



selenakitt

the
real
**MOTHER
GOOSE**

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The Real Mother Goose

By Selena Kitt

Preface

No one ever gets these things right.

Yes, Mother Goose—that's me! What threw you off—the garters and stockings and black leather whip? Like I said, no one ever gets these things right. Father Goose says they've twisted all my stories around, and according to the books he brought home with him after he crossed back over, they all claim I never existed at all! I guess, historically speaking, that's true. I never did really exist in that world. From what I hear, it's dreadfully dull. I'm sure I would just be bored. It's probably better that the real stories never made it out. I don't know that the Earthfolk were ready for them.

Chapter One

Little Bo Peep

*Little Bo Peep has lost her sheep
And can't tell where to find them.
Leave them alone,
And they'll come home,
Wagging their tails behind them.*

"Peep!" The voice shook the room and the startled girl looked up as Mother came in. "Do you know where your sheep are now?"

"No, Mother." The girl looked up from her position, kneeling on the floor, her blue eyes wide. "I penned them before I left, I swear it."

Mother Goose came toward her, the high heels of her soft boots clicking on the floor. She squatted down before Peep, whose hands were bound behind her to her feet with pink satin sashes.

"You are a pretty little one." Mother lifted the girl's chin and studied her face, her gaze moving over the girl's body, the pink and white corset drawn tight, her blonde curls spilling over her shoulders, partially hiding Peep's rosy little nipples. "Sometimes I think you're just playing dumb."

"No, Mother," Peep implored, shaking her head. "I penned them. I promise you."

"Is that so?" Mother stood. Peep looked up Mother's long legs, encased in black fishnet stockings and garters, the dark triangle between her legs exposed, as it always was, for easy access.

Mother had taken to wearing black since Father had crossed over, and her mood was ever changeable, but lately she seemed often cross and hard to please. Mother tapped her toe in front of Peep's knee, folding her arms over her ample breasts, pushed

up high in her black corset, but covered with the sheer, lace peignoir she always wore, unbuttoned to the floor.

“Mother, please,” Peep pleaded. “I will go tend them, if you let me.”

Mother walked over to the cabinet and the girl moaned, the sound caught halfway between regret and anticipation. “I think we need a little correction, don’t you?” Mother’s voice drifted over her shoulder as she chose a small cat o’nine tails from her collection.

“Please,” Peep pleaded again, her eyes downcast. “I’ll be a good girl.”

“Yes,” Mother murmured, coming to caress the her cheek with her soft hand. “You will.”

Mother reached behind the girl and began untying the pink satin ribbon binding her. Peep sighed in relief, rolling her tired shoulders once her arms were free. She leaned forward onto her hands and knees as Mother began to untie her feet, but then the older woman stopped.

“No... this is good.” Mother tightened the sashes at the girl’s ankles, chuckling. “Turn around, Little Bo Peep who’s lost her sheep, and doesn’t know were to find them.”

Peep did as she was told, turning her face toward the wall on her hands and knees, using her hands to slowly work herself around. She felt Mother’s hand caressing her ass, and she shivered, looking back over her shoulder at the older woman. Mother squatted down behind her, beginning to drip the many straps of the cat o’nine tails over Peep’s behind like a little leather waterfall.

“Peep’s little puss,” Mother whispered, parting the dark blonde fuzz with her fingers to peer in at the pink treasure. “I love peeping at Peep’s little puss.” Mother giggled, wiggling her fingers through and finding the girl’s clit.

“Oh, Mother!” Peep moaned, lifting her bottom in the air as much as she could with her feet tied together at the ankles.

“That’s right, Peep,” Mother encouraged, with her finger and her voice. The girl’s clit was swollen and pulsing. “You like it so much, don’t you?”

Peep nodded, glad her long blonde hair covered her red, flushed face. Mother’s fingers rubbed there, making her moan with pleasure. Peep’s little puss was incredibly responsive, her lips swelling, the pink color deepening to a rosier shade.

“You’ve been a naughty shepherdess, haven’t you, Peep?” Mother asked, standing behind her. The girl nodded, her blonde hair falling in waves falling over the stone floor. She felt the first blow from the cat o’nine tails, almost a gentle thing, with just a little sting. She twisted and squirmed.

“Oh, Mother, please,” Peep whispered. Her pussy throbbed from the older woman’s attention.

“Yes, tell me.” Another blow, and then another. Mother waited.

“I lost my sheep,” the girl sobbed, feeling another slap, another. Her bottom felt hot. She cried out as she felt three more stings from the cat o’nine tails in quick succession. “Oh, Mother! Please!”

But the older woman was catching a rhythm now, and Peep heard her working hard. She lashed the girl again and again, until Peep’s bottom felt red and raw and

huge, and her pussy—it was on fire, throbbing with longing. She hid her shamed face behind her curtain of hair, her tears falling onto the stone floor.

“Now, are you going to find those sheep, Miss Peep?” Mother grabbed the girl by the hair and pulled her head back, looking down at her tear-stained face. Peep nodded, moaning softly, looking dazed, her eyes glassy. “But first, you’re going to do penance, aren’t you? On your knees.”

Peep nodded, tears still streaming down her rosy cheeks. “Yes, Mother.”

Mother moved in front of her, leaning back against the wall. “Up, Peep,” she instructed, using the girl’s hair to pull her fully to her knees. Peep sat up, looking up at her with big, wide eyes. “You know what to do.”

Peep leaned forward, parting Mother’s pussy lips with her tongue. Mother was very wet, and the girl found her clit and began to suck and lick it, knowing just what the older woman liked, running lazy circles at first and then moving her tongue back and forth along the hooded button.

Mother moaned, rubbing her palms over her own dark nipples, pulling at them, twisting them. She ground her pussy against the girl’s face, using Peep’s tongue, her juices spilling down her chin and throat. Peep whimpered when Mother slipped a hand behind her neck, pulling her in tighter. She tried to keep her nose clear, moving her tongue faster and faster over the woman’s clit, feeling her writhe and wriggle.

“Good girl,” Mother moaned, moving her hips in circles now, too. Her hand was tired of holding Peep’s neck and she reached out and grabbed the girl’s crooked staff leaning against the wall, a little pretty pink and white be-ribboned thing. Mother hooked

the staff around Peep's neck, and the girl gasped, feeling herself being drawn deeper into the older woman's wetness.

Peep could barely breathe, but she didn't stop, not for a moment, keeping her lapping tongue focused right over Mother's clit. Her own pussy throbbed, and she longed to touch it, but she knew Mother would be angry. She squeezed her legs together, the smell and sight and sound of pussy all around her—she was drowning in it.

"Ohhh!" Mother cried out, and Peep felt the crooked staff pull her up tight by the neck, shoving her even more deeply against Mother's slick flesh, if that was possible. "Yes, yes, that's good, make Mother come in your mouth."

And she did, her body a shaking, quivering torrent as she flooded Peep's mouth with her juices. Mother leaned there for a moment, her chest heaving, loosening her grip on the staff. Peep tilted her face up to her, her tongue stuck out completely, the tip poised right at Mother's clit, just like she was taught.

Mother smiled, patting the girl's head. "No, doll. Not another for Mother. But maybe a pet for Peep?"

The girl's eyes brightened, and her pussy quivered. Mother walked around the girl, bending down to untie her ankles. She gave her a hand up, leading Peep over to the huge, high bed in the middle of the room.

"On your knees," Mother instructed, watching Peep crawl forward into the bed. The girl stayed near the edge, back on her hands and knees. "Ohhhh, look at Peep's little puss," she murmured, and she slapped it with her bare hand, making the girl gasp and cry out. "You like it, don't you, pet? You're so wet!"

Peep moaned, spreading her legs a little wider, arching her back. Mother chuckled, slipping two fingers into her, easily—she was like butter. She moved her fingers in and out of the girl's wetness, turning her fingers as she did, and Peep met her motion, rocking back with her hips.

"Tell Mother," the older woman whispered, leaning down to kiss her round, pink bottom.

"Yes!" Peep moaned when she touched her clit, finding it with her thumb and rubbing. "Oh, Mother, yes, I love it, I love it, I do!"

She was rewarded as Mother's hand drove into her harder, faster, digging deep. They were both breathing hard, working hard, Peep's hands clenched into fists as she grasped the bedcovers, her pink toes curling. Mother smiled, using her other hand and slipping one wet fingertip into the girl's exposed rosebud, her asshole tight.

"Ohhhhhhh!" Peep's whole body stiffened as she came, the force of it pressing her further back against Mother, driving every inch of mother's fingers into her orifices as she bucked and thrashed and moaned. She collapsed onto the bed, forgetting herself, still shivering.

Mother watched her for a moment, the flushed cheeks, the round, rosy ass, the cinched waist, her corset heaving with her breath, and then she licked her fingers, smelling Peep on them. "You do need to find those sheep, pet," she reminded her.

Peep sat up, nodding, moving to stand. Her limbs were tingling and shaky from being tied up. "Yes, Mother. I will find them and put them in their pen for the night."

"Good girl." Mother caressed her cheek and then sat on the bed and watched Peep fetch her crook and walk unsteadily out the door.

When she was gone, Mother called, "Willie!" The little man came in, bowing to Mother as he entered. "Willie, Mother needs a bath."

He nodded again, turning to go, and she called, "Oh, and Willie? Come here." He advanced toward the bed and waited. His head only came up to the top of the mattress and he stood looking up at her.

She patted the top of his head, smiling. "Wee Willie Winkie," she murmured, chucking him under the chin. "Do remember to go out there tomorrow morning and let those sheep out of their pen, won't you, darling?"

He nodded, smiling, his eyes bright. "Yes, Mother."

Chapter Two

Little Boy Blue

*Little Boy Blue, come blow your horn,
The sheep's in the meadow, the cow's in the corn.
Where is the boy who looks after the sheep?
He's under a haystack, fast asleep.*

"Guess where I found this one, Mother?"

She looked up from her tea, seeing Little Boy Blue dragging in the young man she had recently hired to help Peep look after the sheep.

"Oh, no, not again!" Mother tsked, standing and moving toward them.

"You guessed it, under the haystack, fast asleep!" Blue exclaimed, shaking his head and grabbing the young man by his shirt collar, forcing him to his knees on the floor. "You bow before Mother, swine," he hissed.

Mother squatted down near the young man, lifting his chin. He was dirty, but his eyes were a clear, bright, and very defiant blue. "Tommy boy," Mother murmured, licking her thumb and rubbing it over a smudge on the young man's cheek. He jerked his head away, glaring at her.

Mother sighed, folding her arms, and stood to look at Blue. "Are these magic sheep I have?" she wondered aloud. "Do they fly out of their pens?"

"You see, Blue." Mother pointed to the wall, where Peep was bound again in pink satin sashes, her face streaked with tears, awaiting her third punishment in three days. "It appears no one can keep track of the sheep!"

"Perhaps our little sheep herders have been occupying themselves together, Mother," Blue suggested, raising a dark eyebrow at her.

Mother smiled, narrowing her eyes. “Ah, perhaps.” She advanced toward Peep and the girl lowered her head even further. Mother had her stripped completely bare today, and she was nothing but creamy pink skin and honey-colored hair.

“Is this true, Peep?” Mother asked quietly. “Have you and Tom been occupying yourselves together while my sheep run willy-nilly through town?”

“Leave her alone!” Tom hissed at her over his shoulder as Blue moved to restrain the young man.

Mother raised her eyebrows and met Blue’s eyes. “Ah, I see.” She pressed the young man between herself and Blue as she leaned in to whisper something into Blue’s ear. He nodded, smiling, and picked Tom up under the arm, dragging him toward where Peep was kneeling.

“I don’t think satin ribbons will keep this one, Mother,” Blue remarked, reaching for a manacle attached to a chain hooked into the wall. Tom struggled as Blue snapped the first one around his wrist, but the bigger man held him fast, grabbing the other arm and locking the other manacle. Tom strained against the chains, but he couldn’t go any further than a few feet from the wall, his arms above his head.

Mother moved toward him, her heels clicking on the stone floor and her lace peignoir shifting around her thighs as she advanced. Tom glared at her, but she smiled at him, shaking her head. “There’s a fire in this one, Blue. Now I remember why I acquired him.”

“He’s got spunk,” Blue agreed, folding his arms and watching Mother as she began to unbutton the young man’s shirt.

“I bet he does.” Mother chuckled, reaching into Tom’s breeches. He gasped as she squeezed his testicles, tugging and twisting them slightly. “The harness, please, Blue,” she murmured, feeling Tom’s cock growing in her hand in spite of the resentment in his eyes. “Oh, my... the big one.”

Blue grinned, going over to the cabinet and opening it. Peep watched him through the cascade of her hair, whimpering. He patted her on the head as he passed back, carrying something that looked like a bunch of leather straps.

“Do whatever you want to me,” Tom said as Mother began removing his breeches. She left his shirt on but open. “Just leave Peep alone.”

Mother took the harness from Blue, shaking her head at the young man. “Yes, I will do whatever I want to you,” she said softly, kneeling to inspect him. Peep had raised her head and was watching closely as Mother stroked Tom’s cock. “And to our Little Bo Peep, as well.” Tom struggled against his bonds, his face reddening almost as much as his stiffening member.

Mother smiled up at him, and then glanced over at Peep, who was licking her little lips as she watched. “You see, she likes it, Tom,” Mother explained, pressing his cock up against his hard, flat belly, rubbing it there as she fondled his balls with her other hand and began to fasten the leather straps around them. “She likes it a great deal—and not just with you, believe me, dearie!”

Tom glanced over at the girl, but her head was lowered again, her hair hiding her face. Mother continued to work the leather around his cock, tightening it around his testicles and the base of his shaft. She buckled the straps, murmuring to herself, “One, two, let’s buckle you...” Mother admired her handiwork, seeing him standing straight up

and out. Tom looked down at her, his eyes wide as she smiled up at him and planted a kiss on the tip of him before standing.

“What do you think, Blue?” Mother looked over at the big man standing by watching.

“Should hold him for a while.” Blue nodded with a smile.

“Let’s find out, shall we?” Mother’s eyes were bright as she stood, walking over to where Peep knelt, her head bowed so low her golden hair fell in a pool on the floor. The older woman leaned over and began to untie her. Peep didn’t make a peep—she stayed just that way, with her hands behind her back, as if she were still restrained.

“Ah, you are such a good girl,” Mother remarked, stroking Peep’s back with her hand. “A faster learner. Up, pet.”

Mother twined her hand in Peep’s hair and she stood, her hands still tucked behind her back. “You know you aren’t allowed to fraternize,” Mother admonished her, leaning in close enough Peep could smell the mint tea she’d been drinking on her breath.

“I’m sorry, Mother,” Peep whispered, swallowing hard. She felt tears stinging her eyes again. “It was just—”

Mother raised an eyebrow. “Oh, this should be good. What was it just, darling?”

Peep looked over at Tom, who was watching them both with darkening eyes.

“Nothing, Mother,” Peep whispered. “It was nothing.”

Mother smiled, turning to Tom and bringing Peep along with her, this time grabbing her by the wrist. “You see, Tom, it was nothing. She said so herself.”

"I don't believe it," Tom replied, his eyes blazing. Mother eyed them both and then forced the young girl to her knees in front of him.

"You can believe whatever you like, precious," she told him, petting Peep's hair. "But she does my bidding—and so do you. Isn't that right, pet?"

"Yes, Mother," Peep whispered, her eyes turned up to them both.

"Who is your mistress?" Mother asked, stroking Peep's cheek.

"You are, Mother."

"Who loves you?" she asked, rubbing her fingers over the girl's soft lips.

"You do, Mother."

"Who gives you more pleasure than you ever knew possible?"

Peep closed her eyes for a moment, her nostrils flaring at the memory. "You do, Mother."

The older woman smiled, her eyes soft as she reached to tweak Peep's hard pink nipple. "Yes, that's my good girl." Mother turned her eyes to Tom, and they hardened as she saw his jaw working, his fists clenched.

"You will say the same, before the day is out, dear Tom," Mother told him, her eyes roaming over the muscles in his chest straining against his bonds.

"Never," he spat.

Mother laughed, the sound light and delighted. "Hickory, dickory dock," Mother murmured. "Now you shall suck his cock," she instructed the girl, pushing her head toward Tom's engorged member. It was still incredibly hard, the leather straps keeping the blood flow restricted.

Peep began by licking the head, her tongue working around and around. She kept her hands on her thighs, using just her lips and mouth on him, taking him in a bit at a time, wetting him with her saliva. Mother watched, her eyes flickering from Tom's face, which was beginning to belie his pleasure, to Peep's, the girl looking adoringly up at him as if she were worshipping his member.

Mother glanced over at Blue, who was watching them both as well, his eyes moving with the motion of Peep's head over Tom's cock. She smiled, sidling over to him and pressing into his side.

"Isn't it a lovely show?" Mother whispered. Tom was moaning now, thrusting into Peep's waiting, willing mouth.

Blue nodded, his eyes never moving from them. "Yes, Mother."

She leaned in to his ear. "Mmmmmm Blue," she purred, her hand sliding down the front of him, finding out just how hard he was. "You need someone to blow that horn."

He smiled, a slow, lopsided thing, his eyes flicking down to her face and then back to the action, Peep choking and gagging on Tom's cock now, tears coming out of the corners of her eyes, and still she took him, over and over. The young man was up on his toes, trying to get as much of himself into her as he could, and Mother heard his moans of pleasure mixed with a hint of frustration.

"I would never refuse you, Mother." Blue's eyes fell from hers to her breasts, pressed up in her black corset.

"I'll be right back," she said with a wink, moving toward Peep and Tom. She knelt down next to the girl for a moment, watching her trying to swallow him, her cheeks

bulging, saliva running down her chin. Mother's eyes were bright and shining as she touched Peep's shoulder, pulling her back.

"Very nice, darling." She praised the girl, who looked at her with dazed eyes. Mother looked at Tom's cock, a bright, angry, throbbing red, pulsing with his blood. The young man was panting, sweating, his muscles tight and hard. Mother stood and backed him against the wall with her body, putting her knee between his thighs, her lips inches from his.

"You see, Tom," Mother explained, feeling his ragged breath against her face. "These lovely leather straps?" She gave them a tug and he groaned, bucking against her, his eyes closing. "They won't let you come. You can stay hard practically forever... until I decide it's time for you to finish."

Tom's eyes flew open and he stared at her, aghast. She smiled at his final understanding and patted his cheek with her hand.

"Did you fuck my little Peep?" Mother asked him, pulling the straps again. He grunted and shuddered. "Answer me, dear."

"Yes," he moaned as she began to move her hand over his shaft, still slick with Peep's saliva.

"Well, then, you shall fuck her again," Mother said, pursing her lips. "For *my* pleasure, this time."

Mother helped Peep to stand, her hands roaming over the girl's body, cupping her breasts and slipping down her smooth, flat tummy to probe through the soft, downy hair between her thighs. "Oh, my," Mother exclaimed, her fingers pushing in deeper. "You are so very wet. Did you like that big, hard cock in you?"

Peep nodded, her eyes downcast. "Yes, Mother," she whispered.

"Do you want it inside of you now?" the older woman asked, making Peep rock with the motion of her hand between her legs.

"Ohhh," Peep moaned, leaning her forehead against Mother's shoulder as the woman fingered her. "Oh yes, Mother...please."

Mother removed her fingers, lifting the glistening digits to Tom's mouth and spreading the wetness over his lips. "That's honey," she murmured. "From *my* little honeybee." She watched as Tom sucked her fingers, feeling an ache between her own legs as he did.

"She's a good little worker," Mother murmured, edging Peep back, closer and closer to Tom. "And she's going to work your cock until you can't stand it. Are you ready, Tom?"

He moaned in response as Mother took his cock in her hand, bending Peep over with the other and aiming him at her pink little hole from behind. Mother rubbed him all over her wetness, teasing Peep's clit with the tip. She whimpered, wiggling her hips back and forth.

"Slide on," Mother told Peep, watching as the girl edged back, pressing Tom into the wall as she impaled herself on his stiff member. Tom groaned as she began to move her hips, grinding back into him, working the length of his shaft along her soft, velvet walls.

"Oh, that's lovely," Mother whispered, her hand slipping between her legs as she watched them, her pussy a dark, glistening treasure. "Now, don't you stop, pet. Not until I say. Do you understand?"

“Yes, Mother,” Peep panted, her eyes half closed and her mouth a little “o” as she bent herself in half, her hands on her knees as she worked her hips against Tom.

Mother slipped her peignoir off her shoulders, turning to where Blue was still standing, watching them all. His gaze followed her as she approached, dipping down her corset, over her garters and fishnets and boots, and back up again to where her fingers lingered in the darkness between her thighs.

“Let’s see what you have for Mother,” she whispered as she knelt before him and undid his breeches. Blue threw his head back as she took him into her hand, and then into her mouth, her tongue deft, her fingers skilled, pulling the skin back and taking him all without a hint or a sign of difficulty.

Mother’s fingers worked between her legs as she sucked him, rubbing circles against her clit as she watched Peep and Tom out of the corner of her eye. The young girl moaned as she fucked him, pinching her rosy nipples and reaching to rub her clit. She was the vision of a wanton little glutton, using his cock between her legs, riding him to greater and greater heights.

Mother smiled up at Blue as his pre-cum began to flow, and she saw him watching them, too. Peep’s cries of pleasure were like the mews of a tiny kitten, plaintive and tenderly vulnerable. Tom groaned, his head bowed in defeat, submitting to the fucking he was getting like a good boy, Mother noticed, his noises caught somewhere between pleasure and pain, exactly where they should be.

“Fuck me, Blue,” Mother murmured, standing up and lifting her leg, wrapping it around him. “But don’t come. I want you to save that for Peep.”

Blue groaned, whispering, "Thank you, Mother," in her hair as he pressed her to the wall, driving his stiff cock deep inside of her. She turned her head so she could still see them both, Peep doing her stooped, sinuous dance, her hair whipping around as she tossed her head back.

"Harder, Blue," Mother whispered, his cock a thick, bulging swell, filling her completely. He panted, thrusting into her with all of his force, rocking her into the wall. She lifted her other leg around him and he held her there with the weight of him, plunging through her flesh, making her moan and bite into his shoulder.

Peep shuddered, moaned, half-crying, her orgasm moving through her and making her press back hard against Tom. He moaned, too, low and long, and Mother saw, when Peep pull forward, how hard and red his cock was. It was almost time.

"Oh, Blue," Mother whispered, digging the heels of her boots into his back and rolling her hips in circles. He didn't stop, but pressed forward, following her rhythm and then speeding it up, urging her on. "Oh god, yessssssss," she hissed, her climax a sweet burst of pleasure flooding over his cock in thick waves.

Peep's motion was slow and easy now, still working Tom's cock, but with less fervor. Mother shuddered and whispered into Blue's ear, "Now you can have her."

"Thank you, Mother." Blue let her down gently, his cock still a rising staff as he pulled out of her. She wiped a bit of dark hair out of her eyes and then moved toward them, laying her hand on Peep's lower back as she rolled her hips around and around. The girl looked up at her, questioning.

“Little Bo Peep,” Mother murmured, stroking the girl’s ass. Poor Tom’s cock was so red it was almost purple, she could see it sinking slowly in and out of Peep’s soft blonde curls. His head was down, his eyes closed. “This is Little Boy Blue.”

The man stepped around Mother, and Peep’s eyes widened at the sight of his member. “Little?” she choked.

Mother chuckled. “Once, he was,” she winked. “Be good to her, Blue.”

“Yes, Mother.” Blue said watched the older woman ease Peep off of Tom. The girl stood looking up at Blue, trembling. Mother’s hand went to Tom’s cock, squeezing and rubbing it. He groaned, shaking his head from side to side.

“Come here, little one.” Blue ran his hands over Peep’s breasts. She followed him over to the bed, and Mother watched fondly as Blue bent her over the mattress, aiming his cock toward her wet, pink flesh. Peep squealed, spreading her legs wider as he began to fuck her, his hand gripping her hips.

