

IMPOSSIBLE SEDUCTION:

**Lesbians Seduce
Two Beautiful Mothers**



Three Mothers and Six Daughters 3
by Jordan Church

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Two dominant women prey on two sexy moms who know what the wicked women intend but do not know how to resist them

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By Jordan Church

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Have you been to Church today?

Proceed and you can answer “Yes” honestly.

Impossible Seduction: Lesbians Seduce Two Beautiful Mothers

Three Mothers and Six Daughters 3

Two dominant women prey on two sexy moms who
know what the wicked women intend but do not know
how to resist them

Chapter One

“What is your concern, Lydia?” Now that Gretchen was thru with thoroughly sexually using Abigail and had sent the girl on her way it was time to find out what went wrong with Lydia's attempt to dominate the other girl.

“I had that little bitch, Kaia. I totally had her. I got a good taste of her snatch and she sucked me off too.”

“Sounds like you got her. What went wrong?”

“I did have her. I did. I got my cock on and was going to tap that ass. She never would have been the same. I would have fucking owned that bitch.”

“Well, why didn't you?”

“I would have! And there was no way she would have stopped me. I had her on the ropes. Someone was outside the house! Something hit the window!”

“What? A bird? A baseball?”

“It wasn't a baseball and it sure as hell wasn't a bird. Last time I checked birds don't have fucking hands. Unless climate change is causing one fuck of a lot of mutation in the Galapagos Islands and the fucking dread

Blue-Handed Booby flew all the way here from there. Someone was out there. I couldn't see anything because it was dark. But there was a hand-print on the window. Someone hit the window with an open hand. About the size of a chick's hand. I looked out but I couldn't see anyone. Moonless night and all. When I turned around Kaia was back in her swimsuit and I couldn't stop her from leaving. Not unless I used force. Which I almost did.”

Gretchen was pleasantly surprised that Lydia had not used force, “No. You did the right thing. Sounds like you made a lot of progress with her. You'll get her next time. I doubt she'll say anything. I mean, how can she? Complain that she licked your pussy and you licked hers and made her cum? You did make her cum, right?”

“Of course I did! I told you I went down on her.”

“I never doubted your oral skills. All right, she isn't going to tell anyone anything. She might be skittish about being alone with you though. We can deal with that. The greater concern is who was watching, what did they see, and how much of a problem they may be.”

“You think it was the mommy?”

“No. Probably not. Her mother would have pounded down the door. Or jumped through the window like a mommy commando. You know how

protective mothers can be. If they haven't been properly broken down. Well, this is why we have the outside cameras.”

“But it's nighttime.”

“Outside cameras with night vision, remember?”

Chapter Two

The cameras revealed a very sexy Naomi fingering her pussy and cumming while watching Lydia seduce Kaia. It even looked like she came two separate times.

Gretchen laughed when she saw Naomi cum so hard she bounced off a bush and fell down. Even Lydia, still resentful with anyone messing with their evil plot, had to chuckle a little.

Another view showed Naomi and Megan meeting in front of the house after Kaia departed. A little more investigation and other camera views showed a very sexy Megan fingering her pussy and cumming as well while watching Gretchen's early interactions with Abigail before Gretchen pulled Abigail into the house.

Megan had witnessed Gretchen transform Abigail from independent

heterosexual young woman to subservient lesbian sex toy. She had watched it all and had done nothing other than diddle herself.

Gretchen and Lydia could hardly credit their luck. They looked at each other with gleaming eyes and high-fived. Both mothers were obviously highly sexed sluts ripe for the plucking.

If they had spied on their own daughters instead of each others things may have turned out much differently. Nosy bitches! But, as was, they had the two mothers on video acting very indiscreetly. More specifically, like sluts.

The video they had of any of the “models” in the privacy of their own homes was really only useful to detect vulnerabilities, keep tabs, and, of course, as advertising teasers to possible Arab slave buyers.

They could not show off those videos to any of the mothers and daughters because it would let the cat out of the bag, the cat being the fact their new houses had hidden video all over them.

If even one knew then pretty soon all of them would know. Fucking loudmouth gossiping bitches!

The harem broker wanted to be kept current on progress and wanted video of the progress. Probably as proof that Gretchen and Lydia reported

the truth but also to use to increase buyer anticipation. He might even start taking early bids for all Gretchen and Lydia knew.

The videos outside of Gretchen's and Lydia's home were theirs to use and blackmail with as needed. They could excuse that video's existence as due to home security footage.

Gretchen did not think she'd even need to make use of the video for blackmail based on how passionate the two mothers were. Passionate about watching lesbian seduction and lesbian acts!

If they liked watching it so much how much more would they like it when it happened directly to them?

They were ready to be harvested....

An excellent MILF crop ready for lesbian reaping! Ha! They intended to reap the shit out of them!

Gretchen and Lydia watched video, not live but from just a little before, of Kaia going home and retreating to her bedroom. Then of Megan returning home and briefly checking on her.

Clearly there was no mother-daughter heart-to-heart I've-been-through-lesbian-Hell-and-it-made-me-cum style of conversation.

Then they watched video at the Pierson's of Naomi returning home and changing out of her clothes. Gretchen and Lydia agreed the slave-to-be had a great body. Well, all of them did. But it was the most amazing that the three mothers had such beautiful perfect bodies.

It wasn't easy to keep a woman's body in ideal shape into their late thirties. It took a lot of work, exercise, focus, and careful eating. Luckily, all that hard work would not go to waste. They would make fine slaves.

In fact, if not for all that careful attention to health and appearance these mothers and their daughters wouldn't even be in the gated community.

They would have totally missed out on their chance for them and their lovely daughters to experience exotic faraway harem life!

They saw Naomi stay up and seem to get a bit anxious as she waited for Abigail. Abigail returned home and it was clear she was uncomfortable talking with her mother. It was also clear that she obeyed Gretchen's instructions and did not express any concern to her mother. She was even smiling and nodding at times, obviously trying to look enthused.

Gretchen nodded approvingly and winked at Lydia.

They actually had audio but watched it with the volume turned off. They only needed to see the body language and expressions. They found this

sharpened their understanding of each female they watched and made them better at spotting the little tells that everyone has that telegraphed mood and intention.

Once they were caught up they switched over to “live”. Their eyes leaped from view to view, seeking and finding.

There was Abigail asleep. No doubt exhausted. Perhaps dreaming about Gretchen and Lydia dominating her. Her sister Harmony was also sound asleep in her own bedroom.

There was their mother, Naomi Pierson, in bed. It was an ideal view because the camera pointed straight down on her, she had no blanket covering her, and she had her knees up and spread. Those locks on the bedroom doors were the key! That way these women didn't hide under the covers just in case anyone walked in on them.

Naomi wasn't fully naked as she still wore a long-sleeve T-shirt but she was naked below the waist. Her left hand held her labial lips spread while her right hand worked a rather small dildo or vibrator vigorously and as deep as possible in her pussy.

Lydia chortled, “Looks like that Mommy bitch liked what she saw through the window. As in a lasting effect and not just while watching it

live.”

Gretchen agreed, “Yes, a lot. It's one thing to get turned on at the time. Two orgasms! Nice! But here she is back at the house probably replaying the scene in her mind and already masturbating again. She's hot for it.”

“Fuck! She's probably picturing herself with me instead of Kaia. Maybe. Stranger things, right?”

Physically, no one, absolutely no one, would choose Lydia over Kaia. However, some, maybe even many, might choose someone who dominated them like Lydia over someone who batted her eyes and waited to be sexually steamrolled like Kaia.

That gave Gretchen an idea but it was still developing in her head.

Over at the Reynolds household on another monitor Lilliana, the eldest daughter, and Julissa, the middle daughter, were both in bed asleep. Megan Reynolds was downstairs on a couch with one hand down her sweatpants obviously masturbating.

“Her too!” exclaimed Lydia.

“Wow. We sure chose the right all-girl families.”

“Watching you made her hot! Not just then. You fucked her mind.”

“Maybe. She's probably hot over Abigail. That is a pretty little slave.”

“Never know. She doesn't seem like the type to want to boss a girl around. Mothers of daughters basically do that all the time anyway. I think she wants to be bossed. Told what to do and when to do it and how to do it.”

“Maybe. Probably.”

Gretchen was distracted by one of the views in the Reynolds' house and Lydia soon joined her in watching it. There was Kaia in her bedroom and there she was riding that pillow again. She seemed every bit as passionate as the previous night.

Gretchen commented, “Well, she doesn't seem turned off by her encounter with you.”

“Hope not. But maybe she's picturing some asshole guy instead of asshole me.”

They watched for a few minutes, the lower monitor for the Reynolds' house split-screen between Kaia and Megan and the lower monitor at the Pierson residence focused on Naomi alone.

Each gated community family had sixteen camera views and two monitors. The top monitors showed all the views in little boxes. The bottom

monitors showed whatever view or views were selected by tapping the touch screen monitors.

Naomi came first but she didn't stop masturbating. It only paused her briefly and then her hands went back to work with perhaps even more urgency. Her eyes were clenched tight and it looked like she wouldn't notice if a herd of elephants playing tubas stampeded past her.

“Yeah, if we get that one we better keep in mind one orgasm won't win her over. Very orgasmic. Multiples will be required.”

“Sounds fun!” enthused Lydia.

The view of Kaia drew their attention next. She still rode the pillow, really crushing it, but now one hand wondered up her chest. Her fingers found a nipple and pinched firmly. The nipple escaped once during a bounce but then the fingers recaptured it, got a good grip down near the base, and pinched it even tighter. The wild bounces occasionally meant the nipple pulled severely outward from her breast, stretching it to what must have been a painful extent.

Lydia laughed, “That ain't no riding pony pillow. That's a fucking bucking bronco pillow! Yee Haw!”

Gretchen was excited by more than just the exciting sight itself, “Holy

fuck! Lydia! Did you pinch her nipples when you were with her? Tell me you did.”

“Fuck yes.”

“Well, she must have liked it. She's doing it again. She's reliving what you did with her. You've got her Lydia. If you get her alone again she'll snap like a twig. She'll give you anything you want. Or let you take whatever you want more like. In this case her body, mind, and future freedom.”

“Hope so. If the mothers and sisters don't get in our way. If no one calls in the law.”

“No worries, Lydia. First, they won't want to report anything if we do this right. Second, what would they say, the mean women touched us? They'd be too embarrassed and they'd know they have no proof. Not like we're gonna leave semen all over them if they really put up a fight.”

“Or even if they don't.” Both women laughed.

“Third, we have the guards at the gate. We'd have plenty of time to erase any video.”

“What if they discover the cameras and report that?”

“No proof we installed them. They'd think it was the builders or we can just claim it was. That construction company is owned and run by the Arabs. Good luck even finding them.”

“So we either win or at least get away with it.”

“Hell, we already have that Abigail and Kaia is halfway there. Megan and Naomi sure seem ripe for the plucking as well. Don't forget Janelle. She may not know her fate yet but she is locked in. Really, it's just a matter of how much we're going to win.”

