

Impossible Seduction 9



Three Mothers and Six Daughters 9

by Jordan Church

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Book 9 of the “Three Mothers and Six Daughters” series

Dominant Lesbians Target the Final Pierson Girl for Seduction and Domination

by Jordan Church

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Special Dedication

Thank you to Kyle. You, the reader, may not know Kyle but you

do know his work and he does make a difference for you. I send Kyle my mostly completed works during the editing process and he absolutely jumps to it with thoroughness, reading it all in a day and finding all sorts of typos and other errors that I missed. Kyle's valuable efforts make the reading experience better for everyone!

Thank you, Kyle!!!

IMPOSSIBLE SEDUCTION 9

Dominant Lesbians Target the Final Pierson Girl for Seduction and Domination

Three Mothers and Six Daughters 9

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. Mother-daughter and sister teams are in demand. For each pretty female they supply they will earn half a million dollars. Supplying 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 recruited and forced the cooperation of a successful older model named Janelle to lend legitimacy to the recruiting efforts with the all-female families though these families have no idea what they're really been recruited for.

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 brunette mother 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 they had to be sure to resist them.

Janelle was threatened with her own slavery if she did not help seduce the redheaded mother and daughter. Janelle had no idea the dominants planned 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 would 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”.

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 floored when Shereen said the words, “Tit Sluts obey.” There was no escape for Megan. Only much more domination.

The dominants also dropped the pretense that Janelle might avoid becoming a slave to sex and had the black security guards “invite” her down to the security guards' house where she may not soon leave, if ever.

The two wicked dominants, Gretchen and Lydia, then finalized their total control over the mother and daughter pair, Brooke and Bridget Finn, with hours of added domination to imprint sexual slavery on their minds.

There are still four women in the cul-de-sac in need of lesbian seduction and domination. Blonde Megan's three blonde daughters and Naomi Pierson's oldest daughter, Harmony. With Megan engulfed in black lesbian ex-felons there is no hurry to get her daughters yet, especially since Kaia survived one predatory lesbian attack and will be on her guard.

Harmony will be next! Harmony is the lucky winner of total never-ending lesbian domination.

Will Harmony join her mom and her little sister in submissive servitude? Can Gretchen and Lydia complete an oh so dirty “clean sweep”

of the Pierson family?

Chapter One

After Ass Bronco was sent home with, what else, a slap on the ass, Gretchen and Lydia hung out in the Eagles Nest to observe on the hidden camera views the flotsam and jetsam from their sexual storm.

The guards had thoroughly used Janelle. They fast forwarded the hours they'd missed and saw Janelle had sucked on Shereen's dildo an incredibly long time like they thought if she did it well enough for long enough that Janelle could obtain a load of sperm to suck down.

It looked like Janelle had three, no, four orgasms from the spaghetti spoon she'd worked around inside her pussy while sucking that dildo.

They were probably all lucky old Shereen hadn't had a heart attack just from standing there watching and aroused as Janelle's model face worked that dildo. Obviously Shereen was the luckiest when it came to that.

At one point, the cause of Janelle finally being allowed to desist in dildo sucking, Shereen's wrinkled eyes fluttered like she was passing out from the strain of standing around so long. Shereen staggered to the side which violently pulled the dildo free from Janelle's sucking mouth. Gretchen and Lydia, even just watching a video of the recent past, seeing it happen grabbed at each other in alarm because it looked so much like Shereen was having a heart attack. Too bad for Shereen but, even worse, that would have ruined the whole conspiracy!

Even some of the other lesbian ex-felons, not known for compassion, seemed concerned for Shereen. Shereen stayed upright and even managed to struggle out of the strap-on she wore.

Then the dominants just about shit themselves, partly from dread and partly from misplaced hilarity, when Shereen staggered back like a drunk and used a scrawny old hand to pull Janelle face first back into her crotch.

Janelle knew what to do by then – whatever she was told to do – so she went straight to licking. Shereen stood there on her thin wobbly legs and took the licking like a trooper.

Lydia almost couldn't get over it, “Where the fuck did you find that super old one, Shereen? The ex-felon lesbian dominant old folk's home?

Look at her! How much longer can she even live? A year? A month? A week? Is she going to die *today*?”

Gretchen shook with laughter, “She knew all the other ones. I had to get ex-felons who all know and respect each other, pecking order in place, otherwise, you know, they run around sticking shivs in each other. Look, if she keels over it won't be suspicious at her age. We'll have her crew drive her to a mall parking lot and say she had the heart attack all excited about some sale.”

Lydia started laughing hard also, “That will never work because... hahaha... because... hahaha... because no one goes to malls any more!”

Gretchen nearly fell out of her chair she was laughing so hard, “And... hahaha... and... hahaha... even stuff on sale at a mall is more expensive than anywhere else so no one would ever get so excited about it they'd have a heart attack!”

Janelle had taken so long to get Shereen to orgasm that a line literally formed waiting to use her. Deka. Ladonne, and Quiesha had all been orally pleased by the tied down Megan but she'd lost her charm, her newness, and they wanted a taste of the new treat. Or, more like, they wanted the new treat to taste them.

So Megan had some time alone to think about all of her usage by the guards so far and to come to terms with the fact she wouldn't be going in to town any time soon and so also wouldn't be getting her three lovely daughters out of the gated community any time soon.

Soon? More like “at all” if Gretchen and Lydia had their way with having their way.

They watched on the view of Megan all tied up in Shereen's upstairs bedroom. In fast forward the view of her face, which they zoomed in on, looked like a time lapse. Megan's face went from tired, to anxious, to resigned, to placid.

They went back to the “action” view of Janelle.

While Shereen was trying to recover her breath once she finally came, and it was a very long process for her breathing to slow down, a round of paper-scissors-rock between the others resolved that Deka, then Quiesha, and then a pissed off Ladonne would take Janelle in that order.

It took a long time for Janelle to lick pussy after pussy and Lydia jokingly wondered out loud whether Janelle's tongue might fall off or break.

Gretchen only shrugged mock noncommittally. Janelle was sort of a bonus slave anyway. She was outside the whole request for mother-daughter

slaves. She'd only be worth half a million to the Arab slave broker.

Normally, that was a lot of money but only a pittance when the others were each worth two million and they pretty much had eight million in the bank without even counting Megan Reynolds.

Janelle, for her part, seemed properly enthused. Not at all fake. Probably happy to have behind her the stressful uncertainty of not knowing if they were going to make her into a slave. Or maybe it was just the way she worked that wooden spoon in her pussy. That might have something to do with her enthusiasm.

By the time the three of them were done with Janelle, done sexually for the moment at least, Janelle was just as tired as Megan Reynolds even though her activity started well after Megan's.

It was easy to see those two were equally tired because the guards set them to work. The “guards” themselves were too tired for more sex after being thoroughly pleased by Megan and then by Janelle. It would take the guards awhile to be ready for more.

There was no reason to let the slaves lay around though. It wasn't proper for slaves to be lazy after all. After all, slaves needed no rest. You had to keep them working hard sexually and otherwise to build up their

endurance and their submissive pliability. Also, it paid off even outside whatever production you got out of them because it kept them toned.

Unlike Gretchen and Lydia the “guards” did not keep a clean house. At all. It was a disaster.

So they freed Megan and had her team up with Janelle. The two seemed awkward and shamefaced at seeing one another so naked, so compromised. No time for discussion though. They were kept naked as Dekka the taskmaster (who was the loser of another round of paper-scissors-rock) had them cleaning all over. Carrying stacks of empty pizza boxes out to the trash cans. Wiping down tables. Sweeping. Washing hundreds of dishes. Carrying laundry down to the washer and sorting them by color. Spraying and wiping down windows.

Yep, slaves do windows!

Dekka kept them busy. She didn't look upset at losing and being put in charge of the two slaves. Watching them work and bossing the fine-looking white women around obviously turned her on. The recording caught up to real time after the Gretchen and Lydia skipped forward a few times.

Chapter Two

Next they checked to see how the Pierson family was coming along.

They went back on the video to when Naomi made it back home after they'd released her from her duties at their place. They'd assigned her new duties though to be performed in her own home. The same assignment they'd given her daughter Abigail but Naomi did not know that. Five orgasms via masturbation today in the house but only one of them in her own bedroom. Each in a different room and at least one with Harmony in the room at the same time and one with Abigail in a room with her. The daughters did not have to know what Naomi was doing though.

Abigail, also tamed by them, also had those very same rules to obey though neither daughter nor mother knew they were each playing at the same twisted obedience game.

Gretchen and Lydia were intrigued to know a few things of interest.

One, would Naomi and Abigail each carry out their Mistresses orders and without knowing they were being watched?

Two, would either of them be clever enough to have an orgasm with

both Mom and Harmony in the same room in the case of Abigail or Abigail and Harmony in the same room in the case of Naomi? Killing two birds with one stone so to speak.

It was a bit of an intelligence test. They knew they were smart, the Piersons, but they didn't know how much their arousal effected their intelligence. They figured it had to be some kind of intelligence handicap.

Three, Abigail knew about her mom, Naomi, but her mom had no knowledge of her daughter's slavery. Would Abigail realize her mom was given the same assignment she had? Would Naomi suspect her younger daughter had also been enslaved? Would Harmony, who had not yet fallen prey, suspect anything at all?

Gretchen shared her enthusiasm with Lydia, "This is going to be some fine theater my dear."

Lydia, "Yeah, some fucking masterpiece masturbation theater!"

"All retained for posterity!"

"And future generations! Of these two generations of Piersons. Fuck, think about it! All their future generations will be half-Arab, right? What will the Arabs do with those future generations, adopt them or put them right back into the harem?"

“Fuck if I know.” Gretchen didn't know and didn't care though she wished she could see their faces when they found out sometime in the future that they were pregnant with little half-Arabs. Even better, the mothers learning their daughters were with child. Would it call for congratulations?

Abigail had an unwitting head start on her mom because they had sent her home first and she'd gotten right to work in the television room. Although her sister had walked through the room a few times, Abigail had not climaxed while Harmony was present so, when Abigail orgasmed in the room, that time did not count as cumming while Harmony was in the same room. Still, Abigail was one fifth of the way to completing her task.

Naomi came home and seemed understandably eager to avoid her daughters. Like her sexual usage was written all over her. It sort of was. She hurried to the bathroom connected to her bedroom, and closed and locked the door. She ran the shower and began masturbating even before she stepped into it.

“Shit, that should count as her one time in her bedroom.” opined Lydia.

“It counts as a different room. Bathroom is a different room than the bedroom.”

“It's connected to her bedroom. Like the closet. It's part of the

bedroom.”

“Doesn't matter. It's in the name. Bathroom. Bath. Room. There you have it. A separate room.”

“Shit,” Lydia knew when she was defeated, “You're right. I can't argue with that.”

Then Lydia perked up, “Wait a second! Don't they call a bathroom a water closet like in Britain? So then it's a closet also and so it's part of the bedroom!”

Gretchen was not convinced. She shrugged, “Only in England. Not here. Look at Abigail! I just found her on the kitchen view. Look!”

“So what? She's sitting at the table.”

“Look at her shoulder and arm. Look at how they're moving. She's rubbing her pussy under the table.”

“I think you're right. Look at her face. She's pretty close!”

