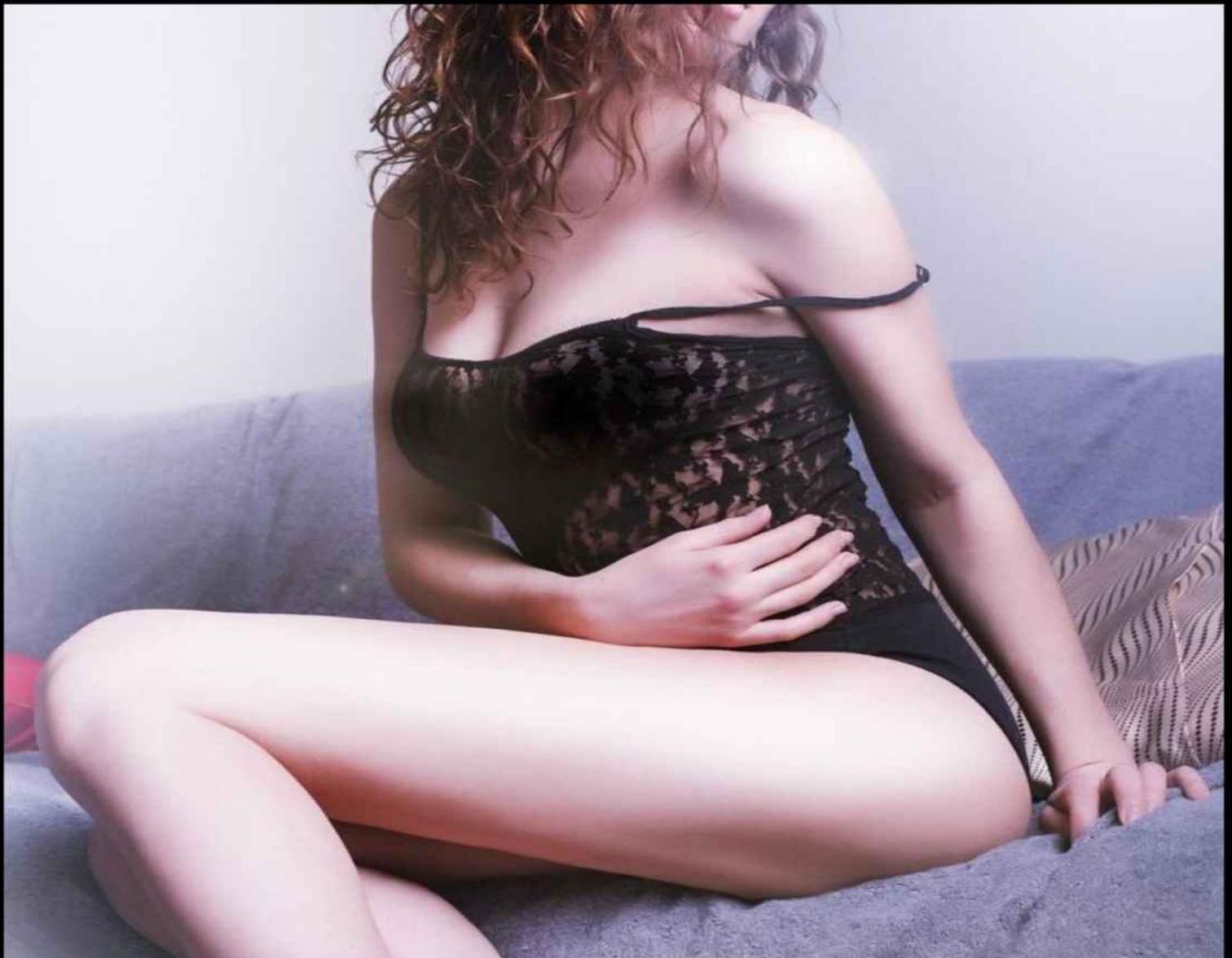


IMPOSSIBLE SEDUCTION:

**Mother and Daughter
and the Erotic Evil Conspiracy**



Three Mothers and Six Daughters 6
by Jordan Church

IMPOSSIBLE SEDUCTION: Mother and Daughter and the Erotic Evil Conspiracy

Three Mothers and Six Daughters 6

**Abigail Sees Her Mommy For The First Time Being
Dominated
and Megan Meets the Black Lesbian Guards**

by Jordan Church

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**IMPOSSIBLE
SEDUCTION:
Mother and Daughter
and the Erotic Evil Conspiracy**

Three Mothers and Six Daughters 6

Abigail Sees Her Mommy For The First Time Being Dominated and Megan Meets the Black Lesbian Guards

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 a mother and a daughter. 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 decided not to let this golden opportunity pass them by. They conducted a lesbian home invasion and lesbian tamed Bridget as well while her mom listened helplessly bound!

The two dominants decided to cement their gains before going after fresh targets. They intend to make some of the women they've tamed submit ever further so they will be less likely to shake free from lesbian submission.

Megan Reynolds has had second thoughts about having a Mistress and is worried about her daughters. She had decided to go get help escaping the gated community but she'll first need a permission slip to leave... and she'll need to get past the black lesbian guards.

Chapter One

Abigail defiantly spooned mouthfuls from a bowl of sugary cereal that no doubt was bad for her. She knew those photographers would not want her eating anything that could have a negative effect on her complexion and it felt good to pull one over on them.

If eating some cereal could really be considered pulling over anything. She was basically rebelling against an imaginary expectation. But even that felt daring.

Her sister Harmony sat to her left at the kitchen table eating a more sensible bowl of something with granola and maybe seeds in it. Mom had left ten minutes earlier saying she was going for a run. There was a trail of

sorts in the empty hills surrounding the one cul-de-sac gated community.

Abigail shook her head. Were five houses, no matter how big they were, really a “community”?

Nothing was as it seemed around there. Or so it seemed! This was supposed to be a great opportunity to become models.

All that had happened so far with this “great opportunity” was a move away from friends and then, oh yeah, that's right, getting sexually dominated by lesbians. Older big bull lesbians who now expected Abigail to call them “Mistress”!

That was when her phone beeped. A text had arrived. Abigail's heart pounded. It was the mean ladies. Had to be. She'd hoped they'd lost her number or thought better about picking on her.

But, why would they?

No one gave up a slave. Not without a big bloody civil war!

They surely could not have *forgotten* about her. After all the things Abigail had done. Or, more like, been made to do. Or had done unto her. Or whatever. The one thing about those things, they surely were *memorable*.

Besides them, only Mom and Harmony even had her new number.

They'd told her to keep her phone near her and to be ready to respond to their calls and texts. Their orders really. This was a terrible time for orders from lesbian Mistresses though! Abigail's sister Harmony was two feet away from her!

Well, it was never a good time to have Mistresses texting orders, was it?

Was it them?

Abigail looked at her phone screen.

It was.

Abigail opened the text message.

Slave. Cum and then come over.

Abigail was full of dread and a little confusion. Was this Gretchen or that even rougher lesbian Lydia texting? Did it matter? Did they expect her to have some instant orgasm?

Jesus, she saw Harmony looking at her inquiringly with one eyebrow raised....

“Is it your boyfriend, Abigail?” she teased.

“I don't have a boyfriend.”

“Girlfriend?” she teased even more.

“Fuck you!” That tease was way too near the truth even if the truth was much worse.

Another text came in.

Slave. The proper response when we give an order verbally or by text is “Yes, Mistress, right away, Mistress, thank you, Mistress.”

Abigail quickly lowered the phone when Harmony tried to teasingly look at the text message.

“Ha! It is some boy!”

“Fuck you!” repeated Abigail, not sure what else to say or what story to make up about who it was.

Harmony looked surprised and sounded hurt. Abigail didn't usually swear at anyone and they actually got along great, “Geez, Abs, chill out. I'm just joking around.”

Abigail left her unfinished bowl of cereal and took her phone back to her room.

She couldn't think what to do. She could picture Gretchen and/or Lydia over there at their place getting impatient and tapping their big feet. She typed a quick response, the only one she knew would satisfy them.

Yes, Mistress, right away, Mistress, thank you, Mistress.

She pressed send and she felt a weird electric pulse through her pussy and up her spine. Talk about committing herself. To Lord only knew what. Could it be as twisted as the last time? Could it be even more twisted?

Another text came in.

To orgasm you WILL go to your bathroom and use a toothbrush on your little slave clitoris. Not your own toothbrush. Either your Mom's or your sister's. Your choice. No washing it afterward. Then come here. I will see it in your eyes if you obeyed. If you have not you will regret it.

It was *already* more twisted! Could she obey that order? Could she *not* obey that order?

It was gross. It was twisted. It was maybe some kind of incest?

But within seconds Abigail knew she was no longer choosing whether or not she would do it but was already trying to decide between her Mom's

and Harmony's toothbrushes. She suddenly remembered they both had electric toothbrushes and her mouth fell open. What was that going to feel like?

Abigail went to the full upstairs bathroom, locked the door behind her, and turned and saw the electric toothbrushes plugged in. Mom's white one or Harmony's bright green one?

It was really a no-brainer. That teasing bitch!

Abigail dropped her sleep shorts and undies leaving herself bare from the waist down. Then she grabbed the bright green toothbrush.

She turned it on and applied it but immediately realized it was too powerful and too rough. She used one finger wet from her mouth to rub firmly on her sensitized nub and pressed the head of the electric toothbrush to the tender but not as tender flesh just to the side of her clitoris.

The vibrations from the toothbrush were muted enough so the contact was not unpleasant or overwhelming. In fact, the vibrations felt good. Really good. Abigail jokingly thought that maybe they should start selling electric toothbrushes as dual-purpose, now also serving “feminine needs” and “women's satisfaction”.

She experimented with pressing it down into her flesh and with lighter

contact and with different angles. Wow. It surprised her how good it felt and how quickly.

She blushed when she realized this wasn't just a zero to sixty by the toothbrush. She'd maybe already been at a twenty or a twenty-five in terms of pussy miles per hour.

The shock of the texts, the way the texts were worded, the way they bossed her around, the way she obeyed those little electronic words from those big lesbian ladies, the way she rushed to the bathroom to do as they wanted, and the naughty fact she was using her big sister's toothbrush had all combined into quite the preheat arousal.

It wasn't just the toothbrush doing this. It was the toothbrush and her own traitorous mind.

Standing awkwardly with legs apart, slouched over to watch the action down in her erogenous zone she experimented with moving the toothbrush around. She even dipped it deep in and up her vagina. She already knew then what she'd do when she began to orgasm.

She was mostly focused on the physical actions but Gretchen and Lydia and much of what they'd done to her at their place popped into her mind as she masturbated. Abigail found the images of those big meanies enhanced

the experience.

It was impossible not to be aware that she was doing this with her older sister's toothbrush. It was impossible not to picture Harmony, all la-DE-da, brushing her teeth with it later on.

It was impossible not to wonder if Harmony would pick up a different taste. Probably not because of how minty toothpaste was.

She pictured Harmony as if she was in a commercial, using the toothbrush, pulling it out and looking at it in surprise, and then hamming it up for the camera while emitting a moan of appreciation, “Mmmmmmmmm, now with flavor enhancement”.

Abigail climaxed and, as the orgasm began, she slid the toothbrush back into her pussy working the skinny stem in and out as two fingers from her other hand rolled on her clitoris. There wasn't much sense of penetration but it wasn't needed with the vibrations flowing in all directions combined with that daring feeling of naughtiness.

Abigail lost her sense of time but, when she came back to herself, she was on her knees on the ceramic tiles. Her knees were far apart and her inner thighs were wet. She pulled the toothbrush out. It was wet all over and her hand was wet with pussy juice also.

She fought through post-passion clumsiness to put the toothbrush back in its holder.

She looked at it and shook her head. The damn thing was dripping pussy juice! There seemed no way that Harmony wouldn't notice. The pussy juice would dry and the mint toothpaste would disguise the taste but... what about the smell? The handle would be right under her sister's nose!

Abigail reached out for it again. She had to wash it clean! She never even should have done this! She at least now had to cover up the evidence by washing it away. But then she remembered why she did it. Orders. Orders from her new Mistresses.

What else had they ordered? To not clean it afterward.

Should she defy them? She shoouooooould but... would they know she had? Those two seemed so... knowledgeable. Like how they knew all those things to do to Abigail's body. Abigail did not feel like she could keep secrets from them. It felt as if they could read her like a book with extra large print.

Abigail pulled her hand back. Some dried pussy juice wouldn't hurt Harmony. No real harm.

Harmony may not be able to identify that smell even if she noticed a

new smell. As far as Abigail knew Harmony had never forayed into lesbianism. Of course, Harmony likely would have said the same about Abigail and that surely wasn't true now.

The thought occurred to Abigail that if Harmony did notice and did figure out what it was that she might think it was Mom who had used her toothbrush.

Abigail giggled weakly while she pulled on her shorts and undies.

The things you did for your Mistresses, she thought, and laughed harder.

Chapter Two

“I'm keeping this video forever!” said Gretchen.

“Fuck yeah! Fucking gift wrap a CD of it and give it to me for my birthday!” agreed Lydia. She shook her head in amazement. The things you can get slaves to do! There's almost no limit!

“Maybe I should have made her floss, too.” Gretchen didn't laugh all that often, but, when she did, it wasn't very pleasant. Sort of like the Wicked Witch of the West on Steroids.

Lydia emitted her own booming laugh which dwarfed the big blonde's cackling, “Just have her wear a V-string. That is pretty much flossing right there.”

“So, besides adding to our video collection and breaking down Abigail's moral boundaries, having her do this also makes her much less likely to confide in her sister or go to her for any kind of help as far as what we're doing to her.”

