

# ***IMPOSSIBLE SEDUCTION:***

**Seduced Via  
Lesbian Home Invasion**



**Three Mothers and Six Daughters 5**  
*by Jordan Church*

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**Seductive Domination and Submission in the Bedrooms  
of Mother-Daughter Redheads Brooke and Bridget Finn**

***by Jordan Church***

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# **IMPOSSIBLE SEDUCTION: Seduced Via Lesbian Home Invasion**

*Three Mothers and Six Daughters 5*

**Seductive Domination and Submission in the Bedrooms  
of Mother-Daughter Redheads Brooke and Bridget Finn**

## **Previously**

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

*Gretchen and Lydia have recruited and forced a successful older model named Janelle to lend legitimacy to the recruiting efforts. In their service Janelle recruited three all-female families. Brunettes, blondes, and redheads. Three mothers and six daughters.*

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

*They have no idea all the houses are covered with hidden cameras and*

*that Gretchen and Lydia constantly watch their private moments. Studying them, looking for vulnerabilities, and plotting their downfall.*

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

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

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

*Janelle was threatened with her own slavery if she did not help seduce one of the mothers and daughters. Janelle had no idea the dominants plan to sell her to an Arab harem either way.*

*Janelle succeeded in dominating the mother, Brooke Finn, even with*

*Brooke's daughter Bridget in the house. Janelle also made some progress with Bridget though with much less success.*

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

*They've decided not to let this golden opportunity pass them by.*

*Looks like it's time for a lesbian home invasion!*

## **Chapter One**

Bridget just could not believe it. That former model lady had put her fingers – three fingers! – inside her pussy!

She'd only ever allowed three boys to put fingers inside her and she'd only allowed two to put their penis inside her. And never any girl or woman! Of course, she really had not *allowed* Janelle to put those fingers in. The woman had just done it without permission.

Bridget felt confused. It was embarrassing she'd trustingly let the woman put her in that position. Janelle had literally gotten her into a

position, bent over with her ass in the air, that made it easier for Janelle to insert her fingers into Bridget.

Bridget was smart, too smart for that treatment. But apparently not wise or suspicious enough. She was too darn trusting.

She knew Janelle took advantage of that. That was terrible!

Bridget was angry at Janelle. The woman was some kind of predator or something. But Bridget was more angry at herself for being such a fool. That woman had gotten her totally bent over with her ass in the air!

Bridget was even more angry at her own pussy. Why had it been so hot and wet? Why did it welcome those fingers? It was still hot and wet! Bridget knew she was a heterosexual but suspected her pussy was possibly lesbian or, hopefully, just bisexual.

She couldn't help but half smile as she thought maybe her pussy had assumed the fingers belonged to a boy so maybe thinking it was a lesbian pussy really wasn't fair. Her poor dumb pussy didn't have eyes to see who was touching her, did she?

She shook her head, still feeling giddy from the bizarre encounter with Janelle.

Bridget put on a short robe that was convenient. It was skimpy and so wasn't Bridget's style but it was all she found that was robe-like in her new wardrobe. It was almost see-through and her black lingerie stood out right through the white silky material.

Then she paced about her room. She guessed the little clothing try-on session with Janelle must be over. Janelle would not dare come back, would she?

Bridget wondered what she should do. Generally speaking whatever she should do, she did do in the end. If she actually knew what she should do. Knowing was the key.

She couldn't go tell her mother right now. Janelle was with her. How do you tell your mom about lesbian sexual advances from a woman almost as old as your mom and tell her right in front of that same woman?

It would cause a confrontation. Janelle would deny it, of course, and either her mom would or would not believe Bridget.

Her mom probably would believe her. Mom knew Bridget didn't make stuff up, especially that kind of stuff. Then what? Mom would go after Janelle. Just verbally, but still. It would make Mom, all stressed out, fight Bridget's battle for her.

Telling her mother would be embarrassing and wouldn't really serve any purpose. Bridget was an adult and should not need her mom's help to shut down an unwanted sexual advance. Bridget had done that several times with boys and had never then run to her mom for help or whatever. Telling her mother would be problematic as well. It might ruin their modeling deal or make everything all awkward.

So that was that. She would do nothing. Her pussy disagreed though. It wanted something more than nothing. A cock, a dildo, those fingers, or any fingers, just something. Bridget couldn't recall being this turned on outside of actual sex.

She wished she was this turned on over a boy or because of a boy but... she wasn't. She thought it must be due to the new surroundings and the shock of it all. Also... the circumstances.

Boys had always been polite with her though sometimes a little too insistent. None of them had ever gotten her to bend over until her hair brushed the floor and then suddenly stuck fingers into her pussy.

Geez. If it made her this hot maybe she ought to get some boy to do that to her!

Bridget realized she would pretty much have to masturbate that night.

Sooner the better but obviously not while that predator Janelle was zipping around the house freely.

Bridget doubted the woman would come back to her room but she might. She might have to keep up appearances to maintain that all was well to her mom. The thought of Janelle coming back made Bridget's pussy flex. With anxiety or arousal she wasn't sure which.

It was then that Bridget heard her smart phone chime. She had a text. Whatever organization was funding this mother-daughter modeling project had also supplied smart phones to everyone. They could take photos or video as needed.

Bridget was curious. She had not even given the number yet to her old friends, the ones she was so far from now. She looked to see who the text was from. The number was blocked but she saw the text was signed. Bridget wondered why Janelle bothered to block the number when she signed her text anyway.

**Come take a peek at what your mom is wearing. Just peek and watch or she'll be embarrassed. – Janelle**

That was weird! Just a little while ago Janelle had fingers up Bridget's pussy and Bridget had kicked her out of her bedroom. Now she was texting

Bridget?

Bridget had not given Janelle the number for her phone but wasn't surprised Janelle would know it. But she was surprised she'd use it and invite her to look at her mom in probably skimpy clothing. Wasn't Janelle worried Bridget would walk in and say something to her mom about what happened?

What happened!?! It hadn't *happened!* Janelle had *done* that!

Bridget, despite herself, wondered what would have *happened* if she had not fallen over. Would she have just stood there in that crazy vulnerable ass up position while Janelle fingered her? How long would she have just stood there and let her do that? All the way to an orgasm?

Bridget's pussy clenched and pushed out some pussy juice. Her pussy still wanted that lost orgasm though Bridget was relieved it had not gone that far. Of course she would have shut down that woman as soon as she fully realized what was going on. The fall just ended the finger invasion moments sooner.

It wasn't her fault that crazy model lady fingered her pussy! Now, if she'd stood there and waited around until she had an orgasm, yeah, that would have been on Bridget.

Bridget would have had to have put a stop to it. If she hadn't then

fingering her pussy would not have been the end of it. Janelle would have wanted something more. Some things. More than one.

Janelle probably – Bridget wasn't sure – she probably would have wanted to maybe... taste?... Bridget's pussy. Maybe?

Then what? Bridget guessed Janelle would have wanted Bridget to taste her right back. That made sense, didn't it?

If that still wasn't enough then maybe Janelle would have gotten them into that position everyone always referred to and laughed about. That sixty-nine thing.

Yeah. Probably.

Well, what a relief! Bridget had avoided all that.

Usually being a klutz was a bad thing but this time it had worked out for Bridget. Yay klutziness! Klutziness to the rescue!

Bridget was sure, though, that she'd only been moments, maybe just one moment, from stopping what was going on anyway.

Now what? She had to admit she was curious to see her mom modeling. She never got to see her mom hamming it up or wearing stylish clothing.

Why had Janelle texted her at all? Maybe she felt sorry about what she did. Maybe this invite, by text so they didn't have to talk, was her way of getting things back on track so they could all act normal.

Well... it was something to do so she wouldn't be tempted to finger her own pussy. She needed to wait for that until Janelle was out of the house and this would occupy the time.

Bridget headed for her mom's bedroom.

## **Chapter Two**

“Holy shit! It worked!” Lydia laughed in disbelief.

Gretchen smiled towards the monitors, one showing Bridget leaving her bedroom on her way to peek inside her mother's bedroom and another with a view of Brooke's bedroom where there was a whole lot of skin showing and ongoing sexual acts, “We'll see if it also works out. It's a helluva risk. She may go ballistic or something. Maybe try to 'rescue' her mom. But we could be just as fucked the other way as well where she goes there on her own and

walks on in to tell Mom or just tells her after Janelle leaves.”

“You are one boooooold bitch. But smart. Texting her and signing it as from Janelly Welly. It might work.”

“We'll know it worked if she sticks her hand down her panties. She has to be hot after Janelle fingered her. Hot and confused and angry. This might get her to focus on the sexiness. She'll see her mom submitting and loving it and maybe think it looks like fun. Get her jealous or get her used to some crazy shit and thinking she could be like her mom and she should try it on for size. And also that her mom will not be a sympathetic ear if she were to complain about Janelle.”

“Yeah, if she ever does try it out and she is submissive – and I can tell she is – then she'll find out it isn't like trying on an outfit. It's like trying on handcuffs with no keys. Fucking submissive for life!”

“Wise words, Lydia. Submissive Hotel California! You can check out anytime you want but you can never leave. We just need to get that ball – a ball named Bridget – rolling downhill...”

“She'll just keep picking up speed until – CRASH – she is a slave!”  
agreed Lydia.

Gretchen reached for the cell phone again, “May as well go for it. I'll

text Janelle and set up a shocker of a scene but I won't let Janelle know the daughter is going to be watching. We wouldn't want Janelle getting stage fright, now would we? I'll have Janelle get the mom to say some shit she can't undue and, if Bridget there starts watching and listening, stuff the daughter won't be able to walk away from or get out of her mind.”

### **Chapter Three**

Janelle was recovering from a really good orgasm when her smart phone chirped. She fumbled for it. She was always clumsy after a good orgasm and this one had been far better than most. Janelle knew it wasn't due to Brooke's oral skill or, at least, not that alone.

The whole situation is what made it all so hot. So good in a bad way.

Making this poor Brooke, mother of one, into a lesbian submissive. A slave! Doing it in the same house as her daughter. Doing all these nasty things by command of the two bitches. Knowing the two bitches were watching everything.

Janelle wished it was a turn off but it was just the opposite. The orgasm had been great but she didn't feel fully satiated like she usually did.

She looked at Brooke between her legs blinking dazedly and delicately trying to wipe away smears of pussy juice from her face. Her efforts mostly just spread it around. The sight only aroused Janelle even though a heterosexual like her should be repulsed.

She got the cell phone and checked the message. Of course she knew it would be from the bitches. Janelle was surprised they would text while she was with Brooke. Couldn't they see on the camera view she was busy following their commands?

**Get her to talk REALLY nasty. What she can't live down or live with anyone knowing. Get her talk about wanting to go down on her daughter! Do it NOW!**

Janelle looked nervously at Brooke. One more thing to get this woman to do. Something she'd no doubt never thought she'd ever do and something no one would ever believe... unless and until they saw it on the video Gretchen and Lydia recorded.

Brooke looked hungry despite having ate out Janelle's pussy. She was hungry for an orgasm. Janelle suddenly felt a weird confidence she'd be able

to make Brooke say what Gretchen and Lydia wanted to hear. She could maybe make her say anything.

The task the two bitches had set was wicked but it was not going to be as difficult as it really should be.

Brooke, seeing eye contact, spoke, “Mistress, can I... can I cum now?” Her words came out in a humiliated hush. It hadn't been that long since her last orgasm. She'd had it just before going down on Janelle. The pussy licking she'd just delivered was the first one of her thirty-seven-year-old life and the act, by order of her new Mistress, Mistress Janelle, had turned her on to no end.

“I know what I said. I said you'd earn an orgasm. But I didn't say when, did I? Could be right away. Could be in an hour. Maybe tomorrow. Maybe next week.”

“Next... week?” Brooke was horrified at the idea of going so long without the orgasm she needed right then. A week was normally not a problem. She went without for a week frequently. Sometimes two weeks. But not when she'd been all primed and ready to go and feeling so needy.

