

# Skye's Anal Therapy

By

Hope Red

From the Series:

## Mommy Issues

Skye's Anal Therapy  
Perverting The Neighbour  
Corrupting Laura

Hope Red Copyright © 2020

All rights reserved. This book or any portion thereof may not be reproduced or used in any manner without the express permission of the publisher except for the use of brief quotations in a book review.

Adult content inside. Not intended for anyone under 18 to read.

All characters in this novel are entirely fictitious and as are any of the actions they perform, both sexual and non-sexual. All characters are over 18. Any likeness to anyone living or dead is entirely coincidental, as are any likenesses to events or locations. All acts of a sexual nature in this novel are not necessarily condoned or recommended by the author and readers must use their own discretion.

The cover art and model have no association with the material in this book and do not condone or endorse any of the work within. The author does not condone any thoughts, beliefs or viewpoints expressed in this book.

All media rights reserved. Any offers of movie or media collaborations would be considered on a case-by-case basis.

[HOPRED.CO.UK](http://HOPRED.CO.UK)

Check out my website for information on my other books,  
free adult picture galleries, and loads more.

“Why do we have to go, Mom?”

Skye put on her best pout, her arms folded over her chest as she glared in front of her through the windscreen of her mom’s SUV.

“I’ve told you already, Skye. I can’t cope with the way you are. This is what my Facebook group told me to try.”

“Grrr, you’re so easily led. Someone tells you to do something and you just do it. I can’t believe I’m even your daughter.”

Christie glanced blankly across at the dark cloud sitting next to her. There was no question that the pretty eighteen year old was her daughter. They both had the same catlike lips, high cheekbones and sparkling blue eyes but Skye had something that Christie couldn’t say came from her.

Christie had never been too bright. She’d never needed to be. Her physical assets had been all the tools she’d needed in life. She’d never needed to learn or try very hard with anything and that had made her lazy and happy to just ignore Skye instead of deal with her tantrums until it had become a problem she couldn’t handle any more.

Skye glared forwards, refusing to acknowledge her mom who had dragged her along for another of her dumb ideas.

Her mom was so easily led by her ‘friends’ on social media that Skye had given up trying to have any sort of normal relationship with her. She’d learned long ago that her mom was far too self-absorbed to try to figure out that all she needed was a bit of attention even if it was just to punish her for acting out.

Skye had spent years rebelling and trying to be the polar opposite of the plastic Barbie doll next to her and it stood out starkly obvious. Her purple dyed hair and piercings through her lip, septum and eyebrow were as far away from the natural blonde with her tanned skin and fake tits.

The car rumbled around a corner into what looked like some kind of office block and they parked up and got out in stony silence, Skye closing the door harder than she

needed to and smirking as Christie rolled her eyes.

They walked in through an automatic door and through to a reception where a young woman behind a desk smiled and told them to go right through, directing them with her hand to a set of oak doors.

Before they had reached them, the doors were opened quickly and a tall, sculpted woman stepped through into the reception. Skye quickly observed her then sneered, looking off to one side, her arms folding defensively.

She knew the type. Not unlike her own mom. This woman valued her own physical appearance above all things. She could tell in one glance. Her pouty overbite lips looked almost duck-like on her angular thin face set under short brown hair.

There was nothing short about the woman's body and Skye caught a glance of the woman's orb-like breasts pressing through the slit opening in her tight blue shirt. Lesbian. Skye decided immediately. She had a knack for knowing; after all she was one herself.

"Hello, I'm Lydia. You must be Christie", she offered her hand then leaned in for a kiss on the cheeks.

"Oh, Yes. Hi. I'm Christie." She was a little taken aback by the woman's forward greeting.

"And this is..." she started.

"Yes, I know. Skye. It's a pleasure to meet you. Your mom has told me a lot about you."

The woman's green eyes bore into Skye. There was something odd about the way she spoke that made Skye shiver. She stepped forward but Skye brought her hands up and moved back to avoid the kissing greeting.

"This is what I mean", Christie said shaking her head, as though it was wrong of the girl not to just accept what another person thought was normal.

Lydia just laughed then held her arm out.

"I am sure we can sort her out, Christie. Don't you worry... or you too, Skye. I'm here to get you to open up completely to your mom. After this session, you two will be closer to one another than you've ever been before.

Sandy, hold all my calls.”

Christie smiled widely as she passed the taller woman, her shoes clapping as she walked into the room.

Skye grunted and kicked her heels, staring down at her loose laces on her pumps as she shuffled in behind her mom, feeling a cold gaze as she passed Lydia at the door.

“Right”, Lydia said as the door slammed behind her and clicked in its catch. Skye noticed it had the kind of code lock you see in lots of offices and schools but didn’t think anything of it.

“Please take a seat on the couch. Get comfortable”, she said as she walked over to a leather seat in front of the couch and sat down, her small tight skirt riding up as she did.

Skye and Christie both sat on opposite ends of the couch, Christie looking across at Lydia as Skye soaked in the room.

Lydia’s office looked stylish enough but unimpressive and ordinary with three framed certificates on the wall. What did peak Skye’s interest was a door on the right side of the room. It was black and appeared to be padded in some kind of rubber.

She looked down at Lydia’s heels. They were shiny solid shoes with a metal stiletto heel, tall and thin, and looked almost Goth-like in their styling. Skye approved but they seemed out of place on a professional who was meant to be offering counselling.

“Now, ladies. We have all the time we need. This is a special session and if it takes all day then so be it. I am available until we sort things out between you. Now, why don’t we start with you, Skye? What do you want from this session?”

Skye looked down at the floor.

“Nothing”, she said, scowling. “I don’t see the point in any of this shit.”

“Why not, Skye? Is it because you feel you’ve tried everything to get your Mom’s attention and it hasn’t worked? Well, I’m here to tell you that your mom is a very

different creature to you. You're deep and emotional whereas those things don't burden her. All you want is her love, a hug, a stroke of your brow and a kiss but she is too busy thinking about herself to notice. I get it."

Skye glanced up. Her blue eyes were narrowed as if she was trying to shield how easily this woman had just cut to the core of her heart but her defences were already starting to relax a little.

She turned her mesmerising gaze to Christie.

"And you, Mom. You want a daughter that you can show off to your friends, a daughter that's easy to deal with. A girl that doesn't talk back and cause you this much stress, one that sees you for the woman you are and respects you."

Christie paused as she tried to think of something to say.

"Is that too much to ask? I mean everyone else loves who I am, why can't she?"

"I get it. I get both of you and I am here to make sure you both get what you need but you have to be willing to work with me and do what I say."

"Anything, Doctor", Christie said, nodding enthusiastically.

Skye just shrugged. She wasn't as convinced.

"Okay. Now to begin with I need you to take off that hoodie, Skye so I can see what I'm working with."

"What?" Skye asked, more out of confusion than the need to refuse to cooperate. She thought for a moment. She couldn't see the harm.

"Okay", she mumbled and peeled off the black hoodie.

"There. That's so much better", Lydia said, getting up and walking over to Skye. She crouched down in front of her, again that skirt just riding right up and Skye couldn't help but look, distracted as the woman touched her spiked neck collar.

"Such a pretty girl even though you try to hide it. I see you like things like this don't you?"

She seemed to scan over Skye's piercings and heavy eyeliner before reaching and taking the girl's wrist before

she could pull it away.

"Ah, I see", she said, looking at her arm before releasing her.

Her little grey vest with the string straps held her small breasts tightly, her nipples poking through the material as her pale skin adjusted to not being covered.

"You have really nice tits", Lydia said, without warning.

There was a flash of something in the girl's eyes then the shields went up.

"What the fuck? That's weird. You fucking lesbian."

"Skye!" Christie called out with unconvincing effort. "I'm so sorry, Doctor."

"It's fine and please call me Lydia", she said, holding a hand up but her gaze still fixed on Skye.

"I am a lesbian, yes. And that's why you know that when I say your tits are nice, I mean it. It's not weird. It's perfectly natural. Tell me, do you like my tits?"

"This is fucking ridiculous. Are you even a real therapist?" Skye said the words but her eyes stared down the top of Lydia's bursting blue top.

"I thought so", Lydia said, ignoring the comments.

"Do you like your mom's tits?" she asked without giving Skye time to regroup.

"What? They're fake."

"That's not what I asked you. Do you like them?"

"Yeah, I want to smother my face in them and suck her nipples. That's my mom! Are you fucking crazy?"

Lydia didn't respond again for a moment, just watching and observing.

"Okay, fine. Let's try something else, something that's proven to bring you two closer. Skye go and sit in your mom's lap."

"No, that's weird", Skye said, chuckling nervously.

"It's weird that you think it's weird", Lydia retorted in a tone that almost mimicked Skye.

The girl huffed and stood up then walked over to Christie, pulling on the waist of her skin tight black jeans before sitting down on her mom's yoga pant clad thighs.

"Now place your arms around her", Lydia instructed.

