Little Spoon

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Vulpes Parvaes, Book 12; The Chariot, Book 12

Chapter 1: Unexpected Arrival

Jessica's legs still burned from the final suicide drills when she pushed open the front door of her family's two-story house in the quiet suburbs. The late-afternoon sun slanted through the living-room windows, catching on the sweat that glistened along her collarbones and the damp patch between her shoulder blades. Her tight volleyball uniform clung to her petite, athletic frame like a second skin: the navy-blue spandex shorts rode high on her toned thighs, the matching jersey stretched across her small, firm breasts. Beneath it all, her sports bra and boy-short panties were soaked through, the faint musk of exertion and the sharp tang of adrenaline still clinging to her skin. She was twenty, blonde hair pulled back in a messy ponytail, cheeks flushed from the workout, and all she wanted was a long, hot shower and the privacy of her own bed.

Instead, she froze two steps inside.

A woman she had never seen before lounged on the sectional like she already owned the place. She was stunning—early twenties, Hispanic, with rich olive skin, long waves of glossy black hair cascading over one shoulder, and a body that curved in ways that made the air feel thicker. Full, heavy breasts strained against a simple white tank top, the thin fabric doing nothing to hide the dark outline of her nipples. Her hips flared generously beneath low-slung yoga pants, the kind that hugged every inch of her thick, smooth thighs. A single gold hoop glinted in one ear as she turned her head, dark eyes locking onto Jessica with a slow, knowing smile.

"Hi," the woman said, voice low and velvet-smooth, like warm honey poured over gravel. "You must be Jessica. I'm Isabella."

Jessica's parents were already there—Mom perched on the arm of the couch, Dad leaning against the doorway with a glass of iced tea—both of them wearing matching expressions of easy delight. Mom's hand rested lightly on Isabella's shoulder, as if they were old friends. Dad chuckled at something Isabella had just said, the kind of warm, genuine laugh he usually saved for family.

"Sweetheart, you're home!" Mom called, waving her over. "Come meet Isabella properly. She's going to be staying with us for a while."

Jessica forced a polite smile, the unease prickling up her spine like static. "Staying…?"

Isabella unfolded herself from the couch with feline grace, rising to her full height—taller than Jessica by a good three inches—and extended a hand. Her fingers were warm, soft, and lingered a heartbeat too long. "Your parents have been so kind. I had some… housing trouble at school. They insisted."

School. Jessica's mind raced. She was the only one still living at home while commuting to the local college for volleyball. There was no guest room. The house had exactly three bedrooms: her parents', the office, and hers.

Dad set his tea down. "We told her she could share your room, honey. It's a big king bed. Plenty of room for both of you. We're not letting her sleep on the couch like some stranger."

Jessica's stomach flipped. "Wait—my room?"

Mom nodded brightly, as if it were the most natural thing in the world. "It'll be good for you girls to bond. Isabella's wonderful company. You'll see. You two head upstairs and get settled. We'll handle dinner down here ourselves—don't worry about us."

Isabella's smile deepened, something unreadable flickering behind her eyes. "I promise I don't snore," she murmured, just loud enough for Jessica to hear. Her gaze drifted down Jessica's body—slow, deliberate—tracing the sweat-darkened jersey, the way the spandex shorts cut into the crease where thigh met ass. Jessica felt the look like a physical touch, and a strange, liquid heat bloomed low in her belly, pulsing between her legs. She pressed her thighs together instinctively, confused by the sudden dampness that had nothing to do with volleyball practice.

The bedroom door clicked shut behind them.

Isabella turned the lock with a soft snick. Then she crossed to the small overnight bag she'd already placed in the corner and pulled out a set of comfortable pajamas—soft, pale-pink cotton shorts that hugged her thick thighs and a matching camisole top that clung to her heavy breasts, the thin straps leaving her smooth shoulders bare. She changed right there in front of Jessica, peeling off her tank and yoga pants without a hint of modesty, her full curves on full display for a moment before the pajamas slid into place.

"After practice like that, you must be dying for a shower," Isabella said, voice silky. She gestured toward the attached bathroom. "Go on. I'll wait right here."

Jessica hesitated, but the sweat on her skin felt sticky and the strange heat between her legs only grew under Isabella's steady gaze. She stepped into the bathroom, leaving the door open the way Isabella's expectant look seemed to demand. Isabella leaned against the doorframe, arms crossed under her breasts, pushing them up invitingly against the soft fabric of her camisole.

Jessica peeled the jersey up and over her head, revealing the sports bra clinging to her small, perky breasts. The cool air hit her sweat-slick skin and she shivered. Next came the bra, tugged off to expose pale, flushed nipples already pebbled tight. Isabella's dark eyes burned, drinking her in. Jessica hooked her thumbs

into the waistband of her shorts and shoved them down along with her panties in one awkward motion. The fabric stuck briefly to her damp folds before sliding free, and she stepped out, completely bare. She could feel Isabella's stare on every inch of her—on the curve of her ass, the smooth line of her shaved pussy, the faint sheen of arousal already glistening there.

She stepped under the hot spray. Isabella never looked away. Water cascaded over Jessica's toned body, tracing rivulets between her breasts, down her flat stomach, and between her thighs. She soaped up quickly, hyper-aware of the clothed woman watching her every move, the soft pink pajamas making the contrast feel electric. By the time she shut off the water, her cheeks were burning and her nipples were painfully hard.

Jessica stepped out, dripping, and reached for a towel. Isabella held up a hand.

"Not yet," she said softly. "Dry off right here. I want to talk while you're still… fresh."

Jessica obeyed without thinking, grabbing the towel and patting herself down slowly under Isabella's gaze. Water droplets slid over her skin as she dried her arms, her breasts, the flat plane of her stomach, and finally between her legs, where the towel came away slightly slick. Isabella's eyes followed every stroke.

"Here's how it's going to be in *our* bedroom," Isabella said, stepping closer. The scent of her—warm vanilla and cinnamon—mixed with the steam. "CFNF. Clothed Female, Naked Female. I wear whatever I like. You… stay completely naked. Always. No clothes, no towels, nothing. This room is mine as much as yours now, and I like my little roommate on full display."

Jessica's breath caught. "I… what?"

Isabella smiled, reaching out to tuck a damp strand of blonde hair behind Jessica's ear. Her fingers brushed Jessica's bare shoulder, sending a spark straight to her core. "Your parents already agreed we share the bed. One bed. I like skin on skin. So you'll sleep nude every night. I'll stay in my comfy pajamas… and I'll spoon you tight. You get to choose—big spoon or little spoon. Either way, my body is pressed right up against yours until morning."

Jessica stood there naked, towel forgotten in her hands, heart hammering. The cool air kissed her damp skin, her nipples tight, her pussy throbbing with a confusing, insistent ache. Isabella's gaze dropped again, lingering on the glistening wetness between Jessica's thighs.

"Pick your side of the bed," Isabella whispered, already pulling back the covers. "Big spoon or little spoon. But you're staying exactly like this. Naked. For me."

Jessica's legs moved on their own. She climbed onto the mattress, heart racing, and chose to face away—little spoon. Isabella slid in behind her immediately, the

soft cotton of her pajamas brushing teasingly against Jessica’s bare back. Heavy breasts, still warm and full beneath the camisole, molded against her spine. One of Isabella’s thick thighs pushed between Jessica’s legs, the fabric of the shorts dragging deliciously over bare, slick skin. A warm, possessive arm draped over her waist, palm splaying low on her stomach, fingers just brushing the top of her mound.

Isabella’s breath ghosted the shell of Jessica’s ear. “Perfect,” she whispered. “This is how we sleep every night from now on. You’ll get used to it… and you’ll start to crave it.”

Jessica lay rigid, skin tingling everywhere they touched, the slick heat between her thighs undeniable now. Isabella’s hand flexed once, a silent promise, while downstairs her parents laughed and clattered dishes, already forgetting why any of this had ever seemed strange. High above them, spooned tight against the clothed beauty who felt dangerously like home, Jessica’s breath hitched as the first slow, confusing wave of need rolled through her body.

Chapter 2: The First Night

The house had gone quiet hours ago. Downstairs, the clink of dishes had faded into the low hum of the television, then nothing at all. Jessica lay motionless in the dark, every nerve ending screaming. The king-sized bed felt both too big and far too small. Isabella’s body was a furnace behind her—soft pink cotton camisole and shorts the only barrier between them— yet the heat of her skin still bled through. Those full, heavy breasts pressed firmly against Jessica’s bare back with every slow breath. The thick thigh wedged between Jessica’s legs had shifted higher during the night, the smooth fabric of the pajama shorts now nestled right against her slick, aching pussy.

Jessica’s heart wouldn’t slow down. She was completely naked, exactly as Isabella had commanded, her small breasts rising and falling rapidly, nipples stiff and sensitive against the cool sheets. Every tiny movement made Isabella’s thigh glide teasingly along her folds, spreading the embarrassing wetness that refused to stop leaking out of her. She could smell herself—sharp, needy, unmistakably aroused—and she was sure Isabella could too.

A low, sleepy murmur vibrated against the back of Jessica’s neck.

“Shhh… relax, little spoon.” Isabella’s voice was thick with something darker than drowsiness. Her hand, which had been resting innocently on Jessica’s stomach, slid lower. Fingers splayed wide, palm warm and possessive, brushing the smooth, bare skin just above her mound. “You’re so tense. Let me help you settle.”

Jessica’s breath hitched as those fingers drifted even lower, tracing the crease where thigh met hip, then slipping inward until the tips grazed the very top of

her swollen lips. Not quite inside. Not quite enough. Just enough to make her clit throb helplessly.

“I… I don’t—” Jessica started, voice barely a whisper.

“Shhh.” Isabella’s lips brushed the shell of her ear, hot and damp. “Your parents already love having me here. They’re downstairs right now, forgetting why they ever needed a guest room. Forgetting little things about you, too. Like how you used to hog the remote. Or that you hate mushrooms on pizza.” A soft, wicked chuckle. “They’re happier this way. And so are you. Feel how wet you are for me already?”

Jessica whimpered. She tried to squeeze her thighs together, but Isabella’s leg was already there, holding her open. The slow, lazy grind of cotton against her bare pussy sent sparks racing up her spine. Isabella’s hand cupped her fully now, two fingers gliding slickly along her slit without pushing inside, spreading her arousal in lazy strokes.

“Every night,” Isabella whispered, the words sinking into Jessica’s mind like warm syrup, “you’ll sleep just like this. Naked. Pressed against me. My good little roommate. My pretty blonde toy. You’ll start to crave the way my body feels against yours. The way my voice sounds in your ear. The way your pussy drips when I touch you… even when you tell yourself you shouldn’t.”

Jessica’s hips jerked involuntarily, chasing the maddening pressure. Isabella rewarded her with a single slow circle around her clit—light, teasing, gone too soon. Then the hand returned to her stomach, holding her close like a lover.

“Big spoon or little spoon doesn’t matter,” Isabella purred. “You belong right here. Mine.”

Exhaustion finally pulled Jessica under, but the dream came fast and filthy.

In it, Isabella was still behind her, still spooned tight in those soft pink pajamas, but now her fingers were inside Jessica—two thick digits pumping deep while her thumb worked tight circles over her clit. Isabella’s heavy breasts rubbed against her back, nipples hard even through the fabric. “Come for me, baby,” dream-Isabella whispered. “Come on my fingers like the obedient little slut you’re going to be.” Jessica came hard in the dream, thighs shaking, a broken moan tearing from her throat—

—and woke with a gasp, hips grinding desperately against Isabella’s thigh.

The room was still dark. Isabella’s breathing was slow and even, as if she’d been asleep the whole time. But her hand had slipped between Jessica’s legs again, two fingers resting possessively right over her dripping entrance, not moving, just holding her there. Claiming her.

Jessica’s face burned with shame and need. Her pussy clenched around nothing, slick and swollen and so sensitive she could have come from a single breath. She stayed perfectly still, terrified to wake the woman behind her… and even more terrified that she might not.

Isabella’s lips curved into a slow, satisfied smile against Jessica’s neck, even though her eyes remained closed.

“Sweet dreams, little spoon,” she breathed, so softly it might have been imagination. “Tomorrow night will be even better.”

Jessica closed her eyes, trembling, the confusing throb between her legs now a constant, aching promise. Down the hall, her parents slept peacefully, already beginning to forget the daughter who used to live here.

Chapter 3: Whispers in the Dark

The second night set the pattern. By the third, it already felt inevitable.

Jessica had spent the day in a fog—volleyball practice a blur of spikes and serves she could barely remember, her body moving on autopilot while her mind kept drifting back to the king-sized bed upstairs. Every time she shifted on the bench or felt the seam of her uniform press between her legs, she remembered the soft pink cotton of Isabella’s pajamas dragging across her bare pussy. The memory made her clit throb so hard she had to excuse herself to the locker room and splash cold water on her face.

Now the house was dark again, and the routine clicked into place like a lock.

Isabella had changed into fresh pajamas the moment they’d closed the bedroom door— another soft set, this time pale lavender, the camisole thin enough that her dark nipples showed clearly through the fabric whenever she moved. She’d watched Jessica strip with that same calm, hungry smile, then patted the mattress. “Little spoon again tonight, baby?”

Jessica had nodded without speaking, cheeks burning, and crawled in naked. The moment Isabella slid in behind her, the heat of those heavy breasts molding to her back made Jessica’s breath catch. The thick thigh pushed between her legs exactly as it had the night before, cotton shorts nestling right against her already-slick folds. Isabella’s arm draped over her waist, palm flat and warm on her stomach, fingers splayed possessively.

They lay like that for long minutes, the only sound their breathing. Then Isabella’s hand began to move.

It started innocently enough—slow, lazy strokes up and down Jessica’s toned abs, tracing the faint lines of muscle from volleyball. But the strokes grew wider, bolder. On the fourth pass, Isabella’s fingertips brushed the underside of Jessica’s small breast. On the sixth, her palm cupped the entire breast fully,

thumb brushing across the stiff nipple in a slow, deliberate circle.

“Shhh,” Isabella whispered when Jessica tensed. Her lips were right against the shell of Jessica’s ear, breath hot and sweet. “Just relaxing you. Your body’s so pretty when it’s all flushed and needy like this.”

Jessica’s nipple tightened painfully under the soft pad of Isabella’s thumb. A fresh gush of wetness coated Isabella’s pajama-clad thigh where it pressed between her legs. She tried to stay still, tried to pretend she wasn’t grinding in tiny, helpless circles, but her hips betrayed her.

Isabella’s voice dropped even lower, silky and rhythmic, the words sliding into Jessica’s half- asleep mind like warm oil.

“Your parents are starting to forget things, little spoon… just little things. They can’t quite remember your favorite cereal anymore. Or the way you used to beg for extra practice time after dinner. It’s easier this way. They’re so much happier thinking about me instead.”

