

The Wicked Stepmother

Act I

The father suddenly found himself sitting in his kitchen apparently waiting for something, or was it someone. He glanced at the clock on the wall. From the soft moonlight streaming in through the window he could barely make out the time. It was an hour or so shy of midnight on this cold and stormy Halloween night.

What day was it Saturday? No wait. Sunday maybe... He was not sure. He shook his head trying to bring his thoughts into focus and then decided for whatever reason that the day was not important. What was important, and he knew this deep down inside his tortured soul was it was the anniversary of his death. Four years ago on a cold stormy Halloween night, much like this one, the cancer he had been battling for the last 15 months had finally come in all its ugly glory to claim his life.

As he rests in the kitchen quietly, waiting for his senses to come alive, waiting for the pain of his awakening to subside, Ellie comes bounding into the kitchen followed closely by his wife. They were both talking and giggling.

He had been sitting in the far corner slumped in one of the kitchen chairs. The girls will not notice him, of that he has made certain, as he has made himself a part of the dark shadows that reside in the corner.

Ellie flips on the small light above the sink and turns to Missy saying something he cannot quite catch. Ellie had just turned 20, but despite her advanced age now, she was still just as cute and adorable as always. Ellie was just so sweet, so innocent, and oh so adorably cute and cuddly that she would make even the sweetest of puppy dogs look menacing in comparison.

Ellie, named after her grandmother on her father's side, was the product of a mixed marriage. The father was a handsome Caucasian man in his own right, but when standing next to his gorgeous African-American wife he was hardly noticed at all.

Ellie hit the genetics lottery as she adapted the finest traits from both her mother's and father's races. Her unblemished skin seemed to be coated with brown sugar as she had a complexion that was a near perfect combination of dark and light. Indeed, her light ebony skin glowed with dark beauty, only adding to the extreme beauty of her picturesque face.

The show stopper for young Ellie was her big dreamy eyes, full of sweetness and innocence topped by long feather- like languorous eyelashes. These eyes, with their dark stunning beauty, held such power that when she turned them on her daddy, not once did they ever fail to melt his heart.

In addition to her fawn like eyes, Ellie was blessed with a pert little nose and full sensual blossom-pink lips that, due to several factors, had yet to be tasted by others outside of her immediate family.

Her delicate smile, which came easily especially when in the presence of her daddy, had a spellbinding quality to it that was accented by her perfectly shaped dazzling white teeth.

Her long dark hair, which much to her daddy's chagrin, she kept more often than not pinned up, when let loose fell, in a cascade of dark beauty just past her shoulders.

There was precious little that was not perfect about Ellie physically, and that included her well sculpted figure. She was small, at only 5' 3" and 117 pounds, but was well put together; her nicely sized 32 B breasts, and gorgeous perfectly shaped ass, which was neither soft and squishy, nor hard and solid, but somewhere balanced perfectly in between, garnered her much attention.

She worked out constantly and was proud of her well-toned abs and legs, which she loved to show off as she tended to wear chic, shredded clothes in a mutinous way, which showed off a maximum amount of skin. She also seemed to regard underwear, bras in particular, as the enemy. She rarely wore them even as she became older and more developed.

Her favorite tops were shredded half tee shirts that would barely cover those perky little breasts of hers. She liked her tee shirts to be light colored so they would better show off her dark ebony skin. Light colored and skin tight, which allowed for the fact she never

wore a bra, while running around the house in her little half tees, to be amply noted.

She more often than not coupled her half tee shirts with a pair of tight daisy duke shorts, or a short little mini skirt, depending on her mood. During the summer, she spent long hours working on tanning her already dark skin laying out by the pool in a variety of multicolored bikinis. Ellie, in short, was a show off, but yet she did it in such a sweet innocuous way that it did not seem that way somehow.

Her father took careful note of the way his daughter dressed, proud yet dismayed all at once. Proud because he had a confident daughter who was not afraid to flaunt her God given beauty, which was the way the father thought it should be, despite his quiet misgivings that maybe she flaunted it a bit too much, especially around him. The dismay came when Ellie was in a "flaunting mood" he simply could not keep his eyes off her young, nubile body.

Many that knew her, but only from a distance, thought Ellie was a bit of a cock tease, more so maybe because her personality which always seemed to be cheerful, bubbly, and most ladylike, also tended to be teasing and fun loving.

But anyone that knew her well understood that Ellie, above all else, was sweet and innocent. They also understood she was a look, but don't touch type of girl, and if that was being a cock tease, well so be it.

Ellie as the age of 20 was still a virgin, as pure and innocent as freshly fallen snow. She had yet to be touched by a boy, or a girl, for that matter; had yet to be even so much as kissed by anyone except her parents. She was extremely naïve and innocent when it came to all things relating to sex.

Ellie, as an only child, was the love and light of her very over-protective parents, in particular her mother. Sadly her mother had been killed in a fatal car accident shortly after Ellie turned 13, which only caused her father to be even more overly protective of his only child.

He sent her to an exclusive, private all girls Catholic school where Ellie was an all A student and one of the nuns favorites. She was actually studying to become a nun herself as a simple, uncomplicated life held great appeal to the young girl. She had not reached a final decision yet, but the idea of becoming a servant of the church was definitely something she was seriously considering.

As a result she never dated, even if her daddy would have let her, which he would not have, nor took much of an interest in boys in general.

She had very much decided, if she was going to give up a life of simple chastity it would have to be for the near perfect man, rather than settle for someone less than perfect, and in young Ellie's mind there was only one near perfect man—her daddy.

But was there someone out there like her daddy, sweet, charming, intelligent, handsome, romantic...could there be? She was determined to wait and see and wanted to be unknown to man if she was to meet her ultimate prince charming.

After the mother died in a tragic car accident, Ellie and the daddy became incredibly close for a good little while as they were both lost in mourning for the woman they both so dearly loved. Then sometime after Ellie turned 15, her daddy met her, Missy, the blonde bitch goddess from hell. Met and married her that is.

Ahh yes, Missy and Ellie—a study in contrasts. Missy was your typical California bleached bomb bimbo. She was 5' 5", 129 pounds and had size 32 E tits along with a well-shaped set of legs and a super sweet ass. Her skinny size 22 waist made her large, enhanced boobs look gigantic. The father cared little they weren't 100 percent real; hell he paid for them. What mattered was the best plastic surgeon in all of Southern California had done his job well. Yes, Missy's boobs may have been fake, but they looked fantastic.

Her bleached blonde hair fell to her shoulders, which worked well with her unblemished complexion which was tanned to a deep golden bronze from hours of worshiping the sun in a wide variety of skimpy bikinis. At the age of 24, she was what one might refer to as a trophy wife.

The platinum blonde, with the big baby blue eyes and enormous breasts, stopped just about everyone who met her dead in their tracks, including the father. His many friends laughed when the

father married her. They whispered behind his back, "He's 53 and she's 24, it will never last. She only married for money. "

He was rich, lonely and vulnerable; in other words just the type of man Missy was looking for. He was just lucky enough to have met Missy at a local charity fund raising event and they immediately hit it off. Three months later they were married.

He did not care what others thought as long as Missy and Ellie accepted each other which apparently, as he watched them come into the kitchen holding hands, they were finally doing.

For the longest time, even up to the very bitter end in fact, Ellie and Missy fought like cats and dogs. The father's only hope was that as Ellie got older, things would start to get a bit better as maybe Ellie would begin to view Missy as less a threat to her relationship with her daddy, and more as a friend and fellow confidant she could share mother/daughter secrets with.

The father was wary of the quiet periods between his pretty wife and lovely daughter though, wondering always if their getting along would last, as in the past there were a few times they seemed to be getting along famously, but then some thing or the other would cause one of them to get upset and their whole budding stepmother-stepdaughter relationship would come crashing down.

Now the father, whenever Missy and Ellie seemed to be getting along, instead of getting overly excited, took a wait and see attitude.

Unfortunately, his waiting for Ellie and Missy to finally fully accept each other, was interrupted by a grim diagnosis of lung cancer, too far along to do anything but wait for the inevitable, which came a little less than a year later. The 15 year old Ellie was crushed to hear of her father's death sentence, and then crushed again when her prayers to God to save him went unheeded.

During this waiting period to die, the father became dismayed as he watched his wife and 1 daughter fight like cats and dogs again to see which one of them could provide him with the most comfort during his long slow descent to death. He died a sad, broken man, but not before he extracted from Ellie, what at the time she perceived, as a rather strange promise.

On his deathbed he made the 16 year old Ellie take a vow of chastity for at least four years. When she asked why he simply responded that he wanted her to wait for him. When Ellie asked what that meant, the father growing weaker by the second mumbled, "Just wait Ellie, f-four years...you should be pure, unknown to man if I am to return...Promise."

He then he slipped into unconsciousness and shortly afterwards and died. Ellie was left to ponder his puzzling request, although she thought granting it might not be too difficult, since she had already determined herself to wait until that perfect man, her prince charming came along, before ever having sexual relations.

Now she just decided not to really look, to keep to herself for the next four years, just as she had promised her daddy. She knew one did not break a death bed promise without great peril.

Slowly over the years after the death of the father, Ellie and Missy started to get closer. While the death of her father, deeply saddened her it also made her mature as no longer was her daddy around to baby her and take care of her every whim. True to her word she kept her vow of chastity unwilling to break her promise to him despite her blossoming beauty and the many suitors that came with it.

A big cause of their new found closeness was one simple act Missy performed upon the father's death. He had split all his assets down the middle, 50/50 between Missy and Ellie. They were rumored whispers that Missy was actually happy over his death now that she was going to be quite well off with her 50 percent cut. There were also rumored whispers she was going after all of her husband's estate. Something about him changing his will right before his death making her sole beneficiary, which of course would leave poor little Ellie out in the cold.

These rumored whispers, like many rumors, had no basis in fact. It was all just idle gossip, but still it got back to Ellie who was very hurt and now scared. She had been just starting to warm up to her step mother when all this happened.

Ellie finally confronted Missy about the rumors who responded by, in a most unexpected twist of events, ordering the estate lawyer to transfer her 50 percent in its entirety to Ellie. She would take nothing.

This touched Ellie's heart deeply and it was then a real bond began to form between the two women. Shortly, after doing this Ellie came home from school one day to find Missy packing her things up.

"What are you doing Missy?"

"Why moving out of course. I no longer have any claims to this house and the estate lawyer said I should leave."

"What he just wants to throw you out like that."

"I guess."

"Well what if I want you to stay."

"It's your house hon and since you are past the age of 16 and are entitled to be on your own if you so choose."

Ellie invited her to stay. At first, Missy demurred, saying she didn't want to be a burden. Ellie broke down and cried saying she couldn't stay in this big house all alone. Missy stayed promising to be the best friend as possible to Ellie if that is what she wanted. From that day forward, like flowers in the spring, their relationship began to blossom.

The father was now seeing this "blossoming" as he watched while the two girls begin to whisper and giggle to each other. He wished he could hear what they were saying.

"Hey why are we like whispering anyway Missy, we are alone remember in this big old house, like who is going to hear us."

"Are you sure?" Missy replies with a secret smile on her pretty face, that Ellie fails to detect. Then she adds, her voice still barely above a whisper. "Because sometimes I feel like he is here still watching over us."

"That is just wishful thinking. We are alone."

Missy turns away from her step daughter to retrieve a pair of wine glasses from one of the upper cabinets. A simple act done as much to hide a knowing smile, as to get the wine glasses.

"Poor little adorable Ellie if only she knew the truth as I have come to know it about her father," Missy thinks to herself as she sits the wine glasses down on the counter top, followed closely by a new bottle of expensive red wine.

"Hmm wine. What is the occasion Missy?" Ellie asks.

"Well it's trick or treat night right, so I figure we owe ourselves a little treat maybe," she says with a warm smile. "Besides this wine is your daddy's favorite. We were drunk on it the first time we made love."

"Too much information," Ellie says holding up her hand while suppressing a giggle.

"Oh come on Ellie don't be such a little prude when it comes to sex. After all you are 20 years old now and..."

"I'm not a prude!!" Ellie says interrupting her.

Missy fills two wine glasses up, holding one out to Ellie.

"No thanks I don't drink."

"No sex, no drinking see you are a prudish little girl. Very much so. Boy when I was 20 like you. I ...well better not say." Missy says happily draining half of her glass in one long swallow.

"Who says I don't have sex Missy. I might. I mean, I have guys who are interested in me. Besides, like you said, I am only 20 years old, I still have time to experience things."

"And well you should baby, considering how absolutely gorgeous you really are, but we both know you are still very much a virgin. A

very pure and innocent virgin who I bet has not even been kissed yet"

Ellie blushes a bit at her stepmother's complement as she eyes the full glass of red wine still sitting on the kitchen counter in front of her.

"Well so what..." Ellie says defensively, and then makes an impulsive decision, and snatches up the wine glass and takes a hearty drink from it.

"That's better but if we are going to get drunk together on this fateful All Hallow Eve's night then we should go downstairs to the living room where we can get comfortable."

"What you wanna get drunk with me Missy. I have never been drunk before you know. I might act like a fool."

"That is the beauty of it hon. If I get drunk too I probably A- won't notice or B- will be too busy acting like a fool myself to care."

Ellie laughs saying, "Well if you put it like that why not. Besides getting drunk with you beats the alternative I had planned. But I am surprised you don't have a date or some fancy party to attend."

"No, no plans for me, but tell me what might have been your plans." Missy says as they head out of the kitchen, down the short dark hallway towards the living room.

"Going to bed early, lonely and depressed because today is the day...the four year anniversary."

"Yes I know," Missy says sighing heavily, "you think I could forget."

They walk into the dark living room and Missy settles down on the couch as Ellie turns on the small lamp on the end table for light.

"Ellie sweetheart can we talk about that. I mean about your daddy for just a moment. Sit here..." Missy pats the couch next to her. Ellie plops down next to her stepmother sensing that maybe this talk there about to have is important, since neither one of them talk of him much as it's just too painful.

"I was wondering sweetie ahh both of us spent a bit of time alone with him that last night before he passed. When you were alone did you make him any kind of promise?"

"What do you mean?" Ellie say narrowing her eyes as the memory of that weird promise she to remain pure and innocent while waiting for his return, comes back to him.

"Hmm, like did he ask you to do something? Promise him something maybe."

"Both actually."

"Can you tell me?"

"I ...well I think it's supposed to be a secret Missy."

Missy looks at Ellie with those big baby blues as she says softly, "Look we are friends now, can't we share a secret or two honey. I mean I have a secret that I would like to share with you, but only if you are willing to open up to me a bit Ellie."

"I want to open up to you Missy but..." Ellie pauses and then turns away shyly. She has issues with getting close to people, maybe as a result of both her mother and father dying on her while she was still young.

"Maybe it would be easier if you stopped calling me Missy and starting calling me ..." Missy pauses knowing this first bridge she is about to cross is so very important. She reaches out and takes one of Ellie's soft delicate hands into hers and squeezes it tight before adding "Mom."

Missy notices how Ellie almost at once stiffens when she draws her hand into hers, but doesn't try to pull back. Somewhat of a good sign anyway, she muses to herself.

"I would like that. I owe it to you anyway since the way you have taken care of me so well these past few years. Like I was your own daughter."

"You are my daughter honey. And just so you know. I don't care about how different we are, the difference in our skin color, I don't care all the fights we had over the years, I don't care about none of that when I think of you I think of you as my daughter, not step daughter mind you, but just my daughter. Plain and simple. I feel that close to you."

"You do?" Ellie says relaxing her hand in Missy's.

"Very much so. And I am hoping you could think of me as your mother without that stupid step adjective in front of it. I want to be your mother more than anything else in this world."

She sighs deeply and now takes Ellie's other hand also, turns her slightly on the couch so they are facing each other. "I promised your daddy that on his deathbed among other things and as I'm sure you know deathbed promises are sacred things hon."

"Yes they are." Ellie says drawing her hands out of Missy's, maybe not ready to commit to be so close yet. Instead, she takes two or three small delicate sips of her wine before she says, "I made one myself and since you opened up to me about wanting to be my mom I will share with my mom."

"I wish you would."

"You might think it strange but my daddy asked me to...to wait for him while staying pure and innocent."

"Hmm not strange at all honey. Me and your daddy had a long talk about you before he died and he... Well damn honey, I don't want to scare you honey."

"Mom tell me. I have the feeling you know something. I tried to ask him why, what it meant exactly...wait for him, but he couldn't response and just sort of slipped away. I..." Ellie shakes her head unable to continue, as a tear or two escapes, trickling slowly down her pretty cheeks.

Missy slowly, carefully gathers Ellie into her arms, hugging her tight. Ellie feels the warmth, the incredible undeniable warmth emitting from this woman who she considered a mortal enemy for so long, but now is warming up to more and more with every passing day; tonight maybe with every passing minute.

Missy brings her mouth to Ellie's ear and begins to whisper. "Hon your daddy, we made plans so someday he could come back to you, but only if you stayed innocent and pure like he asked. Like you promised."

Ellie pulls back, blinking back the tears, confused at what her stepmother is saying. "I don't understand come back what do you mean."

"Come back to you. In first spirit form, and then later in flesh and blood if only for one night. Would you accept that?"

"Of course Mom but..."

"Shh let me explain, but first it matters none if you can't answer this question the right way. That is very truthfully."

"Ok ask then." Ellie says her heart racing as this is all so weird, just like that final promise she made to him on his deathbed.

"Have you been pure and innocent this last four years and even before then Ellie. Are you in fact as pure and innocent as freshly fallen snow when it comes to being with someone?"

"Being with someone? You mean like sex."

"Yes like sex or like just being intimate. Close physically, even just hugs or kisses with someone would ruin things."

Ellie stares at her stepmother for a long moment, before answering slow, "Nothing is ruined. I have waited for him, pure and innocence just as he asked. It seemed so important to him, and like you said deathbed promises are sacred. Even before my promise there was nothing and nobody I was close to but mom and dad."