Fine, Skye thought, sighing and placed her arm around the back of her mom's white top.

"There. Now I want you to look into each other's eyes the whole time and give each other three compliments. Christie, you go first."

Christie kept her eyes locked on her daughter's half-hearted dull gaze and thought for a moment.

"I... like how slim your tummy is", she said. She had always envied her daughter's ability to eat like a horse and still have the figure she did.

Skye wasn't impressed and showed it with a sneer. It just proved how superficial her mom was.

"Your turn, Skye."

Skye could hit her mom with a sarcastic attack or she could try to show her what was really important.

"I... like the way you smile when someone tells you how good you look."

"Then tell her how good she looks", Lydia stepped in.

"You're really pretty, Mom", Skye said begrudgingly.

Christie beamed that smile. "I am, aren't I?"

Skye wanted to get off but Lydia waved her hand.

"It's your mom's turn."

"You have pretty eyes", Christie said quickly.

"There the same as yours", Skye retorted, feeling cheated that it wasn't something about her alone.

"It's still a compliment, Skye", Lydia said. "You again."

"I did two in a row. I want another from her", Skye retorted.

Christie looked her daughter up and down. She didn't know what the girl wanted to hear but she knew what she would have liked to hear. She couldn't say that Skye had

good fashion sense, that her makeup was hot or that her perfume smelled nice but she did have one thing that Christie had noticed she could comment on.

"You have a really cute ass", she said with a smile.

"This has got to stop there. This is getting fucking weird", Skye said, climbing off of her mom's lap and standing up.

"What's weird about that, Skye? You do have a seriously perky butt and those jeans really show it off. Like you didn't know yourself. Are you telling me you aren't grown up enough to take an adult compliment from your mom?"

"Yes. No. Wait. Why are you turning this round on me?"

"I think you're proud of that juicy round butt of yours and I think you've been flaunting it at your mom in a desperate attempt to make her notice you, haven't you?"

"Fuck this. I told you this was a stupid idea. This woman is just a fucking pervert."

"Okay, okay. Calm down. I was just testing you, Skye. It's all fine. You're in a safe place. I had to check for some latent Freudian complex. Relax. Really."

Lydia spoke in a soothing and confident voice and Skye visibly relaxed.

"You look like you need a hug. Honestly, relax. Christie get up and give your daughter a big hug."

Christie got up and walked across to Skye and placed her arms around her, rubbing the small of her back as she said 'there, there'. It was awkward and obviously put on but it was the best Skye had gotten in her life. She sunk into the hug and placed her face against her mom's ample chest.

"You see. Everything in a relationship can all be solved physically. That's all a mother and daughter really need. Now, place your hand under her top and stroke her back. The skin contact will calm her even more and give her the endorphins she needs. That's it. Now kiss her brow."

Christie rolled up the back of Skye's vest and stroked her fingers and palms over the girl's lower back and kissed her just where her hair met her forehead.

"Good. Now, kiss the side of her face and tell her that

she's a good girl. Stroke up and down her back, give her that physical contact she craves."

Skye sighed as her mom stroked her back. It felt perfect and the kisses on her face were like having butterflies fluttering on her skin. Her icy exterior melted. She closed her eyes and just enjoyed the moment, even forgetting her fears about Lydia as she let the woman behind her guide her mom.

That was a mistake she was about to regret.

Lydia caught Christie's attention from behind and held the woman's wrists to guide her wandering hands down over the hem of Skye's jeans and round the tightly clad curves of the girl's butt.

'Kiss her neck', Lydia mouthed silently, watching as Skye began to react and lift her head back, her eyes still closed.

Lydia guided the hands up and then down inside the hem of the stretch denim pressing her hands over Christie's so that the woman grasped her daughter's bum in her fingers.

Skye's eyes stayed closed, her heart shaped chin pressed onto her mom's chest as Christie kissed along her jaw line. This was the only real physical contact the two of them had had since Skye had become a teenager and to both of them it felt strange and unfamiliar.

Was a mother and daughter supposed to hold each other this way? Neither of them were completely sure but Skye was starting to breathe heavier and Christie could feel the girl's heartbeat thumbing faster as her pale body pressed against hers.

Lydia watched Skye's body closely as she looked for signs to move onwards in her 'therapy'. She guided Christie's hands around the front of Skye's flat stomach and mouthed for her to 'unbutton her'.

Christie flashed her excitement in her eyes to Lydia as she undid the top button of Skye's tight jeans.

'Pull the zip down', Lydia said silently as Lydia felt the waist of her daughter's jeans loosen and fall away from her warm hips while staying tightly pressed to the girl's thighs and legs.

Christie's kisses slowly worked their way over Skye's cheeks as her hands were guided to slide and stroke under the waistband of the teen's black thong.

It felt good to have the tight material stretched away from her soft skin and Skye felt more relaxed than she had done in a long time. She could have stayed like that for the rest of the session but Lydia had other plans.

Skye felt her mom's hands slide around the back of the waistband, tugging the strip of material that had been tightly wedged in her crack as they moved and stroked the top of her bum curves.

Okay, this is nice but...

Her mom's left hand stayed right at the top of her bum cleft and two fingers rubbed under her thong onto the sensitive skin between her fulsome butt cheeks. Her eyes, still shut, winced and her breath quickened as it escaped her mouth, catching in her throat as her brow furrowed.

She didn't know what it was – desperation, anticipation or maybe just the weird need to see what happened next but she let the finger gently stroke between her crack.

Her mom's lips were coming dangerously close to her own. She could smell the lip-gloss and her mouth as the kisses became increasingly longer and more open-lipped.

Skye's hips started to sway and that's when Lydia directed Christie to the prize and push her fingers down further.

Her daughter's ass pucker felt different to the surrounding soft skin. It was hotter and had tiny star-like lines that came out from a moist-feeling sphincter at its centre. Delicate and soft, the hidden treasure between her daughter's round cheeks was stroked and swirled over with Christie's middle finger. This was the kind of physical contact that Christie understood and, it appeared, so did Skye's body.

The girl breathed short, heavy pants through her mouth as she felt the place only she had ever touched getting stroked. Tingles of pleasure rippled through her, like nothing she'd experienced before and her body took full advantage of the situation before her usually quick-thinking head caught up and realised what was

happening.

It didn't take long for panic to set in and it was with good reason when her brain felt the icy shivers of her fight or flight response flooding her with adrenalin. Christie's open mouth was now kissing the edge of hers, her own full, unpainted lips open and sighing as she felt the ever-growing anticipation and yearning of more. The tip of the finger slipped inside her. Her anus accepted it, relaxed and aroused from the stroking touches. But it was a huge wake up call to feel her sphincter muscle tingling as it gripped around her mom's finger and even more so when Christie started to take her lower lip between her own and kiss it wetly and slowly.

"Fuck. Fuck. Shit. Get off", Skye pushed her hands up between them and shoved, feeling her anus get hooked as Christie's finger tried to stay in but couldn't. She stared for a second, wide eyed at her mom before snapping her head back to Lydia. The woman's green eyes looked knowing and accusing, her mouth curled up into a cruel smile.

"You're both fucking crazy", Skye growled then she bolted for the large wooden door.

Her hands tugged on the code lock handle and, after several failed attempts; she even pressed a foot up to the frame and pulled with both hands.

"What's the fucking code?" she cried out to both women but was ignored.

"Sit down Christie, please. I've come up with an effective treatment that should condition your daughter to obey and respect you as you quite rightly deserve. From my observations, I feel it would work perfectly on her. Girls like her react very well. Just have a look at some of these clips of the results."

Lydia passed a tablet to Christie as though they were the only two in the room and their wasn't a screaming, frantic teen now banging on the door.

"Let me out! Somebody fucking let me out!"

"Oh my. These are... wow. Did that girl just do what I think she did? No one has done that to me in a long time. Shit,

look at that. It's like a Kink movie. Daughters let their moms do that?"

"Yes, they love it. No more tensions, no more fighting, just obedient, sexually satisfied girls that now live to please their mommies. It's the height of sex fashion too right now. You should see how popular those women are. They have fans all over the world following them. They're famous now. Just look at all those views."

Lydia had her at 'popular' but everything else was a dream come true. She'd be famous. People would adore her and watch her and she wouldn't have to take all the shit that Skye gave her in trying to point out how self-obsessed she was. It annoyed her that her daughter would be cruel enough to keep reminding her of her flaws. She couldn't help her own personality. It wasn't her fault and it wasn't like she could do anything about it... but she could do something about Skye.

She turned to look at the girl now sat with her back against the door, her head in her hands as she occasionally thudded her spine against the wood.

Could she really do those things they did in the clips... to Skye? The video moved on to a montage of mom's having what appeared to be mind-blowing orgasms all from their daughters' mouths and bodies. Hmm, there really didn't seem to be a downside that she could think of. Her middle finger unconsciously went up to her nose and she sniffed as she watched a montage of daughters crying out as they were violated and tortured in all kinds of ways. I bet they deserve it... the ungrateful little bitches, she thought, justifying the reason her pussy was now starting to feel wetter than it had in a long time.