“So how do I get Kaia back? She may be hot for it on one level but I think she won't let herself be alone with me either. I can't very well nail her and enslave her if her Mom is chaperoning.”

Gretchen, the strategist of the two, thought she had a plan, “I've been thinking about that. I know I said to go youngest to oldest and we were each going to take one family. But plans change. It's going to be hard to get all those daughters if the Moms are clear-headed. And you're right about Kaia probably being gun-shy around you.”

“So, what are we going to do?”

“Megan will be fascinated by what she saw me do. Naomi is fascinated by you. I mean, who could resist you?”

Lydia made mock preening motions and stuck out her chest like a proud peacock.

Gretchen built on her line of thought, “Let's give them what they want. They each get a photo shoot with the one they finger-banged themselves with while watching. They'll be hot just being near us thinking about what they saw. Then we'll keep them hot and bothered and morally compromised. Too busy with our demands to notice much or for inconsequential things like protecting daughters.”

“Nice! Or, even better, fucking mean! I like it. But what about Kaia?”

“She'd have her guard up around you. I'll get some time with her without Megan knowing – maybe give Megan to the guards for an afternoon or night – or maybe Megan will just assume I won't nail her daughter if she's keeping me satisfied.”

“Hah! As if you could ever be satisfied.”

“Maybe one day. Yeah, I think it will work. I'll be more subtle with Kaia, get her turned on, get her thinking she's a lesbian since she gets hot with two different women, unleash the conquering tongue, get her addicted, then get her trained.”

“You and your 'conquering tongue'. You make me laugh.”

“And we're going to make ourselves rich, too, remember.”

“Oh, I remember all right. Hey, I really did want another crack at Kaia. Or at least a lick at her crack!”

“I'll knock off some of the rough edges and then hand her off to you when the time is right.”

“So we mix and match the Reynolds and the Pierson's?”

“Yes. Targets of opportunity after the mothers. Nail them when you can.”

“Deal.”

Chapter Three

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

Megan wondered if Gretchen was using the same kinds of words she'd used on poor little Abigail. They were in the backyard, pretty much exactly where Gretchen had puppeteered young Abigail the night before. The only difference was the bright daylight of mid-afternoon.

And that Megan, unlike Abigail, came prepared to repel any attempted lesbian seduction.

And, of course, that Megan was a much more mature and world-wise woman than was Abigail.

Megan tried not to show her distrust. She intended to act completely unsuspecting, wait for the woman to make some kind of move, and then shut her down. She planned to act as if it was just a natural course of events and like she'd never seen what Gretchen did with Abigail. Then she'd read Gretchen the riot act. She'd have her excuse then to do so without revealing she'd been peeking at Gretchen and Abigail.

She'd also then have an excuse to go warn all the other families and her own daughters. Not that her daughters really needed any warning. They would never be lesbians or submissive to anyone let alone submissive to a lesbian. A much older lesbian too!

Picturing any of her daughters in the role Abigail filled for Gretchen or that Gretchen made that poor girl fill, in turn filled Megan with dread, horror, disbelief, and a weird feeling very low in her tummy. Some kind of spark that was a slow burn she couldn't seem to put out....

The peeping had been bad enough. A transgression by itself. Megan

could have owned up to that if she really had to. For the sake of protecting the girls, hers and Naomi's. And Brooke's girl as well, of course. But the real shame was in how she had watched and done nothing.

Why hadn't she stopped Gretchen from... taking... that poor girl?

The reason was down there in between her legs. Maybe in her head too.

Time to do what was right.

She planned to wait for Gretchen to cross the line and then she would put her on notice, warn her that her job as a photographer would be at risk if she ever made any further moves on any of the girls. Megan's three girls, Naomi's two girls, or Brooke's girl.

Then she'd also have excusable cause to warn all those girls to brace for and report any attempt at seduction or... dominance... by Gretchen. She would even have cause to discretely supervise each photo session with one of the girls. She'd make it a condition when she put Gretchen on notice.

She wouldn't need to supervise any photo shoots with Naomi or Brooke. They were mature enough, like Megan, to shut down any inappropriate actions by Gretchen.

Either Gretchen would be scared straight – so to speak – or she'd cross the line and she'd be out. Megan would report her to Janelle, and to the other mothers, and together they'd threaten that all the potential mother-and-daughter models would walk out if Gretchen were not replaced.

Megan had no idea Janelle was not in charge of Gretchen. Gretchen was in charge of Janelle.

“So.” Gretchen looked slightly amused, “Do you think you are comfortable with your body?”

“Yes. Of course.”

“Oh, “of course” is it?”

“Yes.”

“We'll see but I doubt that very much.”

“Well, aren't you supposed to take some pictures or something? When do we start?”

“I won't waste photos on an unworthy subject.” Gretchen made a show of putting her digital camera on the palm of a statue's hand. Megan realized she'd seen the camera in the same spot the night before and her mind connected that digital cameras nowadays took video as well as photos.

An electric spark fired in Megan's brain and outrage filled her as she realized that this bitch had probably filmed herself dominating Abigail. She was probably filming Megan right then as the camera was clearly “accidentally” pointed straight at her.

Megan glanced away for a moment to compose herself. She needed to be casual and natural and give away no intimation she knew about Gretchen and Abigail or knew what Gretchen may try. Refusing any advance Gretchen made, refusing it firmly, and seemingly without prior warning, could serve to shake the predator's confidence.

Abigail was legally an adult but Megan still thought of Gretchen as a predator for sexually dominating her. Gretchen was more than double the girl's age, possibly double her weight, and had used her position to work Abigail into a sort of “just-add-water” slave relationship.

She'd gotten the girl barely clothed, vulnerable about her modeling opportunity, all self-conscious, obedient to taking direction, had emphasized cooperation or else failure, and then... just totally took her! Gretchen had even used Abigail's love for her Mom and sister against her by insinuating they also could lose their opportunity if Abigail failed to please Gretchen.

That was predator behavior!

Without the modeling contract and Abigail's obligation to cooperate in having her photos taken there was no way Gretchen would have been able to induce Abigail into any relationship let alone one where she was dominated like that.

Now Megan meant to get Abigail's freedom back and safeguard her own three daughters as well.

She looked at Gretchen with an intentionally placid and cooperative look on her face, “How do I prove myself worthy? Or comfortable with my body?”

“They are the same things actually when it comes to photographing models. Looks is not enough. You need to exude confident sexuality. It sells to both sexes in differing ways. You cannot be worthy unless you can do that and you cannot do that unless you are comfortable with your body. You may be and that will be great. If not, you may still be workable if we can get you into a comfortable state.”

Here it comes, thought Megan. This is her shtick to seduce the unwary. This was how she got her paws on Abigail's perfect breasts and worked her lesbian dominatrix routine from there.

Gretchen walked around Megan. It made Megan feel uncomfortable

knowing her body was being studied. She felt awkward not knowing if she should stand still or turn and face Gretchen. She stood still but then thought about the camera probably filming and felt some redness touch her face.

Gretchen continued from behind her right shoulder, “Another key to great modeling is obedience. Following direction instantly without question. Trusting the photographer entirely to do her job. Conveniently, I can learn if you have both the comfort with your own body and that obedience at the same time.”

“Okaaaaaaay.”

“Take off your swimsuit. Take off everything.”

“But-”

“Someone comfortable with their body would already have their top off. And, by now, someone obedient would also have slid off their bottoms. So far, you are a failure.”

Originally Megan intended to follow Gretchen's directives until it was time for her to spring her trap. It was not yet time for that because this request, as part of a photo shoot and for the reason given, just wouldn't qualify.

So she needed to do it. But it gave her pause to know that the digital camera was almost certainly filming.

She did not want the lesbian to have film of her naked either to be used against her or to be enjoyed by the predator personally and realized she wouldn't have any excuse yet or any right to grab the camera to check it and erase any video.

On the other hand, what if Gretchen did try to take her by force? It seemed unlikely but the woman was clearly quite forceful and quite physically capable. In that case, it might be good to have a record of events. Gretchen could then use the woman's own video against her!

Megan slid off her bikini bottoms first since it was quicker and she wanted to make an impression. Then she tugged the string of the bikini top and pulled it free of its clinging grip on her full breasts. She tried to keep the anger and the frown of concern off her face.

Gretchen shook her head, "You comply. Too slow but, still, compliance. But someone comfortable with their body would do it with a fun-loving smile on their face. Where is your smile, little girl?"

Here it comes, thought Megan, she just called me "little girl" like she did Abigail last night. How patronizing! Also, totally inappropriate for my

age! Really, it's wrong to call any adult woman that!

Megan put a wide model-imitating smile on her face.

Gretchen was hardly satisfied, “Your mouth is smiling but your eyes are not. People will know. Your smile is on the surface but their subconscious will look below the surface. Subliminal.”

Jesus, thought Megan, do young women like Abigail actually buy into that kind of crap?

“What do you want me to do, think about puppies?”

“Why? Do you have sex with puppies?”

“What!?!”

“You need to be sexual. You need to actually feel it or no one who sees your photos will sense it. How can they sense what is not there? It has to actually be there. If puppies do that for you, fine, go for it. Otherwise, let us find another way.”

Here it comes, thought Megan.

Gretchen came up behind her. Megan could feel her breath on her bare collarbone, “Tell me, what actually turns you on? Not puppies, right?”

“Just... regular man and woman stuff. Nothing weird.”

“Too bad. Weirder the better usually. But probably you don't even know what turns you on. Not really. Not in full. Your range of experiences is probably very limited.”

“That's almost a compliment I guess. I don't suppose there are many sluts with a limited range of experiences.”

“I find sluts make the finest possible models. And I find sluts under lots of innocent looking rocks.”

“Well, I'm still not sure what you want me to do.” Megan was feeling very awkward, scared, and hot. Her face was hot with embarrassment and it was a hot sunny day anyway. But those were not the only sources of heat.

There was something about the anticipation of waiting for the predator to strike. About being fully naked outdoors near a stranger who almost certainly sexually desired her. About all of it likely being captured on video by a digital camera.

“Your so-called turn on – “regular man and woman stuff” - is of no use to us in the here and now. There is no man here. There is no man here to do these “regular” things to you. So tell me this. Think about this. Do you like it when a man makes use of your nipples? Fondles your breasts?”

Megan thought it would be a sort of a thought exercise. That maybe Gretchen had been sexually fulfilled with Abigail the night before and had no need for another sexual outlet, at least not yet. Maybe she only liked young women.

She'd have Megan imagine a man pulling on her nipples or whatever and take her photos and not make a pass at her. Megan felt a perfectly even blend of relief and disappointment at the thought.

“Yes. I like it when a man does that.”

“Good. Well, we cannot possibly simulate a man and we cannot depend on your imagination as your sexual pastimes appear far too “regular” anyway. But we can recreate the physical act that drives some physical pleasure in you. And that will project into the camera. Once we get you into the right state we will pop you back into your bikini, take the pictures, and, voila, a great model is born.”

Facing away from Gretchen, Megan allowed her eyes to widen. *Holy shit, here it comes*, thought Megan.

This time she was finally right.

