

# **Mother's Vengeance**

**Emily Sinclair**

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Digging my fingernails into the backs of Laci's thighs, I shoved her legs back as my tongue licked along her moist slit. This was all new to me – having just lost my virginity to the very woman whose pussy I now licked only the day before, but if there was one thing I could say with absolute certainty it was that I loved the way she purred every time her juices filled my mouth nearly as much as the taste.

“Mmmm, you're getting pretty good at this, babe,” Laci moaned. “Aahhhh...uhn...shit, easy down there. Those piercings still hurt like a bitch.”

“Sorry,” I said, gently tracing a finger down the plugs in her right outer labia spelling CARNAL and then the left spelling CREEK with a tiny pair of cuffs inlaid in the bottom most plug. “I still can't believe you were willing to let Carla train you as a sex slave just to be with me.”

“Yeah, well, that's in the past now, right?”

Bunching my fingers together, I placed the tips about an inch into her and paused. I knew she could take my entire hand thanks to our time at the Carnal Creek sex club, but I wanted to tease her a bit. “I don't know,” I said pushing my fingers in another inch “you tell me. Isn't there anything from our experience at that place that you liked?” My fingers slipped in to the knuckles and her moan caused my clit to tingle. When she rocked her hips to take more I yanked back and gave her vulva a light slap.

“Fucking Christ! What was that for?”

“For trying to take more than I was offering,” I grinned. THWAP! Another slap on her pussy. “And that one was for not answering my questions.”

“W-What questions?”

“I told you to tell me if what we did at the club last night was behind us, and asked if there was anything we did that you liked.” Letting my hand hover over her clit I stared her in the eyes and waited for her to answer.

“Yes, it's all behind us now. I mean, going to the club anyways. If you're interested in exploring a bdsm relationship I'm all for it, but please stop slapping my pussy. I don't want the piercings migrating or getting infected. And you know I loved everything we did together. Including taking your fists. But most of all I love the way you lick my pussy and suck my clit. Now, will you please fist me?”

Pushing my fingers back into her pussy up to the knuckles I heard a gasp behind me. Spinning around, I saw my step-mother Renee standing there with her eyes wide. “Excuse me, don't you know how to knock?”

“Sorry, sorry I wanted to talk to you about last night but, um, I can see you're a little busy at the moment.”

“You're more than welcome to watch, Mrs. Danvers,” Laci purred. “Really, I don't mind at all.”

“LACI! That's my mother you're talking to!”

“Step-mother. And I was teasing. Mostly,” she winked.

Pulling my fingers from my girlfriend's pussy, I got off the bed and faced my step-mother – the fact that her eyes were slowly going from the ring in my septum down to those in my nipples, belly button, hood and the same labia plugs as Laci, did not escape my notice. And that's not to mention the tattoos. “What do you want, mom? And thanks for ruining the damn moment by the way.”

“Language, young lady. And like I said, I came to talk about what happened between you and your mother last night. I still can’t believe how much you’ve changed. Why you would let that woman do all of that to you.”

“She was about to fist me, Mrs. Danvers,” Laci said, sitting up, but keeping her legs spread. “Can you do that? Take a fist, I mean. Though I wouldn’t stop you if you wanted to pick up where she left off.”

“DAMMIT LACI! Would you please stop hitting on my mother?”

“No, no I cannot. Take a fist, that is. Or fist you for that matter. I’m a happily married woman and I’m not going to risk ruining the best thing in my life. And Izzy’s right. You better stop teasing me or she’s really going to get jealous.”

“I’m not...look, mom made her opinion very clear. I’m nothing but a whore in her eyes and if she wants to talk then she can come up here and do it herself.”

“We both know she’s never going to do that. I tried talking to her, but she’s as stubborn as a mule and you’re no better.”