Then she'd always had someone or just went ahead and took care of it herself. She couldn't actually remember being this “primed and ready”. It

was uncharted territory.

“You've earned an orgasm. Don't worry, I'll give you the chance to earn the privilege of actually having that orgasm right away. All you have to do is beg for it and tell me all the nasty terrible things you would do to get it.”

“Yes, Mistress, I beg for it. Please! But...what else do you want me to say?”

“Don't worry, I have an idea for a subject you can focus on. It is just as naughty as can be. So naughty I think you won't want to say these things but so naughty I think you'll love saying them.”

Janelle stood up and used handfuls of red hair to drag Brooke, on her knees, into position facing Janelle's pussy from a foot away, “Look at my juicy pussy. Now pretend this is Bridget's pussy. Tell me how much you want it. How much you want to lick her pussy. Your daughter's pussy. As you talk and as long as you talk about sex with your daughter – specific physical sexual acts mind you! – you can use both hands on your pussy. Just keep talking nasty about sex with your daughter until you cum. Also, talk about all the sexual things you'd like to see me do to your daughter.”

These requests shocked Brooke momentarily out of her passion-dazed state. Her daughter? Why did Janelle want her to say such awful things

about her own daughter?

She hoped this woman wasn't aiming for more than having Brooke. Brooke would do whatever she wanted. She'd already proven that. She was probably about to prove it again she realized with a sinking/soaring feeling. What more could Janelle want? Besides, Bridget was obviously too young and too innocent, and, let's face it, too *good* for the likes of Mistress Janelle.

No. Mistress Janelle must not want Bridget. She must just want to humiliate Brooke. Brooke could feel the humiliation just from being asked to do this let alone actually doing it.

If Mistress Janelle actually wanted Bridget sexually there was no way she'd talk about her in front of Bridget's mother or make Bridget's mother talk dirty about her own daughter.

No way.

Bridget was beautiful, more beautiful than Brooke, so, in a way, it would be understandable if Mistress Janelle did want Bridget sexually. In a way. What with Mistress Janelle being some kind of lesbian and all.

Brooke wasn't even sure she could say anything like what Mistress Janelle was asking her to say. How could a mother say that about her own daughter?

But....

It seemed like she'd suddenly run into another human being who she had to always do as that person said. It was like on each command, if it were to be voted on, Janelle had ninety-nine votes and all Brooke could do was vote “present”.

So, how could Brooke turn down Mistress Janelle? She wasn't sure she could do that.

Brooke was sure of one thing though. She was sure she sure did need an orgasm and now she knew what was required to get it.

If Mistress Janelle wanted some nasty talk... well... whatever Mistress wanted that was Brooke's new mission to do it for her. Brooke mentally shrugged. Some naughty talk, no matter how crazy, never hurt anyone.... It was not so much considering all that she'd already done even if it was opening up a new field of twisted.

Her body had known she would do as ordered by Mistress Janelle before her mind had known. Brooke knew this because she felt the fingers of one of her hand's already sliding up her desperate pussy and the fingers of her other hand finding and rubbing her clitoris.

## Chapter Four

Barefoot, Bridget moved down the carpeted hallway and down the flight of steps that led to her mom's bedroom. She still wore the short thin white robe and the black panties and bra set. Maybe she should have put on something else, something more, especially since the panties were wet. Well, she figured no one was going to see her anyway.

Bridget intended to take a quick look. Just to satisfy her curiosity and to show Janelle, if Janelle ever asked if she had, that she was not by any means intimidated by the woman. Or, heaven forbid, that the woman thought Bridget could not face Janelle because Bridget did not trust her own reactions!

Which.... she didn't.... but she didn't want Janelle knowing that!

Her mom's bedroom door was closed so Bridget very slowly turned the knob. She could hear muffled voices so she was pretty sure her mom would not hear the door opening but she might see it.

Right away Bridget heard something but she knew she had to have

heard it wrong.

“Your pussy looks so delicious... Bridget. I want to lick it, Bridget.”

Bridget paused her door opening without being able to see inside yet. That was her mom's voice but the words were impossible. She furrowed her brow and looked down at her own pussy. It was still covered by the robe and damp panties. Besides, there was no way her mom had seen her yet. The door was only open a crack.

Whether or not Bridget's pussy looked delicious did not matter. There was no way her mom could see her! There was also no way her mom said... what she'd just said!

Bridget pushed the door open far enough to see her mom and Janelle. She did not enter the room even an inch but only looked inside.

As she did her mom spoke again, “Bridget, your pussy looks so wet and tasty. I just want to lick it. I want to get my tongue up in there.”

Bridget saw Janelle standing with her hands holding handfuls of her mom's red hair and her mom kneeling naked in front of her with her face just inches from Janelle's pussy. It looked like Janelle was actually using her handholds in the hair to keep Brooke just out of tongue range.

Bridget was completely nonplussed. She had not expected this. How could she?

How could it be that her mom would talk like that? True, her mom was not her real mom. Not genetically. This was a little secret, an innocent one, they'd kept from Janelle. Bridget was adopted.

Her future father and mother were approached when Bridget was less than two years old and her parents died in a fire at a bed and breakfast. They'd died in their sleep from smoke inhalation while Bridget stayed over at a nannies. They'd been on an overnight “date” to try for a sibling for Bridget.

They had no extended family and Bridget's red hair had reminded someone in authority of Brooke. Someone who knew Brooke and knew she couldn't have children. Since it was a small town and Brooke and her husband had good finances and a house and no criminal records and no one wanted Bridget to go into the foster care system the adoption was fast-tracked successfully.

Still, Brooke and Bridget were mother and daughter in all ways other than genetics, closer than most mothers and daughters, and, somehow, looked more like each other than most mothers and daughters also.

What Bridget was seeing and hearing was a shocker!

Janelle spoke to Brooke, “But, Mom, I'm your darling Bridget. Do you really mean it that you want to lick your own daughter's pussy?”

“Oh, yes, I do! I want to lick my daughter's pussy. Lick and suck it. I want to go down on my daughter!”

Bridget blinked her wide eyes. Blinked hard. But the scene did not go away. It was about as shocking as aliens landing in the front yard.

Janelle, “Will you make me cum, Mommy?”

Brooke, “I will make you cum so hard, Bridget! And, after I make you cum I'm going to make you cum again and again. I'm going to... suck on your clitty. I'll make you cum until you pass out. And when you wake up I'll make you cum again.”

Bridget was just dumbfounded. She was trying to piece it together. Janelle and her mom were playing some twisted verbal game in which Janelle played Bridget! How sick was that?

Did her mom really want to go down on her? How long had she felt that way?

Bridget shook her head. Impossible. There had never been any such

indication and her mom was a good person not... some kind of slut. As far as Bridget knew her mom wasn't even a lesbian. It was that woman Janelle! She was having some kind of evil influence over her mom.

Had Janelle seduced her mom only because Bridget had resisted Janelle's advances? Was Bridget somehow to blame for the situation her mom was in? Bridget knew she wasn't being fair to herself but she still felt guilty.

Heck, her mom was wearing some kind of collar! How had this Janelle pulled that off?

Her mom must be pretending. Bridget peered at her mom's sex. It was hard to tell for sure but it looked like the pubic hair was matted with dampness and there were streaks of moisture on her inner thighs. Her mom was turned on! Very turned on!

Bridget realized she was turned on also. What she was seeing was just so shocking that somehow it seemed to jump-start her pussy. Or, really, more like rekindle the flame that tricky Janelle had already lit in it.

Of its own accord, Bridget's hand drifted to the front of her robe and pressed against her wet pantie-covered pussy mound. Immense pleasure shot down her legs. Once the fingers pressed she did not think she was going to

have the will power to take them away. Well, why should she?

If her mom could do slutty things, why shouldn't she? Bridget actually felt a strange anger and jealousy.

Here she was the good girl and had refused Janelle's advances, which is exactly what her mom no doubt would have wanted her to do, and then here was Mom getting all lesbian nasty with the woman!

Her mom was a fucking hypocrite! All that was bad enough but now Mom was talking about Bridget sexually just to further their twisted sex game! And Mom got to have sex and she didn't!

Bridget angrily pushed open her short skimpy robe , pushed aside her wet panties, and pushed two fingers angrily but passionately into her pussy.

She looked down marveling at how great it felt. Ten times better than when she masturbated in bed at night. Her pubic hair was also wet, glinting darkly copper to either side of her pussy lips and so was the patch above her clitoral hood. Bridget jammed the fingers high and spread her legs a little to accommodate them and then looked back at the spectacle in her mom's bedroom.

Janelle, “Mommy, what else will you do to me? Something nasty?”

Bridget mentally scoffed. This play-acting was hardly accurate!

Bridget never called her Mom “Mommy”!

Brooke, “Oh, Bridget, while I suck on your clitty I'm going to shove my thumb up your asshole.”

Her mom's nasty mouth truly startled Bridget. Her mom never talked anything like that! Her mom seemed transformed into some sexual creature. She was saying things that could make a stripper blush!

Janelle, “If you make your darling daughter cum, are you going to suck down all her juices?”

Brooke, “I'm going to drink your pussy juice, Bridget. If any drips on the floor I'm going to lick it up.”

Janelle, “Oh, Mommy! What about your thumb when you pull it out of my ass after I orgasm?”

Brooke, “I'm going to lick it clean. Then I'm going to poke it back up your asshole, get it all dirty with your ass, pull it back out, and make you lick it clean.”

The nasty talk was getting everyone turned on. Janelle was losing the will to keep Brooke's face away from her pussy.

She resisted only because she knew once she let go that Brooke's tongue busily pussy licking would take away her ability to speak. Janelle wanted to keep Brooke talking nasty so she got into a sort of comfort zone with it.

It was clear Brooke was highly aroused, more aroused than when she began the naughty talk. Being made to do this or the ideas the talk was putting in her head were driving her near crazy with lust.

Unknown to the two of them, Bridget, the subject of their conversation, was almost instantly very near orgasm from their nasty talk and her own fingers working together on her.

Their nasty talk and her fingers were each inside her in different ways.

Bridget took in her mom's nude beauty. Her soft milky skin with the great muscle tone underneath. Her flexing trembling ass arched out a little with her legs spread and pussy juice droplets suspended from her pubic hair. That freaky collar around her neck.

Bridget also observed red areas on Brooke Finn's rear end. It looked like she'd been spanked!

That concept, that image, of her beautiful mom being spanked by that beautiful Janelle, made Bridget's fingers blur into increased action.

The sight of her mom like that, hearing those terrible but somehow wonderful things she said, the way Janelle was obviously working over her mom...

Bridget was full of a sort of wondrous disbelief. She felt it coming. An orgasm. It was so soon. It didn't seem possible. She shouldn't. Not there, standing in the hallway, spying on her mom!

She couldn't!

She shouldn't!

Oh God, her mom was a slut and so was she!

Bridget's orgasm crashed into her.

Bridget stifled a cry while thrusting her fingers as hard and as fast as possible up her pussy. She didn't care if her fingers hurt her a little.

She'd let her nails grow too long. Actually, suddenly she wanted them to hurt her pussy. She felt her long nails scraping at the soft smooth-wet lining of her pussy and loved the pain/pleasure. She was so full of sensation but still lusted for more sensation, any sensation, and adding pain to the mix was an easy/hard way to make it happen.

Janelle, "Mommy, I will let you lick my pussy. But what about that

Janelle lady. She wants to do terrible sex stuff to me. Should I let her?”

Brooke, “Yes, Bridget. Oh yes, Bridget. Do whatever she wants. Let her do anything and everything to you. Let her command you just like she commands me. You're a slut just like me and you need her to take you and have you. Whatever she wants make sure to make yourself want.”

Janelle, “Oh, good, Mommy, I so want to follow her commands. I know I'm a slutty slut just like you are.”

“Yes! Yes, you are, Bridget!”

The second half of Brooke's statement was muffled as Janelle pulled Brooke's face in to meet her groin. Brooke went at it like she was starving. Like she was a contestant in an all-you-could-eat contest that she had every intention of winning.

