress, but they were almost all very attractive. On the dance floor were a couple dozen women dancing, a few tables had women drinking margaritas or other cocktails, but the biggest shock were two youngish girls, each at a separate table from the other, kneeling beside the table with a collar around her neck attached to a leash being held by an older woman seated at the table.

"First time here?" a friendly voice asked.

I turned and smiled, looking at a very pretty woman in her twenties, dressed in a low-cut red leotard, black pantyhose, what looked like four-inch heels, and with large feathers in her hair, "Is it that obvious?"

"First timers tend to freeze when they come through the door and get their first glimpse of a world they've only imagined," the woman explained.

"So we look like tourists with cameras," I joked; "at least we're not wearing Bermuda shorts and sandals with cotton socks." Crystal, usually quick with the repartee, was totally speechless.

"As tourists, I suggest you find a table and just enjoy the ambience," she said. "By the way, my name is Mallory."

"Hi, Mallory, I'm Betty, Mistress Betty Lodge, and this is my sub Crystal," I introduced, squeezing Crystal's hand, as I realized if I didn't put a claim on her, she'd be devoured by the predators I could already see throughout the room looking us over.

Crystal's eyes went wide, I think getting it, but she didn't say anything other than, "It's nice to meet you, Mallory."

"You too, my pet," Mallory smiled, shaking Crystal's hand and signalling her own status as a Mistress.

"It was great to meet you, Mallory, but we really should get a table before they're all filled," I said, wanting some time to explain to Crystal why I'd said what I said.

"Go take one of the booths over there," she pointed to a few tables near to, but not exactly adjacent to the dance floor, with booth-like padded benches behind them, but straight and short, more like love seats. "It will give you the best view of everything happening in the club."

"Thanks for the tip," I smiled, before impulsively adding, "You may come join us for a drink a bit later if you'd like." I immediately liked her and hoped she would, but I was also subtly establishing that I intended to protect my sub, so it was my call who was permitted to join us.

"I may just do that," Mallory smiled, shaking my hand and giving it a firm squeeze.

As we walked to a table, my hand still entwined with Crystal's, she asked, "What just happened?"

"I'll explain once we're seated," I replied, giving her hand a soft squeeze.

"Okay," she said, again obeying my lead with little hesitation.

We seated ourselves and a few seconds later a waitress showed up and took our drink orders. Once we were alone, I explained, "I did that to protect you."

"Protect me?"

"Yes. Look around, we're fresh meat, especially a delicious young thing like you," I said, my hand going to her knee and giving it a squeeze. I continued, "I need to appear like a powerful Mistress, and you must portray my obedient submissive."

"I don't think that's really necessary, Mom," Crystal protested uncertainly.

"You sure? Look around," I replied, seeing a few women taking subtle and sometimes not so subtle looks in our direction.

Crystal looked around and gasped. Following her gaze, I saw a pair of red heels peeking out from beneath a tablecloth.

"Now *that* is hot," I said, turned on by what I was seeing, and also trying to manipulate Crystal.

"Really?" she asked, although her eyes were still riveted on what was occurring just a few yards away from us.

The waitress brought us our drinks and I immediately requested two more, hoping some liquid courage would bolster my nerve, and at the same time dissolve Crystal's inhibitions.

"To our new relationship," I toasted, the words meaning far more than she'd catch on to yet.

She reluctantly broke her gaze, grabbed her glass, and agreed, "To our new relationship." After clinking our glasses, she downed over half of her glass of wine, as did I.

I quipped, "Be careful, my dear, if you get drunk, you may get taken advantage of by one of these predators."

"Maybe I want to get taken advantage of," she retorted, this being her turn to surprise me.

Not only that, but this time it was her hand on my leg, giving *me* a squeeze. I stammered, for the first time not feeling in control, "Y-y-you want to be seduced by some cougar?"

"Could be. *You're* a cougar," she quipped, her hand working its way up my leg and under my dress, her intense expression making me horny and even scaring me a bit.

I was speechless but Crystal continued, her hand going further under my dress, "Mommy, you didn't think I was catching on?"

"T-t-to what?" I asked, her fingers almost touching my very wet cunt.

"You've been trying to seduce me ever since I got off the plane," Crystal replied.

"N-n-no, I haven't," I lied, trying to regain control. *I* was supposed to be turning *her*, not the other way around!

"Nice try, Mommy," she said, her fingers grazing ever so gently over my pussy lips. "But like I told you earlier, I've taken lots of psychology and I can read people."

"I d-d-don't know what you're talking about," I stammered.

"I think you do," she smiled, leaning closer into me, which I couldn't help but find frighteningly intimidating. Her finger parting my pussy lips ever so slightly, she asked, "Why are you so wet, my innocent well-intentioned commando Mommy?"

"Please, don't," I whimpered, although my legs opened up, more from reflex than decision.

