

Impossible Seduction 12



Three Mothers and Six Daughters 12

by Jordan Church

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Young Adult Kaia's Interracial Lesbian Date with Dark Submission

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By Jordan Church

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Have you been to Church today?

Proceed and you can answer “Yes” honestly.

Impossible Seduction 12

**Young Adult Kaia's Interracial Lesbian
Date with Dark Submission**

Three Mothers and Six Daughters 12

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 would 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 had 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. She was made complicit 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. Gretchen made her into a piss slut and renamed her “Juicy”.

Lilliana, the eldest daughter, fell for Lydia's wiles down in the basement. For a long time Lilliana had sworn off swearing but Lydia made Lilliana obey a new rule to constantly use profanity as a way to transform her from the old Lilliana into the lesbian slut Lydia wanted her be. What with Lilliana swearing nearly every other word, Lydia went ahead and gave her the new name “Potty Mouth”. A strange synchronicity considering what Gretchen was doing right then to Lilliana's sister upstairs from them.

Kaia had intended to go with her older sisters over to the photographers' house as a sort of secret chaperon but the dominants stopped that from happening by making Kaia host a “friendship date” with Quiesha. Megan had an idea what might happen but she set up her daughter anyway.

Kaia has no idea that Quiesha is a dominant lesbian.

Chapter One

Kaia was a bundle of worry.

She wasn't normally much of a worrier but nothing seemed close to normal.

She was dressed up and waiting for her “friendship date” to show up. That should be a time for some nervousness but also some happiness. Maybe eagerness. A reprieve from boredom stuck in this gated community for models.

However, Kaia was not at ease or eager. Mom hadn't made a “friendship date” for her since maybe third grade. Why now?

Granted, Kaia had been a bit mooney maybe ever since that photographer Lydia tried to have lesbian sex with her. Tried? Lydia had succeeded much more than she'd failed.

Shudder. Sort of a hot shudder. No. No! No damn it! That was not a *hot shudder*! That was just a standard normal run of the mill shudder!

Kaia had not confided in anyone about what happened. How could she talk about it? It was way too personal and too shameful. Kaia felt too much guilt about it and didn't want to burden Mom or her older sisters. She hadn't told anyone but she hadn't been her normal cheery unconcerned self either.

So maybe Mom was tuned in to the undercurrent of how Kaia was feeling, maybe Mom thought Kaia was depressed about the move here and

separation from her friends, and set up this “friendship date” in order for Kaia to more quickly build new friendships.

Maybe.

This “friendship date” did not feel right.

It didn't seem to be a typical move by Mom. Mom was always caring but rarely interfering.

Mom knew Kaia was very social and had plenty of friends and no trouble making friends. Granted, her friends were far away now but this whole modeling deal was likely a temporary deal. If it really took off then Kaia was great at making friends so Mom should have no worries there.

Kaia had reasons for feeling weird about this.

This “friendship date” was with someone named Quiesha.

Who she'd never met.

Her own Mom had set up the friendship date without asking Kaia and then practically forced her to go on it. By text messages, no less!

In fact, Mom texted her something like an order to do this “friendship date” and told her to get ready, here it comes. Same day and within an hour!

It was... just rude! Mom was never rude and never texted. Now, an exception to both “nevers”.

Mom had been gone all day and was still gone this evening which was strange since Mom was a bit of a homebody at least in that she tried to involve her three daughters in most of her activities. She had set up this “friendship date” for Kaia with a young black woman Kaia didn't even know and Mom wouldn't even be here to introduce them to each other!

Everything had gone weird once they moved into this gated community as part of their family modeling contract.

For one thing, those guards at the gate seemed more concerned about when and if they left the gated community and if they had permission to do so than they did with any imagined threats from outside the gated community. And this Quiesha she was about to go on a “friendship date” with was one of those guards!

For another thing: Lydia. That photographer lady, the dark-haired one, had made a pass at Kaia during their first photo shoot. A pass? That was one way of putting it. An inaccurate way.

Lydia had gone down on her. Made her orgasm. Lydia had made Kaia return that favor. Lydia nearly fucked her with a strap-on dildo until a

banging at the window saved Kaia and she managed to get out of the photographers' house.

All of which really fired up Kaia's imagination, made her horny as heck, and made her picture Lydia often. Much to her dismay. She didn't want to be a lesbian!

If she ever wanted to try it out – she never had really thought about it before – she'd like to try it with one of those “lipstick lesbians” as she'd heard that they were called. One that used make up and looked attractive. Someone like herself!

If she did try it sometime she also only wanted to, you know, make out, or maybe do some heavy touching or something like that. She wouldn't want to go all the way. Whatever all the way even was with a lesbian. Was it going down on each other or would there need to be a dildo?

Damn. Now, if she ever did “try it out”, she'd have to hold back and act all nervous and like it was all new to her. She'd have to fake her lesbian virginity!

She hadn't said anything about Lydia's “pass”. Or her advances. Or her... progress made. Not to Mom or to her sisters Julissa and Lilliana. How could she? She'd kept it to herself.

Now her sisters were over there. At the house of the two big photographer ladies. She guessed her sister, whichever one was matched with Lydia, would not have the problems Kaia had had with her. Her sisters were pretty cool and strong people. Kaia did not think of herself as strong. At least not any longer!

Her older sisters, either one, were too confident and too certain of themselves to let Lydia take advantage of them. Lydia would probably sense that and not try anything. If she did try something either one would shut her down quick. Lydia probably only made a try, a near successful try, on Kaia because Kaia was so young and seemed vulnerable.

Damn, thought Kaia, apparently I *am* vulnerable!

Lydia, after her “failure” with Kaia, would probably steer clear of another attempt. It was probably a blow to her self-confidence. She'd probably think that Kaia had also warned her sisters. Also, Kaia had gone over there alone whereas Lilliana and Julissa were together looking out for each other.

Still, she'd meant to go over there with them just to make sure. Also, that way she could feel safe when she saw Lydia for the first time since the hot tub encounter.

Then those demanding texts from her Mom more or less guilt-tripped her into going on a friendship date with a young black woman she didn't even know! Right when she'd planned to be with her sisters to offer moral or morale support.

Here she was waiting for her “friend date” not knowing if one of her sisters was being subjected to the same seduction efforts from Lydia that she'd endured. Or, more accurately, that she had mostly succumbed to....

If any guy had tried the crazy shit on her that Lydia had then Kaia would have realized right away what was going on and would have shut them down. Kaia's proof of that was her virginity!

That made Kaia realize something. She'd lost her lesbian virginity before her standard virginity! That was so crazy! She'd never tell anyone.

The doorbell rang. Her “friend date” was here. Kaia quickly checked herself in the full length mirror which was to one side of the front door. It was there specifically for anyone to check their appearance before leaving the house.

Modeling. So superficial. It was all about the apparel and the external. Not that Kaia had any complaints about being so attractive. Maybe learning to put up with lesbian advances was just one of the prices to pay.

Kaia wore a short-sleeve ivory blouse with ruffles and onyx beadwork. Her skirt was a beach skirt with a wildflower design. It was pretty short but in a summer outing way and not a slutty way. She was walking a bit of a tightrope in style for this date. She wanted to make a big first impression on Quiesha and, as always, wanted to look attractive in general, but she didn't want to give any impression that she was somehow showing off her economic advantages.

That was another weird thing. This Quiesha person apparently suffered from reverse racism so Mom was really setting her up for a bit of an ordeal. Kaia would have to run anything she was going to say through a mental strainer to try to pick out anything that could offend Quiesha and just not say it. It wasn't like Kaia was some kind of racist but if someone wanted to be offended they could usually find something.

At the same time Kaia did not want to seem unnatural or like she was on her guard. Just that could come across as somehow racist. She needed to force herself to be relaxed. She didn't want to offend Quiesha. According to her Mom's texts she was very sensitive to her race and to discrimination based on it.

This whole “friend date” thing was so unfair. Mom!

Kaia also wore a lot of jewelry with necklaces and earrings and bracelets all set in silver. As part of the deal they'd all been set up with amazing amounts of designer clothing and jewelry. Kaia wasn't sure if wearing lots of jewelry was good or bad. Was it showing off or did it show she was doing her best to make a good impression? A racist wouldn't do their best to make a good impression on a black person, right?

Kaia was pretty sure that black women, even poor black women, wore lots of jewelry so she also wore a lot of it.

What was it the blacks and the whites who wanted to be black called wearing jewelry? Bling bling, right?

Kaia hoped Quiesha liked her bling bling. If Quiesha said anything about a particular piece then she'd just give it to her. Or would Quiesha think that Kaia was trying to buy her acceptance?

Kaia was so nervous!

She also wore three inch heels. Expensive perfume. And lots and lots of make-up. No one seeing her (or smelling her!) could ever accuse her of not giving maximum effort for this friend date.

If Quiesha thought this was too much, or like Kaia was trying to show her up, Kaia would point out all the free stuff they were given and expected

to wear out and about. That it was just a model thing.

Kaia felt dressed up and tall, like a model about to walk down the runway.

Maybe this whole friend date thing would be a nice distraction from her recent mistakes and worries.

Kaia opened the door.

There was Quiesha.

She wore... long red basketball shorts... and a blue and white tank top with the number 17 on it. What the heck? Was this actually Quiesha? Would she really show up for a friend date wearing only that?

“Are you Quiesha?”

“You know it, luscious little lady. I think I'll just call you Triple L.”

“Oh. No, thank you. You can just call me Kaia.”

“We'll see about that. You're all dressed up. What, you think we're going to the governor's mansion or something?”

“No. I just... like to look nice.”

“Seems like you trying to look nice is more like trying to make me look

bad by comparison.”

Oh no, thought Kaia, this girl really was sensitive. Quiesha already thought Kaia was being racist, maybe, just because she had tried to dress nice!

“I’m sorry. I wasn’t sure how to dress so I just tried to wear some nice things.”

“What the fuck, bitch, you knew I’m a security guard. We don’t make much. Did you think I was going to wear a fucking prom dress over here?”

Kaia was dumbfounded. Had Quiesha really just called her a “bitch”? This friend date was already a nightmare! It was really hard to believe Mom wanted her to become friends with this young woman.

“Do you... want to cancel the evening... or, you know, reschedule?” Kaia couldn’t keep the hopeful note out of her question.

“Fuck that! I came for a friendly time and I’ll have my friendly time. I just can’t have you embarrassing me in public. We’ll keep our thing on the down low.”

Kaia barely kept herself from shaking her head. Here she was all dressed up to the nines and Quiesha was dressed like she’d just come from a

basketball game, and she was worried about *Kaia* making *her* look bad!

“Look, I could go change.”

“No. Fuck that shit. Let's get this friendly time rolling. Come on with me.”

Quiesha turned and walked back down the short stone pathway to the cul-de-sac sidewalk apparently just assuming Kaia would follow. Which she did, stumbling in her heels to keep up. She couldn't not follow though that was her first instinct. To just close her front door and refuse to answer it again. But she couldn't let Mom down that way.

At least Quiesha hadn't come inside the house. She really didn't even want to be alone with Quiesha. That was sort of a weird way to feel. Natural if this were a date with a guy she hardly knew but it was unnatural feeling that way with a fellow female.

Did she actually feel unsafe with Quiesha? A security guard? What, because she was black? Kaia hoped she wasn't racist. She wasn't racist on purpose but maybe she was some kind of subliminal racist. That sucked! Shame on her!

At the sidewalk Quiesha turned and kept walking.

Kaia walked fast to keep up with Quiesha's long legs. Kaia wondered where they were going, "Quiesha. Where's the car?"

"My car is at my place but we won't even need it now."

Was she canceling the friend date? Too much to hope for. Quiesha was having Kaia follow her for some reason after all.

"I don't understand. Where can we go just walking?"

"I told you we're going to keep this on the down low. You disrespected me wearing all those fine things and I can't have anyone see that. We'll just go hang out at my place."

Kaia realized their destination was Quiesha's house. Would they be alone there? She didn't like this idea. She wasn't sure why it caused her so much concern. Was it maybe because of what happened with Lydia?

That was crazy. This was a totally different situation and Quiesha was very different than Lydia. Lydia was much older, much bigger, and white. And lesbian. Don't forget that.

Quiesha and Lydia did have something in common though. Both were females who were newcomers, pretty much strangers, in Kaia's life. That last female stranger had taken her lesbian virginity, or at least seventy-five

percent of it. So... what was this one going to try?

Kaia shook her head. Come on. Quiesha was no lesbian. She was just... black.

“But Quiesha! I thought we'd go to a movie. Or something.”

“Don't you worry, we'll watch a movie at my place. You'll get your movie and your “something”. I have a nice entertainment center, too.”

Quiesha turned and grinned at her, “Though maybe you'll be the center of entertainment.”

What did *that* mean? Was that just Quiesha teasing or was it as ominous as it sounded?

It seemed suggestive to say the least! Was Quiesha maybe really a lesbian? If so, Kaia was amazed at Quiesha's confidence. Did she actually think girls fell for that way of being spoke to or liked that kind of talk? Had she been successful with it in the past? Quiesha did seem crazy confident and relaxed.

Maybe she was just trying to be funny. That must be it.

Chapter Two

It was just a couple minutes of walking to get there. The guards' house was set apart from the gated community of the five houses in a cul-de-sac. Sight of it was even blocked by the trees surrounding it. It looked quiet to Kaia. The huge garage was closed so there could be cars in there but there were none in the driveway.

Quiesha opened the front door and walked in, again assuming Kaia would follow. Which was a correct assumption Kaia admitted. The mixed smell of cleaning disinfectants and a sort of musky mold smell greeted her nose and made her wrinkle it. It suggested the house had been a mess, maybe, and had just been cleaned, for sure.

Had Quiesha cleaned the house for their friendship date? Kaia wasn't sure if that was good because it meant Quiesha was putting her best foot forward despite what she wore or maybe bad because it meant Quiesha assumed all along that Kaia would come over to her place. Which might mean the excuse to not go out was premeditated. But, why?

Kaia looked at Quiesha's baggy shorts and tank top again. No way was Quiesha out to put her best foot forward!

Kaia knew she should give Quiesha the benefit of the doubt though.

Mom would expect that and Kaia expected it of herself. Wasn't it most likely that Quiesha dressed that way in order to not look too eager to have a friend and that someone else had done the cleaning? Probably.

Little did Kaia know that someone else had done the cleaning. She would have been shocked to learn her mother and Janelle did all the cleaning but she would have been much more shocked to know they did it in the nude in between sessions of intense lesbian sex with the black security guards....

Quiesha turned to her, "Stay."