"I too made the same solemn promise to him," Missy says looking at Ellie solemnly.

"You did really. That is why maybe I never seen you go out on dates. Why you just work and take care of me all the time. Because..."

"Exactly and now the waiting is over. He has been watching us. Seeing if we would be true to him. I can sense it, can't you? It's been four years, four long years since you mature from a young naïve girl of 16 to the true 20 year old beauty you are now. Still naïve yes, but more beautiful than ever and you remember that is how long he asked you to wait right?"

"Yes, I guess it has now that you mention it. Four years. Geez a long time. But you know, it's eerie and I thought of saying something to you but then it just seemed so silly." Ellie lowers her voice to almost a whisper as she leans toward Missy on the couch, "I really get the feeling I'm being watched when I'm getting undressed, or taking a shower, a bath...or laying out by the pool in my bikini."

"Not surprising. Death is drawn to the beauty of life Ellie and you are beautiful."

"Mom stop..."

"Why do you have the hard time with the truth little girl." Missy says lightly brushing her hand through Ellie's hair. "Or maybe you just need to hear it from your daddy once more."

"Mom stop teasing."

"I'm not. We can bring him back. Bring him to us."

"How."

"Well we would start with a séance."

"I thought that séance's were just a bunch of you know mumbo jumbo Mom. They don't really work."

"That is often true, but not because they don't work in general it's because the person doing the séance is not ahh skilled enough to make it work. Now if anyone can make a séance work the way it is

supposed to that would be a powerfully wicked witch maybe," Missy tells Ellie with a twinkle in her eye.

"Oh well too bad we just don't have one of them laying around then."

"Oh but we do dear."

"Right, who?"

"Me."

Ellie looks at her stepmother with total disbelief as she exclaims loudly, "Get out of here, Missy...I mean Mom, you ain't no witch."

"I am, a little demonstration maybe is in order." Missy tells her with a cocky smile. She waves her hand in the air and suddenly there is a small bouquet of pretty red roses in her hand, which she presents to Ellie with a flourish.

"Wow that is like..."

"Magic yes I know. But we have no time to go over my resume in detail honey. Do you want to contact your father and see if he will come play with us tonight on All Hallows Eve when the world of the dead is closest to ours?"

"Yea a séance would be cool mom. But maybe could you show me another magic trick first." Ellie says excitedly before she takes another sip of wine, wondering if maybe she is just not drunk.

"Look hon we really don't have time for me to show off, if we are going to do this we should hurry upstairs and both prepare ourselves for the séance. As we are getting ready I can show you a thing or two maybe."

They both hurry upstairs Ellie, carrying her bouquet of roses that her stepmother produced out of thin air, both nervous and excited about the prospects of contacting her dead father, but even more so by her stepmother being a witch.

Ellie follows Missy into the master bedroom and then into the large bathroom attached to it. Missy shuts the door quietly and then critically examines Ellie telling her a few changes are in order.

"Changes what kind of changes?"

"Your daddy has a bit of a perversion my dear for slutty looking little girls that still look somehow sweet and innocent. I think I can achieve that look with you."

"Mom is that really necessary. I like the way I look," Ellie responds glancing at herself in the mirror. Her hair is pulled up, she has little

or no makeup on, and is dressed in a pair of simple jeans with a black over-sized sweatshirt. She had been depressed tonight, on this anniversary of her daddy's death and her manner of dress had showed as such. Missy with her wonderful magic though was about to change all that.

"Look Ellie time is of the essence here. All Hallows Eve is waning. You must trust me and follow my instructions to the tee without question if we want to have a chance to contact your daddy."

Missy steps back and places both of her hands on Ellie's arms, looking at her seriously, before finally saying, "Can you do that for me?"

"Yes." Ellie says simply, making a firm determination to go along with this, whatever this may be, as she feels somehow, someway Missy is telling her the truth about being able to contact her father.

"Good here have another sip of that glorious red wine I poured you earlier, to help you relax my dear." Missy says rummaging around in the drawer for her makeup kit.

"But Mom, I left my glass downstairs."

"Nonsense it's right there." Missy says with a twinkle in her eye as a glass of wine, suddenly pops onto the counter top seemingly out of thin air. Ellie is about to ask what the hell, but thinks better of it as

Missy gives her a dark look as she pulls her makeup kit out of the drawer and places it on the counter between them.

Instead of questioning, Ellie takes several sips of the now full glass of wine as Missy goes to work fixing her up. She first undoes the hair ties that were holding Ellie's hair up. Her long black hair now falls back over her shoulders in a beautiful wave.

"That is much better, your daddy doesn't like your hair being up you know. Now what else," Missy says looking at her in the mirror before adding, "Hmm I know, some blonde highlights or streaks even, would make you look a bit more slutty I would think Ellie." Missy says running her fingers through her hair.

Ellie is about to comment on how they don't have time to color her hair with streaks or highlights, if time is truly of the essence tonight, when Missy runs her fingers through her hair lightly once more while chanting something in a strange language she has never heard before.

Missy, sensing Ellie's curiosity, tells her the language is Old Latin.

Suddenly, Ellie's dark hair is filled with soft blonde streaks that blend perfectly with her naturally beautiful ebony hair. Missy beams at Ellie in the mirror proud to be able to show off her mad witching skills for her young stepdaughter.

"Now for your make up, its needs to be a bit more ahh cheap and slutty looking, don't you think Ellie. I mean you do want to look like a perfect little slut for your daddy right sweetie as that will increase the chances of him being lured to us."

Ellie says yes quietly, still stunned at her stepmother's amazing powers. Missy spends the next few minutes turning her sweet little innocent looking step daughter into a tramp, as she cakes on plenty of makeup, too much probably for a girl already as pretty as Ellie, but the end result is just what Missy is hoping for. Ellie with her eye lashes now thick and black, her eye shadow a gaudy blueish color, and her lip stick a bright cocksucker red now looks both cheap and slutty.

The makeup done, Missy now stares at Ellie for a long moment, seemingly turning something over in her mind. Ellie notices how her gaze seems to be pointed directly at her chest as she wonders what Missy could be thinking.

"Hmm yes maybe that could work after all." Missy finally says. "Ok then I think I can remember the wording to the spell. Relax, close your eyes and in a moment you will feel a sharp pain in your chest but it won't last long. Open your eyes when I tell you."

Ellie again does what she is told and closes her eyes as she faces the mirror. She hears Missy saying something again using the Old Latin, a spell of some sort she assumes. Then she does feel a sharp pain in her chest that lasts for maybe 3-4 seconds.

Finally, Missy tells her to open her eyes. Ellie opens her eyes and sees something amazing. Her loose fitting sweatshirt now appears to be concealing two rather large bulges underneath it.

"My God Missy are...are they real." Ellie whispers as she stares at her chest in the mirror.

"Very much so. Of course they are nowhere near as large as mine, but then again I think a nice pair of 34DD's is nothing to be ashamed of."

"It's...it's not." A shocked Ellie stammers. "Jesus Mom I was only a 32B before."

"Yes I know hon, a very nice 32B at that but well you daddy happens to have a bit of a bit tit fetish, I mean look at me after all."

"Yeah I know Mom your tits are like huge."

"Are you complaining of that hon."

"No not all. I like them," before she adds impulsively, the wine making her brave with her words, "A lot."

"Well we will just have to see about that later on hon, wait here while I go conjure you up something nice to wear."

Just a minute or so later, Missy pops her head into the bathroom telling Ellie her outfit if waiting for her in her bedroom. Missy instructs Ellie not to add or change anything to what she has picked out for her in any way, and to be sure to wear the white satin robe over her outfit, before meeting her downstairs in the living room.

Ellie heads off to room curiously wondering what her magic item Missy conjured up for her to wear. She imagines, considering what she did with her makeup and how she made her small tits so much bigger, that the outfit she will be wearing will show off her new and improved tits along with being both cheap and slutty.

Five minutes later, Ellie, her suspicions being proved right about what Missy conjured her up to wear, makes her way down to the living room. Missy is sitting on the couch waiting for her sipping on a glass of wine. As she makes her way over to the couch she notices the living room seems to be in the grips of a deep chill.

Settling down next to her mother on the couch, Ellie pulls the pretty white satin robe tighter around her body trying to ward off the chill that has settled over the living room. Missy is wearing a satin robe herself, but hers is pure midnight black, in stark contrast to Ellie's pure white one. Ellie curiously wonders what outfit her stepmother might be wearing underneath that midnight black robe of hers.

Ellie takes a big gulp from a fresh wine glass filled to the rim once more that Missy shoves in her hand as soon as she sat down next to her. Ellie is quickly developing a taste for this delicious red wine, liking the way it makes her feel all warm and fuzzy.

"Are you ready to begin our séance baby girl?"

"Yes." Ellie says and from this point forward things start to slowly spin out of control for the shy, innocent, 20 year old virgin.

"We shall do it right here on the couch. Here take my hands Ellie."

"Mom don't we have to sit at a table or something holding hands."

"Oh that is all a bunch of mumbo jumbo Hollywood movie crap honey. Trust me I can bring your daddy to this very room without all that unnecessary drama. Just follow my instructions exactly honey because I warn you dead spirits are quick to anger understand."

"Yes," Ellie says feeling a quiet chill of excitement settle over her.

"Your daddy will communicate, at first anyway, through me to you, and then later maybe if you are lucky he will talk to you directly. It will be like you are hearing his voice inside your head baby, or maybe he will just speak aloud, it all depends on his mood, on the

atmosphere, but regardless of which we he chooses to speak to you honey this is very important if he tells you to do something you must without question do it. Will you be OK with that?"

"Yes Mom. I mean no matter what you shall protect me right."

"Like a mother bear protects her cubs hon. Trust me. Ready to begin?"

"Yes."

Missy starts chanting in Old Latin as the house is suddenly plunged into complete darkness, all except for the sudden glow from a roaring fire in the old fireplace, which had not been used for years to Ellie's knowledge, but which suddenly leaps to life.

In addition, both of the candelabras that Ellie had noticed earlier, one each on the two end tables that flank either side of the couch, suddenly also come alive, their small flames dancing and giving off an eerie light.

In the deathly silence of the old house only the snap, crackle and pop of wood burning in the fireplace can be heard, along with the soft chanting that is coming from Missy.

Ellie looks around at the deep shadows of the living room and then back to her stepmother, who has her head back and her eyes shut as she continues to quietly chant in her creepy Old Latin. Ellie listens and waits; her heart thumping in her chest.

A short minute or two later, Missy stops chanting and opens her eyes saying to Ellie, as she waits with bated breath, "He wants you to stand up sweetheart."

"H-he is here Mom." Ellie quietly asks as she starts to stand up.

"He is near, but not ready to show himself. He needs to test you first."

"Test me..." Ellie starts to inquire what that could mean, but then falls silent when Missy gives her a stern look.

"Put these on." Missy orders her, producing a tan colored shoe box from somewhere behind her.

Ellie opens the shoe box, and quickly slips on the new shoes. Her heart again begins to thump wildly in her chest as Ellie sees the shoes match her overall look quite perfectly; that is they are quite slutty looking. Ellie now is wearing a pair of 6 inch spike black heel highs adorned with rows of small metallic studs.

"Is he here?" She asks standing in front of her stepmother, but despite the fact she is now wearing slutty six inch heels, which should help her feel tall, instead Ellie only feels very small and vulnerable in the silent darkness of the living room.

"He is right there," Missy points to one of the far dark corners of the living room.

Ellie turns her head quickly, and does see what appears to be a dark shape sitting quietly. She remembers there is an old wicker chair wedged into that corner as her heart nearly explodes in her chest as she simply cannot believe what is happening.

Ellie feels like running, such is her sudden fear, but a gentle touch of Missy's hand on her arm quiets her nerves. That is until Missy says to her, "If you want to lure your daddy from the shadows hon, you must take off that pretty robe of yours and show him what I picked out for his slutty little daughter to wear for tonight's festivities."

Ellie, keeping in mind what Missy said earlier about obeying her, shyly tugs at the knot holding her robe shut, and then stops, looking at Missy with eyes filled with sudden fright. Despite the wine, and her mother's strict instructions for her to obey her orders, Ellie's innate shyness starts to get the better of her.

Her shyness comes mainly from knowing what she is wearing underneath, and Ellie, despite being a consummate showoff at times,

has never had the occasion to allow anyone to see her in her underwear before.

An impatient Missy decides to take charge saying, "I know my little girl is shy about showing off what I picked out for you, but trust me I am sure it will look fantastic on your sweetie. So c'mon, be a good girl now and take your robe off for us please baby."

"Ok but I ..." Ellie decides to make a small confession, "I just never let anyone see me in my underwear before Mom."

"It's ok, come here a bit closer..." Missy says taking Ellie's hands into hers and guiding her over to where she stands right in front of Missy as she scoots to the edge of the couch.

"If you are too shy, let me take your robe off for you." Missy now carefully reaches out and tugs at the knot of the white sash that holds her robe shut.

The knot comes undone. Ellie sighs audibly as she feels her mother's warm hands slip inside the robe and up her bare arms to her shoulders, where she slowly, carefully slips the robe off of her.

Ellie's gown falls off her shoulders and flutters softly to the floor, revealing the sexy white lace strapless bra and matching panty set Missy conjured up for her stepdaughter.

"Come on sweetie show me the back. Please, pretty please." Missy tells her sweetly.

Ellie giggles like a school girl before she does a quick twirl, revealing to her step mom just how skimpy the thong she conjured up for her is in the back. The wine, along with Missy sweet pleadings, seems to have made her forget her natural shyness, if only for a brief moment anyway.

Both the bra and white lace thong panties, standing out in stark contrast to her dark skin, just as Missy knew they would, look absolutely adorable on Ellie. The father watches from his silent hideaway deep in the shadows. His cock comes even more awake seeing his gorgeous little girl in such a state of undress. The father smiles to himself relishing the idea there is life "down there" even after four long years of a cold, lonely death.

Ellie blushes shyly, feeling her step mother's eyes crawling all over her, especially her chest. Curiously, she wonders just what her step mother is thinking as she stares at her young step-daughter so she goes fishing by saying sweetly, "I don't wear bras much, but I think I like this one. It's look really cute on me huh Mom," she says coyly.

"Oh sweetheart you look so adorable in your new underwear. I... well I hope you don't mind me saying this, but that strapless bra looks absolutely gorgeous on you hon," Missy purrs at her daughter. "I think I did really well in conjuring this up for my darling little daughter..."

Missy pauses now and directs her gaze squarely on Ellie's immense tits adding, "Who from the looks of things is not so very little anymore. I am sure your daddy is more than a little impressed sweetheart."

Ellie indeed hopes so as she warily looks around her. The darkness of the living room seems to be creeping closer. She moves towards the warmth and what she thinks is the protection of her stepmother as she casts yet another furtive look into that dark corner where earlier she had seen the shape sitting in the old wicker chair.

Her eye catches a movement. A swirling in the shadows that seems to be forming into a shape. "Could it be him really, her daddy." Ellie wonders silently. She wants to believe, but as of yet is not fully ready to give credence that the dark shape in the shadows is her daddy.

Ellie attention is drawn away from staring into the corner as her stepmother whispers to her. "Your Daddy has suggested before he comes to play with us he requires proof."

"Proof of wha..." Ellie question dies on her lips as just then a soft, low voice, her daddy's voice!!, starts to whisper in her brain. Missy only smiles at her wryly sensing her daddy is speaking to her now.

"Remember sweetie what daddy told you about your new stepmother. How vulnerable she is if you..."

"I think I do remember Daddy." Ellie says silently to that eerie, yet unmistakable voice, of her daddy's.

"Good then waste no time is showing me the proof that I need that you truly love your mommy. Be sweet and innocent yet, bold and affectionate with her Ellie. Shower her with kisses, love and mostly especially affection. Only then can I show myself."

The memory comes flooding back into her brain, like it was yesterday she had the conversation with her daddy, while in reality it was years ago. The way to Missy's heart, her daddy told her one quiet evening shortly after he married Missy, after Ellie had been whining about Missy being cold, stone-hardhearted bitch, was to play the role of sweet, innocent, little girl for her. Her daddy assured Ellie that her new stepmother would eat that up and become putty in her hands.

Her Daddy had confided that Missy had a deep dark secret. Years ago, when she was in her late teens, Missy had a riding accident; she was thrown from her horse, and then trampled by the horse following hers, almost killing her. But she was both young and strong, so she ended up surviving her injuries with little or no permanent damage, except for the sad reality that the doctors told her. Missy's uterus had been severely damaged and she would never be able to bear children.

So if Ellie was both sweet and innocent with her, in a most sincere and heartfelt manner, it would appeal to Missy's unfulfilled motherly instincts that left such a gaping hole in her heart. Then her daddy added, "If you ever have a moment where you are alone and feeling vulnerable and scared turn to her for comfort while calling her 'Mommy' and you will find what a truly loving and sweet person your stepmother can be honey," her daddy further explained to Ellie.

Well poor Ellie was certainly feeling more than a little vulnerable, and at least a tad scared, as she recalled this conversation like it was yesterday so she figures she has nothing to lose if she takes her daddy's advice, even if said advice shockingly comes from beyond the grave.

When Ellie, eyes glazed over momentarily as she recalled the conversation, is quietly brought back to reality by Missy's soft touch on her bare arm she nearly jumps.

"Sorry love, were you thinking of him."

"Yes."

"Let me guess Ellie he requires proof of our love."

"Y-yes...but how did you know."

"I didn't really, it was just an educated guess. I knew how it bothered him our not getting along."

"Yes but we get along fine now, don't we? Now that I am older."

"Yeah, you're 20 so old, so mature...right." Missy says sarcastically before turning serious and adding, "But yes we do get along better, but sadly, he has not had a chance to witness our growing fondness for each other. Now would be the time to show him, don't you think."

"Yes but how?"