"Don't what?" she smiled, enjoying my confusion, as her finger went deeper between my pussy lips, but not quite past the inner ones.

"Aaaaah," I moaned, longing for her to slide her finger inside me.

"Aaaaah'? Is Mommy all horny because of her hot daughter?" Crystal whispered, her finger lingering barely outside my portal, teasing me relentlessly.

"Nooooo! Yesssss!" I answered, overwhelmed by this upheaval in my plans and by my lifelong need to submit.

"Which is it, Mommy?" Crystal purred, "tell me what you want." Her demand for information wasn't obsequious in the least, but rather overpowering, her hot moist breath on my ear making my head spin... as her finger... my God, that irresistible finger... continued lingering, ever so close to entering me, but still remaining tantalizingly just outside.

I was speechless. Without any warning I'd been reduced from hunter to hunted, and I was irresistibly regressing into my natural submissive state. I was no longer remotely in control; I no longer even wanted to be in control.

"Your plan as far as I can tell was first to smother me with flattery, then next to dress me up as a sexy slut, and finally to get me drunk and seduce me at a lesbian club. Am I wrong?" she asked, her

finger at long last entering me, but not nearly far enough.

"Oh God!" I gasped.

"Oh, trust me, you'll be doing a lot of worshipping tonight, Mommy," Crystal smiled with evil intent, as she slid her finger deeper inside me.

"Ooooooooooh nooooo, not here," I protested desperately, even though I already knew I was lost... completely at her mercy.

"You're no longer in charge, Mother," Crystal said, my defiant daughter Crystal suddenly back, but this time on steroids.

"Crystal, please," I pleaded irrationally with no idea what I was asking for.

"Please what? Please may you eat your daughter's cunt in a lesbian club, Mommy?" she said, smiling deviously.

Before I could respond, but the idea making me delirious with desire, a voluptuous woman about my age, dressed in a gold gown, approached our table. My eyes went wide at the thought of getting caught being fingered by my daughter.

Reaching us, the very pretty woman asked me, "Would you like to dance?"

I stammered, nervous and uncomfortable about the offer, "I-I-I don't know." I looked at Crystal for help.

"Do you want to dance with her, Slut?" Crystal asked me, taking even more control of a situation I'd thought until a few moments ago I was in charge of.

"I-I-um," I stammered, surprised by her name-calling and unable to form a complete sentence.

The woman was perplexed at first, but she rallied apologetically, "I'm sorry, I didn't realize you were owned, in fact I thought you two were related."

Crystal smiled, "We are."

"Oh my, really?" the woman smiled deviously. "How delicious, how absolutely delicious!"

My face burned red as I remained speechless. Crystal continued, "I'm pleased to meet you ma'am, I'm Mistress Crystal and this is my mother Pet Betty; she's a submissive in training."

"Reeeeeeeally?" The woman asked, stressing the 'ee' sound dramatically, both surprised and impressed.

"Isn't that right, my pet?" Crystal asked, peering past my baffled expression and into my soul.

My head was spinning, my heart was racing, and my pussy was burning as I stammered, again just like with Michael, helpless to affect any consequences, just wanting to serve, "Y-y-yes."

"Yes, what?" she asked, enjoying my discomfort immensely as she drew me further into her dominant web.

"Yes, Mistress," I whispered, giving in totally, my red cheeks going even hotter, hellishly hot.

Crystal looked up with a 'what-you-gonna-do' expression and explained, "She's just begun her training."

"I see," the woman said, before adding, "around here, subs are usually not allowed to sit with their Mistresses."

"I'm still learning too," Crystal shrugged with a smile, snapping her fingers and pointing to the floor just as the waitress arrived with our second round of drinks.

The woman said, "Bring them another round please, and my usual."

"Yes, Ms. Addison," the waitress nodded, setting our drinks on the table.

"Oh, and a bowl for the submissive," Ms. Addison added.

"Of course," the waitress agreed before leaving us.

"Floor, Mommy-slut," Crystal ordered again, using the exact same phrase Michael had so many times.

I stared at her, shocked, unbelieving, my eyes begging her to reconsider, yet when no mercy was evident I obeyed, surprised by how relieved I felt to do so, sliding off the seat and lowering myself to the floor.

"Good, Mommy-slut," Crystal purred as if speaking to a child.

Undeniably, even as I sat on the floor on my heels like a dog, my cunt was leaking at the humiliation and the wonderful power of my daughter, as I ignored all the other patrons of the club who could see my humiliation.

Ms. Addison sat down where I'd just been seated and said, "I've never witnessed a live incestuous act."

I glanced at Crystal, who was staring down at me with a confident smile. Her eyes locked on me for a moment before she said, "Not here, or at least not yet. It will be our first time."

