

Impossible Seduction 7



Three Mothers and Six Daughters 7

by Jordan Church

IMPOSSIBLE SEDUCTION 7

Wicked Manipulation By Dominant Lesbian Neighbors

by Jordan Church

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By Jordan Church

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IMPOSSIBLE SEDUCTION 7

Wicked Manipulation By Dominant Lesbian Neighbors

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. Lydia conducted a lesbian home invasion and lesbian tamed Bridget as well while her mom listened helplessly bound in a different part of the house!

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

They “invited” Naomi Pierson to come over and made her ride one end of a sex teeter-totter. They did the same thing to her youngest daughter, Abigail! They spent half a day reaffirming each of their submissions.

Megan Reynolds had second thoughts about having a Mistress and was worried about her daughters. She decided to go get help escaping the gated community but she first needed a permission slip to leave. She got one from Mistress Gretchen with surprising ease with the one caveat that she was to obey in all ways, sexual or otherwise, anyone who said to her “Tit Sluts obey”.

Megan did not think she'd happen to run into anyone who would say such a thing to her and tried to leave to go to town and get help with her situation. But she had to get past the black security guards who she had no idea are felons freshly released from prison. Oh, and lesbian dominants!

Megan was taken to the security guard's shared home for “approval”. Shereen, leader of the security guards, approved of what she saw just fine!

Megan was floored when Shereen said the words, “Tit Sluts obey.”

Chapter One

Megan's mouth fell open. My God! Gretchen had told her she had to obey anyone who said those words.

She hadn't really worried about it because it was crazy and she was intent on getting her girls out of the gated community. Hearing those words and choosing whether or not to obey was a bridge she hadn't thought she'd ever be faced with crossing.

The idea of following orders, no doubt sexual ones, just because someone said a series of three words was totally ridiculous anyway. That was no way to choose a sexual partner!

Shereen was looking at her with an amused expression. One hand lowered to rub up and down on her crotch through her panties. She looked like she was just waiting, just enjoying Megan's predicament, and not worried at all about her reaction or the outcome.

Megan knew her mouth was still open. She was at a loss as to what to say. She realized Gretchen had to have planned this out. Maybe she didn't know Megan was going to seek help but she definitely intended to have

Shereen order her around and take advantage of her sexually.

She had to have talked with Shereen and told her lots of personal things about Megan. Maybe not “lots” but at least one. That Megan was supposed to obey anyone who said those crazy words. Even though Megan shouldn't care what Shereen thought this was still incredibly embarrassing.

She was upset with Mistress Gretchen. She felt betrayed. But it really should not have been so surprising. If you set up a phrase that made someone obey whoever said it then it naturally followed that the phrase was going to be getting shared with others. Otherwise, why do it?

Megan just hadn't thought it would ever come to fruition because she and her daughters would be out of here before she ran into someone who happened to say such a thing. After all, she'd spent the first forty-two years of her life without ever hearing those three words in that order together.

This wasn't a chance accident though. She'd been set up for stranger domination by Mistress Gretchen. Possibly even set up to fail in her effort to get her and her family out of this place if Mistress Gretchen suspected.

She looked at Shereen's hand rubbing at her pussy through threadbare panties. Megan couldn't not look. She couldn't seem to close her mouth either. She wanted to say something. She should say something. A denial?

But she had no idea what to say. Politely tell her that now was not a good time for “Tit Slut obey”? She looked at Shereen's lined and amused face when Shereen spoke again.

“Waiting for orders, Tit Slut? That's fine. Hey, I like that open mouth. Keep it open. I'll tell you when to close it and what to close it on and when to stick out and stick in your tongue. First, take off all those clothes you're wearing. Everything but the socks. Socks are sexy as long as you don't wear anything else. Then come over here and I've got a real treat for a Tit Slut.”

Megan tried to think of something to say.

Megan pulled her shirt over her head and dropped it to the floor. Her bra was pink. Did Shereen like it?

Megan wondered if she should just turn and leave.

Megan kicked off her tennis shoes. She wore short socks she guessed Shereen somehow found sexy.

Taking off clothes didn't mean anything. It gave Megan time to think of the best way to verbally frame her ultimate refusal.

Megan stepped out of her shorts. A hot shiver went up her spine.

Megan tried to think what might persuade Shereen to leave her alone.

Megan popped the catch on her bra and pulled it off. Her breasts wanted to be free. It felt like they were expanding as blood rushed to them.

Yeah, taking off that bra was just a comfort issue. It wasn't really obedience.

Megan got her thumbs under her tight pantie waistband. The panties also felt too tight now.

Megan doubted Shereen would actually chase her if she tried to leave. If she did there was no way Shereen could catch Megan. Shereen was ancient!

Megan pushed her panties down and off. They left wetness on her inner left thigh.

Megan stood naked except for socks. She was momentarily confused. What next?

She hadn't thought of anything to do or to say to Shereen. Her clever time-buying trick of doing as ordered had not produced any plan. That only left Shereen's orders. And obedience to those orders.

Shereen's orders filled Megan's mental vacuum. Megan felt another kind of vacuum in her pussy, another vacuum that wanted filling.

Nature abhors a vacuum. Megan remembered that from some science show she accidentally watched. Maybe her husband watched it when he was alive. “Nature abhors a vacuum”.

Did nature also whore a vacuum? She thought it seemed like it did right then! Megan felt like a whore. A lesbian whore. Naked in front of this black, clearly lesbian and clearly horny, old woman. Following orders from some previously unknown security guard!

No, it was okay. Megan found a way to reassure herself. She wasn't really following Shereen's orders. She was following Mistress Gretchen's order. There. All good.

What next? Oh, yeah. Go to her. Time for Megan to get her “treat”. Megan's lips were still parted. She'd been told to keep her mouth open, hadn't she? She wasn't going to follow the order to get undressed and not follow the other orders. That would be just silly.

So she guessed now that meant she was just going to go ahead and follow all the orders, all the ones to come, no matter what they were.

That idea gave Megan a deep shiver. Ripples up and down her core that made her feel weak. So weak of will that she felt like all she'd be able to do was what she was told to do and not one thing more. But... that would

probably be a lot anyway...

She was pretty sure she knew what the “treat” was. It was a treat for Shereen, really, not her, right? Nevertheless her mouth flooded with saliva.

The walk to Shereen was only a few steps under Shereen's squinty ogling. Was Shereen squinting or were her eyes just like that due to age wrinkles? It was impossible to tell but it didn't matter. Shereen would look at her however she wanted, wherever she wanted, as long as she wanted and Megan had no say in it.

It was only a few feet to get to Shereen but it felt like it happened in slow motion. Like an hour passed for Megan while only a couple seconds passed for the rest of the universe. It seemed to Megan like she had all the time in the world to think of some other course of action and to put it in motion.

Megan couldn't think of anything. She felt like she couldn't think of anything given an eternity to think it through. Shereen expected and wanted Tit Slut obedience. Mistress Gretchen obviously wanted Megan the Tit Slut to obey Shereen. God help her but her pussy – and mouth – wanted to obey also.

It was that simple: obey or don't obey. Obeying was wrong and nasty

and dangerous and was all sorts of... too much. It could barely be contemplated. Somehow not obeying seemed even more difficult. It seemed impossible.

It wasn't like she could leave the gated community until Shereen allowed it.

It wasn't like she wanted to leave the gated community at all! Her leaving was only because of her damn daughters. Well, they were adults, she shouldn't have to baby them! They could take care of themselves.

A Tit Slut like Megan had more important things to do. Obedience was much more important than all this stressful thinking.

Shereen stood next to the bed still rubbing her pussy through her panties. Megan could see Shereen's pussy lips through the thin wet material.

When Megan paused her walk over to Shereen, only because she'd arrived as close as was polite, Shereen nodded down towards her crotch and Megan looked down. There was Shereen's hand rubbing the slick nearly transparent panties. Shereen's other hand pointed at her pussy while the first hand pulled away.

Megan surprised Shereen a little by bending down and kissing her pussy through her underwear without needing to be given a specific

command.

Megan kissed directly on the wettest spot and then knelt down. Kneeling felt suddenly natural like walking had been the exception. Kneeling gave her a much better angle to please pussy.

Shereen made a pleased sound and shifted down and set her feet further apart. Megan pulled Mistress Shereen's panties down and went to work like a hungry lesbian street walker in a hurry to get to her next trick.

Those pussy lips were in her mouth before she knew she was going to suck them in. Megan tried to engulf as much labial lips as she could fit in her mouth.

She felt that kind of thing would be expected by an experienced demanding lady like Shereen. She'd probably had dozens of women go down on her over all those years and probably a lot of them had great oral expertise. If Megan was going to compete with them she'd need all her enthusiasm and no limitations as to what she would or would not do.

Shereen sure looked old but her pussy seemed youthfully wet. The Tit Slut in Megan was way too pleased to be turning on Shereen.

Megan wanted to be good at pussy pleasing. It made her feel guilty to be so eager to perform. She told herself it would put Shereen at ease that she

had Megan in the bag and completely under their thumb. She told herself it would help her help her daughters eventually. Eventually.

Really, most of all, she just wanted to please Shereen and Mistress Gretchen. If she did a good enough job Shereen would speak well of her to Mistress Gretchen. Then Mistress Gretchen would be pleased with her Tit Slut. And that, in turn, would make Megan the Tit Slut happy.

Megan released the mouthful of labial lips and swept her tongue from the top of Shereen's slit down to the base. Then she swept it all the way back up and sought out Shereen's clitoris. She found it and poked the tip of her tongue at it while she ground her nose into Shereen's half-gray wiry pubic hair. The need for air made her withdraw her face from time to time to take a gulp and then she'd be back licking, tongue-poking, and nose-nuzzling.

Shereen was impressed, "Holy shit, bitch, you are a Tit Slut. You lick pussy like a five dollar whore. That's a compliment by the way."

Megan had good manners in all things so she pulled her mouth off, "Thank you, Shereen."

"I'm thinking you should just call me Mistress Shereen."

"Thank you, Mistress Shereen." Megan felt a hot shiver lap up and down her body, like when she took off her shorts but much stronger. Another

Mistress? Had she just picked up another Mistress? Someone able to make her do anything they said, any time, all the time?

She put her lips, mouth, and nose back to work with enthusiasm.