“Hold still now.”

Just like that Gretchen reached around Megan's chest and plucked at Megan's prominent nipples. They pulled out and bounced back in place. Gretchen did it again and again. They increased in size and redness.

Megan opened her mouth to say something. But what? Gretchen had more or less told her what she was going to do so she really was not taking liberties. So Megan could not very well scold her.

Not now. Not yet.

Megan closed her mouth as the nipple plucking continued.

Megan did not try to move away.

Gretchen moved in closer and allowed her own clothed chest to brush against Megan's bare back. Her biceps pressed against the sides of Megan's arms pinning them against Megan's ribs. This was tactical on Gretchen's part and it worked.

Megan felt... encompassed... overwhelmed... helpless.

Gretchen moved each of her hands to the base of Megan's breasts, encircled them as much as she could even with her big hands, and then pushed the flesh slow and firm outward to the nipples. Once at the nipples she briefly and sharply tweaked them and tugged them, and then began back

at the base of the breasts.

This was a little technique she'd picked up long ago. It pushed blood into the nipples, expanding them and heightening sensitivity. More than that, it was like milking a cow. In her experience it put the recipient into a strange aroused but docile state. It made the entirety of each breast into an erogenous zone.

Megan was nonplussed. It was almost as if Gretchen was milking her. Of course, she was long past her lactating days when she'd had her girls. It wasn't like she would start squirting milk. But it was very disconcerting. Most of all because, being honest with herself, it felt pretty good. Well... very good. Her nipples felt huge and rock hard. She did not dare look at them.

Really, Megan did not dare do anything at that moment. Even with Gretchen 'milking' her and pulling on her nipples it still wasn't like she had her caught making a pass or anything. Megan couldn't really say for sure if this was some kind of modeling technique. It could be standard for all she knew.

Megan felt herself relaxing. Her eyes were losing their focus. Sight, normally the dominant sense, was taking a back seat to touch. She almost

couldn't feel her feet. There was just too much sensation from her breasts. She had no idea when was the last time her nipples had been so hard and so sensitive. Years? Decades? Never?

Gretchen started to really maul the big breasts. She was working them powerfully. She wanted to taste those red nipples. Suck and bite them. But she had to be very careful. Megan had seen her with Abigail.

Megan was clearly both straight and straight-laced. And she must be on guard. It would be best to get her worked up further, as much as possible, before making any undeniable move on her.

“I'm not sure this is working. I'm not sure you have enough passion below the surface to be a great model.” Gretchen managed to say it in a serious tone.

Not working? It was obviously working great. As obvious as those two fat hard nipples. Gretchen knew, though, that no woman liked to have their passion questioned. This challenge would help set Megan on the path Gretchen wanted her to go down.

“Oh.” Megan didn't feel like talking intelligently at that moment. Didn't even feel capable of it actually. She was a bit offended and confused. Didn't Gretchen see her fat hard nipples? Even if she couldn't see them over

her shoulder – Megan felt her breath very near her right ear – then, Hell, she must be feeling their hardness every time she yanked on them. Or twisted them. Or squeezed them.

“Tell you what, little girl. Here's another great trick for getting in the right mood for a great photo shoot. Dirty talk. Has a man ever talked dirty to you? Many do. Did you like it ? Most women do. I'll talk dirty and you do your best to picture what I tell you.”

“Yeah.” That word was about all Megan wanted to risk. She was struggling to hold in gasps and moans that really really wanted to come out.

“Alright, I'll go first.. You have these all day sucker nipples. Suck or pinch. All day pinch nipples. How many hours do you think you could stand there getting your nipples pinched before you cum?” Gretchen punctuated her comment with dual sharp pinches of the nipples.

Megan finally opened her mouth in a gasp that surprised her and gratified Gretchen.

On the way to closing her mouth back up Megan let out a moan. She was so embarrassed. She could not help but think that it was all being captured on video and that the video would have audio as well.

“You like that, huh? Like a good hard nipple pinching, don't you?

Classic slut characteristic. You're a nipple slut.”

Megan could hardly believe the words breathed into her ear. The woman was nasty. She had no qualms in what she said. Megan wondered what she'd say next. If she was honest with herself she was eager to hear it.

“I'm going to pinch them again. Harder this time. I'll do it for you, nipple slut, but you'll owe me for pinching them the way you love. I want to hear you panting with lust when I do it. I'll tell you what, the louder you are the harder I'll pinch them next.”

Megan barely had time to wonder dazedly if she somehow had enough reason to call Gretchen to task as planned. And then to wonder how she'd allowed herself to get into this situation.

One thing she now knew to do though. To be quiet! She wouldn't make those sounds that Gretchen wanted to hear that would cause harder pinches. Megan sure did not want to be “rewarded” with even worse pinches.

It was in her own hands whether or not she got extra hard pinchings. But, her nipples were in Gretchen's hands really....

Gretchen, true to her word, pinched quite a bit harder this time. Pain shot from each nipple down into the root of each breast and up into Megan's brain. This time she loudly sucked in air in shock. Still pinching, Gretchen

pulled both nipples straight forward and out, further than Megan ever would have guessed they could go. She could not help it. She let out a little gasping wail.

Gretchen grinned and released the nipples which snapped back into place. Only then did Megan realize she'd made quite a noise when she should have been quiet as a mouse.

Her nipples felt achy but in a weirdly good way. Megan realized her pussy was a wet mess as well. There was a different sort of ache going on down there. Sort of a needy ache. When had that happened?

Things seemed to be going too fast for Megan.

“Nipple slut wants more, does she? Harder? Your nipples can take it?”

Megan wished she could speak to stop it but she did not dare to talk. She wasn't sure what she'd actually say or what to say. She wasn't sure if she could talk sensibly. All she could do was brace herself for more.

Gretchen grabbed each nipple with her pincer fingers as hard as before but added a half turn twist while stretching them way out.

“Ahhhhh ahhhhh ahhhhhhhhh!” was Megan's most eloquent response. She had to look down to make sure her nipples were still connected to her

breasts. They were. What she could see of them on either side of the fingers was blazing red with angry irritation.

“What...”, Gretchen pulled her nipples, “...a...”, Gretchen twisted them even further at the end of the pull, “...slut!” Gretchen pinched as hard as she could to punctuate her sentence before releasing the nipples. Looking over Megan's shoulder she delighted in the nipples snapping back to breast center and bouncing to and fro in the waves of soft flesh. Megan's pained and aroused moans were music to her ears.

“I bet your slut pussy is as wet as a water slide. It is, isn't it?”

What could Megan say? She didn't want to lie but telling the truth wasn't an option either.

“I, ah, um, don't know.”

There! Megan felt slightly victorious. She'd done it! She had neither lied nor told the truth.

Well... actually... yeah, she had lied, hadn't she? She did know her pussy was wet... no matter how dry she wished it was.

“What kind of dumb slut doesn't know when her own pussy is wet? It must be wet all the time then. Which does make you a slut.”

Megan hated how Gretchen was talking to her and treating her. And she hated that her nipples were so sensitive and her pussy was so wet. But, most of all, she hated that Gretchen's foul talk and mistreatment were the actual source of her own arousal.

It wasn't just the physical things Gretchen was doing to her. Something about how Gretchen had intentions for her, bad intentions, and was taking liberties with her. Something about that somehow turned her on!

It made no sense. It was wrong. But it was true.

She felt like a damsel in distress who knew no one would save her. Horrified, scared, and a little bit looking forward to learning what came next....

Gretchen began 'milking' her breasts again, starting at their base and then pushing the blood towards the tips. Megan's breasts felt swollen and her nipples felt like they would burst. Her breasts felt heavy and Gretchen's hands felt heavy on them.

She felt like she'd start squirting milk like way back when she breast fed the girls and went too long without a feeding. She'd done it once on purpose just to shock and amuse her husband. Right into the kitchen sink!

She knew that actually producing milk wasn't possible now of course.

If there had been any milk in her breasts today it would have already been squeezed out by what Gretchen was doing!

Still, it felt like she was being milked vertically by Gretchen. Megan, with desperate humor, thought that if she had to get Gretchen fired and her photography career was ruined that Gretchen might do quite well re-employed on a dairy farm.

“Come on, nipple slut. You can tell me. Are you wet? Is your slut pussy all wet?”

What to say? What to say? Megan could not make up her mind. What little 'mind' she could scrape together at that moment.

“No keeping secrets from your photographer, slut. Since you won't tell me I'll have to find out on my own. Take matters into my own hands so to speak.”

Megan's eyes widened in alarm. Did she mean what Megan thought she meant!?!

She did.

Chapter Four

Gretchen's right hand released Megan's breast and slid down her side. Slowly. Confidently.

Megan had time to think, “I should say something. I have to say something and stop her. I'm not like Abigail. She can't just--.”

Gretchen's hand slid down through Megan's ass crack and did not pause. It took Megan's pussy from behind. She changed her steady pace in preference to rushing three fingers right into Megan's pussy.

Megan gasped and rose up in a forlorn attempt to avoid the already completed penetration. The three inserted fingers briefly simply traveled with her pussy before Megan came back down. Her escape attempt ended up making the fingers drive just a bit further up her pussy.

Damn the wetness in her pussy! That slick wetness had made it far too easy for Gretchen's fingers to gain full access to Megan's pussy. Hoisted on her own... wait, no, hoisted up on Gretchen's fingers!

Thoughts that she should “say something” to Gretchen were discarded at least for the moment. She could not trust what she would say and it would

do no good anyway. There was nothing she could say that would make Gretchen stop. Her pussy was wet as could be and there was no denying it.

Everything Gretchen had done she'd done with some excuse for it or with some semblance of permission from Megan. Megan had nothing on her but Gretchen had three fingers up inside her!

When Megan closed her eyes all she could feel was overwhelming pleasure. Inappropriate. Totally wrong. Undeniable.

Gretchen jammed her fingers up and down in Megan's pussy like she'd been working it for years and she knew the intimate territory intimately. Every upward jam was punctuated by gasps, groans, and moans from Megan.

Megan could not fathom how it felt so incredibly good even as Gretchen attempted to fathom the depth of her pussy.

This whole situation was just... just so... so....

Naked. In public. In a private backyard with tall fences but it still felt public. Alone with some dominant lesbian she'd just seen less than a day before totally dominate a young woman.

Then the breast fondling and nipple plucking and now three fingers up

her pussy. Not just in her pussy. They were active fingers! They moved further in, a bit out, back in.

Gretchen was... was... was... she was finger fucking her! A triple finger fuck!

This wasn't modeling!

Gretchen's other hand released her left breast but this one went up instead of down. She meant to get a handful of that blonde hair but, on the way, her hand ran into Megan's open gasping mouth. So she grabbed her lower jaw and used that as a handle to pull Megan's head down and forward.

“Bend, bitch.” Gretchen got Megan's body at right angles with her head the same height as her pussy.

Megan would normally protest the foul language – and the others ways Lydia was treating her as well! – but everything was far from normal. Gretchen had established a premise for why such language was necessary and allowed. Megan would need to re-set those lines, wished she could, but she didn't have the strength of focus or the strength of will right then to make that happen.

