

Impossible Seduction 11



Three Mothers and Six Daughters 11

by Jordan Church

Impossible Seduction 11

***Book 11 of the “Three Mothers and Six Daughters”
series***

**Two of the Blonde Daughters are in the House of
the Dominants. Can They Escape With Their
Lesbian Virginity?**

by Jordan Church

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Impossible Seduction 11

Book 11 of the “Three Mothers and Six Daughters” series

**Two of the Blonde Daughters are in the House of
the Dominants. Can They Escape With Their
Lesbian Virginity?**

Previously

Two dominant lesbians, Gretchen and Lydia, set out on a near impossible endeavor. They've agreed to supply beautiful trained submissive female family members as unique acquisitions for Arab harems. Mother-daughter and sister teams are in demand. For each pretty female they supply they will earn half a million dollars. Supplying two who are sisters to each other or who are mother-daughters to each other will earn the dominants two million a head.

Gretchen and Lydia recruited and forced the cooperation of a successful older model named Janelle to lend legitimacy to the recruiting efforts with the all-female families though these families have no idea what they're really been recruited for.

In their service Janelle recruited three all-female families. Brunettes, blondes, and redheads. Three mothers and six daughters.

They moved the three all-female families into a guarded gated community built just for them. The all-female families believe this is an opportunity to make big money as mother-daughter models.

They have no idea all the houses are covered with hidden cameras and that Gretchen and Lydia constantly watch their private moments. Studying

them, looking for vulnerabilities, and plotting their downfall.

Gretchen dominated and tamed Abigail, Naomi's youngest daughter, while the blonde mother Megan watched from hiding.

At that same time Lydia dominated and nearly succeeded in taming Kaia, Megan's youngest daughter, while brunette mother Naomi also watched from hiding in a different location. Naomi saved Kaia with a tardy intervention. Lydia made progress on the girl, just not as much as she intended.

The following day Gretchen dominated and tamed Megan. At the same house and at the same time Lydia succeeded in seducing and dominating Naomi. Both mothers had watched those dominants dominating the younger ladies and then fell victim themselves despite knowing they had to be sure to resist them.

Janelle was threatened with her own slavery if she did not help seduce the redheaded mother and daughter. Janelle had no idea the dominants planned to sell her to an Arab harem either way.

Janelle succeeded in dominating the mother, Brooke Finn, even with Brooke's daughter Bridget in the house. Janelle also made some progress with Bridget though with much less success.

Janelle went home but the dominants saw on hidden video how aroused and ready for the taking Bridget was.

They decided not to let this golden opportunity pass them by. Lydia conducted a lesbian home invasion and lesbian tamed Bridget as well while her mom listened helplessly bound in a different part of the house!

The two dominants decided to cement their gains before going after fresh targets. They decided to make some of the women they've tamed submit ever further so that they would be less likely to shake free from lesbian submission.

They “invited” Naomi Pierson to come over and made her ride one end of a sex teeter-totter. They did the same thing to her youngest daughter, Abigail! They spent half a day reaffirming each of their submissions.

Megan Reynolds had second thoughts about having a Mistress and was worried about her daughters. She decided to go get help escaping the gated community but she first needed a permission slip to leave. She got one from Mistress Gretchen with surprising ease with the one caveat that she was to obey in all ways, sexual or otherwise, anyone who said to her “Tit Sluts obey”.

She had to get past the black security guards who she had no idea are

felons freshly released from prison. Oh, and lesbian dominants! Megan was floored when Shereen said the words, “Tit Sluts obey.” There was no escape for Megan. Only much more domination.

The dominants also dropped the pretense that Janelle might avoid becoming a slave to sex and had the black security guards “invite” her down to the security guards' house where she may not soon leave, if ever.

The two wicked dominants, Gretchen and Lydia, then finalized their total control over the mother and daughter pair, Brooke and Bridget Finn, with hours of added domination to imprint sexual slavery on their minds.

There were still four women in the cul-de-sac in need of lesbian seduction and domination. Blonde Megan's three blonde daughters and Naomi Pierson's oldest daughter, Harmony. With Megan engulfed in black lesbian ex-felons there was no hurry to get her daughters yet, especially since Kaia survived one predatory lesbian attack and will be on her guard.

So Harmony was next! Harmony was the lucky winner of total never-ending lesbian domination. Gretchen and Lydia teamed up on defenseless Harmony. Harmony joined her mom and her little sister in submissive servitude.

Gretchen and Lydia completed an oh so dirty “clean sweep” of the

Pierson family!

Although some of the women who have given in to lesbian domination still have some intent to struggle free, the only totally independent good women in the gated community at that point were Megan Reynolds' three daughters. Lilliana, Julissa, and Kaia.

It was time for Gretchen and Lydia to start the downfall of the blondes!

They forced Megan Reynolds, in the middle of a lesbian orgy of sex over at the black lesbian security guards' house, to text order two of her daughters, Julissa and Lilliana, to come over for photo shoots at Gretchen and Lydia's house. They also forced Megan to set up a “friendship date” with her youngest daughter, Kaia, and the youngest security guard, Quiesha.

Megan more or less knew what Gretchen and Lydia intended to try to do to her daughters but the depth of her submission to Mistress Gretchen made her obey anyway. Complicit then in the seduction and lesbian domination of her own daughters! All three of them!

Julissa and Lilliana dressed up and came over. The sisters were divided – divide and conquer – with Lydia taking Lilliana down into the finished basement for her “photo shoot” and Gretchen keeping Julissa upstairs for her “photo shoot”.

Julissa had a bad feeling about it and some suspicions. They were proven well-founded but Julissa's awareness was not enough to save her from seduction and domination at the hands, and other bodily parts, of Gretchen.

Chapter One

When Julissa came back to awareness it was because Gretchen was shifting Julissa's body back up to its previous position. Apparently Julissa, during her orgasm, slid entirely off the couch and off of Gretchen's pleasure-bestowing fingers.

Gretchen got her back on the couch with her ass suspended over air and her legs spread wide open for the taking like Julissa was lasciviously offering up her pussy.

Julissa sucking in hurried breaths through her overworked nostrils. She felt saliva all over her chin, lower cheeks, and neck. She realized she'd been drooling past and around the ball gag, probably had been for some time, and still was.

Gretchen got down on her knees and got her face real close to Julissa's still-pulsing pussy, “Test unconfirmed. Who can say if it was being gagged that turned you on so much or if it was my fingers up your pussy. You can't. You can't say anything with that gag in your mouth. Sure, you're definitely a slut, but, how much of a slut? We need to find that out. For instance, are you the kind of slut who will have an orgasm if an older lady eats you out while you are bound and gagged? Unknown. Oh, but look! You just happen to be bound and gagged *right now* and my mouth is down here anyway....”

Julissa's alarm roused her a little from her passionate stupor. She felt like the kid on the scary ride who looked forward to getting off of it only to feel betrayed to notice she was stuck on the ride for another whole round.

This lesbian “carny” wasn't letting her off the ride!

Gretchen's mouth covered as much of Julissa's labial lips as she could fit and her tongue plunged inwards. There was no escape for that pussy and Julissa couldn't escape from her own pussy. It was her sexual Siamese twin. They were attached at the hip!

Gretchen's arms were under Julissa's thighs and she moved her hands up onto Julissa's tight tummy. With her big palms she pressed down. This left no avenue of escape. What little movement Julissa could achieve would

be perhaps to push her pussy up a bit which would thrust her pussy into Gretchen's face.

What would that accomplish? It would just make her look like she liked it!

This lady was eating out her pussy! That exploring tongue was muscular and insistent.

Julissa figured she just had to endure it. Get past it. Block it out.

It was immediately clear to Julissa that Gretchen really knew how to eat pussy. This was no lick around the outside. Gretchen's mouth was clamped to pussy and her big cheeks plowed the labial lips to either side like her face was a snowplow and Julissa's pussy lips were drifts of snow.

That mouth began to put Julissa right back into a passionate stupor though her eyes were deceptively wide from the incredible sensations.

No one had ever eaten out Julissa like this. Gretchen was expert and enthusiastic, confident and orally demanding. She helped herself like a starved fat lady at an all you can eat buffet. If you counted at least a single lick as “going down on” then Julissa had had five boys go down her. But, compared to this dominating lesbian photographer it was almost more like none of them had gone down on her and none of their efforts should even

count as having done it.

Gretchen's whole mouth was *inside* Julissa's pussy and her tongue kept going way up. It felt like a smaller but much more agile and active cock.

Julissa realized that Gretchen was doing something more than just “going down on her”. That tongue was pushing in and out like a leaping snake. Gretchen was tongue-fucking her!

How nasty. How shocking. How fantastic!

Julissa even then wondered if Gretchen did this same thing to Mom when Mom modeled for her in private. If Gretchen had then Julissa figured her Mom must have loved it. Who wouldn't? Gretchen was just too good at making it feel too good.

Grethen pulled her tongue back into her mouth to suck and slurp at Julissa's tender labial lips. The sounds of too much wet intimacy hit Julissa's ears and just turned her on more.

She started moaning but then tried to stifle it.

When she moaned it made the sexy slurping hard to hear....

Minutes passed like this. Licks, sucks, slurps, moans, groans, desperate wriggles. Not wriggles for escape. Wriggles to express the extreme pleasure,

to give it an outlet. Bodily responses that could not be prevented.

Julissa's mind was temporarily wiped of all intelligent thought. It was plugged in for pure pleasure. She was a creature of animal reaction only.

When Gretchen planted her face firmly into pussy lock and shot her tongue deep into Julissa's pussy Julissa now could not help but push and grind her pussy upwards into Gretchen's jaws. She fucked that tongue as much or more than it fucked her.

The orgasm was no surprise at all to Gretchen. Julissa, for the moment unable to think let alone look towards any future, even one moments away, would have been surprised by it had she been able to think at all.

Julissa had been unable to think at all so she'd been totally unaware of an approaching orgasm. She just went moment to moment with no past and no future until she experienced herself entering the moments, the many long moments, of orgasm.

Julissa squealed through the orgasm. Gretchen thought she sounded like a panicked pig. It amazed Gretchen some of the inhuman sounds she could make women emit during sex and especially when orgasming.

She'd eaten out one woman who made a haunting sound like a loon. Turned out the woman was even from Minnesota whose state bird is the

fucking loon! Way to represent your state!

Gretchen recalled Julissa squealed during her last orgasm as well. Maybe that was her thing. Or maybe it was due to the dynamic of the gag. She'd have to find out. She already knew what Lydia would want to call her if she got to nickname her.

But Gretchen was opposed to calling her Piggy or anything along the lines of pig.

Sure, not all of these slave sluts would be able to have fancy nicknames like “Freckle Slut” or “Ass Bronco”. Still, a pig just wasn't sexy. This Julissa was way sexy.

Juicy too. Quite the juicy pussy she had! Gretchen figured they should just stick with Lydia's first name for the girl, one Julissa had yet to hear. Juicy-lissa.

The cool thing about nicknames is that unlike given names, nicknames were earned. Juicy-lissa was not yet an earned nickname earlier that day when Lydia came up with it. It was just a play on her given name. Now, it was a different story. Julissa, like her pussy juice, had earned the nickname all over the place. Julissa's inner thighs were slick and the couch under her felt like a fucking bog.

As Julissa's orgasm crested, or seemed to crest, Gretchen took it up a notch. She always liked, when she could, if they were experiencing a great pleasure they probably thought could not be exceeded, to go ahead and exceed the fuck out of it right away. Amaze the amazed and all that.

Gretchen got her lips around Julissa's swollen clitoris and bit down though her lips in order to apply as much pressure as possible without actually biting. It hurt Gretchen a little with her teeth pressing into her lips so that her lips could apply maximum soft pressure but that price was worth it in order to really blow this Juicy's mind.

Flabbergast her. Yeah, flabber the fuck out of her defenseless gast. Whatever the fuck a gast was. Or a flabber for that matter.

It was immediately obvious that Juicy was totally flabbergasted. Her squeals became staccato and hysterical. It was like hyperventilated squeals. Gretchen wondered if she could make the girl pass out. She also wondered if she should wear some fucking ear plugs the next time she went down on her.

Julissa did not quite pass out. But close.

After a minute long orgasm with Gretchen's strong lips pressing on Julissa's too sensitive clitoris, Julissa lay in a state of passion wreckage unaware of events or her surroundings.

Gretchen slid up Julissa's body to chew at her nipples. She found a little pain brought these sexed out sluts back to life and also helped entwine their pleasures with pain.

You never knew when you might need a good pain slut or feel like using a standard slut like a pain slut. Rough day? Take it out on a pain slut! Bored? Go to town on a pain slut! Nothing boring about giving pain to a pain slut, was there?

Producing an orgasm through pain was sort of a miracle when you thought about it. A little miracle. Or a big one depending on the orgasm!

Julissa's mind rose to a state of awareness. Pain pulled her from the depths of a lake of pleasure. Once her mind surfaced the pain and the pleasure were no longer separate things. They melted and ran together. Dissolved into each other. Were one and the same.

Julissa looked down awkwardly, still sucking in air through her overworked nostrils. She saw Gretchen chewing at her nipples and it troubled her not at all. Chew them up, she thought. Bite harder. Then do the same to my pussy, please!

Gretchen glanced up at her, made eye contact, and winked.

Fucking winked.

Gretchen slid back down Julissa's body, every few inches delivering firm but not savage bites to Julissa's tight skin. Enough to hurt and mark but not enough to truly damage. She paused to bite several times around the girl's belly button.

She got down to Julissa's pussy. She gave a good hard bite to the pubic mound just above the slit. Then she delved her tongue into the slit.

Julissa thought that meant this biting thing was over. Which was good. Was it good it was over? It had felt uncomfortable to be bitten but she'd somehow liked it. Like she didn't like the sensation but she liked that Gretchen did it to her.

So weird. Well, it was over now.

Julissa thought wrong.

Gretchen used her nose to push back Julissa's clitoral hood and then got her teeth around the clitoris.

At the last second Julissa realized. Gretchen wouldn't bite her poor little clitty, would she?

She would and she did.

It was a light little nip but it felt like a crocodile attack to Julissa.

A wonderful sexy crocodile attacking her!

Julissa's mind evaporated as she drifted into an expanding cloud of orgasm.

Gretchen worked her lips, teeth, and tongue on Julissa's pussy for long minutes until the girl's reactions became spastic and weak. Gretchen felt quite confident she'd given the girl more pleasure so far than any and all previous lovers combined. Times ten. Hell, times one hundred.

Hopefully this girl would now be a crackhead for Gretchen's attention. A crackhead for Gretchen's crack as well.

Chapter Two

Gretchen thought Julissa seemed like a bit of a selfish lover though. It was all orgasms for her so far. All about her. Fucking one way street, that little bitch! Gretchen wasn't about to put up with that selfishness!

Gretchen got up and paced around for a couple minutes, thinking what

to do next. She also wondered how Lydia was faring with the fair maiden Lilliana. She was tempted to go take a peek. But she knew too many lesbian domme cooks could spoil that pussy soup. If Lilliana saw her peeking Lilliana would wonder what was going on in general and, specifically, with her sister.

Gretchen had her own fish to fry right there with Julissa.

Julissa's breathing returned to what passed for normal when gagged. Gretchen undid the gag's straps and, with difficulty, extracted the ball from Julissa's mouth. The girl had a smaller than average mouth and the gag was bigger than average. Well, any discomfort for the girl was certainly no problem for Gretchen. This one would need to get used to and accept all sorts of things she never would have if not for Gretchen and Lydia. The sooner she started the better!

After tossing the saliva-dripping gag to the floor Gretchen easily spun Julissa's slack body around and took the scarf off as well. Julissa began making clumsy attempts to sit up. She behaved like a nude drunk. Drunk on passion.

Gretchen helped her sit up and then stood back to watch her and wait. She needed Julissa together enough to follow directions. Gretchen took off

her clothes but kept her eyes on Julissa while she did so. Sometimes getting naked made them panic. Two plus two equaling four and all that.

