

Black on White

Lesbian Domination



*Jordan
Church*

Black on White Lesbian Domination

Book 4 of “The Lesbian Shiv”

by Jordan Church

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Have you been to Church today?

Proceed and you can answer “Yes” honestly

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Chapter One

Ashley burned with concern.

It was “concern,” wasn’t it?

Okay, maybe her internal word choice gave away something. She must be burning with curiosity. That made sense. That was how curiosity was sometimes described. If you were curious enough, you burned with it.

Where did you feel that burning curiosity?

Oddly enough, right at your pussy. Who knew? No one ever said where they felt the burn, the exact location when they burned with curiosity. They just said they burned with it. Now Ashley knew why people didn’t say where. It was at the pussy.

It was embarrassing, and surprising, and hard to believe. Ashley would have thought curiosity would have burned from the brain or maybe from the eyes.

Ashley had never “burned with curiosity” before. She would have remembered if she’d felt like this before! She’d been curious but never so curious that her pussy was hot. And wet. Her body must be trying to cool the heat by releasing fluids. Maybe her body was hoping for some

evaporative cooling effect, but it didn't seem like it would work. Ashley's pussy was trapped in her panties and pants. It sure did feel trapped.

She couldn't pin her hopes on cooling evaporation. The only way to deal with burning curiosity was to satisfy it. Assuage it with cooling information.

Sure. That made sense.

Ashley knocked again.

She knew they were in there. Well, she knew someone was in there. More than one person. She'd heard them.

What had she heard? It was hard to say. Or maybe it was hard to be sure or just hard to face up to.

It sounded like there was something sexual going on in there. That might explain why her knocks were not yet answered. Well, she wasn't going away until she knew for certain that Norah and Iris were okay. They could count on her. She cared. She was there for them. No, she was *here* for them.

She also wasn't going away until she got a look at this Kadeesha woman. She needed to see her. For so many reasons. To be on guard against women like her. That was a good one. To see what kind of woman could do what she'd done to Iris and Norah. That was another good one!

Also... she kept picturing those things Norah told her about, those naughty dirty lesbian domination things, and she just couldn't settle on a face for Kadeesha. Or a body realistically sexy enough to get Iris and Norah to submit so totally. Iris total totally and Norah that one time.

No, wait, Norah had submitted twice! She'd had some crazy wild sex with this Kadeesha creature twice! The first time that she told Ashley all about, in such great detail – fantastic detail, such interesting detail – when Norah came for a visit yesterday evening. And then Norah as much as admitted she'd submitted again last night! After she visited Ashley.

Lesbian sex with a black woman, a visit with Ashley, and then more lesbian sex with Ashley. So Ashley was technically the meat in Norah's lesbian sex-with-black women sandwich? No, that did not sound quite right. In more ways than one.

This was certainly the closest Ashley had ever come to sex with a black person. Or a lesbian.

What happened to Norah, that she fell prey to such activity, was so wild. So unexpected!

And what about Iris?

Iris was always reserved and sweet. She seemed like someone who would marry her high school sweetheart. It was pretty crazy how she'd had those

drugs and ended up in prison. And now she was a lesbian! Ashley guessed you never really knew anyone.

It was even more surprising that Norah was involved with this mystery black woman. Norah was so steady and so composed, and it seemed like she had her life together. She was so beautiful that Ashley had certainly thought Norah would be heterosexual. Norah was almost as pretty as Ashley (all modesty aside). Maybe she was *as* pretty.

It was a little disconcerting. They both worked at the same place with the same jobs, were almost the same age, and were both hotties. It was almost like, if it could happen to Norah, then maybe something like that could somehow happen to Ashley.

But that was silly. Ashley had a boyfriend! Ashley always had a boyfriend other than for a week or two between boyfriends. She always broke up with them. They never broke up with her. Why would they? She was a hot blonde, and she thought she was damn good in bed. She liked sex and liked making her boyfriends happy. But not with oral sex. Or anal.

Or with role-playing. Why would she want to be anyone other than Ashley Evans? Why would they want her to be?

She couldn't see how something like what happened to Norah could happen to her.

She couldn't even imagine it. She had tried. Last night. In bed....

Hey, nothing wrong with trying out things in the privacy of your head. No one could find out unless they had telepathy.

Ashley hoped no one she knew had telepathic powers. Oh, the things they'd see in Ashley's mind! Only since yesterday when Norah told her, in such amazing interesting detail, all about her situation.

She wouldn't give Norah all the credit for all the incredible detail Norah had provided. Ashley had to ask Norah lots of questions to coax out each bizarre fascinating thing that the black woman did to her. Plus, give credit where credit is due. In all modesty, it was she who got Norah to act it out.

Instead of listening to a description of the acts, Ashley got to see them. It made a big difference! You didn't have to visualize. You just looked. And it looked so interesting!

It sure was something when Norah was on the floor like that. It helped Ashley picture events correctly. Both then and later on, in the privacy of her bed. Of course, later on, it was she on the floor.

Not really! Only in her head!

An easy rule of thumb right there: If in your head, there is nothing to dread, if in real life, cause of strife.

It was imperfect in her head. Imagination always was. That was probably good.

The main thing was she just could not imagine the black woman's face or her body. Not in any way that would logically lead to Iris submitting to her, then Norah submitting to her, and then (only in the privacy of her head) Ashley submitting to her.

Ashley just could not buy into it.

It almost made her think that Norah was joking with her. But Norah, though she had a nice sense of humor and a nice laugh, did not joke around much and never played practical jokes.

There was no way Norah made it up. She was so embarrassed when she came over yesterday. Her face was flushed, and her cheeks were red under her haunted eyes. She'd looked so embarrassed, especially after laying on the floor acting things out for Ashley.

Ashley could see why the mystery black woman made Norah lay on the floor. Norah had looked sexy down there. Sexier than usual. Far sexier.

She wished she knew what the mystery black woman did with Norah last night. Too bad Norah wouldn't share with her when Ashley had found out at work that Norah had fallen into sex with the black woman yet again last night.

Ashley knew the workplace was not a good location for recreating sexual submission to a black woman. She hadn't pressured Norah. But she still wanted to know what happened!

That black woman must have quite a sex drive! Ashley had to respect that a little bit. That woman knew what she wanted, and she got it, and she got it over and over, and she got it, apparently, over the objections of Norah. It was too bad for Norah, but Ashley still had to respect the oh-so-hard-to-picture mystery black woman.

Ashley knocked on the door again. Harder. She really wanted to see that mystery black woman!

That wasn't right. Sure, she did, but that wasn't why she was here. She was here to help if she could. Poor Norah! Poor Iris!

Seeing the mystery black woman would only be a little bonus. Not the priority!

What was that?

Did the door peephole maybe darken just now?

Was someone looking through it at her?

Norah? Iris? The mystery black woman?

It was Norah's and Iris's home, so it should be one of them. But it sounded like the black woman took over their home, so maybe it was her.

To think, that black woman might be ogling Ashley right at that moment....

Should she strike a pose?

If it was the black woman, she bet the black woman loved what she saw. A hot young white woman with blonde hair. What's not for a dominant reverse-racist black lesbian to like?

She peered at the peephole. Maybe she hadn't seen any movement there. It looked the same as when she first arrived.

She felt a little stupid standing out in the hallway. Like she had nothing better to do. But she didn't have anything better to do. Her live-in boyfriend, Rich, was out of town.

Who else was going to help out poor Norah and poor Iris?

Who else knew about this mystery black woman and wanted to get a look at her?

Only Ashley.

Getting a look at the black woman would be easy. If she was still here, Ashley would accomplish that in a second if they ever answered the door. Helping Norah and Iris would be more difficult. Ashley wasn't sure how

she'd do it. She guessed she had to feel out the situation by getting to know the mystery black woman. Then she'd know what to do. Well, she wouldn't do anything, but she'd tell Norah and Iris what to do in order to handle the black woman.

She'd help them handle the black woman who was handling them both figuratively and literally.

Not always with her hands! Sometimes with her feet!

Wow, what it must have felt like to Norah to be under that black women's feet! For those black feet to have her way with Norah. That must have been so... sooooo... terrible.

Ashley almost jumped as the door suddenly opened.

Chapter Two

It was the mystery black woman!

It must be. She was naked!

It wasn't like Norah and Iris could have more than one naked black woman in their apartment, could they?

So, this was her.