She'd never had sex with a black person before. Or a brown one, a yellow one, or a red one. All white all the time. Now she was doing it for this old black lady she barely knew. One who treated her with disrespect.

Shereen – Mistress Shereen – was also the oldest person she'd ever had sex with. That was the kind of personal record that generally was broken and re-broken again and again as one traveled through life. But not like this! She was *by far* the oldest! Shereen shattered the old record!

Even though she barely knew her it did seem like calling Shereen “Mistress” didn't seem wrong. It was true. Shereen ordered and Megan sought to carry out those orders to the best of her ability.

Shereen was a Mistress. She gave the orders. Megan obeyed them. Shereen was her Mistress.

One of them.

As far as licking pussy Megan was obeying with better ability than she'd thought she had. Mistress Shereen seemed to really like it. Apparently

being calling names and being bossing around got the very best out of Megan.

Megan figured it was probably that way with all Tit Sluts. She needed the name calling and orders to be all she could be as a Tit Slut.

Megan could taste Mistress Shereen's oily smelly pussy juice. Was she going to cum soon? Was she going to cum on her mouth? Did Megan want her to? Did it matter what Megan wanted?

“Wait. Wait, Tit Slut. Pull off. You're doing too good, dammit. Calm it down. Rub those big titties for awhile. Put on a show for Shereen.”

Megan followed her directions, focused entirely on how best she could carry out the will of Mistress Shereen. She arched her back which made her already prominent breasts even more prominent. She saw what she'd already felt. Her nipples were erect. Then she felt their hardness with her hands.

She looked up at Mistress Shereen to see if she was pleased. Mistress Shereen was watching Megan but didn't seem totally pleased. Megan thought she needed to try harder. She pinched at her nipples. Ow. Mistress Shereen tilted her head back and forth like she was trying to decipher a piece of modern art.

Megan was struck once again by how very old Shereen looked. She

had to wonder how old she was. Certainly well into the “too old” for Megan age range. Also, too female and also, too black!

Megan felt bad about that thought about skin color. So superficial. She really wasn't being fair to Mistress Shereen. Megan felt like a racist. She always obeyed Mistress Gretchen. She must do the same for Mistress Shereen. Otherwise she'd be some kind of racist Tit Slut. Megan definitely wanted to be an open and accepting and equal treatment for all Mistresses type of Tit Slut.

Mistress Shereen graciously gave Megan guidance, “Tit Slut, I want you to get real slutty with those tits. Spit down on them and rub it in. Get them all shiny with spit. Like a wet T-shirt contest but without water and no T-shirt.”

Megan blinked a few seconds as she digested this new order. Well... a Tit Slut had to do what a Tit Slut had to do....

Megan spit down on her left breast, then worked up a good mouthful of spit and spit down on her right. Then spit a few more times. It seemed like her mouth had plenty of spit, maybe still running from licking pussy, and maybe mixed a little with Mistress Shereen's pussy juice.

Megan spat and spat and rubbed each gob of spit into her breasts.

Mistress Shereen cackled.

Mistress Shereen sounded like she was getting into it, “Nice spitting, Tit Slut. Now stretch down your head and also tug up each breast. I want you to suck each of your big nipples. There you go. Now, suck back and forth. There you go. Now keep doing that. Suck real hard. Suck like you trying to get some milk out. Suck it, suck it, suck it. Now, switch. That's a good Tit Slut. That's real good, Tit Slut.”

Megan did everything she was told to do and didn't try to hold back. At some point Megan realized that Mistress Shereen wasn't the only one getting into this. So was Megan. Big time. Megan the Tit Slut.

“Bite 'em, Tit Slut. Bite your nipples! Bite 'em hard! Make them hurt!”

Megan chomped at each of her nipples. She bit lightly and then harder and harder. She kept switching and kept biting harder until she got to a point she thought she couldn't bite any harder without breaking the skin.

It hurt. It did hurt. But that was fine. Just fine. Each lance of pain seemed to poke right into her pussy.

Megan used one hand on each breast to push the breast up into mouth range. She also happened to push them together. It made it easier to switch

between tits as she licked, sucked, nibbled, or bit.

Just sort of by accident she found herself suddenly rubbing the two nipples against each other. She flicked the spit wet nipples back and forth. They were bright red from her bites. Megan felt like she was outside herself watching as she looked up at Mistress Shereen and produced a lascivious smile followed by a sexy tongue sweep of her lips followed by craning her neck downward to nip at both nipples at once.

Oh God. She realized she was doing more than she'd been ordered to do. She'd played it up out of lust and submissive need to entertain Shereen. She was *way* too into this. Sure, she *had* to do as ordered but what excuse could she make to herself for adding to the show?

Megan looked down at her gathered breasts as she sucked and nibbled on their red and sensitive crests. She had to marvel. All this time, all these years, she hadn't realized that she could do this. Her breasts probably achieved their large size, big enough to stretch upward and to reach her mouth down to them, probably by time she was sixteen. She was forty-two now. For twenty-six years she could have licked and sucked and, yes, bit, at her own nipples and breasts but somehow never had.

She'd never self-pleasured her own breasts until now! At least not

orally. What was wrong with her?

A Tit Slut failing to understand and satisfy her own tit needs. She felt so stupid. It seemed like good fortune that she'd run into these Mistresses. They saved her from her own stupidity! Let them do all the thinking. It seemed like they were better at it than her. Just obey and give and feel pleasure....

Part of her felt like doing this forever. Kneeling. Serving. Getting emotional pleasure from being used for someone else's pleasure. Sucking her own tits.

Another part of her would not want to do this, this exact thing, forever. One specific part. Her pussy was desperate to get in on the action. She'd like to reach down there and give herself some relief. But she needed her hands to do the best tit job she could. Besides, Mistress Shereen had not ordered her to touch herself, had she?

Megan was pretty sure Tit Sluts should be giving and pleasing and obedient creatures so she told herself not to be selfish. This wasn't about her needs. It was about fulfilling Mistress Shereen's needs. And her orders. Any and all of them. Whatever they may turn out to be.

The tit job continued for nearly five more minutes and Megan's breasts

were red and pleasingly sore from her vigorous mashing, sucking, and biting all over every inch along the top, sides, and crests. She just couldn't quite reach the undersides though she found herself wishing she could. Megan's breasts were red and they'd each become an erogenous zone that equaled her pussy through continuous use and abuse. Throughout, Mistress Shereen kept up a mumble of swear words and filthy little compliments.

Mistress Shereen finally had her stop, “Enough titty action. Stand up back where you first were and please that hot pussy I know you got. Put on a little show for Mistress Shereen.”

Megan felt vindicated. See, Mistress Shereen *would* tell her when it was time to masturbate and *would* let her please herself when the time was right.

Megan went to work with both hands on deck. If her pussy was the deck. She kept her legs spread as wide as she could while still standing. She figured this would give Mistress Shereen a good view.

It felt like Mistress Shereen, this old black abusive stranger of a woman, was granting her a huge favor. It was demeaning but it felt like kindness.

Her hands and fingers did a great job. She knew her pussy was hot for

it. It knew what it needed and her hands knew how to help it.

Megan's mind was hot and blurry with lust. Putting on a show. Megan had never thought of herself as an exhibitionist but she really liked putting on a show right then. It made Mistress Shereen's eyes bulge out from her crow's feet. She definitely paid Megan some attention and Megan definitely worked to earn to keep that attention on herself.

If Mistress Shereen told Megan to go ahead and immediately go off to town Megan likely would have asked to stay awhile first and do more for her. She'd ask to prove herself.

Megan watched Mistress Shereen massaging her old pussy with her fingers. Megan felt like she was getting a show even as she put on a show and was nearly oblivious to the difference in quality of those shows.

She was still well aware that Mistress Shereen was not attractive. Ugly actually. But it did not feel that way. Mistress Shereen's ugliness made the whole situation just that much more nasty and somehow even better. Worse was better.

Megan's quality control had been flipped.

Mistress Shereen saw Megan looking at her fingered pussy and grinned, "I'm rubbing my snatch keeping it nice and hot and juicy for you to

clean out with your mouth. Some more treat for you if you earn it.”

Earn... that? She knew it made no sense but she emotionally bought into it. Yes. She'd get to suck out this Mistress Shereen's nasty juices. But she had to earn it first! Of course.

Of course she did! Who knew how many Tit Sluts Mistress Shereen knew or kept around or maybe were even in this house right then. To be the Tit Slut that sucked up and swallowed down Mistress Shereen's juices it did make sense you had to be the best of the Tit Sluts. You had to earn it!

Megan had never before wanted pussy juice at all but suddenly wanted it so bad. She wanted to earn it!

Megan had two fingers up her pussy and tweaked her clitty with fingers from her other hand. She wondered if she was permitted to orgasm without specific permission.

Mistress Shereen seemed like a mind reader, “Don't you cum now, blonde girl. You need to earn everything around here. You need to earn my pussy treat and you need to earn your orgasms. You're doing pretty good, all obedient and all. You feel like earning the privilege of me cumming on your pretty white face and you feel like earning an orgasm?”

“Yes!” Megan realized she'd answered overly fast and loud and

realized she perhaps had not answered as politely as expected. It wasn't easy being a Tit Slut sometimes! “I mean, yes, Mistress Shereen. Both of those. If you'll let me, Mistress Shereen.”

Chapter Two

Mistress Shereen acted like she hadn't even heard what Megan said and took the conversation in an unexpected direction, “Tit Slut, you ever have a black man cum up inside your pussy?”

“Ah, well, ah, now that you mention it, no.”

“You some kind of racist Tit Slut? That why?”

“No. No! Not at all! I just never... had that opportunity.”

“So, you claim you ain't a racist and you would take a load of black man cum up your pussy if you had the chance?”

Megan felt boxed in. She knew the expected answer. Well, no harm. It was all women around here. No black men. Megan would get out and get

help and get back all before anything that Mistress Shereen could set up with a black man. Hopefully.

Yes, Mistress Shereen. I would do it.”

“You don't sound so eager. Like you think it would be some chore when really it is a big honor if you took a belly full of black man cum.”

“Sorry. No, I didn't mean it like that, Mistress Shereen. It would, of course, be a great honor to be filled up with a black man's cum. I would be honored!”

All this talk about “black man's cum” almost made Megan nervous enough to look around for a hidden black man.