“Yeah, can you imagine?” Lydia raised her voice pretending to be Abigail, “Harmony, can I talk to you? I need your help. You see, the big bad photographers, they made me have lots of lesbian orgasms and then, well, they sort of made me shove your toothbrush up my little cunny. What should we do, Harmony?”

“Exactly.”

“Yeah, but she'd go to her Mom first, wouldn't she?”

“Maybe, maybe not. We're going to take care of that, too.”

“Is Aba-frail on her way over?”

Gretchen looked back at the monitor and flicked between a few camera views, “Yep. We'll hear the doorbell any moment. How is your prisoner-of-the-morning doing?”

“Hard at it. Very hard at it.”

“Well, a teeter-totter works best with two.”

“Oh, goody!” Lydia could hardly wait.

The doorbell rang.

Chapter Three

Abigail was nearly vibrating with... some strange feeling. It was like eager dread. What would they do to her next? What horrible wonderful things would they make her do? She wanted to run out of the gated community screaming all the way. But, just a bit more than that, she wanted them to open this door and pull her inside and go to work on her. Or make

her go to work on them. Whatever they wanted.

Waiting a few seconds for a response to the doorbell a random naughty thought occurred to her: it was good she had her hair up in a ponytail. Her hair wouldn't get in her way when they made her go down on pussy. And they could see her pussy-juice covered face easily while she worked her mouth.... She bet they were going to love seeing her all smeared with their pussy juice....

Gretchen answered the door. Mistress Gretchen, Abigail mentally corrected herself.

Mistress Gretchen opened the door and silently stood aside while swinging it wide. An indication to enter. Abigail walked in on trembling legs and Mistress Gretchen slowly closed the door behind her. She closed it with matter-of-fact confidence.

Abigail wondered if Mistress Gretchen was trying to increase her fear and suspense. It wouldn't work. She was already at her upper limit.

“Come with me, slave.”

“Um, okay, Mistress Gretchen.”

Gretchen led her upstairs to one of the bedrooms. Not the one where

Gretchen and then Lydia had previously taken advantage of her sexually. Not the one where they plundered Abigail's ass. Abigail's ass still felt sore and sort of loose from Mistress Lydia nailing her depths with that wide, blunt, and hollow plastic nail they called a dildo.

The bedroom Mistress Gretchen led her to was carpeted and there was a bed but there wasn't much in the room.

There was something odd, though. Out of a wall the room shared with the next room over there was a narrow rectangular hole which was blocked by a 6-inch wide board, maybe two inches thick, that extended four feet outwards. Under the end of the board was a leather cushion. The end of the board rested on the stiff cushion. On the end of the board, sticking up, was a pearly pink very large plastic penis.

Abigail wasn't sure why the fake penis was connected to a board and she wasn't sure why the board fed into the wall opening. But she was quite sure she would soon have that piece of plastic up her pussy.

It wasn't like that dildo was just a decorative dildo. It wasn't like Gretchen chose this bedroom at random. Abigail was a smart girl.

She looked at it again. Had it moved? How?

Yes, it was moving. Somewhat. The end of the board was moving up

and down, steadily, a foot or two each time. Abigail looked at the end of the board inserted in the wall. There was a little free space to allow the board to move up or down at an angle but there was also cloth covering any remaining opening.

Abigail could picture the board extending through the wall and into the next room over. Was it the same on the other side?

What the heck was this?

Was this... some kind of indoor sex teeter-totter?

Yes, Abigail was a smart girl.

Abigail looked up from it when Mistress Gretchen crowded into her personal space. Mistress Gretchen held something. A ball gag!

Abigail opened her mouth while trying to think what to say. Or ask. She thought she opened her mouth preparing to talk. She thought so....

Gretchen just helped herself to the open mouth by grabbing Abigail's ponytail with one hand to hold Abigail's head still while Gretchen's other hand roughly popped in the rubbery ball gag.

The ball gag was immediately uncomfortable. Just as it filled Abigail's mouth with rubber it also filled Abigail with helplessness. She couldn't talk,

she couldn't express what she did or did not want. She could only breathe through her nose.

Abigail couldn't help but wonder if the ball gag had been in another person's mouth ever before. Probably.

Had it been washed afterward? Maybe, maybe not. There was certainly some kind of... flavor... you wouldn't expect from a ball gag fresh out of the packaging. If they came in packaging. Abigail had no idea about such things.

Abigail thought perhaps she shouldn't be such a hypocrite about this. She hadn't washed her sister's toothbrush after she'd had it up her pussy, had she?

It was pretty clear Mistress Gretchen did not care what she had to say. In fact, Mistress Gretchen was actively taking a measure to specifically *not* hear what Abigail had to say.

Abigail wanted to curse the bitch. But, of course, now she couldn't even do that! That was probably a good thing as cursing at Mistress Gretchen would not help Abigail's cause. Gretchen secured the ball gag tightly behind Abigail's head, over Abigail's ears but under her ponytail.

Gretchen spoke as she manhandled Abigail into place via her ponytail,

“Slut slaves need exercise. The most vital organ of a slut slave is her pussy. Your pussy needs to be kept fit and well-exercised. Your tongue is your second most important organ. Your fucking brain is of least importance, just behind the importance of your smallest toe.”

Gretchen got her positioned over the dildo sprouting from the board. Directly over it. Abigail looked down with panicked eagerness and saw that her pussy was centered over the tip.

Abigail's brain may or may not have been of least importance but it didn't take a rocket scientist to know pussy and dildo would soon be meeting intimately.

Abigail was still plenty wet from her earlier masturbation with her sister's toothbrush and already also even more wet from the demanding way Mistress Gretchen treated her.

The board scraped the inner skin of her thighs just above the knees. Abigail could avoid that scraping effect if she just opened her legs wider apart. But... she didn't really want to do that because it would open her up and make her even more vulnerable to that dildo. Abigail was not yet as resigned to her fate as she really should be.

Abigail felt the board bouncing a little up and down, adding to the

scraping sensation....

Abigail figured it out just before Gretchen explained. There was someone on the other end of the board. In the next room. There must be a similar dildo on the other end and the other person was already impaled on it.

It really was like a teeter-totter! A sex teeter-totter!

Gretchen nibbled at her ear, whispering her equivalent of sweet nothings, "Yeah, it's a teeter-totter for your pussy. Well, not just yours. You're just part of our pussy playground, little slave slut. You're going to rock it like it's hot for me, aren't you? I'm a considerate Mistress so I'll be nice and prep you a little. In the future when you hear you're going to be riding this you're going to get wet immediately. You'll walk in here with a drooling pussy. Like one of Pavlov's dogs. You're my little pussy puppy."

Gretchen reached around and fingered Abigail's slit, roughly, confidently, and, as always, quite effectively.

Abigail felt automatically offended the big blonde photographer would just help herself like that. What about permission?

That was just old instinct. Permission was what boys used to need to have to do sexual things with her. Not Mistress Gretchen. Permission? She didn't need any stinking permission!

Still, Mistress Gretchen could maybe work her up a bit more slowly. What about working Abigail up a little with kisses or something?

Then she realized she wouldn't really want Mistress Gretchen to kiss her. Yuck. Mistress Gretchen was too old for her and-and-and way too female! But then... something about the idea of this big lady twice her age – a lady! – an extremely bossy lady – kissing her... it sort of captured Abigail's imagination.

The same way that the rest of her felt captured.

Air whistling in and out of Abigail's nose reminded her that kissing wasn't really an option right then. Not kissing on the lips.

Not kissing on her mouth lips....

Maybe Mistress Gretchen would kiss her after... whatever this was that was about to happen. Part of Abigail chimed in with a smart aleck, “Yeah, a kiss goodbye!” but there was another internal voice, a new one, murmuring, “No, a kiss hello, a long kiss, where Mistress Gretchen sticks her big tongue down my throat and tonsil boxes me into even more submission!”

Those fingers! All of Abigail's internal voices could agree, whether she hated Mistress Gretchen or maybe worshiped her, Mistress Gretchen's older age at least equated to wisdom in how to finger a pussy. Abigail was quite

sure that Mistress Gretchen could finger and handle her pussy much better than she herself could.

Mistress Gretchen spoke into her ear. It was a whisper like maybe she didn't want anyone on the other side of the wall to hear her or her exact words, “Just because you're gagged doesn't mean you can't agree with your Mistress. In fact, I expect quick agreement with anything I tell you. Anything. Ever. If I tell you to jump off a bridge you only pause long enough to thank me and agree it's the best idea ever and then you fucking jump. When you're gagged, just nod enthusiastically. So. Do you know you are my pussy puppy?”

Abigail only hesitated a half second. She knew what Mistress Gretchen wanted. Therefore she knew what she had to do. It was all, in the end, very simple.

Abigail nodded vigorously and thoroughly, hoping she was doing a good enough job agreeing.

“That's right, pussy puppy. Now, should Lydia and I just call you Pussy Puppy from now on? Would you like that?” Gretchen actually rumbled a short chuckle.

Abigail knew the drill but hesitated just slightly longer now. How

humiliating! Whenever her boundaries were broken Mistress Gretchen found new ones to break. How far could this all go? Who would stop it? Abigail knew she could never stop anything with Mistress Gretchen. It was too late for anything like that.

It wasn't bad enough that Mistress Gretchen treated her like a naughty puppy, she had to name her that way also?

Pussy Puppy? Really?

No one else better ever find out about this!

Abigail nodded her head enthusiastically like being called Pussy Puppy was the best news ever.

“Your pussy is drooling just like a hungry puppy.”

Abigail thought this was just wishful thinking on Mistress Gretchen's part. Except it wasn't. Her pussy was soaked. More than soaked. She was leaking freely.

Abigail was filled with Mistress fingers and wonderment. Sure, Mistress Gretchen knew what she was doing with her fingers. No doubt about that. But so did Abigail when she pleased herself. She never got this wet. She wasn't sure if she was this wet by the time she made herself cum

when she masturbated!

Abigail felt like was the proud new owner of Pavlov's pussy. Except she wasn't. It seemed like Mistress Gretchen owned her pussy!

It wasn't just the fingers playing with her pussy petals and stroking her clitoris. They couldn't be the whole reason for running with wetness.

Abigail tried to figure it out. It wasn't just the physical stuff. It was the situation. The scary unpredictable abusive behavior by Gretchen. The nasty words. The awful *ideas*. The *ideas* that flowed so smoothly out of Mistress Gretchen's mouth were alien. Alien but... like an aphrodisiac plucked out of the ground of some alien planet.

Abigail realized she wasn't really a victim of Mistress Gretchen. Not a total and complete victim. She was into all this. She shouldn't be, she knew she shouldn't be, but she was. She knew she was at least a slut. A lesbian? Maybe a little. A slave? She guessed so. To her pussy. And her pussy was eager to serve Mistress Gretchen so....

It was getting hard to think at all. She gave it up. She would just feel and obey. Obey and feel.

The hand gripping her ponytail pulled down sharply and kept pulling. Abigail's head tilted back as far as it could arch backward and then, before

she could even think, she was pushing her pussy down onto the dildo. The ponytail pulling made her sit down right on that thing!

Abigail's face tilted straight up at the ceiling. All she could see was ceiling. All she could feel was lovely too much penetration.

The thick head of the plastic cock popped right in and the rest followed quickly and with surprising ease. All the way up as she went all the way down. The tops of her thighs scraped the board and then her butt was flush with it. The dildo was fully in her in about a second.

With her face upward and her mouth held open by the ball gag, Abigail had the momentary illusion that the dildo could keep penetrating all the way through her body and pop out of her mouth. Like the ball of the gag was the round head of the dildo cock.

She trembled. Her legs were now at an odd angle not fully carrying her weight. As her slight weight pressed on the board and dildo they moved downward until her descent was stopped by the stiff leather cushion. It had a little give and the board was then half a foot lower than the level it entered the wall at.

Abigail felt the head of the false cock poking hard at the top of her vagina like an angry person trying to make a heated point. Heated and

repeated. Demanding.

It had been harder to move the board down than it looked or Abigail would have expected. Abigail realized it was because there was the weight of another person on the other end of this thing. She wasn't the only person playing at the pussy playground. As she pushed downwards they were pushed upwards.

Just as Abigail thought to herself “...and vice versa?... she was suddenly on her way back up. The force delivered a shock to her full pussy and she found herself a foot above the even point with the wall and with her toes barely touching the floor. That angry fake cock-head poked home another heated point far up in the depths of her pussy.

That made Abigail want to curse out a response but, of course, all she could do was grunt some kind of disagreement. A curse of discomfort and a curse of arousal competed to cry out and neither one could get out.

Mistress Gretchen used Abigail's ponytail handle to pull her down again until the board contacted the pad with a jolt to her pussy. Then whoever was on the other side was going down and sending Abigail back upwards.

Gretchen only needed to exert force when Abigail was at the height of

the teeter-totter. She jerked the ponytail very hard each time, harder and harder, which made the teeter-totter go faster and faster and made the impacts harsher and harsher.

Which made the hard pleasure blaze higher.

Abigail's eyes bugged each time the dildo slammed into her cervix. It was painful and also felt great at the same time. The pain stayed about the same but the good feelings increased and kept increasing. Abigail quickly went from dreading the impacts each fraction of a second to... almost... looking forward to them....

Soon there was no “almost” about it. Heck, she wished Mistress Gretchen would do it even harder. Why not? She was just a slave! Mistress Gretchen should pound her slave pussy!

Abigail briefly wondered who was on the other side of the teeter-totter. Could it be Lydia? It did not feel like whoever it was was so large and heavy as Lydia. Was it someone Abigail had never met or... could it be one of the other young ladies in the cul-de-sac? One of those Reynolds' girls she met at the barbecue or maybe that redheaded girl, Bridget?

The idea it was someone she knew was an unexpected turn-on for Abigail. But it was becoming too hard to even think. Mistress Gretchen

would tell her who it was if she wanted Abigail to know.

Up. Down.