“Too bad we can't see her pussy.”

“Who knew to put a camera under the table? Hey, let's text her and order her to stand up while she does it. Hell, tell her to get, I don't know, a

carrot or a cucumber out of the fridge and put it to work!”

“I admire and share your enthusiasm but she'd figure out we were watching her somehow. Just let nature take its course --”

“-- no matter how unnatural. Got it. You're right again.”

“There will be plenty of time to make her pussy into a vegetarian on other visits.”

From the way Abigail's free hand white-knuckled the edge of the table and how her shoulder worked with extra energy it was obvious Abigail had an orgasm right then. Her face also gave it away. How would she be able to have one of those in the same room as Mom or sister without them knowing about it?

While Abigail wearily bowed her head at the kitchen table they also watched her mom finish herself off in the shower.

After Naomi dried herself off and before she got dressed she got a small vibrator from a drawer. Hidden under her undies. Typical. If a perv was going to dig through her underwear then who cares if the perv saw her vibrator, right? That perv couldn't throw stones at that point.

Gretchen and Lydia watched raptly as Naomi turned it on and popped

the vibrator right up into her pussy and entirely past her pussy lips. It was no cock-shaped dildo. She put on panties and a casual outfit. Then she headed downstairs.

“Clever.” said Lydia.

“Very. All she has to do is walk or sit around and eventually have an orgasm. Then go to a different room and wait for the next orgasm. And so on.”

“No risk getting caught with her hand in her cookie jar.”

The first place Naomi went to was the television room. There, much to their amusement, they saw Harmony sitting in the exact same spot on the couch where Abigail had earlier sat and masturbated. Made sense because it was in the middle but it still seemed like a fun coincidence.

Lydia chuckled, “I wonder if Aba-frail left a wet spot.”

“And if Harmony will feel it and wonder what was spilled.”

They watched Naomi sit well behind Harmony and to her left side.

Lydia noted, “Look at the spot she chose!”

“Yeah, behind her daughter so even if she makes a face or whatever

when she orgasms her daughter won't see it.”

“Also not straight behind so Harmony won't see her in the reflection of the television.”

“Also, not so close that Harmony will hear the vibrator over the television. Though I bet that vibrator is muffled by her muff anyway.”

“Muff muffler!” exclaimed Lydia.

“Mrs. Pierson is wise in the ways of masturbating around your daughter.”

“Who knows, maybe this *isn't* anything new to her.”

They watched the two Piersons watch whatever show it was. Occasionally Harmony would turn and say something to her mom. Naomi seemed to keep her replies very short as if trying to discourage conversation. She would straighten when her daughter turned around and would ever so slightly sink back and recline when Harmony turned back to the show. It looked like her eyes wanted to roll up into her head and she kept blinking them back into focus.

About twenty minutes into the show – both the show Naomi and Harmony were watching and the show Gretchen and Lydia were watching --

Naomi shook and bent sharply, obviously climaxing. Harmony turned, perhaps at some vocalization from her mother, and Naomi quickly straightened and acted as normal as she could.

Harmony frowned slightly with concern as if she was trying to figure out if her mom was sick.

Gretchen nudged Lydia, "I bet there is quite the cloud of pheromones in there. Abigail's are still lingering and with a fresh cloud from Naomi replenishing them and mixing with them. There's Harmony sitting right in it. She may not be conscious of what is going on but her body is probably tuned up from all that pheromone intake."

"Maybe. I don't know. Who needs pheromones as long as one of us get our tongue up her pussy? That will do the trick."

"Sure, once the tongue is on location. But getting it there... the pheromones will help with that."

Although the vibrator was still obviously on it would take awhile to build Naomi up to another climax so they checked views to find out what Abigail was up to. They found her in the bathroom

They were a little surprised and a lot pleased to see that Abigail was masturbating again with an electric toothbrush. Apparently she'd really

enjoyed what Gretchen had order/texted her to do that morning before she came over to their place. This time, instead of the bright green one she was putting the white one to good work. Her Mom's electric toothbrush!

Gretchen and Lydia found that interesting. She could have used the same one as before, Harmony's, but had chosen the clean one, her mom's. Perhaps she'd refrained before out of respect for her mom but had lost that respect when she saw her on the dildo teeter-totter over at Gretchen's and Lydia's? Or was she thinking that in some twisted way it was “fair” to masturbate with each toothbrush alternately and it was the turn of her mom's toothbrush?

The big ladies shrugged. It was an unknown but what was known was that it was quite hot to the watchers.

Abigail sat on the toilet and moved the toothbrush in and out like an extremely skinny cock. This went on about ten minutes and Abigail looked more and more lost in the moment. She was perspiring and her eyes were tightly shut.

Then she pulled it out and put the vibrating bristles directly against her clitoris. Bang! She was climaxing almost immediately. She flopped back against the toilet's water reservoir and her legs opened and pointed her knees

outward.

“Damn,” said Gretchen, “I hope her Mom's toothbrush has soft bristles!”

“Well, I hope they're hard bristles! Either way... look at her! She's a total passion slut!”

“You're right. The more she climaxes the hotter she looks. She practically glows.”

“She's a keeper.” Lydia slapped her thigh.

“Don't talk that way. They're all keepers but we're giving them all up. Once we have them all. Remember: money, money, money.”

“Just an expression, Gretch.”

“What's the count now? Three for Abigail and two for Naomi? Wait a minute... Abigail has two to go but she gets to do one in her bedroom but she still has to do one in the same room as her Mom and her sister. She must plan to have them both in the same room when she does it!”

“Maybe. Or maybe she'll somehow get one into her bedroom while she'd cumming? I don't know but my anticipation sure is building. Look how sneaky these two goody goody sluts became once they are led by their

pussy.”

“So, Lydia, you want to acquaint Harmony with her inner slut nature or shall I?”

“The lady or the other lady for her, huh? No tiger needed. Of course I want her. Tell you what, though, it's been a long time since we teamed up to do an initial domination. Abigail doesn't count because you already had her part broke in before I joined you in the bedroom. The last time we nailed one together must have been months ago.”

“Yeah, that native American server at that restaurant,” recalled Gretchen accurately.

“Restaurant? Fucking fast food is no restaurant!”

“Her break was no break either. By time we were done with her out in the parking lot she needed to get back to work to catch her breath.” Gretchen spoke with fondness in her voice.

“She had to go back to work with no panties. I had to have a memento. I still have them somewhere.”

“Pack rat!” Gretchen lightly pushed Lydia's big shoulder.

“I was sort of disappointed with them actually. I hoped they'd have,

you know, like, native American symbols all over them and instead they were just some panties made in China. Just plain. Only the scent on them was exotic. Is exotic. I still have them.”

“I'm fucking starving. Let's make some lunch and then--”

“-- make a second lunch out of Harmony's pussy!”

Chapter Three

Harmony knocked on the bathroom door. She'd come upstairs a little bit ago and it was occupied by Abigail – had to be because Mom was downstairs – and Harmony was tired of waiting.

She could have used the downstairs bathroom if all she needed to do was pee but she also habitually brushed her teeth after every meal. And after every snack as well. Dental care was sort of a thing with her. She had beautiful white even teeth and she wanted to keep them that way.

She heard something in there but she wasn't sure what.

She knocked again.

“All right, all right.” Abigail came out and she looked a bit disheveled or maybe flustered. Her face sure was red. Harmony wondered if her little sister was feeling sick. Mom had looked sick downstairs a little bit ago. Maybe a bug was going around the house. New house, new people, so it wouldn't be surprising.

Plenty of stress, too. Both Mom and Abigail had modeled for their initial set of pictures and Harmony was sure that could be stressful. Both had seemed nervous beforehand and exhausted afterward.

“Abs, are you feeling sick?”

“I'm... fine. Don't worry about it.”

“Just asking.”

Harmony watched Abigail walk down the hallway without another word. It wasn't like her to be so abrupt.

Harmony went and brushed her teeth while she peed.

There was a different smell in the air. Something subtle. Did Abigail have a new perfume? It smelled familiar. Harmony figured she may have tried the perfume out on her wrist from a sample bottle at some department

store. She'd have to try out Abigail's new perfume.

She looked in the medicine cabinet but did not find any new bottles. It sure was an elusive smell. Very delicate.

It smelled almost like... she started laughing and spat the toothpaste foam into the sink while still laughing. Hah! Eau De Parfum Pussy would be a real crowd pleaser! Talk about a short cut to getting dates with boys!

She thought about teasing Abigail about what her new perfume smelled like and she laughed harder and harder. Oh, she better not. Poor Abigail!

Plus, it could be awkward to explain how she knew what a pussy smelled like. Of course, every woman knew but it might make her sound like a lesbian. Abigail could easily turn the tease around on her.

Harmony went back downstairs and turned towards the kitchen for some lunch. She saw that Mom was ahead of her and she was walking funny, just a little slow and... bowlegged? Weird. Maybe Mom had hemorrhoids! Harmony nearly laughed again but kept it in.

Just then Abigail called down, "Harms, my computer is frozen. Can you fix it?"

Harmony, though she wasn't all that technical herself, was considered

the computer geek of the family. This was more a testament as to how poor the others were at technical things than to any actual skill possessed by Harmony.

She yelled back up the stairs, “Reboot it.”

“What robot?”

“Holy fuck, Sis, just turn it off and then back on. Fixes 90% of computer problems!”

“I tried that.”

“Fine but you have to wait. I'm hungry. I'll come up after lunch.”

Harmony waited a second for a possible response and then went into the kitchen. She and Mom shared a big bowl of leftover salad retrieved from the fridge and covered in plastic wrap.

As they munched Harmony tried to make conversation, “More salads for us nowadays, huh Mom? We have to stay slim for this modeling opportunity.”

Mom seemed lost in some thought that she had a hard time pulling away from, “What, dear? What opportunity?”

“Jeez, Mom, the modeling. You know, the whole reason we moved here to this cul-de-sac prison.”

“Prison?” Mom looked nervous.

“I'm joking! The hidden in the wooded hills location, the security guards, the rules we have to follow. It's a tiny bit like a prison if you think about it.”

For some reason this seemed thought-provoking to Mom.

“Like I said, Mom, just joking. You never told me what it was like modeling for your first photo shoot. Was it easy?”

“Easy? No, it wasn't easy.”

“Was it hard.”

“Hard? Yes, it was hard.”

“Did you... like it?”

“I... I did like it.”

“Do you think I'll enjoy it?”

“I hope not!” Finally Mom showed some life but her response sure was odd.

“Why don't you want me to have fun with it?”

Mom seemed to come back to herself and sat up straighter, “Well. What I mean is... you're such a great student with such a bright future. This modeling is beneath you.”

“No, it's not! Hopefully we make a bunch of money. It's not a choice between college or modeling. It's modeling to pay for college and hopefully lots more. The modeling won't prevent college. It will help us afford it and make it so I don't have student loans hanging over my head for the next few decades.”

Mom nodded, then seemed to shake a little, her hand going to her mouth and her body bending towards the table.

“Mom, are you OK?”

It seemed like she held her breath and trembled for several seconds before struggling to say, “I haven't... been... feeling myself.”

“Did you take your temperature? Do you think you're going to throw up?”

Mom shook her head, “I don't have a temperature. I do feel like throwing up though.”

