

BY JORDAN CHURCH



Impossible Seduction

Voyeur Mother and Daughter Seduced

Impossible Seduction: Voyeur Mother and Daughter Seduced

**Two dominant lesbians seek to control sexually
and force the submission of three all-female families**

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

by Jordan Church

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By Jordan Church

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Proceed and you can answer “Yes” honestly.

Impossible Seduction: Voyeur Mother and Daughter Seduced

Three Mothers and Six Daughters 1

**Two dominant lesbians seek to control sexually
and force the submission of three all-female families**

Chapter One

“Here's a copy of the contract you and your girls signed. For your records.”

Janelle held the stapled sheets of the papers straight out to Naomi, almost poking her in the chest. It seemed rude, but Naomi noted the frozen smile on Janelle's face and the tension in her eyes.

Was that... fear? What could she be afraid of? Naomi had always been friendly and was not big, so any fear must not be due to her. But the two of them were alone so... why should Janelle be scared?

Naomi took the papers and nodded, trying to put Janelle at ease, “More like a reminder, huh? We already have copies. We would not have moved here if we didn't have it in writing. I'll make sure Harmony and Abigail reread the rules, just to make sure. They are good girls, and they know what a great opportunity this is. They won't let you down.”

Janelle's wide supermodel smile stayed perfectly in place, but her light blue eyes seemed to tighten. Naomi had not put her at ease. For whatever reason, and Naomi couldn't guess why, Janelle seemed even tenser instead of reassured.

It was hard to read Janelle. Naomi was very good at reading people but could never gain insight into Janelle though their interactions were few. Perhaps Janelle's career as a model, a highly successful one, lent her some actress skills.

When Janelle approached Naomi and her daughter Abigail at that mall five months earlier, Naomi and Abigail recognized her from her modeling work. After confirming they were mother and daughter, the semi-famous Janelle Phillipson offered them an opportunity to compete to become highly paid “mother-daughter” models. They'd thought at first that she was joking or may be part of some prank show.

Naomi had to wonder if being hard to read was just a Janelle thing or a skill or trait that models picked up as part of their gig. Naomi liked being able to read her daughters easily. She wondered if Abigail and Harmony would become able to mask their thinking. And would Naomi as well?

Janelle spoke, “Some of the rules you probably like as a mother, am I right?”

Naomi laughed, “Oh, you mean the no boys part?”

“Or men. Don't forget men. No pregnancy is really what it is about. A lot has been and will be invested in you and your daughters and the other

mother-daughter teams. Pregnancy would throw everything off. It would ruin the opportunity for you and your girls but would cost us a lot of money as well. There's a big market for mother-daughter models but no market at all for mother-daughter-one-of-them-pregnant models.”

“It's a new location, they don't know anyone here, and they'll have plenty of time for dating after the modeling contract. Or pregnancy after they get married. After!”

“They can go on dates, but no boys are allowed inside the gated community, and they need to be home by midnight. That should limit the opportunities and keep them pregnancy-free. It would be best if they did not date at all, but we realize that is maybe too big of an ask.”

Janelle knew that the daughters would have little opportunity to meet any men on their own. Not with all the controls in place. It was more about making it seem possible or not so limiting than it was about enabling a private life outside the gated community and their modeling contracts.

“Isn't a curfew a bit over the top?”

“Think of it this way: sports teams have curfews for their players when traveling to away games. We're talking players older than your girls, some much older.”

“I hadn't thought about it like that.”

“Think of your girls being on a team. Instead of professional volleyball or what have you, it is a team of professional models. You're the captain of that team. A team made up of you and your daughters. Model careers are usually much shorter than almost any other career. It is just a temporary way to stay focused on their career so they don't miss their opportunity.”

“Well, it feels a little like we joined a cult. Complete with a secluded compound away from prying eyes! But I get it. I'll make sure the girls obey all the rules. Harmony and Abigail are such good young women. They'll be no problem as far as rules.”

“You understand they need permission to leave the gated community. They sign out with the guards each time they leave, and if for some reason they do not return in a timely fashion, you and I will both be notified. Violations like that put the modeling contract at risk.”

“Yep. Okay. I get it. We get it. Focused on modeling.”

“Remember, this is for the good of both sides of the contract. It will help you and your girls achieve all of your very best. Some dedication now will mean no financial worries later.”

Janelle would not let Naomi know the exact nature of the future “no

worries” for Naomi and her daughters. After all, she did not want them running for the hills. Quite literally with the way hills surrounded the gated community.

“Sure. Yes. We understand.”

“Okay. Great! I'll see you tonight at the barbecue at the photographer's house, right?”

“Six o'clock. Unless we get stuck in traffic.”

Janelle hesitated like the humor was foreign to her. Then she gave a forced laugh, “Sure. Traffic. Good one. Yeah, don't trip on the marigolds between the driveways. Seriously, you and your girls are going to love the other models. Your new neighbors! You finally get to meet them and the photographers as well.”

“I'm sure we will like them. We better with how much time we'll be spending together and these visitation rules.” Naomi shook the papers lightly.

Janelle nodded and smiled, “Swimsuits remember! Lydia and Gretchen have a huge pool.”

“Well, I'm not even sure I brought a suit to the new home. Or if the

girls did. You said to pack light and that all the furniture and home goods would be supplied. Don't get me wrong. The house is beautiful and fully equipped. I'm just not sure about swimsuits.”

“Check your closets. You now have more outfits than there are days in a year. A free perk of the job. The closet of every bedroom is specially constructed to be huge walk-ins to handle all the clothing options. Whatever clothes you did pack, throw them out. All new from now on. Wearing certain clothing, due to your beauty, promotes those brands.”

“Oh.” Naomi had forgotten that part. She liked her clothes. Well, trying new things was good for the soul, right?

Chapter Two

Janelle walked across the cul-de-sac to “her house”. Once inside she went straight to the basement, moved a wall panel, carefully pulled it back in place behind her, and walked into the underground hallway. Less than a minute later and she moved a similar panel in the basement of Lydia's and Gretchen' house and, once thorough it, put it back in place.

Every precaution had to be taken to avoid discovery of such new construction oddities. Janelle could not imagine what Lydia or Gretchen would do to her if she messed up their project. Or rather, she could imagine and it wasn't pretty. It was... fucking awful.

Janelle was very determined not to give them any excuse.

Janelle stepped quickly up the spiral stairs. Their house had one giant spiral staircase connecting all the floors. Really their house was a mansion, the biggest and fanciest in the little cul-de-sac. Janelle took the stairs round and round all the way to the secure door opening on the top level.

She rapped lightly on the door and waited several seconds until she heard the electronic lock disengage. She entered the spacious but windowless attic fondly referred to by Lydia and Gretchen as “the Eagle's Nest”.

Once inside she saw, as expected, Lydia and Gretchen side by side at their observation consoles. Janelle felt a sharp increase in distaste and discomfort. Everything she was doing for them was beyond distasteful but the worst was being in their presence.

Janelle, like most models, was very tall but not wide and she always felt small near them. They were taller, much stronger, and wider as well. Janelle kept herself in good shape, even at 35 which was old maid age for a model, but Lydia and Gretchen kept themselves in a different kind of good shape. Like Olympic athletes. Or guards at a women's prison.... which was sort of ironic given the nature of the “security guards” employed at the only gate in and out of the miniature gated community.

“Well, well, welly welly Janelly Jelly.” Gretchen gave her a toothy grin.

Lydia turned around and glared at Janelle, “Listen, you need to be fucking relaxed and convincing. Understand? We watched and listened to you chatting with Naomi Pierson and you were tense as a nine-year-old on a tight rope over the Grand Canyon. They need to be relaxed so you need to be relaxed.”

Gretchen smiled at Lydia indulgently, “Don't sweat it.”

“Fuck that. If she fucks this up, I am going to fuck her up. Understand Janelle? You fucking relax or I'll give you something to be tense about.”

Janelle pushed back verbally, “You know what might blow it? Your truck driver mouth. Go ahead and swear like that at your barbecue pool party this evening and they'll probably be packing up all those new clothes and bringing them to the Greyhound bus station.”

Lydia actually began to rise up out of her chair – to do God only knew what – but Gretchen put an arm out to block whatever she intended. She gave Lydia an amused look and told her simply, “Teamwork.”. Then she turned to Janelle and told her the same with a wink. “Teamwork..”

Maybe standing up to them wasn't the best course of action. But she knew she better not be totally compliant or they would swallow her whole into their dark games. These two bitches scared Janelle like none others ever had. She decided to steer the conversation towards their favorite subject.

“So... anything interesting so far with the, ah, prospects?”

Lydia and Gretchen turned back to the wide flat screen monitors. There were six total, three sets of two stacked over each other. The top three monitors showed split screen views of 16 camera views each. The bottom screen each showed just one view, whatever camera view they chose to view

up close at any given time.

The screens were touch sensitive so when they wanted a different view all they did was tap a finger on the view on the top screen that they wanted shown full size on the bottom screen. It made it easy to immediately follow anyone moving from one room to another. If they missed anything it was not a problem as all the views were recorded 24/7. But they were only about 20 hours in so far. All three families had arrived late in the day the day before.

Janelle knew the all-female families would be all-horrified if they knew about these hidden views covering nearly every inch of their new homes. Janelle was relieved there were no cameras in her new home. She knew there weren't because there were no monitors for them in “the Eagle's Nest”.

Gretchen updated Janelle first, “It's only been one night but your buddy Naomi Pierson and her girls are pretty boring so far. If you can call watching three dark haired hotties boring that is. But it's early. Give it time. And if I need to spark a fire I will.” Gretchen briefly turned back to Janelle to wag her thick blonde eyebrows at her. Her lesbian lechery made Janelle feel physically ill.

Gretchen though, was practically mild-mannered compared to Lydia. Lydia took great delight in updating Janelle, “I picked the right family with

the Reynolds. Fucking blondes! I've never seen a hotter mother in my life though Brooke and Naomi maybe do tie. Anyway, one guess how many of them diddled themselves last night, first night in the new home. If you said "All four" then you'd win. The youngest one, Kaia, did it again in the shower this morning. At one point last night the mother was on her back in bed working a dildo and, at the same fucking time, the middle daughter, Julissa, was in her bed face down, skinny ass in the air, with some little vibrator pressed to her clitty. Judging by the flexing and shaking of that little ass she must have made herself cum four or five times. Meanwhile Kaia was, I shit you not, riding her own pillow. A fucking pillow pony. And she slept with her head on the thing when she was done! All three of them cumming within minutes of each other and with just a couple walls between them. Oh, and Lilliana, the oldest daughter, stayed up later than the rest but she uses the same sleep formula. Nothing fancy though. Just fingered herself."

Janelle felt the forlorn and useless need to defend Megan and her three daughters. They'd been so nice to Janelle, "Yeah, well, so what? Everybody masturbates. It's natural. Big deal."

Lydia furrowed her heavy brow. Her black eyebrows were even thicker than Gretchen's. She was very nearly a uni-brow. She gave a 'don't-rain-on-my-parade' glare to Janelle. Then she smiled, "Prove it, Janelle. Go ahead.

Prove it right now.”

“Fuck you.”

“Yeah, that's the plan, Janelly welly.” Lydia could always win any argument with Janelle with a crude proposition or hint at future sexual relations. Janelle had no power in their deal and was obviously extremely uncomfortable with even the thought of lesbianism. At least with Lydia or Gretchen. She could aesthetically appreciate the beauty of other women who were not like these two.

Gretchen, always really Lydia's ally but always acting like the impartial arbiter, chimed in to mute the bad vibes, “Lydia should be excited. She won our bet as to which family would be the more sexual. At least so far. Naomi has that tree hugger type thing going for her and those kind of chicks are usually pretty sexual so I'm not worried about my prospects. Besides winning our little bet, it augers well that the Reynolds girls are sexy and sexual. Not always the same thing! Megan and her girls will probably be easy to train. That passion is both a vulnerability to being turned and a valuable asset once they are turned. And sure, everybody masturbates, but humping a pillow? If needed, and I don't think it actually will be needed, a video of a daughter humping a pillow should be great blackmail material. What do you think Megan would do to keep her daughter's pillow-humping

off the internet? Or what would her sisters do? Lilliana and Julissa seem quite protective of their family as well.”

Janelle said nothing. There was nothing to say. She was involved in this terrible business and was subject to blackmail herself. Blackmail was why she was there! All she could do was try to stay as least dirty as she could and secretly root for the three all-female families to be strong and not do anything that gave Lydia and Gretchen power over them.

“Come get a look. Not every day you get to see a hot 18-year-old blonde riding a pillow.”