“Now, Tom.” Mother turned back to the young man still chained to the wall. “Do we fall asleep on our watch?”

“No, Mother.” He shuddered as she eased her hand up and down over his flesh.

“Do we fraternize while we are working?” Mother reached down to find the leather straps.

“No, Mother.” He lifted his eyes to meet hers. Mother smiled, seeing something in them she liked. She unbuckled the strap around his shaft and he hissed and then groaned.

“Who is your mistress?” Mother rubbed the tip of his cock through the slick wetness between her legs.

“Oh, god,” he cried. “You are. You are, Mother.”

“Yes,” she whispered, easing forward a little and pressing him into her as she hooked one leg around him. She began moving on him, his cock still slick from Peep’s juices. She heard Peep mewling behind her, and Blue moaning with every thrust. The sound was gratifying and made her smile. Tom watched them over her shoulder, his face a mask of pain and fascination.

“She’s a beautiful girl.” Mother made circles with her hips, around and around. Tom gasped. “And she is mine.” Mother leaned in to whisper, “*You* are mine.” Tom’s hips were moving with her now, his cock an iron bar thrust up inside her.

“Yes, Mother,” he moaned. “Yes, yes.”

“Who loves you?” Mother reached down between them and undid the last buckle with one hand.

Tom shuddered, his eyes rolling back into his head. “Oh, please,” he murmured. “You do, Mother. You do.”

“That’s right,” she purred, squeezing all of her muscles around him. He grimaced and bit his lip. Behind them, they heard Peep and Blue making sounds like they were riding a tidal wave toward shore. Mother glanced behind her and saw Blue pounding into the girl, holding onto her hair for leverage. She moaned and thrust back against him.

“And who gives you more pleasure than you ever thought possible?” Mother rocked her hips back and forth now, shoving the tip of his cock up into her again and again. Mother heard Blue cry out his last bit of lustful release, and the sound filled her as Blue pumped his seed into the girl behind her.

“You do, Mother,” Tom groaned. “Oh my fucking god! Yes! You, Mother, it’s all for you!”

“Yes!” She let the last strap around his testicles loose and worked her hot, wet pussy on his cock. Tom’s eyes flew open for a moment and then snapped closed again as he finally came, the force of it making him buck forward into her, growling and grunting and thrusting with all of his might. It went on forever, it seemed, wave after glorious wave pulsing into Mother’s waiting pussy.

When he was spent, Mother undid each shackle, easing him down to the floor. He rested there, his back against the wall, panting and breathless, his head thrown back, his eyes closed. She looked behind her to see Peep sprawled out on the bed in the same dazed state.

Blue pulled up his breeches and walked toward her. “Is there anything more I can do for you, Mother?”

Mother smiled. “I think those sheep were into Mary’s garden again,” she said, touching Blue’s cheek. “You know how contrary she gets. Will you find out for me?”

“Yes, Mother.” Blue nodded and turned toward the door.

“Willie!” Mother called, waiting for the little man to appear. He did so just as Blue was departing. “We have another mess to clean up, I’m afraid.”

Chapter Three
Mary, Mary, Quite Contrary

*Mary, Mary, quite contrary,
How does your garden grow?
With silver bells and cockleshells,
And pretty maids all in a row.*

Mother was going to pay a visit. She pulled her long black gloves up past her elbows, glancing in the mirror for one last quick inspection. Her black corset, cinched tight, was worn over a sheer, white lace sleeveless bodice, and her skirt was long, sheer, layered lace as well, black over black. She wore her usual boots and stockings and garters underneath. Her dark hair was piled high on her head, and she turned and pinched her cheeks to add color to them, biting at her lips as well. It would have to do.

“Willie, did Blue get my coach?” she called out into the hallway. She heard the little man scurrying about somewhere but didn’t see him.

She heard a muffled, “Coming, Mother!” and he appeared out of a small door in the wall, not even waist high.

“Goodness, those little secret doors always surprise me.” Mother held her hand to her bare throat. “Did you hear me, darling?”

“Yes, Mother.” Willie nodded, bowing his usual stiff, formal way. “Blue is waiting in the courtyard for you.”

“How do I look?” Mother did a little twirl.

Willie smiled. “Father would be proud.”

Mother sighed. “Yes, well...Father is off adventuring somewhere, so Mother has to keep herself occupied, doesn’t she, doll?”

She patted the little man's head as she passed. "Do you have the collars and bells?"

Willie nodded. "Of course, Mother." He handed her three tiny collars, pink, yellow and red, all with bells attached. She admired them before tucking them into her bag.

"Well, I'm off, then. Don't wait up!"

Blue was waiting in the courtyard, as promised.

Mother smiled and kissed his cheek. "Was Mary upset about the sheep?"

"I took Peep over myself, to make our apologies." Blue's eyes danced.

Mother raised an eyebrow and nodded. "And Tom?"

"You know Mistress Mary, Mother." Blue helped her into the coach. "She loves the maidens—but the lads?"

Mother winked. "Well, I'm an equal opportunity employer, aren't I, Blue?"

He kissed her gloved hand in response. "Indeed you are, Mother dear."

Mother settled back into her seat and watched as the scenery trotted by. Her own estate was vast, stretching ever by in both directions. She saw the sheep, penned today, their wooly forms huddled and grazing together. Tom sat on the far fence, she noticed, his hat pulled down over his eyes, his bare feet swinging. She made a note of his leisure for later, and turned her face out the opposite window.

Ah, there were the berry bushes, hundreds of them, bearing lush, ripe fruit this time of year—strawberries, blueberries, raspberries—although the black mulberries were her favorites. She considered asking Blue to stop, dreaming for a moment of walking barefoot among the rows, picking berries and feeding them to her companion,

but she thought better of it when she looked down at her attire and fingered the three little collars in her pocket. Another day.

They rounded a corner and went by the blacksmith, and Mother knew they were passing over the boundaries of her land. They crossed over the bridge, the wheels of the carriage rumbling over the ties, and she watched a couple rowing lazily on the lake. Mary's garden began on the other side, taking up both sides of the road, rows of corn on the left and a field of golden wheat on the right. They were close now.

Mother sat forward, her heart leaping as Mary's cottage came into view. Everyone called it the cottage—but it was five times the size of any structure normally called a “cottage.” Blue stopped the carriage, and she waited for him to open the door and offer his hand to her.

“Thank you, dearest.” She kissed his cheek as she stepped out. “Would you like to wander the gardens while I visit?”

He grinned. “I would dearly love to do that, Mother.”

She patted his hand. “Enjoy.” She went up the wide front steps and used the knocker on the front door. She was surprised when Mary answered, her green eyes flashing.

“Mother!” she exclaimed, leaning in to kiss next to the woman's cheek. “I had hoped you would make it out today. I trust the drive was pleasant?”

“Your gardens are stunning.” Mother smiled, leaning in to kiss the air next to Mary's cheek and breathing in the smell of the thick auburn hair tumbling down her back—cinnamon and roses. “As always.”

“You know the best is out back.” Mary gave her a wink over her shoulder as she led the way through the foyer, not letting go of Mother’s hand.

“Blue is back there, now.” Mother squeezed the woman’s small bare hand in her gloved one.

“Polly, put the kettle on!” Mary called toward the kitchen, offering Mother a seat on the settee. “Tea, Mother?”

“I’m parched.” Mother put her handbag next to her, watching Mary sink her hand into the bobbed hair of a young girl kneeling next to her chair. She was a small thing, her breasts barely buds, her big, dark eyes focused on the floor in front of her. Mother’s eyes fell between the girl’s legs, noting with a smile her hairless slit. Mary was fond of shaving her girls.

“Have you heard from Father?” Mary crossed one slender knee over the other, her silver, satiny skirt parting at the full front slit, from floor to crotch. Mother saw a glimpse of her curly red pubic hair with a smile—fond of shaving the girls, but never herself.

“No.” Mother sighed. “He crossed over two months ago, and I haven’t heard a word since. Except for those three horrid men in that tub of a boat, who said they saw him near the portal.”

“Oh, Polly!” Mary glanced up as the nude woman came in balancing the entire silver serving set on her head. “Must you do that? I have these visions—”

Polly took the tray down, setting it on the table in front of the two women. “I haven’t ever dropped one, Mistress Mary.”

Mary sighed, picking up the teapot and pouring. "Yes, sweet. I know. But there is always a first time for everything."

"You wouldn't want to get scalded, Polly," Mother agreed, dropping sugar cubes into her tea. Mary drank hers black, but Mother preferred hers sweet and creamy.

"Thank you for your concern, Mother," Mary replied, sipping her tea. "But Polly is quite proficient."

Mother pursed her lips, nodding. "So, Mary, dearest—" She looked at the red-haired woman over the rim of her teacup. "About what I came for?"

Mary smiled, her eyes bright again. "Yes. Would you like to see them?"

"Out back, I presume?" Mother clutched her handbag and stood with Mary.

"They are still young yet," Mary said as they made their way down several long corridors. "And I'm loathe to part with them, but goodness they are a great deal of work when they are grown. I just can't keep them all."

Mary opened the door to a screened-in sunroom, and Mother heard them crying plaintively in the wooden box in the corner. She squatted down next to the box, peering over the side.

"Oh, Mary!" Mother exclaimed, her voice soft. "Oh, aren't they precious?"

"I know." Mary knelt down, too, reaching her hand in and plucking one up by the scruff of the neck. The little kittengirl mewed pitifully, and Mary cuddled it to her breast, smoothing her fingers over the black velvety ears. Mother watched as the human-like face turned up toward Mary's stroking fingers, rubbing her head against the woman's hand again and again. The little kittengirl was purring now.

“How many did she have?” Mother glanced behind her at the full grown catwoman in the corner, stretched out on her side on the floor in the bright sunshine, her whiskers twitching, as if she were dreaming. She was a black and white beauty, her fur dark over her back and arms, white patches on all four of her padded paws, like little boots, and at the tip of her tail. Her belly was nearly bare, smooth and soft, her human-like breasts full with milk for her tiny sucklings.

“Fifteen, but there are only six left.” Mary handed Mother the little kitten-sized kittengirl. “The problem with breeding them is feeding them. She can’t feed her whole litter, so we have to pump the milk and feed them with droppers in shifts. Very time consuming.” Mary sighed, watching Mother as she dangled one of their string toys for the kittengirl, who batted at it playfully.

“They are weaned now?” Mother frowned as she looked at the catwoman’s full breasts.

“Oh, yes.” Mary plucked another from the box. She saw Mother’s eyes roaming over the black and white body of the kittens’ mother and she smiled. “I keep her breasts full now for my own reasons.”

“Ah.” Mother returned her smile, lifting the kittengirl high into the air. This one had tiger-like markings. “The Tom was obviously orange.”

“Yes,” Mary agreed. “So how many did you want?”

“Three.” Mother watched the little kittengirls climb all over each other in the box. They were tumbling together, mewling and jumping. “How can I choose?”

She finally made a decision, two girls and one boy. The girls were similar to their mother, one with markings almost exact, the other completely black except for a white patch at her throat. The boy was an orange tiger like his father.

“Will you breed them?” Mary asked, getting a separate crate and putting the three kittens inside, closing the lid. Their little paws reached out the slatted sides, and they tried to fit their heads through.

“Perhaps.” Mother let the little orange Tom latch into her finger with his claws.

“Are you hungry, Mistress Mary?”

Mother whirled at the delicate sound of the voice behind her, and saw the catwoman stretching, her claws extended. The woman was purring, a deep, rumbling sound.

“No, Puss.” Mary smiled, walking over to smooth the woman’s fur. “Go back to sleep.”

“Three more?” The catwoman sighed, looking at the smaller crate. She turned over onto her other side, curling up into a ball and closing her eyes again.

“She doesn’t mind?” Mother whispered.

Mary shook her head. “She doesn’t seem to.”

“I didn’t realize they could talk!” Mother said.

“They pick up human speech, just like children do.” Mary went to stand by the window. Mother followed her, leaning forward to breathe in the summer air, and spotted Blue out in the garden. She smiled as she saw him, turned away from her, his breeches down to his knees and his head thrown back as he rocked his hips.

“Your garden is growing, Mary!” Mother exclaimed. “Can we go down?”

“Of course, Mother.” Mary led the way out of the sun room and down the back steps. They walked the cobblestone path toward Mary’s garden, row upon row of glorious blooms, all with their lovely faces turned up toward the sun.

“How many species do you have now?” Mother watched Blue’s back, hearing his moans.

“Oh goodness, I’d have to ask Polly.” Mary smiled. “There are forty kinds of roses alone—and many, many other species besides. We just transplanted the daffodils and I’ve been very tender with them, although that one looks like it’s serving Blue quite well.”

“Yes,” Mother breathed, moving forward along the path so she could see fully. The young daffodil’s delicate yellow center was bloomed wide open, revealing the human face inside, and Blue’s hard cock thrust happily into her open mouth. The dark green shoots of her leaves were wrapped around his calves and thighs, pulling him in. All around him, the other daffodils were watching, a few reaching their tender stalks far enough to lick his hip or thigh.

There were dozens of types of flowers—high, proud tulips, fields of daisies, the petunias with their bright velvet colors and striped faces, fat mums and delicate calla lilies, all basking in the sunshine, much larger than their non-human counterparts. The rose garden stretched to their left, a vast expanse of color. The sunflowers were along the back of the garden, near the wall, their faces rising high above the rest of the flowers.

“They really don’t mind?” Mother asked, her breath coming faster as she watched Blue’s face, his stiff, reddened member disappearing beneath the bright yellow hood of the flower. She had seen it before, but still, it held her spellbound.

“Remember, it is food to them,” Mary smiled. “They crave it. The roses are tricky, of course. The thorns. But there are ways.”

“Do they have preferences?” Mother asked, hearing Blue cry out and thrust into the daffodil’s center, shuddering. He collapsed back onto the cool lawn, staring dreamily up at the sky. “Male and female, I mean.”

“Oh, yes,” Mary nodded. “The daffodils love men, as you can see. I don’t keep many of those. The irises, though... they prefer women. Look, here.” Mary knelt, showing Mother the delicate face of an iris, the eyes such a bright blue they were nearly purple, reflecting her violet petals. The iris began licking Mary’s hand, her pink tongue lapping gently over her skin, sucking at the webbing between her fingers. Mother moaned softly as she watched.

“Would you like to try Violet?” Mary asked. “While I feed her sister?”

Mother watched as Mary parted her bright silver dress like a curtain in front, exposing her patch of red curls, moving to the iris next to the one she’d called Violet. This one had creamy white petals all around her face, her outer petals a darker blue. Violet looked longingly over as Mary spread pussy, watching her creamy faced sister begin to lap at the folds of flesh.

“Come, Mother.” Mary nodded toward the envious Violet. “Come feed her.”

Mother watched as the blue iris bent her head forward, her green stalks wrapping around Mary’s creamy white thighs. Mary moaned, rolling her hips and sliding her hands up to cup her breasts. The Violet iris nuzzled Mother’s crotch, pulling at the lace material of her skirt.

Mother lifted her layers, exposing herself in the sunlight, and Violet sighed in delight, leaning in toward her. The petals around the iris' face seemed to undulate against Mother's belly and hips, softer than anything she'd ever felt. When a sweet, wet tongue probed its way between her lips, she moaned, feeling the soft prickle of the flower's stalks moving around her legs.

The iris was much stronger than Mother would have imagined, pulling her in tightly and nuzzling her flesh with fervor. It truly felt as if the flower were feeding off of her, sucking and lapping at her slit, looking for more of her juices. Mother was happy to comply as the little tongue focused right against her clit, moving expertly over that spot again and again, as if the iris knew exactly what to do to make her pussy flow.

Mother looked over at Mary, moaning and writhing now in the grip of the dark blue iris, bucking her hips. The green of the stalks had moved underneath Mary's dress and she saw them working over her breasts and nipples. Mother wished she had worn something less confining, but she cupped and rubbed her breasts through her blouse, moving against the incredible softness of Violet's petals.

Mother heard Mary coming and glanced over, seeing her body shaking, quivering against the little flower's face. Mother wasn't going to be far behind—she felt her own orgasm approaching, and the violet beauty between her legs seemed to know it, flicking her tongue faster against Mother's clit.

"Oh god!" Mother cried, her climax overtaking her. As she came, she felt the flower's tongue snake deep inside of her, drinking her juices with a hungry mewling sound. Even when Mother had collapsed onto her back on the ground, the flower's head

stayed bent and bound to her pussy, the tongue buried deep inside, the petals undulating against her flesh.

A flushed Mary came over to help Mother stand, nudging the flower gently back. Violet's face was glistening with Mother's juices, her eyes glazed. She looked as sated as Mother felt.

"My goodness, Mary," Mother murmured, reaching out to touch the face of the flower who had brought her such pleasure. The little tongue lapped at her, lazy now, but loving. "So many pretty maids, all in a row."

"Next year, perhaps you'll take some seedlings of your own." Mary linked her arm with Mother's as they walked back up the cobblestone path. Mother's legs felt wobbly, and she was glad for the other woman's support. She noticed Blue was gone from the lawn.

"Perhaps," Mother murmured, looking back over her shoulder at the garden. "Although I think I will have my hands full for a while with those kittens."

"Yes," Mary agreed. "Now, about payment. Perhaps we can work something out. Peep is quite something."

"Isn't she just?" Mother smiled, squeezing Mary's hand. "Yes, I think you can have my little pet for these adorable kittens. It's a fair trade."

Mother saw Blue in the kitchen, talking to Polly. "Besides, we have a visitor coming just this week. A little Miss Muffet. Between her and the kittens, I don't know that I'd have time for poor little Peep."

"That works out then," Mary said happily, climbing the stairs and opening the back door.

“I don’t know why they call you contrary, Mary,” Mother whispered, kissing the woman on the cheek as she stepped up.

Mary turned her face toward Mother and returned her kiss, fully and deeply, on the lips. “It’s just the men,” Mary whispered. “Most don’t understand the ways of flowers.”

“Is that so?” Mother’s mouth curled into a smile.

“You will come back and visit me soon, won’t you, dearest?” Mary whispered, tracing a finger along Mother’s full lips.

Mother leaned in to kiss her again, and she thought Mary tasted just like a garden of flowers. “Yes, darling. I surely will.”

The two women continued into the house, arm in arm.

Chapter Four

The Queen of Hearts
The Queen of Hearts
She made some tarts
All on a summer's day...

"Willie, where is my red corset?" Mother called loudly, sweeping aside the clothes in her wardrobe as she began going through them again, one at a time.

"Is this it, Mother?" Muffy picked up a corset from a pile on the bed.

"Ah, there is it!" The nude woman made her way over to the young girl, slipping her fingers under her chin and petting her there with a smile. "Thank you, dearest."

"Willie!" Mother called again, impatient, slipping into the corset and looking into the mirror as she adjusted it over her curves. "Where is he?"

"I can lace you, Mother," Muffy offered, sliding off the big bed, her pink babydoll nightgown slipping up her thighs and revealing the newly shaved mound underneath.

Mother's eyes lingered there for a moment and she smiled, turning and offering her back to the girl. "Thank you, darling."

The girl's hands were expert—she had done this often in the past month—pulling the older woman's stays tight as she worked her way up. The corset left Mother's full breasts as exposed as the dark triangle of hair was between her thighs.

"My stockings." Mother sat on the bed while Muffy retrieved them from the drawer. The red fishnets slid up over her long, slim legs, and she stood to let the younger girl fasten the garters and straighten her seams.

"You don't usually wear this color, Mother," Muffy remarked, her little fingers working the last garter fastener.

“No,” Mother agreed, taking a long, white, see-through lace peignoir from her wardrobe and slipping it over her shoulders. She buttoned the middle two buttons, and looked at herself in the mirror. Her dark nipples poked the fine lace, and her bush was visible when she walked. Perfect. “Have you seen my red boots?”

“No, Mother,” Muffy replied.

“Willie!” Mother called again, giving an exasperated sigh. “Where is he?”

“Are you going somewhere, Mother?” Muffy asked, still kneeling on the floor.

“We are, precious,” Mother said, patting the soft, blonde curls framing the girl’s pink cheeks. “And we are going to have to dress you, as well.”

“Me?” Muffy looked up with wide, blue eyes.

The door burst open and Willie came in dragging one of Mother’s kittengirls by the scruff of her neck. She was clawing at him.

“I apologize, Mother,” the little man said, struggling with the hissing cat girl. He had a long, angry red scratch across his cheek. “Eve here lost her mittens again.”

“Tsk ts,” Mother murmured, taking the cat girl from him and cradling her. The three kittens she had taken from Mary had grown as quickly as she said they would. This kittengirl was nearly taller than Willie now. She was more like a small child than a cat. “What am I going to do with you?”

The catgirl began to purr, nuzzling her soft black ears against Mother’s neck and chin, her rough kitty tongue licking the woman’s cheek.

“Willie, I need my red boots,” Mother explained, unhooking the kitten’s claws from her lace peignoir. “And we’ll need a red babydoll nightie for Muffy—but no panties. I want to show off her sweet little mound.”

The girl's eyes were wide, her face crimson. "Wh—where are we going, Mother?"

"To visit the Queen of Hearts," Mother said, her eyes bright. "We are going to have a wonderful afternoon, darling."

"Yes, Mother." Willie said pulled a pair of tall red boots from Mother's closet. "Shall I call Blue for the carriage?"

"Yes." The woman smiled, taking the high-heeled boots and sliding one of them on. The catgirl stretched out on her back on the stone floor, exposing her human belly and budding breasts. "And Willie? Can you take Eve back to her siblings?"

The little man grasped the catgirl's pink collar. She mewed, but followed him readily enough now. "Yes, Mother."

* * * *

"Now, remember, Muffy," Mother reminded her as the carriage pulled through the gates. "You curtsy for the Queen, just as I taught you. Remember always to call her 'Your Majesty.' And never, ever correct her if she says something, especially if it's about a color."

"Color?" Muffy's smooth brow creased and her little nose wrinkled.

"Yes," Mother remarked, pulling on her gloves. "The Queen has a rare form of color blindness—she can see red, and a few other variations, but not many."

The carriage door opened, and Blue held his hand out, helping Mother down. There were many carriages parked already, the horses nickering and pawing the ground in the sunshine. They could hear music and the sound of laughter.

"Mother," Muffy pleaded, leaning forward in her seat but not coming out of the carriage. "I cannot go out like this."

“Nonsense!” Mother replied, nodding her head to Blue. “You are wearing far more than most will have on today. You’ll see. Come along, Muffy dear.”

Blue held his hand out for the girl, and she winced as her bare feet touched the gravel drive. The sheer red baby-doll nightgown didn’t come past her hips, and her tender pussy lips and round bottom were fully exposed as she followed Mother, wide-eyed, around a large stone wall and into the garden.

Muffy walked behind her and off to the side, the grass cool against her bare feet, following the click of Mother’s boot heels along the stone pathway. They stopped at another wooden gate, where a rather hulking young man sat on a three-legged stool.

“Pass?” he asked, holding out his hand. Mother opened her beaded red handbag and handed him a small, strange looking coin, something altogether unfamiliar to Muffy. He unlocked the gate and opened it. When it swung open, Mother heard the young girl gasp and she smiled.

“Stay close to Mother, dear,” she warned, as the gate closed behind them. The large enclosed patio was surrounded by thick-growing red rose bushes. The air was redolent with the smell of them. The vendors circled the patio, their wares or games on display.

“It’s a carnival!” Muffy exclaimed, clapping her hands. Everything was red—the vendors’ tents, the deep brick stone tiles that made up the patio floor, the archway covered in roses that they walked through. Even the people milling around talking, laughing, dancing—they all wore red and white, when they wore anything at all.

“Of sorts,” Mother chuckled. Beside them, a finely coiffed young woman wearing nothing but a smile led a small dog-faced boy on a collar and leash. He barked at Muffy, and she shrank behind Mother with wide eyes.