“Should I get you a bucket?”

“No. No, I'm not actually going to vomit. Really, it's really... just a headache. A really big headache.”

Harmony patted her on the shoulder and still felt some shivers from Mom. So odd. What kind of headache did that? A migraine?

Harmony realized she could smell that same new perfume on Mom that Abigail was wearing. Ah ha! That's why she didn't find it in the medicine cabinet! It must be Mom's perfume and Abigail had borrowed it, with or without permission, from Mom. Mom kept her perfumes and toiletry items in her bedroom's attached bathroom.

Mom must have gotten the new perfume to mark the start of new lives with this whole modeling contract thing.

Who knew? Maybe the new perfume was even supplied by modeling people as a freebie like with the houses and clothing.

Maybe the perfume was supposed to smell like pussy to make them think they were all turned on by modeling. Maybe the modeling people thought that would somehow show up in their eyes while modeling apparel and whatever else.

Maybe Harmony would find that same perfume in her own dressers and closet. She still hadn't fully looked through them. Now that she thought of it as smelling like pussy, would she go ahead and put it on herself? Harmony wasn't sure. Normally she'd say no to that thought. It was sort of icky and she could easily get teased for it. But... Mom and Abigail was wearing it apparently and maybe the modeling people even expected it so... maybe she would.

Smelling like a turned on woman shouldn't be a bad thing, should it?

Harmony realized now she really couldn't joke about how the perfume smelled a little bit like pussy. Abigail would definitely be able to turn that tease back around on her by saying it was Mom's perfume and make a strategic comment later near Mom like, "Mom, guess what Harmony thinks your perfume smells like?"

They finished their salads and then Harmony went upstairs. Abigail was in her bed and for some reason she was under the covers up to her neck.

"You're feeling sick, too?"

Abigail looked startled and then somehow relieved, "Yeah, sure. I'm sick."

Abigail must be relieved someone else cared about her health. Of

course Harmony cared! Abigail was her one and only darling little sis!

“New places and new peoples. No surprise. I'll fix your computer problem but you better not puke while I'm in here.”

“Go ahead.”

Harmony checked out the computer. The screen was blank. It wasn't even on. The power button did not turn it on. She looked under the desk and saw the plug was not in the surge protector.

Well, not many computers worked that weren't plugged in!

She was going to tease Abigail but heard her blankets rustling. Sounded like her poor sister couldn't get comfortable because she was feeling so sick. She'd give her a break and not tease her this time.

She got the plug back into a surge protector socket and a minute later the computer was on. She checked it. There was internet connectivity and everything seemed right.

She pronounced the computer “fixed”. Abigail thanked her tiredly. Her eyes were hooded and she looked damp with sweat.

Harmony left her to her nap.

Chapter Four

The supposed photographers returned from lunch up to their Eagles Nest of illicit observation. Some strategic playback led them to discover they'd missed quite a bit over lunch.

“Holy crap!” Lydia was truly surprised, “The fucking mom slut had an orgasm under the table *right next* to the oldest daughter!”

“While they ate salad!” Gretchen was gratified her twisted assignment had led to such a twisted little event.

“Hey, she gets extra credit. She already had an orgasm with Harmony in the same room while they were watching television. Either she couldn't help the timing because of the vibrator in her pussy or she just likes climaxing in the same room as her daughter! Who's more twisted, us or them?”

“Such a rhetorical question, Gretch. You fucking know we are.”

“Yeah. Guilty.”

“That devious little one, Abi-frail, fucking keeping her pussy on edge and luring her older sister into her bedroom for a fake computer repair!”

“That was a brilliant pretext, wasn't it?” Gretchen admired the new little slut. You know, it was great when a slave carried out orders. Well, great wasn't the right word. Expected. But when they did it with clever enthusiasm, that was commendable.

“So that was her bedroom time and also her time with Harmony in the same room.”

“She only needs one more, this one with her mom in the same room. A room other than the television room, the kitchen, the upstairs bathroom, or her own bedroom.” Gretchen listed the rooms already checked off.

“I feel like we're playing Clue, the masturbation edition.”

“Haha, did it with the candlestick in the so and so.”

“The “so and so” is a name for pussy?” asked Lydia with mock innocence.

“Hey, we can do this for real sometime. Tell some of these new slaves to pick different rooms, different holes, and different items to induce an

orgasm. We guess where, other where, and what with and see who wins.”

“Sure, we'll try that. First things first. What's your plan with Harmony? Nail her and we'll have a full house on the Piersons.” Lydia usually relied on Gretchen for strategy.

“I'll call Naomi and tell her to send Harmony over.”

“Her mom? Why not call Harmony directly?”

“Because this will be so much more twisted. I'll order Harmony's mom basically to send her directly into our clutches. No coming back from that for Mommy. It will also allay any suspicions by Harmony. I do always like the element of surprise. We call Harmony, especially in the evening like this, and it will be just a little weird. Mom tells her to come over, well then, la-DE-da. Besides, if we call her direct what will be the first thing she does? Tell Mom, is what. Her mom's facial expression may then give things away. But when I order Mom she'll have time to compose herself and obey the order while acting all casual to daughter, Harmony, thus in just an ever so little way helping ensure the seduction of her own daughter.”

“That is so... wicked! I love it!”

“I'll call and put it on speaker phone. But stay quiet!”

“Wait a minute, I thought we were keeping the moms and daughters away from each other.”

“Not like that. Just not letting them sexually interact. At some point they need to know they are all our slaves. So that we can smoothly make them other people's slaves.”

“Oh. Well, then, make the call, Gretch.”

Gretchen called Naomi Pierson who answered after just one ring. Perhaps eager to talk to one of her Mistresses? Good.

“Hello.”

“Is this the slut slave who rode a dildo teeter-totter?”

“Um, yes.”

“Is this the slut slave who had her ass fucked over here?”

“Yes.”

“Is this the slut slave who went down on her Mistress Lydia and also sucked the pussy of her Mistress Gretchen?”

“Yes... Mistress Gretchen.”

“Good. How many times have you masturbated around your house and

in what rooms?”

“My bathroom, the den, and the kitchen.”

Lydia ticked them off on her fingers as Naomi spoke and grinned and nodded when the count matched what they'd observed.

“Good. Plenty of time for the other two orgasms. Those first three though, were any of them in the presence of one of your daughters?”

There was a long hesitation. It was obvious Naomi did not want to talk about this. It was not lack of compliance that was the cause of reluctance as she'd followed the orders perfectly well so far.

“Yes.”

“Details, slut slave.”

“My daughter was in the same room. Harmony.”

“Which room.”

Gretchen and Lydia held their breath to see if she would be painfully honest.

“The den... and... also the kitchen.”

“Let me get this straight. You were told to orgasm in a room with each

of your daughters as one of your five masturbation orgasms and you went ahead and did it twice with your daughter Harmony and are still going to do it once with Abigail?”

“Yes. Yes, I did and I will. With Abigail. It's not like how it sounds. I had this vibrator in my pussy and... the second time... just happened.”

“No worries. I'm not mad. Sort of impressed actually.”

“Thank you... Mistress Gretchen.”

“Next order of business. Send Harmony over here.”

“Harmony? What for?”

“Time for her photo shoot. Tell her to wear one of the swim suits we supplied.”

“Well. Maybe I should come over, too. That way Harmony won't be nervous.”

“I think the nervous one is you. What, do you think we're going to have our lesbian way with her? Think she's a submissive slave like you?”

“No, no, she's not. Frankly... I don't really know you two... and, from what I *do* know... I am a little worried you might try something with her.”

Naomi was trying to confront them and trying to protect her daughter.
It was adorable!

“Look, slut slave, it doesn't matter how well you do or don't know us. You know all you need to know. Which is that when we tell you to do something you fucking do it. That's it. That's all you need to know.”

“Well, I am a mother and I love my daughters!”

“That is now a distant second to serving us. They're adults and they can look after themselves. Or fail to do so. They're adults and don't need your permission to have sex. I don't have to tell you this but I will as a courtesy to an ignorant new slave. Slaves can only have sex with their Mistress or Mistresses or those they give permission to sexually utilize the slave. We've claimed you so no more independent sexual decisions. We decide for you. Flip side of that coin we can have sex with whoever we want to. We don't need your permission. The idea of you having any say in who we have sex with is laughable. We can have sex with anyone, don't need to ask you before or tell you after, and I do mean anyone including your daughters. We decide and your daughters decide and you have no say in the deciding. As far as your daughters they decide up until we decide they no longer decide and they become like you. If, you know, that were to theoretically happen. We don't even need to tell you. It isn't your fucking

business, got it?”

“But... you're telling me to tell my daughter to go over there... when I know what you are like. You're asking too much!”

“Think of it this way, Mommy Slut. As your Mistresses we are your goddesses. What do you do for gods and goddesses? You make sacrifices. It's like God telling Abraham to sacrifice Isaac. Except, you know, no blood and no death. See, we, your new Goddesses, are actually much much much more merciful than that God guy. We're also much more involved in your daily life, there is no doubt we exist, and we give much more clear cut directions. So, if you boil it all down, we're just giving you a religious experience not even counting those orgasms.”

Naomi was silent a while taking all that in and perhaps gauging she had zero chance of changing the mind of a Mistress.

All Naomi could do was hope the Mistresses would respect boundaries or, failing that, that Harmony would be strong and good.

“I understand, Mistress Gretchen. But... I have a question. Something is bothering me. That first photo session, the one with Abigail, did you... try anything with her?”

“Are you fucking stupid? I just told you whatever we do, Lydia or me,

is not your business. It does not matter if I fucked your daughter Abigail or if I did not fuck your daughter Abigail. That is my business. Don't ask about that again unless I tell you to ask about it.”

“I understand, Mistress Gretchen. Then can I just ask you a favor? Will you please *not* make any advances on my daughters?”

Lydia spread her arms and rolled her eyes miming silent disbelief for Gretchen.

Gretchen spoke firmly, “Are you dense in the head, slut slave? Go tell Harmony to get over here in a swimsuit. Fucking now. Then go orgasm in two more rooms. I'm fucking hanging up now. I'll call or text when I have more for you to do.”

Gretchen hung up.

Chapter Five

Twenty minutes later a very flustered Harmony approached the front door of Gretchen's and Lydia's place.

Harmony was flustered for a number of reasons.

She was concerned about how Mom and Abigail had been acting and couldn't understand it. They did not really seem sick but they were not acting like themselves either. The only thing that they had in common that Harmony did not share with them was that they'd had sessions with the photographers. But even then they had each had different photographers – Gretchen for Abigail and Lydia for her Mom. But they'd both begun acting oddly after those sessions. Not crazy but sort of nervous, furtive, too quiet, stiff, not natural, not relaxed, and flushed and shaky at times.

When Mom told her it was time for her first modeling session Mom had seemed urgent but also stressed yet somehow electrified with energy. Like the air just before a huge thunderstorm struck.

She'd been so adamant that Harmony go over right away because the photographers wanted her right then. It was like she thought the Piersons were there to serve the whims of the photographers instead of the other way around. Harmony had wanted to schedule the photo shoot for a bit later to let her food digest and to compose herself but Mom would not hear of it,

apparently worried the photographers would be angered.