"Hmm still cold sweetie?" Missy says noting the fact Ellie's nipples are practically poking a hole through her tight strapless bra. It's a sight that makes Missy lick her lips in quiet anticipation of what she will hope come later.

"Yes very much so."

"And when little girls, even little girls that are not so little any more like you at the age of 20, well regardless when they are cold they like to be..." Missy's voice has dropped to a whisper, as she looks over at the roaring fire with its large square white rug stretched out in front of it, offering a quiet invitation.

"Cuddled." Ellie whispers back.

"By their..."

"Mommy's" Ellie says, deciding to take the leap and follow her daddy's advice, as a sly smile breaks out on Missy's face.

"So go ahead and ask me sweetheart, in a louder voice, so your daddy can hear, and..." Her voice drops to a low whisper, "call me Mommy from now on. I think he would like that as I would."

Ellie casts a quick glance over in the dark corner where, once again, she sees a rapid swirling in the shadows, that causes goosebumps to raise all along her bare arms. Looking back at her mother she bats her pretty eyes at her and says, using her sweetest, softest, and most innocent little girl voice, "Mommy I'm cold can we maybe go snuggle in front of the fire."

"Really Ellie you want to snuggle up next to your mean old stepmother." Missy says playfully back while batting her large baby blue eyes right back at her daughter.

"Yes Mommy, Please, pretty please."

Missy gets up, almost smirking Ellie notes, and extends a hand to Ellie who slowly takes it. Missy leads her over to the white rug in front of the fireplace, where somehow now, more of Missy's magic

Ellie supposes, there is a large blood red floor pillow sitting in the middle of the rug.

Missy settles herself down against the pillow as Ellie sinks to the soft rug on her knees. The moment seems surreal to Ellie as her step mommy, the witch, gathers her quietly into her arms and snuggles her tightly.

They hold each other for a moment or two, neither saying a word, as Ellie wonders what might come next. She feels Missy warm breath on her neck and then a soft whisper in her ear.

"Your daddy bless his heart, never wanted nothing more than to see his two girls getting along, and as for me I wanted nothing more ever than this chance I have right now to hold you in my arms and whisper sweet nothings in your ear baby girl."

"I think your baby girl would like that." Ellie whispers back, feeling Missy run her fingers through her soft dark hair.

"Would she now, would she like to hear how much Mommy loves her baby girl, because she truly does..." Missy accents this with a soft kiss on Ellie's ear lobe making her squirm a bit, "And how much she has always dreamed of having someone so adorably cute and cuddly like you baby Ellie to hold in her arms."

"Oh Mommy I..." Ellie twists out of Missy's grasp, now sitting up on her knees so she can look Missy straight in the eye, as she continues, her voice dripping with sweetness, "Love you too, so much. And there is something else I have always wanted to tell you but I guess I have been just too shy to do so. Maybe even now."

"I have the perfect cure for shyness sweetie..." Missy leans over and grabs a full glass of wine, which magically had just appeared in arms reach, "Here drink this down, all of it, and it will help loosen that shy little tongue of yours."

"All of it? But Mommy..." Ellie says noting the glass is full and she is worried about getting sick.

"Don't worry little girl, this is very special wine. It's so tailored so you can get really drunk off of it, but not at all sick to your stomach. It's my own special witch's brew you might say," Missy says with a laugh.

"Oh well in that case," Ellie suddenly feeling a very overwhelming need to please her mommy drains the whole glass quickly. The buzz from the wine is instant, making Ellie suddenly feel very safe and secure, and not the least bit shy. In fact, she feels just the opposite; that is she feels quite bold and aggressive.

"So tell me what you were going to say."

"Just how beautiful you are Mommy. And that maybe you..." Ellie pauses, remembering her daddy's advice about kisses, love and affection, before adding, "Would like to share some sweet little kisses with your little girl as we cuddle."

"Really sweetie you would share kisses with your mommy."

"I would love to." Ellie says throwing caution to the wind.

Missy smiles at her stepdaughter warmly, using her witch's instinct to glean that Ellie is not lying just to please her daddy, but instead truly means what she is saying.

Missy pulls her daughter into her arms as she slips her right hand around the middle of her back, snuggling her tight. Now here in her mother's arms, half naked that chill is more acute than ever, most likely caused by Ellie still wondering just what may or may not have been lurking in the shadows of that dark corner. Could that really been her daddy. Adding to her chill is a very acute feeling that she is being watched by a pair of hungry and aggressive eyes.

Or maybe the chill comes the way Missy's long, sharp fingernails are tracing soft semi circles around her shoulders and upper back, and with each passing circular movement her mother's fingers are falling lower and lower.

They are soon lingering on the back of her bra strap as Missy starts to shower Ellie with the lightest and sweetest of kisses all over first one cheek and then another, whispering sweet little terms of endearment the whole time.

Ellie's heart races as she feels Missy's fingers slip lightly under her where her bra fastens in the back; she starts to pull on it, twist it, seemingly testing the clasp for weakness?

The young sweet Ellie is suddenly sure her stepmother is about to undo her bra as her kisses now find their way down to her vulnerable neck. The thought fills her young heart with untold excitement, along with a fair amount of dread, but then maybe a bit of disappointment soon follows as she feels Missy' hands slip away, her bra still safely done up. She is not sure if she is more disappointed or relieved at this point.

Her mother's sharp finger nails trace small patterns all over Ellie's back sending chills up and down her spine. "I have dreamed of this for so long Ellie of holding you in my arms cuddling you, like you were my very own sweet little baby."

"But I am your very own sweet little baby Mommy. Cold baby that is. Can I have some more of that wine as it warms me up if only for a minute?"

"Of course," Missy says reaching for the glasses of wine she had moved just to the left of where they were cuddling. Both girls take a

nice long sip from their respective wine glasses before Ellie shivering says, "Mommy why is it so cold in here. Isn't the heater working?"

"It's cold because I cast a little coldness spell while you were upstairs hon as your daddy likes things chilly. Plus honestly I thought it would induce you to cuddle with me for warmth."

Ellie is impressed with Missy casting a coldness spell just so she would be encouraged to cuddle with her. She is also quite jealous though of that black satin robe that Missy has so snugly wrapped around her body.

"Aren't you cold too Mommy?" Ellie asks looking jealousy once again at Missy black satin robe before adding, "Maybe not since you still are lucky to have your robe on."

"I would suggest you put your robe back on but I have a feeling that your daddy would not care so much for that idea. I think he is having a most wonderful time staring at his half naked little girl. Can't you feel his hungry eyes on you hon?"

"Y-yes." Ellie says starting to shiver all the more as Missy confirms her earlier suspicions.

"Maybe Mommy should let her little girl share her robe. You are small enough I think and..." Missy gets up on her knees now, while turning to face Ellie, "This robe just big enough where I could open

it up and if you snuggle really tight next to me I could probably wrap it around you."

"That sounds like a wonderful idea Mommy, but won't daddy get upset since you will be sorta of you know covering my body up."

"Not if you show him, how much you appreciate your mommy sharing her robe with you by showering her with lots and lots of sweet little kisses." Missy says as their eyes meet and something deep and dark pass between the two girls.

"I would very much show you Mommy what a warm, loving and very appreciative little girl I am if you would be so kind and let me snuggle up to you under your warm robe."

"Hmm..." Missy starts to say as a mischievous smile starts to spread slowly over her face, just as she starts to tug on the thick black sash that holds her robe shut, "Maybe I should show my little girl first what mommy is wearing under her robe before she decides for sure."

"Yes you should." Ellie says her curiosity growing by leaps and bounds now as to just what kind of sexy outfit her stepmother may be wearing under her midnight black robe.

Ellie's eyes are fixated on her step-mother as she slowly tugs on the knotted sash. The knot comes undone. The robe starts to fall open,

further and further until, much to Ellie's shock she sees her stepmother is completely naked under her robe.

Ellie stares in disbelief as Missy's huge tits are exposed in all their naked glory to her hungry eyes. She has lost the power of speech as Missy sits there on her knees, holding her robe open so very invitingly to her young daughter.

"Well now that you see Mommy has nothing under her robe..." Missy pauses reaches out and strokes the side of Ellie's face before adding in a soft whisper, "Do you still want to snuggle up next to her huh?"

"Yes Mommy more than ever I do." Ellie says licking her lips involuntarily as her eyes become fixated on Missy's big, beautiful tits.

Missy reaches out and pulls Ellie softly into her embrace, snuggling her under the robe as they fall back against the large blood red pillow. Ellie feels the satin robe being wrapped around her body as Missy brings her mouth to Ellie's ear whispering, "Now as you promised show Mommy what a sweet loving and most affectionate little girl you really are Ellie."

Ellie snuggles her face up against Missy cheek and then begins to lace it with kiss after sweet kiss. Ellie feels the warmth of her step mommy's naked body pressed up against her like some kind of wicked heating pad that is simply melting her heart and her inhibitions away.

Ellie pulls back slightly from Missy, first averting her eyes, before unable to resist she looks down at the two huge globes of creamy white tit flesh being pressed against her dark ebony skin. Missy tits are incredibly warm and firm against her as Ellie feels her heart racing.

Ellie, with great effort tears her eyes from Missy's beautiful tits, and looks back up at her, batting her pretty dark eyes seductively at her step-mother, trying to be extra flirtatious while screwing up her courage. Her gaze finally settles deep into Missy's big blue eyes.

It almost seems like those big blue eyes has cast a wicked spell over her, as she is no longer feeling any shyness whatsoever. Instead, the only thing she feels is an overwhelming desire to get lost in the beauty of her mother's hauntingly beautiful eyes, along with that wickedly delicious body.

Unknown to Ellie, the wine she has so eagerly been sharing with her stepmother all night, is enchanted with a potent magical sexual narcotic that is causing Ellie to become so very horny.

Missy senses the time is right. She softly slips a hand around the back of her daughter's head. She ever so slowly pulls her closer.

Ellie doesn't resist, but instead allows her lips to be guided upwards to her mother's. She tilts her head to the right, closes her eyes, puckers her lips just a little as she opens her mouth slightly.

The one burning thought in Ellie's mind is she is twenty years old and this will be her first real kiss so she wants it to be memorable. She prays she doesn't screw it up.

"Go on tell me you love me honey, show me your love."

"I do love you Mommy, so very, very much." Ellie says lost in a world of surreal pleasure.

Ellie's inexperienced lips move slow, lightly brushing on Missy's much more experienced lips, before shyly pulling back. The dam is beginning to burst as Ellie brings her lips forward once more, using a feather-light pressure that only increases the growing tension between them.

Missy is being extra conscious not to rush Ellie into anything, letting the young girl, for now anyway, be in control, as their lips just barely graze each other's. Their second light kiss lasts only a few seconds, but is soon followed by several more. It seems maybe both girls are playfully experimenting, trying to see just how far the other is willing to go.

Ellie's hands grow restless with desire as have been stroking all over Missy's stomach, tracing light circles on it. She wants to move them up higher and begin to fondle those immense tits of her stepmother's, but as of yet she can't seem to muster the courage to do so. But even

so with each passing circle Ellie's delicate young hands come closer and closer to her step mommy's tits.

Much to Missy's delight, the beautiful witch sees the potent wine is finally beginning to work its magic on her young daughter, making her lose her inhibitions.

But the innate shyness, in regards to sex, in Ellie is strong and powerful; a true test indeed for the equally powerful sexual narcotic that is found in this oh so special wine that Missy has been feeding her daughter all night. Missy feels Ellie's hands hesitate just below the rise of her majestic tits. Hands that Missy so desperately want to feel playing with her tits.

Missy starts to get the sense that Ellie is not so much shy as she is just simply teasing her mother with this timid little act of hers. This starts to make her angry so she sends a powerful message, telepathically, to the father, "Encourage the little bitch to feel me up before I take matters into my own hands...understand!!"

The father, knowing with a phrase or two of that the diabolical Old Latin his wife, could send him back to the nether regions, unsatisfied, does as she wants.

Ellie hears, what can only be her daddy's soft whispered voice, floating inside her head, just as Missy suggested she might, "Let your hands go sweetheart. Let them explore."

Does she dare disobey? Ellie bends to her daddy's whispered voice, bends to the will of the enchanted wine, and lets her hands go. She begins to softly slide them up and over the immense rise of her step mommy's awesome tits.

Missy lets out a quiet sigh, breaking off their soft series of light kisses, whispering to Ellie, "Oh honey that feels so good."

"I just could not resist anymore, your tits are just so big and beautiful Mommy, you ...you don't mind if I touch them right." Ellie says sweetly, shyly, as she innocently bats those long luxurious eyelashes at her step mommy.

"Of course not sweetie as long as you don't mind if..." Missy slowly brings her lips to Ellie, as she snakes one hand around the back of her head, "Mommy kisses you like this..."

Missy kisses Ellie boldly now, any pretense of innocence lost. Ellie responds in kind matching her mother kisses as her hands become increasingly aggressive playing with her mommy's big boobs — squeezing them, fondling them with utter delight.

Missy tentatively slips her tongue into her stepdaughter's mouth, ever so briefly, so quick that Ellie barely notices, after they exchange several breathless kisses. The passion is becoming overwhelming for poor Missy as she traces her tongue along Ellie's lips, tasting their innocent sweetness just as she has dreamed of for so long.

The mother then slips her tongue gently in her daughter's mouth, (the step moniker for both of them is long forgotten as their passion takes over) letting it linger this time, curious to see how her shy young daughter will react.

Much as Missy expected, Ellie pulls back, curious and afraid all at once, at this new style of kissing she had never dreamed existed such was her sweet innocence in all things sexual. But despite her innocence Ellie wants more. She wants her mother to take charge, so she boldly extends the invitation by opening her mouth wide as she presses it against her mother's mouth.

Missy, not one to turn down such a delightful little invitation, darts her tongue into her daughter's mouth, if ever so briefly, before Ellie shyly pulls back. Ellie is testing, playing, teasing Missy soon realizes with her shy little innocent act that is driving her crazy with forbidden passion, just as Ellie's, not so shy hands anymore, are so lustfully fondly her breasts as if there is no tomorrow.

Missy responds by playfully pushing her wicked, experienced tongue against her daughter's young, inexperienced tongue. Once again, Ellie teasingly pulls back, but then much to Missy's surprise the pullback is short lived as Ellie crushes her mouth against her mothers, just as she begins to flicker her fingers playfully across her nipples. Missy feels Ellie's tongue snake into her mouth before retreating, only to brazenly advance again.

Missy allows Ellie to have her fun, letting her tongue advance and then retreat time and time again, while playing with her tender

nipples, all the while becoming increasingly turned on by Ellie's shy little tongue, and not so shy hands on her tits. Missy is getting to the point where she wants more; needs more than being teased by this beautiful little black bitch of a stepdaughter.

Missy brings both of her hands up, tenderly touching the side of Ellie's cheeks, gently pulling her face closer before plunging her tongue deep into Ellie's mouth, circling it all around. Ellie starts to pull back, maybe taken off guard by her mother's rough kiss, but Missy quickly tangles her fingers deep in her daughter's pretty hair not allowing her prey to escape her wicked tongue as it stabs again and again into Ellie's virgin mouth.

Ellie tries to squirm away, as her hands slip off Missy's tits and push against her trying in vain to stop this bold attack by her mother. Then the quiet hiss of her daddy's voice comes. It's not sweet like before, but maybe even more disquieting nor is the voice just in her head like before. Ellie's heart races when she realizes the voice is outside, being whispered in her ear.

She can even feel a bit of cold air on the back of her neck as she senses her daddy is close. She wants to turn around and see, but Missy holds her tight, trapping her as the voice whispers in her ear, demanding, urgent, "Relax baby, and let Mommy have her way. The magic of the enchanted wine fills your mother's heart with lustful, lecherous and most forbidden desires. Open your heart too sweetie, let the lecherous feelings wash over you. Feel the forbidden desire welling up inside of you. Do it for me sweetheart, let yourself go baby girl."

Ellie, with her daddy's prodding finally submits completely, allowing Missy's tongue unrestricted access to her mouth as she stops trying to squirm away. Instead, she responds by shoving her tongue firmly, aggressively back against her mother's tongue, an act that nearly takes the mother's breath away.

Missy pulls back, smiles briefly as she sees the ghostly apparition of the father floating nearby, his eyes blazing red with passion and desire as he watches.

The two girls stare briefly at each other, before Missy starts to move her mouth once more to Ellie's. She needs no prompting this time. Their lips crash together as they passionately kiss each other with reckless abandonment. Ellie's hands are working all over Missy's tits once again, while Missy hands are busy holding Ellie's face gently, one on either side, making sure she doesn't escape her mommy's wicked tongue.

Missy's tongue swirls into Ellie's mouth exploring deftly and without reservation. Ellie responds by punching her tongue into her mother's mouth, as both become swept away by an ever increasing wave of forbidden passion.

Ellie's mouth slips off her mother's lips, as she feels an unseen hand applying the gentlest of pressure to the back of her head, pushing her lips further down.

Down where it begins to softly nibble away at the rich creamy skin of Missy's throat and neck. Missy begins to squirm as Ellie has found one of her hot zones. She sighs, while murmuring soft encouragement to her daughter.

"Hmm baby girl is maybe hungry for more than Mommy's lips huh. Yes that is it, keep going."

Ellie continues to attack her mommy's neck with a series of soft and light nibbles, kisses and licks, which is just driving Missy crazy with wicked and wanton desire for her daughter. When Ellie tries to move her mouth back to catch her breath, the unseen hand applies just enough pressure to keep her mouth in place.

Ellie decides not to fight the forces that guide her kisses down as they slip off Missy's neck and onto her throat. Ellie playfully bites her mother's throat at the same time she lets her hands slip off of her stepmother magnificent tits and on around to her back, where she begins to hug her tight.