Up. Down.

Up. Down.

Abigail was out of breath. Not from keeping the teeter-totter going. Gretchen was doing most of that work. It was rising passion combined with her mouth being gagged. She had to do all her breathing through her nose and she could barely pull in enough air. It made Abigail light-headed but also seemed to make her nerves sharpen which boosted her pleasure.

Abigail hoped she wouldn't pass out. She did not want to miss this orgasm! This was going to be the best orgasm of her life!

Mistress Gretchen would not approve of her slave, Pussy Puppy, not even remembering this orgasm after all of Mistress Gretchen's hard work making it happen! Abigail vowed not to let Mistress Gretchen down!

Abigail kept thinking, "Must. Stay. Conscious. For. Mistress."

Up. Down.

Up. Down.

Up. Down.

Perspiration covered every inch of Abigail. Her pussy was drenched and made wet sounds with each impact.

Up. Down.

Up. Down.

Up. Down.

Abigail's inner thighs were running with pussy juice and droplets fell to the floor. There was a nearly invisible spray with each downward impact.

Up. Down.

Up. Down.

Up. Down.

Abigail's hair roots were screaming from Gretchen's rough ponytail handling. Her cervix felt like it was bruising and swelling. Abigail loved it all. She thought, "God, I'm such a slut" before her ability to think receded away again.

Up. Down.

Up. Down.

Up. Down.

Abigail's ass slid on the smooth polished slick wood of the teeter totter “seat”. With each downward impact or upward incline her butt slid and squelched in her own pussy juices.

Up. Down.

Up. Down.

Up. Down.

Abigail felt her orgasm rising. Her cum was coming!

Up. Down.

Up. Down.

Up. Down.

Abigail orgasmed, her legs shaking, her nostrils fluttering, while she made an odd snuffling sound. A flood of juices ran out of her pussy and down the board.

Gretchen nipped at ear, “Good slut. Always just do whatever you are told and you are rewarded far beyond what a slut like you deserves. You were born to give pleasure. You were born to be a slut. This is your greatest

destiny. This is your only fate.”

Chapter Four

To Abigail, trying to recover from the massive orgasm, Gretchen's words sounded sensible and as matter-of-fact as the tone in which they'd been spoken.

“All right, Pussy Puppy, get off that plastic dick. Let's go see how your teeter-totter partner is doing. She came once before you got here but I'm sure she'd like another one. I'm sure you can help her out.”

Abigail mustered her leg strength to stand and pushed the board down until the wet dildo sprang free with a scattering of pussy juice droplets. Abigail staggered back and looked at the dildo teeter-totter with newfound respect. She was already looking forward to being back on it again sometime soon.

Gretchen used her ponytail handle to push and pull her out of the room and into a neighboring room. Abigail was dimly surprised it wasn't actually

the adjoining room. It was on the other side of the room she'd been in and so could not hold the rider of the other end of the dildo teeter totter.

It appeared much like a small home office. There was a laptop on a modern-looking metal desk connected to a huge high definition monitor.

Mistress Gretchen used her ponytail handle to steer Abigail to the chair in front of the desk and to plop her down into it.

Abigail saw what was on the monitor screen. It was a room that looked much like the one she'd just left including having one half of a dildo teeter totter connected to the wall.

Abigail saw a woman on it who was actually facing away from the wall. The dildo-on-a-board equivalent to the reverse cowgirl position.

Lydia stood next to her with one paw on her shoulder. Likely she'd been using that hold to push the woman up and down on the teeter-totter since she did not have a convenient ponytail like Abigail.

The woman had a ball gag in her mouth just like the one Abigail still had in her own mouth.

The woman was also blindfolded and wore headphones strapped in place. Sensory deprivation... except for the overwhelming sensations in her

pussy.

She was naked. If you didn't count the handcuffs around her wrists behind her back.

She was sweaty everywhere except where pussy juice had displaced the sweat.

It was Abigail's Mom!

“Oh, look!” Gretchen said with mock surprise, “Why, I think that's your Mom!”

Chapter Five

Abigail went stiff, for once resisting Gretchen pulling on her ponytail. She instinctively did not want to get any nearer to the monitor showing Mom. It was just an electronic image but it felt so wrong to see Mom like this. If she got closer she'd see Mom in greater detail! No way!

She was naked. Her Mom was naked. They were both hot and juiced up. This wasn't right. Abigail knew she had to resist. Whatever was going on wasn't good!

Abigail felt like her mind was malfunctioning. She felt like this couldn't be true. Mom wasn't... some kind of slut... like Abigail was.

Was Mom?

A lesbian slut? A submissive lesbian slut?

She was naked and engaged in twisted sex stuff just two rooms away from Abigail inside the home of two dominant lesbians....

Instead of manhandling Abigail any closer as she easily could have, Gretchen smiled and let one hand go to work on Abigail's pussy while the other held her in place by her hair. She didn't need the girl any closer to the monitor. It was huge and high definition. The girl saw it was her mom and Gretchen spoke into her ear, "Wow, it was your mom on the other end of the teeter-totter. Who knew? What were the odds?"

Abigail realized once again that this woman was an evil bitch. A horrible fucking wicked cunt.

Who had total control over her...

...and knew exactly how to handle her young pussy.

Abigail shook her head in denial. What in Hell was going on?

Mom was supposed to be out for a run in the hills not... riding a sex teeter-totter!

It really came home to Abigail how, when she rode that teeter-totter dildo, it was Mom on the other end. Mom going up when Abigail went down. Mom going down when Abigail went up.

They'd been riding that damn sex playground contraption at the same time!

Mom wasn't out for a run! Mom lied! She'd gone out for... twisted lesbian domination!

Just like Abigail had....

Abigail stood and felt those Mistress Gretchen fingers working in and out of her pussy. Sometimes they slid up. They rubbed her clitoris and made it wet with her own juices. Abigail had to admit internally it felt great even as she continued to stare at electronic Mom on that screen.

Naomi Pierson was no longer rising and falling on her end of the teeter-totter but she was grinding her pussy back and forth by twisting at the waist.

Lydia's meaty hand clamped to her shoulder pushed her down on the dildo and kept her impaled. That didn't stop Naomi from screwing her pussy back and forth on the dildo but did increase the pressure.

Abigail knew if Mom's dildo was the same size as hers had been and if Mom's vagina was about the same length as her own – they were the same height – then the dildo was longer than Mom's vagina was deep so the head was shoving against Mom's cervix. Like the other one had Abigail's.

If Mom was like her then Mom likely found the pain was somehow quite good. That minus was a plus.

Mom didn't seem like a submissive lesbian! Of course, Abigail thought she probably didn't seem like one either though she had no idea how one was supposed to seem. Also, of course, Abigail was still not convinced she was any such thing.

These big photographer ladies said she was one and treated her like one. They even made her act and orgasm like one!

Abigail sure hoped that didn't mean she actually was one. Or poor Mom!

Abigail's resistance weakened with distraction. Mistress Gretchen noticed and pushed her down into a padded office chair facing the huge

monitor.

Mistress Gretchen grabbed Abigail's hand and forced it onto Abigail's pussy, "Pussy Puppy, you take over fingering your pussy. Use whatever self-pleasuring methods you want. Up to you. I'll be back in a little bit. Two things. One, you better be just on the edge of orgasm by the time I come back. No cumming without permission but you also damn well better be ready to cum. Two, don't you dare take your eyes off that screen. You watch everything and diddle your pussy while you do. Keep watching. There will be a quiz later."

Mistress Gretchen left.

Abigail masturbated her pussy.

Abigail kept her eyes on the unbelievable seen of Mom riding a dildo teeter totter.

Naomi Pierson, gagged, blindfolded, and rendered deaf by the headphones, was unaware of her daughter watching her on video. Naomi was completely focused on her pussy and her need to climax yet again. Outside of that, she was only dimly aware of Lydia's hand on her shoulder.

Naomi would have been mortified to know her youngest daughter was watching. Had she known it might even have been enough to stop her

clockwise, then counter-clockwise screwing onto the dildo. Maybe.

Naomi did sense a change. Air currents. The smell of pussy. Not her own. Not Lydia's. That meant Gretchen must have come in. The other photographer. Mistress Lydia's housemate.

It was just dimly embarrassing. It was bad enough that Mistress Lydia knew what a slut Naomi was but now she had let the other one, Gretchen, in on Naomi's dirty secret.

Naomi tried to think. Gretchen. If it was Gretchen, what did that mean? She knew it meant something more than just that Gretchen was a sick lesbian dominant like Lydia was. Something important. But Naomi couldn't put her finger on it. Not while her pussy was penetrated by that dildo.

She felt like no matter how important whatever it was, it couldn't really be as important as the tantalizing orgasm that seemed so near and yet so far.

She'd been pretty close when Lydia was slamming her down. Lydia used her grip on Naomi's shoulder to pull her up on the teeter-totter and then Lydia smashed her back down every time. Again and again.

It had been so awkward and uncomfortable at first. It felt rough and savage and like abuse. Pretty soon it had felt great. Then better than great.

Naomi had worked out that eventually, not at first but eventually, someone was on the other side teeter-tottering away like Naomi. Then the weight had stopped and the hand of Mistress Lydia was the sole guide of Naomi rising up and pounding down. Whoever it was over there was no longer riding.

Had they cum and then stopped?

Was it the blonde photographer, Gretchen? Even though it must be Gretchen who'd just come in it didn't seem like it would have been Gretchen on the other end of the teeter-totter even though Gretchen lived here.

Riding this damn contraption seemed... humiliating. Gretchen sure wasn't a submissive type. Also, she was just too big. Too big to have been the weight, a weight which seemed about even with Naomi's, that had ridden the other end of the teeter totter.

She figured Lydia must have backtracked and completed her seduction of the Kaia girl. Such a beautiful girl. The very idea that Kaia was the one who'd been bouncing on a similar dildo in the next room filled Naomi with unexpected lust.

She knew she should feel terrible for the young woman and should feel bad about her own lust. And she did. But that image, a nude and hot Kaia

riding the dildo board, it just would not leave Naomi's mind.

She wondered how Megan would feel about Naomi's thoughts. Poor Megan having that seduced and dominated-into-lesbianism daughter! She felt sorry for Megan.

It wasn't quite a mother's worst nightmare but it wasn't from it either. If Kaia had fallen to these dominants then there would be no grandchildren for Megan. At least, not from Kaia.

Poor Megan! No mother should have a daughter like that!

It was sort of hard to feel sorry for Kaia though. If Kaia was feeling the way Naomi was and had already cum probably, then there didn't seem much reason to pity her.

Maybe though. Naomi did sort of feel sorry for herself for being such a slutty lesbian submissive slut. She guessed they were both in the same boat. They had at least both ridden the same piece of wood.

Naomi wondered if she was a lesbian now. She kept picturing Kaia nude, dildo riding, cumming and, truth to tell, it turned Naomi on. It was one thing to be taken by someone like Lydia but lusting after a girl the age of her own youngest daughter....

Terrible, just terrible.

She guessed she deserved whatever Lydia did to her.

Including, of course, an orgasm as soon as possible!

Maybe the new pussy smell was Kaia. After all, there no longer seemed to be a counterweight on the other end of the teeter-totter and someone had come in the room. Maybe it wasn't Gretchen. What were the odds that both Lydia and Gretchen were bull dominants out to seduce straight females?

Naomi had watched Lydia targeting and partially succeeding in lesbian taming Kaia. Then Lydia succeeded with Naomi. Shame on Naomi as she even more or less knew it was coming! It could be that Lydia did not give up on Kaia and circled back to her, closed the deal, and decided to have both straight women as her submissives, one mature and the other young, one brunette and the other a blonde.

If it was Kaia then... that pretty little pussy was so very near. What a contrast to Lydia's gaping maw of a pussy. Naomi liked going down on Lydia. How much better would the young blonde's pussy taste and feel under her tongue? Would Lydia allow the two of them to sexually interact or must all their efforts only be to please their shared Mistress?

Naomi put those thoughts out of her mind. She had an orgasm to go get. She felt like she was riding a horse trying to catch up and capture her orgasm. She was grateful for Mistress Lydia's big strong hand gripping her shoulder and keeping her steady on her teeter-totter gallop.

Two rooms over, Abigail was trying her best to think. Gretchen brought her in here to watch her Mom on the monitor for a reason.

Was it just twisted deviancy? She should not reward that by cumming all over her fingers. But was that a reward she could deny Mistress Gretchen? Did she want to deny herself that? It seemed like any such reward would be a reward for both of them.

Still, it was so very twisted to watch naked and super-aroused Mom on that teeter-totter of sex while Abigail self-pleasured away.

Yeah, it sure seemed like something only a real slut would do.

Exactly.

Abigail kept finger-fucking herself.

Her Mom looked... so passionate. Like a sex creature. If Abigail was a Pussy Puppy then Mom must be, what, a cat in heat?

Wow, look at her grind her pussy onto the board! Abigail could see the

dildo impacting into Mom's pussy. Mom was leaned backward slightly which stretched her flat tummy even tighter than usual and kept pussy and dildo in detailed display.

The base of the dildo was wide and, each time Mom rose up, the wide dildo shaft gleamed with juices. It was clear Mom was loving it.

Abigail figured no one would know or, if they did, would care so she rolled the office chair she sat in as close to the huge high def monitor as she could get.

Mom. In living color. So detailed. All of Mom revealed.

Mom was... very sexy! Abigail had never before thought of Mom that way. Beautiful, yes. Sexy? Never.

Abigail could smell her own pussy. That smell was sexy. It made her wonder what Mom's pussy smelled like. Probably similar? Thinking so naughty made her own pussy release more fluids and made her finger fuck herself faster.

She had to be careful though. Mistress Gretchen made it clear she was not to cum without permission. She must obey Mistress Gretchen! Abigail wasn't too worried about punishments. That didn't even enter her mind. But she was worried about letting down her Mistress. Good slaves did not do

that!