Harmony just thought they should set up a schedule known by all. It seemed messed up to wait around for them to call at their convenience and then have to rush over. Who knew, though, maybe this was part of modeling, spur-of-the-moment last minute assignments, and they wanted to see how the Piersons reacted under fire.

Then there was the swimsuit. It was not exactly conservative. One piece suits? Forget about it. They'd been supplied none like that. Sure, bikinis were accepted and all, but what she was wearing was like some kind of mermaid stripper outfit.

The breasts cups of the “mermaid stripper outfit” were actual large seashells. They obviously hid the nipples, which was good as Harmony's nipples always got hard in cold water, but they did not cover much breast area and Harmony had good-sized breasts. The shells were also hard and the tight strings between the shells and around her back really pressed her breast flesh out all around the shells. It was almost immediately uncomfortable.

The bikini bottoms were quite narrow both in front and in back and covered in blue and green sequins in a wave pattern. It was definitely the kind of swimsuit that was not meant for actual swimming. It was also

uncomfortable and far too revealing.

It was so revealing that Harmony had to quick get to the bathroom and shave pubic hair off to either side of the stretched band of bikini bottom. No one wanted pubic hair sticking out! That would look so terrible and so slutty in any photos.

Harmony felt partially nude in the swimsuit. Her reasoning was simple: anywhere that had pubic hair was not meant to be shown in public. Shaving off the pubic hair to either side of the swimsuit bottoms did not make it any better. That just made you even more nude there!

One of the weirdest things was that it was her Mom who chose this swimsuit. She would have thought her Mom would have chosen a more reserved suit. One with more... coverage.

Mom chose it for her! Granted, though, there really were no modest swimsuit outfits supplied to them.

Of course, it wasn't really a big deal. These were lady photographers after all and in a home setting. It wasn't like Harmony was going to a public beach. However, photos..... Photos had a way of living on. Harmony had no plans on being famous or anything but she still wouldn't want photos like that to ever make it out onto the internet for anyone to search and find. She was

going over to be seen in this swimsuit by two women but, in the end, hundreds or thousands of other people, including men, may see the photos of her.

She had a long towel wrapped around her shoulders as she waited for the door to be answered at the photographer's house. She wasn't sure which photographer would be working with her actually.

The big blonde one, Gretchen, answered the door, "Come in Harmony. We'll start off inside in the living room."

Gretchen guided her to the living room where Harmony was not surprised to see a camera on a tripod but was surprised to see Lydia sitting on one end of a massive couch.

Lydia smiled, "You won't need that towel in here. We won't be dunking you in water and we're keeping you inside to protect your modesty this first time. Drop it anywhere."

For some reason Harmony looked at Gretchen for confirmation. Gretchen nodded so Harmony dropped the towel to the floor.

"Nice selection for swimsuit. Did you choose that yourself? Wanted to show off your body?"

Harmony flushed at the comment. Harmony also didn't really appreciate Lydia's tone, "No, actually. Mom chose it. Glad you like it."

Gretchen came right up to her, way too close, and looked up and down her body, "Your Mom chose well. I'll be sure to let her know she did a good job choosing this one."

"I feel like a mermaid that grew legs, walked on land, and became a slut."

Harmony meant that as a joke and had expected the ladies to laugh and then reassure her it was not a slutty swimsuit. Instead Gretchen smiled appreciatively and Lydia literally licked her big lips.

Chapter Six

Harmony had wondered at the barbecue if they were lesbians. You know, big strong ladies living together and all. She wondered no longer. She was sure.

There was nothing wrong with that per se. But these looks and tones did make her uncomfortable. She suddenly realized she was barely dressed, dressed in a way that was perhaps more lascivious than being actually nude, and all alone in the home of two lesbians who were both far larger and stronger than her.

It gave her a top of the roller-coaster about to plummet down feeling.

Gretchen put a hand on her bare shoulder, “Aren't mermaids supposed to have good luck?”

Lydia grunted, “I think the legend is they get lucky. Because sailors get lucky with them.”

“Lydia, isn't that an interesting coincidence? You love the sea!”

“I'm practically an amateur sailor you could say.”

Harmony's eyes popped open wider. These ladies must be jerking her chain. No one was so obvious about their innuendo to people they barely knew that they needed to work with. They were probably in an exclusive lesbian relationship but aware of how others initially reacted to them. Maybe they did this sort of routine to expose prejudice so they could deal with it right away.

Harmony decided that must be it. She decided not to rise to the subtle challenge. She would act totally relaxed and oblivious to their suggestions. She really didn't care if they were lesbians. At all. As long as they kept their hands off of her.

“Yeah, well I'm a real landlubber. I barely swim. And I'm an Earth sign in the zodiac if that means anything.”

“If you get wet you turn to mud?” suggested Lydia slyly.

Harmony wondered if that was meant to be sexually suggestive. She chose not to react to that comment at all.

Gretchen breathed practically in her ear, “Or does it just mean you are... dirty?”

Harmony decided to move past this. These two seemed like they were trying to outdo each other, “Do we have some photos to take or shoot or whatever?”

Gretchen cooed, “Aren't you an eager beaver!”

Lydia half choked and half laughed out, “Eager Beaver!”

Harmony's eyes widened in alarm. This was really over the top.

Gretchen's hand on her shoulder gave her a little push towards the couch, "Sit right next to Lydia. I'll start the video and join you."

"Video?"

"This is sort of an interview as well as a product test."

"Product test?" Harmony was at the couch and looked in dismay as Lydia patted the couch cushion right next to her hip with an expression on her face like a smugly confident crocodile in a watering hole waiting for a zebra to take a drink.

Harmony reluctantly sat down but kept an innocent and friendly look on her face.

Gretchen was at the video recorder, "Yes, we'll ask you some questions and also test the product. In this case the swim suit you are wearing. That's why it was such a great choice by your Mom. There are some complaints and concerns about that suit. As product sponsors we also are required to report problems and even test them. We'll get your reactions and experiences documented for posterity."

Of course, Gretchen had planned all along to claim there were "concerns" about whatever suit that Harmony wore over....

“And future generations!” laughed Lydia as she slapped at Harmony's bare right thigh apparently to include her in what must be an inside joke of some kind.

The slaps stung her thigh a little and Harmony thought the contact was way too familiar. Besides, wasn't Lydia worried Gretchen would get jealous?

Gretchen turned on the video recorder and joined them on the couch. She sat right up against Harmony's left side. Way too close. Harmony felt sort of trapped.

Gretchen reached over with her left hand as her right was at a poor angle – too close to Harmony and holding the remote – and flicked at the edge of one seashell covering the top of Harmony's left breast, “This is one area of concern on the suit. People say the shells are too rough on the side against the breast.”

Lydia used her right hand to tap at the seashell covering Harmony's right breast, “They also say their boobs get too sweaty in there.”

“Oh my,” Gretchen said with mock concern, “Harmony, are your breasts covered in perspiration?”

Harmony, nervous, decided to joke as she often did when nervous, “The shells don't cover much breast so there really can't be that much

perspiration even if they do cause it.”

“We'll just check the part that is covered,” said Gretchen with a husky voice.

“Was covered,” added Lydia as she pulled the shell covering Harmony's right breast out and bent down to peak in at the nipple.

“A little warning next time?” Harmony almost could not believe how these ladies seemed totally unconcerned with how they were perceived by her. It was like manners were a foreign concept to them.

“No.” said Gretchen simply.

“No?” Harmony turned her head to look at her even as she felt Lydia's breath on the side of her breast.

Gretchen said, “We don't want prima donna models. You need to be compliant and ready for anything.”

“And eager to please.” added Lydia.

“Which means,” clarified Gretchen, “That you don't do anything. Unless we tell you to do something. Then you do that something without question and right away.”

Harmony did not like the sound of any of that. Or the feel of Lydia's breath on her nipple, "That sounds... one-sided."

"Oh, it is. It is."

"Why is your nipple hard?" inquired Lydia.

"It's... not!" Harmony wasn't actually sure. It was almost overwhelming having these two big ladies pressed against her, invading her personal space, breathing on her. Harmony wasn't sure what was or wasn't going on with her nipple.

"Let me see if it is or not." Lydia got a couple fingers in between the seashell and Harmony's breasts and got the nipple in between them. It was a tight fit with the big fingers and the shell pulled hard outward from Harmony's chest leaving just a couple inches of space due to the tight fabric strings that made the two shells into an alleged bikini top.

The two fingers scissored sideways and managed to repeatedly squeeze the nipple. Each scissoring action caused a burst of unwelcome but pleasurable sensation.

"Oh my God! Stop that!"

Gretchen whispered at her, "Shhh, now. Be a good little model."

“Well... that's *my* nipple!”

“We need to know. Is it hard?”

Harmony had no idea at this point. It probably had not been but, as the scissoring continued, who knew? Harmony held her tongue, not sure what to say or do. She could feel those sideways fingers scissoring away. She could feel blood rushing into her nipple.

It may not have been hard before but it was hard now! So was the other one still hidden under the second seashell!

Lydia was pleased, “It's a hard nipple all right. Nice hard nipple.”

Harmony had to say something now! To defend herself or explain or get them to stop. Something. “It isn't any of your business if my nipples.... Well, however they are doing.”

“Au contraire, mon frere, as the French would say,” huskily whispered Gretchen, “It is our business. You see, there have been complaints these seashell breast cups are abrasive when the nipples of the wearer are hard. So, is it abrasive on your left breast over here, the one covered?”

Harmony was surprised. Maybe they did have a legitimate reason... for making her nipples hard, “Ah. No. It's fine.”

Was it fine? Not really. Her hard nipple felt squashed to one side. The seashell had no give to it. It really was hot and perspiration damp under that shell. Shells just didn't breathe! Her nipples pressed, sideways, against the ultra smooth interior of the shell.

Harmony wondered crazily if that little mermaid, Ariel, ever had this same type of problem. Must not have or she just would have gone topless like any self-respecting mermaid should and then Disney never would have made that movie.

Harmony felt like she had to say the nipple was fine as it was. That was the nipple's best chance to stay covered. Harmony did not want them to see that both her nipples were now somehow, improbably, hard. Two hard nipples would be twice as bad as one! That was just... math!

Gretchen made further inquiries, "But, is this nipple as hard as the one Lydia is examining?"

"Yeeeeees. I think so."

"Why are they so hard?"

"I... don't know." Harmony really wasn't sure why they were so hard. It wasn't just one thing. It wasn't just the scissoring action by Lydia. After all, Lydia was only finger scissoring one of her nipples. It was the intense

proximity of the two women, it was wearing such a slutty outfit in the first place, and it was Gretchen whispering in her sensitive ears also.

She didn't want to say, or admit, all that to these two strange strangers.

Chapter Seven

Lydia spoke, “Hey, Gretch, weren't the reports saying that the breasts got sore when the nipples were hard *and* it was damp inside the seashell cups?”

“Oh, yes, that's right! Put it to the test over there and I'll do the same on this one.”

Harmony was speechless, both mentally and physically as her throat locked up, when Gretchen lasciviously licked across a few of her fingers on her right hand, used her left hand to pull out the seashell, leaned away from Harmony to get the right angle, and then wiped the saliva damp fingers of her right hand across Harmony's aureole and nipple.

Harmony could not even bring any words into creation on her mental staging ground let alone actually utter them.