Ellie pulls her mouth off of Missy's neck and looks up at her sweetly as Missy gives her a warm smile, while reaching down and gently brushing a hand through her hair. Mother and daughter stare at each other for a long moment that seems frozen in time as the forbidden desire for what must come next grows in each of their hearts.

Missy, her eyes locked onto her daughter's like a laser, slowly pushes her body upwards against the red pillow she is reclining against,

while at the same time carefully snakes one hand around the back of Ellie's head tangling it once more deep in her luxurious black hair.

Ellie closes her eyes as she feels her face slowly sliding down into the great divide between Missy's wondrous breasts. Missy then uses the lightest of touches to carefully turn Ellie's face towards her chest. Ellie's eyes flicker open, and turn downward, watching as Missy's chest, in its divine grandeur, rises and falls.

Staring intently at that those two large dollops of perfection that is her Mommy's fabulously gorgeous big tits, a sudden and intense desire comes over Ellie. Her gaze becomes focused on Missy's large fully erect nipples and a feeling, an unexpected onslaught of intense emotion, comes over her—a feeling of sudden urgency to taste those nipples in her young virgin mouth.

Missy speaks first, just as somewhere deep in the deathly stillness of the house, a clock begins to strike midnight, "Mommy senses her little girl is hungry...so very hungry."

"Yes Mommy I am."

"I think it's time for your midnight feeding sweetheart. Would you like to..." Missy slips one finger under Ellie's chin, raising it so she now is looking up into her eyes as she says so very softly, "Suckle on your mommy's big boobies."

"Oh God yes Mommy please like your like girl suck on them. Pretty please Mommy, I promise I will do a really good job."

"Sweetheart do you know how long Mommy has fantasized of letting you suckle on her breasts with so much gentle and kind love. God it's been a dream of mine for so, so long," Missy says stroking Ellie's hair as she positions herself for the ultimate act of love between a mother and her baby girl.

"I have dreamed of it too. Your tits are just so big, so warm and inviting I think a sweet little innocent girl like myself could simply get lost suckling on them for almost an entire night," Ellie tells her mommy as she feels Missy positioning her so her head is cradled in the nook of her arm.

"Show Mommy your tender words are more than just that baby girl, go on close your eyes and open that sweet little mouth of yours."

The clock falls silent, the final chime echoing fainting throughout the big old house as Ellie, eyes shut, mouth open, pulse racing, feels Missy warm nipple brush tenderly up against her waiting lips.

Ellie flickers her tongue out slowly exploring, as Missy lets out a heavy sigh as her daughter's tongue, inexperienced as it may be, nevertheless finds its mark making Missy moan with pleasure as it dances across her fully erect nipple, teasing it to new heights of hardness.

Ellie senses she is the one now that can make her Mommy beg so she flickers her tongue once across Missy's erect nipple, before lathering it with several gentle licks. Missy arches her back, trying desperately to force her breast deeper into Ellie's mouth, but is greatly disappointed as Ellie pulls back with a sly inward smile, but not before she pursues her lips and blows a soft stream of air on Missy's incredibly sensitive nipple making her squirm all the more.

Ellie looks up at her mommy, with a mischievous smile on her face, prompting Missy to say to her, "I think some little girl was teasing Mommy about being hungry."

"Oh but I am Mommy, really hungry." Ellie says, before lashing her tongue out and once again making Missy shiver with untold pleasure as her tongue slithers over her desperately erect nipple.

"Then stop teasing mommy and show me baby girl just how hungry you are," Missy says as she kindly strokes Ellie's hair before adding, "Now close your eyes again, open that sweet little mouth of yours and..." their eyes meet and something very, very special passes between Ellie and Missy at that very moment, as Ellie lies there head cradled in her arm, her lips mere inches from the promised land.

"Suckle on your mommy's titties like your very life depends on it. And it very well may honey if you disappoint me again." Ellie picks up on the implied threat found in Missy's voice, even though as Missy told her all this her voice was tender and at total odds with the implied threat.

She realizes fun and games is over and now it's time to get down to the business of pleasuring her mother. This time when Missy's warm nipple is slipped slowly into her mouth Ellie's realizes there will be no escape as Missy has snagged her fingers through the back of her hair and has her head in a vise like grip.

There is nothing left for Ellie to do but lash her tongue out once more, slowly circling Missy's nipple several times before finally beginning to suck on with increasingly passion that soon has Missy moaning with unearthly delight.

"That's it baby girl suck on your mommy's tit...ohhhhh God that feels so good. Show mommy how hungry you are baby," Missy cries with passion.

Ellie continues to suck on her mommy tit turning her mouth this way and that way, before slowly letting her nipple slide out of her mouth for just a brief instant only to catch her breath. The respite is short lived as Missy, her fingers still tangled in Ellie' hair, thrusts her chest forward burying Ellie's mouth against her taunt nipple. Ellie's wicked little mouth goes back to work sucking as if this is no tomorrow on Missy' tit.

Time stands still, as Missy re- positions herself, allowing Ellie access to her other, as of yet, untouched boob. Ellie gives this one the same loving treatment, resulting this time with Missy showering Ellie with absolute love and affectionate both verbally and physically.

Missy leans her head down kissing Ellie on the top of her forehead as she whispers how much she adores and loves her baby. Ellie responds by pulling her mouth off of Missy's boob, whispering how much she loves her mommy also, before their mouths crash together and they begin to kiss like long lost lovers.

The kiss lasts and lasts as Missy finds herself being pushed backwards until she is lying flat on her back on the thick white carper. Ellie's pretty face hovers over her before crashing down and showering Missy's neck and throat with literally dozens of light butterfly kisses that cause Missy to squirm like a school girl.

Then the shower of kisses reach the base of Missy's majestic mountains as Ellie pauses admiring their beauty before lowering her lips and once one starting a gentle shower of kisses that start at the base of her Mommy's tits and don't stop until they finally reach the peak where her Mommy's fully erect nipples are waiting for more loving attention from her young daughter.

The light gentle shower of kisses turns into a mad suckling session once they reach the peak as Ellie's sweet little mouth flies back and forth between Missy's boobs sucking and kissing each one until Missy is literally out of breath.

Ellie, despite being a pure and wholesome virgin, senses with instinctual passion just what her Mommy wants her to do as Missy

tangles her hand in her hair once again and forces her young daughter's mouth off of her tits and onto the flat plain of her tummy.

And if she didn't know well enough what to do as she starts to lick and kiss her way downwards Missy makes it plain when she whispers, her voice rough and demanding with passion, "Go on baby girl...keep kissing mommy lower ...go on. Lower still..."Missy squirms on the soft carpet as Ellie's tongue dips and swirls around in her belly button before continuing on downwards towards the treasure that awaits between her legs.

Ellie raise her head up and says in her patented "sweet little girl voice" "Am I doing good Mommy, with my kisses and stuff."

Their eyes meet, as Missy raises her head to look down at the black goddess that is giving her so much pleasure, "Oh God yes sweetie you are but don't stop please. Can you kiss mommy in her secret place please honey...can you do that for me."

"Of course Mommy" Ellie whispers back sweetly as her kisses finally slip down off of Missy's flat stomach and begin to lightly lap at her inner thighs one after the other. As Ellie moves her mouth back and forth between Missy's thighs kissing everywhere, but where Missy really wants to be kissed, she feels a growing sense of power over her older witch of a stepmother.

Missy is moaning louder and louder for her daughter to eat her out; moans which Ellie pointedly ignores as her kisses come closer and closer with each passing moment.

Ellie kisses her way up one inner thigh and then the other stopping just short of the treasure that lies between. "Oh baby," Missy cries out softly, "stop...stop teasing me and eat your mother's pussy...come on now be a good little girl"

Ellie responds to her step-mommy's desperate pleas by moving her mouth directly over her sweet smelling pussy, as she uses her hands to gently part her legs even more.

"That's it baby...come one." Missy's voice is husky with desire as she squirms trying to push upwards and bring that sweet little mouth of hers in contact with her aching pussy.

Ellie pulls back away from her mother's upward thrusts, loving the fact she is in total control. Instead of complying with her desperate demands to eat her out, she instead playfully begins to blow a soft stream of air onto her pussy.

Missy squirms even more against on the soft carpet as finally she feels her tongue snake out and flicker ever so lightly against her tender pussy lips. Ellie does this over and over again, causing her step-mom to first wriggle and then violently twist and turn this way and that.

Ellie's teasing has turned Missy into a wanton little whore who is literally begging now to be eaten out. "Oh God Ellie stop teasing Mommy and eat her fucking pussy out. Jesus do it now...please baby girl...stop teasing me...I want that mouth of yours so bad down there...come on don't ...I can...can't take it anymore...pleaaaaaaase."

Finally, determining she has been properly warmed up by this artful little teasing session, Ellie takes the plunge and buries her face deep inside Missy's dripping wet pussy.

Ellie, of course, has never eaten pussy before, but yet somehow, (more of wine's wicked effects maybe) she knows exactly what to do. Ellie finds her mother's swollen clit and attacks it with a rotating tongue that causes poor Missy to buck and twist all over the carpet like she has been hotwired.

She intermingles small flicks of his tongue, with soft nibbles and sweet little kisses all over her mother's dripping wetness. Over, under, sideways, down her tongue travels a jagged course over her mom's vagina, leaving no part of it untouched.

Missy moans are getting louder and louder with each passing flicker of Ellie's tongue against her clit. She pulls back, resting her tongue momentarily, sensing, correctly, that Missy was on the very edge of coming.

She lets the tension die down inside of her for just a moment. Ellie had somehow known it would be a very good thing, a very wicked thing that is to bring poor Missy to edge of climaxing, at least once anyways, and then pull back, knowing that when she finally does go all the way her step-mom's climax will be ever the more powerful for the waiting.

She works her tongue all over her mom's swollen clit, lapping at it like a cat laps at a bowl of milk. Ellie then slowly brings one of his hands down, she had previously been using them both to knead her lovely tits like two large loaves of bread as she worked her cunt over, and ever so slowly shoves her index finger inside the dripping wet pussy of her desperate mother.

Ellie feels her mommy tense up as her finger slides into place and then moan even louder as she begins to finger fuck her while continuing to lap at her clit so sweetly with her now expert tongue.

It does not take long now. The witch is cumming. Hard. Violently even, as she bucks while her moans of wicked pleasure grow louder. She lashes her head side to side, her blonde hair whipping about, crying over and over again, "Oh God baby mother is coming...Yes ...OH GOD YESSSSSS!!"

They lay there for a minute or two, both panting like tired dogs, before Missy roughly pushes Ellie off of her. She is angry now despite the fact she came so hard. She hates the fact this inexperienced little black whore made her beg like a simple

schoolgirl. She will have her revenge and soon, and when she does, with the help of the father, poor Ellie will never be the same.

Act II

Popsicles and Paddles

Missy raises up, slips her robe back on and gives her step-daughter a cold stare, before saying icily, "You enjoyed that huh, you fucking little black whore, making me beg for it."

"M-mother I..."

"Silence," Missy yells as she lashes out and slaps her hard across her pretty face. Tears begin to stream down Ellie's face as her stepmother's sudden mood change has caught her completely off guard.

"Stop crying you snivelling little bitch for he comes for you now." Missy says pointing a finger over at the far dark corner.

"What is that? I want to go, now!!" Ellie cries as she points a nervous finger towards the slowly forming shape in the darkness. The figure is forming in the darkness of the far corner where she first detected movement at the beginning of this fateful journey, she finds herself now on.

"It's too late honey. I have summoned him and now you shall be teased by the both of us much like you just teased me until I humbly had to beg like ...a fucking little schoolgirl. Now before the night is over you shall give yourself to him as promised earlier."

"B-but I never said yes."

"Ahh but you never said no neither. Yet you are here still, you did not try to run, nor hide, but instead chose to play wicked games with me- that in itself implies consent."

"Mom, I can't...no." Ellie's voice is edging towards panic.

"Ahh but you must my dear, you must," says Missy her voice growing husky with sheer desire. As Ellie stares in amazement the shape begins to take a defined form. It's forming into a body complete with a torso and all four limbs. The limbs are shaping themselves obviously into a pair of arms and legs. The head is formed by a darker mist, and from this appears suddenly two blazing points of red.

"H-his eyes..." Ellie whispers as she suddenly jumps to her feet and turns to flee, now overcome with absolute terror. Trying to run in her six inch heels is not easy Ellie soon finds out as she stumbles towards the stairs, but before she can reach them Missy grabs her.

"Yes look at your Daddy's eyes sweetheart, alive and burning bright red with forbidden desire...for you." Missy says hoping up, and with amazing quickness reaches out to snag Ellie around the arm, easily pulling her back from the stairs.

Ellie struggles to free herself from her step-mother, but her grip is iron tight; equivalent to a man's ten times her size. The ghostly figure approaches as Ellie watches with eyes as big as saucers.

"She has the soul of a rabbit, master. She wants to run. What shall I do?"

"Simple. Prevent her from running." The voice, her father's voice sounds cold, devoid of feeling whatsoever.

"Yes sweetie, Daddy has come home to his darling daughter. Be not afraid for what is to come. You are a big girl now, 20 years old all grown up so be mature and take what is to come, without tears." Then a sinister, echoing deep laughter begins to emit from the mist right before a small fiery ball of red flame comes hurling out of the mist heading straight for Ellie as the voice echoes, "Tie the little bitch up."

Ellie cowers against her evil step-mother, (she is back to adding the step moniker when she thinks of Missy now, with evil thrown into boot) as she sees the fiery ball, about the size of a baseball, rapidly approaching her.

Missy, with cat like quickness, snatches the ball out of midair just as it was about to hit Ellie squarely in the mid-section. Ellie lets out a sigh of relief, which quickly turns to terror, when she sees the red fiery ball, upon being caught by her evil step mother has turned into a bright white silk sash that Missy quickly wraps around her trembling wrists.

Ellie's squirms with ever increasingly panic as the mist draws closer. She looks at it with wide staring eyes able to see how the mist appears now more like an apparition with recognizable features of her daddy.

The voice of her father once again comes from the mist, "Ahh my poor Ellie is scared, much like the rabbit in the presence of a pair of hungry wolves."

"Are you hungry master?" Ellie hears Missy's voice coming from behind her somewhere.

"Absolutely famished my dear and yourself?"

"Likewise," again comes the voice of her evil step mother, somewhere behind her still, but drawing closer. Ellie's would look away, would if she could, but her eyes are glued on the ghostly apparition. Despite the voice, obviously being his, she refuses to think of the apparition as her father. She refuses to believe such a thing, even if the face has a glowing resemblance to her father.

As she stares, Ellie notes how the resemblance to her father seems to fade in and out, going back to an unrecognizable mist, before reforming into a rough image of her daddy's handsome face.

Finally, Ellie realizing Missy is no longer holding her turns to run, but doesn't get two steps when she runs head long into the evil step mother as she approaches her from behind.

"Going somewhere sweetheart," the ghostly apparition speaks directly to her.

"L-leave me alone," Ellie cries as Missy grips her tightly around the arm with a soft hand that has that vice like grip. "As if that could ever be possible sweetheart. To leave one alone as soft and as pretty as yourself." Missy whispers in her ear, while stroking her hair.

"Ahh but she is pretty, you did very good my dearest wife with our darling daughter, raising her to adulthood." Ellie hears the ghostly voice of her father say, before he adds, "I especially like the way her adorable little white strapless bra, seems to be having such a hard time containing those big beautiful dark tits of hers."

"And the shoes master, what of them?"

"Slutty as hell, as is her makeup. Well it suits her well as she, despite the sweet innocent act, truly has the heart of a wicked little whore."

Ellie can't believe the words coming out of her daddy's mouth, but instead of protesting, remembering her mother's hard slap earlier, she keeps her mouth shut.

"So are we ready to play master?"

"Very much so. I just can't wait to get my hands on my sweetest Ellie. To touch her, to hold her, to play with her." Her daddy's voice changes, now full of heartfelt soft emotion, just as she remembered from her childhood, but the words they speak are anything but sweet, "Ellie sweetheart ...Would you mind very much if your daddy plays with your pussy."

"And your mommy too," Missy says quietly in her ear.

"Of...of c-course not...Mommy and Daddy can play with my pussy all they want. I won't mind." Ellie says deciding quickly trapped between these two powerful beings what choice does she really have?

"Of course you wouldn't sweetheart, considering how you are standing there looking like a cheap little slut showing off for us, I think you are rather looking forward to the attention we are about to pay you." Missy says her soft voice in contrast to the wicked words she is speaking.

Ellie watches as two ghostly hands reach out towards her body. Thin wisps of light gray vapor slip and slither all over her bare tummy, raising goosebumps and making her shiver as they slowly rise towards her now majestically large breasts before stopping just short.

"I am Mommy. I want more of your kisses like earlier." Ellie says sweetly to Missy somehow sensing she is the one really in control, despite the fact she refers to her daddy as 'master'.

Missy warm lips and tongue press against Ellie's mouth as she turns her face to accept her step-mother's wicked and passionate kisses. But the kisses do not last nearly as long as Ellie would have hoped as Missy pulls away from her, leaving Ellie wanting more.

"Now, from the way the little tart gobbled up her mommy's kisses, I am sure she is ready for the fire and ice treatment master." Missy says ignoring Ellie's questioning look as to why she stopped kissing her.

"Yes she is." the ghostly spirit of her daddy answers, forbidden passion tinging his voice.

"Let us tease the little whore just as she teased us." Ellie trembles from fear, or is it excitement, as she sees once again the smoky tendrils of her daddy's hands slowly, ever so slowly, inching towards her.

The fact he called her a whore, instead of making her mad, only causes a deep longing to begin to build in the pit of her stomach. A deep longing to experience what a whore experiences every day.

"Tell me one thing before your daddy begins to ...touch his girl..." Missy whispers in her ear as she begins to knead her bare shoulders softly with her warm hands.

"What is that Mommy?"

"Why do you fear him so? He is your daddy after all, is he not?"

"Y-yes but he is dead."