Of course, that hand in her mouth made communication impossible. She'd never given permission for that, explicit or implicit.

She could bite it... but she didn't have the desire to do that. She did have other desires it seemed....

Forcing Megan to bend over gave Gretchen's hand better access to Megan's pussy but that was not enough for Gretchen.

“Spread those legs and stick your slutty ass out.”

Megan could not summon any will to resist Gretchen's will. Obeying was the greatest effort she could summon. So she spread her legs an extra foot and pushed her butt as high as she could.

Gretchen was not satisfied. She pulled her fingers out to deliver a resounding slap to Megan's ass. Her pussy juice drenched fingers shot little droplets of pussy juice across Megan's ass cheeks. She knew one slap was plenty but she didn't give a damn. She gave Megan three more each one more harsh than the one before it.

By the end of the sudden attack Megan was nearly screaming or trying to. Gretchen stopped and looked furtively at the wooden yard walls. Best not to get too loud. Better to take down these bitches one at a time and keep the rest unsuspecting until it was their time to submit.

Luckily she still had her hand halfway in Megan's mouth so that muffled some of the sound. But the privacy fence was earning its keep as

well.

“From now on when I tell you to spread your legs you will spread your legs like the slut you are not like some prim girl at Sunday school.”

Megan tried to calm her breathing. What should she do? She couldn't talk with that hand partially in her mouth. She didn't dare bite it. If she did, the larger woman would possibly spank her to death if such a thing was possible.

It seemed her choices were to either obey or to be spanked some more....

Megan moved each foot another foot further apart, hesitated, and then moved them even further.

Megan's ass still thrummed with stinging pain. She felt resigned to her fate. For the moment. She would have to comply until Gretchen let her go. She could pick up the pieces and figure out what to do after that. Maybe just pack up and leave with her girls. Not even wait a single night.

Gretchen's hand returned to Megan's pussy and rubbed confidently. She just helped herself. Megan's enslavement was literally in the palm of her hand.

“Your pussy is soooo wet, Megan the tit slut. So. Fucking. Wet.”
With each word Gretchen thrust three fingers hard into Megan's pussy,
“You. Love. This. Don't. You?”

Megan couldn't really answer with the fingers of Gretchen's other hand filling her mouth. Even so Gretchen made Megan answer by jerking her head by the mouth handle up and down as if Megan was nodding in vigorous agreement.

Megan wanted to tell Gretchen to stop. She wanted to tell her how offended she was. She wanted to get out of this situation. But, more than that, more than all that, she now wanted to orgasm. More than anything else.

Megan's resistance collapsed. She could not even keep in mind she was supposed to resist. None of that mattered anymore. She slammed her pussy backward into Gretchen's hand, rutting against the hand wantonly. She rolled her pussy up against Gretchen's big hand again and again as fast as possible.

Gretchen smiled down at Megan's reactions. Her smile was patronizing and amused like someone smiling at a pet doing a cute little trick. She pulled her hand out of Megan's mouth. She could tell there was no need to keep the slut from talking any longer.

In fact, it would be useful to get her talking now that she would be

saying what Gretchen wanted to hear. And what potential buyers of Megan and her girls would want to hear as well....

Gretchen jammed four fingers at once up Megan's slick hot pussy and used her powerful arm to slightly raise Megan. Megan groaned loud and beautifully. Gretchen used her other hand to grab Megan's shoulder and pull her up a little, then used both hands, one partly inside Megan, to push her towards the statue with the camera in the palm of its hand.

The statue was of a Satyr-like figure with goat legs, a wave of stone “cloth” covering its groin, and a bare upper body. The videotaping digital camera was in the upper hand at about shoulder level. Gretchen moved it down to the platform the other hand formed with its fingertips lightly making contact with the statue's waist. She angled it for a view of the front of the statue's pelvis... and anything – anyone – in front of it.

Gretchen used her free hand to place Megan's hands one at a time on each side of the Satyr's ass. Understandably, Megan looked confused.

“Tit slut, your slutty behavior has obviously made our friend here hard. Lick that statue cock through his loin cloth. Give him a little relief or at least try.”

Megan craned her neck around to look questioningly at Gretchen.

“Do it, you wench. Now!” Gretchen machine-gunned her four grouped fingers in and out of Megan's loose wet pussy.

Megan turned back to the statue and looked at its groin. Gretchen wasn't sure if Megan was trying to formulate an argument, trying to decide what to do, or trying to figure out exactly where she should lick. The loin cloth on the statue was discrete. There was no obvious or even not obvious trace of any erection or even genitalia. Gretchen hadn't been able to find a statue like that and it would have stuck out like a hard cock at the backyard barbecue the day before anyway... because of its hard cock.

Gretchen saw Megan glance at the recording camera just inches from her face. So that meant the bitch was aware the event was being recorded. Gretchen did not view that as a problem. It would be unspoken leverage. She may not ever need to make actual threats to obtain Megan's full cooperation. It was all so much sexier that way. Easier too.

She knew Megan Reynolds had come here on her guard, ready, and likely even looking forward to shutting down Gretchen. The fact she'd finger-banged herself in the woods the night before while watching didn't mean she'd be open to lesbian sex. Or, if she was, then not with someone as young as Abigail or someone as not so attractive as Gretchen.

Even so, Gretchen had her. Had her in hand. Literally.

With her fingers working Megan's pussy, making that flesh flower bloom out there in the garden, there was nothing Megan was going to be able to do about, well, anything.

Gretchen figured she could probably tell Megan right here and now that she planned to enslave Megan and her daughters and sell them off to Arabs and Megan would almost certainly just keep rolling her pussy up trying to get those big Gretchen fingers as deep as possible.

After the sex, though, Megan would still take her family and run. Total domination, long lasting domination, took time and effort.

Rome wasn't built in a day!

Gretchen wasn't actually going to test that theory that she could tell Megan the fate she had planned for her and her daughters and still get her to cooperatively fuck away and cum. No need. Gretchen had other plans.

“Go on, tit slut. Lick his crotch. Make him happy.”

Megan tried to turn her head to look at Gretchen but Gretchen would have none of that. Gretchen used her non-pussy soaked hand to shove Megan's face against the marble statue. Hard. The message was clear. Obey

or pay the price.

Still shoving her pussy hard against Gretchen's hand as if her body and head were two separate beings, she hesitatingly brought her lips to the statue's groin. She timidly licked.

Gretchen watched with interest. She could order Megan to pretend enthusiasm but then Gretchen might never know for sure how real her passion became. She'd order it if she had to but decided to wait and let nature takes its course.

Megan soon found it impossible to be two creatures at once. The passionate one bouncing her pussy on those fingers and the mortified one licking lightly at the stone. One of them had to take over. At this point her pussy was much more in charge than her mind.

Gretchen was gratified when Megan gradually began licking in greater sweeps and with passionate boldness. The expression on Megan's face changed. Soon there was no remaining evidence of hesitation.

Megan's face was red but it was the red of passion, not embarrassment. Her tongue was fully out and swept up and down the stone loin cloth as if it actually thought it could find a cock in there. Spit ran down Megan's jaw and soon glistened all over the white marble crotch.

The sun baking down likely made Megan even more lightheaded. That stone groin was likely hot from the sun as well. It probably felt hotter to Megan than an actual human crotch.

Gretchen thought, "Lick hot stone you hot bitch!"

Gretchen had a philosophy that hot looking chicks were a resource to be exploited. Just like gold or timber or coal. She intended to exploit the fuck out of this resource.

And the resource's daughters as well! All three of them!

Gretchen rewarded Megan's newfound enthusiasm by vigorously jamming her four fingers in and out. She pummeled that pussy.

Megan eventually welcomed that treatment with a tremendous orgasm. Her belly tightened and flexed, her ass jiggered her pussy down on the fingers, and her mouth stopped its licking to release a loud drooling wail of abandon.

The orgasm went on for nearly half a minute. Megan's pussy tightened and cramped with exquisite pleasure and a runnel of liquid ran down the inside of one of Megan's legs. Her arms weakened and released the Satyr's sides.

Gretchen pulled her fingers out of Megan's pussy. Megan slid down into an awkward naked heap at the cloven hooves of the Satyr statue.

Chapter Five

Gretchen smiled down at Megan in relaxed triumph. She didn't doubt that the orgasm Megan had just had was one of the best or even the best orgasm of Megan's experienced life.

She hadn't gotten those three daughters through immaculate conception of course. But this was a real powerful orgasm. If Megan normally orgasmed that way then Gretchen figured she would have been some sex addict long ago instead of only soon to be one which was what Gretchen had planned for her.

Gretchen always wanted obedience but she scorned threats and blackmail as much as she could. She preferred the force of her will, her dominant personality, and getting the subject/victim off balance, getting them to think of themselves ever so differently, and, especially, getting them

hooked on pleasure.

That way everyone came out winners. Most of all Gretchen but, still....

That's why Gretchen looked at that powerful orgasm as a big win. Another big win in less than twenty-four hours. First Abigail Pierson and now Megan Reynolds.

Lydia was going to be so competitively jealous! Ha ha!

Gretchen leered down at the naked blonde mother. Her hair was a disheveled mess and wetness streaked the woman's legs. Gretchen loved the look and decided to add to it. She raised her wet pussy-invading hand and tilted it until a few drops of pussy juice slipped off her fingers and lost themselves in Megan's bright hair. Megan did not notice.

Gretchen picked up the camera and started taking photos. She left the digital audio on intentionally so it made artificial clicking sounds with each shot. She definitely wanted Megan to know these photos were being taken and would be in her possession.

Megan perked up a little and briefly raised a hand in mute protest. But it fell away and she lay there with hair mostly covering her face. A good strategy though Gretchen doubted it was a conscious one. Not that Gretchen was going to put up with that sort of thing.

“None of that now. Get your slut hair off your slut face and give Mistress Gretchen a big happy slut smile.”

Megan froze a little at the word “Mistress”. Was that what this bold woman thought she was to Megan? She was not, of course. Could not be.

Megan had three wonderful daughters to take care of. But Megan found she was much too tired and cowed to clear up this “Mistress” misunderstanding just yet.

Megan sat up. She leaned back on the statue's stone fur legs. Pushed her golden hair up and back and away from her face. Peered up.

Gretchen and Gretchen's camera peered back at her. Megan did not feel like smiling. Resentment was roaring up in her.

But Megan did not feel like protesting or disobeying either. It did not even seem possible that she could.

Megan wondered what Mistress Gretchen would do to her if she refused. Then she wondered why she was mentally calling her “Mistress” Gretchen. Ridiculous. Then she wondered what would happen with these photos. Megan was entirely naked so it wasn't like Mistress Gretchen could use them as traditional modeling shots.

Megan pursed her lips and shook her head. She'd done it again: mentally called Gretchen “Mistress” Gretchen. It was just ridiculous.

She wouldn't call her that if Gretchen asked her to so why was she calling her that in her head?