While Harmony was distracted with that action she was suddenly even more shocked to feel a mouth on her right nipple. Lydia had pulled the seashell cup up to the top of Harmony's breast and released it. This left her right nipple uncovered but not for long as Lydia's mouth had descended and engulfed it. Her strong tongue swabbed aggressively and rapidly back and forth.

Some words finally formed in Harmony's mind. "This is not appropriate!" was all Harmony could think over and over. She had to make that clear!

"Hey...."

Just the one word and then she stopped speaking. That was hardly a strong protest! Admittedly, the tongue did feel great no matter who it belonged to. The moist fingers on her other nipple also felt great. Harmony had sensitive nipples in general so that was part of it.

Now crowding into Harmony's mind, running into and colliding with the stopped up statement that this was not appropriate, were hundreds of "no, no, no, no, no" words. Getting all jammed up ineffectually inside her.

The two photographers then even talked to each other as if Harmony in between them was just some kind of mannequin.

“Hey, Lydia, this other nipple is hard, too.”

Lydia pulled her mouth off “her” nipple, “Instead of finger “middle men” I just went ahead and popped this hard one in my mouth. Had to make sure it was fully covered and completely wet.”

Lydia sucked Harmony's nipple back into her mouth. It was even harder now after exposure to the cooling air. Harmony wasn't sure about all this but she recognized her nipple was quite happy to go back into that warm spit nest. She didn't think her nipples had ever been this hard before. This hard or this sensitive.

Gretchen agreed happily, “My, that *is* a good point. I'll do that, too.”

Harmony's now-hooded eyes widened. She knew exactly what Gretchen was going to do. It was obvious. She had to say something! Not because it wouldn't feel good. She had to say something to stop it because it *would* feel good. If her left nipple started to feel just as good, no, great, as her right one was now feeling... well, there could be some kind of trouble.

But, despite her alarm, she said nothing.

The left seashell cup was flipped and released to rest on the upward slope of Harmony's breast. Then that nipple was equally engulfed in its own haven of warm saliva. The now dual sensation was incredible for the incredulous Harmony. She had never even known her nipples could supply that much sexy sensation.

Harmony made a mental note to have her male partner in her next make-out session spend a lot of time on her nipples. It felt so great with these... ladies... and Harmony was no lesbian. Would it feel even better with a man? At least as good hopefully!

Harmony looked down and saw the top of one black-haired head on her right breast and one blonde-haired head on her left breast. Unbelievable.

She felt like... such a slut.

She wished these were men.

Of course... if they were men... two men sucking her nipples... flicking them with their tongues... two men at once... then she'd still be a slut....

Either way, a slut.

Harmony had never realized it was so sexy pleasurable to be a slut. No wonder some woman became sluts!

Harmony realized that as much as her nipples enjoyed the attention the attention itself had clearly gone on too long. This was supposed to be a photo shoot, not some lesbian nipple-suckfest! They were taking liberties with her!

Harmony was finally able to martial some words and even forced herself to say them in a casual and confident way.

“I think my nipples are wet enough. You can come up for air now ladies.”

Gretchen and Lydia, who both seemed to have attended the same school of nipple sucking, each applied strong suction while drawing their mouths off the nipple until the nipples popped free. It was an extreme increase in pleasure instilled in Harmony's nipples and she would not deny they were harder than they'd ever been. They did not just seem hard. They seemed swollen and hard and filled with ten times more nerve endings than ever before.

Harmony sighed with relief and, yes, a little disappointment that the wet suctioning of her nipples was over.

Gretchen was back to addressing the concern, “Let's put these seashells back in place for awhile and see how the nipples do when they are both hard and wet enclosed in their hard shell.”

“Sure thing.” Lydia was agreeable. They did not care to get Harmony's input.

Gretchen observed, “They're like a couple hard little pink peanuts. They'll be peanuts in their shells.”

Lydia husked, “We'll see what these little nuts can grow.”

The two replaced the seashells and the hard but smooth inner surface pressed the hard nipples back into Harmony's full breasts. They pushed the little erections into the soft breast flesh until their tips were even with the aureoles. Like pushing little buoys down in the water, ones that were buoyant and wanted to pop back up to the surface.

Harmony closed her eyes for a second to concentrate on how her nipples felt. They may ask her and she wanted to be ready with her answer. Also, it sort of creeped her out how they were looking at her like she was meat roasting over an open fire just about fully cooked.

Harmony wasn't sure about fully cooked but she sure felt at least partially cooked. She was trying not to think about what was happening down at her pussy. That was secret! She wished it was so secret that it was even secret from herself! Need to know basis and she didn't even want to know.

Harmony was very thankful that at least she didn't have some big shell down there covering her pubic area. Some big one or maybe a starfish. Because then maybe these big photographer ladies would get it into their big heads that they needed to test *that* shell area *also*....

Harmony's nipples were sending singing pleasure into her. She'd be lying if she said they were not influencing her pussy. She would never admit it to them but her pussy was quite wet now. Harmony figured it was just a physical reaction. Just biology with no loyalty to what was right.

Except it wasn't just biology. It wasn't just the input of sensation. There was more to it. There really was something about getting the attention of two people at once. Even if they were women. Even if one was just average looking and the other one was far below average and thus both were well below Harmony in the looks department. Even if they were far older than her, nearly Mom's age. Even if the attention was uninvited. Even if the attention had gone too far and was totally too much. Or maybe a little because of all those things instead of despite them.

Her hot wet hard nipples pressed and confined inside the instantly moist and swamp-like seashells were producing a unique sensation. It was just a little removed from discomfort but somehow it was extremely arousing.

Each when the ladies pressed and rubbed the exterior of the seashells. They were making a dented impression in her breasts. That also was both uncomfortable and somehow arousing. Instead of sleep lines it was going to leave seashell lines. Their little pats on the seashells sent vibrations to her nipples that made them push back futilely against the smooth shell surface.

When Harmony opened her eyes she saw that Gretchen's face was quite close to her own. Again, invading her personal space. Did she have any “personal space” left?

“How do your nipples feel in there?”

Harmony did not know what to say.

Gretchen went on, pretending to be oblivious to Harmony's discomfort, “One of the complaints was that these seashell cups, besides being hard and uncomfortable and keeping in too much moisture, made the wearer feel like a slut. Is it having that effect on you? Do you feel like a slut?”

Yes. Yes, she did feel like a slut! Pretty embarrassing! What should she say?

“Um, yes, I can see that.”

Gretchen was pointedly insistent, “So you do feel like a slut?”

“Um, yes.”

“But is that really a bad thing?”

“I... don't know.”

“Is it really the fault of the swimsuit?”

“What do you mean?” It was hard for Harmony to think with the two of them tapping away at the seashells. The shells did not mute the contact. Like little drumbeats reverberating through her pressed tight breasts. The taps seemed to expand into something bigger.

“Perhaps you just are a slut. Perhaps it is not fair to blame this poor swimsuit just because you're a slut.”

“I'm not a slut!”

“No judgment. It's fine if you are a slut. We just need to know so we can make an honest judgment on this product.”

“I'm not a slut.”

“You can tell us. We're good at keeping secrets.”

“I'm not a slut.”

“Saying something doesn't make it true.”

“I'm not a slut.”

“The problem is lots of sluts have no idea they're sluts. You may really think you are not a slut but you may be a total slut.”

“I'm. Not. A. Slut.” Harmony was torn between anger and frustration on the one hand and pleasure and a strange need to answer Gretchen in whatever way Gretchen wanted instead of what Harmony wanted. Both nipples felt wet and so did her pussy which was really heating up. Hot and wet and suddenly so needy.

“Your nipples got way hard way quick,” noted Gretchen and then she did an impression of Harmony by raising her voice and sounding a bit out of breath, “Just. Like. A. Slut.”

Harmony had to protest, “That's just physiology. Just nerve reactions. You know. The contact.”

Gretchen tried to sound judicial, “You make a fair point. The contact. I know how we can tell for sure.”

“How?” chimed in Lydia sensing she could help this seduction move along better than could the reluctant and distracted Harmony.

“The pussy. The pussy will show us the right answer!”

Chapter Eight

Harmony's mouth opened and she was about to protest. But protest what and how? Now they were talking about her pussy! But they hadn't explained how her pussy could show the right answer. However, Harmony did not like where this conversation was going. It was going even further way off course. This was totally unprofessional.

“How so, Gretch?”

“Her pussy has had no physical contact. If she's not a slut it should be dry.”

“Hey, that makes sense. But if its wet, then she's a slut!”

Oh oh, thought Harmony. This sounded like trouble. She didn't like the direction this was moving in. As in down South. South of her waistband that is.

Gretchen grinned at Lydia over Harmony's head because she was so much taller than Harmony and Harmony has slouched down a bit by then, "Let's check it then. Just to see. You know, scientifically."

Harmony wondered if she had any say in this... experiment. Did she?

Gretchen grabbed Harmony's left leg, the one up against her own leg, and pulled it up, over, and open. She set it down with the thigh hooked over and resting on her own thigh. Her other foot came across to lock across Harmony's left shin.

Harmony's left leg was imprisoned! She tried but could barely move it!

Lydia spoke slyly, "Not sure I can trust you, Gretch. Results should never depend on a single judge. Checks and balances and all that."

"I agree," said Gretchen cheerily, "I would not have it any other way!"

Lydia roughly grabbed Harmony's right leg and looped it across her own left thigh in a mirror image action to what Gretchen did. She also locked it in place by crossing her ankles with her other leg over Harmony's shin.

Harmony lifted her hands as if she was about to do something with them but couldn't think what so she let them sink back down to her sides.

Then she opened her mouth as if she was about to say something but couldn't think what so she closed it again.

Of course, she *could* protest... but, really, would they listen to her? They seemed so uncannily confident and determined. Like all this was preordained or like they had done it many times before.

Harmony realized both of the photographers were leaning forward and studying the bottoms of her swimsuit. Specifically, the crotch area.

Lydia grunted, “Thing is they design these swimsuits not to show if they are wet or dry. They look exactly the same either way.”

Gretchen tutted like a mother hen, “Tsk, then we'll have to check by feel. As much as we don't want to we will just have to do it.”

Lydia agreed, “Dedication, that's what it is. Getting our hands... our fingers... dirty with slut juices. For the sake of scientific knowledge.”

“The greater good, Lydia, always mind the greater good.”

Gretchen grabbed the top of the crotch band just above Harmony's pussy where it was at least somewhat wide, and pulled it hard towards her. In an instant Harmony's pussy was bare to the living room.

Her dark brown pubic hair was trimmed in area but quite full over her

slit. The pubic hair was darkened and matted down with moisture in areas but Gretchen and Lydia chose to ignore that indicator. Harmony wasn't going to point it out to them either! She still wanted them to believe she wasn't a slut. She wanted to believe that herself.

Harmony wondered what would save her from this awkward and embarrassing and arousing situation. Not herself certainly. Not them obviously. Who then? Surely someone!

With the way now clear Gretchen went ahead and let one finger slide up and down Harmony's swollen pussy lips. Harmony's eyes bulged but her throat was locked in silence.

Gretchen moved her one finger up and down, up and down, from the very top to the very bottom of Harmony's slit.

“I don't know, Lydia, it seems wet to me.”