Then she went up the stairs to the second floor. She'd just given a simple command like she would a dog. In fact, it was the same command a dog was often given. She'd even given it in the same abrupt tone! Kaia could hardly believe this Quiesha character. Black or white, whatever, but what a bitch!

Kaia did stay though. No way was she going to go poking around and it wasn't like she could leave and let Mom down.

She heard some sounds from above. Doors opening and closing. Multiple voices including at least one female voice. Well, that was good. If Quiesha got too angry at her for supposedly being some kind of racist then Kaia had some nearby support.

Quiesha returned, "Come on."

Quiesha led the way up the stairs and past a few doors. All the doors were closed but Kaia could hear some sounds through one of them.

It sounded like there was sex going on in there! Well, obviously sounds could be deceiving. Still, it might be sex. If so, then it meant someone was watching a bedroom television with a steamy scene going on. It even sounded like porn! You could really push the envelope on television nowadays.

The upstairs hallway seemed humid with body scents.

Between the sounds and the thickness of the air... and those smells... Kaia would almost believe there really was sex going on behind that door! But, obviously, that just couldn't be. No way would Quiesha bring Kaia up here on the bedroom level if one of her security guard roommates had a guy over and was having sex with him.

Quiesha's room was a wreck and it smelled the way it looked. The old food and scattered plates were certainly part of that but the room was also humid and musky. Like sex had recently taken place in there!

Kaia wondered if her perceptions were tuned differently after her encounter with Lydia. Having these weird suspicions must be on her.

Kaia stepped in trying not to touch anything other than her heels denting the carpet. Was one of the other guards Quiesha's roommate and maybe Quiesha left Kaia downstairs and came up here to get her roommate and her roommate's male friend to move to another room? That would explain this sex smell. Kaia wasn't really sure it was sex smell but it certainly reminded her strongly of her hot tub experience with Lydia the photographer.

There was a big flat screen television along one wall. Quiesha was doing something over there. It gave Kaia time to survey the room. She felt like a disaster relief worker after a hurricane surveying the damage and looked to save survivors. The floor was littered with equal parts clothing and food-related items. Apparently Quiesha did not own a laundry hamper. Or a garbage can.

Kaia wasn't finding any survivors!

Kaia scan stopped and went backward a little to look at an area already scanned. Kaia's mind hadn't immediately grasped what it had seen. That wasn't just any item of clothing! It was a pair of women's panties. Red and lacy. And a few feet from that were another pair of panties! No, wait, two more! And another pair, with tiny stars, hanging from a dresser's knob. Then she saw several more liked up with stains on their crotch. One even looked a bit wet!

The panties looked to be of varying sizes and various styles. It was hard to imagine one or even two women having all such styles and sizes of panties within their personal wardrobe.

Either this was a miniature elephant's graveyard of women's panties and this is where they came to die... or various women entered this room wearing panties and left it with none on!

Maybe Quiesha had reason for her cockiness. Maybe Quiesha was some kind of lesbian and these panties were trophies from her conquests. Just because she was black didn't mean she wasn't a lesbian.

Kaia promised herself her own panties would not be joining the others in the pantie orphanage separated from their owner. She made that promise but she also thought she was maybe jumping to unfair conclusions here.

Quiesha's voice startled her, "Sit the fuck down. The bed is as good as a couch. Better in some ways."

Kaia realized that Quiesha was gesturing for her to sit on the unmade bed opposite the television. There really wasn't anywhere else to sit. The blankets were in disarray and Kaia had to wonder how long it had been since the sheets were changed.

She wanted to say no. She really did. It would probably offend

Quiesha though. The friendship date had hardly begun. If you could really call sitting on a bed in a messy bedroom watching a movie on television a “friendship date”.

What a nightmare but she couldn't end it yet.

Kaia decided to ignore the circumstances and try to be funny at the same time to ward off her own unease, “All right, but you better have popcorn!”

Kaia fixed a smile to her face and sat on the bed.

It really smelled like sex in the whole bed area.

Somehow it smelled even more like sex when Quiesha joined her. She could not help but notice with heightened nervousness how Quiesha made sure to first fully close the bedroom door before coming over to sit with her. It seemed she wanted a very private theater.

Quiesha sat right up against Kaia, “I don't have popcorn but I do have a great snack for you.”

Kaia was relatively innocent but even she could not miss that innuendo. Gross!

Quiesha looked at her in a challenging way and then nodded her chin

towards her crotch, “What do you think, girl, you think I have a nice snack for you? Something juicy?”

Kaia could not help looking down there. Good lord! She also couldn't help but picture what lay just under the thin silky shorts material. Yuck! Quiesha really was a lesbian. Kaia should have trusted her instinct on that. Well, at least she knew now.

Yep, Kaia self-congratulated herself on her keen perceptions. As soon as Quiesha talked about having a nice snack between her legs, bam, Kaia had *somehow* known she was a lesbian.

Kaia tried to keep her humorous attitude going, “I'm on a diet and I'm not hungry anyway.”

Quiesha nodded, “That so? We'll see. Sometimes a bitch gets hungry when she is properly entertained.”

There she went again calling her a “bitch”. Only a bitch would call Kaia a bitch! Quiesha was the bitch! A lesbian bitch! Not all lesbians were bitches and not all bitches were lesbians but, Quiesha, she was both at once.

Quiesha held out a remote towards the television and pressed a button, “Now for our feature presentation.”

Chapter Three

Kaia shifted a bit to her left on the bed. She just wanted at least a few inches of space between them! Moments later Quiesha also shifted to her left so her leg was pressed against Kaia's again. Kaia realized if she moved again so would Quiesha, over and over until Kaia fell off the bed or gave up. Better just to give up this little battle early.

It was just a leg touching her leg. A lesbian leg but still. If a friend back home had done that, or one of her sisters, Kaia would not have thought anything about it.

Jesus sobbed! If – when! – Kaia turned down Quiesha's lesbian advances, were they to continue, then maybe Quiesha was going to assume it was because she was black and then she'd get all offended. Or would she understand Kaia just wasn't lesbian? What if Quiesha was some kind of lesbian who always thought that any and all females were lesbians? Then she'd assume that Kaia was a racist lesbian!

Kaia wondered if maybe she gave off some sort of lesbian vibe since her “experience” with Lydia. Was Quiesha picking up some sort of ping on her gay-dar?

Kaia intended just to sit through the movie and then head home. This “friendship date” was a disaster and she was going to give Mom heck for it. But she would endure it politely. Maybe if she treated Quiesha in a friendly way but was cold to her advances Quiesha would do some introspection and learn to treat future “friendship dates” with more respect. A lot more!

Kaia watched the television. There was a black woman wearing denim overalls doing some work on the shingles of a roof from on top a ladder. Actually the shingles looked fine. It must be a cheap production to not even fake roof damage.

Then the black woman actress climbed down the ladder, hesitated at a window, and did an exaggerated double-take. She opened her mouth super wide and opened her eyes very wide, really showing the whites. Kaia shook her head slightly. This movie already seemed racist. How could Quiesha stand to watch, especially with her issue with racism sensitivity?

Kaia figured the character on the show was seeing a murder, maybe, and would get involved or be a key witness. Something like that to be so

shocked. This female actor did not seem like the leading actor type with her wobbly gut and homely face so she probably wouldn't heroically save the on-screen victim, just watch and report it.

The actress looked back in the window and the camera view shifted to what she saw inside.

There was a woman on the bed. The bed and her position made it seem like everything was framed exactly so the black repairwoman could see her perfectly through the window. The woman was propped up against the backboard of the bed, wore a few frilly underthings though not even much of that, and her legs were spread wide. She was masturbating with both hands.

The sound jumped like the repairwoman's ears had entered the bedroom. The woman, a very attractive redhead, was moaning and groaning like her fingers were the best thing that ever happened to her. Those fingers were very wet as they worked freely at her pussy....

Kaia realized they were watching a porno. A porno! What kind of friend took her new friend to be to see a porno on the first “friendship” date!?!

And in her bedroom... sitting on the bed....

What kind of “friend”? Seemed like maybe one who wanted to be

more than just friends!

Kaia had barely run into lesbians before, just a few pointed out from a distance by friends. If they even really were lesbians at all. Her friends had used the little accusations as an insult, an attack, that no one could defend themselves against because they never even knew the attack happened.

Now, after this move, it seemed like there were lesbians all around. Did this state just have a high percentage of lesbians or what?

She looked over at Quiesha who gave her a smile and then nodded that she should look back at the show. So.... it wasn't a mistake in movie choice at all. Quiesha really was intentionally showing her a porno! What a weirdo!

What, did Quiesha think it would get Kaia hot and bothered and then Quiesha could have her way? Mom must not have let slip how Kaia was a virgin saving herself for the right man. Man. As in, heterosexual. This girl Quiesha had no idea of how firmly that lesbian door was closed to her. Kaia had no such door! Nothing like it on her sexual blueprints! Even if Quiesha wasn't an asshole, which it was becoming repeatedly obvious she was, there was no way Kaia would go for her!

Kaia crossed her arms and looked back at the show.

The woman on the bed had spotted the black repairwoman and was still

masturbating! Utterly ridiculous as any woman spotting a peeping lady in the window would have covered themselves. Come to think of it, it was also ridiculous the woman ever would have begun masturbating – during the day! – with a ladder outside her window and a repairwoman thumping around on the roof above her.

Now the woman stood up and walked sensuously up to the window wearing only a bra and a garter belt. Who the hell wore a garter belt nowadays? Porno starlets, Kaia guessed. Correction, porno starlets and brides. If not for those two all the garter belt factories would shut down.

Kaia did suddenly recall herself wearing that red teddy all over the house the last two days. She probably would have looked like a porno starlet if anyone had looked in the windows. But that was different! That was just good fun. All of them, Mom and her sisters, wore lingerie outfits to practice modeling them.

Kaia remembered Mom had put them up to dressing in that way... and had also set up this “friendship date” with Quiesha. Was something weird going on with Mom?

The scantily clad white woman opened the window, pulling it upward. Kaia wondered who would do that. One, people could see her through the

window. Wasn't she concerned about neighbors seeing her? Two, this gave access to the leering black woman outside the window. In this situation in real life the woman would have pulled the curtains closed.

Quiesha put an arm around Kaia's shoulders. Kaia automatically stiffened. It put her on high alert. Here it comes. It was like with a guy when they put their arm around your shoulder. First that and then... something more. Something further. Like a feel or a kiss. Usually a kiss.

It popped into Kaia's mind, probably just her mind game planning things, an image of Quiesha pressing a kiss onto her mouth. It was more than just an image actually. It was a projected feel. It was so vivid it almost felt like Quiesha had kissed her.

Kaia felt the little near invisible hairs on the back of her neck rise. Then she felt her nipples also stiffening. That was weird. What was up with that? In what way was that a self-defense mechanism? It must serve some kind of useful function like that. It wasn't like it could be due to any sort of arousal or anything even remotely like that...!

Well....

Was that what happened with Lydia? A series of mysterious self-defense mechanisms that would fool any observer into thinking they were

mere arousal? Like that self-defense orgasm?

Now might not be the best time to be internally mocking herself or to be creating inner doubts. Or focusing on doubts that were already there.

Kaia knew she better get her shit together! Interracial lesbian porn watching with a black lesbian's arm around her shoulders? That was no time for her mind to wonder or wander.

It was also not a good time for her nipples to now be fully hard yet somehow feeling like they were getting even harder. It was not a good time for that!

Quiesha really did have a smell about her. It was musky but sort of tangy sweet as well. Something more than just a work out smell. It definitely wasn't perfume. It was a physical bodily smell but... not sweat. So... what else could it be?

Kaia knew what it was of course. She'd smelled it before. Many times. She always smelled it, or a variation of it, on the nights she rode her pillow to orgasm and then laid her head on it falling asleep. She really had no idea why she did that. Okay, yeah, she did. It made her feel nasty dirty slutty. A welcome change from her careful virginity guarding and saving herself for the right person ways.

So Kaia knew exactly what that smell was. What she didn't know, not for sure, was how much of that smell was coming from Quiesha and how much from herself.

Should she say something about Quiesha putting her arm around her? She decided that would definitely offend Quiesha. An arm around shoulders was really just a friendly act. Friends and family members did that also, didn't they? Say something now and it would be sure to look racist.

Kaia sighed in minor defeat. She did not want to offend anyone really, ever, let alone someone who would think she was a racist. Let alone let down her Mom. She'd put up with it. No big deal she guessed.

If Quiesha tried more, and she probably would if she really was a lesbian, then anyone and everyone would understand it if Kaia put a stop to whatever that something more was. Even Mom.

Besides, that arm, sort of on her possessively, really didn't feel bad. Good actually. As long as it was just that. No big deal.

When she spoke, Quiesha's voice sounded like it leered, "Watch this part real close. You might learn something useful. That red bitch she wants that big treat her black worker girl got. Except now it'll be the white cunt doing the work. Getting to those hard to reach places! Fucking snack time!

Give that working ho a real nice break!”

Kaia saw indeed the redhead did want a “fucking snack”. The woman was pulling open the repairman's work pants. While the workwoman was still on the ladder! Outside and at least one story up on a bright sunny day where anyone might see them!

There she was bending down and out and there she was licking pussy. Kaia saw it was quite a large pussy and very dark. The outer pussy lips were darker than the black skin and, where Kaia would have expected to see pink or maybe nearly red when the redhead's tongue split the labia wide, the inner part of the black woman's pussy was a shade of purple.

Without meaning to, Kaia glanced down at the crotch of Quiesha's shorts. Was Quiesha's inner pussy also some kind of purple? Huh. Weird. Of course, Kaia would never know the answer to that one! No no no. She was by no means *that* curious.

Kaia looked back at the running porn. It was sort of interesting she guessed. She wasn't insulted or threatened or whatever. She didn't mind watching it as long as that was all that happened on this “friendship date”.

Watching it without protest showed she was open-minded. That she did not condemn people for their lifestyle choices or sexual preferences. Or

hold their race against them. Don't forget about that!

In those ways watching this interracial lesbian porno was really a credit to Kaia she guessed. Also, in the spirit of tolerance, if this Quiesha was interested in her, then Kaia really should just look on that as a compliment. It wasn't an insult if Quiesha wanted her. If she acted like it was an insult then she would be putting out there that it was insulting to be thought of as possibly liking lesbian sex. Which, that in and of itself, would be an attack on lesbianism, really.

Kaia saw that the redhead was a super good actress. She seemed so incredibly passionate and so hungry for that pussy she was servicing fifteen feet above the ground. It really looked genuine like maybe she wasn't even acting at all. Who knew, maybe the redhead was a lesbian. An attractive one. One who really liked to eat pussy. Black pussy at that. Well, good for the redhead but it was not Kaia's thing and never would be.

