

Impossible Seduction 15



Three Mothers and Six Daughters 15

by Jordan Church

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**Younger and Older Lesbians, Domination and
Submission,**

Moms Submit Sexually

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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 15

**Younger and Older Lesbians, Domination and
Submission,**

Moms Submit Sexually

Three Mothers and Six Daughters 15

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, a very old security guard, 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 then 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, especially since Kaia had escaped 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 had 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” for her youngest daughter, Kaia, with 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 at that moment 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 go on a “friendship date” with Quiesha. They made that happen by manipulating her mom.

Megan had an idea what might happen but she set up her daughter anyway. Megan's moral strength was far weaker than the will of the dominants and her own desperate need to obey.

Kaia had no idea that Quiesha is a dominant lesbian. The “friendship date” went straight to the security guards' house and Kaia had no idea that her own mom was also there.

Kaia tried to be nice and tried not to let her mom down and tried not to give Quiesha the idea she was at all racist – which she really wasn't. As a result... Quiesha totally dominated her and took her sexually in many ways including taking both her lesbian virginity and her standard virginity.

Quiesha has cemented her control over her new submissive, Kaia, who she has renamed “Tongue Mutant”.

Quiesha's giantess roommate, Ladonne, wanted a share of Kaia and Quiesha was willing to share. No one asked Kaia! They told her what to do and she did it. Obedience led to orgasms all around.

Lydia, once foiled in sexually conquering Kaia, wanted to correct that blemish on her record of successful seduction and domination. Kaia still had one virginity left to take....

Blemish corrected and Kaia has no remaining virginity! Again,

orgasms all around!

Kaia sure is a popular girl!

Megan, Lilliana, Julissa, and Kaia, the entire blonde all-female Reynolds family, were stuck in a submissive sexual fog that kept getting thicker and more compromising.

Megan Reynolds and her daughter, Kaia, were both still inside the black lesbian guards' house being sexually used over and over by multiple partners but were not aware of each other. They did, however, run into each other while nude without realizing it.

Megan's two eldest daughters, Lilliana and Julissa, were entrapped in the house of the dominant photographers after having succumbed to lesbian domination separately. Mistress Gretchen made it happen again while they were together!

Then Mistress Gretchen introduced Julissa and her neighbor, the redheaded Bridget, to further lesbian depravity so severe they may never want their freedom.

After a night of total submission Megan Reynolds was intentionally led by a black guard into seeing her youngest daughter sexually used by another black lesbian guard. Kaia also saw Mom used sexually by a black lesbian!

Megan and Kaia knew for the first time that they weren't the only submissive interracial lesbian sluts in the family. Instead of causing them to resist it broke any remaining resistance they might have had.

The naughty knowledge had orgasmic consequences for them both as well as their new black Mistresses.

The white dominants, Gretchen and Lydia, who are the leaders of the conspiracy, met with the black lesbian guards. The deal to sell off the mothers and daughters and ex-supermodel Janelle to an Arabian harem slave broker has fallen through. They adjusted on the fly and cut a deal with the black lesbian guards.

It could have come to violence – and still might – but they currently have a deal for the black guards to control and utilize Megan Reynolds and her youngest daughter, Kaia, and also Janelle while Gretchen and Lydia will be able to keep the brunette Pierson family of three, the redheaded Finn family of two, and the two oldest Reynolds daughters.

Can the dominant women get along peaceably?

Can they keep all three all-female families entirely under their sexual control?

How will the three all-female families react when they learn about each

other's similar situation of submission to neighbor dominants?

Will the mothers be forced to have sex with each other's daughters?

Can this delicate gated community ecosystem of domination and submission survive and thrive or will something unexpected make it all crumble to dust?

Chapter One

Naomi Pierson walked the short distance in the cul-de-sac of the miniature gated community from her new home to the house that Gretchen and Lydia lived in. She walked with a purpose and full of newfound determination.

A lot had happened in just a few days and she regretted almost all of it. Crazy things. Surreal. Wrong things. Everything so wrong.

She had done things she thought she'd never do. She'd done things she had never even thought of doing. Things she didn't even know were done!

Ever! By anyone!

Of course, a lot of what she'd done was more like things done *to* her. That didn't make her feel like a victim or prevent guilt. Why? Because she'd enjoyed almost all of it, at least on some level, at least sooner or later. Enjoyed was even way too weak of a word for how everything made her feel.

She'd been an accidental voyeur to Lydia's attempted and half-completed seduction of Kaia Reynolds. She'd saved Kaia, yes, but only after masturbating outside the window while watching. Perverted!

In turn, Naomi was seduced by Gretchen, Lydia housemate and co-photographer, the following day. Mistress Gretchen now.

More than seduced. Tamed. Subjugated. Enslaved. She hated Gretchen... but she also felt something like and as strong or stronger than love for Mistress Gretchen.

It was, she guessed, total dedication.

Up until now. Now it had to end.

After her... subjugation... to Mistress Gretchen, even more happened. Gretchen shared her with Lydia. She didn't even ask Naomi's opinion on that! She hadn't cared what Naomi thought.

Pretty soon Naomi was following orders and performing for them even when she was in the privacy of her own home. She was forced to masturbate five times in one day. In five different rooms. With her daughters in the same room sometimes.

That was not by Naomi's choice. That was by specific command of those wicked women.

Why had she enjoyed that shameful risky naughtiness so much? She hadn't known she could orgasm five times in a day and then it turned out to be way too easy to do it because she was constantly so aroused!

She had masturbated one time in the bathroom that day. Also in the den and the kitchen, each time with Harmony in the same room, with Harmony not at all knowing what Mom was up to. Where Mom's fingers were up to! Then Naomi had still needed to masturbate two more times that day but one had to be in the same room as Abigail.

By then Abigail had gone to bed so Naomi had no choice but to creep into her room and masturbate just a few feet away from her. The worst part was that she had to stare at Abigail the whole time she masturbated just in case Abigail woke up. Masturbating while staring at her daughter!
Shameful!

The second worst part was staying utterly silent even while she came. That wasn't easy!

The third worst part was that in her haste to retreat she knew she'd left wetness from her own pussy on Abigail's door handle. Why had she grabbed it with her wet hand? Because she was right-handed she guessed. Still, that could have been and should have been avoided. There was no doubt that hours later her daughter must have grabbed that door knob to open her bedroom door!

The fifth orgasm was comparatively easy and tame. It was in her own bed and she was all alone. That was how she normally masturbated but that didn't mean it was completely normal. She did it in order to follow orders from a Mistress which was very much not normal and the thoughts in her head were also far from normal.

She had masturbated while thinking about the humiliating way Gretchen and Lydia had just helped themselves to her body and soul. She'd finger fucked herself while thinking about the things they'd done to her.

That was probably understandable. She guessed. She could reluctantly forgive herself for that.

Replaying how she masturbated near her oblivious daughter Harmony

earlier in the house and then while watching her daughter Abigail sleep....

That was probably not forgivable.

Worst of all though, by far the worst, was that Gretchen had ordered her to send Harmony over to Gretchen in Gretchen's home, supposedly for a modeling session. But Naomi had strongly suspected Gretchen had something planned. Some seduction of her poor oldest daughter!

Even so, she'd done as Mistress Gretchen ordered. Why? Because that was what Mistress Gretchen wanted and because Naomi, at that time, had wanted to obey her more than she wanted to protect her own daughter.

Terrible. Just terrible.

When Harmony returned home she had looked exhausted. She looked... used. Bedraggled. Like a stumbling prostitute at the end of a full night of street walking. But Naomi guessed Harmony had done more and had more done to her than a street walker would experience on some nights. At least a street walker was usually with guys, weren't they?

She hugged Harmony, trying to act casual and trying not to act guilty, and her oldest daughter, her fine young lady, had smelled overwhelmingly like pussy.

They separated quickly and went to bed.

Which was when Naomi performed her fifth masturbation. Because Gretchen had earlier ordered her that it had to be five all in one day and with at least one with each daughter in the same room with her when she orgasmed by her own hand.

She'd followed the command even though Gretchen wasn't there to know if it was followed and even after pretty much knowing that the same woman who gave her that order had sexually used her own daughter!

She still obeyed!

It was actually even worse than “just” all that. While masturbating, her mind had wondered to what Harmony may or may not have experienced with and from Gretchen. Her mind put Harmony through the same sexual paces she, herself, had gone through. Then her mind wondered further into even more forbidden and wicked imaginations of what else Harmony could have done and had done. Things that even Naomi had not done. It turned out Naomi's imagination was just filthy! She hadn't known she could think up such things.

She saw them in her mind like she was standing right there next to them as Gretchen did those things to her daughter!

Then, just like that, in the middle of imagining Mistress Gretchen doing something sexually terrible to poor Harmony, Naomi had climaxed.

In the morning Naomi felt awful, just awful, and could not even look Harmony in the eye. Not that it was hard to avoid Harmony's eyes. Harmony seemed to be trying just as hard to not look her in the eyes.

Naomi was extra nice to Harmony and to Abigail though she was always a considerate mother. Supposedly. She didn't ask them to do any chores. She cooked their favorite breakfast and and lunch – different ones for each so they could each have exactly what they wanted. None of it did much to calm her guilt.

Both girls today now, even Abigail, seemed distracted. Sort of wore out and excited at the same time which Naomi didn't even know was possible and which she couldn't understand. Why would they act the same? Naomi could understand why Harmony might be tired if what she suspected was true. But why excited? Shouldn't she be... maybe depressed?

It took a good chunk of the day but Naomi became more and more determined and gathered more and more courage to act. She had done some bad things. She'd been a bad person. She'd been a terrible mother. But she could change that going forward. She had to.

She had to so she would.

It was time to inform Gretchen that Naomi Pierson and her girls were no longer interested in the modeling careers. They were leaving.

She was scared of Gretchen and scared of her own weakness. So she had tried to go through Janelle but no matter how many times she called, Janelle just never answered and never returned her messages.

Finally, Naomi could wait no longer. What if Gretchen called Harmony and told her to...do things like what she'd told Harmony's mother, Naomi, to do? What if she made Harmony, via text, go all over the house masturbating? No, Harmony had likely been through enough, much too much. Naomi had to take action. Take the bull by the horns. Two actually. The bull dykes named Gretchen and Lydia.

This was it. Do or die.

Naomi knocked on the door and waited nearly half a minute. Should she feel like, oh no, no one home, or should she be like, thank goodness, no one home?

She wasn't looking forward to this confrontation but it was better to do it now than later. Or not at all! She really needed to do this now while her determination and bravery were maximized. Before renewed lust wore away

at them.

She knocked again, much louder, and this time got an answer. Oddly, it wasn't the front door opening but instead was Gretchen's voice coming from an electronic box set in the wall next to the door. Belatedly Naomi saw that there was a small camera up in the corner of the porch. The photographers had a security cam for the front door.

“Naomi. What do you want?”

“I want to talk with you.”

“Are you alone?”

“Yes.” Who in heck would Naomi ever bring over here, to Gretchen, risking them seeing how Gretchen treated her? What a silly question.

Of course, she had sent Harmony over here... on her own... when Naomi was ordered to give up her oldest daughter....

Maybe Gretchen's question wasn't so silly after all. Maybe she thought Naomi might bring Harmony over with her so they could... *experience... things... at the same time. Together.*

Naomi felt an invisible shudder pass through her. It didn't make her even twitch but she felt it. She felt it strongly.

It was similar to strong lust. Similar but, of course, it wasn't lust! It was disgusted horror. Horror and not whore!

Definitely.

There was no doubt.

Well... maybe *some* doubt...

After quite a long pause the crackling Gretchen voice boomed again, “I'll buzz you in. I'm pretty busy but I have time for you. I'm talking to you on my cell. It connects with the house's security system so I can answer the door from afar. I can even see who is there. You look sexy. I'll unlock the door wirelessly. Come on in and come up the stairs. Bring that delicious body up to your Mistress. I'm in the bedroom, last door on the right.”

There was a click and loud buzzing. The buzzing did not end until Naomi was all the way inside the house and the front door closed behind her.

Naomi's fear eased even though she thought it should be increasing with the proximity to giving the news that her Mistress... that *Gretchen*... would not want to hear.

The reason her fear eased was simple and yet appalling. Mistress Gretchen – Gretchen – had called Naomi “sexy” and had also said she had a

“delicious body”. That sure was nice of Mistress Gretchen to say! It made Naomi feel “sexy” and it made her think of what someone might do with a “delicious body”. Mistress Gretchen would sure know what to do!

Even after probably sexually seducing and, probably, dominating poor Harmony who really had such a great fully developed young sexy body, Mistress Gretchen still wanted Naomi!

Naomi hadn't known until right then that she'd felt a lot of jealousy over Harmony. In fact, in hindsight (or hind-feeling), it might be more jealousy than concern!

It now seemed like Mistress Gretchen did not intend to swap Naomi for Harmony. She wanted them both! That was profoundly reassuring as well as deeply disturbing.

Both of them! Mistress Gretchen had such an appetite! She was sexually greedy! She had no qualms about anything!

Mistress Gretchen probably even thought she could have mother and daughter both at once at the same time. *Sexually!*

What would that be like?

Didn't matter! It did not matter! Naomi shook her head like she was

trying to get these thoughts to spill out of her ears. She was here to break up with Mistress Gretchen – Gretchen! – and that was what she'd do.

Naomi wondered why Gretchen hadn't come to the door and what she was busy with. Some home improvement project in her bedroom? She had sounded out of breath.

Naomi wasn't too thrilled about having to give Gretchen the bad news in that bedroom of all places. Pretty ironic really. Yeah, can't be your slave any more Gretchen. You know all those things we did right over there on that bed? No more. Never again.

She did not think Gretchen would take this well. It wouldn't be a simple notification. It would be a debate. Naomi was going to have to fight tooth and nail. But she'd win. Losing wasn't an option. How she lived her life and maybe how her daughters lived theirs was at stake.

Oddly, her last thought before getting to the bedroom was that, in particular, she needed to protect her daughters from lesbian seductions or lesbian slavery or whatever because if she failed they may never have children and she may never get a chance to be a doting grandmother.

Naomi listened at the door just for a second, heard some sounds, but could not identify what they were. She knocked.

“Get in here, slut slave!”

Naomi paused and shook her head. That right there was exactly why she had to get out of this “relationship” and prevent her daughters from entering that type of “relationship”. Assuming they hadn't yet. Naomi wasn't sure if they had.

Harmony probably had been “seduced” or whatever it was called. Abigail not, though. Megan had watched Abigail's photo session with Gretchen and reported no concerns. Then again, come to think of it, Naomi had reported no concerns to Megan about her daughter, Kaia, with her photo shoot with Lydia despite seeing all sorts of wrongdoing. Maybe Megan hadn't told her what she'd really seen. Maybe both of their daughters were getting lesbian seduced at the same time that night!

How awful. Could it be that poor young Abigail was getting sexually mauled by a lesbian in the same house and at the same time as Naomi watched another girl, the same age, undergoing the same treatment?

Naomi wondered if that was why Abigail seemed so off and off in such a similar way to Harmony. Had Gretchen had them all? Naomi and both her daughters?

Maybe she didn't want to know.

“Get in here already, Mommy Slut!”

She knew it wasn't just this type of treatment, the fact of it, that made it absolutely necessary to end this whatever this was. Really, it was because of the effect that the treatment had on her. Even now, even so quickly, that simple term “slut slave” and then being called “Mommy Slut” had both made her pulse with activated arousal. For no good reason! It should be just the opposite!

Naomi turned the handle and pushed the door open.

No, it wasn't a home improvement project at all....

At least... not the traditional kind....

Chapter Two

Gretchen stood at the end of her huge bed. Nude and in profile to Naomi.