"Fair enough," Ms. Addison replied just as the waitress returned, bending down and placing a dog bowl full of wine on the floor in front of me. On the bottom of the bowl through the wine I could read, "Such a good girl!"

Humiliation compounded on top of humiliation as I tried to figure out how my plans had unravelled so quickly. And how would tonight's surrender impact my relations with Michael? With my Master?

Crystal ordered, "Drink your drink, Mother."

"Yes, Mistress," I replied, the honorific flowing out so naturally.

As I lapped up my wine like a puppy, feeling shame and hunger in every pore of my being, I listened to the woman, whose voice dripped sex, inquiring about Crystal. Crystal openly shared everything with this stranger, and I was envious of how open my usually very close-lipped daughter was being with this stranger. Crystal discussed her desire to seduce her roommate in California, how she'd caught on that I was trying to seduce her, then admitting that she was very new to the Domme role, having only online reading as experience, and that I had surrendered to her only moments before Ms. Addison had approached our table, making me Crystal's first and only

submissive. The only good news during this lengthy share-all was it didn't appear that Crystal had any clue about Michael's role in all of this.

I had just finished my wine when the waitress returned and poured a refill into my bowl, patting my head and saying, "There you go, you *gooooo* girl."

My face burned yet again, but I didn't reply.

Eavesdropping again, I heard Hannah, the name she'd recently introduced herself as, say to Crystal, "My dear, I think you could use a mentor."

"Is it that obvious that I need help?" Crystal asked.

"Not so much obvious, but you're young, my dear," Hannah said softly, before asking, "Have you even been with a woman before?"

"Only a few occasions in high school," Crystal admitted. I was curious to know which friends of hers, and this was yet another intimate revelation shared with a stranger but not with her mother.

"But you've never dommed anyone?" Hannah drilled down.

"No, it was just girls exploring, but my urges grew with Vanessa, and then when my mother tried to seduce me, a switch flipped into place and my desire to domme my Mom came to life," Crystal answered, glancing down at me. "Again, that was less than a minute before you approached us."

"I see," Hannah said. After a moment she said, "So would you like me to take you under my wing?"

"Would you?" Crystal asked, eager as a child.

"Of course, my dear," Hannah said in a soothing voice. "Let's start with something easy: make your mother-slut do something."

"Like what?" Crystal asked, being drawn in by this manipulative and seductive woman.

"Anything you like. For instance, how about ordering your submissive to give me a foot massage?" Hannah suggested, as she slipped out of her heels and leaned against the back of the booth and raising her knees so her feet were resting at the edge of the seat. This position of course negated her skirt's ability to conceal anything at all, so it was immediately apparent to me and to anyone else nearby that she was commando and had unusually fat labia, but in this club nobody paid much notice.

"Crawl to my new friend's feet and give her a massage," Crystal ordered as she looked down at me, before adding with her naughty smile, "using your mouth."

"Oh, nice twist," Hannah approved.

I considered disobeying, but for only a second before I crawled the couple of feet and took the experienced Domme's left foot in my hand. I hesitated briefly before leaning forward and taking a stocking-clad toe into my mouth.

"That's it, suck each toe individually," Crystal ordered, as I slowly sucked each toe into my mouth. The act was embarrassing, yet equally enthralling, my stocking fetish coming to the fore.

They continued chatting as if I weren't there, as I first pleased each toe, and then the sole of her foot. After a few more minutes of interrogating Crystal, Hannah said, "Ready to take your pet to the next level?"

"Very much so," Crystal replied, excitedly.

"Time to stretch her obedience," Hannah said.

"How?" Crystal asked.

"Make her do something more blatantly sexual," Hannah said matter-of-factly.

A shiver chilled my insides as they continued to talk about me as if I were more an object than a person.

"Like what?" Crystal inquired.

"There are many options. You can make her go wait in line to service Big Rosie, although I suggest that Mistress or not, you shouldn't miss out on that yourself before you leave."

"Who's Big Rosie?" Crystal asked.

"A very large black woman with the sweetest pussy nectar there is," she replied.

"Oh my," Crystal said.

"But there are other options too. You could have her crawl underneath our table and pleasure you or me, or send her off to another table to offer her services to whomever might be in the mood, or... get her to go off and fuck herself on the wall cock."

"The wall cock?" Crystal asked, her intrigued tone making it obvious that was the one particularly piquing her interest.

"Yes, over there, side stage," I heard Hannah say and saw her point. She added, "I just added that last week."

I followed her finger and saw a bright pink dildo mounted solidly on the wall. Yet again, my cheeks burned and my flooded pussy burned.

"Wow, delicious," Crystal said, before looking down at me and ordering, "crawl over to the wall cock, Mommy-slut, and put on a show for everyone."

"Please, Crystal," I pleaded, terrified at the idea of fucking myself in front of a roomful of strangers.