In the middle of the patio sat the Queen on her red velvet throne. She was watching a display to her left, a group of dancing fairies, each no bigger than her hand. It was a beautiful sight, their silver wings whirring as they moved together in unison.

Muffy stared as they began to make their way around the large circle, moving in and out of the throng of people. Mother stopped to look at some satin—red, of course—and Muffy stared at a booth where a young red haired woman seemed to be playing some sort of game where people gathered around to watch.

A long row of phalluses had been set up and secured onto a wooden platform, and the redhead playing was making her way down the row, sliding her pussy down onto each progressively larger phallus as she went. She was about halfway down the line, and her pussy was stretched wide. She rocked a little, smiling as she climbed off that one and moved on to the next.

“Would you like to play?” Mother asked, watching the girl’s interest. Muffy stared at the end of the line—a huge black phallus, thicker than Blue’s wrist and almost as long as his forearm.

“No,” she whispered, shaking her head and shrinking back against the older woman’s side.

Another booth revealed two naked young women reclining next to each other on a raised, soft mattress, their legs open to admit two lines of men leading toward each of

them. They both looked exhausted, and yet when one man was done, another took his place, in an endless round.

“Who wins?” Muffy asked.

“The one who doesn’t give out first,” Mother replied with a smile.

Around they went, looking at the strange and interesting wares, everything from leather straps and contraptions to fine clothing—all red. There was even a booth selling kitten-like humans similar to the ones that Mother had brought home. The next booth had dog-like humans, just puppies, really, that Muffy stopped to pet.

“What do you think of that?” Mother nodded toward a long line of naked human forms linked together in a myriad of ways. There was one small dark-haired woman making her way through the throng, in and out of the bodies, and again, there was a crowd gathered to watch.

Whenever the brunette passed, they touched her in some way—grabbing her thigh, tweaking a nipple, slipping a finger up inside of her pussy. As they watched, one man grasped her hips and managed to slide his hard cock into her. She moaned as he began to fuck her, and the woman across from him licked at the young woman’s nipples.

“What is it?” Muffy whispered, cocking her head. “What are they doing?”

“It’s a human maze,” Mother replied.

The young woman managed to wrench herself away from the man, working her way through the maze of bodies again. They rubbed up against her, writhing and moaning and touching her.

“Do you want to go through?” Mother asked, but Muffy shook her head quickly, her blonde curls framing her face.

They moved on, Muffy tagging slightly behind the older woman, trying to take in everything at once.

“Ah, here is a game you will like, Muffy darling.” Mother smiled. “You follow orders so well.”

“And the game will like her!” The carnival barker leaned forward over his booth, his gaze sweeping over Muffy’s form. He was a tall, red-headed man with the bluest eyes she’d ever seen, Muffy thought, aside from her own.

“Indeed,” Mother agreed, nodding her head toward him. “How are you, Simon?”

“Better since you graced me with your presence, Mother dear,” he replied with a little bow.

“What is the game?” Muffy looked between them a little fearfully.

“It’s simple,” said Simon. “You do what I say, as long as I say the words ‘Simon Says.’ Of course, if I don’t say, ‘Simon Says,’ then you don’t follow my instruction.”

“Oh, I’ve played this game,” Muffy said with a relieved smile. “It’s easy!”

“Yes.” Mother smiled and exchanged a look with Simon. “Go ahead, into the booth you go.”

Muffy moved into the booth as Simon lifted the latch and opened it to her. It was cooler in here out of the sun and she shivered slightly. She felt her nipples hardening in the breeze.

“Up here.” He patted the soft velvet cushion covering a small platform.

Muffy started to slide up onto the cushion and Simon's hand was quick to smack her bottom. The sound was loud, "CRACK!" and made her scream. It drew the attention of several onlookers.

"I didn't say 'Simon Says'—did I?" Simon asked, frowning at her. Muffy's eyes were already filling with tears.

"I'm sorry," she whispered, her hand moving to cover her stinging bottom.

"Now," Simon said, smiling again and patting the cushion. "Up."

Muffy stood still, her lip quivering, and he nodded. "Good girl. Simon says, up!"

The girl used her hands to steady herself as she slid onto the cushion.

"Simon says, open your legs."

Muffy saw Mother watching her, nodding. She also saw a small crowd gathering around Mother, their eyes focused on the girl on the platform. Slowly, she parted her slim thighs, exposing her newly shaved mound.

"Oh, Mother," Simon breathed, leaning in to peer at her. He called over his shoulder, "Delightful!"

Mother smiled. "Yes, she is."

"Simon says, take off your shift."

Muffy obeyed, sliding the sheer red cloth over her head. Her eyes didn't leave his, and she didn't put it down, but rather held it in her hand.

The man smiled at her, his blue eyes dancing. "Simon says, give it to me."

She complied, her trembling hand brushing his as he took it and set it aside. She was completely exposed now, and the crowd outside the booth was growing, their faces curious, interested, even excited. One man had a hand on his erection as he looked at

her, and she looked away from him, but could still see his hand pumping slowly out of the corner of her eye.

“Simon says, lick your nipple.”

The girl’s eyes widened. Her breasts were full and ripe, but she didn’t think she could possibly contort enough to do what he asked. Whimpering, she lifted her breast in her hand, stretching her pink tongue out toward the fat bud of her nipple. It didn’t quite reach. She could lick the tender, pale pink of her areola, but her nipple was too far to reach.

Simon smiled and was about to say something. Muffy, frustrated, lifted the other breast, adjusting her body on the cushion to make her waist a little shorter as she curled around, stretching her tongue out once more. This time, she made contact, wetting the surface of her nipple.

She heard the crowd let out a small “Ahhh.” A few of them chuckled. She continued to lick, with just the tip of her tongue over her nipple as Simon watched her.

“Simon says, stop,” he said, reaching underneath the platform for something. Muffy looked at Mother, who still smiling. The girl looked positively triumphant, Mother noted. The crowd was smiling, too, delighted, their eyes still on her.

“Simon says, put this on your nipple.”

Muffy’s eyes widened when she saw the clothespin. She shook her head, but she took it from him, hearing the crowd’s collective gasp. She was beginning to understand the game. She aimed the clothespin over her nipple, slowly releasing it around her flesh.

She was determined not to scream, but she did anyway. The pain seared through her breast, and tears stung her eyes as she writhed on the cushion, trying to get away from the sensation.

Simon watched her, his eyes bright, waiting for her to take the clamp off, but she didn't. Finally, she dropped her head, whimpering. Her nipple still felt like it was on fire, but the intensity of it had decreased somehow.

"Simon says, put this on your other nipple."

The young girl's blonde head snapped up, and the crowd "Ahh'd" again. Muffy took the clothespin, glancing a plea at Mother, who smiled and waved her on. Deciding to get it over as quickly as she could, she snapped the clothespin on, not screaming this time, but unable to help her wiggling and writhing on the cushion at the pain.

"Simon says, put this in your pussy."

He held out a dildo, and to her it looked just as large as the one at the end of the wooden platform the redhead had been working her way toward. The crowd "Ooo'd and Ahh'd" in appreciation of this upping of the stakes.

Muffy leaned back, the sting of her nipples throbbing in her chest. She propped her feet up on the edge, positioning the phallus at the opening of her bare little mound. She heard the crowd remarking on her body, the size of the dildo, and the impossibility of the feat.

Determined, she slid the black phallus into her, wincing. It parted her flesh, slowly easing in. The head of it stretched her to the max, and she felt a slight burn as she pushed it deeper, and a little deeper still, working it in an inch at a time.

Her eyes closed and she felt perspiration beginning to form as she worked hard to get the enormous thing into her. She didn't even know it was all the way in until she heard the audience clapping. When she opened her eyes, Simon was grinning at her.

"Simon says, take it out."

Muffy slipped the dildo out of her flesh, groaning as she did. The phallus was coated with her juices. Simon took it from her and set it aside. He seemed to be thinking, assessing.

"Simon says, sit up."

Muffy obeyed, letting her feet dangle off the ledge. She saw the crowd now, many of them touching themselves or each other as they watched. That dark-eyed man off to the side was still stroking his cock. Mother had parted her white lace peignoir and her pussy lips, and Muffy saw a girl kneeling between her thighs.

"Simon says, raise your arms above your head."

Muffy complied, and Simon gently squeezed the flesh of her breasts. She winced. Her nipples still burned, but the sensation was fading even more now.

"Simon says, put your arms down."

She did.

"Simon says, spread your legs."

She did.

"Simon says, show the crowd your pussy."

She did, spreading her bare and now swollen lips apart. The crowd murmured in appreciation. The dark-eyed man pumped faster.

"Simon says, finger yourself."

She slipped two fingers into her pussy, easy now after accommodating that phallus. The sticky wet sound of her filled the booth.

“Simon says, rub your clit.”

Muffy used her thumb, still moving her fingers in and out of her pussy. Her clit was tender and swollen, too, throbbing as she rubbed it 'round and 'round.

“Simon says, faster.”

She moaned, rubbing it a little faster, her fingers pistoning in and out of her open, pink flesh. Watching the crowd through half-closed eyes, she played with herself, feeling her body responding in spite of the audience, or maybe because of it.

All around her there were the soft moaning sounds of sex. People were touching themselves. One man had a young girl bent over the booth and he was fucking her, slow and easy, while he watched Muffy's fingers working over her cunt.

“Simon says, stop.”

She did, groaning, and the crowd groaned, too.

“Lick your fingers.”

Muffy, still dizzy from being on the verge of climax, lifted her trembling, wet fingers to her mouth, realizing her mistake as Simon reached under the platform for something. He pulled out a crop, a short, wicked looking thing.

“I didn't say 'Simon Says!'”

The crowd “Ahhh'd” as Simon grabbed her ankles, lifting them high into the air. He thwacked her bottom hard with the crop, and it made a “whooshing” sound as it flicked through the air before stinging her behind and leaving a raised, red welt.

She screamed, tears beginning to roll down her cheeks.

“Simon says, roll over.”

Muffy cringed, but did as she was told, rolling over so her belly rested on the cushion. The clothespins on her nipples dug into her flesh. Her feet stretched almost to the ground, and she could balance herself on tiptoe in the cool grass.

“Simon says, spread your legs.”

She obeyed, opening her thighs, adjusting so she could still reach the ground below, just barely, up on her toes. The platform wasn't that wide, and she could grip the other edge with her hands, and peer off the other side. In fact, she could see underneath, where Simon stored all of this little surprises. There were phalluses, whips, chains, and things that looked so horrible she didn't even know their names.

The crowd was large now, she could tell by the sound of them buzzing around the booth. She heard Simon talking to Mother, but she couldn't make out the words. That's when she heard a “click” and Simon swung the platform around entirely, so that she was facing the crowd on her belly.

In front of her was the dark-eyed man from the audience, his cock red and enormous. He had been stroking it for a long time. His eyes were full of lust as he looked at her and she whimpered, glancing at Simon. He adjusted the platform for better viewing for the crowd so that she was at an angle, facing the front corner of the booth now, and locked it into place.

“Simon says, suck.”

Muffy moaned as the man approached her, lifting his erection toward her mouth. He had to step up on a small stool Simon provided. She saw Mother out of the corner of

her eye, clapping her hands, looking delighted. The young girl was still between her thighs.

“Suck,” the man whispered, his fingers moving through her blonde curls. Muffy opened her mouth, accepting the length of his cock. It was wet with pre-cum already, slick, really, and it slid far into her throat on the first thrust. She gagged and heard the crowd’s appreciation of that fact.

She didn’t have to do much, she noticed. The dark-haired man did all the work, driving his cock into her aching throat. He grunted and moaned, and she felt his balls slapping against her chin as he used her little mouth like a wet cunt. His cock throbbed, swelling even larger against her tongue, and she knew he must be close to finished.

He grabbed her hair with a growl, driving forward so far into her throat she could barely breathe, and began to fill her with hot, sticky jets of his cum.

“Simon says, swallow,” she heard Simon say, but she didn’t have much of a choice. She swallowed, and swallowed, and swallowed—an endless flood of white hot fluid filling her mouth, again and again.

Finally, it was over, and she gasped as the man took his cock out of her mouth.

“Simon says, roll over.”

Muffy’s eyes were dazed, but she complied. Lying on her back, she was forced to hang her head over the edge of the platform, her bottom dangerously close to the other edge, her legs dangling off the side.

She saw the man’s softening member, and the crowd, all upside down. Off to the side, Mother was moaning softly, her white peignoir open completely now as she

tweaked her own nipples. The young girl between her legs moved her face back and forth.

Muffy felt someone moving between her thighs, spreading them open, but she didn't know who it was. She could still see Simon, leading the dark-haired man back out to the crowd. He came over to her, and she noticed his erection through his breeches. He unfastened them with one hand.

“Simon says... suck.”

He presented her with his member, and she took it, sucking him upside down, feeling someone shifting and moving between her thighs. She moaned when she felt a stiff cock slide between her swollen pussy lips. She was being fucked from both ends now, Simon thrusting deep into her throat—he could get much farther in from this angle—and some unknown man driving into her wet pussy.

Then she felt someone playing with her clit. It was just a tickle at first, a tease, but then it felt like a tongue. Someone was licking her clit! The tender, swollen bud responded immediately, and Muffy moaned and writhed around Simon's cock. When she opened her eyes, she could still see the crowd, and all of them were fucking now, men and women, women and women, men and men—they were just a blur of bodies out on the patio.

She strained to see Mother, but couldn't, and then the sensation between her thighs became too much of a distraction. Her whole pussy was on fire, and she was shaking with her own lust. The man between her legs fucked her deep and hard, steady, even strokes—but that tongue! Soft, flat circles around and around and around until she was dizzy with aching for her own release.

“Simon says, don’t come.”

Muffy groaned around the length of his shaft, feeling his hands in her hair as he gently fucked her mouth. Her whole body was taut with wanting, and that soft, sweet tongue dangled her dangerously off the edge.

“Simon says, don’t come,” he repeated.

It was a warning. She whimpered, wiggling and squirming on the cushion. The sensation was too much—she couldn’t stand it anymore. She felt her pussy beginning to contract around the stiff cock buried inside of her, a telltale sign of her impending orgasm.

She moaned, loud and long, gripping the cushion underneath her with her hands, willing herself not to give in, but she just couldn’t stop the rolling wave about to crash over her.

“Simon says...come,” she heard him say, and at that moment, he shoved into her throat hard and deep, grabbing hold of the clothespins on her nipples and pulling them off.

If it hadn’t been for the sticky hot fluid filling her mouth, she would have shrieked with her own orgasm. Her nipples were screaming sensation, sending delicious waves of feeling all through her body, but especially to her hot, spasming pussy, where that tongue still worked her little clit in fast, hard circles.

Then the man between her legs grabbed her hips, thrusting two, three more times, and she felt him pull out of her and come all over her pussy and her belly. The hot fluid jetted against her skin again and again, and she heard him groaning between her thighs.

Dizzy and spent, she laid there, limbs dangling, just shivering on the platform. That's when she heard the crowd applauding. She saw them, now, when she opened her eyes, still upside down.

"Simon says, sit." He was by her side, helping her, and she found both Mother and Blue standing between her legs. Blue grinned, fastening his breeches, and Mother used a face cloth to wipe Muffy's juices off her mouth.

Simon unlocked the platform and turned it so Muffy fully faced the crowd, and they cheered. She flushed, glancing over at Mother and Blue. They smiled at her.

"Simon says..." he said loudly holding the girl's trembling hand. "She wins!"

The crowd cheered again, and Simon leaned in and kissed her cheek, helping her down from the platform. Blue and Mother were both there, too, cleaning her up and putting her nightgown back on.

"Who is this girl?" They all heard the voice, high and reedy, coming through the crowd. "Who is this girl who is creating all the fuss?"

"Ah, Your Majesty!" Simon bowed as the crowd parted in various curtsies and bows to allow her to pass. "You just missed perhaps my best show ever!"

"Indeed?" The Queen of Hearts narrowed her eyes at the girl, taking in her disheveled appearance—flushed cheeks, swollen nipples and wet thighs. "Well... perhaps we should have a repeat performance?"

Muffy curtsied low, just like Mother had taught her, and said softly, "As you wish, Your Majesty."

"Who does this girl belong to?" The Queen demanded, her eyes bright.

“She is my charge, Your Majesty.” Mother curtsied to the Queen. As she rose, she pulled the girl gently with her.

“Hm...Mother Goose...has Father Goose crossed back over yet?” The Queen asked with a frown, glancing over at Blue.

“No,” Mother replied, her mouth pursed into a thin line. “I have been taking in girls for obedience training since he’s been gone.”

“Who is this one?” The Queen asked, tilting Muffy’s face up to the sun.

“Little Miss Muffet,” Mother replied. “Her father found her with a young man.”

“Ah.” The Queen nodded to Simon. “A tart. They’re such tarts, these young ones.”

“Yes, Your Majesty,” Simon agreed with a nod. He looked appreciatively at the young blonde.

“But a tasty tart, sounds like,” the Queen observed with a small smile. “A tempting, luscious tart.”

“Oh, yes, Your Majesty,” Simon agreed.

“I should like to have her.” The Queen turned to Mother. “Arrange it.”

Mother nodded, her jaw tight. Blue put his hand on her elbow.

“But Mother,” Muffy whispered to the older woman. “I don’t want to leave you.”

“Come with me,” the Queen said, reaching her hand for the girl. “Come along, I won’t bite. Come meet all the other tarts. You will fit in quite well.”

“It’s okay,” Mother whispered into her ear as she wiped a tear from the girl’s cheek. “This is the best thing that could have happened to you. Go, now. Be a good girl.”

Muffy stumbled after the Queen of Hearts, glancing back at Mother once to wave, looking forlorn.

“Well, Blue.” Mother sighed at the man, taking his arm. “I came to find a girl, and instead I gave one up! What do you think of that?”

“It’s all right, Mother,” he assured her, kissing her cheek. “There is a little pair you must see over there who will cheer you right up—a red-haired jewel named Jill and another who looks like he could be her twin. His name is Jack.”

“Really?” Mother perked up, letting him lead her out of the booth. They waved a goodbye to Simon as the crowd dispersed.

“And it could have been worse you know,” Blue remarked as they made their way through.

“Oh?”

“You know the Queen of Hearts, Mother.” Blue was smiling, but it was grim. “She could have said, ‘Off with her head!’”

“True,” Mother said with a laugh. She took his hand and they went to look at the young red-headed pair Blue had promised would cheer her right up.

Chapter Five

Jack and Jill

*Jack and Jill went up the hill,
To fetch a pail of water
Jack fell down and broke his crown
And Jill came tumbling after...*

Mother was having a picnic and the day was glorious. The shade of the umbrella over her pale, creamy skin made it just cool enough to sit and drink iced tea and enjoy the festivities. The bright shock of green lawn was already filled with people milling about the tables Blue and Willie had set up the day before. Cook had loaded them with food, and Mother had borrowed King Cole's fiddlers—they were playing merry tunes to dance to.

"Mary has arrived, Mother." Blue leaned to whisper into her ear, making her shiver with the heat of his breath.

"Goodness, look at Peep!" Mother exclaimed, crossing her long, bare legs under her peignoir and swinging one high-heeled boot.

"Mother..." Mary—who some called contrary—leaned in to kiss the other woman's cheek. She was followed by Little Bo Peep dressed in a black corset and stockings with tall, soft boots, almost a replica of Mother's outfit, minus the peignoir. She also wore a soft leather collar, and Mary held the leash attached to it.

"I wouldn't have recognized you, Peep darling," Mother exclaimed, noting the girl's dark make-up, her eyes heavily lined in charcoal, a stark contrast to her pale skin and hair. She turned her attention to Mary who was taking a seat beside her. "Good to see you, dear."

"Isn't she lovely?" Mary smiled, tugging gently at the leash. Peep sank to her knees beside her mistress, her hands going behind her back as she bowed her head, her golden hair falling like a curtain around her face. "She has been a dream to train."

"She always did like it so," Mother agreed, watching the girl fondly as Mary petted the girl's flaxen tresses. "Have you seen my newest procurement?"

Mary shook her head and then gasped as one of Mother's catgirls, Lucy, nudged her from under the chair.

"Look how big they're getting!" Mary exclaimed, reaching down to massage the soft, velvety ears of the catgirl at her feet. They were growing at an accelerated rate, as all feline-human species do, and would be full grown by six months. "What are these on her paws?"

"Mittens," Mother replied with a sigh. "I lost three good peignoirs and had to order more made before Willie came up with that idea. Problem is, they hate them, and often lose them."

Mary chuckled as Lucy nuzzled her black velvety head against the woman's knee, her purr audible. "They can be a handful."

"Speaking of a handful," Mother murmured, glancing behind her. "Blue, have you seen the twins?"

"Yes, Mother." He squatted next to her chair and pointed. Her gaze followed the direction of his finger and she saw them up on the hill next to the well.

"They're not really twins," Mother explained to Mary. "Not even related by blood, but they look so much alike, it's amazing."

Jill's bright red hair was like a beacon and it hung down her back in coppery waves in the sun. As they watched, Jack tugged at a blonde girl's curls, and even from where they were sitting, they could hear her squeal. The blonde smiled at him, though, pinching his cheek and then leaning in to kiss him there.

"Blue, will you fetch them?" Mother asked, shading her eyes and standing for a better vantage point. "Before Jill's temper—"

"Too late," Blue lamented as they heard Jill shriek.

All of them heard a hollow "bonk" as Jill brought a pail down on Jack's head. It turned upside down, soaking his front as Jill lunged for him and they tumbled together down the hill.

"Blue!" Mother cried, but he was already on his way, meeting them at the bottom of the hill and dragging them both over to where Mother was waiting. All of the guests watched as Blue yanked their collars, his fingers in the loops so they couldn't wiggle away.

"You pervert!" Jill shrieked, still wailing and trying to wallop Jack. "Do you lust after every girl that comes along!?"

"Enough!" Mother rose, holding her hand out in a "stopping" motion. Her guests were talking quietly again, but their eyes were on the scene at Mother's table.

"Mother said you weren't to flirt with the girls," Jill said, her lower lip trembling.

Jack rolled his eyes. "I wasn't flirting. *She* kissed *me*."

"I also said that you weren't to hit him anymore." Mother's voice quavered with anger, her eyes flashing at Jill. "Blue, take them upstairs to my room. I'll be up shortly."

He gave a short nod, dragging them both inside.

"They *are* a handful!" Mary exclaimed, looking up at Mother with wide eyes.

"You have no idea." Mother sighed, taking a seat and petting Peep, rubbing a strand of her blonde hair between her fingers. "I acquired them at the Queen's Fair and they've been trouble ever since."

"Redheads," Mary said with a knowing nod. "They're so passionate."

Mother's mouth curled into a slow smile. "Yes...well, that has its advantages, too."

"I imagine it does." Mary returned her smile.

Mother rose, patting Peep once more with a sigh. "Mary, would you mind entertaining my guests for a while? I need to tend to my fiery little charges."

"I'd be honored," Mary replied, kissing Mother's hand before she headed inside.

Mother made her way up the long flight of stairs, the heels of her boots clicking on the stone floor as she continued down the hallway. Blue was just hooking Jill up to the chains embedded in the wall. Jack's wrists were already restrained in manacles and he looked up when Mother came into the room.

"Thank you, Blue, darling," Mother murmured, caressing the bulge in his breeches. Jill's struggle had pulled her white corset down to expose her full, pink-tipped breasts and Blue had obviously been admiring them.

"My pleasure, Mother," he replied, meeting her eyes as her hand squeezed him gently.

"What am I going to do with you two?" Mother shook her head and paced back and forth in front of her two young charges. "Every time I turn around, you're fighting like cats and dogs!"

"It wasn't my fault, Mother!" Jack cried, glaring over at Jill. "I was pulling some water from the well for the baker's daughter, and out of nowhere, Jill pushes me down!"