Wow. Very naked. Extremely naked. All the way naked. As naked as naked gets.

And she answered the door this way! That was bold.

Ashley was shocked, but even with her shock, she was impressed. Double impressed. At how bold the black woman was and how she looked.

She was pretty, yes, but not prettier than Norah and Iris. (And not nearly as beautiful as Ashley. Of course!) But the woman did have a huge advantage. Two of them.

The black woman had massively big tits! Just wow!

Larger than life. Right there. Two feet forward and about half a foot down from Ashley's face.

Ashley couldn't help looking at them.

They were so... naked.

They were so... black.

They had such... amazing... no, such dark nipples.

Those nipples were big, even on big tits.

Those were not just big tits. Those were great tits. Tight and smooth and beautifully shaped.

The black woman said, “Are you trying to make eye contact with my nipples?”

Ashley responded eloquently, “Eh? What? I mean... no, I was just....”

“Staring at my tits. I know. They’re great, right? White sluts can’t get enough of them. They want to worship them.”

White sluts?

What did that have to do with Ashley?

Worship them? Yeah, Ashley could see that. She could see how the white sluts of the world would want to worship them. She guessed they would.

She bet they loved worshipping them. With their mouths. Their lips. Their tongues. With all their little tiny white slut souls.

Ashley cleared her throat. It felt so tight.

She managed to say, “Is Norah here? Or Iris?”

“What do you want with them?”

As if it was her business!

Maybe it was her business. Kadeesha had taken charge of Iris completely, from what Norah told Ashley. Plus, she was trying to take charge of Norah and having some success with it from what Ashley had gleaned from Norah. Maybe she had total control over Norah now?

Maybe this black woman completed the control between the time Norah got home from work and right this moment.

This black woman sure was a fast mover!

She better not try that fast-moving lesbian shit with Ashley!

Although... it would be interesting. The black woman must be great at seduction. Ashley would know it for what it was and watch out for the same techniques practiced by guys who tried to pry her away from Rich.

Maybe the black woman had different techniques? Like answering the door in the nude and showing off her huge and perfect breasts? Ashley hadn't ever seen that one from guys!

“I asked, what do you want with them?”

Oh, shit, Ashley was staring at the black woman's breasts again.

She stopped trying to make eye contact with the black woman's black nipples and pulled her eyes up to the black woman's actual eyes.

"That isn't your concern. I want to talk with Norah. And Iris."

"It is my concern. Everything around here is my concern and up to me. You come banging on the door, and now you don't even say please."

"I shouldn't have to say please to talk to my friends. This is their place!"

"This is *my* place, blondie. My place and my everything all around here. Everything is mine."

This black woman was so arrogant. And so upsetting! And so naked!

And she had such wonderfully huge, perfectly formed tits.

Ashley wished she could get a look at the black woman's lower body.

Okay, fine, her pussy. This seemed like a great and unique chance to see a black woman's pussy. A dominant lesbian's pussy at that!

That was likely the source of a lot of action. Lesbian action. Licking.

Maybe some sucking. Probably a lot of sucking. And tongue-fucking.

Ashley guessed Iris and Norah spent a lot of time down there paying attention to that black pussy. Probably worshipping it the way the black woman had just said white sluts worshipped her tits. After all, if they worshipped her tits, they must also worship her pussy.

Ashley just couldn't look down there. It would be too obvious. The black woman had already caught her – twice – staring at her tits. The black woman probably already thought Ashley wanted to worship her tits the way Norah and Iris maybe did.

Did Norah and Iris lick and suck on those huge tits at the same time?

They must. Two tits, two of them, there you go.

Ashley was just too close to look down casually and get a good look at that black pussy. Maybe if she stepped back. Maybe then. The black woman was standing way too close anyway. She was halfway out into the hallway.

Ashley did not want to back up. Even though she could feel the heat coming off the woman and the heat coming off her own face. This hallway was getting hot!

In more ways than one....

Ashley did not want to back up. She wanted to be right where she was. Which was too close to this unusual, arrogant, threatening, let's just say it, uppity black woman.

Ashley thought she knew why she did not want to back up. Never show fear! It was like when you ran into a bear in the woods. She never had, but she'd seen an instructional video on what to do one time before she went

camping. (Camping! Never again! That boyfriend was so not worth that effort.) Never run from the bear. Show confidence and talk quietly.

That was why she wouldn't back away from the nude black woman now only a foot away. Even though she wanted to get a look at that black pussy.

This was a life-or-death wild-bear-in-the-woods situation!

Kadeesha said, "Are you gonna ask me please, or not?"

It did feel dangerous to be face to face with this woman who had done such things with Norah and Iris. Sex! More than sex.

Ashley breathed heavier now like she was getting ready to run or fight if she had to.

Ashley hadn't come back with anything, so the black woman spoke up, "Can't say please? Cat got your tongue? Maybe I can teach you to say please. If you do a good enough job saying pretty please, then maybe a pussy will get your tongue."

This black woman was so fucking bold!

Even horny drunk men never talked to Ashley this way. Why not? Because she was too hot! Even drunk assholes knew that!

Ashley shook her head slowly. She wasn't even sure why. In disagreement or disbelief or because she did not know what to say next?

The black woman told her, “Look, I’m messing with you a little. A little now and a lot later. My name is Kadeesha. You can call me that for now. I like my name. But in a little while, you maybe gonna call me something else. More on that later.

“Far as your friends, how can I know if they’re here at my place? I don’t think about names when I’m with a white slut. I think, “There is a white slut. Here is a white slut. Or what am I gonna make this here white slut do next to make me happy? So, I don’t know, but I guess you can come in and take a look around. If you see and identify your friends, I guess it’s okay if you talk to them.”

Go in? There?

Ashley felt like backing away. But she also felt like this was a breakthrough. Kadeesha was giving her access to this one-time simple apartment and current den of interracial lesbian domination.

No, she should leave. Now.

But why did she come here?

To go in. To see what was going on. To see Norah and Iris. To help them.

And to satisfy some curiosity. That was also true. Guilty as charged!

Yet now she wanted to leave as soon as she had the opportunity to get everything she’d set out to achieve? Just because she had a really bad

feeling about this? That made no sense.

She didn't think she really wanted to leave. She only thought she should leave. That wasn't how she felt, only what she thought she should do. But if she went around doing what she thought she should or shouldn't do, then she'd never be here in the first place.

Kadeesha remained facing her but stepped backward into the apartment and kept walking backward, eyes on Ashley.

It felt like the black woman had an invisible tractor beam because, as she took each additional step away after the first one, Ashley took a step forward toward her.

In a moment, she was inside the apartment. And she even closed the door behind her for some reason.

It smelled like sex in the apartment! Lesbian sex. In other words, it smelled like pussy.

Kadeesha, seeing Ashley was inside and had helpfully closed the door behind her, turned sideways and pointed at the living room area, downward towards the floor.

“Is that one of your friends right there? I see a white slut, but maybe you see a buddy.”

Ashley tore her eyes off Kadeesha's body to take a look and ended up looking at two other bodies, one black and one white.

The black one was on top of the white one. In a special way.

“Oh, my God!”

Kadeesha said, “Valley girl much?”

“Is that... Norah or Iris... down there?”

“You tell me. They're your friends.”

The black woman was big, very big, and she was sitting – or squatting – on Norah's – or Iris's – face. On her whole head, really.

That was Norah – or Iris – wasn't it?

Whoever the white woman was, she was slim and well-shaped. Her body looked young, maybe twenties or early thirties. But Ashley was no expert at judging age by body alone.

But, uh, the body looked as young as Ashley's. So, twenties. And almost as sexy as Ashley's body.

The big black woman with the shiny, almost perfectly round face, smiled widely at her, “What's your name, sexy? I mean, before I give you a new name. White sluts need new names once they are baptized in the waters of the black pussy. Leastwise, that's how I do.”

What the fuck was this black fatty talking about?

And... was she smothering Norah? Or Iris? Or some other white slut?

Ashley had to ask, "Are you killing her right now? Can whoever that is breathe?"

"This here white slut? The one under me? Fuck no, I'm not killin' her. Waste of a perfectly good white slut. Nod to John Cusack right there. Anywho, no. She be licking me."

Ashley got a little closer. Not too close! But she needed to see if the white slut was okay or needed help. And if this white slut was Norah or Iris or neither.