"Do it now, Mother!" she snapped, her tone condescending like when she was in high school, but now invested with irresistible authority.

Part of me wanted just to stand up and flee to my car, another part wanted to stand up and make her my bitch, but the deciding factor was that my basic nature was too submissive for me to stand up to Crystal, and my body was already crawling across the floor before my mind had time to decide anything. Crystal might be brand new at this, but I was no stranger to a submissive role, and whether my mind was in control or not, and from long experience, my body already knew exactly what was required.

"Good Mommy," Crystal purred, entertained by my humiliating obedience.

Her praise only added to my shame as I crawled across the floor, keeping my head down. Thankfully, just as I was about to reach the stairs, another sub, one on a leash, was led up the same stairs to the wall cock.

A huge sigh of relief washed over me as I watched the Asian woman raise her skirt and back herself onto the pink phallus.

Her Mistress ordered, her tone firm, "And don't you dare come without permission, Slut."

"Yes, Mistress," the pet agreed as she began fucking herself.

I watched for a minute, consumed by the submission of another, until I heard Crystal's voice call out, "Get back over here, Slut."

I sighed, but was thankful she at least didn't call me mother and humiliate me even further.

I crawled back to the table and arrived just as the hostess who'd been at the front door earlier arrived.

She said, "Ms. Addison, the Governor will be here in a few minutes."

"Today? That's unexpected," Hannah said. "May I assume her room is ready?"

"Of course," the hostess said.

"Okay, please let me know when she arrives," Hannah said, before adding, "I'll be in my suite. Also, please retrieve one of my cards for me."

"Of course, Ms. Addison," the hostess nodded and walked back the way she'd come.

As I listened, I wondered, *She can't mean Governor Daphne Green? She has a daughter in college, although she's been divorced for years.* The thought that our governor frequented this lesbian club was both a major turn-on and incredibly surreal.

Hannah explained to Crystal, "I'm sorry, unfortunately I won't be able to assist you as much as I'd hoped, I need to go. But I really enjoyed meeting you, and I'd love to continue assisting you in your journey to becoming an established domme."

"I'd love that," Crystal replied warmly.

The hostess returned and handed Hannah a business card.

"Thanks, my dear," Ms. Addison said.

"Of course, Ms. Addison," the hostess nodded and left.

Hannah handed Crystal the card. "Send me an email or give me a call whenever you wish, my dear. Mistress Crystal Lodge, correct?"

"That's correct. And thank you, I will," Crystal replied, accepting the card.

"Of course, my dear," Hannah said, squeezing Crystal's hand before standing up. She looked down at me and smiled, "I expect you to be a good Mommy-pet and always to obey your daughter

Mistress."

"Yes, Ma'am," I nodded, the idea no longer as shocking or even as unwelcome as it was when my submission began less than an hour ago.

"Good girl," Hannah said, before walking away.

A moment later Crystal surprised me, "Crawl under the table Mommy-slut, and please me."

"H-h-here?" I stammered.

"Don't make me repeat myself every time Mother, or there will be consequences," she snapped.

"S-s-sorry, Mistress," I barely got out as I began crawling under the table.

"That's better, Mommy, you're a *good* girl," Crystal purred, back to her soothing self.

She spread her nylon-clad legs and I crawled between them.

It was very dark under the table, so I just allowed her intoxicating scent to draw me in. Reaching her wet pussy, I could tell that either my submitting to her or her frank conversation with Hannah had gotten her very excited.

This far past the mother-daughter line, my final submission of pleasing her sexually was dead easy to accomplish. I just extended my tongue and began licking, surprised to find her commando and wondering when she'd taken that step: before we'd left home, or after she'd conquered me. I was tentative at first, long, slow licks as I explored her pussy. Her taste was strangely exotic, very like my own but more citric, and I was instantly addicted, remembering from long ago just how amazing a pussy that wasn't my own could taste.

After a couple minutes of teasing, I heard Crystal say, "That's it, Mommy-slut, lick your daughter's cunt."

Like submitting to Michael, hearing myself being called naughty names only enhanced my desire to submit unconditionally.

I shifted from teasing to concentrated licking as I flicked her clit, causing her legs to twitch.

Soft moans from above enhanced my excitement as I hungrily licked and nibbled Crystal's sweet cunt. Hearing her breathing increase, her moans stifled as she tried not to scream, I went for broke and slid two fingers inside her.

"Oh God," Crystal gasped.

Taking her clit between my lips as I furiously pumped my fingers in and out of her, it wasn't long before I felt her hands gripping my head, pulling me deep inside her, as her legs tightened around me and her juices flowed out. I hungrily lapped and lapped my daughter's juices down my throat just like I normally swallowed my son's cum. I had without doubt become a Pet Mommy in every sense of the word.

THE END

Continued in "Pet Mommy": My Daughter Submits