Julissa looked down at her own body and even leaned forward and a little sideways different ways to survey for any damage. She glanced at Gretchen but looked away quickly. She looked at the still recording video recorder and then seemed to force herself to look at Gretchen.

Julissa cleared her hoarse throat. Saliva shone on her chin and cheeks and most of her body was damp with perspiration, saliva, or another fluid, “What... what now?”

“I just gave you something like half a dozen orgasms. Big orgasms. I've been a great hostess, haven't I? I've had zero orgasms. None. Zilch. Not even a little one. So, what do you think a polite little guest like you should do next?”

“Sounds like the correct answer is supposed to be “give you an orgasm”. Is that about right?”

Julissa spoke tiredly but she still had that mouthy little mouth on her. Gretchen loved a little smart-ass like that. She just loved to make the asses of smart-asses smart from savage spanks. So funny, the smart-asses uses their mouth as a way to attack but all it did was bring themselves ever more

painful consequences.

They had to have spirit for you to crush that spirit! The more and bigger and better than spirit the funner the spirit crushing was!

Most slaves you only got to crush their spirit a time or two or maybe three and then it stayed crushed and they were your sex zombie. That was the goal and all, of course, but crushing them to get to that goal was the best part.

A smart ass like Julissa had some resiliency. A bit of bounce back. You could crush them repeatedly. Sure, it got easier and quicker each time but you still got to relive taking them over again and again. She could be good for five or six interactions before remaining a sex zombie who would never consider back talk or rebellion. Maybe seven or eight. Only maybe. Only if Gretchen was lucky and Julissa was unlucky.

Time to get back to taking over Julissa's young soul, "There you have it. So, do you agree or do I need to make you agree?"

"Well... how do you want your orgasm?"

"I want it in my pussy and the only kind of penetration I go for is a soft wet tongue. You can fuck your fingers. Literally. But you can't use them on me. Tongue tongue tongue."

Julissa wished Gretchen had not gotten so quickly to the point. She'd like more time to think. More time for maybe Lilliana to come back and somehow save her.

No time. She would have to decide. Do it or not. Both had consequences.

The thought did occur to her that Gretchen actually had a fair point. Julissa had climaxed repeatedly. Maybe not half a dozen but plenty. Super powered orgasms at that. Julissa hadn't even known she *could* orgasm like that! Gretchen hadn't had any, had she? That wasn't really fair, was it?

Julissa shook her head a little. Here she was thinking what would be fair for this lady who'd been so unfair to her.

Tied her hands. Tricked her. Gagged her. Talked down to her. Bit her naughty bits!

Unfairly forced her to have the best orgasms of her life. So unfair, huh?

Julissa started to stand but Gretchen had seen the compliance rising to the surface and she decided to push the envelope, "Talking about politeness... why don't you go ahead and thank me for all the attention. Do that first."

Julissa barely stopped herself from a smart Alec comment in which she would say sarcastically, “Thanks bunches for biting my nipples”. Maybe she better not. This lady's request... strong suggestion... direction... order... was over-the-top. It was all so humiliating but most the other things had been also.

Julissa mentally shrugged. What was a little more humiliation at this point? “Thank you... for paying so much attention to me.”

Once it was out it actually felt more humiliating than she thought it would be. It also felt surprisingly sincere. Those had been the most amazing orgasms. It was hard to hold onto resentment. It was hard not to be grateful. Gretchen was a bossy pushy taking-advantage bitch but... she was also some kind of sexual wizardess.

Gretchen didn't think Julissa's answer was good enough, “I'm not sure anyone watching our little video will know who you're thanking. Also, to be polite, you really should use a person's proper title. You know, if they aren't a slutty slave like you and are an actual person.”

Julissa wondered what this weird lady was talking about. She wasn't referring to her, was she? Talk about misconceptions! Julissa *was not* a slutty slave and *was* an actual person.

She guessed she could maybe understand Gretchen, based in this here encounter, thinking Julissa was a slutty slave. But no one, no matter what, should ever think a person was not an “actual person”! Who could misconstrue that? Who could admit they were that? What person would ever concede that they were not an “actual person”? Not Julissa!

For now, though, she just wanted to get this humiliating conversation over with even if it was just to get on with somehow pleasing this lady with her mouth. Yuck.

Even if she was kinda curious.

“I didn't know you photographers felt so strongly about your titles. Okay, here goes, thank you for paying so much attention to me, Photographer.”

Gretchen was incredulous, “Are you being a smart-ass right now? If you are I'll make your smart ass smart from quite a number of spanks!”

“No. No, I promise! I thought you wanted me to use your title.”

“Not my fucking work title. My bedroom title! Everywhere title to you. It's what I am to you.”

“Bedroom title? I don't even know what that is! I've never heard of

that. Hey, we're not even in a bedroom!”

“Smart little smart-ass like you should be able to figure it out. You're a slut slave so, what does that make me to you?”

Julissa did not want to fight this or any other battle with the physically strong and uncannily confident woman. She should just get through this and get out of here. She was pretty sure she knew what the lady was gunning for. She'd heard joking talk about it during high school. She'd read about it on the internet. Just for shits and giggles. Like, how weird people were, not because she was into that or could be. Pretty surreal.

“Mistress?”

Gretchen did a mock golf clap, “Good, juicy smart-ass. Can little smart-ass put it in a sentence? If you can I have a treat for you.”

Gretchen saw Julissa's eyes flicker down to Gretchen's crotch. Yes, Juicy-lissa was a clever little smart-ass.

Julissa was disconcerted enough to depart from her overall strategy of compliance to navigate past this sexual exception. She dared to inquire, “Mistress? I've heard of that kind of thing, I guess. That's what a, whatchamacallit, a submissive calls a woman who, like, bosses them around.”

“Which is what you are, ergo....”

Could she persuade this woman she wasn't some kind of “submissive”? Zero chance. She wasn't of of course. Right? She'd follow Gretchen's orders for now but not because she liked it. She just had to pretend to give in and then once she was away from this lady reassess and rebuild her defenses and figure out how to get away for the long term. She did not want a repeat of... all this.

Who wanted such powerful orgasms anyway? And so many of them?

Those two observations were probably not the best arguments against all this.

She would have laughed if Gretchen weren't right there bigger than life literally tapping her foot.

She said what she now knew Gretchen wanted to hear and the words sounded all too sincere to her own ears, “Mistress, thank you for paying so much attention to me.”

“Now you're on track, juicy slut. Talking like the slutty slave you are. Now do it again with more details. Be specific on what you are thankful for.”

“Mistress,” Julissa took a breath and then the words tumbled out,

“Thank you so much for tying my hands. Thank you for gagging me. Thank you for licking my pussy. Thank you for biting my nipples. Thank you for those orgasms. Thank you so much for those incredible orgasms, Mistress!”

Julissa had meant to sound ever so subtly sarcastic. She'd begun her statement about right. She had put exaggerated sweetness in her tone. But then that part where she thanked Gretchen for licking her pussy.... Her tone just flicked from fakey overly sincere to... real sincerity. Then she got more and more sincere and ended downright enthusiastic in a simpering way!

Julissa marveled at how much like a slave she sounded. Like a pathetic grateful-for-anything slut. It made her face hot. It made her pussy hot. Again! It should make her angry but it turned her on.

“Is my new little toy, who I now name Juicy, glad I did those things to it?”

It? What the fuck!?! She was an “it” now?

“Yes, Mistress, I am glad you did it all to me.” Whoops, she hadn't meant to say that!

“Trust me, I haven't done “it all” to you yet. It's a good start though. Do you want me to do more of that to you in the future?”

“Yes, Mistress!” Her answer was much more enthusiastic than she intended. She needed to get a handle on her volume control. And on whatever internal control she had over the actual enthusiasm.

The real answer she kept to herself would be a no. She was pretty sure. Maybe.

“Will Juicy come running whenever her big bad Mistress calls her or texts her? Whenever Mistress wants to play with her toy? Will Juicy do anything and everything her big bad Mistress tells her to do?”

“I... guess so.”

“Juicy slut slaves don't guess. They obey and they are polite to their Mistress. You're just a toy. You are used. You are played with. You are grateful to be useful to your Mistress.”

“Oh. Yes, Mistress, I'll do whatever you tell me to.”

“From now on forever and ever?”

Holy crap, thought Julissa, talk about commitment!

Well, it *was* all pretend, she hoped, or she hoped she hoped. Playing along with this was arousing her. Her pussy was steamy again. She was a mess both physically and emotionally.

Mistress Gretchen expected an answer. Holy shit, she'd just called the photographer “Mistress” in her own head! She had to admit it did feel right. It even made her pussy tighten and increased the flow of juices.

Okay, fine, it felt right in the moment. She'd roll with it. No harm.

“Forever, Mistress. I'll do anything you want forever and ever.” Wow, she sure hoped Mistress Gretchen did not try to keep her to that. Mistress Gretchen even now had video of her saying that. Video Julissa hoped would never be shown to anyone, especially to Mom or to her sisters.

“Time for a treat for a good little Juicy. Get over here and get your nose in my pussy. Go at it like you're dehydrated and desperate for my pussy juice. As I'm sure you are.”

Julissa silently protested to herself. She wasn't “desperate” for Mistress Gretchen's pussy juice. Not... desperate.... So, now, yeah, she was curious and had that feeling like hunger and thirst and lust all rolled into one but that didn't mean she was “desperate”. She just wanted to do it. Really a lot. Maybe *almost desperate* but no way was it full blown desperation.

Mistress Gretchen added, “Snap out of it, Juicy the slut. Come over here and replenish your well of juices with my juices. Be sure to get your whole face in my pussy, as much as you can. At least your whole nose.

Your nose doesn't want to miss out! While you're down there you can snort and inhale my pussy juice. I know you'll love it. All lesbo sluts do.”

Just when Julissa had thought her humiliation – and her arousal – could not get any worse. Or better. Somehow Mistress Gretchen had done it with her nasty talk. Julissa's humiliation/arousal was definitely worse/better now!

Julissa got down on her hands and knees and crawled the short distance to Mistress Gretchen.

Mistress Gretchen hadn't specifically told her to crawl to her but it felt right. And sexy. Extremely sexy.

“Good, Juicy. I have some pussy for you. I'm going to feed you my pussy. All you can eat, slut!”

Mistress Gretchen sounded impressed with Julissa's crawling. She'd done well! Mistress Gretchen had something wet between her legs for Julissa. That must be Julissa's reward for doing so well!

It was so insulting what Mistress Gretchen liked to call her. So dehumanizing. To be named after a bodily function assuming pussy juiciness was a bodily function. Julissa's sex education teacher in high school seemed to have thought so though she'd never used the actual word “juice”, had she?

Named after a bodily function and then called a slut and lesbo. Julissa didn't (did) want to do this, so wasn't Mistress Gretchen, the one asking (ordering) her to do it the real slut? Wasn't Mistress Gretchen the “lesbo”?

Just because Julissa intended to lick and suck that pussy, wanted to taste that pussy juice, wanted to please that lesbian Mistress in any and every way ordered, and just knew she was going to somehow adore doing all that, it wasn't like that made Julissa, or “Juicy”, into some kind of... lesbo....

Julissa brought her mouth close to the standing Mistress Gretchen's pussy. Wow. Hers looked so much more different than Julissa's own. It wasn't just the very different angle either. It was so big! It looked red and angry and swollen like some evil fruit left out in the sun way too long.

It looked intimidating. Almost scary. And... delicious.

Julissa thought maybe she'd found the real forbidden fruit. Maybe it was actually Addamma and Eve in that garden of Eden!

Mistress Gretchen's pussy probably should look gross to her but it really didn't. Julissa admitted she was looking forward to this new experience. But then she quickly tried to tell herself it was because it brought her closer to when she could get out of this mess. That thought just wouldn't stick.

“Good little Juicy huuuuungry?” Gretchen's pitch raised and so did her volume as she said “hungry” to make it sound like some country farmer's wife's pig call.

There was that word “good” again. Apparently Mistress Gretchen was already pleased with her. That felt like the important thing to Julissa. The most important thing. Crawling, being ordered, called names, licking her first pussy. Details. Mere details.

Julissa, at her core, loved to please. That's why she joked around and teased and told stories and was so social. Boil it down to its core and she was just trying to please other people.

It was a twisted urge but it was suddenly overly important to Julissa to please Mistress Gretchen, please her more, and keep pleasing her.

She had a little inspiration how she could do that beyond the obvious physical action. Mistress Gretchen always wanted her to obey but also seemed to like it when Julissa did extra like her crawling over without being actually ordered to crawl.

Julissa looked straight at Mistress Gretchen's pussy and said, completely for Mistress Gretchen's enjoyment, “Yummy.”

Julissa didn't know how to start but Gretchen helped her with that. She

grabbed double handfuls of hair and pulled Julissa's face into her pussy. She mashed Julissa's face up and down against her greedy sex. Julissa's hands rose, hesitated, then descended back to her sides.

Julissa had automatically closed her eyes and she kept them closed as Gretchen used her face like a rubbing post. She felt immersed in pussy as Gretchen seemed to have quite a large pussy and it was quite wet as well. She didn't think Gretchen would get so carried away as to accidentally suffocate her but she still sucked in air through her nose or mouth, whichever was momentarily free of pussy coverage, whenever she could.

Julissa's ears were never covered so she could hear Mistress Gretchen just fine, "I'm making do for right now but, in the future, I want your hair in pigtails all the time. All the fucking time, Juicy. They are sexy as fuck, and they are great handles when I need your face as a loofah for my pussy."

Julissa did her best to think while still trying to put her tongue to inaccurate work. She thought she might as well put her tongue to work. Mistress Gretchen hadn't specifically ordered her to lick pussy but Julissa had called Mistress Gretchen's pussy "yummy". She didn't want Mistress Gretchen to start thinking her little Juicy was some liar!

Juicy. What a name. It was an embarrassing name. She really had

gotten that section of the couch she sat on quite wet. Julissa wondered if maybe she really did make more pussy juice than most women. It was a humiliating name. It made her sound like some idiotic creature. Like a thing instead of a person. It also made it sound like she was all so eager for this. Which she guessed her pussy must have been and still was. That was the greatest humiliation she guessed. Not what was done to her. The liking of it.

“That's a good little licker! Licky licky licky my little licker! Your new name must be about more than what your pussy does. It's also about what you love to lick up! Right, Juicy? I'll take those licks as desperate agreement and that you love your new name.”

Julissa's brow furrowed above the pussy grinding on her mouth. New name? Mistress Gretchen meant nickname, right? That part about “when I need your face” earlier sounded like Mistress Gretchen expected future sexual encounters. Julissa had made no such commitment! And she wouldn't, of course. Would she?

It was like Mistress Gretchen actually expected Julissa to be trotting over there again and again, maybe whenever called and at Mistress Gretchen's convenience, and, for what? To have her face pussy scoured and be called “Juicy”?

Julissa would have liked to have scoffed at the idea but she was too busy licking away. No time to pause or scoff. A big pussy like this took extra licking.

Chapter Three

As for the future? There was no future. Julissa could not picture being at this Mistress Gretchen's beck and call. She wouldn't be coming over here again and again. No way! Not even once!

Julissa was certain this would be the only time. So it seemed like a sneaky excuse to put even more enthusiasm into that pussy. Julissa allowed herself to moan lustfully like Mistress Gretchen face-fucking her was a favor to Julissa.

Since this would be the only time ever it was okay to do her best and to get all she could out of it...

Mistress Gretchen pushed her away and, her balance failing Julissa, she toppled backward. She clumsily scrambled up to see Mistress Gretchen

settling herself on the couch.

“I shouldn't have to stand around doing most the work. I'll just lay back here and watch you pussy perform. I don't know, I guess you're pretty tamed now. I've got you under my thumb and, a moment ago, under my pussy. You're my slave and a slave to my pussy. I own you and your pussy. That's just how it is. Juicy is the new you. So, pretty Juicy, do you see something you're hungry for?”