"Hmm yes he is, but that fact should bring you sweet satisfaction."

"Why is that?"

"Simple. Life is so beautiful that Death has fallen in love with it, a jealous, possessive love that grabs at what it can. You are that life and your daddy, of course, Death sweetheart."

This ghastly riddle of sorts, whispered by her wicked stepmother so softly and sweetly in her ear, is just about the last thing Ellie remembers before her world is sent spinning into a vortex of

forbidden passion with her wicked witch of a stepmother behind her, and the ghostly apparition that is her daddy in front of her.

The vortex starts slow, spinning its way softly, delicately, but ever more forward towards its ultimate goal which lays between the hapless young virgin's thighs. She watches as her daddy's light misty hands, with their long opaque fingers, slither all over her bare well-toned tummy causing goosebumps to break out all over her body. Ellie shivers, looking down and seeing one long tendril twist its way into her sensitive belly button, tickling it softly, coldly, making her tremble with ticklish delight.

She closes her eyes, leaning her head back against Missy, who begins to attack her neck with a series of bits and nibbles from her warm mouth. Meanwhile, Missy's hands are slipping off of Ellie's shoulders, and down her bare arms, causing her skin to crawl with a tingling sensation of warmth.

She understands now why one of them, she can't remember which, as clear thoughts are becoming more and more difficult, said something about giving her the "fire and ice" treatment. Both sets of hands, one filled with solid warmth, one light and airy and filled with undeniable coldness, slip down off of her waist. The father's hands start to stroke his young daughter's thighs, which instinctively begin to close. No sooner does Ellie close her thighs as she squirms against the coldness of those bone-chilling hands, than does Missy's spring into action.

She brings her hands around to the front of Ellie thighs and literally tears them apart, almost yanking her off her feet, before she plunges down onto her neck with such violence and passion, kissing it viciously while hissing at her to "Keep her fucking thighs spread wide."

Ellie reels from the attack, but does as her step mother wants, and spreads her legs further apart. She is quickly being rewarded by a softer series of kisses, licks and nibbles upon her neck by Missy. Ellie sighs feeling the tendrils slipping all over her inner thighs, their coldness, no longer unpleasant, but instead exhilarating, combined with the warmth of Missy's kisses, is sending her deeper into some sort of forbidden world of pleasure.

Ellie finds herself turning her face upwards towards her step mother, wanting more kisses by that wicked, warm mouth of hers. She does not wait long as Missy soon is plunging her expert tongue deep into her daughter's mouth.

Ellie feels Missy's hands, which has been kneading her firm ass, the thong she is wearing, providing little or no protection against her roving hands, now slip around to the front of her. Missy slides her hand carefully inside Ellie's panties as she brings her mouth to her ear, whispering a deep dark confession, "I have been dreaming about this from the first day I laid eyes on that young teenage body of yours Ellie. Please tell me now that you are no longer so young, but an adult and can make you own decisions...really is ok if I can play with your pussy sweetheart, while daddy watches. Don't worry Mommy has used her secret powers to make her finger all nice and wet...all lubed

up that is so it will slide easier up into that tight little virgin cunt of yours."

Ellie shivers, not knowing what to say as now her daddy's voice speaks to her. "See honey, how your Mother doesn't want to hurt you. How thoughtful she is to make her finger that is about to split you all nice and wet."

Her father's voice is soft and sweet like she remembers it when he used to tell her bedtime stories when she was five years old. Ellie takes one quick peek at where the voice is coming from and sees it's from the slowly swirling mass of mist that represents her daddy's face.

Unable to match up that voice with the misty face, she instead closes her eyes and lays her head back against her step-mother's shoulder, just as she feels one of Missy long elegant fingers inching ever closer inside her panties, down to her previously untouched innocent little pussy.

Instead of being scared, desire, such as she has never felt before, fills her young heart. The words come bursting forth from Ellie's lips. "Oh yes mommy play with my pussy please... I want you to so very badly."

Ellie lets out a sharp gasp as she finally feels her step mother's wicked middle finger slide up and into her tight little pussy. There is a sharpness of pain, albeit briefly, before the simple pleasure of having

her mother's middle finger slowly, carefully working its way up inside of her takes over. Ellie spreads her legs wider allowing Missy total access as their mouths come together and they start kissing like mad long lost lovers.

Meanwhile, she feels the icy coldness of her daddy's ghostly fingers slipping around to the back of her panties. The skimpy thong provides precious little defense against his fingers as it feels like her butt is being stroking softly with icicles. The abrupt coldness on her butt causes her to arch her hips forward, as she struggles against the white sash that binds her wrists behind her back, wanting to escape the icy coldness that is assaulting her ass.

But of course the sash holds tight, and all Ellie's squirming attempts at escape get her, is more pain and pleasure as when she thrusts her hips forward, it forces Missy's solitary finger deeper into her tight little cunt. The pain is acute as is the pleasure. Missy uses her other hand to twist Ellie's face towards her. Ellie looks at her step mother with half lidded eyes, as she moans deeper from the warmth of her mother's hot finger shoved up her tight pussy, while her daddy's cold fingers continue to caress her ass.

Missy's voice is soft and soothing as she whispers to her, "Kiss mommy deeply and you will feel her warmth spread throughout your body sweetheart, providing some measure of protection against your daddy's cold hands all over that sweet black ass of yours."

Ellie has one solitary thought that causes her blood pressure to spike as Missy's fingers finds her clit and begins to stroke it, "What will

provide protection from you mother and that wicked finger up my..."Her thought is cut off as Missy presses her lips firmly against her daughters, while punching her hot tongue deep inside her mouth and swirling it all around. The promised warmth envelops Ellie.

Ellie responds to her mother's finger being worked carefully in and out of her gash by responding to her kiss with reckless abandon. She pushes her tongue deep into Missy's mouth and does what her mother showed her, swirling it all around. Missy smiles inwardly as Ellie is starting to warm up to her wicked intentions. The poor girl is starting to rock her hips forward timing it with each wicked stroke of Missy's soft finger rotating on her virgin clit.

The feeling is nothing short of exquisite for Ellie having her mother's finger rammed deep up inside of her, while Missy's kisses fall from her daughter's mouth and finds the most vulnerable and most sensitive part of her neck. She attacks it with a growing frenzy, biting, licking, kissing, as Ellie squirms in her arms.

Witches are highly attuned to the vulnerabilities of their prey so Missy instinctively knows just where to nibble on Ellie's neck, and just how to flicker her finger across her clit, in order to turn the young lady into mush in her arms.

This, along with the additional help of her daddy's ghostly hands slithering all over her back side, is sending Ellie closer and closer to the edge of her first climax. But then, much to Ellie's extreme consternation, before she can quite get there, Missy pulls her finger out of Ellie's tight pussy, while pulling her mouth away from hers

whispering "I think it's time Daddy had his turn at exploring that nice tight little pussy of yours."

Ellie looks at her daddy and sees his red eyes blazing brighter than ever, against the ghostly shadow of his dark smoky face. The only features, that really stand out on his shadowy face, besides of course those luminous red eyes, are a pair of flaring nostrils, and a darker area just below in the shape of a mouth.

Small tremors of excitement run up and down Ellie's spine as she hears what her most wicked step mother has just suggested to her daddy. The tremors become much more acute when she sees the ghostly outline of her daddy's hand, with their long thin wisps of fingers, floating just above the front of her pretty white lace thong. The hand seems to be hovering- waiting for something. Ellie soon finds what it is waiting for—an opening as Missy carefully slips one of her long sharp fingernails under the waistband of Ellie's thong, carefully pulling it away from her body.

Ellie watches with utter amazement as her daddy's smoky hand suddenly darts forward and then disappears down inside her panties, using the opening Missy has created by pulling Ellie's panties away from her skin. Ellie's pussy is immediately set upon with an icy, frozen coldness, feeling like it is being stroked or petted maybe by several icicles all at once. A coldness that is both exquisite and teasing all at once, not to mention, pleasurable and numbing.

Missy lets out a small laugh as she lets go of Ellie's panty and it snaps back into place, trapping her daddy's coldness against the sweet

warmness of her sex. Ellie looks down, gasping as she sees what appears to be the outline of a hand trapped inside her panties. The hand is being pressed tightly against her by Missy's hand, which has slipped over it, as she whispers in her ear, "You don't mind if your father playing with that sweet little pussy of yours do you?"

"No Mother but it's so cold." Ellie says as she feels a cold tingling all over her young pussy which is so maddeningly sweet and delicious that she is beginning to squirm in her mother's arms, not from the coldness though, but from sheer forbidden pleasure.

"Don't worry baby, I will warm you up in a short minute as soon as your daddy's restless hands move elsewhere. He is just in a mood to tease a bit now anyways."

Just as Missy promised, the icy assault on Ellie's vagina doesn't last long as she sees the mist slipping out from under her panties, and trailing first down her thighs and then back up her arms, leaving a path of coldness in its wake.

No sooner is her daddy's "hand" out of her panties, then Missy slips one hand back down inside of Ellie's panties. She uses the flat palm of her hand to rub up and down, and all around Ellie's tight gash.

Ellie leans back against her mother, closing her eyes, feeling the warmth spread over her cold little pussy. She lets out a long sigh loving the way her step mother's warmth seems to totally envelop her pussy.

Now the icy cold mist of her daddy's hands is stroking up and down her bare arms, and then over to her bare tummy, slithering this way and that, raising goosebumps wherever it goes. Missy's hand has slipped out of her daughter's panties, and joining her other hand, is moving slowly upwards.

The utter warmth of Missy's hands is in extreme contrast to the coldness of the other unreal hands of her daddy's. Missy brings her mouth back to Ellie's and they start kissing once more just as both her mommy's and daddy's hands are hovering mere inches away from the soft rise of Ellie's young breasts, protected only by her skimpy little strapless bra.

As Missy's looks down she sees the first wisps of her daddy's misty hands slip down the front and under the protective covering of her bra. The coldness on her tits is acute as Ellie's ultra-sensitive nipples immediately stiffen from the chilliness.

"You know Ellie he has been dreaming of playing with those little nice little tits of yours for so long, and now it's finally almost here. I bet even more so now does he want to fondle them since I have made them so God-damn big and juicy just for him. I don't think I have ever seen his eyes burn so brightly with such desire, but it's too soon." Missy says forcefully pulling Ellie backward.

Being yanked backward causes Ellie's eyes to fly open and she sees Missy is correct, as her daddy's eyes in the wavering, unsettled face

of mist burn a bright, bright red as the vaporous hands slip out from under her bra and reattach themselves to his body.

"I agree. Give the little bitch some more wine before we begin our assault on those luscious tits of hers." The misty form of her daddy announces with quiet satisfaction.

Much to her surprise, for some reason Ellie, as she greedily drinks down the wine offered by Missy, does not mind her daddy calling her a "little bitch" anymore, but instead finds being referred to in such a cheap way to be rather exciting.

No sooner does Ellie finish gulping down a full glass of the wine, then she sees the smoky tendrils of her daddy's hand stealthily approaching her chest. Missy brings her hands into the action now, as she too begins a soft attack upon her step-daughter's body. She starts by kneading her shoulders softly before letting her hands slip off and down the front of her chest.

Ellie's sighs as she feels one set of hands, her mommy's, sweet and warm, slipping down towards her tits from her shoulders, while the other set of hands, her daddy's cold and...almost calculating it seems, slowly rising across the flat plain of her well-toned tummy.

Ellie is scared and excited all at the same time. Like some kind of mad dream she simply can't believe this is happening; that she is about to be felt up by her mommy and daddy, with her hands helplessly tied behind her back.

The whole thing seems so surreal and unbelievable. But as both hands finally converge on her tits the experience turns very real as Ellie feels her mom and dad's hands, touching, stroking, feeling, fingering, and most especially, fondling those young virgin tits of hers through the soft delicate lace of her beautiful strapless bra.

Ellie has, of course, despite being 20 years old, has never had her tits felt up before, so the feeling of having them fondled is a most alien one to her. An alien one she is beginning to enjoy more and more, especially Missy's warm gentle hands softly kneading her tits through her bra.

Even through the bra she can feel how warm her mom's hands are; how they stand out in direct contrast to her daddy's icy cold fingers, which seems to be concentrating their efforts on stroking her bare skin, with its thin wispy fingers, just above her bra.

Ellie, stares at her daddy deep fiery eyes, trying to connect those eyes to the soft innocent eyes she remembers from her childhood. It's a hopeless task as she sees no innocence in those eyes whatsoever.

Finally, tearing her eyes from staring at the two fiery points of red, she sees something that causes sparks of wonder in her innocent heart. Breaking away from the body of the incarnate spirit form that is her daddy, Ellie sees a pair of misty strands of vapor escape from his body reaching out towards her chest, before slipping behind to her back.

Missy at the same time brings both of her hands up to Ellie's face, turning it towards her own, saying softly, "Shut your eyes sweetheart the best is yet to come."

Ellie reluctantly obeys her mother, shutting her eyes, despite wanting desperately to keep them open. She is simply wants to be able to keep an eye on what that damnable ghostly spirit that hovers directly in front of her shall do next.

She is afraid indeed, but yet, somehow thrilled, all at the same time as to this little ghostly adventure of hers. It's Missy's smooth, hypnotizing voice that causes her to relax and close her eyes. She wonders about this, maybe if Missy has placed some sort of spell over her, just as she feels Missy's lips softly kissing hers, while also feeling a pair of icy cold fingers tracing small circles around the middle of her back, just above and below her bra strap.

Ellie can feel both of her mommy's hands on either side of her face holding it gently as she kisses her so soft and sweet over and over again, so she knows that the fingers now fumbling with the clasp of her bra, trying to undo it, can't be Missy's, but instead must be her father's.

This somehow thrills her beyond all else, as she can clearly picture in her mind, the wispy tendrils wrapping themselves around the clasp of her bra, trying to unhook it. A rush of excitement fills her young heart as she, despite knowing the implications if those wispy

tendrils succeed in their task, hopes secretly to feel the clasp of her bra being slowly unhooked. And then within a few short seconds of that forbidden thought popping into her head, it happens- she feels her bra becoming undone.

Missy breaks off her kiss, letting Ellie's face escape so she can witness her sexy little strapless bra slowly being released from her body. It slips down off her prodigious tits and floats to the carpet at her feet.

Missy stares down at her young daughter tits and lets out a gasp at what she sees. Ellie's fully erect nipples appear to be as thick, and as hard as pencil erasers. Rather large pencil erasers that is. "Jesus master, would you look at the size of your daughter's nipples- they are so...delicious looking."

While the areolas themselves are not particularly large in circumference, its Ellie's very thick, fully erect nipples, nearly an inch or so long, that steal the show. Her daughter's nipples, sitting atop her huge tits, jutting out so proudly, like a pair of dark crown jewels atop a pile of shiny black diamonds, cause Missy to lick her lips in wicked anticipation.

What happens next is like a dream, as Ellie sees two large misty blobs break off from her daddy's spirit body, and make a bee line, one towards each of her naked breasts. The swirling misty blobs envelope her chest completely; swirling round her tits in a swirling wicked vortex. Ellie lets out a small gasp as it feels like her big tits are being showered with dozens of small light kisses. Kisses given so sweetly by dozens of small eager lips under that gray mist.

The mist, of course, is cold making her delicious nipples protrude for all their worth, not only from the soft kisses, but from the chill of the mist. Ellie closes her eyes, pushing her body back against her mother's warmth, while thrusting her chest forward wanting more of the mist's eager little kisses.

Missy looks down and over her daughter shoulders, staring at her large breasts, with keen anticipation, watching the swirling mass of the mist finally break up into two long thin wisps. "Open your eyes Ellie and watch your daddy play," Missy whispers in her ear.

Ellie opens her eyes to see the two long strands of gray mist curl themselves gently around her fully erect nipples, caressing them with a sweet coldness that causes her heart to race with excitement. The feeling this causes, her nipples being stroked by the wisps as they curl about her inch long nipples, is so maddeningly exquisite as to defy description. It's a lethal combination of both pain and pleasure the likes of which Ellie has never experienced before in her 20 years.

She is starting to worry as the coldness that surrounds her poor nipples is getting quite acute. The pain is starting to suppress the pleasure in leaps and bounds. Then she watches in stark utter amazement as a thin layer of white frost begins to form over her dark nipples. She is starting to worry about frost bite, knowing how painful it can be, wondering if that is some sort of wicked punishment her daddy has in store for her. Could her daddy really intentionally be that mean to her?

Her poor tits feel like two blocks of ice as other thicker strands of vapor break off from his body, and begin to wrap themselves around the lower parts of her tits. She is barely holding back the tears when she looks down, and sees the two thin wisps of mist that originally were attacking her nipples have disappeared. She can scarcely believe what else she sees as the entirety of her tits are now covered in a light mist, all except her large distended nipples, which, much like a pair of majestic mountain peaks might poke through a thin layering of low lying clouds, poke up through the layering of misty gray vapor that covers her breasts.

"Let's see just how much cold the little bitch's nipples can take shall we Master," Ellie hears her step mother say, her voice devoid of the usual warmth she had been displaying to her as of late.

"Yes lets..." comes her father's voice as she sees the mist man's face sinking lower drawing nearer to her tits. She tries to squirm away but Missy hisses harshly in her ear, "Relax, be still or I shall lift my spell of protection."

She then drops her voice where it has that soothing quietness to it that comforts Ellie so and adds, "You wouldn't want those beautiful big tits of yours getting the painful frostbite now would you Ellie," she says stroking the side of her face gently with one finger.

"No mommy," Ellie says relaxing in her arms, as she at least knows that despite how much cold her daddy heaps upon her tits she won't get frostbite. Well, that is as long as Missy protects her.

She is beginning to view her evil step-mother as somewhat of a protector of sorts over her, which is exactly the way Missy has planned things to work out all along.