Janelle started to orgasm but was able to gasp one more command.

“Mommy, fuck your fingers now.”

Brooke shoved several fingers into her pussy and used her other hand to work her clitoris.

The sight was unbelievably arousing to Bridget. Even though she was coming down from a powerful orgasm she felt herself suddenly rising

towards another.

In less than a minute all three women, together but separate, each thinking their own profoundly wicked thoughts, all climaxed.

Janelle pushed Brooke away and fell back on the bed. Brooke fell backwards onto the carpet and lay on it with her knees bent while still digging her fingers into her pulsing pussy.

Bridget barely managed to close the door before trembling down to her knees. She actually weakly crawled to the staircase before managing to stand and stagger off to her own bedroom.

Bridget slid out of the skimpy robe, pulled off and threw down the black lingerie bra, and got under the covers in case anyone came in. Well... in case her mom came in.

For some reason, while she dreaded her mom seeing her naked she really wouldn't mind... showing herself to Janelle. Even though Janelle was obviously some kind of threat.

In fact, she remembered the lock on the bedroom door and started to go lock it but stopped when the image of beautiful bossy wicked Janelle entering her room entered her mind. God help her, but for that reason she lay back down deciding the bedroom door really did not need to be locked.

All she wore now was her soaking wet panties. For some reason she liked how they felt and didn't want to take them off. They wouldn't get in the way. She'd just push them to the side to finger-fuck herself again like she knew she was going to do.

She wondered. Was Janelle going to come back to her room? She so hoped so/not.

## Chapter Five

Janelle steered Brooke onto the bed. She remembered the collar on Brooke's neck. She'd better take that off!

But then, just as she was bringing the key into line with the keyhole on the collar her phone chirped. It was another text from the bitches.

**Leave it on. It will be funny seeing her trying to keep it a secret and covering it up. It will also keep her feeling like a slave slut. Which she is now thanks to you.**

Janelle wished she hadn't seen the text. Now she had to follow the order. She put the key away. Poor Brooke.

They had to enslave these women – Janelle did – but couldn't they at least... be nice to them?

Probably not. Janelle guessed that wasn't how it worked.

Janelle draped a blanket over the already asleep Brooke so that if Bridget looked in she would not see any nudity or the collar. Wow, Brooke was going to wake up a naked collared slave!

Janelle hesitated and then stuffed her phone into her purse, deep down for plausible deniability in case those bitches texted again. Then she got dressed. Who knew what orders they might text. They could order her to go after Bridget again after the earlier partial failure. Or to do some other damn thing. Janelle did not feel like doing anything else. Not one thing.

She was exhausted and just wanted to go home. She felt a strange mixture of triumph, satiation, and horror.

The things she'd done....

She wished she could forget them and, at the same time, she wanted to remember them forever.

As she expected she heard her phone chirp again with another text but pretended like she could not hear it. No doubt those bitches were texting her to go make another run at the daughter. Forget that. She was too tired and Bridget would be too alert to her advances. Why try doing what you know will fail?

Those two bitches were going to have to cut her a break. Doubtful.

Oh well, if she had to lick their pussies, as awful as that was, it really didn't sound so drastic any more.

Janelle had already done much worse than that.

Before leaving the house she called up towards Bridget's bedroom and said she was leaving and that Bridget's mother had gone to bed early because of too much wine.

As she expected, there was no response from Bridget. Janelle let herself out.

## **Chapter Six**

“Dammit!” yelled Gretchen. She glared at the monitors.

“A fucking golden opportunity! Fucking wasted!” Lydia angrily agreed with her.

“Oh, that silly bitch! I bet she heard our text and ignored it on purpose!”

“That Bridget girl is just laying in her bed, her pussy drenched in pussy juice, just waiting to be taken!”

“You're right. But I will say Janelle doesn't know that. She doesn't know Bridget watched everything with her mom and got off on it. Last she knew Bridget was angry at her. She probably doesn't want the little bitch to slap her or something.”

Lydia huffed, “I'll fucking slap her instead. And I slap much harder!”

They watched silently for long minutes. First the outdoor view as Janelle walked to her own house in the cul-de-sac (it was the smallest house), and then the indoor views as Janelle locked the door.

They then watched her go up to the bedroom and even put in ear plugs before crawling under the covers. She seemed exhausted. Her weariness

looked real and should be after those orgasms.

“So... fuuuuuuuck.... this Bridget slut-to-be just gets off the hook?”

Lydia's voice was full of disbelief.

“Well. No. We better strike while the iron is hot. Or, in this case, while the pussy is hot.” Gretchen did not like golden opportunities to pass. Especially golden opportunities that could lead to actual gold!

“What, break into Janelle's house and force her back over there?”

puzzled Lydia.

“No. She's no good right now. Too tired. At best she'd do a sloppy job. But this Bridget girl is smart. Real smart. Top-student-every-teacher's-favorite smart. At Janelle's best it would be a difficult take down for Janelle. I bet Janelle was a C+ student or so if you don't count the grades upgrades due to her good looks. Besides.... aren't you hot after watching all that?”

“Of course I am. But you know I ain't exactly a poet laureate myself.”

“It isn't really the book-smarts though. You've got all sorts of craftiness that Janelle does not have. And much more confidence.”

“I'm hot, can't hardly read a book, and I'm a crafty bitch. So, what now?”

“All right, I'm ahead right now. I've got Abigail and Megan stumbling down the slave path. Still a lot of work to do there though. Right now, you just have Naomi since Kaia escaped your clutches.”

Lydia pantomimed giant pincers with each hand, the thumb forming one pincer and the four fingers the other pincer and then pretended to clack them together while she danced and sang to a hip-hop rhythm, “My clutches, my clutches. My lovely lady clutches.”

“So, anyway, here is a great chance to bring it even. Go get Bridget. Go get her in your clutches or clutch the fuck out of her. Do what you do.”

“What? Break into their house?”

“No, no. Just use the master key. This right here is exactly why we planned ahead to have master keys for all these residences. Right now Brooke and Bridget Finn have no idea Janelle locked up when she left. I'll tell you exactly how to do this so you get your pussy served, you get Bridget on the pussy-pleasing slave path, and you get tied with me. You know how I love a good competition. As a bonus, do as I say and we even further the journey down the slave path by the mother and set the stage for the coming days.”

“Neat trick. All right, O' wise one, lay it on me.”

## Chapter Seven

Lydia used the master key to enter the Finn house. The plan required stealthy quiet early on and profane loudness later on. Lydia loved the plan. Her big pussy was drooling.

Lydia loved to dehumanize her “seduction” targets by giving them a new name and thinking of them that way. It was just more fun for her. She already had one for Bridget.

Lydia thought of Bridget, now that she was targeted in her sights, with a new name for her. Bitch-get as she now preferred to think of her because she intended to “get” that young hot redheaded “bitch”.

She thought if she could get that Bridget bitch, Bitch-get, between her legs her pussy would absolutely try to eat the girl's face off. It would at least try.

Or melt her face off with super-powered acid pussy juice. Lydia didn't like to read often but she liked super power comic books. She always rooted

for the evil villains and thought it was wildly unfair they almost always lost.

Really, it made no sense, as Lydia had explained to Gretchen time and time again. Gretchen always listened patiently or appeared to as her mind wondered on other subjects.

Lydia would tell her something like, “Take two super powered people. Equal powers let's say. Although often the villain has greater powers because they like the super hero to be an underdog. They face each other. Who's going to win? In the comics the super hero wins but, in real life, the villain would usually win. The hero is bogged down and limited by rules and “fair play” and fucking “honor”. Bad guy? They can do anything. No limits. So the bad guys should usually win.”

Lydia intended to take her pretend super-powered villain pussy and defeat the shit out of that foxy youngster Bitch-get.

Lydia went first to Brooke Finn's bedroom. She entered and Brooke was still passed out. She very carefully used tiny but very strong padlocks to attach cables to two of the loops on the collar around Brooke's neck. She didn't need to do all four. She probably only needed one but better safe than sorry. She then ran the thin but strong cables to the wall attachments in opposite directions. Brooke would be able to stand if she wanted but she

would not be able to leave her bedroom.

Lydia drank in the sight of the nude mother. That alabaster skin. She was like a living breathing sculpture of mature beauty. Lydia licked her big lips. Maybe a few quick licks? Just a taste here and there?

No... better stick to the plan. Reluctantly and quietly Lydia stepped away.

She put the little key that would unlock both padlocks under the woman's smart phone which lay on the nightstand next to her bed. It was not likely the woman would find it right away without specific guidance.

Not unless she decided to make a call. Who would she call? Well, who would she want to have see her collared and in bondage and dripping pussy juice? Same answer to both questions: no one.

Then, very intentionally, Lydia left the bedroom door wide open.

Lydia went upstairs as quietly as she could. She paused and checked her phone. No text from Gretchen so she knew all was clear. Which meant Bridget – Bitch-get – was still in her bed. It didn't matter if she was awake or not, just that she was not alarmed into calling the authorities or anything like that before Lydia reached her.

Lydia just opened the door and walked into Bridget's bedroom. The master key would have worked on the bedroom lock as well but it wasn't needed. They'd noted she hadn't locked her door and Gretchen had opined it meant that, subconsciously, Bridget wanted someone to walk on in and sex her up.

Lydia thought that was a bit of stretch but it didn't really matter to her. If the girl wanted it she'd get it. If the girl didn't want it she'd still get it.

Bridget saw her immediately, gasped, and pulled a hand out from under the blankets. Lydia was pretty sure she knew what that hand had been up to. Or up in as the case may be. At least some of the fingers. Well, good, that would only help her endeavor.

Bridget scooted back on the bed and sat up nervously, “What are you doing in my house?”

Lydia looked around the bedroom getting used to it's real-life dimensions as opposed to the view she'd watched on the monitor. The camera was installed in a smoke detector in the ceiling. She knew Gretchen would be watching. Hopefully proudly if everything worked out.

“Your front door was wide open. I knocked on the door jamb and no one answered. I was worried so I came in to make sure everything was all

right.”

“Everything's, uh, fine.” Bridget nervously glanced down at her chest. Were her nipples poking out through the sheet?

“Maybe. Where is your mom?”

Bridget's eyes widened. She'd heard Janelle call out when she left but she realized her mom must still be in her own bedroom. Naked? Possibly even wearing that collar?

Bridget did not want to embarrass her mother. It was best not to involve her.

“She's around. Well, everything is fine so you can leave. I'll lock the front door in a minute.”

Bridget also did not want to hop out of bed just wearing those wet panties. This whole unexpected visitor situation was so awkward!

“I think maybe I should talk to your mom. Maybe you have some boy in here.”

“No, I don't. No boy. That would be none of your business anyway. I'm an adult, you know, not some kid.”

“It is my business exactly. You ladies signed an agreement and it says no boys while you're under contract. No one wants to see a prego modeling in shorts or a swimsuit.”

“A what?”

“A prego. A chick who is pregnant.”

“Jesus. Well, I'm not pregnant or whatever and no boys so you can leave. Thanks for your concern.”

“No, I think I better talk to your mom. I'll make sure everything is all right. Maybe tell her about your attitude.”

Bridget tried to think quickly. Thinking at all wasn't easy with that wet heat between her legs and all the things that had already occurred. Her mom being some kind of lesbian submissive slut being just one of them.

It was bad enough Bridget knew about her mom but she did not want the whole world to know. She didn't care who Lydia was really but she still didn't want her finding out about Mom.

How embarrassing! Poor Mom already seemed pretty abused. By that Janelle! No reason to make things worse for her.

Bridget realized that if Lydia suddenly went off looking for Mom she

could not stop her because she'd have to get out of bed wearing nothing but wet panties.

By the time she put on clothes Lydia could have checked the whole house. It was a nice new big house but it was not that huge. She needed to convince Lydia that nothing was going on and that Lydia didn't need to talk to Mom.

“You're one of the photographers, right? Is your name Lydia?”

“That's right.”

“Well, look, my mom is asleep and I don't want you to disturb her.”