Julissa couldn't help but notice the word “pretty” and felt a sort of high from it as she emotionally sucked it up. Mistress Gretchen thought she was pretty! Of course, she knew she was pretty, every female knew how they looked relative to the 1 to 10 scale and she knew she was far better looking than Mistress Gretchen. But she found what she knew wasn't very important. What Mistress Gretchen liked was very important.

Mistress Gretchen patted her thigh, “Juicy, if you see something you hunger for, just trot on over – on your hands and knees – and come and get it.”

Mistress Gretchen wasn't even more than a few feet away and Julissa was supposed to “trot on over”? This Mistress Gretchen was doing everything she could, every little thing, to humiliate and debase Julissa!

Julissa was well aware she was being worked over by Mistress Gretchen. Manipulated. Exploited psychologically.

Totally not cool!

Of course... if you were going to be mind-fucked then you wanted the very best mind-fucker to be fucking your mind. Mistress Gretchen certainly seemed good at it. Expert even. That was some comfort.

There was also some motivation thinking that after being mind-fucked and while being mind-fucked Julissa would also be getting fuck fucked. Lesbian fuck fucked but, still. It was at least something!

Julissa could not help but notice Mistress Gretchen's hand was quite close to her pussy. She also could not help but notice Mistress Gretchen had placed herself very near where Julissa had sat herself and so would be perfectly framed in the video still being recorded. Crawling up to her to lick her pussy would be recorded. Preserved for who knew how long and shared with who knew who.

Julissa also noticed she did feel something akin to hunger for that pussy. And she still wanted to please Mistress Gretchen.

Julissa crawled forward.

If Mistress Gretchen wanted her to crawl... wanted her to humiliate herself... wanted her to eat pussy... wanted it all on video... well, who was Julissa to deny her Mistress?

She reached Mistress Gretchen.

Yes... denying Mistress Gretchen... anything... would be inappropriate....

With her mouth just inches away from Mistress Gretchen's pussy she stole a glance up at Mistress Gretchen. She saw her smile of triumph.

She was happy for Mistress Gretchen.

Julissa mentally agreed with Mistress Gretchen thinking she'd won. Mistress Gretchen had won. There was no doubt. Mistress Gretchen, one, Juicy, zero. Buzzer sounds.

Julissa put her mouth to work. Licks led to full fledged tongue thrusts with her chin crowded up to Mistress Gretchen's gaping lower slit. Lust was Julissa's guide and it led her well judging by Mistress Gretchen's husky groans of enjoyment.

Mistress Gretchen didn't even bother to hold Julissa by handfuls of hair in order to guide her mouth around so Julissa knew she must be doing all

right. The experience was immersive. Mistress Gretchen's pussy seemed like almost the whole world.

Only “almost” because she still felt her own arousal. Her own pussy wanted to get in on this. It would have to wait. If her pussy really needed something she was sure Mistress Gretchen would tell her. Her own needs were not really important anyway. What was important was whatever Mistress Gretchen wanted.

Julissa swept her little tongue up and down the entire slit, up and down the labial lips, and then Julissa fluted her tongue and plunged it rapidly in and out of Mistress Gretchen's vaginal channel. She felt her nose mashing against Mistress Gretchen's clitoral hood. Mistress Gretchen moaned and groaned and even clawing at the couch cushions to either side of her thighs.

Julissa realized Mistress Gretchen was pointedly not touching her. She was smart enough to know this was probably done so that Julissa would look completely willing on the video.

Julissa didn't mind. It sort of turned her on how Mistress Gretchen dominated her and then managed her to suit her will. She had to respect that. Julissa would never do that to another human being but she admired that Mistress Gretchen could. It must be wonderful to be unencumbered by

morals. That was true freedom!

Thinking of the camera recording her, Julissa purposely arched her ass up and spread her legs as much as she could. She let her ass make little fucking motions like she was trying to screw air. That would entertain whoever saw the video! Or, even better, please Mistress Gretchen if she ever chose to watch it just to go down memory lane.

Julissa could even understand why Mistress Gretchen would want it all on video. Mistress Gretchen probably had friends. At least that Lydia woman, the other photographer. A dominant lesbian like Mistress Gretchen was probably like how a lot of guys were. She'd probably brag about bagging Julissa. She may well be doubted. Julissa was so much younger and so much better looking and so... heterosexual. This way Mistress Gretchen would have proof to back up her brags!

Thinking of that big mean-looking Lydia and maybe other dyke lesbians watching Julissa do these things on video, like Julissa was some lesbian porn starlet, was a massive turn on for Julissa. She just loved attention and she loved to shock and she loved to be liked by others. Others of all sort, apparently.

Julissa's tongue went up pussy lane repeatedly. She wondered if she

would be a frequent visitor to this neighborhood. Just a minute or so before this Julissa had been taken by surprise when Mistress Gretchen's words indicated a future intent at repetitions of this sort of encounter. She'd been alarmed at that. But now it no longer seemed like such a bad thing or at all unlikely.

Julissa could picture it. A little. Maybe. If they kept it real discreet. Like a lesbian booty call but without any alcohol involved and not necessarily late at night. Mistress Gretchen would call her or maybe text and, if Julissa wanted to and could make time out of her busy schedule (ha ha) maybe, just maybe, Julissa could scoot on over, lick some pussy, quick clean up, and get back home without Mom or her sisters any the wiser that they lived under the same roof with a young rug muncher.

Rug muncher. Julissa had a friend who used the term jokingly and deprecatingly a few times. Now, here Julissa was being one. She hadn't seen that coming.

Julissa wanted another orgasm right then and it hadn't been very long since the last one. They were addictive. How much more would her lust for an orgasm increase over time? Would Julissa be able to ever say no to Mistress Gretchen if it meant losing out on those orgasms?

“Good, Juicy, good. Eat up your yum yum!”

Julissa dug her tongue into the folds of Mistress Gretchen's pussy. It was then she had a little inspiration. A little added something to please Mistress Gretchen!

Julissa intentionally made slurping sounds as she nosed and tongued around Gretchen's pussy. She even sucked at sections of pussy one after another as if she was trying to collect all of Mistress Gretchen's lady dew. The vibrations provided added pleasure to her Mistress and the very idea that Juluissa was embracing and playing up her unexpected role as “Juicy” mentally thrilled Julissa.

Gretchen had assessed Julissa as a ham-it-up type girl who liked attention. If you mastered a girl like that you could get them to role play extremely efficiently. In fact, if they did it long enough and failed to pull out of the role they could even *become* the role. Their previous self could cease to exist and they would live on in whatever role the Mistress had chosen for them.

Gretchen had also assessed the girl as being very quick-witted. Clever ones like that were a joy because they came up with little inspired details that were quite a bonus. Things like slurping noisily and intentionally making

those sexy wet sucking sounds. Gretchen knew that was no accident.

Through arousal-squinted eyes Gretchen noticed her Juicy was reaching under herself no doubt to give her own pussy some pleasure. Juicy wanted another orgasm already! That was good, a highly needy and sexed up slave, but Gretchen had very specific and very peculiar plans for that particular orgasm.

Gretchen intended Julissa's next orgasm to induce a transformation in the young woman!

“Bad, Juicy! No touching your pussy. Don't you know you need permission from your Mistress because all your pleasures come from your Mistress even pleasure from your own hand? No touching! Stop that!”

Julissa jerked her hand away like her hot pussy had actually somehow scalded her hand.

She'd been pretty close. So quickly! Why didn't Mistress Gretchen want her to have an orgasm? It wasn't like she'd held them back a little while ago. Thankfully. Of course, it didn't matter why Mistress Gretchen did not want her to rub her pussy. What Mistress Gretchen wanted Mistress Gretchen got. That's just how it was in Julissa's new world.

Gretchen thought about her plans, Julissa's obedience and complete

capitulation to her will, and felt all those sensations from Julissa's clumsy but ever-so-eager mouth. That combination brought Gretchen a powerful orgasm.

During the orgasm she did finally use handfuls of Julissa's hair to press Julissa's face in and grind up against it. Julissa saw stars by the time Gretchen released her with an added shove to send her sprawling.

After a minute for recovery, and just as Julissa was aware enough to start to wonder what was next, Gretchen decided to go ahead and show her.

Gretchen stood up, "You, Juicy. Bathroom. Now."

Gretchen then walked out of the living room. She didn't look behind her and she didn't worry at all. She could hear Juicy scrambling to catch up.

She led her upstairs to a bathroom that turned out to be huge. A gigantic mirror, fancy light fixtures, beautiful tile, and a massive sunken tub big enough for four.

Gretchen gestured in the direction of the tub, "Get in."

Julissa stepped towards it and saw it was not filled with any water, "But there's no water."

"Never said there was. From now on if you do say something to me

make sure you attach “Mistress at the start or the end or both. Fucking manners, Juicy.”

Julissa flushed. How could she have forgotten? “Yes, Mistress. Sorry, Mistress.”

Gretchen's face was stoic so Julissa finally, hesitantly, clambered into the tub.

Gretchen was following, “Go ahead and lay down on your back, Juicy.”

The smooth plastic of the tub was cold as Julissa laid full length on it. There was still a couple feet of room above and below her because the tub was so huge. The drain was below Julissa's feet and Julissa could feel that the tub was tilted ever so slightly in that direction so the water could drain down.

But there was no water. Julissa thought Mistress Gretchen was going to run the water but she thought wrong.

She saw Mistress Gretchen divesting all her clothing. Julissa was still wearing her half-shirt bunched up over her breasts but her bra, Capri pants, and panties were down in the living room.

Gretchen stepped over Julissa so she had one leg on either side of her

body and then she stepped a few more short careful steps until, still standing, her pussy was over Julissa's looking upward face.

Gretchen looked down past her own body. From this perspective Julissa's face looked tiny compared to her own much closer pussy, “Well, Juicy, you and I have discovered together you are a slutty little slave slut. You'll understand more about all that as we go along. In fact, you're such a slut you're probably too much of a slut for department store modeling. Don't worry, there is plenty of other work for sluts like you and your mom.”

Julissa thought, there it was again, another reference to Mom. What had happened when Mom was over here? More of the same? Had Gretchen really bagged both of them? Somehow it made the humiliation that much worse. Her pussy, though, which still very much wanted an orgasm, flooded with juice at the idea.

Gretchen smiled at her and repeated, “Plenty of other work.”

Julissa had been slutty to some degree in order to secure the photographer's approval and, in her mind, to smooth the way for her, Mom, and her sisters to successfully model. Had she gone too far and been too slutty? Apparently. Julissa wondered what other work Gretchen referred to. She guessed it couldn't be a good thing especially with that mean gleam in

Mistress Gretchen's eyes.

Gretchen's tone changed as she barked a direction, “Now's the time to get your fingers in your wet pussy, Juicy. Get them in there. Both hands. Tell me when you're about to orgasm.”

“Yes, Mistress. Thank you, Mistress!” So humiliating to masturbate herself in front of Mistress and so humiliating to thank her for the privilege. So... delightfully humiliating.

Julissa put her fingers to work thrusting between her pussy lips and rubbing at her clitoris. Gretchen watched her with a maternal expression but Julissa knew better. This lady did not have any good will towards her!

Something about this creepy situation....

The building anxiety about what mean Mistress Gretchen was about to do somehow served as more fuel for Julissa's fire.

She felt used, that felt right, and she felt like something new and dramatic was going to happen.

After just a minute Julissa was already ready, “I'm just about there, Mistress!”

“Remember our talk about hang ups?”

Julissa had to slow her finger movements to avoid going over the edge, “Yes. Yes, Mistress.”

“You and I both know you're a slut. But the best sluts have no hang ups at all and will do anything and everything their Mistress tells them to do. And they like it, too!”

Julissa tried to think what her Mistress was up to now. Thinking was a burden and her own pussy was a handicap. But she sure doubted she'd be able to get handicapped parking for having a slut pussy.

Gretchen began lowering herself, her pussy still over Julissa's head, “So we're going to work through those hang ups and see first hand which ones you like and which you don't like. If you don't like something we'll just keep doing it until you *do* like it.”

A part of Julissa was yelling that this was bad, very bad. Ironically, the submissive part of her was in control though. The only control the submissive part had was over her own free will.

Gretchen got down on her knees and maneuvered her pussy until it was just a foot above Julissa's mouth, “I already have a hang up I know we can work on. Hang up number three. Do you remember hang up number three?”

Julissa did remember....

Oh God, she did remember...!

“I see from the light in your big Juicy eyes you do remember. Good. I'm going to piss on your face right now and while I'm doing it you make yourself cum. If I get done pissing and you haven't cum you don't get to orgasm for a week. I'll also do something else right here right away that will make pissing on you seem like a spring shower. Here goes!”

Just automatically Julissa began to raise her head but the move was halted like a charging dog hitting the end of her leash.

Mistress Gretchen's feet on either side of Julissa's face were standing on her hair spread over the bottom of the tub!

No escape!

Julissa's knowing it was going to happen yet still disbelieving eyes watched a steam of urine explode past Gretchen's pussy lips. She barely closed her eyes in time as the urine struck her face and continued to pore down.

Knowing her mission, and feeling her flood of need, Julissa's fingers scrambled to give her pussy pleasure. She had to get over the edge!

Very warm urine splattered up and down her face. Julissa kept her eyes

closed but it was obvious Mistress Gretchen was moving her pussy around to cover as much area as possible with urine. Julissa felt it running down her cheeks, pooling in her eye sockets, filling her ears. It was everywhere!

It was going down her nostrils! Julissa kept her mouth tightly closed but that just meant she had to breath through her nose, breathing in the thick fumes, and accidentally snorting piss.

Julissa wasn't sure if she'd choke, cough, vomit, or orgasm first.

The bizarre treatment, which, shockingly, was a turn on probably because it was shocking, combined with the instinctively expert movements of her own fingers on her pussy led her orgasm to victory.

She didn't need the extra motivations Mistress Gretchen supplied. They didn't make her orgasm. Her ongoing fast buzz of lust, the nastiness of the act, and her own fingers deserved the credit.

Gretchen was about to order Julissa to open her mouth – what good was pissing on a slave if they weren't going to drink down some of it? – when she saw the orgasm take over Julissa. She knew it had because the young woman automatically opened her mouth in orgasmic euphoria and thirst for air.

What great timing!

Thirst for air? Gretchen would quench Julissa's thirst with something

more wet than air....

The wide open mouth allowed Gretchen's urine full entry. Gretchen just tilted her aim and made it happen.

Julissa sucked in air and sucked in urine, choking, sputtering, writhing, and cumming. The only way to stop a cum on a dime was to stop time.

Once Gretchen saw Julissa's mouth momentarily fill with piss she moved her stream down to Julissa's neck and then her chest. She wanted to soak her half shirt and she succeeded just before her personal reservoir ran out.

Gretchen watched Julissa accidentally swallow her urine, watched her contorting body slow into a lazy S shape, and watched her coming down from her nasty orgasm. She watched it all with deep satisfaction.

Yes, Julissa was officially a piss slut.

“Congratulations. You're now a piss slut.”

Julissa struggled to talk as she tried to blink wetness off her eyelashes, “I'm... I'm --”

“-- A piss slut. That's the term for someone who lets other people piss on them. That is especially the term when they get off on it.”

“I didn't let you!”

“You sure as fuck didn't stop me, did you?”

“But I didn't, you know, get off on it!”

“You sure did. Fuck, you had an orgasm while I pissed on you. That's pretty much the definition of getting off. You've been forgetting to say Mistress. I'm letting it go to this point as you adjust to piss slut status but no more of that lack of politeness to your superior. Capiche?”

“Yes, Mistress. Sorry, Mistress.”

Gretchen looked down on her literally and figuratively. With Julissa now straightened and laying on her back, the urine that hadn't run down the drain puddled under her, her half shirt was still bunched above her tits but was now soaked, and her blonde hair dark with wetness. What a mess. Adorable!

It sure would be nice to have Juicy as her own personal toilet slave. Gretchen would be able to piss on her six or seven times a day! Hell, she'd even drink extra water so she could piss on her even more! That was healthy anyway. Maybe piss on her ten times a day.