Lydia played angel's advocate, “Well, she says she is not a slut. I'd hate to think she was lying to us. That would make her a lying slut. To be fair, I think you should get in there more, check deeper, see if she really is wet and how wet or how much of a slut she really is. Just to be fair.”

Harmony knew they were manipulating her and playing with her mind and taking advantage of her. But she wasn't sure why or how that one big

finger could feel so incredibly powerfully good tracing her pussy lips. It was like she had a new state-of-the-art set of pussy lips with magnified powers of sensations.

Gretchen agreed, "I will. You're right I guess. It could be some heavy aromatic perspiration from being cooped up in those tight bottoms. Perspiration wouldn't be deeper in though. Gee, hate to do it and all but, this really is the only way to know for sure."

"Exactly! Also, we should not rely on just one finger judging the wetness."

Lydia agreed with that as well, "As previously stated: results should never depend on a single judge. Checks and balances and all that."

Gretchen slid two fingers up Harmony's pussy. They kept sliding up until her knuckles gently bumped and spread Harmony's pussy lips further. Harmony could hardly believe how long those fingers were! They were more filling than any of the three cocks Harmony had felt penetrate her pussy thus far in her young life.

Wait! Harmony tried to recover some self-control. Some awareness. This woman had two fingers up her pussy! Two big fingers! And... she was working them in and out now! Just like she was fucking her. Finger fucking

her!

The other one, Lydia, reached in above Gretchen's penetrating fingers, it was getting crowded with digits down there, but Lydia's fingertip of her big index finger made it to the top of Harmony's slit. Lydia rubbed the pad of her finger back and forth across Harmony's clitoral hood.

Harmony worried but all she could manage was a ineffectual frown neither photographer noticed not that they anything Harmony did would have made them alter course. Harmony was concerned that... if Lydia kept that up or pressed harder.... Harmony bucked but essentially remained in place. Oh, it happened, her clitoris had poked free and Lydia was rubbing it directly now.

It was both horrible and exquisite. It was a worst best case scenario or a best worst case scenario. Or both!

Gretchen sounded very self-satisfied when she spoke, "You sure are a wet slut. Soaking. Even before my fingers got in there. You already had a nice pussy soup brewed up. Test over. Slut confirmed."

"Gretch, she has to agree or we need to keep testing her. Only fair."

"Yes, that is true. So, what was your name? Never mind, let's just call you Slut so you get comfortable with who you are."

Lydia corrected her, “Did you mean to say “who” she is? Don't you mean *what* she is?”

“My bad. What she is. A slut. So, Slut, do you agree you're a slut?”

“Ah, well...” Harmony wished her first sound hadn't sounded so pleasure-filled. She also wished all those fingers weren't teaming up on her poor pussy. At the same time, she wished they would rub and thrust faster and harder. Never in her life had she so much wanted something she did not want. Or was it that she'd never before so much not wanted what she did want?

Harmony was confused. She didn't know right from wrong or friend from foe.

She did know her pussy wanted more of what it was getting. She knew it wasn't just her pussy. Something about being overwhelmed by these two big ladies, controlled and manipulated... it was an incredible turn on. She also knew Gretchen wanted an answer.

What should her answer be? Heaven forbid the truth that she felt like a slut and was loving that feeling. But... from what they'd said, if she refused to agree that she was a slut they would keep on “testing” her. Which meant those fingers rubbing away even more of her willpower.

She couldn't let that happen! She was a heterosexual young woman with no interest in big older women who treated her like an idiot! The only way out was just to agree. Fine. She'd do it.

“Yes. I am. I am one.”

“One what? Don't be shy. Tell the world. Tell your friend over there, the video recorder.”

Harmony had forgotten all about the video recorder. Was it actually on? For real? She looked at it through her splayed apart legs. It was centered on her. Her pussy was probably right in the middle of the picture!

Harmony realized it didn't matter. Either way she still had to say she was a slut just to get out of being treated like a slut. Video recorder or no video recorder. Besides, they already had plenty of film of her responding like a slut so it didn't matter if she admitted it – well, agreed that she was slut to avoid more slut treatment – because it was already right there on video.

Harmony looked directly at the video recorder. She meant it as a sort of defiance but it just came off, well, slutty, “I'm a slut.”

“Oooooo!” exclaimed Lydia.

“Oooooo, tell us more, Slut,” enthused Gretchen.

“I'm a slut. Just a slutty girl. I'm a big-time slut.”

Chapter Nine

Gretchen pushed a third finger into Harmony's hot wet accommodating pussy and thrust all three hard and deep, “I agree. I know Lydia agrees. Your pussy definitely agrees. It's unanimous!”

Harmony tried to rise up off those fingers, felt weak and overwhelmed and altogether hopeless, and sunk back down on them. They seemed to thrust in even further than before.

“Fine. I passed the test. Or failed it. I don't know. So now you don't need to test me anymore. Can you take your fingers out and you...,”

Harmony looked beseechingly at Lydia, “Can you stop what you're doing?”

Lydia laughed, “Of course we can. But.”

Gretchen finished for her, “We won't. You see, a Slut like you loves this kind of action. A Slut needs it. It would be terribly unfair of us if we

denied you what you now admit you are. A creature ruled by passion and lust.”

Lydia again, “Your Mistress Gretchen and your Mistress Lydia control your pleasures. And pains. Which in turn rule you. So, cut to the chase, we rule you, Slut.”

Harmony was alarmed and confused. She had said what they wanted and they were still going to finger her and who knows what else? They were going to keep on pushing these profound pleasures on her?

Harmony leaned back a little and pushed her pussy up higher. She did it without thought or intent. She didn't know why she did it. She did know right away it made her pussy even more accessible to the pair. They were thrusting and rubbing away almost furiously now. It felt absolutely great. Her whole lower body was liquid with pleasure.

Her mind found a niche to dwell on. That term. What Lydia said the two women were to her. Mistresses. Harmony knew the term held a lot of content. Like that they were in charge. Harmony had to admit that was true. What did it mean about her? What did it mean they thought of her? Her role? What was the polar opposite to “Mistress”?

It was slave, wasn't it!?! The idea was alarming and arousing in equal

parts. She, obviously, was no slave. The idea was completely silly. But the idea these ladies somehow thought of her that way wasn't silly and was highly arousing.

Before getting totally submerged in the situation a thought occurred to Harmony. Several thoughts actually.

Had Gretchen made any moves on Abigail during Abigail's photo session? Had she... made progress with Abigail? Made progress with her... also...?

Did Lydia try anything with Mom? Would Mom have let Lydia get away with anything? It was hard to imagine that!

On the other hand, it would explain why Mom and Abigail seemed so odd since their photo sessions. It fit very neatly.

So then... why hadn't Abigail or, especially, Mom, warned her? Maybe... they were embarrassed? Because Gretchen and Lydia *had* made “progress” with them? Maybe they didn't want anyone else to know and could not warn Harmony because they wanted more of the same?

Could her family really be that slutty? Could her family really be that *lesbian*?

It was hard to believe Mom would let her go – no, send her – into the arms of these two without any warning if she had any hint as to their nature. If they had tried anything with Mom and failed then Mom would surely have warned her. Probably would have packed the family up and moved them out immediately.

If Lydia had somehow... sexually taken... Mom then she could see Mom not warning her or, how awful, even becoming complicit in setting up her oldest daughter. For instance, this awful seashell bikini. Mom had dressed her up in it!

These thoughts were not productive. They were counter-productive in that, for some unknown reason, they actually turned on Harmony.

Harmony was starting to think she really was a slut.

Harmony laid back and raised her pussy cooperatively. These two lesbians really did know their way around a woman's body. They knew exactly what to do to Harmony. She better not get used to this level of excellence. It would ruin any sex she had with men.

The pretenses fell away. The two older women weren't talking now. They were all about the physical effort. They were all action.

Lydia flipped her top up so the strings and seashell cups rested on

Harmony's throat. Her face descended and her mouth sucked in seemingly half of Harmony's right breast. That mouth kept sucking and suctioning. Lydia sucked so hard that Harmony felt the end of her nipple make contact with something back there, practically past the tongue. Wow. Was that the back of her throat or that little thing that dangled down back there? Wow.

Harmony's nipple welcomed the attention. It had felt ignored after the earlier attention it had received. The crotch band of Harmony's swimsuit was released by Gretchen but stayed in its offset place. Stayed in place out of place to one side of Harmony's swollen labia. The swelling of Harmony's sex was not allowing the tight swimsuit bottoms to slip back in place. That in turn allowed Lydia to fully work her fingers at a good angle on Harmony's clitoris which was also begging for attention.

Harmony's clitty wanted all the attention, all the contact, it could get!

Gretchen powered her triangle of three fingers into Harmony. Harmony's pussy felt bigger than life. Like it alone was more important than all the rest of her.

Harmony climaxed. It was no surprise to Gretchen or Lydia other than they didn't think it should have taken quite this long. For some reason it did take Harmony by surprise and by storm. She'd been so caught in the present,

the moment, she'd given no thought to where it was all logically going.

Chapter Ten

Afterward, Harmony was exhausted and out of it but still listened to the two women talking.

“Rude little Slut, isn't she?” said Lydia.

Harmony wondered what she'd done that was rude.

Gretchen agreed with Lydia, “They often are at first. To be fair – and, you know, we are *always* fair, no Slut rules have been explained to her yet. Training. They always need training. Poor little sluts just don't know.”

“Well then, tell her.”

“Are you recovered enough from your orgasm, Slut? Ready to take some constructive criticism?”

Lydia clarified, “By which Gretch -- that's Mistress Gretchen to you – means now you're going to learn some rules. Or else. You'll do them from

now on or we'll spank your ass. We'll still fuck it but we'll spank it first. If you like the spankings, and you likely will, then we'll come up with other ways to punish you.”

Harmony tried to understand all this with pleasure still pulsing back and forth in her pussy and lower torso. Rules? From now on? Spank her ass? Fuck her ass? Harmony dully knew she should be alarmed but it was hard to muster the energy for alarm.

She needed to get out of there. Reboot herself like you would a computer. That fixed most problems. She needed to revert to her original programming. These two bull lesbians were like viruses in her software. Her soft silky oh so wet software.

“So,” said Gretchen, “Here are the first few rules to know. Don't orgasm without permission. Ask sweetly and politely and more likely than not we'll let you orgasm. Us or whoever is your Mistress or Master at the moment you need an orgasm. By the way, you'll find that maybe you used to want an orgasm but in the future you'll feel like you *need* the orgasms. After an orgasm, as soon as you can, or even as you orgasm, thank your Master or Mistress for providing and allowing the orgasm. See, it is just simple manners. Now tell me you understand.”

Harmony did not want to agree to these rules. They were entirely one-sided. And weird. And not fair. But she did understand the rules so she supposed she could say she understood them without actually agreeing to them. She was sure this whole thing was some sort of one time aberration anyway.

“I understand.”

“That's good but still rude. I'm sure a lowly dirty slut like you meant no offense. You need to always address a Master or Mistress by their title. Again, it is just simple manners. So. Try again. Do you understand and who are you telling that you understand?”

Harmony realized they wanted her to say they were her Mistresses! Saying it obviously meant it would be at least a step closer to being the truth. It really wasn't a good idea to say it.

“I understand, Mistresses.”