"Shall we begin?" Lydia asked as Christie licked her finger then stroked her hand over her breasts. She nodded and put aside the tablet on the couch.

Lydia stepped across the office with purpose. Her pace was intimidating but Skye didn't look up from her hands until it was too late.

Her hand grasped Skye's hair and pulled, wrenching the teen off from her slumped position and up onto her feet.

“Fuck. Get off me”, Skye growled, lashing out only to have her arm held tightly behind her back. Lydia was strong and knew how to handle someone, that much was very clear. Still, somehow Skye managed to wriggle out of the hold but as she made a run for the door again, she tripped on her loose laces and fell heavily on her front, winding herself. Lydia grabbed her by her pumps and dragged her kicking and screaming in front of the couch.

With the short-haired woman pressing her knee into her spine and twisting her arms back, Skye couldn't get up or stop Lydia from pulling the belt around her skirt and wrapping it tightly around her wrists then buckling it. With her arms restrained behind her, Skye couldn't lift herself up and all she could do was kick out and swear as Lydia stood up and let her skirt fall off. She wasn't wearing any underwear as Christie had suspected and it was clear that Lydia went to the same expensive waxing salon as her with their trademark landing strip with the salon's logo shaved in to the closely trimmed rectangle.

“Get fully undressed, Christie. It will make it easier for your daughter to please you”, Lydia said matter of factly, unbuttoning her tight blue blouse to reveal a powerful and toned body.

Christie peeled her yoga pants down her shapely thighs. Her hourglass figure was who she was and she was happy to show it off at every opportunity. It didn't take her long to slip her panties off then take off her top and pop her two bought and paid-for assets out from under her bra.

“Skye is a very lucky daughter. Most girls who go through the treatment don't have a hot, sexy mommy to submit to”, Lydia said as she pulled the girl up onto her knees. Skye still squirmed and fought but seeing her mom sat naked right in front of her and the power of the equally naked woman handling her distracted her with trying to comprehend the unbelievable situation that was unfolding.

“Now, let's see exactly what we're working with here”, Lydia hissed snake-like as she knelt down behind the girl made to sit back on her own heels.

Two hands groped up under her vest and squeezed and kneaded at her small, pert breasts.

“Mmm, you’re a hot little fuck aren’t you?” Lydia said as she sniffed Skye’s neck.

Skye squirmed and twisted her waist forwards.

“Fuck off you fucking lesbian!”

“We are going to have to do something about that potty mouth of yours, aren’t we you dirty slut?”

Lydia grasped Skye hard around the front of her neck above her collar and squeezed as she rolled the vest shoulder strings down the girl’s arms, pulling and breaking the left one, so that her breasts were fully flopped out of their covering.

Skye didn’t move as the tight grip was released and Lydia twisted and pinched her stiff pink nipples.

“Mom! What the fuck is happening?”

Christie looked glassy eyed as she parted her legs slightly and swirled her hips on the couch.

“It’s for the best, Skye. I can’t deal with you any more. This woman knows what she’s doing.”

“Mmm, I do”, Lydia purred into Skye’s ear as she slipped a hand down the front of the girl’s thong.

Skye froze. Her breathing quickened as she felt Lydia’s fingers slipping in between her pussy lips.

“Oh, she is so wet, Christie. Your daughter is so turned on by all of this. I’ve never felt such a dripping pussy on a girl. It must be because you’re so gorgeous. Even your own daughter wants you.”

It wasn’t half as wet as Lydia was making out. Skye could tell that she was playing her mom and she could see how her dumb blonde parent was just lapping it all up.

“I always knew she was a bit weird. I mean look at how she dresses”, Christie said to herself as much as Lydia.

“Yes, it shows what a little pervert she is and it’s all just to get your attention. Well, now she has it.”

Skye twisted and shook her head but she didn’t fight the fingertips now swirling over her pussy lips. Her parted thighs were still. They didn’t clamp shut as they could have.

“Parenting is very simple really. It’s all about rewarding the behaviours you want and punishing the ones you don’t. Follow my instructions and you’ll soon have dirty little Skye here eating out of your... holes.”

Christie laughed excitedly and put her hand up to her mouth. Just the thought of that was incredible.

“She’ll do it right now”, Lydia shrugged, then pushed Skye’s head and neck forward with her right hand.

“Sit on the edge of the couch and spread your legs out wide”, she instructed.

Christie was fascinated by all of this. Her teen daughter’s full lips were brought within an inch of her pussy. Was the girl that had been in her life for eighteen years about to actually be useful in a way she had never considered she could be?

“A mother is a goddess to a daughter. She made you and brought you into this life. You should worship her. You should give thanks to the place where you entered the world. Kiss your first tunnel. Thank her for her labour, her pain and effort.”

Lydia’s voice was melodic and mesmerising. It made Skye feel calmer than she should just then, smelling her own mom’s arousal so close to her face.

“Kiss it. Thank it”, Lydia whispered, all the time rubbing and swirling her fingers inside the teen’s thong.

Skye closed her eyes and tasted. She smeared her lips gently as if delicately eating an ice cream. It wasn’t as strong a flavour as she had expected but then her mom was meticulous in her own preening and cleansing. It was sweet at first then slightly hinting at a richer musk as she delved deeper. She hadn’t gagged or choked. Mom pussy wasn’t evil or gross. It was just pussy and her first real one.

“Kiss it more. Stick your tongue out.” The commands came in a quick, sharp tone. She wasn’t being given time to think and she found herself obeying each one with little time to dwell on it before the next one came.

“Swirl around. Suck your lips.”

Christie laughed and rolled her eyes.

“Oh God. She’s doing it”, she said, pressing her mound to push her lips out as she stared down at her daughter in wonder. It felt so deserved. She had brought the ungrateful brat into this world through that very same... well No, Skye was a C-section delivery but that wasn’t the point she told herself. She should worship me for making her.

Fingers found Skye’s clit and lit her swelling nub up with rapid swirls. It was hard to focus on anything, let alone how fucked up this all was. Her body was betraying her and Lydia’s hypnotic voice didn’t help.

Before she knew it she was eating her mom’s pussy out like the girls on the videos she watched in her room and her mom was making the same noises they did as she licked and swirled.

Lydia took her hand off of Skye’s neck and groped the teen’s small breasts.

“Show her your asshole”, Lydia said the Christie.

The blonde woman wasn’t too distracted by Skye’s pussy eating and she smiled with her mouth and blue eyes at Lydia before showing off her flexibility.

She slipped back on the couch and pulled her legs back up the sides of her body, using her arms to hold her calves down.

Skye moved her mouth away, looking a little confused and dazed as the pussy she was eating lifted up and she was met with her mom’s bleached anus.

Mom’s bleached anus... the dumb bitch’s fake shithole... She probably believed only fairy dust came out of it... but Skye had gone into the bathroom after her and with her freaky diet fads it hadn’t smelled of roses.

“Look at it. So pretty... So cute... So hot. It smells so good...”, Lydia had to move her tit-groping hand back to Skye’s head. She grabbed a clump of dyed hair and pushed the teen’s head forcefully.

Skye scowled and gritted her teeth. This felt wrong in many ways but oddly it was pride that was making her

head and neck resist.

"Smell it", Lydia hissed. Skye's nose was pressed against the colourless pucker. Not roses or fairy dust, whatever that smelled of anyway, but it was alluring and lightly musky through the various perfumes and creams the woman always doused her body in. It felt slightly wet, possibly sweat from the leather couch or from just being inside those cushiony cheeks but it was intoxicating and despite herself Skye felt her mouth watering.

"So tasty... So delicious... Kiss it..."

Skye gasped, her nose was being smeared onto Christie's rim and she was starting to feel drowsy and intoxicated. The hand down her front was taken away. She felt disappointed. It had been spurring her on, encouraging her. She suddenly felt exposed and dirty and the thought of what she was doing lost some of its excitement.

Then she sighed. Oh yes. A finger slid down with the rest of the hand, plucking the flossed line of material in her crack out as it sunk down between her cheeks.

She could feel that Lydia had sucked her finger and made it wet with her spit and now it was making the tip slip and swirl around her pink rim, lubricating and setting her skin alight with tingles.

Her eyes rolled up into her head as she stopped thinking and only felt. She kissed her first every asshole. Tasted another rim for the first time that wasn't her own. It was soft and silky, like lips. The taste was good, moreish and sweet.

"That's it. Kiss it like you're kissing lips. Open your mouth. Put your tongue over the sweet, sweet opening and show her how much you love her really."

Christie giggled. This was incredible. Skye, who only an hour ago wouldn't even look her in the eyes, was now French kissing her... on her asshole! It felt amazing and the buzz she got from finally being in control, finally having Skye realise that she was a woman that deserved to be adored was better than any high she'd experienced in a long time.