In front of her was a young-looking blonde woman down on her knees

with her face planted in Gretchen's crotch. That wasn't Kaia. Who was it? Good God! It was one of Kaia's sisters! The one named Julie or something like that.

Behind Gretchen was another young-looking woman, this one a redhead, also down on her knees with her face pressed against Gretchen's ass crack. Who was that? The girl's face was engulfed with Gretchen ass but there was only one young redhead living in the cul-de-sac. Brooke Finn only had the one daughter.

Brooke only had one precious beautiful intelligent vivacious daughter and right now that daughter was eating ass!

Naomi had no idea what to do or say.

She felt Gretchen's eyes on her but she was too preoccupied looking at the two youngsters servicing Gretchen to pull herself away to make eye contact with Gretchen.

Gretchen didn't say anything for a little while. She planned to let the slut slave mother of two other slut slaves watch a little and get turned on. That fire would only smolder hotter and hotter.

Gretchen would give it a little time and she'd only need a very little time for that slave fire to get burning without much help from Gretchen.

Hopefully Naomi would soon be too turned on to turn and leave. Too turned on to turn!

Gretchen didn't know what Naomi thought she was doing here though she guessed the self-initiated contact – which was pretty much disobedience as slut slaves really shouldn't be doing things like thinking or taking initiative – indicated some potential proclamation of independence.

Fuck that. Gretchen was in no mood for that kind of thing. Of course, she never was.

She was impatient with that kind of thing but she kept that inside. She needed to be cunning and methodical at those times even more so. Three slut slaves was a lot to handle if even one was showing resistance but Gretchen was quite good at her favorite hobby and pastime. She would try to avoid giving Naomi the Mommy Slut a platform to make wild claims of renewed independence.

When people said things people tried to live up to it unless they were a world leader. Other than that they at least tried. So it was best not to let that get started at all. In fact, it was best to get them talking the exact opposite way. If you got them talking about, for instance, being a piss slut then they'd start living up (or down) to that even when they did not believe their own

words at first.

Naomi tried to figure out if she should leave or just start talking. It obviously wasn't a good time. Because it was obvious Mistress Gretchen was having a good time. She swiveled her hips to bang forward and back against the two faces so intimately pressed to her intimate areas. Mistress Gretchen was also breathing heavily and grunting and moaning at times.

Naomi thought it would be rude to talk or interrupt what was going on. Wasn't that in the rules of etiquette? Don't verbally address serious issues with a Mistress when someone was eating out their ass?

Naomi sure didn't want to be rude....

She was a good slave. Not a rude slave.

Er.

That was to say, she was not a rude *former* slave. Just because she was now, again, set to be free and independent and ready to be a good mom instead of a Mommy Slut, that didn't mean she had to be *rude*.

Of course, it would also be rude just to turn around and leave.

So, the only right thing, the only polite thing possible, was to wait here, over here in the doorway nice and safe, until such time as Mistress Gretchen

was ready to hear, understand, and accept the bad news.

The two youngsters moaned and slurped in their respective crevices. Naomi looked at their glowing bodies. She looked at their bodies and she felt appreciation. Maybe some would mistake it for lust because of how Naomi's pussy tensed and dampened but... it was just aesthetic appreciation for the female form.

Their bodies were slick... with perspiration... or whatever else.

Their tits were lovely. Even the blonde's, that Julie girl, whose modest breasts were pressed or squashed against Mistress Gretchen's thighs.

Naomi wondered how Megan Reynolds would react seeing one of her lovely innocent-seeming daughters here doing this. Naomi wondered how she'd react if one of the two youngsters had been Harmony or Abigail. Or, gasp, both of them, one in front and other eating Mistress Gretchen's ass!

God help her, Naomi felt her nipples stiffen more. A little pussy juice actually ran down her leg. Oh, that was the ultimate in slutty! Thinking about her daughters in such a state and reacting that way.

Naomi tensed her pussy like she was trying to stop the flow of pussy juice but all that did was push more out and make the walls of her pussy rub together which caused an overdose of sensation.

Stop it! She had to stop it!

Naomi tried to distract herself. Naomi knew exactly what Kaia Reynolds' body looked like from her time spying on Lydia partially seducing the poor girl. Her older sister, Julie or whatever, was not as defined as Kaia, did not have her epic body, but she was all over cute and luscious.

Naomi had seen the way Lydia treated Kaia and had, somewhat tardily, “saved” her. Then, the next day, her Mistress Gretchen.... Well, not *her* Mistress, not any more, but *the* Mistress Gretchen had then seduced Naomi.

Naomi had wondered, after she was seduced by her, if Gretchen was like Lydia and whether Gretchen would go after the young adult ladies in the cul-de-sac. But she hadn't really paid attention to that and had somehow thought that she'd be enough for Mistress Gretchen. That it did not matter if Mistress Gretchen *would have* because once she had Naomi she *wouldn't*.

Well, there Gretchen was. A young adult blonde licking her pussy and a young adult redhead licking... or maybe sucking... or tonguing... her ass. Obviously, Mistress Gretchen did not hold herself back from the young ones! Obviously, having Naomi also wasn't enough for her.

That damn Mistress Gretchen!

It was profoundly wicked.

Her former Mistress. But, was she really Naomi's *former* Mistress? Technically? Naomi had yet to inform Mistress Gretchen of this change in status so Naomi guessed Mistress Gretchen – just for the moment! – was still her Mistress.

It was like breaking up. It was breaking up. Were you broke up the second you made the decision to do so or were you only broke up once you actually did it and informed the other person?

That answer was obvious. So, for just a little while longer, Mistress Gretchen was still her Mistress.

Naomi wondered about Megan's other two daughters. These dominant lesbians tried to get Kaia but failed. Unless they had tried again. What about the third one? Lilly? Was that the name of the oldest one?

Who all had been seduced by these women? Naomi, probably Harmony, maybe Abigail, partially at least Kaia, this blonde Julie, Brooke Finn's girl, and who knew about the last blonde daughter. They liked a MILF like Naomi just fine so maybe they were after or had already gotten Brooke Finn and even Megan Reynolds!

Naomi marveled. My God! In just a few days! They were going through the mother and daughter models like foxes in a hen house! The

mother-daughter models were being just absolutely sexually slaughtered!

It was awful to contemplate and it made her pussy feel like... doing something.

Something much more active than just standing around.

But not leaving....

Leaving simply would not be active enough....

Pussy said so!

Naomi just had to watch intently and did not look away. She had to verify. Again and again her eyes told her the same news.

She didn't want to be rude. That was why she couldn't leave. That was also why she couldn't interrupt. These two sluts – these girls – obviously couldn't be saved anyway.

Naomi's wet pussy had nothing to do with her decision to simply observe. She was sure of that.

Naomi's observation certainly helped her notice the two youngsters were not just pleasing Mistress Gretchen. They were also pleasing themselves. Each had one hand down rubbing their own pussies.

Naomi wished she could get a closer look. She wished she could get a much closer look. But she refused to cross the threshold and actually go into the bedroom.

She felt like in some way if she went in she'd be involved. To some degree. But, just outside the door, she wasn't. It was a convenient mental maneuver but she was too distracted to notice that was what it was.

Both girls were really nuzzling into Mistress Gretchen. Naomi knew what that was like for the one in front of Mistress Gretchen. Hot wetness. Steamy togetherness. As you pleased that pussy with your tongue and mouth your own pussy became hot and wet as well. Naomi knew exactly what that was like. Exactly.

You served. You serviced that pussy. You felt all subservient and so eager to please. You felt successful pleasing your Mistress and the foul things she said to you sounded like truths on the same level as Moses listening to God provide the commandments on Mount Sinai.

Naomi just bet that blonde slut was loving it. Well, that girl didn't know better like Naomi. Sure, Naomi loved it too but at least she knew it was so wrong. That's what separated Naomi from real sluts. At least, she hoped so.

The redheaded Finn girl behind Mistress Gretchen, that was another matter. What was that like to go down on an ass? The young woman's tongue must be up Mistress Gretchen's ass. Well, Naomi couldn't see it and didn't know if it was, but what else would a slut do with her tongue down there? It just made sense.

Hmm. That little slut was doing something that Naomi never had. Even though Naomi was twice her age and about twenty times her “sexually active” age. That didn't seem fair at all. If some young slut got to do this it seemed like Naomi should have gotten to trail blaze before her. Or ass tongue. Whatever it was called.

If only someone would fix this unfair situation....

Naomi wasn't sure what to think. Was this ass eating or ass tongue-fucking or ass whatever gross or was it sexy? Obviously, Mistress Gretchen thought it was sexy. Obviously the redhead thought it was sexy. Her hand was rubbing furiously at her own pussy after all. But what would a youngster know was or was not sexy? It should probably be someone mature, maybe even a mother, probably someone with dark hair, giving it a try to see if it actually was sexy....

Naomi had never done anything even remotely like that. Had never

really thought about it. She'd heard about it and remembered feeling nothing but scorn for anyone who would do it. She didn't really feel scorn for the redheaded slut. No more than she already had once she learned the redhead girl was just a lowly subby lez slut.

No, Naomi did not feel *scorn*. Actually, she felt *scorned*.

What was wrong with her own tongue? It wasn't good enough to stick up Mistress Gretchen's ass?

There had to be some reason why Mistress Gretchen didn't have her do it. It surely wasn't due to respect for Naomi's wishes.

Naomi frowned with determination. Damn it. If this independence thing didn't work out – it would! – but, if it didn't, then she'd show Mistress Gretchen once Mistress Gretchen *finally* let her tongue her ass what a great job Naomi Pierson could do tonguing that ass. Yes, she would!

If Mistress Gretchen had ordered her to do it, would she have? She realized that she would have. She'd done everything else Mistress Gretchen told her to do. Why did that cause a weird pride? What kind of person took pride in obeying and being debased by a lesbian Mistress?

She had obeyed even to the extent of sending her oldest daughter straight into Gretchen's lair. In a skimpy swimsuit and with not one word of

warning to poor Harmony either!

She was such a bad mom. She was such a... Mommy Slut!

Yeah, she would have done that ass thing if Mistress Gretchen had so instructed.

That idea caused a pulse of lust in her pussy. A slick eager tightening.

It could well have already happened if Mistress Gretchen had just bothered to order it. If that mood had struck her. Obviously, it would have happened sooner or later, probably sooner, if she had not decided to break away from this awful situation/relationship.

Which was exactly what she was here to do, she reminded herself. She wished her pussy would get on board with the same mission her brain had.

All pussy had to do was just settle down and do nothing. How fucking hard was it to do nothing? She would just have to ignore that traitorous pussy. It didn't run the show. She did. She was her brain, not her pussy. Dammit!

Maybe she really should just turn away. Come back later. If at all. Obviously, in hindsight, it was better for her just to call Mistress Gretchen. Or, better yet, text her. A quick "See Ya" with a happy face and never to be

seen or enslaved again. Why hadn't she done that?

She watched and suddenly Mistress Gretchen did an especially hard forward bump of her pussy which bounced the blonde in front back a little. Enough for Naomi to clearly see her wet face.

The blonde's wet face dove without hesitation right back into Mistress Gretchen's pussy. Yeah, Naomi knew what that was like. That taste, that feeling, that smell. She felt sorry for the girl, Kaia's older sister, but she also felt empathy for her subservient pussy-pleasing passion. She looked as eager to serve pussy as Naomi felt!

Then Mistress Gretchen bumped her ass back hard on the face of the poor young woman going down on her ass. The redhead's face bounced away as her body leaned back to absorb the contact, and Naomi saw the young ladies tongue was indeed stuck out from her mouth. That slut had definitely been licking asshole or maybe even had her tongue up that ass!

Mistress Gretchen had two girls sexually pleasing her at the same time! Naomi felt... respect. Mistress Gretchen was using them and controlling the fuck out of them. Two at once!

Mistress Gretchen sure had a healthy amount of unhealthy sexual appetites!

Naomi didn't like how very disrespectful Mistress Gretchen was, how harsh she was, how demanding she was, or how controlling she was. But she had to respect it! Mistress Gretchen's accomplishments demanded respect. So did Mistress Gretchen.

She could get away with doing almost anything. Just look at her doing both those girls at the same time and debasing them and humiliating them and even maybe slightly hurting them by mashing her pussy or ass, respectively, hard on their faces.

Those girls just put up with it. Eagerly! They went right back to licking with tongues extended even before they arrived at their respective pussy and ass goals. It was like they'd put up or do anything Mistress Gretchen told them to do.

Naomi supposed it was because they were young women, barely adults. They weren't mature like Naomi.

They didn't have well-developed and healthy self-images and willpower. Like Naomi did.

They couldn't resist Mistress Gretchen. Like Naomi would.

When the time was right.

When it wouldn't be rude to do so.

This... sexual event going on in Mistress Gretchen's bedroom. It was just nasty. Just terrible. Incredible. Wrong. Incredibly arousing.

Poor Megan. Two slut daughters! First Kaia. If not for Naomi's tardy effort there was no doubt that Kaia would have been seduced and enslaved. Now this Julie as well.

How would Megan Reynolds react if she knew? Should Naomi tell her? How could she? One telling would lead to another and pretty soon Megan would know what Naomi saw with Kaia.

Naomi realized that once she began lying and omitting she'd created a path where she'd have to keep that up.

She felt like such a bad person. But not a Mommy Slut! Not that bad! Not any more!

Would she want someone to tell her if her two daughters were sexually tamed by older lesbians? If? They probably already had been! Of course Naomi would not want to be told about it. That was the whole point in her trying not to think about it and trying to fool herself that they hadn't been seduced yet!

Had Harmony and maybe even Abigail also had to eat ass at some point?

Why them and why not Naomi?

Shit, why was she even asking that kind of question? It was as mysterious as the question of why she was so hot and wet or why her nipples were achingly hard and wishing for nearly any kind of contact. Mystery upon mystery.

“Go ahead. Tell me. What do you want?”

That startled Naomi. Mistress Gretchen was speaking to her. Naomi wasn't ready to talk though. She didn't know what to say. She marveled that Mistress Gretchen could even talk at all with those two pretty faces, pretty little noses, and agile young tongues at work on her. Mistress Gretchen was also clearly close to orgasm. Who could blame her? Not Naomi. She could blame her for lots of other things but not that.

Her own voice was thick and husky, “I came over to --”

Mistress Gretchen interrupted her, “I can't hear you. Don't be shy. Slut slaves are not shy. Come closer.”

Naomi was loath to get any closer. That whole bedroom door threshold

thing.

Following Mistress Gretchen's direction, after telling her how a “slut slave” acts, and then acting exactly that way was not a good way to start this important talk.

Coming closer at all didn't seem like a good idea.

However, she knew Mistress Gretchen would just continue to pretend she couldn't hear her. She sure had her ways. Her ways of getting things.

Things and people.

Fine. A little closer. It wasn't worth a verbal struggle over it. Naomi had come here to have this final talk and she was damn well going to go through with it!

Besides, Mistress Gretchen had given an order, or at least a direction, and it felt pretty natural and automatic for Naomi to do as she was told by such an authority.

Within limits, of course.

Mistress Gretchen was still technically her Mistress.

Technically.

So Naomi still had to follow her orders. Technically only. For the moment only. Until Naomi took care of that little technicality. She had to follow this order anyway just to go ahead and officially break up with her Mistress.

Naomi crossed the threshold.

Chapter Three

She knew she'd have to get pretty close before Mistress Gretchen gave up the pretense of not being able to hear her. So she walked right up to just a few feet away.

The bedroom was warm and humid. There was that smell too. That smell of sex. It smelled as warm and humid as the air felt.