"Ha!" Jill snorted, tossing her long red hair over her shoulder with a flip of her head. "He was looking down her dress, Mother. I saw him!"

Mother raised her eyebrows, stopping in front of the girl with a frown.

"Natural male response," Mother murmured, tapping her chin with her finger. "Don't you think, Blue?"

"Indeed, Mother," the man replied, his eyes still moving over Jill's exposed cleavage.

"But..." the girl stammered, her cheeks flushing, making the freckles peppered over her nose and cheeks stand out even more. "But, Mother...you said we weren't allowed...that is..."

"Yes," Mother replied with a nod, looking between her two charges. "No touching, that's correct...but you can't tame a man's eyes. They look—it's inevitable."

Mother gently turned Blue's chin and met his gaze. He grinned and shrugged, but then gasped when she touched him again, squeezing between his legs.

"What I'm more concerned about is *your* response, Jill," Mother went on, turning back to the two chained youngsters. "Why should it concern you what Jack does?"

"I...I was just trying...to be good..." The girl bit her lip, looking over at Jack and then back to the tall woman standing in front of her.

"Hm." Mother frowned, tapping the toe of her boot on the cold stone floor. "I just don't believe it. Blue, do you believe her?"

The dark-haired man shook his head. "I'm afraid not."

“Well, then, perhaps it’s time for a little truth-telling session!” Mother exclaimed with a smile. “My cat please, Blue.”

“Yes, Mother,” he replied, moving toward the cabinet in the corner.

As if on cue, one of the kittens that Mother had purchased from Miss Contrary jumped up onto the bed.

“Not you, precious,” Mother admonished, chucking Toby, the boy cat, under the chin. He purred, tilting his orange head to the side and rubbing it against her hand. The face that stared back at her with large, gold eyes was quite human.

“Mrowr,” he said, licking her fingers with his rough tongue as Blue held out the cat o’ nine tails.

“Later,” Mother whispered to the catboy, leaning in and kissing him on the cheek. He curled up on the bed, his tail swishing as he watched his mistress stand and approach the two young humans.

“Please, Mother,” the little redhead begged, her eyes flicking between the two figures standing in front of her. “I didn’t mean anything by it. I was just trying to keep Jack from getting into trouble!”

“Perhaps,” Mother agreed, holding the thick, black leather straps of the cat o’ nine tails up to the girl’s pale skin. She let them trail over her bare shoulder. “But I think there’s more you’re not telling me...”

“No,” the girl whimpered, shaking her head, her red hair flying around her flushed cheeks. “I swear, that’s all!”

“Blue, unchain her,” Mother instructed, watching as the man unhooked the girl’s manacles. She rubbed her wrists as she stared up at Mother with wide blue eyes.

“Would you like to undress her, Blue?” Mother gave him a sideways smile.

“Yes, Mother,” he agreed, moving his big hands over her corset.

Instead of turning her around, he pulled her in to his big body, pressing her full breasts to him as he roughly untied and loosened the corsets’ strings, tugging it down her hips. Her panties were white and sheer and he pulled those off with the stockings. She stepped out of her shoes, allowing him to pool her clothing at her feet.

His eyes moved over her body as he grabbed her shoulders, holding her at arms length. Her pink-tipped breasts pointed straight towards him. The gentle curve of her waist and hips drew the eye downward to the swell of her thighs, trembling as she tried to press them together to hide her sex. A soft triangle of bright red hair pointed like an arrowhead between her legs.

“Lovely, isn’t she?” Mother smiled, her eyes caressing the girl. “Doesn’t she make you want her?”

“Yes,” Blue agreed with a nod, taking a step back from the girl and removing his hands so suddenly that she stumbled and nearly fell.

“What do you think, Jack?” Mother cocked her head toward the young man.

His blue eyes dropped to the floor.. “We’re not allowed, Mother...”

“Indeed,” Mother murmured in agreement, seeing the tremble in Jill’s mouth at his words. “But she’s still a beautiful girl, isn’t she?”

“I...I suppose.” Jack’s eyes moved sideways to look at Jill’s nude form.

“Mm-hm.” Mother nodded, looking back and forth between them. “Look at her, Jack. Look at those ripe, firm breasts.”

Mother trailed the thick, black leather straps over the girl's nipples, making her shiver.

"And she has a beautifully wet little cunt, Jack," Mother went on, sliding the handle of the cat between the girl's legs, forcing her to spread them with a soft moan. "Have you seen it?"

"We're not allowed..." Jack said again, watching as the black handle moved back and forth, slapping Jill's flesh, making her open wider.

"Yes, so you mentioned," Mother murmured, parting the soft, red hair between the young girl's legs with the handle of the cat. Jill sighed, closing her eyes as the stiff nub of the whip's handle found her clit. "But you didn't answer me, Jack. Have you seen her pretty, pink pussy?"

Jack's face blushed bright red and he shook his head. "No, Mother."

"Hm." Mother moved the handle back and forth against Jill's clit, making her moan and spread a little more. "Is that true, Jilly?"

"Mother!" the girl gasped as the older woman slipped the hard handle of the whip between her lips, forcing it slowly inside.

"He has a fine, big cock, you know." Mother leaned in to whisper in the girl's ear. The girl whimpered, shaking her head as she lowered her eyes to the floor, her hair like a red curtain around her face.

"Yes." Mother nodded, moving her hand away from the cat o'nine tails. "You do know, don't you?"

"No, Mother," Jill cried.

“Don’t let that drop to the floor,” Mother instructed, watching the heavy black straps sinking slowly down the girl’s legs as the handle slid out of her wetness.

“Oh please!” the girl protested, but she tightened her muscles, halting the slide of the whip. Her tender, pale thighs trembled in protest.

“Good girl,” Mother said with a nod, moving toward Jack with a small smile playing on her lips.

“I don’t think you’re telling me the truth, Jack,” the older woman said with a sigh as she began to work the buttons on his shirt. He strained against the manacles around his wrists, twisting and turning, but it was no use.

“In fact, I’m almost sure of it,” Mother murmured, working the fastenings on his breeches and sliding them down to reveal his stiff member. It was pointing toward Mother’s own exposed dark triangle.

“Blue, darling,” Mother called over her shoulder as she grasped the young man’s cock in her hand, squeezing hard. The older man was standing to the side, his arms crossed over his chest, watching. “Would you bend Jilly over and fuck her, please?”

“No!” Jill cried, panicking and starting to run, the cat o’nine tails clattering to the floor between her legs. Blue caught her arm, turning her roughly towards him with a shake of his head.

“Yes, sweetheart,” Mother said with a firm nod.

Blue moved the girl towards Mother’s tall bed, grabbing her arms and twisting them behind her back as she struggled.

“Watch this, lovey.” Mother’s hand squeezed Jack’s cock, working it slowly up and down as she leaned in to the young man.

“Please!” Jill sobbed as Blue held her in place with one hand, the other working his breeches. His cock was hard and thick, and he pressed it up between her lips, making sure that the two figures behind him could see what he was doing. “Oh, please, don’t!”

“Mother,” Jack said hoarsely, watching the older man’s cock run up and down Jill’s slippery slit. “Don’t do this.”

“She’s not a virgin,” Mother murmured, rubbing her thumb over the young man’s cock head. It was slick with pre-cum. “Is she?”

“Oh god, please.” The girl struggled, and Blue grunted in his attempt to keep her still.

“Tell me, Jack,” Mother whispered, her other hand finding the sac hanging low under his shaft. Her fingers tickled and then tugged, making him gasp. “Tell Mother the truth.”

“Yes!” he cried, watching Blue’s cock easing Jill’s pink flesh apart. “Okay, yes, yes, it’s true!”

“No, Jack!” Jill sobbed, looking over her shoulder at him.

“Yes,” he gasped as the grip Mother had on his testicles eased. “Yes, I fucked her.”

“Good boy,” Mother murmured, her eyes bright as she looked between the two of them.

“Noooo!” Jill moaned as Blue slid his cock deep into her hole, grabbing her hips and pulling her in tight.

“Fuck her hard, Blue,” Mother insisted, still tugging gently on Jack’s stiff member.

“Fuck her until she says yes.”

“No!” Jack watched as Blue’s thickly veined cock parted Jill’s soft flesh again and again.

Jill’s hands were twisted behind her back, and Blue yanked them roughly as he fucked her, driving his hips into hers with a jarring force. He continued to pound into her as she twisted against the bed, struggling under his weight.

“Tell me, Jill,” Mother called, her hand still wrapped around Jack’s stiff member.

“Tell Mother the truth.”

“No-oh-oh-oh!” The girl wailed, the force of Blue’s thrusts drawing the words out of her chest in short bursts.

“Jack,” Mother whispered into the young man’s ear, her hand squeezing and releasing his cock. “I think you like watching her get fucked.”

The boy’s eyes fixed on Jill’s rounded behind, lifted high into the air as Blue impaled her. Jack licked his lips and glanced at Mother, his eyes pleading with her.

“Please.” He groaned when the older woman squeezed the head of his cock.

Blue wasn’t stopping—he wasn’t even slowing—and Jill had finally submitted, her face pressed into the mattress, her cries muffled.

“Come with me,” Mother murmured, unlocking the manacles around his wrists and leading him toward the bed by his cock like a leash.

“Jill,” Mother murmured, putting her face down by the young girl’s. “Just tell Mother the truth...did you let him fuck you?”

The redhead turned her flushed, tear-stained face to the woman, her lower lip trembling as she whispered, "Yes..."

"Now the big question," Mother went on, pulling Jack a little closer by his cock, making him gasp. "Did you like it?"

"I...I..." The girl squirmed as Blue thrust into her again, his flesh slapping into her ass. "Ohhh god...yes...yes, Mother, yes..."

Blue slowed, letting go of the girl's wrists, and she whimpered as the big man ran his hands over the swell of her behind.

"Good." Mother nodded, standing and surveying the scene. "Jack, up on the bed, please."

Looking confused, the boy climbed up next to Jill, watching as Mother rubbed her chin thoughtfully.

"On your back, there's a good lad," she instructed. "Now, Jill, up you go..."

The girl stood, her eyes wide as she stared at Mother over her shoulder. "But..."

"You heard me," Mother said, her tone firm. "If you like Jack's cock so much, you can have it...but only when I say so."

Blue backed away from the girl, his cock still slick with her juices and Mother smiled when she saw it.

"I won't forget you, darling," Mother whispered. "I have a special surprise for you."

Blue nodded, his hand stroking his cock as he watched the young girl climb onto Jack and straddle him.

"Come along, Jill," Mother said impatiently. "Mount up!"

Jack moaned when she aimed his cock into her flesh and slid down the length of him, settling herself into his hips like she'd been there before. They began without asking, their bodies doing what came natural, rocking together on the bed.

Mother smiled as she watched, reaching for Blue's still-wet cock and squeezing it in her hand. The young girl's hips were moving in slow circles and she moaned loudly as Jack grabbed for her breasts, sucking her nipple into his mouth.

Mother leaned in and ran her finger down the crack of the girl's ass to the small, puckered hole that seemed to wink at them as Jack's cock stretched her pussy open.

"Oh Jack," the redhead moaned, grinding her hips down onto his hard cock.
"That feels so good."

"Yeah," he gasped, his eyes closing as he grabbed her ass in his hands, shoving her down onto him.

"You like his big cock, don't you, Jill?" Mother murmured as she stroked the girl's tight, winking hole. The girl squirmed, glancing over her shoulder, and Mother knew she had almost forgotten that they were there.

"Y-yes, Mother." She slowed, Jack's fingers digging into her hips.

"I think she's been spoiled, Blue," Mother murmured, using her other hand to squeeze the head of his cock in a slow, practiced manner—just enough stimulation to keep him hard. "I think she likes his cock a little too much. Don't you?"

"Yes, Mother," the man agreed, his eyes hungry as he watched Mother's fingertip probe the girl's ass, making Jill jump and squeal.

"M-Mother," Jill whimpered, biting her lip. "Please, don't—"

Mother's hand came down hard on the girl's behind, making her cry out as she rocked forward with the blow.

"You do what I say, Jill," Mother murmured, caressing the red handprint over the girl's pale, creamy bottom. "You have a lot to learn yet."

The redhead trembled in Jack's arms. "Y-yes, Mother."

"Better," Mother said with a nod, her finger moving back up to probe the girl's puckered asshole. "You're such a headstrong little thing...wound up so tight..."

"Mother!" The girl gasped as the older woman slipped her finger in to the first knuckle.

"Very, very tight," Mother sighed, smiling at Blue. His eyes focused on her finger moving slowly in and out of the girl's ass. "Blue, darling, top drawer..."

The man leaned over and reached into the night table drawer, his cock never leaving Mother's grip as he found a small jar of cream and, opening it, handed it to her.

"Thank you, love." She dipped her fingers in and smeared the slippery liquid over the girl's quivering behind. The excess she used to rub on the head of Blue's cock.

"Thank you, Mother." Blue watched as the dark-haired woman used her finger again, pressing it into the girl's ass.

"Mother!" the girl cried, her muscles tightening, making Jack moan underneath her when she squeezed his cock. "What... what are you doing?"

"Softening you." Mother slipped another finger into the girl's tight channel.

"Oh, no," the girl groaned, her ass and pussy spasming as Mother began to move her fingers in and out.

"Oh... yes..." Mother countered, twisting her fingers and slipping a third one in. Jill squealed and bucked. "Hold her still, Jack."

"Yes, Mother," the young man groaned, his grip tightening on his Jill's hips.

"You'll appreciate this, too, I promise." Mother's fingers slid out of the girl's loosening hole and lightly grazed Jack's cock where it was still pressed deep into her pink, wet flesh. "Pull her down tight, Jack."

He did as he was told, shoving his cock up as deep as he could go and forcing her legs to splay out to either side. Turning to Blue, Mother smiled and pulled him forward, guiding his cock toward the young couple on the bed.

"Hold her very still, now, Jack," Mother murmured. "Keep her tight to you."

"Yes, Mother." He kept one hand on the small of the girl's back and slid the other up, pressing her breasts tight to his chest. She wiggled and squirmed as Mother's hands spread her ass cheeks.

"Slow, Blue." Mother watched the older man aim his stiff cock toward the tender, virgin hole. "You know just the way..."

"Yes, Mother," he agreed, standing with his eyes focused on the puckered brown hole as he braced himself and began to press into her flesh.

"Nooooooooo!" Jill wailed, struggling in Jack's embrace. He grunted and held her tight, whispering soft words into her ear.

"Good, Jack," Mother praised him, stroking his thigh. "It's just like taming any wild animal."

Jill sobbed as Blue grunted forward, forcing the spongy dome just past her tight ring of muscle, easing in, feeling it slip suddenly over the ridge of his cock. It would have

been a snug fit to begin with, but Jack's cock stretching her flesh wide already made it an almost impossible task. The girl screamed as Blue began inching his way inside.

"That's the way." Mother smiled, watching the older man's thick cock slowly disappear into Jill's tender asshole.

"Oh god," Jack moaned from underneath her. "What are you doing?"

"There's just a thin membrane separating you two," Mother explained, easing herself up onto the bed now that she was satisfied with Blue's progress. "You're inside Jill's wet little cunt, but Blue is now going to fuck her virgin asshole."

"Nooooo," Jill gasped, pressing her tear-stained cheek to Jack's as the pair stared at Mother leaning up on her elbow on the bed.

"Relax, precious." Mother gently pushed a long strand of red hair behind the girl's ear. "Loosen up...let go...you'll be surprised if you do..."

Mother watched the tender interaction between the two, Jack whispering to her, the girl nodding, sniffing, arching her back and squealing as Blue gained another inch or two into the hot tunnel of her ass.

"Jack, I can't take it," the girl whispered, shaking her head. "It's so big, oh god, both of you in me...I'm going to burst!"

"You won't," Mother assured her, her eyes bright as she surveyed the scene. Blue's face was twisted in pleasure as he started to move, making Jill gasp and turn in Jack's arms.

"Ohhhhh god!" Jill moaned, clutching Jack as her ass was filled to capacity again and again by Blue's thick cock.

"You feel so good." Jack kissed her cheek, pulling her close. "Your little cunny feels so tight around my cock now... you have no idea..."

Jill moaned again as Jack began to move, too, from underneath her, his cock sliding through her wetness with less difficulty than Blue was having with her behind.

"That's good." Mother's fingers crept down between her own legs as she watched. Her sex was thick with her own juices, swollen and throbbing as she started to rub herself.

"Oh god, Jack!" Jill cried, arching back. "Oh, oh, what...oh god..."

"Fuck her harder, Blue," Mother urged, her fingers dipping deep into her wetness, her thumb rubbing her aching clit.

The older man obliged with a grunt, driving into the girl's tender asshole a little further, a little faster, pulling her hips in tight. Jill moaned and Mother could see the change happening on her delicate features, her tight-lipped mouth relaxing into a soft "O," and Mother knew that her little asshole was doing the same thing. She could tell by the way Blue moaned, thrusting harder into the girl's ass.

Mother gasped when she felt a small, rough tongue between her thighs and glanced down to see Toby lapping at her juices. She smiled, opening her lips and letting the young catboy lick her clit as she watched Jill get fucked.

"What do you think, now, Jilly?" Mother murmured, and the girl opened her eyes halfway, moaning and rocking. She was fucking them both back, now, and Jack and Blue were both lost in their own pleasure.

"Oh Mother," Jill gasped, reaching her hand out to her mistress. "Oh god, Mother, yes...yes, yes..."

"Good girl." Mother praised her, moaning, too, at the gentle persistence of the rough tongue between her legs.

"Mother," Jack panted, moaning. "Oh Mother, I...I can't stop it...I..."

"Come, Jack," she urged, watching his face as he bit his lip and thrust up fast and hard, spilling waves of hot seed into Jill's waiting cunt.

"Oh!" Jill cried as the motion spurred Blue on, his eyes flicking from the girl's behind to where Mother was spreading her legs and being licked by a rough kitty tongue. "Oh god, what...oh that feels so good!"

"Are you going to come?" Mother watched the girl's face.

"Yes!" Jill arched and shuddered, fucking Blue back hard, slamming herself into the saddle of his hips.

"Mother," Blue warned with a groan, his eyes on hers.

"Yes, darling," Mother gasped, opening her thighs wide. "Come here, on me... let the kitty lick it up."

He moaned when he slid his cock out of the girl's still contracting asshole, coming to kneel between Mother's legs.

"Right there," Mother showed him with her fingers, competing with the kitty's rough tongue, still lapping even as he shifted to make room for Blue between Mother's slender thighs.

Blue moaned, his cock erupting with white hot fluid. It spilled down onto Mother's dark triangle of fur, globs of it beading there.

"Ohhh yes, my clit," Mother begged, opening her lips and grabbing his cock. She aimed it as his hot cum shot against her throbbing bud, sending Mother over the edge as she shuddered and rubbed the head there again and again.

Mother glanced over at her two young charges snuggling together, their eyes closed.

She looked at Blue and smiled. "You softened her up nicely."

"Always glad to help, Mother," Blue replied with a nod, groaning as the kitty tongue found his still-glistening cock, licking the head clean. The whole room was filled with the sound of Toby's deep, satisfied purr.

"Well," Mother murmured, sitting up on her elbows. "I imagine she'll need more training before I can take them to Old King Cole."

Jill's eyes flew open and she glanced at Blue and then at Mother.

Blue smiled. "I was hoping you'd say so, Mother."

Chapter Six

Three Little Kittens

*Three little kittens,
They lost their mittens...*

Mother's big four poster bed was too empty, even as much as she tried to fill it both day and night. Between Jack, Jill and Blue, she managed to find someone to curl up with at bedtime, and if it wasn't one of her charges, there was usually a tangle of cat flesh keeping her warm—Toby and Lucy curled together at the foot of the bed and the other one, Molly, more independent and strikingly like her own cat-mother in her black and white splendor, stretched out next to Mother on the other side of the bed.

Where Father had slept.

Mother turned under the covers in the darkness, away from the emptiness and the long stretch toward morning. She couldn't deny that she missed Artan's commanding voice, the firm press of his hands, his weight on her. She missed hearing someone call her by her given name, hearing it fill his mouth—*come to me, Maren*.

They had been Mother and Father Goose in the community for so long she could barely remember a time when they weren't, but alone together, they were Artan and Maren, and they were deliciously good together.

A gentle purr in her ear, the tickle of whiskers against her cheek, made Mother stir as Molly moved in closer, sliding her half-hand, half-paw, complete with very sharp, retractable claws, under the covers to pull the older woman's back against her bare front. The cat-girl—really a cat-woman now, almost—nuzzled her mistress, rubbing her soft, pointed ears and sleek black furred head against Mother's neck.

“So sad.” Molly was the most introspective of the three, the most observant, and just the gentle comfort of her warm body made Mother want to cry. Instead, she turned toward the feline, the one who had learned to speak first, among the three, stroking her behind her ears, rewarded by a deep, rumbling purr in the woman’s chest.

“Not anymore,” Mother reassured her as the woman’s tongue, deliciously rough, licked at her mistress’ nipples. Teaching the cats to please her had been easy—they seemed naturally inclined toward pleasure. Of course, teaching them to keep out of mischief had been another story entirely.

Molly’s front was bare—her human breasts almost as full as Mother’s as she rolled on top, pressing the length of her feline form against the older woman—but the rest of her body was covered in sleek, black and white fur. The high arch of her tail, her bottom in the air, was a clear sign, but unlike most cats, Molly’s tail was no longer at the mercy of involuntary bodily reactions. Instead, it was prehensile, able to grasp and hold whatever she wished. Mother moaned when she felt that black tail with its white tip snaking its way between her thighs.

“Good kitty,” Mother praised, arching against the slightly raspy lick of the catwoman’s tongue down her belly. Molly replaced the rub of her tail with her mouth, her whiskers tickling Mother’s thighs, her hand-paws holding her legs apart. The cats were careful with their claws around humans, for the most part, conscious of the danger they could cause, but Mother had several deep scratches that would be scars forever, most likely.

Not that Artan hadn’t given her his share of scars, Mother thought with a brief smile. He would wonder at the new ones, and she would tell him the stories of training

Peep, Muffy, the kittens... she'd managed to take it all on her own after that afternoon he'd said, "I'll be right back," and then disappeared. She'd managed, quite pleasurably, but, she realized, not really happily. Mother squirmed as the catwoman between her thighs lapped at her juices, finding her sensitive clitoris, and tried to push thoughts of Artan out of her mind.

She needed a distraction.

"Here, kitty, kitty," Mother breathed, stroking the catwoman's soft ears, reaching for the rest of her silky body. Molly purred as she repositioned herself on the bed, letting Mother part the fur between her thighs and delve in deeply with her tongue. Inside, she was entirely human, her clitoris throbbing, juices flowing, and Mother moaned as she drank her in, swallowing the sweetness. The fur on the catwoman's labia was unbelievably soft against her nose and cheeks.

"Pussy's sweet pussy," Mother murmured before licking her in one long lap from stem to stern, Molly's tail rising into the air like a dark question mark, her whole body rumbling under Mother's hands, becoming a deep, continuous purr. All of the cat girls enjoyed being licked, and Mother's tongue probed the tight ring of the woman's ass, hearing her soft mews, her hips moving in response.

Molly's sounds were half-human, half feline, her movements as well, her body both grinding and arching at once. Mother slid her tongue down through the cat's slick slit, sucking hard at her clit, making Molly howl with pleasure. It was a sweet distraction, and Mother focused there, taking her own pleasure in the rough lash of the kitty tongue on her own clit. Molly's paws kneaded the bed on either side of Mother's parted thighs,

and Mother ignored the fact the catwoman wasn't wearing any mittens, and her claws were probably digging deep into the mattress.

"Ohhhh pretty kitty," Mother murmured, lifting her hips, trying to ease the ache between her legs. "Yes, yes!"