Jessica’s eyes fluttered. The words should have terrified her. Instead they sank deep, mixing with the slow, teasing roll of Isabella’s thumb across her nipple and the steady pressure of cotton against her dripping pussy.

“Every night you sleep like this,” Isabella continued, the hypnotic cadence never breaking, “you’ll crave me more. My body against yours. My voice in your ear. You’ll wake up wet and aching, counting the hours until I can spoon you again. You were always meant to be the naked one in this bed… my pretty blonde roommate who stays bare for me.”

Isabella’s hand slid lower, cupping Jessica’s mound fully now, two fingers resting along her slick slit without pushing inside. She held her there, possessive and still, while her voice kept weaving the spell.

“Mom and Dad already love having their new daughter around… they’re starting to forget you were ever the only one.”

Jessica whimpered, the sound small and broken. Her clit throbbed against Isabella’s fingers, but Isabella refused to give her more—just that maddening, constant pressure while the whispers poured into her ear.

The dream came again, deeper this time.

In it, Isabella was still spooned tight behind her, but now the pajamas were gone. Skin on skin, Isabella’s heavy breasts rubbing against Jessica’s back, one thick thigh holding her legs open while two fingers pumped slowly, lazily inside her. “Good girl,” dream-Isabella purred. “Let Mommy forget all about you. Let her remember me instead. Your pussy knows who it belongs to now…”

Jessica came in the dream—hard, shaking, soaking the sheets—while Isabella's voice kept whispering how natural it felt, how right it was.

She woke gasping, hips jerking against the real Isabella's hand. The sun was just starting to lighten the curtains. Isabella's fingers were still cupped possessively over her pussy, slick and warm from hours of Jessica's helpless leaking. The lavender camisole was damp where Jessica's back had pressed against those full breasts all night.

Isabella's eyes were half-lidded, watching her with dark satisfaction.

"Morning, little spoon," she murmured, voice husky from sleep. She gave Jessica's mound one slow, possessive squeeze, then withdrew her hand and licked her fingers clean right in front of her. "Mmm. You taste even better after a full night of dreaming about me."

Jessica lay there, naked and trembling, pussy aching so badly she could have cried. Shame burned in her chest. But beneath it, deeper and far more dangerous, was the undeniable truth: she was already counting the hours until tonight—until Isabella would strip into those soft pajamas again, pull her close, and whisper more of those wicked, perfect lies while her hands roamed wherever they wanted.

Down the hall, Jessica's mother called up the stairs, voice bright and cheerful.

"Isabella, honey? Breakfast is ready! Come down whenever you're dressed."

She didn't call for Jessica at all.

Isabella smiled against Jessica's neck, pressed one last lazy kiss to her skin, and whispered, "See? It's already working."

Jessica closed her eyes, slick and throbbing and utterly lost, as the first real crack in her old life widened beneath her.

Chapter 4: Borrowed Clothes, Stolen Touches

Jessica woke to the feeling of warm, soft cotton pressed against her bare ass.

Isabella's thick thigh was still wedged between her legs, the pale lavender pajama shorts now damp from hours of Jessica's helpless leaking. Those heavy breasts—barely contained by the thin camisole—molded perfectly to Jessica's back, nipples stiff and insistent against her skin. Isabella's hand rested possessively over her mound, two fingers resting along her slick slit like they belonged there.

"Morning, little spoon," Isabella purred, voice husky with sleep. She gave Jessica's pussy one slow, claiming squeeze, then slid her hand away, leaving her throbbing and empty. "Time to get up. I'm borrowing some of your clothes today."

Jessica’s stomach flipped. “What? Those are my—”

Isabella was already out of bed, stretching luxuriously so her full breasts strained against the camisole. She crossed to Jessica’s closet as if it were her own, pulling out a pair of Jessica’s favorite tight volleyball shorts—the navy-blue spandex ones that barely covered her own toned ass on practice days. Isabella stepped into them, shimmying the fabric up her thicker, curvier thighs. The material stretched obscenely, riding high and cutting into the soft flesh of her hips, the crotch seam disappearing between her plump pussy lips. She paired it with one of Jessica’s cropped college tanks, the thin white fabric stretching tight across her heavy breasts, her dark nipples clearly visible.

“Help me adjust,” Isabella commanded softly, turning to face her.

Jessica stood there naked, still flushed from the night’s teasing, and stepped closer on trembling legs. Isabella took her wrists and guided her hands to the waistband of the shorts. “Pull them up a little higher for me, baby. Make sure they’re snug.”

Jessica’s fingers brushed Isabella’s warm skin as she tugged the shorts higher. The backs of her knuckles grazed the smooth curve of Isabella’s ass, then the front, right over the mound where the fabric was already growing damp. Isabella hummed in approval, hips rolling forward so Jessica’s hand pressed more firmly against her.

“Perfect,” Isabella whispered. “Now the top.”

She lifted her arms. Jessica slid the cropped tank down over those full breasts, her palms accidentally cupping and lifting them as she smoothed the fabric. Isabella’s nipples dragged across her skin, stiff and hot. When the shirt was in place, Isabella caught Jessica’s wrists again and held them there, pressing her hands flat against the heavy, soft weight of her tits.

“Feel how much better they look on me?” she murmured. “Your little clothes were made for a body like mine.”

Jessica’s breath came fast and shallow. Her own pussy was dripping down her inner thighs now, a thin, glistening trail she couldn’t hide. She should have pulled away. Instead she stood there, naked and aching, while Isabella’s dark eyes drank in every inch of her bare skin.

Downstairs at breakfast, the parents barely glanced at Jessica.

“Isabella, honey, those shorts look adorable on you,” Mom said brightly, setting a plate in front of the curvier girl. “They fit you so much better than they ever did on Jessica. You really fill them out.”

Dad nodded, smiling at Isabella like she was the center of the universe. “Looks great. You two bonding up there?”

Jessica opened her mouth to protest. “Those are my shorts—”

“Jessica,” Mom snapped, voice sharp for the first time in days. “Don’t be rude. Isabella is our guest. If she wants to borrow your clothes, you’ll share. You’ve been acting so selfish lately.”

Isabella’s hand found Jessica’s bare thigh under the table and squeezed, a silent warning. Her fingers crept higher, brushing the slickness leaking from Jessica’s pussy.

“It’s okay,” Isabella said sweetly to the parents. “She’s just adjusting. We’re getting very close.”

Back upstairs after breakfast, Isabella closed and locked the bedroom door.

“Strip me again,” she ordered, already pulling Jessica close. “I want to feel your hands taking my—*your*—clothes off me.”

Jessica obeyed, fingers shaking as she peeled the tight shorts down Isabella’s thick thighs. The fabric was soaked at the crotch. When she tugged the cropped tank up and over Isabella’s head, those heavy breasts bounced free, nipples dark and stiff. Isabella caught Jessica’s face in both hands and pulled her forward until her cheek pressed between the soft, warm cleavage.

“Breathe me in,” she whispered.

Jessica did. The scent of Isabella—vanilla, cinnamon, and the faint musk of arousal—flooded her senses. Her own pussy clenched hard, another trickle of wetness sliding down her leg.

Then the daytime dream hit like a lightning strike.

One moment Jessica was standing there, face buried between Isabella’s breasts. The next she was on her knees in the middle of the bedroom, completely naked, while Isabella stood over her in the stolen volleyball shorts and nothing else. Isabella’s hand fisted in Jessica’s blonde ponytail, guiding her forward until her mouth was pressed to the soaked crotch of the spandex. “Lick,” dream-Isabella commanded. Jessica obeyed, tongue dragging over the fabric, tasting the sweet, tangy wetness that had soaked through. The shorts were yanked aside and Jessica’s face was buried between thick, plush thighs, tongue sliding deep into Isabella’s dripping pussy while those strong fingers held her in place. “Good little roommate,” dream-Isabella moaned. “This is what you were made for…”

Jessica came back to herself with a gasp, still standing, still naked. A fresh gush of arousal had run all the way down to her knee. Isabella was watching her with dark, satisfied eyes, one hand idly circling her own nipple.

“Daydreaming about me already?” Isabella purred. She stepped close, fully naked now, and slid two fingers through the mess on Jessica’s thigh, collecting

the slick evidence. She brought them to Jessica’s lips. “Open.”

Jessica parted her lips. Isabella pushed her fingers inside, letting her taste herself—sweet, desperate, shameful.

“Tonight,” Isabella whispered, leaning in until their bodies brushed, “when I spoon you again, I’m going to tell you more secrets about who you really are. And you’re going to come in your sleep for me like the obedient little toy you’re becoming.”

Jessica trembled, pussy aching, mind spinning. The borrowed clothes lay on the floor between them like a claim. Isabella smiled, already reaching for a fresh set of soft pink pajamas to wear for the day—comfortable, cute, and completely clothed while Jessica remained exactly as the rule demanded.

Naked. Wet. And increasingly, helplessly hers.

Chapter 5: Topless Chores

Jessica spent the morning in a haze of humiliated need.

She had woken spooned tight against Isabella once again—naked, of course, her petite body molded to the curvier girl’s front like it had been sculpted for exactly that position. Isabella’s soft blue cotton pajamas (fresh pair, the camisole thin enough to show every stiffening nipple) had been warm and teasing against her bare skin all night. Those heavy breasts pressed into Jessica’s back, one thick thigh still wedged between her legs, the damp crotch of the pajama shorts slick from Jessica’s endless leaking. Isabella’s hand had cupped her mound possessively until the alarm, fingers never quite giving her what she craved.

Now, downstairs in the living room, Isabella made her move.

She lounged on the sectional in those same soft blue pajamas, legs spread comfortably, the shorts riding high on her thick thighs. The outline of her plump pussy was visible through the thin fabric. Jessica stood before her completely naked—CFNF rule strictly enforced the moment they were alone—arms at her sides, nipples already traitorously hard.

“Mom, Dad,” Isabella called sweetly toward the kitchen, “I had an idea that might help Jessica build some confidence. She’s been so tense lately. What if she did her chores topless? Or… well, maybe even fully topless around the house? It’s a great way to break down inhibitions. I read about it online—body positivity and all that.”

Mom poked her head in, smiling at Isabella like she was brilliant. “That sounds wonderful, honey. Jessica, you heard her. Topless chores from now on. It’ll be good for you.”

Dad chuckled from the doorway. “Whatever Isabella thinks is best. She’s got such great ideas.”

Jessica’s mouth opened in protest, but the words died when Isabella’s dark eyes locked on hers and one perfectly arched brow rose. The memory of last night’s whispers—*your parents are forgetting you*—flooded back, mixing with the fresh throb between her legs. She reached up with shaking hands and peeled away the tiny tank top she’d been allowed to wear downstairs. Her small, firm breasts bounced free, pale pink nipples tightening instantly under the cool air and Isabella’s hungry stare.

“Good girl,” Isabella murmured, just loud enough for Jessica to hear. She spread her legs a little wider on the couch, the blue shorts pulling tight across her mound. “Now start with the dusting. I’ll supervise.”

For the next two hours Jessica moved through the house like a living doll on display. She vacuumed, wiped counters, folded laundry—all while completely topless, her toned volleyball body on full show. Every time she bent over, her small breasts swayed. Every time she reached high, her nipples brushed the air and hardened further. Isabella never took her eyes off her. She stayed sprawled on the sectional, legs parted invitingly, one hand idly tracing circles on her own inner thigh while the other scrolled on her phone. The crotch of her pajamas grew visibly darker, wetter.

Jessica’s pussy dripped steadily down her inner thighs. She could feel it—hot, shameful trails sliding toward her knees as she worked. Her nipples ached, stiff peaks that begged for attention she knew she wouldn’t get. Every time she passed the couch, Isabella’s gaze dragged over her like a physical touch.

“Looking good, little spoon,” Isabella whispered during one pass. “Keep those pretty tits out for me. Your parents love how helpful you’re being.”

By late afternoon Jessica was trembling with arousal and humiliation, her mind foggy, the daytime dream from yesterday flickering at the edges of her thoughts—kneeling, tongue buried in Isabella’s soaked pussy.

That night, the bedroom door locked with its familiar soft click.

Isabella changed slowly into fresh pale-blue pajamas while Jessica stood naked and waiting. Then Isabella pulled her into bed, arranging them in their now-familiar spoon. Jessica was little spoon again, back to those soft, heavy breasts, the cotton-clad thigh sliding between her slick legs once more.

This time Isabella’s reward was slower, more deliberate.

Her hand drifted down Jessica’s flat stomach, over the smooth mound, then bypassed her throbbing clit entirely. Instead, warm fingertips traced feather-light patterns along the sensitive skin of Jessica’s inner thighs—up and

down, up and down—never quite reaching the dripping folds that clenched desperately around nothing.

“You were so good today,” Isabella whispered hotly against her ear, voice thick with praise and power. “Doing all those chores with your tits out for me… letting everyone see how pretty and obedient you are. Good girls get rewards.”

Jessica whimpered, hips trying to chase the teasing fingers. Isabella kept them just out of reach, stroking the crease where thigh met pussy, then pulling back.

“Shhh. Not yet, baby. But soon. Good girls get to taste me soon.” The words sank deep, hypnotic and promising. “Imagine it—your pretty little mouth between my legs while I wear these soft pajamas and stroke your hair. You’ll be so good for me, won’t you?”

Jessica’s breath came in short, needy gasps. Her nipples were diamond-hard. Her pussy leaked in a steady, humiliating drip onto Isabella’s thigh. The fingers kept teasing, circling closer, then retreating, edging her mercilessly while the whispers poured into her ear.

“Mom and Dad are already calling me ‘daughter’ more than they call you ‘Jessica.’ It feels right, doesn’t it? You were always meant to be the naked helper… the one who stays bare and wet for me.”

Jessica’s eyes fluttered shut, lost in the slow, torturous strokes and the velvet voice rewriting her world. The orgasm stayed just out of reach—close enough to drive her insane, far enough to make her crave tomorrow even more.

Isabella smiled against her neck, pressed one last possessive kiss there, and settled in for the night, fingers still lazily tracing those inner thighs.

“Sleep, little spoon. Dream about tasting me.”

Jessica did. And when she woke the next morning, soaked and aching, the first thing she saw was Isabella’s satisfied smile.

The cracks in her old life were widening into canyons—and every one of them felt dangerously, addictively good.

Chapter 6: Bottomless and Breathless

Jessica woke with a desperate, full-body ache.

Isabella’s soft blue pajamas were still pressed against her bare skin, the camisole damp where Jessica’s back had been grinding against those heavy breasts all night. The thick thigh between her legs was slick and warm from hours of Jessica’s leaking. Isabella’s hand had stayed cupped over her mound even in sleep, fingers resting possessively along her swollen, throbbing slit. The moment Jessica stirred, Isabella gave her pussy one slow, claiming squeeze and whispered against her ear, “Good morning, little spoon. Today we’re adding a

new rule."