But not too close. She didn't want the big black woman to grab her, too. She should be happy with the one white slut, but this black woman looked like she had an appetite. She might want two white sluts at the same time! She might think Ashley was a white slut!

The black woman did have something about her. She wasn't pretty, but she sure was naked. And she had... a lot of surface area.

She probably could use a second white slut, or maybe even more than two, to lick away all over her. All across that bulging, tight dark brown skin. She seemed like she had more surface area than one white slut could keep licked.

Or did she only need a white slut licking her pussy? Then one white slut should be plenty.

Ashley bent over and peered closely. She could see the white slut's throat muscles working. She could hear the wet sounds her oral efforts produced.

This white slut was a pussy licker in the act of pussy licking!

Good. It looked good.

....

Oh! Oh, God! She meant it was good that the white slut – she meant this unfortunate young white woman – was able to breathe. Good for her.

Yes, but what was she breathing in? The black woman sat facing the white slut's feet, and the black woman's ass more or less draped over the white slut's upper face. The white slut must be drawing in air by pulling it through the black woman's ass crack.

That must be some humid smelly air filling those white slut lungs!

The white slut's chest heaved up and down. She had small to medium size tits. Ashley knew she had better tits, but the white slut's tits were not bad.

The white slut had erect nipples. Those were good nipples!

Ashley's nipples were probably just as good. If they were erect.

....

Were they erect? They were! How surprising!

That was weird, but maybe it was good. In the extremely unlikely event Ashley had to go topless in front of these black women, her hard nipples would give this other white slut a fair run for the money. Ashley never wanted to have the least sexy nipples in a room!

Something about that thought did not seem right. Something was off there.

Oh! She had it! It was thinking her hard nipples would give “this other white slut” a run for her money.

Other? Other!?!

That would only be correctly phrased if Ashley was also a white slut!

Which she wasn't! At all! Not even a little bit!

Other than being white. She was white. And a female. There was that.

And she was at least as hot as this other white slut getting her face sat on.

Probably hotter!

Since she was a white female, if she started acting slutty, then yes, she would be another white slut.

If she ever was a white slut, if that happened here and now, then she'd be the best white slut here. Ashley was sure of that no matter whether the white slut under the big black woman was Norah or Iris, or some other white slut.

Ashley spooked a little when she felt a hand on her lower back. It was Kadeesha right next to her and a little behind her.

Not only that...! There was more contact than the hand! One of Kadeesha's big breasts pressed on Ashley's shoulder blade. Kadeesha was taller than Ashley, and, especially with the contact, Kadeesha's height was intimidating.

Then Ashley had an "Oh, my God!" moment. Wasn't that breast pressing again her shoulder... naked? It was the last time Ashley saw it! Just a few seconds ago. So it must still be naked!

To think. Wow. She hadn't seen that coming. She still couldn't see it because it was pressed to her shoulder.

Kadeesha asked, "Is that one of those friends you are looking for? Is it? Which one?"

Ashley wasn't sure. She wasn't sure of anything. She felt so clueless. What was she supposed to be doing? What was she doing here at all?

"Well... I'm not sure. Is that Norah?"

"You tell me, bitch. They are supposed to be your friends."

Did Kadeesha just call her a bitch? Ashley did not deserve that. Ashley was being nice! She wasn't being at all racist! She kept that racist stuff in her head and never let it touch her lips.

Oh. That forced her to think about what was touching the white slut's lips. Norah? That was a big fat black pussy on her lips. And on her mouth, jaw, maybe her nose also. It was hard to tell.

"I can't tell who it is. Could she – I mean, your friend – maybe rise up a little so I can get a look at her face?"

"What the fuck? Delay a pussy-licking in progress? What's wrong with you?"

"Oh, I didn't mean to be... insensitive."

"It's insensitive to the white slut is what it is. She loves the black pussy. She don't want to stop licking and sucking and swallowing all that home-grown juice."

Oh wow. That was graphic but not as graphic as seeing it in front of Ashley. Kadeesha's statement looked accurate. The white slut looked like she was into her pussy licking. Never disturb a white slut when a white slut is licking black pussy? Was that a thing?

It probably should be a thing.

"Um. I take it back? I'm sorry I asked."

"That's fine, you're sorry. I like that. Too many white sluts are uppity whites who won't say sorry."

Ashley was glad Kadeesha did not think she was an uppity white slut!

She was not uppity. She'd swear on a bible she wasn't. She was a meek and mild-mannered, and also super hot, white slut. She was one of those white sluts, not the uppity kind.

....

Crap. She did that again, didn't she?

She meant she was not an uppity white *person*.

"I'm not uppity... or anything. I didn't mean to stop the... the licking. I am sorry."

"You should make up for it."

"Make up for it? What? How?"

"I'll think of something. You owe me. First, let's get this who dat white slut thing figured out. You think this here is one of your friends? Which one?"

Ashley thought of herself as quick-witted. And also, witty. And, of course, as a hottie. But everything seemed like it was going just a little faster than she could deal with. Kadeesha said Ashley owed her, and Ashley was pretty sure that wasn't true. She'd apologized like a non-uppity white slut, hadn't she?

But Kadeesha thought Ashley owed her, and that was worrisome because it felt like if Kadeesha and Ashley disagreed on something, Kadeesha was destined to win. Which meant whether she owed Kadeesha or not... she owed Kadeesha!

Kadeesha was tall. Plus, everyone knew black women were stronger than white women if they were the same size, let alone bigger.

So... what was Kadeesha going to think up as a payment from Ashley for what Ashley “owed” her?

Ashley would have wanted to try to deal with this suddenly looming issue, looming the same way Kadeesha loomed over her, but Kadeesha had those other questions that needed answering. Ashley could only deal with one thing first.

“I’m not sure if it’s one of my friends. I guess I think it’s Norah. This is her place.”

“I told you, this is my place now. White sluts need to be really good listeners, and you ain’t cutting it so far. Lemme ask you this cuz I want to help you with your friend search. Does the Norah bitch have any identifying birthmarks? Look around that sexy body and tell me if you find a match.”

Kadeesha just did it again! Her comments made it sound like she thought Ashley was a white slut. Ashley knew she should clarify that error right away. Though maybe Kadeesha thought all white women were white sluts? Kadeesha should not make such assumptions! Not in general, and certainly not about Ashley Evans!

But Ashley had no time to correct Kadeesha because she had those questions to answer.

“I don’t know if Norah or Iris have birthmarks. I can’t identify them that way.”

“That’s too bad. That one down there has a nice tight body, though, right?”

Yes. Ashley could see that. The naked white body with the big black woman sitting on the head of it, was a nice tight body. Like Norah’s. Like Iris’s, too.

Kadeesha continued working on her, “That tight white body down there looks real turned on, don’t it?”

Yes. Ashley could see that. The deep, fast rising and falling of the white slut’s (Norah’s?) chest was an indication. Though it might be from scarcity of good air. However, the white slut (Norah?) was covered in a sheen of perspiration, and there was a gleam of non-sweat bodily fluid on her pussy lips.

Holy guacamole! Was she looking at *Norah's* pussy lips? Her *wet* pussy lips?

She felt bad. She hadn't come over to invade *Norah's* privacy. Her private area privacy. The privacy of her privates. She was here to help! And to get a look at *Kadeesha*. At least she could check that one off. Helping *Norah*? Not so much. Not yet.

She took a long look at *Kadeesha*, who seemed so intent in the way she looked back. There. *Ashley* had *Kadeesha's* face and upper body committed to memory. That would work. For when she went back to her place and had her harmless fantasy play in her mind. She had the role of *Kadeesha* cast! By the woman herself!

It would work better than expected. *Kadeesha* was beautiful. And those huge breasts! *Norah* should have told *Ashley* about those two beauties. They were two important facts.

Yeah, *Ashley* could almost see it. Hell, she could almost feel it. She understood now why this terrible lesbian black bitch got away with so much. Big tits and hot looks got people places in life.

Incredibly, it seemingly got *Kadeesha* a new apartment and not one, but two white sluts. *Iris* and *Norah*!

Ashley didn't like to think of them as white sluts, but it sure sounded like Iris was one from what Norah told Ashley yesterday. As far as Norah, she fell into white sluttiness at least twice now, three times if it was her down there under the big black woman.

So Kadeesha had two white sluts! Wow!

She probably wanted more than two....