Molly growled in response, a deeper rumble, her prehensile tale sneaking around Mother's neck to pull the woman's mouth full against her pussy. Mother had a moment's chuckle before returning her attention to the catwoman's clit, edging her with easy precision toward a shuddering orgasm. She was so close herself she felt as if she were hovering over a precipice, and if she would only look down, she would plummet into the soft, open bliss of release.

Molly reached her pinnacle first, rubbing her soft nose and cheeks against Mother's pussy, back arching, using her tail to pull Mother's mouth in deeper, the thundering growl of her feline arch filling the room with her climax. Mother's gasped and bucked, the rub of the feline nose against her wet, throbbing clit sending her over her own cliff. The sensation was beyond words and she wrapped her arms around the shivering feline hips of the catwoman mewling on top of her, their bodies meshed for that one sweet, blissful moment.

Mother sighed deeply when Molly's soft head nuzzled her breasts, her neck, her purr softer now but no less happy.

"Not sad now." Molly's voice vibrated prettily with her purr and Mother smiled in the darkness.

"No, precious." Mother's eyes closed against the faint light of the sun just beginning to rise. The catwoman licked her paw and rubbed her ear—they always

cleaned themselves this way after sex, and when it was the three of them, the whole room seemed to fill with the sound of their purring. This time, though, Mother was asleep long before the ritual was completed and Molly was once again stretched beside her in the warm light of morning.

* * * *

“But Mother!” Jill protested, her eyes filling with tears. “It’s impossible! It’s like...it’s like herding cats!”

Mother fought the urge to laugh. It wasn’t really funny. Two more sets of drapes in the drawing room were completely ruined, from top to bottom, ripped to shreds.

“Jill, you and Jack have no other duties except to keep these cats out of trouble,” Mother reminded her, keeping her voice steady. “How hard can it be?”

“Enough!” Willie slammed one of the short doors, startling them both. “These cats are overrunning the house! If I find one more furball in the tub...and Mother!” The little man’s face was red with indignation as he faced her, forgetting his place entirely in his anger. “They’ve drunk every last drop of milk old MacDonald’s boy brought over, just this morning! Before I could even bring it into the house!”

“What would you have me do, Willie?” Mother sighed, pulling her peignoir around her as she sat, swinging one long leg over the other and staring at the tip of her black boot as she considered the problem.

“Declaw them!” Jack piped up from the corner where he sat with his back against the wall, watching the scene unfold.

Mother gave him a cold look. “I might as well just cut your hands off, Jack. Would you like such?”

He shrugged, but looked chastised.

“Get rid of them!” Willie wailed, reaching out and shaking the shreds of draperies, fur and material floating into the air, down toward the carpet.

“Maybe if they had cages?” Blue suggested quietly. He sat in the chair opposite Mother, his big form filling the space but his demeanor subdued.

“Oh Blue.” Mother frowned unhappily into the fire, searching there for a better solution. “You can’t cage a cat. They grow wild and discontent.”

Willie scoffed. “What do you think they are now? They’ve stalked and killed four of old McDonald’s good hawks! Four, Mother! That’s half his stock!”

“What about their mittens?” Mother inquired.

“They’re not kittens anymore, Mother,” Blue reminded her.

“We did make that scratching post for them in my room...”

Willie groaned. “Look at the drapes!”

“They’re untrainable, Mother,” Jack said with a sigh.

“They can be domesticated,” Mother insisted. “Mary promised.”

Jill frowned. “Even between me and Jack, we don’t have eyes in the backs of our head!”

Mother narrowed her eyes to slits at the girl. “Perhaps if you spent more time looking after them, instead of playing cat and mouse in the barn down at old MacDonald’s farm...”

Jill’s face fell, her eyes again brimming with tears. “But, Mother...”

“No buts.” Mother stood, her lips set in a firm line they all knew well. “It’s your responsibility to keep them out of trouble. Yours and Jacks. They are your charges. If you can’t handle such a simple task—”

“Simple!” Jill nearly screeched the word, but she was cut off by the sound of hissing and howling just outside the drawing room window.

“Lucy and Molly.” Willie pulled what was left of the curtains aside to reveal a tumble of black and white fur going by outside. Toby, the boy cat, sat on the sidelines watching, his green, slitted eyes bright in the sunlight as the female felines turned and twisted on the grass, clawing and hissing and making a general ruckus.

“Fine.” Mother sighed, standing and going over to the window. Molly had Lucy pinned, her teeth at the other catwoman’s neck. They were normally quite friendly, all of them, but lately had been fighting over the young Tom’s attention and Toby did nothing but encourage it.

“Blue, Jack,” she addressed them without turning, seeing the cat girls give up their fight as Toby wandered over, looking smug. “Three cages, but inside please. Use the second guest room, and make them roomy and comfortable.”

Blue helped Jack up from the floor and the two of them went out of the room without a word. Jill went to follow, but Mother called her back.

“You and I have some veterinary work to do,” Mother said with a sigh, looking down at the two bleeding cat women on her front lawn. “Willie, get me some bandages, would you please, dearest?”

The little man sighed, but went off to do his mistress’ bidding.

* * * *

Mother looked, content, around the room at the scene of domestic bliss before her. Lucy was curled at Blue's feet, her cheek resting against his thigh. He was absently stroking her, and the purr filling the room was loud. All three cats seemed happy enough, really—Toby was sleeping in front of the fire, curled around Jill, who was sleeping there as well, and Molly was close to Mother, as usual, the best behaved of them all, ignoring the yarn Jack was winding into a tight ball. Not an easy feat for a cat, that—yarn and string was nearly irresistible.

They had been chastised, she supposed, by their caging. Mother missed them at night, but Willie insisted they be caged especially then, because they had been sneaking down to the kitchen at night and eating the raw poultry and drinking all the milk. Incurable, wild things, Mother thought, running her hand through Molly's sleek fur. The catwoman smiled up at her in response, flashing her sharp incisors for a moment. Not that she blamed them. She had her own tendency to run wild, she knew, and needed a firm hand to keep her on the ground.

"Mother, a message." Willie appeared silently at her side.

"Goodness, Willie!" Mother startled, her hand going to her throat. "I'm going to put a bell on you as well as the cats!"

He smirked, but didn't respond. Instead, he held out a silver tray, a white card centered there, written with a fat, lazy scrawl. Mother knew it immediately.

"Well, we've been summoned, then," she murmured, using a long fingernail to ease open the edge of the envelope. Her hands shook when she removed the thick card.

Join me tomorrow evening just after sundown. I have word of your husband and wish to discuss. Bring your two new charges. —Cole

That was all, but Mother had a sinking feeling. Word of Artan? How? The thought was both exciting and terrifying. Was he alive? Was he coming home? The last didn't give her pause. Old King Cole liked to break in all of their charges at one point or another, and he had a penchant for redheads. For all things red, really—of course, he was married to the Queen of the Hearts, so it was no surprise. They were, after all, his charges really. She just trained them.

Mother looked up to see all of them, even a sleepy Jill lying nude by the fire, looking up at her expectantly. She put on a bright voice and face.

"We've been invited to see the King!"

Blue raised an eyebrow, but didn't stop stroking Lucy, from tip to tail. She rubbed her face against his knees, his thighs, his crotch, purring loudly, the only one to ignore the announcement.

"He sold us to you," Jill frowned, stretching, her pink tipped breasts flushed from the heat of the fire. "Why does he want to see us again?"

"He charged you to me," Mother corrected, glancing at the note again. *Word of your husband*. She decided not to tell them that part, and slid the card back into the envelope. "I'm sure he just wants to see you're doing well."

"They've been broken in nicely, Mother," Blue praised, his eyes moving over Jill's lazy form as she snuggled against the boy cat.

"Yes," she agreed, glancing over at Jack, still winding yarn. "They're obedient enough, for the most part." She stood, taking the card and tossing it into the fire. The

edges began to curl, and when she turned to dismiss Willie, she saw he was already gone. She smiled down at a perplexed and anxious looking Jill. "I'm sure he'll be pleased with your progress."

"Toby!" Jill gasped as the Tom's paw moved between her legs. His erection, quite thick, long and definitely human, rose from a patch of white and orange fur between his legs. Mother smiled, watching the cat's rough tongue sneak out to lick her hardening pink nipple.

"Good kitty," Mother murmured, squatting down to stroke his fur, her hand moving to squeeze his erection, making him purr loudly. She truly loved seeing them give and receive pleasure—they were such hungry animals.

Jill looked up, her eyes questioning, and saw her answer in Mother's face, giving into the pleasure as the boy cat rubbed his cock against her firm, young thigh. Mother stood, going back to her chair and swinging her leg over the side. Lucy was already going to work between Blue's legs, her white-tipped tail rising high in the air as she sucked him. Mother could see the pink wetness of her slit glistening in the black fur, reminding her of her own pussy, her fingers reaching down to play.

"That's it, beauties," Mother sighed as her fingers moved over her clit, watching Toby turn Jill over onto her hands and knees, pulling her ass toward his thick length. Blue moaned and fondled Lucy's human breasts, tweaking her nipples and making the cat woman growl with pleasure. "Put on a good show for Mother."

Molly moved between Mother's legs, her tongue moving over the woman's exposed thighs, but Mother smiled, shaking her head. "Don't neglect Jack, precious,"

she directed, seeing the youth's eyes jealously moving over Jill's body in the firelight as Toby plunged his cock into her upturned pussy.

Obediently, Molly turned to Jack, reaching for his belt buckle, and he leaned back and let her straddle him as she worked to free his cock, which was already half-hard from the sights and sounds of sex filling the room. Her hand-paws worked Jack from base to tip, careful to keep her claws retracted, until he was moaning and writhing beneath her, grabbing her hips and trying to pull her into his crotch.

Mother watched this struggle for a moment, Molly teasing the youth, rubbing her slit against his length and then moving away, then her attention was distracted by Jill's squeal of pleasure as Toby thrust himself deep into her from behind, his prehensile tail rubbing against her clit. She was climaxing—Mother knew the flushed, open-mouthed look of surprise on the girl's face—grinding her hips back against the boy cat's. His whiskers twitched, his eyes half closed in pleasure as the girl's pussy spasmed around him.

Blue's growl turned Mother's attention in their direction, and she saw the big man lifting Lucy by the hips and sitting her down on his cock, impaling her, making her mew with delight. Mother saw the cat woman's claws come out for a moment, hooking over the back of the chair, but she retracted them with a quick, guilty glance over her shoulder at Mother. Instead, she arched her back, pressing her breasts into Blue's mouth, and he sucked greedily at her nipples as he began to fuck himself up into the soft, fur-covered pussy.

Mother felt Molly's behind rubbing up against her thigh and she glanced down to see the cat woman sucking Jack now, her bottom rising, her tail moving up between

Mother's legs, nudging her fingers aside to rub at Mother's aching clit. Mother moaned softly, using one hand to tweak her own hardening nipples, the other to pet Molly's exposed behind, her pussy glistening, her little asshole winking under the rise of her tail.

"Oh god, your tongue!" Jack groaned, his eyes rolling back and he thrust up into the soft and rough of the cat girl's mouth.

"Ooooo!" Jill squealed again as the young tomcat twisted them around, Jill on top this time, her mouth hovering over his hard, wet cock as the feline's tongue probed between the girl's red pubic curls. "Oh! So rough! Oh god!"

Jack moaned in agreement, and Mother watched, delighted, her fingers moving deep into Molly's puss, letting the cat woman fuck her back and spreading herself wider for the probe of the tail rubbing soft but quick against her clit.

"Oh fuck!" Blue groaned as the Lucy rocked forward, just at the moment of his climax, his cock slipping out of her pink, wet hole, a stark contrast against her black fur, his cum shooting hot, white ropes across her behind. It landed wetly against the rounded fur of her ass, dripping down toward the pink of her pussy, but Lucy wasn't done. With a deep, rumbling growl, she stood on the arms of the chair, using her claws to steady herself—not minding anymore, not thinking—and gave him her pussy, pressing it into his face. Blue's hand squeezed his still exploding cock as she ground her flesh into his mouth, mewling with pleasure as she came, her head thrown back, whiskers twitching, green-slitted eyes glittering in the firelight.

"Oh please, please," Jack panted from beside Mother's chair, and she looked down to see him thrusting into Molly's mouth, his hands tugging at her black velvet ears. "Swallow it like a good kitty. Oh fuck, oh god, oh!"

And Molly did, drinking him down like Mother's milk, purring all the while as he continued to pour his cum into her waiting throat. She lapped happily at his waning member, making sure she got it all, and Jack moaned softly, head moving from side to side, but the sensation was too great for him to refuse.

Mother's fingers didn't stop moving between Molly's legs, parting the soft fur so she could rub her clit with her thumb, fingers plunging deep. The cat woman concentrated on herself now, cheek against paws, bottom up high, her tail slickly wet with Mother's juices as the tip worked the older woman's clit, faster and faster.

"Toby!" Jill cried, spreading her legs wider over the young tomcat's face, but that was all she had time to say. His tail wrapped around her neck and pulled her mouth down onto his erupting cock, cutting off any more words. Jill choked on it, on his cum, and Mother saw it dribbling out of the corners of her mouth, pooling on the orange and white fur at the base. But Mother didn't think Jill minded—she was in the throes of her own orgasm, her hips bucking so hard, Toby actually had his claws out to hold her still as he worked his tongue between the girl's legs.

Molly mewed loudly, drawing Mother's wavering attention, her hips grinding back into the woman's hand, and Mother felt the cat woman's pussy beginning to spasm, the throb drawing her own pussy toward that pleasure center, as if it were leashed. Mother pressed her hand between her legs, Molly's tail still working there, and came, her hips bucking in the chair, her head thrown back, eyes closed, a soft moan escaping her lips as she gave into the feeling.

When she opened her eyes, Mother saw them all collapsed—Jill on top of Toby, Lucy curled in Blue's lap, Molly beside her chair with Jack—panting and satisfied.

“Lovely show,” Mother sighed happily, observing the sweetness of their domestic bliss. It had almost made her forget all concerns, not the least of which was the note, now just ashes in the fire, and the cryptic message about her husband. Perhaps her cats really were trainable, she mused, stroking Molly’s behind, feeling the feline’s hips rise with each pass. That, at least, would be a blessing.

“Hickory dickory doc,” Jack mused, his hands behind his head, his eyes half closed. “The mouse ran up the clock...”

All three cats’ heads came up, but it was Lucy who pounced, leaping out of Blue’s lap, her claws out—he would have scratches on his thighs for weeks—toward the mouse now running down the other side of the grandfather clock. It tilted dangerously, not used to her weight, and then started toppling toward them.

“Willie!” Mother called in dismay as they all scrambled out of the way and the ancient clock crashed to the floor, the wood shattering, its innards springing loose in sprays of gold springs and bolts and cogs. Lucy crouched on top, the only evidence of the mouse a still-wiggling tail and the close-lipped smile on her face.

“Bad kitty!” Mother scolded, shaking her finger at the cat girl, and Lucy had the sense to look guilty, spitting out the mouse, which ran, squeaking, for the corner of the room.

“Well,” Willie said with a sigh, appearing silently beside Mother and making her gasp with surprise once again. “So much for domestication...”

Chapter Seven

Old King Cole

*Old King Cole was a merry old soul,
And a merry old soul was he.
He called for his pipe, and he called for his bowl,
And he called for his fiddlers three...*

Blue pulled the coach up just as the sun was beginning to set, making Jill's hair seem on fire as he helped her step from the carriage, dressed in red, of course, as the Queen of Hearts would be in attendance, although "dressed" was the optimum word. Her lush curves, hugged by a tight red corset, spilled over top and bottom, her breasts completely exposed, as was the fiery triangle between her legs. She didn't seem self-conscious or shy any longer, though, and she gave Blue a smile as she stepped down, Jack crowding possessively behind her. He wore a burgundy shade of breeches, far more material than Jill had on.

"Won't you come in for dinner, Blue?" Mother asked, taking his hand and letting him help her down. "I'm sure they won't mind."

He gave her a nod. "If you wish it."

The truth was, she did. Blue was an extra set of eyes and ears, and for some reason, she felt she needed that tonight. Something was happening, she could sense it, although she wasn't quite sure what it was. It would be better if they all stayed a little on guard.

The night was already in full swing inside the great hall, and Mother realized this would be no intimate dinner. The tables were already packed with men and women like herself, trainers, their pets leashed at their feet, or kneeling by their sides. Mother never had favored a leash too much, after that initial breaking in period, and she flushed at the

looks her charges received when they walked in, the pair of them hand in hand, without any restraint.

“Mother Goose!” King Cole’s voice rang out behind her, a bold, full, brash sound, and she turned, already smiling and holding out her hand. He was a short, rotund fellow, a stark contrast to his wife, and the whispered opposite comparisons to Jack Sprat and his wife had made the rounds more than once.

“Your highness.” She curtsied, as was custom, and he kissed her outstretched hand as he told her to rise. She towered over him in her boots, but he didn’t seem to mind.

“So glad you could come! George has news of your husband, I’m sure you’ll want to hear!” The King waved over his shoulder, beckoning someone, and Mother felt her heart sink as she saw the man approaching. Behind her, Blue stiffened, both at the King’s words and at the sight of the baby-faced, smiling man threading through the crowd.

“Georgie Porgie,” Mother said under her breath, smiling in spite of the churning in her stomach as the man approached. Not many men could have boasted being shorter than the King, but this one was, and even more round. His cheeks burned bright red, but they almost always did with any little exertion, rather than out of embarrassment. The man was shameless.

“They did call me that, didn’t they?” George’s grin stretched his face even wider as he took Mother’s hand and she winced at the oily, slick feel of it. “It’s been a long time, Mother dear. How are you?”

Not long enough, she thought, but said, “I’m wonderfully well. You?”

"I would have thought you'd be pining away." George's smile never wavered as he stood beside the King, the two of them like peas without a pod. "With Father being gone so long."

"A few months." Mother waved her hand dismissively, although her heart plummeted. It had been more like six months now, although she was loathe to admit it. "He'll be back any time."

"I'm not so sure." George's eyes narrowed, skipping past Mother to where Blue was standing, Jill beside him, pressed tight to Jack's side. His eyes lit up when he saw the redhaired girl, but that didn't stop his mouth from moving. "He's on some sort of quest, you know. Looking for some such thing on the other side. Who knows what? A wild goose chase!" The round man laughed at his own joke, and the King chuckled appreciatively. "He hasn't been seen anywhere near the portal in months. Gone, they say, I'm afraid to report." George shook his head in mock sympathy. "Perhaps it's time for you to start thinking about taking on a new Master, eh, Mother dear?"

Mother's breath caught in her throat and she saw the look that passed between he and the King and finally understood. She tried to speak, to defend herself, but couldn't find the words. There was no way she was going to declare her husband dead—and she knew, the King could do it, could in fact do it without her consent, and give her, instead, to another man. George licked his lips, looking between Mother and the King, rocking on his heels in anticipation.

I'll kill myself first, she thought, her jaw clenching.

"What think you of that, Mother?" King Cole asked, raising an eyebrow at her. "You've always needed a firm hand, you know."

She swallowed hard, blinking at him in disbelief. He couldn't possibly believe that George—flabby, soft-bellied, soft-handed, soft-minded Georgie Porgie—could possibly be anywhere close to her match?

“And George here, well he's up and volunteered his services.”

“I'm sure he has.” Mother looked down at the man and fought the urge to kick him—hard—the way she'd done the first time he'd accosted her alone somewhere in an attempt to kiss her quiet while he fondled and groped as much as he possibly could in the short time between surprise and indignation. He'd wanted her then, she remembered, had asked for her, had even offered both stock and a great deal of money, but Father had won out by proposing a simple test of personal strength and loyalty—hers, of course. She had held out for the man she wanted, and she had won him.

So where are you now, my love, she thought, fighting tears. She couldn't begin to imagine, remembering him kissing her quickly, saying, “I'll be right back,” and then disappearing in a heated shimmer through the portal. Gone for a unique flower, something odd but delectable to eat perhaps. It wouldn't have been the first time he'd skipped between worlds to bring something unusually delightful back to her. But the longest he'd ever been gone was a week.

“I hear he's found someone else,” George said behind his hand in a stage whisper to the King. “A young blonde over there, a long, tall drink of water that one.”

Mother's spine stiffened, her eyes flashing as she turned on him, about to let go six month's worth of worry and rage on the little man in the presence of the King, but Blue's voice stopped her just in time.

“Old Mother Hubbard told me she saw him, though,” Blue countered, making them all look over in surprise. “I meant to tell you earlier today,” he said in a low tone to Mother. “I talked to her this morning,” Blue went on, looking at the King. “Said he was looking for something. Calling through the portal. She tried to answer him, but he was gone again. Perhaps he’s just lost his way?”

The King frowned, rubbing his chin thoughtfully. “Well, this is interesting news.”

George waved his hand, rolling his eyes. “Rumor! Gossip! I was there, I tell you! The man is missing!”

Blue shrugged. “Just because you didn’t see him, doesn’t mean someone else didn’t.”

“Perhaps we should send out a search party?” The King looked up at Mother’s pale face. “What think you, Mother? Would you like that?”

“I’d prefer it to a premature death declaration, followed by being paired off with someone of much less...stature.” She said this last as kindly as she could, through clenched teeth. George narrowed his eyes, sputtering, but his blustering was interrupted by the beginning of the dinner entertainment.

“The wall! The wall!” The cry went up throughout the hall, and the King laughed, clapping and looking up to where a man was already scaling a high wall on the other side of the room. There was a large arch at the top, where the man could sit and look down at the crowd below. He was completely nude, and even from this distance, Mother glimpsed his cock, standing straight up like an arrow, the largest one she’d ever seen.

“Humpty’s gonna get his fill tonight,” George cackled, licking his lips, his hand moving over his own breeches, caressing what lay below. “Look at the girls lined up!”

They lined up as if the Pied Piper himself had come to call, as if the man's enormous cock were a divining rod, calling out some mystical tune. Mother had never gone, although Father had given her permission, but she had seen this show a thousand times, and it still never failed to fascinate her. It obviously still amused the King—he cheered as one of his men threw one of the girls, completely nude of course, over his shoulder and carried her up the ladder toward the waiting man sitting in the archway.

“Hump! Hump! Hump!” The cry went up as the girl thrashed and squealed, surely making her hard to hold. The element of danger was part of the excitement—they both could have been killed if they slipped from the archway and fell to the hard, cold stone floor below. The king's men were there, of course, and so far, they had caught them all...but you just never knew.

Mother never understood why they struggled so, after standing in line, anticipating the fuck, but they did. Perhaps it was part of the act, or the rush of adrenaline, or just that first, shocking pierce of the man's member—no one could remember his name anymore, he'd be “Hump” for so long, and the kids all called him “Humpty Dumpty”—but whatever the reason, the girls always writhed and cried before they started moaning in pleasure.

“Is she all right, Mother?” Jill asked softly, concerned, pressing against her mistress' side. Hump had the blonde by the hips, situated firmly in his lap and impaled on his cock. Her breasts swayed as he pumped, his big arms used to the motion, and she hung nearly suspended, looking down at the knights below, her eyes wide with fear at first before the sensation of being fucked began to take over.

“Look at her face, precious,” Mother murmured, petting the girl’s red hair as she pulled her closer. Of course, it wasn’t just her face that belied her pleasure. The blonde’s moans reached the crowd and she reached back, grasping the man’s hips, unable to move of her own volition, her legs dangling. He did all the work, thrusting, pumping, driving her toward climax. When it came, she screamed, her head thrown back, eyes closed, face and chest flushed a bright, rosy red, and Hump growled in triumph, letting her hips go completely.

Her scream continued all the way down as six knights gathered close together to catch her fall. She collapsed into their arms, dizzy and gasping, and Hump laughed from above, a low, sexy sound.

“Next!”

And so another girl, slung over the shoulder of a man, began her struggling ascent, and the kitchen doors opened at the same time, cooks carrying trays of steaming hot food to the tables.