Naomi figured it was good she walked up so close anyway. She didn't want to show any fear. Mistress Gretchen was so predatory she'd probably look at any hesitance or fear as some kind of green light.

It was strange standing so close to three nude human beings all furiously engaged in sex. Lydia and Gretchen had teamed up on Naomi but that was a total of three people. Here, now, Naomi made it four.

Just being here seeing it she felt involved.

She was just watching though!

She was not here even for that! Seeing this was just... happenstance....

These two girls. They were so young! About as young as her own daughters.

Should she just watch until they were done? Was that the polite thing to do? She could never send that situation/question in to an advice columnist!

If she said anything right then maybe Mistress Gretchen wouldn't hear it and understand it.

If she went ahead and said her piece right away she'd also miss how... all this.... ended. She was curious. Which of the three would orgasm first? Would the youngsters have any physical contact with each other? Would they be done after what she was seeing here or would they do even more?

If she wasn't pulling out of this whole weird wrong Mistress-slave

relationship then would Mistress Gretchen have eventually made her... team up... or interact... with young women like these? Her neighbors? The daughters of her neighbors!?!

Naomi's inquiring mind wanted to know.

Naomi's needy pussy needed... something. Not knowledge that was for sure. Stupid pussy. She wished she could go ahead and masturbate right there right then. Even if they watched her. Maybe especially if she had an audience. She knew Mistress Gretchen would like it.

No. No. She had to wait, of course. Wait until she got home. The new home she'd soon be leaving behind. Break it off with Gretchen, go home and pleasure herself, get her and her daughters on the road. A clear order of events. It was totally clear what she needed to do. Nothing had ever been more clear, more certain, in her entire life.

It was very very very clear... what she should do....

She glanced up from the girls to sneak a quick look at Mistress Gretchen.

Gretchen was watching Naomi. She could read her intentions. Her intention to express resistance. She could also read Naomi's lust. The ghosts of lusts past, her memories of recent sexual events, and also what she'd been

watching here now. Collectively working on her. It was like a sort of poison, already ingested, already working away in her system.

Gretchen smiled confidently, patronizingly, nodded, and closed her eyes to focus on team tongue working on her private areas.

Long steamy minutes passed. Naomi had a hard time keeping her hands away from her pussy. All that masturbating she'd been ordered to do the previous day made self-pleasuring almost automatic for Naomi. She used quite a bit of her reserve of will power just fighting to keep herself from fingering her pussy.

Meanwhile Gretchen used thoughts of how to bring Naomi more fully under her control as a way to keep her orgasm building without cresting. Like thinking about baseball.

Gretchen wasn't concerned that Freckle Slut or Juicy would come before she did. They knew better. It would impact their oral performance. Can't have that. The Mistress's pleasure was of vastly greater importance than that of one or two slaves.

Handling multiples of slaves could be a challenge. A disadvantage. Handling one who thought she had remaining free will was definitely a challenge. The key would be to turn the disadvantage into an advantage.

Gretchen figured Naomi's hot slutty little pussy was as wet as could be by now. It would not have taken long. She'd had the woman practically breathing sex recently. Maybe some dirty talk would heat her up even higher and distract her from her purpose as well.

“Come on, slut girls, get those hot tongues high as you can. Juicy, I'm going to give you a nice flood of pussy juice to suck down. Freckle Slut, how are you doing back there? Don't answer. I already know. I can feel it. You two were born for this. Ass munching and pussy juice drinking. I feed my slaves well!”

It boggled Naomi's mind the starkly awful things Mistress Gretchen said to the two young women. Where was the gratitude?

It also stoked Naomi's pussy. She really *really* wanted to reach down there and touch it. The temptation was nearly overwhelming. Nearly, but she kept her hands away.

The two young neighbor girls kept working away at Mistress Gretchen with their mouths and tongues. The nasty commentary did nothing to slow them. Just the opposite. It seemed to give them renewed enthusiasm and vigor.

Was that really what Mistress Gretchen called them? “Juicy” and

“Freckle Slut”? They didn't mind that? They just accepted that?

Then again, who was she to judge? Who was a “Mommy Slut” to judge anyone else for being slutty?

Chapter Four

Naomi had to wonder. If she had not decided to leave would Mistress Gretchen have treated her worse and worse? Of course she would have.

Look at how she treated these two already in what must have been a short time. They seemed to like it. Naomi knew that she also would have found a way to love the poor treatment. A hot shiver passed through her.

Was she saving herself or missing out?

Gretchen humped on the blonde's face. It looked like the blonde had her mouth wide open and the length of Mistress Gretchen's slit was fit onto it more or less.

Gretchen growled out, “I'm going to change it up for you, piss drinker. I'm going to pour my pussy juice into your mouth. Give you a change of liquid diet from your usual piss.”

That made Naomi jerk her head back in shock though her body stayed in place.

That part about the middle Reynolds daughter who Mistress Gretchen called Juicy. That she was a “piss drinker”. It wasn't just nasty talk. It was nasty talk but it was also true!

Naomi knew Mistress Gretchen wasn't making that up. She could hear the truth in Mistress Gretchen's words and tone.

How weird. How wrong. How awful.

So Mistress Gretchen had peed into Juicy's mouth and Juicy apparently drank it down. There was no way Naomi could ever tell Juicy's mother, Megan Reynolds, about that!

She knew it was so wrong but she still wished she could have seen it. That was some total slave commitment.

If Juicy was really running around – or, more probably, crawling around – drinking urine on demand, then... then... then she'd damn well

earned a mouthful of pussy juice to swallow down. She deserved it!

Naomi could not stop herself from wondering what that would be like to have another person just pissing on her face. And then drinking it!

Naomi had never thought about such things and was surprised it was such a sudden turn on to her. She very much wanted to touch herself. She felt soaked. She wondered if she had soaked through yet. If there was a telltale wet spot at her crotch that Mistress Gretchen would note with amusement. That wicked bitch.

Standing there full of need and a tummy-tensing sort of dreadful anticipation and unable to let herself touch where she wanted was some sort of exquisite torture. It felt continuously good.

It was a heightened arousal that was only building and building but so frustrating because it was going nowhere. That lust could not be put to use. Not unless she let Mistress Gretchen make use of her and she mustn't do that.

She couldn't take her eyes off what she was watching but her better self wished they'd all just go ahead and orgasm so she could deliver her very short speech and get going.

One third of her wish came true when Mistress Gretchen orgasmed.

“Oh, you fucking skinny bitches! You fucking did it. I'm cumming. Suck my juicy pussy! Suck my ass!”

Naomi watched Mistress Gretchen's orgasm with mixed feelings. She was so aroused she felt like she herself was nearly ready to orgasm. A contact-less, standing orgasm! She was grateful that wasn't possible, she didn't think it was, even as she wished she could.

Naomi watched Mistress Gretchen fully experience her orgasm and the two slave girls continue to service her with feverish dedication throughout. They were sucking and swallowing like their lives depended on it.

Mistress Gretchen finally had enough, shoved them roughly away, and then flopped down on the bed. The girls remained on their knees, their wet faces gasping. They showed no initiative to move. Other than their hands rubbing at their pussies. They clearly were waiting for direction from Mistress Gretchen.

Whenever their eyes met they quickly looked away from each other. They obviously were not in a comfort zone with sexuality in each other's presence. Neither one looked at Naomi. Naomi was sure they didn't want to see the judgment in her eyes. But that wasn't actually what was there. What would they see in her eyes? Lust. Maybe some envy. Maybe some

admiration at what high-performing slaves they were.

Naomi wished she could be as dedicated at service as them. But, she couldn't. She was a mother. She had two young adult daughters. At risk daughters. They had to come first and Naomi knew Mistress Gretchen was all about making herself come first over others and having herself cum first as well.

It was time. Naomi edged a little closer to the bed and then did her best to sound calm and passionless when she spoke, “Gretchen --”

“I think you mean “Mistress Gretchen”, don't you?”

Naomi was startled Mistress Gretchen spoke so quickly and alertly so soon after that tremendous orgasm. She really was an incredible woman.

Naomi chose the path of least resistance. Which was exactly the path Gretchen wanted her on though in a different way.

“All right. Mistress Gretchen.” Just calling her that made Naomi feel that newly familiar warm I'll-do-anything-you-tell-me-to feeling. It made her breasts feel heavier, it made her eyes hood like her eyelids were heavier, and it made her tummy float weightless.

“Mistress Gretchen, there is something I need to talk with you about.”

“Wait a minute, slut slave.” Gretchen stood up and Naomi backed away nervously.

Mistress Gretchen seemingly took no notice of Naomi's reaction, “Just wait a minute. These two other slut slaves need to orgasm. For their sake wait a minute and let me take care of this.”

Naomi looked at the two girls. They really did look desperate to come. Naomi figured she could wait until they had. For their sake. For mercy. And because that's what Mistress Gretchen wanted.

Naomi didn't trust her voice. She nodded. She figured she would just get one more final little twisted show to perhaps fuel her fantasies in the coming weeks as she adjusted to no longer being a slut slave.

She was wrong. Gretchen had no intent to let her be a spectator. The time for watching was very nearly over.

Gretchen utilized a commanding this-is-the-way-it's-going-to-be voice, “Freckle Slut. Juicy. Both of you get up on the bed.”

The Reynolds girl and the Finn girl slowly and then more rapidly complied though they looked dazed with lust.

“Freckle Slut! Get on your back in the middle of the bed and spread those long sexy legs. Juicy. Crawl on top of her but with your head over her pussy and your pussy over her face.”

All three of the slut slaves saw exactly where this was going.

Gretchen counted on obedience from the girls. They were used to servicing the Mistresses and barely knew each other but they would do as they were told. That was the first foundational field of expertise of every slut slave. Do as you are told to do.

They were so tamed, so drained of free will, and so aroused, Gretchen was quite confident in their obedience. Gretchen was entirely correct in this assessment. They were so turned on they were on the edge of orgasm and knew their Mistress intended to pull them past and over the orgasm waterfall.

That was the plan. But not nearly as quickly as they hoped.

Gretchen said, “You two lick each other but no cumming without permission. You tell me when you're ready to cum.”

The girl's dove up and down respectively. Gretchen watched them and purposely ignored Naomi behind her.

Naomi felt hot. She felt like she was standing in a rain forest in the

middle of a long hike. Like that but exhilarated.

In less than a minute Juicy reported she was ready to orgasm. Gretchen told her to keep licking Freckle Slut but told Freckle Slut to stop licking her. She was keeping Juicy on edge.

Everyone except Gretchen herself thought that Gretchen was doing this just to time it so both girls would cum at the same time. Not a bad thought but not a correct one.

Soon after, Freckle Slut reported she was also ready to cum.

Gretchen told them both to stand up. Mystified and clumsy with arousal they scrambled off the bed and stood swaying a little. While they did that Gretchen got two sets of handcuffs out of an open top drawer of a dresser and came back to the bed. She maneuvered the girls, first Freckle Slut and then Juicy to the corners of the bed not near the wall.

The bed was absolutely massive, some dark wood frame, with a majestic headboard and, at the foot of the bed, two decorative thick wood pillars.

Or, as Gretchen liked to call them, slave storage poles....

Chapter Five

Gretchen handcuffed their hands behind their backs and around the poles, one to each pole. This left them standing helpless. They could not sit down as the cuffs would run into the high mattress. They could not get away from the pillars as the pillars were taller than themselves and there was no way to get up them.

Most of all, of all the “could nots”, they could not touch themselves.

They could not orgasm without help. When they each realized this they whined a little.

Naomi felt bad for them. That Mistress Gretchen was so cruel! These poor girls had done all that Mistress Gretchen asked of them and now they got this! No orgasms!

Gretchen counted on Naomi feeling some sympathetic outrage and wanting to do the right thing. She was right about that also.

“No! No, you can't do that to them! Don't do this. Please, Mistress Gretchen!”

“What?” said Gretchen with mock innocence, “Do what? I'm not doing anything. See. I'm just standing here.”

“You need to let them have orgasms! Let them! Please!” Naomi felt a weird sexual-motherly instinct to protect these girls and provide them the orgasms they needed.

“Oh. I see. They have my permission to orgasm. There. All good.”

But Mistress Gretchen just stood there. The girls had her permission but had no means to act on it.

“Well, you have to, you know, help them.”

“I don't have to do anything. I'm a fucking Mistress. Besides, I don't have any choice, do I, slut slave? I'm too wore out to go down on them.” With that, Gretchen stepped over to a love-seat and sat down heavily, legs spread wide, completely nude.

Naomi said, “You can't just sit there while they have to stand!”

“Sure I can. Besides, it's more like I'm laying here where I can enjoy just watching them. I know. I know. Next you'll probably say I shouldn't sit on this fabric in the nude with a leaky pussy. You mothers are all clean freaks. Don't worry, I'll have one of the slaves, a slave to be named later,

clean it by mouth. So, all good.”

Naomi paused her argument in a fit of frustration. Somehow her pause involved staring at Gretchen's lasciviously spread pussy. Naomi knew that territory intimately.

She noticed Mistress Gretchen's grin spreading even as she spread her legs yet wider. Naomi tore her eyes off that big blonde pussy but then found herself looking at the two nude young ladies cuffed to the bed.

Freckle Slut was looking down at herself and subtly rattling the cuffs like she was trying to figure out a way to reach her pussy.

Juicy had given that up, leaned her upper body out, and was rolling her ass up and back against the post. It looked like she couldn't get enough contact with her pussy, just the lowest part. It also looked incredibly hot.

Naomi marveled at how attractive, how sexy, these young ladies were. Only as old as her daughters! Not even half her own age! They were sexy, they were hot, and their predicament was sexy and hot. No wonder Mistress Gretchen just wanted to sit and watch them wriggle in sexual frustration.

Going from staring at Mistress Gretchen's pussy to staring at the two young ladies was the visual equivalent of going from the frying pan to the fire. Or the lava.

It made Naomi feel like doing something much more active than looking or pleading. At least more than pleading for the sexual release of others. Pleading for her own sexual release, that, she did feel like doing.

She'd been ignoring what she felt like doing very successfully so far. She had to keep it up! She had to!

Mistress Gretchen said, with cruel crafty enjoyment in her voice, "I can't help them but they do have my permission to orgasm. Looks like they can't help themselves either. I get real tired sometimes after sex. I've been going at it all day. I might sleep until tomorrow."

Naomi was frozen with indecision. Should she point out to Mistress Gretchen that there was someone else? That she *could* do it if she *had* to.

Naomi was angry about what Mistress Gretchen was making the two young women go through. Angry and horny. Those two sure were beautiful. If she did *have* to... help them have orgasms so they didn't have to endure orgasm denial... would that really be so bad?

She had helped that girl Kaia who was also so sexy. She could help these girls, too, but just in a very very very different and wrong way. She'd helped Kaia get away and she could help these two get off.

Would that be so bad?

She wasn't stupid. She knew that was what Mistress Gretchen wanted her to do. Mistress Gretchen was manipulating her all over again. Naomi was aware of it. She resented the hell out of it but it was also sexy as all hell.

The ways Mistress Gretchen got her to do things and the way she gave in and obeyed. So damn sexy. So damning sexy.

There were possible consequences though. What if she helped them orgasm and their mothers ever found out? Or what if Naomi's own daughters ever found out?

They'd all think she was some kind of Mommy Slut... and they'd be right.

Naomi pleaded again with Mistress Gretchen even though she knew it wouldn't work. She just wasn't ready to face the real choice before her.

“Please. Just... help them out. What you're doing is wrong and no, I won't do it for you.”

“For me? I don't give a shit. You can watch me fall asleep and listen to me snore. You're a stupid hypocrite slut is what you are. It's wrong for them them not to get orgasms, it's wrong for me to not give them orgasms, but it is also wrong for you to give them orgasms? See what I mean? Hypocrisy.