Kaia felt Quiesha's hand squeeze her shoulder hard and she looked up into Quiesha's smirking face just inches away from her. Quiesha was obviously aware of how Kaia had been looking at the redhead eating black pussy. While Kaia watched the show Quiesha had watched her. Kaia was Quiesha's show! How embarrassing!

Kaia hoped she hadn't looked too interested in what she was watching. Hopefully she looked bored but not like a lesbian-hater. Or a racist. Either one of those. Kaia didn't want to offend Quiesha but she also didn't want to give her any kind of wrong idea. Damn. Had she looked too long or seemed too interested in that pussy licking?

Quiesha leaned in way too close for comfort, “You see a treat you want? On the show or maybe a lot closer than that?”

Oh shit! Quiesha must have been watching Kaia when Kaia looked down at her crotch with those slick red shorts tight against it! Talk about getting the wrong idea!

Kaia knew exactly what Quiesha was suggesting, “Uh, no, thank you.”

Quiesha laughed, “So fucking polite. I like politeness in a bitch. Especially when she's polite to the one she wants to please. It is so subservient. Like a servant. Because that bitch wants to be a sex servant.”

There Quiesha went again! Calling her a bitch! Then even hinting Kaia was being polite because she wanted to be a “sex servant”! What the heck? No one wanted that. Not even a lesbian who somehow, against all odds, liked Quiesha would want that kind of relationship. Not unless they were sick in the head or something like that. Maybe hit hard on the head.

Kaia was too uncomfortable to say anything in response. It wasn't like she'd be able to convince Quiesha of anything. If she tried Quiesha would just be offended. She couldn't risk that. Not just because of her fear of confrontation or because of Mom. It would also be so awkward if Quiesha was mad at her and continued on as a security guard for their neighborhood.

Quiesha continued, "Watch the movie some more. I had to pay for it. A wise investment in bitch training. See if you can pick up some skills."

What!?! Bitch training!?! Quiesha had been calling her a bitch. Quiesha thought... that she was "training" Kaia!?!

So, Quiesha wanted Kaia to learn, what, how to lick a pussy? Kaia felt so upset she almost wanted to tell Quiesha that she already knew very well how to lick a pussy.

No. That wouldn't be a productive come back, would it? Instead of stopping Quiesha from thinking she was training Kaia, saying something like that would probably *start her thinking* along other lines. Like, okay, this white bitch it already trained so, time to get her to put her training to work. Or to maybe prove it.

Nevertheless Kaia did go back to watching the porno. Apparently Quiesha would be offended if she didn't. It was so much easier to just watch

porn than trying to argue with a total pushy lesbian-likely bitch like this Quiesha.

Worst “friendship date” ever! Even that fat girl Maureen in the first grade trying to get Kaia to eat a worm wasn't as bad as this one!

The porno really was both ridiculous and sort of amazing at the same time. That out-of-shape black lady up on the ladder with her denim overalls now down to her knees and that hot white redhead leaning way out, hands on the ladder, face framed by a square of ladder, and tongue extended as she worked the black woman's pussy. And work it she did.

Despite herself, Kaia was impressed. The woman acted like a starving animal that relied on pussy for its food. She acted like the workwoman's purple pussy was the best thing that ever happened to her. The redhead swept her tongue up and down the full length of the pussy from the knot of pubic hair above the slit to the half-vulval and half-anal no-man's land (Ha! No man's land indeed!) below the slit.

The redhead nodded her head aggressively up and down so that her tongue could sweep faster and with greater power. It really did look like the redhead was a pro at pussy licking. Kaia acknowledged she probably could learn some things by watching this. Not that she'd ever have any use for that

knowledge. The sex equivalent of history. It was interesting, you learned a lot, but you didn't learn anything actually *useful*.

Sometimes the redhead withdrew her tongue back to Base Mouth and then rubbed her whole face right into that black pussy. It left big wet smears all over the redhead's face and the woman seemed to not mind. Heck, she seemed to love it. Then she went back to sweeping her tongue up and down that whole pussy length.

Kaia took a deep breath. Somehow the redhead did not seem out of breath at all while Kaia felt out of breath. Kaia felt like that redhead must be some kind of Olympic sexual athlete.

Or maybe Kaia was some kind of lightweight. Still, why should she be out of breath? She was just sitting there. Quiesha's room did seem to be getting quite hot though. It didn't help having Quiesha's arm around her.

Kaia wasn't sure if the heat was coming from herself or Quiesha. She did a mental self-assessment. Well... she did know of one source of heat that she was personally responsible for... from a very personal area....

Chapter Four

Quiesha's hand on her shoulder kept tugging Kaia towards Quiesha. Quiesha pressed against Kaia's side when Kaia shrank away from her and then swayed back to a straight position and then she did it again whenever Kaia tried to escape even just a little bit. It wasn't enough for Kaia to make an issue of it. It could be friendly or... it could be too friendly. But... it wasn't “too friendly” enough to actually try to do something about it.

The thought flashed through Kaia's mind wondering if... okay, how many, women Quiesha had had sex with. Kaia figured Quiesha would probably be pretty disappointed in Kaia's lack of know-how in the bedroom had Kaia been open to Quiesha's advances. Kaia also wondered how many girls and women Quiesha had maybe even had sex with right there on that same bed.

Oh, that was so nasty! But, it did make sense. Bringing females straight to her bedroom and bed seemed to be Quiesha's mode of operation. Like right now! Also, there sure was that smell. It was there even before Quiesha and, okay, maybe Kaia a little bit, also went ahead and contributed to that building scent.

The guards had not been around for more than a couple weeks but she guessed that would have been plenty of time for a fast mover like Quiesha. And, of course, who knew where this bed was and how much “use” it had seen before Quiesha moved in.

Those panties laying around sure hadn't been here already when Quiesha moved in! Had Quiesha maybe really lesbian conquered what, half a dozen, women in the last couple weeks? That was sort of impressive!

Kaia bet this bed could tell some crazy stories if it could talk! That was fine and all but Kaia had no intention of becoming a chapter in that book!

Kaia's eyes widened when she saw the redhead really go above and beyond about a dozen feet above the well-trimmed shrubs at the base of the house. The redhead, nearly halfway out the window, flipped over onto her back. It must have hurt her lower back to have her weight on the windowsill but she showed no sign of pain.

The redhead reached out with both arms, put them around the black woman's large ass, and pulled her as close as the ladder would allow. Then she crammed her head in between the black woman's generous thighs and... planted her mouth upward while extending her tongue. It sliced right up into the black woman's pussy from *underneath*!

That looked... dangerous... and hot....

It looked so hot that Kaia felt physically hot like she was baking under a hot sun even though she was just sitting there in the somewhat poorly lit bedroom.

After another minute that felt like twenty minutes Kaia saw the... sexual interlude?... culminate. The black woman on the ladder grunted loudly. Repeatedly like she was trying to make a large poop. Then there were liquid slurping sounds and the redhead looked like she locked her mouth, still from down under, onto the black woman's pussy. It was like she was pretending to suck in some released liquids or something. That had to be pretend. Didn't it?

Something liquid ran down the side of the redheaded woman's face!

So... there was something to slurp up. Was the black woman urinating? No way could that be. Even a porn starlet like the redhead wouldn't drink that! But, wait, wasn't it even worse if it was some other liquid?

Kaia was amazed the woman held still and even sucked harder like she was full of passionate delight about this opportunity to drink down that mystery liquid. Despite her suction a few more trickles escaped and ran

down her cheeks. Some even dripped down off the ends of her red hair to plummet towards the bushes below them.

Kaia wasn't sure if she should be more disgusted or more amazed. The whole scene was like watching some circus act. Except there seemed to be a lot more skill and passion involved! No trapeze artists could compare.

Kaia wondered what kind of woman would behave the way the redhead was. Like if any real life woman ever would. How many would sign up to have lesbian sex with a black stranger, risk their body at height, all just to give pleasure and suck down some kind of bodily fluid... from a purple pussy. Too weird!

Kaia would certainly never behave that way!

Quiesha must have guessed exactly what was on her mind, “Now that, right there, is a trained redhead bitch. Well trained. Everything you saw? Any bitch can do that just as long as they get the right training.”

Kaia tried to sound amused and sarcastic but her voice came out suspiciously hoarse, “I suppose you think you could train a woman to be, as you call it, a 'bitch'.”

“I don't think it. I know it. I can show you if you're interested. I can be your trainer. I think you need a trainer to be all the bitch you can be.”

“No, thank you, Quiesha.”

“See, now there, right there, that isn't real politeness. That's not respect. You've got a little tone in you. The wrong kind of bitch. A bitchy bitch. That's not the breed I'm looking to make happen. I cure that shit. There's a good eager-to-please bitch and then there's also a snotty stuck-up racist bitch breed. You need to aim to be the right kind of bitch.”

“Only those two extremes, huh?” Kaia knew she was definitely using the wrong kind of “bitch” tone as Quiesha would say it but she really was getting angry at Quiesha. No matter what her culture was, Quiesha had to know she was acting rude.

Quiesha was putting Kaia on the spot and making it difficult for Kaia to get out of this “friendship date” both without offending her. It was like Kaia had to give in to... allowing or performing some lesbian something, she didn't know, servicing she guessed, one-way servicing... or Quiesha would condemn her.

Quiesha expounded, “Being real polite to her lover. Being eager to please her lover. Succeeding in pleasing her lover. Making sure that what her lover wants is the same thing she wants, making it be what she wants, making sure what her lover wants is more important than what she wants.

Doing what her lover wants and doing it the best she can. Those are what are called important life skills for that right kind of bitch.”

Kaia thought surely Mom would not want her to put up with this kind of talk! Kaia just wasn't sure how to not put up with it.

Quiesha tightened her arm around Kaia, “Let me teach you.”

Kaia realized Quiesha's face was much closer. Quiesha's lips were almost on Kaia's! She quickly turned back to the porno and felt Quiesha's lips collide with her cheek.

She saw the roof repairwoman, her orgasm apparently finished, climb awkwardly through the window, and watched the redhead pull her black lover to the bed.

Then Kaia's vision was blocked out as Quiesha brought her mouth across Kaia's cheek and against her mouth.

Kaia realized then, for sure, Quiesha just wouldn't take a hint. She might not even take no for an answer. Kaia had to admit she hadn't actually said no yet. She'd said no to the hypothetical and ridiculous training idea but not to a kiss.

Her bad! Now Quiesha's mouth was on her own. But, in Kaia's

defense, she hadn't been given the opportunity to say no. It wasn't like Quiesha asked her. She just... did it!

Quiesha's tongue worked easily past Kaia's not-pressed-together-tightly-enough lips. Quiesha's tongue shot forward over the top of Kaia's tongue and all of a sudden Kaia was sort of kissing back. It was just instinctual.

The heat in her crotch took over command. It had the wheel. But just for one kiss! She was sure of that! Kaia's mind was like the driver's education instructor over in the passenger seat with her foot on that extra passenger seat student driver brake and at the ready if anything alarming – anything more alarming – took place.

Kaia would put the brake on. If she had to. When she had to. When the time was right. When the wrong was too wrong.

It sure was a long kiss. It wasn't putting out the fire in her pussy either. Not hardly. Just the opposite.

She felt guilty right away and angry at herself. Then again she flashed to Mom's weird text messages putting all that pressure on her. This whole situation, including this kiss thing, it was all Mom's fault. She shouldn't feel guilty and angry. Mom should!

Maybe they both should.

Quiesha? Not really. It just seemed like Quiesha was being her honest rude pushy lesbian lusty self. Who could blame her for just being her?

It was like sex with a boy when you're too young. No one ever thought it was the boy's fault. It was always the girl being too slutty or too stupid.

Quiesha's tongue worked aggressively inside Kaia's mouth and Kaia admitted to herself that she did do some things to make it feel welcome. Well, maybe that was good as long as it went no further. It actually felt good and Quiesha at least couldn't complain that Kaia hadn't given the kiss a fair try.

Kaia thought, “Well, Mom, this is what you get when you put me on the spot.” Sitting on the bed of a young woman, a stranger to her, making out while a porno ran a few feet away. She couldn't see the porno now but she could still hear it just fine. The lesbian couple were talking dirty. The black woman on the show was calling the white woman names probably just like the way Quiesha would like to do to Kaia and the redhead was responding like a bitch in heat. No doubt the right kind of “bitch” in Quiesha's view. No doubt the kind of “bitch” that Quiesha wished Kaia was.

Quiesha's kissing *was* having an effect on Kaia. On her in an overall

way and on her pussy specifically. But Kaia couldn't just end it abruptly. No doubt Quiesha would think she was a racist or some such and everything would get weird. Weirder.

Kaia felt like she needed to stay on Quiesha's good side – funny because Quiesha was literally in side to side contact with her – because all this, whatever happened, it was all she said-she said. Kaia could say Quiesha made a lesbian pass and called her names but Quiesha could say something totally different.

Kaia felt like she needed to wait until the kiss ended and then she'd say something. That way she didn't have to forcibly break it off and come off as rude. Interrupting a kiss was probably more rude than interrupting someone when they talked. Kaia thought that was probably true.

The kiss just kept going and seemed never-ending. This really wasn't a kiss, it was a make out session. Kaia moaned a little and thought, upset at Mom, “Is this friendly enough on the “friendship date” for you, Mom?”

She could pull away and put a stop to this if she had an excuse like if Quiesha grabbed her breast or something. Maybe then. She kept expecting Quiesha to do that but Quiesha didn't. Which was odd because Quiesha seemed like some kind of fast mover, the kind of lesbo who would assume

she could get a girl to have sex with her when they first met.

Kaia thought the two of them were such a contrast. Not just the skin colors. And not just their heterosexual versus lesbian sexual natures either. They were such a contrast in that Kaia wouldn't have had sex with anyone even if this was her hundredth date no matter who she was with, even a guy, because of her virginity. Quiesha was one of those players who expected sex on date one. This wasn't even a real date!

It was almost funny. It was funny. If Kaia could catch her breath and then free her lips to laugh. She knew that her older sisters would certainly laugh if they knew about this and make all sorts of “Kaia is a lez” jokes as well. Lilliana would be snickering in her somewhat superior way while Julissa would be laughing so hard she'd be wobbling on her feet.

That made Kaia wonder how her sisters were doing over there at the photographers' house. They had to be doing much better than Kaia!

Chapter Five

Kaia was getting more and more short of breath. She was going from out of breath to needy to nearly desperate. Quiesha's mouth covering hers was one reason and Kaia's deeper, more rapid, breathing from general excitement was the other.