Janelle didn't really want to see it (did she?) and did not want to participate in the invasion of privacy even after the fact but she thought it best to act as much like a co-conspirator as she could bear just so Lydia and Gretchen did not think of her as prey like they did the mothers and daughters of the three families. So she sidled up to get a view as Lydia punched up the scene on her monitor.

Gretchen leaned over while still sitting, put an arm around Janelle's waist, and pressed her cheek to Janelle's hip. She had a psycho little smile on her face. Oh oh. This already felt a mistake to Janelle. She should have turned down the invite to peep.

Janelle knew she had to put up with it. Lydia and Gretchen, especially Gretchen, had often touched her in ways that made her uncomfortable. It was the price she had to pay. That and totally tricking and betraying three all-female families....

The touching had increased in frequency and intimacy and Janelle had no real idea how to put a stop to it. Part of her selfishly hoped Lydia and Gretchen would be successful in their endeavors with the three families just so they were preoccupied and not thinking about her.

Janelle tried to step back but it only made Gretchen hold tighter, her powerful arm constricting and easily stopping Janelle's effort. Janelle immediately gave up. She was no match for Gretchen and it wasn't like she could appeal to Lydia for help.

Lydia brought up the scene on the left lower monitor. The left monitors were for the Reynolds family. Lydia's pet family. The right monitors covered Naomi Pierson and her two girls. Gretchen's pet family. The middle monitors were shared between them and were for Brooke Finn and her daughter. The redheads.

On the screen was hidden video from the night before showing Kaia closing and quietly locking her bedroom door. They'd made sure to have all

the bedrooms equipped with discrete twist locks on the doors. They wanted everyone in a comfort zone to act naturally. To make them feel like they had full privacy all while recording them and constantly invading their privacy. Even in the showers or baths. Hell, even when on the toilet.

Once the door was locked Kaia switched off her overhead light and glanced out her window looking out on the cul-de-sac. She took off her sweats and socks and wore only panties and a T-shirt. When she moved to her bed her form was lost to the room's darkness. But only for a moment. Some night vision mode of the camera switched on and the image became crisp if nearly colorless as Kaia hopped lightly into bed.

As much as Janelle was creeped out by the all-revealing spy cameras, as much as she felt bad – and guilty – for the Reynolds, Piersons, and Finns, and as much as Gretchen's grip had her nervous, Janelle had to admit she felt an odd thrill at looking in at the young woman's secret private time.

If she felt that way she could only imagine how bull lesbians like Lydia and Gretchen must feel. Sure, the whole deal was a huge moneymaker for them if it worked out but doubtless it was also quite literally a passion for them.

Janelle unconsciously held her breath. Sure enough, Kaia, on her knees

on the bed, went ahead and pulled a fat pillow between her legs, sat on it, and started riding it like a horsey. She was slow at first and Janelle saw her slip a hand down to her crotch. It looked like maybe she was working a finger on her clitoris as she rode the pillow, her other hand tightly grasping a handful of pillow like that was the pommel of an imaginary saddle.

Kaia rode faster and faster.

Lydia laughed like a mad scientist.

Gretchen's wraparound arm grip on Janelle meant that her hand rested on the front of Janelle, on her abdomen. Gretchen worked one finger under Janelle's waistband and caressed it back and forth like a pendulum, the lowest arc brushing the top edge of Janelle's well-trimmed pubic hair.

Janelle felt her belly tightening and her pussy dampening. She could barely breathe.

Shit. She wondered what to do. What was there to do? She thought it best just to try to ignore it. That wasn't really a good option but she had no good options.

Ten minutes of this, the three of them watching and Kaia pillow-humping, and then Kaia leaned down on the pillow and arched her ass back like a jockey entering the last furlough. Janelle wondered what that pillow-

riding would feel like. Wondered if she would end up trying it sometime.

Kaia was a hottie and quite the creative masturbator as well.

Ten minutes of Gretchen's finger tickling at the top of Janelle's pubic hair made that finger a whole lot more welcome at the home of Janelle's pussy. Janelle, against her will, was laying out a welcome mat of wetness. It was sexually intimidating to Janelle how quickly she could go from from panicked disgust to physically fascinated.

Gretchen brought her right hand across her body and touched Janelle on the inside of Janelle's right knee. She slid it hard and firm up the inside of Janelle's leg until the edge of her hand ran into Janelle's cloth covered pussy. She applied pressure with her right hand while her left dangled and swung the finger through the pubic hair.

Between those actions and the events on the monitor internal pressure built in Janelle as well. She didn't want to, but, even so, she gasped loudly. It was not a gasp of surprise. It was a gasp of passion.

It drew Lydia's attention from the screen. She looked up at Janelle, then down at Gretchen's active hands, and then across to Gretchen. By then she was leering happily.

Janelle felt her cheeks flush red. She tried to back away from the

caresses. From her own reaction to them.

Lydia leaned back in her chair and delivered a brutal swat to Janelle's ass, "Quit your wiggling around! Now watch Kaia. She's in the fucking home stretch. We're going to want your informed opinion if she'll make a good passion slave."

Janelle felt pain and anger mix with her discomfort and damnable arousal. She had to do something. Give these two an inch and they would take a mile.

"You fucking bitches leave me alone. Fuck you two! I'm helping with your sick plans and that's enough. Nothing else."

Gretchen practically purred, "Talent evaluation is one of the ways you can help. You evaluate Kaia now and I will evaluate you." Gretchen accentuated her words with her right hand bringing increased pressure on Janelle's pussy.

Janelle felt a stab of cold fear. Were Gretchen and Lydia going to use her to manipulate the families but then also evaluate her for eventual slavery? Or did they intend to evaluate her just to use her for sex? No way could she allow it. Neither one. She wasn't a lesbian. If she were she sure as hell would not be attracted physically to either of these two. And she didn't

even like them! Not even a little! She fucking *hated* them!

Lydia sounded amused instead of angry, “Bitches, huh? I’ll take that as a compliment. You’re a bitch, too. A different kind though. A bitch in heat. Here. Get a closer look at Kaia. Lean over and put your hands on the table so you can see her. See what she’s doing?”

Lydia reached up and pushed Janelle firmly into place until she was bent at the waist with her face just a foot from the monitor. This in no way interfered with Gretchen’s active hands.

Janelle felt those hands. The left pulled out to unsnap Janelle’s pants while the right maintained vigorous contact.

On the screen Kaia rode and humped that big soft pillow. Janelle could really see her passion. The soft angles of Kaia’s ass looked beautiful to Janelle. Kaia’s curly blonde hair bounced and shook. Her bra-less tits also bounced and shook under the pink T-shirt.

Janelle thought Kaia might be the most beautiful person she’d ever seen. She’d noticed her beauty before, of course, like she had every member of all three families, but only now, with both Kaia’s video body and Janelle’s own body lit with passion, did she think of Kaia as the most beautiful person ever.

Janelle felt her pants slide down to her lower thighs. Then her panties joined them. Then Gretchen's hatefully loving hands returned to work her pussy. Gretchen used the index finger of her right hand to explore boldly up Janelle's pussy. Going boldly where no lesbian finger had ever before gone....

Janelle moaned. She wished she hadn't! Showing any sexual response to these two was like throwing gasoline on an open fire. She must not do that again! Even as she thought that, she made another little moan.

Gretchen's left arm was now across Janelle's bent waist and her hand curled under to allow the thumb and finger to pluck aggressively at Janelle's pubic hair. She pulled it painfully and it stretched the loose folds up and out just above Janelle's clitoral hood. Janelle squeaked each time Gretchen tugged which she did rhythmically like she was jacking off the pubic hair.

Janelle stared at Kaia riding the pillow. She saw the edge of the pillow was dark with spent juices. Janelle wished she was back in time in that bedroom with Kaia instead of here with the two bitches. She wished that maybe she was being fingered by Kaia instead of Gretchen. Or, no, even better, that she was fingering Kaia, making her feel pleasure. Whether she wanted it or not.

Lydia leaned back behind her and spoke to Gretchen, “She got a nice juicy cunt?”

“Very.”

“Great. You've got the cunt, I'll take the ass.”

Janelle's eyes widened. What did that mean?

Lydia delivered two brutally hard slaps, each one centered on an ass cheek. Janelle made two gasps of pain and shock. Gretchen arched her penetrating finger deeper and moved her thumb and finger down slightly to dig around for Janelle's slippery clitoris.

Janelle was momentarily completely flummoxed as to where to give her greatest attention: the images of Kaia on the screen filling her view and imagination, the terrific pain coming from her ass, or Gretchen's invasive digits in her pussy.

The tie was broken moments later when she felt something... no, wait, it was a fat finger!... pressing directly on her asshole.

Lydia rested her broad chin on Janelle's lower back as she spoke, “Gee, Janelly welly, I feel sort of bad. Your ass is all red. Looks like it hurts. Here, I'll make it up to you.”

With that Lydia shoved her finger, quick and hard up Janelle's asshole.

“You fucking biiiiiitch!”

Lydia laughed and moved her finger rapidly in and out, rapid and brutal despite considerable resistance from Janelle's ass. Janelle's asshole tightened and gripped for all it was worth but it could not deny Lydia's sheer strength. The friction did nothing to slow Lydia's finger thrusting but it did make things very painful for Janelle.

Janelle had been doing little dodges with her hips to keep Gretchen from capturing her clitoris. But the distraction of Lydia's actions made her lose that focus to try to concentrate on dealing with the pain and how she could get out of this. This sudden lack of evasive movements afforded Gretchen the opportunity to find the clitoris and pincer it firmly and finally between thumb and finger.

At that point, for all intents, the struggle was over. Joy soared up Janelle's body and rinsed her mind of other concerns. Her ass relaxed and allowed Lydia free run.

Lydia could do whatever she wanted.

Gretchen could do whatever she wanted.

Janelle arched her body, lowering her shoulders and raising her ass, giving them both unlimited access to do as they pleased.

On screen, Kaia reared up and climaxed so strongly it almost looked like the pillow was trying to buck her off. But Janelle didn't see it. Her eyes were open but they could not even comprehend images at that point. Lydia worked a second finger up her ass and Gretchen viciously pinched Janelle's clitoris. Janelle could not tell which one hurt more and which one felt best.

Janelle yelped and climaxed.

Janelle shook and jerked for many long seconds and finally her arms gave out and she pitched forward across the desk. Her head lightly rammed the monitor.

Lydia pulled her fingers out and delivered two more brutal slaps to Janelle's derriere, "Well, welly, Janelly, looks like you owe us. Nice orgasm there. You are in our debt. To pay us back we'll let you know what to do, when to do it, and who to do it to."

Gretchen winked at Lydia and nodded at Janelle in disarray, "You clearly have some passion for all this and some talent we need to tap. Get it? Tap? Lydia tapped your ass with her finger!"

Janelle tried to comprehend the new expectations and her new, worse,

situation. Tried to negotiate it, “No, no. I'm just the front. I got them here. I did my part.”

Lydia snorted, “Yeah, well, your parts say you've got more parts to play. It's hard for big-boned ladies like Gretchen and me to get in the pants of model types like you and these bitches. But a hottie like you? Not nearly so hard.”

“What? You want me to seduce them? No way in hell.”

Gretchen wiped her wet fingers in Janelle's golden hair and spoke with a let's-be-reasonable tone, “Look, there are just too many of them, nine in all. And so little time to get them into shape.”

“Shape to be shipped!” chimed in Lydia.

Gretchen continued, “We all need to do our part. Lydia has the Reynolds and I've got the Piersons. What about the Finns? Who has them? You do, Janelle. And it is relatively easy. There's only two of them. Just mommy Brooke and beautiful daughter Bridget. We already have the camera views wired to your television. Channels 69 through 84 are all Finn all the time. Just don't let them – or any of the others – use the remote control at your house. There is also a box of goodies in your bedroom closet you may find useful.”

Janelle stood up and wrestled her panties and pants into place while Gretchen and Lydia watched her with amused expectancy.

Janelle stood silent for a second, “No. No way.”

Gretchen told her, “It's simple math, Janelle. We'd like you to develop two slaves for us. The Finns. Failing that our consolation prize will be one slave. You.”

Janelle tried to glare defiantly at them but finally looked away.

Chapter Three

Fifteen minutes after Janelle left, Gretchen and Lydia were still side by side at the monitors in “the Eagle's Nest.”

“Ten bucks. Janelle masturbates tonight. Good thing she has no idea we have cameras in her house also.”

Gretchen shook her head, “C'mon, she must at least suspect we might have cameras there too. That suspicion would keep her from doing it. Besides, she already had an orgasm today. Maybe tomorrow.”

“Fuck that. I bet she never came like that before. Two women were groping her. She'll be thinking about it. Reliving it. Then, she'll need to cum. Or she'll tell herself she doesn't want her most recent orgasm to be one from us lesbians making her love it, so she tries to displace it by giving herself one. You know, use that sort of excuse to justify her diddling.”