Double standards. Go ahead and tell me more about what's not fair, Mommy Slut.”

Gretchen laid the sarcasm on thick. She had Naomi on the moral ropes and she knew it.

Naomi was all tied up in mental knots. What broke that tie was the tipping point thought that if she did not do something, whatever it took, then she would be the one to blame because she could have stopped this.

Naomi spoke, “I'll do it. Only because I have to. Only because I'm not a mean bitch like you. I won't like it though!”

Mistress Gretchen grinned, “Sure sure. Mommy Slut is such a brave little volunteer slut!”

“I guess so. I am volunteering, Mistress Gretchen.”

“Help yourself and help them too. Hey, daughter sluts! This Mommy Slut is going to eat your pussies until you cum.”

Eat their pussies? Naomi had intended to masturbate them. But now Mistress Gretchen had expressed her will specifically so, of course, now she'd have to do it that way.

Eating those young pussies....

Those young pussies cumming against her face....

Naomi had to admit the prospect gave her a wicked thrill. Helping out had never felt so sexy. Mercy had never before been such a turn on.

A Mommy Slut had to do what a Mommy Slut had to do....

What would Naomi want some other Mommy Slut type person to do if the two orgasm denied young ladies cuffed to bed posts were her own daughters?

That idea made Naomi shake with lust.

She supposed she really should try not to be such a hypocrite....

Chapter Six

The Finn girl and the Reynolds girl stilled their minimal struggles for satisfaction as Naomi approached. They were relieved that satisfaction was coming but also looked wide-eyed at the newcomer.

Now yet another person was going to be having sex with them.

Another woman. One even older than Mistress Gretchen or Mistress Lydia. One about the same age as their own mothers!

Both young ladies were so turned on nothing could turn them off at this point. Even potential negatives just turned them on more. As old as their mom? A neighbor friend of Mom's? Mrs. Pierson looked sexy as Hell! A mom going down on them! That was so sick and so sexy!

Since their own pussies were already so hot and wet these thoughts were just arousing in a naughty way. They had no idea they were thinking almost the exact same thoughts.

Gretchen continued to arrange the scene the way she wanted, “Now Mommy Slut, here is how I want it so you know that's exactly how it will happen. My bedroom, my rules. Anywhere else? Still my rules. You get over their on your knees and put your slut mouth to work. Only your mouth! Keep your hands behind your back grabbing your wrists. Pretend you're cuffed, too, so I don't have to cuff you. If I see those hands stop grabbing wrist I will cuff you as well, Trust me, I've got plenty of hand cuffs.”

Naomi would never trust Mistress Gretchen except for something like that. She did trust that there were more handcuffs and that Mistress Gretchen would readily use them on her.

It gave her a dark shudder. She better do as ordered or end up handcuffed. Who knew when she'd be released to go home. Also, good luck trying to break up with Mistress Gretchen while handcuffed!

Naomi dropped to her knees and grabbed opposing wrists behind her back. Then she awkwardly knee walked with a straight back. Oh, why had she gone to her knees right away? She should have walked up first. Now she was going to get rug burn on them.

Did she do it because she was so eager to show her obedience to Mistress Gretchen's will or, even worse, did she do it to visually please Mistress Gretchen? To attract her viewing approval?

But Mistress Gretchen wasn't happy, "Stupid, Mommy Slut! You're still wearing clothes! What the fuck? Now that is rude! Take that shit off. Don't insult me by wearing clothes while on your knees in my bedroom. Fuck, do I have to tell you everything to do? I guess I do. That's why I'm the Mistress and you're the dumb but sexy Mommy Slut."

Naomi stood back up and took off her clothes in a rush. She kept telling herself this was no big deal. Everyone else was naked. Mistress Gretchen had seen her naked before.

Still, she was pointedly aware she was here to break up with Mistress

Gretchen and get the fuck out of this gated community from Hell but here she was getting naked in order to best entertain Mistress Gretchen while on her knees eating young neighbor pussy.

The original mission and the current actions were not exactly consistent with each other.

She was conscious of everyone watching her get naked and frowned a little, a little upset at how Mistress Gretchen called her stupid and dumb. Not in front of the other slaves! Her stupidity should be kept between her and her Mistress. Shit, that did not sound anywhere close to right.

She did feel stupid though. So stupid letting Mistress Gretchen manipulate her like this. It was stupid! Stupid and hot.

Naomi's little frown disappeared. Mistress Gretchen had insulted her intelligence but she had also called her sexy. That was something! These two girls weren't the only ones here that Mistress Gretchen found sexy!

Hear that girls? Naomi didn't say that. She only thought it. She was as old as the two of them combined but she could be just as sexy as either. Yes, she could!

As she sunk back down to her knees and began knee-walking – crap, she'd done it again! – Mistress Gretchen gave her more specific instructions.

Naomi felt bizarrely grateful to be told what to do. Grateful and turned on.

“Start with Freckle Slut. She's the redhead. Then lick and suck that blonde piss slut over there. I bet she has some extra flavoring for you. See, that's another reason to have you do it and not me. If your tongue isn't too tired after making them cum then you can use your slut mouth to talk to me and I might even listen.”

Naomi got in position hardly believing she was really about to do this. She'd come over here to end her involvement in this type of thing! It sure wasn't working out that way.

Mistress Gretchen addressed the girls, “Girls, cum on that Mommy Slut's slut mouth. Pour down your girly juices for her.”

“Yes, Mistress Gretchen,” murmured the girls in unison.

“Mommy Slut, make it hot and don't let any juice go to waste. Lick it all up and keep your hands behind your back. Unless you want me to handcuff you which I bet you really do.”

Naomi hurried to catch up getting in on the subservience, “Yes, Mistress Gretchen.”

Oh, maybe she should not have called Mistress Gretchen that. Well,

everyone else was doing it! Now was no time to offend the Mistress. Naomi felt quite vulnerable with her arms behind her back and Mistress Gretchen behind her back as well. On her knees and with all that talk of handcuffs. Yeah, she felt achingly vulnerable....

She felt so wet. It was a wonder wetness wasn't running down her inner thighs. She felt like hot loose liquid down there. Being vulnerable was supposed to be bad! Why was it turning her on so much?

Naomi mentally shrugged. This was her last time ever to be subservient so she may as well embrace it and get it out of her system.

Yeah, like it would ever work out that way. Even she knew better. It was getting more and more into her system. She felt soaked in subservience.

For the first time in her life Naomi licked redhead pussy. It tasted hot and good! Such a young perfect pussy. So naughty having her face in it. Then her tongue in it. So naughty. Naughty but not nasty. It was so sexy.

Obeying her Mistress was the best!

For now. For the moment.

Mistress Gretchen had a small change of plans, "You know, tell you what, I've decided you're going to go back and forth between them. Get them

close to cumming then move over to the other one. Back and forth. Once it takes only seconds to get them right back ready to cum, then and only then, I'll give you permission to make them cum.”

Naomi paused her licking only long enough to murmur a too hot, too fervent, “Yes, Mistress Gretchen.”

Naomi thought what a bitch Mistress Gretchen was. Making the girls stay on the edge of orgasm. Now making Naomi complicit in making it all even better / worse for the two girls. Keeping things nasty by requiring Naomi to orally go back and forth between them.

Mistress Gretchen was a bitch but Naomi figured that was just who she was. She didn't adapt to you, you adapted to her. If adapting meant doing anything and everything she said. Naomi thought it was almost miraculous that she'd soon escape the woman and be on her way to a new chapter in her life.

Naomi got Freckle Slut near cumming. She wasn't totally sure but then Freckle Slut, apparently quite dedicated to Mistress Gretchen, yelled out she was very close. Naomi pulled her tongue back out.

Amazing. She'd wanted to keep tonguing pussy and only stopped because she had to. It wasn't because she wanted to make the girl orgasm for

the girl's sake. Her wanting to keep going had been purely selfish. She'd really enjoyed the taste of that young redhead pussy and how corrupt the act of pleasing it was.

Naomi knee-walked over to Juicy. She resisted the urge to look over at Mistress Gretchen. Surely she wasn't sleeping yet, was she?

Naomi hoped Mistress Gretchen liked the bouncing and tensing of her ass as she knee walked. That way Mistress Gretchen would really miss her when she was on her way gone from this wicked place.

Naomi arrived at Juicy. She successfully kept her hands behind her back firmly grasping the wrists of other arm. If such a thing could really be considered a success.

Her back was to Mistress Gretchen again now, mostly. She was blocking Mistress Gretchen's view of Juicy's pussy though, and thus blocking the view of her own obedient licking. Poor Mistress Gretchen. She needed more of a show.

Naomi shifted her knees wider. Then wider. Then so wide it was obscene and she hoped it looked obscene to Mistress Gretchen. It felt like maybe she even dripped a little down into the bedroom carpet.

She found herself hoping Mistress Gretchen watched her intently and

was turned on by what she saw. Not just by seeing her ass and dangling labia either. By Naomi's compliance. Naomi was turned on by that, too.

What was it about giving over control to the other woman? Letting her make Naomi do things that Naomi never otherwise would have done?

Naomi felt a hot flush of embarrassment and a hot flush of arousal as she tunneled her tongue into Juicy. There was an odor over here and it wasn't just pussy juice. A certain taste also. This Juicy girl really must be a piss slut!

Naomi supposed that meant that she herself was some kind of quasi-piss slut also. She was licking up the residue!

Naomi planted her mouth harder onto Juicy's pussy which drew a gasp and a mini-thrust from the girl. She wanted to get a good lock on it so she could get her tongue as deep as possible.

She wasn't sure why that was so important but it felt important. It felt like really committing.

Committing to what?

To helping this poor Reynolds girl. That must be it. She wasn't here to commit to obedience to Mistress Gretchen! That was not the mission!

Naomi went to oral work. It was surprisingly how hard it was at first to keep her hands behind her back. She wanted to use them to please. This girl and herself. It felt like these two girls weren't the only ones going through orgasm denial. Naomi felt it, too, and it wasn't just empathy.

Naomi worked her tongue powerfully until Juicy gasped harder and harder nearly to the point of crying out. She quickly extracted her tongue. She sure didn't want to disobey Mistress Gretchen's directions!

Back over she went to the redheaded slut girl. Oh, the girl looked so slutty. So fucking desperate for tongue.

Naomi felt it, too. She wished she could be the one cuffed to a post, in orgasm denial, but being pleased by a sexy Mommy Slut like herself. That would at least be something. All her pussy got was air!

There was an unexpected stereo effect as Freckle Slut began gasping and moaning at the instant of mouth contact from Naomi and Juicy was still back over at the other post gasping and moaning in arousal and loss of satisfaction. The simultaneous sounds of passion from the girls was incredibly sexy.

Naomi couldn't make up her mind whether these two were cursed or blessed.

Smack! Naomi was shocked when Gretchen spanked her ass. She pulled her mouth off of pussy but then Mistress Gretchen shoved it right back into place.

“Keep licking, Mommy Slut! Being spanked is no reason to stop obeying. It's *more* reason to keep obeying!”

Did that really make sense? In Naomi's world of up close pussy attending while on her knees with her hands behind her back it make a whole world of sense.

More spanks landed. Naomi wriggled and shifted. At first she thought she was doing it in a vain attempt to avoid the spanks. But that lie couldn't hold up no matter how she tried once she arched her ass up stretching her skin and made the spanks easier for Mistress Gretchen to land and much more painful to herself.

Naomi's ass stung and her mind smarted from the idea of what was being done to her poor ass. Mistress Gretchen was still treating her like a slut slave!

To be fair, she had yet to make the new order of things clear to her Mistress. Her soon to be ex-Mistress was not yet quite an ex-Mistress.

She needed to get around to conveying that message.

She needed to be a better communicator....

She couldn't really blame Mistress Gretchen for just being who she was. Mistresses like to spank.

They also liked it when their slaves held still and popped their ass up and out to help the spanks land with severe accuracy. Which was exactly what Naomi was doing! She gave Mistress Gretchen a sexy target. Who was she, a mere slave, to question Mistress Gretchen simply striking the target offered her?

It wasn't Mistress Gretchen's fault. It was the slut's fault. A slut named Mommy Slut.

She knew she herself was acting exactly like a slut slave. Really, it was her own fault. This whole situation. Walking right into Mistress Gretchen's fucking lair and then letting Mistress Gretchen suck and drain away her determination.

Was this maybe exactly how she'd secretly wanted things to go?

Chapter Seven

Mistress Gretchen had Naomi switch back to the blonde girl. Freckle Slut bounced her ass on the bed post in sexual frustration at the loss of Naomi's skillful tongue.

Juicy jammed her pussy on Mommy Slut's mouth. They both felt like her pussy belonged just exactly right on Naomi's mouth.

No, not Naomi's mouth. Mommy Slut's mouth.

For now. Naomi reminded herself this was just for now. Just to see this through. Just to help out. Just to help these girls get off... and maybe Mistress Gretchen and herself as well.

The pussy felt like it belonged on Naomi's mouth.

Mistress Gretchen obviously felt like her hand belonged on Naomi's ass. Sporadically. The spansks kept landing and the pain kept adding up and as the poundings compounded the pain kept ratcheting Naomi's lust ever higher.

Naomi felt a wave of masochism. Go ahead!

She silently begged Mistress Gretchen to spank harder. Enjoy it while you can because this is the last time! Naomi thought she, too, had to enjoy it

while she could because this would be the last time.

Mistress Gretchen spanked harder and Naomi licked harder.

Mistress Gretchen spanked faster and Naomi licked faster.

Mistress Gretchen pulled back on Naomi's hair, "No cumming yet."

Oh, yeah, right, she shouldn't cum yet.

Wait... Mistress Gretchen was talking about Juicy, not Naomi....

Mistress Gretchen held a handful of Naomi's dark hair like a leash as she guided Naomi on a knee-walk over to the redhead. The redheaded slut spread her legs wide as possible, so wide she had to lean on the post and slide down it, to make Naomi's mouth as eagerly welcome as possible.

Naomi thought, "What a slut!" She sure was looking forward to that slut cumming on her own slut face. It would be like sluts cross-pollinating. Trading saliva for pussy juice. Naomi figured she was getting a great deal there. Fuck bartering. Long live swapping bodily fluids!

Naomi dove in head first physically and emotionally while Mistress Gretchen worked on her ass. She was getting it at both ends but in very different ways. Getting pussy and getting spanks. It seemed like another great deal. Actually both things were positives.

Naomi appreciated the responsiveness of the young sluts as she switched back and forth. They clearly appreciated her efforts. No wonder Mistress Gretchen liked edging them. It made them so eager, so ready, so juicy.

Naomi guessed it wasn't so bad denying these sluts orgasms. They fucking liked it! More importantly, Mistress Gretchen liked doing it to them. That alone justified it.

Same things with these spanks. The pain was really building. It felt like her ass would begin to blister. Could you get spanked so hard and for so long that your ass began to bleed? That felt more and more possible all the time.

It didn't matter if there was lingering harm and discomfort to her ass. Mistress Gretchen wanted it. That made it perfectly okay.

Each girl tasted good but different. Of course, that piss slut girl still had a bit of added flavor. Soon, as Naomi knee walked back and forth between them like a flightless bee traveling again and again between flowers to collect their nectar, their tastes became mixed up and indistinguishable as Naomi inadvertently moved nectar back and forth.

If she was a busy little sex bee then Mistress Gretchen was definitely

her queen bee.

Naomi felt light. Light as a feather. Her only weight was the weight of lust. And her heart was beating so fast! No, she wasn't a sex bee. Did bees even have hearts? Weren't they drones or something?

Naomi felt way too sexual to be compared to some insect drone. It was more like she was a sexual hummingbird.