Juicy would certainly have to shower after before sexual usage though.

Piss. Yuck. Pissing on a slut? Sexy as fuck. Strange how that worked.

“Now you just lay there a while and think about what a fucking piss slut you are. I'll go check my email and maybe see what's going on with your sister. You think Lydia got in her pants? I bet she has! I bet she's a slut just like her sister. Probably not as juicy as you though. You might be the juiciest slut I've ever had and, believe me, that is saying something. You must be so proud! Wait here on your back until I get back.”

“But... but, Mistress, I can't just... just...” Julissa tried to find words to persuade the impossible-to-persuade Mistress Gretchen that she was not like this, this was not fair to her, she shouldn't have to be treated this way.

“You can and you will. Sluts can lay in their own mess all day long. All my little Juicy toy has to do is lay in my mess for not so long. I'll update you on your sister when I return.”

Julissa gave up and laid back more fully into the cooling puddle. She felt gross, disgusting, and deeply satisfied in a post-orgasmic way.

“Good news, I think we're past that getting peed on hang up. Way past it. That means we can do this lots and lots. It'll get so drinking piss will be like breathing air to you. Maybe next we'll work on your ass-licking hang up. We can't let that hold you back from being all the slut you can be.”

Ass-licking, thought Julissa, what the fuck!?!

Chapter Four

The gaming room in the basement wasn't what Lilliana expected. She guessed she'd expected a pool table at the least. This was more like a really big very informal television room. Floppy low-lying couches, slumping recliners, various stands for drinks and snacks randomly distributed in this half of the basement. The walls were covered in hanging carpets. Three of them. The fourth, which the various forms of seats more or less faced, was nearly covered by a gigantic flat screen.

Lydia had not given her a tour of the other half but she figured it had the water heater, the laundry, and that sort of thing. There was a door leading to it flanked by walls covered in carpet. Lilliana supposed that the wall carpets could prove themselves worthwhile if the house – with the basement - ever got turned on its side.

“Game room?” Lilliana raised one eyebrow questioningly to Lydia. Wow, Lydia really was big. Lilliana was quite tall but she felt tiny in comparison.

Lydia wiped a hand at the air, “You thought, what, a fucking pool table or a ping pong table? Maybe air hockey? Fucking Foosball? No way. Everything is electronic now. Why have a real ping pong table that takes up space and can get scratched when you can just have a virtual one.”

“Sure. That's fine. I understand that. But it isn't really a photo opportunity down here, is it?”

“Expecting beach-side cliffs, huh? Exotic locations are fine but right now we're learning how exotic you are or aren't. Take a model to some special place then, of course, she looks special. But the best models shine any-fucking-where. We put models in average or dull or even ugly surroundings and learn if they can they make it interesting. Real models do that. Plus, this is practice. Whatever photos we take are not for clients. We could do these in the garage or in a fucking dumpster and it wouldn't matter.”

Lilliana wore a skirt a bit shorter than she'd normally wear. Okay, a lot shorter. And a tank top when she just didn't ever wear them. Julissa and her challenging suggestions! Well, she was conservative, at least compared to

the modeling world she guessed, and did not want to give off those straight-laced vibes. She'd actually been grateful to Julissa when Julissa chose what she should wear despite Kaia frowning worriedly for whatever reason.

Now Lilliana wasn't so sure about the outfit.

It seemed too much of a summer day outdoorsy outfit for this slightly damp and a bit dark basement entertainment area for one. Sweatpants and sweatshirts would have fit in better.

The other reason for outfit regret, of course, was Lydia. The woman was sizing her up by individual parts and didn't seem to care if Lilliana counter-observed. As a photographer she probably had to do that. Professionally. But did a professional have to keep licking her lips and did a professional have to breathe so heavy?

Lilliana saw Lydia looking at her legs bare from about mid-thigh on down and saw Lydia literally rubbing her hands together with eager glee like Scrooge McDuck sighting a pile of unclaimed gold coins.

“I like your outfit.”

“Thanks.”

“What's your name again?”

Lilliana's surprise showed.

Lydia laughed, "I'm just fucking with you! I know your name is Lisa. Ha! Fucking with you again, Lilliana!"

Lilliana forced a polite laugh.

Lydia said, with humor in her voice, "I like to fuck pretty models."

"Uh. You mean "fuck with", right?"

"If you say so."

Lilliana blinked. Lydia was just trying to be funny in a rough way. Lilliana thought so. She hoped so!

"Stand tall and look straight ahead." Lilliana immediately followed the directions.

Lydia stepped behind her and, for whatever reason, Lilliana felt a wave of anxiety crash down like a portcullis. Having the big woman behind her while she was still, waiting, and expectant was awesomely intimidating. For whatever reason. It just made Lilliana feel incredibly vulnerable!

It was maybe just a taste of how a scared rabbit felt, frozen so movement does not give it away, as a wolf or coyote sniffs closer and closer

from behind. You want to run, you want to look behind, but you just don't dare to move.

The rabbit would rather not have to run because it could be caught. So it stays still. But the longer it stays still the closer the threat comes and the more likely they are to be eaten if they don't break free of their strategic paralysis in time.

She could hear Lydia's breathing. Actually, she could sometimes feel her breath. Not just on her neck and shoulders either! She felt it on her bare elbows and then on the bare back of her lower thighs! Lydia must be bending down and leaning in to take very close looks indeed!

Mostly because she was nervous, Lilliana talked, "I guess I don't get it. Janelle took those portfolio photos and sent them on to you, right? And now I'm here right in front of you. Can't you tell if I can be a model because, you know, you can see what I look like?"

Lydia laughed, "Everyone thinks its so simple and so easy. It isn't. I've seen beauties become duds when put on film. I've seen plain Jane's become living works of art. Others are pretty in one setting and awkward ugly in another and it all depends on where you put them and how you use them."

Lilliana found that thought-provoking. You learned something new

every day.

Suddenly, Lydia was whispering in her ear, “Don't worry. I think you're a beautiful swan.”

Lilliana wasn't sure how to take that, “Well. Thank you.”

“And I'm sure you'll be easy.”

“What?”

“Just fucking with you.”

Lilliana noticed Lydia did not laugh. Neither did Lilliana. It was getting a little weird.

Lydia started randomly tugging on Lilliana's clothing here and there, just plucking at it like she was checking how it followed her form.

Lydia was still behind her when she spoke again, “I have this knack. An ability. I can tell a lot about a person just from a few minutes with them. It's sort of like being a psychic. Want me to prove it?”

“Ah. Sure.”

“I can tell you don't like to wear tank tops or short skirts like you're wearing right now. Or maybe you like it but you don't do it, do you?”

“Wow! You're right! I don't. How'd you know?”

Lydia laughed, “Actually it's because I can see your tan lines on your arms and your legs are very low on your arms and legs. You must wear pants a lot or Amish dresses.”

“I don't wear Amish dresses! You're right, though, I guess I do wear pants almost all the time. So you mean you're real observant right, not an actual psychic?”

Lilliana could not see Lydia's eyes light up.

Lydia wondered if this Lilliana chick could really be that gullible. Lilliana was the serious one and yet it seemed she was open to psychic phenomena.

Lydia could work with that!

“That last one was just an observation. Now, I'll give you a real one. But I warn you my talent goes to the very personal natures of people so you have to promise to be open-minded and not to get pissed off by anything I say.”

Lilliana, both curious and remembering Mom's text messages urging full cooperation, readily agreed. Although she was a logical thinker,

scientific really, she also loved the idea of telepathy and seeing the future and the full assortment of psychic abilities that might be out there. It would be an amazing find if this Lydia really did have such ability.

Wasn't it always the ugly ones who received such abilities as a way for destiny to make up for their drawbacks in the looks department? Lydia must be very talented!

Lilliana managed to keep a straight face as she turned and faced Lydia, "I promise to be open-minded and hard to offend."

Chapter Five

"Here goes," Lydia made a show of closing her eyes and wrinkling her brow. For further show she pinched her upper nose between thumb and finger. Like the onslaught of psychic information gave her a headache!

Lydia suddenly popped her eyes wide open, "I see you always masturbate on your back in your bed. The solo sex version of the missionary position. No toys. Just fingers."

Lilliana was startled by the subject matter and by the accuracy. She *was* always on her back in her bed, *wasn't* she?

Lydia peered at her with amusement, “I'm right, aren't I?”

Lilliana had no idea Lydia had watched her for days now in intimate detail via hidden cameras....

Lilliana didn't want to talk about this at all but it seemed she had to. She wasn't one to lie but she had a knack for avoiding answers that any politician would admire, “Don't most people masturbate on their back in their bed?”

Lydia thought it may be useful to shock this seductee a little more, unbalance her, and maybe arouse her a bit in a sneaky forbidden manner, “No, not really. For instance my talent also allows me to see that even just in the last week your Mom used a dildo on her pussy. A big pink one. Your sister Julissa does it with her face on the bed, ass in the air, and a vibrator held against her clitoris. Kaia, your little sister, believe it or not, she humps her pillow. Rides it like a wild pony. Oh, and she also masturbates in the shower. You probably smell it in the shower when you take one after her without even knowing it.”

That was a lot for Lilliana to unpack. And picture against her will. It

couldn't all be true, could it? This Lydia had to be jerking her chain so to speak.

Jerking her chain about how her whole direct family “jerked off”. Wait, did girls jerk off? No. That was a description for a guy doing it.

Or was Lydia... jerking off Lilliana's chain? That was the kind of play on words Julissa would love but Lilliana doubted she'd bring it up. Or maybe she could use what Lydia said about Julissa's style of masturbation and throw that in her face for fun sometime when Julissa was picking on her older sister. Just throw it out there, “My psychic says you masturbate with your face on the bed and your ass in the air!”

Wow, what if Lydia really was psychic and that really was how Julissa did it! That would so shock Julissa, no doubt. Lilliana was pretty sure she'd be able to tell from Julissa's face if it was true. She almost would have to do it just to find out if it was true.

Naw. Couldn't be. Those description of Mom, Julissa, and Kaia made every single one of them sound... sort of slutty. Nope. It just couldn't be true.

Hmm. Was there even such a thing as any kind of masturbation being “slutty”? Wasn't slutty more like having lots of sexual partners and/or not

being discerning about those partners?

Lilliana had read that some people and some cultures thought a woman simply enjoying sex, any sex, even monogamous sex with their husband, was slutty. People who thought that were just terrible!

Lilliana never ever swore but, if she were to make an exception, she might use it in calling those people some really mean names.

Lilliana's profanity was so rusty she might need to get a little written list from Julissa who liked to swear like a truck driver.

This lady sure had an active imagination though. Those images she evoked... were so bizarre and naughty. Lilliana felt warmth between her legs. Obviously misplaced warmth!

Where did Lydia come up with this stuff assuming she wasn't a psychic? She must do some of that or have seen something like that on porn. Was there porn of women masturbating? If there was and that was how Lydia learned those ideas then... she must be just as lesbian as she looked.

Lilliana felt she had to challenge Lydia's claims about exactly how everyone in the Reynolds family masturbated. Lilliana thought it best to do it in a matter-of-fact way and not in an offended manner, "It seems like a sort of psychic scam, Lydia. You tell the person you're talking to, me, that they do

something in a common way that is highly predictable knowing you have a high probability to be correct. Then you say all sorts of strange and uncanny things about other people that would be impossible to predict so that you look genuine. Thing is, those people aren't present to deny it. I also can't exactly ask them, can I? And, even better, if they were here and did deny it, their denials would be expected and meaningless. I mean, who is going to admit they hump a pillow?"

Lydia nodded, "Not me, I'll give you that. I guess I can't really prove my talent that way. But you didn't deny how you masturbate so that's obviously true. Even if I didn't already know it by other means, I'd know it now."

"So what? Someone masturbates in the most basic vanilla way possible. Big whoop."

Lydia leaned in uncomfortably close, "Oh, but it is a big deal. It means you are *boring*. The camera hates *boring*."

Lilliana didn't like the sound of that. Had she fucked up... by self-fucking herself only in a boring manner?

Fuck was the one swear word she allowed into her profanity free mind. But she never allowed that word exit through her lips!

Lydia leaned even closer, “But it can also mean you just don't understand your own sexual capabilities. An ignorant. A sexual savage.”

Lilliana wasn't sure how to answer that in a persuasive manner. She also wanted to back away from Lydia's closeness but didn't want to offend her or come across as difficult to work with.

Lydia's lips were just inches from her ear and Lilliana felt Lydia's generous breasts brush against the tips of her own moderate sized breasts, “It's like seeing someone with a fast race car but they never drive it around. Is it broken down? Does it run? Does the owner even know how to drive? If they do, can they drive it fast, do they dare, can they keep it on the road, or are they too scared?”

Lilliana suddenly realized where this was going, “Hold your horses there, Lydia. Let me guess, you think you're just the one to take me for a test drive? Is that it? You think I *might* be a “race car” but only you, the race car driver, will be able to tell?”

Whoa, thought Lydia, this one is too smart for *my* own good! Now what?

Lilliana saw Lydia hesitate and continued, “Look, I'm flattered. But I'm no lesbian. Let's just agree to keep things professional. No need for any

embarrassment.”

Lydia felt a sort of sexed up rage build quickly in her. This sexy young bitch was talking down to her! Patronizing her! Acting like she was in control and she was managing Lydia! Fuck that!

“Nice,” Lydia said sarcastically, “You just assume I'm some bull lesbian just because of my looks. Total fucking stereotype. I guess you think all redheads have bad tempers and everyone who wears glasses is smart.”

Oh oh, thought Lilliana, it sounds like I've offended the photographer. She didn't want that. They still needed everything to go smooth. Lilliana did feel sort of bad for being so superficial, too. “I didn't mean it like that. I just mean I know I'm not a lesbian.”

Lydia surprised Lilliana by looping one heavy arm around Lilliana's barbie doll thin waist, “You don't know what you know. You have no idea.”

Lydia tightened her arm and instantly pulled Lilliana so close against her it squeezed some of the breath out of Lilliana.

“That's... that's not true.”

“Tell me, have you ever noticed that a high percentage of good-looking women are supposedly *not* lesbian?” Lydia was using this conversational

time to further her ends physically. She leaned close towards Lilliana's face which made Lilliana subconsciously but automatically lean away. But she could only do that with her upper body because Lydia held her tight by the waist. This actually made Lilliana more helpless because it made Lilliana off center and off balance.

“Well, I... I don't know about that.”

Lydia's other hand came around the front of Lilliana, then in back of her, and came to rest on the top of Lillian's ass. It spanned the ass crack with Lilliana's thin skirt and thinnner panties all that was between them. Lydia's right breast squashed against Lilliana's left bicep and even a little on Lilliana's left breast as well as part of this maneuver.

“Like I said, you don't know much least of all about yourself. Tell me, do you think lesbianism is genetic? Do you think it is a genetic trait connected with looks or not present if genetics call for good looks?”

“That's crazy. No. I don't think that.” Lilliana was all too aware they were all alone and her pussy was now being pressed against Lydia's big leg with only scarce material in between them. Lilliana was pressed tighter all the time with Lydia's other hand spread on her ass and slowly sliding downward while also pulling Lilliana's lower body against Lydia's. Lilliana

paid no attention to the meeting of her left breast with Lydia's right breast because she had too many other sensory inputs going on that concerned her.

“So that means, I think you agree, just as many good-looking women are lesbians at heart. But a lower percentage seem to be. So, many of them are but they don't even realize it because they never give it a chance. They just aren't... practicing what they need to practice. They aren't exercising their lesbian muscle. I don't know exactly where that muscle is but it's probably two muscles, one in the pussy and one in the tongue. That's just being logical.”

Lilliana wasn't sure if trying to agree or if disagreeing with Lydia would be the better strategy. Things were getting so alarming and so confusing! “I don't know!”

“Either you think it's a solid theory or you are convinced lesbian tendencies are genetically programmed and connected with the genes that determine attractiveness. Now, which is it?”