“Yeah, maybe. No bet, Lydia.”

“You know who needs to cum? You and me. Why didn't we put her to work on our pussies?”

“That's why I'm the leader around here. I see the big picture and take a long view of things. It has to be gradual. Give her a little hope she isn't

going to get sucked in and sucked down the drain.”

“Not to mention sucking pussy all the time and then Arabian cock 24/7.”

“Yes. Get her horny for pussy, then get her to do some of our work for us. She'll be driven to avoid slavery and also driven by pussy passion. You're not the only one wondering why we didn't put her to work on our pussies. She will be too. Trust me. She'll be relieved but wondering, then curious, then fascinated. Then seducing the redheads will be more of a positive for her. It will be her chance to do the thing we did not force her to do. We'll finger her and spank her as much as we like, but we won't take it much further. Not right away. It'll just get her questioning why not and then fascinated with what if. Pretty soon, she'll want it. Her pussy will overrule her mind.”

“All right. Sounds good, Gretchen. Are you still not worried she'll skip out or make a call on us or something? I mean, now, after we took advantage.”

“No. We have the goods on her. If she knew what we had planned, then, yeah, she'd run. But she won't figure it out until it's too late.”

Lydia leaned forward to get a close look on the monitor at Julissa,

Megan's middle daughter, stepping into the shower. She was an adorable, very evenly proportioned blonde. “Isn't Janelle more useful bringing in the all-girl family models? Selling her to the Arabs as a slave isn't good business.”

“Lydia, we only need to do this once if we do it right. They're giving us two million dollars per head. For every daughter matched with a mother or a mother matched with a daughter. Or even a sister with a sister. Without the family angle, just half a million per head. Even if we only nail down one of these families, the smallest one, the Finns, that's at least four million, enough for us for life.”

“I still can't believe they're paying us that much. I mean, they can get any slut they want for a night for a grand. Even a different slut every night for a year, that's about a third of a million. Two million would cover six years of that kind of variety and treatment.”

“Lydia, they are ungodly rich, jaded, and lazy. That means millions of dollars to them is like ten bucks to us. And regular prostitutes are not enough. They've had that all their lives. But mothers and daughters slutting up together and enslaved to them probably won't get boring for a long time. And they are too lazy to try to pull it off themselves. Even if they could. Too egotistical to risk failure for one thing. So they get what they want – girl

families of newly minted slut slaves – and we get rich. Everyone wins. Well. Not the slaves.”

Lydia chuckled cruelly, “Yeah, who knows, we do it right they'll wind up liking it, and they win too.”

“If you think our two million per head is a lot, just think what our sponsor, the broker, is making. He spent millions on this gated community and expenses and paying those guards too. All for a chance without a guarantee at getting some troops to fill the ranks of harems. He could be getting five million per head. Maybe ten. Money is like water to those sheiks.”

Lydia made a few mock seated hands out bows towards Gretchen, “Oh wise one, you were brilliant talking up that harem broker about us recruiting American bitches for the harems.”

Gretchen did a verbal walk down memory lane, “If we succeed, then that photography assignment in Saudi Arabia was the best thing we ever did.”

“Yeah, those fuckers don't trust men to photograph their harem bitches. They finally found us, something exotic, Americans, to fly in to take all those harem shots. Wow. Those were some majestic bitches!”

Gretchen smiled, “Thank fuck all, you didn't try to lay any of them.

You obeyed their harem rules, and it paid off. What a fantastic business proposition it led to! See what I mean, though? All that money they paid us to fly out and stay in comfort for two weeks, and that money meant nothing to them. Nothing. Like fucking water. You know, like water not in a desert.”

Lydia said, “I’d almost feel sorry for these bitch moms and their bitch daughters. Except I never feel sorry for anyone. Waste of time.”

Gretchen nodded. She was well aware Lydia had near-zero empathy. She was dependable though and loyal to those she viewed as equals. So, basically, to Gretchen, “All right, we’ll save our wet pussies for the pool barbecue. Maybe our pheromones will get a couple of them on the path to slavery. We’ll each pick one for an after-the-barbecue photo shoot. Be all touchy-feely during the photoshoot, helping them pose and change outfits. Get them comfortable being nude in front of us. Get them conditioned to taking orders from us. If you see an opportunity, jump on it. Ha, literally! If we can each nail one or either one of us nail one tonight, great. But, if not, let it build. Don’t risk driving off the whole family. We have plenty of time. As long as it takes.”

“Pick one, huh? Anyone or from our pet families?” Lydia had a look of unbelievable excitement on her face like she was taking turns imagining

various Reynolds women between her legs or with her dildo up their rears.

Megan, Lilliana, Julissa, and Kaia in a mental rotation.

“We can trade off as needed and, of course, share as we make progress, but, for now, you focus on your blondes, and I'll select from the juicy brunettes.”

“Sure. Any one of them, or should we avoid the mothers for the time being?”

“I don't know. Do you think it's better to start with a youngster who is easier, maybe? Or to acquire a mother who can be used to influence the rest of the family because she's the family leader?” Gretchen pretended to want Lydia's advice, but that was just to be inclusive of her. She already had her own strongly held opinion.

“Tough call. A family can only move out if the mother decides to move. Enslave the mother, and none of them get away. But, try it and fail, and maybe they all fly the coop together right away.”

“All right, let's just trust our gut. Do whatever feels right.”

Lydia pressed a slide button on her keyboard. The view on the two left monitors changed to Janelle's house. Janelle was lying on a couch in her living room. Lydia punched a key, and that view occupied the full lower

monitor.

Janelle had her pants and panties off, and her legs were scissored open, knees poking out, with both hands busy in and around her pussy.

“Holy shit, Gretchen, I wish you'd taken that bet with me!”

Chapter Four

“So who lives in the sixth house? The one outside the cul-de-sac?”

Janelle guiltily pulled her eyes off Bridget in the pool. It was Bridget's mother, Brooke, who'd asked the question. Janelle hoped Brooke hadn't noticed anything untoward in her stare or flushed face. Hopefully, she couldn't tell who Janelle had looked at – the pool was full of beautiful young women – and also ascribed her flush to the hot sun.

“Oh. The guards. There are four, and they are housemates as well. That way, one is always at the gate, and the other three are basically on call. Models can get stalkers, and, of course, paparazzi can be a problem as well. I bet I've had twenty stalkers in my time as a model. Twenty whose names I know because they ended up getting arrested for stunts they pulled. Your three families are not on anyone's radars yet. You haven't even had a photoshoot! No one knows you exist. But, you'll see why this whole gated community thing is a good thing when they do. It'll keep you and Bridget very secure.”

Brooke was a pale and slim redhead. She wore a wide-brimmed hat and mostly stayed in the shade of the umbrella-topped backyard round tables. Janelle could tell Brooke was very inquisitive in general and

protective of Bridget. The two of them seemed to have a solid mother-daughter friendship and mutual respect. Janelle figured they'd bonded even more than usual due to the recent death of the husband.

Brooke found another good question, "When will we do our first photoshoot?"

"It depends a little. Gretchen and Lydia are the photographers, and they say who and when. At first, it will mostly be just one at a time. Just you or your daughter. Not together. You guys need to get used to being models and how to pose and all that. It's better to do that work one on one. Eventually, you'll be photographed together. That's why I talent-scouted you and Bridget and the other families. There is a big demand for family photos of beautiful women. You know, for department store magazines and so on. I even hear that Sports Illustrated is thinking about doing a swimsuit issue of all mothers and daughters."

"It's sort of creepy, though, isn't it?"

"In what way?"

"I don't know. Beautiful mothers and beautiful daughters posed together. Isn't that fueling some kind of twisted fantasy for perverts out there?"

“Beauty is beauty. Seeing a mother and daughter together shows the DNA, the genes passed on. It's family. Family is beautiful.” Janelle colored a little more, feeling her bullshit detector sounding dire alarms. Was her bullshit as obvious to Brooke as it felt to herself? She better add a little to make it less bullshit.

“Besides, who cares if some teenager or some old lonely bastard stares at your pictures in a department store catalog? They give themselves some pleasure and do you no harm. Hell, it's practically charity work!”

Brooke's eyes glimmered as she laughed hard. Janelle could practically feel them bonding. It was too bad they couldn't just be friends.

Instead of becoming friends, she was supposed to seduce this woman. And her young adult daughter also! All to send them both down a path to sexual servitude in a harem.

Brooke's laughter accentuated her beauty, multiplied it. Despite her pale coloring, she had high energy and an outgoing personality. As soon as she talked or laughed or even moved, the almost unhealthy pallor became more of a vibrant, healthy white.

Janelle was a little freaked out. How was she supposed to seduce Brooke? And her daughter too? Twisted. But, more than twisted, it just did

not seem feasible. She could maybe get one. Would that be good enough for Gretchen and Lydia? She doubted that. It was hard to appease those two.

Get neither, and they talked like they'd make her into a slave instead. She had to get both. If she only got one, then what would they do to Janelle? Make her into half a slave?

Half a slave was the same thing as a whole slave! Everyone knew that!

Janelle decided to find a way to make some progress on her dark mission, "Hey, how about tomorrow I come over and advise you on the clothing selection in your closets? What to wear and when to wear it and even some tips on how."

"I wanted to talk to you about that. I looked over some of them already, and they are mostly quite revealing and risque. My daughter's closet is full of lingerie! I don't think she even had one outfit like that before this. I hope not!"

"Oh, don't be silly now. You get to keep the clothes, you know. It's one of the perks of the job. Sure, you may need to go a bit outside your comfort zone. The clothes are really for the shopper's and viewer's benefit, so they won't always match your style. But trying new things is good. Lingerie is fun. Your daughter would try it sooner or later, I'd hope. And she is, what,

nineteen now? She's an adult. If she's old enough to have sex, she is certainly old enough to wear lingerie!”

“Yeeeeees, I guess, but some of that lingerie is really over the top. By almost not covering the top or, sometimes, the bottom. Does this mean we need to pose for photos in that kind of apparel?”

“You saw the contract you guys signed. You won't always be in your comfort zone.”

“I guess. Don't we have some say in it, though? We wouldn't want to... you know... look like sluts.”

“Look, I'll come over tomorrow and show you how to pose artfully and dramatically and confidently. Sluts can't do that. I'll make you slut immune.” Unexpectedly Brooke had opened a very convenient door for Janelle.

“Slut immunity sounds good. Not so much for me but for my daughter.”

Janelle picked up on a little something there, “Oh, so you have a little bit of slut in you. Is it too late for you, is it, but your daughter can still be saved? Have you been in the past or do you fantasize a bit?”

“Oh God, I don't know. Depends on what you mean by slut. I guess maybe a little bit of both. Just a little, though!”

“Well, I'll make further inquiries along those lines tomorrow, maybe after you've had a couple of adult beverages. You can tell Janelle all!”

“I'm not much of a drinker....”

“You will be around me, silly. Shall I stop by after dinner then tomorrow, around seven?”

“That will be fine, Janelle. Thank you for your kindness.”

Janelle had maneuvered so she could look over Brooke's shoulder and see Brooke's lovely redheaded daughter out at the pool playing with the other young “models.” Her green swimsuit was quite skimpy and quite tight. Bridget's smooth, flawless round butt cheeks, even though quite skinny, still bulged out pleasingly to either side of the strip of swimsuit.

Janelle felt quite naughty talking to Brooke about Brooke's inner sluttiness even while thinking about treating her daughter Bridget like a slut and looking right over Brooke's shoulder at her one and only child. Janelle wasn't any lesbian, but if she had to fake it a while, then these two, this mother-daughter pair, were good partners for “pretending” with.

Brooke saw something over Janelle's shoulder that made her frown. Janelle turned to see what that was and saw Lydia in her not-very-stylish butch swimsuit (it looked like something from a beach in 1958) staring at the female bodies in the pool with almost lip-licking lust. Wait. No almost about it. Lydia just then did lick her lips. It was so obvious Janelle half-expected a deafening cartoon slurping sound.

“Do you see that photographer, Janelle? The one called Lydia? Is she a lesbian? My God, she looks like she wants to eat the girls in the swimming pool!”

Janelle could barely refrain from laughing. *Eat them? Why yes, she certainly does want to eat them....*

“Brooke, I wouldn't worry about that. She's a great photographer. I'm sure she's just looking forward to all the great photos she's going to get. She is lucky to work with you and your daughter, and all the others. A photographer can only just be as good as their subjects.”

“I guess that makes sense. Still, she does look like one of those... you know... mannish lesbians.”

“Takes all types. Besides, the butch ones go for other butch ones usually. And, if not, say no.”