Lydia tapped her fingertip against Skye's rim and the girl

moaned. The woman gave a knowing smile behind her. She knew her type. She knew all the types and this teen, with her spiked collar and piercings, her round, full ass and her small slim chest. This girl was fucking obvious.

She slipped the tip inside. It went in easier than it should have but it was still tight, the muscles suckling and squeezing around her as she sunk in. Skye froze, her lips in a wide circle over Christie's asshole as she felt the finger invade her.

Lydia laughed in her ear. It wasn't reassuring or kind. It was accusatory and knowing. It made Skye uncomfortable.

The finger slid in and out, reaching the couple of inches inside, past the smooth, tight anal muscle and into the start of the wider tunnel within. She'd never had anyone else's finger in her asshole until today and it was too good to resist. She felt vulnerable at how arousing and amazing it felt. She felt violated. Her asshole was her secret, her own pleasure, but now she was moaning into... into her own mom's butthole.

Fuck! Fuck! Fuck! What was she doing? Panic struck her again and that made her butt clench, sending waves of pleasure up her spine. It was so confusing. How the fuck was she eating her mom's asshole out and letting a complete stranger restrain and molest her? Was she being hypnotised?

She wriggled to one side and on to the floor.

"Get the fuck off me, you fucking dyke bitch!" she growled, trying to kick her legs along the floor to get away. Lydia only smiled wolfishly and licked the offending finger with her tongue.

Skye wasn't going anywhere. She stood up and walked calmly over to her on the floor wiggling like an injured worm.

A sharp metal heel dug into her shoulder, pinning her to the spot.

"You are a troublesome little cunt, aren't you? Don't worry. We'll get that fucked out of you. Time to get serious."

Lydia pressed her calf across the back of Skye's neck as

she pulled and tore at the tight vest around the girl's waist. The material was flimsy and cheap and it ripped like a candy wrapper in the powerful woman's grip.

"Fuck. Stop. Get off me", Skye said through squashed cheeks. The lack of response was scary as the short haired woman leapt up and straight over to Skye's legs, sitting on her lower back as she pulled off the loose pumps and peeled off stripy socks. Her jeans were already down past her butt but she kicked wildly as Lydia yanked them down brutally until she could pluck them over the girl's bare feet and throw them across the room.

As quickly as she had mounted the girl's back, Lydia moved her naked butt around and sat firmly down on the back of the teen's knees, her own knees pressing against the girl's pale thighs as she laughed and tugged the wedged the black thong cruelly into her captive's crack.

Skye cried out and lifted her head up. It was a stark contrast to Christie who was now sitting on the edge of the couch and laughing with nervous excitement.

"You won't be needing this", Lydia snarled and, in a threatening show of her raw strength, she ripped apart the stitching of the waistband. Skye felt it saw into her waist as it was stretched and broken, burning her skin until it finally tore apart.

The strip up her crack twanged away uselessly and she was left feeling completely unprotected and at this woman's mercy.

Her hands clawed helplessly, tied tightly together by the belt as Lydia dribbled spit down from her mouth between the girl's round globes.

"Watch this", she said across to Christie. Her whole finger plunged into Skye's asshole, right up to the knuckle.

The girl immediately stiffened, her head and neck rose as she gasped out loudly, her eyes wide and bulging... but she didn't speak. No pleas or cursing rant, just panting.

"Her asshole is the lock to opening her up and turning her into the kind of daughter you want. Own the key to this tight little tunnel and you own the girl. It's simple really. Daughters are usually easier to train than most pets. You

just have to know what makes them tick... or cum.”

She pulled the finger out and held it to her nose, smiling at Christie.

“Interesting. And what would you suggest?” the blonde asked in a sultry tone.

“I would suggest that you give her what she really needs, her deepest, most intense desire. This little bitch needs a good... hard... ass fucking.”

“Fuck Skye in her butthole? Oh my God that’s so... naughty.”

“No Christie, you’ve got it all wrong. Skye is the naughty one. You’re just a responsible mom getting your daughter to behave like she should. It’s proven to get the result you want and you wouldn’t believe how many other moms are doing it... It’s totally trending right now.”

Lydia said the magic word ‘trending’ louder than the others. Christie got that kind of language and the green-eyed woman knew it.

Poor Skye, leaving her in the hands of this airheaded bimbo would be almost cruel enough, she thought. So sexy, that blend of brains and stubbornness with a body ripe for punishing. Her mom was a lucky bitch.

She turned her finger around inside Skye’s anus as she spread up her body, leaning in over bound arms to whisper into the girl’s ear.

“It’s what you want isn’t it? To have a woman treat you how you know you deserve to be treated... To have your tight... dirty... little butthole... taken and violated. You know why, you nasty slut? Because you dream of your mommy punishing you for all your acting up. You’ve begged for it in that dumb little head of yours as you cursed at her and argued with her and slammed the door in her pretty face, hoping that she would give you some attention and pull you to the floor and punish you with a finger up your filthy little asshole.”

Lydia’s finger felt bigger than her own and not just because the woman’s relative size. It felt as if her whole body had become a receptor for her anus. It felt so satisfying, more so when she fought it.

“Oh you nasty little whore. I can feel you clenching and squeezing on my finger in your warm, sweaty tunnel. You want it, don’t you?”

“Uuh... no... get the fuck out of my ass”, Skye mumbled, but she couldn’t even convince herself. It just felt too good. Her capacity to think straight and know how fucked up this all was, was getting more and more difficult.

“You want it. Admit it, slut. You’re loving having your juicy round butt get deep stabbed by my finger.”

Lydia’s body pressed down onto Skye’s, the woman’s other hand tugging her hair so that she could press her lips to the girl’s ear as she spoke.

The finger tugged in her asshole, stretching it sideways.

“Uuuh... I... like it... in my ass”, she said, fighting the embarrassment of the admission as she spoke.

That was all Lydia needed to hear. Just as Skye felt a twinge of vulnerability at having opened up – in more ways than one – the powerful woman plucked her finger out and dragged Skye up to her feet.

Skye’s face looked flustered. All of this was too much for her to take in as she was marched and shoved over to the leather-padded door. It swung inwards as Lydia kicked it, revealing the room inside.

“What the fuck?” Skye gasped out, turning on the spot and wriggling out of Lydia’s arms.

She got a couple of steps before she bumped into Christie who was just behind her when Lydia got a hold of the teen again and dragged her through the doorway.

“What is it? Oh... wow”, Christie said as she looked around.

It was as big as the room they had just been in but this was no office. Implements and tools of torture hung from hooks on the walls. A shelf stuffed with dildos and sex toys filled an entire side. Chains and hooks hung from the ceiling and mirrors all over like a dance studio with black padded PVC matting covering the floor.

“It’s a... sex dungeon”, Christie said, putting her finger in her mouth then looking very pleased with herself that she

knew the answer.

"I prefer training room but... well, yes I guess it is."

Skye squirmed and tried to escape Lydia's grip until a sharp push knocked her to the floor.

"This is going to happen anyway bitch, so you may as well just accept it. It'll be a lot less painful if you do. Christie, would you like to select a training tool?"

Lydia pointed to an array of whips and thrashing ropes on the wall. The blonde woman fondled and touched several of them before deciding on a riding crop.

"Good choice. Now tell the slut to stand."

"Er... Stand up, Skye", Christie commanded, unsure of herself.

Skye remained on the floor with a sullen pout on her face.

"Let me show you", Lydia said, taking the whip.

She thrashed it down in quick succession over the girl's thighs then grabbed her above her spiked collar and spat on her face.

"You were ordered to stand, whore! Obey your parent's command."

"I can't. My hands are tied", Skye blubbered, her eyes watering as she fought back the urge to cry.

"Stupid bitch. Push up with your legs", Lydia snarled as she gripped and lifted the girl by her neck. The combination was just enough to get her to her feet despite her face going pink at the throttling.

"See. You can stand up. Apologise to mommy for not getting up sooner."

The crop lashed out at Skye's breasts, leaving red marks across them both.

"Aaah! I'm sorry!" Skye cried out.

"I'm <thwack> Sorry <thwack> Mommy <thwack>".

"I'm sorry, Mommy! I'm sorry, Mommy!" the teen wailed.

"Make it up to her! On your knees. Worship the hole that made you."

Skye was almost dizzy from all the commands but she quickly dropped back down to the floor to avoid the raised crop from hitting her again.

Christie laughed in astonishment as Skye placed her lips over her pussy lips and traced her tongue up and down the inside.

“She wants it. She just needs to have her inhibitions broken into little tiny parts. Beg forgiveness, whore!”

The crop came down low and made her right bum cheek sting.

“Uuuh... Forgive me... Mommy”, Skye muttered, her eyes still filled with her usual resentment as she looked up from the woman’s crotch.

“Part your fat little ass cheeks, whore”, Lydia commanded.