Unknown to Ellie, it is the wicked stepmother who is actually in control of things, not the ghostly apparition type thing that is her father. The whole thing of Missy calling her daddy master, and appearing to be so obedient to him is merely a ploy to trick Ellie.

The wide gaping blackness that represents her daddy's mouth in the unformed face is now a mere foot or so away from Ellie's protruding nipples. Ellie watches, her eyes as big as a deer's caught in headlights, as two small ringlets of mist escape from his mouth as the apparition laughs quietly; it's a laugh full of ill intent Ellie imagines as she watches the ringlets approach her nipples and then surround them.

They start to move slowly up and down, causing Ellie to gasp from the absolute coldness of them as they begin to tighten around her inch long nipples. Like all things this night the pain of the coldness is accompanied by an underlying layer of undeniable pleasure.

Ellie squirms mightily in her step-mother's arms, as Missy holds her tight, her warm hands wrapped around her mid-section. She begins

to whisper in her ear, "You have very sensitive nipples I imagine huh Ellie girl."

"Yes Mom...t-they are...Jesus that feels...so...s-so c-cold..."

"Hmm I imagine so...but good also hmm. Admit it ..."

"Y-yes." Ellis is shivering uncontrollably now as the ringlets are swirling around her nipples in tighter and tighter circles causing Ellie the most intense feelings of mixed pain and pleasure she has ever known in her young life.

Ellie closes her eyes, leans her head against her mother's shoulder, as disjointed thoughts swirl in her head much like the mist swirling around her nipples. She wants more; no she wants it to stop. Her feelings are fragmented and incoherent, as well as being at odds with each other.

"Just a bit longer honey we are almost there..." Missy whispers in her ear.

"P-please M-Mommy I...I c-can't take any...more," Ellie cries out as tears begin to spill out of her eyes. Her legs are growing weak and she is on the verge of collapsing when Missy says quietly, "I think that is enough Master, the poor girl can't take any more."

"Sure she can," comes the response from her daddy, his voice deep and without feeling. The swirling mist, if anything, around her nipples intensifies as does the coldness. Ellie knees are beginning to buckle when she hears Missy say loudly, "I said enough!!"

Ellie opens her eyes just in time to see her step-mother wave one hand in the air, while saying something in Old Latin, and suddenly with a loud popping noise the mist is gone entirely; not just the ringlets surrounding her nipples, not just the light covering of mist that enveloped her tits, but her daddy's whole entire misty body disappears.

Missy and Ellie are alone in the living room now. Somehow Ellie knows this even as she whispers, her voice shivering, "Where is Daddy?"

"I sent him away...for now honey. Come let's get you over to the couch, so you can sit and rest." As Missy helps her across the room to the couch Ellie glances down at her poor aching breasts and her breath catches in her throat. Large ice crystals have formed over her nipples, while the rest of her breasts seem to be covered in a light layer of frost.

Missy gently sits her daughter down on the edge of the couch, letting her rest for a minute, while she settle down next to her. Missy eyes Ellie's big beautiful black tits, with it icy layer of frost covering them, in addition to the large ice crystals that have formed over those luscious nipples. Her heart breaks knowing, despite her protection

spell, that poor little Ellie is still suffering mightily from the coldness wrapped around her tits.

She reaches up with one finger and strokes the side of Ellie's face, before gently brushing away a tear that is trickling its way down her pretty face. "I-I'm so...so cold M-mommy," Ellie says not actually trying to sound pitiful for once to garner her mommy's attention, but instead really is feeling quite pitiful with no additional acting necessary.

"Oh baby, sweetheart do you want Mommy to warm those big beautiful boobs of yours up."

"Yes please Mommy, warm them up pretty please," Ellie says batting her thick long eyelashes at her.

"Ok, let's see what Mommy can do for you." Missy says moving around so she is sitting behind her on the couch.

She snuggles her face down next to Ellie's ear so she can whisper sweet nothings to her as she begins the long, slow, and most delightful warming process.

Ellie feels her stepmother, wrap her hands around her stomach and slowly begin to glide her hands upwards, before finally gently cupping her large tits, one in each of her warm hands.

No sooner does Missy have her stepdaughter's tits in her hands, then she quickly pulls them away, as the sheer coldness of them catches her off guard. She quickly chants softly, again using her Old Latin, to project a warming spell onto her hands as Ellie, scared as to why her step-mother pulled her hands back, asks quietly, "What is wrong you don't like the way my boobies feel?"

"No, no baby that is not it at all. Have patience, I just have to project all the heat my body produces into my hands as your poor little tits are just that cold. Can't you see the light covering of frost upon them?"

"Yes," Ellie says looking down as the frost, a pure white, stands out in direct contrast to the darker color underneath. "But please hurry."

"I like that honey..." Missy says pushing her mouth to Ellie's ear, "Is just so anxious to have Mommy begin to play with her big black tits. Just be patient dear as I can feel the heat growing in my hands as we speak."

"Mother can I ask you a question seriously." There has been something on Ellie's mind, and it's been growing all night. Finally, she decides it's time to ask.

"Sure baby we have a quick minute to kill before we start the warming process."

"Do...do you mind that your baby girl is black. I mean does that make me like...I don't know, less attractive than if you had a white girl to baby and play with?"

"Ellie why would you say something like that?"

"I don't know maybe just the way you have mentioned my race a few times tonight. Like maybe my being black is a disappointment to you."

Missy turns Ellie's face towards her with one finger whispering, "Now listen to me close hon. I simply adore you, just the way you are and I very much think black is beautiful. Just to ease your mind from now on listen close and you will notice how every time I say something about, ahh just for example, those gorgeous tits of yours being black I will also use the word beautiful. Black and beautiful are two words that apply to you most assuredly sweetie."

"Really so you would not trade me in for some stupid pretty white daughter if you could."

"I would not trade you in for anything Ellie. Don't you realize that by now?"

"Y-you wouldn't?" Ellie says as their lips move closer together.

"Here let me show you."

They begin a long slow kiss, unhurriedly and full of nothing, but gentle love. Instead of shoving her tongue into Ellie's mouth like before, all full of reckless passion, Missy this time goes slow, only flicking her tongue slowly in and out of her stepdaughter's mouth.

Ellie responds to the gentle love her step-mommy is showing her by doing the same. Finally, Missy pulls away, staring at Ellie deep in the eyes as she says softly, "Now it's time for mommy to show her little girl how much she really adores those big, beautiful black boobs of hers by warming them up so gently." Missy makes sure she puts extra emphasis on the words black and beautiful in order to help reassure Ellie.

Ellie lets out a long, gentle sigh as she feels the warmth of her mother's hands as she once again cups her boobs in her hands. This time Missy's extra warm hands do not pull away from her stepdaughter's lovely tits, but instead she bounces them up and down in her hands a bit, as she secretly admires what a lovely job her little magic spell did on her boobs making them so much bigger.

Unlike with a man-made boob job, Missy's wicked little spell produces 100 percent real breasts. Such is the magic of this incredibly horny witch. Missy begins to slowly fondle her breasts, squeezing her young stepdaughter's breasts with ever increasingly passion.

Ellie looks down and sees the frost being burned away by Missy warm and loving hands. Loving too is the words Missy begins to utter quietly in Ellie's ear, "Your mother's hands are so warm huh on your beautiful black tits. See baby, how I keep using the words beautiful and black together, just to reassure you sweetie that I would never trade you in for any stupid little white girl."

And then to add emphasize to what she says, she turns Ellie's face towards her and gives her another long, slow loving kiss, as her hands are really going to work on her tits.

Ellie is the one to break off the kiss this time as she feels compelled to tell her something. "All this time I thought you hated me coz I was black, plus the way you called me a bitch several times tonight, a whore, a tramp, I just was thinking how much you really despise me."

"You were right." Missy says pulling her hands away. "I was despising you..."

Ellie says looking shocked and deeply hurt, "Mommy I thought..."

"Shh baby," Missy quickly cuts her off, "Let me finish. I hated you because you were so very young sweet and adorable, and as you got older and finally reached full maturity, your cuteness changed to beauty, your adorableness changed to sexiness and I found myself deeply, deeply attracted to you."

Now Missy decides to play her trump card. She waves one hand in the air, saying something in Latin, which causes the ties that bind Ellie's wrists together to fall off.

Missy turns slightly away, before she says softly, with tears in her eyes, "And I thought there was no way this beautiful young black girl could ever in a million years be attracted to this old white lady. And that hurt me deeply and I lashed out at you for it, including tonight. And then tonight all of those bad names, and the harsh way I treated you was a show for your daddy. It's not my true feelings."

"Now that I have untied you and unburdened my heart you are free to go. Go to bed sleep tight as I will cast a protection spell to first warm you up completely and second protecting you from him."

"Mother, I'm not going anywhere..." Ellie says, not believing she really could be free after all that has happened on this fateful night. She senses something is passing between them, something very real, and she must not hold back, if she wants to know if what is happening between them is for real or somehow just wishful thinking on her part.

Moreover, she is not ready to be alone, not after the power of the malevolent presence of her daddy made itself known to her. Somehow she thinks her stepmother saying she will protect her is maybe all a trick. She cannot risk otherwise.

But in her heart Ellie's realizes it is more than just simple protection she seeks, its...love and comfort, from her mommy for Ellie, in this one night, has fallen completely and utterly in love with her stepmother.

Ellie touches Missy softly on the shoulder to get her attention. "I had the same exact feeling but opposite as I was secretly attracted to you also and thought..." She pauses now and pulling a trick out of Missy's book, reaches up and using one finger turns her mother's pretty face towards her, adding, "There was no way someone as beautiful as you with such a gorgeous body could ever be attracted to some stupid black girl."

The girl's hands now find each other, squeezing tight, as they come together in a soft embrace. They begin their most passionate kiss yet, this time not only full of the forbidden longing they feel for one another, but the deep intense love.

Tongues snakes in and out of each other's mouths as Missy slowly pushes Ellie back onto the couch. Missy looks down at her lovely, beautiful step daughter and love fills her heart.

Her eyes travel downward to those big beautiful tits of hers, the light covering of frost now has returned since she took her hands away, and says softly, "Ellie sweetheart the frost has returned. I must..." Missy pauses savoring in her mind, what she is about to do, "Begin the warming process in earnest"

"But before you do I have a favor to ask," Ellie says looking up at her mommy using her sweetest, softest, and most innocent voice, feeling if she does so Missy will be more inclined to say yes.

"What is it sweetheart?"

"I guess I just want to prove to you, how much I trust you. Could you bind my wrists again behind my back again as I want to give myself to you completely?"

"Yes we could do that, and that surely is a sign of trust in your wicked stepmother that shall not go unrewarded sweetie."

"Oh mommy you are not so wicked." Ellie says raising up and tucking her hands behind her back, watching in amazement as Missy seems to conjure up a soft satin tie from midair. Missy quickly wraps it around her daughter's wrists as she saying softly in her ear, "Before the night is through sweetie you may have a chance to change your mind about that."

"About what?" Ellie says as Missy pushes her back down against the couch.

"About me not being so wicked. Now are we ready to finally warm those gorgeous tits of yours up baby girl."

"Yes," Ellie sees as heart begins to speed up, feeling the raw anticipation of what is about to happen between them.

Missy, who had been staring at her step-daughters lovely young naked tits for some time now, reaches down and slowly begins to massage them as she whispers to Ellie, "Mommy has projected the whole warmth of my body into her hands. This should do the trick in warming up those wonderful tits of your honey."

Ellie feels Missy's absurdly warm hands begin their slow, careful massage of hers tits, she sighs and closes her eyes loving the way her hands feel all over her tits.

"My daughter likes that huh, Mommy playing with her big tits."

"Yes." Ellie whispers as she feels Missy begin to knead her tits with increasing hunger.

Missy spends the next several minutes circling her hands all over Ellie's tits, melting the light covering of frost, ignoring quite on purpose the large ice crystals that have encrusted Ellie's deliciously big nipples.

Finally, poor Ellie cannot take it anymore as she cries out to her mommy in her best whiny and demanding little girl voice, "Mommy stop ignoring my nipples. They are so cold, please please warm them up for me."

"Oh I just love to hear you beg sweetheart. Ok I will do the right thing as any loving and protective mother would do and warm up those delicious nipples of yours."

Missy carefully brings the palms of her hands to the very top of Ellie large conical breasts and begins to squeeze lightly. She can actually hear the large ice crystals snapping as the warmth of her hands covers them. She then begins to flick her fingers over both nipples again and again, having fun watching Ellie squirm from the gentle assault on her frozen nipples.

"You have very sensitive nipples huh?"

"Yes Mom, very sensitive."

"But..." Missy begins as she looks at Ellie's tits thoughtfully, "I am afraid my hands will not be enough to melt those large ice crystals that have trapped your poor little nipples in their icy prison. If you notice..." Missy says pulling her hands off of the nipples which she had been gently rolling between her thumb and forefinger making Ellie squirm.

"See how once I pull my hands away the ice crystals quickly reform."

"Yes mommy, what can you do. They are so cold. Can't you warm them up, I mean permanently somehow?"

"I think there may be only one way to do that." Missy says helping Ellie to her feet.

Missy asks Ellie to stand directly in front of her. Ellie, in her six inch heels, is in nearly perfect position, with her large tits positioned directly in front of Missy, who moves to the very edge of the couch.

Missy looks up at Ellie saying tenderly, "I think Mommy will need to use her mouth to warm those big and most beautiful black tits of your up baby girl. Do you mind?"

"N-no Mommy." Ellie says her voice trembling with coldness, but maybe more so from absolute sheer anticipation of having Missy's mouth on her tits.

Missy decides to draw the scene out just a bit, as she wants to hear her beautiful little step daughter beg, so she starts out by leaning forward and blowing her hot breath directly onto first one nipple and then the other. The ice crystals crack as Missy's warm breathe hits them, but then just as quickly reform, causing Ellie to squirm like mad against the ties that bind her.

What the poor stepdaughter wants more than anything is to feel her evil step mother begin to suck on her poor tits like there is no tomorrow, but Missy is in no mood to please her, not just yet anyway, so she blows her hot breathe slowly onto her stepdaughter's

ice encrusted nipples a second and third time, before she finally gets the desired result she has been hoping for all along.

"Mommy stop teasing me and suck on them please." Ellie suddenly cries out, while trying in vain to shove her tits into her mother's face.

"Are you sure that is what you want baby girl for mommy to suck on those big, beautiful black tits of yours." Missy asks in a teasing voice, again emphasizing the words beautiful and black.

"Yes please, Mother suck on them, warm them up for me. Pretty please."

Missy, her heart filled with hot passion from her young daughter's pleas to suck on her tits, slowly snakes out her tongue towards one of Ellie's nipples, licking the ice crystal softly away with several long and slow flicks of her wicked hot tongue.

Ellie lets out a long gentle sigh as she feels Missy's lips then close around her aching nipple and begin to suck it deeper into her warm mouth.

Missy spends close to a full minute flicking her tongue back and forth over Ellie's nipples, sucking on it softer and then harder, making Ellie squirm like a school girl, before she gives the same treatment to her other nipple.

Finally, Missy pulls back and seeing the ice crystals are gone, and not returning, smiles at her step daughter and says, "Better."

"Yes but...they are still a bit cold. Could you...suck on them some more. I mean you do like them right?"

Missy gives her daughter a most mischievous smile before she darts her mouth forward saying, "Let me show you how much Mommy does like them honey."

Missy starts to suck, kiss, and lick on Ellie's tits with reckless abandon now. Her mouth flies back and forth as her hands work on kneading Ellie firm little behind.

Caught up in this vortex of forbidden passion, Ellie thrusts her chest forward, trying as reckless lust fills her heart, to get more of her big tits inside of her evil step mother's mouth. Missy responds by giving each of her big tits such a thorough sucking on that it nearly takes both of their breaths away.

As Missy is sucking and kissing her step daughter tits with such fervid passion, Ellie feels something that causes her young heart to leap with excitement. Missy has carefully hooked one finger on either side of Ellie's panties, and is slowly, carefully pulling them down.

First, Ellie feels them slide off her hips, and then past her thighs, before gently landing on the floor. She then feels herself being lifted up off her feet and being carried over to the large rug in front of the fireplace which, with a simple word or two of Old Latin, Missy has caused to once more roar to life, just as the rest of the room is plunged into total darkness.

Once they reach the rug, Ellie heart leaps into her throat as she hears Missy say to a dark figure hiding in the corner, "Master the little bitch is ready for you now."

"Good, very good," comes the menacing voice of her father. Ellie is too shocked to speak as she sees that ghostly apparition floating across the room towards her once more. Its eyes are blazing red, while its face, barely recognizable as her daddy's, is distorted with an evil grin.

Remembering the extreme coldness she was treated to before by this, "thing", Ellie panics. She somehow manages to squirm her way out of Missy's arms and hits the floor running. Or trying to run is more like it, as her six inch slutty high heels were not exactly made for running.

She doesn't get more than two feet when she trips and tumbles to the ground in a heap. "Oh look at the cute little rabbit trying to again escape master." Missy says laughing as she stands over her daughter.

"You know what we must do to prevent any further silly attempts at escape," her father's voice says causing a chill to come over Ellie. No sooner does he say this then Ellie sees four small balls of fire, thrown by the menacing image of her daddy, fly through the air past her, dip down and explode, almost all at once on the four corners of the large, white squared shaped rug that sits in front of the fireplace.

In the flickering light of the fire, Ellie sees the fireballs have appeared to turn the four corners of the carpet a thick metallic black color where they have exploded.

Ellie tries to turn and run once again as she quickly jumps to her feet, hoping to escape, but Missy quickly snatches her by the arm. Ellie tries to struggle, tries to fight back, but Missy is too strong, Ellie too weak; her head feels all dizzy and fuzzy from the sheer impossibility of the events that are taking place, and maybe from the potion Missy forced her to drink earlier.