No. That was silly. She was just a Tit Slut. No way would anyone hide from her. That made no sense. None of this did including her own reactions feeling so horny she felt like she'd fuck anyone or anything right then. If only Mistress Shereen would let her!

Mistress Shereen nodded at Megan's pussy getting rubbed by Megan's fingers, “Your cock oven hot enough, white girl?”

Megan thought about asking for what or telling Mistress Shereen she wasn't a girl. She was forty-two! It was humiliating to be called a girl. It

was bizarre that Mistress Shereen would call her a girl. Mistress Shereen had done that earlier, too.

Megan wasn't sure why it bothered her so much. Humiliation was to be expected in her life in the last two days. By now it was even reluctantly welcome! Humiliation did not seem like some total stranger. Humiliation seemed like running into an old friend. Or, more like, running into a former lover she still wasn't over.

Megan realized that the question “hot enough for what” did not matter. Her pussy was hot enough for any-fucking-thing! Hopefully even fucking!

“Yes! I am! I mean... my cock oven is super hot!”

“That's good, white girl. That's real good. I wouldn't want to blow a wad in a place that isn't ready and willing.”

She wondered what Mistress Shereen meant when she said she didn't want to blow her wad. What “wad”?

Did Mistress Shereen maybe get off on pretending to be a guy and pretending to have a “wad” to shoot? Like adult penis envy?

Mistress Shereen was very obviously a woman. It was awful but Megan almost wished Mistress Shereen did have a cock and was able to blast

sperm into her. Thank God not though! No protection!

Sure, she wanted an orgasm but nine months of pregnancy and then giving birth (to a black baby!) and, of course, raising the baby, well, that was way too much to ask just for an orgasm no matter how needed or how good. Too much, even, for a hundred orgasms. No matter how great!

Megan was suddenly so relieved that she was doing lesbian stuff with a woman instead of having sex with a man. It felt so ironic to be so grateful that she was engaged in lesbian acts.

Mistress Shereen said, "I want to shoot cum in the right spot."

Megan wondered what that meant. What cum? What was the "right spot"?

Mistress Shereen explained, "The right place for a black man to cum is up inside a hot pussy that wants that cum and gonna love that cum and gonna treat that cum right."

Megan wasn't sure if she was supposed to say anything back so she kept quiet. She didn't understand why Mistress Shereen was trying to make this point. It sounded wrong but it wasn't even worth arguing since Mistress Shereen just wasn't a man.

Megan was verbally quiet but wasn't entirely quiet. She made slick slurping sounds with her rapidly rubbing fingers on her juicy pussy. Crazy talk or not, Megan was extremely hot and getting hotter. Again, she found herself caught in that strange mixed feeling of relief that no black guy, or any guy at all, was here to fuck her while also wishing desperately that there was a guy here to fuck her. A black guy preferably.

Then Megan saw something amazing. Like a revelation. Much more amazing than it should be.

Mistress Shereen was putting on a cock! A huge, truly huge, strap-on cock. Megan hadn't seen it before because it was under the blanket.

Megan had seen a strap-on before, just not this one, or one nearly as large. Mistress Gretchen had even used one on her. Still, it felt like a miracle because it was exactly what her pussy wanted. All that talk of black cock and cum inside her pussy had lit a mental fire in her. The strap-on even was black.

Seeing it felt to Megan like seeing some supernatural religious icon. Like King Arthur pulling that sword out of that rock. Except this sword was a rubber cock and the rock was the blanket.

Megan watched with rapt attention as Mistress Shereen secured the

strap-on in place and then tightened it. It looked like it didn't fit well, far too big for Mistress Shereen's age-depleted hips. The straps were floppy on her waist and the huge thick length of rubber flopped around like an elephant trunk at a watering hole as Mistress Shereen struggled to tighten the straps.

Megan noticed the fake cock was made to look realistic other than its too-black blackness. It had big fake veins running up and down it and a massive mushroom head. It even had fake balls!

A whole fake black scrotum actually but Megan saw it was not at all realistic looking and just seemed like a filled black bag. It wasn't made out of the hard rubbery material like the cock. It was some softer more flexible material. It actually looked uncomfortable jouncing between Megan's legs. Why even have that thing on as part of the strap-on? Was it because Mistress Shereen wanted to feel like a man? That must be it. Like a man with a giant cock and the big scrotum that went with it.

Mistress Shereen jumped up and back landing diagonally on the bed with her legs and arms stretched out.

“Get over here and climb on my cock. It's going to take a look around at the end of your pussy. With its one eye. You know, one-eyed monster.”

Yes, Megan had heard that term before. She thought it was kind of

funny but kind of nasty as well. So was saying the rubber cock wanted to take a look around at the end of her pussy.

The Tit Slut of Megan took it all in solemnly while hoping fervently she would soon take that fake cock in and inside her. She started to worry if the thing would even fit but decided not to worry. They'd soon find out together if it would fit.

Megan's hands reluctantly left her pussy and she took a few steps towards Mistress Shereen before stopping haltingly. That thing looked a lot bigger up close, "Wait. That thing looks pretty big...."

Shereen cut her off, "Did I fucking tell you to talk, Tit Slut? If I want your opinion about something I will tell you what your opinion is. Now climb on and ride me, white girl. You said you wanted the honor of a black cock and here you go. Don't look a gift cock in its one eye. That's what they say."

That wasn't really quite what Megan had said and that wasn't quite what "they" said either... but what she'd said was sort of worse than wanting a black cock. She'd actually talked about wanting a black man to cum in her pussy.

Megan didn't have a choice. She knew that. She knew she was a Tit

Slut. She knew her orders. She knew to obey.

That thing looked too big but still looked better than the alternative which was to go entirely without. She much preferred too much to not enough.

Megan got back in motion, got on the bed, and straddled Mistress Shereen. Her smooth white thighs contrasted sharply with Mistress Shereen's black, skinny, yet somehow still flabby thighs.

Megan looked at that rubber cock down between her legs waiting to be surrounded by pussy. Felt it too. It was so big that it was already rubbing her pussy lips even while she was as fully up as her knees would allow on the mattress.

Was it just her or did that black rubber mushroom head look bigger than her pussy entrance? Whether the whole length would fit up inside her might be academic if she couldn't even get the first part inside herself.

She looked dubiously at Mistress Shereen.

Mistress Shereen laughed at her, a sort of wheezing not-enough-air laugh, "Go on now, Tit Slut. I did all the hard work putting this cock on for you. You do the rest of the work. Ride it!"

Megan cautiously lowered her legs and her pussy lips spread outward, stretched and then seemed to nearly bloom. Megan looked down to see if it would work. Like some kind of magic trick the mushroom head popped right past the mouth of her vagina and up into her and more rubber cock followed it.

It was in! Now it really did feel like a miracle! Only a few inches in and she already felt more stretched than ever before. Well, fourth most stretched. She'd stretched much further giving birth to Lilliana, Julissa, and Kaia but that was a very different circumstance than this. That was childbearing and this had nothing to do with childbearing.

This was entry instead of exit.

It made quite an entrance!

It kept going in!

It felt like it ran into something. Megan looked worriedly and questioningly at Mistress Shereen.

Mistress Shereen frowned at her but with glints of amusement in her eyes, “Don't disappoint me, white girl. Get it in there.”

If Mistress Shereen wanted it – and she did – then there was no

alternative.

Megan released her weight and sat down on the cock and it slid in all the way home. There was just a fraction of a bulging sort of resistance, then a flash of bright pain, and then it was all the way in. The pain died down but continued but it was inconsequential in sensation comparison. It was dwarfed by the giant filled to impalement feeling.

Megan wondered exactly where that big ball-like mushroom head was up inside her and which organs it was past or bumping. Did anyone ever get a bruised pancreas or whatever from getting fucked by a dildo? Then she decided she didn't care. It was in. She was fucking it. It was fucking her. Whatever it did her body would just have to heal up later on.

The rubber cock! It was nirvana to Megan. Her pussy finally had what it wanted, what it needed. This giant rubber cock felt like the best thing ever! It totally vindicated Mistress Shereen. She was right. This was obviously the thing to do.

That rubber cock more than filled her and more than filled her with sensation. It filled her with gratitude.

She really did feel honored even though this wasn't a real black cock and, obviously, she wouldn't be able to make it cum. No matter. It would

make her cum! She already nearly had but, of course, she still needed Mistress Shereen's permission.

Megan worked her pussy up and down the shaft. Despite her wetness it wanted to stay in place just from sheer width. She didn't have to worry about the rubber cock accidentally momentarily sliding out at the top of her rising up because it was simply too long for her to rise up off of it while still on her knees.

Megan had a crazy thought that Mistress Shereen was trying to reinforce stereotypes about the size of black men's cocks.

I get it already, thought Megan. Then she realized she certainly was getting it.

Megan was trying to fully enjoy the completeness of the penetration while not letting her pussy muscles fully clamp down on the giant fake cock. It was hard to move up and down on it if she kept her pussy walls relaxed and loose. Contracting on it might make it impossible.

She wanted to be able to keep fucking it and she wanted to keep from cumming until Mistress Shereen felt she should. Those wants were in conflict with each other.

At the lowest point of her self-impaling she felt her swollen lower

labial lips and her lower ass cheeks make contact with that black balloon of a fake scrotum. It was surprisingly soft.

Megan's imagination took hold of her as she imagined she really was riding a real cock of some black man. It was a good thing she wasn't because of her lack of protection and her ovulation cycle being exactly wrong for pregnancy avoidance. So she was extremely relieved it wasn't a real cock with a real scrotum.

However, some instinctive part or, well, some lustful passionate slut part actually wished it was a real cock ready to blast cum inside her. It had been awhile since she'd fucked a real cock and she'd never been on a real cock even half this overall size.

This damn rubber cock was so wide and so damn long that if it actually was able to cum those little swimmers wouldn't even have to swim. They'd arrive right on location. Megan would be instantly pregnant!

Pregnant at forty-two with three adult children at home. Pregnant with a black baby!

Say what you want about lesbians, including old cruel Mistress Shereen, but at least they couldn't get you pregnant!

Megan was on top of Mistress Shereen for only a couple minutes,

fucking that rubber cock while she kept her eyes closed, letting it fill her and fill her with wonder, lost in thought about black man sperm spewing all over inside her white womb, when Mistress Shereen suddenly stopped the fucking and pushed Megan up. Mistress Shereen even tried to push Megan entirely off but was too weak with age and had poor leverage so she ordered Megan to “get off my cock”.

