

Maria Silkist approached the door that let one into the counseling room, her mind foggy and comfy. She felt only vaguely aware of her surroundings. That didn't bother her at all. It shouldn't, after all. Good girls did not question authority, and authority said she shouldn't think too hard about that soft layer of mist engulfing all of her thoughts. She stopped in front of the door, her eyes glazed over and her mouth in a dazed broad smile. It lacked the intensity of emotional joy, but it still read pleasantly. If asked, most would describe her as wearing the comfy grin of a girl in a warm bath. She didn't try to enter the door. She was a good girl. Good girls knocked.

So she knocked.

She stood there politely afterwards, her sense of time wobbling for reasons she didn't notice or care about. She stared, expression unmoving, at the door and clasped her hands politely in front of her. No doubts presented themselves, nor did she feel tempted to frown or fidget. She stood there, exactly as she ought to, exactly like a good girl would. She smiled the same empty smile, stared past the foggy glass of the window in the door, and happily waited. She thought she might have heard a few pairs of footsteps come and go, but they felt jumbled and hard to place. Occasionally sounds like voices bounced off of her ears. She didn't know why she turned towards them and read off a script in her head, but she did each time. None of the voices persisted after her practically pre-recorded response.

Turn.

Smile.

Introduce yourself.

"I'm Mrs. Silkist."

Ignore anything they say about Peri and Merry.

"I have an appointment."

Ignore any concerns they have.

"I need counseling."

Ignore the urge to question any weird responses to that.

Wish them a nice day.

"Have a nice day."

Turn back to the door. Smile.

Always smile.

The door opened right on time for her 3:30 appointment. A familiar shape- had she seen it at home?- stumbled past her with almost human-like movements, clumsy and weak. She paid no mind, of course. She stared right ahead at Mistress.

"Good morning, Mrs. Silkist," Mistress purred to welcome her.

"Good morning Mistress," Mrs. Silkist answered as she entered the office and closed the door behind her. She twisted the front bit of the doorknob- unsure why she had to, but painfully aware that she did- until it clicked. "I am happy to see you, Mistress." Mistress did not respond. Not with words.

Instead, she grinned cockily and opened a drawer before casting Mrs. Silkist an expectant look.

"Of course," said Mrs. Silkist with a silly feeling in her gut. She slipped out of her shoes and bent over. Her torso twisted almost automatically, subjecting her considerable hanging breasts to a swaying motion. The woman reached under her tight professional skirt and gripped the sides of her pantyhose, pulling it down.

"I prefer stockings or thigh-highs," said Mistress, her tone sounding matter of fact. Mrs. Silkist could take criticism like that. A relationship counselor gave lots of service. The least she could do was dress to their liking. She maintained her blank smile and empty eyes as she wriggled her pantyhose down her milky-fleshed thighs. She boinged her bosom up and down to signal yes.

"Yes, Mistress," said Mrs. Silkist. "No more pantyhose. Thigh highs and stockings. I obey." She bent over farther and farther, pulling her pantyhose the rest of the way down. Then she straightened up and easily stepped out of the crumpled up mass on the floor. "Shall I throw them out then, Mistress?"

"Of course, little maria," cooed Mistress with a flutter of her beautiful eyelashes. "Fold them up first like a good little girl."

"Yes Mistress," answered maria, her cheeks red with youthful embarrassment. "I'm a good little girl. I obey." She turned around, hiked up her skirt, and made sure to sensually bend alllll the way over and wiggle her butt for Mistress as she daintily lifted her old pantyhose off the floor. Then she raised herself again, turned to face Mistress, and began to fold them. She got them into a neat little square with ease, then turned and walked to the trash can. Once again she bent alllll the way over, lowering her pantyhose into the trash with her hands before standing back up. Then she turned and walked back to Mistress, hands under skirt. She hooked a finger under each side of her underwear, and lowered herself one last time as she slid them off. She took a moment to crumple up her panties, bring them to her face, and inhale a *deeeep* huff of their wonderful odor. "My apologies for that shameful display, Mistress." She smiled wider as she

folded her panties into a nice little square and walked towards Mistress. "I'm a good little girl. I obey." She placed her panties in the drawer, then curtsied.