Megan realized there was already plenty of evidence in that camera of her being a “slut”. A little more would make no never mind. Maybe she could lull Gretchen into relaxing and that would afford Megan an opportunity to walk out with the camera. She'd get Gretchen all confident and then she'd scoop up that camera and be off quick as she could.

Would she get her clothes on first or would she just go naked? She doubted Gretchen would just stand there as she got dressed. But, it would shock her daughters if she arrived home naked. That and... wet with juices.

She'd have to decide on that later. Right then she had some lulling to do.

Megan looked up and gave a wide award-winning style of smile. She leaned her head slightly right and then a little lopsided to the left while Gretchen snapped shot after shot.

“Stick your fingers in your slut hole.”

Megan hesitated but only because for a moment she wasn't sure what Mistress Gretchen meant by “slut hole”. She decided it was most likely her pussy and not her mouth. She slid a finger up her pussy. She gasped in surprise at how good it felt to do that. It never felt that way on her own. Not so quickly after an orgasm at least.

This Mistress Gretchen character had somehow made her hyper-sexual. It was scary... and exhilarating.

“Fingers slut. Plural. Fucking plural!”

Megan quickly slid another finger inside herself next to the first.

“More plural slut. More.”

Megan slid a third finger in and looked up at Gretchen for approval. Gretchen's face looked neutral so Megan, with a moan, managed to get her fourth finger up her pussy.

It didn't feel like how it did when she masturbated. She almost never put in more than two fingers during masturbation.

It did feel very much like what Gretchen had just done to her though. However, Megan's four fingers were not nearly as large as Mistress Gretchen's four fingers.

Gretchen looked satisfied and, for some reason, Megan felt a glow of happiness at that. She figured it must just be because of her fingers stretching her slick pussy lips. She had to admit it did feel good. Good? It felt great.

Even as she flushed with embarrassment as Gretchen snapped more photos Megan somehow felt grateful to the woman for making her do this. This and everything before this.

Gretchen was bold and confident enough to tell Megan what was going to happen next, "I'm going to switch this over to video. Let you put on a little tit slut show. You finger that pussy, work your body, give yourself all sorts of fun. But no orgasm! Talk like a nasty tit slut should talk. Tell the viewer what you are feeling, what you would be willing to do, what you are. Then, once you think you've done a good enough job you can ask your Mistress for permission to orgasm. If you ask too soon or without following orders the answer will be no and you'll be sent home with no orgasm and without being allowed to have one until I say so. Maybe tomorrow. Maybe next week. All right, here we go."

Gretchen flicked it over into video mode. At first Megan did not move. Her fingers were still up her pussy but they were not really moving or thrusting. Megan looked scared to make any move. Obeying and disobeying each had perils.

Mentally she was at an impasse so her pussy made up her mind for her. Without conscious thought it ground up against her fingers. The spark was lit, her pussy roared with pleasure, and the inferno would not be stopped.

Without a conscious decision Megan began jamming her gathered fingers hard into her bouncing pussy. She couldn't help herself. She looked up with hooded eyes at the camera and Gretchen behind it. She groaned and spread her legs wide. Her ass slapped down against the stone and back up to impale her pussy on her fingers.

A distant, separate, part of herself, an observer, said there was no going back now. Looking at the camera and spreading her legs she realized she was playing to the camera. And playing into Gretchen's hands.

She was... handing herself over to this virtual stranger she did not like, did not trust, and now feared....

Why...?

Her pussy told her to....

Gretchen pulled one hand away from the camera and made a talking motion with her thumb flapping up against her downward flapping fingers. It helped Megan recall Gretchen's instructions. She'd given them only moments before but it was hard for Megan to keep anything other than her needy pussy

in mind.

She'd never been a talker during sex. She'd also always looked down on the use of profanity. Profanity seemed to go hand in hand with sex talk and so she therefore avoided it.

She might say something a little naughty, usually just before sex or even to instigate it, something like “Let's fuck”, just to pleasingly shock her husband. She'd usually wink along with the naughty comment. Those few times.

Nasty talk during sex she always thought was more for sluts. Women who lost control during sex.

This wasn't going to be like the heterosexual sex she'd known to this point. Apparently lesbian photographers had different expectations than men. It seemed harder to fulfill their expectations but it also seemed like maybe the reward was appropriately more fulfilling.

Megan realized it was time for her to learn a new trick. She looked straight at the camera lens.

“I'm... masturbating. I'm... really turned on. I've got four fingers up my pussy. I wish I could fit even more. I really really want to cum. I'd do almost anything to cum. Oh, yeah, and I'm a tit slut.”

Gretchen was far from satisfied. Megan did not sound natural and genuine. She wanted, expected, and demanded sincerity. But she knew these things took time and maybe a sense of urgency. A bit more motivation to break that slut out of where ever this Megan Reynolds had her inner slut buried.

She'd let the tit slut get closer to an orgasm, much closer, and then hear what she had to say.

Megan thought she'd done a pretty good job with her sex talk until she saw the look on Gretchen's face. She wasn't sure what to do but her hand was certain in jamming those four fingers up into herself and her pussy was adamant it needed and intended to achieve an orgasm.

She felt herself getting very close. It wasn't just those four thrusting fingers. Or the fingers of her other hand tweaking and plucking at her fat nipples. Or the thumb pad of that hand pressing and sliding on her clitoris. They were significant factors but not the only ones.

Megan, even with part of her mind lost to lust, found that knowing she was being videotaped, knowing she was performing for a terrible person, and knowing she was being forced to compromise herself all served to launch her arousal to previously unknown heights. She could not understand or analyze

it.

As she sunk to these depths of debasement and defeat her lust contrarily rocketed upward.

“May I orgasm?”

Gretchen gave her an “Are you shitting me?” look and Megan knew she'd have to do more to earn the orgasm. She'd have to dig deeper even as her own fingers dug deeper in her pussy. She'd have to embrace her lust and let it speak freely through her.

“Please let me orgasm. I'm begging you! I'm a... filthy stupid tit slut. Just... please!”

Mistress Gretchen still did not look satisfied. Oh God, Megan realized she was very close to cumming. She should pull her fingers out. Except she couldn't. Her pussy had demands. She had to get really nasty in her talk. And make Mistress Gretchen think she'd totally won her.

Just some temporary cooperation to get what she wanted. What she needed. Sure, the “temporary cooperation” was totally permanently compromising but.... she just had to....

“I'm a stupid horny slut, a tit slut, with a nasty pussy that just wants to

cum and cum. I'm yours Mistress Gretchen! Let me orgasm and I'm all yours. I'll do anything for you. My cunt is your cunt! It belongs to you and so does the rest of me.”

Gretchen gave her a slight smile, a nod, and made a “keep it rolling” motion with her free hand.

Megan felt weirdly gratified that she was pleasing her Mistress Gretchen. It wasn't quite enough though and Megan really needed her cum. Damn, her Mistress was such a demanding hard to please bitch!

Well... she would just have to try harder to rise to Mistress Gretchen's expectations that she completely lower herself morally and in self-respect.

“I'm your tit slut. I'm all yours. My pussy is yours. Please let your pussy come. I'll do anything for you. I love you.”

Megan's already flushed face reddened further when she realized what she'd said. The words had just poured out without thought. She didn't mean them, of course, and she didn't know why she'd said them. She didn't mean anything she said right then.

Did she? She wasn't sure. Some of what she said was true. She felt possessed by Gretchen, subject to her whim. And she did feel incredibly horny like a simple slut with no other real personality.

Gretchen wasn't surprised. She was an expert at producing incredible states of arousal in dumb bitches like this one. At getting them to do things they'd never thought of doing or, if they had, would think they would only do it for someone they loved and then maybe only on a special occasion.

Gretchen put them in a state even their greatest lovers (who usually had not been so great anyway) had never brought them to. Their minds played tricks on them and sometimes they thought they were in love. Given a little time they really would be.

Which would make Megan so much easier to control. Gretchen was pleased.

Dumb bitch!

Gretchen knew Megan Reynolds wasn't really at all dumb and likely had a higher I.Q. than her. However. With passion came stupidity. It was like their I.Q. was stored in their pussy juice. It just ran right out of them.

Gretchen also just liked thinking about her victims as being stupid because then they deserved what came to them and she had a right to do as she pleased to them and not feel bad.

To Gretchen it justified, after the fact, whatever she did.

Like, you know, fucking their daughters or, you know, selling them off to Arabs.

Thus, anyone Gretchen dominated became, in her mind, a dumb stupid idiot.

It was like cows and chickens and pigs. Why was it okay for humans to totally control them and even eat them? Simply because they were not as intelligent as humans! Just that. That was all that was needed. If they aren't smart you can do as you please and feel just fine about it.

If intelligent pigs from another planet landed on Earth no one would eat them. Well, maybe not no one. But it would certainly be looked down upon.

Megan's lips trembled, her finger thrusts became awkwardly urgent, and her voice quavered, "Anything for you. My pussy will do anything for you. I'll do anything for you!"

Gretchen looked like she expected more and Megan was barely able to recall and follow the rest of Gretchen's instructions, "Please, Mistress Gretchen. Please let your filthy stupid tit slut orgasm."

Gretchen gave her a silent thumbs up sign and Megan whirled into a sloppy butt-bouncing orgasm for the ages.

All recorded in stunning clarity for posterity.

And for advertising for the future purchase by Arabs of the woman.

Or for blackmail if that was ever needed. Which Gretchen sincerely doubted would be needed.

Or just maybe inspiration for Megan's daughters to let out their inner sluts just like their mom if Gretchen decided to get them hot and bothered by showing them the video of Mom.

Chapter Six

Gretchen enjoyed the sight of Megan writhing about on the unforgiving stone for a full minute. At the end of the orgasm Megan slouched naked against the statue's base with eyes closed. It gave Gretchen time to go inside and put away the camera.

She didn't need it any more for right now. She hadn't really needed it all that much anyway as the backyard was, of course, covered by cameras

recording 24/7 except that the handheld camera was so much higher quality. The Arabs were used to high quality everything after all. High quality electronics, high quality cars, and high quality slave pussy.

She wouldn't want them to think she was running some kind of fly-by-night operation.

She was tempted to go listen at the door to the hot tub to see how Lydia was progressing with Naomi. If she was progressing. She sure hoped so as she knew how frustrated Lydia could become. No one liked a grumpy Lydia!

Of course, a slave prospect like Naomi was worth a lot of money as well. Matched with her daughter, Abigail, her value would multiply. Specifically, times eight, from half a million as a single to two million each for a matched pair of family members.

Gretchen thought about Abigail, closed her eyes, and licked her lips recalling that skinny vixen. So far making women into slaves and potentially making millions of dollars had been quite rewarding. But it could all easily unravel.

She'd need to keep Megan and Abigail on the ropes with frequent submission until it became standard and fully accepted by them. Accepted to

the point of being expected and then, beyond that, to being needed.

It would be delicate, maybe even impossible, to keep all the rest ignorant until it was time for each of those dominoes to fall as well.

She'd better get back to Megan. Lydia would tell her all about Naomi later on anyway. And she'd watch it on video. Unlike the large backyard with the wider views the hot tub area had a couple really good camera views.