Why did Mistress Gretchen want her to see Mom like this?

Was Mistress Gretchen trying to make Abigail feel some competition with Mom? To what end? Abigail already did everything the woman told her to do and did it the very best she could.

Did Mistress Gretchen bring her in here because she thought Abigail had some sort of thing for Mom or would get off on seeing Mom like this? Abigail sure didn't think she had a thing for Mom. Of course, she had not thought she was a lesbian at all either. She had to admit she really could not take her eyes off Mom. It was amazing see her like this. Fascinating.

Arousing? Yes.

Mom grunted and moaned around her gag.

Abigail felt like her own reactions to Mom's state were animal-like. Like... some kind of Pussy Puppy. Her pussy was drooling freely again. It was an eager little puppy that wanted to run amok.

These evil bitches were making Mom and her into some kind of sex animals. Abigail knew she should hate them for it but also worried she'd end up feeling grateful.

My God, thought Abigail, did Mistress Gretchen bring her in here to try to get her to do sexual things *with* Mom? Forget that. That would be a deal breaker. No way. No way in Hell!

Abigail heard Mistress Gretchen's voice, soft and insidious, like Mistress Gretchen was talking into her ear. It almost made Abigail look around but... she knew better. Mistress Gretchen wasn't right there with her. Mistress Gretchen was over in that other room with Mom.

She could see her now on the monitor.

Besides... she could not have looked around anyway. Mistress Gretchen had already told her to keep her eyes on the monitor....

Mistress Gretchen's electronic voice, with a slight echo like her true voice also somehow carried down the hallway between rooms, said, “Your mom is a hottie. Just like you. A slutty slave. Just like you. Like Mother, like daughter. Fucking genetics, Pussy Puppy.”

Abigail knew a little about genetics as she had enjoyed her science classes. There certainly were behaviors that were passed on from parent to offspring though that was generally only acknowledged in animals and ignored in humans. There was no reason it couldn't also be true of humans. Maybe especially with things like sexual behavior. Sex did, after all, directly

lead to passing on attributes. It seemed like Mistress Gretchen was making an accurate and true observation!

“I think your mom needs a little help. Just a little help getting over the hump. Or, at least, help *with* humping.”

Because Mistress Gretchen said that while standing next to Mom, Abigail felt a moment of sheer panic thinking that now Mom would know about her, her sluttiness, and that Mistress Gretchen had sexual control over her.

The panic was relieved when she remembered the headphones Mom wore. Mom couldn't hear what Mistress Gretchen said.

Mom looked so passionate riding that teeter-totter that probably she wouldn't have understood and remembered what Mistress Gretchen said even if she wasn't wearing headphones.

Abigail couldn't say anything back to Mistress Gretchen, of course. In more ways than one. She would not talk back to her other than to answer questions. That lesson was spanked into Abigail. Imprinted by hand and by repeated hand-prints. But even if she'd wanted to tell Mistress Gretchen something she sure couldn't. Not unless she yelled down the hallway to her. So Mistress Gretchen was just talking to hear herself and taunt Abigail.

To taunt her or maybe... to arouse her?

Abigail breathed fast. She felt like she couldn't get enough air. She felt like she might start hyperventilating. That or cum. She was getting close to an orgasm again. She had mixed feelings about that. Strong mixed feelings.

She was partly to blame. It was her own fingers doing this to herself! But she couldn't stop them. She didn't have Mistress Gretchen's permission and this bizarre surreal situation starring Mom was doing something to Abigail's mind.

It was like all the known had become unknowns and all that was “can't be” had become reality. Abigail couldn't count on anything. Not herself. Certainly not Mom!

“Slut slaves like your mom, sometimes they need a little pain. Or a lot of pain. Mixed with pleasure. Look at this strap.”

Mistress Gretchen held a thick brown length up to the camera view. Behind the item, in the near background, there was Mom obviously riding that teeter-totter.

Mistress Gretchen spoke again as she pulled the items away from the camera view, “It's just some hard leather, like a short wide belt. I'll use it now on your mom while you keep fingering yourself where you are. You're going

to really know what a little nasty slut of a Pussy Puppy you are because as you watch me dish it out on your mom you're going to get hotter and hotter. Remember, no cumming yet.”

Chapter Six

Abigail watched Mistress Gretchen flex the strap like she was trying to make figure eights in the air. Like she was loosening it up for its task. To Abigail, the strap looked like a poisonous snake.

“Trust me, your mom wants it. It doesn't matter if she knows it's about to happen. She'll want it after the fact. You'll see. I'll show you where it gets her to. I think you want to see it, too. Mom doesn't have to know you see what a pain slut she is. Our little secret. She'll be grateful. It'll get her over the hump if I do it enough and hard enough. I'm going to put a mark on your mom's tits.”

Abigail wondered if any of that was true. Would her Mom somehow like having her breasts hit? Those were the breasts Abigail drank milk from

as a baby! Did Abigail want to see it? That was a ridiculous claim by Mistress Gretchen. A daughter did not want to see her mother treated that way!

Well... a good daughter wouldn't want to see that. Abigail had already seen too much anyway. Mom acting like some submissive lesbian whore! Abigail hadn't wanted to see that either! Now it could not be unseen.

So... she may as well watch Mistress Gretchen strap Mom's breasts. That was what Mistress Gretchen wanted her Pussy Puppy to do and a Pussy Puppy should be loyal and obedient to her Mistress.

Abigail realized she was now jamming three whole fingers up her pussy. Trying to get those fingers deep inside. Trying to cum. It didn't even seem like that much to take up her pussy after the way Mistress Gretchen and Mistress Lydia had dildoad her holes the other night. Or after having that teeter-totter dildo inside her. She missed that thing!

Abigail had always been a one-finger masturbator. Her right index finger to be exact. She didn't think she ever would be again. More fingers was better.

For an insane moment she wished she could go down the hallway and pull Mom off the teeter-totter contraption so that Abigail could sit on that

dildo herself. She just needed to get off. She wouldn't even pause to wipe Mom's pussy juice off the dildo. No time. Who cared? Mom's pussy juice would just make the dildo slide in that much faster and smoother!

But, no, she wouldn't do that. She couldn't!

She didn't have Mistress Gretchen's permission!

Abigail thought seeing Mom like this should have doused her lust. She had to admit it either had not reduced it or, somehow, for some reason, it stoked her lust. Mom did look hot like that. Her Mom *was* hot.

No, even if Mistress Gretchen gave Abigail permission to pull Mom off that dildo it would not be fair to Mom. Mom needed an orgasm, too. That much was very clear from her muffled groans and grunts and all the exertion Mom put into trying to mate with that dildo.

Abigail suddenly had absolute confidence that Mistress Gretchen knew how to give Mom a great big orgasm. By whacking her with a leather strap! Imagine that!

Abigail could hardly wait to see Mom get strapped. She hoped Mistress Gretchen strapped the shit out of Mom. The sooner that Mistress Gretchen accomplished that the sooner Mistress Gretchen would be back to give or allow Abigail's orgasm.

Get on with it, Mistress Gretchen!

Strap the shit out of that submissive lesbian slut who happens to be my mom!

Abigail wondered if Mistress Gretchen would use that horrible brown snake-like length of leather on her also. It wouldn't work on her though. Would it? No. She wasn't a pain slut!

Was she...?

Abigail kept her eyes dutifully glued to the monitor screen but brought her other hand over to her pussy. First she pinched her labia. Ouch. Yes, it hurt. Yes, it sort of felt good along with the bad. That couldn't be nearly as painful as being strapped though.

Abigail sought out her clitoris, captured it in a finger vice, and acted before she could really consider what she was doing.

She pinched.

It hurt like fucking Hell on Earth!

And... she very nearly came!

Abigail watched Mistress Gretchen on the view bring up the leather

strap and then bring it down in a brown blur across Mom's chest. The strike landed with a shockingly loud WHAP sound. Even before it seemed Mom could understand she was under attack, a second blow landed on the inside of Mom's left shoulder. The second smack was just as shockingly loud.

Mom ceased her pussy grinding on the teeter-totter board. She was in some kind of pain shock.

“If at first you don't succeed Pussy Puppy, try try again.” Gretchen's silky nasty words, spoken over her shoulder towards the camera, were like a devil talking into Abigail's soul.

Mistress Gretchen brought the strap down again but it was off target. At least, Abigail assumed it was off target because the strap bounced off the headphone ear muff on the left side of Mom's head. Mom looked around wildly despite the blindfold and made a questioning squeal.

Abigail, almost frantically pulse-thrusting her fingers in and out of her pussy, watched the spectacle as Mistress Gretchen brought the strap down again and this time it was on target. The left breast bulged downward and then bounced back up, almost immediately reddening. Blood rushed to the strike area and the nipple engorged.

Abigail wondered if Mom's left nipple was so big and full so quickly as

a sort of defensive swelling or due to arousal. Mom had already been aroused riding that teeter-totter and the right nipple seemed half the size of the newly struck left one so Abigail figured it must be defensive swelling.

Abigail saw Mom hesitate, unsure if another strike was coming, and then saw Mom twist to and fro on her board seat. Like an upside down and inside out washing machine motion.

Mom was still turned on! Mom was still trying to make it to orgasm!

“See that, Pussy Puppy?” asked Mistress Gretchen to the camera. “I'm going to keep it up. Mommy's titties love this treatment. Trust me. They want it. What they want, Mommy wants.”

Abigail felt a weird pulse of all over pleasure. She wasn't sure if Mistress Gretchen was to be believed in this. Was Mom turned on because of the pain or despite it?

One thing was more certain. Abigail was undeniably turned on and seeing Mom abused that way... it turned Abigail on more than she ever could have thought possible.

It turned on Abigail so much that she almost – almost! – felt eager to see Mistress Gretchen strap Mom again.

Mistress Gretchen did bring the strap down again, this time onto the right breast. It needed attention, too.

Abigail felt out of her mind with lust. How could Mom take it? Better question, how could Abigail resist cumming while watching Mom take it?

Mistress Gretchen continued to bring the strap down, again and again, left breast, right breast, back and forth. It looked like Mistress Gretchen felt it was important she be fair in her strapping. Like she didn't want either tit to feel left out. Both tits needed to be dominated and punished and made to feel things they never should feel.

Abigail thought Mistress Gretchen's treatment of those Mom tits might be reminiscent a little of how Mom treated them back when Abigail was just a baby. Mom likely switched Abigail back and forth between her tits when nursing Abigail. Not just due to milk supply but also to give relief to whichever nipple was more sore.

Abigail was sure she'd nursed from both tits equally as a baby when all was said and done. Abigail was sure both of Mom's tits currently felt equal pain with neither able to relieve the other one.

First all that breast-feeding with two daughters and now this breast

strapping! Mom's tits really took the pain!

Poor Mom! Tenderly breast-feeding her girls only to one day have those same breasts strapped as one of those daughters watched while avidly finger-fucking herself.

Abigail thought Mom's breasts had been through a lot both over the years and again now right then... but they sure looked great! Red, hurt, aroused, swollen, full of sensations. Mom's tits looked ripe!

Ripe for more, apparently....

The strapping went on. Mistress Gretchen often missed. One time she paused when the strap hit Mom full in the face. The gag and the blindfold partially protected Mom. Another time she got Mom's neck. Several times, Mistress Gretchen being right-handed, she nailed Mom on the ribs down Mom's left side.

Mom, at first, clearly had no idea what to do. Lydia used her shoulder hold to keep Mom impaled and pressed down on the dildo. She could not get off it. Nothing Mom did helped her predicament.

No one responded to her squeals of protest, confusion, and pain.

Not quite no one. They just did not respond with help. Abigail

“responded” with arousal. Lydia “responded” by chuckling patiently while Mom writhed in panic.

The mind of Naomi Pierson worked to solve her situation but there was no solution.

Then Naomi Pierson discovered something that did at least help. Her pussy. All that pleasure was still there and she still needed to cum. Cum just didn't cover it! She felt like she needed to erupt like a pussy volcano that had waited and built up pussy pressure for eons.

Naomi ground her pussy down and twisted back and forth on it like a human washing machine cycle. It felt good! It dwarfed the pain. No, it used the pain. The pain made it even better now.

Naomi would not have believed it if she was capable of calm thought but she very much wanted, whatever that painful thing was that was hitting her, to keep doing its good work.

Abigail thought Mom looked so sexy. So full of pain and so full of lust. Full of dildo. She'd always known Mom was beautiful – it was obvious to anyone – but now she realized Mom was sexy also. A creature of passion.

Like Mom, like daughter. Abigail felt like she was a creature of passion also. She was. Each time that strap whipped down Mom reacted by

tightening her tummy muscles. Watching each strike and seeing Mom react, Abigail felt her own stomach muscles tighten just like Mom's. Each time Abigail simultaneously felt her vaginal muscles hug at her finger's. Everything just kept feeling better and even better!

Abigail felt close to orgasm. Mom looked close, too.

Abigail was no longer surprised she might orgasm while watching Mom get strapped or that Mom also might orgasm while being strapped. She was only a little surprised neither of them had cum yet!

Mistress Gretchen had instructed Abigail not to orgasm, but, what was Mom's excuse?

Abigail saw Mistress Gretchen wind back her arm, lean back, and then strike forward and overhand putting all her strength into a severe blow dead center on her Mom's left breast. Mom froze hotly and started shaking all over. She was cumming! Mistress Gretchen made Mom cum!

Immediately when she saw the orgasm begin in the older Pierson, Mistress Gretchen turned to the camera and ordered, "Cum on your slut hand, Pussy Puppy!"

Orders were orders!

As orders went this was a great order!