Skye clawed her butt cheeks apart with her bound hands. She could feel her pussy dripping between her own legs, slippery and wet as she exposed her anus to Lydia. Her decision to obey was rewarded as she had guessed. The flat tip of the riding crop was patted against her rim, just hard enough to hurt but at the same time sending spikes of pleasure through her tunnel.

Christie felt the gasps of the girl’s mouth against her pussy.

“Oh my God. She’s such a perv!” She announced girlishly, squeezing her breasts as she stood.

Lydia held back from telling Christie just how normal her daughter actually was. How common her particular sexual needs were and how many other daughters and various relatives she’d trained in this very room.

“She’s a depraved little slut”, Lydia hissed, sucking her teeth as she removed her stiletto heels and pressed her foot out, rubbing her big toe against the revealed pucker.

Skye rolled her eyes up into her head. Her body was firmly in control of her mind. A horny, sex-starved teen with mommy issues, a closet lesbian and a masochist. She’d already lost the ability to resist the moment her mom’s finger slid into her anus.

She begged in her head that the stranger behind her

would push that toe into her orifice and shove it in as far as it would go.

She wasn't disappointed and the deep, sharp breaths it produced made her inhale her mom's sexual aroma as she stretched her butt cheeks even wider behind her.

"Fucking slut", Lydia snarled as she twisted her foot left and right.

"She is a slut isn't she?" Christie giggled. "Look, she loves it in her ass."

"I told you. That's her weakness. You just have to exploit it. Here, let me show you." Her toe came out with a squelch and she walked over to the shelf of toys, coming back with a four inch long black butt plug with a curled silicone tail on the base.

"Turn around", Lydia said to Christie before kneeling down behind Skye. The girl watched, open mouthed and panting, her eyes half closed as her mom turned her naked butt around to brush against her face.

"Oooh", Christie cooed, pushing herself back onto Skye's face. She was self-assured that she had a great, big round butt and knew how it must look so hot arched out behind her. Lucky girl, she thought.

"You're going to push your filthy tongue so deep up mommy's delicious asshole. You're going to worship her like the unworthy little bitch you are while wearing this inside your nasty little fuck tunnel."

Lydia sucked on the plug, spat on it a couple of times and then pressed it against the girl's pretty pink pucker.

But nothing happened. Lydia didn't push in. She just waited.

After a minute the anticipation was too much.

"Yes... Yes do it. I'm licking her ass... look", Skye buried her face in the cushiony cheeks and fought with her mouth to reach her hidden target. It tasted slightly richer than last time, sweat and time having made its flavour stronger.

"Mmm, fuck. That always feels so hot. Skye is like literally kissing my ass. I so deserve this."

“Yes, you do”, Lydia said, purring into Skye’s ear, “and she deserves... this.”

The plug speared through her sphincter, her anus yielding easily to the thickest thing that had ever had inside it. Her muscles felt as if they were sucking it inside, swallowing along the taper and pulling the plug inwards.

“Uuuh Ggrrrr!” Skye groaned. She’d never felt as satisfied as she did right then.

“That feels so good doesn’t it? You’re a fucking asshole. You’re a slave to your own dirty shithole. Look at you, eating your own mommy’s asshole just so you get a lump of rubber shoved up your butt. You’re a depraved, nasty little bitch.”

Lydia rubbed deeply down along Skye’s sopping pussy lips with her fingertips.

Christie parted her thick cheeks out so that Skye could gasp in the heady sweetness of her mom’s ass as she groaned and panted.

“Tell me you’re a worthless little asshole!” Lydia snarled as Skye’s tongue lapped and licked at Christie’s skin-toned rim.

“Uuuh... I’m an... asshole”, She mumbled inside the tanned cheeks.

The crop rained down five times on her thighs.

“A worthless little asshole!” Lydia growled.

“Aaah! A worthless little asshole!” Skye moaned.

Three more sharp, stinging blows lashed her.

“I’m a worthless little asshole, Mistress!”

“Aaaa... <slurp> I’m a worthless little asshole, Mistress!” the teen wailed.

“How does mommy’s asshole taste, asshole?” Lydia continued.

Skye mumbled between the cheeks an, ‘ok I guess’. Complimenting her mom, especially sexually, stung almost as much as the crop.

“Dumb bitch! It’s delicious and yummy and you’re a lucky

little slut to be allowed to enjoy it.”

<Thwack><Thwack><Thwack>

“Aaarrhh... It’s delicious... uuh and yummy... I’m a lucky little slut... Mistress... Mistress!”

“Good girl. Now tongue fuck mommy’s yummy hole.”

Lydia pressed the back of Skye’s head so her mouth was firmly pressed into her mom’s anus as Lydia’s other hand moved the plug in and out, making the girl’s sphincter slide and stretch over the tapered silicone.

Skye’s tongue pushed in. It felt soft and squidgy and so tight at the start but then it opened up inside and she could reach as far as her tongue could stretch. It didn’t have much flavour but what her taste buds did pick up was more of that sweet, malty tang that made her forget who it was she was eating out. It was more the scent that filled the space in her mouth and the activated glands around her drool-covered lips that reminded Skye exactly where she was... and she loved it.

“Uuh, you dirty little slut. I can’t believe your doing this to me. I mean, I’m your mommy...Uuh. Fuck...” Christie moaned, spreading her cheeks out as wide as she could and pressing back hard. Even if she did have any sexual inhibitions, which she didn’t, this was more than just about that. This was about getting her own way, winning a dispute with her daughter that had gone on for far too long.

This was something she’d never felt before. Skye, her daughter, the thorn in her side, the girl that ruined almost every day with her pouty face and shitty attitude was now worshipping her. The pale little fuck’s lips were pressed over her beautified butthole and her ungrateful tongue buried so far up, she could feel it fucking into her rectum like a soft, wet little cock. There was no more obvious or extreme display that Skye could do to apologise for being such a brat and it felt so satisfying.

She looked over her shoulder and giggled, rolling her eyes as she moaned and sighed then let her cheeks bounce closed around the girl’s face so she could stroke her hands up and down herself and remember all the times she’d

taken a cock up that same tunnel.

The two women kept her their, kneeling, tongue fucking and ass frigged, for what felt like a long time. A stranger and her own mom, doing things to her... obscene, debauched things. She gained enough of her mind to think about her own small, teenage frame, with her round butt and her slim, tight body, her pretty face that glittered with metal and her streak-lined blue eyes as she was violated and humiliated - a sweaty, smutty, heaving pale little girl. She started to quiver and convulse in her hips.

"Oh no. Not yet, you filthy skank", Lydia growled, pushing Skye away from her mom's ass and stopping her plug plunging.

"Aw, I was enjoying that", Christie said, with a pouting smile as she turned and dabbed her dribbling anus then brought her finger up to her nose.

"She was about to cum. She's only allowed to cum when you're the one with a key in her lock. That's how she gets trained."

"Oh... So... what does that mean?"

"It means that you are going to fuck your daughter's asshole until she has an earth-shattering anal orgasm... but first she needs to learn that she isn't allowed to bring herself to orgasm."

Lydia snatched something off the wall then pressed it into Skye's ribs.

"Aaaah... fuck!... Uuuhh!" A cruel jolt of painful electricity spiked through her whole body. She wriggled and rocked wildly as Lydia kept it there just long enough for her to lose control of her bladder.

"You want more of this bitch? You want another blast of my probe?"

"Uuh... No... Please... Mistress."

Her brow knotted and her mouth scowled as drool escaped her open lips.

"That's the right answer, whore. Now, I'm going to take my belt off your wrists and you are going to get up and walk around on your hands and knees."

Skye gulped. She really didn't want another 'blast' from the probe so she decided it was best to swallow down her self-esteem and stubbornness, for now at least. It felt so good to not have the leather belt cutting into her wrists and she rubbed them each with her other hand before getting on to her hands and knees with the plug still inside her, its tail pointing up like a little...

"You are a bitch, a nasty, moaning fuck but you know what? Bitches are also dogs and I think you'd make an adequate pet for your mommy. I mean you already have a collar and a tail. Show me how a bitch walks."

She was on her hands and knees, her lean back arched through tiredness and her head down between her arms, hair dangling and shielding her as she paused to consider her options.

A quick jab from the probe told her there were no options and she yelped as she leapt to one side to escape it's crackling tip.

"Walk, dog!"

Skye padded around on her hands and knees, her head still low until Lydia ordered it up. Her blue eye were charged with frustration as she looked forwards, ignoring the laughs as best she could.

"I've always wanted a dog but Skye has allergies", Christie said with a smile.

"Selfish little bitch. Well now you have one. Here, take the crop and train your dog. Get her to bark."

Christie looked excited as she tapped the crop in her hand then stepped up to the naked teen.

"Bark, doggy!" she shouted as she whacked the crop down over Skye's right cheek.

