

Dominating Beth

Faye Valentine

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Pulling into the driveway, Monica parked behind her husband's truck and beside her daughter's car. "Great," she sighed. "Just what I need on a day like this." Grabbing her purse and briefcase from the passenger seat, she got out of the car, took a deep breath to calm her already frayed nerves and entered the house to the sounds of arguing.

"You're not my father so stop trying to boss me around like you are!" Beth yelled at her step-father.

"As long as you're living under my roof you'll follow my rules," Ryan growled in response. "Now take your ass out to the kitchen and do the damn dishes!"

"Clean your own fucking mess you lazy bastard!"

"ENOUGH!" Monica screamed at the tops of her lungs. "Every god damn day! That's it! I want both of you in here right god damn now!" Furious, unable to go a single day without hearing the two of them bitching and complaining to and about each other, she had reached her limit.

"He started it," Beth said as she entered the room.

"All I did was..." Ryan started, but was cut off by his wife.

"I don't give a shit who started it but it ends today. You hear me?"

"He's not my father. I don't have to do anything he says."

"I don't want to hear it from either of you. This is my house," she said with a sideways glance at her husband "and I set the rules. And if you don't like it then you both can get the hell out."

"But mom..."

"No buts. I work my ass off all day and once, just once I'd like to come home to peace and quiet. But no, the two of you are at each other's throats day in and day out because you're both immature assholes who think only of yourselves. Kiss each other!" she blurted out.

"Um, excuse me?" Beth said, not believing the words coming out of her mother's mouth."

"I said kiss! And do it like you mean it."

"I'm not kissing him!"

"For once we agree on something," her step-father said. "What in the hell's the matter with you honey?"

"Don't you dare honey me," Monica growled. "If I don't see your lips pressed together in the next five seconds then you can both pack your shit and get the hell out of my house. You want to fight like an old married couple, then you can make up like an old married couple. Now kiss. And I had better see tongues." Seeing them standing there staring at her as if she had gone insane, she started counting down. "Five...four...three...I'm dead serious...two...if I get to zero you're both out and I'll file for divorce...one..."

Reluctantly, Ryan and Beth locked lips in an awkward kiss that neither of them wanted. Parting lips, their tongues met. Despite the humiliation welling up inside, Ryan felt his cock twitching to life and Beth felt her clit throb. Both of their hearts skipped a beat. Surprised they actually did it, Monica found the embrace strangely erotic and her lips formed into a smile as wicked thoughts rolled through her mind.

"That's better. Pull her close, honey. Show her how much you love her. That's it. Reach down and give his cock a gentle squeeze," she commanded her daughter.

Doing as told, Beth reach between her step-father's legs, her fingers cupping his hard dick. "Oh my god!" she gasped, pulling back from the embrace. "You're hard!"

"That's what happens when I'm kissing a gorgeous woman."

"I can't believe... wait, what did you just say? Did you say I was gorgeous?"

"Don't make this anymore awkward than it already is."

"No, no, answer her question," Monica cut in.

"Yes, alright? You're absolutely fucking stunning, but you don't need me to tell you that," Ryan confessed, giving his step-daughter a look from head to toe. At 5'9" and a healthy 137 pounds, the svelte green-eyed brunette was everything he looked for in a woman and most of his frustrations with her had been due to him being unable to touch her.

"Aawww, how sweet," Monica said, her tone verging on the edge of mockery and sincerity. "This is what you're going to do. I am taking two weeks' vacation by myself. The two of you will remain here and bond. And in case I'm not perfectly clear, you're going to bond in a sexual way. I'll have someone here in an hour to install cameras throughout the house to monitor your activities. If I see you slacking off for even a second you're both out on the god damn street. Is that understood?"

"But mom! Why in the hell would you want to see us having sex with each other?"

"Because you've got so much pent up sexual desires you're fighting like cats and dogs, that's why. I don't care what you have to do to rid yourselves of it and get along, but you're going to do it or else. Am I understood?"

"Are you sure this is what you want?" Ryan asked his wife of seven years.

"What I want is peace and quiet. And if it takes the two of you screwing each other silly then it's a price I'm willing to pay. Now go to your rooms and stay there until I'm ready to leave."

Stunned at what had just happened and what was to come, Beth and Ryan gave each other nervous glances as they walked up the stairs – the former going right and the latter going left to their respective rooms. Meanwhile, Monica let out a sigh, picked up her cell phone and called Franklin Pierce – a surveillance and security systems specialist she helped beat an assault charge two years ago.

"Hi, can I speak with Franklin?"

"Speaking."

"Hey Franklin, this is Monica you got a minute?"

"For you I've got five. What's up?"

"I need your expertise. If you've got the time I'd like for you to come to my house and install some cameras."

"Sure. How soon would you like it done?"

"As soon as you can be here."

"How many cameras we talking?"

"Hmm, let's see... I'd like at least two in every room, more if you have the equipment. I want to see every possible angle. And there has to be high quality sound as well."