While licking at Juicy, who really was quite juicy, Naomi randomly had the subversive thought that Juicy's mother, Megan Reynolds, might taste as good. Was it Megan's DNA that passed on this succulent pussy flavor? Where else could it have come from?

She would have to do a taste test to know for sure. On all four of those Reynolds women. Megan Reynolds and all three of her daughters.

Oh, wow. Sampling from all their pussies. Going from one pussy flower to the next gathering their nectar like a nasty little lesbo hummingbird. The wicked thought caused Naomi to release fluid, a near orgasm.

Naomi was jealous of how active, how responsive, each of the girls' pussies were. She wished she could be as fully responsive to Mistress Gretchen right then. Mistress Gretchen would want that and, for now,

whatever Mistress Gretchen wanted, Naomi wanted too.

It was almost too bad she'd have to get on with it and break up with Mistress Gretchen once she'd completed this pussy-licking mission of mercy on these two sluts. There was no alternative. She'd have to.

Unless something else happened to change circumstances.

Like maybe if she was really cuffed instead of just pretending. You couldn't break up with a Mistress while handcuffed. That was more than not practical. It wasn't realistic.

Mistress Gretchen would have to handcuff her if she didn't keep her hands tightly holding her own wrists and kept them behind her back as well. Naomi knew that because Mistress Gretchen had said so.

Mistress Gretchen, standing over her and whacking the shit out of her ass, would certainly see if her pretend handcuffs loosened.

Mistress Gretchen would see that and she'd have to handcuff Naomi. Then, if that happened, Naomi would have to do whatever Mistress Gretchen told her to do. That was how things worked. It just worked that way.

But only if she disobeyed and let go of her wrists. So weird. That such a little disobedience could lead to so much more obedience. So... counter-

intuitive.

She'd had a good grip. A great grip. But now she felt how sweaty her wrists were. How weak her fingers were.

Yeah. They might lose their grip. That could easily happen what with the ongoing flurry of spanks and the distraction of trying to tongue pussy as deep and as fast as she could.

It would be totally understandable if she lost her grip.

Totally.

It would be so natural.

Oops. There they went.

Her hands were just too tired. That must be why.

Mistress Gretchen was sure to notice and take action to punish and restrain her properly.

Especially with how Naomi's fingers kept trying to close back over her damp wrists and just kept failing, somehow, again and again....

Mistress Gretchen was bound to notice.

Sooner or later.

Or maybe not. Or maybe Mistress Gretchen never would have.

For some reason Naomi felt all wobbly and off balance like she might fall. It must be the weight of those heavy spanks unbalancing her.

So Naomi had to put out her hands to keep from falling. She had to!

She didn't want to topple over, did she?

One of her hands, her slutty left one, desperate for a hold to keep from falling, even reached back and happened to grab onto Mistress Gretchen's calf.

It sure was weird how that hand couldn't hang onto her other wrist but got a strong grip on Mistress leg.

Weird. Uncanny really.

Seconds after the spanks stopped she felt Mistress coming back over to her from wherever she'd gone for a moment. By then Naomi was back licking the desperate slutty redheads needy pussy.

Naomi had not put her hands behind her back again. She hadn't even tried. What was the point. She was definite that her Mistress had seen her silly disobedience.

Mistress Gretchen would know what to do.

Naomi knew this probably wasn't a good thing, her error and how Mistress left like she was off to get something. It wouldn't be some reward, would it?

Even so, Naomi helpfully held still and continued to lick. No need to make Mistress even more angry at her. Mistress was probably plenty angry enough...

... to do what they both knew needed doing....

Yep. There they were. Handcuffs. On Naomi's wrists. Now her hands were cuffed for real behind her back. So predictable! Darn that!

Well, this changed everything. It just did. Didn't they say no plan survived meeting the enemy? Sounded right. Mistress Gretchen was definitely her enemy. The enemy of her whole family, really.

Mistress Gretchen was her enemy... and she was her Mistress also.

She hadn't meant to get involved or to get naked when she came over here. But it felt right to be naked now. Right, even though it would just enable even more wrongs. Her nudity fit like a glove.

Clothing was a lie. Nudity was the real her.

Sluts should be nude.

She was a Mommy Slut.

It wasn't fair how Mistress Gretchen was spanking her at all let alone so harshly. Naomi was just trying to help out these girls. It was her twisted mother instincts even as a Mommy Slut. She needed to take care of them like a good Mommy Slut since their mothers weren't here.

Naomi was sure that their mothers would do the same favor for her own girls if the situation was reversed. They would lick and tongue Harmony and Abigail to orgasms like good Mommy Sluts.

Naomi was just following Mistress Gretchen's orders and Mistress Gretchen was still spanking her. But... she probably deserved it. Naomi really felt like a slut and a dirty nasty slut like her deserved pain.

Not only that. Maybe she deserved it for another reason. She'd come over here to break away from Mistress Gretchen. Suddenly that seemed like the biggest craziest outrage of them all. What kind of Mommy Slut disobeyed her Mistress?

Probably the kind who deserved to be spanked for thinking that way!

She thought that was all wrong no matter how true it felt. But, if she

didn't deserve to be spanked for that then she deserved to be spanked for being so weak-kneed as to get down on her knees, and so weak-willed as to let her determination dissolve like sugar in pussy juice.

Any which way, she did deserve this! Mistress Gretchen was right to savagely whack her on her ass!

She wished Mistress Gretchen would do something to her pussy. That wasn't why she'd come here and a traitorous slave didn't deserve such a kindness from her Mistress. Was she earning such a favor from her Mistress?

She was more than just holding still for the spanking. She kept her ass up so it was available and vulnerable to spanks and she did everything that Mistress Gretchen told her to do such as switching back to orally pleasuring the redheaded girl as soon as Mistress Gretchen told her to.

Mistress Gretchen was back there anyway. So maybe she could touch or even lick Naomi's pussy. Maybe. At least just to tease her and then keep her on the edge of orgasm. That had looked like a form of torture a little bit ago but now, seeing and tasting what these girls were going through, it seemed like a good thing.

She knew that all this was some sort of personal disaster for her and meant victory for Mistress Gretchen but, even so, she wanted it. Whatever

“it” was. Whatever Mistress Gretchen wanted to do to Naomi, Naomi also wanted it done.

Was she going to be spanked forever until she had an orgasm from the pain? That would be so humiliating. Even the thought of that brought intense lovely humiliation which made it all the more likely she might end up cumming just from painful spanks.

Oh, she was such a Mommy Slut!

The immediate answer to her internal question whether the spanking would just go on was delivered with a spank. The long term answer was that there would be more done to her than just spanks.

Mistress Gretchen delivered about ten spanks that resounded in the large bedroom. They echoed off the mirrored wall on one side of the bed.

They hurt so bad that Naomi figured that even big Mistress Gretchen must have really wound up to deliver them. Naomi thought she might actually have some kind of damage to her little ass.

Naomi hated/loved the shocks of pain. She held still for all ten even knowing how much they hurt after the first one and not knowing how many there would be before it was over. The obedience and the pain made her feel like she was earning something, something big. She felt like she deserved

both punishment and reward.

The two girls seemed to get off on Naomi's spanking as they groaned and thrust and flopped more dramatically against their bed posts and, in turns, against Naomi's mouth. The girls kept their eyes on Naomi's ass taking it. Naomi figured her ass by then was probably also the brightest thing in the room.

Naomi could not blame their arousal at her expense. She knew she was at least as aroused by it as them. All three of them were near orgasm. The pussy juice dripping off her pussy into the bedroom carpet was proof of her own lust.

“Very good, slut slave, you kept licking during all your spans. Good girl!”

Being called a slut slave seemed almost normal now. And all too accurate. Being called a “girl” when she was older than Mistress Gretchen and exactly old enough to be these girl slut's own mother – as proven by her two daughters being almost the same ages – was particularly humiliating.

Which was somehow a good thing.

Obviously what was most important was that she was pleasing Mistress Gretchen with her dedicated obedience. She could not quite hold entirely

still. She trembled so powerfully she was almost wobbling on her feet.

Naomi was lost in slurping girl pussy back and forth for long wonderful spanked minutes in some kind of sexual haze.

Then, when she went to shift again from Juicy back to Freckle Slut she saw that Mistress Gretchen had released Freckle Slut and she was now laying on the bed with her feet on the floor, legs spread. It was obvious Naomi was supposed to keep licking her in that position and so she did.

A few moments later she sensed Juicy laying on the bed right next to Freckle Slut. Mistress Gretchen had also released her. Soon she even heard the two girls wetly making out.

Mistress Gretchen pulled up on one of Juicy's legs, the one closest to Freckle Slut, and lay it across the redheads sexy thigh. Mistress Gretchen instructed Mommy Slut to please both pussies at once, one by mouth and one by hand.

Both at once? These little sluts were going to end up cumming! That had been Naomi's mission, of course, but part of her felt like keeping the little bitches on the brink for... well... for forever! It was so damn sexy.

Just feed them intravenously – it would take a lot of IV bags to maintain their levels of pussy juice juiciness – and keep them aroused, on the

edge of orgasm, for their entire lives! What a monstrous and sexy thought!

No, that would be too cruel! Besides, there was another reason, a selfish one, to want these girls to orgasm. If they had orgasms, then maybe....

Naomi felt something poking at the entrance to her pussy. She knew Mistress Gretchen was the source of whatever it was.

She didn't know what was about to be shoved up her pussy. She didn't care what it was. Dildo? Fuck me with it! A tree branch? Fuck me with it! A soccer ball? Fuck me with it! She just hoped it got shoved in as soon as possible.

She was in Mistress Gretchen's control. Her Mistress could shove whatever she wanted up her and she'd take it. Take it all. Because that was her job as a slut slave. Do as told and take whatever was given.

She did not have to wait. Whatever it was slid home on a long thrust. A dildo. It felt huge. It was smooth but bigger than anything she'd ever had inside her pussy. It felt awkward. It felt uncomfortable. It felt massive. It felt like it was splitting her in half. It felt great.

It was so filling it made her eyes bulge.

Naomi's eyes bulged even more when she orgasmed.

The neighbor girls, laying shoulder to shoulder, looking down past their own now free hands pinching at their nipples, and watching Mistress Gretchen nail that hot brunette neighbor mother Mrs. Pierson with that giant dildo straight into an epic orgasm, both went ahead and followed Mrs. Pierson's fine example.

The girls' orgasms began just moments after Naomi's. Juicy came with Mrs. Pierson's face in her pussy and Freckle Slut came with three of Mrs. Pierson's fingers inside her pussy.

Chapter Eight

Mistress Gretchen pulled the strap-on dildo free of Naomi's pussy and gave the three sluts a minute to recover.

Mistress Gretchen knew she had to wait until slaves recovered enough to actually be able to follow orders before she gave more orders. Timing. It was always about timing. Every order must be followed totally and

completely and, preferably, immediately. That set the pattern the slaves would live and breath.

She didn't want to set a bad example by letting them think exhaustion was a good reason to fail to obey!

Once she felt they'd come down from their orgasms and recovered their breath somewhat it was time to put them right back to work. This also conditioned them to be the kind of slaves Gretchen wanted them to be. Where exhaustion was no excuse. Where obeying the Mistress took easy and immediate priority even if it was hard and even over their own needs.

There was too exhausted to obey and there was so exhausted they would not *want* to obey. Avoid the first and ignore the second.

Gretchen sat in the edge of the bed. It was crowded with the girls.

“Slave sluts. All of you. Get my big plastic cock clean with your mouths.”

Gretchen watched for reaction time and for Naomi's reaction in particular.

All three slut slaves were in motion as soon as they understood the command. That spoke to the trained importance each placed on Mistress

Gretchen's priorities. Their own exhaustion or reluctance was a distant second to whatever their Mistress wanted.

They started slow and clumsy and quickly gained speed in complying.

Freckle Slut crawled across the bed and around behind Mistress Gretchen to position herself on Mistress Gretchen's left side. Juicy scooted slightly over next to Mistress Gretchen's right side. Just enough so one ass cheek was still on the warm and wet spot she'd left on the blanket. Naomi simply scrambled sideways on her knees to get herself placed right between Mistress Gretchen's spread thighs.

Gretchen was quite pleased. The three sluts had sprang into action like a synchronized Olympic dildo-sucking team. Now that was the kind of event that should be in the Olympics!

The British dildo-sucking team. The Jamaican dildo-sucking team. The Brazilian dildo-sucking team. The Austrians! Shit, she bet the Austrian dildo-sucking team would be heavily favored! It would be all so epic!

Naomi Pierson had moved to comply exactly as quickly as the girls. She'd done it in response to being addressed as a "slut slave".

This was good. She answered to being called what Gretchen wanted her to be and was sure Naomi would be if she kept working her personal

magic on the woman. Fuck, she already was!

Gretchen watched the three. She'd rather they sort out who did what and where on their own. Micro-management was a bother best avoided.

Gretchen smiled as three heads bent to work. It was good to be Mistress!

First contact was actually a tie between Juicy and Naomi. Juicy hungrily planted her mouth on and over the dildo's lifelike plastic cock head. Lifelike except for being much bigger than life.

Naomi, from her floor-kneeling position very naturally tilted her head sideways, her dark hair spilling that way, and swept her tongue across the base of the dildo. Gretchen knew Naomi's tongue would find and collect a lot of her own juices down there. Possibly foamed up a little from the churning of Gretchen's earlier dildo-thrusting.

Freckle Slut was only a tick behind despite the end around bed maneuver. There was a little more hesitation as she arrived on goal. It seemed to be just a matter of her looking for the best location to apply her mouth in order to carry out Mistress Gretchen's will. She made her decision and slid her pursed lips up and down the side of the plastic cock, her tongue occasionally flickering out.

Gretchen was supremely pleased. They had all moved with urgency and hunger. Hunger to participate. Hunger to obey Gretchen's will. Maybe even hunger to show gratitude to Mistress Gretchen for taking them under her control.

They all wanted to show off their obedience to their Mistress and shine in the light of Mistress Gretchen's eyes. Mistress Gretchen was the dark sun who had captured them in her gravity and forced them into permanent orbit.

Gretchen looked at her prize dark-haired mature slut planet Naomi the Mommy Slut. That planet happened to come with two hot sexy little moons named Harmony and Abigail.

Now Gretchen had three absolute lovelies working as a team to attempt to physically pleasure her unfeeling plastic cock. It would be almost funny if it wasn't so incredibly sexy.

It was so good to be a Mistress.

Chapter Nine

Naomi the Mommy Slut, Freckle Slut, and Juicy took turns riding Mistress Gretchen's plastic cock, cleaning it with their mouths, and sucking on tits. Mistress Gretchen's tits, each other's tits, and, when told to my Mistress Gretchen, even their own tits.

Naomi felt strangely close to the two girls. United as slut slaves. Like they were a unit. A package. Like they were family. Like they were her own daughters. A little slut family.

Mistress Gretchen kept them busy.

They got even busier when Mistress Lydia returned to the house.

Late in the day Naomi was told to go home.

She did as she was told.

She was also told to send both her daughters over in an hour.

She did as she was told.

Naomi didn't even think about why they wanted her daughters over there or what all might take place. She was tired and it didn't really matter. She would do as ordered whether she knew exactly what would happen or not.

Why worry about it then if she knew she was going to do it no matter what their plan was for her daughters?

That was the thing about being entirely bound to following orders. In a way, no matter how bad and wrong the results, none of it was Naomi's fault. She was just an obedient slut. If someone had a problem with the results, results like daughters getting sexually used and abused, then they needed to go talk to the Mistresses.

Of course, there was no one other than Naomi to have such an issue with things... and she wasn't allowed to....