She was probably keeping an eye out for a third white slut. Like if one showed up knocking on the door of her new apartment, maybe, or was foolish enough to come into her new apartment....

Worrisome.

In sort of a... well... in an exciting way. Nothing could happen because Ashley wasn't a white slut. She knew that, though maybe she was a little confused on that issue just now a few times. It also didn't look like Kadeesha understood Ashley was not a white slut. Not with the way Kadeesha looked at her.

Jesus, Kadesha looked... hungry.

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Chapter Three

It was sort of exciting the way Kadeesha looked at her. Ashley liked turning on guys. It looked like Kadeesha was turned on. It looked like she looked at Ashley as if Ashley was just the kind of white slut she wanted.

Ashley liked it when guys looked at her with lust in their eyes. Even when they had no chance at her and she had no interest in them. She also had no interest in lesbians, any lesbians, let alone a mean black one, but it was also fun, or exciting, to have Kadeeshe look at her so lustfully.

Plus, Kadeesha had an aura of danger. First, she was black. Second, she was bossy mean. Third, just look at the shit she had pulled with Iris and Norah!

Yes, the black woman was dangerous.

Which was exciting....

It was like going to a well-done scary movie you really got into. You felt fear, but you were never in any real danger. Ashley felt thrilling fear, but she knew there was no danger here for her. Almost for sure. Ashley knew she was smart and made good decisions. She always had her pick of men and she always chose the best boyfriends. She'd never had one hit her,

emotionally abuse her, disrespect her, sleep around on her, or even break up with her.

She was great at picking men! Which, logically, should make her great at not picking women. Any women. Because she wasn't a lesbian. Or a white slut.

Pretty sure. She was almost one hundred percent sure.

It was an added thrill that she wasn't quite completely sure she wasn't a slut or a lesbian! It made everything more real, more scary, more thrilling!

Kadeesha almost yelled, "Bitch!"

That scared the shit out of Ashley, "Um, what? What's wrong?"

"I asked you a fucking question. I ask, and you answer. That's how this works. It ain't rocket science! I asked if that white slut down there looks turned on."

"Oh! I'm sorry! I was... distracted, I guess. She, ah, she does look aroused."

"How you know that?"

Surely Kadeesha must know how Ashley knew. Did Ashley have to say it?

She did. Kadeesha was scary and her nudity was intimidating. So were her two huge breasts!

“I can tell... mostly because... her pussy looks wet.”

Saying it felt like talking dirty! Ashley talked dirty during sex.

Sometimes. When she was drunk or if a guy wanted her to and she was in a playful mood. She liked it when she did it. It felt the same way right now.

Even though she was dressed, not having sex, and was talking rather factually about a pussy!

Norah’s pussy?

Gee, Norah had a nice pussy. Especially with how wet and aroused it looked. Ashley bet most guys would give their left nut to be in between Norah’s legs right then. And most or all lesbians also.

Kadeesha queried, “So, it’s fair to say that a white slut with a wet pussy when a black pussy is sitting on her face must be a white slut?”

The logic sounded both circular and sound.

“I guess.”

Kadeesha abruptly shifted gears, “You said you think maybe you got two friends up in here? You can’t I.D. this one, but there is another white slut here. Let’s go eyeball her, and you can tell me if the other white slut is a friend of yours.”

“Okay.”

Ashley had a hard time pulling her eyes away from the grinning big black woman sitting on the head of the white slut (Norah?). The big black woman, who surely had no chance with anyone as hot and blonde as Ashley, and who already had a white slut face to sit on, looked at her with hunger.

The large round-faced black woman, who had pigtails with pink ribbons sticking out of the sides of her head, gave her a little wave with one chunky hand, flexing her fingers up and down in a bye-bye gesture, “See you on the other side, sexy. Gonna see a lot more of you.”

What did that mean?

Kadeesha helpfully grasped Ashley by the upper arm and pulled her along.

That was a helpful grip, not a taking over one, right? It was pretty bossy. It was such a demanding grip. Ashley wanted to go see Iris, she did. She did not need someone dragging her through the apartment. Kadeesha hauled her along from the living room into the small hallway of the apartment, the one leading to the bedrooms.

A black woman was touching her! Exciting!

A pretty and sexy and naked black woman was pulling on her! Very exciting!

Kadeesha's physical contact was quite rough. A lesbian, a nude one, was treating her roughly!

Is this how these black women treated white sluts?

OMG! Was Kadeesha starting to treat her, Ashley Evans, like a white slut?

It felt electric, Ashley had to give it that.

She had no time to think too much about it. She wasn't about to wrestle this black woman. She'd lose!

Also, there they were, already in Iris's bedroom. And there she was. Iris!

Double OMG!

Iris wasn't alone even before Kadeesha and Ashley arrived.

Like Ashley guessed a white slut should be, Iris was naked. And maybe also like a white slut should be, Iris was getting fucked by a black woman.

Very fucked.

Iris was on her bed on all fours. She was at the end of the bed, where the occupant's feet might normally be. That struck Ashley as a little odd because she thought sexual partners would normally center themselves in order to minimize the risk of falling off the bed when getting carried away sexually.

Of course, Ashley had no idea that positioning was part of Kadeesha's plan for her. If she did, or if she could read Kadeesha's mind, she'd try to escape the apartment immediately.

The black woman was sized like a black teen or even younger but her face and developed body made it clear she was an adult. Maybe she was an adult with a few genes mixed up? Something was not quite right genetically? Her mother did drugs during the pregnancy?

Something like that. The short, slim black woman was standing, but she wasn't standing around. She was next to the bed, on one side, the side with Iris's lower body, and she stood between Iris's feet which dangled off the bed.

She had something in her hand. A dildo! A black one. She was thrusting it in and out of Iris and had her other hand on Iris's ass cheek.

It looked like her little black hand squeezed Iris's ass almost savagely tightly.

It looked like she thrust that black dildo hard. And with confident authority.

That little black woman knew how to drive a dildo!

It also looked like Iris was as into it as the dildo was into her. When the dildo was thrust all the way in.

It sounded that way also. Iris moaned and groaned like someone was trying to rip out her soul. She faced a wall across from the door to the bedroom, so she had yet to notice Kadeesha and Ashley. From the sounds of Iris's passion, Ashley wasn't sure Iris would have noticed them even if she had faced the door.

Ashley stepped closer. Oh, not quite. She guessed Kadeesha pulled on her arm, and that was why she stepped closer.

Why was Kadeesha still hanging onto her arm? They were here now.

Why was Kadeesha gripping her arm so tightly? That wasn't necessary!

It almost hurt. It also sort of felt good. It was like Ashley, with all her doubts and newly blossoming fears and worries, knew this was right where she was supposed to be. Kadeesha's gripping hand told her so. Ashley would know when to leave or where to go. Kadeesha would pull on her arm, and then Ashley would know.

It was disturbing, but it was also almost comforting. Kadeesha would know what to do, and then Ashley would know right after that. This dominant black lesbian certainly seemed confidently decisive. Ashley respected that. She liked that in men, at least as a concept, but all her boyfriends were always almost immediately whipped by her great looks.

"That your friend?" Kadeesha asked.

“Yeah, that’s her. That’s Iris.”

“That one is a good white slut. All white sluts are good white sluts, even when they need punishment. Black Mistresses like me make sure they be good. Being good means doing what the Black Mistresses tell them to do.”

Oh, wow, Kadeesha was a Black Mistress! A nude Black Mistress had her by the arm! It wasn’t even necessary to grip her like that. Ashley couldn’t leave yet.

And, she realized, she could not leave until her leaving was okay with Kadeesha. Ashley wasn’t small, she was average-sized (but she was proud her breasts were above average), but she felt tiny next to Kadeesha. Her overall body was big and so were her breasts. Kadeesha’s breasts were huge!

She bet Norah and Iris felt that way, too, a bit inferior in comparison with the tall black woman with the incredible breasts. She bet they felt just like her. Intimidated but in an almost reassuring you’ll-be-told-what-to-do kind of way.

But Ashley only *felt* that way, just a little, and, of course, Kadeesha must know Ashley wasn’t a low-down stupid white slut. White sluts just were not as hot as Ashley. She hoped Kadeesha knew that.

She wasn’t sure if Kadeesha knew that.

Ashley cleared her tight throat. It was nearly as tight as Kadeesha's grip on her arm!