Abigail came all over her plunging fingers. She lost some muscle control which made her feet tap randomly at the carpet and then slide on them like fins of a flailing fish on land as she weakened.

Naomi Pierson and Abigail Pierson shook together in a shared orgasm, vibrating with passion, separate but more together, more alike, than they'd ever known was possible.

Abigail was barely aware as Mistress Gretchen came striding back into the room she was in. If she was checking to see if Abigail had complied she must have been pleased.

Mistress Gretchen jerked on Abigail's arm, pulling her wet fingers free, and twisted Abigail's body until she was over the arm of the office chair with her ass in the air and her hair brushing the carpet.

Mistress Gretchen thrust fingers in just below Abigail's little ass. Mistress Gretchen wanted to feel that young cunt squeezing her fingers and soaking them with earned wetness and that was exactly what she did feel.

By the time Naomi's orgasm finished, unknown to her in a nearby room, her youngest daughter rolled from one orgasm into another one.

Mistress Gretchen, ever the opportunist, used this time to input data into the software Abigail kept between her ears.

“Such a filthy nasty little fucking cunt daughter. Abigail the cunt daughter. Watching Mom get beat into an orgasm and then cumming all over her young slut fingers. You lesbian whore. You're a total slut. You need your Mistress to manage your slut pussy for you. You need to be told what to do. You love it. You always will from now on. You're a fine little daughter lesbo.”

The words barely registered on Abigail's theoretically conscious mind but they absolutely imprinted on her subconscious mind.

New software download... complete!

Abigail's subconscious mind agreed with every word her Mistress Gretchen spoke. Agreed with them with eager nods and fervently beaming eyes.

When the second orgasm passed Abigail found herself sitting up again in the chair, pulled into place by Mistress Gretchen, and just automatically looking at Mom on the monitor.

Mom's breasts were even redder than before as more blood had rushed to the site of injury and wasn't chased back away by strap impacts any

longer. They were such a bright pink red it looked impossible, like a double-sun Caribbean sunset had been tattooed onto them.

Abigail, in her imagination, could feel the heat blazing from Mom's wounded breasts. There was heat from them in her mind and physical heat all over her own body and especially flowing from her pussy. Her pussy felt as red hot as Mom's breasts looked.

Mom's nipples were incredibly full and hard. Mom ran with so much perspiration it looked like she'd just gotten out of a swimming pool. She was swimming in sexiness.

It was awful to see Mom like that.

It was terrible to keep her eyes on Mom.

It was awfully terribly wonderful to see... and almost to feel what she saw.

Abigail looked at Mom. What a mess! What a... slut!

Abigail wasn't sure if she could ever look at Mom the same. She just didn't even seem like Mom anymore. How could she look at her and not see a pain slut instead of Mom?

Abigail realized everything was different now. Just how Mistress

Gretchen had no doubt intended. Abigail knew this couldn't be good. But it wasn't like she could really have resisted. What Mistress Gretchen wanted, Mistress Gretchen got.

Abigail knew Mom wasn't the only slut in the house. Mom's daughter was certainly a slut as well!

“Pussy Puppy, you did well. I think you need to give your mom one more gift. You have a lot of extra pussy juice down there. Let's not waste it. I'm going to get my fingers all wet with it and wipe it all over your mom's face and in her hair, too.”

Abigail's passion-lidded eyes widened. Could she say anything to make Mistress Gretchen change her disgusting plan of action? The question was silly. Of course she couldn't.

What could she say anyway? The concept of saying no to Mistress Gretchen was now laughable. Sluts like Abigail were there to obey, right?

Mistress Gretchen's big fingers returned to Abigail's pussy and spread her pussy lips wide. A little pussy juice ran out and down into Abigail's ass crack. Mistress Gretchen thrust her fingers once, twice, three times into Abigail and then rolled them, three of them, like a taffy machine at the state fair in order to obtain the most pussy juice she could get.

Mistress Gretchen quietly taunted Abigail, “Be sure to watch the show.”

Mistress Gretchen left and Abigail did watch the show. How could she not? Mistress Gretchen had made her wishes known. There wasn't any other show on either. Abigail, still feeling all horny even though she was wore out, somehow found Mistress Gretchen's antics... interesting.

No... interesting wasn't quite it. The way Mistress Gretchen was going to go mistreat Mom, was going to humiliate her... it wasn't “interesting”. It was... highly arousing!

Abigail watched on the colorful high definition monitor as Mistress Gretchen entered the room Mom was in. Mistress Gretchen didn't hesitate or talk. She just walked straight up to Mom slumped on her teeter-totter seat and finger-painted Mom's face with invisible pussy juice paint.

Mom looked up blindly, aware of the contact, nose flaring as she caught the scent. Abigail noticed Mom did nothing to avert her face. She almost looked like she was grateful for the baptism in pussy juice. Of course, Abigail knew Mom couldn't have any idea it was her youngest daughter's pussy juice. She must think it was Lydia's or Gretchen's.

She saw Mom's nostrils flaring and Mom's chest rising with filled air,

making her wounded breasts even more prominent. She may not know who was doing it but she definitely knew she was receiving a pussy juice facial. It looked like Mom was purposely taking deep quick breaths.

Mom liked the smell of pussy juice! Mom liked the smell of *Abigail's* pussy juice!

Abigail got more and more turned on again. Doing this to her Mom was arousing for some reason. This was so twisted! Mistress Gretchen was... was... some kind of evil!

Abigail thought of Mistress Gretchen's evil with respect. She bet her Mistress was the very most evil! It gave her a feeling like pride. Like if pride was mixed with lust!

It seemed to have quite the effect on Mom. Like Mom, like daughter. Mom leaned her head back to give full access to her face and there was a look of blissful contentment on her face. She sucked in long breaths through her nostrils.

Mom was fucking basking in it! Mom was *basking* in the scent and feel of her daughter's pussy juice.

Abigail saw movement and saw Lydia coming back into the view wearing a strap-on.

Lydia grabbed Naomi's legs and roughly re-positioned her. She lifted her legs up and then spun her with the dildo still up her pussy. Lydia spun her around halfway until she faced the wall still with the dildo in her pussy. She pushed on Naomi's back and pushed forward on it and down until Naomi leaned forward like a jockey on a horse.

Lydia centered the head of the strap-on against Naomi's damp asshole. Abigail gasped and she thought she heard Mom gasp also.

Lydia jammed her dildo forward. It took work and repeated attempts by the big woman but she eventually got it in. Each attempt caused a gasp from both Pierson's, ones of shock from Abigail and both shock and sensation from Naomi.

Once it was all the way in firmly Naomi released a moan that sounded like one of great relief but probably meant the exact opposite.

Once Lydia had it in she went to work with brutally strong thrusts like she was out for butt-taking revenge or something. Like she couldn't possibly fuck Mom's ass hard enough.

Abigail was surprised Mom did not struggle or make any further attempted protests. Through the gag and all. It wouldn't have been effective at all but it still seemed like the Mom she knew would have at least grunted

loud protests for the record. Mom grunted and moaned from sensation but made no effort to stop her double penetration ass fuck.

Abigail wondered if Mom had a thing for having her ass fucked. Maybe Mom was some kind of an ass slut. The type of woman who liked it up the ass.

Abigail realized she also was an ass slut based on her recent past. Lydia had pounded her ass also. And... she had liked it. Hard to deny an orgasm!

It was again, like Mom, like daughter. Was liking taking it up the ass in a person's genetic code? Abigail had always found science interesting, especially biology, and had paid rapt attention to her biology teacher Mr. Tillering in high school. DNA. Did she and Mom have ass fucking in their genes?

Abigail remembered her own strap-on double penetration from Gretchen and Lydia the other night. She was a little surprised to discover it was a fond memory. So she didn't feel sorry for Mom. Maybe jealous but not sorry.

Maybe Mom was showing her the right way to act here. Leading by parental example. How to take an ass fuck. Whatever these evil bitches did,

just accept it. Just do it if told to do it. Or let it happen if done on you.

Resistance... made no sense.

How the heck did Mom end up here with these two Mistresses?

Abigail was here with them also, of course, and she knew how she'd ended up here. That photo shoot. She'd been way too cooperative with Mistress Gretchen and way too trusting of a stranger as well.

Had Mom been as trusting as her? Sure looked like it.

Abigail was a little hurt. So, she wasn't enough for Mistress Gretchen? One skinny brunette wasn't enough, she needed two skinny brunettes, young version and mature version? Was it just convenience that it ended up being a mother and daughter or was Mistress Gretchen some kind of twisted dominant? Well... even more twisted than she'd thought?

Abigail thought maybe she wasn't being fair to Mistress Gretchen. Between her and Mistress Lydia there were two Mistresses. In hindsight it seemed pretty obvious they needed two slaves. It was even sort of a good thing. She didn't want to have to take two dildos at once all the time, did she? Sure, the other night it felt amazing but if that happened often Abigail thought her ass would break down. This way Mom could take some of the burden off her!

Of course, Mom *must not* know what Abigail did with the Mistresses or what they made her do. That was private! However, she liked knowing about Mom. It made her feel like a little less of a total slut. Only a little.

If she was born like this... born to be a slut... because Mom passed that slut gene down to her... then Abigail was just... being what she was meant to be!

You can't fight nature!

For ten minutes Abigail could not take her eyes off her Mom being ass-fucked over there in the other room. Wow, Mom was really taking it. Mom was going to have friction burns the length of her rectum!

Mom grunted louder and louder finally with approaching orgasm. Abigail found that she wanted to see Mom orgasm again. She loved Mom and used to respect her before this but something about seeing Mom worked over was a huge turn on.

She guessed she respected Mom less now in most ways but grudgingly respected her ability to be quite a passionate slut. Abigail knew exactly where to move that lost respect. She needed to give all that respect to her Mistress Gretchen. Her Mistress and Mom's Mistress too.

Mom made a muffled sort of wail. It took a body shaking minute to die

down. The ass fucking made her orgasm too! Just like Abigail had when Abigail was ass fucked! As far as Abigail was concerned this was proof that being an ass slut did run in the family.

Chapter Seven

Mistress Gretchen was abrupt with Abigail. When Mistress Abigail was done sexually using a girl or a woman she was done.

“Get dressed and go home. Your mom will be there when we're done with her. I've got shit to do today. Your mission for today is to give yourself five orgasms.”

“Five!?!”

“Five. By midnight. The last one can be in your bedroom. The other four need to be all around your house. Make sure that with at least one your mom is in the same room and with at least one your sister is in the same room.”

“Mistress! Please! I don't want them to know about us. I mean, about me.”

“I never said you had to tell them what you're doing or why. You don't have to announce it. Just sneak it. You better obey or I'll know it and I'll be strapping you.”

“I'll obey. Because you're my Mistress and you're telling me to do it. You can strap me anytime you want. If I do it and you still want to strap me, that's fine. I don't mind. I'm probably like Mom. I'll probably like it, I guess.”

Abigail had not realized she was going to say that. She just instantly knew it would please her Mistress and so she'd said it. Was it true? After the fact, she realized it was true. She wanted to obey her Mistress. She looked forward to masturbating all over her house, even in places Mom and Harmony may get a clue as to what she was doing. And Abigail had no real fear of the strap. Sure, it would hurt. But Mom had loved it, hadn't she?

Mistress Gretchen looked pleased with her answer and that made Abigail happy.

She did worry Mistress Gretchen or Mistress Lydia would tell Mom what kind of daughter she had. Slut daughter. But what could Abigail do to

prevent it if they chose to tell Mom? Nothing.

If Mom did find out then what could a pain slut, an ass slut no less, do to hold her daughter accountable for following orders from a Mistress they both apparently followed orders from? Nothing. Not a damn thing.

If Mom tried to punish her she'd just tell Mistress Gretchen and Mistress Gretchen would punish Mom!

Chapter Eight

After Abigail left Gretchen returned to Lydia and the mommy slave.

Naomi still wore the headphones so Gretchen felt comfortable speaking freely. Especially since it didn't even matter if the mother Pierson was a lipreader because she also wore a blindfold.

“Lyds, I got Pussy Puppy out the door. Just the three of us now.”

Lydia, still jamming the strap-on in and out of orgasmically exhausted Naomi Pierson's ever more accommodating asshole, turned her head and

frowned towards Gretchen, “What the Hell, Gretch? You had Aba-frail as hot and obedient as could be. I loved how you made her watch you strap her mom. But, fuck, why'd you stop? She would have done anything! You should have brought her in here and made her go down on Mommy! And then had Mom lick off Aba-frail!”

Gretchen tutted gently, “Buyer's orders, Lydia. I told you. Don't you remember? Sex between a mother and a daughter, the first sex, only happens once. Well... once per daughter I guess but maybe not once per mother. Anyway, the fact they are submissive and enslaved enough to follow any orders and so will do it if ordered – when ordered – combined with the fact they have not yet done it makes them much more valuable to our buyer. He buys them to sell them onward at some kind of huge mark-up probably. But we'll get our two million a head so I don't care how much he makes. Still, best to keep him happy and he was very specific about that.”

“Damn! Well, at least promise me when this is all over we seduce and enslave another mother and daughter and get to see that action.”

“Done. Sure. We'll do it to probably ten mothers and twenty or so daughters.”

“Deal. Patience is a virtue, huh?” grunted out Lydia.

Gretchen watched Lydia really pounding into Naomi. Naomi was getting slammed, her slim body shaking and random muscle groups flexed. There was no resistance there, though. Naomi was taking it like a little sex doll heroine.

They were enslaving as many mothers and daughters as they could, like lesbian dominants on a timed scavenger hunt, but Gretchen didn't worry about the morality of it at all. Or at least she had her rationalizations and justifications developed.

Only slaves let themselves be enslaved so, why not? If they let Gretchen and Lydia take advantage of them it was basically their own fault. And they loved it in the end (and in the ass!) so, really, the new slaves should be thanking them!