She asked no questions when Harmony and Abigail came home hours later looking exhausted but glowing. Why ask if she did not want to know the answer?

Besides... she already knew the truth without needing to be told. She did know the answer. Want it or not, she knew the answer.

Her little girls also served the Mistresses! Sexually!

They must be subby lesbo sluts just like Mom!

The Mistresses had Naomi come over the following day. She was surprised to see Brooke and Bridget Finn there together at the same time.

She was also a little surprised that the Mistresses actually had nailed Brooke Finn. She'd known they'd want her, what lesbian wouldn't, but she hadn't thought Brooke Finn was as much of a submissive lesbian slut as herself.

It seemed like none of the beautiful mother-daughter models could hold out against these Mistresses!

Brooke was now known as Ass Bronco! So, it was Ass Bronco and Freckle Slut. Naomi, of course, knew already about Freckle Slut's new name but was a little shocked to hear Brooke called Ass Bronco and to see how she was so responsive to that.

The biggest shock really was that both Finns were there together at the same time! How humiliating for them both!

There had been so many surprises Naomi felt like she was becoming immune to surprise. Women acting like sluts seemed a lot less surprising nowadays. Really, it seemed less surprising than when they didn't.

Naomi figured Mistress Gretchen and Mistress Lydia were sluts, too, except a different breed of sluts. Sex did seem to rule them even as they ruled the women of the cul-de-sac gated community.

When she saw them Naomi knew she wasn't the only member of a mother and daughter (or daughters, plural) team in this cul-de-sac. It gave

her a curious sneaky thrilling vicious satisfaction. There! You too! Or, you two, too!

Slut was the new normal.

The redheaded mother-daughter pair wore matching scandalous maid outfits. The outfits were so small they looked like Halloween outfits for 12-year-olds.

There were no panties on either Finn. It was easy to tell even when they were standing. But usually they were bent over serving drinks to Mistress Lydia and Mistress Gretchen even while Naomi, Freckle Slut, and Juicy serviced the Mistresses in various ways. Or bent over cleaning floors, carpets, and even toilets all while wearing those obscene maid outfits.

Right in front of each other! In fact they always worked as a team and were always with each other as they cleaned, served, and were punished for minor or fictitious infractions. Almost always.

Despite or because they were always in the same room, almost always, they were constantly hot and aroused. Even if the Mistresses were too busy to physically manipulate them.

Naomi watched the Finns and carefully noted how they were treated. It seemed like a window on what she could expect as per herself and her

daughters.

The two Mistresses never did anything directly sexual with either one if they were together. They saved that for when one of them was not present. Oddly and disturbingly, Naomi would see each of them light up with happiness when the other one was ordered off to do something. They so wanted to be aroused, extra aroused, to be sexually utilized by the Mistresses, that they were eager to be rid of each other!

Naomi wondered if that was why the Mistresses did it the way they did. If maybe it was just another way to break the mother-daughter bond. Then again, why would they even care about that? Both mother and daughter always did all that was asked of them anyway.

It was clear that the Mistresses had a self-imposed rule that nothing outright sexual, actual sex really, happened in front of family members. Nudity and subservience happened but no sexual service.

Naomi wasn't sure of the Mistresses were saving it up for a special occasion or as a threat of what they still could do – like the idea that the slaves should know that they could still be made to sink lower – or exactly why the Mistresses refrained.

Usually the redhead mother Finn or redheaded daughter Finn got some

limited sexual interaction when one or the other had to go to the bathroom.

It was quite humiliating in that they had to ask for permission to use the bathroom. It was quite torturous that sometimes they were told they were not allowed to go.

Sometimes those delays got so bad that they were antsy and shifting weight from foot to foot. They'd both be antsy because one needed to go to the bathroom and the other one would be eager for some physical sexual contact and could barely wait for the other one to leave.

Then the one who needed to go would eventually be allowed and would return from the bathroom shaking with relief. When they came back the other Finn would also be shaking, sometimes from an orgasm but, more often, from orgasm denial.

The bathroom returner had to knock on the door or, if a door was open, knock on the wall while standing off to the side of it. They had to wait for permission to re-enter the area. Sometimes they had to wait several minutes hearing licking, slurping, spansks, and even sexual begging of their other family member before they were allowed entry.

Then the Mistress involved would quick get the Finn with her to pull out her tongue from whatever crevice it was servicing or the Mistress would

remove her own fingers from that Finn's pussy or ass. More often than not, the returning Finn then had to lick clean those fingers damn well knowing where they must have been just moments before.

Generally the Finn getting the sexual action did not quite make it to orgasm. More orgasm denial for them! Both Finns were kept in a near continuous state of orgasm denial. Until, of course, they weren't. They always yelled out their orgasms. Shrieks really. Naomi wasn't sure if that was natural or if they'd been ordered to do that when orgasming.

They were not just kept aroused. They were kept on edge of orgasm, sometimes very close and sometimes even a bit further.

Naomi saw them at times shaking and halting their breathing like they were starting to cum but then coming back from the edge of cum when the source of pleasure was withdrawn. Then, for hours afterward, they stayed wide-eyed but dazed looking, looking so desperately needy. Naomi felt bad for them even as she was turned on seeing them in such a state.

They were rarely allowed to orgasm. When they did orgasm they were those big screaming orgasms so even though they were always apart when the orgasms happened they always knew when the other one had an orgasm. Naomi figured that was why the Mistresses ordered them to be so loud.

Or maybe they did it of their own accord? The mother and daughter did often seem jealous of each other for getting attention, even holding their pee hoping the other one would go pee more often so that they would get more attention. They became more like competitors for affection than mother and daughter.

Naomi thought that was awful. Awful sexy, too.

She hoped the Mistresses wouldn't make her and Harmony and Abigail go through all that.

She also looked forward to it!

Naomi thought Harmony's breasts would look lovely bulging up and out from a far too small costume maid outfit. Abigail's tight ass would be so adorable sticking out tight and bare from a far too short costume maid dress when she bent over.

Most of the Finns' rare orgasms were actually during painful punishments which was one of the times in which orgasms for them were not frowned upon. When punished, always not with the other one present, they were usually continuously punished until they finally orgasmed.

“Finally” wasn't really the right word though. The painful punishments made them orgasm rather quickly. That always surprised Naomi.

Naomi heard Mistress Gretchen and then, later, Mistress Lydia refer to them as mother-daughter pain sluts. Naomi thought it was a fitting term.

The Mistresses even said they could turn Naomi into a pain slut if they decided to. Naomi dreaded this. In part because she could tell they were serious. They could make her hot for pain. It was a scary thought but she didn't really doubt it. Sometimes she even wished for it in the privacy of her own mind.

Currently Naomi could cum from pleasure. Obviously. If she could cum from pleasure and from pain then wouldn't that be twice as good? Maybe even twice as likely or maybe even it would happen twice as often!

Becoming a pain slut sounded real intimidating but it might have one hell of a silver lining!

She felt sorry for Brooke Finn and Bridget Finn but she also felt a strange envy. It wasn't just because of their pain slut status or their ability to come from pain. Naomi found herself wondering how her ass would look sticking out from one of those cheap childish maid outfits. It would look sexy and it would be soooo humiliating.

Humiliation had come to equal “Yes! Good!” in Naomi's mind.

She also thought the Finns were lucky because they were able to spend

a lot more time with the Mistresses. And with each other. They were moved into the Mistresses' house. They shared a tiny bedroom downstairs. It was actually the pantry connected to the kitchen. Convenient for their cooking and serving duties.

They had very little room at night and rested in a sort of makeshift bunk-bed. Brooke Finn had the top bunk. Naomi knew that because sometimes the Mistresses had Naomi sleep over. They'd make use of Brooke or Bridget Finn those nights and Naomi had to stay with the other Finn.

Naomi and the Finn, whichever Finn, crowded into the same bunk, the top one with Brooke and bottom one with Bridget, while the other bunk stayed empty. They were jammed together having sex of course. All night, of course. The sleep deprivation those nights, the sheer exhaustion, sometimes made the sex almost like torture. Almost. But they had lots and lots orgasms so, not really.

Sometimes Naomi had to stay over while one of her daughters, or even both, were elsewhere in the house of the photographers. That always made her nervous, a little upset, a little jealous.

When Harmony or Abigail had to stay in the pantry bunk-beds while Naomi served a Mistress it made the sex for Naomi somehow even more

satisfying.

She would never admit that she did it on purpose but, on those nights, much like the Finns, she did cry out her orgasms much more loudly than usual. She knew her daughter, whichever one was over, had to hear her orgasmic cry.

The two Mistresses, the photographers, were somewhat mysterious figures and larger than life. Literally larger than most women as well. Naomi often wondered if the way they got all of them moved into the gated community for modeling and then seduced and dominated all of them was some kind of lucky accident for them or part of some larger grand plot.

She could wonder but it wasn't like she could interrogate those two. It was more like they sexually interrogated her!

They were definitely into photography though. No doubt about that. Naomi had to pose for so many photos and they had such nice camera equipment. She wasn't the only one who had to pose for them. All of them had to. Often together.

It sure was embarrassing having her photo taken while nude and with her daughters who were also nude next to her in so many of those photo opportunities. So embarrassing! Humiliating also! Especially because they

all had to pose in sexy contorted ways.

Being highly aroused by it all made it easier for Naomi to put on a good show for her Mistresses. *Much* easier.

Naomi often saw piles of photos laying around. Sometimes they showed her daughters engaged in lesbian sex! She could not help looking at those photos an extra long time.

Well, a mother needed to know what her daughters got up to....

She was sure her daughters saw those same kinds of photos starring herself. Well, fair was fair. Not that sex slaves like them ever expected fairness.

It turned out the photographers weren't just photographers. They were also videographers. Often they videotaped the sexual exploits or, more like, sexual exploitation, of the women of the gated community.

Naomi strongly suspected that the Mistresses sold the videos and the photos online. That was a concern but, on the other hand, it was not her concern. That was up to the Mistresses and she had no say.

It wasn't like she had a future in politics or anything. Same thing with her daughters. Sluts. Their window of opportunity for future politics passed

as soon as they were tamed.

Hmm. Who knew though. If the Russians got a hold of enough kompromat and knew they could control you then they could actually provide a huge boost to your political career thru social media manipulation.

Well, Naomi hoped that didn't happen for her daughters. They were already enough of sluts. They didn't need to also be political sluts for the Russians! They had at least some standards left!

One day Naomi noticed a “For Sale” sign in front of the Finn residence. The Realtor named on it was Gretchen Othloe. She had to think that was Mistress Gretchen's last name. Mistress Gretchen sure didn't seem like a Realtor though Naomi didn't know what a Realtor should seem like.

So, Mistress Gretchen was a photographer, a videographer, a Mistress, and a Realtor?

She never saw anyone coming to see the house. No open houses. Naomi even looked up houses for sale in the area online and could not find any sign of the Finn house. If she couldn't find it when she looked for it then how were they ever going to sell it?

Same thing with Janelle's house. Same sign, same Realtor, same lack of posting online or any visitors. Naomi never saw Janelle though she did

hear the Mistresses talking about her. It sounded like they'd given Janelle to the black female security guards. Given her!

Naomi hoped they didn't do that to herself or her daughters.

She really liked her Mistresses and would not want to lose their attention and their orders.

Sometimes Naomi saw Megan Reynolds and her daughter Kaia walking down the hill. It was too far to walk to town so either they were just out for walks or they were going to visit the guards. Why would they do that? Well, that was obvious. The guards must have gotten them also from the Mistresses.

Naomi figured there was a trade off there in being traded to the black guards. There were four of them and so twice as many pussies that needed pleasing. However, they pretty much had to be nicer than Gretchen and Lydia. But, was that actually a good thing?

The black guards had fewer of the sex slaves so, especially with more of them, their slaves – Megan, Kaia, and Janelle – must get a lot more sex. So that definitely, for sure, was a good / bad aspect of serving them.

Naomi avoided talking with Megan Reynolds and it seemed like Megan avoided talking with her. Naomi knew too many secrets about Megan's other

daughters and had done too much with them. She often found herself serving Mistress pussy right next to Lilliana, a.k.a. Potty Mouth, or Julissa, a.k.a. Juicy. Right next to them or even just having sex directly with them if the Mistresses ordered it which they often did.

Naomi could not look Megan in the eye. She was too ashamed. Megan seemed the same way. Who knew what she knew!

For the first week or so Naomi, as instructed, would come over during the day and then she'd have to send her daughters over in the evening / night as instructed. It was like she was the early shift and they were the late shift.

Abigail and Harmony usually seemed, if anything, eager to go over there.

She tried not to think about it. Her daughters. What they did over there.

When not thinking about it didn't work she tried to pretend it was all for photos to further their modeling careers.

When that didn't work... well... sometimes she'd think about what they were really doing over there, get turned on and a little jealous, and end up masturbating.

She was jealous for another reason. Mistress Gretchen and Mistress Lydia got to spend a lot more time with her own daughters than she herself did. They seemed to have a lot more influence over them already than Naomi did.

The Mistresses could order her daughters to do anything and they'd leap to obey. They wouldn't lift a finger for Mom any more.

Her daughters often said things like “Gretchen says” and “Lydia says” as a guide to what they should or should not do. Usually when telling Naomi what they would not do around the house. So Naomi had to do their chores for them. Which was frustrating but... if that was what Gretchen or Lydia said than that was what she better do.

The only times Abigail or Harmony listened to her and obeyed was when she told them to go over to Gretchen's and Lydia's house. And only then because they knew that was what Gretchen and Lydia wanted!

For whatever reason, foolishly perhaps, she even told the Mistresses she was concerned she was not getting enough time with Abigail and Harmony.

The Mistresses had a solution. The following day all three of them were told to come over at the same time. Naomi led her daughters over and

boy was her face red and was she ever concerned.

At the house the Finn mother-daughter maid team greeted them saying they would take all of their clothes and launder them during their “photo op”.

Naomi noticed Abigail and Harmony did not seem surprised or dismayed by Brooke's and Bridget's skimpy maid outfits. Naomi had wondered about that. She'd wondered whether the Finns were paraded in front of her daughters over here. Then she knew they were.

It was certainly odd and arousing to be stripped down fully naked with her daughters with two slave maid mother-daughter pain sluts gathering their clothes to be returned at some point later on.

Naomi's pussy felt like it was on fire. She knew she would have an amazing “photo op” with the Mistresses.

Naomi was greatly relieved when she was separated from her daughters and they were told to go to separate rooms in the house. Of course, that defeated the whole purpose of them coming over together! The only extra time she got with Harmony and Abigail was the walk over and them getting undressed together. Were those extra minutes worth the humiliation?

Of course they were. Humiliation had transformed into a welcome feeling. It always turned her on.

Still. It was a relief when they were separated. Gretchen and Lydia took turns sexually using Naomi while the other one was with her daughters she assumed. Modeling, right?

She knew *she* was modeling. They videotaped everything. They always zoomed in close when they had her lick clean the wet dildos and other wet sexual gear that they came in with.

Naomi knew where these items must have been, what personal areas they must have been visiting on – or in! – her daughters, just before the items were brought to her. Usually they were still quite warm when she sucked on them.

She could sometimes hear sounds of sexual passion in the house even past her own. She tried to ignore them. She tried to pretend she did not recognize the throaty cries. Whenever she couldn't ignore that it was her own daughters thrilling to Mistress transgressions she just used those cries and her own recognition of them to launch her own orgasms even higher than ever before.

Chapter Ten

Megan Reynolds was almost done cleaning the windows in the back of the house of the security guards. She was tired. She was often tired nowadays but in a weird buzzed okay way. The weariness kept her from thinking too much.