Gretchen found Megan right where she'd left her and felt a rush of relief. She felt a little silly that she'd worried at all. What could the woman have done anyway, stagger down the sidewalk nude and wet with perspiration and pussy juice?

Megan opened her eyes at the sound of Gretchen's approaching steps. She felt so strange. Physically exhausted but... somehow flying high from that last orgasm.

She wondered though. Was it the “last” orgasm or would it be more appropriate to call it the “most recent orgasm”? Did Gretchen want to do more or was it all done?

Megan knew she should want this event to be over and done. She should.

She also knew that simply was not the case.

Megan looked up at the big woman partially blocking out the sun. Surely she'd want... something.... Like maybe having her pussy licked?

Megan felt grossed out by the idea even as her mouth watered.

She couldn't even tell if she wanted to do something like that, wanted it a lot, or totally did not want to do it. It was one or the other but she couldn't tell which extreme it was. It felt like it could be a curse or it could be a blessing.

Maybe such a thing with this dominant big woman would be both at once....

“Time to please your Mistress, tit slut.”

“Um, what do you mean? How?”

Gretchen laughed, “You know how. Do a good enough job and I'll let you have another orgasm.”

Yes, Megan did know how. Or at least she assumed she knew what the woman wanted. She'd never done... that... before but it didn't take a rocket scientist to figure out what the dominant might want.

Megan felt a weird shiver that was not from cold. She thought there might be a lot of things this woman was going to want. And she didn't think she was going to be able to deny her any of them, whatever she wanted and whether or not her own wants lined up with this woman's.

Megan got up on her knees and managed to get in position right in front of Gretchen. Her face was just a foot from Gretchen's pussy and Megan could smell it even though it was still covered. It smelled ripe. Overly ripe. She wondered if Gretchen had showered since she... took... Abigail.

Abigail had licked this same pussy, hadn't she? Abigail's saliva was probably all up inside it!

The idea was disgusting.

The idea also made her feel... competitive. No doubt Mistress Gretchen would compare Megan's pussy licking to Abigail's pussy licking.

What if Mistress Gretchen thought Abigail did it better than Megan?

Abigail was only half Megan's age! If Mistress Gretchen preferred Abigail's pussy licking to Megan's... well, that would be some true humiliation! The worst yet!

Megan had a secret competitive streak hidden behind her Miss

Congeniality exterior.

Gretchen slid her bottoms down and off. There was her big blonde pussy in all it's... well, not glory... all it's bigness?

Megan looked up at Gretchen's face. What for she did not know. Turned out she was waiting for permission.

“Don't just kneel there, tit slut. Go on, beg to eat my cunt.”

There was no resistance left in Megan, “May I please eat your cunt?”

“Who are you asking? Who's doing the asking? I'm particular about who I let pleasure me and that they have the proper level of respect for me.”

“Um. I'm asking Mistress Gretchen. This tit slut is asking Mistress Gretchen. For permission to... lick. Please.”

Megan wasn't sure why she added that “please” at the end. Somehow it did feel right. And way too natural. Whatever happened today she knew she'd have to get as far away as quickly as possible. For herself and, much more importantly, for the sake of her girls.

She knew she could never risk them knowing about this side of herself. She hadn't even known about it! And she'd need to bury it away again just as soon as possible.

But, first... that pussy needed licking.

Gretchen agreed, “All right, tit slut. Go ahead and get your face in my cunt. I'll let you but, remember, you owe me for this privilege.”

Jesus, Megan could not believe how foul-mouthed and arrogant Gretchen was. Mistress Gretchen. She got to work though. She licked and slurped. It was messy and awkward, especially with Gretchen at times grabbing her ears painfully and slamming her crotch against Megan's entire face.

Her face was soon slick with juice and Megan, feeling the wetness, even wondered if she might be bleeding from her nose or other scrapes. Gretchen's butterscotch blonde pubic hair was incredibly coarse on her forehead and eyebrows whenever she forced Megan's face way low. Each time she did Megan's tongue slid free and dangles squirming in the air searching for contact.

After a few minutes Megan got used to the rough treatment. She stopped caring about it or even viewing it as improper.

More and more she just wanted to please Mistress Gretchen. It was profoundly satisfying to please the Mistress. The more Gretchen grunted and slammed Megan's face into her cunt the more Megan knew she was

successfully pleasing the Mistress. Her Mistress.

Megan found herself trying to scoop up and suck up all the pussy juice she could get. She was on a mission. It didn't feel like a task anymore. Even the musky stink had become a good thing. It had gotten to the point where it really did feel like a privilege to Megan to please that big pussy.

Gretchen grabbed the back of her head, jammed her face hard into her pussy, most of Megan's nose joined her tongue up that cunt, and Gretchen bellowed like a cow as she came. A flood of juices gushed into Megan's mouth. Even in her passion-dazed state Megan could hardly believe it.

There was much more liquid from this woman's orgasm even than from when a man shot his load. Megan was sure of it even though it had been years since she'd taken a load in her mouth.

Megan just automatically swallowed Gretchen's spend down at first but soon did it eagerly. It was pretty clear that was what Mistress Gretchen wanted her to do. If that was what Mistress Gretchen wanted than that was what Megan wanted also.

Some streamed down her chin and splattered her breasts but Megan did not mind.

What a privilege! Megan felt a weird high.

Gretchen shoved her away and Megan bruised her ass on the sharp base of the Satyr statue.

“All right, tit slut, pretty good start. Don't tell anyone else what a tit slut you are. That's my secret to know about you. I have your cell number on my list. Keep your cell phone on you at all times. I'll be texting you instructions and I'm sure you won't want your daughters to see them. Whatever I tell you to do, you do. Got it? It's simple.”

“But, I don't -”

“The Hell you don't. From now on, you do. You do whatever I tell you. And if I tell you to come over you better be over here within five minutes and your mouth better be ready to please your Mistress.”

Megan looked at her with her pussy juice slick jaw hanging open. Where to begin explaining to this woman that this whole... mistake... was a one off event, not be repeated?

Megan shook her head both to clear it and as an initial indicator that she was not agreeing, at all, to these strange expectations.

She hardly knew this woman! The woman was a real bitch! Megan was no lesbian! She couldn't have some kind, any kind, of relationship with this woman. Certainly not while her daughters were not yet “out of the

nest”. Maybe in a few years... with a man... who treated her with respect....

Gretchen grabbed her jaw and forced Megan to look her in the face,
“Do you fucking understand, tit slut?”

Megan knew there was only one possible response, at least for the time being, “Yes.”

“Yes fucking what?”

“Yes. I understand, Mistress.”

“That's better. I want quick responses from now on. By responses I mean “agreement”. From now on I tell you and you immediately agree.”

Good God, thought Megan, “Yes, Mistress.”

“A few more rules. No more cumming without my permission. That pussy between your legs is my pussy. If you want to make use of it you need to ask me. Another thing. You and your daughters need to get used to lingerie for photo shoots. Whenever you are in your house waiting until you are useful, you and your daughters wear that lingerie. Every day a new outfit. Go through all of them. All four of you need to be comfortable in them. As comfortable in them as in your own skin. That will show up in the photos and help sell lingerie. You see? I want you and your daughters to

win. You can all be very successful models. I know what I'm doing.”

Megan frowned thinking about telling her daughters to wear that lingerie. She hadn't really gone through her daughter's stuff in their closets but she knew her own supplied lingerie outfits were quite revealing. Slutty really!

She didn't even really approve of lingerie. It was all packaging to serve a chauvinistic society.

She realized her daughter's lingerie was likely just as naughty as her own. To her Lilliana, Julissa, and Kaia were still girls, her little girls, but, to these modeling people, they were adult women and were just as adult as Megan herself, so doubtless they supplied her girls with the same kinds of lingerie.

Then Megan saw Gretchen's frown and quickly agreed, “Yes, Mistress. I understand, Mistress.”

“Good, tit slut. And when I say “whenever” you or your daughters are in your house I mean both night and day. Fucking breakfast, brunch, lunch, dinner, or fucking fourth meal at your nearest fast food taco joint. It will make for some nice family bonding. You'll see. Got it?”

“Yes, Mistress.” It made Megan extremely uncomfortable that

Mistress Gretchen gave her instructions regarding having her daughters wear revealing slutty outfits so soon after their own sex and while both of them were still wet with sex juices and naked.

It was like these instructions were somehow connected to the sex they'd had....

Mistress Gretchen couldn't have... intentions regarding Megan's daughters, could she?

Megan found her agreements and use of the word Mistress both verbally and mentally coming more quickly and more naturally.

Like she sort of believed it!

Of course Gretchen was not her “Mistress”. That would be ridiculous. But it did feel natural, and sensible, to act like it in Gretchen's presence.

Actually, she had to admit it was sort of a twisted turn on. Wow! Her pussy still wasn't satisfied!

“Get out of here now, tit slut. I've got stuff to do.”

“You... don't need to take photos?”

“You mean more photos? No. I'll just print what I want off the video.

Computers are the best thing since sliced bread. It was just a practice shoot anyway but I'll save some shots for my private collection.”

Megan didn't like the idea of this “private collection”. Could Gretchen use photos or video of her to blackmail her? Would she? Should Megan insist that Mistress Gretchen hand over the video?

Well, she knew how that would turn out! Gretchen would never do what she told her or even asked her to do. It was all the other way around.

She'd have to hope Gretchen did not even think about using the photos or video against her. Megan gathered up her discarded swimsuit pieces. While she did she wondered what photos and of who doing what were in Gretchen's “private collection”.

She was dismayed to think that nude – and passionate – photos of herself might end up side by side with ones of young Abigail. It made her feel a strange concern. Would Mistress Gretchen prefer Abigail's naughty photos? Would Mistress Gretchen spend more time looking at photos of young Abigail than of Megan?

She hated Mistress Gretchen. Sort of. But she was still jealous of anyone else being preferred by her.

Jesus, she'd come here to stop Gretchen seducing and abusing the

women of the gated community and had ended up instead as another victim!

Megan got her swimsuit back in place and stumbled down the stone path that led out of the backyard as Gretchen went back into the house.

Megan felt exhausted, used and abused, and strangely exhilarated.

She could not help but wonder what would come next with “Mistress” Gretchen. How long before she texted some command? Or was she a “love them and leave them” dominant lesbian?

Megan was oddly distressed at that thought. Just used... and then never used again? That did not seem fair....

Would Gretchen stop having sex with poor little Abigail or would Megan have competition from the little slut for Gretchen's attention?

Megan was briefly shocked at her thoughts but forced herself to be honest. She did want more... experiences... or at least another experience... with Gretchen. And she did not want Gretchen having sex with Abigail. Not for Abigail's sake. No. She was jealous of the girl now.

Megan realized there was no way she could move her family away. Not yet. It might not be necessary at all. This really was a great opportunity. A little of that was the modeling career for them all but Megan

emotionally felt that the greatest and most important opportunity lay in the chance for more of the same treatment from Mistress Gretchen.

She really wanted what she really should not want. There was no way they could move away!