“When your mom is asleep is the perfect time to sneak some boy in here. In which case, of course, you would not want your mom woken up.”

Bridget realized Lydia had a bit of a point. So now how to convince her?

“Look, there is no boy and I don't want you to bother Mom. This isn't even your house you know. How about this: Just look around and you won't find a boy and you can leave knowing you've done your duty and all is well.”

Lydia looked pleased, “Great idea!”

Bridget watched Lydia walk around the room looking in every corner, in the closets, and even under the bed. Bridget knew Lydia wouldn't find a boy so she figured she was moments away from getting rid of her.

Soon, she thought Lydia had checked everywhere. Lydia had just even looked under the bed!

But then it seemed Lydia decided she hadn't quite checked everywhere....

Lydia stood up from her under-bed check and grabbed double handfuls of Bridget's blankets.

“Is there a boy under these blankets?”

“What? Of course not! I mean, you can see--”

Lydia suddenly whipped the entire set of bedding off like a magician pulling a table cloth off a set table without disturbing the place settings. There was Bridget in all her young beauty.

It was so much better than watching on the camera views.

Bridget in a half-sitting up crouch wearing only wet black panties. Even those were still pulled to one side.

Lydia tossed the sheet and blankets behind her. Bitch-get would need to get past her to get to them or to get to her clothes.

That was not going to happen. In this case Bitch-get was not going to be allowed to get.

Bridget was paralyzed by shock. She had no idea what to do other than wish for her blankets back.

“What's that smell?” asked Lydia. She made a show of taking deep breaths through her nostrils.

“What?”

“What's that lovely smell? It reminds me of something.”

Bridget was puzzled and then horrified. Was Lydia picking up on the smell of her aroused pussy? She was soaked. It probably was a familiar smell to Lydia as the woman sure looked like a lesbian.

“Oh. Ah. Air freshener.”

“Really? What fragrance?”

“Um. I think... spring meadows? I think.”

Lydia lifted one incredulous dark eyebrow at her, “Maybe spring

meadows... full of spring pussy!”

“Excuse me?”

“I fucking smell pussy. Young sweet pussy. Yours?”

“What? No! I told you -”

“Yeah, you told me, an air freshener. Hey, I know pussy. That is some hot pussy smell. Which means maybe you do have a boy hidden somewhere here.”

“No! I swear!”

“Can't trust you now. You lied about your pussy being an air freshener.”

“No... it's not... it's not my pussy!”

“You know what that jungle bird says in the cereal commercials....”  
Lydia stepped right next to Bridget's bed, close enough to reach down and touch her. Touch her anywhere, Bridget realized with frozen dismay. “That bird says to follow your nose because it knows.”

Lydia bent over until her face was inches from Bridget's pussy. Then she sucked in a lungful of air through her nose.

“Yes. I think I found your air freshener.” Lydia looked up dark-eyed, across Bridget's nearly prone body, at Bridget's flushed face. “Of course, I have to make Ab-So-Lute-Ly sure....”

Bridget could not speak. She was too mortified. She could not figure out what to do. This invader woman was too sure of herself. Too sure and too big.

Why fight a battle destined to be lost?

Lydia tugged, tugged, tugged on Bridget's long bare legs until Bridget lay flat on her back on her bed.

Lydia loved how perfect Bridget's pale breasts looked. So much better in person and in three dimensions. So much better than video. The nipples were invitingly pink and quite erect.

Lydia hadn't really been able to smell any pussy up until now. But now she did. Wafting up to her face.

She wasn't really closer so maybe being able to smell Bridget's pussy just maybe meant all this was making Bitch-get's pussy activate. Maybe this lesbian home invasion and being forced to show off her body was turning this young fox on.

That fresh hot pussy smell was as heavenly a scent as Lydia could have hoped for.

Time for a taste test.

Lydia made aggressive eye contact with her victim, “Your pussy. Is it just an air freshener or is it also a flavor additive?”

“What? What!” Bridget was alarmed into speech. This bull lesbian was talking crazy!

Bridget watched wide-eyed as Lydia climbed on the bed and got on all fours between Bridget's legs which she casually but forcefully shoved to the side to make a wide V to accommodate her bulk.

Bridget found it all hard to believe let alone deal with as Lydia confidently used one hand on Bridget's sodden panties to make sure they stayed on one side of Bridget's fully revealing wet pussy.

Bridget could not think what to say or do. Bridget was not a fighter. She'd never needed to fight. With her beauty guys went out of their way to be nice to her and she was automatically popular at her old school so the girls there went out of their way for her as well.

Bridget felt her adrenaline pumping but she just couldn't fight and she

had nowhere to run. Run away from her own home? Leave Mom here undefended... wore out from orgasms and wearing a collar also? Bridget could guess what this Lydia would do with her Mom.

The same as whatever Lydia was trying to do with Bridget!

She would have yelled but that would wake up her mom and... well... she could not have that....

The adrenaline only accomplished one thing and it was totally counterproductive. Her senses were all enhanced. Her hearing became acute and her vision sharper. Her sense of touch became hyper-sensitive...

Just like that Lydia's face met her pussy in a wet grinding kiss, a French kiss as Lydia's surprisingly long tongue dug in and searched up into Bridget's channel.

The inundation of sensation was so overwhelming that Bridget felt pinned in place.

Bridget stared down at the spectacle. The woman was eating her out! Gross! Awful! Horrible! It was shocking how good it felt, too.

What to do? What should she do? What could she do? Bridget felt frantic.

Her hips knew what to do. They were already pushing her pussy up and out, lifting her ass from the bed, and feeding her pussy right into Lydia's ravenous mouth. This gave Lydia full easy access to all points pussy and her tongue plundered even more deeply.

“Ahhh! Ah, God!” Bridget was alarmed by her own vocalizations. She slapped one hand over her mouth. It would be terrible if her mom heard her. What would Mom think of her? Probably as little of her as she thought of Mom after seeing the things Mom had done and allowed done to herself.

The shoe was on the other foot! Or the... the other pussy was being licked by the other mouth!

Bridget knew that whatever she did she could not be loud. It would ruin her reputation with her mom. Mom would never look at her quite the same.

Even worse... her mom might come in and interrupt this insane pleasure....

Bridget levered her pussy up into Lydia's wide mouth, nearly in a crab-walk position on the bed now. She yelped into her hand, sometimes even biting it in order to muffle the sounds of her arousal.

Lydia paused, pulled her tongue out, and jammed two fingers down

Bridget's wet passage. She leered down at Bridget's pussy and then up at Bridget's hand-covered face, “Mmm, tasty treat you have here between your legs. Nice fresh hot treat. I don't mind if I do.”

Lydia's puffy lips sought out and unerringly found Bridget's little clitoris. They softly ground back and forth over the little nub as she rapidly pumped her fingers in and out of Bridget's defenseless pussy.

Bridget had already been primed from that night's events and what she'd seen with her mom. And from her own fingers right up until Lydia strode into her bedroom. This intense expert treatment from Lydia worked its ultimate magic within minutes.

Bridget came. Her whole body went rigid and she vibrated as the orgasm went on and on. Bridget's back and butt crashed back to the mattress as her legs gave out.

## **Chapter Eight**

Lydia did not let up. She increased her pace and the pressure from her lips. A high pitched wail escaped Bridget's mouth-covering hand.

Not on purpose, just instinctively, Bridget tried to twist to the side and escape the overwhelming sensations. Lydia would have none of that. She wanted to blow this young lady's mind. From their research they knew Bridget was very smart and a great student. A superior intellect.

Certainly much smarter than Lydia. Lydia wanted to fry Bridget's mind and make her think with her pussy. Pussy pleasure. The great equalizer.

It was fairly easy to make a girl pussy stupid in the grip of passion but it was much harder to make the effect last between sexual encounters as well. It would be a long process but this could be a good start.

Lydia pulled her fingers out of the girl and gripped Bridget's skinny ass in her big hands, with the girl's legs dangling over Lydia's shoulders. Bridget could do nothing to escape Lydia's power as Lydia served that red-haired pussy up into her mouth.

Bridget did keep struggling to escape the pleasure, kept groaning, kept wailing into the bites she put on her own clenched fist. Lydia found all this so-called "escape-attempting" to be quite cute. Just adorable!

Bridget felt panicked lust. She wanted more but this was too much

more. She was too sensitive for this!

But there was no escape. And as Bridget's weak disorganized attempts at flopping continued so did Bridget's consuming orgasm.

As Lydia's mouth attempted to consume Bridget's pussy the consuming orgasm went on and on. Bridget felt like she was going mad.

Bridget's feet weakly flailed and beat lightly on Lydia's back. Lydia grinned. Now was a good time for it. Time to get loud. She slid one meaty hand up Bridget's damp body, paused to pluck at a nipple, and then slid further to pull Bridget's hand from its duty taking harder and harder bites from the girl's mouth.

Lydia smiled wetly up into Bridget's glazed eyes that for the moment seemed to hold no spark of intelligence whatsoever, "I like my chicks loud and sexy. I want my sluts to sound like sluts and let the whole world know how much they appreciate what I do for them. Get loud slut!"

Bridget blinked stupidly.

Lydia reconnected her face to Bridget's pussy while using each of her paws to cover up and keep Bridget's hands on the bed. She licked and sucked at that prime young redhead pussy. Almost immediately Bridget built back towards another orgasm.

Bridget got pleasingly loud without even being aware of the sounds she made. But Lydia wasn't sure if the sounds would reach to the mom's bedroom let alone wake up the mom. So she timed it just right and, as the orgasm was just cresting, she gently but firmly used her teeth to lightly grind on the little pulsing clitoris....

Bridget screamed. It was a full-throat warbling horror movie worthy scream. It actually hurt Lydia's ears.

Since it was loud enough to wake the dead Lydia was fairly confident the mom must be awake by now. Awake and listening. Hearing it but unable to escape her collar and go to her daughter to investigate the scream.

Lydia was not entirely sure of the acoustics in the house. Maybe Bridget's mom could hear everything and maybe her mom was only awakened by the scream and then had been unable to hear much more.

Lydia almost chuckled to think the mom probably thought her daughter was being murdered and would be relieved to know Bridget was 'just' being orally pleased by an older bull lesbian.

Lydia thought it best to make damn sure. Just to clear up any possible misunderstanding.

She knew Bridget was still hyper-sensitive from the orgasm, every

nerve receptor open for business. So she jammed her thumb up Bridget's pussy and dug the thumbnail around upward hoping to nail Bridget's G-spot. Leaving nothing to chance, Lydia went ahead and sucked powerfully – and she could suck harder than almost anyone – at that delicious little clitoris.

There it was! That perfect horror movie scream as Bridget spilled into another orgasm. Lydia bet that would get the mom's attention.

Bridget's pelvis tried to bounce around and escape the overload but it was easy for Lydia to keep inflicting the pleasure.

She hoped it was frying many of the girl's neurons. The girl had too many of the useless things. All she needed, in Lydia's consideration, was her body, her physical sensations, and obedience. Just enough smarts to follow orders. The rest was of no use to Lydia. Or to Bridget's future masters and mistresses.

Lydia felt it was time to clarify matters. Although it was amusing to think of the mom in the other bedroom tugging frantically at her collar thinking her daughter was being murdered it was not actually very useful.

It could even be counter-productive if the woman hurt herself or burst a gasket or whatever. The mother needed to know that these were cries of sexual passion. That her little girl was a little slut. A little lesbian slave slut

like herself.

Lydia detached her mouth from Bridget's pussy and spoke in a calm quiet voice the mom would not be able to hear, “Little slut. Time to use your words. Yell out what is being done to you by me.”

Bridget blinked and Lydia decided to make things crystal clear, “If you don't yell out what I'm doing to you this thumb up your pussy is going to go up your asshole.”

Bridget gasped wide-eyed and Lydia went back to sucking on her clitoris.

It took Bridget a moment to remember how to speak and focus her will to make words, “You're sucking my pussy.”

Lydia was irritated. She used her free hand to pinch one of Bridget's nipples, “I said to yell it. Fucking describe it as loud as you can.”