Downstairs at breakfast, Isabella made the announcement while Jessica stood naked beside the table, nipples tight, a thin trail of arousal already glistening on her inner thigh.

"Mom, Dad," Isabella said sweetly, spooning yogurt into her mouth, "Jessica's been doing so well with the topless chores. I think it's time we take it further—bottomless around the house. Waist down, completely bare. It'll help her let go of those last little inhibitions. Don't you think?"

Mom didn't even blink. "What a thoughtful idea, sweetheart. Jessica, you heard Isabella. Bottomless from now on. It's for your own good."

Dad smiled at Isabella like she'd invented sunshine. "Whatever you girls decide. You're really helping her grow, Isabella."

Jessica's face burned. She opened her mouth, but the protest died under Isabella's dark, commanding gaze. Her hands moved on their own, sliding her tiny sleep shorts down and stepping out of them. From the waist up she wore nothing; from the waist down she was now completely, shamefully exposed—smooth, shaved pussy on full display, lips puffy and glistening.

Isabella's eyes dropped straight to the slickness already coating Jessica's thighs. "Perfect," she purred. "Now go about your day, baby. I'll be right here… supervising."

The new rule turned the entire house into a stage built for Jessica's humiliation and need.

She moved through her chores bottomless—dusting, loading the dishwasher, folding laundry —while Isabella lounged on the sectional in her soft blue pajamas. The curvier girl had one leg hooked over the arm of the couch, the other spread wide. The crotch of her pajama shorts was already dark with her own arousal. As Jessica passed by carrying a basket of clean towels, Isabella casually slipped her hand inside the waistband of those shorts.

Jessica froze.

Isabella's fingers disappeared beneath the blue fabric. A soft, wet sound filled the room as she began stroking herself—slow, lazy circles over her plump clit, then dipping lower to push two fingers inside her own dripping pussy. Her heavy breasts rose and fell under the thin camisole, nipples stiff and obvious.

"Keep working," Isabella murmured, eyes half-lidded with pleasure. "But watch me while you do it. I want you to see exactly what your obedience does to me."

Jessica obeyed. She dusted the shelves with trembling hands, eyes locked on the obscene display. Isabella's fingers pumped slowly, in and out, the wet sounds

growing louder, more obscene. Her hips rolled lazily, thick thighs flexing. Every few strokes she pulled her fingers free and spread the glistening wetness across her swollen lips, letting Jessica see everything.

By the time Jessica finished the living room, her own pussy was a dripping, aching mess. A steady trickle ran down the inside of her leg all the way to her ankle. She couldn't look away. Couldn't stop the tiny, helpless whimpers that escaped her throat.

That night the bedroom door locked with its familiar click.

Isabella changed into a fresh pair of pale-pink pajamas—soft, innocent-looking cotton that only made the contrast crueler. She pulled Jessica into bed and arranged them in their usual spoon. Jessica was little spoon again, back pressed to those full, heavy breasts, the cotton of the camisole teasing her bare skin.

This time Isabella didn't tease with fingers.

She ground.

The moment they were settled, Isabella's hips rolled forward, pressing the damp crotch of her pajama shorts firmly against Jessica's bare ass. The thick thigh between Jessica's legs held her open while Isabella began a slow, deliberate grind—rubbing her clothed pussy up and down the cleft of Jessica's ass, then dragging the soaked fabric along her dripping folds from behind.

"Feel that?" Isabella breathed hotly against her ear, voice thick with lust and power. "That's what you do to me. Every time you walk around bottomless for me… every time you watch me play with myself… I get this wet."

The grinding intensified. Isabella's hips moved in long, rolling thrusts, the soft cotton dragging over Jessica's swollen clit again and again. The pressure was perfect—enough to drive her straight to the edge in minutes—but never quite enough to let her tip over. Every time Jessica's breathing grew ragged and her thighs started to shake, Isabella slowed, pulling back just enough to leave her dangling.

"Please…" Jessica whimpered, the word slipping out before she could stop it.

Isabella smiled against her neck and ground harder, letting the soaked crotch of her pajamas smear Jessica's own slickness everywhere. "Not yet, little spoon. You don't get to come until you're ready to admit you were always meant to be my naked, dripping toy. Until your parents forget you completely… and you stop fighting how good it feels."

The hypnotic whispers poured into Jessica's ear between thrusts.

"Your resistance is cracking, baby… I can feel it in how your pussy keeps flooding my thigh. Soon you'll stop pretending. Soon you'll beg to taste me while I wear

these soft pajamas and you stay bare and desperate."

Jessica's mind spun. Confusion still flickered at the edges, but it was drowning under wave after wave of raw, aching need. Her hips started moving on their own, pushing back to meet every grind, chasing the maddening friction. Tears of frustration pricked her eyes even as fresh arousal gushed out of her.

Isabella kept her right there—edging her mercilessly, grinding slow and deep against her bare ass and dripping pussy—until Jessica was a trembling, whimpering mess of need.

When Isabella finally stilled, she pressed one last, possessive kiss to Jessica's neck and whispered, "Sleep like this. Dream about how much better it's going to feel when I finally let you come on my tongue."

Jessica lay there in the dark, naked and spooned tight, body throbbing, resistance splintering apart.

Arousal had won. And the worst part—the most dangerous, delicious part—was how right it was starting to feel.

Chapter 7: Practice Pet

Jessica's legs felt like jelly the entire drive to the college gym. She had woken that morning still spooned naked against Isabella, the curvier girl's soft lavender pajamas damp from another night of helpless grinding and leaking. Isabella's hand had been cupped possessively over her bare pussy, fingers slick, and the moment Jessica stirred, Isabella had given her mound one slow squeeze and whispered, "Today I'm coming to practice with you, little spoon. I want to see my good girl in her element."

At home Isabella had dressed in a simple white tank top that hugged her heavy breasts and a short pleated athletic skirt that showed off her thick, smooth thighs. She had watched Jessica pull on her tight navy volleyball uniform—jersey and spandex shorts—but stopped her before she could add panties. "No underwear today," Isabella had purred, sliding two fingers through the slick mess already coating Jessica's inner thighs. "Easier for me to admire what's mine."

The moment they stepped into the echoing gymnasium, Isabella turned on the charm like a switch. She greeted Coach Ramirez with a warm, dazzling smile, complimented the team's energy, and somehow knew every player's name within minutes. Laughter rippled across the court. Teammates who barely noticed Jessica anymore were suddenly clustering around Isabella, hanging on her every word. Even the coach was nodding, patting Isabella on the shoulder like she'd been part of the program for years.

Jessica tried to focus on drills—spikes, serves, blocks—but her mind kept fracturing. Every time she moved, the seam of her tight spandex shorts rubbed against her bare, swollen pussy, reminding her she was completely naked underneath. Her nipples tightened against her sports bra. A thin trail of arousal was already threatening to soak through the dark fabric.

During the first water break, Isabella patted the bench beside her. “Sit, baby,” she whispered, voice low and velvet-rough with hypnotic weight. “Right here next to me. Spread your legs nice and wide. I want to see how wet my practice pet is getting for me.”

Jessica’s cheeks burned scarlet, but her body obeyed before her mind could catch up. She sat on the end of the bench, knees falling open, the short legs of her uniform riding high. The crotch of the spandex pulled tight, molding obscenely to her smooth, puffy lips. Anyone glancing from the right angle might have noticed the dark wet spot blooming there, but Isabella’s subtle influence made the rest of the team laugh and chatter obliviously a few feet away.

Isabella’s dark eyes dropped straight between Jessica’s spread thighs, drinking in the sight. “Mmm. Look at you,” she murmured, just for Jessica’s ears. “Dripping already and we’ve barely started. Keep them spread like this every break. Let me admire what belongs to me.”

It happened again and again. Every timeout, every water break, Jessica found herself back on the bench with her legs splayed wide, pussy exposed and throbbing under the thin spandex while Isabella watched openly, licking her lips. The risk of being seen—coupled with the casual way Isabella charmed everyone around them—left Jessica trembling with humiliation and raw need. Her shorts grew soaked. Her clit pulsed visibly against the fabric. Yet no one questioned it. No one even seemed to register that Isabella was slowly, publicly claiming her.

By the end of practice Jessica could barely walk straight, thighs slick, mind foggy with desperate arousal.

That night the bedroom door locked with its familiar click.

Isabella changed slowly into a fresh pair of soft mint-green pajamas—the camisole thin enough to show her stiff dark nipples, the shorts riding high on her thick thighs. She pulled a trembling, naked Jessica into bed and arranged them in their usual spoon. Jessica became little spoon, back pressed to those full, heavy breasts, the soft cotton of the camisole teasing her bare skin.

This time there was no teasing.

Isabella’s hand slid down Jessica’s stomach, over her mound, and cupped her dripping pussy possessively. “You were such a good practice pet today,” she whispered hotly against Jessica’s ear. “Spreading your legs for me in front of

everyone… letting me watch you leak for me. You've earned your reward."

She shifted her hips, guiding Jessica's head lower while keeping their bodies tightly spooned. Isabella pulled the crotch of her mint-green pajama shorts aside, exposing her plump, glistening pussy. The scent of her—warm vanilla, cinnamon, and rich, sweet musk—flooded Jessica's senses.

"Taste me, little spoon," Isabella breathed. "This is what good girls get."

Jessica's first hesitant lick dragged slowly up Isabella's slick folds. The taste exploded across her tongue—sweet, tangy, addictive. A broken moan escaped her. Isabella's thick thighs trembled around her face as she licked again, deeper, hungrier, burying her tongue inside the wet heat.

Isabella kept her spooned tight, one hand fisted gently in Jessica's blonde hair, grinding slowly against her mouth while the other arm wrapped around Jessica's waist, holding her close. "That's it, baby… just like that. Worship me while I spoon you. Let my taste rewrite everything else in that pretty head."

Jessica licked and sucked with desperate devotion, nose pressed to Isabella's clit, tongue fucking deep. Isabella's hips rolled in lazy, rhythmic thrusts, smearing her wetness across Jessica's lips and chin. The sounds were obscene—wet, hungry, filthy—while Isabella's soft pajama-clad breasts rubbed against Jessica's bare back.

When Isabella finally came, it was with a low, shuddering moan that vibrated through both of them. Her thighs clamped around Jessica's head, pussy flooding her mouth with sweet, addictive nectar. Jessica drank every drop, whimpering, grinding her own soaked pussy helplessly against Isabella's thigh.

Isabella didn't let her stop. She kept Jessica's face buried between her legs, riding out the aftershocks while whispering hypnotic praise into the dark.

"You're mine now, little pet. My naked, dripping practice toy. And tomorrow night… you'll beg for this again."

Jessica lay there, face glistening, body trembling with unspent need and overwhelming pleasure, spooned tightly against the woman who was quietly erasing her entire world.

And for the first time, the thought didn't scare her.

It only made her wetter.

Chapter 8: Foot of the Bed

Jessica's tongue still carried the sweet, addictive taste of Isabella when she woke the next morning—naked, of course, her petite body curled at the edge of the king-sized bed like an afterthought. The memory of last night's reward lingered: face buried between thick, pajama- clad thighs, tongue buried deep in Isabella's

dripping pussy while those soft mint-green shorts stayed pulled aside. Her own orgasm had been denied again, leaving her throbbing and empty.

Downstairs at breakfast the shift had become impossible to ignore.

“Pass the syrup, sweetheart,” Mom said, smiling warmly at Isabella. “Our daughter always knows exactly how much you like on your pancakes.”

Dad nodded without hesitation, sliding the bottle toward the curvier girl. “That’s my girl. Isabella, you really are fitting right in. Better than we ever expected.”

Jessica sat there bottomless and topless under the house rules, nipples tight, a fresh trickle of humiliated arousal already sliding down her inner thigh. She opened her mouth to correct them—*I’m your daughter*—but the words wouldn’t come. Instead, a confusing fog settled over the thought, softening the edges of her own memories. Had she always been the one doing chores? Had Isabella always been the one laughing easily with her parents at the table?

Isabella caught her eye across the breakfast plates and smiled, slow and satisfied. Under the table her bare foot slid up Jessica’s leg, toes tracing the slick trail on her thigh before pressing lightly against her swollen, bare pussy. “Good morning, little pet,” she whispered just for Jessica. “Eat up. You’ll need your strength tonight.”

The day passed in a haze of chores and stolen glances. Isabella wore one of Jessica’s old cropped tanks and tight shorts again, looking effortlessly sexy while Jessica remained fully exposed. Every time Jessica passed her, Isabella’s hand would brush her ass or cup one small breast, pinching a nipple just hard enough to make her whimper. The parents barely noticed anymore. They only had eyes for “their daughter.”

That night, the bedroom door locked with its familiar soft click.

Isabella changed slowly into a fresh pair of soft white cotton pajamas—innocent-looking, almost sweet. The camisole clung to her heavy breasts, thin straps leaving her smooth shoulders bare, dark nipples already stiff against the fabric. The matching shorts rode high on her thick thighs, the crotch already damp from the day’s teasing.

“New arrangement tonight, pet,” Isabella said, voice low and commanding. She patted the foot of the bed. “You sleep down here from now on. Naked, of course. Like a good little pet at her owner’s feet. I want you close… but exactly where you belong.”

Jessica’s heart hammered. Shame and confusion warred inside her, but her body moved before her mind could catch up. She crawled to the foot of the bed and curled up on her side, completely bare, the cool sheets against her flushed skin. Isabella slid under the covers at the head of the bed, stretching luxuriously so the

white camisole rode up and exposed the soft curve of her stomach.

“Miss…?” The word slipped out of Jessica’s mouth before she could stop it. Her cheeks burned instantly. Where had that come from? Yet saying it sent a fresh gush of wetness between her legs.

Isabella’s dark eyes gleamed with triumph. “Mmm. I like that. Keep calling me Miss if it feels right, little pet. Your memories are getting so fuzzy, aren’t they? It’s getting harder to remember you were ever anything but my naked, obedient roommate.”

Jessica lay there at the foot of the bed, trembling, as the lights went out. Sleep came in fits, her mind swirling with half-remembered volleyball practices, family dinners, and the growing certainty that Isabella had always belonged here more than she had.

Hours later, in the deep quiet of the night, something warm and smooth pressed between her legs.

Jessica woke with a gasp.

Isabella’s bare foot—soft, perfectly pedicured, still warm from the sheets—had slipped down the length of the bed and nestled right against her dripping pussy. The arch of her foot rubbed slowly up and down Jessica’s slick folds, toes curling teasingly around her swollen clit. Isabella herself was still lounging comfortably at the head of the bed, propped on pillows, watching with half-lidded eyes.

“Shhh,” Isabella murmured, voice husky with sleep and power. “Just relaxing my little pet. Feel how wet you are for Miss already?”