Lilliana could feel Lydia's wide right thigh rolling and grinding subtly but obviously against her pubic mound. The most alarming thing about that was that it was having an effect on her. Some kind of effect.... Darn, it was making her wet! Or... it was making her realize she'd already been wet

somehow and now was getting even wetter. Which would be even worse!

Lydia wanted an answer and Lilliana was getting the feeling that what Lydia wanted Lydia normally got. That sent a shiver up her back and a flood of warmth to her pussy.

“I guess I think it's a solid theory.”

“Good girl.” Lydia delighted in turning the patronizing around on this one.

Lilliana could feel Lydia's breath on her ear again as she'd turned her head to avoid being kissed in case that was Lydia's intent. That sensation was powerful because it seemed to connect with the sensation of Lydia's free hand, her left hand, moving over to one of Lilliana's butt cheeks, Lilliana's right one, and squeezing it hard like she owned it. On another level, the way Lydia had just called her a good girl also had an effect. The term, the tone, the hinted expectation were all being soaked up by Lilliana.

Soaked up. Like how her panties were also soaking up... oh, she could not bare to think about that. If she kept thinking about it then her pussy was only going to make more and more and more juice for those skimpy panties to try valiantly to soak up. Try and eventually fail.

When Lydia spoke she sounded quite self-satisfied, as well she should

be. She had this one literally in hand. She had this one literally and figuratively right where she wanted her.

“Someone like that, a lesbian who doesn't know she's a lesbian – let's just say she's a tall slim blonde and we'll call her Lilli with an “i” and maybe that's short for Lilliana – theoretically someone like that, our little Lilli with an “i”, would probably just masturbate on her back in her bed with her fingers in the most vanilla way possible. Don't you agree?”

“Um, well, I'm not sure --”

“Yes, exactly.”

“I think I should leave. We can do this some other time.”

“This?”

“Oh. You know. This photo shoot thing.”

“I thought maybe you were talking about a different “this”.”

“No. No, not at all.”

Chapter Six

Lydia gave Lilliana's rear an almost painful squeeze, "You can't leave yet. Not until I say so. It wouldn't be fair to you."

"Fair to, oh, me?" Lilliana was instantly embarrassed that one of Lydia's thigh-grindings had made her exclaim in the middle of her question.

Darn that! It might make Lydia think that this situation and what Lydia was doing was having an effect on Lilliana.

Which, somehow, they were.

But that shouldn't be!

But it was.

"We have already begun to test this little theory of mine. At this point all I've done, since you agree with my theory, is raise some doubt inside you. I can't, in good conscience, let you leave in this state. You wouldn't know if the theory was right in your case. You'd have doubts. It would haunt you."

"Don't worry about me. I'm fine!"

"You need to be sure. We need to be sure. Now, I'm sure you'll agree only a lesbian would want to have sex with me, and a heterosexual woman

would not?”

“Yes, exactly, and I'm not --”

“That you know of. But we already know you don't know much and what you think you know you may not even know. So. We will do this scientifically.”

“You already said a heterosexual woman wouldn't want to have sex with you and I don't. Experiment over lady!”

Although Lilliana managed to make herself sound confident and certain the very fact she was standing but practically riding Lydia's thigh meant she had no credibility with the woman. Sounding confident was fine maybe for maintaining credibility but how could you quickly earn it? Lilliana really wished she knew how right then!

The way Lydia was moving her around and grabbing her butt like she was a living doll said a lot about what Lydia thought of her. Probably highly about her looks but not much about how she thought. Lilliana was sure Lydia wasn't taking how she felt seriously.

Felt. Maybe Lydia did care about how she “felt” but in a different way. It was obvious Lydia somehow thought that Lilliana wanted this dumb experiment thing. Did Lydia have some reason for that? A “feel” that caused

that misunderstanding?

Lilliana knew she was practically riding Lydia's thigh. It was jammed between her legs and it was big and soft but still muscular as well. In the outfit that Lilliana wore it meant her pussy was only a fraction of an inch from Lydia's thigh, just two thin layers of material in between them. Lilliana was warm between her legs. Did Lydia maybe think that Lilliana was getting turned on?

Maybe Lydia wasn't thinking Lilliana would like this because of any psychic talent. Maybe it was from Lilliana's warmth between her legs. That might be why Lydia thought Lilliana wanted this.

It wasn't like it could be from any sort of... dampness.

Um. Ah. Or... oh oh... could it?

Lilliana hadn't thought she could be wet. Not in this horrible situation.

It really wasn't even possible.

Except maybe it was.

She sure couldn't check herself directly but she realized she actually did feel slippery down there. It must be some sensory illusion though. Just the way that big heavy wide fatty but muscular thigh somehow acted like a pussy

rolling pin. It kept pressing and rolling at Lilliana's labial lips.

That liquid feeling couldn't actually be liquid! Lilliana knew there must be some logical explanation. Not that she knew for sure what it was, or would talk about it, or that awful photographer would actually listen to any self-defense theory that Lilliana had.

That thigh pressing into her intimate flesh might explain why Lilliana felt wet... but it couldn't explain why Lydia felt wetness from Lilliana's crotch, could it?

Lilliana just had to hope that Lydia did not think she felt wetness or that she actually *did* feel wetness.

Lydia kept grinding and bumping that thigh in there, alternately knocking Lilliana's sapling legs further out and making lifting impacts that didn't actually lift Lilliana off the ground but which tried.

Sooner or later, if she wasn't wet yet – and it did seem like she was already – then she'd get wet or she'd get wetter as the case may be....

Lilliana had a flash of memory. A study session but the girl's had to go home early and it left her with Craig. He was okay. It had surprised Lilliana when he made a move on her. She hadn't thought he liked her. Turned out he had a crush. She was tired at the time, didn't really feel like studying, wasn't

ready to turn him away, and just, really, kind of felt sorry for him. So she'd let him feel her up. Craig was actually pretty good at feeling up!

Lilliana remembered him concentrating on the curve, down there, at her lower pussy. Rubbing. She hadn't thought it was going to do much for her. She was just letting him have his way. Just feeling sorry for the geek.

Then he'd talked about how soaking wet she was down there. Like he was amazed at her wetness in comparison to other girls. Actually, he did compare her to Amy. Turned out Craig was sort of a dog, some kind of geek “player”. He talked about how Amy had a swamp between her legs but Lilliana had a pond.

Lilliana was no expert on semi-aquatic terrain but it was clear from his tone that Craig thought a pond was wetter than a swamp.

Lilliana stopped everything at that point and left. Craig's odd commentary gave her plenty of excuse to stop feeling sorry for him. Besides, him talking about Amy in intimate detail meant he'd do the same about Lilliana.

Fuck that so you can't fuck me! She remembered actually thinking that at the time.

However, Craig was pretty much right. She felt like she was wearing a

wet diaper on her way home.

This dang photographer lady! Doing these things to her!

What was Lilliana going to do about it?

She thought about yelling for help but... that seemed excessive.

Potentially embarrassing. It would also let down Mom and her sisters.

She was supposed to be cooperating. Well, she guessed it didn't get much more cooperative than letting this woman maul her.

She had no idea....

Lydia had more persuasive taunting for her, “We can't trust this lying mouth of yours. That wouldn't be good science. No matter how pretty your lips are.”

Somehow Lilliana was still shocked when Lydia kissed her. This lady just wouldn't be put off, would she? She was quite a handful. And now a mouthful as well! She was a handful and yet had a handful. Of Lilliana's butt!

Surprised and not in full resistance mode thanks to Mom's instructions and the interesting feelings in her pussy Lilliana failed to keep a tight seal on her lips so Lydia was able to pop them open with ease. Lydia's big tongue

pushed past their token resistance and crowded Lilliana's own tongue towards the back of her mouth.

Now Lilliana straddled Lydia's thigh with one of Lydia's hands working her ass cheek like a Swedish masseuse while Lilliana was tilted backwards at the waist and Lydia's tongue worked around well past her defending lips.

Lilliana felt a surge of helplessness. She felt like she was sinking into lesbian quicksand and she couldn't even call for help. Not with that lesbian tongue down her throat!

Lilliana made a sound that was meant – she swore! – to be one of protest but sounded way too much like passionate enthusiasm. As in exactly like passionate enthusiasm. A sort of wet muffled squeal that sounded happy instead of angry.

Lilliana was embarrassed by the sound and wished she could explain to Lydia that it was not what it sounded like. That it did not mean what Lydia would want it to mean. What she would certainly think it did mean! The only thing worse than... all this.... was all this and someone thinking she liked it!

Darn! She made the sound again or something similar. It was that dang leg bumping up on her pussy mound! This sound was like the first, not

as loud but longer. Overall just as bad!

She'd like to clarify but her mouth was out of action... for explaining... because it was very much in action for a tongue invasion.

The room seemed to tilt and move. Lilliana felt breathless and dizzy. Lydia was lowering her down! Lilliana's body angled back and the thigh, tongue, and hand all kept their positions even as Lilliana's position was shaped by Lydia.

Lilliana felt Lydia set her down on a giant orange bean bag Lilliana had barely noted in passing when she first saw the room. It put her body at about a forty-five degree angle with Lydia's weight and power looming over her. Almost encompassing her.

Lilliana felt submerged under Lydia's deep reservoir of confidence and felt no buoyancy from her own meager self-confidence. To Lilliana it felt like her confidence was draining away and as hers receded Lydia's tide of confidence rose and lapped at Lilliana.

No escape, thought Lilliana, no escape!

Lilliana wished her pussy was as upset about this new development as she was. Stupid pussy. It had no idea what it wanted. Well... it did. It just had no idea what it *should* want or what it *should not* want.

Even worse, this position made gravity work against Lilliana's legs. They wanted to fall open. Her pussy and gravity both wanted them to fall open.

As Lydia made out with her she kept the hand that was pressed between Lilliana's body and the bean bag pulping Lilliana's butt cheek. Lilliana's attention kept going back and forth between the unexpectedly amazing sensation in her pussy and the struggle to keep her legs from opening all the way and the harsh but somehow not bad manipulation of her butt.

Lilliana was near desperate to keep her legs from falling open. That would be bad! Naughty even! Lydia would interpret it the way that she obviously wanted to interpret it. Too accurately!

It would also further expose her pussy to Lydia's friction. It would make it easy for Lydia. It would make *Lilliana* easy for Lydia!

If her pussy already felt like this then how much better could it, would it, get if she didn't fight it? If Lydia could do anything she wanted and just kept doing it? If this damp bunched up clothing wasn't in the way?

That... was not a productive line of thought... not unless she wanted to produce more pussy juice....

Lilliana could feel spittle running down her chin and neck. Her mouth

was full of saliva and she wasn't sure whose it was. Lydia's tongue thrusts made it slosh and sometimes lap over her lower lip. It felt like Lydia's tongue was banging her mouth. The tongue was the penis and her mouth was the vagina!

Gross! Sexy! Lilliana wasn't sure what it was.

Lilliana's legs kept sliding open, her knees popping outward. But then she'd realize and urgently get them back in position... sort of hugging at Lydia's leg. That wasn't too good but it wasn't as bad as giving up full access.

She could hear all sorts of grunts, groans, and moans now. They were sexy as all get out.

Oh oh.

Lilliana realized they were all coming from her own throat.

Lilliana let her knees fold to either side. She didn't fight them back into position this time. She felt her pussy arch upwards and press eagerly against that big soft leg.

Oh My God, thought Lilliana, I'm going to have lesbian sex with this woman. I really am! Or... I already am....

Lilliana knew she was giving up the pretext of resistance. It was a big

deal.

Chapter Seven

Lydia felt it and knew what it meant. Time to imprint and program this slave-to-be!

The pleasure more or less was the imprinting. For truly effective imprinting orgasms were needed, the more and the bigger the better. Orgasms were not all equal. One could be more powerful than ten depending on many factors. Lydia always figured she was the biggest factor of all, of course.

Programming a slave was basically communication. The most opportune time for programming communication was during times of heightened vulnerability. When they were tired or felt beaten or were in the throes of passion. Those states of being or of mind made them soooo susceptible.

It would be hard for Lydia to communicate much with her tongue

nearly down Lilliana's throat. That action had already served its purpose though. She'd done the kissing and Lydia really wasn't much one for kissing - at least not of actual mouths – specifically in order to shut up Lilliana.

Lilliana's words would have marshaled her resistance and would have distracted her from the pleasure Lydia worked so hard to provide. Words were a commitment. Like, say, if Lilliana had turned down Lydia's generous lesbian advances. Which Lydia knew damn well she would have. Then Lilliana would have gotten mentally caught up in Lydia ignoring her wishes. Also as Lydia knew damn well she would have done.

With no actual refusal on record to focus on the girl would focus on sensations. Easy peasy. Easy peasy easy pussy!

Now Lilliana's legs opening up like a leg flower and stayed open and even the way Lilliana's own tongue was moving in a tentatively reciprocal manner told Lydia the young slave-to-be was in the right state for some good unhealthy slave programming.

Lydia extricated her tongue. Wow, the girl had practically sucked on it on its way out! Lydia knew she had this one in the bag. But only for this encounter. She had a lot of foundation still to lay.

Lay the foundation and then build on it. One sexy act of dominance

after another.

Lydia, knowing Lilliana's disdain for profanity based on their stealthy observations, had purposely avoided swearing for the most part. Lydia had a well-developed profane vocabulary but she knew when to limit it. Swearing too much too early could have caused an alienation and lack of respect from Lilliana. Quite counter-productive.

Now things were different. What could have been a handicap could now be an asset.

That was Lydia's theory and she was sort of a lesbian amateur scientist at heart. That and about ten other things.

Lydia leaned up and away from Lilliana. She saw the girl look confused and maybe slightly abandoned. Just when she was getting into it and all that. It was time to get her into something else.

It was best that the communication be one-way for the time being.

Lydia released Lilliana's ass cheek with her left hand and pulled that hand around in front to press down on Lilliana's belly to keep her in place. In fact, it even served to push blood flow down to Lilliana's pussy making it swell physically and swell with sensitivity. Lilliana gasped and looked down at the big hand pressed deep into her tight tummy.

Lydia brought her other hand up to Lilliana's half-open mouth sucking in air after the intense suffocating kissing. She inserted three fingers all the way in, laying them on top of Lilliana's tongue.

There, no talk from her until Lydia was good and ready for it. Well, more like when she was still bad and ready for it.

It was time to give Lilliana a little mental shock while it would be mixed in with all the powerful sensations, “Suck those fingers like a slut, you fucking slut!”

Lilliana's eyes widened with surprise and her movements stilled as she clearly tried to figure out what to do.

“Suck my fingers like they are cocks, slut bitch! Those are my finger cocks in one of your three slut holes. Make them feel welcome!”

Lydia felt Lilliana involuntarily bump her pussy up against her leg and slide it firmly up and down. The surprise was turning into arousal.

The words would have disgusted Lilliana if all was normal. But things weren't normal now. Disrespect from anyone normally made Lilliana feel nothing but disrespect in return. But this was different.

This bossy strange big lady was treating her like a slut, calling her a

slut, ordering to do something a slut would do, and Lilliana, right or wrong, was acting like a slut. The way she was reacting to everything was slutty so it didn't feel like Lydia was being rude. Just... accurate.

Lilliana sucked at those three fingers. She worked on them with her tongue sliding up and down their undersides and her lips pressing on Lydia's knuckles. She did treat them like little cocks.

This lesbian had ordered her to do it and... she was doing it. She wasn't even sure why. She wouldn't have done it on her own. Ever. But the order somehow made it necessary. She didn't have to cooperate, she really shouldn't, she must not, but... it was too late. She already was!

Now she didn't even want to stop. Starting felt like a commitment to finishing. Not just the finger sucking. A commitment to whatever came after. Lilliana wasn't even sure what exactly she was committing to but she still felt committed.