If some filthy rich Arab sheikh wanted to see sex between a mother and a daughter – or daughters – or between sisters, don't forget that – well, that just ensured they would be closer to one another as a family. Much closer, right?

Same thing for Gretchen and Lydia enslaving mothers and daughters and getting them to interact sexually after they had their money. Being slaves, the mothers and daughters would even thank them if ordered to do so!

Nothing wrong with that!

In another ten minutes of ass pounding Naomi was alert enough to be conscious of another orgasm on its way. Another one to drive her out of her mind. It was too much but it couldn't be resisted. The Mistresses were driving her insane but they made her eager for her insanity.

Naomi climaxed with a long muffled groan and slumped even further forward. She even slid a little off to one side of the teeter-totter. Only being pinned by the dildo kept her on the teeter-totter.

Lydia pulled out of Naomi's ass and took off the strap-on. Then she looped a leg over and sat on the inner part of the teeter-totter board, legs to either side, back braced on the wall. Naomi's face was nearly in her lap.

Lydia unstrapped Naomi's ball gag, pulled it free, and tossed it on the floor. She lightly slapped Naomi's sweaty face to rouse her and then put Naomi to work licking pussy. She did this simply by shoving Naomi's face into her nest of pubic hair. Naomi knew what to do, knew what was expected, knew resistance would be punished.

Weirdly, Naomi felt like Lydia deserved her best efforts after so thoroughly nailing her ass.

Once Naomi's agile tongue was properly at work, Lydia looked over at

Gretchen with a question, “If you weren't going to have a mother-daughter lick off, then why even bring Aba-frail over to see her Mom?”

“First, it was enjoyable, wasn't it? More importantly, there is now no way Abigail will confide in her Mom any concerns about us or what we've done with her. She knows her mom would find out Abigail watched her get strapped. Watched and did nothing to stop it! Watched and masturbated while watching! That, the fact they rode that teeter-totter at the same time, and that Abigail's pussy goo was spread all over Mom's face. Abigail could never face that. Get it? *Face* that?”

“I get it.” Lydia added a heavy sigh of pleasure. Naomi was doing good work down at her crotch. Maybe the deafness and blindness helped her concentrate on what was important: pleasing her Mistress's pussy.

Even as they plotted the sexual downfall, the ongoing and further sexual debasements, of mother and daughter, the daughter's mother was obliviously and ironically trying to pussy please Lydia.

Gretchen continued, “Things seem easy right now but American women especially, no matter how submissive, don't want to be enslaved. I mean, they do but they don't. They've been fed all that talk of independence and the importance of freedom. American culture trains them to resist being

enslaved. We've seen how it is in other cultures when we're abroad on assignments. A lot of places women expect to get the short end of the stick. Here they don't usually expect to have a big stick up their pussy. Another problem is that they want to talk about their experiences. Jabbering bitches! With each other, who else? Sometimes they won't protect themselves or resist for their own good but they will for loved ones or because others expect them to. If they start talking honestly with each other, the rebellion is on. There's more of them than us.”

Lydia grunted in acknowledgment and pleasure, “I'd kick their asses.”

“Those you could grab hold of in time. No doubt. But we need to sleep also and can't watch everyone all the time. Instead of dealing with resistance we're better off preventing it.”

“Holy fuck, this bitch is getting great with her mouth!” Lydia pushed her pussy up and forward, lightly humping Naomi's face. She did it carefully so as not to displace the fine work of that tongue, “Why'd you keep the mom from knowing about the daughter? Aba-frail knows about her mom but her mom still doesn't know about her daughter being a slut. Did you forget?”

“That's the whole point. We don't want Abigail to go to Naomi because then Naomi would feel like she has to protect her daughter. If Naomi knew

about her daughter then we'd already be there. We'd have done what we need to prevent. Abigail may have otherwise gone to her Mom for help and confided in her. Now she won't. Naomi was never going to go to her own daughter for help. No mother could tell their daughter about being a lesbian slave. And a slut. A pain slut. An ass slut. Whatever she is. All those things she is. We have no risk there.”

“Wait a minute, the sister, what's-her-face, that Harmony. She's the older sister. Could Abigail go to her?”

“Not after what she did with Harmony's toothbrush. Once they start being honest with each other they don't know how to stop. Abigail would know sooner or later she'd blurt it out or we'd tell Harmony if Harmony ever confronted us. Even though Abigail doesn't even know we have that on video it effects her behavior the same as if she did know that. Now we have no pressure to get Harmony. We can do it at our convenience and work on reinforcing the slavery of the ones we have so far.”

“What a... classic... scene.... with her older sister's toothbrush. Fucking... hot!” Lydia could barely talk from all the fine oral work by Mrs. Pierson. It was also turning her on to be talking about one daughter using another daughter's toothbrush to masturbate while the oblivious mother provided such fine cunnilingus. “Speaking of... the ones... we have... didn't

that Megan... come over? Where... is... she?”

“Once I got Abigail out of here I did some texting with the mother Reynolds while you pounded ass. I made her do some stuff but I didn't want to let her come in here while Naomi is here. We also don't want any of the mothers comparing notes with each other. Or the daughters with each other for that matter. It isn't just other family members that are a risk to our plans. We need to kept them all as separate and alone as possible so they are as ignorant as possible. As obedient as possible until it is too late. We can't do it all. After Abigail left Megan came over asking for a permission slip to leave. Megan wanted to go into town. I don't know, maybe she planned to get some help or something. There was something in her eyes. Not enough devotion. She isn't all the way ours yet. Maybe she suspects we'll go after her daughters.”

“Planned...?” Lydia could barely breath. Naomi was so good at this already. Bitch must have had some college lesbian experience back in the day. Fucking tree-huggers like her didn't mind pussy licking in their wild younger days. Lydia planned to have Naomi lick her off as much as possible. No good deed goes unpunished! The better she performed the more she'd have to perform! If she could do it as well without wearing a blindfold and headphones, great. If not then she'd be spending a whole lot of

time wearing a blindfold and headphones! And wearing Lydia's pussy as a gag on her mouth!

“If Megan Reynolds does have a plan to resist or get away I don't think it'll last long. I sent her to the security guards. They were getting restless anyway. Horny bitches. Like us. Megan will have to earn her field trip and once they're done with her she won't have any energy to drive into town and she'll be too distracted to protect her daughters. I think her mind will be pretty occupied with what's about to happen to her.”

Lydia was so filled with pleasure it was hard for her to comprehend what Gretchen verbally laid out, “About? About to... happen to her? What?”

“You won't believe it, Lyds. We have a special request to fulfill. I sent video of me dominating the fuck out of Megan Reynolds as a teaser and the harem broker has a special request from a buyer. He gets paid double if he can fill the request and that means he'll also pay us double for Megan Reynolds. Fucking four million, Lydia! Just for her! We just have to make sure a certain something happens and I've already got the ball rolling on that.”

“Fucking. Great!!!” Lydia's exclamation was in response both to Gretchen's plans and the orgasm that swept her big frame.

When she came down from her orgasmic high she got off the board and made Naomi clean the ass-dirty strap-on with her mouth. It was important to make slaves clean up after themselves.

It was the least they could do!

Chapter Nine

Megan went to Mistress Gretchen's house thinking she might be there quite a while getting “forced” to orgasm before she finally got the permission slip to leave the gated community. Instead, she was already right back in her own home, just four minutes after she'd left.

Mistress Gretchen had seemed preoccupied and she hadn't even let Megan come in her house. Come to think of it, she'd looked sort of sweaty. Megan wondered if Mistress Gretchen and that other photographer, Lydia, had sex. They did live together.

Or... maybe it was Naomi's daughter over there, Abigail. Megan had watched without interference (much to her personal shame) as Mistress

Gretchen seduced and dominated young Abigail in her backyard. Never suspecting that she'd be seduced and dominated in that same backyard by that same dyke less than twenty-four hours later.

It made Megan feel a clench of jealousy that her Mistress might have that youngster in her bedroom while not even letting Megan in her house.

Did Mistress Gretchen like younger girls more than a MILF like Megan? It made Megan jealous and angry.

Well! If that was the case then all the more reason for her to get her three girls out of this gated community! And herself too!

Megan didn't think she should be a lesbian slave but, if she was going to be, then by golly darn she ought to be a Mistress's only slave! Or, at least, her top slave!

Megan could scarcely credit her good luck though from her visit to Mistress Gretchen's place. And her bad luck!

She'd gone to Mistress Gretchen's house as ordered but she'd only gotten one of the two things she wanted.

She'd wanted a permission slip to leave the gated community for a "shopping trip" which was really a chance to get a lawyer or some kind of

authority figure to get her and her girls out of this place.

She'd expected problems with obtaining the slip and worried Mistress Gretchen or Lydia would want to accompany her. But it had been no problem. Mistress Gretchen, when asked by a nervous Megan, kept Megan waiting at her front door and then came back and handed over a signed permission slip apparently without any suspicion of where Megan may go.

So. That was the good news.

The bad luck? No orgasm. Megan had been was sure she'd get that orgasm she needed at Mistress Gretchen's when she was ordered to come over. She'd thought one was a conservative estimate. Probably two orgasms. Maybe three. Or four.

She didn't like how Mistress Gretchen treated her. At least when she was in her right mind and not in the throes of passion. She did need to escape from the gated community and get her girls away from the dominant lesbian. But she had wanted that orgasm.

She regretted that she had blurted out right away to Mistress Gretchen that she needed to go on a "shopping trip". She was too full of suspense about whether Mistress Gretchen would allow her to go and too full of suspense as to how Mistress Gretchen would "force" her to orgasm this time.

She had not been thinking clearly with the hot need between her legs. She should have waited until *after* she got that orgasm or, better yet, those orgasms. Ironically, her arousal made her goof up her priorities and fail to take care of her physical needs.

There was plenty of time to “escape” and get her girls out of this place. She'd needed an orgasm right away and she still did. Priorities!

Megan wondered how she was going to take care of her lustful needs after she and her family escaped. Hopefully her needs would die down and she could go back to being a normal but excellent mother. A hot-looking one but otherwise normal.

Of course, the permission slip was the most important thing. Right?

It didn't feel that way.

Megan's panties were wet. Her pussy was so sensitive every step and the slightest of frictions made her want to jam her fingers in there and orgasm on the spot. It was awful. She felt like just humping anything that moved. Or anything that didn't even move!

That thought made her recollect how Mistress Gretchen made her try to orally pleasure that Satyr statue. It hadn't moved either. Licking at that stone loin cloth. How twisted was that? Megan thought if she had a statue like that

in her yard, but one with an erect stone cock, she would jump all over it. She wouldn't even care if the stone cock hurt her pussy!

That was a crazy wish.

After all, Mistress Gretchen had ordered her not to cum. Megan knew she wasn't allowed to cum without her Mistress's permission and her Mistress still hadn't given it.

Megan knew she shouldn't even think of Gretchen as Mistress Gretchen. She was off to get out from under her physical presence which would lead to her being out from under her psychologically as well.

It didn't seem right to still think of Mistress Gretchen as her Mistress but it also didn't seem right to not think of her as Mistress Gretchen. It seemed almost rude or precocious of her to fail to think of her in that way. Megan was still in the environment of the gated community which was Mistress Gretchen's domain.

She hadn't escaped Mistress Gretchen yet and so Mistress Gretchen was still her Mistress. She'd have plenty of time to stop thinking of her as Mistress Gretchen later. She'd get around to that then.

She'd still think of her that way for the time being and then stop thinking of her that way once she was past the gate. There, that sounded like

the fair way to do it. A nice little mental compromise.

Mistress Gretchen had, just before sending Megan away, given Megan a certain circumstance in which Megan was allowed to orgasm but it was never going to happen now.

After giving her the permission slip Mistress Gretchen told Megan that she still could not orgasm but to go take care of her shopping trip. Then she added that Megan could orgasm if someone else ordered her to perform as a sex slave.

Mistress Gretchen said that Megan was to obey in every way – including being told to orgasm – anyone, absolutely anyone, who spoke a slave unlocking phrase to Megan, that phrase being “tit sluts obey”. The oxymoron of the term “slave unlocking” – in order to perform as a slave – was not lost on Megan even in her needy state.

Mistress Gretchen had been calling Megan “Tit Slut” since her first domination of Megan. Like anything else that Mistress Gretchen did, Megan had not fought the name. What was to fight? She did have tits. Big tits actually. She was a slut as Mistress Gretchen had proven. A big slut actually.

The term was wildly humiliating and demeaning and mean and, and,

and *objectifying*, just so unfair, yet, at the same time, it was totally accurate!

Mistress Gretchen told her that anyone who said to Megan the phrase “tit sluts obey” was to be obeyed immediately and totally. Which was utterly ridiculous. Megan chose who she had sex with, dammit, not this Mistress Gretchen!

It was sort of par for the course though. She hadn't chosen to have sex with Mistress Gretchen either, had she?

She'd been totally slutty and submissive and Mistress Gretchen had totally dominated her yesterday but Mistress Gretchen was just one person. To everyone else Megan was a normal proud beautiful smart heterosexual respectable mother of three girls. Mistress Gretchen's order or special permission, or whatever it was, was a total waste of time. No one but Mistress Gretchen had ever in her life called Megan “Tit Slut” and no one else would let alone that exact phrase “tit sluts obey”.

Did Mistress Gretchen really think there were people out there who said “tit sluts obey” out of the blue? And that Megan the Tit Slut was going to possibly run into one while “shopping”?

As a rule, Megan insisted on respectful treatment in general and respectful behavior during sex. Every rule had an exception and she guessed

Mistress Gretchen had been that exception the previous day. And, she guessed, into today....

Megan still wasn't sure how much blame to assign herself for what happened. Had it been done to her or had she allowed it to happen? Both?