The foot pressed firmer, the ball of it grinding in slow, deliberate circles against Jessica’s clit while two toes dipped lower to tease her entrance. Jessica whimpered, hips rocking helplessly against the sole of Isabella’s foot, chasing the maddening friction. Her small breasts rose and fell rapidly, nipples painfully hard in the cool air.

“Memories blurring yet, baby?” Isabella whispered, never stopping the slow, claiming rub of her foot. “You’re starting to forget what it felt like to be the daughter here. It feels so much better to be my naked little servant, doesn’t it? Say it for me.”

“Miss…” Jessica moaned again, the word pulling another rush of slick heat from her core. She was grinding shamelessly now, riding Isabella’s foot like a desperate animal, the white cotton pajamas at the other end of the bed a constant, clothed reminder of her own complete nudity.

Isabella’s toes curled tighter, pressing just inside her entrance without fully entering, while the arch kept perfect pressure on her clit. “Good girl. Sleep like this from now on. At my feet. Ready for whenever Miss wants to wake you up and

play.”

Jessica came close—dangerously, achingly close—but Isabella pulled her foot away at the last second, leaving her throbbing and empty. The foot returned only to rest possessively against her mound, warm and slick with Jessica’s own arousal, holding her there like a claim.

“Dream about me, pet,” Isabella murmured, already drifting back to sleep. “Dream about how natural it feels to call me Miss… and how much wetter it makes you every single time.”

Jessica lay at the foot of the bed, naked and trembling, pussy aching, mind fracturing beautifully under the weight of Isabella’s control.

The old Jessica was fading fast.

And the new one—the one who dripped at the word “Miss”—was learning to love every second of it.

Chapter 9: Social Rewrite

Jessica woke at the foot of the bed, naked and aching, Isabella’s foot still resting possessively against her slick, swollen pussy. The soft white cotton of Isabella’s pajamas glowed faintly in the morning light, a constant reminder of the CFNF rule that now defined every moment they were alone. Jessica’s face was still sticky from last night’s reward, her tongue heavy with the taste of Isabella’s cum. She had come untouched twice in her sleep, grinding helplessly against that warm sole while dreams of being nothing but Miss’s personal toy played behind her eyes.

Isabella stretched luxuriously at the head of the bed, heavy breasts straining the thin camisole, then crooked a finger. “Come up here, pet. Time to help Miss with a little project.”

Jessica crawled up the mattress on all fours, heart hammering. Isabella had her phone open— Jessica’s phone, unlocked with a passcode Jessica no longer remembered setting. Isabella’s fingers flew across the screen while Jessica knelt beside her, completely bare, nipples tight and pussy dripping onto the sheets.

“Watch,” Isabella murmured, voice velvet-smooth. She opened Jessica’s Instagram, her TikTok, her family photos. One by one, posts vanished. Old volleyball highlights disappeared. Selfies with teammates were deleted. Captions that once said “my family ” were replaced with new ones Isabella typed herself: pictures of Isabella smiling with Mom and Dad, captioned “my beautiful daughter and her proud parents.” Jessica’s face in group shots was subtly blurred or cropped out. Her bio was rewritten: *Just a lucky girl who gets to serve the real star of the house.*

Every deletion sent a strange, warm pulse through Jessica’s core. Memories flickered— practice wins, birthday parties, family vacations—but they felt distant, dreamlike, less real than the soft press of Isabella’s thigh against her hip right now.

“See?” Isabella whispered, turning the screen so Jessica could watch. “You were never really the daughter here. You’ve always been my quiet little helper in the background. It feels better this way, doesn’t it? Cleaner.”

Jessica whimpered, a fresh trickle of arousal sliding down her inner thigh. She should have fought. Instead she leaned in, pressing her small breasts against Isabella’s arm, desperate for contact.

Isabella smiled and kissed her forehead. “Good pet. Now go set the table for dinner. On your knees. Completely naked. Miss wants to be served properly tonight.”

Dinner was a slow, humiliating ritual.

Jessica crawled from the kitchen to the dining room on her hands and knees, carrying plates one at a time between her teeth or balanced carefully on her back. Her small breasts swayed with every movement, nipples brushing the cool floor. Her ass was high in the air, smooth pussy glistening and exposed for anyone who cared to look. Mom and Dad barely glanced at her; their eyes stayed on Isabella, who sat at the head of the table in fresh pale-yellow pajamas that clung to every lush curve.

“More water, Miss?” Jessica whispered, voice trembling with shame and need as she knelt beside Isabella’s chair.

Isabella stroked her hair like a favored pet. “Yes, baby. And then you can wait right here under the table while we eat.”

The parents chatted happily about Isabella’s “future plans” and how proud they were of their daughter. Jessica knelt naked beneath the tablecloth, face inches from Isabella’s thick thighs, the scent of her arousal drifting down from the damp crotch of those soft yellow shorts. Every time Isabella shifted, the fabric brushed Jessica’s cheek.

When the meal ended and the parents retired to the living room with coffee, Isabella locked the bedroom door behind them.

“On the bed, pet. On your back. Head at the edge.”

Jessica obeyed instantly. Isabella stood over her, then slowly lowered herself. She pulled the crotch of her yellow pajama shorts aside, revealing her plump, dripping pussy, and settled her full weight onto Jessica’s face. The soft, warm flesh smothered her—nose buried against Isabella’s clit, mouth sealed over her entrance.

Isabella sighed in pleasure and picked up Jessica's phone again, scrolling lazily through the newly rewritten profiles. Her hips rocked in slow, unhurried circles, grinding her wetness across Jessica's lips and tongue.

"Mmm, look at this," she murmured casually, as if they were simply chatting. "All your old friends already commenting on how happy I look with my family. They're tagging you as 'the helpful roommate' now. It's like you were always meant to fade into the background… my personal toy, my naked little servant who exists to please me."

Jessica moaned into Isabella's pussy, the vibrations making Isabella's thighs tremble. Her tongue licked deeper, desperate and obedient, tasting every sweet drop that coated her face. Isabella's heavy breasts rose and fell under the thin yellow camisole as she kept scrolling, one hand occasionally reaching down to pinch Jessica's stiff nipple or stroke her dripping folds without letting her come.

"You were always supposed to be right here," Isabella continued, voice thick with building pleasure. "Under me. Naked. Licking. While I wear these soft pajamas and rewrite your entire world. Doesn't it feel perfect, pet? Say it with your tongue."

Jessica answered with long, worshipful strokes, sucking gently on Isabella's clit, lost in the taste, the weight, the casual dominance. Isabella's hips moved faster, grinding harder, using Jessica's face like a toy while she casually deleted the last traces of Jessica's old life from every app.

When Isabella finally came, it was long and lazy, a deep, shuddering orgasm that flooded Jessica's mouth and chin. She stayed seated for minutes afterward, lazily rocking through the aftershocks, phone still in hand, while Jessica lay beneath her, trembling, soaked, and utterly broken.

Isabella finally lifted just enough to look down, dark eyes gleaming with satisfaction.

"Tomorrow we go further, little toy," she whispered, stroking Jessica's soaked cheek. "And every day after that, you'll forget more… until the only thing left in that pretty head is how good it feels to be mine."

Jessica lay there, face glistening, body throbbing with denied need, the last fragments of her old identity dissolving under the sweet, heavy weight of Isabella's control.

And deep down, in the wet, aching core of her, she was already starting to thank her for it.

Chapter 10: The New Normal

Jessica woke at the foot of the bed, naked and trembling, Isabella's foot still nestled possessively between her slick thighs. The soft white cotton of Isabella's

pajamas had grown damp again during the night from Jessica's endless leaking. Her mind felt softer now— fuzzier—old memories of volleyball trophies and family photos replaced by the simple, constant awareness that she existed to serve.

Downstairs, the new normal had settled in completely.

"More coffee, sweetheart?" Mom asked, beaming at Isabella as she sat at the head of the table in fresh pale-lilac pajamas that clung to her heavy breasts and thick thighs. "Our daughter always knows exactly how strong I like it."

Dad chuckled, ruffling Isabella's dark hair. "That's my girl. Jessica, be a dear and top off Isabella's plate. You're such a helpful little maid these days."

Jessica moved on autopilot, completely naked, small breasts swaying as she fetched the syrup and refilled plates. Her smooth, shaved pussy glistened openly; a thin trail of arousal already tracked down her inner thigh from the casual humiliation. No one commented on her nudity anymore. It was simply how things were. She was the live-in maid. Isabella was the daughter.

Isabella caught her eye and smiled, slow and victorious. Under the table her bare foot slid up Jessica's leg again, toes pressing lightly against her dripping folds. "Good maid," she murmured just for her. "Keep that pretty pussy wet for Miss all day."

The entire day became a blur of naked service. Jessica cleaned the house on her hands and knees, dusted shelves with her bare breasts brushing against furniture, folded laundry while Isabella lounged on the couch in her lilac pajamas, legs spread so Jessica could see the growing wet spot at the crotch of the shorts. Every time Jessica passed, Isabella's hand would casually cup one small breast, pinch a nipple, or slide two fingers through the mess between her legs—never enough to let her come, just enough to keep her throbbing and desperate.

By evening Jessica was a trembling, dripping mess, mind hazy, the last stubborn fragments of her old identity dissolving like sugar in warm water.

That night the bedroom door locked with its familiar click.

Isabella changed slowly into a fresh pair of soft baby-blue pajamas—the camisole so thin her dark, stiff nipples were clearly visible, the matching shorts riding high on her thick, smooth thighs. She patted the mattress beside her.

"Up here tonight, maid. Miss wants you close for your reward… and your final lesson." Jessica crawled onto the bed, naked and aching. Isabella arranged them in a tight spoon— Jessica as little spoon, back pressed to those full, heavy breasts, the soft cotton of the camisole teasing her bare skin. Isabella's thick thigh slid between her legs, the damp crotch of the blue shorts nestling right

against her swollen, dripping pussy.

Then the edging began.

Isabella's hand drifted down Jessica's flat stomach, over her smooth mound, and cupped her fully. Two fingers parted her slick folds and began slow, lazy strokes—up and down, circling her throbbing clit, dipping just inside her entrance before pulling back. Over and over. For what felt like hours. Every time Jessica's breathing grew ragged and her hips started to shake, Isabella slowed or stopped completely, leaving her dangling on the razor's edge.

"Beg for it, little maid," Isabella whispered hotly against her ear, voice thick with control and lust. "Beg to be my lesbian servant slut. Tell Miss exactly what you are now."

Jessica whimpered, grinding helplessly against the soaked crotch of Isabella's pajamas. Tears of desperate need pricked her eyes. "Please, Miss… I—I'm your lesbian servant slut. Your naked little maid. Please let me come for you…"

Isabella smiled against her neck and kept the maddening strokes going—faster now, but still never quite enough. "Louder, pet. Tell me you were never the daughter. Tell me you were always meant to be my dripping, obedient toy."

"I was never the daughter," Jessica gasped, voice breaking. "I was always yours… your naked lesbian servant slut… please, Miss, please let your maid come—"

Isabella finally shifted, rolling Jessica onto her back and sliding down the bed with predatory grace. She hooked Jessica's trembling thighs over her shoulders, still fully clothed in the soft baby-blue pajamas, and lowered her mouth to Jessica's soaked pussy.

The first long, slow lick of Isabella's tongue shattered everything.

Jessica cried out, back arching off the mattress. Isabella licked her like she was savoring something precious—broad, flat strokes from entrance to clit, then tight, swirling circles around the swollen nub. She sucked gently, then harder, two fingers sliding deep inside and curling against that perfect spot while her tongue never stopped its relentless worship.

"Come for Miss, my lesbian servant slut," Isabella murmured against her dripping folds. "Come on my tongue and let the last of the old you melt away."

The orgasm hit like a tidal wave. Jessica screamed, thighs clamping around Isabella's head, pussy flooding her mouth in long, pulsing gushes. Her vision whited out. Every muscle seized and shook as wave after wave crashed through her, the pleasure so intense it felt like her mind was being rewritten in real time. Isabella kept licking through it, drawing it out, milking every last tremor until Jessica was a sobbing, twitching wreck of pure, overwhelming bliss.

When it finally ebbed, Isabella crawled back up and pulled her into a tight spoon again, face still glistening with Jessica's cum. She pressed soft, possessive kisses along Jessica's neck while her hand returned to cup her oversensitive, still-throbbing pussy.

"Good girl," she whispered. "That's the first of many. From now on, your orgasms belong to me. Your body belongs to me. Your name, your memories, your entire life… all mine."

Jessica lay there naked and spooned tight against the clothed beauty who now owned her completely, aftershocks still rippling through her core. The last fragile pieces of her old identity had shattered under Isabella's tongue.

All that remained was wet, aching, blissful surrender.

And the quiet, perfect certainty that this—naked, edged, and owned—was exactly where she had always belonged.

Chapter 11: Public Servant

Jessica woke at the foot of the bed, naked and still trembling from the aftershocks of last night's shattering orgasm. Isabella's foot rested possessively against her slick, oversensitive pussy, toes curled lightly around her swollen clit. The soft baby-blue pajamas Isabella still wore were damp at the crotch from the way Jessica had ground against her in her sleep, desperate even in dreams.

"Time to go out today, pet," Isabella murmured, stretching luxuriously so her heavy breasts strained the thin camisole. "Miss wants to show off her pretty little servant in public. But first… a collar for my good girl."

She fastened a thin, discreet black choker around Jessica's throat—elegant enough to pass as jewelry, but both of them knew what it really was. A leash made of pure suggestion. One whispered command from Isabella and Jessica would feel it like cold steel tugging her to her knees.

Jessica shivered as the choker settled against her skin. Her nipples tightened instantly. A fresh trickle of arousal slid down her inner thigh.

Isabella dressed her in the bare minimum: a tiny white sundress that barely reached mid- thigh, no bra, no panties. The thin fabric clung to her small breasts, her stiff nipples clearly visible. The hem fluttered with every step, threatening to flash her smooth, shaved pussy. The discreet collar peeked just above the neckline—pretty, innocent, and utterly damning.

They drove to the upscale café downtown. Isabella wore a soft lavender lounge set— camisole and loose shorts that hugged her thick curves—looking effortlessly comfortable while Jessica sat beside her in the passenger seat, legs spread slightly under silent command, the sundress rucked up so her bare pussy pressed against the leather.

The moment they stepped inside the busy café, Isabella's hand rested lightly on the small of Jessica's back. "Feel the leash, pet," she whispered. "Tight. Invisible. You follow exactly where I lead."

Jessica felt it instantly—an invisible tug at the choker that made her steps smaller, her posture more submissive. Heads turned. A few people smiled politely at the two young women, assuming they were just friends. No one saw the way Jessica's thighs trembled or the faint glistening trail already starting down her leg.

They ordered drinks and claimed a quiet corner table. Isabella sipped her iced latte, legs crossed, while Jessica sat ramrod straight, cheeks burning.