Missy drags Ellie over to the white carpet and pushes her face down onto it. As Ellie falls, she catches a glimpse out of the corner of her eye what the reality is of those four dark patches on the white rug where the fire balls struck. She sees that the closest of the black spots, the one just above and to the right of her, is not a black spot at all, but instead it's a pure black gleaming piece of iron. Not just any ordinary piece of iron though, but an iron shackle, embedded into the flooring.

Ellie lets out a loud scream as Missy forces the cold shackle around her wrist. She is about to let out another scream as she whips her

head around, and sees the three "black spots," positioned at the other three corners of the rug are also shackles.

It hits her all of a sudden. The cold stark reality of what is happening. She sucks in her breath, intending to let out another scream, even louder than the last. But just as she is about to let loose with her scream, from the mist snakes a long tendril of smoke. It shoots straight for her face.

Before she even can realize what has happened the tendril of smoke has turned into a white sash; it quickly wraps around her face covering her mouth with sweet tasting cloth. Screaming, or even talking for that matter, is no longer an option. Even if it were, the forces facing her was too huge and powerful.

Capitulation was complete, a fact accomplished. She dated it from the moment she came downstairs with her step mother in the first place and had fallen under her wicked erotic spell.

Ellie is on all fours with a tight shackles around both wrists and both ankles. She has very little freedom of movement. She watches as the ghostly image of her daddy floats around to the front of her, just as Missy drops to her knees right next to her.

"You shall take your daddy into your mouth and make him whole again. Understand little girl?" Missy whispers to her panting young stepdaughter.

Ellie nods her head, as her eyes grow wide with fright, and maybe desire if she was really honest with herself, as she eyes the long darker grey mist that hangs down between her daddy's legs.

It's maybe 5 to 6 inches long. Ellie knows what the darker grey mist represents as she watches with horror Missy guiding it to her mouth.

Missy carefully undoes the sash that was wrapped around Ellie's mouth just as she implores Ellie quietly to close her eyes and open her mouth. A intense feeling of de ju vu sweeps over Ellie as not so long ago her evil stepmother uttered those exact words to her just prior to stuffing one of her large breasts into her young, eager mouth.

"But am I as eager now to suck on my daddy's cock as I was earlier to suck on my mommy's tits..." Ellie silently wonders to herself as the gray mist that points out like a straight column of dark mist from this thing which is now her daddy's body draws nearer.

"The answer better be yes..." Missy hisses softly into her ear as if she had been reading her mind.

Louder, Missy says, with venom dripping from her mouth, "Open that God damn little virgin mouth of yours you black fucking whore and suck on your daddy's fat white prick...like you have been dreaming of for so long."

"Yes Mommy," Ellie murmurs as she opens her mouth and closes her eyes.

She feels what best can be described as a rather large ice cold popsicle being shoved slowly and carefully into her mouth. Much to her utter delight it has not a bad taste whatsoever, but a rather pleasant taste, not unlike a popsicle.

"And what do you do with a popsicle young lady hmmm?" Missy says to Ellie quietly, again reading her thoughts perfectly.

"Suck on it," she thinks to herself as she begins to bob her head up and down on the light airy "thing" that represents her daddy's cock. She feels it getting harder the more she bobs up and down.

She shuts her eyes tighter, resisting the urge to look as she continue to slowly suck it into her mouth. She can feel the light mist popsicle dick of her daddy's growing in hardness and clarity, unlike a real popsicle which would be melting and getting smaller.

"Oh look at your little girl sucking so eagerly on your cock honey. Isn't it quite the sight?"

"Yes it is. Jesus her tight little mouth feels so good." Ellie hears her daddy's voice say, and much to her surprise it's the voice she remembers from the past, not the cold unfeeling voice that she has mostly heard from him tonight.

"Yeah well it's about time she had a cock in her mouth. She is 20 years old for Christ sake and her cute little virgin act was growing wearisome," Missy says while stroking her hair softly.

Ellie wants to look so bad, but somehow senses Missy will tell her when to look so she continues to take the "popsicle" into her mouth and suck on it with increasing enthusiasm.

Missy moves around to where she is now straddling Ellie sitting lightly on the middle of her back. She reaches down and begins to fondle her tits using both hands while at the same time leaning forward and showering her neck with kisses.

Finally, watching Ellie's mouth move up and down on the now thick dark gray column of smoke that is the ghostly images of her father's cock, Missy feels it's time to give Ellie a little help.

She tangles her hand in Ellie's hair and begins to force her to take more and more of the thick gray mist into her mouth with each forward thrust of her mouth, until finally Ellie feels the mist tickling the back of her throat.

"Suck on it harder you black whore!!" Missy hisses at her as she begins to knead her tits harder and harder, while at the same time kissing her neck even more aggressively.

Ellie does as she is told sucking as much as the gray mist into her mouth as she can take before bobbing her mouth back up, and then down again. She has lost complete control now as Missy has released her tits, and is using one hand tangled deep in her hair to move her head up and down at the speed she desires.

Faster and faster Ellie is being forced to suck on the cock of this ghostly image of her father until finally she hears him let out a long moan, and then feels some warm sweet tasting substance squirt deep into her mouth.

"Swallow your daddy's cum whore." Missy says to her with a wicked laugh as she stands up.

Ellie feels the tight shackles around her wrist come undone as she collapses onto the soft white rug face down crying as she swallows the cum of her daddy's, if indeed that thing was her daddy.

Ellie is sobbing uncontrollably now as this wild roller coaster ride of sexual delights is becoming too much for her to take. But most hurtful was the vicious insults from Missy which has hurt her feelings beyond the actual psychical hardships she is enduring.

"Oh baby girl Mommy is sorry for the mean hurtful things she was saying to you..." Missy whispers to her as she falls next to her crying stepdaughter on the rug.

She snuggles her into her arms as Missy allows herself to be wrapped in her stepmother's warm embrace. Soon, Ellie has stopped crying, her tears kissed away by her pretty step mother, her heart soothed by her once again kind words.

"Mommy loves her baby girl so much. I do...I do...I do..." she whispers into her ear with each I do being accented with a light kiss on her ear.

"Mommy I...where is Daddy?"

"He is resting for the final sacrifice that you must offer him."

"The..."

"Shh baby no questions just trust me. He will be whole once more as you have made him such by what you just did."

Ellie has turned onto her back and is laying with her head cradled in Missy's lap, and just like a good warm sweet mommy would, Missy strokes her hair.

"Trust me baby, it's almost over."

"But I can't take those bad names anymore that you call me. You are supposed to love me mommy. Love your little girl."

"I do. I promise no more bad names. Your daddy is ready."

"Again so soon?"

"In this state of being he now finds himself trapped in he recovers quickly. Are you prepared to give him the final sacrifice baby?"

"W-hat is it..." but in her heart she knows.

"Your virginity baby. You daddy wants to make love to his sweet little beautiful baby girl."

Ellie was prepared to bolt and run if Missy would have turned vicious again and said something like "wants to fuck his black whore of a daughter," but the words she said are so sweet, as is her voice, Ellie only nods her head in assent.

"You must show total trust in him...in us..." Missy says carefully helping Ellie to her feet, before pulling her hands behind her back.

"Yes Mommy," she says her heart feeling with excitement as Missy wraps a tight white sash around her wrists once more binding them tight. She then proceeds to dress her once again in her white lace thong and her matching strapless bra, along with her slutty heels, which Ellie barely notices as untold excitement is filling her heart.

The excitement comes from seeing her daddy, yes her daddy, completely whole and physical again, looking handsome and full of life, coming down the stairs.

Missy whispers in her ear, "No questions baby girl as our time is limited to enjoy your daddy in his wholly physical state."

"Yes," Ellie says nodding her head unable to turn away from staring at him as he crosses the room and sits down on the couch.

He is shirtless, only wearing a pair of old faded blue jeans. The father settles himself down on the edge of the couch. His chest ripples with muscles, as does both his thick arms, and his lean stomach. Apparently, death has been good to him physically.

The last time she seen him, so many years ago when she was still young, he was dying and in poor shape physically, unlike now as he looks so handsome and physically it nearly takes her breath away.

And then he smiles at her, his whole face lighting up, and making her knees quiver as Missy leads her over to him.

"Bring my daughter here I want to get a good look at her."

As Ellie approaches she sees the only thing that really betrays his age is his silver gray hair, slicked back and looking perfect. His face is deeply tanned, his smile gleams with perfectly shaped white teeth.

His physical beauty up close is such that it makes her heart skip a beat. Forbidden lust fills her heart as she stands before him, liking the way his steel blue eyes are crawling all over her nearly naked body.

"You look...nice Ellie. All grown up and...what are you twenty years old now?" His eyes fall upon her large breasts, straining to be released from the prison that is her pretty strapless bra, "Jesus you look matured...much matured. I never remember you having such a fantastic set of tits little girl."

"Yes daddy I am 20 and my tits, they are a gift..."

"From Mommy doubtlessly as is your cute little white thong and this gorgeous strapless bra. Hmm she does know what turns me on."

"Yes I do honey," Missy purrs as she moves up behind Ellie and begins to stroke her bare arms. "Watch while we show you a little bit of bonding before you join in hon. Ok."

"In other words you are going to tease me a bit huh," he says leaning back against the coach with a deep sigh.

"Yes of course." Missy says smiling, while toying with the sash of her black robe, before adding, "And just wait until you see what I am wearing under my black robe."

They begin to kiss, deeply, passionately as Missy uses her hand to gently turn Ellie's face towards her.

The father watches his pretty wife and beautiful young daughter kiss pure lust filling his heart. He squirms wanting to touch himself as watching two beautiful women kiss is a super turn on for him.

His hand inches forward to his crotch as Missy releases Ellie and says, "Tsk tsk there will be no touching yourself as you watch."

Ellie watches in amazement as Missy produces another white sash and uses it to tie her submissive daddy's hands behind his back.

"That is better, as will be this..." Missy says as she slowly starts to undo her robe.

She is wearing a tight black leather corset that makes her already large boobs look simply huge, along with a pair of black fishnet stocking, while her matching black lace panties are crotch less.

Both Ellie and the father stare at her in wondrous awe looking at Missy in her completely slutty outfit. Ellie happens to glance over at

her daddy and sees a rather large bulge is forming in his blue jeans. She would have liked to stare at it longer, but Missy captures her attention instead by beginning to shower her with several long passionate kisses.

The father squirms on the couch watching the girls beginning to make out with each other like a pair of long lost lovers. His cock stiffens inside his blue jeans as he watches his wife reach down and begin to fondle his daughter's tits through the pretty lace strapless bra. Ellie sighs and leans back against her stepmother as Missy kisses slide from her mouth to her neck.

After roughly a minute of having her neck kissed passionately, while feeling up her boobs, both girls turn to the father and look at him long and hard.

Missy's voice is whispering inside Ellie's head now; giving her soft instructions of what to do and what to say. Ellie, being the good little girl she is, obeys the whispered instructions inside her head.

Missy continues to knead Ellie's boobs through the lace bra as Ellie whispers, "I bet you just love watching Mommy play with your little girls big tits huh Daddy?"

When he says nothing, Missy says firmly, "Answer her or I will send you back whence you came...unsatisfied."

"Y-yes I do." The father quickly responds as Ellie earlier suspicions that Missy really is in charge is confirmed.

"Well if you like that wait until you see this sweetheart," Missy says as she moves around Ellie, and plants herself on the couch next to the father.

She reaches out and pulls Ellie close to her as she moves to the very edge of the couch. The father watches with bated breath as his wife's hand move slowly up across the firm stomach of his daughter. They reach the soft white lace material of her bra where they start to knead the large tits trapped inside once more.

Then like watching the curtain being raised on some magnificent portrait the father watches as Missy hooks two fingers on the front of Ellie's bra and slowly pulls it down, allowing the daughter's large DD tits to come spilling out in all their splendid glory.

Both girls hear the father audibly sigh as he stares at his daughter's tits; his cock now a long painful rod of hard steel, which only gets harder as his wife begins to knead the now bare big black breasts of his daughter firmly.

She flicks one finger across her step-daughter's already taunt nipple making it snap to attention. The father lets out an even louder groan of untold desire as he sees his beautiful daughter's immense nipples come to life.

"Jesus her nipples are so big," he mutters to no one in particular marveling as he watches them reach their full one inch potential. Missy's long fingernails are flickering fast and faster across them making Ellie moan louder and louder still only increasingly the tension upon the father's aching cock.

One thing is for certain- he likes watching his daughter being so wickedly pleased by his wife. Missy, of course, knows this and uses it to her full advantage.

"Honey look at your daddy, squirming in his seat. I bet he would just love to attack those luscious black tits of yours my dear."

Ellie gives in to the teasing game, instinctively knowing the "master" wants her to do so. "He was always staring at my tits anyways, even when I was a teenager and they weren't so big. Now since you worked your magic on them he must find them quite..." Ellie pauses shooting her daddy a most fetching smile.

"Desirable," Missy finishes for her, letting her fingers slip from Ellie's now elongated nipples. They proudly jut out at the father as Ellie finds herself being pushed forward towards the edge of the couch.

Missy scoots around to where she is standing between them off to the side. "Scoot up to the edge of the couch honey," she says to her husband, "And take a good long, up close look at Ellie's big beautiful black boobs."

She laughs wickedly before adding, "Really close that is."

The father obeys the wife as he knows with a word or two of that damnable Old Latin the witch can send him back to the nether regions quite desperate and unsatisfied.

Ellie's daddy is now perched on the edge of the couch. Missy has him straighten up so as to where his face is mere inches from Ellie's delicious tits. He looks at them with wide staring eyes drinking in their gorgeous beauty; his cock growing to extreme levels of hardness. Things are about to go from bad to worse in the teasing department for the poor father though as Missy smiles and slips a hand around to the middle of Ellie's back.

"Now sweetheart I want you to use those tasty twin tarts of yours to massage your daddy's face." She pushes Ellie slightly forward bringing causing her tits to rub against the father's face.

"Don't you dare open that mouth of yours sweetie and begin to suck on your daughter's tits no matter how much painful desire it causes you." Missy says to him with a hard edge that he very well knows he had better not ignore.

Ellie, enjoying the moment, giggles as she pushes her breasts against his face. She finds it easy to sway back and forth on her slutty high heels and with Missy's helping hand guiding her that is exactly what she does.

The father, closes his eyes, feeling the incredibly soft and silky boobs of his daughter being pushed, rubbed, and shoved against his face. To make matters worse Missy is using one hand on the back of his head, applying pressure to force his face more fully into the deep valley between his daughter's tits.

The father strains against the white sash that binds his hands, wanting to reach out and grab his young daughter and to such untold things to her, but alas the witch, his wife, has secured the sash tight. There will be no escape. The fact that Ellie would be completely helpless to stop any attack upon that terrific little body of hers, since just like him, she has her hands helplessly bound behind her back, only makes him want her all the more.

He suffers in agonizing erotic pain, especially as Missy moves the teasing to the next level. She has Ellie pull back slightly, breaking contact with his face and whispers something in her ear that makes her break out in a soft spat of girlish giggles.

"That is wicked Mommy."

"Yes well I am the wicked Step Mother after all," she says proudly as she claps her hands and produces a large red popsicle out of midair.

"Cherry red, your daddy's favorite and most appropriate since he so badly wants to taste those big cherry... that is virgin tits of yours. Well virgin that is as a man never has tasted them."

"Yes Mommy only you."

"Tasted and enjoyed, just as your daddy will eventually but only if he can pass the test."

Missy steps behind her now, and brings the cherry red popsicle around to the front of Ellie. She begins stroking her nipples with the tip of the ice cold popsicle making them snap to attention immediately.

All this takes place mere inches from the father's poor trembling lips. He watches with bated breath as Ellie's inch long thick nipples jut out just barely brushing his lips as Missy pushes her forward slightly after removing the popsicle.

Ellie, warming to the game, sways her chest slightly, brushing her nipples across his poor lips.

"Don't you dare open that mouth of yours dear and try and taste your young daughter's delicious cherry nipples or..." Missy gives him a stern look knowing she need not finish her threat.

The father can only groan in response as he pulls away slightly from the wicked teasing of those sweet, juicy, moist and very erect nipples of his daughter's being brushed so maddeningly across his lips.

Missy responds by using her hand to keep his head from moving back any further as she leans over and whispers instructions in Ellie's ear. The long winded whispered instructions must have pleased her the father sees as Ellie says nothing only smiling and nodding her head to whatever diabolical plans Missy is whispering in her ear.

Ellie steps back, thankfully or maybe unthankfully, the father is not sure which, causing her breasts to slip away from his face, and then almost immediately afterwards the sash that binds Ellie's hands fall away from her.

"Now Ellie do as instructed." Missy tells her as she takes a step back to observe the proceedings that she is so carefully orchestrating.

Ellie steps forward pushing the father away from the edge of the couch, before she crawls on top of him straddling him.

She shoves her tits right in his face, and begins to sway her chest back and forth. She uses her hands, wrapping them around the back of his head, to literally bury his face between her breasts.

She leans in and whispers in his ear, "Mommy says I am to tell you to rub your lips all along my breasts, very lightly but nothing more." She then pulls back and strokes his face gently adding, "Do it please daddy, we must not make her angry."

The father does as he is told, allowing Ellie with the help of her hand on the back of his head to guide his face this way and that way all across the vast expanse of her large DD breasts. He shuts his eyes, and does his best to endure this "wicked punishment" of having his face massaged by his daughter lovely firm tits.

He pushes his lips out, doing as they both want, although it is so maddeningly tempting to do more instead of just simply lightly stroking those luscious black hills with his lips. And then it gets worse as Ellie pulls back enough where only her elongated nipples slips across first his cheeks and then to his mouth.

He moans silently to himself, closing his eyes, as he feels those large taunt nipples of his daughter brush slowly across his lips. He so very badly wants to open his mouth and begin sucking on them like there is no tomorrow, but to do so without his wife's permission would be courting disaster.

His cock is literally throbbing with intense hardness when Missy takes mercy on him and ends this erotic madness. He can only wonder what may come next.