"I need to talk to her. In private. So, can you and... this other Black Mistress... step out for a few minutes?"

Kadeesha laughed and jerked on Ashley's arm, making her almost lose her balance.

"What the fuck, bitch? You are a slow learner, seems to me. I told you out there in the other room not to disturb that face-sitting pussy licking. Now you are in here trying to disturb this special time shared by a white slut and a Black Mistress. It's the same thing! Sex! Not to be broken off or interrupted or delayed! What the fuck?"

"Oh." That was all Ashley had.

"You need some help remembering it? Would it help if I laid hands on you and spanked that fine ass of yours?"

Spank her? This Black Mistress was talking about spanking her!

The very idea of that made Ashley's ass tighten in fear and made her straighten up in outrage. And, oddly, her pussy also tightened and squeezed. This had nothing to do with her pussy! Her pussy needed to stay out of this!

At least Kadeesha thought Ashley had a "fine ass."

Ashley stammered a reply, “No! I’ll remember. It’s just that I came here to talk with her, and she’s right there. So, I was just thinking—”

“Thinking? That ain’t your forte. I know that already. White sluts should not be trying to think. Other than how to quickly obey and best obey and how to impress a Black Mistress. Another thing, I’m not even so sure the real reason you came here was consideration for your white slutty friends. I ain’t so sure ‘bout that at all.”

Ashley knew Kadeesha was doing that thing again. Piling up her words and not giving Ashley a chance to address all the things she needed to address. Or correct what needed correcting. Like how Kadeesha kept insinuating Ashley was a white slut. That was so not true!

The insult towards Ashley’s intelligence bothered her. Kadeesha must think white sluts were stupid, and stupid white women were white sluts. Ashley did not want Kadeesha to think she was stupid. That must be why Kadeesha thought Ashley was another white slut.

She was smart! She had to be smarter than Kadeesha! She just had to be.

She did not feel smart right then. She felt dumb or... unwise. Ashley wasn’t sure anymore what she was doing here in this den of Black Mistresses and only a few feet from poor Iris getting fucked so hard and so

well that it sure looked – and sounded! – like she'd soon have a really amazing orgasm.

She must seem stupid to Kadeesha just for being here. Coming here and knocking and waiting around so long to be let in. Then traipsing in way too trustingly.

Maybe Kadeesha combined Ashley's unwise choices with the white slut thing like she thought Ashley was a white slut or soon would be one. How alarming!

But Ashley could only address one thing first, and she needed to address that last one, Kadeesha suggesting Ashley had come here for some other reason than checking on the wellbeing of Norah and Iris.

That was so untrue!

Besides... there was no way Kadeesha could know Ashley wanted to get a look at her in order to best picture her. For later on. In private. That was private! There was no way Kadeesha had guessed that.

Or did she think Ashley came here for an *even worse* reason? OMG, did Kadeesha think Ashley wanted to be a white slut!?!

What an alarming thought!

And... it was pretty exciting that the Black Mistress would have such a misunderstanding about Ashley's motivations.

“I only came here to check on Iris and Norah. That’s it. Very simple.”

Kadeesha had a crafty look in her eyes, “And you won’t leave until you do? You insist? You are going to check with them no matter what?”

“Yes! I do insist! I won’t leave until I check with them. No matter what!”

“Oh my, you are a determined and sexy white sl... bitch. Whities think they are always gonna get what they want. In this case, I do think you will get what you want though we disagree on what you want.”

What was that supposed to mean?

Ashley asked, “Should we step out while they finish or whatever? And then I’ll talk with Iris?”

“Step out? Step out!?! Why the fuck? Pinky ain’t shy. Who cares if the white slut with her is shy. No one care. Fact is, white sluts like showing off and being showed off anyhow. Ain’t no reason to step out.”

“I don’t want to watch.”

Ashley wasn’t so sure that was true. It was interesting. She had a hard time taking her eyes off the small Black Mistress driving that big black dildo in and out of Iris’s tight white pussy. Wow, what a fate! That must be... awful?

She tore her eyes away to take a quick look at Kadeesha. She recalled she still hadn't gotten a good look at Kadeesha's pussy. Kadeesha was standing too close to do it right then. Ashley needed a good look. For later. For fantasy. She had that on her mental to-do list. Her secret.

But not as important as checking on Iris and Norah. Those poor white sluts!

She looked at Kadeesha's face. Was it her, or did Kadeesha look extremely dubious that Ashley did not want to watch?

Ashley said it again, "I don't want to watch."

"Thing is, you gonna be watching a Black Mistress and a white slut any which way. In here or out there with that other one. At least here you know for a fact you know this white slut."

Ashley said, "I'll leave you my cell number, and then you can call me when they finish."

"You jus' said you weren't gonna leave 'til you check on your friend. You some kind of liar?"

"Uh, no."

"You so ready to be lettin' down your friends? That how it is?"

"No! Not at all."

“Besides all that, you leaving and waiting for me to call when she be done with sex won’t work. Thing is, sex ain’t never really what you’d call finished for a white slut. They be so horny and there be so many black women needing pleasing. If you want to talk with a white slut, you got a tight window of opportunity much tighter than their tighty whitey pussies. You got to be right here, see the white slut orgasm, give her a minute to catch her wind, then have a quick talk before she gets used for sex again the way the white sluts like it.”

Jesus. Iris and Norah were having constant sex? Nonstop? With black lesbians!?!

Kadeesha continued, lightly jerking on Ashley’s arm like she was trying to shake some sense into her, “You got to stay right here until she be ready for the talking. You understand?”

“Okay.” Ashley’s voice sounded weak and croaky to herself, and she bet Kadeesha thought it sounded like a weak-willed white slut was talking. It was so frustrating to think Kadeesha might, probably did, think of her that way!

This was so weird, though. Just stand around here while two people have sex?

It turned out not. Kadeesha had a different idea, and boy, was it different!

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Chapter Four

Kadeesha pulled on Ashley's arm. Ashley tried to stay standing where she was but she wasn't ready or willing to fight to stay in place.

It wasn't just that Kadeesha was taller and stronger. Kadeesha wanted to move Ashley more than Ashley wanted to stay in place. Ashley stumbled forward, her feet catching up to the rest of her body as she tilted toward Iris and Pinky on the bed.

Kadeesha said, "Come on now. May as well get a good look. Better make sure this be the friend you lookin' for. Who knows, maybe you'll learn a thing or two. You can learn a lot by watching."

Kadeesha pulled them to a stop just a couple of feet from Pinky standing next to the corner of the bed and Iris on all fours on the corner of the bed.

Ashley was relieved the forward progress had stopped. But she was troubled she was this close to the action. Jesus, any closer and she'd be part of the sex....

She saw that Iris gripped fistfuls of the bedspread tightly, her knuckles white. Pinky drove the black dildo and drove it hard. Her pace didn't slow. She had an excited expression on her face, like a kid in a candy store, like she could drive the dildo all night long.

Iris looked pretty excited. Well, her body did. Ashley could not see her face, which was pretty much on the opposite side from Ashley. But Iris's muscles tensed here and there and all over like nerves fired randomly. And Iris was breathing very hard. Her ass flexed and wiggled. She pushed her ass back so her pussy met the dildo harder.

She looked close to orgasm!

Ashley couldn't blame her. Iris was taking quite the fucking. She took that dildo like a champ. Like a... Ashley guessed like a champion white slut.

She'd never thought of Iris as sexy. Pretty, yes. Sexy, no. But now Ashley knew she was wrong about that. Iris looked extremely sexy!

Ashley guessed Iris just needed a big black dildo shoved into her in order to bring out the sexy. Funny how that worked!

Iris was so much sexier than ever before. It made Ashley wonder, despite herself, if a big black dildo fucking made any woman sexy sexier. Ashley damn well knew, as just a random for instance, just one example plucked out of the ether, that she was sexy. Super sexy.

What if a big black dildo fucking magnified anyone's sexiness, even if they were already super sexy like Ashley? Not that she would do that at all, or for that reason, but if it did work that way, then Ashley could be some kind of superhuman sexy! The hottest hottie of them all!

If it worked that way, then if she was fucked with a big black dildo and competing sexy women were not, they wouldn't have a prayer against her!

Iris huffed and moaned.

She sure was breathing hard! Maybe that big black dildo was pushing air out of Iris's lungs. It must be rough being a white slut and being treated so roughly!