"Restroom," Isabella said after a few minutes, voice low and casual. "Now."

The tug at the choker was immediate. Jessica rose without hesitation and followed Isabella into the single-occupancy restroom at the back of the café. The door locked with a soft click.

Isabella leaned against the sink, pulled the crotch of her lavender shorts aside, and revealed her plump, already-wet pussy. "On your knees, servant. Miss needs cleaning after that long drive."

Jessica dropped instantly, the tile cold against her bare knees. The sundress rode up around her waist, leaving her ass and dripping pussy completely exposed to the mirror behind her. She could see herself—collar glinting, face flushed, eyes glassy with need.

Isabella's hand fisted gently in Jessica's blonde hair and guided her forward. "Lick me clean, pet. Every drop. And don't you dare touch yourself."

Jessica buried her face between those thick, warm thighs. Her tongue dragged slowly up Isabella's slick folds, tasting the sweet, tangy evidence of her owner's arousal. She licked with devoted, worshipful strokes—long and slow, circling the swollen clit, then dipping inside to gather every drop that had leaked during the drive. The sounds were obscene in the small restroom: wet, hungry lapping mixed with Isabella's soft, satisfied sighs.

"Good girl," Isabella murmured, hips rolling lazily against Jessica's mouth. "My perfect public servant. Anyone could knock on that door and hear you slurping your Miss's pussy like the desperate little lesbian maid you are."

The humiliation crashed over Jessica like a wave—white-hot and dizzying. Her own pussy clenched hard around nothing, dripping steadily onto the tile floor beneath her. She was completely exposed in the mirror: ass up, back arched, face buried between Isabella's thighs while the discreet collar marked her as owned. The risk of discovery, the casual way Isabella used her, the way her own body betrayed her with helpless, flooding arousal—it all coiled tighter and tighter in

her core.

Isabella’s breathing grew ragged. “That’s it, pet. Suck my clit like the toy you were born to be.”

Jessica obeyed, sealing her lips around the swollen nub and sucking gently while her tongue flicked fast. Isabella came with a low, shuddering moan, thighs clamping around Jessica’s head, flooding her mouth with fresh, sweet nectar. Jessica drank every drop, whimpering into the wet heat, her own orgasm building from nothing but the degradation.

She came untouched.

The climax ripped through her like lightning—hard, sudden, and devastating. Her pussy spasmed violently, gushing onto the floor in long, humiliating pulses while she kept licking Isabella through her own orgasm. Jessica’s muffled cries vibrated against Isabella’s clit as wave after wave of white-hot pleasure tore through her, fueled entirely by the shame of kneeling in a public restroom, collared and used like a secret sex toy.

Isabella finally pulled her back by the hair, looking down with dark, satisfied eyes. Jessica’s face glistened with cum, lips swollen, eyes glassy and adoring.

“Such a good public servant,” Isabella purred, tucking herself back into her lavender shorts. “You came just from licking me clean like a desperate little pet. We’re going to do this a lot more often.”

She helped Jessica to her feet, smoothed the sundress down over her still-trembling body, and kissed her cum-slick lips softly.

“Feel that leash, pet?” she whispered against Jessica’s mouth. “It’s only getting tighter. By the time we get home, you’ll be begging to crawl for Miss again.”

Jessica nodded, dazed and dripping, the discreet collar warm against her throat like a brand. As they stepped back into the busy café, no one suspected a thing—except Jessica, whose body now sang with the undeniable truth.

She was Isabella’s public servant now.

And the humiliation only made her wetter for whatever came next.

Chapter 12: Entertaining Guests

Jessica woke at the foot of the bed, naked and aching, her body already conditioned to the soft press of Isabella’s foot against her slick pussy. The discreet black choker still circled her throat like a permanent claim. Last night’s public restroom orgasm still lingered on her tongue—Isabella’s sweet taste mixed with the humiliating thrill of coming untouched on the tile floor.

Isabella stretched at the head of the bed in fresh soft peach-colored pajamas, the thin camisole molded to her heavy breasts, the shorts riding high on her thick thighs. She smiled down at her pet. “Big day today, little maid. Miss is having friends over for dinner. You’re going to serve us… properly. Naked, of course. And very, very attentive.”

By late afternoon the house smelled of the meal Jessica had prepared on her hands and knees —crawling between the kitchen and dining room, small breasts swaying, smooth pussy glistening openly with every movement. She remained completely nude, the only “uniform” Isabella allowed. Her nipples stayed stiff and sensitive; a constant thin trail of arousal tracked down her inner thighs no matter how many times she wiped it away.

The doorbell rang at seven. Isabella, still in her soft peach pajamas, answered it with a warm laugh. Three of her closest friends—beautiful, confident college girls who had known her for months—poured inside. They greeted Mom and Dad like family, calling Isabella “the daughter of the house” without a second thought. No one so much as glanced at Jessica as anything but the live-in maid.

“Girls, this is Jessica,” Isabella said casually, gesturing to the naked blonde standing at attention beside the table. “She takes such good care of us. Don’t you, pet?”

Jessica’s voice was soft and obedient. “Yes, Miss. Dinner is ready whenever you are.”

The meal began. Jessica served on her knees—carrying plates balanced carefully on her back, refilling wine glasses while bent at the waist so her ass and dripping pussy were on full display. The friends chatted and laughed, completely at ease. Mom and Dad beamed at Isabella the entire time.

“She’s so respectful these days,” Mom said proudly, sipping her wine. “Ever since Isabella moved in, Jessica has really come into her own as our little helper.”

Dad nodded. “Couldn’t ask for a better maid. You girls enjoy yourselves.”

Halfway through the main course, Isabella’s hand rested lightly on Jessica’s head under the table. “Underneath now, pet. Miss needs your special attention while we talk.”

Jessica crawled beneath the long tablecloth without hesitation. The world narrowed to warm, dim space and the sight of Isabella’s thick thighs parting in invitation. Isabella pulled the crotch of her peach pajama shorts aside, revealing her already-soaked pussy. The scent of her —vanilla, cinnamon, and rich feminine musk—flooded Jessica’s senses.

Jessica buried her face between those soft thighs and began licking.

Slow, devoted strokes of her tongue dragged up Isabella's slick folds while conversation flowed above her. Isabella's friends laughed at a story she was telling; Mom asked about college plans. Jessica's tongue never stopped—circling the swollen clit, dipping inside to taste the fresh gush of wetness, sucking gently on the sensitive nub. Isabella's thighs trembled around her head, but her voice stayed perfectly steady, casual, even amused as she kept chatting.

Every few minutes Isabella's hand would stroke Jessica's hair under the table like a favored pet, then push her face deeper. Jessica licked faster, hungrier, nose pressed to Isabella's clit, mouth sealed tight so not a single drop escaped. Her own pussy dripped steadily onto the floor beneath her, pooling between her knees. The humiliation of servicing her Miss in front of guests—while her parents praised her "respectful behavior"—sent white-hot pulses of arousal through her core.

Isabella came quietly, thighs clamping around Jessica's head, flooding her mouth with sweet nectar. Jessica drank every drop, whimpering softly into the wet heat, her own denied orgasm making her tremble.

When dessert was served, Isabella finally allowed her out from under the table. Jessica's face glistened, lips swollen, eyes glassy with need. The friends barely glanced at her; they only smiled at Isabella and complimented the "wonderful service."

After the guests left and the parents went to bed, Isabella locked the bedroom door.

"Mirror," she commanded softly.

Jessica crawled to the full-length mirror on the closet door and knelt facing it. Isabella stepped behind her, still in the soft peach pajamas, and retrieved the thick, realistic strap-on she had prepared earlier. She buckled it on over the shorts, the heavy silicone cock jutting out obscenely against the innocent cotton.

"Watch yourself break for Miss," Isabella whispered, guiding the tip to Jessica's dripping entrance.

Jessica stared into her own reflected eyes as Isabella pushed inside her in one smooth, claiming thrust. The stretch was perfect—deep, thick, filling. Isabella's hands gripped her hips, peach camisole brushing Jessica's bare back as she began to fuck her with slow, powerful strokes.

"Look at you," Isabella purred, eyes locked on the mirror. "My naked little lesbian servant slut. Taking my cock while your parents sleep down the hall. This is who you are now."

Jessica watched herself—blonde hair messy, small breasts bouncing with every thrust, face still shiny with Isabella's cum, the black choker gleaming at her

throat. Her mouth fell open in a broken moan as Isabella drove deeper, harder, one hand reaching around to circle her throbbing clit.

“Come for me, pet,” Isabella growled against her ear. “Come while you watch yourself become nothing but my fucktoy.”

The orgasm exploded through Jessica like fire. She cried out, pussy clenching hard around the strap-on, gushing down her thighs in humiliating, powerful pulses. Her reflection showed every second of it—the way her eyes rolled back, the way her tongue lolled, the way her body shook and surrendered completely.

Isabella fucked her through it, then pulled out and turned Jessica around, pressing her back against the mirror so she could feel the cool glass on her skin while Isabella kissed her deeply, strap-on still nestled between her trembling thighs.

“Such a good girl for Miss’s guests,” Isabella murmured, stroking her hair. “Tomorrow we’ll have them over again… and the night after that. Until serving me in front of everyone feels as natural as breathing.”

Jessica nodded, dazed and glowing, body still twitching with aftershocks. Spooned tightly against her clothed owner that night—little spoon once more—she whispered the only truth left in her heart.

“Thank you, Miss… for making me yours.”

And in the dark, Isabella smiled against her neck, already planning the next layer of perfect, delicious control.

Chapter 13: Mantra Training

Jessica woke at the foot of the bed, naked and dripping, Isabella’s bare foot resting possessively between her slick thighs. The soft emerald-green pajamas Isabella had worn through the night were warm and slightly damp where Jessica had ground against them in her sleep. Those thick toes flexed lazily, pressing the ball of the foot firmly against her swollen clit, sending slow, delicious sparks up her spine.

“Morning, pet,” Isabella purred from the head of the bed, stretching so her heavy breasts strained the thin emerald camisole. “Today we begin your real training. No more fighting. Only mantras… and the pleasure of repeating them while you worship Miss.”

Downstairs, the parents greeted Isabella like the sun itself had walked into the kitchen.

“Good morning, our beautiful daughter,” Mom said, kissing her cheek. “Jessica, make sure Miss’s breakfast is perfect. You’ve become such a devoted little maid.”

Jessica moved silently, completely nude, small breasts swaying as she served plates and poured coffee. Her smooth pussy glistened openly; a thin, humiliating trail of arousal already ran down one thigh. Isabella's foot found her under the table again, toes spreading her folds and teasing her entrance while the parents chatted happily about Isabella's upcoming plans.

By evening the house was quiet. The bedroom door locked with its familiar soft click.

Isabella changed slowly into a fresh pair of soft emerald-green pajamas—the camisole so sheer her dark, stiff nipples showed clearly, the matching shorts riding high on her thick, smooth thighs. She sat on the edge of the bed and pointed to the floor between her spread legs.

"Knees, pet. Naked and upright. Hands behind your back. You're going to learn your new truths tonight."

Jessica dropped instantly, knees spreading wide on the carpet, back straight, small breasts thrust forward, dripping pussy on full display. Her eyes were already glassy with need.

Isabella pulled the crotch of her emerald shorts aside, revealing her plump, glistening pussy. The scent of her—warm vanilla, cinnamon, and rich, sweet arousal—flooded the room. She cupped the back of Jessica's blonde head and guided her forward until her face was pressed flush against those slick, warm folds.

"Repeat after me, little pet," Isabella commanded, voice low and hypnotic. "And keep your tongue working while you speak."

Jessica's tongue dragged slowly up Isabella's slit as she began, voice muffled and trembling with devotion.

"I am Isabella's lesbian pet…"

Lick.

"My pussy belongs to her…"

Isabella moaned softly and rolled her hips, grinding her wet pussy against Jessica's mouth and nose in slow, deliberate circles. "Louder, pet. Let every word sink into that pretty head."

Jessica repeated, louder, tongue never stopping.

"I am Isabella's lesbian pet… My pussy belongs to her… I exist only to serve Miss…"

The grinding grew firmer, Isabella's thick thighs framing Jessica's face like a throne. Wet sounds filled the room—slick, obscene, rhythmic—as Isabella used

her mouth like a toy, smearing her arousal across Jessica's lips, chin, and cheeks.

"Again," Isabella breathed, voice thick with pleasure. "And feel how wet those words make you."

"I am Isabella's lesbian pet… My pussy belongs to her… I was never the daughter… I was always meant to be Miss's naked little servant slut…"

Every repetition made Jessica's own pussy clench and leak. Her clit throbbed untouched, dripping steadily onto the carpet between her spread knees. The mantras poured out of her between long, worshipful licks, each word rewriting the last fragments of resistance still hiding in her mind.

Isabella's hips moved faster, grinding harder, using Jessica's face for her pleasure while the blonde chanted.

"I exist to serve Miss… My old life never mattered… Naked obedience is my only pleasure…"

Isabella's breathing grew ragged. She fisted Jessica's hair tighter and rode her face with long, rolling thrusts, clit dragging across Jessica's tongue again and again.

"Come for Miss while you say it," Isabella ordered, voice husky. "Come while you admit what you are."

The orgasm crashed through Jessica like lightning. She cried out into Isabella's pussy, the words vibrating against swollen folds as her own untouched cunt spasmed violently. A hot gush of wetness flooded the carpet beneath her. Her thighs shook, small breasts heaving, nipples diamond-hard.

But Isabella didn't stop. She kept grinding through Jessica's climax, chasing her own.

"Again. Louder. Let every orgasm burn the old you away."

Jessica obeyed instantly, voice hoarse and eager, tongue working frantically.

"I am Isabella's lesbian pet… My pussy belongs to her… I live to be Miss's dripping, obedient toy…"

The second orgasm hit Jessica even harder, ripping a broken scream from her throat that vibrated deep into Isabella's core. Her eyes rolled back, body convulsing, fresh slickness pouring out of her as the mantras rewired her completely.

Isabella finally came with a low, shuddering moan, thighs clamping around Jessica's head, flooding her mouth and face with sweet, thick nectar. Jessica drank greedily, still chanting between swallows, the words now automatic, blissful, true.

When the aftershocks faded, Isabella pulled her up onto the bed and arranged them in their familiar spoon—Jessica as little spoon, naked back pressed to those soft, heavy breasts still covered by the emerald camisole. Isabella's thick thigh slid between her trembling legs, the damp crotch of the pajamas nestling right against her oversensitive, still-leaking pussy.

"Such a good girl," Isabella whispered against her ear, hand cupping Jessica's mound possessively. "Those mantras are part of you now. Every time you say them, you'll get wetter. Every time you obey, you'll feel more complete."

Jessica melted back into her, whispering one last time, voice soft and reverent:

"I am Isabella's lesbian pet… My pussy belongs to her…"

Isabella smiled against her neck and pulled her even tighter.