Sucking these fingers like they were cocks was ironic because, although she'd done it a few times, she'd never been one for oral pleasuring of her occasional boyfriends. It disappointed them but she'd sort of felt like if they weren't both getting pleasure at the same time it really wasn't worth it. She felt taken advantage of the few times she'd tried it. It almost felt like

she'd been tricked even.

Like she was supposed to like giving oral sex. Obviously, a trick.

Yet, here she was now doing it with full effort and wicked enjoyment on the fingers of a lesbian. She was giving these three fake “finger cocks” more attention and enthusiasm than she'd ever given the real deal.

Lydia watched Lilliana with satisfaction and saw her sex-dazed eyes narrow with passion and focus down on the back of Lydia's right hand. This was good. It felt good on her fingers and boded well for future progression.

“That's a good lesbo slut. Suck those fingers, slut! I just wish they could all cum inside your mouth. You better believe a fuck slut like you would swallow it all down and ask for more!”

Lilliana's eyes briefly widened as she digested those words but then hooded back up as she focused on her own mouth delivering pleasure and trying to digest those fingers.

“That's a good little slutty slut. This is the real you. Total lesbian fuck slut. I'll give you pleasure, you bet your sweet ass I will, but your main mission in life is to give your superiors pleasure in whatever way they want to take it. I'm sure you understand I'm now your sexual superior. That means you take my orders and then you rush to eagerly obey them.”

Lydia saw a little frown on Lilliana's forehead but it was fleeting and could have been from concentration on her assigned task. Or concern at Lydia's words. It didn't matter, thought Lydia. It does not fucking matter. I've got her and I'm going to keep her a while. Get her trained up. Program this wench.

“You're such a good slut. You are meant for this. This is the real you. Slut. Total slut. Slave to the needs of others.”

Lydia thought it was good to work the word slave in there. She also believed in positive reinforcement. Mixed in with the name-calling were compliments. Those could only go so far though. Physical pleasure could go much further. Much.

In a sense slaves were more slaves to their own pussy than they were slave to any Master or Mistress.

Masters. Fucking Masters! Way too many prime slaves were wasted serving Masters when they should be serving Mistresses. Someone should do something about that!

Lydia moved her left hand down to Lilliana's pussy, pressing and pushing the blood flow down into her pelvic region. Then she released the pressure and roughly pulled and tugged both the short dress and Lilliana's

panties down. It was clumsy. She had to pull down one side, then the other, and go back and forth tugging the tight articles of clothing down Lilliana's tight body. Eventually she got them to the narrowing of Lilliana's legs and they slid all the way down and off.

Lilliana helped by raising her ass and kicking her legs free of them even as she kept sucking at those finger cocks. Good dedication to the mission!

Lydia enjoyed the sight of those very long blonde-pale legs in the basement's faded light. That perfectly trimmed blonde bush. Mmmm. That looked tasty.

Not quite yet, though. Sluts believed they were sluts and became sluts not because they were told they were sluts. Well, yes, they did sometimes, but it was much more sure to convince them internally. A slut behaving like a slut came to believe she was a slut and was then very likely to become and remain a slut. It was somewhat of a chicken and the egg proposition. Which one came first? Or was it which one cums first?

What mattered was the end result. Who cared which came first, chicken or the egg, as long as the chicken did as it was told, right?

Lydia made no secret of the fact she was looking at Lilliana's pussy.

Private areas being looked at always drove these sluts crazy, “Look at that wet slut pussy. That is as wet as a pussy can even get. I don't see a man around here, do you? Fuck no! I do see a sexy slut sucking on three lady fingers and loving it like only a real slut, a real lesbian slut, ever could.”

Lilliana's mouth seemed to compress around Lydia's fingers like she was trying to perform even better and Lydia saw her pussy rise up like she was trying to give Lydia an even better view of it. Almost certainly not on purpose. Quite telling. Oh, the stories those pussies told!

Yes, Lydia knew her nasty talk was working wonders on this one. In practically minutes Lilliana had gone from disdain for profanity to arousal by it. Neat fucking trick!

Lydia was delighted and genuinely wanted to reward the girl. While also taking her further down the road to slavery of course.

Lydia worked two fingers easily into that offered pussy and got her thumb pad placed on Lilliana's clitoris or at least thereabouts as the girl bumped and squirmed her hips. Lydia saw that when she penetrated Lilliana with her set of fingers those pussy lips widened and released a small flood of juices that spilled down onto the bean bag and were quickly absorbed by the fuzzy orange material.

Lydia kept a smile off her face as she considered the bean bag was going to maybe smell like pussy for a few days. Maybe she'd get one of the others to lick it clean. Or maybe Lilliana herself! Ooo, maybe even have her younger sister from upstairs do it if Gretchen was having her usual success!

Lydia kept jamming one set of fingers into the slut's mouth and another set of fingers into the slut's slut pussy. She synchronized so she crammed both sets hard simultaneously. Lilliana choked on fingers even as fingers ripped pleasure into her.

Lydia, feeling confident, took time to wonder if what she was doing with her own lady fingers was why they called some of those fireworks “ladyfingers”. Both her fingers and those fireworks led to a bang, right?

To Lilliana it felt like both her pussy and her face were being fully fucked. Penis. Fingers. It didn't matter. She took it and was glad to take it. She felt grateful to receive them. Each time the fingers eased off their pressure a little she tried to show her appreciation by sucking at the ones in her mouth and pumping her pussy up. She tried to do everything she could to show she loved what Lydia was doing.

She didn't want Lydia to take away those fingers!

She couldn't believe how hot she felt. She was seething with lust. She

felt like she was bubbling to a boil.

She wasn't going to... was she? She couldn't... no... yes... maybe...
yes....

For sure!

When she finally understood the words Lydia kept murmuring in her ear which were, again and again, “Slave Slut”, Lilliana did her utmost to show her gratitude for Lydia's wicked attentions. She climaxed.

Lydia had to grin when she heard Lilliana's ululating squeal as she came. She would not have thought a human throat could make that sound. Of course, her spit-soaked fingers probably deserved some of the credit as they stabbed around inside Lilliana's mouth.

Chapter Eight

Lydia chose this as the perfect time for her hands to switch locations

and roles. She pulled the fingers of her right hand out of Lilliana's mouth and the fingers of her left hand out of Lilliana's squeezing pussy. She jammed the saliva-wet fingers of her right hand right into that pussy which was too wet to resist their entry and too aroused to make the fingers feel anything other than welcome.

Lilliana's mouth, gasping for breath, newly freed from fingers blockage, opened further as she groaned from the fingers entering her pussy. Lydia utilized that moment of increased access to jam the pussy-juice wet fingers of her left hand right into that lovely face orifice.

Lydia couldn't tell which hole was more welcoming. Lilliana's mouth clung and sucked at her fingers like a baby on a pacifier while Lilliana's pussy hugged hotly at Lydia's other set of fingers.

“Filthy dirty slave slut.” Jam, jam, jam.

“You're my slave now!” Jam, jam, jam.

“You belong to me!” Jam, jam, jam.

“You will do whatever I tell you to do from now on.”

Jam, jam, jam, jam.

“You're a fucking lesbo slut!” Jam, jam, jam.

“My slut slave!” Jam, jam, jam.

“You agree with me, right?” Lydia used her fingers planted in Lilliana's mouth to force Lilliana's head to nod.

“You want to be my little lesbo slave, right?” Lydia forced more nods from Lilliana's unresisting head.

“You will do what I say no fucking matter what, right?” More nods and they looked like eager nods from the power Lydia used to whiplash Lilliana's head.

“You belong to me, right?” Lydia was still using her grip but she could also feel that Lilliana was assisting and willingly nodding her head. At least for the moment she agreed!

Or maybe she was just trying to make the head nodding agreements less savage. Maybe the slut was just trying to avoid whiplash. Lydia wanted some fucking agreement! A slut's agreement was so much more powerful than just telling them things.

Lydia wanted to pounce on any sign of agreement. If the slaves would say what you wanted them to say then it was just fine for them to talk. Always good to get them to say it. Telling them was one thing. Getting them to agree was another. But getting them to say it themselves was the very

best.

Lydia whipped her fingers – now cleaned of pussy juice – out of Lilliana's mouth.

“Tell me you belong to me, Slave Slut!”

Lilliana worked her mouth. It looked like she was trying to remember how to talk while she still pushed her pussy up for more, “I... do! I... belong... to you!”

“Tell me what you are!”

“I'm... yours.”

“No, idiot, talk fucking nasty like the nasty slut you are. Make it dirty!”

“I don't... I mean... I don't usually... I mean... I don't swear.”

Lydia barked a laugh, “Past tense, bitch! You mean you didn't used to swear but now you fucking do swear because I say so. I'm going to love hearing nasty talk out of your perfect sweet lips. Ugly talk from the beauty! Do it! You know swear words. I fucking know you do. Show them off. Now!”

Lydia added oomph to the order by jamming the fingers in Lilliana's pussy savagely hard and deep making the webbing between Lydia's thumb and forefinger mash and crush on Lilliana's clitoris.

Lilliana bucked but not to get away. It was responsiveness to the assault on her pussy and then she responded verbally to Lydia's assault on her mind, "I'm... I'm... so fucking... a slut... a slave. Your slave slut! I'm fucking your fingers!"

"Dirtier, dammit!"

"I'm a... slut for you. I'm a dirty cunt! I'm a little bitch! I'm your bitch! I'll do anything for you!"

"Better. The real you is nine tenths pussy and one tenth brain. And ten tenths mine! You're my bitch and you love it!"

Lilliana jiggled her pussy up against Lydia's plunging fingers, "Oh, ooooooh, fuck my pussy. Finger fuck my cunt! My cunt wants it! Fucking take it! Take me! I'm your bitch!"

Lilliana climaxed again, this time so hard that she flopped sideways and slid off the bean bag. She was free of all of Lydia's fingers but she continued to writhe like she was having a seizure.

Lydia watched with great satisfaction. Another one bites the dust. Or almost. As long as the dust was Lydia's pussy. And no biting. Lydia wouldn't put up with a slave biting her.

Chapter Nine

Lydia let Lilliana calm for a couple minutes and she used that time to take off all of her own clothing. She briefly wondered how Gretchen was faring. Probably very well. Gretchen was wicked clever. That Julissa sure was a cutie. But her sister here, Lilliana, was even better, built much like a classic model.

Lydia was quite pleased with the one she got and quite happy with the progress made.

Her own pussy was far from satisfied though. Time to fix that.

She got in position above the oblivious Lilliana and lowered down.

“This better be good.” Lydia warned Lilliana and that was all the

warning she got.

Lilliana opened her eyes to see a view almost entirely filled with Lydia's ass and pussy. She did not try to avoid anything as Lydia laid pussy to face, the huge slit stretching from chin to forehead.

Even a relative innocent like Lilliana, even so tired and spent, knew what was expected. There was no question of resistance. Resistance was beyond futile. It wasn't even a consideration. No, there wasn't any internal debate whether or not she was going to lick. It was how to best do it to do the best job at it that a slutty slave like her could do.

Lilliana swept her tongue out and up and went to work. She was surprisingly enthusiastic. It surprised her and Lydia both. Long minutes went by and the wet slick slurping sounds turned them both on. Lilliana's entire face, every inch, became covered with slick pussy juice. The hair framing her face darkened and clung to her.

Lydia felt her own orgasm approaching. Finally! She deserved it after pulling in yet another slave. Maybe not a complete slave yet but well on the way. As much on the way as possible from a single encounter. Maybe she should make Lilliana do just a little more dirty talk just to seal the deal.

Lydia raised up to give Lilliana a chance to catch her breath, "Tell me

what you want and make it dirty, bitch!”

“I... I want your pussy!”

“Make it dirty!”

“I want to lick your cunt! I want to suck your cunt!”

“Whose cunt? You're a slave now. I'm your Mistress. That's what you call me from now on!”

There was only a fraction of a hesitation. Lilliana just couldn't muster resistance to Lydia's will and she was still so aroused. Having that big pussy almost engulf her face, surprisingly, hadn't turned her off. Just the opposite.

It was physically grotesque this big woman, this near stranger, sitting on her face. It was morally grotesque doing whatever this woman told her to do. This... Mistress.

But... that doesn't mean it wasn't going to happen....

“I want to suck your pussy, Mistress!”

“After I cum all over your face are you going to lick my ass, too, slave slut?”

“Yes, Mistress! I'll do it if you want, Mistress! I'm your filthy slut,

Mistress!”

“You won't just do it. You'll love doing it! Tell me! Tell me!”

“I'll love eating your ass! I'll lick it clean with my slutty bitch mouth! I'll-I'll-I'll stick my tongue way up in your ass! My slut tongue!”

“Oh, yes! Oh, yes, you fucking will!” Lydia vehemently agreed.

Lydia ground her pussy back down on that lovely face. She'd heard what she wanted to hear. Lilliana the Slave Slut was talking just the way Lydia wanted.

Lydia murmured as lust and passion gripped her and Lilliana's tongue delved up and down her slit. Her words weren't loud but Lilliana heard and understood them, “I think... I'll call you... Potty Mouth. Your new fucking name.”

Lydia rotated her pussy to mash it around on both of Lilliana's cheeks, then her chin, and then on her nose. Lilliana was a delightful little chair. Her tongue kept swiping away even though sometimes it hit Lydia's rear or even nothing but air occasionally.

Lydia decided to add to her theme for Lilliana, “From now on, besides always calling me Mistress, you will always use profanity when you speak.

Does the slave understand? Tell me, Potty Mouth.”

Lydia lifted up, heard Potty Mouth take a gulp of air and then speak, “Fuck yes, Mistress.”

Lydia sat back down with a groan of pleasure as Potty Mouth's tongue darted up past her labial lips. Lydia still smiled though. The profane addition of “fuck” made Lilliana seem eager but her defeated tone made it clear she was not really pleased by this new rule.

Well, thought Lydia, she'll get used to it. Or not. Didn't matter to her. It was an excellent slave name for this one. She was tempted actually to make her swear in every sentence to everyone from now on. Even her family. However, while it was important to push these slaves all the time, to expand their boundaries – or, really, destroy those boundaries – it was also important not to do too much too fast.

Lydia figured having this one call herself a Slave Slut, having her call Lydia Mistress, having her swear every sentence to her Mistress, her first lesbian encounter ever, her first pussy licking ever, her first submission ever... that was probably enough for one day.

Oh, and, of course, her first thorough ass-fucking! Can't forget to do that!

Hmm. Potty Mouth. That could become a dual purpose slave name now that she thought about it. Profane talk and, maybe, or actually definitely, why not also use her as a urine receptacle? Potty Mouth indeed!

That idea really turned on Lydia.

Yeah, this one was going to be a useful and amusing slave! Lydia pictured peeing right into Potty Mouth's potty mouth and pictured her look of dismayed arousal....

Lydia came all over Potty Mouth's face. In the heat of the moment she even bounced her heavy weight up and down on Potty Mouth's face. She rode that face and rode out her orgasm.

Lydia had had so many excellent orgasms in her life she'd be loath to call any single one of them the best. But this one was certainly wonderful.

Afterward Lydia stood up off the new slave. She turned her and lifted her and maneuvered her back over to the bean bag and flopped her down on it. Potty Mouth's tummy was about where the biggest wet spot was.

“Potty Mouth! Lift your ass up but keep your face down. Really get that ass high. Time to spank it. I'm going to spank it hard and you're going to love it. All you slaves love a good hard spanking.”

Lilliana got into the requested position and, as she did, Lydia heard her say something. A mumble.

“Potty Mouth! Speak clearly. What did you just say?”

“I said... Mistress, I fucking said “Not again”.”

“Again? What do you mean? Who spanked you? When?”

Lilliana paused like she really didn't want to say. Which was exactly correct. Thinking about her sister at all was embarrassing.

She realized her sister was probably still in the living room which meant she was only about ten feet away straight up. She hoped her sister hadn't somehow heard any of the happenings down here.

How was she even going to go home without Julissa realizing something had gone on? Lilliana realized she was practically coated in drying sweat and pussy juice.

Lilliana felt a blaze of pain on her presented rear. Mistress had spanked her!