“I heard what you said last night and I appreciate it, but if she’s in the wrong here not me. I will not be the one begging for forgiveness. Yeah, I went more than a little crazy with the sex and getting all of this done, but it was my choice and for her to jump right to me being a whore just because I let a few guys fuck me was a huge step over the line. I will never apologize for what I’ve done just because she hates men.”

“For good reason,” Laci said, getting off the bed and moving behind me. “If what happened to her ever happened to me I’d probably have nothing to do with men either.”

“Who the hell’s side are you on?”

“Yours, of course. Look, Mrs. Danvers is right. You and your mother are both thickheaded and one of you is going to have to woman up and start talking or you’re both going to regret it. Do you really want to end up like me and my mother?”

“That’s completely different. She abused you, tried to sell you to men for drug money. If my mother ever tried that with me talking would be the last thing on my list. The point is, I did nothing wrong and she flipped her fucking lid. If she wants to apologize, fine, but I’ll be damned if I’ll have anything to do with her before that happens. Now, if you don’t mind I need to go take a shower and get something to eat before heading to class.”

“It’s Saturday,” my step-mother replied. “Look, I’m sorry I bothered the two of you. Go back to whatever it is you’re into and I’ll try to talk to your mother.”

“You heard her,” Laci said with a pinch on my ass. Wrapping her arm around my waist she kissed my neck as my step-mother left the bedroom. When the door thumped closed, I was tossed onto the bed and Laci landed between my legs.

“How can you possibly be thinking about sex after that? Ooohhhh!” I gasped when her entire right hand slid into my pussy without warning. “That is so not fair! Come on Laci I am really not...not in the...uuhhnnn. Okay, but only for a minute.”

“That’s my girl. I think we both know this is going to take a lot longer than a minute.”

Her hand pulled from my pussy. THWAP! THWAP! THWAP! THWAP! Four hard slaps on my vulva and then he hand was once again wrist deep. Fucking it in and out several times, my legs were pushed and held back and my asshole was suddenly stretched open. At first my brain registered nothing, but then I jerked back and screamed bloody murder. “Aahhgghhhh! Son of a fucking bitch that hurt!”

“What do you mean it hurt? Didn’t Carla fist your ass last night?”

“NO! She only fisted my pussy. You’re the only one to take it in both. Motherfucker it stings. Am I bleeding?”

“I am so, so sorry. I just assumed since she double fisted me she did the same to you. Roll over and let me check you out. If there’s bleeding...”

“Bleeding? What are you talking about, bleeding?” my biological mother said from the doorway. “What in the hell are you doing in here?”

“Go away, mom, this is none of your concern.”

“None of my concern? I’d call hearing my daughter screaming in pain at the tops of her lungs the very definition of my concern. Now what is this talk about bleeding?”

“I was under the impression Izzy did something at the club last night that I did. I was mistaken and accidentally hurt her. Now do as she asked and go away.”

“You hurt...that’s it! Get the fuck out of my house and don’t you dare step foot...”

“MOM! Stop it. It was an accident and I’m fine,” I lied. My ass hurt like hell, but I did not want to give her more ammunition with which to shoot me with.

“I’m only going to ask this one more time and then I’m arresting you for assault. What did you do to my daughter?”

“SHE SHOVED HER FIST MY ASS!” I blurted out. “There, have another reason to call me a whore. Now get out and leave us alone.”

“I want you both dressed and downstairs in five minutes or else.” Slamming the door behind her, I hear my mother stomping down the hallway.

“We should probably do as she says. But first I want to look at your ass.”

“Just keep your hands out.” Rolling onto my knees, I lowered my head to the pillow, reached back and spread my aching ass open. “Well, how bad is it?”

“I’m no doctor, but it doesn’t look too bad. There’s some blood, but I don’t see anything too serious. Still might be a good idea to go see a real doctor.”

“I think I’ll pass on that. Come on, let’s get dressed before my mother barges in again.”

“What do you think she’s going to say?”

“I have no idea, but it’s probably nothing we’ll want to hear.”