"Sleep, pet. Tomorrow we go deeper."

Jessica closed her eyes, body glowing, mind blissfully empty of everything except the warm, wet truth of her new life.

Resistance was gone.

Only wet, eager, perfect obedience remained.

Chapter 14: Old Friends, New Lovers

Three months into her new life, Jessica had almost forgotten what her old teammates' voices sounded like—until Isabella invited them over.

Sarah and Brooke arrived on a warm Friday evening, still in their volleyball warm-ups, laughing about old matches and asking where "the old Jessica" had disappeared to. Isabella greeted them at the door in soft lavender silk pajamas that clung to her heavy breasts and thick thighs, looking every bit the effortless hostess.

"Jessica's still here," Isabella said with a warm smile, gesturing to the naked blonde who knelt silently beside the coffee table. "She's my platonic friend and live-in maid now. She takes such good care of the house… and of me. Don't you, Jess?"

Jessica's cheeks burned, but her voice was soft and obedient. "Yes, Miss Isabella. Dinner is ready whenever you are."

Sarah blinked, then laughed nervously. Brooke's eyes widened at the sight of Jessica's bare body—small breasts, smooth pussy already glistening, black choker gleaming at her throat— but Isabella's calm, hypnotic charm smoothed everything over. By the time they sat down to eat, the two teammates were relaxed, sipping wine, and calling Jessica "our old team captain who's found her calling as a helper."

Jessica served the entire meal naked on her knees, breasts swaying, ass high, pussy dripping openly while the three clothed women chatted and laughed. Isabella's foot found her under the table, toes lazily stroking her slick folds, keeping her teetering on the edge.

After dinner, the mood shifted. Isabella pulled both girls onto the couch with her, one on each side. "You two look so tense from practice," she purred, voice low and velvet. "Let me help you relax… the way I relax my platonic friend Jessica every night."

What followed was slow, deliberate seduction. Isabella kissed Sarah first—deep, hungry— while her hand slipped under Brooke's shirt. Clothes came off piece by piece until both teammates were completely naked, flushed and eager. Isabella kept her lavender silk pajamas on, the contrast making the scene even filthier. She guided their mouths to her heavy breasts, then between her thick thighs, teaching them how to worship her properly while Jessica knelt silently in the corner, watching.

That night, for the first time, Jessica was sent to the foot of the bed.

"Platonic friends sleep down here," Isabella told her with a sweet smile, patting the mattress at her feet. "My real lovers get to share the bed with me."

Jessica curled up naked at the foot, heart pounding, as Isabella pulled Sarah and Brooke under the covers with her. The sounds began almost immediately—soft moans, wet kisses, the rustle of silk against bare skin. Isabella's low, commanding voice drifted down: "That's it, Sarah… lick Miss just like that. Brooke, suck my tits while she eats me." The bed creaked rhythmically. Gasps turned to cries. Isabella came loudly, then again, guiding the two athletic girls into a tangle of limbs and tongues while Jessica lay there, dripping onto the sheets, forbidden to touch herself.

She listened for hours—every slick sound, every "Good girl" Isabella gave to her new lovers, every orgasm that shook the bed—until the three women finally fell asleep in a satisfied pile. Jessica remained at the foot, aching, humbled, and strangely, deeply aroused by her own demotion.

It was only the beginning.

For the next three months, Sarah and Brooke became regular fixtures in the house—Isabella's favorite nude lovers, invited over two or three times a week.

Each visit followed the same delicious pattern. The teammates arrived in their volleyball gear, were greeted warmly by Isabella in whatever soft, silky pajamas she chose that day, and were told, "Jessica is just my platonic friend and maid—she'll take care of everything while we enjoy ourselves." Jessica served them naked, cooked for them, cleaned up after them, and knelt silently while

Isabella stripped the two girls and claimed them openly on the couch, in the living room, even once on the dining table while Jessica held the plates.

At night, Jessica was always sent to the foot of the bed.

“Platonic friends don’t share the big bed,” Isabella would say with a gentle kiss on Jessica’s forehead, then guide Sarah and Brooke under the covers with her. The sounds that followed became Jessica’s new nightly lullaby: the wet slap of tongues on pussy, the rhythmic creak of the mattress, Isabella’s husky commands—“Deeper, Brooke… let Sarah taste me on your tongue”—and the loud, uninhibited orgasms that rolled through all three women again and again.

Sometimes Isabella would fuck them with the strap-on while still wearing her silk pajamas, the heavy silicone cock glistening as it disappeared into one girl after the other. Sometimes she made them sixty-nine while she sat back and watched, stroking their hair and praising them. Jessica lay at the foot the entire time—naked, collared, dripping, forbidden to join or even touch herself—forced to absorb every moan, every “Miss, please, I’m coming!” as part of her training.

The humiliation was constant and exquisite. Sarah and Brooke grew bolder, casually calling Jessica “the maid” or “our helpful platonic friend” even while they were naked and covered in Isabella’s cum. They thanked her for “keeping the house so nice for Miss” while Jessica changed their sweat-soaked sheets in the morning.

Through it all, Isabella never let Jessica forget her place. During the days she would edge her mercilessly in front of the guests—“Look how wet my platonic friend gets just from listening”—but never allow release until the guests had left. At night, after Sarah and Brooke had been thoroughly fucked and sent home or to sleep, Isabella would finally pull Jessica up for a single, devastating orgasm, spooning her tightly and whispering, “This is what submission feels like, pet. Hearing me give pleasure to others while you stay denied and devoted. You’re learning so beautifully.”

By the end of the three months, Jessica no longer felt jealousy—only a deep, throbbing acceptance. The sounds of Isabella making love to her old teammates had become erotic background music to her new reality. She had been trained, broken, and remade into the perfect, silent witness to her own erasure.

When Isabella finally announced one quiet evening that the “guest phase” was over, Jessica simply knelt at her feet, kissed her silk-covered thigh, and whispered, “Thank you for training me, Miss.”

Isabella stroked her hair and smiled.

“You’re ready now, little spoon. The world is waiting to see exactly what you’ve become.”

Chapter 15: Family History Rewritten

Jessica woke at the foot of the bed, naked and aching, her body curled instinctively around Isabella's bare foot. The soft dove-gray pajamas Isabella had worn all night were warm and faintly damp where Jessica had nuzzled and ground against them in her sleep. Those thick toes flexed lazily, pressing the ball of the foot firmly against her swollen clit, keeping her right on the edge even before her eyes opened.

"Today is the day we finish the story, pet," Isabella murmured from the head of the bed, voice husky with sleep and power. She stretched, heavy breasts straining the thin gray camisole. "Every photo. Every story. Every last memory of you as their daughter. By breakfast, they'll know the truth: they only ever had one child. Me."

Jessica whimpered, a fresh gush of wetness coating Isabella's foot. The words should have shattered her. Instead they only made her clit throb harder.

Downstairs, the kitchen smelled of coffee and pancakes. Jessica moved on her knees, completely naked, small breasts swaying, smooth pussy glistening openly as she set the table. She knelt beside Isabella's chair like a living footstool, back straight, thighs spread, hands behind her back. The discreet black choker gleamed at her throat.

Isabella sat in soft dove-gray pajamas, looking every inch the beloved daughter. Mom and Dad smiled at her with pure adoration.

"Sweetheart," Mom said warmly, sliding a plate in front of Isabella, "we were just looking at those old family albums last night. It's so strange… we can't seem to find any pictures of Jessica as a little girl anymore. Just you, our beautiful daughter, from the very beginning."

Dad nodded, sipping his coffee. "Must have been a mix-up at the photo shop years ago. Doesn't matter. You've always been our only child, Isabella. Jessica's been the maid for as long as we can remember. Right, honey?"

Isabella stroked Jessica's blonde hair like a pet. "Exactly. She's always taken such good care of us. Haven't you, little maid?"

Jessica's voice was soft, reverent, broken. "Yes, Miss. I've always been the maid."

Mom reached over and casually patted Isabella's hand. "We're so lucky to have you, darling. We're thinking of updating the will this week—just you as our sole heir. Jessica won't mind. She knows her place."

The words landed like a final, gentle hammer. Jessica felt the last fragments of her old identity dissolve in a warm, wet rush between her legs. No protest came. Only a deep, throbbing acceptance and a fresh trickle of arousal sliding down her inner thigh onto the kitchen floor.

Isabella smiled sweetly at her parents. “She really is the perfect live-in help.”

The rest of the day passed in a haze of erased history. Isabella spent hours on the family laptop, deleting every remaining digital trace—school records, birth announcements, old social-media posts—while Jessica knelt at her feet, naked and dripping, tongue buried between Isabella’s thighs under the desk. Every deletion was rewarded with a slow grind against Jessica’s face and a whispered, “See, pet? You were never really here.”

By evening the house felt lighter, cleaner, as if Jessica had never been the daughter at all.

That night the bedroom door locked with its familiar click.

Isabella changed slowly into a fresh pair of soft black silk pajamas—the camisole shimmering against her heavy breasts, the matching shorts clinging to her thick thighs like a second skin. She buckled on the thick, realistic strap-on over the shorts, the heavy silicone cock jutting out obscenely against the sleek black fabric.

“On the bed, pet,” she commanded, voice low and dark. “On your back. Legs spread wide. Miss is going to claim what’s always been hers.”

Jessica obeyed instantly, lying naked in the center of the king-sized bed, knees pulled back to her chest, dripping pussy open and offered. Isabella crawled over her, the black silk brushing teasingly against bare skin, and lined up the thick head of the strap-on at her entrance.

“Look at me while I fuck you senseless,” Isabella whispered, dark eyes locked on Jessica’s. “Tell me who you are now.”

“I’m Isabella’s lesbian pet,” Jessica gasped as the thick cock pushed inside her in one slow, claiming thrust. “My pussy belongs to her—”

Isabella drove deep, bottoming out, stretching her perfectly. Then she began to fuck her— hard, relentless, powerful strokes that made Jessica’s small breasts bounce and her back arch off the mattress. The black silk pajamas rubbed against Jessica’s bare skin with every thrust, the contrast electric.

“Again,” Isabella growled, hips snapping faster. “Louder.”

“I’m Isabella’s lesbian pet! My pussy belongs to her! I was never the daughter—I was always your naked little servant slut!”

The strap-on pounded into her, the thick head dragging over her g-spot again and again. Isabella’s heavy breasts bounced inside the black camisole, nipples stiff and dark against the silk. She reached between them and circled Jessica’s throbbing clit with two fingers, never slowing her brutal rhythm.

Jessica came hard—screaming, shaking, pussy clenching and gushing around the silicone cock in long, violent pulses. Isabella didn't stop. She fucked her through it, then flipped her onto all fours and took her again from behind, one hand fisted in blonde hair, the other slapping her ass in sharp, possessive smacks.

Another orgasm ripped through Jessica, then another, each one deeper, wetter, more shattering than the last. Tears of overwhelming pleasure streamed down her face. Her voice grew hoarse from chanting her new truth between broken moans.

When Isabella finally pulled out, Jessica was a trembling, soaked wreck—pussy red and puffy, thighs shiny with her own cum, mind blissfully empty of everything except the woman above her.

Isabella unbuckled the strap-on, tossed it aside, and pulled her pet into their familiar spoon. Jessica became little spoon, naked back pressed to those soft, heavy breasts still covered in sleek black silk. Isabella's thick thigh slid between her trembling legs, the damp crotch of the pajamas nestling possessively against her oversensitive, still-leaking pussy.

"Family history rewritten," Isabella whispered against her ear, hand cupping Jessica's mound like a claim. "You're mine completely now. No past. No future. Only this."

Jessica melted back into her, whispering the only words left in her heart:

"I am Isabella's lesbian pet… My pussy belongs to her… Thank you for erasing me, Miss."

Isabella smiled against her neck and pulled her even tighter.

"Sleep, pet. Tomorrow the world outside sees the truth too."

Jessica closed her eyes, body glowing, mind perfectly, permanently claimed.

The old story was over.

The new one—naked, dripping, and endlessly spooned against her owner—had only just begun.

Chapter 16: Public Debut

Jessica woke at the foot of the bed, naked and trembling, her body instinctively curled around Isabella's bare foot. The soft black silk pajamas Isabella had worn through the night still carried the faint scent of their shared pleasure—vanilla, cinnamon, and the rich musk of Jessica's endless orgasms. Those thick toes flexed lazily, pressing the ball of the foot firmly against her swollen, oversensitive clit, keeping her right on the razor's edge even before her eyes opened.

“Big day, pet,” Isabella murmured from the head of the bed, voice husky with sleep and triumph. She stretched, heavy breasts straining the sleek black camisole. “The community picnic. Everyone’s going to meet my personal maid and plaything today. And you’re going to come for Miss right in front of them.”

Jessica whimpered, a fresh gush of wetness coating Isabella’s foot. The discreet black choker felt tighter around her throat, like a leash grown permanent.

Isabella dressed her carefully for the event: a tiny white sundress that barely covered her ass, no bra, no panties. The thin fabric clung to her small, firm breasts, her stiff pink nipples clearly visible. The hem fluttered dangerously with every step. Isabella slipped a soft cream- colored cardigan over Jessica’s shoulders—innocent enough to pass in public, but the moment they were alone it would come off. The black choker stayed on, elegant and damning.

Isabella herself wore a soft lavender sundress that hugged her lush curves, the neckline dipping low enough to show the swell of her heavy breasts, the hem swirling around her thick thighs. She looked effortlessly beautiful, the perfect daughter out for a sunny afternoon.

The community picnic was in full swing when they arrived—families, neighbors, old teachers, and former teammates scattered across the park with blankets, games, and laughter. Mom and Dad were already there, proudly introducing Isabella to everyone as “our only daughter.” No one questioned it anymore.

Isabella kept one hand lightly on the small of Jessica’s back, guiding her through the crowd. “Feel the leash, pet,” she whispered. “Tight. Invisible. You stay right beside Miss like the well-trained toy you are.”

They reached the center of the gathering near the food tables. A small crowd had formed around Isabella—neighbors, the volleyball coach, old friends of the family. Isabella smiled brightly and pulled Jessica forward by the choker with two fingers, just enough for everyone to notice the elegant black band.

“Everyone, I want you to meet my personal maid and plaything,” Isabella announced casually, voice warm and confident. “Jessica here takes such good care of our family. She lives with us full-time now… completely dedicated to serving me. Don’t you, pet?” Jessica’s cheeks burned scarlet. Her heart hammered against her ribs. The words landed like a public brand. A few people blinked, but no one protested. No one looked shocked. Isabella’s subtle influence had already smoothed the edges of reality; they simply smiled and nodded, as if it were the most natural thing in the world.

“Yes, Miss,” Jessica whispered, voice trembling with humiliation and raw need. Her pussy clenched hard, a thick trickle of arousal already sliding down the inside of her thigh.