Kaia was really surprised. Quiesha was definitely getting to her. This kissing was working. Not “working out” but working. For Quiesha, not Kaia. Kaia knew it was not working out well for her.

The non-stop kissing was more than kissing. You kiss long enough and it was no longer just a kiss. The word kissing just did not cover this. At least, not as well as Quiesha's mouth covered hers. It was like a mouth invasion but Kaia wasn't doing much to repel the invader. More like putting out the welcome mat. Laying down the red carpet, the red carpet being her own tongue which Quiesha's tongue thrust back and forth across.

Kaia realized what this “kiss” was. This kiss was more like... some kind of mouth fuck! Which only made her think about, and replay in her mind, that daring scene of the repairwoman being orally pleased by that silly redhead. That was definitely a mouth fuck! Except, in that case, it was the redhead's tongue fucking into that black woman's purple pussy. With Kaia it was a black woman's tongue fucking into her mouth.

For a second Kaia imagined Quiesha's tongue doing all the things it was doing, not in her mouth, but, you know, down *there* instead. That thought made her pussy flood. It was like her pussy thought it actually wanted that!

It probably should have disgusted Kaia, and it did as far as herself and her own arousal, but it did just the opposite as far as the act she pictured. She was disgusted with herself but couldn't make herself be disgusted by what she imagined.

Kaia had never been into oral sex or the idea of it. She'd done it a few times for boys who'd been very patient, after half a dozen dates or so. At least. Always just for them, not for her, and really just to keep them interested.

No boys had done it for Kaia. Several had expressed willingness either verbally or in body language. She begged off the act from the ones who said anything about doing it. The two who kissed down her body she'd grabbed and pulled back up once they got to about belly button level.

None of those guys had kissed as aggressively, as thoroughly, and as deeply as this Quiesha. She'd never imagined one of them doing that same style of kissing down low. Maybe if she had she would have let them.

Kaia realized that Quiesha was not trying to fondle her with her hands

(almost like Quiesha knew Kaia would use it as an excuse to stop everything and leave) but Quiesha was definitely using more than her mouth. Quiesha's body leaned into Kaia putting Kaia at an awkward angle and Quiesha's chest rubbed against Kaia's breasts through their tops and Kaia's bra. It was obvious that Quiesha was not wearing a bra. Kaia realized all over again that her nipples were hard. She'd been distracted by the great tongue invasion. Her nipples were too sensitive to lose track of for long though.

Kaia realized that Quiesha was rubbing her body subtly up and down against Kaia's. Almost like... Quiesha was body humping on her!

Kaia realized something else. Being truthful with herself, she was rubbing her own torso back against Quiesha, wasn't she? It began as Kaia just holding her ground and maybe bumping back to regain lost territory. She had to! Otherwise she'd end up flat on her back. On a black lesbian's musky sex-smelling bed!

Sure, it began that way. Now it was something else. It was seeking firmer contact just for the sake of that contact. It was a means to an end before and now the contact was the end itself. She'd better stop such behavior or she might be looking at the end of her lesbian virginity. Shit, wait, she'd already pretty much lost that with Lydia, hadn't she?

So, not an end since it was already ended, but it would make that one time special circumstance exception into just part of a bigger pattern.

Kaia was tensing and rising up slightly off the mattress and maximizing contact between her chest and Quiesha's. Their four breasts were mashing up like soft but passionately determined sumo wrestlers.

Did they ever have sumo wrestler tag team matches? They did now!

Kaia felt the increasing friction. Kaia felt the increasing teasing pleasure. They made everything harder for herself because they made everything feel better. Too much better. Too much of this too much for too long and Kaia might do something way too slutty. Like maybe cumming on a first “friendship date”. How slutty would that be?

She could hear that porno. She couldn't see who was on top of who but the comment by the black woman for the redhead to suck her clitty hard like a “white redheaded vacuum cleaner” made it clear that the white woman was still delivering highly personal pleasures for the benefit of the black woman.

A rebel thought popped into Kaia's mind that the redhead probably liked sucking on that black woman's big clitoris and that it probably tasted nasty good. What the heck? Kaia couldn't seem to trust her own body or her own mind!

Kaia felt Quiesha's weight gently increasing and her own body tilting a little back, then more, and then more.

Damn and darn! Kaia knew her breast tag team was losing their tag team sumo wrestling match to Quiesha's. Darn and damn! Why was her breast's Kung Fu so weak or whatever?

Kaia felt weak all over. Weak in the knees too. She guessed it was a good thing she was just sitting on that bed and not trying to do anything crazy like stand up and leave.

Kaia knew that her increasingly awkward angle to accommodate Quiesha's pushy chest aggression could reach a point where she would fall backward onto the bed. Could and would. That would not be good as she'd be even more helpless. Obviously it would send the wrong signal to Quiesha that Quiesha should continue or even progress. Flopping down on her back would be like waving a flag of surrender. Or that flag the sexy girl waves at the start of a car race.

Kaia could not push at Quiesha and she did not really want the kiss/making-out to end. Not just yet. Kaia would allow it a little longer. After all, the least her breasts could do was complete the match and thus lose it with honor. Kaia wasn't sure though how she'd know when that breast

sumo wrestling match was done. There was no circle of rice. Once it was done, if she could even tell it was done, she could stop this gracefully at the right time.

Kaia slid backward and lay on her back. Quiesha's tongue briefly pulled free of Kaia's mouth but, before Kaia could even think of what she could say, it was right back in her mouth as aggressive as ever. Now Quiesha was laying on top of her!

Quiesha's weight was almost painful but weirdly welcome. The discomfort eased as Quiesha squirmed until her legs spread to either side of Kaia like she was riding Kaia's body and Quiesha's crotch was in full contact with Kaia's or as close as possible.

Momentarily distracted from that wet tongue in her humid mouth Kaia focused on what was happening between them below the hips. It seemed humid down there also. Kaia wasn't sure if the wetness was all hers or was also coming from Quiesha. Maybe it was leaking right through Quiesha's shorts. Kaia knew her own pussy was soaking wet but maybe Quiesha's was also. That increase in wetness must be gravity doing its work. Quiesha's pussy juice was soaking through those thin loose nylon shorts of hers and flowing down down into Kaia's crotch.

Their pussy juices were probably swapping back and forth through their clothing. That was nasty. Nasty and even more sexy than anything else.

Kaia had the inane thought that she'd need a bath.

Then Kaia had the naughty thought that maybe Quiesha wanted to give her a tongue bath.

Kaia maybe would have laughed if Quiesha's mouth wasn't sucking away her breath.

Kaia tried to be philosophical in order to ease her feeling of guilt. She also almost felt like she was in some kind of danger. Which was totally silly.

Lots of girls messed around with each other. Kissing and maybe a little more was no big deal. There was no danger of anything. Besides Kaia being a determined virgin there were physical limitations on Quiesha achieving full sexual conquest. Some would argue that oral sex was not truly going all the way. Obviously Kaia's hymen would remain intact even if this kept going further and further.

Kaia thanked God again that someone or something had hit that window and saved her from Lydia. Lydia wore that dildo and could have done some damage with it. As long as Kaia still had her hymen she still had her virginity. Kissing with girls or even oral sex could not change that. That

thought made her losing this encounter with Quiesha not quite so terrible or so shameful.

Kaia felt like she couldn't trust her pussy. It was so wet she bet it was soaking right through her clothing. Maybe even soaking upward into Quiesha's shorts! Definitely, again, sending the wrong signal! Her wetness and her heat as well. She felt like little tongues of fire might spring up down there.

Oh, oh.

Now Quiesha's hands were going to work. They came up on either side of Kaia's body, caressing firmly, and then simultaneously fondled and grasped Kaia's breasts from each side.

Obviously Kaia knew she should tell Quiesha to stop. She even tried to. She thought she did. But all she or Quiesha heard was a deep groan of sinful delight. She groaned right into Quiesha's mouth.

It was then that two floodgates seemed to release at once. Figuratively, the flood gate controlling her vocalizations as she began moaning and gasping non-stop. It was like those hands squeezing her breasts were a signal for her to make sexy sounds or permission to do so.

More literally, Kaia's pussy released juice at a shocking rate. That dam,

of course, had already been leaking severely but now the flood gates were wide open.

Quiesha pulled her mouth free and rose up. Kaia might have said something then but Quiesha kept bumping her pelvis against Kaia's, grinding their pussies together through the materials, and it took Kaia's breath away. Quiesha was dry-humping her! Except... it wasn't very “dry” at all! Quiesha was fucking Kaia with their clothes on!

Kaia knew that was a problem!

Quiesha was trying to help Kaia with the problem of her being fucked with her clothes on... by taking off Kaia's clothing!

Surely that would solve the problem!

Almost instantly, Kaia's beaded blouse was up above her bra. Kaia could feel it but reactively, feeling stupid, looked down at her revealed bra. Yes, Kaia could see her bra. She shouldn't be just looking and saying nothing. She wasn't a a spectator waiting to see what would happen next. She needed to divert whatever course of actions that Quiesha had planned.

Kaia gulped and prepared to say something. But, by then, Quiesha unsnapped the front catch on Kaia's bra. Darn, she was quick! Darn those easy access front catches!

Quiesha, from her mounted position riding Kaia's hips, pushed the bra cups to either side and Kaia realized with a thrill that Quiesha was looking at her bare breasts. Having her hot swollen young breasts freed of restraint was... invigorating.

It gave Kaia the urge to do all sorts of things she'd never normally consider doing. These things were cloudy in her mind. She had the thought that maybe she should instead let Quiesha do whatever sorts of things she had urges to do to Kaia.

Sure, that seemed like a fair middle ground. Even while being compromised fair-minded Kaia was willing to compromise!

Again reactively, again feeling foolish, Kaia looked down at her own breasts like she'd never seen them before. They looked new to her or like she was looking at them through new eyes. Maybe through Quiesha's eyes.

Kaia had to mentally agree that her breasts looked wonderful. Full and tight, not big, but soft and symmetrical, the complexion perfect except for one very light mole that nearly blended in with her skin. Those nipples! They looked like someone else's nipples. They seemed bigger and a brighter pink than Kaia had ever before seen them.

Kaia just bet that Quiesha liked her nipples and liked looking at them.

Kaia knew she should be trying to get her bra cups back in place. But her breasts felt so good on the loose and she was sort of happy for Quiesha. If Quiesha liked looking at her hard nipples and her perspiration damp breasts then who was Kaia to stop her?

This was Quiesha's bedroom so it was kind of Quiesha's rules, right? No, no, that was wrong wrong wrong all wrong. It was Quiesha's bedroom but it was Kaia's body, damn it!

It still sure felt like they were under Quiesha's rules here. Kaia wondered if that was one reason why Quiesha brought Kaia to the bedroom. If it was done to give Quiesha a little psychological advantage. Home field advantage. Home bed advantage.

Clearly Quiesha did bring her here with the intent of having sex with her. Boy, was Quiesha going to be disappointed!

At some point.

When Kaia got around to putting a stop to things.

Then Quiesha was going to be so disappointed! Poor girl!

Quiesha was doing more than just looking! Quiesha's hands covered Kaia's breasts and gripped them. Kaia's nipples were so hard it felt like they

were trying to pierce Quiesha's palms but, instead, they were pressed back down into her own breasts. Quiesha made free with Kaia's breasts. She wasn't tender at all. She seemed to have no fear of hurting them and she didn't. Just the opposite.

It felt good to Kaia even if it was naughty. Even the naughty feeling felt good though. It accentuated everything. It was weird. Kaia was sure that if a boy she liked, some handsome boy, did this exact same thing to her, it would not be nearly as arousing because it just wouldn't be nearly as naughty. Now, letting a rude pushy black lesbian do this... now *that* was naughty.

If this had been a first or even a second or third date with a nice young white man there was no way she'd let him do to her what Quiesha was doing.

Kaia just couldn't make herself protest even as Quiesha looked down at her with calculating self-satisfied eyes. Kaia had to admit, whatever Quiesha's calculations, they were right so far. She also had to admit Quiesha probably should be feeling self-satisfied. Quiesha had done more with her already than Kaia had thought she'd ever let Quiesha do.

Ever. Ever let alone while getting to know each other for the first time. Quiesha was getting to know her far more intimately than Kaia would

have thought possible and Kaia was getting to know a new part of herself. One that seemed to revel in being mauled by a black lesbian.

Kaia thought she really ought to just reach up and pull Quiesha's hands away. Or at least try. Maybe try, a little, not too much. She wouldn't want to offend Quiesha or make Quiesha think she was racist! Maybe try and fail then with honor.

Or not. After all, she could always try to do that later. If the feeling up didn't feel right. Then she could try and fail to do something about it. There was still plenty of time to fail later!

The bra was somewhere under her back now and the blouse was still up and gathered at her arm pits. Quiesha's hands were gripping, twisting, and rubbing Kaia's breasts. There was nothing perfunctory about it. Quiesha was working them! No special focus on the nipples but the nipples were still receiving plenty of sensation.

Quiesha's dry-humping on Kaia's skirt covered waist was working dark wonders. The skirt was loose so it fitted to Kaia's form when pressed. It was thin as well. By now it was also wet from pussy juice though Kaia couldn't guess how much of that was her own and how much was from Quiesha.

Kaia felt so wet down there that she thought it needed to be moved into

the wet-humping class of humping if there was such a thing. Calling it “dry” humping was no longer accurate! Kaia felt Quiesha's swollen labial lips hanging down and pressing against Kaia's slit with only wet bunched panties, a wet thin skirt, and Quiesha's thin shorts between them.

The whole situation made Kaia wish she wasn't so heterosexual. If she wasn't heterosexual she could just have sex with Quiesha. She could just lay there and let Quiesha do what she wanted to do. Well, okay, she already was doing that, doing nothing, but she could let it happen and not feel so guilty. So naughty. So nasty. Or maybe still feel naughty and nasty but enjoy it. Enjoy it even more.

Of course, after this Kaia intended to never to see Quiesha again because she was such a bitch.

This friendship thing wasn't working out!

Chapter Six

The “friendship date” wasn't working out for Kaia but Kaia guessed it

was working out pretty good for Quiesha.

Quiesha worked her pussy down onto Kaia's and worked Kaia's breasts with her hands.

Kaia knew she had to end this. As long as she ended it there was no harm done and nothing to feel bad about. Even if it felt good so far. Better to end it sooner rather than later. Or maybe not. Maybe she ought to get her money's worth out of being woman-handled by Quiesha. Enjoy it, just a little, don't let it go too far, then end it. As long as she ended it before Quiesha wanted her to end it then Kaia was totally heterosexual and she'd have nothing to feel bad about.