"How many rooms?"

"Fifteen counting the basement. I want the whole house wired. And you know what, you better bring a few for the back yard as well. I'm sure there's going to be some interesting action around the pool."

"May I ask what you're setting them up for?"

"That doesn't matter. Can you do it tonight?"

“It’s going to take me a couple of hours to gather the equipment and several more to do the installation, but I think I can have it done by morning if you don’t mind me traipsing about the house all night.”

“Done. Come on by at your earliest convenience. Oh, and what’s this going to cost? I’ll have your payment ready when you get here.”

“Considering what you’ve done for me in the past? I’ll cut you a deal. Let me crunch the numbers and I’ll let you know when I get there.”

“Non-sense. You’ve got to make a living and I don’t care to pay for quality work. What’s the going rate?”

“Well, if you want top of the line camera with audio you’re looking at three hundred each. And it sounds as if you’re going to need at least four for every room in order to get every angle so that’s sixty camera. Probably another ten outside. So that’s seventy. And bulk installation will run you eighty an hour for fifteen hours for a total of twenty-two-two.”

“Done. And I’ll have a bonus for you at the end.”

“If you’re certain you want to pay full price I’m not going to balk, but you really don’t have to.”

“I don’t mind one bit. Do you remember the address?”

“I do.”

“Then I’ll see you in a couple of hours.” Hanging up the phone, Monica’s mind raced with the possibilities and consequences for what she was about to set in motion as she walked up the steps to her master suite. “Honey, we need to talk.”

“I’d say so. Have you lost your mind making Beth and I kiss like that? And sex? You really want us to fuck each other?”

“I do. And don’t pretend you didn’t like it. Beth’s hand may have been in the way, but I could plainly see your pants tent. Look, I’m not going to beat around the bush anymore. I’ve seen the pent up frustration the two of you have had for each other for at least the last year and the only way you’re going to get along is if you just do it. That being said, I’ve for a guy coming over in a couple hours to install cameras in every room and out back to record everything you do. That way I can see that you’re doing as you’re told. And since you will be fucking Beth for the next two weeks, I’ll be giving Franklin a bonus of my pussy when the job’s done. I think that’s only fair, don’t you?”

“I don’t think any of this is fair. What’s your angle? Are you hoping to get us on camera so you can file for a divorce and take it all?”

“I already own it all, sweetie. And that wouldn’t be a very good strategy considering Franklin will be screwing me on cam as well. This isn’t about blackmail or anything sinister. All I want is for us to be a happy family that gets along instead of bickers all the damn time. And if you’re not willing to plow your step-daughter however the hell you wish to make that happen then this marriage is doomed to fail.”

“However I wish?”

“I don’t care what the two of you do to each other as long as the end results is peace and quiet. The camera installation will take all night. I’ll have Franklin do this room and Beth’s first so that you can get your rest. And when he’s done tomorrow I’m leaving for two weeks. Maybe three. You have that long to mend things or you know what happens when I get back. Now I need to go have a similar talk with my daughter.”

Beth was lying in bed staring up at the ceiling when her door opened and her mother stepped in. Sitting up, she watched as her mother walked across the room and sat at the foot of the bed.

“I’m sure you’ve got a million questions,” Monica sighed. “I’m sorry I made you do that with your step-father but it was the only way to shut the two of you up.”

“You made me kiss him! And you want us to have sex? What’s gotten into you mom? Are you dying or something? Is that it? Are you doing this so that I can take your place in bed or something?”

“What? No, that’s not it at all. Look, deny it all you want but you have feelings for your step-father and...”

“He’s a fucking jerk! All he does is...”

“Look at you with lust in his eyes. He wants you just as badly as you want him and the hard cock you held in your hand tells you that much is true. And I need the two of you to do this not only for yourselves, but for my damn sanity as well. He really isn’t a bad man Beth. You just never stop bitching long enough to give each other a chance. I’m leaving for vacation tomorrow and I’ll be gone two or three weeks. I want you to make every effort to get to know him.”

“You mean let him fuck me?”

“That’s part of it, yes. But really get to know him and I think the two of you will get along. I already said this to him and I’m saying it to you now, I don’t care what the two of you do to each other sexually as long as the end result is the two of you getting along. Is that understood?”

“I understand perfectly what you’re saying mom, I just can’t understand why.”

“I’ve already told you why. And one more thing. There will be a man named Franklin here in a couple of hours to install cameras throughout the entire house. I am going to have him do your room and our first so we can get some sleep while he works throughout the night. And just so you don’t freak out if and when you see it, when he’s done, Franklin will be fucking me. That way I’ll be on camera cheating as well. Any questions?”

“Yeah, have you lost your damn mind?”

“Not yet, but if things don’t change around here that’s a very likely scenario. And if you think I’m crazy now, what do you think I’ll do when I really lose my mind?” Giving her daughter a wicked grin, Monica got up and left the room.