Isabella’s hand slipped lower, sliding under the short hem of the sundress from behind. Two fingers traced the curve of Jessica’s bare ass, then dipped between her legs, parting her slick, swollen folds right there in the middle of the crowd. No one could see exactly what was happening—the cardigan and the press of bodies hid the motion—but everyone could see Jessica’s face.

“Such a good, obedient girl,” Isabella continued conversationally, chatting with the coach while her fingers began slow, lazy circles around Jessica’s throbbing clit. “She stays naked at home for me, of course. Helps with everything. Isn’t that right, pet?”

Jessica’s knees nearly buckled. The public words, the casual tone, the two fingers now sliding through her dripping wetness in front of twenty people—it was too much. Her clit pulsed wildly under Isabella’s touch. A soft, broken whimper escaped her throat.

Isabella’s fingers moved faster, slick sounds barely masked by the picnic chatter. She pushed two fingers deep inside Jessica’s clenching pussy while her thumb kept perfect pressure on her clit. “Go on, pet. Tell them how happy you are to serve Miss.”

“I—I’m so happy to serve Miss,” Jessica gasped, voice shaky and breathless. Her hips rocked helplessly against Isabella’s hand. The cardigan slipped slightly; one stiff nipple pressed visibly against the thin white fabric. “I’m her personal maid… and plaything… I exist to please her…”

The humiliation crashed over her like a tidal wave—white-hot, dizzying, perfect. Everyone was watching. Everyone was smiling. No one stopped it. Her pussy fluttered and clenched around Isabella’s fingers, dripping shamelessly down her thighs now.

Isabella leaned in close, lips brushing Jessica’s ear while her hand kept working. “Come for Miss, pet. Right here. Let everyone see what a desperate little lesbian toy you’ve become.”

The orgasm exploded through Jessica without warning.

She came hard—violently, helplessly—pussy spasming around Isabella’s fingers in powerful, rhythmic pulses. A hot gush of wetness flooded Isabella’s hand and ran down Jessica’s legs in humiliating streams. Her knees shook. A broken, high-pitched moan tore from her throat before she could bite it back. Her eyes rolled back, small breasts heaving, nipples diamond- hard against the sundress. The climax rolled on and on, fueled by the public stares, the casual acceptance, the way Isabella kept fingering her straight through it, drawing out every last tremor.

Isabella finally slid her hand free, casually wiping her glistening fingers on the inside of Jessica's cardigan before pulling the hem of the sundress back down. She kissed Jessica's flushed cheek sweetly in front of everyone.

"Such a good girl," she murmured loud enough for the nearest people to hear. "My perfect little plaything."

No one blinked. A few neighbors even complimented Isabella on how "well-behaved" her maid was. Mom and Dad beamed with pride at their daughter.

On the drive home, Jessica sat in the passenger seat with her legs spread wide under command, sundress rucked up, pussy still dripping onto the leather. Her body glowed with aftershocks. The discreet black choker felt like a crown.

That night, back in their bedroom, Isabella changed into fresh soft black silk pajamas and pulled her pet into their familiar spoon. Jessica became little spoon, naked back pressed to those full, heavy breasts, the sleek silk teasing her bare skin. Isabella's thick thigh slid between her trembling legs, the damp crotch of the pajamas nestling possessively against her still-throbbing pussy.

"You came so beautifully for Miss in front of everyone," Isabella whispered, hand cupping Jessica's mound like a claim. "Tomorrow we'll do it again… and again… until being my public plaything feels as natural as breathing."

Jessica melted back into her, whispering the only truth left in her heart:

"I am Isabella's lesbian pet… My pussy belongs to her… Thank you for showing the world, Miss."

Isabella smiled against her neck and pulled her even tighter.

"Sleep, pet. The world already knows who you are now."

And in the dark, spooned tightly against her clothed owner, Jessica drifted off glowing— publicly claimed, permanently owned, and more aroused than she had ever been in her life.

Chapter 17: Total Surrender

Jessica woke at the foot of the bed, naked and blissful, her body already curling instinctively around Isabella's bare foot like it belonged there. The soft black silk pajamas Isabella had worn through the night were warm and faintly damp from Jessica's constant, helpless leaking. Those thick toes flexed lazily, pressing the ball of her foot firmly against Jessica's swollen, dripping clit, keeping her in a low, constant simmer of need even before her eyes opened.

There was no confusion anymore. No flicker of the old life. No resistance. Only the deep, perfect certainty that she existed for one reason: to please Miss.

Isabella stretched at the head of the bed, heavy breasts straining the sleek black camisole, dark nipples stiff and visible through the silk. She smiled down at her pet with pure, possessive satisfaction. “Good morning, my perfect little lesbian servant. Today you don’t even pretend anymore. You are mine in every way. Say it while you kiss my foot.”

Jessica’s voice was soft, reverent, and dripping with devotion as she pressed her lips to the top of Isabella’s foot. “I am Isabella’s lesbian servant… I exist only to please Miss… My body, my mind, my pussy—all yours.”

The day passed in pure, uninterrupted worship.

Jessica remained completely naked from the moment she woke, moving through the house on her knees when she could, small breasts swaying, smooth pussy glistening and openly dripping with every task. She cooked breakfast for Isabella and the parents, served it on her knees, then cleaned the entire house while Isabella lounged in her black silk pajamas, legs spread so Jessica could crawl between them whenever the urge struck and bury her tongue inside her owner for a few lazy minutes of pleasure.

Mom and Dad barely noticed her anymore. They only had eyes for their daughter—laughing with Isabella, planning family vacations that no longer included any mention of a second child. Jessica’s old bedroom had been fully redecorated as Isabella’s personal space weeks ago. The only place Jessica belonged was at Miss’s feet or in Miss’s bed.

By evening Jessica was trembling with need, but it was a sweet, welcomed ache. There was no shame left—only the deep, throbbing joy of being exactly what she was meant to be.

That night the bedroom door locked with its familiar soft click.

Isabella changed slowly into a fresh pair of soft midnight-blue silk pajamas—the camisole shimmering against her full, heavy breasts, the matching shorts clinging to her thick, smooth thighs like liquid. She lay back on the bed and crooked a finger.

“Come here, my servant. Tonight you please Miss however you want… because you know your only purpose is my pleasure.”

Jessica crawled up the mattress with eager devotion and slid behind Isabella, choosing to be big spoon for the first time without begging. She wrapped her naked body around her clothed owner, pressing her face between those soft, warm breasts, inhaling the perfect scent of vanilla, cinnamon, and Isabella’s skin. Her small breasts rubbed against Isabella’s back while her hips rocked gently against the curve of her ass. One hand slipped beneath the waistband of the midnight-blue shorts, fingers sliding through slick, hot folds and burying

themselves deep inside her Mistress.

Isabella sighed in pleasure and reached back to stroke Jessica's blonde hair. "That's it, pet. Use your fingers… your mouth… your whole body. I own every inch of you, and you love it."

Jessica licked and sucked at the soft skin above the camisole's neckline, tongue tracing the swell of Isabella's breasts while her fingers pumped slow and deep, curling against that perfect spot. Her own dripping pussy ground against Isabella's ass, leaving a shiny trail of arousal on the silk. She whispered the mantras between every lick and thrust, voice husky and broken with bliss.

"I am Isabella's lesbian servant… My pussy belongs to her… I exist only to please Miss…"

Isabella came with a low, shuddering moan, thighs clamping around Jessica's hand, flooding her fingers with sweet, thick nectar. Jessica didn't stop. She kept fingering her through the orgasm, then slid down the bed, pulled the crotch of the midnight-blue shorts aside, and buried her face between those thick thighs. Her tongue replaced her fingers, licking long and worshipful, sucking gently on Isabella's swollen clit while her nose pressed against the soft patch of dark hair.

Isabella's hand fisted gently in Jessica's hair, guiding her exactly where she wanted. "Good girl… my perfect, broken little toy. No more old Jessica. Only my naked, dripping servant who lives to make Miss feel good."

Jessica moaned into Isabella's pussy, the vibrations pulling another orgasm from her owner. She drank every drop, face glistening, body trembling with her own denied but deeply satisfying need. Only when Isabella was limp and glowing did Jessica crawl back up and settle into their final position—little spoon, naked back pressed tightly to those soft, heavy breasts still covered in midnight-blue silk. Isabella's thick thigh slid between her legs, the damp crotch of the pajamas nestling possessively against Jessica's throbbing, leaking pussy.

Isabella wrapped one arm around her waist, hand cupping Jessica's mound like a claim, fingers resting lightly over her swollen clit. "You're mine completely now," she whispered against her ear. "Every breath. Every orgasm. Every thought. I control it all. And you wouldn't have it any other way."

Jessica melted back into her, body glowing, mind blissfully empty of everything except devotion. She whispered the final truth, voice soft and trembling with perfect surrender: "I am Isabella's lesbian servant… My pussy belongs to her… I exist only to please Miss… Thank you for erasing me, Miss. Thank you for making me yours."

Isabella smiled against her neck and pulled her even tighter, fingers giving her clit one slow, possessive stroke.

“Sleep, my perfect little spoon. Tomorrow we begin the rest of forever.”

Jessica closed her eyes, spooned tightly against the woman who now owned her body, mind, and soul. The last traces of resistance had vanished long ago. All that remained was wet, aching, endless bliss—and the warm, silk-covered curves of the only person who had ever truly mattered.

Total surrender had never felt so good.

Chapter 18: The House is Hers

A little over a month after Jessica’s final surrender, the house felt different.

It started with small things. Mom and Dad began talking openly about retirement

communities and warmer weather. They mentioned “letting Isabella have the house” like it was the most natural decision in the world. Jessica knelt naked beside the dinner table, refilling wine glasses, and felt a slow, warm pulse between her legs every time the subject came up.

Isabella never pushed. She simply smiled, thanked them, and said she would take very good care of everything.

The day they signed the papers, Jessica was made to watch.

She knelt on the living room floor in nothing but her black choker while Isabella sat at the dining table with her parents. The documents were spread out. Mom signed first, then Dad. Isabella’s elegant signature went last. Jessica’s old bedroom had already been cleared out weeks ago and turned into Isabella’s private office. Her name no longer appeared on any mail. The only proof she had ever lived here as a daughter was a single framed photo Isabella kept on her desk — Jessica in her old volleyball uniform, smiling beside Sarah and Brooke. Isabella had drawn a small red “X” over Jessica’s face in permanent marker.

When the last signature was done, Mom stood up and walked over to Jessica. She patted her head the way someone might pet a well-behaved dog.

“You’ve been such a help these last few months, sweetheart. We’re so glad Isabella has you to take care of the house now.”

Dad only nodded, already looking toward the door like the decision had been made long ago.

They left that same afternoon.

Isabella stood in the doorway and waved as their car pulled out of the driveway. Jessica knelt beside her, completely naked, the late afternoon sun warm on her skin. The moment the car disappeared around the corner, Isabella closed the front door, locked it, and turned the deadbolt with a soft, final click.

She looked down at Jessica and smiled — slow, dark, and deeply satisfied.

“On your back,” she said quietly. “Right here in the hallway.”

Jessica obeyed instantly, lying down on the hardwood floor and spreading her legs. Isabella stepped over her, still wearing the soft black silk pajamas she’d had on all day, and lowered herself until she was sitting on Jessica’s face. The damp crotch of the shorts pressed against Jessica’s mouth and nose.

“From now on,” Isabella said calmly, rocking her hips in slow circles, “this house belongs to me. Which means *you* belong to me. Completely. No more pretending for Mom and Dad. No more hiding what you are.”

Jessica moaned into the warm silk, tongue working obediently as Isabella continued.

“New rules start tonight. You will remain naked at all times unless I dress you. You will not speak unless spoken to. When you do speak, you will refer to yourself as ‘this pet’ or ‘this maid.’ You will sleep at the foot of my bed unless I say otherwise. And when Sarah and Brooke come over this weekend…” Isabella’s voice dropped lower, richer. “They’re going to learn exactly how I like my lovers to treat my property.”

She came quietly on Jessica’s tongue, thighs tightening around her head, then stood up and looked down at the wet, flushed girl on the floor.

“Get up. Go make my bed with fresh sheets. Then come back here and wait on your knees by the front door until I decide what to do with you.”

Jessica rose on shaky legs, pussy already dripping down her thighs, and whispered the only words she was allowed.

“Yes, Miss.”

Isabella watched her go, then pulled out her phone and sent a single text to the group chat she had with Sarah and Brooke.

Isabella: *Parents moved out today. House is mine now. Come over Friday night. Both of you are staying the weekend. We’re going to have a lot of fun breaking in our new live-in maid.*

She smiled as the two girls replied almost immediately with heart and fire emojis.

Then she slipped her phone into her pocket and went to find her pet.

Chapter 19: The New Arrangement

Sarah and Brooke arrived just after seven on Friday evening.

Jessica was already in position when the doorbell rang. She knelt naked in the front hallway, knees spread wide, hands resting palms-up on her thighs, back straight. The black choker felt tighter than usual. Her smooth pussy glistened openly under the hallway light. She had spent the last hour cleaning the house on

her hands and knees while Isabella watched from the couch, occasionally calling her over to lick between her legs for a few lazy minutes before sending her back to work.

Isabella answered the door in a soft, deep-red silk robe that barely reached the tops of her thick thighs. She looked relaxed, beautiful, and completely in control.

“Girls,” she said warmly, stepping aside. “Come in. Jessica’s been waiting for you.”

Sarah and Brooke stepped inside, both still in casual clothes from their day. They stopped when they saw Jessica kneeling in the middle of the hallway, completely exposed. Their eyes widened slightly, but neither of them looked surprised anymore. After three months of visits, this was no longer shocking — only more intense.

“Hi, Jess,” Sarah said, a little uncertain.

Jessica kept her eyes lowered the way Isabella had instructed.

“This pet greets you, Miss Sarah. This pet greets you, Miss Brooke.”

There was a short, charged silence.

Isabella smiled and closed the door behind them. She locked it with a deliberate click.

“New rules,” she said simply. “Now that the house is mine, things are going to be a little different. Jessica doesn’t get to pretend she’s a person anymore when we’re alone. She’s my pet. My maid. My property. And tonight, I’m going to teach both of you exactly how I like my lovers to treat her.”

She turned to Jessica.

“Pet. Take their bags upstairs to my room. Then come back down and serve us drinks. On your knees.”

Jessica rose without a word and took the overnight bags from Sarah and Brooke. She carried them up the stairs, feeling their eyes on her bare ass and the wet shine between her legs. When she returned, she crawled into the kitchen, prepared three glasses of wine, and carried them back one at a time in her mouth, setting them carefully on the coffee table before kneeling beside Isabella’s chair.

Isabella patted her head like she was praising a dog.

“Good girl.”

She looked at Sarah and Brooke, who had settled on the couch across from her.