She'd said it! She hadn't thought she would. These women just put expectations on her and... for some reason she just wanted to fulfill those expectations. She did not want to let them down.

It was weird. The whole thing was weird. It was weird how when she said “Mistresses” her pussy clamped against itself, the pussy walls rubbing

together pleurably. It really was a turn on.

Lydia got down on her knees in between Harmony's legs. Harmony was an amateur at lesbian sex but even she could guess what was coming next. She felt a strange anticipation. She wanted it. This was just a one time aberration so... why not?

Lydia slung each of Harmony's legs over each of her broad shoulders. It pulled Harmony's pussy up into perfect position and made it possible for Harmony to spread her legs more but not any less.

Lydia spoke with her mouth just an inch from Harmony's pussy, "She passed the slut feel test. And," Lydia inhaled deeply, "She passes the slut sniff test. Have to be sure though. Let's see if she passes the slut taste test."

Lydia planted her mouth on Harmony's pussy at the top right over and including Harmony's clitoris. Lydia went to work on it like a wild pig hunting for truffles.

Harmony groaned and then yelped. Her clit was so sensitive from the orgasm! That mouth! Those lips! That fucking tongue! They were all teaming up to provide much more sensation than Gretchen's three skillful fingers plunging in and out just below Lydia's mouth.

Harmony had thought the orgasm she'd just had was a big one. She

already knew she was going to have another one and she already knew it would be even bigger than the last one!

Harmony gasped and arching her pussy up into Lydia's mouth. She was instinctively feeding her pussy to Lydia!

Gretchen caught Harmony's attention – a little bit – when she caught Harmony's hard left nipple in her mouth and began alternately nipping and sucking at it.

The orgasm was roaring up on Harmony. So quick! If it happened it would by far be the two closest in proximity orgasms she'd ever had.

Harmony was dimly aware she needed to do... something... other than just climaxing. What was it again...?

“Oh, ooh, Mistresses... can I orgasm?”

Gretchen released her nipple, “Proper English, Slut. “May I” not “can I”. Of course you “can”. We've already proven that! Now, ask real nice and real proper, Slut.”

“I'm sorry,” Harmony could hardly believe she was apologizing. “May I please orgasm, Mistresses?”

“That depends. Help us clear something up. Besides obviously being a

Slut we think you're a slave, too. Our slave at least for the time being. I'm sure if you agree with that then we can permit you to orgasm.”

Even on the edge of orgasm this request sent a shiver of worrisome foreboding up and down Harmony's spine. Surely that was going too far. Surely that was not right.

On the other hand... she sure needed an orgasm. Any price to pay did not seem too much at that particular moment. If she could just make sure this “slave” thing was pretend fun and just for this one encounter.

“Your slave. Uh, umm, oh, what does that mean?”

“It's no big deal. It just means we own you. You do anything we tell you without question. You get no say in it unless we tell you to talk dirty then you can have your say and talk dirty but that's about it. Go where we say, dress how we say, if at all, fuck who we say.”

“Well, oh, oh, oh my, um, for how long?”

Gretchen laughed and Harmony could feel Lydia giggling against her pussy, “Forever, you silly Slut.”

“That, um, oh, gosh, oh, that seems like, oh, mmm, a long time, mmm, oh, for one orgasm.”

“Yes, it is a very uneven deal. But, take it or leave it.”

Harmony couldn't take it, the pleasure, any longer, so, since she couldn't take the pleasurable need any more, she found she just had to take the deal. Even though she knew it was a very bad deal. It was all hard to believe though.

Of course, her disbelief would not protect her. Just the opposite.

“Yes! Oh God! All right! Make me cum! I'm your slave. Your slave forever! Oh, just make me cum! Please, Mistresses!”

“You've asked so nicely and politely! Of course you may cum! Lydia, bring our new Slave Slut over the edge.” Gretchen engulfed Harmony's left nipple in hot wetness and suction once again.

Lower down Lydia did the unexpected. She nipped at Harmony's clitoris. It was a glancing nip, just a scraping contact in the heat of mouth to pussy, but it immediately sent Harmony into a mind-altering orgasm. Her hips started bouncing of their own accord and Gretchen was unable to keep Harmony's nipple in her mouth.

Gretchen pulled her fingers free of Harmony's spasming pussy and brought that hand up to shove them into Harmony's open gasping mouth. She shoved them in deep which changed the gasps into a sort or gurgle.

Lydia was able to restrain Harmony's energized hips and seal her mouth around that young clitoris partially through sheer suction power. She orally rode out the bucking bronco.

Lydia had a specific plan in mind. She knew it was always best to push a slave's limits and make them do or do unto them what they think later on they could never get from anyone else.

It built loyalty of a sorts. What was slavery but an extreme, the most extreme, form of loyalty?

Lydia slid her mouth down once Harmony's hips calmed a little and sealed her big mouth on that small pussy. It was a new kind of liplock.

The tremendous orgasm made Harmony's body release a flood of juices into her vagina. The juices kept flowing.

Lydia's mouth on Harmony's pussy lips kept most the juices inside her. Once Harmony's orgasm calmed, which took a while, Lydia applied tremendous suction against the opening to Harmony's vaginal channel.

Lydia was able to obtain a good half-mouthful of pussy fluids. She pressed her lips closed to keep it in her mouth and then moved up Harmony's body.

Harmony was lost in post-orgasmic bliss with some added pleasure from Gretchen's mouth working on her reacquired nipple. Harmony was barely conscious of her surroundings. Even if she had known what Lydia was doing she would not have resisted. At this point they could do pretty much anything to her.

Harmony's tongue flopped randomly on Gretchen's inserted fingers but then they withdrew and she whined from a sense of loss.

Lydia placed her much larger mouth over Harmony's. Harmony's mouth was still open gasping to recover her breath. The unexpected contact of Lydia's mouth made Harmony open her eyes but she did not try to close her own mouth. Lydia unhinged her mouth and dropped her load of Harmony's slick pussy juice and her own thick saliva right into Harmony's mouth.

Harmony blinked.

Lydia pulled her mouth off and used one hand to press Harmony's chin up and keep her mouth closed.

Then she told Harmony what to do, "Swallow it all, Slave."

There was no time for Harmony to think but there was always time to obey immediately.

Harmony gulped it down. It felt heavy going down her throat. Lydia released her chin and Harmony opened her mouth really tasting her own flavor now.

It was outrageous and disgusting and it made her pussy flame with renewed lust.

If Lydia gave her more of the same she knew she would take it and swallow it down. She'd take the gift happily. She supposed this was the sort of nasty thing a slut did and enjoyed doing. She had enjoyed it so....

Chapter Eleven

Lydia looked self-satisfied, “Maybe your first taste of pussy. Your own. You'll soon be having a pussy taste test so remember how your pussy tastes for comparison.”

Gretchen let Harmony's thoroughly worked over nipple go free from her mouth just long enough to speak, “You're going to go from “first taste of pussy” to eating pussy pretty much every day. The sooner you get a taste for

it the better. It'll be best for you if pussy becomes your new favorite flavor.”

Gretchen sucked Harmony's left nipple back into her hot mouth.

Harmony said nothing but she figured since Lydia was so self-satisfied then she must be happy with Harmony's performance also. If swallowing a mouthful of spit and pussy juice made Lydia happy she'd do it any day of the week. Having to do it every day of the week was not so far-fetched based on what these two ladies were saying to her.

Hmm. Taste test. She wondered if that meant what she thought it did. She wondered if she was up to the challenge. Would she be able to please whichever one of them she did it to as well as they had pleased her? She really did not want to let them down. They'd done so much for her already. They'd done so much to force her to understand who – no, what – she really was.

Her previous life had been some kind of lie and she hadn't even known it!

These two sure were into conducting tests! Harmony looked forward to this new test. The taste test. She didn't want to say as much, not unless they told her to admit it. Then she would and she realized that would turn her on.

Lydia thrust a finger into Harmony's orgasm-sensitized pussy and then

quickly pulled it out and put it against Harmony's lips.

Harmony thought it was obvious what the expectation was. Before it had been an unexpected pussy juice delivery. Now Lydia wanted her to be complicit.

Whatever Mistress Lydia wanted....

Harmony wrapped her lips around the finger and fluttered her tongue around it. She suddenly realized she was intentionally putting on a show for Mistress Lydia, sucking and slurping and looking hotly up into her eyes as Lydia stood over her.

So... that is what her own fresh hot orgasmic pussy juice tasted like without spit mixed in. Would one of the Mistresses taste the same?

Lydia watched her casually like she was watching an ant on the window sill. But she spoke to Gretchen, “Gretchen, as a professional tit connoisseur, what do you think of this slave's tits?”

Gretchen gently spat out the nipple to answer, “Good. Quite good. Abundant size, soft but firm, big nipples, sensitive nipples. Fucking tasty.”

“Oh ho, we have a keeper!”

Harmony was not sure if she should be alarmed about being a keeper or

be pleased. It was a huge compliment, of course, that Mistress Gretchen liked her breasts. But that term “keeper”....

Harmony still wasn't sure about all this talk of being kept and eating pussy every day. This was quite a change. Were they kidding? They were kidding, right? Sort of playing a role to benefit this one encounter? To enhance it? An arousing pretend?

Harmony wasn't sure if it was more alarming an idea to be kept by these women or rejected by them and only used once. She was boiling over with curiosity about the possibilities of what they could do to her and with her. What they could make her do. Probably all sorts of things she had never thought she would do. Ever.

Gretchen interrupted her momentary reverie, “My box needs some attention from this slave. I call dibs.”

Harmony wondered what a box was. Oh. Her pussy.

“Fuck! You think my cunt doesn't?” Lydia grumbled. “Fine. You called dibs. I think those guards are onto something though. Paper, scissors, rock. That at least takes skill.”

Gretchen sat on the couch and laid back. Lydia roughly maneuvered Harmony in place so she lay on her tummy and her mouth hovered over

Gretchen's... “box”.

Wow, Harmony could really smell that pussy. It was big and wet and the labial lips were flushed. This “box” really did need attention!

Lydia delivered a sharp spank to Harmony's ass, “Fucking waiting for an invitation? Get to work.”

Gretchen grabbed handfuls of Harmony's hair, guided her mouth down, and spoke more gently, almost maternally, “You need to get good at this. You'll be doing it a lot from now on. Make it your new hobby. Get really good at it.”

Harmony's felt overwhelmed by the need to perform this act. It was crossing a line. A woman either has or has not gone down on another woman's pussy. You were on one side of that line or on the other side of it. But, she already knew which side she was on so Harmony was more worried about not doing it well.

Harmony got in there and went to work with clumsy enthusiasm. After a minute she thought she was doing a decent job based on the sounds coming from Mistress Gretchen.

Harmony thought it tasted good. Only a little different than her own pussy juice. It was getting all over her face. From time to time Gretchen

grabbed her head by the hair and rubbed her face up and and down and side to side in her pussy and then gave Harmony some freedom of movement to get back to more detailed work.

At first Harmony resented it each time Gretchen mashed her face around. Then she got used to it. Then... she sort of like it....

There was so much pussy there for Harmony to tongue, lick, and suck and her own mouth seemed much smaller. She worked at it as quickly and as passionately as she could. The passion was not feigned.