“Let’s eat!” the King declared, putting his arm around George and staring toward the head table. He glanced over his shoulder at Mother, his eyes skipping over to the redhead beside her, and called, “You too, Mother dear. To me, to me!”

And so they found themselves with front row seats to the grinding, grunting show above as they ate their roasted squab and asparagus. Jill still sat close to Mother, Jack pressed to her other side, whispering things throughout the meal. George kept frowning at her trainees’ lack of discipline, but Mother ignored him and his opinion, talking instead to the Queen, whose experience with little Muffy was thankfully satisfactory. She always had looked so good in red.

“She dances for the King nearly every night,” the Queen confided, sounding proud. “She’s quite an accomplished little thing.”

The King overheard them, sucking the grease from the cooked bird off his fingers, his eyes brightening. “Quite!” he agreed, lifting his head and calling. “My pipe! My bowl!”

Mother saw Muffy, her blonde hair in long, lovely ringlets down her back, carrying both toward the King, her body adorned in silver, tattooed in henna, but otherwise nude. She was totally different, like something otherworldly, and Mother couldn’t help but stare.

“What a fine piece of stock,” George admired, his eyes glittering from puffy slits in his face.

“My wife found her,” the King said, nodding in agreement as Muffy knelt with her offering, and the King took his bowl and pipe, taking a long, held breath of the stuff. Mother had never done any of the poppiods, but knew the King loved his, and didn’t begrudge him. They grew wild in the fields, and even the animals loved to eat them, frolicking wildly afterward, rutting and grinding and squealing as if possessed.

“Lovely.” George touched one of the girl’s ringlet curls, rubbing it between his fat finger and thumb, and Mother winced. She fervently hoped Muffy wouldn’t have to serve the King’s guest tonight.

“Would you like to see her dance?” the King offered generously, glancing up as another girl dropped from the archway with a loud scream, and Hump called out, “Next!” with a large grin, his huge cock glistening in the light.

“I would,” George agreed, his hand moving to his breeches as his thumb traced the girl’s tender lips. “Indeed, I would.”

“Shower!” the King called up toward the archway, and Hump gave him a bow, standing in the archway now, his body slick with sweat from his effort. There were nine nude girls below, and the knights pushed them forward, not that they needed encouragement. They stood with their hands and faces raised, whimpering, mewling, panting, watching with big eyes as the man above them took himself in hand and began to stroke himself.

“Show-er! Show-er!” became the chant throughout the hall as the man’s hand moved faster—Mother was amazed he could get his hand around it, and saw, from her angle, that he couldn’t, exactly, not quite. His girth was so great that his fingers didn’t quite meet his thumb. Beside her, Jill watched with wide eyes, squirming in her seat, and Mother smiled, remembering the first time she, too, had watched this show.

“Ahhhh!” Hump’s buck and growl was followed by a literal shower of white hot cum. His cock jerked with it, his heavy balls drawn up tight, spewing forth impossibly long, heated spurts of the stuff, and it rained down on the women below. They squealed, turning their faces up to catch it, their tongues out, as if they were catching raindrops or snowflakes, and when he was finished—it seemed to go on and on, his back arched, his cock a fountain—they turned to one another, kissing, licking, like kittens in a pile on the floor, writhing in ecstasy.

“He’s gonna fall one of these days,” Blue mused, watching as the man sank, weary, to sitting in the archway, his head back, eyes closed, still panting hard.

“This hall wouldn’t be the same without ol’ Hump,” King Cole agreed, looking up at the man fondly. “Found him across the borderlands, you know, dancing for women who put strange green paper in his underpants. I’d never seen a cock so big, and just had to bring him back to...ah...show the Queen.”

The Queen of Hearts blushed red, but she nodded, her eyes bright. “Indeed.”

The King took another long hit from his pipe, his eyes glazing over for a moment. Then he saw George’s hand moving down Muffy’s chin, venturing toward her breast, and he called, “Fiddlers!” clapping his hands loudly. Muffy stood immediately, stepping carefully between Blue and George, past their dishes and up onto the table. Before he could even speak, the kitchen staff had cleared their dishes, and Muffy had an open space to move, but she waited, poised, for the music.

“They’re cats!” Jill whispered as the three fiddlers began, and they were, similar to the three they had at home, their markings and coloring slightly different. One of them, a dark gray cat girl, had four breasts instead of the usual two, a sight that caught Mother’s attention.

“Hey diddle diddle, the cat with the fiddle...” Blue winked over at Jill’s stunned expression, but then his attention was drawn to the girl at the center of the table, her body swaying to the music.

“Divine,” George murmured, watching Muffy dance, the music both melancholy and wonderfully hypnotic. The three cats were skilled fiddlers, seeming to move the dancer with their music, and Mother marveled at Muffy’s ability as well. She never would have known the girl could be so graceful.

When the music sped up, the girl's hips moved faster, gyrating, insinuating sex with every movement, and when it slowed down, she swayed, dancing with her arm movements as beautifully as she did the rest of her body, her hips rolling in wider, easier circles, giving them all a clear view of her curves. Mother noted George's hand edging toward the girl, and every time he managed to touch her, she would dance the other way, but she paid special attention to the King, focusing on him with her eyes, saving small, secret smiles for his personal pleasure.

"She's beautiful," Jill whispered, watching with wide eyes. Mother smiled, leaning over and kissing the redhead on the forehead.

"So are you, precious."

The King noticed the exchange, his eyes skipping between the two young women, and then he smiled, giving Muffy a nod. "Choose a partner," he instructed her, his eyes moving again to the redhead, his meaning clear. Muffy smiled, stretching her hennaed hands out to the girl sitting next to Mother. Jill stiffened, shaking her head, and Jack grabbed her wrist, mimicking Jill's head movement.

"Hush, Jack," Mother admonished, prying his fingers from Jill's and encouraging the girl to climb up onto the table with the blonde. Both women were ripe and lush with curves, their breasts full and pink tipped, and Muffy danced circles around Jill at first, smiling, laughing, teasing, untying laces of her red corset as she went. The redhead blinked, dizzy, at the whirling blonde, and before she knew it, she was nude, too, and Muffy was encouraging her to step out of her corset.

George had it in his hands before Mother could grab it, lifting it to his nose and breathing deeply as he watched the women together, rocking now, close, arms

entwined. Muffy rubbed her lower belly against Jill's, her shaved mound seeming to reach for the redhead's lush fur, their nipples touching, teasing. Jill's eyes closed with pleasure, and Muffy took advantage of the moment, pressing her lips to the other woman's. Mother saw a soft, pink tongue sneak through, their bodies rocking, swaying to the fiddlers' music.

It was magical, and they all sat, transfixed by the show. If it weren't for Jack's hands clenched into fists beside her, Mother would have been carried away as well, but instead she focused her attention on the youngster beside her, whispering for him to hold still. His jealousy was almost as hot-headed as the ginger headed girl's, his face growing as red.

"Jack, enough," she admonished, whispering so no one else could hear. "She's coming home with you tonight. Let it be."

Of course, Mother couldn't have predicted the next, as the Muffy led Jill to the end of the table toward the King, making her kneel down before him, a pliant offering. The King smiled, running his hands up the woman's slim, pale thighs, the smooth, extended curve of her hips, her waist, feeling the weight of her breasts in his hands.

"She's a precious pet, isn't she?" he murmured, glancing up at Muffy, who nodded, taking a light step off the table—in the direction of Mother, rather than George, whose hungry eyes followed her as she made her way to the King.

"Hungry?" The King inquired, giving her a lazy smile as he leaned back in his chair, letting the blonde kneel down and free his cock. It was as short and stubby as he was, but she didn't seem to mind. Her mouth worshipped it and the King groaned, his hand lost in her golden curls. But that still wasn't enough.

“You.” He pointed to Jill, who was watching the scene with rapt attention, and then down to where Muffy swallowed his length. “Here.”

Jack moved quickly, trying to spring up from his seat, and Mother slid a leg over his, forcing him back down, her eyes narrowed at him in warning. She shook her head, glancing over at Blue, who frowned. Jill hadn’t hesitated—she knelt before her King, kissing Muffy over the fat, bulbous head of his cock, their pink tongues sliding together, each of them making soft, happy sounds.

“Ahhhh yes!” King Cole shifted his hips forward, giving the women better access. They fought over him, teasing, their hands roaming over each other as they shared playing the instrument between them with their tender, pink mouths. “Good girls, good!”

When Jack’s mouth opened, Mother nearly panicked, looking over to Blue for help, but he was already behind the youth, his hand over his mouth. “I’d close it, if you want to keep your head.” Blue’s words were just barely loud enough for Mother to hear, and her stomach lurched when she saw George watching them, his eyes cold, calculating.

“What do you think of her now?” The King gasped, nudging George in the shoulder. The littler man’s attention shifted to the two women kneeling between the King’s legs.

“They’re both exquisite,” George agreed, his hand moving under the table, and Mother was glad she couldn’t see his hand wrapped around the stub of his cock. “They should be savored, these two, slowly and together.”

Beside her, Jack struggled against Blue’s hold, his blue eye on fire, and Mother knew where this was heading, and was helpless to stop it.

“Permission, my Queen?” The King groaned as Jill took his cock deep into her throat, competing with the blonde, whose tongue slipped down to lick at his balls.

The Queen of Hearts smiled indulgently, giving him a brief nod. “Of course. As long as Mother agrees to give up her charge.”

Mother froze, knowing she couldn’t refuse, feeling Jack trembling beside her. “As you wish, your majesty.”

The muffled, jolted shout from beside her—that was all Jack could do, with Blue’s hand over his mouth, and the weight of Mother’s thigh over his—would have been heard clearly anyway, if the King hadn’t reached climax right at that moment, roaring his pleasure as he grabbed a handful of blonde and red hair, forcing the two women’s mouths together over the head of his cock.

The kitchen, hearing the uproar, mistook his call, and released dessert at that moment, causing the whole room to erupt in applause. Five cooks had to carry the pie out, high above their heads, and it erupted with a flutter of wings—blackbirds, sixty at least, flew out of the top, their wings coated with the sticky juices of blackberries.

Mother took the quick, distracting opportunity to lean in to the Queen and make her apologies. “My charge needs a bit of discipline,” Mother whispered as Blue carried a kicking, struggling Jack quickly through the hall.

The Queen nodded, giving her an understanding look, and Mother followed then, glancing back only once with a heavy heart to see Jill’s stunned expression as the only family she could remember left her alone in the hall amidst strangers.

Chapter Eight
Jack Be Nimble

*Jack, be nimble,
Jack, be quick.*

It wasn't the cats in the cage this time, it was Jack—wild, insane, thrashing, howling, pounding, wailing. Mother could barely stand it, and she paced the floor, her boots clicking hollowly, back and forth. He was two rooms away, and she could still hear him. Willie brought tea and left it quietly on the table, but Mother ignored it. She patted Molly on the head absently when the cat girl came to thread her way around Mother's legs, but she sidestepped her, continuing to pace.

"You said she was coming hooooooooooooooooome!" She heard Jack's plaintive cry clearly and winced, her peignoir whirling as she turned, pacing back toward the door. She hesitated, her hand on the knob, listening to the youth sob, crying, "Jill! Jill!" over and over. Mother took a deep, steadying breath, turning away from the door, trying to pretend her heart wasn't breaking for him.

"Maybe we can distract him?" Mother queried, as Molly tried again, rubbing her soft ears against Mother's thighs. The cat woman looked up at her mistress, her slitted eyes narrowing, the gold flecks bright.

"Could you be distracted from your love for Father?"

Mother sighed, wincing, and gave up her pacing, collapsing into a chair. "Oh Molly, what am I going to do? I've made a mess of everything."

The feline just rested her soft head in her mistress' lap, letting herself be stroked as a comfort, more to Mother than to Molly. Mother considered calling in Blue, asking him what to do. He was the one she turned to now, with Father gone, relied on, leaned

on. He'd been such a strength and help, and might have a solution now. But her pride stuck in her throat, and she couldn't seem to form the words. She knew both the King and Queen had looked askance at her ability to train and discipline her young charges, worried enough they had actually considered declaring Father Goose defunct and giving her to another man.

Mother shuddered, closing her eyes against the thought, not wanting to remember George's hungry, narrow glance, his groping hands. Instead, she held out hope that the search party the King had sent out would find Artan and bring him home, where he belonged. Maybe he could clean up the mess she'd made, she thought with a bright flash of hope. She'd take whatever punishment was coming to her, if only he could be here, beside her, again.

Her daydream drifted toward the days—and nights—they'd spent together in this room, in the big four poster bed, Mother in various states of undress and restraint. She didn't know how long it had been before she opened her eyes again, startled this time not by the noise, but the lack of it. Molly's breathing was deep and even—she slept, too.

Cocking her head, Mother frowned, opening her mouth to call Willie, when the little man appeared, his brow knitted, his eyes panicked. "Mother! He's gone!"

She'd known. Even before he spoke the words, she knew.

"Jack's escaped! I swear it was one of the cats who let him out, that female one, she's so sly. Mother, he's gone! Gone!"

"Call Blue," she said, her voice as unsteady as she was as she stood. "Get the carriage. Maybe we can catch him."

* * * *

The King and Queen were the last people Mother wanted to visit, and after they'd scoured the countryside for hours, she decided not to turn that direction after all. If Jack had gone after Jill and managed to get past the gates, his fate was sealed. There was no stopping what was going to happen, even if Mother showed up in the great hall asking if they'd found her charge. In fact, things would only be worse for her, she reasoned, for all of them. Better let things take their course, she decided, letting Blue help her down from the carriage, barely noticing him as she went into the house.

The house was quiet that night, and Mother insisted, in spite of Willie's objections, that the cats sleep in her room. Molly curled against her mistress, licking away her tears, while Mother pretended she wasn't crying at all. Things were fine. They were going to be fine. One way or another, she was going to get them all out of the mess she'd somehow made, although she wasn't quite sure how, on either front. How had this happened? And how in the world was she going to fix things?

That night, she dreamed of Artan, of flying, white wings spread wide, soaring above it all. The reality of morning dawned far too soon, and Mother found herself dressed and ready, standing at the window of the drawing room—the curtains had been replaced, the remains of the grandfather clock cleaned—waiting for something, although she wasn't sure what.

She wasn't sure, until Jack burst into the drawing room, dragging a sobbing Jill behind him. Both Blue and Willie followed quickly as the youth stood defiantly in front of Mother, his blue eyes dark with fear and determination.

“Help us.” Jack swallowed, pushing a red curl out of his eyes—he desperately needed a haircut, Mother thought, apropos of nothing. “Please. They’re coming for us, and we’ve nowhere else to go.”

Jill, wearing only Jack’s shirt—he stood bare-chested and barefooted, his face cut, bruised and dirty—collapsed at Mother’s feet, still crying.

“I don’t want to go back there. Please help us,” she begged, wrapping her arms around the older woman’s boots. “I just want to be with Jack. That’s all I want. It’s all I ever wanted.”

Mother swallowed, blinking fast, thinking faster. She squatted down, cupping Jill’s tear-streaked face in her palms, and kissed the girl’s forehead.

“Mother will make it all better,” she promised. “Come with me.”

They did. They all did—following her down to her bedchamber. Mother packed three bags, one for Jill, one for Jack, and another, larger one, for herself.

“Mother, can I ask—?” Blue frowned as the woman began to change out of her usual attire, donning man’s breeches, cinching the waist tightly, a man’s white shirt, certainly Artan’s and entirely too large. She tucked in into the breeches, pulling her hair back tightly before turning to Blue.

“I think you know,” was all Mother said, tossing the two smaller bags at Jack’s feet, along with a clean, warm change of clothes for each of her charges, who immediately scrambled to dress themselves. “Blue, three horses, please. The fastest we own.”

“Not the carriage?” Willie’s voice was high and panicked, and Mother patted him absently on the head as she passed.

“Not this time,” she murmured, plucking a dark wool cape from a hook. “Not this last time.”

“Mother—” Blue sounded almost as distressed as Willie, but she gave him a sharp look, her eyes flashing.

“Horses, Blue,” she instructed, waving him toward the door. “Now.”

He gave a brief nod, turning on his heel and heading toward the door. A short time later, they were all mounted and riding toward the borderlands. Mother knew the way well enough, and her charges were both good riders, swift and skilled, keeping up with her frenzied pace without too much trouble. She only wished they’d been under cover of darkness, but there was no time to lose. Cutting across fields, driving the horses over streams and fences, she avoided the main road, too afraid they would cross paths with the King’s men, come to claim his property.

They were over halfway there when she realized they were being pursued. At first, she had hope that it was Blue, mounted and riding to keep an eye on them, but when the riders came into view behind them over the crest of a hill, she saw the King’s banner flying, and knew they had to hurry. Digging her heels into the horse’s side, she spurred him on, and both Jack and Jill did the same, glancing behind at what Mother’s wide eyes had found.

If Mother could get them through to the borderlands, she decided, just on the other side of the portal, they could disappear, blend into the strange, overly populated land beyond, and escape their fate here in her world. And me, too, she thought, leaning into the horse’s mane, trying to make herself as streamlined as possible. I can disappear forever, become someone else, live my life out over there until I’m an old

woman, bouncing Jill's babies on my knee and pretending they're my own grandchildren.

The thought pained her, but it was also freeing, and she took only a moment's glance to gauge the distance between she and the riders. They were closing in fast. Too fast. She didn't know if they were going to make it.

Yanking a sharp left on the horse's reins forced him in that direction. She heard him panting, knew he was foaming at the mouth from the run, and wished she didn't have to drive him so hard, but she dug her heels in, cutting through a swath of trees, hearing Jack behind her and Jill behind him, following at a breakneck pace. They all knew the stakes, it seemed.

The horse's hooves had a hard time with the soft soil beyond the trees on the way up the hill, but she pushed onward, hoping it would give the riders behind them even more pause. Over the crest of the hill was a wide swath of field, bordered by a old wooden fence. The horse cleared it easily, directly over the faded "No Trespassing" sign, and Mother steered the steed right, forcing it onto a well-worn path that twisted and turned in the midst of the grass and flowers.

When Mother quickly dismounted in front of an enormous rock, as tall at her horse's back, Jack pulled up short, the horse rearing, turning to avoid Mother's steed. He helped Jill down and unhooked their bags from the pommel.

"Hurry!" Mother urged, unhooking her own bag and swinging it over her shoulder. Jill stared, open-mouthed, as Mother began to step through the rock. Not onto or around, but *through* it. Her hand appeared to be gone at the wrist as she turned to

them, her eyes wide, the sound of the riders arriving behind them coming in a deafening thunder.

"I can't go in there," Jill whispered, shaking her head and pressing herself to Jack's side.

"Yes you can." Jack grabbed her arm, pulling her along, glancing behind him as the King's men arrived behind them, beginning to dismount. Their shouts—*Halt! In the name of the King! Stop! You're under arrest!*—filled their ears, but Mother grabbed Jack's hand, pulling hard. She saw the King himself, riding behind the forward riders, his face red with rage. She saw George, as well, pointing at her, yelling something, and she hoped it would be the last time she ever saw his round, pasty face.

Mother thought they were home free. Her stomach lurched as it always did when she stepped through the portal, her body immediately cold, but Jack's hand was warm in hers, and the sounds of the King's men were fading. Then she hit a wall, and the wind was immediately knocked out of her. Mother went flying backward, knocking Jack and Jill back with her. The three of them sat, dazed, in a collapsed heap, caught between the King's men on one side and—Mother shaded her eyes, and saw the King's crest on the chest of the man who had stepped through the portal—more of the King's men on the other.

The search party, she realized almost immediately, before the man even spoke. "No sign of Father Goose, your majesty," the knight called in direction of the King. The rock revealed more of his men, half a dozen in all, coming through the portal. "We have reliable reports he's deceased."

Mother rolled her eyes and scoffed, picking herself up and dusting herself off.
“Reliable reports? Please!”

“You overstep your bounds, Mother.” The King moved his horse toward them, towering in the saddle in spite of his short stature.

“She needs a firm hand.” The voice made Mother shudder and she glared at George, who moved his own horse up beside the King.

King Cole’s lips pressed into a thin line as he surveyed the scene, the two redheaded youths huddled together on the ground, Mother standing defiant, her packed back still slung over her shoulder.

“Your husband is dead,” the King said low enough just for hear ears, his eyes soft for a moment. .”Accept it.”

“Never.” Mother’s jaw tightened in defiance.

“I am making an official decree!” The King’s voice boomed over the field. “Father Goose is dead!”

Mother’s heart leapt to her throat, but she didn’t move, didn’t speak, refusing to look at George in the eye, although he tried to catch it, his fat, rosy lips stretched into a wide smile.

“Men, take these slaves back for punishment,” the King ordered, and the knight closest to them lifted Jack under the arm, shoving him toward another. Another threw Jill over his shoulder. She squealed and protested, but there was no resisting all of them. “Mother, you will be punished as well.”

She had known, of course. She waited.

“The King’s property is not your own to do with as you wish,” George reminded her, trying to catch her attention again, but she refused to face him.

“You will be given to George,” the King said with a sharp nod. His face twisted in distaste as he looked between them. “Perhaps he can keep you in line.”

“I’ll kill myself first,” Mother said through clenched teeth, glancing behind her, wondering if she could make it past the dispersing knights through the portal in time.

The King sighed. “Men, take her.”

Three of them descended, and it took all of their strength to subdue her. Mother found herself, hair disheveled, shirt ripped, breeches torn, but arms now tied as they situated her in front of the knight she had run into coming out of the portal, his strong arm keeping her in place. She noted with satisfaction that two of them had cuts on their faces from the heels of her boots.

“I’m closing the portal!” The King announced. “It’s brought enough mischief.”

“Nooo!” Mother wailed as the King called his magician forward. The man, hooded in black, dismounted and stood in front of the enormous rock, holding up two very wrinkled, old hands as if in prayer. His words were unintelligible, but Mother knew exactly what he was doing—taking away her hope, her possibility of freedom.

“It is done, your majesty.” The old man mounted again, with the help of one of the King’s men. Another knight moved forward on the King’s command to test it, and indeed, his chest hit solid rock on his attempt to move through the portal.

“No,” Mother whispered, choking back tears as the knight, his body pressed tight behind hers, nickered to his horse and pulled on the reins.

“Take good care not to harm her too much.” George leered at them, looking up in his saddle. “That’s my job.”

Mother had visions of killing him in his sleep as they began the ride back toward the King’s estate. Her horses were tied and led along behind them, and Mother strained to look past, glimpsing one last view of the portal, where even if Artan wasn’t dead—she couldn’t believe it, wouldn’t—he would never be able to come through again. Her shoulders slumped at the thought and, defeated, she let her tears come silently, her hair falling in her face to hide them.

She heard George talking to the King, a ways ahead. He spoke loudly, and knew it was for her benefit. “She’s looking more compliant already, your majesty.”

Mother shuddered, gripping the pommel in front of her until her knuckles turned white, not sure she could endure any more of him. And this ride back to the King’s estate would be nothing compared to what was waiting for her afterward. The thought of George touching her, even looking at her, made her breath catch and her stomach churn. She couldn’t possibly allow it. For Artan’s sake alone, she couldn’t.

She acted almost without thinking. The knight holding her had sensed her defeat and let go, focusing on easing his horse back down the hill and into the forest. It was here, at the long stretch of woods, that she plunged to what surely could have been her death, flipping herself head first toward the ground. Stunned, breathless, she found herself still alive, neck not broken, looking up at the belly of the horse as it stepped over her, and she struggled to her feet.

They came after her. Of course they did, on horseback, much faster than she could run, but she did have a slight head start. She zigged and zagged, moving

between trees, heading toward denser parts, knowing she could fit through smaller spaces than any horse. She flew like the wind, and when she was finally out of their sight—just for a moment—she hid beneath a hollow log, covering herself with brush and leaves and dirt, willing her breath away, praying they would go.