Also, the longer she let Quiesha have her way with her the more Kaia was proving she wasn't a racist. There was that. That was one good thing about all this.

Sometimes a girl had to do what a girl had to do just in order to prove she wasn't a lesbian-hating racist. Or just let some other girl do what she wanted to do. That would prove it.

She better let Quiesha keep going just so there was no unfortunate misunderstanding about that whole racism thing.

It also didn't seem fair to say anything just right then. All that pleasure

Quiesha was giving her. It would be sort of ungrateful to make Quiesha stop. Kaia knew that the moans she made were likely driving Quiesha on... because her moans were turning herself on as well!

It sounded sexy the way she was moaning. It was sexy. It was accurate. Kaia felt sexy and the way Quiesha felt her up felt sexy.

It wasn't like Kaia could convincingly tell Quiesha that she didn't like what Quiesha was doing!

This supposedly “dry” humping of Quiesha's pelvis against her own felt so darn good Kaia had no idea why people didn't just have sex this way all the time. Why bother taking off clothes? Why risk sexual diseases?

Maybe this would even work with guys! That way Kaia would never have to lose her virginity. Well, not until she wanted to have children. A secret partial reason for keeping her virginity, one she never shared with anyone, was simple worry about the pain of having her hymen broken. And that it would be gross.

Maybe if she just let Quiesha keep humping then Quiesha would finish and Quiesha would maybe be satisfied that way? That would not be such a big deal. Everyone could be happy then. Quiesha got an orgasm, Kaia stayed

heterosexual, and no one said anything about racism.

No. No, Quiesha wouldn't be satisfied with that. That was clear when Quiesha rose up, moved her hands from Kaia's breasts to Kaia's waist and pulled sharply at the waistbands of both Kaia's skirt and her panties!

Kaia had no time for protest, no time to conjure the words, and no time to form a show of resistance. Somehow, Kaia did have time to instinctively raise her hips to actually assist Quiesha in removing all clothing below Kaia's waist. Then everything between her socks and the upper slopes of her breasts was nude!

She felt her bare butt fall back into contact with the bed. She saw her skirt and panties, bundled together, tossed backward by Quiesha. They landed only five feet away but it may as well have been a mile.

It seemed like escape was so much further away suddenly. That extra step of having to go find and then struggling to put on her clothing made it seem ever so much less likely she'd leave here before she completed all sorts of lesbian activities.

She realized she was putting on a show whether she meant it or not when she saw Quiesha's eyes widen with sexual avarice as she stared at Kaia's crotch. Instead of being upset by Quiesha's hunger, Kaia was

automatically concerned with how she looked “down there”. She looked down and saw her blonde pubic hair matted down with wetness but with a few darker hair spikes like some kind of punk rock pubic hair fresh from the shower.

Then her view was blocked as Quiesha pressed her crotch down against Kaia's and humped her some more. Quiesha's hands also returned to Kaia's hot breasts. Somehow Kaia's breasts seemed even more sensitive than before. They welcomed Quiesha's warm recapture of them.

Kaia still said nothing. She just tried to breathe against the pressure of Quiesha's body and Quiesha's pressing hands.

Kaia decided to focus on calming her body and muting her responsiveness. If she could do something about herself then maybe she could do something about Quiesha. But, instead of decreasing her arousal, Kaia's focus made her more aware of the sensations and only increased and kept increasing her arousal! It was like trying to put out a fire by throwing dry paper on it. Kaia could barely breathe and barely think. Everything was getting more intense.

Kaia was relieved that Quiesha still had her shorts on. They felt very thin like Quiesha wore no underwear. Still, they were at least some kind of

barrier. But would Quiesha keep them on?

A fast mover like Quiesha? There was no way she would keep them on. Quiesha could push them down at any moment and Kaia would still be speechless and helpless and, even if she said *something*, she had to face it that Quiesha would probably ignore her.

The doom of her lesbian virginity might be fast approaching unless she did something dramatic to save it. Perhaps it was only a re-declared virginity because Kaia didn't know what the rules were regarding losing ones lesbian virginity but, if she wanted to stop this, all of this, she needed to do it soon or it would be too late!

It was hard to think and she didn't feel as motivated to save her lesbian virginity as she thought she should be. No matter how she felt at this instant she knew she'd regret it later if she did let Quiesha continue to have her way. Letting Quiesha, such a bitch, do anything at all to her. Just unbelievable!

Had she worked so hard to keep boys from doing all the things they wanted to do to her only to let this rude black lesbian stranger just take it?

No!

Her smarts and her arousal worked together to form a plan. Resistance seen as resistance would not work. But if Kaia did for Quiesha what Quiesha

thought Kaia genuinely wanted to do or made Quiesha want what Kaia was willing to give... that might work!

Kaia felt like there was no chance for her to just get up and walk out of this. It wasn't just because of Quiesha either. It was also because of herself, how hot and needy she felt. It made her weak. Weak physically and weak morally and, most especially, it made her weak-willed.

So she was going to have to do something or let something be done to her. That was it. She had to choose. She had to go with the lesser of two evils or she'd be doing every single evil wicked lesbian thing that Quiesha wanted to do.

What did lesbians like to do? It was obvious to Kaia. She could only think of two things really. Two sexual acts. In Kaia's innocent mind lesbians had fewer choices among sexual acts than did heterosexual people.

Lick or be licked.

To lick or not to lick and rather, instead, to be licked, that was the question. Like a Shakespeare-based porno.

So Kaia had to decide which was less lesbian. Being licked? Even the thought caused her lust to spike and she felt swamped with juices. If she let Quiesha lick her... then she was going to end up having an orgasm. From a

lesbian mouth!

That would be so... damn lesbian!

That was it. Choice made. No matter how gross, she needed to lick Quiesha before Quiesha licked her. That way Quiesha would be sexually satisfied and would think Kaia was fully on board with a three hour lesbian cruise. Once Kaia got Quiesha to orgasm then Quiesha would likely have her eyes closed for a while and would be breathing heavily. By the time Quiesha opened her eyes Kaia would at least be fully dressed and would maybe even be out of the room. Hell, she might even be halfway home walking up the hill!

It wasn't a get out of jail for free plan but it did seem like a get out of jail for half price plan.

“Um, why don't I give you some pleasure?”

“You are.”

“I meant in a different way. With... my mouth.”

“You blondes just love to tongue black pussy, huh? Fucking fine by me.”

Quiesha stood up off of her and Kaia struggled clumsily to sit up. She

felt in total disarray and was sure she looked the same as she felt. She wondered what Quiesha meant by that comment about blondes. She hated people who saw her a certain way just because she was blonde.

Why was it okay to make negative assumptions about blondes and all sorts of insulting stereotypical comments about them and it was all supposedly done in good fun. It was done based on the color of hair! But, do the same thing based on the color of skin and it was racism.

Blondes ought to get the same protections as minorities. After all, blondes are a minority! Kaia had read that only two percent of the world's population was natural blondes. Blondes were much more a minority than were black people!

She had to wonder though if this was tall talk by Quiesha or, if not, exactly how many blondes had given her oral sex. She wondered if blondes really were somehow more likely to give oral sex. Or if blondes preferred black pussy. No, that had to be nonsense.

The prospect of what she was about to do – what she had asked to do! – was awesomely intimidating.

Much more so when Quiesha shed her shorts.

Kaia wasn't sure what she'd expected – a vagina obviously – but

whatever she'd expected it was certainly different than she'd pictured. It was dark and there was quite a lot of pubic hair. How had Quiesha managed to grow so much pubic hair and still be this young?

At least Quiesha's pussy lips looked more red than that purple color the black women in the porno had. Quiesha somehow thought red lips were more appetizing than purple. Or less unappetizing.

Quiesha brought it close to her face. Kaia felt hot in temperature but frozen in mobility. The raspy curly pubic hair's tickled her nose tip. The odor tickled her inner nose. She looked up at Quiesha. She looked expectant. Kaia looked back at it Quiesha's pussy. She was getting an ultra close up view.

Well... this is what she verbally signed up for, wasn't it?

Where to start?

The smell coming off it was incredibly strong. It seemed quite feminine. It wasn't foreign. It was a recognized smell. That Lydia lady had somehow made Kaia go down on her pussy and this smell was uncannily similar. Kaia guessed, black or white, pussy smelled like pussy.

The idea of licking it was gross and disturbing. The idea of anyone ever knowing was worrisome. The prospect that she was somehow now

forced to please someone she hardly knew and really didn't like was all wrong.

More than that, even outside the difference in manners, and the difference in skin (and hair!) color, Kaia was way better looking than Quiesha.

Kaia always tried to be modest and mostly succeeded but she knew she was a ten on the one to ten scale. She owned a mirror after all! Besides, many had told her so. Even her own sisters!

Quiesha grinned cockily at her, “You feeling that blondie hunger for black pussy, ain't you?”

The way Quiesha talked about blondes was like they were some kind of breed or something and like one blonde was the same as another. Interchangeable.

Kaia liked to think that being as great looking as she was, as smart as she was, white, and blonde that she'd at least be something special to Quiesha. Someone Quiesha could brag about. She didn't care if Quiesha did brag after this encounter. Fine by her. Quiesha obviously ran in a different social circle anyway and this was definitely a one time thing whatever this thing was.

Here she was about to do something special for Quiesha and Quiesha may not think of her as special at all. It made Kaia a little sad and a little jealous and a little angry all at the same time. It also made her feel low down, not unique, more like “blondie” than “Kaia”.

Quiesha bumped her pubic mound against Kaia's lips, “What's the wait, bitch? Slurp my pussy!”

“Quiesha! That's no way to talk! I'm not a “bitch”. I was going to do you a favor. I think I won't now.”

“You are a bitch. That can be an insult but it can be a compliment, too. Depends on tone. Slurp my pussy and you're a good bitch doing what you should.”

Kaia hated telling people no and her pussy was still pulsing in an eager to please way but she knew she couldn't let Quiesha treat her this way. If she did Quiesha would end up thinking less and less of her and probably treat her worse and worse. Or, really, Quiesha would treat other girls worse since, no matter what, Kaia was never going to go out on another “friendship date” with her.

“Quiesha, I don't appreciate how you talk so--”

Quiesha saw right away where Kaia was going. In the wrong direction

in Quiesha's regard. Quiesha was ready with some manipulation ammunition thanks to those two big white lesbo ladies. She went ahead and interrupted Kaia before Kaia could verbally travel too far down the path of not cooperating with her enslavement. When people put resistance into words it was harder to break them down.

“Bitch, don't worry about what I say or what I call you. That's no deal breaker. Look at my pussy. Just look at that wet pussy. Right there waiting for tongue action! Any hot-blooded girl should want that black banana split. Don't you act all too good for pussy and all. Word already out in the cul-de-sac is that you like you some sweet pussy. You like white pussy. I know that. Now we're gonna find out if you're racist against black pussy. When I find a racist, I kick their ass and I don't care how hot they are. They still look hot all bruised up and they still lick it just fine. Maybe better with fat lips. That's gonna piss me off if your mom set me up on a friendship date with her racist lesbian daughter! You know I'd have to complain to Mommy about her racist lesbian daughter. I bet you don't want that.”

This struck to the core of Kaia's insecurity. The past few days, ever since that photo session with big Lydia, she'd had so many thoughts, memories, worries. The encounter kept replaying, kept haunting her. That she had done those things or allowed them done was bad enough. That she'd

enjoyed them was almost beyond belief. And very worrisome.

But the absolute worst was anyone she actually cared for knowing about it. They'd never look at her the same. Kaia knew that because she already didn't look at herself the same way.

Maybe she should just lick this black pussy and do the best possible job so Quiesha would have no reason to complain. As Quiesha had told her to do, Kaia was looking right at it. That couldn't really be helped as it filled her view from this close.

She admitted it was sort of fascinating. It was a whole alien landscape. Rifts and valleys and ridge lines.

Kaia realized there were only two ways this could play out. She could leave now... try to leave now... and it would be a confrontation... and Quiesha would think she was a racist... and Quiesha would say those things to her Mom....

Or....

Chapter Seven

Kaia pressed her lips onto Quiesha's pussy, near the top, and kissed it, then tentatively flicked her tongue against it. Kaia groaned in a sort of defeated tone and she licked again, her tongue further out. Further out and further into pussy.

“Yeah, bitch, do it!”

The way Quiesha said bitch did sound highly complimentary now! Kaia almost didn't mind it.

Kaia's uncertainty melted a little from the positive feedback and it felt like Quiesha's pussy was melting in her mouth a little too. Some musky liquid was retracted into her mouth by her tongue and then her tongue went for more and more and deeper and deeper samples each time.

Kaia, not totally sure of what was expected and not wanting to look like some kind of whore, kept licking all around. She found herself actually wanting to get her tongue in deep and Quiesha always complimented her by calling her a bitch when she did that. It meant her nose was squashed flat against the lower curve of Quiesha's belly and Kaia thought she must look silly, slutty... and incredibly hot... to a lesbian like Quiesha.

Kaia's face reddened and her pussy blazed with heat. Kaia bet her face

was nearly as red as Quiesha's labial lips.

Quiesha sure seemed to like what Kaia was doing. Quiesha grunted and cursed, pulled hard at Kaia's blonde hair, and ground her pussy on Kaia's lower face.

Kaia had seen pussy licking in pornos. But they were tame pornos where the man – she always watched heterosexual porn – extended his tongue and just wiggled the tip, usually on the starlet's clitoris. The porn from earlier and this here real life pussy licking was much more intense and involved.

Why did thinking about what she was doing, licking black pussy, turn her on so much? It made her wiggle and mash her bare pussy down on the dirty smelly blankets on Quiesha's bed. Kaia had a flash of memory combined with sexual inspiration. How she always liked to hump her own pillow at home when masturbating. She wished she could lick Quiesha's pussy and at the same time hump Quiesha's pussy. Oh, how nasty and slutty Quiesha would think she was.

Kaia thought maybe... maybe... maybe she really was some kind of slut. Some sort of blonde sex bitch.

Was she really maybe lesbian or was she maybe just a total slut for sex

with anyone, male or female?

She admitted to herself it really was impressive that Quiesha had gotten Kaia to lick her pussy. A young average at best looking black girl somehow sexually conquering a model-beautiful white girl. Lesbian conquering a heterosexual girl at that! Kaia guessed Quiesha deserved all the respect her tongue could give her.

Quiesha kept grunting and moaning almost musically with appreciation of Kaia's efforts and every few seconds issued an “atta girl” or a “good bitch” comment like she thought that was the fuel Kaia ran on. Quiesha even once said, “Do it like the pussy slut you is.” Kaia knew she should feel insulted and wasn't sure how a pussy slut did do it but nevertheless she tried to keep doing it and even tried to improve on it.