Ashley couldn't blame Iris for breathing so hard. Ashley was just standing there watching it all, and she was also breathing harder.

Kadeesha jerked on Ashley's arm to get her attention, "You got a good view?"

"Um. Yeah."

"You learning something?"

"I don't know."

"You should be. You should be learning yo friend is a white slut and loves it."

That did look true....

Ashley guessed she had learned that. She'd learned something else, too. That Iris looked so much sexier with a big black dildo banging her pussy.

That big black dildo must feel great. It looked like it would work just as well as a real dick. Maybe better. It was bigger than any dick Ashley had ever experienced. She'd never tried out a dildo. No need. She always had guys knocking at her door, so to speak.

That big black dildo was knocking at Iris's inner door. Hard and deep.

Ashley was self-conscious about how hard she breathed. She sounded like a feminine choo-choo train to her own ears. Jesus, she wasn't getting dildo-fucked, Iris was! Ashley hoped Kadeesha didn't think Ashley's hard breathing was from arousal or whatever. Because, like, no, no way.

Kadeesha shook her arm again. Jesus, fuck, she was awake! No need to shake her like a doll!

Kadeesha said, "Does it look like your white slut friend likes that lesbian shiv uppa her pussy?"

Lesbian shiv? Oh. The dildo!

The action on the bed did look quite lesbian despite the fake dick. Yeah, two girls engaged in sex. That was pretty much the definition of lesbian. But Ashley bet the Webster's dictionary people never saw or imagined anything like this.

Wasn't "shiv" some prison term for a knife? It made a sort of sense. Iris had just gotten out of prison. Kadeesha talked like she'd been to prison or

like she might end up in prison.

Pinky knifed that big black dildo in there. Really stabbed away with it.

Sure, okay, it was a lesbian shiv.

Ashley felt another shake. She guessed she needed to give Kadesha an answer.

“Yes. Okay? I think she likes it.”

“Your white slut friend?”

“I guess so. I guess she is.”

“Then say it like it is. Say your white slut friend be liking it.”

Why did she need to say that? Why was Kadeesha making her say that?

She guessed she had to. She guessed it was true anyway. Still, it felt like a betrayal to say it about sweet Iris. Ans Iris might hear her say it.

“I think my... slutty white slut friend... likes having... that thing... I mean, she likes what, uh....”

“She likes to be fucked, right?”

“Yes. That’s it. I guess so. I mean... that’s how it looks.”

Kadeesha sounded pretty intent. She even leaned in closer and gripped

Ashley’s upper arm tighter, “Not just any fucking. Anyone can get fucked

anytime and get mediocre results or not even that. Yo friend is a *white* slut for strong *black* women. Got that?”

The grip on Ashley’s arm hurt a little and intimidated a lot, “Okay, yes, I get it. She’s a white slut for *black* women.”

“Know what they say? They say birds of a feather flock together. Or is it birds of a feather *fuck* together? Same thing. Ever think maybe you could be a white slut for black women?”

What!?! Her!?! Ashley Evans? Hottest young woman in Charlotte, NC!?!

“No, I sure don’t.”

“Thing is, white sluts for black women never ever know it. Not on their own. They have to find it out. It has to happen. They have to earn that knowing.”

That... made sense. If the reasoning was applied to some other possible white slut. Not Ashley!

Kadeesha took it in a new direction, and it required actual movement!

“I’m not going to stand here like a dumb shit, and neither are you. This is like live-action porn. That means it’s like watching television or being on the internet. We don’t stand around when we do those things.”

Ashley looked around. She didn't see any chairs. The only place to sit would be—

Kadeesha pulled her along sideways to the bed and then pushed her onto it, back to the backrest and headboard. The change in position to a reclining one further took Ashley's breath away. She was so relieved when Kadeesha did not try to lay on top of her or do something crazy like that.

Her lack of breath and her relief leading to a lack of urgency meant Kadeesha had time to move around the foot of the bed, lay on the far side of the bed, and, just like that, return her arm-gripping hand back to Ashley's arm, her fingers fitting into the same red marks they'd left seconds ago.

Kadeesha had her by the arm again. But now they were both lying on the bed! With naked Iris getting dildo-fucked on all fours at the foot of the bed! Kadeesha insisted, "Go ahead. Make yourself comfortable. Enjoy this fine show."

Make herself comfortable? She was already lying on the bed. How much more comfortable could she get? And yet this was way out of her comfort zone. She was not at all comfortable socially.

The way Kadeesha made her comfortable made her feel uncomfortable!

She didn't want to be fucking comfortable! She wanted to stand back up, but Kadeesha's hand on her arm kept her from trying. She felt... like she'd

need Kadeesha's permission or something.

Ashley's bewildered stress made her respond irritably, "I can't see how I can get any more comfortable."

Kadeesha told her, "I can. You got your knees up blocking your view. Just stretch those legs out. Get comfy. Could be a while."

"I can't! Iris and... her friend... are in my way."

"No, they ain't. They don't have to be. Pinky ain't even on the bed and your white slut pal does whatever a Black Mistress tells her to do. Hey, white slut! Straighten out on the end of the bed and keep that all fours position. Pinky, move a little sideways. I don't mean to interrupt a white slut fucking in progress."

Ashley watched, incredulous, as Iris shifted from forty-five degrees to Ashley to a side view from the head of the bed. Iris looked irritated at the distraction but was still in her own world of passion. She did not seem to be aware of Ashley, or at least not of who Ashley was.

Iris regripped the bedspread. Her feet dangled off the side of the bed. Pinky slid a foot to one side, a little closer to Ashley, and kept dildo-fucking Iris.

Kadessha said, "You see that? You see that fine-ass white slut obedience? I told her to move, and I told how to move, and she did it right off, no

questions. White sluts obey Black Mistresses. That's what they be good for. That and fucking. Now you see that space on the bed right under that white slut's sexy tight tummy? Just straighten out your legs and slide your feet right under there. You'll be nice and comfy for the show and with a perfect view."

Ashley said, "Oh, my God!"

She didn't move at first and Kadeesha did not react to her exclamation.

Slide her feet down there? Under Iris?

It was bad enough just seeing this sexual act. It felt like she was almost part of it when Kadeesha pulled her so close to the action. But now she was on the same bed as Iris while Iris was fucked with a dildo! By a weird-looking child-sized adult-headed naked black woman.

But sticking her feet under Iris, between Iris's bedspread-gripping hands and her bare knees on the same bedspread would be even more intimate.

Ashley would be as close as possible to engaging in the sexual act.

Very close.

But she wouldn't actually be a part of it.

It would be daring. Just the idea of it was strangely thrilling. How thrilling would it be if she actually did it?

There was only one way to find out.

Besides. Kadeesha sounded so determined. How would Kadeesha react if Ashley said no? Ashley did not want to find out!

Ashley cautiously straightened her legs, carefully guiding her feet directly under Iris's suspended stomach.

Her nude tummy!

It felt so brazen, so daring, and so naughty! Ashley felt a deep tickle of emotion that felt like sensation.

This was... really something!

Kadeesha husked, "That's a good bitch."

Bitch? Bitch! Ashley was not a bitch, and Kadeesha should not call her that. But it didn't sound like an insult, not really. It almost sounded like a compliment.

Ashley decided not to make a big deal out of it. Didn't these... urban people... say weird things and turn insults into compliments? She wondered if they could also turn compliments into insults. That would be a neat trick.

But Pinky felt differently than Kadeesha did about where Ashley put her feet. She pointed at Ashley's feet and sounded angry, "What the fuck, white

girl? Fucking shoes in the bed? That's disrespect! Take 'em off! Socks, too!"

Oh. Oh? Did Ashley have to?

It felt like she had to.

Pinky was little, but she looked a little scary also. When she wasn't angry. But now she was angry and she looked *very* scary.

Ashley looked quickly sideways toward Kadeesha but saw no help coming from that quarter.

She guessed it was no big deal.

She thought it was a bit ruder to have shoes on the bed. Then again, this was not Pinky's bed, so Pinky shouldn't be the one to order Ashley to take her shoes off. Then again again, Iris wasn't in any state to address the shoes on the bed. Ashley wasn't even sure if Iris was aware of her yet or recognized her.

Iris was really into taking that big black dildo into herself.

Ashley pulled her feet back up and took off her shoes and socks, dropping them onto the floor next to the bed.