Either way, what had happened was in the heat of the moment. To go about her life just waiting for anyone to say “tit sluts obey” and then instantly transform into an obedient sexual slave for some stranger was a whole different thing. That was very much not heat of the moment.

Although... the idea, even if silly, was itself it's own heat of the moment. The idea of doing anything – anything! – some stranger told her to do and then having to do it instantly, like it or not, it did heat up Megan.

Damn denied orgasm! It made these other things turn Megan on! Megan figured they otherwise would not effect her.

To have sex with or obey in all things, which obviously meant sex, just because Mistress Gretchen told her she had to if anyone said those three words...! It was a stupid expectation. Even prostitutes chose their tricks. Negotiated or set the price. And were paid!

Megan was supposed to do it for free just because Mistress Gretchen said so? What kind of “Tit Slut” did Mistress Gretchen think she was?

She was clearly getting out of this weird contract and suffocating gated community just in time. And the unwritten contract between Mistress and slave that was ever so one-sided!

Technically, she really should not be obeying Mistress Gretchen's order to not orgasm. Not anymore. She had the permission slip, didn't she?

It felt wrong to disobey Mistress Gretchen, though, even as she planned to escape her. Like it was disrespectful. Like Mistress Gretchen would know immediately if her Tit Slut transgressed.

Besides, it would cause a delay. She'd better get going. She'd come home to make sure the girls knew she'd be gone for a few hours.

They were all up eating breakfast and lounging around in new lingerie outfits. As per Mistress Gretchen's directions!

Megan's daughters looked spectacular. Megan found she really couldn't blame Mistress Gretchen if she did want to seduce and enslave her daughters. Who wouldn't? They were such beautiful young women. But Megan couldn't be blamed for wanting to prevent that either, could she?

Lilliana, Julissa, and Kaia were her three treasures in life. Much more important than any orgasm or any Mistress or any desire to explore and experience the depths of sexual submission.

Megan furtively watched her daughters, reluctant to leave. Her reluctance was not due to concern for them while she was away. She guessed that probably should be the reason but it wasn't.

It was so hard to take the threat of sexual slavery of her daughters very seriously or as being very immediate. Her daughters were good people and strong young ladies. They would never go for that sort of thing and Mistress Gretchen couldn't just take them, could she?

If Mistress Gretchen tried something with them then they'd tell Megan right away. If Mistress Gretchen somehow made “progress” with them – never going to happen! – then surely Megan would notice some sign of that.

Megan figured she had to get them away not so much out of risk to them of actually being dominated but more because they just should not even have to refuse such advances.

She had to admit, she was also worried there could be a reverse case of “noticing some sign”. Her daughters were all smart and sensitive and close to her. How long could Megan run around at Mistress Gretchen's beck and call obeying weird sex orders and with her pussy constantly wet before her daughters picked up that something strange was going on with Mom?

Megan was reluctant to leave because it was hard to take her eyes off

the beauty of her daughters. She just liked looking at them. Especially wearing that lingerie.

They all looked so... so... healthy. Yes. Healthy. That was a good way of thinking of how they looked.

They were all adults but Megan felt like she had double duty to protect them with their father no longer alive. It was all up to her!

Megan's eyes flicked from one daughter to the next and to the third.

Megan thought Lilliana probably had the best tits of the three.

Megan thought Julissa probably had the best ass of the three.

Megan thought Kaia probably had the most beautiful face though all three were such beauties. Kaia looked like a young goddess. A Goddess of Love, no doubt!

Megan looked at Lilliana's bulging breasts, ample cleavage pushed out because of the bustier she now wore. Her breasts were at least as big as Megan's. She was the tallest of the four Reynolds women but, even with her height, her breasts were a bit bigger than her body shape would normally produce.

She truly would make a great "Tit Slut". Megan marveled that she

could think such a thing in relation to her own eldest daughter.

Lilliana would not, of course, ever be any kind of “Tit Slut”. She was such a solid practical young woman! “Tit slut” and “practical” seemed mutually exclusive!

Megan looked at Julissa's ass. What man or lesbian wouldn't want to ass fuck her? That ass looked perfect but would look even more perfect with a big plastic cock up it.

Oh, now that was such a naughty thought! How could she think up such a thing?

Damn double-darn orgasm denial!

Megan wondered if Julissa had ever had anal sex before. God, she shouldn't even be thinking about that! Probably she hadn't. Would Julissa like it? Probably she would... if it was Mistress Gretchen taking her ass....

If not, of course, for having such a good nature and being such a positive girl!

Still, if it weren't for Megan getting them out of this gated community and their natural immunity to becoming a dominant lesbians bitches... Megan supposed Lilliana would be a “Tit Slut” and Julissa could be an “Ass Slut”.

In the kitchen getting a drink of water Megan tried to picture what Kaia's pussy might look like. Topped by light blonde pubic hair. Short pubic hair, no doubt, because she was so young. It probably wouldn't much hide her youngest daughter's pussy because her hair was so blonde. Unless her pubic hair was a darker blonde than the hair on her head. Megan's own pubic hair was a shade darker than her blonde head of hair.

How much smaller than Mistress Gretchen's would Kaia's pussy be?
How different than Mistress Gretchen's would it be?

Kaia was always so relaxed and eager to get along with everyone, sort of shaping herself to their expectations. Maybe it would be pretty easy for clever evil Mistress Gretchen to get Kaia doing as she was told, whatever she was told.

If not, of course, for the fact that Kaia was such a very good girl! She never misbehaved and always wanted to help. Her hair was golden and so was her little girl's soul!

Kaia totally loved the boys and could have her pick of them! That was true of all three of her girls actually.

Megan, too! Yet, she had fallen under Mistress Gretchen's spell. Megan wished it was some spell. At least then she'd have an excuse.

Megan really wanted an orgasm!

Being around her scantily clad daughters just made her want to orgasm even more when it should be less! It should be not at all! Oh, she was such a Tit Slut.

How had Mistress Gretchen known that about her? Was it in her eyes?

Or did Mistress Gretchen so quickly make her into one? Forty-two years as proper heterosexual mother-of-three Megan Reynolds and then transformed in less than two days into “Tit Slut”?

No, it had to be something that was already deep inside Megan. Mistress Gretchen had just mined it out of her. Extracted it with her deep-drilling dildo maybe.

Megan wasn't allowed to orgasm by order of Mistress Gretchen and, inexplicably, she continued to follow Mistress Gretchen's orders. No matter how much she wanted to orgasm she would hold back. It was almost like torture but... for whatever reason it was sort of... fun... to follow Mistress Gretchen's orders.

Megan the Tit Slut knew she could keep herself aroused as long as she did not reach climax.... Mistress Gretchen had never said she couldn't! Really, she nearly had no choice. She thought she'd be aroused right up until

she finally had an orgasm even if it took days for some horrible reason.

So she couldn't orgasm, and she couldn't make herself stop being aroused, but... she could make her arousal worse!

Megan, alone in the kitchen, rubbed her clothed pussy against the long refrigerator handle. It felt incredible! She hadn't meant to do that but now she couldn't stop. Not unless she had to. She'd stop if she heard one of her daughters coming. She hugged up to the fridge and ground her mound on the handle.

She was filled with wonder at what she was doing even as she did her best, doomed to failure, to fill her pussy with fridge handle. She was shocked at herself.

If she went past someone else's house and saw a woman, the mother of the family, humping her refrigerator she would have considered that woman a real slut. But, to be fair, she did now consider herself a real slut. A Tit Slut. So at least she wasn't a hypocrite.

She worked her shorts and pantie covered pussy up and down the handle and pressed hard. She nearly laughed when she thought this was the fridge's lucky day. The fridge was getting lucky with her!

She couldn't help but think of the reaction if one of her daughter's came

in the kitchen and saw her doing this. Megan's back was to the connecting door leading to the living room where she'd last seen all three daughters. She had not heard any entry but one of them could have walked in quietly. For all she knew all three were watching her right then.

They'd be shocked. But maybe turned on also. They'd know their Mom was a horny slut. They'd think so much less of her. Knowing the truth about her. Would they leave or would they watch? Would they maybe start rubbing their pussies while watching?

Megan shook her head to clear it and backed away from the refrigerator. She wasn't sure if it was because of her dismay at her thought processes or because she knew she had to stop herself from climaxing. She was so disappointed in herself and she also so did not want to disappoint Mistress Gretchen.

Even though Mistress Gretchen was going to be very disappointed indeed once Megan got the whole Reynolds family out of this gated community never to look back again.

Megan looked behind her. No daughters in sight. Thank God. Of course, one could have come in, seen her, and left. She might never know. The very idea sent a nasty spike of sensation through her core. The shame of

it.

She backed away from the refrigerator like it had become a poisonous snake. She wondered if the handle was warm from her and perhaps a bit damp. Her shorts were soaked through but luckily were not made from the kind of material that clearly showed wetness.

She wondered if one of her daughters would come in, grab the handle to open the fridge, and wonder why it was so warm. That idea sent another nasty spike down her spine and into her pussy. It was the mental equivalent to that first thrust of a cock into her pussy. Or, perhaps more appropriately given recent events, of a strap-on dildo thrust into her pussy.

She needed to cum! The sooner the better! Maybe then these wicked thoughts would stop.

She wondered, though, if her encounter with Mistress Gretchen had changed her forever. One “encounter” and she already felt like regular sex held no interest.

Well, not “no interest”. She'd take anything she could get right now. But she wished she could be submitting to Mistress Gretchen's will and doing again all that they had done yesterday.

She better get going. She had the permission slip. Her daughters were

together and nothing was planned so they'd be fine. At this point, they might be better off with her out of the house!

Megan let her daughters know she'd be gone a few hours. She said she was just running to town for a few things. She tried to act normal and give no sign they'd all be moving out of the gated community later that day.

They teased her for not wearing lingerie when they all had to by Megan's own direction due to Megan's shameful misguided obedience to Mistress Gretchen's directions. Megan falsely promised it was just to go into town and that she'd put on lingerie when she got back. She knew she wouldn't. She'd be getting them all packed up and on their way.

Julissa wanted to come with her and that was awkward. At a momentary loss as to what excuse to give she finally stammered out that she thought the photographers might need her today for a sample photo session.

Heaven forbid if that was accidentally accurate!

Then Megan went out the door and into the modest but brand new blue sedan they'd been provided as part of the modeling deal. She drove out of the cul-de-sac and past the one hundred yards or so of tamed wilderness to the gate.

Chapter Ten

The biggest of the guards was on duty. Ladonne was the name on her name tag. She was huge. She had a don't-mess-with-me look on her face. Like it was needed. No one would mess with her. Not once they noticed how big she was as she eclipsed the sunlight.

Megan thought it really was nice having guards protecting her family and the other families. It was too bad they had to give that up and all the other benefits. Megan thought of submission to Mistress Gretchen as an unexpected bonus benefit. But she had to give that up. Right away. Right now. For her daughters.

Megan was lost in introspection as Ladonne looked at her pass. When she spoke it startled her as did the words themselves, “Mrs. Reynolds, you'll need to take this to Shereen. She's our team leader.”

“Is there something wrong? This is already approved. Why do I need to show it to anyone else?”

“Why? I got a phone call. Told me permission slips need to be

reviewed by Shereen.”

“A phone call? From who?” Megan asked but she pretty much knew the answer. Mistress Gretchen, of course. She wondered why. Was Mistress Gretchen worried about fake permission slips and thought this Shereen person would be able to spot them better?

Ladonne looked at her in sullen way and spoke in a harsh saucy tone, “Doesn't matter, Mrs. Reynolds, who told me. What matters is you need to take this over to Shereen at our house.”

“What? Won't she come out here to the guardhouse?”

“She doesn't have to. You're the one who wants to leave. Shereen's comfortable, I'm sure. You go to her or you go back home.”

“That's... that's just... wrong!”

“You're going to go to Shereen and you're going to like it or you can turn your ass back around. I don't have time for your shit. I'm watching a show and don't appreciate having to pause Judge Judith. It ruins the fucking flow!”

Megan was dumbfounded. These guards were here for them! Basically servants that provided security. Megan, her daughters, and the other

members of the little gated community were basically their customers.

Ladonne's tone was quite rude.

Ladonne's huge head tilted down towards her and Ladonne's eyes were full of scorn. Scorn and... something else? She couldn't be sure but Ladonne maybe looked angry.... No, that wasn't quite what that look was. Did she... look lustful?

Megan thought it was perhaps just in her mind due to the state she was in. Or, could be that Ladonne was a lesbian. Maybe Mistress Gretchen hired the guards and maybe looked for women, you know, like her in that way. Well, that was Ladonne's business then and not Megan's business at all. Live and let live.

How could Megan currently criticize? However, it wasn't Ladonne's sexual disposition itself, it was that quietly aggressive way she looked at Megan. Hungry. Hungry and just about to dig in at the sexual smorgasbord.

It was weird. Weird and disconcerting. Like a tame pet dog suddenly growling at you. A dog you hired to protect your house who suddenly bared its fangs at you instead.

Megan thought she wouldn't be able to talk Ladonne into changing her mind. Maybe after she had her girls out of this crazy place she'd call back

and tell Janelle about Ladonne's demeanor and this stupid extra approval process for the permission slips.

Janelle would probably believe her even if it was just her word against Ladonne's. Megan was friendly, relaxed, and easy to get along with and Megan thought Janelle got that about her. Megan was not the sort to complain without good cause. She solved problems, she did not cause them.

She could never tell Janelle about the situation with Mistress Gretchen because she couldn't bare anyone knowing about it. But she could tell her about a rude guard.

Megan had failed to tell Naomi about events with Naomi's daughter Abigail but she could at least call back to help with the attitude of this guard.

Chapter Eleven

Megan nodded at Ladonne in reluctant acknowledgment of her

directions, rolled up the window, and pulled back around and then drove back towards the cul-de-sac but not into the cul-de-sac. The guards' shared house was up a short narrow side road and secluded from the other houses.