"Aaah... um... woof?" Skye tried. This was so fucking humiliating. If anyone was more like a pampered poodle it was her mom, not her.

Lydia's laugh was mocking and stung like another crop lash as she was whipped again and again by her mom as she circled around, the busty blonde stepping round behind Skye as she walked, trying to get the line of the

crop across the girl's pushed-up pussy as she thrashed it sideways with her arm.

"Uuuuh... woof... Oow... woof..." Skye spoke the bark in a monotone that clearly communicated how resentful she felt.

"I don't think your doggy is enjoying this. Maybe we should see if you can get her to wag her tail to show us she is", Lydia said as she stood with the probe in her hand.

Skye glanced across at the woman sullenly then the next thwack of the crop came and the instruction.

"Wag that tail for me, dog!"

Her mom was a little too into this. It was making her suspicious. She knew her mom was a total slut. She'd do anything she could do to get attention and be adored, even if that meant sleeping with half the neighbourhood, but doing what the so-called therapist told her to do without questioning it? It made her think that maybe she knew what they would be doing here and that she had wanted it. It was as if the blow-up-doll Skye called a mom didn't have the capacity or the depth to release her frustrations on her daughter in a way that wasn't sexual. It explained a lot. Skye had been throwing herself into arguments with her mom for as long as she could remember and the woman had just ignored her... until now.

The crop lashed her back. That stung more than her butt and pussy. She wiggled her butt from side to side as she padded around, trying to make the plug's tail bat her butt cheeks each side.

She felt so dirty. It was like a thousand butterflies in her belly all fluttering around. She'd never felt it as intense as this before.

"Did anyone tell you to stop barking?" Lydia asked in a silky tone.

"Woof... woof..."

"I asked you a fucking question!"

The probe was jabbed out onto her shoulder blades,

making her wail and squeal as she fell to the floor.

"Aaaah... fuck... no-one, Mistress!"

"See? Was that so hard? You just have to listen to what you're asked and not be a dumb little shit any more. Roll over. Mommy is going to give you a treat for getting it right", Lydia snarled.

Skye rolled onto her back, her face showing her trepidation.

"Not like that. Pull your knees up and hold your hands up like a dog."

Skye lifted her thighs up to her belly and put her hands out at right angles to her chest with her fingers closed like paws.

"Now mommy is going to take the plug out of your dirty asshole and let you suck all the nasty, juicy flavour off of it."

Christie bit her lip as she got down on the floor, dropping the crop as she took a hold of the silicone tail and pulled.

There was a small squelch as the silicone was pulled out of her body. She could feel her anus winking below as she felt that feeling of release in her sphincter.

Christie held the plug up to her nose and sniffed it. Skye had no idea her mom was such an ass freak. Maybe that's where she'd gotten it from herself.

It felt like a compliment when Christie smiled approvingly then slowly held it over Skye's body until it reached the teen's face.

The plug was pressed against her nostrils and lips. She was surprised how wet it was and how strong her intoxicating scent was. She breathed it deeply, feeding her lust and arousal. She didn't need to be ordered. She wanted to taste her flavour. She craved it, needed it.

As it slid past her lips she moaned. It was so good. She sucked and licked the smooth surface, enjoying how it totally filled her mouth.

"Oh my God. She really is an asshole!" Christie announced as if it was only really in seeing Skye's contented eyes while she tasted her own ass that the

blonde was finally convinced.

"Then feed her lust. Make her yours. Coat it in her ass juices again for her to enjoy."

Christie looked fascinated as she pulled the saliva-covered plug out and slid it down along Skye's body, over her pussy lips and down to her pink rim. It actually looked to the blonde as if the little pucker was asking to be penetrated and she was more than happy to see the four inches of black silicone slide easily back inside her daughter's anus.

"Oooh", she cooed then giggled. "It's not as weird as I thought it would be. It's just like any other asshole", she said, looking up at Lydia.

"And that's how you should see it, Christie, just another asshole begging for attention. Give it what it wants and the girl is yours to control."

Skye's face showed the blissful full feeling her anus was giving her as it clenched around the plug. It was difficult for the teen to fight what they were aiming to achieve when they were busy exploiting her biggest weakness.

"Swirl it around a little to get it all covered in her sweaty ass juices then feed it into her worthless whore mouth."

Christie was captivated by Skye's reactions. Swirling the plug made her pant and groan, her face flushing.

The second time it came to her mouth, her mom swirled it over her naturally full lips, coating them in a slippery layer of delicious juices like a lewd lip-gloss.

When she eventually stopped teasing it around, Skye pulled it into her mouth eagerly, desperate to get that hit from tasting her own asshole.

"She is a slut", Christie said as she swirled the plug in her daughter's mouth.

"She's a depraved whore", Lydia snarled from behind them.

Skye's eyes rolled up. This was so wrong but she was riding a wave of ecstasy that she didn't want to end.

Christie fed her asshole then her mouth several more times before the woman decided it would be good to

share in the ass feast and she alternated a dozen or so more times pushing it into Skye's increasingly relaxed anus then her own mouth then back and into Skye's.

Lydia watched the results of her manipulation taking its depraved hold on mother and daughter. Soon there would be no going back and they would be sexually bonded into a perverted relationship that would take over both their lives like an out-of-control addiction.

It was time to imprint mommy dearest as the one woman that can fulfil this teen's deepest, darkest desires and make her wail out an orgasm like the sex-starved teen she was.

"Leave her tail inside her, Mommy. Bitch, get up on your hind legs and beg."

Skye felt intoxicated as she lifted herself up. She guessed that Lydia wanted her to stand but a click and crackle from the probe made her realise her mistake.

"Like a dog, you dumb whore."

Skye looked nervously out the side of her eyes as she squatted down deeply then brought her hands up again like doggy paws.

"Wait there and don't turn around. If you do I'll shock you so much that plug will explode out your asshole."

Christie was beckoned over to a wall of harnesses with an array of flesh coloured over-sized silicone cocks dangling down from each one.

"Have you ever used one of these before?" Lydia asked, her hand stroking down Christie's back as they looked over the choices.

"A few times on women and men but I'm usually on the receiving end and I like them big", the blonde said, fingering the bulbous tip of a veiny twelve incher.

"I'm impressed but maybe we should give it a few weeks before we move Skye up to something that size. How about this? It's satisfyingly large and it shouldn't injure her."

Christie looked over the eight-inch fake cock. It was girthy and long enough without being massive. She shrugged.

“Whatever.”

Lydia took it off the hook and helped Christie step into the harness then tightened and buckled it until it was firmly in place.

“It suits you”, Lydia said, smiling and pointing to a mirror for Christie to admire her new cock in.

The blonde turned from side to side, stroking the length of it.

“I guess it is kinda hot”, she purred.

“It’ll be even hotter when you push it deep inside Skye. Shall we see if she wants it?”

Lydia led Christie around the front of Skye and the girl immediately toppled back.

“What!? ... Fuck... Shit... You can’t be serious...” she gabbled out, her face screwing up.

“Oh we are serious, you nasty whore. Now stop fucking pretending you don’t want this!” The probe pressed into Skye’s stomach and she wretched and cried out in agony, rolling around on the floor.

In a blink of an eye, Lydia had pulled leather cuffs off the wall and was down on top of the girl placing them around her wrists while she was distracted by the effects of the probe.

“For a self-admitted asswhore you really are starting to look as if you don’t know what you really want. Get the fuck back up.”

Lydia lifted Skye up to the same deep squat that was the pose of a dog begging but now her ‘paws’ were restrained at the wrist and her body still writhed and moved in lingering pain.

Lydia’s hand gripped her jaw tightly.

“You are an anal whore. You love it in your filthy asshole. We’ve all seen it. Now stop fucking denying what you are and beg mommy to put her cock in your ass!”

Lydia growled a second later and lifted her probe-wielding arm.

Skye squealed more girlishly than she’d wanted to.

"Mommy, please put your cock in my ass!" she gasped out quickly.

"Tell her you want it."

"I want it, Mommy. Please, Mommy."

"Tell her what you want her to do to you", Lydia went on.

Skye glanced across.

"Um... I want you to fuck my... dirty little asshole... Fuck me hard, Mommy. Put your cock deep inside me and pump me until I cum."

The wall, the barrier in her head that told her how wrong this all was, crumbled even more as she spoke the words.

"Good. Now, how about we get this cock lubed up like an asshole? Open your mouth up wide."

Skye opened her lips up as wide as she could into a circle, looking as slutty and inviting as Lydia hoped she would be for Christie to not even think twice and push her rubber penis into the girl's mouth.

It was a satisfying sight watching her rebellious emo brat of a daughter swallowing a big hard cock down her pale neck like a good girl. For a second Christie almost wished it was a real cock and she was the girl's daddy but she had a feeling that the full lips down in front of her weren't made for men.