Megan did so with reluctance. She wanted that orgasm! In fact, by now she didn't think one orgasm was enough. She deserved more! She wanted to cum and keep cumming as she kept fucking.

Megan thought for a second that she'd just quick keep fucking on it and “accidentally” cum. She was stronger than Mistress Shereen. She could do it. She was just so needy by then that her need for orgasm was just as much in charge of her actions as Mistress Shereen.

Mistress Shereen noted the hesitation to obey and the quickened movements by the Tit Slut and acted accordingly. Mistress Shereen grabbed one of Megan's ears and used it as a pain hold to pull Megan off the rubber cock.

“No, Tit Slut, no. That's a bad white slut. You do what Mistress Shereen says to do! Bad girl, bad!” Mistress Shereen talked to Megan like

Megan was a naughty child or a pet.

Megan felt the loss of that fake cock. She felt empty. She felt naughty for not better obeying Mistress Shereen.

Mistress Shereen got up on her knees on the bed with a few sincere groans apparently from a bad back. She pushed and pulled at Megan until Megan lay on her back on the bed. Then Mistress Shereen thrust her “cock” back into Megan.

The air had cooled the cock quickly from pussy juice evaporation and it felt shockingly chilly as it went back into Megan but her pussy warmed it up again within seconds. It re-energized Megan's pussy and her lust. Her orgasm, which had been on the very brink, had receded, but Megan could tell once she got to that point again, and then finally beyond, it was going to be even bigger.

Even bigger than the biggest ever! All thanks to this giant fake cock and this old withered black lady!

It was all so nasty it made Megan speed back towards the brink of orgasm.

Mistress Shereen watched her needy writhing. She watched Megan trying to arch her pussy up to that black rubber fake cock. Mistress Shereen

was amused and Megan knew she was laughing at her, teasing her cruelly, and knew she couldn't get that big fake cock back inside herself where she felt it damn well belonged. Not until Mistress Shereen decided it would happen. Even so, even knowing it was hopeless, Meghan wagged her pussy upward and thrust on air desperately.

Finally, amused enough, Mistress Shereen plunged the log of rubber down and entirely into Megan like a warrior striking a death blow with a sword.

Megan stiffened and nearly came. The penetration took her breath away. Now that it was back inside her she stopped writhing and just tried to adapt. Soon she went back to working her hips but no longer against air. She could feel the big rubber mushroom head battering around inside her painfully, uncomfortably, and fantastically wonderful.

Megan found she was grateful for the pain and discomfort. It kept her from cumming out of turn while it continued to allow her orgasm to build in power. Megan was grateful for the pain and discomfort. It helped her obey Mistress Shereen. Megan felt a weird but powerful loyalty to this old wicked cruel stranger.

The huge rubber cock seemed to be working magic on Megan. Not just

on her body. On her mind also.

Megan thought about a great big black cock, like this one but real, cumming inside her. Blasting jism. Filling her up. The idea was fantastic in her aroused mind but, even highly aroused and nearly out of her mind, she was grateful this was a fake cock.

Not only did she have no protection but she knew her cycle was at the worst time to take a load of semen in her womb. Not unless she actually wanted to get pregnant. Which she definitely didn't.

After a minute, Mistress Shereen stopped and pulled out. She stood up off of Megan. Megan felt like demanding that Mistress Shereen put that fake cock back in her. What was the hold up? Get on with it! Fuck the shit out of this Tit Slut!

Megan realized that a Tit Slut probably wasn't supposed to make any demands or give orders like that. There sure were a lot of drawbacks to being a Tit Slut and only two real benefits disguised as one. The quality and quantity of orgasms. But if Mistress Shereen did not get to it and get Megan all the way through to an orgasm then the two benefits would no longer be true!

Megan would be a Tit Slut for nothing!

She needed that orgasm! It would justify after the fact everything she'd done and everything she'd enjoyed when she shouldn't have.

Instead of getting right back to it Mistress Shereen got several items from a drawer in the stand next to the bed. They were black and had Velcro. Megan couldn't tell what they were and then Mistress Shereen told her to close her eyes. So, of course, she did. If Mistress Shereen wanted her to know what those things were she'd tell the Tit Slut, wouldn't she?

Megan figured she'd find out soon enough anyway.

Megan figured right.

Megan felt Mistress Shereen wrap some strong thick fabric around each of her wrists and then secure them in place with Velcro very tightly. Then Mistress Shereen did the same to Megan's ankles.

Megan guessed these were bindings or would be once she was strapped to something. She felt straps still dangling from her wrists. The idea of bondage was exciting. Megan didn't really think it would make her any more helpless though. She already had to do anything and everything Mistress Shereen said and Mistress Shereen could do absolutely anything to her. Megan didn't think it got any more helpless than that. Megan figured this was more symbolic than anything.

Megan did wonder why Mistress Shereen bothered with her ankles. If Mistress Shereen bound her feet together wouldn't it be harder to fuck her? The last thing Megan wanted was some physical barrier to getting that monster back inside herself.

Mistress Shereen secured Megan's bound wrists to the bed frame above Megan's head. Then Megan was surprised when Mistress Shereen took one foot and then the next and bent each back over her head to also secure them to the head board which was really a set of hollow metal bars. One of those modernistic headboards that had no actual board.

Megan found her hands and feet were bound right next to each other. Her ass was actually pulled up into the air a few inches above the mattress.

Megan recognized that this position did not make her pussy less available for fucking. It made it more wide open available.

Megan viewed that as good news!

Chapter Three

Mistress Shereen set and aimed the rubber cock at Megan's pussy entrance and then slid home. Megan's pussy welcomed it. It would have thrown a parade for it if it could have. It was great to have it back inside her. Instead of the original way-too-stuffed feeling it was more like she no longer felt half-empty.

Megan tried to bounce her pussy up to meet Mistress Shereen's thrusts but it was difficult. It didn't matter, it felt great. There really was something about being all helpless, especially folded and scrunched, that was a huge turn-on. Mistress Shereen could do anything to her and who knew what she would do. The concept was incredibly arousing. Megan's mind lit up with possibilities. The worst case was if Mistress Shereen again denied her orgasm over and over. Anything but that!

Megan's normally pretty vanilla sexual ideas became a rainbow Neapolitan of nasty sex as Mistress Shereen drilled her powerfully.

Despite all the foreign and nasty sexual ideas that thrust into Megan's mind she failed to conceive of the one that was really going to happen.

There was no way that Megan's good mind, no matter how full of lust, could have considered such a possibility!

Mistress Shereen really slammed it home and breathed heavily and

raggedly. Megan hoped Mistress Shereen didn't have a heart attack! Megan would be stuck under her or at least bound next to the dead body.

It might be a while before Dekka came looking for them and who knew what she'd do to Megan if she found her helpless. Probably couldn't do worse than what Mistress Shereen was doing though. Or better. Whichever.

God help her, even that idea, the idea of Dekka also helping herself to Megan, turned her on. It would be going from one end of the age spectrum, way-too-old, to the other end, way-too-young. Her pussy clamped down on Mistress Shereen's cock.

“You want my cum, Tit Slut?”

“What?”

“Do. You. Fucking. Want. My. Cum.” Shereen punctuated each word with a cock slam to her pussy.

“Yes. No! I mean-- Wait, what do you mean!?!”

“Tell me you want my cum!”

Megan thought this was some kind of game. Probably. Maybe. Wait. Obviously this was a game. The cock was fake. She saw Mistress Shereen strap the damn thing on. Of course it was fake. There could be no cum. If

there was any possible doubt the sheer size of the thing made it evidently clear the darn thing was fake.

So, fine, she'd play along. Tit Sluts had to do whatever pleased their Mistresses. Especially when an orgasm may be at stake!

“I want your cum!”

“Tell me you want my cum filling up your pussy!”

“I want you to fill my Tit Slut pussy with Mistress cum!”

“Tell me you want me to get you pregnant! Make it persuasive, Tit Slut!”

“I want... okay, all right, I want you to fill me up. Put your baby batter in me. Make a baby in me. I want to have your baby. For you, Mistress Shereen!”

“Yeah, girl, you love your Mistress Shereen. I think I'll tell those photographers you want to move in here with us. That you want to be our full time live-in maid. They won't listen to you but they will listen to Shereen, yes they will. I'll just let them know.”

Outrageous! How dumb did Mistress Shereen think Tit Sluts were? Megan would be sure to let Mistress Gretchen know she

wanted to keep Mistress Gretchen as her number one Mistress. No, wait, that sounded all wrong!

Megan wondered who Mistress Gretchen would believe first, her Tit Slut or another Mistress. Even about that Tit Slut's own wants!

Mistress Shereen, grunting above her, had a self-satisfied there-that's settled look on her face. Like she really meant it and really thought it would happen! Megan, being a live-in maid to the security guards!

That level of scorn, the total disrespect for her intelligence, really did make Megan feel like a dumb Tit Slut. Feeling like a Tit Slut made Megan feel like a creature of sex and lust and nothing else.

Megan's mind was forced to lose the thread of protest and outrage. She just felt too much to think. Those feelings crowded out her thoughts.

Megan felt like an animal and suddenly loved it. Megan did what she could to push her pussy to meet that huge dildo.

The lust just kept increasing until she felt like she'd do anything. She kept feeling like it couldn't feel any better and then... it would feel even better! It was more naughty pleasure than her body could keep inside for long.

Megan climaxed. She felt soaring pleasure, intense relief, and transcendent gratitude.

Her orgasm was physical but it was magnified exponentially by the mental and the emotional. It was all so outrageous it just turned her on.

Her climaxing pussy flexed and rolled. It milked the fake cock and she wished that dildo did have cum for her.

Shereen held the big fake cock deep inside Megan while Megan came all around it.

Shereen looked down on the white woman rippling in orgasm. It looked like waves of sensation were lapping through her. This Tit Slut ought to pay Shereen for services rendered!

So now Shereen had done it. She felt a sense of accomplishment and pride from making this Tit Slut orgasm so hard and, quite simply, from not passing out or worse herself in the process. Shereen didn't think she had too many sexual encounters at this level of exertion in her future. Well, it would be a fine way to leave the world if that is how she went!