One thing for sure though: Megan would make damn sure all the photo shoots for her girls Kaia, Julissa, and Lilliana were all only with that other photographer, Lydia! That would keep them safe from Gretchen... just in case Megan (and Abigail) could not do enough to sexually satisfy Mistress Gretchen.

Chapter Seven

Lydia licked her big lips and calmed herself to keep from ripping the sparse clothing off the incredible MILF Naomi. She knew she needed to be subtle. Gretchen had advised her and she knew it was good advice. Get the sexy bitch turned on. Then pounce. Strictly in that order.

They were in the hot tub room, scene of Lydia's failure with Kaia the

previous night. Except it wasn't really Lydia's failure, was it? No, it was not.

This dark-haired vixen Naomi had knocked on the window at the worst time, breaking Lydia's hold on Kaia and motivating the girl to exit stage left. The bitch had cock-blocked her! Or, more like, pussy-blocked Lydia. Or, really, come to think of what had been about to happen at that moment, Naomi had dildo-blocked Lydia.

Now who knew for sure if Lydia would be able to get her paws on that perfect juicy young slut Kaia ever again.

This was Lydia's chance to take revenge! Lydia intended to make damn sure she at least got her paws on this Naomi.

It might be much harder than usual though. There would be no element of surprise. The MILF already knew what she was all about.

Would she be more likely to run or to yell? It would be hard to seduce a nervous Nelly. A nervous Naomi.

Naomi did seem nervous even to Lydia who wasn't much for being sensitive to the feelings of others.

Naomi was, in fact, extremely nervous. It was one thing to do what

was right from the relative safety of darkness and anonymity. Slapping your hand on a window and then hiding were not so hard.

Coming back here.... Wearing only a very stringy string bikini.... In private with a huge woman she knew was some kind of lesbian predator.... Yes, she was nervous!

She was older than this big butch lesbian and knew her for what she was and what she would likely try. But those advantages paled compared to Lydia's.

Lydia was so much bigger. So confident. And they were on Lydia's home territory! And Naomi was just wearing this pale blue set of strings that was allegedly a bikini. Naomi wondered why she'd allowed herself to get into this situation.

But she knew why. Naomi could not just leave the gated community and the incredible opportunity it offered her girls Harmony and Abigail as well as herself.

It was just... one bad photographer. Just one. Just a photographer. Get her to stop or get her fired or whatever and everything would be perfect for everyone.

Even if she were willing to leave it would mean she was leaving Kaia

in the circumstance she'd seen. Leaving Kaia in the bullseye of a lesbian predator's attention.

To know about something bad and not do anything about it was practically aiding and abetting that badness continuing.

Naomi had failed to tell Kaia's mother, Megan, what Lydia had tried... well, truth be told, partially accomplished... with Kaia. How could she?

How do you tell a mother that her daughter had her pussy licked by a lesbian, had the lesbian's finger up her ass, and licked the lesbian's pussy as well? Some older big mean lesbian! She certainly could never have admitted how she allowed it all to happen as she herself masturbated!

Telling Megan also, somehow, would have been a sort of violation of Kaia's privacy as well. Would she want her mother to know what she'd done and what had been done to her? Probably not. Certainly not.

So Naomi couldn't leave and couldn't tell Megan the truth. She also couldn't just let this Lydia bitch prey on Kaia or any of the other young ladies.

So Naomi had been trying to figure out exactly what she should do. But, to be honest, she had been a bit distracted with all her masturbations while replaying the Lydia-Kaia scene in her mind as well as coming up with

a few wicked new mental scenarios that involved herself. And she wasn't even any kind of lesbian!

She had no idea what was wrong with her. She just had never seen anything like that. Maybe in a porno. But it was so real. And close. And Kaia was certainly more beautiful than any porno starlet.

She'd tried to think about cock while she masturbated, just cock. But every time she did the cock within seconds became the big black dildo Lydia had worn for Kaia. Naomi in less than 24 hours had imagined that long plastic pussy invader exploring her personal depths a dozen times. She couldn't get it out of her mind.

When Gretchen had called her to come over she hadn't been worried. Gretchen just wasn't Lydia. She thought she still had time to figure out a plan. But when she arrived Megan was already there and Gretchen decided to take her and that left Naomi with Lydia.

It wasn't like she could say anything without it becoming obvious to Megan that she really had seen something inappropriate last night. Saying something may even have alerted Lydia to the fact it was she who banged on that window and derailed her seduction of Kaia.

So... she was stuck. She had to act unsuspecting. Of course, maybe

Lydia was only into blondes like Kaia. Or younger women like Kaia. If that was the case Naomi would be oddly mad. She hated rejection. It would just be so... superficial... of Lydia.

On the other hand, though, she didn't want Lydia “making a pass” at her, did she? Did she?

She had to admit she'd been very turned on ever since she saw Lydia dominate Kaia. She was still turned on. The nearness of Lydia was definitely having an effect. She was even a little worried it would become obvious to the beefy woman. That, in turn, might cause Lydia to make a move on her. And that idea, even though it shouldn't, just turned Naomi on even more!

Naomi looked around nervously. Not for escape. She wondered if that big black strap-on dildo was somewhere nearby. Under those towels over there like it had been the night before?

Lydia barked an order, “Sit on the edge of the tub, feet and knees towards me.”

Naomi obeyed without thought. That rough authoritative voice just made her jump to comply.

Lydia peered at her from under heavy black eyebrows, “First, try to

look shy.”

That was not hard for Naomi. She knew she was good-looking but never liked attention for her physical features. She'd always been more of a wallflower though being a parent had necessarily forced her out of that comfort zone.

Lydia took a few photos from several angles.

“Now, pretend you just heard a great joke. Look like you're laughing. Turn your head up at an angle and have your mouth open with a wide smile.”

Naomi felt artificial doing it but did her best to comply.

Lydia grunted in dissatisfaction, “Models need to be expert with at least a few looks. Shy. Happy. Sexy. Sulky. Cold. Enthusiastic. So on. Good models can do them all but you need to be at least good with some of them.”

Just like that Naomi felt a need to perform, to improve. Lydia was the critic and Naomi was the criticized who needed to take direction in order to rise to Lydia's standard of what was good performance.

Simply put, Naomi felt a need to please Lydia. In a professional way, of course, but there was a sexual undertone. How could there not be after what she'd witnessed the previous night?

“All right, mommy model, let's try sexy. Spread those legs wide, lean back, and give this camera a “come fuck me” look.”

Naomi found being called a “mommy model” disrespectful like she was not good enough to be a model model, but could only be a model because she was mother to two beautiful daughters. Was that the actual case? She knew she was beautiful. But her daughters were beautiful and young.

Just look at that Kaia last night. Just incredible. After Lydia saw her up close and very personal indeed Naomi worried Lydia would not find her as attractive. She wasn't sure why she'd worry about something like that but she was.

Naomi was also turned on by being told to look sexy and being told how to pose herself. There certainly was something about being told what to do and... just doing it.

Naomi leaned back with her hands braced on the edge of the hot tub. She spread her legs and felt her inner thigh muscles flex. She stared straight at the camera and tried to look sultry.

Then she spread her legs even further until her knees nearly touched the sides of the tub. She'd show this Lydia she could do sexy. She'd show her she was good enough.

Naomi certainly did show Lydia. Looking through the lens Lydia's greedy eyes quickly appreciated the dark-haired beauty and quickly picked up on the wet patch on the pubic mound of the light blue swimsuit.

Swimsuits did not usually show wet/dry differential. Lydia wasn't sure if this was a happy accident or if Gretchen had set this up in their wardrobes with the express intention of picking up on arousal during swimsuit photo shoots.

Knowing Gretchen, it was probably the latter. Gretchen was brilliant about those types of things.

Through the lens Lydia checked out Naomi's eyes. They looked steamy. That sexy look wasn't just acting. Here Lydia had thought she'd need to take things very slow or risk another failure like with Kaia.

Well, Kaia had been at least a partial success and the fact it wasn't all success wasn't really Lydia's fault. No, it was this here little mommy bitch's fault. And now here she was obviously quite turned on. Both success and revenge were nearly in Lydia's grasp figuratively. It was time to make that literally.

No, caution was not what was needed here. Carpe Diem, seize the day. Lydia wished she knew Latin for “seize the pussy”.

Lydia set down the camera and Naomi looked slightly confused but did not yet suspect she should be alarmed. Lydia took three long steps to place her big body so close there was no way Naomi could close her legs. Naomi was not alert enough to even try.

“What's that?” asked Lydia gruffly, not really looking for an answer, as she poked a big finger hard down on the wet spot on Naomi's bikini bottoms.

Naomi gasped. She looked down and gasped again as she saw the telltale wet spot. She worked her mouth open and closed not knowing what to say and then moaned when Lydia poked at her pussy again through the bottoms.

“I'll get that off for you. Just sit still.” Lydia cupped Naomi's entire mound in one huge hand and began working it hard. It was almost like she was trying to rub away a stain but that was not Lydia's goal and Naomi quickly realized that.

When Lydia said “I'll get that off for you” she was talking about both the swimsuit bottoms and Naomi's pussy though the exact order was yet to be determined.

Naomi gasped and moaned and then slapped her knees together. Or at least she tried. They ran into Lydia's legs and a scary intoxicating thought

occurred to Naomi that her knees may not be touching one another for a long time to come. Or until she came.

Naomi felt a weird odd momentary flash of relief. Lydia *did* find her attractive enough to make a pass at her. She *was* competition for the exquisite Kaia. She was older but not *too* old.

Then Naomi felt panic. What was she going to do? Lydia was rubbing so hard on her wet pussy! Her pussy was taking over her mind. She was on the brink of switching over from her brain in the driver seat to her pussy in the driver's seat. Who knew what dark regrettable destination it may take her to.

It wasn't like any sort of happily-ever-after could even be possible with this crude big-boned lesbian. Any involvement would be a bad thing with only the exact extent of that badness unknown.

She thought her only option was to talk her way out of all this. What she didn't know was that even that was not an option any longer.

“Ahh, Lydia. No. No. Stop that.”

“As if.” Lydia kept working that wet pussy through the bikini, cupping it, jamming it, rubbing hard.

“Lydia...!”

“I've got plans for this pussy. Big plans. Big. Pussy wants what I want. Pussy and I don't give a shit what you want.”

“That's... horrible!”

“That mouth is being wasted speaking stupid words. I'll give it something better to do.”

Lydia practically slammed her much larger mouth on top of Naomi's open mouth. Before Naomi could snap it closed Lydia's tongue slid authoritatively in and confidently explored its new surroundings.

Naomi practically choked on it as it went deep. She had a hard time getting enough air in through her nostrils. The lack of air, the passion, the blood rushing to engorge her labia all served to make her lightheaded and even more vulnerable to Lydia.

Naomi automatically leaned away from Lydia's invasive French kissing but then her position on the edge of the hot tub was even more precarious and she had to grip the sides tighter with both hands to avoid falling backward. She could not use her hands for anything else and her mouth could no longer speak.

How was she going to get out of this?