“I guess. But it does make me uncomfortable. I definitely want to be there if she is photographing Bridget.”

Janelle grudgingly admitted that Gretchen and Lydia chose wisely when assigning her to seduce the Finns. Brooke Finn's attention was on the “photographers,” hey look over there, and the real threat would be Janelle herself.

Chapter Five

It was a tough choice.

Gretchen was plotting her first seduction. She'd had a choice to make: the mother, the oldest daughter, or the youngest. As agreed with Lydia, just to keep things nice and orderly, Gretchen had the family of brunette females to pick from, and Lydia would take the blondes. Lydia loved blondes. Gretchen loved all pussy, no matter the color of pubic hair or if the pubic hair was shaved off. Pussy was a delicacy she could never get too much of.

The brunette mother, Naomi, seemed like a tree hugger. A sort of free spirit. She was probably a fairly easy lay in her younger years but probably not too sexually active nowadays as a parent. Especially a single parent with daughters. Her body – the swimsuit did not cover much – was slim and muscular. She was in spectacular shape.

The eldest daughter, Harmony, had the largest tits of the three though they weren't much above medium-sized. At twenty, she'd already completed two years of college but was taking a sabbatical for a one-year career in modeling. Or a lifetime as a slut whore concubine in an Arabian harem, depending on how successful Lydia and Gretchen were. At which point the sabbatical would be unexpectedly indefinite.

Harmony was also the tallest of the three. A volleyball player, but her body was still softer and curvier than her mother. Harmony seemed like a friendly and casual, and accepting type of person. She would not be surprised or think worse of Gretchen for being a lesbian. Which did not mean she would be easy to seduce. Not at all.

The youngest, Abigail, liked to wear her hair in ponytails. Sometimes just one ponytail and sometimes one on either side.

Gretchen fucking loved ponytails. Such useful handholds in guiding a cute face from an intimate wet spot to an intimate hot pink spot. Or for keeping control of them. Like a fucking built-in leash!

Gretchen liked to think that all women who wore ponytails subconsciously wanted to be physically controlled by a lover. She wasn't sure if there was anything to that in reality, but she sure liked to think so. Gretchen knew girls who wore ponytails probably just wanted to keep their hair out of the way but, to Gretchen, it was a declaration giving up control to whoever dared to grab hold of them.

Abigail was a fresh eighteen and slim, and she had a cute expressive face. Gretchen imagined her brow wrinkled in fear, her lips twisted in sexual pain, her eyes widened by overwhelming passion. She wanted to see the real

thing. Imagination was not enough. The girl seemed like a curious and enthusiastic sort as well. Gretchen liked that. She could use those qualities to her advantage.

Gretchen lounged back in the pool recliner but glanced nervously at Lydia. Lydia was almost drooling. Discretion was not her strong suit. At least she was in the shade out of the way. And she hadn't tried to grab-ass any of the new “neighbor” women. Not yet, at least.

Gretchen made a note to tell her to rein it in. Things were just about to get good. Lydia needed to keep a lid on it. Lydia needed to be Lid-ia.

Gretchen looked back at the pool full of beauties. It was like a teenage boy's wet dream... or a butch lesbian's fantasy. Shit, any lesbian's fantasy.

All six of the daughters were in the pool. Since they could only choose from the wardrobe, all six wore immodest swimsuits, some of them little more than a collection of strings seemingly. Better yet, they were actually (admittedly, Gretchen had suggested it though she had not expected them to go through with it) conducting a chicken fight.

Abigail was up on top of Harmony's shoulders versus Kaia on Lillianna's shoulders. Bridget and Julissa were watching and cheering and laughing expectantly.

Gretchen would not want to bet on the outcome.

Lillianna, the eldest of the blonde daughters, was taller than Harmony but Kaia seemed just as thin-armed as Abigail and a little meeker or less enthusiastic. Like she did not want to offend anyone by winning.

Lillianna seemed intent, while Harmony seemed relaxed to the point of not caring about the outcome. Lillianna was more of a competitive type, and Harmony much more casual about such things. Yes, these could also be useful observations in facilitating Gretchen's and Lydia's plans for them.

When they got close enough to grapple, Abigail got a hold on Kaia's shoulders, and Kaia pushed at Abigail's trim flat midriff. As Kaia leaned forward to maintain her balance, her lower belly pressed against Lillianna's long blonde ponytail (another ponytail!). Gretchen could not help recalling the scene, repeatedly watched now, of Kaia riding that pillow.

She was envious of Lydia for having the blondes assigned to her. But the brunettes were hotties also, of course.

And pretty tough, too! Abigail's determined downward pushing on those lovely shoulders unbalanced Kaia, and she plunged off Lillianna's shoulders. She went completely under the water but smoothly flipped to the surface, smiling good-naturedly with her uncommonly wide mouth. She was

a good swimmer and a good sport.

Gretchen took in the reactions of the mothers. Megan and Naomi were laughing and clapping. Brooke was over by the outdoor bar chatting with Janelle. Brooke's daughter Bridget was only on the sidelines cheering anyway.

It looked like Janelle was taking her assigned task seriously. She was making a stronger social connection with Brooke, putting in the time to facilitate seduction. But any seductions completed by Janelle were just bonus points. Or bonus millions. And it would keep Janelle preoccupied and distracted until it was time to reel her in as well.

Janelle was beautiful and sexy. Prerequisites in a model. As such, she should have an easier time tempting Brooke or Bridget into sex. Few women were truly resistant to lesbian sex. However, sex alone would accomplish little.

Gretchen certainly had her doubts about whether Janelle could be dominant in sex or keep it up after and tame one of these Finns. Domination in a single sexual encounter was just... nothing really. Taming took repeated domination and domination over time.

Megan, the blonde mother, and Naomi, the dark-haired mother, were

sitting with Lydia and Gretchen, but their chairs were closer to the pool. As a result, they were usually watching their girls, and Lydia and Gretchen could, respectively, freely ogle them in the case of Lydia or watch with calculating eyes in the case of Gretchen. “Them” being both the mothers and the daughters.

Just as long as they kept their faces facing the opposite direction of Brooke Finn.

Gretchen was a little jealous of Lydia. Not only, after just one night granted, did Kaia seem to be the most sexual of the women, but her mother, Megan, was a total hottie. She was truly age-defying and looked more like a model in her prime than a mother of three. Long full blonde hair, an intelligent beauty to her face that was a perfect reflection of her high intelligence, and always with a quick big smile that seemed perfectly genuine, the envy of any beauty pageant contestant. Naomi was beautiful, but Megan was gorgeous.

On the other hand, though, Lydia would need to nail down Megan and all three of her daughters while Gretchen only had two daughters to seduce along with Naomi. No matter which of them seduced who or how many, they were going to split the profits.

It was a more difficult task for Lydia, with more seductees to keep track of and juggle, but with greater rewards. An extra slave possibly to use sexually for a time. After all, Gretchen and Lydia adored seducing and dominating straight women. If Lydia could pull it off, she'd receive added sexual thrills.

A big if considering how poor Lydia was at concealing her lust. She was leering at the rear ends of every young woman who hopped out of the pool or bounced on the diving board. If Naomi or Megan ever saw that leer, they'd probably pack up and leave immediately or, at the least, never allow a daughter to be alone with her.

Gretchen could understand the lust. She felt it herself. Those lovely asses! Lydia just had to hide it better. Lydia probably did feel it more than Gretchen. Lydia had a real thing for asses.

Rare indeed was a sexual conquest of Lydia's who did not have her ass spanked, fingered, and severely and repeatedly dildo fucked. Most of them pretty much had sprained asses when Lydia was through using them.

Gretchen's tastes were more subtle, more... evil. More difficult to obtain. It was her cross to bear.

Time to ask a few questions.

“Naomi. Megan. Do your daughters understand the rules, especially about dating? Is there any risk that any of them will be a problem?”

Naomi frowned slightly, “Janelle and I already talked about it. Again. I read over the rules again today with Harmony and Abigail. They get it. Harmony was between boyfriends anyway, and Abigail's boyfriend Tony is not a serious thing. They agreed to see others even before this because they were going to different colleges far apart. Now instead of seeing others, it will just be no one as far as Harmony. Sort of a relief to me anyway.”

Megan laughed warmly, “Yes! Me too! I was always scared of pregnancy. I don't even know if any of my girls are sexually active, but, you know, odds are. They have good heads on their shoulders, but accidents can happen. One could have happened. Now we're safe from that for at least a year. I'm not ready to be a grandmother.”

Naomi smiled while nodding an enthusiastic nod, “To me, this clause about no pregnancy and the roadblocks to getting in situations that could lead to pregnancy is more of a feature than a drawback.”

Gretchen thought about the literal roadblock, almost, of the guards at the gatehouse in and out of the gated community. It was amusing that the mothers and their families thought those guards, that gatehouse, that

roadblock, were for their benefit when the reverse was the actual truth.

Megan said, “Yeah, they're maybe not giving up anything at all. They maybe were not sexually active at all, but now I know they aren't and won't be, and that puts my mind at ease.”

Gretchen thought of Lillianna fingering her pussy while masturbating, Julissa applying a vibrator to her clit with her ass in the air, and Kaia riding that pillow. Hell yes, your daughters are sexually active, Megan! At least with themselves. Just like you, Mom Reynolds! And they may or may not have good heads on their shoulders, but they surely had good asses and pretty pussies well under those shoulders.

Naomi nodded with enthusiasm again, “Once this modeling contract is complete they'll all be a year or two older depending on if we do it for more than a year. A little wiser and a little less likely to run into any such trouble. They'll know more about what they want in life.”

Gretchen added an internal snide remark, “I'll be the one to tell them what to like and to make them like it. Pussy. Pussy and then Arabian cock!”

Then Gretchen repeated out loud the rationale for the rule, “You and your daughters are investments. You are getting a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity. Really, it is a much less often than a once-in-a-lifetime chance

since most never get it. The chance to be highly compensated models. To achieve so much simply by looking beautiful, which, of course, comes so naturally to you all. The free designer clothing, these beautiful houses, this secure gated community, that all costs a lot of money. If anyone gets pregnant, it could endanger the investment.”

Megan smiled reassuringly, “I know. I totally understand. Believe me, I don't want my daughters getting pregnant either until they are ready. And married!”

Naomi also smiled, “Me too. That rule is a favor, I think. A favor in our favor.”

Gretchen was glad to see they had a supportive attitude toward the rule. Of course, the reason for the rule was bullshit. Sort of. Sure, a pregnant girl may be worthless to the sheiks. But the real concerns were that boyfriends provided a sexual outlet and would make the ladies more difficult to seduce, and, two, they could make observations or otherwise interfere in Gretchen and Lydia's project.

No boys could enter the gated community and even female friends, though not forbidden, were doubtful as the three families had agreed to relocate quite a few hours away from their previous homes.

Yes, they had their fish in the barrel. Now they just had to shoot them.

Chapter Six

When Lydia left to refill her drink, Gretchen was quick to follow. She didn't want to leave the three mothers alone to share opinions or form friendships though that was probably unavoidable to some extent.

Once inside their house, Gretchen had a couple of suggestions for Lydia, “Don't be stupid. You need to mask that you're so fucking horny. Don't let these mothers pick up on your grab-ass vibe. Be cold and professional. Got it?”

“Yeah, whatever. I just want to get to shoving some dildos in some tight orifices.”

“I know that, but it won't happen if you fuck it up. Don't be so obvious. Be stealthy, and then you'll be wealthy.”

“Sounds like a good bumper sticker.”

“Yeah, on your chauffeur-driven Cadillac. If you follow the advice.”

“Okay. All right. So, who do you plan to nail tonight? The Mommy, the oldest daughter with the nice hooters, or that fetching little Abba-frail?”

Gretchen always admired Lydia's ability to come up with nicknames,

usually demeaning ones. Abba-frail for Abigail. Not bad. She was quite skinny. “Well, exactly. That's what I wanted to talk with you about. I think we should start with the youngest. Abigail for me and Kaia for you. They'll be more insecure, more trusting, overall easier pickings. Younger ones are worth more to the Arabs anyway. I know it's two million per head any which way, but they will respect higher grade products. Which, to them, is younger products. Also, the urge to protect the youngest, if we have to use blackmail later on with the others, is stronger. More leverage that way.”

“Got it. Makes sense. I can hardly wait to get my hands – and tongue – on that Kaia anyway. Perfect plan.”

“I'll announce to the mothers that we plan to start trial photo sessions tonight with one subject for each of us. I'll make it all sound standard. I'll say we need to start with the youngest because they may need the most help with “composure.” We'll have the youngsters come back tonight an hour after the barbecue ends. You can take Kaia down to the hot tub and sauna. Get her posed with towels and all sweaty and light-headed. Then pounce on her. I'll do some outdoor backyard scenes with Abigail. Hopefully, move her up into the bedroom for some more compromising scenes later.”