She didn't know how long it took, but finally, they did go, the King vowing to come back with the dogs, and she knew he would. Of course, they wouldn't just be any dogs, not regular domesticated dogs, but rather the dog-humans, whose sense of smell was ten times greater, who could track a man through water if they had to.

And where was she going to go? There was no portal left, no escape.

She unveiled herself carefully, slowly, listening to the sounds of the forest around her to make sure they were gone. When she was positive, she stood, leaning against a tree for a moment to regain her footing, her balance, her composure. Gathering her thoughts, she turned in the direction of the portal and began to walk. It was worth a chance, she thought. Perhaps the magician had left a hole, a gap, somewhere she could slip through.

She tried to keep herself down low in the tall grass, walking beside the path rather than on it, afraid of being out in the open, knowing the King might have posted a scout to watch for just this possibility. The portal stood, as it always had, looking huge and solid, but it had always been deceiving that way. Mother contemplated it for a moment, reaching a tentative hand out to touch its surface.

"No," she whispered when her fingers touched the hard, rough surface, refusing to move through. She pressed harder, but the object was immovable. "No!" Frantic, she

searched the edges of the stone for resistance, scraping her fingernails against the rock, front and back, finally resorting to beating it with her fists. “No! No! No!”

Finally, she collapsed, exhausted, sobbing on the ground. There was nothing left for her, then. Nothing. The world she’d left behind didn’t mean anything without the hope of Artan returning, and the other world she’d hoped to join was now inaccessible to her. Her future was beyond bleak, but she didn’t even care, her grief too raw and open to allow her to think much past her punishment. She didn’t fear it. She didn’t even fear death. What she couldn’t face was living without even a thread of hope that Artan would come for her.

She pressed her wet cheek to the cool dirt, closing her eyes, her thoughts returning to the last happy moment she’d had here, on a blanket spread wide in the field, feeding Artan fresh picked berries and honey. His birthday, her special surprise picnic alone and a medallion he’d been searching for, found and brought through the portal by Willie in great secret.

She remembered the light in his eyes when he opened her gift, his face a mix of pleasure and disbelief. “Maren! Where did you find this?!”

“The man in the moon,” she teased. “Is it what you’ve been looking for?”

He nodded, lifting it slowly in the bright sunlight, turning its silver surface over, studying the markings. “This here.” He pointed to the star shape on the back. “It’s authentic. You’ve found the real thing.”

“Well I should hope so,” she laughed and then mock-pouted, stretching out on the blanket. “You have no idea the hardship I went through to get it. Oh, the trials...!”

He grinned, leaning over to kiss her deeply, breathing her in, his hand pressing her naked breast, and then sliding down the firm, smooth flat plane of her belly.

“Now,” she whispered, threading her arms around his neck. “Let’s get busy making that baby we keep talking about.”

His eyes softened, and he leaned in to kiss her again, this time briefly, a placeholder. “I’ll be right back!”

“Artan!” She called after him, laughing, shading her eyes to see him shimmering through the portal. It was the last time she saw him—his smile roguish, his dark, curly hair too long and in need of a cut, wearing the medallion she’d given him as a gift.

She waited, all afternoon and toward evening, the setting sun bleeding through the sky like her heart broken open for everyone to see, until Blue had come on horseback, looking for them both. He’d taken her back to the house, insisting she not go through looking for him—there were things at home that needed to be taken care of, and he was right. Willie had gone, Blue, too, after a fashion, but had found no sign of him.

He had left her alone, waiting for him, her heart holding out hope for the words, “*Maren! I’m back!*” whispered into her desperate ears.

But she’d never hear him say her name again. The thought clenched her belly and she sobbed, burying her face in her arms, wishing the pain away, wishing she could hear him, just one last time, whisper her name.

“Maren, I’m back!”

She sobbed harder, her body wracked with the months of waiting, of holding space for him to return, the words so real she almost felt them, the heat of his breath, soft and sweet against her ear.

“Maren! It’s me! It’s Artan—I’m home!”

Her head came up like a shot, and she thought she’d slipped into insanity, her mind finally letting go, giving her the mirage of her husband in her last, final moments. His hair was long, his face full of beard, but his eyes were his, dark and mischievous, although more tired than she remembered. His clothes were strange, unfamiliar to her, but it was him. Artan was home.

She threw herself into his arms, and he took her weight easily, laughing as she kicked and screamed and pounded him.

“Where have you been!” she howled, beating his chest with her flailing fists, alternately kissing him and hitting him. “We thought...we thought...you were d-d...dead!”

“Far from it,” he assured her, cupping her face in his hands, his eyes searching her face. “Looks like you’ve gotten yourself into a bit of trouble, is that so?”

Mother closed her eyes, shook her head, and laughed as she blinked at him, making sure he was still there. “Not anymore. Nothing matters now.”

“Mar—” She stopped his words with her lips, needing him, an assurance, he was here, he was home, he was hers. Their mouths slanted hungrily, bodies moving in long-remembered motion. The clothes gave them both pause, her unfamiliar breeches, his strange attire, but still, it wasn’t long before he was inside of her, piercing her to the very core of her being.

“Oh lover,” she sobbed, clutching him, pulling him onto, into her, wanting him deeper. “Husband, oh, Artan, love me, love me.”

“I do,” he whispered into her hair, their joining the final reality, the only moment that mattered. “Oh Mar, I’ve missed you...”

“Shhhhh.” She kissed him quiet, wrapping her legs around his waist, grinding her hips into his, giving him as much of herself as she possibly could. His cock was like iron in the wet heated forge of her flesh, and she was determined to soften him. Artan lowered his head to hers with a groan as she began to spasm, shuddering beneath him with a higher pleasure than she could ever remember.

“Ahhh!” He thrust again, one last glorious trip through her wetness, and emptied himself into her very center. Finally, finally. She held him close, refusing to let him go, keeping him there, kissing his cheeks, his mouth, until he softened inside of her and on top of her, too.

“I couldn’t get back.” He finally explained. “The King had men guarding the exit to the portal. They were ready to kill me.”

Mother shivered, pulling her clothes quickly back on, scanning the field, remembering now the danger they were in. “We need to go. Quickly.”

They both had stories to tell, but it could be done while they were on the move. She explained her predicament as briefly as she could, telling him of the taking of Jack and Jill, how afraid she was for their safety.

“I wouldn’t have thought him possible of anything truly heinous.” Artan frowned as he dressed quickly himself. “Until now.”

“Why does he want to kill you?” She stood, reaching for his hand.

Artan lifted his medallion—the one she'd given him. "This."

"What is it?" she whispered, realizing with a shiver that she'd been responsible for giving him the very thing he might have been killed for.

"My past." He took her offered hand, standing and pulling her into his arms. "My future." Puzzled, she shook her head, and he explained further, "It's a key to the portal. Among other things."

"That's how you came through, even after it was closed?"

He nodded, pulling her in to him and kissing her, hard. "Maren, I tried. I even tried to get messages back to you, to tell you I was coming home, as soon as I could."

"It doesn't matter anymore."

Artan reached down and picked up a dark bag she hadn't noticed he'd brought through with him. "Let's go."

"What's that?" she queried, reaching for the bag, but he held it out of her reach.

"Later." He grinned. "First, we have a date with the King."

Chapter Nine

Mother Goose

*Old Mother Goose,
When she wanted to wander,
Would ride through the air
On a very fine gander.*

“Keep it safe. And keep it warm.” Father Goose’s last cryptic instructions were tossed over his shoulder to Willie as they left their own estate through one of the small, secret passages throughout the house. Mother had never ventured into them, but Father knew their ways like the back of his hand, and it had afforded them a way in and out, in spite of the guard the King had set at their front gate.

“What is in that bag?” Mother insisted knowing, but he just shook his head, taking her hand and helping her up onto the horse. They would have to go the long way around so as not to alert the King too soon, but their masks and the leash Mother was being led on would give them some cover, even after they’d entered the hall. There were always costumes and masks worn by some at court, and theirs wouldn’t cause heads to turn.

“I hate collars,” she complained as he mounted the horse behind her, and she felt him chuckle as he took the reins.

“I think you’ve gotten too used to getting the upper hand,” he teased, kissing the top of her head as he led the horse around the back, toward the woods that bordered their property. It was dark, but the moon was bright enough to give them light to see by.

“I’m a very good mistress, I’ll have you know,” she insisted, stiffening against him. “I trained quite a few new charges while you were gone.”

“So I hear.” He laughed silently, as if she wouldn’t know. “And I also hear I need new drapes, a new bedpost, and of course, lots of new clothes for my wife...”

She sighed. “Well, maybe the cats were a mistake. But I was lonely...”

He kissed the top of her head, urging the horse faster. “And of course, now we have to go save two slaves from their fate because you have some notion in your head that they’re in love...”

She elbowed him in the ribs, making him growl with pain, much to her satisfaction. “They are. And they deserve to be happy.”

“As happy as we are?” Father rubbed the place she’d poked him. “Damn, woman, you’ve got good aim.”

“I know,” she said smugly.

“You’re incorrigible.” He tightened his hold on her, driving the horse forward, and they both caught a sense of urgency. Mother hoped they were in time. She couldn’t imagine the King truly harming his property, but with George whispering in his ear, she wasn’t so sure. And trying to imagine that the King himself had ordered Artan killed! That thought, still, was hard to swallow.

“How are we going to get past?” Mother whispered as they approached the gates of the King’s estate.

Father’s arm squeezed her waist. “Leave that to me.”

“Pass?” The knight who stopped them barred the way with a sword rather than a staff—they were clearly on alert.

Father’s eyes glittered behind his white feathered mask, and he reached into his cloak to pull out the medallion. “I have something the King has been looking for.”

The man's eyes widened and he lifted his staff, stepping aside. Artan guided the horse through the gate and dismounted, helping his wife down.

"What is that thing?" Mother asked again, and Artan shrugged.

"I told you," he replied, taking her hand and leading her toward the hall. "A key to the portal."

"But—" Mother's protest stuck in her throat as they entered the room. Jill was chained up, completely nude, in the archway that Hump had occupied the other night. She was alone, suspended forward by her chains, arms behind her, feet manacled close to the brick. It had to hurt and Mother moaned in sympathy.

Jack, however, had fared worse. He was suspended nude by chains above a chandelier, the candles all lit, glowing brightly. Six men held the ends of the chains, and as the King called out, "Lower!" the crowd cheered, "Lower! Lower!" and they nudged the youth down a notch, closer and closer to the flames. The worst was the cock ring, a thick band of leather wrapped around the base of the boy's not inconsiderable member, forcing him to maintain his erection. It would reach the fire before any other part of him, she gauged.

"He doesn't mean to let him—" Mother whispered, hearing yet another cry, this time from George, who sat at the right of the King, of "Lower!"

"I believe he does," Father Goose replied, his mouth drawn into a thin line as he glanced up at their young charge. Jack was close enough that the front of him glowed red from the heat of the flames, and he arched away as far as he could in response, in spite of the strain it must have been on his muscles.

“Interlopers!” George’s shriek filled the hall, and Mother gasped, taking an instinctive step toward her husband. “He has the Keeper’s Jewel I warned you of! Look, around his neck!”

King Cole’s gaze found them as he stood, and she could tell by the look in his eyes that he’d seen the medallion. Artan had left it around his neck and exposed, the glittering black jewel in the center like the eye of a crow.

“They’re from the other side! They came through the portal with the medallion!” George insisted. “Men! Seize them!”

Artan stepped forward, pulling off his mask and bowing in King Cole’s direction. “Your majesty, I am returned.” A gasp of recognition echoed through the hall. “Has it been so long, then, that Georgie Porgie now gives the orders here?”

The King held up his hand to his men, his gaze moving to Mother, who pulled her own feathered white mask off to reveal her visage.

“I’ve come to claim what is rightfully mine.” Father Goose held the medallion high, turning toward the crowd so they could see as well.

“It doesn’t belong to him!” George’s shriek, the stamping of his foot, drew little attention.

“It belongs to me, and my line before me!” Artan turned back to King Cole. “It belongs to my wife, my family, and all my children who come after us.” The Queen of Hearts stood beside her husband, her hand at her throat, her face perplexed. “It is our freedom, to fly where we choose, in this world, or in others.”

“What is this jewel?” King Cole frowned. “Is it true, as George has said, that it opens the portal?”

Father Goose gave him a brief nod. "This, and all portals. We are the guardians of the gate. It has always been so with our kind, until it was stolen from us generations ago. We know not by whom."

"No!" George, frustrated by the lack of action on the part of the King's men, reached for a sword and wrestled one free. It was too heavy for the man, but he struggled forward with it, determined. "You do not deserve it! It's mine! Give it to me!" His eyes moved toward Mother, who stood staring at her husband, as stunned by his revelations as the rest of them. "Give *her* to me!"

Father Goose disarmed him with one swift twist of the man's wrist, but his more impressive move, the one that made the crowd gasp in shock and awe, was the shrugging off of his cloak, and the impossible sprouting of two enormous white wings from his now-bare shoulder blades. No one had ever seen him in his real form before except Mother herself, and even she was taken over by the shock of it.

"Men!" King Cole seemed to come to life in that moment. "Seize him!"

"Finally!" George panted, trying to shake the giant bird-man's hold on him, but was unable.

"Not that one!" The King shook his head as the knights moved toward Father Goose. "The other—the little fat treasonous liar who has been feeding me poison in my ear for months!"

"No!" George wailed as the King's men grabbed onto him, but his struggles were no match. They hauled him quickly from the room, leaving a stunned silence that all of them felt quite deeply.

"I remember the stories." King Cole stepped forward, his face reddened, his demeanor apologetic. "My grandmother's grandmother told her, even wrote some of them down. Your kind was always welcome here."

Father Goose inclined his head at the man. "Now we are to be hunted and killed and denied passage between worlds, then?"

"I apologize. I was misinformed." The King flushed. "You are free."

"Yes, we are." Artan reached his hand back for his wife, and Mother went to him. He glanced down, smiling at her, and whispered, "Reveal yourself."

"No..." She shook her head, glancing around the room. To do so, here, in front of everyone? But his eyes commanded her, and she took a deep breath, throwing off her own cloak and slowly unveiling her own set of white wings to the gasping amazement of the rest of the hall.

"Father and Mother Goose, indeed." The Queen of Hearts stepped forward, smiling. "Welcome home."

"Now, I'd like you to release my charges." Artan glanced up at the ceiling. "I would like to take them home, and then I will set them free."

"Free?" The King raised his eyebrows, and Father Goose fixed him with a long, challenging stare. The rotund man cleared his throat and shrugged. "Well...of course. You're free to do what you wish with them."

Artan's huge wings flapped slowly, pushing him aloft, and he rose to the young woman still hanging off the precipice of the arch. Jill groaned when he snapped her chains—his strength was incredible in his current form—and collapsed into his arms. Mother rose above the flames of the chandelier to unfasten Jack, careful with the

leather strap around his cock as well, releasing the pressure gradually, making him groan with both pleasure and pain.

“You’re beautiful,” he whispered as she floated them back down to the ground, and she smiled, kissing his cheek.

“Time to go home, little one,” she murmured, looking over at her husband. He nodded, folding his wings up tight as he carried the girl from the hall, out into the bright moonlight of the courtyard. His wife followed him, carrying her own charge, and then together, Mother and Father Goose spread their wings wide and flew toward home.

* * * *

He had her suspended by the strong muscles of her wings, spread wide, white down splayed, her toes barely touching the floor. And he was torturing her. Slow, sweet, aching torture, the sort her body had remembered and longed for. Artan slipped the crop between her newly shaved pussy lips—she couldn’t believe how sensitive she was there now, the exposure making her feel swollen and ready all the time—his breath hot in her ear.

“Have you had enough, love?”

She gasped as the crop, the tip now wet, slapped the side of her hip, leaving an immediate red mark.

“Never.”

He chuckled, his gaze searching her face, flushed and hot, gauging her readiness.

“What if I told you I couldn’t stand another moment?” he asked, the crop following the curve of her waist upward, dipping under her breast, over her nipple, clamped and chained to its pair.

Mother smirked, her eyes bright. “I win.”

Father Goose gave a low growl, slipping an arm around her waist and kissing her hard, his tongue plunging deep, making her moan. His cock pressed her belly and she ground her hips forward, her pussy searching, but he moved back just enough to keep it out of her reach.

“Who wins?” he murmured, waving Molly back. The cat woman had lifted her head protectively at the sound of his growl, stalking forward to make sure her mistress wasn’t being harmed. Seeing their play, hearing Mother’s moan, Molly stretched, yawned, and curled back up in the chair.

“We do.” Mother gasped as he knelt before her, plunging his tongue between the soft, smooth lips of her pussy. She moaned, grabbing his hair—her hands were free, as she was restrained only by her wings—and pressing him against her mound. “Ohhh Artan...”

His tongue lashed at her clit, his fingers probing deeply into her wetness. She felt as if she’d waited forever for this, and his giving was the best gift. Her whole body trembled with her desire, her wings shaking and straining against her bonds as she spread herself wider for the soft press of his tongue.

“Who’s your master?” He stopped, shoving her hips back against the wall, making her gasp. “Tell me, Maren. Who do you belong to?”

“You,” she breathed, her fingers lost in his dark curls. “It was always you. It has ever been.”

His mouth fastened itself between her legs, sucking and licking with a fierce persistence that sent her flying—it was better than flying. When he tugged gently on the chain fastened between her nipples, pulling off first one clamp and then the next, she moaned and let him take her climax, grateful for her bonds as she bucked and shuddered, the hot, wet heat between her thighs pulsing against his tongue again and again.

She panted, gasping, unable to hold herself up, and he stood to support her, unlocking her manacles and letting her fall into his arms, folding her into the soft press of his wings. He took her that way, wrapped in a safe cocoon, to their bed, pulling her onto him and positioning her poised above the aching throb of his cock.

“Ahhhh Maren,” he groaned as she slid him inside of her, rocking on him, her hips moving back and forth, shifting his cock deep. She rode him that way, looking down at his wings spread, now, on the mattress, and he gripped her grinding hips as she balanced herself with her hands against his broad, strong chest. His eyes half closed in anticipation of his ultimate pleasure, letting her take him there, push him toward the edge with every shift of her body.

She’d waited so long, through hours of his sweet torture, that her body reached its peak again first, her wings spread wide as she came, her dark hair falling in contrasting midnight waves as her head went back, eyes closing. He grabbed her aching breasts, squeezing, tugging, thrusting himself up hard into her spasming wetness.

“Maren!” He called her name again as his orgasm overtook him, the heat of it filling her throbbing pussy. She moaned and collapsed against his chest, and he wrapped her up again in his arms, both sets of their wings spread wide, their tips touching as they kissed themselves back to earth.

Mother rolled off him finally, folding herself up beside him, and he tucked her head under his chin with a happy sigh, his eyes closing. “Nap time.”

“Molly seems to think so,” Mother replied with a laugh as the cat woman snuck up onto the bed and curled her soft self against Mother’s side. She was the only one they had kept. The other two had been too excitable when either of them had changed from human to bird form. Molly was the only one who, while interested in the transformation, didn’t act as if they were dinner. Old King Cole had been happy to add them to his cat folk collection, and Mother knew they were happy there, with much more room to roam.

“Jill will be over in less than an hour,” Mother smiled at her husband’s almost-snore as he woke himself up at her words. “They’re so happy down the hill, in that house that Jack built. I would expect we’ll have little redhaired babies running around some time next year.”

“Mmm,” Father agreed, not opening his eyes. “Less than an hour, huh?”

“You and Molly can take a catnap,” Mother said indulgently, rubbing her cheek against his bare chest. “I’ll entertain Jill.”

“Tempting.” He smiled, pulling her closer as she tried to move away. “But I prefer birds to cats.”

“Mother!” The sound of Willie’s voice startled them both and Mother sat up, glancing down to see the little man carrying the large nest they’d made for the precious thing Artan had brought home with him—the golden egg, she saw, was cracked along one side, an entirely new development.

“Is it time?” she gasped as Father sat up beside her.

“I’ve been sitting on it long enough,” Willie grumbled, watching at the egg shook and trembled. “Very undignified.”

“You’ve done a wonderful job, precious.” Mother smiled, kneeling down before the wooden, down-filled box, glancing up at her husband. “You know, if it was ever revealed that it’s the men of our species are the ones who lay the eggs...”

Artan gave her a black look. “Do you think I’m so unsure of my masculine nature? Or shall I strap you to the wall again?”

Mother chuckled, running her hand over the fragile surface of the egg. “And all that time, I thought I just couldn’t get pregnant...”

“Mother! Look!” Willie was excited, in spite of his annoyance at being appointed temporary mother-hen, and even Molly peered over the side of the bed to watch the hatching. It was the tip of the wet wings, with their sharp, taloned edges, that were sharp enough to break through the surface, and they all watched, fascinated, as their offspring emerged.

“She’s beautiful,” Mother whispered, tears stinging her eyes as she lifted the naked, wet human baby, who didn’t cry but rather crowed in her mother’s arms. Father Goose looked proudly over his wife’s shoulder at the bundle of flesh and feathers cradled in her arms.

“Just like her mother,” Artan whispered, kissing Maren’s cheek. “Sweet little bird.”

“Now you really are a Mother...Goose.” Blue spoke from the doorway, leaning there with a huge grin spread across his face. He had brought Jill up behind him, and Jack had come too. They poked their heads past the big man to see.

“The baby’s here!” Jill squealed in delight.

Mother Goose kissed the drying forehead of her daughter, looking up at her husband through a prism of tears. “And you’re a father.”

“I’ve never been happier or prouder to be anything.” Artan unhooked the medallion from around his neck, dangling in front of his newborn daughter. The child’s hands waved, batting at it. “I suppose it will be a while before she can wear this.”

“A while, yes.” Mother smiled. “But she will fly free with us.”

“Yes.” Father nodded, kissing first his baby, and then his wife, echoing the sentiment as he put the medallion back on, glancing around at the smiling members of their make-shift family gathered around them. “Free. Wherever we decide to go.”

The End

ABOUT SELENA KITT



Like any feline, Selena Kitt loves the things that make her purr—and wants nothing more than to make others purr right along with her! Pleasure is her middle name, whether it's a short cat nap stretched out in the sun or a long kitty bath. She makes it a priority to explore all the delightful distractions she can find, and follow her vivid and often racy imagination wherever it wants to lead her.

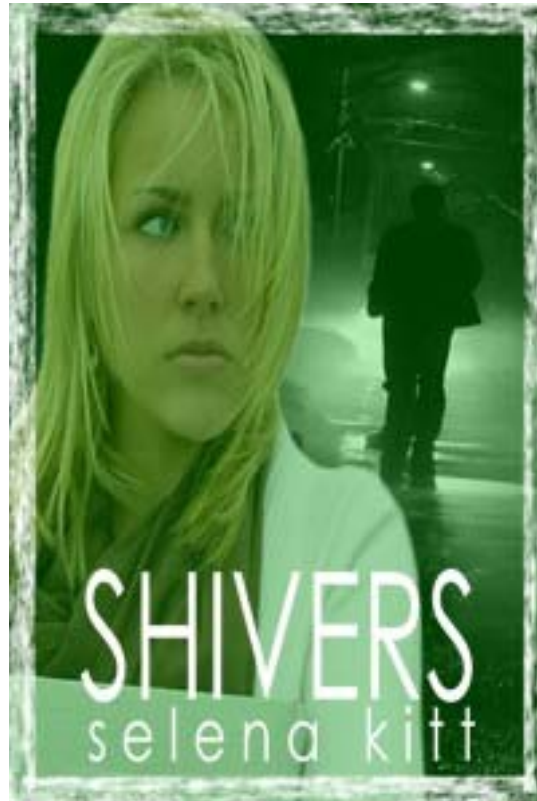
Her writing embodies everything from the spicy to the scandalous, but watch out—this kitty also has sharp claws and her stories often include intriguing edges and twists that take readers to new, thought-provoking depths.