Quiesha's comments did sort of motivate her to keep going. Kaia knew she shouldn't be treated this way. She had to put up with it now, true, but did she really need to lick so much harder and deeper and faster with each nasty demeaning comment? No, she didn't. But, she did. It just turned her on so much.

This was no way for a young lady like her to be treated but Kaia found she just couldn't get mad. Not mad enough to stop. Not mad at all. She sort

of liked the rough-spoken compliments. Okay, not compliments. Those words were defining her as some sort of cheap nasty slut.

Those words rang truer in her mind each time.

“Flick your slut tongue up high and hard! Find my spot up in there. Lick it! Lick it you lesbo bitch!”

Kaia figured Quiesha was much more experienced at receiving a pussy licking than Kaia was at giving one so it must be best to just to do she was told to do.

Quiesha knew best!

Kaia would obey best!

Kaia had, for the time, totally lost track of her plan to please and flee. All that was in her mind was a desire to please and awareness of her own lusty heat between her legs.

Kaia planted her mouth hard on black pussy and Quiesha helped by pressing hard on the back of Kaia's head. Kaia obediently stretched her tongue out and up. Her neck hurt from the angle but she was determined. So was Quiesha. Quiesha squatted down slightly and spread her legs wider while standing.

That made the difference. With her tongue tip Kaia felt something spongy up in there. Swollen and spongy and different from the otherwise slick inner pussy.

Quiesha squealed, “Oh fuck! You nailed my G! You reached it you long tongue lesbo slut bitch! Your tongue fucking made it! Oh fuck! Tongue my G! Tongue my G!”

Kaia wasn't sure exactly what was going on or what she'd done other than obey to the best of her ability but it sounded like she was doing a good job!

Kaia wanted to see, and feel, where this was going to go and wouldn't have left right then even with a guarantee of her reputation being preserved. She didn't have a choice anyway. Quiesha kept a merciless grip on the back of Kaia's head in order to keep Kaia's face planted in pussy.

Quiesha began a sort of chant, faster and faster, “Lick my G. Lick my G. Lick my G!”

Kaia sucked in air through her squashed sideways nose and worked her tongue frantically. It was tired but she swore she was getting it out further than when she began. Like she was growing more tongue or utilizing some kind of deep tongue reserve.

Quiesha was highly complimentary. In her own way.

“God damn! Shit, bitch! You a prize fucking slut! You got some mutant tongue! That's your fucking slut super power! Tongue my G, super lesbo! Get that tongue way up my cunt!”

Well, that made Kaia feel special! She'd thought that a little sarcastically only to find that she did feel special. Was there really something special about her tongue?

A memory came to Kaia. Maybe she did have a special tongue! She remembered a fun stupid high school lunch hour challenge among friends. It was simple: could you touch the end of your nose with the tip of your tongue. She had laughed as various friends tried it and failed. Then they peer pressured her to do it so she tried thinking she wouldn't be able to either. But she had succeeded and her friends had marveled at it. Then, of course, they teased her that when her hands were too busy she could still pick her nose with her tongue.

Kaia even looked it up online and it turned out only about ten percent of people can do it. So, she sort of did have a mutant tongue.

Kaia looked at Quiesha's lower belly from about an inch away and past her nose squished flat against it. So, when her tongue was fully extended and

flipped up and back the tip must be right about where her nose was!

Quiesha gasped out more “compliments”, “You the best cunt licker, slut bitch! My own white mutant sex slut! I'm just like that Professor X 'cept I'm young, black, got my hair, and I'm a sexy female. Otherwise, 'xact same. I'm going to start my own school for special talented lesbo slut mutants!”

In her strange passion-infested state of mind Kaia found herself admiring that Quiesha was so ambitious. She was going to start her own school someday? Wow.

Kaia felt like Quiesha deserved a reward so she arced her tongue as hard as she could and vigorously rubbed the tip of it on that spongy area up inside Quiesha. Quiesha started making heart felt ooing sounds that went up and down in scale and sometimes even in and out of the audible range.

Kaia thought Quiesha was about to orgasm and felt nearly victorious.

But then Quiesha pushed away and Kaia felt her tongue pop free of pussy. She felt a sense of loss. She wanted that hot pussy back wrapped around her tongue.

Quiesha huffed in a few breaths before she had enough composure to speak, “Not yet, eager lesbo slut. Not quite yet. I almost came. I have an idea. I want this first one in a special way. I'm going to be cumming on your

mutant slut tongue a whole lot, probably hundreds of times this year alone.”

Kaia thought, “She was?”

It didn't fill her with dread.

It seemed like this pussy licking thing was something Kaia was naturally good at. It was just too bad she wasn't really a lesbian. A real tragedy that. She almost wished...

It seemed like a waste for her to have that mutant nose tip touching tongue and to not use it on pussies. It didn't seem nearly as useful for something like cock sucking. Cock sucking was more about sweeping licks and suction. Hitting hard to reach places? That was a job for her mutant tongue.

Quiesha gave orders, not asking, just demanding, “Bitch! Roll on your back. No, stay on the bed, dumb ass. With your head hanging off the side and you looking at the ceiling like a sexy slut should be doing a lot of the time.”

Kaia, not knowing where this was going, but feeling eager to obey direction and almost relieved and grateful to be told what to do, got into the “requested” position.

Quiesha walked up to her head and then straddled it with legs to either side. Kaia's view of ceiling was blotted out by black pussy. She could see how very close the bottom join of Quiesha's pussy slit and her anus were. There was just a tiny strip of flesh between where one ended and the next began.

Then Kaia had the optical illusion that she was somehow zooming in on the view...

Quiesha was lowering her pussy onto Kaia's face!

Quiesha explained her expectations even as she fit her pussy to mouth, “Even your mutant tongue won't be able to reach my G from there. That's fine. When I cum sometimes I gush. If it's a big enough one. This time I'm feeling it. Gonna be a gusher. Now, just for fun and only 'cause I wanna, I'm gonna give you a choice. When I cum and gush you can close your slut mouth if that's really what you want. But my juices gonna go all over your face and in your hair. You'll have to wear it home like that. No cleaning up! Or, your choice, you can guzzle my gusher like a prizewinning slut.”

Kaia was very sure she did not want either one of those choices. Yet again, she was faced with a tough choice. First was whether to lick pussy or let her pussy be licked. Now she had to choose whether to swallow Quiesha's

flow of bodily fluids or wear them.

Kaia found it hard to believe that a girl could even do that but she had heard – talk among giggling friends – about “squirters”. At the time she thought that was just some kind of urban sexual legend. Apparently, though, Quiesha thought she was one, at least at times.

Coming home from this supposed “date” with girl cum on her face and in her hair and having to run the gauntlet of her sisters and Mom? No thank you!

Kaia knew she'd have to swallow it down. Gross but it was the lesser of the two evils. Besides, how much fluid could there even be?

With Quiesha pressing her vulva down onto Kaia's mouth Kaia opened up and went to work. Quiesha reached out and plucked hard at Kaia's bright pink nipples. Kaia felt even more helpless but, the weird thing was, that helplessness now felt delicious instead of claustrophobic.

She worked on Quiesha's pussy for many long minutes and it seemed to take a very long time to get her back up to her previous level of arousal. Kaia found herself wishing that she could stretch her tongue far enough to tongue tap at that special spongy spot up inside Quiesha. It made Quiesha so happy! That made Kaia want to.

Quiesha had staying power. Kaia's tongue got tired but she stuck to it. She wasn't a quitter! Besides, no way would Quiesha let her quit.

Quiesha talked to her, “You know what inspired me on this position, slut bitch? That fantastic porno. That scene with that whitey woman upside down over the windowsill sucking that black pussy. I thought, “Why not me and why not you?””

Kaia realized this position was just like what they'd watched on the porno. She felt lucky she was on a bed instead of laying on a hard windowsill fifteen feet above the ground.

Kaia guessed she was just lucky like that.

“Fucking reach down and finger your snatch while I fuck on your slut mouth. Fire up that hot slut pussy. Make it sexy and you might get lucky 'nuff I go down on it.”

Kaia's hand darted to her pussy and two fingers darted inside. She had an overwhelming feeling of “At last!” like she'd actually been waiting for this order. Her pussy welcomed the direction.

So much for not getting aroused while doing lesbian stuff! She could wave goodbye to that but her hands were too occupied, one at her pussy, and the other grabbing tight on Quiesha's ass.

Now she had to make it sexy! That way Quiesha might even go down on her!

Kaia's poked her fingers partially in, added a third, thrust them faster and faster in little half finger length thrusts, and then worked her pussy upward to meet them. Kaia had a scary certain feeling that if she really actually tried it she'd be able to get her whole hand up inside her pussy.

If not for that damn hymen! That thought made her thrust more cautiously. She did want to keep it. Didn't she?

She better not break her hymen.

After all, Quiesha had not told her to do that. The only way to be sure Quiesha would be pleased with her was if to do all that Quiesha said to do and nothing that she did not say.

Kaia had an awesome thought, one part scary, one part a nasty turn on. She knew that if Quiesha knew about her hymen that Quiesha would tell her to break it and she knew she would obey Quiesha!

So she wasn't going to let Quiesha know.

In lieu of deep finger thrusts Kaia wiggled her ass up and down and back and forth trying to make the sight as sexy as possible for Quiesha.

Kaia hoped Quiesha really did intend to go down on her. Kaia was eager for it. Why the hell had she been trying to avoid it earlier?

Kaia hoped she could earn it. She hoped Quiesha would be as good at it as Lydia had been. Quiesha was not ideal. Obviously. Far far far from it. Rude. Pretty much mean. Nasty. Just a security guard. Living practically next door. Way too female! And black. Quite black. Very black.

There was something about that though. These things going on with a black girl seemed even more nasty than with an older woman like Lydia. More nasty and so much more intense.

Kaia had to wonder if she maybe had a thing for black people she'd had no idea she had. She'd never pictured them when masturbating before. Girls or women either. Kaia suspected that was going to change now. She could easily picture herself picturing a black woman, maybe even Quiesha, as she rode her pillow to orgasm in the future. The pillow would be the body of a black woman she was humping. Or maybe the pillow would be herself getting humped by a black woman.

Kaia had a thought and moved her other hand to her pussy. She'd had a naughty little inspiration. She was doing this not for her own pleasure but to please Quiesha. Just the urge to please Quiesha, to do something sexy just

for the undeserving Quiesha, made Kaia feel like a total slut.

In a good way!

Kaia used the fingers of one hand to spread her pussy lips and the other hand to work two fingers just a little way in. She just slid the two fingers in and out with “around the corner” darts, shallow, a little worried about her hymen. Masturbating during lesbian sex was no proper way to lose ones virginity!

Kaia felt ever so naughty because she did this specifically in order to give Quiesha a view of the bright pink shades especially just inside her pussy. It was a total exhibitionist move and it made Kaia feel like an absolute slut.

She usually just rubbed and tapped her clitoris. She didn't usually pull herself wide open like this. Or she rode her pillow. Ha, she bet Quiesha would love to watch that! The idea of doing that in front of Kaia was actually a turn on. A big turn on. It would be even more naughty to ride a pillow in front of Quiesha, even more than showing off the inner delicacy of her pussy.

She realized she was getting light-headed from not enough air. Her tongue was surging straight up into pussy pressed down on her face and with

her nose inadvertently but inescapably rubbing Quiesha's asshole.

It also didn't help her breathing that her neck was actually pushed down and “backward” which constricted her throat.

It also didn't help how she tried to avoid breathing through her nose. Her nose was right against sweat wet asshole!

“Do better, bitch. Work my pussy. Suck my pussy lips, bitch!”

What Kaia mostly wanted to do was to suck down some air. And orgasm from her fingering. But she did want to do a good job pleasing Quiesha, also.

She could lick and tongue poke more and faster if she stopped trying to breathe through her mouth.

Kaia made the choice. Pleasing Quiesha was suddenly more important than her own need to avoid smelling something intimately stinky.

Kaia stopped trying to breathe through her mouth and sucked in air thru her nose. That smell somehow wasn't a turn off. It was so nasty in such a personal way that it went right past disgusting and gross and reset to being a huge turn on.

Kaia felt so slutty! She was masturbating in front of someone, she was

purposely showing off her pussy, she was tonguing black pussy, and she was sniffing ass all at the same time!

It was enough to make a girl feel like cumming! But, Quiesha first. Quiesha's orgasm was most important. Kaia knew that was a part of some plan she'd had but she didn't care about the plan or even remember it right then. Quiesha, so bossy, was the boss. Her orgasm was more important to make happen than Kaia's.

So Kaia went to town on Quiesha's pussy and sucked in gales of scented air through her nostrils to fuel her efforts to please. It still took several more minutes of pussy pleasing before they both realized Quiesha was about to orgasm.

“Rub your pussy, bitch! Work it! I want you cumming same time as me and I'm just about to!”

Kaia immediately shifted her second hand from holding her pussy open to clitoris strumming duty and she strummed those fingers on her swollen clitoris so fast they were a blur.

Kaia heard Quiesha sucking in air and wished she could do the same. She couldn't get enough air in through her nose and she wouldn't stop giving her best oral efforts. Her head buzzed from a shortage of oxygen.

“You're doing it right, bitch. Oh fuuuuuuuuuuuuuck!”

Quiesha orgasmed.

Kaia thought a “squirter” maybe shot out a tiny squirt of juice. Like maybe what you'd see from an orange segment when squeezed. Nope.

Wrong.

It was a deluge. It was like a trapdoor opened under a pool of water. It poured forth and down from Quiesha's pussy.

Kaia had already decided what she had to do. What she would do. What she actually wanted to do because she felt so slutty. The amount of liquid did not change her course of action.

Kaia quickly pulled her tongue in and opened her mouth as wide as she possibly could. It was already too late though as streams of liquid rushed past the corners of her mouth and into her hair.

Kaia caught what she could in her mouth but her mouth filled almost instantly. It was going to run over! She had to swallow it! Kaia did swallow the juices in her mouth but that meant the continuing flow ran into closed lips and rushed past her mouth and went all over her face and soaked into her hair.

She swallowed heavily and urgently and got her mouth open in time to capture another mouthful. She swallowed that down also and by that time the flood slowed to a trickle.

Quiesha kept cumming and humped down on Kaia's face making Kaia fear for her neck. Dedicated to the task she kept blurring her fingers over her clitoris and her orgasm joined Quiesha's, slightly late to the party, but making a grand powerful slutty entrance.