Missy satisfies his curiosity by whispering some hurried instructions in his ear, before leading Ellie over to the large white carpet just a few feet away, where she can talk to her out of earshot of the father.

The father squirms, trying to relax his erection, but as he literally cannot tear his eyes off either of them it's a hopeless cause. His eyes

keep flickering between his wife's beautiful body wrapped in that sexy leather corset with the fishnet stockings, and his daughter's bare bouncy tits as they strut over to the rug.

He takes a deep breath just as Missy gives him a mischievous smile over her shoulder, before waving her hand in the air and suddenly she is holding a long black paddle that is fairly wide, and adorned with three small red hearts inlaid as a design on either side.

"What are you going to do with the paddle Mommy?" Ellie says quietly her breath catching in her throat as she is sure it's meant for her.

"Not for you baby," Missy says not even having to read her step daughter's mind as her large doe eyes are filled with fright so she understands perfectly well what Ellie was thinking.

"Then who...Daddy maybe."

"No baby. Me. You guys are going to give me a little spanking. I have been a very bad Mommy and a very teasing wife so I deserve to be punished." Missy hands the paddle over to her step daughter, and then with a wave of her hand produces a fresh cherry red popsicle, also handing that to her.

"A popsicle and a paddle, how nice Mommy," Ellie says smiling over at her daddy who is squirming in his seat as he just knows what is about to follow.

"Yes I know and now I will set my heart to being scared of what is to come with a quick spell as fear is always a most welcome emotion before intense pleasure."

Ellie watches as Missy closes her eyes for a second or two, chants something in Latin, and then a few seconds later her eyes flicker open.

"W-hat are you going to do with that paddle honey, and little girl where did you get the popsicle from...you are going to eat that in front of me you know cherry is my favorite."

"She is going to do something all right with it, maybe not eat it but something you wicked bitch."

Ellie takes a step back startled as she had not even noticed her daddy striding over to the rug. His hands are free and he has a most serious look on his face.

"Daddy you are free!!"

"Yes hon I am. The white sash wrapped around my wrists just magically fell off me. I think they are now intended for someone else," he says before walking around to Missy's backside and yanking her hands behind her back.

Missy yelps, and begins to struggle, but the father quickly overcomes her meager struggles and wraps the white sash that had been around his wrists tightly around his wife's now.

"Ok now no more chit chat it's time for you guys to take your sweet revenge upon me. Remember honey once the game begins I have made little Ms. Ellie here as sweet and innocent as the most virginal of school girls once more."

"So she will remember nothing of what has transpired earlier tonight. Of her sexual experiences with you before or with me earlier?"

"Gone like the wind from her mind."

"But Dad...Mom...I..." Ellie is about to protest how could she ever hope to forget the traumatic events of this evening when a most malignant stare from first her Mommy, and then another from her Daddy shuts her up.

"Good I want her pure and innocent once more," the father says settling the matter.

"And so she is. In a sense. Shall we begin?" Missy says her voice tinged with excitement as she stands there her wrists tightly secured behind her back.

"Of course," the father responds, and then watches as his wife utters some odd phrase or two in Old Latin directed towards Ellie that makes her blink her eyes as she is encased in a large cloud of blinding white smoke.

The smoke quickly clears and Ellie is now back to wearing that sexy strapless bra of hers, along with the matching white lace thong. She rubs her eyes and then stares at the both of them, almost as if she is seeing them for the first time.

The father leads them both back to the loveseat where he orders Ellie to sit down. He leans over and whispers some instructions in her ear.

"Of course daddy I will do that," Ellie says a wide grin breaking across her pretty face as she leers at her evil stepmother.

"You had better honey or it will be the worse for you when it's your turn."

Missy hears the conversation and is struggling harder against the restraints as the magic spell she has placed herself under is fully working leaving her to truly forget who she is and her mighty powers.

Instead of being the wicked witch in total control she has allowed herself to become simply the helpless prey in this new situation of her own creation.

The father positions Missy so she is sitting on the loveseat on her knees. He has her raise her bound hands enough to reveal that lovely bottom of hers as Ellie sits next to her- the popsicle at the ready.

The first blow, delivered happily by the father as he takes the paddle from his daughter, lands squarely on Missy's firm bottom. Her black leather thong, along with the black fishnet stockings, provide little coverage for her ass. Missy lets out a small yelp as the blow causes her to jump a bit, which produces a slight tremor to run through her body causing those massive 32E tits of hers to jiggle a bit under her leather corset; this is a fact that does not go unnoticed by a delighted Ellie.

"Boy Daddy I like the way Mommy's tits jiggle when you whack her. Do it again, harder this time. Make them really jiggle OK." She takes a long lick on the popsicle, noticing how it doesn't seem to be melting at all.

"Yes of course anything for you my darling daughter," the father replies a bit of malevolent grin spreading across his face.

Soon follows the sharp sting of the black paddle on her ass Whack...WHACK...WHACK! The father gives his wife three quick

blows on her bottom, each successively harder than the last. Each causes Missy to jump and cry out in painful delight. Once again her colossal tits jump and jiggle within the tight confines of her tight leather corset.

Ellie stares at her mother's tits with girlishly curiosity as they jiggle around in their leather prison. Their eyes meet, and then Ellie giggles, before slowly extending the large popsicle towards her mother's chest. She begins to rub the cold end of the popsicle all over her tanned chest above the leather corset.

The father gives his wife three more hard whacks as Ellie continues to circle the ice cold popsicle to the very edge of the black corset.

"You know Ellie that is a bit of a magical popsicle as it won't melt but only stay cold even as you continue to use it ..."

"Oh yeah I was wondering about that. So anyway... use it Daddy, how?" Ellie says curiously.

"On your Mommy, to tease her just as I whispered you would earlier. Remember? Now why don't you be a good little girl and help let loose your Mommy big beautiful tits OK baby. You do wanna see them right?"

"Oh yes. I have been dreaming of that for so long daddy...to see Mommy's big tits," Ellie says and then reaches up and begins to

slowly yank down the corset from the front just as the father begins to untie the strings in the back that hold it in place.

A bare few seconds later, the black corset has slipped down enough where Missy's tremendous boobs come spilling out of the top of it. Ellie lets out a low whistle as she stares at them thoughtfully, seeing them, in her mind thanks to the evil spell she is under, for the first time.

Ellie slowly brings the popsicle towards one of Missy's nipples. She brushes it up against first one and then the other, causing them to snap to attention from the icy coldness of the frozen treat.

Missy moans a bit as Ellie slowly circles the entirety of her areola with the popsicle, and then moans even louder as she is given four more hard whacks by the father who looks on over Missy's shoulder with utter delight at what his pretty little daughter is doing to her step-mother.

The popsicle moves from one tit to the other, attacking each nipple in turn as the paddle continues to assault Missy's ass which is turning bright red. Ellie is giggling with sheer delight as Missy's head lolls down, her pretty blond hair falling in her face, while moaning even louder at the icy attack upon her fully erect nipples.

"You know honey, your Mommy has very sensitive nipples so you must be driving her crazy. I think you need a second weapon there though so you can attack both of her big, beautiful tits at once."

"Yeah good idea and they really are so big and beautiful," Ellie replies smiling at her dad before laughing and adding, "And cold too I bet."

Magically, a second popsicle appears in Ellie's hand just as the idea popped in the father's brain, a trick earlier set up by Missy in their original planning. Now the attack really is about to be unleashed upon the poor mother in earnest.

Ellie uses both of her "weapons" now to full effect on her step mommy, swirling around the ice cold popsicles back and forth, slowly all around her nipples making the poor things ache for some warm attention.

All the while the father is continuing to slap the paddle down on his wife's ass with alternating force; not so hard as to cause her any real pain, but yet hard enough to make her wince with every blow.

The spanking, combined with the cold popsicle being rubbed over all over her large tits by the very playful Ellie, is causing a growing need in Missy that is quickly reaching epic proportions.

The father is more than willing to take advantage of the situation. He gives his wife a brief respite from her paddling, pausing to ask how she is holding up.

"I like the paddling you are giving me honey, but your daughter teasing my God damn tits...it's driving me crazy." Missy says her voice taking on a mournful quality that stops just short of making the father feel pity for her.

"Ahh poor Mommy," Ellie replies playfully, pulling one of the magical popsicles back. She starts to suck on it and in between slurps she says coyly, "I bet those big titties of yours are a really cold now huh."

"I would say so honey, just look how fully erect her nipples are," the father chimes in peering over his wife's shoulder.

"Yeah I see Daddy." Ellie says raising up so she is at eye level with her mom's chest. "And they have little goosebumps all over them, how cute," she adds with childlike curiosity.

"Not cute honey...cold...really cold." Missy spits out her voice desperate with unfulfilled passion.

"Are they Mom...really?"

The father whispers something in his wife's ear before they both turn their eyes expectedly on their daughter.

"My tits are frozen Ellie. Can't you ahh maybe warm them up for me...please honey...for Mommy."

Ellie looks at Missy coyly saying, "How should I do hmm?"

"Maybe with that sweet little mouth of yours baby. I bet it would do a real nice job of warming your Mommy's boobies up," the father tells his daughter sweetly.

Ellie licks her lips while staring at her mother's huge perfectly tanned tits as they jut out at her. Missy has arched her back bringing them close to Ellie's mouth as she sits facing her on the loveseat.

The father, although anxious to watch his pretty young daughter suck on her mother's boobies, decides a bit more playing is in order though first. "Yes good idea but not before a bit more teasing and a few more whacks with the paddle."

The father leans over and whispers instructions to Ellie, as he works on untying the balance of the strings that hold his wife's leather corset in place.

Hearing what is now expected of her, Ellie positions herself on the loveseat where her mouth hovers so very near Missy's midsection. The corset, which Ellie happily removes after the father had loosened it up enough, now lays on the floor thus allowing Missy's well-toned

tummy and chest completely bare to Ellie's hungry eyes, and even hungrier mouth.

Ellie brings the twin popsicles up to Missy's tits, once again rubbing the cherry coldness all over them, while lowering her mouth to her flat tummy. Her tongue darts out licking at Missy's belly button, tickling it lightly, just as the father begins attacking his wife's neck from behind with an onslaught of soft, delicate kisses right on the area that turns her on the most.

Missy groans with untold pleasure as she is being teased so enjoyably. Her daughter's tongue working all over her bare tummy, tracing small circles, her husband's kisses working their magic on her neck, while the two popsicles in tandem being worked all over her sizable breasts is becoming too much for her to bear. She wants more. Craves for more.

Ellie kisses are slowly working their way up towards her majestic mountains that are her ice cold breasts. Missy starts to beg as there is nothing left for her to do.

"Oh come on Ellie please hurry and get that warm mouth of yours on Mother's breasts...please baby..."

Ellie ignores her pleas and continues to slowly, ever so maddeningly slowly, work her way upwards. The husband has finally ceased kissing his wife on her neck and instead has pulled back to watch. To wait. For the moment is almost near.

Ellie's sweet, soft kisses have finally reached just below the twin peaks of her step-mother's breasts, where they pause once more causing a sharp "No baby...please don't stop," to escape from Missy.

Ellie pulls back just a bit. She looks at her daddy. He nods his head, while pulling back the paddle. She moves her mouth up, directly in front of Missy's heaving breasts. She sees the small goose bumps all over her engorged areolas and a chill of forbidden delight crawls up her spine.

Her mouth is mere inches away, so close that is that she decides to have a little fun. She playfully blows a soft breeze of air on one of Missy's fully erect nipples causing it to twitch.

Missy strains forward wanting to shove her tits in Ellie's mouth, but the husband hooks a hand around her wrist restraints holding her in place. Her breasts, icy cold and in dire need of warmth, hover just mere inches from Ellie's warm lips and hot little tongue. And now to make matters worse they are being teased even further as Ellie continues to blow a soft cool breeze of air on to each one in turn.

The husband smiles wickedly as he watches his daughter move one of the popsicles downward between Missy's thighs. It slips between her thighs, bathing each one with icy coldness, as Ellie moves it back and forth between them.

The cold popsicle has changed its shape to indeed resemble that of a large penis, magically of course all due to Missy's pre-planned spell. It now rests just inches from Missy's wet opening, which lays open and unprotected thanks to the crotch less black lace panties she is wearing. Her legs have been shoved rudely apart by the father just moments before.

The husband brings down the paddle in a smooth arc whacking Missy's behind unexpectedly with the hardest blow yet. He has loosened his grip on her restraints so the force of the blow, catching Missy off guard, forces her whole body to jump forward.

Missy's chest jiggles forward as the blow stuns her. Her pain is quickly overcome though by the warmth of her daughter's mouth enveloping her cold, erect nipple. The blow, as planned, has caused Missy's body to move forward just enough, allowing Ellie's open and most eager mouth to be filled with her mother's nipple.

At the same time Missy's nipple is being smothered with welcoming heat from Ellie's tongue the phallus shaped popsicle, which very much by design, had been mere inches from its target, finds its mark. The momentum of the blow forcing Missy's body forward allows the large popsicle to slide up inside her filling her with an icy warmth of coldness.

Missy shudders from the large phallus shaped popsicle being buried inside of her, especially as Ellie begins to work it in and out, in and out, as the same time she lathers her aching nipple with glowing warmth from her wicked little tongue.

The father watches all this over his wife's shoulder before joining in on the fun by turning his wife's mouth towards his. They kiss deeply, cutting off a desperate cry of forbidden passion from her.

The kiss breaks off as Missy tries to catch her breath. Ellie has pulled back and is smiling up sweetly at her Mommy. "Again daddy?"

"Oh God yes again...do it again." Missy pleads with them her voice nearly breaking from desire.

And so it was to be. Again and again, the husband brought the paddle down swift and hard on his wife's ass, making her large tits jiggle and jump and find their way into Ellie's waiting mouth. Again the icy cold 8 inch phallus shaped popsicle below finds its way up and into Missy's throbbing pussy as her whole body jumps forward from the blows being rained down on her.

Again and again Missy rides this wicked carousel of pleasure. At some point the paddle is forgotten as it slips down to the ground. Missy is lost in a world of pleasure as Ellie is raining kiss after sweet little kiss all over her step mommy's tits, while the father's cups them behind in his warm hands.

As the father begins to knead the coldness out of his wife's tits, Ellie begins to frantically suckle on them completing the task of thoroughly warming Missy's cold tits up.

At the same time Missy's tits are being given the royal treatment by the husband's warm hands and the daughter's hot little mouth, her pussy is being fucked faster and harder by the large cherry penis popsicle. The louder Missy moans the harder and faster Ellie is shoving the popsicle up and inside her mother.

Finally, at the father's urging Ellie slips off the loveseat and onto her knees. She buries her face in between her step-mother's thighs. Her pussy tastes, not surprisingly, like cherries — Ellie's favorite.

Ellie wicked little tongue darts in and out of her mother's pussy making her shudder as it finds her swollen clit. The warmth of her mouth is a most welcome relief from the cold fucking she just took from the icy popsicle.

The father meanwhile has picked up where his daughter left off and is sucking on his wife's mammoth tits like a crazed madman, while the daughter continues to give her mother's pussy a most thorough going over with her tongue and lips.

Ellie closes her eyes and pretends her mother's pussy is someone she is making out with. She gives it dozens of small delicate kisses before really letting go with her tongue shoving it deep and hard against her mother's clit.

When Ellie begins to sense her mother is about to come, she pulls back just long enough so Missy can hit both her mental and physical reset button. And then the whole thing starts all over again.

Missy is brought to the edge twice like this before the third time Ellie simply lacks the willpower to stop. Actually she was debating if she should stop or go on when, at the ultimate moment of truth, the father reaches around and shoves his index finger deep up into his wife's soaking wet snatch box, while at the same time he showers her weak spot on the neck with a series of passionate kisses. And then just to emphasize the point of what must happen next, he tangles one hand in his daughter's hair shoving her face deeper between her mother's legs.

Realizing the floodgates are about to burst wide open, Ellie attacks Missy's clit with renewed vigor, this time not letting up. Flicking her tongue up and down on her mother's swollen clit, she hears Missy begin to moan louder and louder with increasing passion, which only encourages her to keep going.

The orgasm, when it finally comes, hits Missy so hard her knees buckle and give out. With her wrists still secured firmly behind her back, she collapses onto her daughter, which luckily, breaks her fall.

The father stands back as the girls end up in a tangle on the carpet. He watches as Ellie takes pity on her mother and releases her from her restraints. He then watches with increasingly bemusement as mother and daughter begin to kiss so very passionately as they roll around on the soft carpet.

Missy is exclaiming her love for her daughter in between kisses as well as telling her that was "the most powerful orgasm she had ever experienced."

Ellie smiles back at her mother, and whispers both her love and admiration for her mother's beautiful tits and sweet tasting pussy. Finally, Missy rises to her feet, dresses again in her black slutty corset and smiling at Ellie as she helps her stand up saying, "I do think it's time now to finish what we started with your daddy before this little break."

"You mean we are going to tease him so more Mommy?" Ellie says innocently as if she did not know that was the plan exactly.

"Yes he has yet to ...ahh come tonight and that is something that must be addressed, but only after another through bit of teasing I would think."

"Me too thinks that," says Ellie giggling like a school girl as she watches Missy wrap the white sash around her father's wrists.

Missy leads her husband back over to the loveseat ordering him to sit down as round two of his teasing is about to commence and this time there will be now stopping until he has released that virtual flood of sperm that has been building in his loins all night.

And then all according to the grand plan laid out by the wicked stepmother, her young 20 year old stepdaughter will finally lose her virginity as she is bound and shackled to the white carpet.

Missy grins evilly at the thought of watching her lovely stepdaughter being de-flowered by her daddy...with her help of course. Missy can't help but to wonder once the daddy has made sweet love to his daughter and has softly broken her in, just how big of a strap on dildo the poor little thing will be able to take as an encore!!

THE END