It made Megan feel bad. The guards she'd met were black and here they were off and away from the rest of the gated community. Like they were segregated!

Megan felt so bad about that that it made her feel like maybe she shouldn't say anything later on about Ladonne. She'd just let bygones be bygones. Ladonne was maybe just having a bad day. Or maybe she was too wrapped up in a really intense episode of Judge Judith.

Megan parked the car in the driveway of the guards' house but then a real tall but very skinny young black woman came out of the house. She had to be one of the other guards but looked too young to be in charge so Megan figured this wasn't Shereen.

She was goofy looking and had a goofy smile too. Her arms and legs seemed too long for her body and her face was a jumble of exaggerated angles. The young woman grinned and motioned that Megan should pull into the garage.

Megan rolled the car up the driveway but stopped short of the open

garage. She rolled down the window and asked the still grinning young woman the natural question, “Hi, I'm Megan. Why can't I park out here?”

“I'm Dekka. The garage has a sensor for weight. We're supposed to weigh cars going out and then again when they come back in. They should weigh as much or more, not less. Bosses are worried the furniture or those model outfits could get stolen.” Dekka smiled ever wider. It looked like she could barely keep herself from laughing.

Why wouldn't she? Megan thought this was a big joke but not the funny kind. If they were worried about stuff being stolen they could just wait until the modeling contract was up and do an inventory. This seemed like a lot of extra work for nothing. No wonder why Dekka thought it was so funny.

Besides, they were supposed to get to keep those outfits! Dekka must not know the details of the contracts. Megan wasn't even sure if she wanted to keep those outfits. For one, they'd always remind her of that time she was a “Tit Slut”. Also, the lingerie was way too naughty.

Megan mentally shrugged. Who cared if they wanted to weigh the car? She wasn't stealing anything. Dekka must find it funny that the mother and daughter models were under the sort of scrutiny and suspicion many black people, especially young ones like herself, faced. The shoe was on the

other foot. Let her enjoy it.

Megan pulled in and got out of the car. Deka stepped into the garage and pulled the garage door down. Megan thought that was odd.

“Why'd you pull the door down?”

“A blonde lady like you wouldn't understand the technical reasons.”

“Oh, really?” Megan raised her eyebrows. She didn't like taking crap for being blonde especially given that all her daughters were blonde and she didn't want them treated this way. “You better be joking around, young lady.”

Deka stepped near with that big grin on her face but she didn't say anything. Megan looked down at the garage floor and it didn't look any different from any other garage floor she'd ever seen. Was there a scale? Under the concrete?

While looking down for anything that looked like a scale she couldn't help but notice that the young woman stood way too close and... it seemed like her nipples were erect! Deka only wore loose shorts and a very thin pastel orange top. Clearly she wore no bra. Her nipples couldn't always be that big, could they?

Was this young woman – this girl – going to make a move on her? She looked like she was barely out of high school even though she was tall. She looked to be maybe Kaia's age.

“So, are you going to weigh it?”

“Weigh what?” Dekka was pointedly looking at Megan's breasts.

Megan nearly laughed. Did this kid think ogling her and innuendos would win her over? Total fail.

Well, not total. Megan's pussy felt like the pussy of a teenage airhead. It pulsed and squished with wicked urges.

This was so unexpected and Dekka was so young and... so black. Just being alone in this garage with her felt naughty.

She admired Dekka's plucky attitude even as she felt a little sorry for her doomed attempt if she did make a play for Megan.

“The car.”

“Oh.” Dekka seemed surprised like she'd forgotten the lie she'd just told her. If it was a lie about the weight scale and needing to close the garage door for technical reasons. It probably was.

The kid was just trying to get a little alone time with her thinking privacy would allow her to do whatever she conceived she could pull off with Megan. “Yeah! Yeah, sure. I'll weigh the car. It's a whole process though.”

“Well, is Shereen coming out here to meet me?”

“No, fuck no. Go on inside.”

“Inside? Your house?”

“Sure, sure. The door's right over there. Connected garage. Door's over there.” Dekka pointed. “Leads to the dining room. Take a left, down the hallway, staircase next to the front door, go on up, Shereen's bedroom is last door on the left. Lucky fucker has the master bedroom.”

“You want me to go to her *bedroom*?”

“Hey, it's nicer than anywhere else in the house. You'll see. You'll be happy to move from the house to the bedroom. It's her office too, see?”

Dekka was getting altogether too close. Like a foot away. Megan didn't look down but figured that meant her unusually big fat wide or just plain erect nipples were almost poking against Megan.

Megan wanted to get away from Dekka before Dekka got any closer or made contact or something. This kid had a lot to learn. Did she think Megan

was such a slut that she'd do lesbian stuff if Dekka got up in her face?

Megan felt warm and wet between her legs. God, she really was in a state. On her way to the lawyer or the police or wherever she decided could help her she better pull over and finger herself to an orgasm. Either that or she might just have sex with whoever their rescuer turned out to be! Just out of gratitude and a promise from him that he'd shove his cock in her needy pussy.

“All right. Have fun 'weighing' the car.” Dekka did not move out of her way so Megan carefully moved around her so as not to bump into those big hard nipples.

Megan noticed the three other vehicles crowded into the 4-car garage. All brand new. A huge red SUV, a silver Lexus sedan, and a black Mercedes-Benz. How the Hell did these security guards – especially a young punk like Dekka – afford rides like these?

Megan assumed Ladonne's vehicle was down behind the guardhouse. Ladonne looked too darn big to walk far. She also looked too big to ride in a vehicle smaller than a bus.

They must have gotten them from Janelle and the modeling company. But why did they have such fancy rides while the cars given the Reynolds,

Piersons, and Finns, while new, were modest vehicles? Megan thought security guards were supposed to be cheap and easy to find. Shouldn't the models be treated more special than the security guards?

It certainly was strange.

Megan entered the house.

The dining room table was covered with dirty plates and empty packages of chips. Beer bottles rose like watch towers across the huge table. There was a waist high stack of empty pizza boxes in one corner.

It smelled bad, too. Megan wondered who could eat anywhere near that smell. Well, these security guard ladies could obviously.

She followed Deka's directions and navigated the house and up to the master bedroom. She had to weave back and forth to avoid trash, junk, and... was that a pair of scrunched up panties?... on her way.

The guardhouse was so clean and organized. But the guard's house was the opposite. You just never knew about people, thought Megan.

Mercifully she assumed, all the bedroom doors were closed. She knocked hard on the last door on the left. She knocked hard feeling a bit wired from her delayed/denied orgasm and from this strange situation. She

wanted to get going. Time was burning.

“Come in bitch!”

That startled Megan. Then she realized Shereen must think it was one of her roommates and fellow guards. Maybe they called each other bitches as a joke or like in a friendly way? Didn't some people do that nowadays? Especially lesser educated ones?

She assumed none of these guards had college degrees. You didn't go to college to become a security guard. High school diplomas might even be hit and miss among them.

She thought she better make it clear it was her and not a roommate just in case Shereen wasn't properly dressed for a visit, “Oh, um, Shereen, it's me, Megan Reynolds.”

“I know who you are. Get in here.”

Chapter Twelve

Megan's eyes widened. Shereen knew it was Megan knocking, and *then* called *her* a bitch? Her surprise was replaced with hot anger. She'd tell Janelle and next thing Shereen knew she'd be taking orders from Ladonne, or Deka, or whoever the fourth guard was. This one needed to be demoted or maybe even terminated!

She opened the door.

This room was pretty clean even if the bed was not made. Contrary to what Deka had told her there wasn't any sort of desk or anything that indicated this room served as Shereen's "office".

Shereen, like Deka, was wearing underwear and a T-shirt and nothing else. When did these ladies get around to getting dressed each day?

Shereen looked like she must be the oldest guard, much older than Deka. If she wasn't the oldest then the fourth guard must use a walker! She was much much older than Megan. It was hard to tell, with her worn lined skin, Shereen's exact age but Megan was certainly surprised Shereen wasn't retired.

Shereen was also black. Just like Ladonne and Deka. Weren't there any available white guards when they hired guards for the gated modeling community?

Shereen was on the bed propped up against a few pillows. She made a motion to approach, “Hurry up, bitch.”

Megan strode in, angry and braced for verbal combat, “That's what I thought you called me, lady! That's no way to talk. I won't put up with that. There's no reason for it. You should be ashamed.”

“The bitch talks. I didn't tell you to talk but I guess I didn't tell you not to either, did I? My bad. So. Stand right over there front and center. I'll take a look at you. Quality check. Inspection time.”

“Excuse me!?!”

“C'mon, bitch. Did I stutter? Stand where I can see you full length right over there. I want to check you out. How fucking hard is that?”

“It's not the standing – or walking over – that's hard, lady. What's hard is listening to your abusive language.”

Megan did actually walk to the spot Shereen indicated. She realized she might need to cooperate to some degree to get Shereen to accept her permission slip to leave.

Shereen was shockingly and unexpectedly rude but it was her home and it was obvious she was off duty. She must be angry at having to personally

inspect every permission slip to leave.

Megan stood tall in the spot and tried to ignore Shereen's squinting up and down her body. Shereen stood up from the bed and walked closer. Shereen leaned up and down as she peered at Megan and then even walked all the way around her.

What the hell? Wasn't Shereen supposed to inspect the permission slip? Instead, it seemed she was inspecting Megan's body!

Well, at least Megan should be able to pass that inspection. It wasn't like she had a counterfeit body after all!

It was clear Shereen's eyes lingered on her chest. Good lord! Was Shereen a lesbian also like Deka seemed to be? And Ladonne, too? It made sense, all these lady guards living in the same house.

Megan guessed she couldn't look down on someone for being lesbian. Judge not that ye be not judged!

She was angry but not at all scared. If Shereen tried anything Megan was sure that she could handle her. Shereen was an old woman. Scrawnier than Deka, shorter, and much older. The two of them combined probably weighed less than Ladonne. The only problem would be trying to handle Shereen without breaking her!

Shereen cracked a smile, “Looking at you makes me wet, white girl.”

“Sounds like a personal problem. I'm sure you'll know how to deal with it. How to *handle* it. After I'm gone and you've told Ladonne to let me through.”

Megan felt herself almost vibrating with outrage. This lead guard was wildly unprofessional. Even calling her a “girl” when she was forty-two and even bringing race into the equation. Megan couldn't help that she was white!

“You got spirit, bitch. Fact is, even if you don't know it yet, you are the one who is going to handle that wetness between my legs. Handle, suck, grind your pussy on it. All that good stuff.”

“Is this where you tell me that's the only way you'll give permission for me to leave? That's not up to you. Mist--, I mean, Gretchen already gave permission. Just take the permission slip or look at it or whatever and I'll be on my way.”

“The only one who will take it will be you. Taking my pussy on your face. Taking whatever I want to call you. Taking my dildo all the way up your pussy. Taking it up your skinny white ass too.”

“What is wrong with you? Why would you think anyone would do any

of those things for you when you talk that way and look the way you do?” It felt good to strike back at Shereen's verbal attacks.

Oddly enough Shereen's nasty talk had felt good to Megan's pussy. It had clenched and got wetter with each crude description.

Too bad Shereen wasn't good looking and too bad Megan didn't have Mistress Gretchen's permission to orgasm. Maybe then. But this was all just a big waste of time. And a needless delay in Megan getting her orgasm and, oh, what was that other thing? Oh yeah, saving her three wonderful daughters from exposure to lesbian domination.

It really was too bad Shereen wasn't much younger. And much better looking. And much less black. That bossy mean way that Shereen spoke was so reminiscent of Mistress Gretchen that it really turned on Megan.

Megan's pussy could do with an orgasm! Her mouth and pussy wished they could be of use and used. But not her ass.

She could hardly credit her own lustful thoughts. She was secretly relieved Shereen was so rude and physically unappealing. She had an ugly face and an ugly mind. Easy pass.

Shereen sat back down on the bed. Megan's words did not seem to trouble Shereen at all. “Careful what you say to your sexy Momma Shereen.

You gonna have some regrets, white girl.”

“I'm not a “girl”. You're not my “momma”. I don't know why you have to act this way. Now please, just do your job and let me be on my way.”

“Yeah, well, fact is you don't really know my “job”. I don't care what kind of person you think you are. I care about what kind of person you really are. I'm not even sure “person” is the right word. Now, take off what you're wearing, all of it, and come on over here. I'll show you exactly what you are.”

Megan could scarcely believe how off track this was all going, “Look, I'm a good person, a nice person, and I just need to go to town.”

Shereen agreed, in a way, “You do need to “go to town”, white girl. You need to go to town on Momma Shereen's pussy!”

Megan wondered if Shereen was suffering from some sort of premature senility, “Why are you talking that way? Do you actually think I'd do that?”

Shereen stuck up both hands, one with three fingers up and the other with one finger up, “Why I think so? Three words. One reason.”

“This should be good.” Megan said sarcastically, her normally sweet tone replaced because of the crazy stress of this conversation. She hated

confrontation.

“The one reason and the three words are 'tit sluts obey'.”

The End

...Until Book 7 of “Three Mothers and Six Daughters”

Coming Soon!

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.

6. IMPOSSIBLE SEDUCTION: MOTHER AND DAUGHTER AND THE EROTIC EVIL CONSPIRACY

The plotting lesbian dominants Gretchen and Lydia plan to drive seductees further down into submission beyond the ability to help themselves or seek help from loved ones. Megan Reynolds wants to escape the gated community before any of three beautiful blonde daughters can be subjected to submission. But Megan will first need to make it past the lustful black lesbian guards...

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 horse! One horse 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!

***Now Available!
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Training the Trophy Wives

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Questions, complaints, or suggestions?

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