Chapter Seven

“Oh, hey, are you out for a walk?” Naomi was surprised to see Megan standing on the sidewalk in front of Gretchen's and Lydia's house. It was just about full dark, and Naomi supposed Megan's daughter Kaia was also inside with Abigail for their first ever modeling sessions. Gretchen had said these photos would be mostly practice and learning the proper lighting for complexions and determining the photographic strengths and weaknesses of the girls. Whatever that meant.

“I'm kind of gawking, I guess. I wish I could be in there with Kaia.”

“I know what you mean. That's why I'm walking round and round this cul-de-sac. I feel like a mother waiting for her daughter to give birth. Thank God it isn't that!”

“I know, right? I'm just worried. I mean, I don't care if these people don't like how the photos turn out. We can just go back to our old lives. But I will feel terrible for poor Kaia. She's such a good girl and takes things so to heart. Rejection would not be good for her at all.”

“It isn't good for anyone. But I know what you mean. Abby is a good soul too. I want her to be successful, and she wants this. But I don't care if it turns out they don't like her for modeling. It is pretty superficial and

objectifying anyway.”

Megan frowned slightly, “Yes. Talk about objectifying, did you see the way Lydia was eyeing the girls? And us? Did you get sort of a lesbo vibe from Lydia?”

“Vibe? It was more like an earthquake.”

“Do you think... that she would try to put the moves on the girls?”

“Anything is possible. I don't know her. Obviously, the girls would turn her down. They're not gay, and she is more than a decade older than them anyway.”

Megan smiled just a little, “And... how to say this politically correct.... Lydia is none too lipstick lesbian....”

Naomi laughed hard. It helped relieve her tension, “Yeah, even if one of our girls was gay, there is no way they'd find her attractive, am I right?”

“That Gretchen is not too far behind in butch department either, is she?”

“Do you think those two are girlfriends?”

Megan realized that made some sense, “They live in the same house.

At least temporarily. Sure could be. Hope so. Then they're less likely to make a pass at our girls. Our girls have enough stress right now without having to shut down a lesbian making a pass at them.”

“Or us. I mean, we are closer to them in age and all.”

“Oh my God, don't even go there. What would you say if one of them made a pass at you?”

Naomi snorted cutely, “I'd say no, obviously!”

“Yes, of course, but how would you say it?”

“How about 'Go to Hell'?”

“No, you can't! We have to be politically correct, and we can't do anything to hurt the modeling careers of our girls.”

“Well, I don't know what I'd say or how I'd say it then. But the gist of it would be “Hell no”.”

Megan was curious, “How did you guys get recruited into this?”

Naomi grinned, “A life-changing shopping trip to the mall. Janelle spotted us there.”

Megan laughed readily, “Ha! For us, we were at a water park. A lark

outing for the family. I guess it gave Janelle the opportunity to see us in our swimsuits. No ugly unexpected birthmarks to be revealed later.”

“No expense spared, though. I get the feeling that if there were any ugly birthmarks, these people would have sprung for surgery to have it removed.”

“Yeah, I think so. Brooke said she and Bridget were approached by Janelle when they were about to get into their car after a hike.”

“That Janelle gets around. Recruits all over, I guess.”

“It's probably hard to find families like ours. I found it a little hard to believe. You know, the whole deal. But Julissa and Kaia both recognized Janelle, and I looked her up on the internet. Research, you know! She is a legit model. I still wondered a little, I guess, but look at these beautiful homes, this nice little gated community, and professional photographers. It is all for real. I just wish I could sit in on these photo sessions. Just watch. I wouldn't get in the way. Just lend my moral support.”

“And keep Lydia from making any moves!” added Naomi.

“That too, of course. The relocation here and the modeling opportunity itself is enough stress without some dyke making Kaia or Abigail uncomfortable. Damn, why can't we watch?”

“They want to focus on their camera work. And wouldn't it be more stressful trying to look cool, or sexy, or whatever, for Kaia with her mother watching?”

Megan got a certain crafty look on her face, “So the trick is to watch but in such a way they don't know they are being watched, so they aren't distracted....”

“Are you thinking what I'm thinking?” exclaimed Naomi.

“Gretchen said they'd do some hot tub photos – swimsuit photos and not nudes of course – with one and backyard photos with the other. The hot tub is on the left side of the house as you look at it from the street. There's a whole bank of windows facing that hillside.”

“Who was doing the hot tub and who was doing the backyard?”

“She didn't say. Just told them both to come back still wearing their swimsuits.”

“Getting caught in the bushes is not much more embarrassing than being seen standing out in front of the house like idiots. And a lot less likely to happen!”

Megan flashed that huge classic beauty pageant smile, “All right then.

Divide and conquer! I'll take the back yard.”

“Then I'll take the hot tub photoshoot. And if we get the wrong daughters, we can just switch.”

Chapter Eight

“So, first off we need to get you comfortable with your body.”

Abigail thought the comment by Gretchen was a non sequitur of sorts, “Are you kidding? Maybe you mean “get you comfortable with nudity.” Look at this swimsuit! There's less to it than lingerie. Not that I have any. But from what I've seen in catalogs.”

They were in the backyard of Gretchen's and Lydia's house. It had tall wooden fences for privacy and was large with quite a few well-manicured trees and bushes. The pool was over closer to the house, and they stood well beyond it. Gretchen had a camera in hand but wasn't using it yet.

“You have lingerie now, little girl. Bottom two drawers of your dresser in your bedroom. Start wearing it, so you know how to feature it and be comfortable in it. Meanwhile, I'll get you comfortable with your body as well. That is one of the secrets to being a great model. If you feel awkward, you will look awkward, and no one wants to see that. You will fail as a model.”

Abigail took immediate offense to being called a “little girl.” She was young, and she was small in comparison to the big-boned photographer, but she was no “little girl.” This Gretchen was turning out to be a bitch.

“Nice pep talk.”

Gretchen grinned like a crocodile, “I’m not here to compliment you and make you feel good. I’m here to hone your modeling skills, so maybe one day, lots of others will compliment you and make you feel good. Here’s the deal: do everything I say as quickly as possible and do not question it. Good models are good at following orders. I set the scene and posture and attitude, and you have it easy. Just obey. Don’t think. Obey.”

Abigail felt uneasy. She was delaying college for this opportunity. She’d figured it would be fun even if it didn’t work out, but this lady did not sound like fun. Abigail thought photographers were supposed to be sort of low on the modeling food chain, not large and in charge like this.

She also had thought this was going to be easy. Just stand around, more or less, while someone took photos. But now, it was sounding hard. This photographer seemed like a hard-ass bitch. She kept smiling, but it was never a friendly smile.

“Let’s see, little girl, how good you are at obeying. Stand straight.”

Abigail straightened.

“You’re not a pole. Stick out your breasts. Always keep your legs spread at least a foot apart but the wider apart the better. You want to

subconsciously sell pussy access. So you also need to push out your pussy mound like your pussy can't wait to get impaled on a cock or a dildo. Or a tree branch! People love sluts, so you should try to look like one. Cock one hip out like you're up for your ass being also taken if that's the viewer's pleasure.”

Abigail's mouth dropped open. She couldn't believe how blunt Gretchen was. She adjusted her stance and looked at Gretchen staring at her breasts and then at her crotch and her ass. It was very disturbing.

“Put a hand on your hip. Rest a finger of your other hand on your lower lip. Like you want to suck something but aren't sure what.”

Abigail felt slow-moving into the requested pose, and she wasn't the only one who felt that way.

“When I say it, you do it. Right away. That is the only way this works!”

“Geez. Okay.”

“Now, take off your top.” Gretchen felt she needed to push now that Abigail was, as planned, off-balance.

“What?!”

“Shyness is a crippling handicap for a model. So is disobedience. If you can't be at ease in your own skin, you can pack and leave tonight. Let down yourself, your mother, and your sister.”

“Okay. All right. But you aren't going to take any pictures, are you?”

Gretchen gave her a lop-sided smile, “Why would I waste film on you until I know you are worth it?” Why indeed. Gretchen was amused that the girl had no idea everything was digital nowadays. Almost limitless memory in comparison to film. Easily erasable and easily transferable. She actually had the camera angled to film Abigail as she took off her top.

She wasn't taking photos but she was shooting video. But there was no need for Abigail Pierson to know that. In fact, there was good reason to keep her from knowing that.

Abigail looked adorably uncomfortable taking off her top. She didn't know what to do with it and Gretchen had her just drop it on the ground.

Small but full breasts so white they looked like they'd never seen the light of day. They probably hadn't ever been in the sun. Gretchen thought they looked soft and inviting. Sensitive. The lighter the breasts the more sensitive they looked and usually were. She could deliver a lot of pleasure, and pain, just via those rose-colored nipples. Gretchen found that the redder

the nipples were the more sensitive they were as well. That had been her personal experience. Abigail had an ideal combination when it came to breast and nipple shading.

Gretchen mentally shrugged. Lydia had a thing for asses. Maybe she had a thing for breasts.

Abigail felt exposed. She felt like covering her breasts with an arm but she had a feeling Gretchen would not like that. The way Gretchen stared at her breasts made her feel like Gretchen was for sure a lesbian. Which was fine, Abigail guessed, as long as she did not think Abigail was that way.

Abigail wanted to move this along, “Now what?”

“Shut your mouth is what. Do you see models yapping in their photos? No. You don't. You can't get good photos that way. Besides, no one wants to hear what models have to say. Either they are dumb – because, really, how many people get smarts and looks -- or everyone just wishes they were dumb and talking ruins that wishful thinking. Anytime you are not following my directions you are doing what?”

“I... don't know.”

“Anytime you are not following my instructions you are patiently waiting for the next instructions. Understood?”

“I... understand.” Abigail decided then and there to keep her answers as short as possible. She just had to get through this. If Gretchen treated her mom or sister Harmony this way they would shut her right down and they'd be on their way back home. Goodbye gated community. But Abigail did not want that to be her fault. That would be on them, not her.

Abigail also wasn't sure if Gretchen would treat her Mom or her older sister the same way. This treatment might be due to Abigail's youth or maybe some dislike that Abigail accidentally set off in the photographer.

Gretchen was pleased. Not just because of those almost ideal breasts on Abigail. Her own ideal as she liked little breasts topped by sensitive nipples.

She also really got off on manipulating others. Direct. Indirect. Subtle or blatant. For short term goals or long term gain. Gretchen liked to manipulate others. She found it arousing even in non-sexual situations.

Gretchen was enjoying her one on one time manipulating this young woman.

Gretchen could already check off a number of her goals.

She had Abigail all alone on her own turf.

Abigail now knew to obey. That Gretchen was in charge. It was a start. It would take time to make it automatic. Instinctual. An absolute given.

Some time... or some strong focused intense effort....

Abigail knew to keep her mouth shut unless answering questions. She now knew to wait for directions.

Gretchen already had Abigail topless. And a bit intimidated.

She needed to take advantage of these advantages she'd created and go ahead and take advantage of Abigail!

The next step was to make Abigail comfortable – or at least accepting – of Gretchen touching her intimately. To instill in Abigail the understanding – the acceptance – that Gretchen had the right to touch her intimately and that Abigail should allow it without protest.

Gretchen set the camera, still video recording actually, on the palm of a nearby statue so it would capture the scene. She walked up to Abigail, “This won't do. That top dug in and left very unappealing red marks.”

“It was tight. I mean... that's the swimsuit you guys supplied....”

“Did I ask you a question, little girl?”

“No. Guess not.”

“If there is no question you should have nothing to say. If there is no question then no one wants to hear an answer. A good model knows when others want to hear her speak. Now, let's get rid of those unpleasant red lines.”

Gretchen helped herself.

She just reached out with both hands, each hand engulfing an entire soft but firm young breast and massaged them both vigorously. It amused her that as she squeezed them both Abigail's beautiful eyes bulged with shock. It was a momentary illusion that the pressure on the breasts physically made Abigail's eyes bulge out. Like a sexy cartoon.

Then Gretchen just kept working them and Abigail just stood there. She knew the rules now. Obey and be silent and wait for orders.

Abigail had no idea how to handle this handling. Gretchen was so firm and confident that she seemed like an unstoppable force.

Clearly nothing Abigail could say would deter her. It would just make Gretchen verbally reprimand Abigail. And it wasn't like Abigail could fight her. No fair. And it wasn't like Abigail could just turn and walk back home.