Shereen didn't know why Gretchen wanted the Tit Slut derailed from going into town but Shereen sure didn't mind doing it. It was fun. It looked like it was fun for Tit Slut too.

Shereen pulled that big thing out and lay on her back on the bed trying to catch her breath. That home stretch of the fucking she'd really overdone it and pushed herself too much. Shereen wasn't feeling all that spry nowadays. Shereen wasn't sure how many years she'd have left before going through those pearly gates.

Ha! Pearly gates! Who was she trying to fool? She had no pearly gates in her future!

Shereen knew she just had to get as much heaven on Earth as she could while she could. She was certain she'd never get the real thing. Still, how much better could heaven be than this? Could it really be anywhere near as good as having orgasmic afternoon sex with a hot blonde twenty years younger than her?

Shereen thought maybe she'd think about this Tit Slut on her deathbed.

Shereen leaned up and slapped Megan's bondage raised butt, "Congratulations, Tit Slut! Nice orgasm! All you Tit Sluts should cum like that. Like your pussy is full of fireworks!"

Megan was coming back to herself. Oh my, she'd really gotten carried away!

Sure, it had been the best orgasm of her life. Her pussy was still

pulsing and hot. It had been great. She still didn't really believe it. She'd felt guilty about lesbian sex before but this was three times the guilt. Shereen was a woman, so it was more lesbian sex, but she was also so old! And so black!

Megan never thought of herself as racist but wondered if maybe she was. If you noticed race and it made you think you wouldn't have sex with someone because of their race, did that make you racist?

Megan knew she'd never tell anyone – anyone! – about this sexual encounter. Not that Megan was the kind of woman who talked about sex much. It just didn't seem polite or seemed like a brag. Megan hadn't had sex actually in a few years (not with another person involved at least) but her husband had been handsome and all the boys and young men she'd dated in high school and college were at least in the upper ten percentile in the looks departments.

Totally outside of the age, race, and sex issues, Shereen was by far the least attractive person she'd ever had sex with. Who had second place? Mistress Gretchen! It seemed to Megan that her standards for a sexual partner had gone way way way down.

There was also this matter of Mistress Shereen claiming Megan would

move in with her and the other guards and become their live in maid. Maybe Mistress Shereen was joking in a cruel way. Still, the idea was intimidating.

Intimidating and... something else. Megan's post-orgasmic mind kept picturing herself in some maid outfit, but a twisted sexy one not a functional one, and her zipping around their house cleaning while they made nasty comments and kept touching her all over every chance they got, and maybe randomly spanking her.

An awful fate and yet her mind did not want to stop thinking about it, like rolling a fine wine on the tongue and delaying swallowing it because it tasted so excellent.

Megan almost wished Mistress Shereen would fuck her again. It was a horrible thought... or should be. Maybe if she asked Mistress Shereen real nice and subservient to please please please?

No, she could never!

Megan tried to excuse her terrible thinking. From a sexually twisted practical sense two orgasms really were twice as good as one!

The one orgasm already seemed to partially justify sex with Mistress Shereen. Maybe a second orgasm would completely justify being such a Tit Slut?

She looked from the wet rubber cock that still fascinated her to Mistress Shereen's face. Mistress Shereen had a lot of wrinkles and she was still breathing quite hard. Mistress Shereen was pretty old. Megan thought it best to let her rest awhile before trying to tempt her to fuck again.

Then, once Mistress Shereen was rested enough, she may as well try to get a second orgasm out of the deal, hopefully as good as the last one. That had really been something! If Mistress Shereen was using her for sex then she had every right to use Mistress Shereen to get another orgasm.

One more orgasm and then she'd be on her way.

That made her remember her mission. She didn't have time for another orgasm! Time was wasting. Each day that passed made it more and more likely one of her daughters would be called to do a photo shoot. There would be a fifty fifty chance of it being with Mistress Gretchen and Megan knew now how lustful and forceful Mistress Gretchen was. Would Mistress Gretchen refrain from attempting seduction just because the beauties in question were Megan's daughters? Megan doubted it.

“Shereen. Mistress Shereen. I have to get going. My, um, daughters.”

“No, no. You relax here awhile. You look pretty happy right there like that. Your daughters are full grown. They can take care of themselves.”

“But, Mistress Shereen--”

Megan felt a desperate need to get out of this situation.

“Please, Mistress Shereen. I have to go. Right now! I... have to go to the bathroom!”

“I'm not letting you up unless it's something important. Like maybe if the house is engulfed in fire. Maybe then. Only maybe. Peeing isn't important. Nothing you do six or seven times a day can be all that important.”

“Look, I have to talk to my daughters right away. Right now. It's... an emergency!”

“Talk about what?”

“That's... well, that's private!”

Shereen clearly knew Megan was trying to game her, “If it is so important then I guess I could go get one of your daughters or, fuck, all three of them and bring them over here to talk with you and hear what you got to say. I'll bring 'em right up here to this bed and you won't even have to get up. Have to? Hell, you couldn't even if you wanted to. You can still tell them whatever “private” thing you need to tell them.”

“Er, ah, no thanks. Never mind, Mistress Shereen.”

“Thought so.”

Shereen got off the bed and walked up to the head of the bed and leaned forward so the fake cock reached Megan's mouth. It was an easy reach due to the length of the thing. Megan could see wet streaks on the rubber cock head and down the sides.

Megan knew what Mistress Shereen wanted her to do. She cleaned it with her mouth without having to be told.

Whatever Mistress Shereen wanted.

Then Shereen pulled it free of Megan's mouth when she felt Megan had cleaned it enough. Tit Sluts didn't get to decide when they were done. Mistresses did.

Mistress Shereen took off the strap-on.

Shereen hopped back up on the bed. She wide-walked to get her pussy to Megan's mouth. She pressed her pussy down and Megan had no where to go. The metal tube “headboard” had no give.

Even if she could escape physically she still wouldn't be able to escape. Not from her own submission. They both knew Megan would do whatever

Shereen decided she would do.

Megan did a good job and Shereen had an excellent orgasm.

Then Shereen hopped back down off the bed and got dressed if putting her panties back on could be considered getting dressed.

Shereen went and found Megan's cell phone in a back pocket of Megan's shorts. She knew exactly how to use it as it was exactly the same as the one Gretchen had given each of the guards. She knew Megan's daughter's names and phone numbers – good to be prepared! – so it was easy to send a single text message copying all three of them that Megan was going for a work-out and a massage in town and wouldn't be home until late. And to not worry.

Mistress Shereen filled in Megan for the second time that day, “I texted your girls all about how you getting a work-out and a massage and not to worry none.”

Shereen figured it was a pretty honest message. Tit Slut had already started her work out, hadn't she? Also, that rubber cock had certainly internally massaged her, hadn't it?

Shereen put the cell back into a pocket of Megan's shorts, “Don't worry, Tit Slut. Your daughters won't expect you now until late today.”

At the door Shereen turned back to Megan, “I don't want you to get bored or nothing like that. I'll just send Dekka up here to keep you entertained. Don't worry about tiring her out. She's young. Besides, after that I'll give big Ladonne a break and then she can come entertain you. My last guard is busy elsewhere right now but, when she gets back, she'll come entertain you also. Her name is Quiesha. We bend over backwards to keep a Tit Slut happy and nothing keeps a Tit Slut happy like sex. So there will be all sorts of “exercise” and “massage” for you and you can tell it true to your daughters when you finally get back home. Just as long as you don't get too detailed.”

Megan literally gulped hearing the sexual agenda ahead of her.

Mistress Shereen looked at her shrewdly, “I know what Tit Sluts want and I know a Tit Slut when I see one. They want lots and lots of action. You are a perfect Tit Slut specimen, It don't have much to do with actual tits but your are perfect, fucking ideal, for a Tit Slut. I know you want what I have planned and you know it too if you think about it much. Tell me. Tell me now. What do you want? Tell your Mistress Shereen.”

Megan knew exactly what Mistress Shereen wanted to hear. Mistress Shereen had made it clear to her. What surprised Megan was how much she wanted to tell her what Mistress Shereen wanted to hear. She felt a boundless

eagerness to please. Was it just wanting to please Mistress Shereen? Megan realized it wasn't just that. The idea of the other black female guards using her for sex was a huge turn on. It would be like some kind of orgy! Megan had never been in an orgy. She'd never had more than one sexual partner. But she'd thought about it a few times in the dark of night and it always turned her on when she did.

Of course, it had always been the idea of a bunch of guys or, maybe, some other women near her engaged in sex but not actually having sex with her. Not this lesbian stuff!

“I... Mistress Shereen... um... that sounds good.”

Mistress Shereen laughed and lightly slapped at Megan's raised ass, “You stay right here then. Don't you go no where!”

Shereen walked out of the bedroom.

She left the door wide open.

Chapter Four

Janelle finally got out of bed in the late morning. She was still tired.

She was absolutely soul-weary when she remembered what she'd done the night before. Those evil bitches made her enslave poor trusting Brooke Finn!

She admitted Brooke had liked it. And so had she. But that didn't make it right.

She allowed herself a little pride for avoiding seducing Brooke's daughter Bridget. That was much more due to Bridget herself than to any restraint by Janelle but Janelle would take whatever ego rebuilding she could get. At least Bridget was safe. At least for now.

Janelle dreaded digging her cell phone out of her purse but knew she had to. She bet the bitches were pissed off at her. She'd left the purse downstairs so its reminder beeps wouldn't disturb her sleep. That or any actual calls from the bitches.

She found it and erased the text from them from the night before.

She wondered if they would take revenge on her. A better question

would be what form the revenge would take. Would she have to lick their pussies? They wouldn't actually make her into a slave just because she ignored their text, would they?

When her cell beeped with a fresh text in her in box she was so startled out of her reverie of dread that she bobbled it and nearly dropped it.

It was them! The bitches! It made Janelle wonder if her own house had hidden cameras like the homes of the Finns, Reynolds, and Piersons. She never saw any views of her house on the monitors over at Gretchen and Lydia's home but that didn't mean it wasn't possible.

As much as she didn't want to, she knew she better read this text and so she looked at it.

Bad Janelly welly. Two slaves or one slave, the one slave being you, remember?

Janelle literally clutched at her heart. Oh no! They were going to make her a slave!

Then another text chimed in.

Lucky for you your BFF Lydia went over there after you left and made Bridget into a pussy slave.