"Good little girrrr," Mistress cooed as she closed the drawer. "I see you've taken to my authority rather nicely. How are the cuties?" Hearing a staff member at her pair of siblings' school call them "cuties" made maria smile wide. She agreed. Her cuties were *extremely* cute.

"My little ones are doing wonderfully," said maria, her smile intensifying a little bit with her adoration for her offspring. "Merry is starting to get used to wearing panties. We bought him some last week that his stepsister picked out but he seems to prefer wearing hers instead." She stopped. Her smile wriggled for a moment. A brief cloud passed over her eyes. "He...should wear his own panties and stop wearing hers, shouldn't he?" She asked, afraid that Mistress might give her a bad grade in parenting. Her eyes went to Mistress's for the first time since she entered the room.

"Why would that be?" Asked Mistress, her tongue flicking out of her mouth to wet her lips. "She loves to lend them, doesn't she?"

"Well...I suppose so?" Maria answered, trying to think of a reason why should still feel so worried. Of course Peri didn't mind. That whole thing had been her idea! She loved watching him rifle through her panty drawer for a pair that struck his fancy. "But it's...not, it isn't *right*, is it?" She asked. Her voice wavered from start to finish. She couldn't quite place why.

"Why wouldn't it be?" Asked Mistress, digging through a drawer. She procured a cute pair of hot pink panties with a lil bow on the front, and held it up with two fingers. "You know what this is, right?"

"A...pair of panties, Miss," maria answered uncertainly.

"Yes, dear. Can you tell me whose?" Maria squinted at them. She felt like Mistress expected her to know but that was ridiculous! She'd never seen those panties in her life! They couldn't be Merry's, Peri's maybe? No, that pair couldn't be hers. Too big.

"I...can't?" Answered maria with defeat in her voice. Her posture slumped slightly as she spoke.

"They're *yours*, sweetie pie," giggled Mistress, strutting forward with one fist on her hip. She rolled her waist deliberately as she walked and spun the garment around the end of her pointer finger. "I've worn them once or twice. They smell a little bit like me now but they still have traces of you on them. Want a sniff?" Both of them knew the answer before she even asked the question. Obviously no chance of saying no actually existed. Mistress knew that, and so did maria. Still, maria nodded her cute little head yes.

"Please let me sniff your panties," maria politely whimpered, her eyes expanding a smidge as she gawked at the soft pink panties twirling around Mistress's pointer finger. "I love your

pantyscent, Mistress. It smells so wonderfully nice, like a little piece of heaven or a nice flowery field on a beautiful summer day. Please," she repeated, her voice steadily climbing in pitch to make itself as cutesy and endearing as possible. "I want to touch those panties with my face, Mistress."

"Good girl," said Mistress, standing close now. She dangled the panties in front of her. "On all fours, little one."

"Yes Mistress," said maria as she obediently flopped down to her hands and knees. Her eyes never left the cute pink panties keeping hold of her attention, nor did they relent in their soft adoring gleam. She craned her body up as far as she could, struggling to get her face up to the panties, but she couldn't let her knees or hands leave the ground. "Panties...so cute. They look so soft...so beautiful..." thoughts raced through maria's mind. She imagined wearing those, cleaning them, asking Mistress how they looked on her. She nuzzled them and the fabric's touch on her face felt almost electric. Instinct took over, driving maria to press and nuzzle and sniff the soft friendly pink fabric with her face, to use her head to make it swish about delightfully. She only got to do that for a second before Mistress took it away and stashed it in a drawer.

Then Mistress giggled, reached out, and began to pet maria's head. The little lady sat up on all fours, rubbing her scalp into Mistress's soft affectionate touches and bleated happily. Her butt wiggled from side to side as she made a rumbling purr deep in her throat.