As Quiesha's orgasm calmed and Kaia's continued, Kaia's flopping minimized by being on her back and with Quiesha riding her face, Quiesha returned to her customary nasty talk, “You fucking pussy slurping slut bitch! I got me a winner! I'm going to keep my prize slut forever! You're gonna drink a gallon of pussy juice out of my snatch every month! Fuck that! Every fucking *week*! I'm keeping you! I'm keeping you forever! I mean, sure, fuck, I'm gonna loan you out to friends. 'Course I am! But you'll still be mine all mine no matter how many pussies I have you eat!”

Chapter Eight

Kaia was a bit alarmed by this talk. Obviously it was just talk. Kaia just couldn't muster much alarm though. Her orgasm was too good. Quiesha would say what Quiesha wanted to say. That was just Quiesha. Kaia would listen to it and not disagree out loud. That was just the new Kaia that Kaia was getting to know.

Quiesha went on, "Not just pussies neither. Asses too. With that mutant tongue of yours you gonna be a total prize of an ass eater! Yep, I am keeping you. I can afford you. Shit, I'll have you earning a lot more than you cost to feed. You're a little thing anyway and part of your diet is gonna be free pussy and ass too. Congrats, Tongue Mutant, your hard work earned you into being a slave to me. Forever. Unless I sell you. Don't worry. A buyer would have to pay me a fuck of a lot for you."

Kaia knew she should shut down this crazy talk from Quiesha but that was hard to do coming down from an orgasm, with Quiesha riding Kaia's mouth and her squeezing thighs holding Kaia's face in place, and Kaia's own hands still working magic on her pussy.

Kaia just bet Quiesha was doing this on purpose. Making these crazy predictions and declarations when Kaia's mouth was too occupied to protest them. Because not saying no meant yes to come people!

She realized that, ironically, her own fingers in her pussy and her other hand rubbing her clitoris were helping keep herself quiet. Except for her moans and groans. She made a multitude of them so many you almost couldn't tell where one ended and the next began.

Well, Quiesha would have to stop riding her face sooner or later, wouldn't she? Kaia would just say something then. She'd say something like, "Quiesha, remember earlier when you said I'd be your slave forever and you'd loan me out for sexual use by others? Let's talk about that."

Kaia kept getting more and more turned on. Quiesha's crazy talk and her name-calling had done a number on Kaia mentally and emotionally. If she wasn't careful she was going to start believing not only that Quiesha meant what she said but also that it was even true.

Quiesha stepped away and then jumped up on the bed. She scrambled to get in place crouching on all fours over Kaia. It was the sixty-nine position but Kaia was too exhausted to lift her head. It hung down dizzily off the edge of the bed. That was fine by Quiesha. She'd gotten hers and she'd gotten more than expected from a supposed lesbian virgin. That fucking mutant tongue was no joke! It was worth far more than its weight in gold!

Right then Quiesha wanted to return the favor and go down on Kaia.

Except she really would be going “down” instead of going up like Kaia had.

Quiesha didn't mind licking pussy and she knew Kaia deserved a reward for her performance but there was nothing altruistic in Quiesha's intent to please. She wanted to make Kaia into her little controlled white sex addict. Her own personal Tongue Mutant!

Quiesha decided on a two-pronged attack. Her mouth and the two prongs of two fingers scissoring into Kaia's pussy. Quiesha thought the white girl had a near perfect pussy. Of course, it was all personal preference but this girl with the golden hair had a real Goldilocks pussy. Not too much of anything and also not too little of anything. It was just fucking right!

Quiesha planted her lips on that clitoris and slid her fingers into wet heat.

What the...?

What the fuck?

Was that what Quiesha thought it was?

No fucking way!

Quiesha dug around and moved her fingers up and down.

Holy shit! It really was!

This white bitch wasn't just a lesbian virgin! She was a virgin virgin!

Nineteen and a virgin? This was like some kind of miracle!

Kaia felt Quiesha's fingers bump into her hymen and then again a few times more carefully. It made Kaia stiffen and she tried to make herself think.

Maybe Quiesha would think she wasn't such a slut now. Maybe Quiesha would feel bad. Maybe Quiesha wouldn't even want to do any more sex stuff with her.

Oh no! Kaia no longer wanted Quiesha to stop. She hoped the discovery of her virginity wouldn't ruin this.

Quiesha knew Kaia felt her discovery. She could feel her body tensing.

It still was so hard to believe that Quiesha wanted further confirmation, “You a virgin bitch?”

Kaia's mind reassembled and she grabbed onto this discovery like a flood victim grabbing onto anything that floated. Quiesha would let go of those nasty scary thought of somehow possessing Kaia. Quiesha wouldn't want a virgin limiting her! “Yes. Yes, I'm a virgin. Please!”

Kaia wasn't sure if she meant “please stop now” or “please don't stop just because of that”.

Quiesha chuckled, “A virgin and a tongue mutant? In one day? Same person? What are the fucking odds! Holy shit!”

Quiesha pulled her fingers out. She wasn't sure about that whole virginity thing or how best to utilize it. Shit, she bet she could sell that virginity if she could find a buyer. Shit, maybe find lots of buyers and start a bidding war.

For now, it was time to forge ahead with the short term plan of making Kaia love lesbian action.

Quiesha opened her lips, located that nub of a clitoris with her tongue, and then speared it over and over. Kaia grunted and sounded somehow surprised. Kaia writhed and then tried to buck Quiesha off her. It was apparent that Kaia was hypersensitive after orgasm. Quiesha loved it. Kaia had the kind of body where she was meant to be a slut and meant to serve others with that tongue as well. All in an unbelievably hot package! The white girl was not hard on the eyes!

Quiesha crammed her elbows in between Kaia's thighs and used them like a spreader, a leg opener. Quiesha had all the leverage and all her weight

on Kaia and Kaia was weak from her orgasm and from renewed lust. Kaia had no chance. Quiesha elbowed her arms further and further out and stretched Kaia's legs outward making Kaia's pussy utterly defenseless.

Kaia quickly gave up the resistance to pleasure and just let it take her over. She crooned odd lost and lonely sounds but she sure wasn't alone.

To Quiesha riding this girl's body felt like riding a live electric wire.

Then, when Kaia came again, it felt like riding a lightning bolt.

Chapter Nine

Kaia came back to herself and found her perspective was different. She was still on her back but her head was even with her body and was on the bed. Now her legs and pelvis hung over the bed with her feet on the floor.

Kaia wasn't sure when that happened. She must have passed out for a minute or something.

Kaia felt an instinct to leave. An instinct that grew stronger by the second. She needed to get out of here and lick her moral wounds.

So to speak. Lick her moral wounds with her long agile mutant slut tongue....

She looked around. There was Quiesha.

She looked... different.

She was all naked now. Except, sort of not. She wore... something... around her waist....

Whatever that thing was, it worried Kaia, “What-what are you.... What is that?”

“Oh, this?” Quiesha pointed at the strap-on she wore, “This is just my virginity tester. I can't quite believe my lying eyes so I'll just rely on this here.”

Kaia realized this was her way out. Her get-out-of-sexual slavery card! She was never before so relieved to be a virgin. She was a virgin because she didn't have intercourse and now she would avoid further intercourse – assuming lesbian sex was “intercourse” -- because she was a virgin!

If it wasn't for her virginity she was sure Quiesha would have fucked her with that dildo thing she wore. So there really was good reason to have

kept her virginity all this time!

“Yes. I am a virgin! So... I guess... you know... thanks for the... the... the *interesting* time. Let's, uh, do it again sometime. I can see myself out.”

Kaia wasn't sure if she did or did not mean that part about doing it again sometime. She'd never thought she'd ever do any of those things they'd done. Also, she didn't like Quiesha and sure couldn't be seen associating with her or anyone knowing what they'd done.

Doing it all over again, some other time, if no one knew about it... that didn't sound bad or so unlikely. Could she maybe get Quiesha to be discreet and accept just sex with no strings attached? Maybe Kaia could look at such a situation as just a way for a heterosexual girl to keep her virginity! Yes. That *might* justify it.

Quiesha sauntered right up to the bed. Quiesha heard what Kaia said but also noticed Kaia wasn't in any hurry to sit up let alone leave. It seemed Kaia was waiting for permission to leave. If that was the truth then she was gonna have to wait a fuck of a long time!

“That's well and fine, girl. I can't exactly trust a mutant like you though. Forked tongue or mutant tongue I can't exactly remember which one lies. Maybe both. So, let's use my tester. If you are a virgin, I'll let you go

on your way. But, if you are not a virgin, then you're a hot slut and need to be my sex slave forever. Are we agreed?"

"Um. Ah. I mean... I guess so."

Kaia didn't really feel like leaving. Not right then. Not right away. But she also didn't want to be some sex slave to some descendant of slaves. Or to anyone, really.

Yeah. She better get out of here. She better let Quiesha prove that she was a virgin and then leave.

Quiesha got between her legs. Kaia was curious to see that dildo. Maybe one day when she lost her virginity she'd get one. She'd thought about it before but worried she'd get carried away with it. She was a passionate girl.

Also, she sure didn't want something like that in the house where Mom or her sisters might accidentally come across it. Or maybe on purpose from a sneaky search by Julissa. Julissa was so mischievous and liked to have things over her sisters. Little things that she always let out of the bag sooner or later.

The dildo looked entirely smooth.

It felt smooth too!

Quiesha slid the first couple inches in. Kaia felt it make contact with her hymen. There. Virginity proven.

She felt it slide in a bit more and establish that her hymen was tight and true. Virginity totally proven.

Couldn't Quiesha do this with her fingers? This proving? In fact, hadn't she already?

She felt the dildo sliding and pushing... the wrong way! Even further in. Kaia felt intense pressure on her poor hymen.

Kaia looked urgently up into Quiesha's eyes.

Quiesha grinned, “You really are a genuine blonde aren't you?”

“Yes, I am. What's that supposed to mean? Be careful! My virginity-
_”

Quiesha winked at her, “Don't worry, bitch, I'll help you out with that.”

Before Kaia could say anything or even think or even take a breath to speak Quiesha reared and slammed forward. The physical resistance of Kaia's hymen was almost non-existent. Kaia felt pain, tightness, invasion, a

release of fluid.

Kaia was in a state of shock.

Quiesha's dildo was in her! Way further in her! All the way in her!
Way past her no longer relevant hymen.

Quiesha was... fucking her...!

Kaia realized she was no longer a virgin.

Any kind of virgin. She was neither a traditional virgin nor a lesbian virgin.

Quiesha jacked in and out slowly, each time working further inside Kaia at the furthest penetration. Even without a real cock Quiesha could feel Kaia's tightness. Quiesha was gentle but not for the sake of being gentle. She wanted to take Kaia's virginity and already had but now she wanted to make Kaia like it. To make her cum in an undeniable manner.

No matter how you used and misused slaves, or allowed others to use and misuse them, no matter how cruel you were to them or how many mean things you said to them, it was still important to make slaves on some level *like* being a slave. That was the strongest and surest chain of all. It couldn't be seen, it couldn't be broken, and it was always on.

As Quiesha worked the dildo back and forth and Kaia's body adjusted to the pain, so, too, did Kaia's mind try to adjust to what had happened. She tried to deal with her change in status.

She was no longer a virgin!

Chapter Ten

Kaia felt bitter disappointment. She'd saved her virginity for this? For *Quiesha*? For this Quiesha girl she'd only known for a couple hours, if that?

The bitterness was soon more like bittersweet. It was having an effect on her. Of that she could not doubt. That first release of fluids she figured must have been blood. But now it was juices flowing from arousal. The physical sensations and the outrageous way Quiesha had just taken her combined as a powerful aphrodisiac.

But... Quiesha had tricked her! Tricked her out of her virginity!

Or... had Kaia tricked herself?

Wait! Her virginity was, at least, proven. She was tempted to wait until after this first time fucking but, no, she wasn't going to let Quiesha cheat her like that!

“Quiesha, you said. You said you'd let me go. Honor your commitment!”

“I am honoring my commitment you stupid blonde Tongue Mutant! I said if you are a virgin I'd let you go. But, you ain't no virgin now, are you? So you fucking honor your fucking commitment. Remember? If you're not a virgin then you have to be my sex slave forever. There can be no doubt, you are not a virgin! Not no more!”

“But... you never said.... I never thought...!”

“Exactly. See now? A stupid Tongue Mutant like you needs someone like me to see after her and tell her what to do.”

She did feel pretty stupid about how it happened. Arousal made her feel more stupid by the second. Like she was just an animal, domesticated, there to serve her human master.

Or she guessed maybe the term Mistress was more appropriate.

Mistress. That word gave her a hot shiver. She'd read some things about that kind of stuff. Mistress was the other side of the coin from slave and Quiesha had been calling her a slave. At least Quiesha hadn't insisted that Kaia call her Mistress.

That would be so...

sooo...

hot!

As long as it was just pretend!

Yeah. Pretend. Just like how she had just now “pretend” lost her virginity! To a lesbian!

Kaia felt lightheaded with shock and was so shock delirious that she thought that at least Quiesha couldn't get her pregnant nearly made her giggle.

“Fucking you, bitch!”

There Quiesha went again! No wonder why Kaia “let” Quiesha take her virginity. All this sweet-talking!

Even so, Kaia felt her bitterness evaporate as she felt more and more

soaking wet and her passion temperature rose higher. It was just so hard to hold onto her outrage when lust was taking hold over her.

The taste in her mouth wasn't bittersweet. She could still taste the flavor of Quiesha from when she went down on her that first time. Went down and then went up and then nearly became a scuba diver in Quiesha's pussy juice.

That juice was still all over her head and neck and shoulders. She'd swallowed as much as she could specifically so she wouldn't have to wear it! Had that be a trick on her also? Another one that the “blondie” fell for?

Wait. First time? Why was she thinking about licking that Quiesha pussy as a first time event instead of as a one and only event? It was like she was mentally assuming there would be other times she'd orally pleasure her Mistress. Er. Oops. Quiesha. That she just assumed she'd be doing that again in the future. The exact same way that Quiesha seemed to assume it!

These thoughts were so stupid! They were distracting. She could think about those things some other time. A girl only loses her virginity once. She should at least get as much out of it as she could. She had some fucking to do!

Kaia pushed her pussy up to meet the next thrust and gasped from the

increased sensation. How could it feel so good? Kaia felt half happy at the feelings and half resentful at herself for feeling so good so quickly and for fucking back at all let alone so soon.

Kaia didn't notice it but Quiesha smiled confidently. The Tongue Mutant was fucking back. The Tongue Mutant was fucking her hips back now almost faster than Quiesha could thrust. It was like the no longer virgin slave was fucking Quiesha more than she was being fucked!