Their loss was her gain, she thought as she tested how far she could push it in before the girl gagged... six inches. Not bad but she could have done the full eight at Skye's age but then she'd had a lot more experience. She held it there. It made a tingling sensation up her spine to see the teen struggling and choking. She enjoyed it... a lot.

Drool and phlegm spluttered out the side of the girl's mouth as she struggled to take the biggest sex toy she'd ever had inside her. How the fuck was her ass supposed to take this thing?

She made gurgling noises as Christie moved her hips back and forth, fucking it against her throat then slurped it out completely leaving the teen to gasp and watch the web of saliva dribble down between the tip and her lips then plunged it right back to the noise of a strangled grunt of

shock.

"Your body is just a fuck toy to serve your mommy how she sees fit. Pain, limits, and humiliation - these things don't exist to an asshole. You aren't Skye anymore, you are just your mommy's pet."

Skye groaned. This was unbelievable. Even in her wildest dreams she had never imagined her own mom was capable of degrading her like this.

"She's ready. It's time to fuck your daughter's asshole, Christie. Take her."

Christie looked over at Lydia then pushed Skye backwards and climbed up on top of the girl, tugging the girl's knees up to her sides in the 'roll over' position.

Skye's face was an adorable mess of emotions as Christie pressed down on top of her and reached down to the shaft dangling from her crotch.

The girl's eyes changed as Christie pulled out the tail plug and found the sphincter with the tip of the dildo.

She pushed in.

Skye's mouth opened into a wide circle along with her eyes.

She was being fucked... for the first time. She'd always wanted her first time to be in her ass but this... this was different to how she imagined it.

The familiar face she'd known every day of her life grinned mischievously on top of her. A flood of emotions - love, hate, resentment, fear - a deep desire for attention - all of it seemed to flow to the surface as she felt the dildo start to slide in and out of her anus. It was like an itch was being scratched in her body and her soul. As if all the pent up frustration needed a release. This was no frolicking bum fuck with some fantasy girlfriend on her bed as she had imagined her first time would be. This was an expression of her relationship with her mom. This was fucking intense.

Christie started to circle her hips, and thrust the dildo in and out rhythmically, enjoying the noises it made as it went inside her daughter's relaxed anus. Her eyebrows

rose as she felt how easily it was sliding in and out. Lydia was right, Skye was an asswhore... and for all her brains and attitude, deep down she was just as much a slut as her mom.

For a flash, she was actually proud of the girl. She looked so pretty laying there, her face a cute, contorted mess. Of course she was pretty, she was her daughter and the way she took the cock in her sweet butthole made her almost proud. It had taken Lydia years to figure it out but Skye wasn't the tough, scary bitch she made out to be, that was all a mask to hide who she really was.

On an impulse she kissed the bottom of the girl's open lips. It was awkward and more of a sucking of tautly, stretched lips but she continued, circling around until she felt comfortable enough to stretch her mouth out wide and slide her tongue into her daughter's mouth.

She felt Skye's breathing become rapid little pants as she didn't resist the kiss but also played no part in it, her tongue staying still as Christie probed and stroked with hers. Having her mouth so wide made it sloppy and her saliva slipped out in streams down into Skye's mouth.

After a couple of minutes that to Skye felt like a lifetime of emotion, Christie slurped her lips off of her and grinned as if she was proud of what she had done.

The teen looked up, gulping her mouth closed to clear her throat then gritted her teeth. She may have let it get to this but she wasn't going to act as if they were just two lesbian lovers. This was still fucked up on so many levels... but it was scratching that itch. She sighed as her tunnel started to feel slippery and relaxed as it opened up along its length and allowed the silicone to penetrate deep along her rectum.

Lydia got on her hands and knees on the floor behind Skye's head, her face just out of sight above the girl's head as she spoke.

"This is what you wanted, slut. This is what you've been craving for in your little bedroom when you shoved a hairbrush handle up your nasty shithole and pinched your nipples with that slave collar tightly squeezing your pale neck. I bet you even called out 'mommy' when you came

all over your bed sheets, didn't you?"

Skye had fantasised about an older woman forcing her and taking her in the ass but the face had always been vague and blurry in her head. Now, she could clearly see her mom grinning as she grunted and thrust her hips, those empty blue eyes looking as loveless as ever as they sparkled with the titillation at what she was doing to her daughter.

All of a sudden she noticed the aching of her anus. Her tunnel felt sensitive and sent little pangs up into her bowels. She felt used. There for her mom's amusement. There to make the fucking bitch behind her head some ridiculous fee for whatever this was.

"Dumb little slut. Look at you taking it up your dirty ass", Lydia hissed.

She did feel like a slut. Her small breasts moving, her thighs sweaty against the sides of her ribs and her holes displayed and pushed out for the taking.

"Open your fucking mouth, bitch", Lydia said in her ear.

She mouthed for Christie to spit. The blonde paused only to say how dirty that was then she gurgled and spat into the teen's mouth, half of it falling on those naturally plump lips.

"Thank her", Lydia snarled with a light slap to the girl's face.

"... Thank you... Mommy", Skye said, her tone as savage as the green-eyed woman's behind her.

"Are you still giving us shit, you filthy whore? Well I think it's time you learned that mommy isn't the only set of holes you need to learn to worship... besides I need a bit of attention. May I?"

Christie giggled.

"You're asking me?"

"You own her. All her holes belong to you."

Christie laughed and had to hold on to Skye's calves to steady herself.

"Be my guest", she chuckled. She really wanted to see

this.

Before Skye knew what was happening, a muscular thigh had lifted over her head and Lydia's toned butt pressed down on her.

It was a lot to take in. The smell, the flavour, the wetness and the heat... it was so hot. She could feel the weight pushing down on her then realised her nose was pressing against the woman's tanned pucker; it's smell heady and rich. Her mouth hurt as her lips were pressed down until she parted them and got a big taste of Lydia's juices.

"Mmm, that's it slut. Eat my pussy while mommy fucks you in the ass. Make me cum in your mouth, just as a whore like you should."

It was pointless trying to push Lydia off with her cuffed arms, her head was firmly grasped by powerful inner thighs and there was nothing she could have done to get this woman off of her face even if she'd tried.

She felt her left nipple get gripped, then the pain as it was tugged and stretched so far away from her chest she thought it might snap off. She tried to shield her chest with her hands but they were pulled down and firmly pressed to her crotch.

"Eat my pussy like the nasty skank you are. Oh fuck, I love these teen daughters so much. They're so horny."

Skye licked Lydia's pussy and it immediately made those butterflies flutter around her body faster than they already were when her mom was fucking and toying with her mouth. The humiliation, the surrender to a situation that was so wrong it was right was making Skye feel as if her body was melting from the inside. It went against all reason but she'd never felt so aroused in her life.

She wondered if they'd noticed her hands as she rubbed her clit.

"That's it. Use your tongue, slut", Lydia moaned, sliding back and forth over the girl's mouth.

Christie's thrusting had steadied into a smooth rhythmic motion and it helped to have a firm grip of Skye's ankles, angling the girl's butt up so that she could hammer in with her crotch.

“Uuh... She’s licking me like a good little pet... Mmm... You’re a lucky woman, Christie. I mean look at what we’ve achieved in just a few hours. She’s a natural asshole. Speaking of which...”

Skye tasted her second asshole that wasn’t her own and it was wasn’t much different to her own or her mom’s accept the sweat had a slightly bitter twist mixed with the delicate sweetness, like a weak latte.

The thought of it was even more delicious. Made to eat the forbidden, most intimate hole of a person she’d only met that afternoon while getting fucked fast and hard in her own. The degradation, the intimacy, the breaking of every taboo, it was too much. Her body spasmed.

“Oh no you don’t, you dirty little slut”, Lydia said, pulling Skye’s hands up and away from her clit rubbing.

“The only person allowed to cum from having my delicious asshole eaten out is me.”

Lydia swirled and ground herself against Skye’s mouth and face, her fingers slipping down above the girl’s chin and frigging her pussy as she brought her knees off the floor and squatted on the pretty teen’s head.

“Oh fuck... Oh Fuck, Yes... That’s it... Tongue fuck my asshole you ass eating whore!”

Skye obeyed. It was easy to. There was little else she could do smothered under the woman’s powerful glutes and the tan pucker felt so soft and pliant that it opened up easily and let her tongue slide on up what felt exactly the same as the inside of her mom’s asshole.

“Uuuh... you nasty anal slut, pushing your tongue deep up my amazing shithole. Aaah... Lucky girl... That’s it, worship me... feel yourself inside me... enter me... be a part of me... Uuuuh!”

Skye felt the squirt splash over her chest and neck. The woman’s butt felt like it was on a spin cycle as it shuddered and pressed cruelly hard against her face for about a minute, her nose only just able to breathe as it was squashed against the sweat-fragranced skin in Lydia’s crack.

“Grrr... Uuh”, Lydia grunted, giving her hips a couple of

hard grinds as she clamped back onto Skye's head. She thought she might get crushed.