"Now," Mistress spoke, "when I snap my fingers, you will awaken standing up straight. You will be receptive and suggestible. You will not argue. You will not fight. You will not resist." She snapped her fingers rather loudly.

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"I'm here for my three thirty appointment," said Mrs. Silkist with all the confidence and self-assuredness of a woman that distinctly remembered having made an appointment at least a day ago to attend at ten thirty. She stood straight, not deliberately puffing out her considerable breasts but feeling well aware of them and their firm, shapely appeal. She stared intensely at her son's guidance counselor with a look almost more like a student attending a lecture than a woman attending a meeting. Still, her confidence would weaken that impression slightly.

"I see," said the guidance counselor with an easy grin. She strutted over to a chair and lowered herself into it, then crossed her legs. "Take a seat, Miss."

"Of course," answered Mrs. Silkist, who furrowed her brow at the idea of being called "miss" but quickly decided it wasn't a big deal. She took a seat in a chair across the desk from the counselor.

"So your son likes to wear his stepsister's panties?" Asked the counselor. Her voice was smooth and completely professional. She treated the matter as one that could and should come up in

serious conversation to merit genuine thought. Of course, Mrs. Silkist immediately nodded her head yes.

"He does, yes ma'am," she answered the question with equal seriousness to how it was asked. She smiled slightly, warm thoughts of her son floating through her head. The way he loved to twirl in skirts delighted her. "They're very cute on him too," she added.

"Has your son seemed more confident since he started wearing her clothing, Miss?" Asked the counselor. She smiled as well, and Mrs. Silkist honestly found that rather comforting. The stepmother of two took a moment to search for words before giving her answer.

"I suppose that he's seemed slightly more confident?" Said Mrs. Silkist, her face scrunching up with thought. "But not by much. He's still a timid little thing, you know." She could see his smiling face in her mind's eye, pride in his cuteness beaming from his entire face at once. It warmed her to think about.

"That's good to hear," replied the counselor, jotting something into a notebook. The foot of her top leg twitched back and forth rapidly at the angle as she twirled her pen and spent a moment in thought. Then her eyes lazily pointed themselves at Mrs. Silkist. She licked her lips. "Have you kissed him recently?"

"Have I...?" Parroted Mrs. Silkist. Her face tilted sideways with confusion. "Why yes, Mistress. I kiss him on the mouth at least twice a day, just like you said last time."

"Because you're a good girl," the counselor teased with hints of a grin on her face. "And you love authority."

"I'm a good girl," repeated Mrs. Silkist, "and I love authority." Her own smile widened at this reminder of how well she was doing. The feeling almost reminded her of getting a good grade on a test back in her school days. She liked that feeling. She might even say that she'd missed it a little.

"Good girl," purred the counselor as a devilish enthusiasm twinkled in her eyes. She clicked her pen. Then she clicked it two more times in rapid succession.

A jolt of happiness attacked Mrs. Silkist's entire spine at once. She sat straight up, her eyes wide and glowing with focus but completely devoid of thought. They pointed directly at the counselor's mouth. She stared, intensely, her eyes burning with enthusiasm and an eagerness to learn; the latter unmitigated by any kind of critical thought or capacity for questioning. Her hands went to position, fingers halfway curled inwards and palms peacefully at rest atop her evenly spaced thighs. A feeling of youthful attentiveness tingled across her skin.

"Class is in session," trilled the counselor with a toothy smile.

"Yes Mistress!"

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I wake up from a nap. Merry seems to have left his spot curled up with his head on my thighs. I miss him but it's nothing I can't deal with. I stand up and stretch. The house seems...quiet. I check the time. stepmom probably came home already- it's half past five. That makes sense, Merry has a knack for hearing when mom's car pulls up. I walk down to the kitchen and see Merry embracing his mother, their lips locked. Now, I know it's totally normal to kiss your son on the mouth now and again once he's an adult. The two are...suckling, though, moaning delight into each other's mouths as they rub each other's backs and cling to their head.