She wasn't. She realized that. No one would be banging on the window to save her with a timely distraction as she had with Kaia.

Lydia pulled the crotch band of the swimsuit away from her body, stretched it to one side, and let it snap back tight where her leg and pelvis met. This left Naomi's pussy bare other than for her neatly trimmed pubic hair.

Open and defenseless. With no one able to speak on its behalf....

Lydia immediately exploited the opportunity. She thrust two fingers up to their knuckles into Naomi's pussy. Then she thrust them in and out rapid-fire while sucking the breath out of Naomi's mouth.

Naomi's moans were muffled. Whether the moans were from pure passion or passion mixed with protest they sounded like pure passion. Very soon they became grunts of even more urgent need. She worked her pussy up into the fingers and spread her knees outward as far as the tub would allow.

She was letting Lydia take whatever she wanted and Lydia set about taking again and again.

Then Naomi was more than just letting her. She was facilitating her.

She made it as easy as possible for Lydia to have her way. It wasn't intentional. It was instinctual.

She even opened her mouth as wide as possible. Not to try to capture air even though she wasn't getting the air she needed. She did it to open up her mouth to Lydia's tongue. She even angled her face upward.

Naomi was the baby bird and Lydia's tongue was the worm being fed to it.

It was easy for Lydia to get a third wide finger up Naomi. Naomi's pussy felt quite tight to Lydia. It was hard to believe she'd given birth to two girls.

When Naomi started to orgasm Lydia stepped it up. She pressed her thumb pad down hard in the area of Naomi's clitoris and pinched it against the fingers she had inside the woman. She pinched through slick rubbery flesh so it wasn't severe but it put plenty of pressure on Naomi's engorged clitoris.

It was slippery but Lydia was quite strong. Naomi's orgasm launched and rocketed into a passionate stratosphere. Naomi quivered her hips up and down, her ass slapping against the tub edge. It was just like she was trying to escape the pinch even though escape was not on whatever was left of her

mind.

She lost muscular control, nearly passed out from lack of air, and began to fall backward into the tub. Lydia didn't really care if she got hurt a little but it would cause a delay of game so to speak so, in anticipation, she'd already used her free hand to wind a length of hair around and around so she was easily able to keep Naomi in a slouched sitting position on the edge of the tub as Lydia continued to work that pussy extending the orgasm beyond any duration Naomi had ever experienced before or had even thought was possible.

It took two minutes before Lydia's pussy-pinching fingers began to weaken and Naomi's orgasm followed suit. Lydia casually unwound the black hair in her hand which lowered Naomi's upper half.

There was no actual water in the hot tub at the time and Lydia lowered Naomi's head and shoulders down into contact with the bottom of the tub. As a consequence Naomi's pubic mound was her highest point and pleasingly accessible for action by Lydia.

Lydia was certainly a woman of action.

Like a big bad hungry wolf Lydia opened her jaws. She relaxed the pinch and withdrew her soaked hand and then orally engulfed Naomi's entire

pubic mound. Lydia had a huge and very hungry mouth.

Lydia's tongue slid between those exhausted pussy lips and plunged deep into Naomi's vaginal canal. It was all you could eat at the little pussy smorgasbord and Lydia was a pussy glutton.

Of course, she wouldn't be Lydia if she didn't give that ass some attention. It was practically Lydia's trademark.

She'd tamed more than her share of bitches. Tamed and enslaved. Never to actual slavery but as slaves to her will. These gated community bitches would be the first ones she actually helped place into permanent slavery.

There were many paths to that “tamed and enslaved” destination but the quickest and surest way to get them hooked and get them seeing themselves in a subservient light was to make them love lesbian anal.

That was Lydia's pet theory. Make them love and need lesbian anal. Get them hooked on it. Get them thinking no one besides Lydia could do it like Lydia. Which might very well be true.

For that reason and due to her own predilection, and given the almost ideal access she had at the moment, she jammed the thumb of her wet right hand right up Naomi's little asshole. Even in her dazed and exhausted state

with so little leverage Naomi reacted. She tried to close her legs and, of course, that was not possible. She tried to bring her head up but that wasn't possible either.

By then the whole wet thumb was firmly up her ass at any rate and Lydia's big lips were working Naomi's clitoris. Hard nibbles followed by vacuum sucks. Repeat. Lydia slid the thumb almost free of the little asshole and Naomi felt relief and arousal. Then Lydia jammed it back in just as hard and as firmly as before. She held it there, nibbled and sucked that clitoris, withdrew her thumb, and jammed it in and out again.

Naomi couldn't really think and she was also out of breath. She did not even try to speak. Words would not have mattered anyway. There was nothing she could have said to dissuade Lydia by this time.

Naomi was helpless. Her arousal made her ever more helpless. There was no escape from the pleasure even if it was a strange previously unknown unwelcome pleasure.

Over a few minutes Naomi's thrashing and twisting went from escape thrashing to just plain thrashing for its own sake. It didn't matter. Both were equally ineffective at accomplishing anything at all. It did make her bare back and shoulders, wet with perspiration, produce squelching squeaks from

the plastic hot tub surface.

Naomi was helpless. There was no escape.

Naomi lost track that she ever wanted to escape or why she even would want to.

Inevitably, Naomi's thighs tensed and she came with Lydia's mouth on her pussy and that big thumb up her ass. She couldn't help it. And she could not stop herself from wiggling her pelvis up and down to increase that internal thumb friction.

Strangely, Naomi's wiggling was more about driving her ass onto that thumb than it was about offering her pussy up to that consuming mouth.

Lydia was gratified. What a tasty pussy! What a hot little slave in the making! Very orgasmic. A tight very wet pussy and a tight muscular asshole as well. This MILF hottie was pure gold and could eventually be turned into actual gold at the rate things were going.

Lydia kept eating at the pussy smorgasbord through post-orgasmic cramping and twitching and kept up her demanding nibbles for timeless minutes until Naomi arrived at pre-orgasmic clenching and twitching.

Which was right where Lydia wanted her.

Lydia extracted her tongue and pulled her mouth away. She wiped her wet mouth with the back of her wet hand. She grabbed Naomi's legs and hauled her out of the tub, flopping her onto the tiled floor.

Even after her rough fall Naomi was ever-so-slightly humping her pussy upwards seeking more sensation.

Lydia felt relaxed confidence. Naomi was all hers. It was just a matter of keeping her on this new path. Keeping her hot and keeping her obedient.

Also... deciding what all Lydia wanted to do to her.

She had so very much she wanted to do to this hot mommy and plenty of time to do it.

The End

***Until Part IV of the “Three Mothers and Six Daughters” series.
Impossible Seduction: Janelle Vs. Redhead Mother and
Daughter***

**With Naomi firmly in Lydia's clutches and a little too happy about that, what sorts of transgressions will Lydia take on her? Can she turn the mother of two into a Mommy Slut?*

**Can Janelle complete her dark reluctant assignment to seduce and dominate the redhead mother and daughter team of Brooke*

*and Bridget? With mother Brooke? With daughter Bridget? Or...
both at once while they are all in the same house?*

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Gretchen and Lydia, the evil lesbian dominants, have blonde mother Megan Reynolds under their control. Now they want her three daughters! They decide to make the mother help out! Can Megan resist or will she cooperate? Megan and Janelle also need to keep sexually satisfying the much younger black lesbian guards. What is planned for Megan's daughters Lilliana, Julissa, and Kaia?

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

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

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

Of the three mothers and six daughters only Kaia has not been seduced, dominated, tamed and trained. Kaia, the youngest blonde daughter, is the final hold out. Kaia's compromised mom forces her to go on a "friendship date" with Quiesha, one of the ex-felon black lesbian guards. Quiesha has expectations for this date to be a very friendly "friendship date" indeed!

13. IMPOSSIBLE SEDUCTION 13: KAIA'S INTERRACIAL DATE BECOMES A THREESOME AND SHE SUBMITS TO DOMINATION FROM MISTRESS LYDIA

Young adult Kaia, still only a teenager, is in the middle of "friendship date" with a black girl that had gotten far *too* friendly. Her own mom set her up for this dark seduction and Kaia was defenseless. Now, after having submitted to dominant Quiesha, Kaia has a new Mistress and she is even more defenseless! Quiesha intends to share her with the giantess Ladonne and wicked Lydia.

14. IMPOSSIBLE SEDUCTION 14: NEW LESBIANS TAMED AND TRAINED BY NEIGHBOR MISTRESSES, BLACK LESBIAN DOMINATION OF SUBMISSIVE BLONDES

The entire blonde all-female Reynolds family are stuck in a submissive sexual fog that keeps getting thicker and more compromising. Megan Reynolds and her youngest daughter, Kaia, are both being sexually used inside the black lesbian guards' house. Megan's two eldest daughters, Lilliana and Julissa, are stuck in the house of the dominant photographers just a few houses away from them.

15. IMPOSSIBLE SEDUCTION 15: YOUNGER AND OLDER LESBIANS, DOMINATION AND SUBMISSION, MOMS SUBMIT SEXUALLY

The grand finale conclusion of the Impossible Seduction Saga! Not all the submissives really think they are submissive! Also the dominants require more and more and go to further extremes. Could they go too far and spark a rebellion? Can the dominants keep all three all-female families entirely under their sexual control? Will the mothers have sex with each other's daughters?

“A Lesbian Orientation” series:

1. CARA TRIES TO BE A GOOD EXAMPLE

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

2. CARA'S LESBIAN SEDUCTION

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

3. CARA BECOMES HER ROOMMATE'S LESBIAN PET

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

“Teen Lesbians Taking Over” series:

1. TAKING OVER MRS. GREENWAY:

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

2. TAMING MRS. GREENWAY

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

3. TAKING OVER AUBREE

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

4. OWNING AUBREE

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

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

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

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!

“Lesbian Stalker's Pets” series:

1. LAURI'S LESBIAN STALKER BECOMES HER ROOMMATE

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

2. LESBIAN STALKER'S PET ROOMMATES

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

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

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

4. LESBIAN STALKER STALKS AGAIN

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

5. LESBIAN STALKER ON THE PROWL

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

6. *LESBIAN STALKER HUNTING*

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

7. *LESBIAN STALKER'S EVIL TRAP*

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

“Lesbian Seduction Conspiracy” series:

1. CONSPIRACY TO SEDUCE

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

2. *THE TRAP*

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

3. *TAKING OVER CHARLOTTE*

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

4. *TOO TOGETHER*

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

“Seduced Trophy Wives” series:

1. TAKING THE TROPHY WIVES

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

2. TAMING THE TROPHY WIVES

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

3. TRAINING THE TROPHY WIVES

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

“Gift Cards For Lesbian Seduction” series:

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

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

2. LIKING IT WAY TOO MUCH

The blonde sisters, Maddy and Bailey, are stuck in the interracial lesbian massage parlor from Hell. They are also trapped enjoying the shocking and sensual sexual acts they are drawn into by the African-American masseuses and the older Asian dominatrix. The three minority members are dominant lesbian seductresses determined to make the blondes obey and like it.

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.

Stand Alone books:

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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