“Answer me, Potty Mouth. The truth. Nothing but the truth. You are not allowed to lie to your Mistress.”

“My sister. I mean, my fucking bitch sister. Julissa. That little bitch. She saw me wearing lingerie with my back to her and she fucking spanked my... my... ass.”

Lydia was delighted. She had known this happened from watching the hidden video but she enjoyed putting Potty Mouth on the spot and was pleased Potty Mouth was properly honest with her, “Good girl, Potty Mouth. Good swearing from your potty mouth for one thing. Keep that up. You know, forever. Your sister spanked you, huh? Mmm, I'd pay to see that. Maybe we should recreate the scene, huh? Have her come down here? You know, “cum” down here?”

“Oh, Mistress, please fuck no. I'd fucking do anything. Will you please spank me, Mistress? I'm sure you can spank me much fucking better than my bitch sister. There's no reason to involve her.... That bitch. Okay, Mistress?”

“Tell you what, Potty Mouth. I'll spank you and I'll ass fuck you. If you keep your ass up and in position for the whole spanking and ass-fucking then I'll let you go without a spanking from your sister. If not, she'll be spanking you again. Right away. That's fair. Not that I even need to be fair.”

Lydia began delivering severe swats to Lilliana's lovely arched and exposed ass. Lilliana kept her ass high and in place.

Lilliana was motivated. Julissa had to be kept out of this. Julissa had to be protected. Big sisters had to protect their little sisters.

Also... big sisters couldn't let their little sisters know what kinds of crazy situations they get into or that gets into them. Especially lesbian fingers getting into their pussy or a lesbian getting a dildo into the big sister's ass. Especially then.

Swat after swat after swat. She thought her ass must be blazing red to match the blazing pain! She'd thought that she just needed to decide to hold her position and that would be it. A done deal. But it took a lot of determination to lift her ass up like that for ongoing abuse.

It was strange to Lilliana. Despite the pain she kept picturing her own ass and she could sense and enjoy Mistress's pleasure at abusing it.

She also could not help picturing being bent over and taking a spanking from Julissa, this time a much more thorough and extended spanking than the playful one earlier. She also pictured Julissa over her lap with her little ass naked and presented for punishment. She envisioned her own hand spanking that ass over and over. Really giving it to that little bitch.

Actually, picturing that wasn't quite right. In fact, imagining her spanking one of her younger sisters felt all wrong. Not because Julissa was her sister. No, it was because she didn't feel that – she knew – spanking was not her proper role. Also, Lydia could spank Julissa much much harder. As she should be spanked!

It burned Lilliana almost as much as her ass burned that she was being spanked and Julissa was up there neatly avoiding it with that other photographer. Julissa always had all the luck!

Maybe she could get Julissa to switch photographers with her before the next photo-shoot and then... not even warn her about Lydia....

Even with big Lydia, her new Mistress, abusing her ass so much worse than what Julissa had done jokingly, she somehow still resented her sister more than Lydia. Actually, even with this terrible treatment, she had a hard time mustering any resentment towards Lydia.

Those orgasms! They'd done a number on her mind. She felt so grateful even as Lydia brought pain down on her. Lilliana knew this was all different than how she would have reacted just half an hour earlier but she still couldn't resist her own grateful lust.

Despite the pain Potty Mouth realized she felt tremendous pleasure.

Combined with a sort of satisfaction at her own abuse. After all, Mistress wanted her to have it. Her pussy was running with even more wetness. The little monster – her pussy – still hadn't had enough.

By the time the spanking was over Potty Mouth was approaching orgasm and felt genuine regret the spanking stopped. She'd been so in that endless-feeling moment of pain and pleasure twining with each other that she had never wanted it to stop. She hadn't waited for it to stop. She didn't feel relieved. She felt an odd loss.

Potty Mouth wondered why Mistress stopped. She could have just kept going until Potty Mouth came or passed out. Or came and then passed out. She should have God damn it!

“Time to ass fuck,” announced Lydia.

Oh, that's why, thought Potty Mouth. She'd forgotten that part. She had wished Mistress had not meant it. Just minutes ago.

She wished that at the time but now... she'd take any attention Mistress was willing to give her. She needed something. Maybe an ass fucking was exactly what a slut like her needed!

This event, this moment, was by far the wildest time of her life. Maybe not a good wild but definitely wild.

Lydia pulled a dildo out from under the bean bag. Potty Mouth wondered if Lydia kept dildos hidden all over the place or if she'd placed it there planning on using it during this “seduction”.

Potty Mouth guessed that didn't matter. At least for right now she was all Mistress's to do as she wanted.

Potty Mouth hoped that the dildo was clean but guessed that didn't matter either. Clean or dirty, Mistress was going to stick it up inside her. Her body was Mistress's for Mistress to do as she wished with it.

Potty Mouth risked a quick look into Lydia's dark blank shark eyes. Mistress looked like the type of girl who used to play rough with her toys and broke them much sooner than the manufacturer estimated they'd last.

Potty Mouth wasn't sure. Maybe this was what she deserved for being so weak and so slutty. Besides deserving it somehow she even felt like she now *needed* it.

Lydia placed the head of the dildo – a flared head imitating a real cock – against Potty Mouth's butt hole and, incredibly, said almost exactly what Potty Mouth had just thought, “This is exactly what a slave slut like you needs.”

Lydia pushed the plastic cock in slow and steady while using her free

hand to hold Potty Mouth's hip and keep her in place.

Lydia was impressed, “Holy fuck! Your ass is tight! Don't worry, it won't stop me.”

That wasn't at all what Potty Mouth was worried about!

Lydia sounded matter-of-fact and cocky at the same time. A dangerous combination, “We'll get rid of that tightness after a couple weeks of this.”

A couple weeks! Potty Mouth realized again that Mistress had long term plans for her. She wasn't sure about that! Of course... she wouldn't say that to Mistress.

About half way in Lydia couldn't make any more forward progress. It was time to jackhammer it. She pulled it back a couple inches, slammed it forward, and then did that again and again. Over and over. Each time it went in a few millimeters further.

Potty Mouth made quite a few quite loud sounds of discomfort and it seemed to her that Mistress ignored them as the ass pummeling continued. But Mistress did not actually ignore the groans and cries. She enjoyed them.

Potty Mouth felt humiliated by her own sounds. They were mostly grunts and they sounded like the grunts of effort of someone trying to make

something difficult leave their ass. In this case, it was the other way around, something difficult was entering her ass further and further.

Lydia reached under Potty Mouth and twiddled with her clitoris. At first Potty Mouth wasn't even aware of it as she was too caught up with the invasion of her ass. Lydia knew that would change in time. The clitoris was feeling it and sooner or later the sensations would make it up to Potty Mouth's little brain.

Lydia knew Lilliana was much smarter than her. But Potty Mouth? She wasn't. In circumstances of sexual domination and submission Potty Mouth was the dumb one and Lydia was the genius.

It was time to get Potty Mouth to ask for what she did not seem to want. And give thanks for it. After that they could work together to make the lie into the truth.

“Potty Mouth, what are we doing right now?”

“Mistress! You're fucking my dirty ass!”

“I can tell you love it.”

“I... what?”

Lydia, somewhat sideways to Lilliana, leaned down and delivered a

savage bite to one of Lilliana's ass cheeks, so hard it was definitely going to leave a mark. Lilliana cried out but admirably stayed in position.

“Potty Mouth, you love having your ass fucked. Don't lie to your Mistress! Ass fucking is your new thing. You fucking love it. Don't you?”

Lilliana was confused. It was a Catch-22 situation. If she said what Mistress told her to say it would be a lie. Mistress had told her not to lie but had also told her to tell a specific lie.

What to do?

It was suddenly very clear. She should always do what Mistress wanted. If there was a conflict between “past Mistress” and “present Mistress” then the you had to obey the wishes of “present Mistress”. Only “present Mistress” could spank you!

It was obvious what Mistress wanted her to say right then.

“I'm a slut for ass fucking. I'm your ass fuck slave. Fuck my dirty ass! Mistress, I fucking love you fucking my ass!”

Lydia jammed the dildo particularly hard and it slid an extra inch into new ass channel territory, “Shouldn't a shit scum Potty Mouth like you thank her Mistress then?”

“Oh uh uh, yes, Mistress! Uh uh uh. Thank uh you, Mistress. Oh, uh, Mistress, pound my uh shitty ass! Uhhhh!”

“You're welcome you piece of shit!” Lydia rammed the dildo home repeatedly and finally ran out of dildo length to feed in and still keep a grip on the nearly foot-long monster.

She kept it planted deep inside Lilliana's ass just letting her feel the fullness. The discomfort would recede and the new slave would finally start to appreciate the sensations emanating from her clitoris.

Lydia always figured that a real big dildo up the ass worked its wonder in part by restricting and redirecting blood flow. The circulation had to send the now extra blood somewhere especially when she had the little bitches hearts pumping like hummingbirds. Where could it go? Lots of places but some of them included the vulva and clitoris. The more filled they were the more sensitive they became.

Sure enough, after a minute of this treatment, Potty Mouth was feeling it, really feeling it, and showed it by bobbing and swiveling her hips futilely to increase contact. Maximum contact with her clitoris was already achieved and she couldn't get that dildo in any further on her own. All her movements did was communicate a message of success to Lydia.

Then Lydia started rotating the dildo slowly but steadily like she was screwing in a nail while she kept it plunged fully into Potty Mouth's ass. This brought a lot of sensation to Potty Mouth coming from her ass but did not eclipse the pleasure in her achingly rubbed, pinched, and irritated clitoris.

The orgasm built and built. Potty Mouth had a hard time believing it. She wasn't sure she was ready for that kind of orgasm under these circumstances.

Ready or not....

Important choices like whether or not to orgasm weren't up to her any longer. They were up to Mistress.

Lydia pulled her fingers away from that wet hard clitoris. Now was the time. She moved the hand to grip one of Potty Mouth's ass cheeks which she pulled outwards so her ass was even more available. Then she began really fucking that ass.

Lydia pulled the dildo out until Potty Mouth's sphincter bulged outwards from the flared head and then Lydia plunged it back in as fast and brutal as the strong woman could muster.

Potty Mouth took it like a trooper. She held in place mostly.

She'd been so close to orgasm that almost any strong sensation could put her over the top. Lydia figured she could have spanked her some more or even turned her around and slapped her face and gotten the orgasm out of her. Those would have been fine but Lydia liked getting them hooked on ass play as soon as possible. Because she was hooked on the other end of ass play.

They were the taker and she was the giver. Who said Lydia wasn't a giving person? She was a giver!

Lydia was heavily involved in slut charity.

Just before Potty Mouth climaxed she felt compelled to let Mistress know the obvious, "Mistress! Fuck! I'm going to fucking cum!"

"Yes, you are, Potty Mouth. You're an ass slut. This is your first of many many ass orgasms. Go ahead!"

"Fucking thank you, Mistress! Fuck my ass, Mistress!"

Huh? Lydia had forgotten to instruct the new slave to thank her but she'd done it anyway! Excellent!

Potty Mouth screamed as she orgasmed. Lydia bet Potty Mouth's sister heard that one no matter where she was in the house.

Potty Mouth's scream extended and changed, becoming something that didn't sound human. Lydia thought it sounded like an eagle cry when it was diving for the kill. A really loud and extended eagle's cry.

Slut music!

Potty Mouth's perspiration slick hip slid free of Lydia's gripping hand and Potty Mouth flopped onto the bean bag in a sexual belly flop and Lydia's other hand lost the dildo. Potty Mouth convulsed on the bean bag. It looked like she was humping it. Humping it with a new plastic cylinder tail in her ass.

Lydia watched the lovely sight for a minute. She marveled at the beauty of all those young sexy muscles flexing and firing. Could there be any doubt making sluts like this cum like this was the best thing to do? None!

Chapter Ten

Lydia sensed something and looked up. She saw Gretchen near the bottom of the basement steps watching.

Gretchen did not look as proud and as pleased as Lydia would have thought she would look. Lydia immediately thought something must have gone very wrong with Julissa.

She left Potty Mouth laying there, went to Gretchen, and the two of them went upstairs to talk. Lydia wasn't too worried about Potty Mouth. She wouldn't even be able to stand for maybe ten more minutes unless a fire broke out.

Once she was able to stand, well, she was a slave now. She'd wait until she was told what to do. That enslaved effect would wear down over time and with some it wore down fucking quick. You had to keep renewing it at first.

Their damn brains kept trying to take back control over their submissive pussies. But if you kept it up, all that abusive pleasure and demeaning treatment, eventually the brains gave it up. Some surrendered, well, everything, very quickly indeed.

Lydia took a look in the living room, didn't see Julissa and was worried at the expression on Gretchen's face, "What happened, Gretch? Was your

blonde sister a runner?”

“Fuck no! Come on, have some faith in me.”

“What then?”

“I fucking checked my fucking email. You know how my buyer hasn't been responding? Harem brokers! Who can count on them?”

“Well, shit, I don't know. I hadn't even ever heard of such a thing.”

“Exactly. Fucking exactly, Lydia. There was still nothing from him so I did a search on his name. It's like fourteen syllables long by the way. Anyway, fucker got arrested!”

“Are you shitting me?”

“I shit you not. The Saudi Arabian equivalent to our Homeland Security. Conspiracy against the crown or some such.”

“Doesn't “the crown” like harems? It should be conspiracy *with* “the crown”! Don't tell me “the crown” is growing a pair of moral testicles. So to speak. Yuck. Testicles. Disgusting. Like carrying around two small pink brain corals between your legs. Softer, though, I guess.”

“What now? Find another buyer?”

“Nope. Can't risk it. Harem brokers don't grow on trees and everything gets monitored by nosy governments. We try to go around selling, you know, human beings like they like to call them and, bam, we're behind bars.”

“This is some fucked up bad fuck up. Are we going to get kicked out and have to live on the streets? Fuck, now we have, like nine going on ten slave mouths to feed as well.”

“It's not quite all bad. I did find out who is representing the harem broker in court. Or, you know, in the torture chamber they probably have him in. I already called him. I was careful and talked with this guy about asking the broker – between torture sessions maybe – to ask the broker about,” Gretchen began making air quotes where needed, ““special packages” in “the land of the infidel” in a “special neighborhood” and what to do. The fixer already knew what to tell me. He was going to call me anyway. Our buyer has to hide all these activities according to his fixer or lawyer or whatever he is. Buying sex slaves in Saudi Arabia isn't really frowned on but it will be used against you if the royals want to get you. They don't know about any of this guy's slave dealing stuff and the fixer wants to keep it that way. So all these houses, the whole fucking gated community, has been transferred into our names. No record of sale from him to us but we'll have the proof of ownership on every property.”

“And we get to keep the slaves!”

“Yes, ten sexy silver linings. But... we don't have hardly any money, no source of money coming in, and no money to pay off the guards. They could be a problem. Their pay is overdue as is and it will never arrive. All payments are shut down. The fixer says they can't leave an electronic trail. Shit, we'll have to pay property taxes!”

“Goddammit! Property taxes!”

“We'll turn these houses into a source of money. We'll have the slaves move in with us or with each other in one of the houses and sell or rent the other three houses. The houses are all new with no mortgages since the buyer had them fully built to his specifications on land he bought. With great houses like these we can easily pull in enough money to live like queens.”

“Two queens with ten slaves to serve them!”

“I don't know. Maybe only nine. Maybe only five.”

“I'm no math whiz but...”

“Those guards are owed money. A lot of money between the four of them. I think we need to pay them in slaves to get them to go away. Then we can sell or rent their house as well. Hopefully we can just throw them

Janelle. But, push comes to shove, if they insist on, say, the whole Reynolds clan and Janelle, too, we'd have to give them up. An anonymous call to the police from them and we might find ourselves on the news and behind bars.”

“Our blondes? They might get all our blondes? Fuck, Gretchen, you know I dig blondes. Shit. Blacks like the blondes, too, don't they?”