Lydia decided to reward her in a distinctly Lydia way.

With Harmony laying flat her pussy was not so accessible but, of course, her ass was. Lydia spread Harmony's ass cheeks and Harmony paused before Mistress Gretchen slammed her face back in place with a sharp pulls down on her hair handles. Harmony went right back to work. Obviously Lydia would do whatever she was going to do with her ass and Harmony needed to stay focused on this pussy in front of her.

Harmony felt her ass cheeks pulled outward to their limits. She felt embarrassed her asshole was on display with a Mistress right there having a birds eye view of it. It wasn't Harmony's fault and everyone had an asshole and all that but she was still mortified.

Then she felt her asshole drilled by a big Lydia finger!

Lydia stuffed that finger in and out totally without regard to Harmony's comfort.

Harmony thought the finger was huge. This was probably how a penis would feel fucking her butt!

It was nasty, it was wild, it was great. Harmony quickly found herself gently humping her ass back on Mistress Lydia's finger while she carefully kept her mouth centered and working on Mistress Gretchen's box.

Her licking and Lydia's ass fingering and Gretchen's sighs of enjoyment went on for several minutes.

Harmony felt her ass get looser. It felt like it could take something larger.

Lydia, with her practiced eye, agreed. She added a second finger to drill Harmony's ass. Harmony grunted in recognition and licked faster at Gretchen's pussy.

This went on several more minutes. Harmony's pussy dripped a little with droplets scattering on the couch over time. Sometimes Lydia's rough finger drilling drove Harmony's tummy down to the couch where it slid

against the wet material and rubbed the pussy juice in. Then she'd find a way to raise her ass again so the fingers could freely dig deep in her ass.

Whenever she moved or swayed more droplets of pussy juice fell.

Harmony really wanted to orgasm again. Lydia's treatment brought her near but not all the way. It was frustrating and pleasing at the same time. She felt like an animal ruled by instinct. She could not quite orgasm even pushing her ass back to meet those fingers.

Gretchen could orgasm and did. She held Harmony by her hair handles as she climaxed to keep Harmony's face in place and in contact supplying all that sensation and receiving her wetness.

Then the sensations were too much and Gretchen clumsily extricated herself from the couch and from Harmony's eager face.

“My turn!” delighted Lydia.

For some reason Harmony was surprised. She'd thought she would orally please one of them. Just one. Going down on two pussies in a row when she'd never done it before seemed like a bit much. Especially since her jaw was tired and her tongue felt nerveless by now.

She knew it wasn't up to her though. Nothing was now. Maybe nothing would be from now on depending on how serious these two were

about this being an ongoing Mistresses-Slave thing. None of that was up to Harmony any more.

She'd lost her freedom and all she had to show for it was two Mistresses!

She felt like a helium balloon that had been let go by its owner. But she had been its owner and she was the one who had let go. Or let it be taken.

Lydia pulled her penetrating fingers out and wiped them on one of Harmony's ass cheeks. Then she climbed into place, big thighs apart, pussy perfectly centered for Harmony's mouth.

Harmony was worried her weak exhausted mouth would not be able to do a good job for her Mistress Lydia, "I'm sorry. My mouth is very tired. I'm sorry, Mistress Lydia."

Lydia laughed, "Of course it is. But I don't give a shit. Just get your face in place. I'll face fuck you. Nothing quite like face-fucking a cute pert virgin-lesbian face. Consider it your baptism as Slave Slut."

Lydia grabbed her by the hair, like Gretchen had but much rougher, and slammed Harmony's face into her crotch like she was trying to break her nose. Harmony's nose didn't break but she did sometimes find it hard to

catch a breath as Lydia ground her huge and hairy pussy up and down her face.

Harmony gasped for air when she could like a drowning victim occasionally rising to the water's surface and Lydia kept jamming her pussy hard on Harmony's face. She'd grind it in one place and then move a little and grind again. Harmony felt lightheaded.

Lydia soon had Harmony's whole face covered in wetness. Harmony's perfect complexion shined with it. The hair framing Harmony's face darkened with moisture and plastered in place. Harmony's whole world was pussy. Sight, taste, sound, smell, and, mostly, feel.

While her face bounced around and was ground upon, seeming to alternately surface from and submerge into pussy, Harmony felt movement on the couch and then a poke at her own pussy. The light poke became a quick thrust home. Something was in her pussy! Harmony wasn't sure what it was as there was no way Lydia would release her hair to allow her to look back or let her make any verbal inquiry.

Harmony didn't really care what it was. Could be a dildo, a chair leg, a stick, or a small flashlight. She didn't care. Whatever it was, she was grateful it was being shoved in and out of her pussy. Her pussy wanted it and

what her pussy wanted she wanted too.

Her pussy was in charge of her... and they were in charge of her pussy.
A whole new, but quite simple, chain of command.

All of it was thrilling. The physical sensations were just what she needed. Her pussy had wanted more as soon as the last climax ended. It was thrilling to be used and utilized by two people. That they were so forceful and it was a couple perverted too-old-for-her lesbians just made it nastier. Which made it better.

They would just push whatever they felt like pushing inside her pussy. Or her mouth. Or rub it, whatever it was, on her face. Without asking for her input even while they gave her physical input. All of that was thrilling. Harmony guessed she must feel this way because she was a slut.

A lesbian slave slut.

That's what a slave did right? Whatever they were told to do? That was what was done to them? Whatever their Masters or Mistresses felt like doing to them?

Harmony really felt it. She was a slave. That was who she was.

A slave with some object punching in and out of her pussy and a face

covered in pussy juice.

A slave for the moment content in her role.

A slave who she understood she was.

Slave Slut the slut slave!

A Slave Slut who was climaxing! Again!

The volume of her orgasmic moans and groans altered dramatically as Lydia's pussy alternately covered and uncovered her mouth as it ground up against her face.

Chapter Twelve

Lydia delayed and held on to her orgasm until Harmony's orgasm calmed. Then Lydia sped up and really crushed her pussy onto Harmony's face which was red from pubic hair abrasions.

Lydia orgasmed and then quickly set her pussy lip to lip with Harmony's mouth and groaned out her command, “Suck my twat juice, Slave

Bitch. Suck it out. Fill your mouth and hold it there.”

Startled but still dazed, Harmony did her best to comply with her Mistress's order. Lydia produced quite a bit of fluid during orgasm so even though Harmony's mouth seal on her pussy was poor she still got a goodly amount in her mouth. She held it in there and rolled the slickness around with her tongue.

Her tongue was saturated in Lydia's pussy juice. It was gross. It was bizarre. It was so sexy.

She thought Lydia wanted her to bring it up to her mouth but when she tried to do so Lydia made a face, “No, you idiot. Only a real slut would swallow a mouth load of pussy juice. So, go ahead.”

Harmony actually felt guilty and embarrassed by this faux pas. What Lydia said made sense. She was an idiot and mouth loads of pussy juice were for sluts and she was a slut. Slave Slut actually. She gulped it down.

She felt the object pulled out of her still clenching pussy and looked back to see it was a very average looking dildo. Gretchen brought it to Harmony's mouth. Harmony knew exactly what to do. She cleaned it off and put a look of sultry delight on her face as she did so. In moments it was not just a look, it was a real feeling.

She was doing something nasty, she was following her Mistress's direction, and she was putting on a pleasing show for them. Harmony felt something akin to contentment.

Lydia realized something, “Hey, we still need to ask her whose pussy juice tasted the best. The taste test remember?”

Gretchen shrugged, “Who gives a fuck? She's a slave. We don't care what she thinks. She'll guzzle down however much of whoever's muff juice as we say, including her own. It's not like we'll have her do it more or less based on her preferences.”

“Shit, good point. Okay, fuck it.”

Oh. The whole test test was for nothing. Nothing except orgasms. Oh well.

Harmony sat up on the couch looking attentively from one to the other Mistress, waiting for them to tell her what to do next.

Gretchen issued instructions, “All right slutty Slave Slut. We're done with you for now. Go home. Keep your phone on you at all times and wait for us to call or text. Always do whatever we tell you to do immediately. Also, don't you dare have an opinion about our orders.”

“Yeah,” added Lydia, “If we want you to have an opinion about something we'll tell you what it is.”

Gretchen smiled and nodded, “Go home and no talking about this to your slut mom or your slut sister. Just tell them you had a great time and you love us. With a big shit-eating smile on your face.”

Lydia realized something, “Damn, I should have made her eat my ass. Then she'd really have a shit-eating smile.”

Harmony paled and felt ill.

Gretchen waved an arm at Harmony, “She's still here. Go ahead.”

“Naw, the moment has passed. I'm fucking exhausted. I'll have her do it next time we play with her.”

Harmony found little comfort in this temporary reprieve.

Gretchen continued, “Like I said, Harmony, say it with a big pussy-eating smile on your face. They'll know it as a pussy-eating smile because you are to wear that pussy juice on your face and in your hair all the way home, all day in your home, and all night tonight in bed. Eventually we'll let you take a shower or a bath. But you have to text us for permission and don't waste our time asking until tomorrow.”

Harmony was instantly frantic with worry about this assignment. It was bringing her new world into contact with her old world/family world. Those two could never coexist, could they?

Gretchen could see that Harmony was about to say something... unwise for a slave... so she headed her off at the pass, “It doesn't matter what your mom or your sister think. One, they are sluts and no one cares what they think. Two, all that you need to care about from now on is us and what we think. That means just doing anything and everything you are told. Three, wait and see, smelling that pussy juice everywhere you go and seeing your mom and sister react to the sight and the smell of you, it is just going to turn you on in a whole new way. It will. Because you're a slut.”

Lydia had some insight as well, “You'll do it because you're a slave. You'll like it because you're a slut. Right, Slave Slut?”

“Yes... Mistresses.”

They had her put the swimsuit back on and sent her back home looking bedraggled and half-drunk on passion.

“Now what?” said Lydia.

“I'll check my e-mails. Been a while since I heard back from our buyer. We'll relax, take naps, check video streams to see what all these half-

way slaves are up to, send them text commands to keep them on their toes and too occupied to think straight.”

Lydia nodded, “Then tomorrow... we nail the blonde daughters!”

The End

Until Impossible Seduction 10, 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 its an invitation she cannot refuse. She isn't sure if she wants to. They seek to isolate her further and make her ever more dependent on their demanding orders. Megan wants to escape the gated community. She thinks so. Pretty sure. But she needs a permission slip from the dominants to leave. What must she do for it or because of it?

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

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

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

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

than that, they want to train both of them to orgasm from pain!

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

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

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. Rosalie hunts her down and brings her down in the campus library! Rosalie also wants to establish total control over her neighbor Tina. She first took sexual control over Tina in her own room and now she goes for a repeat in Tina's home territory.

7. *LESBIAN STALKER'S EVIL TRAP*

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

“Lesbian Seduction Conspiracy” series:

1. *CONSPIRACY TO SEDUCE*

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

2. THE TRAP

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

3. TAKING OVER CHARLOTTE

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

4. TOO TOGETHER

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

“Seduced Trophy Wives” series:

1. TAKING THE TROPHY WIVES

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

2. TAMING THE TROPHY WIVES

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

3. TRAINING THE TROPHY WIVES

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

“Gift Cards For Lesbian Seduction” series:

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

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

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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