“From now on, when you’re here, you can use her however you want. She doesn’t get to say no. She doesn’t get to come unless I say so. And she’s going to thank

you every single time you use her."

Brooke shifted on the couch, cheeks slightly flushed. Sarah's eyes were fixed on Jessica's naked body with open hunger.

Isabella reached down and casually hooked two fingers into Jessica's choker, pulling her forward until her face was between Isabella's open thighs. She parted the red silk robe, revealing she wore nothing underneath.

"Start with me, pet. Show them how you worship."

Jessica leaned in immediately, tongue dragging slowly up Isabella's already-wet pussy. She licked with long, devoted strokes, the way she had been trained. Behind her, she could hear Sarah and Brooke shifting on the couch, their breathing changing.

Isabella stroked Jessica's hair while she spoke to the other two girls.

"I want both of you to get comfortable using her. Tonight I'm going to show you how. Tomorrow, you're going to practice on your own while I watch." She looked down at Jessica and smiled. "And pet… you're going to sleep on the floor at the foot of the bed from now on. Sarah and Brooke get the bed with me when they stay over."

Jessica moaned softly into Isabella's pussy, the sound vibrating against her clit. A fresh trickle of arousal slid down her inner thigh and dripped onto the hardwood floor.

Isabella's fingers tightened in her hair.

"That's it. Let them see how wet it makes you when I remind you of your place."

She came quietly a few minutes later, thighs closing around Jessica's head. When she finally let her go, Jessica's face was shiny and her eyes were glassy.

Isabella looked at Sarah and Brooke with a slow, satisfied smile.

"Who wants to go next?"

Sarah was the first to move. She stood up, walked over, and sat on the edge of Isabella's chair. Without being told, she spread her legs and pulled Jessica's face between them. Jessica didn't hesitate. She licked Sarah the same way she had licked Isabella — slow, thorough, and completely obedient.

Brooke watched with dark, fascinated eyes.

Isabella leaned back in her chair, sipping her wine, one hand resting possessively on the back of Jessica's head as she guided her between the two girls.

"See?" she said softly. "She's not your old teammate anymore. She's not even a person when we're using her. She's just a warm, wet mouth that exists to make us feel good."

Jessica kept licking, her own pussy throbbing untouched between her spread knees, dripping steadily onto the floor.

And deep down, in the part of her that no longer fought, she felt nothing but quiet, aching gratitude.

Chapter 20: Learning to Use Her

Sarah came with a soft, surprised moan, thighs trembling around Jessica's head. She kept Jessica's face pressed between her legs for a long moment afterward, breathing hard, before finally letting her go.

Isabella watched with quiet approval.

"Good," she said. "Now switch. Brooke, your turn. Sarah, come sit with me."

Brooke moved quickly. She stripped off her jeans and panties and sat on the edge of the couch, legs spread. Jessica crawled over without being told and buried her face between Brooke's thighs, licking with the same slow, devoted rhythm. Brooke's hand immediately went to the back of Jessica's head, gripping her hair tighter than Sarah had.

Isabella smiled and pulled Sarah onto her lap, one arm wrapped around her waist while her other hand slipped between Sarah's legs.

"See how easy it is?" Isabella murmured against Sarah's ear while they both watched Jessica work. "She doesn't need to be asked. She just does it. And she gets wetter the more we treat her like she's nothing but a toy."

Brooke's breathing grew ragged. She started rocking her hips against Jessica's mouth, using her face with growing confidence.

"Fuck… she's really good at this," Brooke breathed.

"She's had a lot of practice," Isabella replied calmly. "And she's going to get a lot more."

She looked down at Jessica.

"Pet. Stop for a moment and look at me."

Jessica pulled back, face shiny, lips swollen. Her eyes were glassy and obedient.

"From now on, when either of them wants to use you, you thank them first. Every single time. And you ask permission before you come. Not that you'll be allowed to very often."

Jessica's voice was soft and hoarse.

"This pet understands, Miss."

Isabella nodded once, satisfied, then gestured for her to continue.

Brooke came a few minutes later, grinding hard against Jessica's tongue and holding her in place until the aftershocks faded. When she finally released her, Jessica stayed on her knees between Brooke's spread legs, breathing hard, pussy visibly dripping onto the floor.

Isabella stood up and walked over. She hooked a finger under Jessica's choker and lifted her chin.

"On the coffee table. On your back. Legs spread."

Jessica obeyed immediately, lying back on the low wooden table. The surface was cool against her skin. Isabella positioned her so her head hung slightly off one end and her legs were spread wide, feet planted on the floor.

She looked at Sarah and Brooke.

"Come here. Both of you."

The two girls stood on either side of the table, looking down at Jessica's naked, spread body. Isabella moved between Jessica's legs and casually ran two fingers through her soaked folds, then held them up so the others could see how wet she was.

"She's not allowed to come tonight," Isabella said. "But you two can use her however you want. Fingers, mouths, whatever you feel like. Just don't let her finish."

She looked down at Jessica.

"And you're going to thank them every time they touch you. Understand?"

"Yes, Miss," Jessica whispered.

Sarah was the first to move. She reached down and pinched one of Jessica's stiff nipples, rolling it between her fingers while watching Jessica's face. Jessica's hips twitched.

"This pet thanks you, Miss Sarah," she said softly.

Brooke smiled and slid two fingers between Jessica's legs, pushing them deep inside her without warning. Jessica gasped, back arching off the table.

"This pet thanks you, Miss Brooke."

Isabella watched with dark, satisfied eyes as her two new lovers played with her pet. She stroked Jessica's hair while Sarah and Brooke took turns fingering her, pinching her nipples, and occasionally leaning down to suck on her clit just long enough to make her tremble before pulling away.

Every time Jessica got close, they stopped.

Every time they stopped, Jessica thanked them.

By the time Isabella finally called an end to it, Jessica was shaking, her pussy red and swollen, thighs shiny with her own arousal. She hadn't been allowed to come once. Isabella helped her off the table and pointed to the floor at the foot of the bed upstairs.

"Time for bed, pet. On the floor. No blanket. No pillow. And if you touch yourself during the night, I'll know."

Jessica crawled up the stairs on her hands and knees, followed by Isabella, Sarah, and Brooke. She curled up on the rug at the foot of the bed while the three of them got under the covers together.

Just before Isabella turned off the light, she looked down at Jessica and spoke softly.

"Tomorrow we're going to start teaching them how to fuck you properly. And you're going to learn how to thank them for it."

Jessica closed her eyes, body still throbbing with denied need, and whispered into the dark:

"Thank you, Miss."

Isabella smiled and turned off the light.

In the darkness, Jessica listened to the soft sounds of kissing and shifting bodies above her, the occasional quiet moan from Sarah or Brooke, and the low, satisfied sound of Isabella's voice guiding them.

She pressed her thighs together and tried not to make a sound.

She failed.

But no one told her to stop.

Chapter 21: Proper Use

Jessica woke on the floor at the foot of the bed, naked and aching.

The rug was rough against her skin. Her pussy was still swollen and sensitive from the night before, and a thin trail of dried arousal marked the inside of her thigh. Above her, she could hear the soft sounds of breathing and the occasional rustle of silk sheets. Isabella, Sarah, and Brooke were still asleep, tangled together in the bed that used to belong to Jessica's parents.

She stayed perfectly still until she heard Isabella stir.

"Pet," Isabella's voice came, low and sleepy. "Come here."

Jessica crawled up onto the bed and slipped beneath the covers at Isabella's feet. She pressed her face between Isabella's warm thighs and began to lick slowly, the way she had been trained. Isabella sighed and reached down to rest a hand

on Jessica’s head, guiding her gently while the other two girls slowly woke up.

By the time Isabella came, Sarah and Brooke were both watching.

After breakfast — which Jessica served naked on her knees — Isabella led them all into the living room. She had changed into a fresh pair of black silk pajamas and carried the thick strap-on in one hand.

“Today,” she said, buckling it on over her shorts, “we’re going to teach both of you how to fuck her properly.”

Jessica knelt in the middle of the room, heart already racing.

Isabella pointed to the floor.

“On your back, pet. Legs up and spread. Show them what belongs to me.”

Jessica obeyed, lying back and pulling her knees to her chest, completely exposed. Her smooth, shaved pussy glistened under the morning light.

Isabella looked at Sarah and Brooke.

“She doesn’t get to come until I say so. When you’re inside her, you go slow at first. Make her feel every inch. Make her thank you for it. And when she starts begging, you don’t give in. You just keep using her until I tell you to stop.”

She handed the strap-on harness to Sarah first.

“You’re up.”

Sarah took it with slightly shaky hands but buckled it on without hesitation. She knelt between Jessica’s spread legs and rubbed the thick head of the silicone cock up and down Jessica’s soaked folds.

Jessica’s voice was soft and trembling.

“This pet thanks you, Miss Sarah.”

Sarah pushed inside in one slow, steady thrust.

Jessica moaned, back arching as she was stretched open. Sarah started moving — a little awkward at first, then finding a rhythm. Isabella stood beside them, one hand resting on Sarah’s lower back, coaching her.

“Deeper. That’s it. Look at her face while you fuck her. She’s not your old friend right now. She’s just a warm, wet hole for you to use.”

Sarah’s confidence grew quickly. She gripped Jessica’s thighs and started fucking her harder, the wet sounds filling the room. Every time Jessica got close, Isabella would tap Sarah’s shoulder and she would slow down or stop completely, leaving Jessica shaking and desperate.

When Sarah finally pulled out, Jessica was panting.

“This pet thanks you, Miss Sarah,” she whispered automatically.

Brooke went next.

She was rougher than Sarah — more eager, less careful. She flipped Jessica onto her hands and knees and took her from behind, one hand fisted in Jessica’s hair while the other slapped her ass in sharp, possessive smacks. Jessica cried out with every thrust, her small breasts swinging beneath her, pussy clenching around the thick cock.

Isabella watched with dark, satisfied eyes.

“Tell them what you are,” she ordered.

Jessica’s voice was broken and hoarse.

“This pet is Miss Isabella’s… lesbian servant… This pet exists only to be used…”

Brooke came first, grinding deep inside Jessica with a low moan. She stayed buried inside her for a long moment before pulling out and stepping back, breathing hard.

Isabella finally took the strap-on for herself.

She fucked Jessica slowly, almost tenderly, while Sarah and Brooke watched. Every deep thrust was accompanied by soft, possessive words.

“You’re mine now,” Isabella murmured. “Completely. No more old life. No more pretending. This is what you were always meant to be.”

Jessica came without permission — a sudden, violent orgasm that made her scream and collapse onto the floor. Her body shook with aftershocks as Isabella kept fucking her straight through it.

When it was over, Isabella pulled out and looked down at the trembling, soaked girl beneath her.

She smiled.

“Again,” she said calmly. “Sarah, you’re up next. This time, don’t stop when she comes.”

Jessica lay there on the living room floor, legs still spread, pussy red and dripping, and whispered the only words she had left.

“Thank you, Miss.”

Isabella stroked her hair once, almost gently.

“Good girl.”

Chapter 22: The Rest of Forever

By the time the sun went down, Jessica could barely think.

She had been used all day — on the living room floor, bent over the dining table, on her knees in the kitchen while Isabella made lunch. Sarah and Brooke had taken turns with the strap-on, sometimes together, sometimes one after the other, while Isabella watched and corrected them like a patient teacher. Jessica had come more times than she could count, but only when she was allowed. Most of the day she had been kept right on the edge, trembling and dripping, thanking them every time they touched her.

Now the house was quiet again.

Isabella sat on the couch in fresh midnight-blue silk pajamas, legs spread comfortably. Sarah was curled against her left side, Brooke against her right. Both girls were flushed and satisfied, wearing nothing but soft robes Isabella had given them.

Jessica knelt on the floor between Isabella's feet, naked, head resting against her owner's thigh. Her face was still sticky, her pussy swollen and sore in the best way. She hadn't been allowed to speak for the last hour unless spoken to.

Isabella stroked her hair slowly.

"You did well today, pet," she said quietly. "Both of them are learning fast. And you… you're learning exactly what you were made for."

Jessica pressed a soft kiss to Isabella's knee but didn't answer. She knew she wasn't supposed to.

Isabella looked at Sarah and Brooke.

"From now on, when you come over, this is how it's going to be. Jessica belongs to me. She serves all three of us, but she answers only to me. You can use her whenever you want, however you want. But she doesn't come unless I say so. And she sleeps on the floor unless I bring her into the bed."

She looked down at Jessica and smiled.

"Stand up, pet."

Jessica rose on shaky legs. Isabella reached out and gently turned her around so she was facing Sarah and Brooke.

"Tell them what you are now."

Jessica's voice was soft, hoarse, and completely sincere.

"This pet is Miss Isabella's property. This pet exists to serve Miss and her lovers. This pet is grateful to be used. This pet has no other purpose."

Sarah and Brooke stared at her for a moment. Then Sarah smiled — slow and a little cruel.

"Good," she said.

Brooke nodded, eyes dark. “Really good.”

Isabella pulled Jessica back down between her legs and guided her face to her pussy one last time that night. Jessica licked obediently, slow and worshipful, while Isabella continued speaking to the other two girls above her.

“We’re going to take our time with her,” Isabella said calmly. “There’s no rush anymore. The house is mine. She’s mine. And now the two of you get to enjoy her with me.”

Jessica moaned softly into Isabella’s cunt as she came, thighs closing gently around her head. When Isabella finally let her go, she stayed on her knees, face glistening, eyes half-lidded with exhaustion and contentment.

Isabella looked down at her with quiet satisfaction.

“Go make the bed for us,” she said. “Then come back and wait at the foot of it. You know where you sleep now.”

Jessica whispered, “Yes, Miss,” and crawled away to do as she was told.

Later that night, after Sarah and Brooke had fallen asleep in the bed, Isabella sat on the edge of the mattress and looked down at Jessica curled on the rug below her. She reached down and gently stroked Jessica’s cheek with her thumb.

“You’re happy like this,” she said softly. It wasn’t a question.

Jessica pressed her face into Isabella’s palm and answered without hesitation.

“Yes, Miss. This pet is happy.”

Isabella smiled — small, private, and deeply possessive.

“Good,” she whispered. “Because this is how it’s going to be from now on. For a very, very long time.”

She stood up, slipped off her robe, and climbed into bed between Sarah and Brooke. Just before she turned off the light, she looked down one last time at the naked girl on the floor.

“Sleep, pet.”

Jessica closed her eyes.

In the dark, she could hear the soft breathing of the three women above her. Her body ached in all the right ways. Her mind was quiet. There was no old Jessica left to miss. There was only this — the floor at her owner’s feet, the taste of her still on her tongue, and the warm, certain knowledge that she would wake up tomorrow and do it all again.

She pressed her thighs together, felt the lingering soreness between her legs, and let out a soft, contented sigh.

Total surrender had never felt so complete.

And in the morning, it would begin all over again.