“We might have to give them Janelle and the blonde family or Janelle and the Piersons and the Finns. I'm just guessing.”

“What if I just fight the black security guards? There's only four of them. One is so old I bet I could knock her out by flicking a finger on her forehead. If I lose the fight, we deal with them. If I win, problem solved.”

“No way, Lydia! They have fucking guns. Besides, if they lose you can bet they'll make some calls even if only anonymous ones. No. They need to be kept happy. Which mean, much as we hate that kind of thing, making some kind of fair deal.”

“Fair deals can suck my ass! You know, if a slave slut isn't already doing that duty.”

“Got to do what we got to do.”

Lydia nodded and slumped her shoulders slightly. No fist fights for

her, “So maybe, worst case, we have three or four very nice new big houses to rent out or sell and five slaves. Those being the two Finns and the three Piersons. Not too bad, I guess. Not two million a head but... not too bad.”

The two big ladies relaxed in silence for an agreeable minute. They had a plan they agreed on so they were not too stressed out any longer.

Gretchen changed the subject, “Good work on your Reynolds girl, Lilliana. I got mine. I think you'll like this. I'm calling mine Juicy. I almost called her “Piggy” but that just wasn't sexy like I like. Still, it is like we're the big bad wolves. There are three sisters just like there were three little piggies, too. Still, we'd have to name them, what, “Piggy”, “Hog”, and, what, “Ham”? See, it just won't work. Did you come up with a new name for yours yet?”

“Yeah, I did. She never used to swear. At all. It was her thing to not swear. A point of pride. A slut with pride is like a submarine with wheels and an outdoor petting zoo. So I made her swear a bunch and now she has to swear every time she speaks in front of me. I'm making her into the most profane slut in the entire neighborhood. So I'm calling her Potty Mouth. I fucking love it.”

“You're shitting me!”

“No, I shit you not.”

“That's amazing!”

“Well... it's not that amazing....”

“No, it is. I'll tell you why. You and I have a connection. Some kind of mystical magical mumbo jumbo something. The other one? Julissa? Guess what! I just pissed in her mouth! Right fucking now she is laying in the tub soaked in my piss waiting for her new Mistress to come back. Get it? While I was pissing in her mouth you were naming yours Potty Mouth!”

“Brilliant, Gretch, brilliant. Hey, can you keep an eye on Potty Mouth for a minute?”

“Sure. Why?”

“I'm going to go upstairs and make a potty in the mouth of Potty Mouth's sister!”

The End

...Until Impossible Seduction 12, soon to cum...

Available Books

“Impossible Seduction” series:

1. IMPOSSIBLE SEDUCTION ONE: VOYEUR

Three beautiful all-female families are moved into a secluded gated community for a unique opportunity to model together. However, all is not as it seems. The two bull dyke photographers actually have a contract and a plan to seduce and tame them all in order to supply them to Saudi harems in return for riches. The plan takes shape and progress is made.

2. IMPOSSIBLE SEDUCTION TWO: DOMINATED

Megan watched what happened with Naomi's daughter Abigail. Now we find out what Naomi saw when she watched over Megan's daughter, Kaia. What will the bull dyke Lydia do with Kaia? Is there anything Naomi can do? What will the dominant dyke team of Gretchen and Lydia do with Abigail who they now have in their clutches in the privacy of their home for hours?

3. IMPOSSIBLE SEDUCTION THREE: A TALE OF LESBIAN TAMING TWO MILFS

The dominant dyke team of Gretchen and Lydia investigates who made the noise that ruined Lydia's final seduction of Kaia. It was two of the MILFs! They see that Megan peeped at Gretchen and Naomi peeped at Lydia and even had the nerve to interrupt her! They also see how aroused the MILFs became watching. Now it is their turn to experience lesbian domination!

4. IMPOSSIBLE SEDUCTION FOUR: JANELLE VS. REDHEADS

Janelle, a once famous model and now the sexual pawn of the dominant dyke team of Gretchen and Lydia, must carry out their assignment to separately seduce both Brooke and Bridget Finn. Janelle must do it to avoid a dark fate but finds she likes it. Brooke also finds she likes it on the other end of things.

5. IMPOSSIBLE SEDUCTION FIVE: SEDUCED VIA LESBIAN HOME INVASION

Janelle has left the Finn home with Brooke and Bridget in disarray. Gretchen and Lydia saw on their hidden cameras how aroused and ready Bridget is and they mean to take full advantage. But, to do so, they'll need to engage in some lesbian home invasion. Fine by them! Plus, more psychological manipulation and domination of Megan Reynolds.

6. IMPOSSIBLE SEDUCTION SIX: THE EROTIC EVIL CONSPIRACY

The dominants Gretchen and Lydia invite Abigail over and its an invitation she cannot refuse. She isn't sure if she wants to. They seek to isolate her further and make her ever more dependent on their demanding orders. Megan wants to escape the gated community. She thinks so. Pretty sure. But she needs a permission slip from the dominants to leave. What must she do for it or because of it?

7. IMPOSSIBLE SEDUCTION SEVEN: WICKED MANIPULATION BY DOMINANT LESBIAN NEIGHBORS

Megan, mother of three lovely blondes daughters, decided to leave the gated community that is feeling like a prison. But she had to get past the black lesbian prison parolee “security guards” to escape. They know the phrase that means Megan must obey them. Janelle, the disgraced former supermodel learns her dark fate. Brooke serves the dominant lesbian neighbors.

8. IMPOSSIBLE SEDUCTION EIGHT: DOMINANT LESBIANS DOMINATE REDHEADED MOM AND DAUGHTER

The cruel wicked dommes Gretchen and Lydia seek to complete their control over the redheaded all-female family, the mother and daughter, Brooke and Bridget Finn. They want to drive them apart form each other while driving them further in to the grip of submission, so far they cannot escape. More than that, they want to train both of them to orgasm from pain!

9. IMPOSSIBLE SEDUCTION 9: DOMINANT LESBIANS TARGET THE FINAL PIERSON GIRL FOR SEDUCTION AND DOMINATION

Evil Gretchen and Nasty Lydia have more seducing to complete. Harmony is still innocent. Her mom and her little sister have already fallen and are submissively following the twisted bizarre orders of Gretchen and Lydia. Will Harmony join her mom and her little sister in submissive servitude? Can Gretchen and Lydia complete an oh so dirty “clean sweep” of the Pierson family?

10. IMPOSSIBLE SEDUCTION 10: SEDUCTION AND DOMINATION AND SUBMISSION AS THE DOMINANTS GO AFTER THE BLONDE DAUGHTERS

Gretchen and Lydia, the evil lesbian dominants, have blonde mother Megan Reynolds under their control. Now they want her three daughters! They decide to make the mother help out! Can Megan

resist or will she cooperate? Megan and Janelle also need to keep sexually satisfying the much younger black lesbian guards. What is planned for Megan's daughters Lilliana, Julissa, and Kaia?

11. IMPOSSIBLE SEDUCTION 11: TWO OF THE BLONDE DAUGHTERS ARE IN THE HOUSE OF THE DOMINANTS. CAN THEY ESCAPE WITH THEIR LESBIAN VIRGINITY?

Dominant lesbian Gretchen had the middle blonde daughter right where she wants her. Right between her legs! Julissa still struggles for independence and against her own arousal. Meanwhile her older sister, Lilliana, is in the basement with the other photographer, the oh so dominant Lydia. Lilliana is older than her sister and Lydia is even less attractive than Gretchen. Will it matter?

“A Lesbian Orientation” series:

1. CARA TRIES TO BE A GOOD EXAMPLE

Cara agrees to live with Mindy Short in order to be a positive example to her regarding the benefits of heterosexuality versus Mindy's lesbian nature. Instead of Cara having a positive influence on Mindy, the opposite occurs, and Mindy begins to influence Cara in dark negative sexual ways. What can Mindy change about Cara?

2. CARA'S LESBIAN SEDUCTION

Mindy's influence over Cara expands as Mindy completes her lesbian seduction of the former prom queen. And more! Mindy doesn't just want Cara's submission. She wants to show her total control by making Cara become her human sex pet! Can Cara keep her humanity?

3. CARA BECOMES HER ROOMMATE'S LESBIAN PET

Mindy has decided her little “good example” Cara should be kept naked, wear a collar, even wear a “tail”, and act like a doggy. She also has decided to share Cara with others for sex. What does Cara think about that? And... does Mindy care? Will Cara admit Mindy is her Owner?

“Teen Lesbians Taking Over” series:

1. TAKING OVER MRS. GREENWAY:

Mrs. Greenway discovers that Cara, who she sent to influence Mindy Short, has instead been influenced. Mindy discovers it was Mrs. Greenway, that sexy MILF, who set up Cara to live with her. Mrs. Greenway wants to kick Mindy out of school. Mindy wants to sexually take over Mrs. Greenway. Who will win?

2. TAMING MRS. GREENWAY

Mindy wants Joan to be another sex pet for her, to be her little “Pet Joannie”, another human doggy. She also wants to make Joan do lots of things, wicked things, even things involving Joan's lovely young adult daughter. Will Joan stand up to her... or stay down on all fours?

3. *TAKING OVER AUBREE*

Aubree, Joan's lovely administrative assistant, has come across Joan in a compromised position. Mindy orders Joan to seduce Aubree to protect the young dominant lesbians on campus. Will Joan do it? Will she succeed? Will Aubree escape or... like it?

4. *OWNING AUBREE*

Aubree is a young mother who still breast feeds her little daughter. Mmm, breast milk! The teenage lesbian dominants are fascinated. They have naughty plans for Aubree. They already have a few sex pets, all of them human doggies. How about a pet human cow? Can Aubree avoid a fate of extreme submission?

5. *TAKING OVER TANYA... AND HER NEIGHBOR TOO*

Mindy likes the idea of owning a sexy African-American woman. Tanya, a Director on campus, would be perfect! Mindy wants to take her over sexually and give her to her friends as a pet. What kind of pet? Tanya has a big backyard perfect for a horse! One horse is not enough. Maybe they should tame Tanya's neighbor also?

“Lesbian Stalker's Pets” series:

1. *LAURI'S LESBIAN STALKER BECOMES HER ROOMMATE*

Mindy uses her control over Joan Greenway to force her to reassign Lauri Hayward to live with Mindy's dominant lesbian friend Rosalie. Rosalie has been stalking Lauri. Now with Lauri conveniently forced to live with her can she seduce and dominate the beauty despite Lauri being a brown belt in jujitsu?

2. *LESBIAN STALKER'S PET ROOMMATES*

Rosalie has entrapped Lauri into losing a bet meaning Lauri, like the third roommate Pet Mia, must be her sexual pet. For twenty-four hours. Rosalie wants to Own Lauri body and soul forever! Can Rosalie get Lauri to agree to be her pet for longer, much longer? Will Lauri like being submissive to her bully stalker?

3. *LESBIAN STALKER PET TRAINS HER ROOMMATE'S BEST FRIEND*

Lauri has a close friend, Francesca, living close by and has been in secret contact with her. Rosalie finds out and also finds out how beautiful the Italian immigrant is. Mindy and Rosalie concoct a crazy plan to use Francesca's caring good will and loyal friendship against her. Can Rosalie manage to seduce this incredible hottie?

4. LESBIAN STALKER STALKS AGAIN

Anne-Marie, the rules enforcing authority on the dorm floor, receives a noise complaint about Rosalie the Lesbian Stalker's dorm room. The sound of loud sex! Anne-Marie investigates thinking where there's sex there must be boys violating dorm code. Anne-Marie sure won't find any boys... but she will find lots of sex....

5. LESBIAN STALKER ON THE PROWL

One of Rosalie's neighbors, Tina, hears the noise of loud female orgasms from Rosalie the Lesbian Stalker's dorm room causing her to lose sleep. When Tina takes matters into her own hands will Rosalie take Tina into her own Owner hands? If she can "handle" Tina what kind of sexual human animal will she have, literally, on her hands?

6. LESBIAN STALKER HUNTING

Rosalie the Lesbian Stalker goes on the hunt to drag down Anne-Marie into sexual submission. Her stalking reaches new levels of extremity. Rosalie hunts her down and brings her down in the campus library! Rosalie also wants to establish total control over her neighbor Tina. She first took sexual control over Tina in her own room and now she goes for a repeat in Tina's home territory.

7. LESBIAN STALKER'S EVIL TRAP

Anne-Marie has escaped Rosalie the Lesbian Stalker but it is a Pyrrhic victory. A few more like that and she'll be a lesbian pet! She can't seem to get Rosalie out of her mind. Meanwhile, Rosalie has a plan to stop Tina's roommates from complaining about the sound of loud female orgasms emitting from Rosalie's dorm room. The plan is to make them just as guilty! No such thing as too many pets!

"Lesbian Seduction Conspiracy" series:

1. CONSPIRACY TO SEDUCE

Mindy Short is obsessed with seducing and taming Emilia. Emilia, set up by Joan who is Director of Campus Housing and Student Orientation, will have to live in a dorm with Mindy. Before then Mindy worries Joan may warn Emilia. Can she totally compromise Joan?

2. THE TRAP

Emilia Greenway and her best friend, Charlotte, arrive on campus but are forced to dorm apart not knowing they are each rooming with dominant lesbians who have dark plans for them. Can their friendship and working together save them from a fate of sexual submission and keep them from becoming human set pets?

3. TAKING OVER CHARLOTTE

The teenage lesbian dominants are seducing Emilia Greenway and her lovely friend Charlotte too. Divided they fall! Seduction is not enough. Domination is not enough. They want to Own them both. They want them to be human pets! Dominant lesbian roommates know how to trick Charlotte into intense lesbian experiences. They have a plan to make her into a new variety of sex pet.

4. TOO TOGETHER

The teenage lesbian dominants want Emilia and Charlotte to be their sexual pets forever and always. But... will they give in to the domination and their own submissiveness? If they do, what kind of pets will they be made into? Will this shared submission actually bring them closer together?

“Seduced Trophy Wives” series:

1. TAKING THE TROPHY WIVES

Four trophy wife friends living in the same neighborhood notice a suspicious vehicle following them and then bizarre strangers move into the mansion for sale near them. These two look like escapees from a porn movie! The new neighbors have lesbian seduction in mind for the four married friends. Can they resist?

2. TAMING THE TROPHY WIVES

The strangers are making inroads into breaking up the friendships of the four trophy wives, turning them against one another, and turning them into obedient subservients for the dominant lesbians. Can the trophy wives stop the dominoes from falling since they are the dominoes?

3. TRAINING THE TROPHY WIVES

The stranger dominant lesbians' dark plans for the trophy wives are coming closer and closer to fruition. Can those seduced recover their dignity in time? Can the last hold out of the trophy wives stay faithful to her husband? What exactly do the two dominant lesbians plan to do to and with them?

“Gift Cards For Lesbian Seduction” series:

1. MOTHER-IN-LAW'S GIFT CARDS FOR LESBIAN SEDUCTION

Maddy's bitchy mother-in-law to be gives her and her sister, Bailey, gift cards for a free “Ultimate Massage”. When the two beautiful blonde sisters go to the massage parlor they find it run down and operated by a stern Asian woman and two huge black masseuses. It turns out the “Ultimate Massage” involves bondage and domination but Maddy and Bailey learn that too late to avoid their awful fate.

Stand Alone books:

THE SUBMISSIVE CHEERLEADERS

Penny is a college graduate but stuck in a waitress job and stuck with oversize breasts she'd like to have reduced. Her submissive roommate lets her in on an opportunity to be a cheerleader. This semi-pro team expects their cheerleaders to be submissive. Totally submissive! Will Penny allow herself to be dominated?

CHEERLEADER IN TROUBLE

Addison is worried about a cheerleader on her team. Unfortunately, she goes to the wrong person for help: her dominant older lesbian cheer coach. As it turns out the assistant dominating the other cheerleader is the cheer coach's son. As it also turns out the cheer coach and her son would also like to dominate Addison!

Questions, complaints, or suggestions?

Feel free to contact me: jordanchurch@mail.com

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