When she's not pawing away at her keyboard, Selena runs an innovative publishing company (www.excessica.com) and in her spare time, she worships her devoted husband, corrals five kids and a dozen chickens, all while growing an organic garden. She also loves bellydancing and photography.

Her e-publishing credits include: [*Rosie's Promise*](#) published by Samhain and [*Torrid Teasers #49*](#) published by [Whiskey Creek Press](#) featuring two short stories, French Lessons and I'll Be Your Superman in 2008. Her stories and poems are in the following anthologies: [*Coming Together: For The Cure*](#), [*Coming Together: Under Fire*](#), [*Coming Together: At Last Volume II*](#), and finally, [*Coming Together Volume 1*](#) and [*Volume 3*](#). Two stories, [*Sacred Spots*](#) and [*Happy Accident*](#), have been published by [Phaze Publishing](#), as well as her novels [*Christmas Stalking*](#), [*Blind Date*](#), [*The Surrender of Persephone*](#). *The Song of Orpheus* is also coming soon! She has also been published online in [The Shadow Sacrament: a journal of sex and spirituality](#), and [The Erotic Woman](#).

Her novel, [*EcoErotica*](#) was a [2009 Eppie Finalist](#). Selena's story, *Connections*, was one of the two runners-up for the [2006 Rauxa Prize](#), given annually to an erotic short story of "exceptional literary quality." Her story was chosen out of over 1,000 nominees, where awards are judged by a select jury and all entries are read "blind" (without author's name available.) She can be reached on her website at www.selenakitt.com.

If you enjoyed THE REAL MOTHER GOOSE, you might also enjoy:



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Warning: This title contains graphic language, sex and erotic horror.

Excerpt From "Advent Calendar" in SHIVERS:

"So, seriously, what's the joke?" I asked.

She was hanging her head off the end of my bed, watching the tail end of A Charlie Brown Christmas Special upside down.

"Don't you love the way they talk? Wah, wahhh wahhhhh. Isn't that totally how you used to hear grown-ups?" She lolled her head off the corner and put her bare feet up on the wall, crossing them at the ankles.

"I still hear grown-ups that way," I snorted, pulling my t-shirt on. "Come on, Betz, give."

"Oh, this wasn't enough for you?" She teased me, opening her thighs and pointing between them. Her pussy lips were still a little swollen and they glistened. I sat next to her, my hand inevitably drawn to the wetness, rubbing the moist and slightly sticky skin with my thumb. God, she's intoxicating.

"Everything isn't about sex, you know?" I tried to sound serious, although my fingers betrayed me and slid through her slit as my cock began to throb against my thigh.

She laughed--god, I loved her laugh--it tinkled, like ice crystals forming in midair. Rolling off the bed, she grabbed for the remote and started to flip channels. "Do you have CNN? I have to see if they're broadcasting any other signs of the apocalypse."

"Ha." I said. "Ha." She grinned up at me, sprawled naked on my floor, her hair like dark chocolate streams covering the generous swell of her breasts. "Well, if you're not gonna tell me what it's all about, I'm not opening any more of those stupid doors." I grabbed a new pair of briefs out of my top drawer, shoving the advent calendar aside to do it. It toppled toward the wall and balanced there, its first five black doors hanging askew showing five decidedly blank white spaces.

Every morning I felt like a fool, opening a new door in the hopes that this time, something would appear. I had noticed a different odor each day--first the oranges and

cloves, then cinnamon, then something I couldn't identify at all, then something that smelled faintly like pumpkin pie. I joked with her on the phone that she had invented the world's first "Scratch 'N Sniff" advent calendar. She just laughed. There was a different smell today, like those red and white pinwheel peppermint candies my grandmother used to keep in her pocket to keep us quiet in church, but it didn't linger long. I was getting really tired of whatever game Betsy was playing.

"Nice ass," she commented softly. I didn't reply, tugging my jeans on. God, she pissed me off sometimes.

"Is that all I am to you?" I tossed her jeans off my bed and into her lap. Her eyes were bright, dancing, as she looked up at me, incredulous. I stopped, my jaw as slack as hers. "What the fuck?" I said softly, out loud, rubbing my chin thoughtfully. What the hell am I saying? What the hell do I care?

"I'm gonna go home." She started to get dressed. I couldn't see her face as she bent to slide her panties on. I felt bad all of a sudden and then I was pissed that I felt bad. This wasn't good at all. I watched her slide her jeans on, her back to me, her panties caught slightly in the crack of her ass. My cock jerked reactively, just seeing her bent over and sliding denim up her shapely thighs. I sat on my bed, uncertain.

"You don't have to keep opening them if you don't want to." She kissed my cheek and smiled softly before opening my bedroom door. She must have been chewing gum because she smelled like peppermint.

"There's no point!" I called after her. "It's not funny!" I heard her laugh and gritted my teeth. This wasn't gonna fly. I was done. I don't care how much she gets my dick hard, no girl is worth this kind of hassle and game-playing.

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And look for these other titles from SELENA KITT:

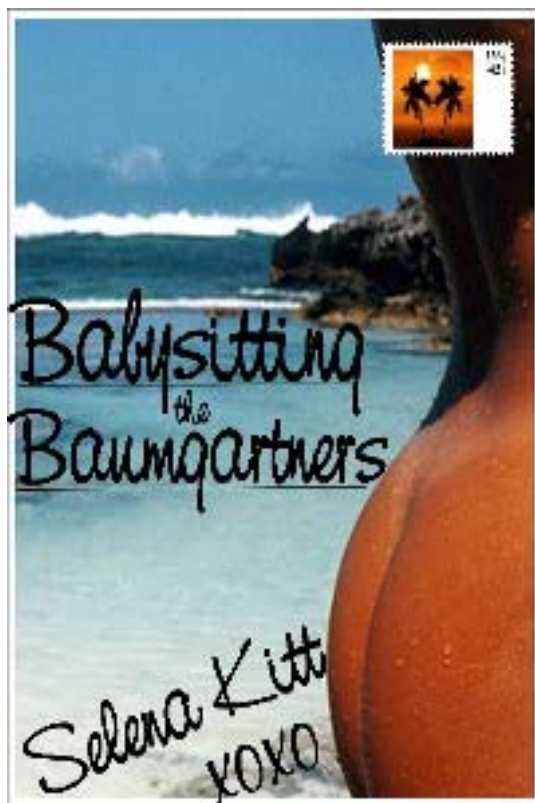


NAUGHTY BITS

By Selena Kitt

David has been brightening up his gray Surrey, England days with the porn collection hidden in his parents' shed, but when he find that his older sister, Dawn has discovered his magazine collection, things really begin to heat up. Their parents insist that their just-graduated son look for a job, but their daughter has the week off and is determined to work on her tan. Distracted David finds himself increasingly tempted by his seductive older sister, who makes it very clear what she wants. Her teasing ways slowly break down the taboo barrier between brother and sister until they both give in to their lust... but what are they going to do about the feelings that have developed between them in the meantime...?

Warning: This title contains incest and anal sex.



BABYSITTING THE BAUMGARTNERS

By Selena Kitt

Ronnie—or as Mrs. Baumgartner insists on calling her, Veronica—has been babysitting for the Baumgartners since she was fifteen years old and has practically become another member of the family. Now a college freshman, Ronnie jumps at the chance to work on her tan in the Florida Keys with “Doc” and “Mrs. B” under the pretense of babysitting the kids. Ronnie isn’t the only one with ulterior motives, though, and she discovers that the Baumgartners have wayward plans for their young babysitter. This wicked hot sun and sand coming of age story will seduce you as quickly as the Baumgartners seduce innocent Ronnie and leave everyone yearning for more!

Warning: This title contains MFF threesome, lesbian, and anal sex.

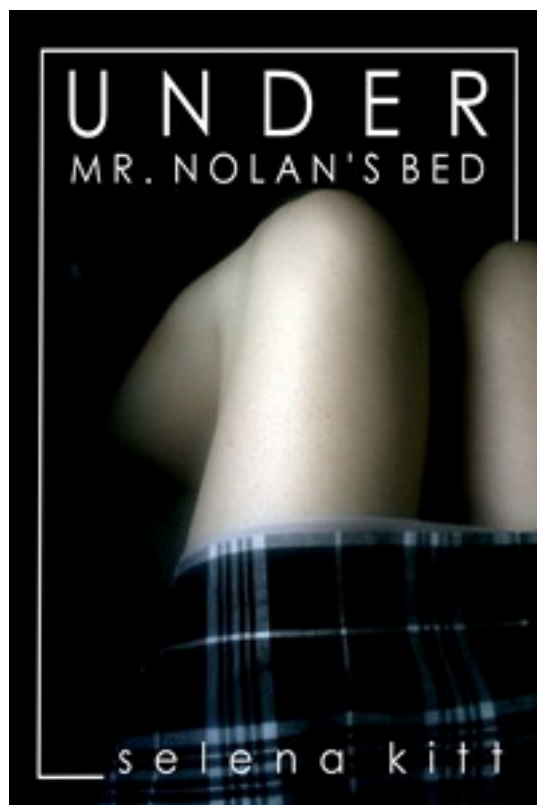


BLUEBEARD'S WIFE

By Selena Kitt

Tara's husband has never shared a fantasy with her, or even masturbated—that she knows of. However, this curious wife discovers a phone bill full of phone calls to sex lines and realizes her husband has been living a double life! Instead of getting mad, Tara's curiosity leads her to begin listening in on John's steamy conversations in hopes of finding out what he really wants in the bedroom. After several failed attempts at bringing fantasy to reality, however, a frustrated Tara turns to her much more adventurous best friend, Kelly, for help. A quick psychology 101 diagnosis from Dr. Kelly marks John as having a classic "madonna/whore" complex, and she quickly sets about making plans to rectify this situation. Tara goes along for the ride, hoping that Kelly may have the answer to bridging the seemingly ever-growing gap in her marriage...

Warning: This title contains a MFF threesome, a daddy/daughter role play between consenting adults, strong language, minor drug use and F/F sex.

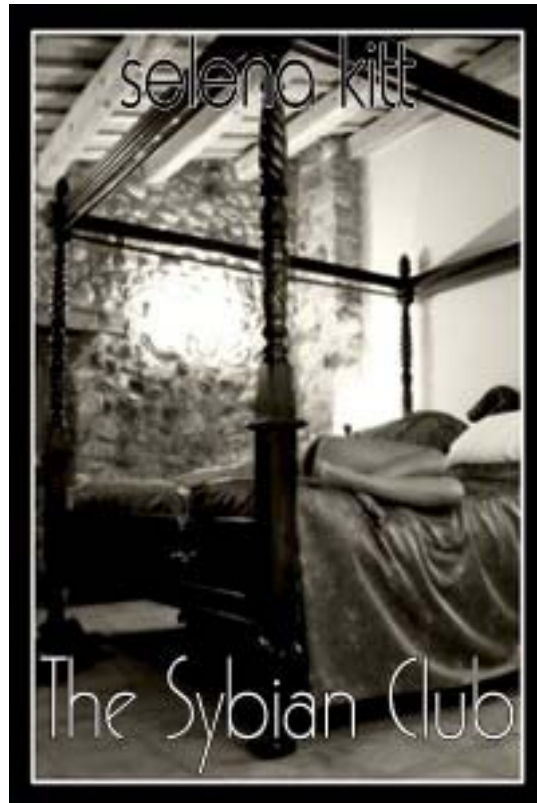


UNDER MR. NOLAN'S BED

By Selena Kitt

Leah and Erica have been best friends and have gone to the same Catholic school since just about forever. Leah spends so much time with the Nolan's—just Erica and her handsome father, now, since Erica's mother died—that she's practically part of the family. When the girls find something naughty under Mr. Nolan's bed, their strict, repressive upbringing makes it all the more exciting as they begin their sexual experimentation. Leah's exploration presses deeper, and eventually she finds herself torn between her best friend and her best friend's father—but even she couldn't have predicted the shocking and bittersweet outcome of their affair.

Warning: This title contains a threesome, lesbian sex and incest.



THE SYBIAN CLUB

By Selena Kitt

Tasha convinces her husband, Max, to buy her a the ultimate female pleasure machine – a Sybian – but he only agrees if she can come up with a business plan to pay for it. Determined to keep her promise, she creates The Sybian Club and begins bringing women to the basement room set up just for her new toy. It becomes so popular, she has to enlist the help of new friend, Ashley, to keep up with the demand, and the women enjoy an exciting ride as the business thrives. But Tasha has developed feelings for Ashley, and doesn't know how to tell her husband that she wants to add more to their sex life than just a new toy...

Warning: This title contains a threesome, lesbian and anal sex.



STARVING ARTIST

By Selena Kitt

Ellie is living the life of a true starving artist in a small efficiency apartment in dangerous downtown Detroit, but more dangerous than her surroundings are the men to whom she pays rent. Denied help by her prosecutor father, who believes his daughter is wasting her life in art school, Ellie finds herself in a precarious position and surrenders helplessly to her predicament. However, a strange twist of fate gives Ellie a chance at revenge. Will she take it?

Warning: This title contains graphic language, nonconsensual and anal sex.



ON CHERRY HILL

By Selena Kitt

Midwife Anne gets pulled over in the middle of the night on Cherry Hill Road. She's on her way to a birth, but her urgency doesn't sway the unsympathetic officer. When the cop discovers something suspicious on Anne's driving record and insists she get out of the car, she knows she's in real trouble. When he cuffs her and bends her over the hood, things go beyond trouble...

But the surprising outcome of this tale gives both Anne and the reader a jolt they never could have anticipated...

Warning: This title contains graphic language and nonconsensual sex.



ESCAPING FATE

By Selena Kitt

Sam has an unusual interest in humans—well, considering she’s a fairy of fate whose profession it is to determine their futures, it’s no wonder! But it isn’t just Karma she’s curious about... Sam has what her fairy-pal Alex thinks is an inordinate and rather wanton interest in certain biological aspects of human behavior—most notably, s-e-x.

When Sam’s job leads her into the path of a handsome man who rocks her world, Sam’s interest becomes obsession. Alex reminds her that fairies get one Christmas wish – will Sam consider using hers to become human to experience one night of bliss?

When things become even more complicated—Sam discovers that Drew, the sexy stranger she’s been fantasizing about, can actually see her—Sam finds herself immersed in a complex and tangled web of human experience. She has to make a choice that will teach her a twisted lesson in fate, ultimately change the course of human existence and even reveal the origin of Santa Claus!

Warning: This title contains graphic language and sex.



TICKLED PINK

By Selena Kitt

Who says sex can't be fun - or funny? You'll find more than enough amusing mishaps and uproarious situations to tickle your funny bone—and more!—in this delightfully wicked and delightfully sexy anthology from Selena Kitt.

Warning: This title contains graphic language and sex.



PAPERBACK ROMANCE

by Selena Kitt

Maya's heart yearns for romance and adventure, so that's what she writes about - but James Reardon, her college creative writing professor, insists she's wasting both time and talent. Determined to prove him wrong, Maya stumbles onto the fact that her professor's been keeping secrets - not the least of which is his attraction to her. Faced with a choice, she will have to decide whether or not to reveal his secret to the world—and her own desire for a man nearly twice her age.

Warning: This title contains graphic language and sex.

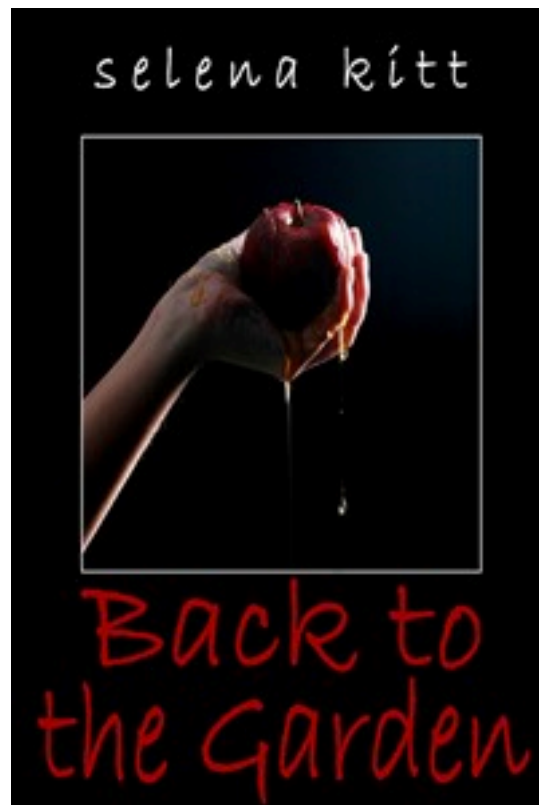


TAKEN

By Selena Kitt

Lizzy’s friendship with her older boss, Sarah, turns into something deeper and much more exciting one rainy day after work, and Lizzy finds herself drawn into a world she never knew existed. Sarah has a dominant streak, and as she leads Lizzy into the role of a submissive, the two women become closer than they ever thought possible. But while Sarah, hurt too many times, wears a ring, and tells guys she’s “taken,” Lizzy knows she secretly longs for a man. Determined to find one for them both to share, Lizzy is just about to give up when a dark, handsome, virile answer shows up right under her nose. Lizzy may think she and Sarah are going to seduce David—but she underestimates their handsome co-worker, and David turns the tables on them both. But will he be able to tame the untamable Sarah?

Warnings: This title contains graphic language and sex, a m/f/f threesome and mild bdsm elements.



BACK TO THE GARDEN

By Selena Kitt

Discover the deliciously taboo lure of an incestuous siren call with four stories bundled into a wickedly hot anthology that's determined to keep it all in the family!

Warning: This title contains graphic language, sex and mother-son, father-daughter incest.



ECOEROTICA

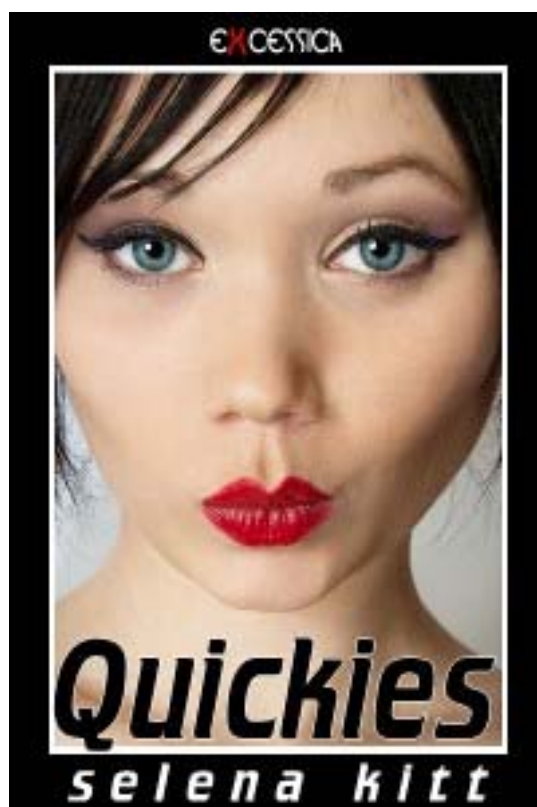
By Selena Kitt

Mother Earth is one hot, sexy Mama, and in this tribute to nature and the environment, Selena Kitt pays homage to her beauty, her grandeur — and her conservation. Who else could tackle topics like global warming, strip mining, animal endangerment and environmental toxicity, all while making it hot, hot, hot?

This anthology includes six sexy and environmentally provocative stories that will rock your world—and arouse and raise more than your environmental awareness.

Stories include: The Break, Cry Wolf, Genesis, Law of Conservation, Lightning Doesn't Strike Twice and Paved Paradise

Warning: This title contains graphic language and sex.

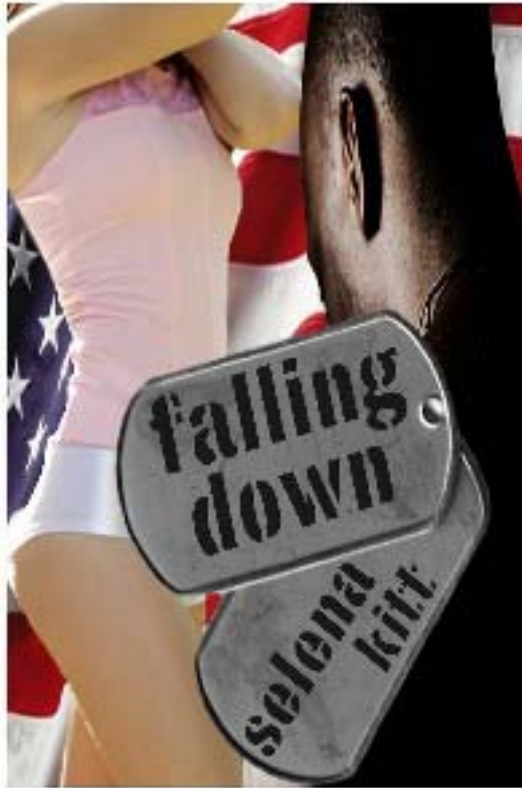


QUICKIES

By Selena Kitt

Whether the story is about a quick encounter of the erotic kind or it's just a fast and furious read, here is a pulse-pounding twenty-five story anthology, promising to take you on a headlong express to ecstasy. Join Selena Kitt on a swift, delightful ride, from stories of heart-racing sex in elevators or across office desks or in dressing rooms, to the impatience and excitement of the first time experience - you're sure to have a blissful ride on the these racing rapids of erotica!

Warning: This title contains graphic language, explicit sex, nonconsent, prostitution, sibling incest and lesbian and m/f/f group sex.

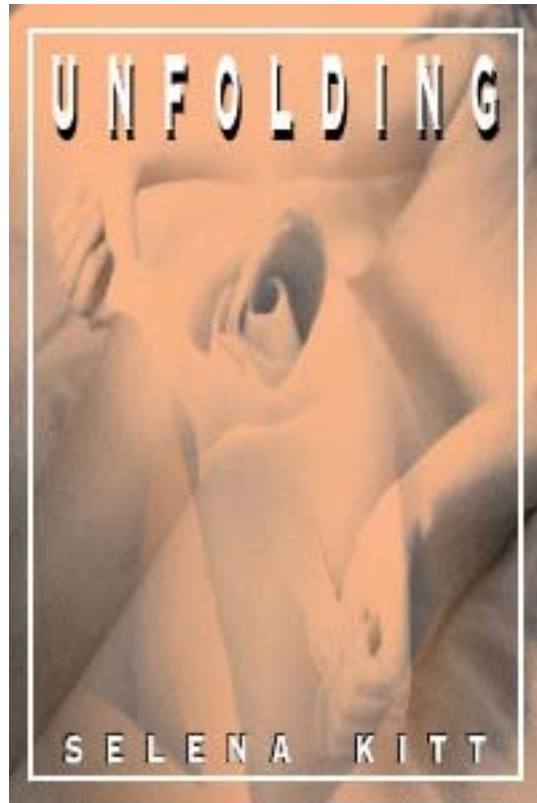


FALLING DOWN

By Selena Kitt

Lindsey is a bad girl, and she's determined to stay that way. She's been called a slut enough to know it's true, and she's not ashamed of the fact anymore. She makes it known to every man she comes in contact with that she's available for the taking—the rougher, the better. When she meets Lieutenant Zachary Davis, she finally finds a man who refuses to treat her like the trash she believes she really is. But can Lindsey change her wayward, dangerous ways and learn to value herself the way the Zach seems to?

Warning: This title contains graphic language and nonconsensual sex.



UNFOLDING

By Selena Kitt

Charlie lives an average life in an ordinary home, and she isn't complaining. Jack is a good husband and they have beautiful children—but when she discovers her penchant for a secret taboo, she finds that it suddenly turns her sex life from a mundane distraction into a mind-blowing, transcendent experience. This is the story of a woman's exquisite unfolding, as her sexual discovery and yearning for something more pushes she and her man to the edge, testing boundaries and forcing her to surrender to something much deeper than herself.

Warning: This title contains graphic language and nonconsensual sex.