Taking Katie To Make Dawn (Chap 2 Making Dawn)

By Amanda

Published on Lush Stories on 04 Mar 2007

After meeting a tall beautiful stranger in a coffee bar, Katie cums to remember who her mommy wants

http://www.lushstories.com/stories/lesbian/taking-katie-to-make-dawn-chap-2.aspx

Amanda entered her bedroom, looking totally different to the confident, poised glamorous young woman who had so easily entranced Katie in the coffee bar, the very same girl who now lay sleeping on Amanda's king-size bed.

Amanda had removed all of her makeup and tied her long red hair back with a black scrunchy and wore a button through flower print cotton dress that, for all it's simplicity, still showed off her large firm breasts nicely.

The cotton dress was fresh and cool against her naked flesh beneath and the semi-circular skirt hung to mid-calf. Amanda had raised an eyebrow when Katie had pointed it out earlier on their shopping trip, but Katie had said it was very like one her mom wore and so Amanda had added it to their other purchases.

They had talked quite a lot as they trailed round the department stores and it was during this time that Amanda had laid down the basis for her plan. She had entranced many a young woman for her own sexual pleasure, usually sending them on their way non the wiser that they had even met her. For the odd few she allowed the memory to linger in their dreams, haunting them with images of their sexual abandonment.

Katie however was different, not only was she a lesbian she also had a deep crush on her mom, an unrequited crush but it was a fixation Amanda intended to fully exploit. And so as they shopped and Katie told her all about her fantasies the plot thickened.

Amanda allowed herself the luxury of looking down on her soon to be baby girl and let her fingers stroke her breasts idly as she thought of the transformation to come before adjusting the stockings holding Katie's wrists to the bed. She ensured that the knot was precisely on Katie's pulse point and the restraining fabric perfectly dissected each palm before running between her middle and ring fingers.

Amanda sat on the edge of the bed so their hips were just touching and stroked Katie's forehead and said softly, "Time to wake up, honey."

In her dream Katie heard her mom call her in from playing in the yard and started to wake. Amanda watched as Katie's eyes fluttered and opened dreamily.

"Hello sleepy head." Amanda said as Katie looked up at her.

Katie murmured "Hi." Before she looked around and came to her senses. "Where am I? Who are you?" The words carried a frightened edge and she tried to sit up and found herself completely restrained, hand and foot, her naked body spread-eagled on top of a bed covered by a white satin silk sheet.
Amanda contrived to look sad as she continued to stroke Katie's brow saying. "Don't struggle, honey. You don't want to stretch Mommy's best silk stockings, do you, honey."
"Who are you?" Katie tried again, shaking her head to dislodge Amanda's soothing caress.
"I'm your Mommy of course, honey. You have been a little unwell lately, but you'll soon come to remember." Amanda explained.
"You're not my mom!" Katie all but shrieked, again trying to stop Amanda from stroking her forehead. But Amanda just smiled indulgently and continued, her voice soft and soothing. "Of course, honey whatever you say, Mommy just wants to get her sweet baby girl back. Mommy wants her little Dawnie to be well again so that Mommy can show her how much she loves her. Why else would I use my best stockings to tie you up just like you always want me to do?"
Katie's head turned away from Amanda, looking at the binding on her wrist. Even in her distressed state a part of her admired the way the restraints were tied. 'But how does this woman I've never clapped eyes on before know I've fantasised about this so often?' Katie screamed in her mind as an image came unbidden of the 2 of them sitting in a coffee bar then walking through a mall hand in hand. "No!" Katie shouted. "You're not my mom! I don't know who you are or who you think I am but you are not my Mom and I'm not your 'Dawnie' or anyone else."
Amanda looked sad, as if Katie's words were breaking her heart. "All right, honey, there's no need to shout. I'm only trying to make you better, I even wore this dress you like so much to help. You must remember this honey. I wore it that day when our lives changed."
Katie looked at the dress Amanda was wearing, so much like the one her mom had, but she wasn't allowed the time to think about that as Amanda continued. "You do remember that day don't you, honey?" Amanda made it sound like a desperate plea. "You came home from college for Christmas and I was in the kitchen baking. You came in and told me you loved me, and threw your arms around me, and I hugged you even though my hands were covered in flour and I told you I loved you too."
Amanda looked abashed, a look that was not easy for her but she carried it off with aplomb nonetheless as she said. "You kissed me, not on my cheek but on my lips, and you stayed there too long. I could feel your heart beating, just as mine was and I almost kissed you back, just as I had longed to do for so long. But it didn't seem right, I mean you were my sweet little girl and I thought I shouldn't, so I broke the embrace and pretended that nothing had happened. I could see you were upset but I just couldn't; not then."
Katie's mind spun, she did remember that day, it hadn't worked out as she had dreamed it would and she had gone up to her room and dreamed of how it should have been, just as this woman now described it.
"Then," Amanda continued, her finger idly running up and down Katie's palm, sliding along the silky edge of her stocking. "You went for a shower, I heard you and knew there were no towels. So I