The girl liked it! She really was meant to be a lesbian slut slave! Not that Quiesha ever doubted that. Kaia was hot and she was a blonde. Obviously lesbian slut slave was her ideal purpose!

Now Quiesha knew she could go for it, thrust as hard as she wanted, and just nail the fuck out of the Tongue Mutant. The way Kaia was fucking back she was practically begging to be fucked harder. Quiesha went to town with a vengeance. She grinned wider as she heard the wet flesh slapping and felt their hip bones smacking one another and sometimes grinding. She was going to make sure this white bitch felt it and kept feeling it for days.

Kaia kept thinking Quiesha was all the way in but each time Quiesha rammed into her she felt even more invaded. Like parts of herself, even as they swelled with arousal, were getting out of the way to allow Quiesha's

dildo to go where it wanted to go. Kaia felt totally invaded, pussy pillaged, and conquered. In a lovely way.

Kaia did still feel sore but that soreness was changing even as more soreness was added from the more and more savage collisions. It was becoming some kind of good soreness. Like a soreness she welcomed and deserved. It was like, maybe, a sex punishment a nasty stupid slut like her totally deserved!

“I'm pounding that pussy. Gonna stretch it out for you, bitch. Get it ready for some fine work.”

Kaia wasn't sure what Quiesha was talking about other than the “pounding” and the “stretching”. Those were both true. She really couldn't move much so she was just sort of taking it. Taking it all in physically and emotionally.

“I got you! You're my blonde shish kebab now. You're my bitch. You do what I say when I say.”

Kaia thought Quiesha's way of talking was degrading. But she didn't really mind it. It was sort of a turn on the crazy stuff Quiesha said. Her pussy was taking over Kaia's thought processes and more and more she just wanted to get all she could out of losing her virginity. It was gone and done.

She may as well enjoy the ride. It sounded like Quiesha was.

Quiesha degraded some more, “I’m glad it looks like you like cock too and you ain’t just a lezzie slave. The money of horny men spends just as well as horny lesbians. I like having a mutant that goes both ways. Tongue Mutant. That’s your new name. Nice and unique. You should see some of the gatherings we have, Someone says “Slut” and about ten sluts get whiplash looking around to see who they need to please and obey. Tongue Mutant, now that there, I’m thinking only you’ll be whip-lashing your pretty little head.”

Kaia tried to ignore the import of Quiesha's talk while still enjoying its nastiness. It didn't matter what Quiesha said, not really, even if she did mean it. What mattered was whether Kaia would go along with it and accept it as true. If she would obey. And she wouldn't! No way!

Kaia was pretty sure.

Kaia was somewhat sure.

She did think it would be hard to know exactly when to resist Quiesha's will now that she had obeyed it over and over again.

Especially since Quiesha's will had led her to this lovely state of taking it, of subservience, of eagerness to please and be pleased, of enjoying nasty

talk and savoring those nasty ideas in in her mind.

“My strap-on owns you now. My pussy owns you. I own you. You're my little blondie. Say it, Tongue Mutant. Who does that Tongue Mutant pussy belong to now?”

It seemed so unfair to Kaia that Quiesha was asking her to think while small pain and huge pleasure combined in her pussy with each long slide of wide plastic dildo. Quiesha had all the advantages as she took advantage of Kaia and now Quiesha was making Kaia cooperate!

Was Quiesha saying Kaia's pussy was somehow owned by Quiesha now just because Quiesha took her virginity? That wasn't true but it seemed to be what Quiesha wanted to hear.

“Fucking speak, bitch! Whose pussy am I fucking? Who does it belong to?”

Kaia knew the “correct” answer. She didn't want this distraction to what she was feeling. She decided just to say what Quiesha wanted to get past this and get to the good stuff.

“That's... my pussy... you are fucking. It belongs to you now.” It was crazy but Kaia felt hot from saying those words. Now Quiesha had her talking dirty and, just like Quiesha's own dirty talk had, it turned her on.

Maybe more!

A lot more. It was ever so naughty saying out loud that Quiesha owned Kaia's pussy! That must mean Quiesha could do whatever she wanted with it even if Kaia did not want it. Saying it made it feel almost true.

The crazy nasty possibilities of such a situation were nearly endless!

Quiesha rammed the dildo home, “Good answer, bitch. From now on you fuck who I say you fuck. No fucking without permission.”

“Wha-aat?”

“You can't 'spect you use my pussy without my permission! Don't be a dumb ass!”

“Oh. Oh oh oh oh.” Kaia had meant to make one “oh” sound but the rapid dildo thrusts made the one multiply into quite a few.

Quiesha laughed, “You sound like a sexy Santa Claus! I should make you wear one of those Santa Claus hats and nothing else and then fuck those “oh oh oh's” out of you!”

Kaia kept trying to bite back her “oh's” and just kept making them. Quiesha liked them so it was fine even if they were being used to humiliate her. Quiesha was fucking her and making fun of her at the same time!

Kaia knew she'd have to tell Mom this “friendship date” hadn't worked out as expected and that there was no way the two of them could or would be friends. That they were not friends. That way Kaia wouldn't be lying to Mom.

Then she could sneak over to Quiesha as needed, whenever Quiesha let her, and they could keep on being “not friends”.

Yep. It could work!

“Don't you worry, bitch, I'm gonna keep your pussy real busy. Your pussy and every other part of you, especially that mutant tongue. You gonna eat pussy all day and all night. Pussy and ass. I bet we can get that mutant tongue to stretch even further out. Maybe I'll even have it pierced and hang weights from it. Make it real damn long! Whatever it take to make you the best mutant tongue bitch you can be. I'll keep your pussy and your ass real busy also. 'Cept, I keep forgetting and don't you forget, those are now my ass and my pussy which I own. You're gonna love it. Every fucking day and every fucking night! Licking pussy and taking things up your pussy. Licking ass and taking things up your ass. A whole new world for you, Tongue Mutant!” Quiesha punctuated all the more significant words with firm jams inward of the dildo.

Kaia was turned on by Quiesha's statements but they were disconcerting as well. Did Quiesha really think she was going to tell Kaia who to have sex with? No way... but it was an arousing thought. To go from being a goody-goody virgin to having sex every day with whoever she was told to have sex with almost made her dizzy with the sexy shock of the idea.

“You gonna lick any pussy I tell you to? Tell me! Don't you dare lie to your new owner!”

Quiesha was trying to get Kaia to commit to this craziness! It was so unfair under these circumstances. Quiesha must know that Kaia would never make that commitment if Quiesha wasn't using a strap-on to pummel Kaia's insides.

Kaia guessed she just had to say what Quiesha wanted. She couldn't not answer her. Quiesha would just keep asking. It would be rude not to answer and, besides, being asked again and again would distract from those lovely sensations.

Quiesha never seemed to accept any answer other than the one she wanted. Saying things or doing things, it was all the same. If Quiesha demanded it then Kaia had to do it!

“Yes. Yes, Quiesha. I'll do it. Tell me which pussy... and I'll lick it.”

“With your mutant tongue? That right, Tongue Mutant? Say it!”

“Yeah, with my mutant tongue. I'll lick whatever pussy you tell me to unleash my mutant tongue on.”

“You're my new favorite super-heroine, Tongue Mutant.”

“Uh, thanks.”

“Good answer, bitch. You gonna get plenty of pussy. Now some are gonna pay me before. Most but not my good friends or ones who give back in trade. But if they give you any money, any fucking tips, you going to hand that over to Quiesha, right bitch?”

Money would be involved?!?

Hypothetically, of course, but still.... So Quiesha was saying she wasn't just going to tell Kaia who to fuck and give Kaia to friends... she was even thinking she was going to, what, make Kaia into a lesbian prostitute?

“I said “right, bitch”. This is where you answer and say what I want to hear. Don't make me take my strap-on back out. You want this fake dick you need to take the whole deal. You're mine, your pussy is mine, you do what and who I say when and where and how I say and any profit is all mine.”

So... Quiesha was threatening to take away her dildo? The dildo Kaia hadn't wanted? The one that took her virginity? Wouldn't that be a good thing?

It didn't feel like a good thing to lose what now felt so good inside her.

Kaia admitted to herself that she really wanted that dildo right where it was. Deep inside her musing her insides. There was still some pain but that was fine. It was nothing compared to the feeling of being filled and taken and the physical pleasure that was roaring. The idea of Quiesha taking away her dildo before... whatever was going to happen (orgasm!) did happen... was unbearable.

To have Quiesha take her virginity and then reject her... take her virginity but then not at least give back an orgasm... it was too unfair!

The only way for Kaia to make Quiesha be fair to her was to agree to this lesbian prostitution thing. That was obvious. That was just common sense!

“Yes, Quiesha. I'll lick whatever pussy – and ass – you tell me to and give you any and all money anyone gives me for fucking them.”

Kaia figured it was safe to say that since she would never have sex for money anyway so it was a bridge that they'd never cross. She hoped so.

She'd stay away from Quiesha in the future. She hoped she would.

She would not answer any calls or the door in case it might be Quiesha. She was pretty sure she wouldn't.

This “friendship date” had turned into a lesbian date at some point but that didn't mean she had to have a repeat lesbian date.

No second date! She already knew she would be replaying this lesbian fucking in her mind again and again when she masturbated. Even the crazy dirty talk. Especially the crazy dirty talk! That should be enough. She wouldn't need the real thing with all the real problems it brought with it.

Quiesha had first increased the speed and power of her thrusts to give Kaia some positive feedback for her collapse of willpower. Feedback right up her pussy! Now she added some verbal feedback, “That's a good bitch. Now, my product reflects on me. You going to do your all you can to please and make happy and to do as you're told by anyone I tell you to?”

Now she was a “product”! Quiesha was so crazy... and... she really knew how to fuck with that dildo!

“I promise I'll do my best! I'll treat their pussy like it's your pussy!”

“Good answer bitch. Don't forget treat your pussy like you know it

belongs to me.”

Quiesha thrust and jammed and pounded. Kaia was into it being into her. It felt like a granted wish, like each thrust was a wish fulfilled.

“You forgot something bitch.”

“What? What is it, Quiesha?”

“Your fucking manners. I do mean “fucking” manners. You forgot to thank me for helping you with your virginity problem.”

Her “virginity problem”? The virginity she'd been carefully saving for... well... anyone but someone like Quiesha? Quiesha was so arrogant!

“Thank you, Quiesha, for helping me out with my virginity problem.” Kaia's words were gasped and moaned out and broken at times by hard thrusts.

“You welcome bitch. Here to help and all. Now, other thing is, don't be calling me Quiesha. It's disrespectful a fresh whore like you calling me by name like we're some kind of equals or something. Keep it simple. Just call me Mistress Q. Go ahead, try it out.”

“Uh... ahh!... Mistress Q. Thanks for fucking my pussy, Mistress Q. I mean, your pussy, Mistress Q. I mean, the pussy that belongs to you,

Mistress Q.”

“Another fine answer bitch.” Quiesha slammed home in her.

The words had been humiliating but highly rewarding for Kaia. They bothered her but Mistress Q's obvious satisfaction at Kaia's expense was a newfound treasure to Kaia. Pleasing Mistress Q, no matter the form it took, pleased Kaia as well. Pleasing Mistress Q felt better than pleasing herself!

It was all so good and all so crazy. A little while ago she'd been an older than usual virgin intent on keeping her virginity at least until she found “the one” or someone she super liked who she could “trust”. Trust? It turned out trust wasn't needed to have great orgasms. She sure as hell didn't trust Mistress Q!

Kaia had never even dated a black boy! Or had any desire or thought to be any kind of lesbian. And now... she had a black Mistress... and instead of “the one” for Kaia it sounded like Mistress Q intended for Kaia to sexually service “the many”.

Those were crazy concepts that were hard to take. They were much harder to take than that dildo sliding into her again and again, skimming against her slick tender inner flesh. Each forceful slide of Mistress Q's dildo seemed to tamp home all those crazy ideas. The insane new reality. Each

thrust seemed to make them more real to her. More possible. The sheer obscene naughtiness of it all excited Kaia beyond understanding.

Sensing Kaia's rising crescendo of excitement Quiesha added words to the tune one at a time, with emphasis by thrusting hard with each word, "You. Gonna. Make. Happy. Whoever. I. Tell. You. To. Give. That. Pussy. Who. I. Tell. You . To."

"Yes! I'll fuck who you tell me to fuck!"

"Mind. Your. Manners. Bitch."

"Mistress! Mistress Q! I'll fuck whoever my Mistress tells me to fuck."

Quiesha eased up and caught her breath. She thought Kaia must be close to orgasm by now. Quiesha was wearing out that presumably sore pussy but Kaia acted like she couldn't ever get enough. Needy bitches were the best as long as they were needy and obedient.

"You got a whole new life ahead of you mutant girl. You better be grateful your Mistress Q found you and made you into useful product. Be sure to thank you Mommy for setting you up for this. You're going to give and receive one hundred times more orgasms then you ever otherwise would have."

The slamming dildo thrusts made Kaia's head nod about as if in agreement.

Quiesha said, "I'm gonna go ahead and give you an example of those extra orgasms. Here it comes. I'm gonna add a little extra something to make it happen."

Kaia dumbly wondered if she should be as eager as she was for this unknown something and whether she shouldn't actually dread it. What she didn't doubt was that no matter what it was she would let Mistress Q have her way.

Quiesha reached behind her with one hand, then down past her own ass, and then under the two of them and in between Kaia's flopping legs. It took her a few slippery moments to locate what she was looking for.

"Cum now, Tongue Mutant!"

Quiesha slammed the dildo as hard and as deep as she could and simultaneously poked her finger up Kaia's ass.

It was a screaming orgasm!

Quiesha was proud to have made it happen and refused to let herself be bucked off the tamed blonde girl.

She had this fucking blonde mutant bitch fucking domesticated!

Quiesha wondered if Kaia's Mom, in a nearby bedroom certainly within range of the orgasmic scream, recognized her daughter's voice in scream form and wondered if she was proud of her slut daughter.

The End

...Until Impossible Seduction 13...

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 it's 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 from 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?

12. IMPOSSIBLE SEDUCTION 12: YOUNG ADULT KAIA'S INTERRACIAL LESBIAN DATE WITH DARK SUBMISSION

Of the three mothers and six daughters only Kaia has not been seduced, dominated, tamed and trained.

Kaia, the youngest blonde daughter, is the final hold out. Kaia's compromised mom forces her to go on a “friendship date” with Quiesha, one of the ex-felon black lesbian guards. Quiesha has expectations for this date to be a very friendly “friendship date” indeed!

“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 horsey! One horsey 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

See what I have available and my author bio (such as it is) and photo (such as it is) at
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