Exhaustion made her feel more obedient and less intelligent. Almost like an animal really. She did feel like a sexual animal. It seemed like she fed on and drank up sex. She lived for sex. The security guards' house was her ecosystem and, sexually, she thrived.

Sex and cleaning were her life and were what kept her exhausted. She was usually either having sex or cleaning. Sometimes it was sort of both as used wet dildos were presented for her to clean or anal beads, whips, all sorts of items.

Cleaning those things by mouth was humiliating no matter what but she knew, if they hadn't been used on her, that there was a fifty fifty chance they'd been used on her daughter. It was either Kaia or Janelle.

Megan was pretty sure she knew nowadays. Sometimes she knew before she cleaned and so she'd gotten to know each of their tastes. Even their asses tasted different from each other!

The black Mistresses usually mentioned if the item was “fresh” from

Kaia because they knew it was more humiliating that way.

The humiliation really kept her in her place. They said so and Megan agreed. She could feel it.

The humiliation not only kept her in her place. It also kept her aroused. She got off on humiliation. It was humiliating to know that humiliation aroused her and humiliating to know that these black lesbian guards all knew it!

Even the “normal” cleaning was humiliating. Like right then. Window washing. Not so humiliating, right? Wrong! It was when you were outside in the sun and entirely nude!

Not only that. How did she get up high enough to clean the second story window? How else! By climbing on that same ladder that Deka had been on when Kaia was orally pleasing her!

Which had brought back that memory in great detail. Which had humiliated her to consider it yet again. Every day she thought of that day, that event. Her mind savored it over and over like a fine wine to be tasted.

Her being outed to her daughter and dominated in front of her.

Her daughter being outed to her and dominated in front of her mom.

She really hadn't needed such a detailed memory anyway. Not with how she kept looking through the window of one of the bedrooms as she cleaned it with spray and towels.

There was Kaia right there! So was Dekka and Quiesha! Those were the three people other than Megan who participated that day.

Kaia was really getting it. As usual. The little slut!

The Mistresses had Kaia arranged a bit different than usual though. Quiesha sat in a chair whose seat was half a foot shorter than the bed. Kaia had to lean off and down from the bed while she orally pleased Quiesha.

That position, in turn, raised Kaia's tight, almost angular, ass even higher than the little slut usually had it. Behind her, kneeling on the bed, was Dekka with a long strap-on dildo. Dekka worked it easily in and out of Kaia.

Maybe Kaia used to be tight as a virgin, because she was a virgin, but she wasn't tight any more just liked she wasn't a virgin any more.

That slut!

Megan shook her head and tutted under her breath as she squeegeed the window. They couldn't hear her tuts but they could hear the squeegee squeak-scraping on the window. Sometimes they looked over at her, the

mother, nude, cleaning windows from a second story ladder.

Even Kaia noticed and looked from time to time.

That slut!

Megan cleaned the window five times. They liked her to be thorough but usually she'd only clean it twice in a row. It was boring cleaning windows but... doing it while watching your youngest get drilled? Not so boring.

That little slut!

Megan wished it was her in there getting drilled instead and with her mouth full of the flavor of black pussy.

It wasn't fair! Kaia should be the one out here doing menial work while Megan took care of important things like pussy licking and seeing how deep she could take a dildo thrust.

There was something else different going on in there besides the positions and it hadn't been obvious at first. Deka was usually a wild woman when she fucked you with a dildo. You weren't usually sure of she was trying to fuck you or trying to stab you to death with a blunt dildo.

Now she thrust slowly and evenly, sometimes even more slowly, and

sometimes even stopping for a few seconds. These delays got longer and longer as Megan peered in.

It was hard to see well with the bright sunshine on the window and hard to keep her balance and get all her work done with one of her hands busy working her own pussy instead of doing the actual work....

It was clear, though, that they were keeping her little girl – her little slut! – on the edge of orgasm.

That was usually more of a Shereen thing. She did that to Megan and Kaia and Janelle sometimes when she was expecting a high paying customer. She did that so they'd be real wild crazy for sex and the customer got all or more than she'd paid for.

Maybe they were expecting a customer. It was pretty early in the day though.

Mother and daughter... submissive lesbian sluts for black pussy....

Megan figured that just because her daughter wasn't allowed to orgasm that didn't mean her daughter's mother couldn't. In fact, she proved it right there on the ladder.

She hung on to the rungs tight with her free hand while she orgasmed.

There wouldn't be any worker's compensation for falling off a ladder while orgasming watching two black girls orgasm delay your youngest!

Megan knew that there was no way she'd count as an employee no matter how hard she worked. She knew that because she wasn't ever paid!

As her orgasm passed and she still hadn't fallen Megan looked in. She was worried they might have seen her pleasuring herself. Her hand was below the window sill but the orgasm would not have been hard to miss.

Damn it! All three of them were looking at her! Deka and Quiesha were both grinning and the little slut had to have her face shoved back to work on black pussy.

Megan, wobbly, defiantly climbed down the ladder. No sixth window cleaning for them! That stupid little bitch! She should have kept her mouth on that delicious black pussy. Why had she wasted time watching Mom?

What was the big deal anyway? Everyone masturbated and everyone climbed ladders sometimes. Megan just happened to do both at the same time just now. That was just... being efficient!

They'd seen each other often at the security guards' house. Often but, thank goodness, they were never required to interact with each other. Still, they'd see each other nude, bedraggled, and mistreated which, to them, was

no longer mistreatment at all but just exactly right.

Sometimes they passed each other walking to or from their house in order to take a shower or eat or even get some real sleep. Sometimes they walked together but usually in silence. They couldn't ask about what each others day held for them and had involved. They already knew!

Seeing Lilliana and Julissa was even worse. At least with Kaia she knew exactly what Kaia was up to and Kaia really couldn't judge her mom too much for... sharing the same interests.

Megan suspected, well, pretty much knew, the types of things Lilliana and Julissa got up to with those dyke photographers.

The two of them seemed more judgmental of Mom than did Kaia. It was just Megan's impression. She did not really know that. Still, it made her resent them a little.

Did her two older daughters thinks they were better than her because they were sexually used by white Mistresses than by black Mistresses? They better not! Megan didn't raise racist daughters damn it!

Megan thought that Lilliana and Julissa should spend several days being screwed and used by the four black lesbians! Then those daughters of hers would understand the power of black pussy. No more judgy-wudgie!

Sometimes she felt motherly concern for them. What was Mistress Gretchen and Mistress Lydia doing to them? What changes were going on with her girls? What were they becoming? Or, had they already become it?

Mostly Megan was too tired for real concern. She had a lot of black pussy to please and, obviously, that, far and away, took priority over her daughters. Those girls had to fend – or fuck – for themselves!

It was uncomfortable when they were together “like a family” at the house. Maybe especially because they always had to wear nothing or lingerie that left pussies and nipples uncovered. Crotchless panties and half-cup push up bras that just basically offered up the nipples like sexual hors d'oeuvres.

Still, they were lucky. Janelle and the Finns no longer got to stay in their houses. Their houses were up for sale! Mistress Gretchen was the Realtor! Who knew she sold houses too?

Janelle, Brooke Finn, and Bridget Finn were now homeless. They wouldn't even get any of the money from the sale of their houses.

Megan just bet the Finns and were jealous of the Reynolds and Piersons. Megan also bet that they wished they could be sex slaves of the black lesbian security guards! It made Megan feel almost proud!

Well, none of the Reynolds owned anything anymore including their

house or themselves. But at least they sometimes got to stay in the house that used to be theirs.

The Finns probably didn't have to clean as much as Megan though. She'd been looking forward to the "empty nest" when she'd only have to clean after herself. Now she had to clean after four black lesbian dominants and she guessed she probably would for the rest of her life.

It wasn't like they really needed things clean. Megan remembered when she'd first visited the guards' house. What a pig sty! But now they wanted it perfectly clean all the time. Why not? It was effortless for them and it was some extra humiliation to keep Megan in her place.

Megan did feel that humiliation. All this extra work for no reason. All this cleaning areas that were already clean. She had to clean the toilets and bathrooms every single day even if they were sparkling! Sometimes her only cleaning supplies and tools were her own saliva and her sweeping scouring tongue.

That fucking grout between the floor tiles!

Megan went inside and overheard something a little strange. Well, actually a lot strange. A guy! She heard a man's voice, a black man. It was funny how sometimes you could tell race in the sound of a voice.

Megan had to do more dishes, she wasn't allowed to let them collect, but she could hear them in the living room. It was the man and Shereen talking.

The man said, “Yeah, that's what I want. That real sexy blonde. I never had a kid by a white woman and that one never had a kid either. I get to fuck her until she gets pregnant. When she has the kid, I get the kid.”

Shereen said, “Sure. That's what you're paying for. I've been clear. But you only get two months to get it done. You could be shooting blanks and I don't want this to become a forever free fuck type of deal.”

“Naw, no blanks. I got tested. High motility and a massive sperm count. I just wore too many condoms. Fuck condoms! I goddamn condemn the condom! Get it? Fucking condoms. Fuck that. I mean, fuck *without* that. It'll be nice not to worry.”

Wow! Megan thought this was huge news. Not that the guy was fertile. Shereen was going to let this guy get Janelle pregnant!

Did Janelle even know? Probably not. It wasn't like they'd ask her. Besides, she was just a slut. No one wanted a slut's input. They just wanted to input finger and tongue and dildo and now, actual cock, into the slut.

Megan wondered if Janelle would know at all until she learned the hard

way that she was pregnant. That would be sort of funny, everyone knowing, even Megan, but not Janelle.

Then the man said, “Come on, now, Shereen, we go way back. Why not give me a two for one?”

“Fuck you, Lyle!”

“Like you'd fuck me and like I'd be willing if you ever were. All right, look, let's split the difference. Second one half price.”

“Okay, Lyle. Fine. Only reason is because I like you okay for a man and us black folk need to get these whites back for all the fine black women they got with child back on those plantations. 'Sides that, I got some women customers who maybe got mommy issues or maybe are just sick fucks but turns out I got some hidden demand for fresh mamma milk straight from the tit. I'll make more money that way over time than everything you pay me now. You know how long you can keep a woman in milk? Turns out the answer is forever as long as you keep having their titties sucked dry over and over. So, you get 'em both.”

Both? Both! Both!?!

This alarmed Megan long enough to pause her dish washing. Janelle and who? Oh no, not poor dear Kaia! Not this! Pregnant by some black guy

she doesn't even know!

The man named Lyle said, “It's going to be hot. Both pregnant together by the same man! Which one I get to do first, the mother or the daughter?

!

!!

!!!

Chapter Eleven

Megan numbly washed dishes as she listened to Shereen and the man named Lyle. She wasn't just hearing them. She was seeing into her future.

Shereen said, “You can have either one you want first. You is the paying customer. That said, we got the daughter, Tongue Mutant, all ready to go for you. Her pump is primed and she's upstairs. Her pump is ready for a pimp. I need to go find her mamma. I'll get that sexy bitch – we call her Tit Slut – all primed up as well.”

Lyle said, “That sounds good. Get the girl pregnant first, then the mamma. That's like all poetic and shit.”

“If you say so, Lyle. Fucking dumb-ass poetry! They are both going to be ready to go and ready to get with child. You see, I timed up the sales of their birthing rights. They are both at that just right Goldilocks part of their cycle to be getting pregnant today. Nail 'em today, we'll wait a few weeks, test and see, and if they're not preggie yet, then it's not all bad news, you get to come back and fuck 'em all over again.”

“I like that! I win or I win! All right, I'll be upstairs. Go get that mamma all ready for me.”

Megan heard Lyle going up the stairs. She just kept washing dishes. She felt too numb to do anything.

She didn't feel totally numb.

Not all of her was numb.

For instance, she felt hot between the legs. So hot! Even after the way she'd masturbated out there on the ladder.

She felt so warm and wet there that she almost thought maybe she'd splashed some of the dishwater on herself but she knew she hadn't.

It must just be an echo from that. It sure couldn't be from hearing the fate Shereen had more than planned, had actually set up and gone forward with, regarding Megan and Megan's daughter.

No one could get a hot, wet, needy pussy from hearing that! No one!

Except maybe a total slut mom....

Megan put two and two together. So that was why Deka and Quiesha were up there keeping Kaia on the edge of orgasm!

Was it so Kaia didn't protest having sex with a man? They sure had brought Kaia a long way if that was the case. It used to be Kaia would have protested having sex with a woman and now it was the other way around.

Shereen came into the kitchen, “Hey, Tit Slut, did you hear the big news?”

“Uh, no, what is it, Mistress?” Megan had heard some pretty big news but she thought Shereen must be talking about something different than the impregnation thing. That would be so bold! That would be *too* bold!

If Shereen acted that way, all up front about what she planned, it would mean that Mistress Shereen had absolute and total control over Megan. It would mean that Shereen knew Megan would not resist even when it came to

choice whether to breed and who to breed with and, of course, her daughter also!

“Congratulations! You're going to be a grandma! And also a mamma again, too! Good news!”

“What? I mean... what?”

“Don't act so innocent. Look at you batting your eyes like you don't already know. Shereen going to tell you what's what. Get your hands back to those dishes while I tell you, mamma-to-be and grandmamma-to-be.”

Shereen saw through her act! That, too, was humiliating! It really looked bad right then how she hadn't ripped into Shereen immediately or rushed past her to go make sure Lyle didn't even start with getting Kaia pregnant.

At a loss, having only the direction of Mistress Shereen to mentally cling to, Megan turned and went back to washing dishes like a human automaton. All she could think about was how some black “Lyle” guy she had yet to see was even at that moment approaching her youngest daughter upstairs.

Kaia, on a bed.

Kaia, already nude.

Kaia, already primed for an orgasm. Desperate for an orgasm!

Kaia, always obedient and maybe even more obedient now when she so needed an orgasm.

Kaia, whose window for getting pregnant was right now as wide open as her legs soon would be....

Megan didn't think about the dishes. Her hands were on autopilot.

Shereen's hands were also on autopilot but on a different setting or her own unique autopilot.

Megan felt Shereen's old scrawny black hands cup and work and take both of Megan's big breasts simultaneously, "Tit Slut, you remember when you had your young ones and your tits gave milk? It's gonna happen all over again. I bet these big titties get even bigger. We gonna keep them full of milk. Ain't none of it for no damn baby."

Oh, how awful! How could those hands feel so good at a time like this? Her daughter needed her!

Megan would swear those hands felt even better than they usually did. She liked being used. She knew that now. But, being used to make babies?

Being used to make milk for adults!?!

Shereen slid one hand down to Megan's pussy and had her familiar way with it. Megan spread her legs a little. Oh. She knew that was so slutty.

Now was not the time. She was just about to leave and go get her daughter. To go stand between Kaia and that terrible “Lyle”.

She was going to do that... as soon as....

She had to finish washing these dishes. It was her duty.

Those Shereen fingers! They weren't done either....

There was so much those fingers could do....

There also really were a lot of dishes....

Those fingers in her pussy worked faster and faster. Her own hands washed dishes slower and slower until it looked like slow motion, sudsy version.

At this rate she'd never get turned around!

Those wet sounds. Was that the water in the sink or were the slicking sounds coming from her pussy?

She stopped her hands and the wavelets in the sink slowly settled.

Yep, those wet sounds were coming from her slut pussy getting finger-banged and her juicy slutty reactions.

She guessed she just had to know that. In order to know for sure what a slut she was.

It had taken some time. Damn. By now that Lyle guy must have his black cock plunged to the hilt in her little girl.

Well, it was too late then, wasn't it?

His cock was leaking cum probably a little all the time. If Megan went to them now he'd probably cum inside Kaia just as she arrived.

She didn't want to see that!

Even if the image was sexy and it did make her hump on those Shereen fingers.