washed my hands and brought one up to you. I crept in to the bathroom silently, still embarrassed about what had nearly happened. I tried not to, but I couldn't help but look at the shower stall. And there you were, silhouetted through the rising steam and frosted glass, your lovely shape easy to see, just as I'd imagine it so many nights alone after you left for college. I don't know why I did it, but I opened the door. You looked at me, the water cascading off your perfect skin. You didn't even try to hide yourself."

Katie began to think she was losing her mind. 'That was just a fantasy! I know I dreamt about it happening like that but it didn't.' Katie's mind cried out and she started to say the same but Amanda simply said. "Shush honey, just listen and you will come to remember.

"I looked at you, my hands shaking almost as much as my legs were. I knew I should go, just leave with the image of you forever sweet and pure; but I couldn't, honey. You looked so lovely, so inviting, and I could see in your eyes that you wanted me to stay."

Amanda licked her dry lips and Katie felt herself becoming aroused, a part of her mind tried to tell her this was wrong, that this never happened and anyway this woman isn't your mom, but Katie couldn't focus away from those lips, watching as they continued to speak.

" 'Do you want Mommy to wash your hair, sweetheart, like I used to?' I asked and I daren't wait for an answer, I just climbed in with you still wearing this dress. Please remember sweetheart, remember how Mommy looked that afternoon, the water soaking me, making my long red hair dark, the material of my dress sticking to my flesh, my nipples betraying my arousal."

Katie's breathing became a little laboured as she fought to not think of the images her Mommy, no not her mom, this woman was planting, but she couldn't help it, the words were matching her fantasies so closely, so closely it was difficult to split reality from desire.

Amanda's hand was now stroking Katie's stomach as her story continued. "I lathered your hair, feeling your soft back against my breasts, and I thought about how I wanted you to suckle them even as the suds fell on to them." Amanda now let her fingers brush the base of Katie's breasts. "I let my hands slide down, over your shoulders to cup your tits. You don't know how long I had imagined how they would feel, sweetheart."

Katie was beginning to find it difficult to swallow, and she knew Amanda could see her rising arousal plainly displayed atop her nubile firm breasts and she suspected that the air was beginning to take on that aroma she recognised so well, and knowing that Mommy could smell it too only added to the feelings.

Once more she had to pull herself up thinking that this mad woman was her Mom. 'I know she's not my mom.' Katie almost whimpered to herself and tried to conjure up her Mom's face. But just at that moment Amanda lifted her head and looked straight at Katie, holding her eyes as she licked her lips once more and any other image vanished like morning mist.

"You were so warm, so fresh and pure and I wanted you so badly it hurt. I wanted you to be my little girl and to let me show you how much I loved you. Please say you will come to remember sweetheart."

Katie could hardly breathe as she imagined, remembered, she was no longer sure.

"Then I turned you around and my lips found yours, the water streaming off us, but not as hot as my desire for you, and I think you for me. I wanted that kiss to last forever, my sweet baby girl.
"You look tired, sweetheart." Amanda said suddenly leaving Katie almost gasping, almost moaning out loud. "Why don't you try and sleep for a little bit and we'll talk more later?"
'Oh yeah like I'll sleep!' Katie thought to herself as Amanda leant forward, her cotton covered breasts pressing lightly against Katie's as she kissed her on the forehead, 'just like mom used to' Katie thought as her eyelids fluttered and closed.
Amanda smiled as she watched Katie slip away into a land of dreams she knew would be haunted by thoughts of showers and lips and longing. "Just half an hour, baby girl, then Mommy will help you cum to remember who you are going to be." She said as she stood and left Katie alone.
Once more Amanda entered her room and settled herself on the bed, she was still wearing her new dress, although now she had undone 3 buttons at the top and 5 at the bottom and as she sat she carefully arranged the material to display as much leg, including her stocking tops, as was possible. When she was satisfied with the effect she woke her baby girl gently. "Dawn. Dawn, its time to wake up, sweetheart."
Once more, Katie's consciousness swam to the surface and on opening her eyes she saw the face that had enlivened her sleep, calling her by her name. She smiled and almost said, 'Hello Mommy.' But didn't, the memory of earlier flooding her mind, overpowering it with the images this woman, who would have Katie believe was her Mommy, had planted.
"Look what Mommy has, sweetie." Amanda said, her face beaming with real joy as she held up a small gold cylinder with a black base.
"Do you remember buying me this that first Christmas we were together properly, darling?" Amanda said as she removed the gold cover to reveal a bright red lipstick, much used but still as vibrant as the day it was bought, which was not so strange as Amanda had only bought it that very day.
Katie did remember buying it for her Mom, she'd seen it in a shop before she had returned home for the holidays and had dreamed of her mom wearing it Christmas Day as she kissed her darling little girl all over.
"And," Amanda continued. "I still keep the gift tag you used. Can you remember what you put, honey?"
Katie did remember, or she thought she did, she'd put. "Happy Christmas, Mom." That wasn't what she'd wanted to put, no that was... But her thoughts were disturbed, no blown away as she heard this woman read from the little gold tag in her hand, the very words. "A vain attempt to guild the lily, to try to make your beautiful lips even more desirable to me. All my love, your darling baby girl, Dawn."
"I... I didn't write that, I'm s... sure I didn't." Katie said, sounding anything but sure.
"But it's in your handwriting, sweetheart. Look." Amanda turned the gold card so that Katie could see. "It is your handwriting isn't it, Dawn."
Katie stared at the flowing script that was unmistakeably hers. Presented with such concrete proof, she was at a loss to explain it and so simply nodded and said "Yes." very softly.
Amanda's heart leapt, it was a small victory to be sure, but wars were all about small victories, and