Gretchen had quite a strong grip on her. Two of them physically and two socially. Physically, each of Gretchen's hands gripped each of Abigail's breasts. Socially, Abigail did not want to let down her family or miss out on this modeling opportunity. Gretchen acted like the opportunity depended on Abigail's cooperation. Socially Gretchen was more confident, older, larger, and not to be defied.

Although Gretchen had no official authority she was the photographer in charge of this photo shoot. She was the hand of experience here. With photography and with breasts!

Abigail felt dwarfed by the situation.

Gretchen had made her feel like any disagreement from her, any resistance, and that even any speech that wasn't answering a question was wrong.

Gretchen's deep massage of her breast meat covered every inch. Not just the red lines around the periphery of her breasts where the edges of the swimsuit top had dug in.

In fact, Abigail found it quite suspicious.

To say the least.

Even as she said nothing.

If Gretchen was trying to get rid of red lines then why was she rubbing areas besides those red lines? Even so, Abigail did not feel like she could protest.

Gretchen kept rubbing, squeezing, and squishing. She looked directly into Abigail's eyes and kept that lop-sided mean smile on her face.

A minute went by like this. Abigail didn't know what was more invasive, Gretchen's hands or Gretchen's demanding eye contact. Abigail couldn't look away. Not because she'd be losing a stare down even. It was because Gretchen clearly did not want her to look away.

Abigail, helpless, felt she had to say something. It was just getting too weird, "Aren't... the lines gone yet...."

Gretchen glared at her.

Abigail couldn't help it, "Oh, sorry."

Gretchen's lop-sided smile returned and the breast mashing continued.

A minute later Gretchen spoke, "The lines are gone. But I'm waiting for something."

Abigail did not dare to ask what she was waiting for. So she stood still. Uncertainty left because all she could do was wait for it to be over. Everything narrowed down to Gretchen's hard eyes and the sensation of Gretchen's breast handling.

Gretchen pushed the breasts towards each other. Then she kept her palms and fingers across the the outer sides and “accidentally” ran her thumb pads over the nipples. Then she “accidentally” ran them over the nipples again. And again. And again.

The nipple contact was driving Abigail crazy. She felt there was no way that was called for. There were no red lines on her nipples! There never had been any!

No way was that appropriate.

No way was it any kind of accident either as Gretchen just kept doing it again and again.

In fact, the nipple contact increased in intensity. Why was that? What was Gretchen doing to increase that sensation?

It was a momentary mystery to Abigail. It didn't seem like Gretchen was rubbing harder or differently and yet the sensations increased....

Suddenly Abigail realized what was causing the dramatic increase in sensation. Her nipples had gotten hard! Abigail reddened with embarrassment. This was awful. Gretchen would think she liked this! Gretchen would think she was some kind of lesbian!

Abigail gasped. Then she moaned. She just couldn't help it. She had too many sensations and too many mixed emotions to keep them entirely bottled up. Abigail immediately wished she hadn't. It was like giving approval to Gretchen's transgression of her personal space.

Abigail moaned again, quiet but long.

Chapter Nine

Megan finally found a decent viewing spot. The area outside the tall wooden back yard fence was pretty wild and she'd tripped twice in the dark in the tangled creepers. It was like the vegetation had built-in trip wires. She was concerned about the volume of her thundering around. She sounded like a damn buffalo!

She was glad she'd put on repellent as mosquitoes were all over. She'd actually thought she was going overboard for a simple short walk in the tiny neighborhood but then thought about mosquito bites showing up in her own modeling photos and ruining the family opportunity.

The wood fence was tall and new but the boards were offset so it was easy to look through at an angle if you were up close to them like Megan was. The back yard was lit by flood lights so Megan to see everything and it made sense to her now that the photographers could do a photo shoot at night in the back yard. Megan thought they must have set up the lighting with night time modeling in mind.

When Megan saw it was Naomi's daughter Abigail with Gretchen she felt disappointed. It meant she'd found the wrong daughter's photo shoot. It also meant Kaia was working with Lydia. Megan felt her stomach clutch at

that thought.

Then Megan realized what she was seeing in the back yard. Abigail was topless. Gretchen had her hands on Abigail's breasts. She was even thumbing Abigail's nipples!

What in Hell was going on? And how did it get to this point? And so quickly?

Megan, as always, tried to give the benefit of the doubt and thought maybe she was misunderstanding what she was seeing. Then she heard Abigail moaning and saw Gretchen's smile spreading into a confident grin.

Gretchen spoke, "There now. That was what I was waiting for."

Abigail tried to act clueless, "What? Waiting for what?"

"For you to physically appreciate my hands. Your nipples are very grateful. Hard and red. You like this, don't you?"

"No. No! Not at all."

"Oh. Those are moans of dislike, huh?"

Abigail was feeling desperate. To escape. Or... for something.

Abigail felt this was all too much and she had to fight back, at least

verbally, “Hey, there weren't any lines on my nipples you know. And I'm not some kind of lesbian. So stop... what you're doing.”

“Your nipples are a couple little lesbian nipples that is for sure. Don't try to stop this on their account. They love it. They want more.”

“Well.... Those are my nipples and I say stop.”

Gretchen kept rubbing them, “So I should stop?”

“Yes. Please stop.”

Gretchen kept steadily rubbing the hard nipples, “Stop what?”

Abigail moaned and then cut it off in mid-moan. The moans were not helping her situation, “The... you know... the rubbing.”

Gretchen kept rubbing, her thumbs pressing down and pushing up across the nipples, “Stop rubbing what, little girl?”

“Stop rubbing my nipples!”

Gretchen took her hands off of Abigail's breasts. Abigail was surprised at the sudden cooperation from Gretchen. And maybe just a little disappointed.

Megan was proud of Abigail. She knew Naomi would be proud of

Abigail too when she told her what had happened. Obviously the situation was not what she'd thought it was at first. It was not the beginning of some kind of twisted tryst. It was just a failed pass by a dyke.

It was just Gretchen making a physical pass and Abigail shutting it down. Megan had been in similar situations with bisexual or lesbian women a few times and they were always awkward. Their advances were somehow more difficult to turn down than turning down a man's advances.

Megan and Naomi had agreed to switch places if they found the wrong daughter but obviously Megan had to stay and watch just in case Abigail needed help. Naomi would find she had the wrong one and probably come over there soon to switch spots.

Megan wondered if the odd attempted lesbian seduction scene would be past by then. If not, she wondered how Naomi would react. Not well she was sure! Maybe she'd yell at Gretchen or even try to climb the tall fence. If she did then Megan would help by giving her a boost up. What were new friends and new neighbors for?

Gretchen stared at Abigail's hard red nipples appreciatively and then spoke up, "Prominent nipples – hard nipples – are a secret to good modeling. Whether you are selling a tire or a dress or detergent what you are really

selling is sex. An aroused model is a good model. Men want to fuck you. Women want to fuck you, too, or they want to be you. Aroused.”

“I’m not. I’m not “aroused”.”

“You’re a model and a comedienne!”

“I’m not! The nipples, you know, react and all but that does not mean I am “aroused”.”

Gretchen smiled, “You act like being aroused is a bad thing. It is good. Since you’re not aroused yet I’ll help you some more.”

Abigail didn’t like the sound of that! She started to back up a little, “Wait. Wait.”

Gretchen caught Abigail’s slim hips in her big hands, “Where are you going, little girl?”

Before Abigail could answer Gretchen mashed her lips against Abigail’s mouth. Abigail leaned back but that only made her more helpless. Her hands tentatively pushed at Gretchen but gave that up as a waste of time. Like the nipple rubbing she resigned herself to waiting for this part to be over. She just had to get past it.

Gretchen slid her lips all over Abigail’s soft mouth. She licked those

lips until they were slick with saliva. She knew the licking would have an effect on the girl and assist the next step. Abigail's slick lips could not stay compressed together when Gretchen's powerful tongue pushed between them. Once through, Abigail's mouth practically popped open.

Gretchen thought maybe the girl was trying to speak. No matter. Gretchen plunged her long tongue deep, swept it back and forth over the top of Abigail's sexy little tongue, and then plunged her tongue in and out of Abigail's mouth like a hot wet tongue-cock. She was face-fucking Abigail with her tongue!

Megan goggled at the sight of the two of them. Abigail had made it clear what she did not want. But Gretchen was just... taking her.

Abigail was angled back in a way that made her seemingly helpless to escape or even resist. Gretchen was machine-gunning her tongue into Abigail's mouth. Gretchen's hands angled further around Abigail's waist and then dropped down to firmly grasp her rear.

The swimsuit bottoms were narrow and tight. As a result, much of Abigail's soft little ass bulged out to either side. Gretchen's hands encompassed each ass cheek and began working them like little mounds of dough. Squeezing. Pushing them together. Pulling them apart so the

swimsuit rode even higher into the ass crack. Then pushing them back hard to smother the strand of swimsuit.

Megan heard a moan come from Abigail. The poor girl! She was really feeling being felt up and, God help her, she was reacting. Megan felt bad for her but could hardly blame her. The poor girl was getting mauled. Just... taken. What that must feel like!

Megan debated what to do. It seemed like a gray area. Abigail seemed reluctant but also seemed like she was sort of liking it in some way. Trying to interfere could have all sorts of consequences to Megan and her three daughters as far their modeling opportunity.

Besides which, Abigail was an adult and could make her own decisions.

Although, truthfully, it did not seem like Abigail actually decided to let Gretchen do these things.

Essentially it wasn't Megan's business. How would she even ever explain being in the woods and weeds and “just happening” to see them?

From the sounds of Abigail's little muffled moans she might even resent Megan if Megan were to interfere.

So Megan told herself.

Abigail's Mom, Naomi, could decide what to do once she got there.

So Megan told herself.

Megan put one hand to her mouth so if she also moaned she would not be heard. It must be empathy or her overactive imagination but she felt a moan inside her wanting to get out. It wanted to parrot Abigail's verbal reactions.

Now that that was taken care, now that her one hand muffled her mouth, Megan dropped her other hand to between her legs. Because she had something else to take care of. Her pussy pulled her hand in like metal to a magnet. Megan didn't think about it or debate it. She just did it. It needed to be done.

Megan saw Gretchen's strong thigh rise up between Abigail's legs. It pushed them to either side and Gretchen, utilizing Abigail's ass handles, maneuvered her closer and down until Abigail's knees were bent and she was astride Gretchen's thigh. Gretchen's thigh was her saddle and Abigail rode it. Gretchen pushed and pulled her up and down with her grips on Abigail's ass.

Abigail's body instinctively understood how to continue to derive pleasure and to increase it. Soon she slid up and down that big thigh under

her own power as Gretchen pulled roughly at her tender ass and swept her tongue all over inside Abigail's mouth.

Abigail moaned continuously now.

Megan really wanted to moan as well. She bit at the palm of her hand hoping the pain would bring her back to her senses. She ought to actually be doing something. Gretchen was clearly taking advantage of the poor girl.

The problem was that Megan *was* doing something. Her right hand was inside both her shorts and panties. She wondered, when had that happened? Two fingers were already inside her pussy and her thumb flicked at her clitoris.

It felt so good. It felt *too* good.

It was so bad but it felt so good.

If she tried to stop events in the back yard she would first need to stop supplying all that pleasure to herself. But she just kept not stopping!

She leaned forward so she could keep her eyes on them while spreading her legs and fully accessing her pussy that was so demanding of her attention.

It would be so awkward trying to go out there and say something if she

was all hot and in need of an orgasm. Megan wasn't sure she'd be able to be at all eloquent in that situation. So maybe... maybe she needed to take care of that orgasm first.

Once she'd done that she'd be in great shape to help young Abigail.

Yeah... that... sounded... logical....

The jean shorts were tight and made things awkward. Could she take them off? No, that was going too far. Bottomless in the weeds peeking through at her lesbian neighbor seducing and, well, ravishing an innocent young woman? No way.

That was definitely going too far. Besides she felt like she would be able to make herself orgasm just as is.

No, she couldn't stop this. She could not afford for them to know she was peeking. And she could not stop Gretchen who was tall and clearly very determined. And it did not look like Abigail, at this point, wanted to stop anyway!

But, most of all, she did not act because she would have to pull her fingers out of her pussy and deny her pussy the pleasure it was so adamantly demanding. Megan's shorts, tight designer cutoffs she'd found in her new walk-in closet, rode up with her leaned forward position and her lower ass

cheeks bulged out slightly. Ass cheek that had not been sprayed by repellent. First one mosquito and then another alighted on her tender right crescent moon of ass.

Megan felt the mosquitoes land and jammed her fingers deeper up her pussy and bit harder into the palm of her other hand to suffocate her moan.

She had no hands unoccupied to swat at the mosquitoes. She bounced and bobbed her ass a little but they were undeterred. She felt one of the little bastards bite her. A second later the other one bit her also.