Oh, thank God, thought Janelle. The irony was not lost on her that moments earlier she'd taken pride in saving Bridget and now she was thanking God that Bridget had been enslaved. That poor girl. Enslaved by Lydia! Bridget would have been better off with Janelle seducing her. Well, at least in the short term.

Another incoming text chime.

That's two but you only get credit for one and a half. Maybe. You disobeyed us. You knew we wanted more. All rebellion must be crushed.

What did that mean? Janelle did not think it portended anything good.

The doorbell rang and she nearly jumped out of her skin.

It was them! Or one of them. Had to be!

The cell phone chimed.

Answer the door Janelly welly. Your punishment has arrived. Do everything you are told to do when you answer the door. Easy, right?

She opened the door.

It was Quiesha! Wearing a security guard uniform!

Janelle hadn't seen Quiesha since the night Quiesha tempted and tricked her into shaming herself so badly that she'd fallen entirely under the control of Gretchen and Lydia. All that was happening to Janelle was Quiesha's fault! Well, her own also she had to admit.

What was Quiesha doing here at her door in this cul-de-sac gated community from Hell? Quiesha *had* told her she'd see her again. What was she doing wearing that ugly security guard uniform?

Quiesha grinned wide and cocky, “Hey, babe. Last time I saw you, you fucked a whole lot of silverware looking for a perfect fit for your Goldilocks pussy.”

Now Janelle knew they hadn't just utilized Quiesha to compromise Janelle. There was more to it. Some arrangement that was still ongoing.

Also, the security guards, if they included Quiesha, must be fully in the know and helping with Gretchen and Lydia's “project”. It made sense now. You wouldn't want objective and actually protective security guards with all that was going on. At least, not protective of the residents but only protective of Gretchen's and Lydia's interests. They really had to be accomplices to make it all work.

Janelle also now knew she was going to be doing some fucking today.

Probably a lot. Quiesha looked hungry. Quiesha also looked sexy. Janelle admitted that to herself but she'd never tell anyone else.

Sex with Quiesha wouldn't really be a punishment. Janelle suddenly wanted it. She guessed Quiesha would be dominating her. Fine by Janelle. She'd done the domination over at the Finn residence but she thought if she had to choose between the extremes of domination or submission that submission fit her better. If she had to choose.

Janelle decided to act as reluctant as possible so that Quiesha would tell the bitches that Janelle was well and truly punished.

Quiesha broke into her reverie, “In honor of our fun time together I'm just going to call you Spoon-fucker. So will the other guard ladies. You're going to come over to our place, meet the other ladies. They are going to love you, Spoon-fucker.”

Janelle realized she was going to be doing even more fucking today than she ever could have guessed.

She had mixed feelings about that but already knew she'd end up loving it. And hate herself for loving it. Well, maybe not hate, but definitely she'd end up thinking less of herself. But probably not as little as what Gretchen, Lydia, and Quiesha thought of her. She already didn't think much of herself

after all that had happened and all that she'd done. How much more self-respect could she even lose? She was long past her high and mighty big ego prime modeling career days.

She wasn't a lesbian, she still didn't think so, but she knew she certainly enjoyed lesbian sex anyway.

Janelle knew this wasn't going to be like the other day when Gretchen and Lydia simply fondled and fingered her to far too much unexpected pleasure. That was just a short little encounter. That was... almost nothing. This... what was coming... all those black lesbian security guards... at least for all day.... It was going to be a marathon of lesbian submission!

She'd failed as a dominant but was pretty sure she was going to be a very good submissive.

It was like the bitches had texted. It was easy.

Just do all that she was told to do.

Chapter Five

Naomi was still blindfolded and rendered effectively deaf due to the headphones. But now she was going down on Gretchen instead of Lydia.

At least she was pretty sure that was the case. She'd been pulled off that teeter-totter thing and moved up some stairs, she knew that much. This pussy tasted different from Lydia's. She knew that, too.

She also knew her tongue was getting very tired. She was flopping it about more than she was actually licking with any precision. She thought she ought to be running out of saliva by now but she wasn't really sure she was. Either she wasn't or this other (Gretchen) pussy was plenty wet so it didn't matter anyway. Saliva, pussy juice, everything was mingled. Naomi had so much pussy juice taste in her mouth and pussy smell in her nose she thought she'd still smell and taste it for a week even after showering and gargling.

Naomi's muscles, especially her tongue muscles, were tired but her inner body and mind hummed with a strange bottomless energy. Serving, obeying, providing pleasure, having things done to her. They fed the bottomless energy. If it weren't for her muscles letting her down and her need for real food she felt like she could do this forever.

Naomi had been in the residence of Lydia and Gretchen all day. She

came over first thing in the morning in obedience to their text. She had told her daughters Harmony and Abigail that she was going for a run. Naomi was anxious that they must be concerned and might be combing the dry wooded hills around the gated community looking for her.

Thoughts of the future also caused Naomi stress. Thoughts of Abigail and Harmony caused stabs of anxiety. So she simply tried to banish them from her mind and mostly succeeded. Thinking seemed quite overrated.

There was something about how both Lydia and Gretchen were dominant lesbians that she knew she ought to be more concerned about. And who had that second person been on the teeter-totter? Megan Reynolds? That would be very hard to believe. Perhaps Brooke Finn then. Or someone from outside the gated community whom Naomi had never met.

She felt like she *did* know that she *should* be concerned about Lydia and Gretchen *both* being dominant lesbians but she couldn't quite put her mental finger on why.

It was hard for Naomi to mentally put her finger on anything when both of her hands were tied behind her back.

Chapter Six

Gretchen and Lydia were relaxing in their “Eagle's Nest”.

By which it meant Gretchen's pussy was enjoying a tongue-bath from Naomi Pierson while Lydia watched the camera monitors intently. Lydia's eyes flicked from view to view. Lydia's favorite pastime nowadays, outside of sex, was spying on the three all-female families and Janelle as well.

Gretchen, for her part, always found that having a submissive physically pleasing her was quite relaxing in an exciting sort of way.

They would never have brought Naomi up here if there was any risk of her finding out about all these camera views. But, luckily, Naomi was a little see-no-evil, hear-no-evil monkey. Looking down and to the right and observing Naomi's long tongue pushing around in Gretchen's labial folds and pubic hair Lydia figured Naomi was still a taste-evil, smell-evil little sex slave monkey. If Gretchen was evil which Lydia guessed she sort of was.

They'd remembered to use Brooke's phone to text her daughters that she'd finished her run and was visiting the neighbors to bond with them. The

run part was a lie but the neighbors part was actually true and the bond part was only missing the added syllable “age”. They kept it vague as to which neighbors to deter the daughters from trying to join up with Mom. Really, Harmony. Abigail was too busy masturbating all over their new house to go looking for Mom.

Lydia was fully sexually satiated not long ago but now was horny as Hell again. Only one slave and two Mistresses? That ratio was all wrong! She commented as much to the rather preoccupied Gretchen.

Gretchen had an answer for Lydia's concern, “Just... get Brooke or Bridget Finn over here. Make sure... to blindfold... cover ears....”

Hey, that was not a bad idea! Lydia checked a few camera views first to get the lay of the land before acting.

There was a lot going on.

On one view they saw Naomi's daughter Abigail masturbating in the television room in the Pierson residence. She quickly pulled her damp hand out from her shorts whenever her sister Harmony entered the room. Then the hand would go back to work as soon as Harmony left for a snack in the kitchen or to go to the bathroom.

Lydia couldn't tell what show they were watching but she knew it

wasn't what fueled Abigail's arousal. No doubt it was obedience to her Mistress's wishes that she masturbate five times around the house and at least once in the same room as her sister today. That order, her own obedience to it, and a sort of naughty exhibitionism even if her sister did not know what she was doing, likely had Abigail quite aroused.

Abigail didn't know they could and were watching her every action but she was in the process of obeying them nonetheless. That was good. Very good.

If she came while her sister was out of the room that wouldn't count as a same-room-as-sister masturbation. She hoped Abigail knew that. If not, then she'd be punished. Well, she'd actually be punished anyway no matter what but maybe the severity would differ. Maybe.

Lydia wondered if that television room smelled like sweet musky Abigail pussy. Lydia wondered whether Harmony could smell it. If so, she wondered whether Harmony had any idea what it might be. Probably not but Lydia liked to think so.

On another view, watched earlier by them and video bookmarked for saving to their video library, Janelle had gotten down on her knees and pussy pleased Quiesha right there in the foyer of Janelle's new home. Homes?

Funny term that. These gated community houses, no matter how nice, were more like slave-to-be staging areas. Staging areas for unwitting female flesh.

Janelle's pussy pleasing of Quiesha had been a marathon of tonguing and sucking. Quiesha had finally cum and Janelle clearly made an effort to lick up as much of Quiesha's spend as she could get. Gretchen and Lydia had agreed that it looked like Janelle found pussy licking quite agreeable and also like slavery suited her just fine.

Not that what Janelle liked mattered to the dominants. Janelle would be a slave either way but good for her for liking it!

Quiesha had then brought Janelle to the house of the security guards. Janelle hadn't resisted at all. Lydia wondered if Janelle now knew she was for sure scheduled for slavery or was deceiving herself into some kind of false hope. Lydia didn't know but she didn't really care either. Janelle could figure it out now or would figure it out later. It made no never-mind.

On another view, over at the Finns place, the mother, Brooke, and the daughter, Bridget, seemed to be avoiding each other. You could see one pause and listen when they heard the other one going about the house or getting food from the kitchen and then they'd stay in their own bedroom until they heard the other one close her bedroom door. It looked like both were

trying to avoid talking about what had happened the night before.

That was natural. It was not like Bridget would want to tell her mom, “Hey, Mom, saw you getting sexually dominated by Janelle. Did you enjoy pretending she was me?”

Or like Brooke wanted to tell her daughter, “I couldn't get to your bedroom to see because I was literally bound but it sure sounded like Janelle worked you over as much as she did me and it sure sounded like you love being a submissive lesbian slut just like me.”

For which a no-doubt embarrassed Bridget would have had to illuminate for her Mom that it was not the sexy one-time supermodel Janelle but actually the big lesbian Lydia who she'd been serving as sexual slave.

Bridget was spending a lot of time in her bedroom fingering herself. Lydia hoped she was fondly recalling her submission to “Mistress Lydia”. Lydia thought she was. Lydia always tried to make herself an unforgettable experience, good or bad, and almost always succeeded.