Eventually Lydia's muscles relaxed and she slid her butt up and down along Skye's face, the build up of slippery juices making it feel as if her butt was gliding along her features.

"Mmm, such a pretty little face. I like how her piercings feel as they bump into my holes. I recommend it, Christie. Be sure to ride this bitch's face as often as you can."

Christie was soaking in everything. The depraved act of degradation, the smutty filthiness of the teen's wet neck, chest and face, the pornographic raw lust of Lydia on top of her eighteen-year-old daughter. She wanted to cum like that on Skye every single day.

"Oh I will. I really will", she replied with hunger in her eyes.

Lydia laughed. She was training the mother as much as she was the daughter. They're all just sexual animals deep down. Reward and punishment, withhold, deprive then feed. Mommy was hungry to cum hard but she would have to do that when she got her sexy new asshole home. Skye however had to cum and she had to cum harder than she ever thought possible.

"Slide your cock out for a minute, mommy. We need to show this asshole exactly what she is."

Lydia rose up onto her feet and Christie pulled out of the girl's asshole with a slurping rasp.

The ability to breathe without inhaling Lydia's alluring blend of aromas and the cool, empty feeling in her winking anus had a very odd reaction on Skye's emotions and she felt disappointed, sad even, that it was over.

But when Lydia grabbed her by her hair like a TV cavewoman and dragged her, forcing her up to her hands and knees, Skye felt that tickle of butterflies and the anticipation that she might get some more attention.

Naked apart from her spiked collar and the cuffs around her wrists, Skye was walked at a merciless pace; her tight pale body marched along the padded floor to a huge mirror on the wall.

“What do you see, bitch?”

Skye looked at the reflection. It was like staring at a dream that she had no control over. The girl looking back at her was her but at the same time looked like a complete stranger, those blue eyes so unfamiliar in how they gazed dully back, her naked body smutty and sweaty, her mouth parted and taking heavy breaths.

“... I see me.”

Lydia gave a sharp slap to her butt but she hardly felt it, mesmerised by the image in front of her.

“Yes, but who are you? Look at that face, look at your bum arched up behind you, see mommy walking up behind you with her cock that’s been up your dirty asshole.”

She knew what she was meant to say but could she bring herself to let those last defences finally fall?

“... I’m an... asswhore.”

“Yes, you are... and now you are going to watch as the nasty asswhore gets what she needs from her mommy... Mommy?”

Lydia signalled to Christie who got onto her knees behind her daughter and, biting her lips, watched the eight inch silicone cock slide easily back into the girl’s anus. This was a view to enjoy. Her daughter’s tight little pale body with her perfect round butt and a thick shaft impaled deep in between the cheeks in that pretty light pink rim. It was making her mouth water, seeing the thorn in her side submit and offer herself in such a surrendering position.

Skye groaned as Christie tested the depth that this doggy position allowed and pushed all eight inches of girthy fake cock inside her daughter’s ass, her hands gripping those round butt cheeks tightly.

It felt as if it was poking her bowels, sending a wave of pain and pleasure up inside her stomach as her eyes opened wide, staring up in the mirror at her mom’s expression of amusement and lust.

“Oh fuck”, she moaned, rolling her eyes as Christie slid back then thrust in hard and deep.

Lydia laughed off to one side. Skye could hear her sloppily

rubbing herself as she taunted and spoke.

"It feels good doesn't it? Seeing a dirty teen slut get taken by her mommy? Imagine how we feel as we give you what you deserve. This is what you were meant for, you fucking bitch. Feel that amazing flood of endorphins and those butterflies tingling every part of your body? You're the kind of girl that needs it to be kinky just to get off and there is nothing kinkier than being mommy's anal slave. You are going to be in asshole heaven every fucking day."

Skye was moaning out like a squeaky toy every time Christie pumped into her. She couldn't take her eyes off of the mirror. Her mom with her fake boobs that hardly moved, like big round cushions on her tanned chest, her blonde hair sweaty and tussled as her eyes narrowed and scanned over the body in front of her.

Her asshole felt hot and slippery, as if it had transformed into the perfect fuck hole, the aches and sensitive tingles replaced with one continuous wave of what felt like molten lava flowing through her.

"Look at yourself, whore! See what a depraved animal you are. Give in to your lust and feel the ecstasy only mommy can provide you."

Skye looked at her own face. It glistened with Lydia's juices and her own sweat, her spiked neck collar stained with cum and her piercings glinting back.

She felt something click in her head. She was already her mom's slave. Her emotions had been controlled by the woman behind her longer than she could remember. This wasn't any more fucked up than the rest of her life. This was inevitable and, in a twisted way, this was her way to release herself from her own torment.

Her eyes rolled up into her head.

"Grab her hair and fuck her as hard as you can!" Lydia snapped.

Christie tugged Skye's dyed tumble of hair back as if she were taking the reins of a wild horse and pounded her hips hard against the girl's full butt, making satisfying slapping noises as the yielding hole between them squelched and

slurped.

“... Oh fuck... Oh fuck... Uuuh...”

Skye's voice sounded possessed, guttural and deep as she growled and grunted louder and louder.

“Harder! Faster!” Lydia roared.

Christie felt the dildo start to feel loose and lost in the once tight hole as it rasped and clicked at its own destruction.

“Uuuuurr”, Skye's body shook violently, her hips and waist gyrating and only serving to add to the feeling of fire that was washing up from her crotch.

Lydia dashed down and placed a finger and thumb over each eye socket and pulled.

“Look at her! Look at the person that made you feel this!”

Skye looked up and saw her mom and it seemed as if those blue eyes under her blonde locks sparkled like gemstones, her glee and fascination at what she had achieved looking oddly like love to the girl in that moment.

“Aaaaaah!” Skye convulsed and wailed out, her cuffed hands coming up to the mirror, smearing it with sweaty marks as her senses overloaded.

She saw stars. She couldn't hear and her head felt like it was melting. She'd never experienced anything like it and the wave of joy and pleasure it brought through her made her laugh out uncontrollably before she slid down to the floor, the cock slurping out of her and she rolled up on the floor, completely spent, content and happier than she'd ever been in her life.

\*\*

“There you go”, Lydia said, passing Christie a carrier bag. Inside were the strapon dildo, the cuffs and the riding crop.

“Get her used to the eight incher then we'll have a look at trying something bigger in our next session in a couple of weeks”, she said matter of factly, brushing her skirt down her butt.

Her mom and Lydia had just gotten dressed as if nothing had happened in the other room and it made Skye feel vulnerable feeling their nonchalance. What had happened was a huge deal, a revelation and a life changing experience but the two women were acting as if they were standing there after a vigorous game of squash looking forward to going home and getting a shower.

Skye was different to how she had been before in several ways. Her torn vest was now in Lydia's bin and her broken thong was rolled up and tucked in the pocket of her hoodie top which was zipped up over her breasts.

Her jeans had had to be tugged on by the two women thanks to one mercilessly inserted tail plug that was being pushed hard into her by the stretchy material as it squeezed and flattened the silicone tail against the base of her spine.

Her eyes were glassy and distant as she focused on her anus contentedly suckling on the silicone between her cheeks.

"One last thing for you. I'll add it to the bill with the other bits", Lydia said, going over to her desk in her heels.

The lead jangled before it was properly seen and Skye knew what was going to happen, the pit of her stomach churning as she thought of the walk to the car park.

"When you take her out and she's going to be used just like in this session make sure knows her place as your pet. Put this on her and lead her back to the car. You can take it off her at home but only if you want to. Same goes for the plug."

"Fuck this really is like having a pet...so many rules. I hope I don't forget any of them."

"I think you'll do just fine. It's just like owning a dog. Exercise her, reward her when she does what you want and train her well when she doesn't. Any problems and I can always squeeze you in earlier than the scheduled appointment. It's been a pleasure, Christie", Lydia leaned in and kissed Christie on both cheeks then she glared at Skye.

"And I've enjoyed the first of many sessions together,

asswhore", she purred, her hand stroked Skye's jaw.

"Thank you, Mistress", Skye mumbled before Christie hooked the chain lead around her neck collar.

"Let me show you out", Lydia said civilly and held her arm out to the wooden door. She stood in front of it and punched in the code then tugged and Skye felt relief that there was still a real world out there after all.

The blonde woman held the lead over her shoulder in a negligent way and walked slowly, making a show of Skye being on the other end. The teen shuffled nervously in her dirty pumps behind her, the bulge in her jeans noticeable to anyone that looked at her bum.

"I see we have another satisfied customer", Sandy said pleasantly.

"Yes, I think they are both going to enjoy their new relationship."

"The girl's really hot. The mom too."

"Yeah, but it wasn't easy breaking the girl."

"Oh you poor thing, and with an ass like that? I'm sure you had a really tough time", Sandy said sarcastically.

"What time's the next appointment?"

"Two."

"Come on. I need a shower. Join me and I'll tell you all about what her we did to that ass of hers."