Katie agreeing that something she knew deep down was not real had happened was certainly a victory, as was her acceptance of the name Dawn, or if not acceptance then at least the fact that she didn't seem to notice.
Amanda pressed ahead with her plan so as not to give Katie the opportunity to examine what was happening in too much detail. "Do you want Mommy to wear some? Like I did that Christmas Morning." Amanda asked huskily as she raised the bright red creamy stick in one hand whilst the other went to the next button down on her dress.
Katie's mind reeled, she knew what Amanda was going to do and the very thought of it made her whole body tingle, in her dream her mom had just said thank you and put it with her other gifts. 'No this is the dream' Katie tried to correct herself but her Mommy was waiting for a reply, twiddling the button provocatively as she asked. "Well, Dawn, do you want Mommy to put on her lipstick, just how you like her to wear it?"
Katie nodded almost imperceptibly, but that was not enough of a victory for Amanda who said. "Ask Mommy nicely, baby girl."
Katie tried to swallow, tried not to say what she really wanted, needed to say, but she failed as the words seemed to leave her mouth of their own volition. "Please, Mommy."
Katie knew in her heart this wasn't her Mommy, but what could it hurt, she had to see if she would do what Katie thought, hoped, desired she would do.
As Amanda brought the shiny red lipstick to her mouth and without a mirror applied layer after layer, the colour deepening with each stroke until her full lips gleamed. And as she applied it she undid the remaining buttons of her dress, letting it fall open, only just covering her nipples that now stood to attention.
Amanda slid one hand under her right breast and lifted it and, with her eyes locked with Katie's, she bent her head as she lifted her nipple towards those berry red lips and kissed her nipple, smearing the creamy redness all around her areole.
Katie could hear her heart beat rise. 'O god!' she thought. 'Please let her, please.' And she did.
Without breaking eye contact Amanda leant forward, her breast still held in her hand and positioned the red coated nipple inches from Katie's eager mouth. "Ask Mommy nicely, baby girl." Amanda all but whispered.
Katie was almost ready to swoon, straining to get her lips around the beautiful breast, to taste the lipstick and feel the hard nub against her searching tongue. 'It doesn't mean anything.' Katie told herself as she said "Please, Mommy! Please let your baby girl suck your tittie, Mommy."
Katie thought it didn't mean anything, but Amanda knew differently and as she moved close enough for Katie to take the proffered nipple she said. "Good little girl, Dawn. Suckle Mommy and sleep, and you will soon cum to remember."
Katie tasted her Mommy and the lipstick and she sucked on the breast sending quivers of pleasure through Amanda's body, but Amanda couldn't give in to her own desires right now, she still had to make her baby girl remember who Amanda wanted her to be.
As she suckled, Katie felt a warm glow spread through her desire racked body and her eyes became

so heavy she let them close for just an instant and the warmth and the dreams covered her like a duvet.

"Sleep now, baby girl and soon you will cum to remember." Amanda said, repeating the refrain that would result in her conquest of this lovely young girl.

Katie continued to suck on her Mommy's breast even as she fell deeper into sleep and Amanda at last allowed herself to touch her pussy, revelling in the sensations her body and mind were feeling. She allowed herself to reach the edge of release before stopping, keeping her desire pent up for her lovely baby girl.

She left Dawn, for she was now more Dawn than Katie to her unfulfilled dreams, pausing only to remove a cute pink dress from the wardrobe, hanging it over the door where Dawn would be able to see it when she woke.