I don't know how to feel. My stomach drops, obviously- my boyfriend is *cheating* on me, with his *mother*. I hesitate to speak up. Merry does sound...just, so happy. Part of me wants to let it continue, just for him, as a treat. He clearly likes it, and I like what he likes, right?

But this is like...wrong. A stepmother should kiss her son on the lips with just some lip, no tongue, briefly. It's supposed to tide him over, remind him he's loved, not...arouse him. I try to speak up but the words die in my throat. The two groan and suck and play with each other's tongues for what feels like hours before they separate and finally notice me standing there.

"Oh hi Peri!" Says Merry, wiping saliva from his mouth.

"Y...you two..." I stammer, something inside me waking up that feels hurt.

"Awww, darling~" my stepmother purrs as if nothing is wrong. "What is it, baby? Come here."

"N-no," I manage, trying to stay upset.

"That's okay honeybun," says my mom, opening her arms wide and...bouncing...her chest... "*Come here and hug your mother.*" The words hit me like a grenade. The bad feelings shatter and eject themselves from my body like shrapnel. I stumble across the room and collapse immediately into the safety of my mother's arms.

"The trigger she gave you works. Good girl," my stepmom coos in my ear. I neither know nor care what that means. I'm too busy letting my mother's flesh envelop my mind and clear away any and all worry left within it. Her arms scoop me closer to her and I realize I can hear her heartbeat in her breasts. "Tell me what's wrong."

"Nothing," I reply with an earnest comfy smile.

"Tell me what's wrong," stepmom repeats, "truthfully and earnestly."

"Nothing is wrong, mom," I repeat with the same lazy expression. I feel so comfortable and at ease in my mother's arms. Nothing could possibly compare.

"What...was wrong," my stepmom asks this time.

"Merry...cheating on me," I sigh. Here, in mom's warm embrace, that seems so silly. I don't actually care. stepmom can do no wrong, obviously. She giggles and pets my hair, which makes me even happier.

"You didn't see us kissing," says mom.

"Yeah," I sigh happily, "I didn't see you kissing." I have no idea where I got the idea they were kissing from. I didn't see it happening, but I know they were. Not that it bothers me, of course, because my stepmother can do no wrong. Obviously.

"You have no idea we were kissing," says my mom. Merry giggles but I'm only sort of half aware I can hear that.

"I have no idea you were kissing," I reply. It's a strange thing for stepmom to confirm, but she's right. I have no idea that they were kissing. It's completely outside my realm of awareness that my stepmom was kissing my boyfriend, and I'm equally unaware that my stepbrother cheated on me by kissing my mother. They would never, of course. My stepmother can do no wrong. Obviously.

"Good girl," purrs stepmom before letting go. My senses slowly unblur and return me to full awareness. I get the feeling I was upset about something, but I have no idea what. The silly feeling quickly passes me by.

I look over to Merry, who is smiling really wide and really intensely red in the face. The instinct to tease him dropkicks my mind, launching me into action. I throw my arms and Merry, tackle him against the wall, and press my crotch against his. It feels almost unnaturally perfect.

"Gosh Merry your stepsister loves you so muuuuch," I trill, grinding my breasts and waist against him. He squirms and his face goes even redder but there's nothing he can do because I have him pinned to the wall. "Cutiiiie," I tease as I pepper his soft feminine face with kisses.

"I was just telling Merry that the school agreed to pay for his laser appointment!" stepmom chimes in, watching the two of us with a contented smile. I practically burst from my skin with excitement. My arms constrict my little stepbrother like a vice, gluing his elbows to his ribs and he whines and struggles adorably.

"Yaaaaay!!!" I squeal with girlish excitement. He turns blood red in the face, and it honestly contrasts his light blonde hair attractively. His lipstick blends right in though. "How'd we swing that?"

"I dunno," stepmom says with a shrug. I giggle and nuzzle Merry.

"Let's go play~"