Bridget's voice went much higher this time, “You're going down on my pussy! You're sucking me off!”

Lydia again kept her voice low, “Tell the world where my thumb is and how much you like it.”

Bridget yelled, “Your thumb... is up my vagina! Oh, fuck, it feels

great! I love your thumb in my pussy!”

Lydia coached her a little more, “You and I know you're a slutty lesbian slave girl. Now tell everyone.”

Just then Lydia saw awareness enter Bridget's eyes. She could see her actually thinking through the cloud of her lust, thinking about her mom being able to possibly hear her. Lydia could feel the muscles in Bridget's pussy tense and flex around her thumb as if she was trying to find a way to pull away from the thumb. But, of course, there was no way Lydia was going to let that happen.

She held Bridget in place and when she felt the struggle give up she generously gave the girl four whole seconds to comply before she nastily pinched that same sore nipple with her free hand.

Bridget's will broke. And the pain actually made her yell out far louder than before, “I'm a fucking slut! I'm a lesbian slut!”

“Good slut,” Lydia slurped once noisily at the slippery clitoris, “Now keep yelling things you think I'd like to hear about what a slut you are, how much you want me to do whatever I want to you, and how you're my sex slave. Meanwhile I'll be down here rocking your world.”

Bridget knew the consequences now of any disobedience and the

uselessness of rebellion. It didn't matter. She'd already crossed the line. Either her mom was awake and listening or not.

Even that was hard to keep track of as anything important with the pleasures washing through her. She had to admit this weird big woman Lydia really was rocking her world.

Bridget heard a slurping sound down at her pussy and the pleasure corresponded. A fucking noisy slurp! Gross! Gross and somehow extremely sexy....

Bridget opened her legs lewdly and opened her mouth as well to yell lewdly, “Oh, suck me! Suck my pussy! Suck my slave pussy!”

Bridget's reward was continued pleasure.

Bridget yelled out without even knowing what she was going to say, “I love it! I love it when you, you, you slurp my pussy! My fucking slave pussy! Tongue fuck my slave pussy! Tongue fuck your slave's pussy!”

Wait. Bridget froze her body in its sexy open position. What had she just said? Those things she said – that she had yelled even – she had never said anything like that ever before. She'd never even thought such things!

Who thought such things? Who said such things? Who yelled such

things? Who yelled such things probably loud enough for their mother to hear?

A slut would. Only a slut would!

That strong tongue. That rubbery-lipped mouth. That intrusive thumb. They rapidly thawed her out. She began moving again, pumping her hips in short rapid desperate motions. All this intimate contact was too much. Too much and not enough.

Oh, Bridget felt like such a slut. Such a slutty slut. It made her want to yell. So... she did, "I'm a slutty slut! I'm such a slut!"

Lydia liked how sincere Bitch-get now sounded. She sucked on that young slut clitty.

"Oh! Fuck my pussy with your tongue! Suck my clitty! Do anything you want! I'm your slave!"

Lydia appreciated that she'd turned up Bridget's volume to maximum. If the mom couldn't hear her daughter now then it sure as fuck was not from a lack of trying.

The sucking, pelvis thrusting, and nasty slave talk went on for a couple more minutes before Bridget's voice became hoarse and her breathing even

more erratic.

Lydia faced a minor moral dilemma, such as it was. She had threatened to push her thumb up the girl's ass if the girl did not yell her sluttiness out loud for the world to hear. The threat had worked and Bridget had complied. With plenty of enthusiasm as it turned out.

However... Lydia loved that angular but soft cute little ass. She loved girls' and women's assholes in general. It was her thing.

Lydia really wanted to penetrate that ass! But there was that agreement to think about....

Bridget ground her pussy upward against Lydia's chin.

Lydia thought “Fuck it, slave sluts do as they're told and take whatever is done to them”. A Mistress need not honor any agreement with the likes of them.

Lydia used one hand to upwardly grip a tensed sweaty slave ass cheek and pulled her juicy thumb out of the girl's pussy. She gripped the girl's clitoris in a lip vice and then placed the wet thumb pad on Bridget's tight little sphincter.

Lydia felt Bridget tense and hesitate at this foreign new sensation. Her

flow of nasty words slowed and then stopped, “No. Wait! You said!”

Lydia pulled her mouth off that tasty swollen clitoris, “I fucking said I'd shove my thumb up your ass if you didn't yell what I was doing to you. I never fucking said I wouldn't shove it up your ass if you did yell what I was doing to you. Now I'm going to shove it up your ass and, guess what? You're going to love it. You're going to cum with my thumb up your ass. When you do you better tell the world exactly what I'm doing to you and how much you love it or afterward I'll have you lick the thumb clean!”

Lydia used her free hand to pull the ass cheek a little out to make space, used her face to push down on Bridget's pussy to keep her from slipping out of the predicament, and jammed her thumb against the tiny asshole Lydia imagined was a perfect light pink flesh asterisk.

Bridget grunted in angry shock and her asshole resisted the wet thumb almost a full second and then, pop, Lydia's thumbnail and thumb pad were engulfed in hot tightness.

Lydia corkscrewed her thumb back and forth and, in moments, it was in as far as it could go. Then Lydia began shoving the thumb in and out of that virgin ass path.

Lydia looked forward to the time – probably the very next time she

took this girl – when she could fully ass fuck her with a plastic cock. Start with something small and then gradually – to Lydia a full week meant gradually – work up to a great big ole plastic horse cock of a dildo. Really make this Bridget into an ass slut. Another ass slut.

Bitch-get was going to get severely ass fucked soon!

Bridget did the typical grunting, groaning, thrashing, and twisting. This was almost always how it was and Lydia loved it. All that “oh, no, my ass” and “not my ass” and “I don't want that” and “That's not my thing” and “I wouldn't/won't/don't” like it. Just hilarious and sexy as fuck. Lydia always transformed that negativity into something useful like, “Oh, please, Mistress, please stick your thumb up your ass slut's ass!”

That was Lydia's ass alchemy equivalent to the philosopher's stone turning base metals into gold. Ass sluts were Lydia's gold. Pretty literal for this one once she was sold off into a harem.

Sometimes Gretchen and Lydia joked that they were “Enthusiasm Coaches”. Hell, sometimes they even told their unsuspecting victims that was what they did for a living. Which worked great because it would pique their interest and, as they gradually went on to explain and often gradually plied them with drinks or compliments or suggestive talk or all three, they

eventually came to show them their “Enthusiasm Coach” trade and become their personal “Enthusiasm Coaches”.

Every time Lydia pushed her thumb all the way into Bridget she used her chin to also nod down on Bridget's pussy to make a crude pincer of maximum contact.

In a minute Bridget's breathing was raspy and erratic again and her pussy was so hot now Lydia thought steam should be puffing out and rising up from it. Lydia wondered if she'd need to threaten the girl into more nasty talk but the girl yelled out, nice and clear as a bell, showing excellent promise of becoming an obedient little ass slut.

“Your thumb is up my butt. My slave ass! Oh, your thumb in my ass feels good! It makes my slave pussy so hot! Suck my pussy and thumb fuck my slave ass! Please!”

Lydia appreciated how very loud Bridget was. She even thought she may have heard a cry out coming from the mom's bedroom but that was probably just her imagination. Lydia granted Bridget's wish to have her pussy sucked and her ass thumb fucked. She felt it was the least she could do.

Bridget orgasmed loudly and, likely due to the thumb up her ass, her

contracting pussy even emitted a little squirt of pussy juice that ricocheted off Lydia's cheek. She tensed and gyrated and Lydia would have sworn the girl was pushing her ass onto the thumb more than she was pushing her pussy into Lydia's face.

Lydia hauled the just past orgasm girl into a sitting position on the bed and made her lick her own spend off Lydia's cheek.

Afterward Lydia did have Bridget suck her thumb clean. She explained again that, just like with the whole thumb up the ass thing, she'd made the threat of what she would do but had never made a promise what she would not do.

She called Bridget a stupid slave slut to make her think it was her own fault she was licking her own ass flavor off the thumb. And to get her thinking about herself in a new light.

Bitch-get did not look so clever now. Not with a shit-flavored thumb in her mouth. She was plenty book smart but she could not outsmart her new Mistress.

Then Lydia compelled the girl to go down on her. Not much resistance there. Not much skill either but that would come in time.

While being pleased by the daughter Lydia commanded her to yell

out a bit of an action report just so the mom could accurately picture everything that was happening. Bridget's cries of "I'm licking your pussy!" and "This slave loves the taste of your pussy juice!" and "I'm your slut. I'm your slave! I'll lick your pussy anytime you want!" echoed through the house over the next several minutes whenever Lydia pulled the girl's eager mouth off her pussy.

Lydia imagined the mom helpless in her own bedroom feeling angry and worried and almost certainly very aroused against her will and Lydia came all over the daughter's face, really grinding her pussy juice into the girl's pores.

Life was good!

## **Chapter Nine**

Lydia made a show of getting Bridget's cell number. Of course, she and Gretchen already had it and had already used it to manipulate her but this would further cement matters in the girl's mind that it had been Janelle

texting her. It also gave Lydia the excuse to go ahead and start texting as needed.

Obtaining the cell number orally – he he he, she really had obtained it “orally”, hadn't she? – would make this whole thing look... Lydia struggled to bring the new word used for this to mind and finally got it: organic. Like it was all natural.

The order of events would seem natural but Lydia certainly intended to order her new slave bitch to do some unnatural things. Very unnatural! Naturally! Who wouldn't? Not Lydia! Lydia fucking would make her do unnatural things!

Fucking “Mistress Lydia” to the slave bitch Bridget from now on! Lydia let her know about that as well. That Bridget was to call her Mistress whenever the two of them were alone.

Bridget looked troubled and almost defiant at that declaration from Lydia but then Lydia pointed out that Bridget had already admitted she was a slave slut and every slave slut needed a mistress.

Lydia wanted to make her say it almost of her own accord, “So you have to have a Mistress. Who could it be? Who is your Mistress?”

Bridget almost looked like she was mentally sorting through people in

an attempt to name someone, anyone, other than Lydia. But she quickly gave that up. There could be only one answer.

“I guess you are my Mistress. Mistress Lydia....”

“Bingo, bitch. Very happy to have you as my sex slave, no need to thank me now. Just do every single thing I say – or text – no matter what and do it all the best you can and we'll get along just great.”

Lydia added mentally to herself, “Right up until we sell you to Arabs....”

Lydia kept a sneer of lustful anticipation off her face. Barely. She was going to ride this bitch and put her away wet by time she handed her over to those Arabs. Have her cake and eat it too except, in this case, it was more like pie.

And it would eat her right back! Eat her pussy!

Lydia saw Bridget looked reluctant to provide her cell number. Lydia did not give a fuck what the slave bitch did or did not want, thought or did not think. The girl would either obey every single little command – or even a fucking suggestion! – or she would be punished and *then* she'd obey!

Bridget wrote down and gave her the cell number. Lydia quick

checked and saw that it was the correct one.

Lydia also put her own cell number into Bridget's phone, "Here's the deal, slave slut Bridget. Get a call from me and you answer. No. Matter. What. Or a text. So keep this phone near you all the time. If I need a booty call I will call or text and you get your skinny booty wherever I tell you to get it. You know what a booty call is? Means I want sex and you will perform any and all sexual acts I tell you to. You don't even have to like it but, believe me, you will love it even if you think you don't want to. Maybe especially then. You slave sluts are all whacky. Who knows what is going on in your pea brains and who really cares? Not me."

Bridget gaped at her. Incredulous. Speechless.

At least the bitch was wise enough to keep her mouth shut. That kept Lydia from having to slap it a good one.

"The other thing is, I know you're going to want to rub out some orgasms replaying what we just did in your mind. It's going to be your new favorite show whenever you close your eyes. That's fine. But you only cum with my permission. So, when you get close, you text me. And then I may or may not give you that permission. But no masturbation picturing anyone but me. Unless you tell me who and get my permission."