Brooke wore a turtleneck sweater to hide that collar around her neck. It was pretty funny. Although their house was air conditioned it was quite a hot day outside. Lydia guessed Naomi wouldn't dare leave her house as the turtleneck would look so out of place. It was another reason for her to avoid

Bridget as well.

The less mother and daughter slaves talked with each other the better. It was always better when slaves just waited to be called upon and then just listened and then just obeyed. It wouldn't be good for them to get any ideas about changing the course they were on or, heaven forbid, trying to “save” one another. Such hypocrisy anyway. Trying to save someone else from what they themselves wanted even if they did try to deny wanting it.

It made Lydia horny to see Brooke Finn occasionally fingering her collar through the turtleneck with a wistful expression on her face. Yeah, she wasn't too upset it was still locked around her neck! That Janelle had fucked her body and had also mind-fucked her. Good work by Janelle, just not good enough to avoid slavery for herself.

Being honest with herself, and Lydia did try to do that, she admitted they would have enslaved Janelle no matter what even if she had also seduced/enslaved Bridget like they wanted.

Yes, Janelle had always been on the menu.

There was Quiesha over at the guard's house introducing Janelle to Shereen. In the kitchen.

What a touching scene. In that Shereen was feeling Janelle all over,

feeling her up, hefting her moderate-sized breasts like Shereen was weighing oranges in the produce section. She tweaked Janelle's nipples and tested to see how far she could stretch them before Janelle protested.

Yes, quite a “touching” scene!

Once Janelle finally protested, Shereen slapped at Janelle's breasts a few times while Quiesha spanked Janelle's ass a few times as well. Shereen returned to the nipples and stretched them again and this time Janelle just put up with it. Even when the nipples stretched so far they pulled the breasts into taut conical shapes.

Now Janelle knew not to protest what her better did to her, even as her betters did worse and worse to her. A valuable lesson and one that would serve her well again and again maybe for the rest of her life.

Lydia thought it looked like you could teach old dogs new tricks. Not that Janelle was actually old or a dog. She was only old for a model and not at all old for a sex slave.

Shereen then ran her hands up and down Janelle's body. Shereen's fingers found Janelle's pussy to be wet. Lydia knew Shereen did because Shereen then wiped her fingers on Janelle's cheek and the glistening moisture caught the light. Yes, thought Lydia, Janelle isn't a victim though she might

still think she was for a while. She was into it. She wanted it.

Test her boundaries? Of course they all would. Hell, in the end Janelle would have no boundaries!

Lydia watched the view as Quiesha got an oversize spoon hanging off a hook in the wall. Some big plastic thing like for stirring spaghetti sauce. Lydia knew it would soon be stirring a more erotic sauce. She wasn't disappointed in that.

Quiesha put it in Janelle's hand and clearly told her what to do with it. Lydia had the volume turned off right then. Lydia watched Shereen laugh so hard she then started coughing even harder than she'd laughed and had to bend over.

Lydia had to admire Shereen. That old and still a total lesbian domination hound!

Janelle seemed much more eager than reluctant as she hurried to cram the big plastic spoon up her pussy. Her eyes hooded and she really went to town jamming it in and out. Yeah, it was what she seemed to want and need.

Shit, Lydia figured her and Gretchen and these black fresh-out-of-prison "security guards" were all doing Janelle and those three families a big solid. No reason to ever feel guilty if they were getting all hot for it and had

orgasms.

Shereen, recovered from her coughing fit, and Quiesha watched Janelle awhile and then Quiesha guided Janelle onto her knees on the linoleum of the kitchen floor. Quiesha said something to Shereen and then left the kitchen.

Shereen – that horny old she-goat – brought a dildo Lydia just bet wasn't clean from wherever it had been last over to Janelle's mouth and Janelle knew just what to do with it. She worked it with her lips and tongue, up and down.

Lydia zoomed in a little and noted that this particular dildo was of the “realistic” variety. It was flesh-colored, soft and bouncy, full of veins, completely detailed. Zoom in close enough and it looked just like a real cock. Eerily similar like Shereen had amputated it off some white guy and it somehow stayed hard.

Lydia shivered with disgust. Man cocks! Grotesque! Some people were scared of spiders or public speaking. For Lydia it was man cocks. That was the one thing that might make her scream like a 50's housewife seeing a mouse. Of course, Lydia was so big and aggressive that after she screamed and jumped up on a chair she'd recover her composure, climb down carefully and just... rip off the offending cock! Problem solved!

One of Janelle's hands worked that big plastic spaghetti-stirring spoon in her pussy while her other one came up to milk at Shereen's handheld fake cock. Lydia wondered if Shereen had ordered Janelle to do that or if she just took that action on her own.

As her legs seemed to weaken Janelle sunk down to her knees still spoon cramming and still fake dick sucking. Lydia liked the position change as now she could see the length of Janelle's great body. What a hottie!

Those Arabs were going to get a real bargain in Janelle. Since she had no relations in the gated community to share her harem service Janelle would only cost half a million dollars. Total bargain!

Lydia was actually tempted to keep her. If they nailed enough of the family members at two million a head then her and Gretchen really would not need an extra half a million, would they?

Janelle was really putting in the work trying to orally please that fake cock. She looked so passionate. Lydia doubted a woman in love with a man would work that man's cock nearly as well. Love was no damn key to great cock-sucking. No sir! Slutty submissive passion, that there was the key! Same thing with pussy licking. Either one, either way.

Yep, Janelle was going to be a great slave. All that individual

dedication! She'd really be able to apply herself and excel at her new trade. Hell, they'd done her a favor!

It looked like Janelle was being treated exactly how she should be treated, and that too realistic fake cock was freaking out Lydia so she checked on the upstairs bedroom with Megan Reynolds.

She didn't need to call up the view as she'd kept the view up on one of the big monitors all morning. Megan had been getting some excellent exercise. For someone bound hand and foot. Slave exercise was different than regular exercise, of course.

After Shereen took her she'd left the bedroom door open. Understandably, Megan had kept looking at it nervously. It wasn't long before Dekka stepped through.

That horny string-bean girl was some kind of sexual Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. She lost that goofy perpetual smile and it didn't come back on her face until she walked back out of the bedroom.

Dekka looked all serious. All angry. Even when Megan Reynolds obediently arched her neck to please Dekka's pussy with her mouth, straining her head up past her bent back knees to give it as much mouth coverage as she could manage. Standing on the bed with bent legs and knees against the

headboard metal pipes in order to keep her pussy in range of Megan's mouth, Deka still looked angry.

Even when Deka came on Megan's mouth. She still looked angry! Sort of an ecstatic-looking angry but still angry. Megan licked furiously like a good girl. That was one sexy MILF! So eager to please a black girl half her age and about the same age as her daughters!

When Deka lifted her pussy off Megan's face Megan licked her lips slow and thorough like she couldn't believe what she'd done but like she liked the taste of it.

Deka left and ten minutes later she was out in the guard shack and Ladonne was naked in the bedroom with Megan. Ladonne didn't seem overly impressed with Megan's beauty. Like it was just another day in the life for her. Hot blonde white MILF bound in a pretzel shape waiting to do and be done? No big deal! Must be a Monday.

Ladonne messed with Megan's mind first. She slid an average sized dildo up her own pussy. The dildo looked tiny because Ladonne was so massive. It looked like a dildo made as an accessory to a doll. Some kind of naughty doll.

Ladonne took the now wet dildo and poked it against Megan's right ear

and then moved around to her left one. She then bounced it on Megan's cheeks and temples by angling it past her stretched back legs.

Humiliation that Megan was helpless to do anything about. All to make her feel even more helpless and even more debased. Total subservience took work! Ladonne seemed to understand that. Either that or she was just casually cruel.

Then Ladonne spanked Megan for quite a while. She clearly held back her full power or she could have done real damage even with just an open hand. There wasn't anything Megan could do about it. It looked like she was yelling at first, in outrage or pain, but after awhile she just lay there like a flesh pretzel. A flesh pretzel with its ass turning a lovely shade of sunset red.

Ladonne got on the bed on her knees and centered the handheld dildo on Megan's asshole. It was easy to see it in all its small glory – Lydia just loved chick assholes – because of those spread legs bent backward. Lydia leaned forward towards the monitor screen until it filled her vision.

Was Ladonne actually going to fuck Megan's ass with that dildo? Damn! Lydia had wanted to be the first to ass fuck Megan. Fucking Star Trek her. Go where no man had gone before. Maybe.

Lydia thought it might be difficult to get it in at that angle with the way

Megan's body was constricted and curved back on itself instead of stretched out. However, it looked like a smooth-sided dildo, it was wet, and Megan's little asshole was wet with leakage from her pussy.

Fuck, Ladonne probably was going to be able to get it in there! Fuck! They should have told these freaking parolees that ass fucking was off limits until given the green light. As in, after Lydia had already nailed the ass.

It turned out that Ladonne was just messing with Megan's mind about fucking her ass. Ladonne pulled the dildo away from the cringing MILF asshole.

Ladonne briefly fucked Megan's pussy with it, just enough to get her fired up and for the dildo to be covered in wetness.

Ladonne maneuvered the wet dildo around to Megan's mouth and Megan licked the fluids from it. She knew what to do when things were shoved in her mouth. Lick them, suck them, tongue them, swallow what you could.

Then Ladonne, like Deka had, got up on the bed and straddled Megan's head to receive Megan's oral attentions to her pussy. There was a difference as Ladonne, perhaps due to bad knees from carrying her huge frame, turned around and backed her pussy up to Megan's face. That way Ladonne

supported her own weight with spread legs and hands planted on the bed like big black snow shoes. Her pussy received the same kind of dedicated straining and stretched tongue-licking that Deka had gotten. It just took longer. Ladonne's pussy had a lot more length. And width. And likely deeper labial crevasses.

It really did look like Megan was getting into it. Again! That she didn't mind the long spanking because it had led to this in the end. It sure looked like she wasn't acting. She had no reason to act at this point. She must fully accept her submissive nature.

Lydia was jealous of Ladonne. She wished Megan was urgently sucking on her pussy lips instead. Lydia hated sharing. Sharing seemed at odds with being a dominant. Dominants were supposed to be selfish!