She bounced her ass some more. All that did was make her pussy muscles hug her fingers tighter. Only two fingers were up her pussy but her whole hand and much of her panties were already soaked with pussy juice. Megan kept bouncing her ass but it soon became more of a slow roll. It didn't matter what she did the mosquitoes had a feast and she knew they weren't giving it up.

That wasn't why she was gyrating. Not anymore.

Megan felt a third mosquito land on her other ass cheek and immediately start sucking blood. Little vampires!

Well, she was just going to let them feast on her. Her orgasm was too important. They had a rare swat-free opportunity to obtain human blood risk

free and she had this rare opportunity to see live sex right in front of her without the participants ever knowing.

She was normally too polite to peek. She was only peeking now out of concern. Blessed concern. This was a rare opportunity and she meant to take full advantage of it even as that photographer took full advantage of Abigail. Thank God it wasn't her daughter out there! If it were then she'd have to do something and give up her orgasm.

Gretchen eventually pulled Abigail up off her pussy juice slick thigh. Even from the other side of the fence the wetness from pussy juice was obvious to Megan in the bright back yard lighting. Either that pussy juice soaked through Abigail's swimsuit bottoms or the bottoms had ridden up enough in a tight band which allowed the pussy juice to get out to either side of the strip of cloth. It depended on whether those swimsuit bottoms were moisture resistant or not. Either way it was certainly clear that the pussy juice was Abigail's.

Megan felt a surge of justification wiping away her growing guilt. There. Proof that Abigail liked it! Megan had done the right thing to not make a fool of herself trying to interfere.

Yep, if that young brunette slut Abigail wanted to be dominated by the

big blonde lesbian then that was the little slut's business and it was perfectly fine for Megan to mind her own business... while spying and finger-banging herself, of course.

Abigail actually whined around Gretchen's tongue with loss of sensation when her pussy was pulled away from Gretchen's strong thigh. Once Gretchen had Abigail standing up straight but weak-kneed, fully cooperative, she pulled down Abigail's swimsuit bottoms. They landed heavy with wetness on the back yard lawn. Abigail stepped free of them while keeping her mouth open and available to Gretchen's tonguing.

Gretchen pushed and pulled Abigail back into place sliding on and riding her thigh. She decided to add an element. Abigail, guided by Gretchen's firm hands, was lightly sliding her wet pussy up the thigh and then pressing her weight down and letting gravity pull her pussy down across the thigh. As she got down near the knee Gretchen delivered a shockingly hard and loud spank to her ass. Abigail gasped and her eyes bugged. Gretchen helped her to the top of her thigh and held her but let her slide down it and then delivered another smack just as hard as the first. Then the process repeated itself and continued to repeat every few seconds.

It always turned Gretchen on to spank. To show that control and dominance. To see it accepted as right and proper in her subject.

Abigail was startled by the act and the pain but quickly adjusted. Whatever Gretchen wanted Gretchen got. If she wanted to spank her.... well... what was Abigail going to say with a mouth full of tongue? And very soon she realized she liked it. Spanked like a bad little girl. Which she was. She was very bad letting this awful woman do these nasty things to her.

Megan was appalled by the spans. How awful. Gretchen was already getting whatever she wanted from the poor girl. But she wanted to give her pain as well? And humiliate her? How awful.

Megan's pussy felt differently. Very differently. Jamming her fingers up it was not enough. She needed more. Each time she jammed upward she also mashed her pussy down onto the fingers and knuckles of her hand.

Abigail's ass was red from the spans and Gretchen felt the girl's breath coming more quickly and shallowly. She knew Abigail was about to orgasm. Now was a good time to add to the training. To mentally imprint her. Whatever she told Abigail would be strongly associated with overwhelming pleasure. Gretchen had many choices but she had to pick one quickly. Whatever she said she had to say right before the orgasm, not after, or it would not be nearly as effective.

Gretchen extricated her tongue from Abigail's wet slack mouth and

peered into her unfocused eyes, “You're my little slave girl. You were born to serve me. I am your mistress.”

Abigail ground her pussy against Gretchen's thigh and kept it pressed hard as she came. Her head and chin wobbled like she was nodding agreement to Gretchen. One of Gretchen's hands on the small of Abigail's back kept Abigail's pussy in hard contact with her thigh while her other hand delivered a ferocious series of spansks.

The spansks in no way deterred from the power of Abigail's orgasm. The spansks were like gasoline thrown on fire. They certainly felt like fire poured onto her ass!

Gretchen knew she had imprinted a new mission statement on the girl – one that may or may not take as repetition was often required – and also a strong association of pleasure with pain.

An excellent start!

Gretchen felt warm pussy juice running down her leg from Abigail's orgasm. Gretchen was so turned on by her triumph that she began rubbing her clothed pussy on Abigail's relatively scrawny thigh.

Megan felt so bad for that poor girl Abigail. Those vicious spansks and now that nasty Gretchen humping her leg. How awful. And that crazy talk

about being a mistress and Abigail being some kind of slave. What a fucked up perspective!

On the other hand – Megan's hand worked at her pussy, driving her fingers deep and hard – yes, that hand, Abigail was obviously having quite a wonderful orgasm. If a certain price needed to be paid... well... no, that was too much of a price, wasn't it? Humiliation. Degradation. It had to be too much.

Megan wished she could experience a little of that. Just to know. Just to answer that question. Was putting up with humiliation and degradation worth it for that kind of orgasm? If she could answer that question then she'd know if she should try to protect the girl... or be envious of her.

Megan wanted some kind of humiliation. To feel it also. Being in the weeds spying on them was embarrassing. But only if caught. Letting a young woman get mauled sexually by a lesbian predator was shameful. Masturbating in the dark during it all was terrible also. But it wasn't quite enough. Megan just could not quite get over the top.

The first set of mosquitoes had taken flight but half a dozen more had since landed and were feeding on her lower ass cheeks. It was a series of slight pains and a slight distraction but it did not detract from her need to

orgasm. It actually seemed to ramp it up. It was humiliating letting those mosquitoes use her like a blood cow but it wasn't humiliating enough. It was too different from what Abigail had experienced.

Megan saw Gretchen, still humping Abigail's leg, reach down and insert two fingers into Abigail's wet and undefended pussy. She only thrust them a few times in and out and then pulled them out and up.

Then she shoved them into Abigail's open gasping mouth!

It was clear Abigail tried to push them out with her tongue. She went tense and then suddenly relaxed. A sort of passionate resignation. Abigail sucked at those fingers and, within seconds, it was clear she did it with real passion.

Megan thought that was awful.

Awful arousing to see!

Megan knew she needed a little more. What could she do?

Suddenly she realized: on the other hand.....

What if... her hands just... switched spots?

Megan pulled her fingers out of her hot pussy and out of her shorts and

stuck them straight and deep into her warm mouth while her other hand took its turn inside her warm shorts. The new hand dove in and jammed three fingers up her eager pussy.

She sucked on her wet fingers.

My God, she thought, I'm sucking my pussy sauce off my own fingers!

In the dark! In the weeds! While spying on lesbians like a pervert!

Megan came. As the orgasm ripped through her she locked her teeth down hard on the two fingers in her mouth and her pussy clamped onto the three fingers thrusting into it. The clenching of her pussy pushed fluids out until her underwear and even the blue jean shorts at the bottom seam were soaked through.

It was all she could do to keep from falling. Or screaming. She did not know if she bit her fingers to stifle crying out or to feel pain with pleasure as Abigail had. She did not know and did not care. She knew she would have spanked herself like Gretchen had spanked Abigail if not for how noisy that would have been. That and a shortage of hands.

The pleasure was overwhelming. Somehow it was the best self-induced orgasm she'd ever had. Maybe the best one ever, self-induced on other-induced. She wondered how that was even possible.

She'd had hundreds of orgasms over the years with her husband, Paul, before cancer took him. How could this one masturbated orgasm in the bushes watching a lesbian sexually mistreat a young woman top all of them?

Megan saw Abigail's body going slack while her thin arms weakly hugged Gretchen, who was still humping her.

Then Megan saw Gretchen pull her spit slick fingers out of Abigail's mouth, reach down, and use them to severely pinch one of Abigail's nipples. Abigail yelped, bucked, and struggled, and Gretchen came on her leg while still pinch-yanking on poor Abigail's nipple.

My God, thought Megan. What a sadistic bitch!

After another minute of aggressive humping, Gretchen separated from Abigail and then grabbed her hand and pulled her towards the house. Megan heard what she said to Abigail.

“Come with me, little slave. You made my pussy all messy. We're going inside to my bedroom, and you're going to clean up the mess you made. With your mouth, you little slut.”

Abigail's mouth hung open, and she still breathed hard. She let herself be pulled inside the house without any verbal protest to Gretchen's intentions though her feet did drag and her face looked concerned, confused, and a bit

disgusted.

Megan couldn't get over the contrast. Gretchen, big and blonde, still fully clothed, dragging along Abigail, thin to near frailty, brunette, and entirely nude. And their ages also! Gretchen must be around twice her age!

Megan watched them go inside. She felt helpless to do anything.

Megan saw that Abigail's swimsuit still lay on the ground near the statue and that the photographer had left her camera on the statue's hand. The swimsuit bottoms were dark at the crotch. Megan wondered what Naomi would think of that – just seeing her daughter's swimsuit laying out there with no daughter in it – if she came over to the backyard and saw it.

Megan pulled her other hand out from her shorts, looked at the wet fingers, and felt sick. She was no longer hungry for her own pussy juice. She had no appetite for humiliation any longer. It was satisfying when she had her orgasm. She wondered if the urge for humiliation would return.

She hoped not. Well. Not unless it brought one of those massive orgasms with it!

She wiped her hand on the leaves of a nearby bush. From one bush to another, she thought and nearly giggled. She was really losing it. She felt lightheaded.

Megan straightened her clothing as best she could. She swatted at her butt where the mosquitoes had sucked her blood and killed a few, but most were long gone, off to use her blood to breed hundreds more of the little vampires.

Damn. She wondered if she'd think of this night whenever she saw, heard, or felt a mosquito. The night the mosquitoes ate her ass. She felt another crazy urge to laugh. Eating her ass. A sexual term but also literal in this case.

Swatting her ass also reminded her of Gretchen's treatment of Abigail. Megan was curious about that whole spanking thing. Well, maybe someday with a good-looking man. After the modeling contract was up and the girls were back in college.

Megan gasped. She realized she had not even thought about Kaia. What was happening with Kaia and that Lydia woman? Not... more of the same? No. That could not be. Kaia was a good girl. Crazy for boys. Maybe too much. And boys were mad about her, also.

Besides, Lydia was not, could not be, the smooth seducer that Gretchen was. Lydia was more like a bull in a china shop socially. Yeah, a bull lesbian!

Megan knew that if either of those two lesbian photographers tried to seduce herself, she would let Gretchen into her panties long before Lydia. (Maybe especially after the hot scene she'd just seen Gretchen dictate.) Even if Lydia was a smooth seducer, Kaia was just too good of a girl and far too heterosexual to ever fall into anything like that.

Kaia wasn't like Abigail. Megan didn't know Abigail, and she'd seemed nice and polite at the barbecue, but from what Megan had just seen in the backyard, Abigail was obviously a slut.

My God, thought Megan, what am I thinking? What a terrible judgment to pass on that girl just because she'd been... passionate. Gretchen had passed that same terrible and inaccurate judgment on the poor girl. Megan did not want to be like Gretchen. Not in any of the various ways!

Megan thought quite urgently, "I need to go see if Kaia is all right!"

Megan wondered why Naomi had not shown up to switch spots with her, so that they were matched up spying on their own daughters. She was relieved Naomi had not shown up, though. She supposed it would have put a damper on their possible friendship if Naomi had turned the corner and saw her with one hand in her shorts while sucking and biting the fingers of her other hand.

Megan thought about sucking her fingers. She had seen that in her husband Paul's porn videos (which she threw out a few weeks after he died... and had, from time to time, regretted not having around), but she had never before done that. And never would again! It had tasted like... sweet sin.

Megan stumbled through the brush to go find Naomi and get reassurance that Kaia was just fine.

The End

...until “Three Mothers and Six Daughters” Book 2, NOW AVAILABLE!

Impossible Seduction:

Peeping Mother and Daughter Dominated

What did Naomi see when she spied on Lydia and Megan's daughter Kaia?

What will Megan and Naomi reveal to each other?

What will Gretchen do with Naomi's daughter inside the house?

Will Lydia join Gretchen to team up on poor Aba-frail?