She was so preoccupied with Pinky's anger and how it was no big deal to take off her shoes and, yes, with how sexy Iris looked so very fucked the

way she was, that Ashley didn't take in the larger picture until right after she dropped her shoes and socks to the floor.

Now that her socks and shoes were off, she had a feeling, a powerful and scary and somehow sexy feeling, that she wasn't leaving anytime soon.

Maybe not for a long time. And that many things might happen between right then and when she finally got her socks and shoes back on.

Gulp.

Why was she here again?

Why had she voluntarily come here, knocked on the door, and come inside when told to come inside by an Amazon-looking black woman? No one made her do anything. Not then. But she felt like now, they – these bold black women – were making her do things. Making her come into this bedroom. Making her lay on the bed. Making her take off her shoes.

Making her stay.

Kadeesha removed her hand from Ashley's arm while Ashley took off her shoes and socks. But now it was back. Ashley was stuck again. Not really, probably, but it felt that way.

Why hadn't she hopped up and left as soon as Kadeesha took her hand off her? She guessed it just hadn't felt as important as getting those shoes off.

No, that wasn't right. She didn't even think about it.

How odd. It only occurred to her to escape as soon as she knew she couldn't escape. But was "escape" really the right word? Ashley thought she was being a bit melodramatic. A few friends and even her mom once had told her she tended to be melodramatic. Ashley disagreed in general, but maybe now was such a time.

Ashley slid her bare feet under Iris's bare tummy. A pale white bare tummy that had a big black fake dick making its way in and out of it.

The big black fake dick would never get to Iris's stomach. Iris knew that. But Pinky sure was trying to make it happen. Ashley wondered if the dildo battering would make Iris would bruise on the inside. Probably not. She looked so passionate, too passionate to be in pain, and bruises did not come without pain.

Ashley could not get over how incredibly sexy Iris was. Iris could give Ashley a run for her money in the sexy department. Right then, with the way she was. If a guy came in, a handsome guy (all guys were eager to please Ashley), and got to choose to have sex with passionate naked Iris already on all fours and penetrated or Ashley who only had naked feet, he might, gasp, choose Iris and not Ashley!

To think!

Ashley stared at her bare feet under Iris. Her naked feet. Under naked Iris. Only inches separated their bare skin!

Now more than ever, it felt like Ashley was part of the sex. Like she was already involved. She wasn't but she guessed she was about as close as a voyeur could get without becoming a participant.

Kadeesha asked, "Are you enjoying the show?"

Sort of....

But that wasn't what Ashley said, "I'm just here to check on Iris and Norah. By talking with them! In private! As soon as Iris is... I mean, when she's done with...."

Kadeesha laughed. Her laughter made Kadeesha's huge tits shake. Her big tits shaking from laughter was quite distracting to Ashley. It was hard not to look right at those tits. Luckily, Iris and Pinky gave her something else to look at.

Kadeesha said, "As soon as she's thoroughly fucked? As soon as she cums? She'll cum more than once, so as soon as she's done cumming is the way to think."

Ashley would have to watch Iris orgasm? Repeatedly?

Actually... that did sound interesting. Ashley never got to see herself when she orgasmed. It wasn't like she let guys fuck her while she was in front of

a mirror. Or let them video her although about half the guys she'd dated expressed interest in doing so. She had, of course, shut them down immediately every time. Only sluts let themselves be videoed having sex! She'd get to see Iris orgasm. Wow. Cool. And more than once? Good for Iris. In general, that Iris could do that, that she had a body like that. But it was a bad thing in this circumstance. Pinky was so weird looking, almost deformed really. And Pinky and Kadeesha were both scary. And, of course, they were lesbians and they were black.

Hey, nothing against lesbians or blacks, but Ashley thought neither type, let alone both at once, were good partners for multiple orgasms. Iris! Choose your multiple orgasm partners more wisely!

Kadeesha no longer gripped Ashley's arm. Did Kadeesha think Ashley wasn't a risk to run? Because her shoes were off?

Ashley guessed Kadeesha was right. She wasn't going to embarrass herself – or make these poor blacks feel bad – by jumping up and running out. Besides, there was nothing here to run from. She was watching. She may only be less than a foot away from participating but she'd easily maintain that distance. She was close enough and would go no closer!

This situation was not a threatening one. Okay, yes, it felt threatening. But logically, it wasn't. These black women would not make a play for her.

She was too white and too hot. They had to know that.

Ashley guessed Iris was also white and that hadn't stopped Pinky from sticking that big black dildo dick in her and didn't stop Pinky from pummeling Iris's womb with it.

So, Ashley was not too white for them. Heck, Iris was paler than her.

Ashley had a decent tan.

But she was still too hot!

However, hadn't she just thought that Iris could give her a run for it as far as sexiness? But she didn't usually look this sexy. Not at all.

Was there such a thing as "too hot" to make a play for someone? Not according to dozens and dozens of guys Ashley had to turn down at clubs and elsewhere over the past few years. Quite a few were ugly. What were they thinking? When they hit on her, she always wondered if they were drunk or if they thought she was drunk.

These black women weren't drunk unless maybe they were drunk on sex.

Oh, now Kadeesha's hand was stroking up and down Ashley's left arm. It gave Ashley goosebumps despite the humid warmth of the bedroom.

(Humid with what? Ashley thought she knew!)

Should Ashley say something? Or should she shove Kadeesha's hand away?

It wasn't sex. Maybe Kadeesha was just trying to be friendly. But she better not get too friendly!

It wasn't sex and it felt good so... there was no harm?

Iris chose that time – maybe “chose” was not the best word for it – to orgasm. She bounced her face on the bedspread and then buried it there, groaning, her body shaking. Pinky never paused the way she drove the dildo. She did it with a vengeance.

Kadeesha said, “How 'bout that?”

Uh, yeah, how about that?

A woman, her former work friend, was orgasming with her orgasming vagina only about a foot from Ashley's bare toes!

Ashley's eyes were wide but she kept her mouth clamped shut. There was nothing to say in this situation!

Kadeesha did not agree with that philosophy, “That's a great show. There's nothing more beautiful than a sexy white slut orgasming. Fuck sunsets. Fuck sunrises. Fuck the ocean. Fuck fire. Fuck rainbows. I'll taking a fucking sexy white slut fucked to orgasm any day of the fucking week!”

Oh. She would.

The dildo fucking did not stop. It kept going. Soon Iris pushed up on her hands, was back on all fours, and fucked back on the dildo as much as Pinky fucked the dildo forward.

Ashley thought that was really something. That was sexual endurance. Sexual endurance was sexy!

For Ashley, sex ended when the man orgasmed. Sometimes she got an orgasm on the way to the man's orgasm. One time she and a guy orgasmed at the same time. Wasn't that something?

But then it was done. Iris kept going. Or Pinky kept going. Whichever. Both.

Yes, it certainly did look like Iris liked what was going on.

Kadeesha said, "You smell that?"

"I smell something."

"That's the smell of pussy."

"Oh." Ashley felt stupid. Of course, it was the smell of pussy. Iris's pussy was getting pounded. Ashley couldn't see Iris's pussy from this angle, but it was wet before Ashley laid on the bed, and Ashley bet it was only wetter now. In fact, she saw wet streaks down the inside of Iris's far thigh. Iris was leaking! Oh my!

Kadeesha inquired, “You like that smell?”

How to answer that? Ashley did not want to sound anti-feminist. But she also did not want to sound like a lesbian!

“It’s... natural. It’s pretty personal, too.”

“We all friends here. Nothing is too personal here. We gonna get a lot more personal.”

They were?

Chapter Five

Kadeesha went on, “Lemme ask you this. You be alright with the smell of pussy, sound like. What about the taste of pussy? You like that?”

“Huh? The taste!?! I don’t taste pussy!”

“Haven’t you ever tasted yourself?”

The truth was, she had. A girl had to check what she had on the menu, right?

But Ashley wasn’t going to tell Kadeesha – a *lesbian!* – that!

“No.” Ashley had read that the best denial was a flat denial. No added details! Nothing to attack other than the lie itself.

Kadeesha said, “You really should. A girl ought to know her own taste.”

Oh, that was funny. She and Kadeesha had the same mindset on that. But Kadeesha would never know it.

Kadeesha asked, “How about it? Are you gonna do that? Did I put a little mindworm in your head and you ain’t gonna stop thinking about it up until you do it?”