Lydia did, though, understand where Gretchen was coming from with this sharing thing. Between the Reynolds, the Piersons, the Finns, and Janelle as well there were ten woman who needed to be made into slaves.

They'd made great progress on both Finns, two Pierson's, Janelle, and the Reynolds mother but there was still a lot of work to be done on those six and they hadn't really made any progress with four others. Lydia's "progress" with Kaia, after all, might turn out to be counterproductive if it made Kaia

more resistant to seduction and to being dominated. It really was too much for Gretchen and Lydia alone.

Delegation. That was the word Gretchen had used. The secret to good management was delegation. Which to Lydia sounded like getting others to do your work for you. So, yes, that probably was the secret!

They had to manage this enslaving process. They had to delegate.

It wasn't like these were ten Thai prostitutes already broke in to being sexual creatures and wise in the ways of sexual needs and techniques. These were independent American woman full of high standards, high expectations, and numerous moral and societal boundaries to destroy.

Generally American women were inexperienced in sexually pleasing others so, even when they gave in and submitted, they still needed a lot of training. American women were quite often too worried about avoiding being seen as sluts to totally give in to their passion. Without totally giving in to their passion they simply couldn't be all they could be sexually.

Yeah, when Lydia thought about it, she figured she and Gretchen performed a sort of public service making passionate women and unleashing them on the world. Of course, look a little more closely and the “public” service meant these women would be kept in private harems and the “world”

they were “unleashed” into was the world of the harem in which they would likely wear leashes at various times.

So Lydia made sure not to look too closely at the results of their actions.

They needed the full participation of these four black “security guards”. The slaves needed as much experience and expertise with the handling of actual flesh as they could get. Or be forced to get. Whatever. It would be their core skill for their time with the Arabs. Their time with them? Hell, for the rest of their lives!

Gretchen had surprised Lydia when she told her that it turned out their contact knew a buyer who would pay quite a bit extra for a hottie who was in milk. Some people got into that and Lydia could definitely understand that. She'd seduced several young lactating mothers in her day and had quite enjoyed the seductions – and the extra nourishment!

Gretchen said there were chemicals or supplements that, when combined with hours of nipple sucking day after day, would cause a woman to lactate even outside of pregnancy. Gretchen said the harem broker knew a buyer who was into that and had the women in the harem suck each others tits all day long to get them in milk and then, once they started lactating, the

sucking kept going on to keep them in milk and to maximize their milk production. Use it or lose it!

Gretchen Megan would end up with that buyer because she had such excellent breasts to enhance the experience and a track record already of successful milk production. She had previously unsuspectingly honestly answered Janelle's Gretchen-dictated casual questions about breastfeeding. She'd breastfed Lilliana, Julissa, and Kaia without issues other than sometimes having too much milk. Fucking perfect! She had unwittingly put a bulls-eye target on herself.

Next to Lydia, Gretchen orgasmed. She rewarded Naomi's hard work by using both her strong hands to mash Naomi's face into her pussy. Gretchen held Naomi's face in hard and tight for a long time. It was clear Naomi needed air when her hands scrabbled about desperately. Even starved of air she knew not to scratch a Mistress though. It was clear she was about to lose consciousness when her struggles ceased and her legs went lax under her. Gretchen nearly made Naomi pass out from lack of air! Pass out or worse!

Gretchen released her in time to avoid losing a valuable new slave.

Ten minutes later they brought Naomi downstairs, took off the

blindfold and headphones and told her to get dressed. She was quiet and seemed a bit dazed while she struggled her clothes on.

They wondered what was going on in her mind. She'd been through quite a sexual workout.

They soon found out what was going through her mind.

Once her clothes were on Naomi looked at Gretchen, “Thank you, Mistress Gretchen.” Her eyes were full of sincere adoration.

Then she turned to Lydia, “Thank you, Mistress Lydia.” Her worshipful eyes were full of awe.

Both Gretchen and Lydia thought, “It sure is great being a Mistress!”

Lydia also thought, “Fucking right! Do them wrong and they thank us for it! This is exactly how life is supposed to be!”

Naomi looked like she was basking in the attention of both Mistresses looking at her simultaneously. It looked like she was blinking back tears! Or perhaps she was just getting used to the return of light to her eyes. Naomi added, “Call me anytime. I'll do anything for you. Tell me what to do and I'll do it.”

“Yeah, we know.” Lydia was a bit brusque. These expressions of

devotion always unsettled her. Only because she actually felt a little bit like she ought to somehow reciprocate. It was like loyalty to a pet or something.

That type of emotion was not in her comfort zone. Now, ass fucking, that there was her comfort zone. A slave's discomfort was also her comfort zone. Of course, ass fucking a slave and the slave experiencing discomfort were often one and same thing. So it was a bit like the Department of Redundancy Department.

Gretchen told her, “Go home. We'll call or text. But, for today I want you to orgasm five more times through masturbation. At your home. Only one can be in your bedroom. All the others need to be in other rooms in your house and no two in the same room. For one your daughter Harmony has to be in the same room and for another your daughter Abigail needs to be in the same room.”

“Oh my gosh, I'll do anything you ask except, you know, my daughters, that's really going too far. I really couldn't do something like that.”

“You can and you will. It's no big deal. It's just masturbation. Break in that house. It's all part of making it your home. I'm not telling you to perform for your daughters or to ask them to watch. Just do it in the same room.” Gretchen had a great knack for making the difficult sound easy and

the bizarre sound normal.

Lydia felt like snickering like a 6th grader hearing how shy and worried Naomi was about this task barely involving her daughters when not too long before Naomi's daughter Abigail had watched Naomi do much more on video. It was a sneaky delight for Lydia to know such an intimate thing with Naomi having no clue about it. She wondered if Naomi would pick up a different vibe from Abigail now or would be too lost in her own world of lust.

Damn! Lydia just realized there was a chance, just a chance, that Naomi and Abigail, due to their identical assignments, would each be masturbating on the sly in the same room hoping the other one would not notice!

Naomi still looked dubious. The first time in quite a while a look other than lust, sexual weariness, or adoration graced her graceful face.

“I ca-can't... can't... do that.” Naomi was so discombobulated that she was almost stuttering.

Lydia expected a verbal crushing of Naomi from Gretchen. But Gretchen surprised her and it was just perfect. This was why Gretchen was the best slave-making Mistress that Lydia had ever known.

Gretchen looked into Naomi's eyes with just the right mix of firmness and confidence, “A slave obeys and is happy to obey. The obedience is far more important than the act they are told to do. A slave who cannot obey, always and immediately, is a useless slave. I will not have any interest in paying any attention to a slave who does not obey entirely and totally.”

Naomi didn't pause to think about it further. She was clearly almost in a panic at the idea of these new wicked games coming to an untimely end, “I'll do it. I'll do it! I promise not to disappoint you. I'm sorry I said anything. I wish I hadn't. I'll do it and I'll tell you every detail as soon as you call me over again.”

“Very well. I forgive you. Get going.”

Gretchen spanked Naomi's ass once super hard on Naomi's way out the door.

Like spanking a horse to get it racing out of the gate.

The End

...Until Impossible Seduction 8

Cumming Soon!

Available Books

“Impossible Seduction” series:

1. IMPOSSIBLE SEDUCTION ONE: VOYEUR

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

2. IMPOSSIBLE SEDUCTION TWO: DOMINATED

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

3. IMPOSSIBLE SEDUCTION THREE: A TALE OF LESBIAN TAMING TWO MILFS

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

4. IMPOSSIBLE SEDUCTION FOUR: JANELLE VS. REDHEADS

Janelle, a once famous model and now the sexual pawn of the dominant dyke team of Gretchen and Lydia, must carry out their assignment to separately seduce both Brooke and Bridget Finn. Janelle must do it to avoid a dark fate but finds she likes it. Brooke also finds she likes it on the other end of things.

5. IMPOSSIBLE SEDUCTION FIVE: SEDUCED VIA LESBIAN HOME INVASION

Janelle has left the Finn home with Brooke and Bridget in disarray. Gretchen and Lydia saw on their hidden cameras how aroused and ready Bridget is and they mean to take full advantage. But, to do so, they'll need to engage in some lesbian home invasion. Fine by them! Plus, more psychological manipulation and domination of Megan Reynolds.

6. IMPOSSIBLE SEDUCTION SIX: THE EROTIC EVIL CONSPIRACY

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

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

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

The Mindy Short Teenage Lesbian Domination Books:

"A Lesbian Orientation" series:

1. CARA TRIES TO BE A GOOD EXAMPLE

Cara agrees to live with Mindy Short in order to be a positive example to her regarding the benefits of

heterosexuality versus Mindy's lesbian nature. Instead of Cara having a positive influence on Mindy, the opposite occurs, and Mindy begins to influence Cara in dark negative sexual ways. What can Mindy change about Cara?

2. *CARA'S LESBIAN SEDUCTION*

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

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

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

“Teen Lesbians Taking Over” series:

1. *TAKING OVER MRS. GREENWAY:*

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

2. *TAMING MRS. GREENWAY*

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

3. *TAKING OVER AUBREE*

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

4. *OWNING AUBREE*

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

submission?

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

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

“Lesbian Stalker's Pets” series:

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

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

2. *LESBIAN STALKER'S PET ROOMMATES*

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

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

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

4. *LESBIAN STALKER STALKS AGAIN*

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

5. *LESBIAN STALKER ON THE PROWL*

One of Rosalie's neighbors, Tina, hears the noise of loud female orgasms from Rosalie the Lesbian

Stalker's dorm room causing her to lose sleep. When Tina takes matters into her own hands will Rosalie take Tina into her own Owner hands? If she can “handle” Tina what kind of sexual human animal will she have, literally, on her hands?

6. LESBIAN STALKER HUNTING

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

“Lesbian Seduction Conspiracy” series:

1. CONSPIRACY TO SEDUCE

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

2. THE TRAP

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

3. TAKING OVER CHARLOTTE

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

4. TOO TOGETHER

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

“Seduced Trophy Wives” series:

1. TAKING THE TROPHY WIVES

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

2. TAMING THE TROPHY WIVES

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

3. TRAINING THE TROPHY WIVES

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

“Gift Cards For Lesbian Seduction” series:

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

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

Stand Alone books:

THE SUBMISSIVE CHEERLEADERS

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

CHEERLEADER IN TROUBLE

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

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Questions, complaints, or suggestions?

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