“What? What? I mean – you mean... I need your permission to...?”

“Rub your clitty? Finger fuck yourself? Masturbate? Yeah, you do need my permission, whatever you want to call it.”

Bridget wanted to be eloquent and persuasive in resisting this command but failed, “But... but that's.... not fair.”

“It fucking *is* fair. Your pussy is now my pussy. You want to borrow it? Get my fucking permission, bitch!”

Bridget sat still as a statue, astounded, afraid to speak or move.

“Thanks for the licks. But do it better next time. You need to perfect your slut craft. I'll help you learn the trade.”

Lydia walked out but the scent of her and Bridget's own pussy filled the air and her presence was heavy on Bridget's mind, stifling her spirit.

Bridget couldn't even comprehend all that had happened and didn't want to think about it. She wanted to think about the future even less.

Bridget found her blankets, brought them back to her bed, and pulled them up over her.

She was dead tired. Right away she was falling asleep. Wondering

why her pussy still thrummed hungrily for more of what she'd never before wanted and had not even wanted in the first place. But now did!

It was like her pussy really did belong to that mean bullish lesbian.

## Chapter Ten

Lydia did not leave the house immediately.

She was curious as to the situation with the mother. Damn, she needed a nickname for that one. The mother of “Bitch-Get”.... Instead of Brooke she could call her “Creek” or “Stream”. Cunt-creek? Pussy-stream?

Cunt-creek had potential. Cunt was the type of word Mrs. Finn would just hate and so it would be exquisitely humiliating as a new name. Also, Lydia could maybe obtain and use the handle of a paddle on her. Use it as a dildo! Then, instead of being “up a creek without a paddle” she would be “up a Cunt-creek *with* a paddle”. Lydia snickered softly as she made her way towards the mother's bedroom.

Those names weren't good enough though. Oh well, maybe just vanilla “slut slave” for the time being. Until she bought a broken paddle handle on the web....

She looked at her cell and tapped her foot. She made a get-on-with-it motion, a rolling of a beefy forearm followed by an open palm and raised eyebrows. She knew Gretchen was watching her on a monitor in the attic of their house. Gretchen knew what to do.

Lydia wanted to know what she was walking into.

Ding ding ding! There it was. A link to the camera views. Or just one in particular. Brooke's bedroom view.

There was Brooke sitting on the edge of her bed. She looked alert but disheveled. The collar looked great on her. Yep, no reason to ever take that beautiful collar off that beautiful slave mommy.

Technically, right now Brooke was Janelle's slave but, since Janelle was under their thumb, Gretchen and Lydia would call the shots with Brooke. The do's and do not's. As in “Don't ever take off that collar, slave bitch”.

They would not want the poor woman suffering from identity confusion, would they? A slave needed to know she was a slave. That was

only fair.

However, Lydia needed to get the mother unlocked from the two little padlocks connecting the collar to the cables stretching to the wall attachments. But without being seen by Brooke. It would be better for their plans if Brooke thought Janelle had just nailed her one and only daughter. Better and much more twisted which, in the Book of Lydia, were pretty much the same thing.

Lydia sent a text to Gretchen:

**Did she diddle herself listening to her daughter becoming a slave slut?**

The answer came (no pun intended thought Lydia with a snicker):

**She pulled on those cables for a little while. Then sat and listened. She resisted quite a while and kept catching her hand creeping between her legs. Finally gave in. She stopped when she heard it end up there in Bridget's room. Hasn't cum yet. Worried "Janelle" is coming back to her bedroom maybe.**

Lydia had put the key to the little padlocks under Brooke Finn's cell phone on her nightstand. Now she needed Brooke to know where that key was. And Lydia knew the way to do that which would best serve their

interests.

This time she texted Brooke herself, using a function to make the text anonymous. Brooke's phone obviously chimed as she saw on the view Brooke twisting like a kid caught with their hand in the cookie jar to stare over her shoulder at her phone. She saw Brooke glance nervously at her wide open bedroom door and then shift around awkwardly just barely able to reach her phone. Of course, Lydia knew exactly what Brooke read in that text:

**Mommy slut slave, your daughter Bridget's pussy is a tasty treat. You should try it! She is as much a slut as you. I'm not sure which I prefer. But why choose?**

Lydia watched the woman's reaction. The view was not great on her little smart phone but the woman seemed to stiffen. Shock? Outrage? Horror? Probably all of the above.

Of course, she couldn't be *that* surprised since she'd heard it all go down. Maybe she was just shocked “Janelle” would be so forward about texting about it. Lydia hadn't identified herself as Janelle – why lie unless you must? – but Brooke would think that only Janelle would be calling her a “Mommy slut slave”.

Time to give instructions. Lydia sent another text:

**Mommy slut slave, the key to your padlocks is under your phone charger. We wouldn't want little Bridget using a hacksaw to free you with you all naked! The key does not work on that pretty little collar – that's a keeper. Wear that with slave pride but keep it covered up when in public.**

Time to add a little bit. Just a little something to get the woman rolling again. Seal the deal.

Actually, this would be more like a prank on Brooke. Something for Gretchen and Lydia to share a laugh over even years from then.

She sent the third text before Brooke could line up the key with the first padlock keyhole:

**The key only works if you soak it in pussy juice first. You have my permission to give yourself an orgasm. But you have to think about me giving your daughter orgasms and your daughter going down on me! Then you can release yourself.**

Lydia had to lean against a hallway wall and cover her mouth. She had booming laughs so she needed to keep them inside. Through watery eyes she saw the confused, then disgusted, then dismayed, then intrigued expressions cross Brooke's face.

Lydia nearly burst a gasket when she saw the woman lay back on the bed with her legs off the bed, bare feet flat on the floor, and watched on the tiny view as Brooke inserted the tiny key into her pussy. Brooke used nimble eager fingers to push the key deep and used the fingers of her other hand to find and rub her clitoris.

In less than two minutes Brooke was bouncing her ass up and down on the edge of the bed while climaxing. Lydia could actually hear the bed springs!

As Brooke's orgasm slackened so did her legs. They splayed wide and loose and she barely stayed on the bed.

Lydia couldn't know for sure if Brooke pictured her daughter giving and receiving sexual acts while she masturbated but went ahead and assumed she had.

Lydia watched as Brooke dug around in her pussy and fished out the key. Without wiping it clean she used it to open the two padlocks and free herself.

Then Lydia was incredulous as she watched Brooke pop the key into her mouth and suck it clean!

Mommy slut indeed!

Everything had gone smoothly or even better than that with the mother so there was no need for Lydia to reveal herself.

Lydia rushed back to her house to plot and plan with Gretchen.

## **Chapter Eleven**

“What a night!” Lydia burst with enthusiasm as soon as she rejoined Gretchen in their attic which they referred to as their evil lair.

“What a performance by you!”

“What a plan by you, Gretchen, O fearless leader!”

“Think nothing of it. We're partners!”

“Sure, but you're the Idea Lady. That's all I'm saying.”

“Hey, tie game. I've got Abigail and Megan, you've got Naomi and Bridget. And you nearly nailed Kaia. And you already nailed Abigail with me.”

“I only count it once I've had their ass. And not just a finger!”

“Well, I only count it when they've called me 'Mistress'.”

“Different strokes for different folks.” said Lydia.

They flicked around the views for a bit but everyone at every house was asleep then. There was no movement to see though Gretchen and Lydia still basked in victory.

“Which domino next?” asked Lydia.

“I've been thinking about that. In military terms we could lose all our gained ground unless we slow our advance and dig in.”

“Huh?”

“Making slaves is not a one and done process. One encounter, no matter how hot or how prolonged, just isn't enough. Usually. These slaves – Abigail, Megan, Naomi, Bridget, Brooke via Janelle – are only slaves *at the moment*. Even that is iffy at best. Their view of themselves and their proper role in life has to be reinforced again and again until it appears to them to be simple unquestioned fact. Where they obey immediately and without question or consideration of any other options.”

“Sooo... what are you saying?”

“I'm saying it needs reinforcement. We need to reinforce their slave

conversion. We need to make it stick. We need to pause the new seductions and get the ones we have acting like and being slaves until they just *are* slaves.” Gretchen tapped the desk with each point made.

Lydia shrugged mock dramatically, “Fuck, fine by me. I’ll ass fuck Naomi next, again, and ass fuck Kaia or whoever in a few days or next week. It’s all good.”

“Ass fucking is fine --”

“And fucking a fine ass is very fine!”

“-- but – no pun intended – physical acts aren’t enough. I mean, Hell, straights and power-equals even ass fuck or whatever. No physical act can make a slave. Before, during, and after fucking them we need, more than anything, to mind-fuck them.”

“How?”

“You do it automatically, instinctively, anyway. The name calling, the slaps. Humiliate them. Force them to think of themselves as a lesser creature than they were before and a much lesser creature than their betters like you and I. Most of all, destroy their moral compass. Make them give up what they previous thought of as right and wrong.”

Gretchen had that narrowed evil mastermind look on her face. Evil Mistress-mind.

“How?” asked Lydia again.

“By making them transgress against their own moral judgment. They'll think even less of themselves, lose the framework of what is the right thing to do. And we make them like it. Love it. We make them complicit in their own slavery. Their moral framework shatters, their self-esteem shatters. Presto magico slave-O!”

“Sounds... cruel.” Despite the words Lydia's expression was that of a hungry person stumbling across a feast.

“Yes, but – still no pun intended – ultimately they will be happy to be slaves, the Arabs will be happy to possess them, and we will be happy to be rich. In the long run it is the best for all.”

“Sounds fun. You know me, I'm not shy about dishing out a little of the old cruel Lydia.”

“They'll love it. Sooner or later....!” Lydia literally rubbed her hands together.

“So, who's on the menu tomorrow? Besides, of course, our pussies for

them.”

“For you I've got a great little plan. Can you start in the morning? Not too tired?”

“Too tired for sex? Course not. Don't you remember those four little Thai whores?”

Gretchen did indeed remember them. The stuff of Lydia legend.

They'd been on a photography gig in Thailand. Prostitutes were plentiful there. After a street dinner of lemongrass squid Lydia approached a gaggle of four young cute ones outside a sidewalk bar. They asked Lydia which one of them she wanted and Lydia said she'd take them all. They said they charged by the hour, \$20 American dollars, no cost break for multiples of them.

Lydia asked how much for all of them up until she was sexually satisfied. The prostitutes held a short discussion among themselves.

It seemed the consensus was that even a big gal like Lydia would be satisfied in less than two hours. After all, many hands made light work and there were four of them. Then they'd leave with Lydia passed out and satisfied.

So they charged Lydia \$250 dollars thinking they were getting a great deal. Two hours for all four would run \$180 and, even if Lydia somehow lasted three hours, they were still making an extra \$10 which they wouldn't report to their pimp wherever he or she was.

Lydia herded them into her cut rate second floor rental room, about the size of an American living room. They entered at a little past nine at night. Gretchen stumbled in from her own series of drunken sexual encounters in multiple locations at about dawn. Damned if Lydia wasn't still working all four of the exhausted working girls. She had one impaled on her gigantic strap-on while a second ate her ass and the other two were on the bed cramming dildos up their pussies while they watched and were watched. The air in the room was thick as a rain forest and the whole room smelled like a giant pussy.

Gretchen would never forget seeing the barely open hooded eyes of the four whores and wondering if they were heavy-lidded from passion or from exhaustion or both.

Lydia eventually agreed to release them from their commitment and let them leave before noon if they agreed the whole encounter was a “freebie”. They readily agreed and had to physically help one another out the door and down the rickety staircase.

Lydia's endurance, and appetite, were: Off. The. Charts.

“All right then. In the morning we'll text a few over and work them over. Body and mind. I have a wicked plan. But for our reinforcement of slave slut status we're going to need reinforcement, too. Time to involve the guards.”

“I fucking hate sharing!”

“You can only fuck one at a time. Well... yeah, that's not true. But there will be plenty of these pussies to go around. We need to keep them under our thumb but there's only two of us. Can't count Janelle. Every day or even almost all the time we need them being treated like slaves and learning to love it.”