Besides... there really were a lot of dishes that still needed to be cleaned....

Shereen whispered, "I had Deka and Quiesha get your child Tongue Mutant all turned on and close to orgasm for an hour now. Know why? It ain't about keeping her from saying no. You and her, you two can't say no to anything now. Not unless we tell you to. It's for another reason. When a girl

orgasms it makes her pussy roll those muscles inward and upward. It's like a fast track to the womb. It carries a man's seed right to the best planting spot for growing a baby.”

Megan could appreciate the planning that had gone into impregnating her daughter.

She could appreciate how buried in submission she and her daughter were. They really would allow this.

They'd let themselves get pregnant, they'd carry the babies nine months, they'd give up those babies, and then they'd be kept in milk for more twisted sexual submission. They'd do all that and get nothing in return.

Nothing except, as already proven so many times, lots and lots of orgasms. Each one ten times bigger and better than the best one they'd ever had before succumbing to lesbian submission.

So, there was that.

One hell of a trade off!

Shereen's drilling, twirling fingers were bringing Megan very close to the edge. Speak of the devil! This orgasm was roaring up quick, much quicker than usual and it felt like it was going to be a big one.

Shereen's hand roughly pawed at her tits and then even milked at her left nipple like it was pretending to be a demanding baby mouth. That had to be one part of why Megan was so close to orgasm so quickly.

But mostly? It was those nasty ideas in Megan's head, planted there by Shereen. Impregnated! Her daughter! Black bred! On purpose! Megan, soon to be a grandmother. A pregnant grandmother! Kaia and Megan sharing the same black stranger baby daddy....

Megan was about to cum!

Shereen pulled her fingers out, “Nut nuh. No cummin' yet, sexy mamma Tit Slut. Just like yo daughter I'm going to keep you on edge all eager for it so when Lyle is done with your little Tongue Mutant your pussy will also be all ready to roll his man seed right up all over your egg. Hmmm hmm, sure gonna.”

Megan stood on weak knees supporting a weak backbone and her now measly weak morals.

Shereen said, “While we wait, finish those dishes, white bitch!”

Megan did finish the dishes but Shereen would not finish her off. Shereen kept teasing at Megan's pussy. She was expert at keeping Megan on edge.

Lord help her, how very much Megan loved / hated it!

She felt like she couldn't stand it another ten seconds and she felt like she could do this forever.

She thought maybe this might be what Heaven would be like. Naked and needy, kept on the edge of orgasm, waiting for a strange black man to get done impregnating her youngest daughter so he would have time to come get her pregnant as well. Just like that, these moments, over and over for all eternity.

Megan didn't think she'd be going to Heaven. Not any more. She'd go to Hell if there was one.

No problem. Probably the exact same moments as these would be played over and over for all eternity. No difference.

Heaven might replay your best moments and some said Hell replayed your worst ones.

After she died, if there was that kind of afterlife, Megan guessed she may never know for sure if she was in Heaven or in Hell.

After about forty minutes – Shereen had Megan rewash all the plates and bowls and silverware – Lyle walked naked into the kitchen.

He was pretty old. Way too old for Kaia! Really, he was too old for Megan as well. He was big and strong but overweight with a large belly.

Shereen said, “How'd it go, Lyle?”

“Oh, fuck ya, I got that young little bitch pregnant. Gotta be. I fucking came and it felt like I poured more cock cream into her than my big balls could even hold. Her head was on the floor and her ass above the bed and it fucking overflowed. That egg got no where to run and no where to hide.”

“Well, that sure sounds nice, Lyle. Gross because you're a man and all but you can't help that. Shit, you got enough of the white stuff to get her mamma here pregnant also or you gonna need to come back?”

“Oh, will you look at that mamma bitch! She's almost as good as the girl! I got more. I can always shoot at least twice. My little honkies are eager to get some white bitches pregnant.”

Shereen snickered, “Hear that, Tit Slut?”

Megan sounded more sultry than she intended, “Yes, Mistress.”

Shereen had Megan grab her own ankles while keeping her legs straight. Then Shereen had Megan spread her legs. Then Shereen manipulated Megan's clitoris until Megan was panting, dizzy, and on the edge

of orgasm.

Lyle stood behind Megan and easily slid his damp cock down into her.

Immediately, Megan orgasmed. Lyle had to hold Megan's ass to keep her from falling and Shereen spanked her saying she was supposed to wait until after Lyle came inside her.

It wasn't really a problem though. They worked her up all over again and this gave Lyle's balls enough time to build up a fair reservoir of sperm.

Shereen kept a finger on Megan's clitty and timed her pressures and flicks so she was able to make Megan orgasm again just as Lyle came while staring down at the mother's ass that looked so similar to the daughter's ass from a half hour earlier.

Megan's pussy contracted and rolled and squished the sperm up – or down – into her womb. It milked at his cock like it was trying to get as much out of it as possible. Because it was.

They had Megan stay like that afterwards once they could let her go without her tipping over. They had her keep hold of her ankles with her ass high in the middle of the kitchen just to make sure Lyle's “little honkies” had every chance to do their work.

She didn't know she was, not really, not *know* know, but she sure felt pregnant.

Chapter Twelve

“Wake up, sunshine, I've got something to show you.”

Gretchen's greeting did wake up Lydia but calling Lydia “sunshine” seemed misplaced when Lydia spoke, “Fuck off, Gretch. What unearthly hour of morning is it?”

“Not even. Past noon actually.”

“So I got, what, five hours of sleep?”

“Fuck should I know. I was done in by three in morning. Fell asleep with the maids cleaning my strap-on with me still wearing it. I've got endurance but not like you, Lyds.”

“I was maybe inspired last night. Nice to take on the other two Reynolds women on loan from the guards. I went back and forth, back and forth. One in the kitchen, the other in the garage. Interesting items in the

garage. Surprisingly useful during sex. Same thing with the kitchen! You should see what I can do with one slut, one spatula, and a pair of tongs. I got them so worked up they were begging with me. They were happy to do everything I told them to do to earn the privilege of having orgasms and of eating my pussy. Anything! They were yanking on their nipples, tonguing away, tonging and tonguing, then that fucking tire jack and I do mean “fucking”.”

“How pregnant are those two now?”

“Seven months, Gretch. Like, so very pregnant! I swear they're even hornier now. All those chemicals cooking up their little slave brains. I can't wait until their tits are full of milk. I'll have the other blondes, Juicy and Potty Mouth, go each morning and collect the milk fresh from little sister and Mom. Then they'll bring it up the hill in a little bucket and I'll pour it in my cereal. Yum!”

Gretchen laughed and shook her head in wonder, “Different strokes I guess. Variety is the spice of life, Lyds.”

“Don't I know it.”

“So. You've been kind of moody. Grumpy even.”

“Tis my nature.”

“Yes. But more than usual. Here, in the middle of our own private paradise.”

“Sorry if I brought you down. I really thought we'd be rich by now. These slaves would be serving in Saudi Arabia or some other too sandy too hot not a beach type place and we'd have our millions. Your fucking harem broker connection getting disappeared or whatever by the royals over there. Fucking bad timing.”

Gretchen knew this was one source of Lydia's discontent. But only one of the two, “Thing is we have these properties, this whole gated community. And seven full time full-fledged slaves. Three more that we get visitation rights with. Them visiting us at least. No problems with the guards either. They are respecting our deal. No problems at all actually.”

Lydia stood up after extricating herself from the tangled naked limbs of Harmony Pierson and Lilliana Reynolds.

She stretched explosively. Then she sneezed twice even more explosively, “Yeah, but those houses haven't sold. Seems like not even a sniff. If they do it'll cramp our style with nosey straights literally right next door. Fucking literally.”

Gretchen smiled, “You've trusted me and I appreciate that. There's

slave loyalty which is nice but then there's what you and I have.”

“What's that?”

“Common cause loyalty. Us being loyal to each other is us being loyal to ourselves as well.”

“Guess so.”

“Come over to the window.”

There was a huge window, really almost a windowed wall starting halfway up the bedroom wall facing out into the cul-de-sac of the gated community. Gretchen pushed the curtains aside and motioned Lydia over.

Gretchen let tremendous satisfaction enter her voice, “It isn't just money not earned that has brought you a little down. Not just the houses not selling or the worry if they do sell it will somehow effect our fun. You like a challenge Lydia. So do I. We seduced and acquired and tamed ten slaves. But that was eight months ago. It has gotten... best way to say it... anti-climactic.”

“Fuck! You're right! Even with round the clock climaxes to and from all these slaves!”

“We just can't seduce the already seduced or make them do things

we've already made them do. Sure, tongs and car jacks are fun but sooner or later it gets hard to be original. Too much of anything and that thing isn't as special.”

“Your God-fucking-dammit right!”

Gretchen swept one arm towards the huge window like a model selling brand new shiny cars, “Problem solved, Lyds. Welcome to our future.”

As Lydia approached the window she heard a distinctive beeping sound. The sound a big truck made when backing up.

A moving van at the former Finn house!

“You sold the Finn residence! Good news I guess.”

“Theirs and Janelle's house, too!”

“Wow, when it rains it pours, huh? Thing is, I guess no more making the Finns, Reynolds, and Piersons run around nude. No more them wearing collars all the time. No more orgies in the back yard. Or the orgies in the front yards either. It is going to cramp our style. I fucking hate having my style cramped. I've got so little in the first place.”

“Don't be so modest or so down Lydia. Do this right and our new neighbors will only limit our style for a little while.”

“How's that?”

“Take a look. That big green Subaru. They drove here from Colorado. The Wheeler family will be our new neighbors.”

Lydia watched steadily as three of the car doors opened. A tall MILF with long brown curly hair. An even taller daughter with straighter hair the same color. About nineteen or twenty. Another daughter, younger, about eighteen or nineteen, with shorter darker curlier hair. All three were beauties.

Lydia couldn't quite dare to assume, “Where's the rest of the family?”

“That's it, babes. That's all of them.”

“You thinking what I'm thinking?”

“Of course I am.”

“What about Janelle's house? Who bought that?”

“A family from Japan. Looking to make a new start in America. The husband died at that nuclear reactor and the family got a lot of money from the government for his death. They wanted a new location and a fresh start. It's a mother and three daughters all over eighteen. They are pretty as you could ever want.”

“How. The. Fuck. How did you do it, Gretch?”

“I was picky and careful. That's why it took so long to sell the places even at the under-market prices. Instead of listing them for sale in the usual places I cruised the net for people looking to move to the area. Thanks to social media you can get all sorts of pictures of the families, what they do, figure out who they are. All seven of these new neighbors are ripe for the plucking. Just begging to be seduced and enslaved. They don't know that but we do.”

“Holy shit!”

“So I found them and then approached them online as the “Realtor”,” Gretchen made some air quotes though Lydia was busily staring at the asses of the Wheelers. “I let them know about the houses. Mrs. Wheeler didn't think she could afford it and she couldn't except that I lowered the price way down. Then it was too good a deal to pass up. The Koyanagis – that's the name of the Japanese family – had a lot of money so they actually wanted a bigger place. But I sold her – and sold the house – based on the privacy and the free round the clock security.”

“Ha! Those guards do help us!”

Gretchen now made a show of brushing her hands on each other like

she'd just finished a major task, “So, there you go. Houses sold, we pocket the money. No more worry about paying for groceries for the next 159 years. Only a temporary impact on our lifestyle. Up until our lifestyle absorbs both these new families. Which will be a nice challenge. Pull it off and we double our slaves.”

“Brilliant!” Lydia hugged Gretchen though her eyes still fondled the rears of the Wheelers as their lovely asses tensed while carrying in small items with the movers moving in the furniture.

Lydia leaned out from Gretchen, held up a hand palm outward and Gretchen did the same as they slapped them together in a high five.

Lydia laughed, “Soon the slaps we hear will be our hands spanking Wheeler ass and Koyand-whatever asses!”

Gretchen grinned, “No more anti-climactic... and many more climaxes!”

The End?

What's next?

One day I may come back to the “Impossible Seduction” series. Instead of “Three Mothers and Six Daughters” I guess maybe I'd have to call it “Two More Mothers and Five More Daughters” and do it as a new “sequel” series.

I've been working hard on extending another series actually. I thought I was done with Hilland College and “Teen Lesbians Taking Over” but I'm always open to new ideas.

I kept thinking that there were a lot of interesting and sexy story opportunities with the home of Tanya Wilkinson being turned into “The Ranch”. It seemed like having only two sex ponies for the four dominant teen lesbians wasn't enough. They should all be able to ride at the same time. A pussy posse! So, I went to work and continue to work on it.

Probably both coming out this month, May 2020, will be two sequels to “Taking Over Tanya... and Her Neighbor Too”. There might even be three!

The premise is that Deb and Shan compel Tanya to invite her step-niece, Takira, to work at Hilland College and to stay with Tanya until Takira can get on her feet. But, of course, they really plan to have her on her knees!

Takira is a beauty but, then again, so is her mother, Kalindi, who likes to stop by to check on her daughter... which, of course, gives Deb and Shan some wicked ideas on how best to expand their growing herd of subservient sex ponies....

Available Books

“Impossible Seduction” series:

1. IMPOSSIBLE SEDUCTION ONE: VOYEUR

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

2. IMPOSSIBLE SEDUCTION TWO: DOMINATED

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

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

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

4. IMPOSSIBLE SEDUCTION FOUR: JANELLE VS. REDHEADS

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

5. IMPOSSIBLE SEDUCTION FIVE: SEDUCED VIA LESBIAN HOME INVASION

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

6. IMPOSSIBLE SEDUCTION SIX: THE EROTIC EVIL CONSPIRACY

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

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

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

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

The cruel wicked dommes Gretchen and Lydia seek to complete their control over the redheaded all-female family, the mother and daughter, Brooke and Bridget Finn. They want to drive them apart 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!

13. IMPOSSIBLE SEDUCTION 13: KAIA'S INTERRACIAL DATE BECOMES A THREESOME AND SHE SUBMITS TO DOMINATION FROM MISTRESS LYDIA

Young adult Kaia, still only a teenager, is in the middle of “friendship date” with a black girl that had gotten far too friendly. Her own mom set her up for this dark seduction and Kaia was defenseless. Now, after having submitted to dominant Quiesha, Kaia has a new Mistress and she is even more defenseless! Quiesha intends to share her with the giantess Ladonne and wicked Lydia.

14. IMPOSSIBLE SEDUCTION 14: NEW LESBIANS TAMED AND TRAINED BY NEIGHBOR

MISTRESSES, BLACK LESBIAN DOMINATION OF SUBMISSIVE BLONDES

The entire blonde all-female Reynolds family are stuck in a submissive sexual fog that keeps getting thicker and more compromising. Megan Reynolds and her youngest daughter, Kaia, are both being sexually used inside the black lesbian guards' house. Megan's two eldest daughters, Lilliana and Julissa, are stuck in the house of the dominant photographers just a few houses away from them.

15. IMPOSSIBLE SEDUCTION 15: YOUNGER AND OLDER LESBIANS, DOMINATION AND SUBMISSION, MOMS SUBMIT SEXUALLY

The grand finale conclusion of the Impossible Seduction Saga! Not all the submissives really think they are submissive! Also the dominants require more and more and go to further extremes. Could they go too far and spark a rebellion? Can the dominants keep all three all-female families entirely under their sexual control? Will the mothers have sex with each other's daughters?

“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.

2. LIKING IT WAY TOO MUCH

The blonde sisters, Maddy and Bailey, are stuck in the interracial lesbian massage parlor from Hell. They are also trapped enjoying the shocking and sensual sexual acts they are drawn into by the African-American masseuses and the older Asian dominatrix. The three minority members are dominant lesbian seductresses determined to make the blondes obey and like it.

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?

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