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Available Books

“Seducing the Mother and Daughter House Sitters” series:

Book 1: SEDUCING THE MOTHER AND DAUGHTER HOUSE SITTERS

A beautiful mother and her pretty coed daughter agree to house sit at the island mansion of the daughter's new college friend, Bella. It seems like a dream come true but then Bella's twin sister, Stella, shows up. She is arrogant and demanding and intent on seducing both the mother and the daughter. Can she turn the mother and daughter into full service anything goes servants?

Book 2: TEMPTING THE MOTHER AND DAUGHTER HOUSE SITTERS

Stella, the bratty young heiress, has the mother and daughter, Angie and Eliza, off balance and beginning to serve her will. All that Angie and Eliza want is to finish the mansion sitting job on the beautiful island. All Stella wants is to be their sexual Mistress for life. Can Stella enforce her will on the mom and daughter and make them want what she wants?

Book 3: DOMINATING THE MOTHER AND DAUGHTER HOUSE SITTERS

Angie saw her daughter, Eliza, sexually pleasing Mistress Stella on the speed boat before it went out of view. But Stella had seduced Angie that same morning! What is Mistress Stella up to? What really happened on that boat trip? Most importantly, who does Mistress Stella like the most, the mom or the daughter? Mistress Stella can't have both! Can she...?

Book 4: CONQUERING THE MOTHER AND DAUGHTER HOUSE SITTERS

Angie Klauson and her daughter Eliza were sexually dominated by the rich adult brat Stella and it certainly caused a new family dynamic. It's good to share but maybe not sexually. Now Stella's twin, Bella, is coming to the island. Is she different than Stella or will she have the same outrageous expectations? Do they want her to be different? What is the awesome fate of the mother and daughter?

“Tramp Pauline” series:

Book 1: TRAMP PAULINE

Pauline is a responsible young shift manager at Fine Burgers. She tries to help a female coworker, Valentina, who is getting dominated every shift by a lesbian coworker. When domme Melody learns Pauline is trying to take away her submissive girl she decides the perfect consequence is to turn the attempted minus one into a plus one. Can Melody be a Mistress for her own Shift Manager?

Book 2: TRAMP PAULINE TRIES TO BOUNCE BACK

Pauline was sexually dominated by a girl she supervises, her new Mistress Melody, who gave her the nickname Tramp Pauline. Pauline does not want to live up to that name but Mistress Melody wants her to live up to it in every way including bouncing naked on a trampoline for her coworkers. Pauline wants to be a good girl and Melody wants her to be a tramp. Can they compromise at “good tramp”?

“Black Dominatrix Neighbor” series:

Book 1: BLACK DOMINATRIX NEIGHBOR

Zahra is a middle-aged overweight black woman who has no business seducing and dominating her new young sexy white neighbor girl. Unless she makes it her business. Domination suits Zahra fine but is sexual submission right for Lainey? Lainey tries to be a good neighbor and tries to be friendly with her much older African-American neighbor lady. Maybe Lainey tries a little too hard....

Book 2: TOO BAD TO BE TRUE

Zahra thinks she has sexual control over Lainey but Lainey thinks differently. Lainey still thinks she is heterosexual, not submissive, and that interracial sex is not for her. The nerve of some young and pretty white women! The apartment building is buzzing with rumors about Zahra and Lainey. Lainey has a plan to deny and defuse the rumors. Zahra has a plan to confirm them. And to share Lainey!

Book 3: SEXUAL REPARATIONS IN THE BIG CITY

Lainey tried to free herself of one Black Mistress only to find herself serving three much older Black Mistresses. All of them older than her Mom! They have all sorts of new duties and bizarre orders for

Lainey. Including to have her best friend, Mallory, come visit her and to set up Mallory to be brought under their control! Lainey is a loyal friend... but maybe these new duties would be easier shared....

Book 4: MALLORY'S INTERRACIAL LESBIAN DOMINATION

Zahra found Lainey's brunette friend, Mallory, very attractive. Mallory does not like Zahra though even without knowing how she treats poor Lainey. Zahra would like to make Mallory eat her smarty-pants words and eat something else also. Maybe Lainey and Mallory could both be sexy goldmine earners for Zahra. Can Zahra against all odds, make that happen?

“Impossible Seduction” series:

1. IMPOSSIBLE SEDUCTION ONE: VOYEUR MOTHER AND DAUGHTER SEDUCED

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: PEEKING MOTHER AND DAUGHTER 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. REDHEAD MOTHER AND DAUGHTER

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 blonde 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 submissive that 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 horse! One horse is not enough. Maybe they should tame Tanya's neighbor also?

6. *TAKING OVER TANYA'S STEP-NIECE*

When the dominant teen lesbian coeds learn about Tanya's step-niece, Takira, and see how lovely she is, they decide to expand the herd! They trick her into moving in to "The Ranch" they've turned Tanya's house into. Can Takira resist their dark plans and their sexual racism? Can Takira save Tanya from domination? Or will Takira be sexually domesticated like her step-aunt?

7. *TAKIRA'S NEW WHITE MISTRESSES*

The white Mistresses want to make permanent a dominant hold over Takira. Can they pull it off with Takira is on her guard? Can Takira resist? The dominants have a plan. So does Takira! Only one plan can win. Takira has nothing in common with them. They are her opposites in all things including skin color. But dominants and submissives are opposites and opposites do attract one another....

8. *ADDING CORAL TO THE CORRAL*

The dominant teen lesbian coeds, Deb and Shan, are gluttons for lust and greedy for domination. They want more and more! Will Butterscotch help them sexually trap her friend's daughter? Can the doms tame and train Coral before she leaves for college? Can they really just keep getting away with making independent heterosexual women into obedient lesbian sex ponies? Can they add Coral to the corral?

9. *TAKING OVER TAKIRA'S MOM*

The teen lesbian coed domination team of Deb and Shan have Takira under their sexual control as a sex pony. They sure would like to have a mother and daughter team working together in tandem. The young white dommes have the perfect secret weapon in the conspiracy of seducing and taming Takira's mother. Her own daughter!

10. CORAL GETS FULLY CORRALLED

Lovely blonde coed Coral ran into a tough situation. Dominant hillbilly lesbians that wanted to make her into a sex pony! They tricked her and took full advantage of her. They even claimed they were her Owners and renamed her Coral Corral! Coral totally disagrees with this assigned fate and has decided to put a stop to the craziness. The Owners, however, have very much decided to put a continuation to it! Owned by them! Forever!

11. TAMED AND TRAINED BY LESBIAN HILLBILLIES

The African-American mother and daughter pair, Kalindi and Takira, have been seduced, dominated, and tamed by two white coed lesbian hillbillies. They've been treated like sex animals, a donkey and a pony, and have learned to be addicted to it. Now the dommes want to take them even further! Why not have them betray two of Takira's lovely friends who can also join the growing herd of lesbian lust? Kalindi and Takira are reluctant to do that but the hillbillies are experts at overcoming reluctance.

12. SEDUCING AND TAMING NALA

Takira and Kalindi Bushrod invite Takira's longtime friends, Nala and Atasha, to come live with them at The Ranch. They think the Bushrods are being altruistic. The mother and daughter, conflicted but newly obedient to their white hillbilly Owners, actually intend to help seduce, tame, and lesbian train the two young cuties. Can Kalindi Bushrod overcome their age gap and Nala's understandable reluctance and take her for a wild orgasmic ride?

13. RIDDEN HARD IN THE BACK YARD

The two lovely young adult friends, Nala and Atasha, have moved in with the African-American mother and daughter pair, the Bushrods, who they thought were being kind but actually have wicked plans for them at the behest of the Bushrods' white Owners. Daughter Bushrod is out to seduce Atasha but, can she do it in public out at the mall? Mother Bushrod seeks to cement her new sexual control of Nala by taking her for an after-midnight ride in the back yard.

14. DOUBLE SEDUCTION DOUBLE DOMINATION

The mother and daughter team, Kalindi and Takira Bushrod, are reluctant black seductresses controlled by white hillbilly lesbian dommes. They must obey their sexual Owners and seduce and dominate their lovely passionate friends, Nala and Atasha. Now they have to do it at the same time in the same house and they must be more seductive and more dominant than ever before. Can they ensnare their friends despite reluctance, make them sexually submit, and make them ready to be sexual servants to whites?

15. BLACK ON WHITE PONY GIRL LEZDOM

The mother and daughter pair, the Bushrods, have seduced and sexed best friends Nala and Atasha but

not the Owners are arriving! The white hillbilly coeds want fresh mounts! Will the mother and daughter Bushrods continue to cooperate with the Owners against their beloved friends? Will Nala and Atasha fall for it all and fall right into the same interracial sexual trap that the Bushrods are stuck in?

“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 holdout 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.

3. PURSUED BY INTERRACIAL LESBIAN SEDUCTION

The blonde sisters, Maddy and Bailey, have been dominated by black and Asian lesbian seductresses at a run-down massage parlor. But... all good things must come to an end. Or... will they? Maddy and Bailey are pursued by memories of exquisite yet foul pleasures. More than that, they discover that they are literally pursued! Wicked Lai Ping decides to pay the sisters a special visit at their places of work.

4. SUBMISSION TO HER BLACK MISTRESSES

Maddy the blonde bank teller was seduced and dominated at the massage parlor from Hell. Now the muscular black masseuse, Luella, who claims to be Maddy's Mistress, has texted her demanding that she come over to Luella's place to meet some of Luella's friends. Maddy knows an interracial lesbian orgy is in the works. Maddy can't go! She's engaged to be married! But... she also can't not go....

5. SEDUCTION AT THE INTERRACIAL LESBIAN ORGY

Maddy foolishly thought she could avoid being drawn into the orgy of domination and submission. Not so! Instead, she found the black women also seduced several of Maddy's bridesmaids! Now all the loud orgasms and spankings are causing too much noise and a pretty Hispanic woman comes over to complain. That can't go well for the newcomer!

6. CATFIGHTS AT THE INTERRACIAL LESBIAN ORGY

The interracial lesbian orgy is in progress with black on white domination and submission. Mariana, the seduced and dominated Hispanic ex-con who made the mistake of complaining about the noise, discovers her darkly tempting fate. Maddy and the Caucasian females must fight in the nude. They fight to inflict orgasms. Will Maddy fight her own little sister?

Stand Alone books:

ANYTHING SHE WANTS

Juliana goes undercover for a newspaper story as a maid for a rich older woman, Ms. Einhorn. She is told that her mission is to document abusive treatment by the wealthy towards their servants. Juliana she is to obey Ms. Einhorn and do anything she wants in order to draw out Ms. Einhorn's nasty behavior. Juliana takes on the opportunity with enthusiasm but is shocked by Ms. Einhorn's true expectations, Ms. Einhorn's wickedness, and by her own growing submissiveness.

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!

KEEP YOUR PANTIES ON, WHITE GIRLFRIEND

Three black women invite themselves into Haley's home. Opal and Dereka target Haley's friends, Rachel and Sandy, for lesbian seduction and domination. Destiny? Destiny wants to completely change Haley's destiny. Destiny wants to make herself Haley's new Destiny. Can Haley save her

friends from... what they seem to be liking? Might Haley also like what she should not like?

LESBIAN LUST AT THE CASH REGISTER

Mave thinks Julie is really a submissive. But how to make her submit? It's hard to get alone time with Julie so Mave decides on a bizarre way to seduce her. Suddenly Julie's underling is under her at the cash register! Mave decides she will pull off the seduction and domination of Julie while the store is open and customers are in the store! That's not all she'll "pull off".

LESBIAN LUST AT THE CASH REGISTER

Cadence has to supervise a problem employee but she has no idea how big of a problem beautiful Mave really is. Mave thinks that her problem is being horny and she thinks pretty Cadence is the solution to that problem. When they close the store together Mave decides she will become Cadence's new Mistress. Cadence sure will be dismayed! She doesn't even know she's a lesbian! Or a submissive!

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?

TOO CURIOUS ABOUT HER ADOPTED LESBIAN SISTER

Hope is sent home from college to check on her trouble-making adopted lesbian sister. Ruthie the Ruthless! Ruthie has tried to dominate Hope in the past so Hope brings her funny friend Aspen who just happens to also be an orphan and to be a near lookalike to Ruthie. Ruthie has diabolical plans for Hope and Aspen. Surely, they can resist since it's two against one. Surely! Right?

SOMETHING THAT BELONGS TO ME

Louisa's heterosexual roommate, Heidi, brings home from the bar a tall slim woman with dyed red hair. Klara is bold, arrogant, and sexually hungry. Klara is making Heidi do all sorts of crazy sexy things and Klara just won't leave their place. Klara also seems to have plans and expectations for Louisa's involvement! She wants Louisa to also submit to her in every way possible.

Questions, complaints, or suggestions?

Feel free to contact me: jordanchurch@mail.com

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