“Don't the Arabs, like, want them virgins – I mean the ones that still are, if any – and, what, “unsullied”. What are they going to think of the guards fucking the slaves-to-be? I mean, they don't have actual cocks but we live in the dildo age. Those guards are a wild bunch. I guess prison does that to you. Then again, which came first, chicken or the egg. But it will be more people “sullying” them. Also, don't the Arabs have something against blacks? Won't those racist Arabs think less of the slave product if black lesbians have used and abused them?”

Gretchen held up a hand to pause Lydia's voiced concerns, "The Arabs basically supplied the guards with the upfront money they gave us. A chunk of that was earmarked for guards but we needed a certain sort of lustful morals-lacking guards which took some searching on my part while you got these houses set up. Thank God for women's correctional facilities. What a source of talent desperate for jobs. I had them checked for STDs so they can't ruin the product that way. As for the Arab jealousy they do view blacks differently. Like they are not actual competition or something. It's some racial prejudice that in this case works in the guards' favor. And ours. They view women different too, of course. They don't worry about the lesbian stuff and they aren't stupid enough to think the mothers are virgins anyway. We'll mostly use the guards to keep the mothers all well-fucked and out of our way while we enslave the daughters. Mostly. That way they can't take anyone's virginity if any of the daughters somehow still are virgins."

"Isn't it weird using ex-felons as guards?"

"Ha! Everything we do is weird."

"Yeah, but can they sell it? Will they come across as legit guards?"

"It's fine. They've spent years watching up close and personal how prison guards act. That's pretty much training."

“Okay. Hey, whatcha watching there?” The images on Gretchen's expanded monitor view were catching Lydia's eyes. Lydia's eyes were programmed to instantly detect bared female flesh.

The screen was split into four views, one for each sleeping Reynolds female. They were each in their own bedrooms. While the view of Lilliana, the eldest daughter, wasn't much as her blankets were mostly over her, the other three Reynolds were a beautiful sight. Megan Reynold's blanket only came up to her waist and she wore a bra with the nipple area cut out with lacy circles around the nipples. Julissa lay on her side in the warm house wearing a thick leather one-piece outfit which left her breasts sticking out and her pussy bare. Kaia wore what amounted to strings as she lay on top of her masturbation pillow. Apparently she'd passed out after having a big cum and just went to sleep with her ass high. Those door locks really relaxed them!

As Gretchen explained, Lydia could not take her eyes off the Reynolds women, “I told Megan, after I slaved her but before I kicked her ass out, to make sure she and all her daughters wore lingerie all day every day inside the house to get used to lingerie and to try them out. You know, to product test them.”

“No shit?”

“Yeah, I did. She has no idea we have these cameras. We can enjoy the view. It should get them all into a certain state of mind as well. Plus, just the idea of that magazine cover mom getting her magazine cover daughters to wear those slutty outfits turned me on.”

“Yeah! Turns me on right now! Lingerie, my fucking ass. Those are slut uniforms. Some are crotch-less, some have built in devices, and fucking straps that go where the sun don't shine....”

“Get this, I told her she and her daughters had to try out all of the lingerie outfits, no exceptions, at least one a day.”

“You're brilliant! Shit, I should have made Naomi do that with her daughters.”

“Still can, my friend, still can.”

## **Chapter Twelve**

Megan woke up reluctantly. Her phone was beeping that a text had arrived. Morning light shone through the big bay window in her new bedroom.

Megan blinked away the sleep. It was quite early and only her daughters ever texted her. But Kaia, Julissa, and Lilliana should all be home in bed and, if they needed anything, they would have just knocked on her door.

Megan's mind combined this concern for her daughters with her memory of the day before. That sexual escapade with Gretchen? No, that wasn't right. It hadn't been an "escapade". An escapade was something mutual. A partnership. It was really... a sexual taming?

Could one of her daughters be in trouble, perhaps in a similar way? Well, not exactly. Megan knew she had three great young women for daughters. She could never picture any of them becoming... all slutty... like their slutty mother. Thank God for that. Still, there could be some kind of trouble.

It was not the kind of trouble Megan expected though she guessed she should have. Gretchen had told her she'd be texting.

**Tit Slut. Wake up that pussy between your legs. When you are**

**close to cumming text for permission. Don't make me wait or I'll come wake it up in front of your family.**

Good Lord! The woman was some kind of sick twisted sexual monster. Not exactly a new observation, Megan thought ruefully.

What should she do? Obey? Refuse?

Or... just *pretend* to obey?

Even as she considered sneaky disobedience, another text came in.

**Tit Slut. Better yet set your cell phone to video your pussy while you finger-poke yourself and send it when you are ready to cum. I'll know from the wetness and color of your pussy if you are telling the truth. One thing about me, you'll never need to fake an orgasm ever again. And you are not allowed to!**

Megan guessed the sick twisted sexual monster was a bit of a mind reader. She wondered how this woman had gained such skill at manipulation. How many other women had she seduced? What became of them? How many more besides Megan would she seduce in the future?

Would she target Megan's daughters? Megan wasn't blind. She knew her daughters were beautiful. Gretchen wasn't blind either. Any man would

want any one of Megan's daughters so why wouldn't a lesbian?

Megan had an epiphany then. Connected the dots. Gretchen did not just want Megan. She did not just want women near her own age. Gretchen had seduced that thin beauty Abigail who was about Kaia's age. And *the next day* had seduced Megan.

It wasn't like young women were off her sexual menu and it also wasn't like she'd had time to get bored with Abigail. It wasn't like having one woman was enough for Gretchen so probably two wouldn't be enough either. Megan remembered the guys at her college way back when. They fell into two groups more or less. Either one woman was enough for them or no number would ever be enough.

Gretchen had an appetite that was not easily fulfilled. Or maybe it could never be fulfilled.

She would target Megan's daughters!

Megan suddenly knew it as sure as she'd ever known anything without having actual proof.

She just had to get her girls out of this modeling contract and out of this gated community. As quickly as possible. She couldn't stand up to Gretchen. She knew that now.

Report her to Janelle? And make it all common knowledge? Gretchen would deny it or say it was consenting – which, Megan had to admit, it *sort of* was – and Janelle would be unable to act. Even if Janelle wanted to take Megan's side and wanted to act... would Janelle have any more success than Megan herself could?

The lines of leadership were unclear. Janelle recruited them but the photographers seemed quite bossy and Janelle did seem deferential to them. Janelle used to be a model or maybe still was. Didn't models take orders from photographers at least on how to pose? Janelle, Gretchen, and Lydia may all be equals with no actual authority over each other. Who knew?

Megan realized she didn't even know who was in charge of this whole mother-daughter modeling thing. She felt dumb for not having asked more questions.

Gretchen seemed to be seducing non-lesbians into lesbian submission at the pace of one a day so far... which meant... Megan had to get her family out of the gated community! Today! Right away!

She would just fit what she could into the new car they'd been given and head out. She may have to make something up to get the girls moving. They had really wanted to try this modeling thing. Maybe she'd wait to tell

them anything until after they were out of the gated community.

But it wasn't quite that easy.

Megan remembered she actually needed permission to leave. An actual permission slip was required for the guards to let them pass out of the gated community. Even just to go shopping! It was in the contract. And it had to be signed from one of the photographers, Gretchen or Lydia.

That guard house was a serious deal complete with a great big wooden bar that they could raise or lower. It looked like something Hungarian border guards would be equipped with.

You couldn't drive out of the gated community until the guards raised that massive plank.

The reason they'd been given for the requirement of a permission slip was so that one of the photographers could come with them to photograph them shopping or out and about town in the outfits their wardrobes were filled with. Even if it was just practice shots. Because they needed a variety of scenes, not just in the houses and yards in the gated community. That was in order to show how the outfits looked in various settings.

Megan did not give a damn about that contract now but she knew the guard at the gate, whichever of the four black women it was, would not open

the gate without a permission slip.

The guards Megan had met so far seemed really serious. In sort of a mean way. Megan had thought that was a good thing when it came to protecting the gated community and thus her daughters.

Now, wanting to leave, it seemed like a bad thing. It would have been much better if they were trusting elderly men or even younger men who Megan could flirt with in order to get her way.

Megan knew she could make nearly any man let her pass through a road block. Women? Not so much.

She could try to get a permission slip from Lydia but Lydia would likely tell Gretchen. Heck, they lived in the same house so it might be Gretchen who answered the door!

Megan realized with horror mixed with... something like arousal... but, it couldn't be, right?... that she'd have to play Gretchen's twisted sex game with the masturbation, orgasm delay, and cell phone recording. It wasn't like Gretchen would give her a permission slip to leave if Megan refused a command.

If she asked after that, made it sound casual, like she needed some things, then Gretchen would probably give it to her.

But Megan realized Gretchen would not give a permission slip for Megan and all three of her daughters. It would be too obvious Megan was packing up and escaping with the whole Reynolds clan. No, she'd need to go out on her own and get a lawyer, come back, and get the girls. Maybe find a big young lawyer, a man who was at least as large as either of the photographers.

The silver lining was that she could come back with a moving van and clean out the whole house including all those beautiful outfits and the shiny new furniture as well. They still even had that new smell!

Megan laid back on her bed. She knew what she had to do now. That made her feel good. It might not be a great plan but it was the only one she could come up with.

She thought about what she was about to do. Obey an order from a Mistress. Video herself masturbating and send the video to that Mistress. Mistress Gretchen. Thinking about it made her feel... well... like some kind of "Tit Slut".

She didn't feel as awful about it as she knew she should. She was horny. She did need to take care of that. In order... you know... to be able to focus on saving her daughters.

The obedience and the cell video would be her reluctant goodbye gift to Gretchen. After all, the woman had, despite all the humiliation and mistreatment, made her feel some incredible highs.

There was some kind of sick twisted bond there. If Megan did not see Gretchen as such a threat to her daughters she probably would not try to leave. That sexual humiliation stuff could just stay between them if her daughters were all out of the nest. It was no ones business what they did! What Mistress Gretchen made her do. It was only really a bad thing if others knew about it.

If it was just her and Mistress Gretchen....

Mistress Gretchen liked humiliating her and spanking her....

Megan the Tit Slut liked being humiliated and spanked so... no harm.

Darn daughters! Making her leave this new interesting “circumstance”. Megan thought it was too bad she was such a great mother!

Megan set the cell phone to video and leaned it against a fold of curled back blankets between her legs. She could actually see on the little screen exactly what part of her was being recorded. After she pulled her panties to one side it was easy to get her pussy centered in the view.

She found herself looking at her pussy the way Mistress Gretchen would. It looked... good. She just bet Mistress Gretchen would love watching Megan make it all hot and wet, glowing with color.

She started to masturbate or, as Gretchen had put it, to “finger-poke” herself. Two fingers from her right hand sliding in and out of the ever increasing wetness while fingers from her left hand applied downward pressure on her clitoris.

The sex with Gretchen from the previous day had not quenched her passion. It had brought it to the surface. She was shocked at how sensitive she was down there. It was like all the nerves in her pussy had been upgraded in the last twenty-four hours. Without knowing she was going to, she gasped.

It was impossible not to think about how she would have to send the video to Mistress Gretchen. She looked at her pussy on the view screen – her wet inflamed pussy – and imagined Gretchen watching that same view in not too long and enjoying what she saw.

Megan actually found herself hoping Mistress Gretchen did enjoy the view. Why not? No real harm. She felt like it was the least she could do in return for what Mistress Gretchen had done to her the previous day.

To her, yes, and not for her. For Mistress Gretchen's own self-serving reasons. To force Megan to serve her actually. She really should not feel like she owed Mistress Gretchen anything!

Mistress Gretchen had treated her with more disrespect and humiliation, more meanness, than any man ever had.

Megan found, though, that she could not resent Mistress Gretchen. That was scary. It was like her morals had shifted. The ends justified the means. The end she wanted was sexual release. The means was sexual submission.

For now. This one last time.

Or maybe second to last since she had to go over to Mistress Gretchen's.

The thought of going over there and maybe being forced to do all sorts of things gave Megan a spike of arousal.

Pleasuring herself, Megan thought about her encounter with Mistress Gretchen the day before. The spanking and abusive language. Those thoughts were not exactly water dousing her fire. More like gasoline on that fire.

Megan thought about Mistress Gretchen's orders to her. To wear lingerie around the house and to get her daughters to do so.

My God, she'd even already obeyed that order. Her daughters were dressed up in lingerie! Megan was retroactively incredulous she'd done as ordered. Ordered by a lesbian Mistress! Orders that effected her daughters! Lingerie was, of course, sexual in nature, so she'd followed *sexual* orders regarding her own innocent lovely daughters! So awful!

What was she thinking doing that? Well, it was more like what was she not thinking than thinking. Now that she thought about it.

Megan then thought about Mistress Gretchen's order for Megan to be ready at any time to answer Mistress Gretchen's texts or calls and to do whatever Mistress Gretchen ordered. Megan found herself jamming her fingers unfairly hard and deep inside her pussy.

Megan tried not to think about it and succeeded a few times but just kept picturing her daughters. How they were the night before when they tried on some of the more discrete items of lingerie. The ones they showed each other were discrete – only in comparison to the others – but Megan had noted a glint in the eyes of Julissa and Kaia when they talked about “experimenting” with some of the more naughty items in their closets after

they went to bed.

Even the “discrete” ones were still modern lingerie and not too discrete at all. They'd had a miniature lingerie show last night. All blondes! All from the same family!

What had she been thinking? She felt so guilty now that she recognized the threat of Mistress Gretchen. But, last night, it had actually been sort of fun as a family.

Lilliana's lovely discomfort, physical and mental, wearing the black babydoll. The lower crescents of her butt cheeks that the babydoll did not cover. Julissa playfully making fun of conservative, reserved, sometimes even solemn, Lilliana in the babydoll who always tried to face anyone to keep her butt behind her out of view knowing how revealing it was. Julissa refusing to let her as she darted around to teasingly lift the bottom edge of it to reveal more of Lilliana's butt cheeks, much to Lilliana's discomfort and anger....

Julissa looking oh so beautiful in the white romper. They all agreed white wasn't a good color for her or for blondes in general when it came to lingerie but it still certainly made her look playfully sexual.

Kaia in the Christmas red teddy. Kaia had seemed surprisingly quiet at

first but eventually got into the playful nature of events. Megan knew something was bothering Kaia the past few days. Maybe she was missing friends from back home.

The band of red silk over Kaia's private area had been shockingly narrow. Julissa, the clown of the family, had joked that Kaia's private area had become a public area. Even Lilliana had joined in at that point, grateful her rear was no longer the focus of conversation, saying Kaia had a “public pubic”.

Megan felt guilty for picturing her daughters while pleasuring herself. Even as her joined fingers thrust faster and faster.

To relieve the guilt she imagined herself as Mistress Gretchen. What would Mistress Gretchen think and feel seeing Megan's beautiful daughters so sexually dressed up?

She could just imagine Mistress Gretchen's cold blue eyes widening with lust as she checked out Lilliana's smooth bare skin bulging generously inside and somewhat outside the lingerie.

She could almost feel through Mistress Gretchen's imaginary fingers as they tweaked confidently at Julissa's nipple through the thin material of her romper. The romper made the nipples ever so prominent – easy targets for

the imaginary hand.

Then she could feel Mistress Gretchen's hand first barely caressing Kaia's bare ass cheeks to either side of the silk band, and then that hand sliding more boldly down her ass crack and in towards Kaia's young womanhood from behind. Covered... technically... but not for long....

Oh God, why was she thinking of these things? Why was it turning her on so badly? What kind of.... Tit Slut... was she?

Looking through the imaginary eyes of Mistress Gretchen she knew once again that the lady predator would certainly target her girls. Megan found she could not really blame Mistress Gretchen. She was so close to orgasm now. She couldn't blame her but she could stop her. Not to her face but only behind her back. By sneaking away.

They needed to escape for her daughters' sake. She had to make it happen. As much as she felt like she had to cum. Just. As. Much.

But she couldn't cum yet.... She had to stop. Mistress Gretchen's orders were very clear on that.

With a monumental effort of will she could never muster for herself but only in obedience to her Mistress's orders, she pulled her wet fingers out of her pussy and also pulled her clitoris rubbing fingers away. She held them

suspended. They wanted to go back to work. Her pussy even unconsciously ground upward to try to tempt them back down.

No. She must not. But she needed to do something more. She told herself it was to allay any possible suspicion by Gretchen. To further enable her plan of escape. But that wasn't it. Again, she wanted to please Gretchen. She wanted to perform. This one last time. Or second to last time.

Megan used the hand that had rubbed her clitoris to pick up the cell phone videotaping her and brought it to a view of her perspiring face. She consciously spoke to the camera, spoke to please Mistress Gretchen, and it made Megan feel deliciously naughty to do it.

The idea of compromising herself for her Mistress and despite her own best interests was such a turn on and she was so close to orgasm that for several seconds she thought she had begun to orgasm.

She held back from the edge. Barely. Thank God. She wouldn't want to displease Mistress Gretchen.

“Please let me cum, Mistress Gretchen.”

Then Megan brought her other hand up, the wettest one, and swept her tongue up and down the fingers cleaning them of juice, sucked each finger, and made a popping sound with each when she pulled her mouth off the

fingertips. Her moans of lustful delight matched the action.

Megan ended the video and quickly sent it to Mistress Gretchen before caution could stop her. She knew she could really end up regretting this. If her daughters, for instance, ever saw it they'd never think of her the same way again.

But she also sent it quickly because she really wanted that orgasm as soon as possible. She could barely think. Even the possible threat to her daughters had faded in importance. First, orgasm. Then, whatever.

She needed that orgasm. She felt she'd go half-crazy without it. Already was.

She then sent a text asking for permission to orgasm. She kept her pussy stoked with teasing finger strokes. Just a couple swipes got her right back to the brink every time. It was torture but it was delightful torture. Long minutes passed. No text answer.

Was she busy?

Had she even gotten the text?

Was her cell phone out of power?

Was she purposely delaying her answer?

Would Mistress Gretchen allow her to orgasm or would there be more hoops to jump through?

Should Megan disobey her Mistress, orgasm, and then, once given permission, tell her Mistress she would then orgasm even though she already had?

No. Mistress would know. Mistress Gretchen was too smart for a Tit Slut like Megan to fool, thought Megan. Besides, stealing that orgasm from Mistress Gretchen would not be... fair... to Mistress Gretchen....

It took twenty-five minutes that felt like all day but finally a text came in.

**Cum like the Tit Slut you are. Then fire up that pussy engine again and text me when you want another cum. You'll get it but you'll have to come over to my place first. Go ahead and cum, get ready for another cum, and then cum over.**

Fuck! Literally and figuratively.

Literally because she could go ahead and fuck her pussy with her fingers. Her fingers dove in without Megan giving them any permission. The intense pleasure made her vision and her thoughts blur.

Figuratively fucked also. She just knew she was going to have to... do stuff... with Mistress Gretchen. Her video masturbation had not been her last gift to the Mistress. That was yet to come.

She knew Mistress Gretchen would probably want some pleasure in return first. Well, she would have had to go over there anyway to get the signed permission slip from Mistress Gretchen in order to leave the gated community.

One final encounter with Mistress Gretchen and then she'd get out with the slip. Maybe if she did a good job as Mistress Gretchen's "Tit slut" Mistress Gretchen would be less likely to want to go with her into town. Megan remembered – barely with her fingers a blur of penetrations into her needy pussy – that they had to always let the photographers travel with them if they wanted to go.

That was another weakness to her plan of escape. It would be hard to get a lawyer to agree to represent her while Megan was right there with her....

Megan realized she felt something besides pure physical sensations at that moment. An emotion.

What was that emotion? She struggled to identify it because it seemed so out of place, like finding an octopus skittering around on desert sand

dunes.

Eagerness.

She was eager to go see Mistress Gretchen and for Mistress Gretchen to “make” her do things....

Megan yelped an orgasm into being and dragged a pillow over to bite into it while thrashing her body all over her bed.

## ***The End***

*...Until Impossible Seduction 6*

*\*What will Mistress Gretchen make Megan do for an orgasm?*

*\*Who are these black former inmates, now guards, and what role do they have in the conspiracy?*

*\*What will the lesbian guards do to Megan and what will they make her do?*

*\*Will Megan escape the Gated Community?*

*\*Will Megan save her daughters?*

*\*Can the dominants drive a wedge of sexual betrayal between mother and daughter, Naomi and Abigail Pierson, so they won't*

*even want to escape?*

## **Available Books**

*“Three Mothers and Six Daughters” 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 lesbian 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: PEEPING MOTHER AND DAUGHTER DOMINATED**

Mother 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 lesbian Lydia do with Kaia? Is there anything Naomi can do? What will the dominant 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: LESBAINS SEDUCE TWO BEAUTIFUL MOTHERS**

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

#### **4. IMPOSSIBLE SEDUCTION: JANELLE VERSUS REDHEAD MOTHER AND DAUGHTER**

Janelle, a once famous model and now the sexual pawn of the dominant team of Gretchen and Lydia, must carry out their assignment to seduce the mother and daughter pair, Brooke and Bridget Finn. Can Janelle, under the excuse of trying on clothes to get them comfortable modeling, keep them separate and go back and forth between then arousing and seducing them both simultaneously?

#### **5. IMPOSSIBLE SEDUCTION: SEDUCED VIA LESBIAN HOME INVASION**

Janelle has left the Finn home with the Finn girls, mother and daughter, 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 another mother, Megan Reynolds.

### **The Mindy Short Teenage Lesbian Domination Books:**

***“A Lesbian Orientation” series:***

#### **1. CARA TRIES TO BE A GOOD EXAMPLE**

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

#### **2. CARA'S LESBIAN SEDUCTION**

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

#### **3. CARA BECOMES HER ROOMMATE'S LESBIAN PET**

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

***“Teen Lesbians Taking Over” series:***

**1. TAKING OVER MRS. GREENWAY:**

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

**2. TAMING MRS. GREENWAY**

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

**3. TAKING OVER AUBREE**

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

**4. OWNING AUBREE**

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

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

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

***“Lesbian Stalker's Pets” series:***

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

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

brown belt in jujitsu?

## **2. LESBIAN STALKER'S PET ROOMMATES**

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

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

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

## **4. LESBIAN STALKER STALKS AGAIN**

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

## **5. LESBIAN STALKER ON THE PROWL**

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

## **6. LESBIAN STALKER HUNTING**

Rosalie the Lesbian Stalker goes on the hunt to drag down Anne-Marie into sexual submission. Her stalking reaches new levels of extremity. She also wants to establish total control over her neighbor Tina. Rosalie has a plan for that and a plan to stop Tina and her roommates from complaining about the sexual noises in her dorm room. The plan is to make them just as guilty!

***"Lesbian Seduction Conspiracy" series:***

### **1. CONSPIRACY TO SEDUCE**

Mindy Short is obsessed with seducing and taming Joan Greenway's young adult daughter, Emilia.

Emilia, set up by her reluctant mother, will have to live in a dorm with Mindy. Before then Mindy worries Joan may warn Emilia. Can she so totally compromise Joan that Joan will give Mindy her daughter to become a sex pet?

## **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. A very conflicted Mrs. Joan Greenway gets a ring side seat to what is happening to her daughter and her honorary daughter.

## **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? What will Mom think?

***“Seduced Trophy Wives” series:***

### **1. TAKING THE TROPHY WIVES**

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

### **2. TAMING THE TROPHY WIVES**

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

### **3. TRAINING THE TROPHY WIVES**

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

***“Gift Cards For Lesbian Seduction” series:***

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

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

***Stand Alone books:***

### ***THE SUBMISSIVE CHEERLEADERS***

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

### ***CHEERLEADER IN TROUBLE***

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

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