Ashley decided to go with the tried-and-true aw-shucks routine. Act innocent and people treat you with kid gloves!

And maybe it gets black lesbians to stop caressing your arm....

“I could never do that.”

There. That should take care of that. Never meant never! That was as absolute as you could make it. It forced people to understand your point of view.

Even though “never” was actually “already did it.”

Kadeesha said, “I’ll go ahead and help you then.”

What!?! Wait!

Kadeesha wasn’t waiting and Ashley only had time to think it, not say it.

Kadeesha’s arm-caressing hand made a sudden move at the end of its downward caress. It made it to Ashley’s wrist, and then, instead of stroking lightly back up Ashley’s arm, Kadeesha’s hand veered to Ashley’s waist.

Ashley had stopped off at home after work to change into something sexier.

Oh, she’d meant to think she’d changed into something more comfortable than her conservative work clothes. She guessed her tight top and tight shorts were both more comfortable and sexier.

Kadeesha popped the button on Ashley’s shorts! Just like that!

So quick. All Ashley could do was stare. There was nothing she could have done to stop that button unbuttoning. That was true, things weren’t

her fault up to that point, but she thought she probably should get her hands in gear and get them moving.

Ashley knew Kadeesha had bigger plans than popping that single top button on Ashley's shorts.

But she guessed her hands didn't know it. They didn't move. Not only did they fail to act with urgency. They did not move at all. Maybe they fell asleep?

Kadeesha unzipped the fly of Ashley's shorts.

You see, stupid hands? You should have done something!

Well... too late now. You guys just relax. I'll let you know how this goes. Once I know.

Ashley decided it was time for her mouth to step in. Mouth, hands aren't doing shit. Save me, Mouth!

"Stop that!"

That sounded strong and definite, which was not actually how Ashley felt.

It didn't get the results Ashley wanted. But maybe it got the lack of results she wanted?

Kadeesha made an amused scoffing sound. She slid her long-fingered hand right into Ashley's panties.

And then she slid her long fingers up and down Ashley's slit!

Ashley went stiff with anxious uncertainty. Another woman had her hand on Ashley's pussy! This had never happened before!

Worse, it was a black lesbian! A woman's hand on her pussy sounded lesbian, but a lesbian's hand on her pussy must for sure be lesbian! The *hand* was lesbian, *not* Ashley's pussy. Ashley's pussy was some kind of lesbian victim.

Ashley half-yelled, "Hey!"

Kadeesha musically murmured, "Hey hey hey."

This was getting nowhere!

But Kadeesha's fingers were getting somewhere. Up and down, up and down Ashley's slit.

"What are you doing!?!"

Kadeesha made that scoffing amused sound again, "What does it *feel* like I'm doing?"

Was that a rhetorical question? This was no goddamn time for a rhetorical question!

Should Ashley answer the question? Or what?

"Ooooooh."

What the fuck was that sound she'd just made? It sounded passionate. It sounded like some lesbian slut in the middle of some lesbian activity!

So why did that sound come out of Ashley's mouth? She was straight! She was heterosexual! She was, she thought, a premiere example of the perfect heterosexual woman. She was a walking wet dream!

As in, a *guy's* wet dream! Not some lesbian getting wet.

Thinking of getting wet....

Was she wet down there? She felt wet. That wasn't good. Not good!

Another thing that wasn't good was how good Kadeesha's fingers felt. That was the kind of good that was not good at all!

"Ohhhh. Oh no."

"You like that."

"No! I don't!"

"I wasn't asking, bitch. I was saying."

Oh. Then Ashley guessed that was different. Kadeesha was just saying it.

There was no need to answer.

"Ohhhhh."

Whoops, she answered anyway, didn't she?

Was it, uh, getting hot on this bed or was it only Ashley's pussy putting out all that heat?

Ashley stammered, "I really don't—"

Kadeesha interrupted, "You really do. You a bitch with a hot pussy. You so wet. Whatcha got to say about that?"

Um. Not much.

"Ooooooh."

She guessed she did have something to say about that. But it wasn't helpful. Not to her.

Kadeesha pulled her hand out of Ashley's panties. The hand withdrawal was almost as disconcerting as the hand inserting was.

Did Kadeesha... have to stop so soon?

Kadeesha said, "I told you I was going to help you and I am."

Oh. Ashley guessed there was nothing to fight. Kadeesha was only helping her.

It sure hadn't come across as helping. The hand in the panties was alarming! The hand no longer in the panties was almost as alarming.

Ashley's pussy was all fired up but with no avenues of possible explosion.

There were only lesbians around here. Black ones!

Kadeesha brought her panty-invading hand up to Ashley's face.

Unfortunately, Ashley was too flustered to understand what Kadeesha was up to even though she should have known. Also unfortunate, her mouth was open as she tried to catch her breath. It sure took a girl's breath away to lay on a bed next to a dominant black lesbian with sex going on at the foot of the bed.

Kadeesha dipped three of her long fingers, the same three who'd achieved the most contact with Ashley's pussy lips, into Ashley's mouth. Ashley did not realize the fingers were on their way in until after they were already inside her mouth.

Kadeesha said, "There you go, bitch. I said I was going to help you taste yourself and now I have. Lick 'em. Lick 'em!"

Oh, so bad!

Ashley had tasted herself before and there was no avoiding the wetness on Kadeesha's fingers, but she was not going to lick them. Not that. Nope. Nope nope nope! Not going to do that!

Kadeesha's long, so long, fingers delved deeper, pushing insistently at the back of Ashley's throat.

Ashley felt like gagging.

She knew Kadeesha was telling her something. Kadeesha was insisting.

Kadeesha must really want Ashley to accept her “help!”

Ashley guessed she was going to do it. She didn't want to choke on fingers. For some reason, she also didn't want to let Kadeesha down.

Kadeesha, the Black Mistress, had expectations.

Ashley sucked on Kadeesha's fingers. Sucked and licked. She swept her tongue up and down.

Yep, she tasted herself!

There. Kadeesha had succeeded in “helping” her.

This was done. This was so done!

Ashley popped her mouth wide open. It was time for Kadeesha to take those tonsil-poking fingers out.

Surprisingly, she did.

Kadeesha said, “How was that? You like how you taste?”

Ashley wasn't sure how to answer that. It was a naughty taste taken in a naughty way with one fuck of a naughty sexy black lesbian.

It was a naughty taste sampled in a humiliating way, but Ashley liked it.

She tasted pretty good! Ashley was confident she must taste great in comparison to other women. She was a hottie, she was the hottest, so she

must have a great tasting pussy, probably the best possible. The best in the state of North Carolina at the very least.

Either this was a better than usual pussy day for her or the method of taste testing affected the taste. Ashley swore she tasted much sexier right then than she had during her private sampling sessions. Was it because of the black finger additives?

Ashley frowned like she was angry with Kadeesha. But she wasn't. She guessed she was intimidated some, but she couldn't make herself get angry. She guessed maybe she felt like, "Lesbian gonna lesbian." Like Kadeesha maybe couldn't help herself. It was just the way she was. That made it hard to get angry at her.

That was one reason. Another was how her pussy felt. And maybe that naughty taste now in her mouth was another reason. It was hard to get angry.

Ashley finally said, "It was fine. Now I know, okay?"

Kadeesha had some kind of look in her eyes. Was that calculation?

Craftiness? Bad intentions?

Kadeesha said, "Now you know one thing. You know how you taste. But do you taste better than other women?"

Ashley was sure she did. She must. But she didn't want to sound cocky.

There was no room for cocky when on the subject of pussy, and she was so done with this conversation.

She should probably leave as soon as possible!

“How would I know? *I'm* not a lesbian.”

Take that, black lesbian! Take that logic and choke on it the way you made me almost choke on your fingers!

Ashley was too preoccupied answering Kadeesha's question to properly admonish her for the fingers in the mouth thing. Not just any fingers!

Fingers wet with pussy juice! Plus... black fingers!

Kadeesha's wondering hand returned to Ashley's arm. It felt damp and hot.

Ashley wasn't sure about that hand caressing her left arm, the arm nearest to Kadeesha. Sure, it felt nice, but it was attached to a lesbian and that hand had just gotten up to some crazy naughtiness. But it was better there than on Ashley's pussy. No doubt!

Ashley's panties were in place, but her shorts were still unzipped, unbuttoned, and open. Ashley thought someone should do something about that. Zip them back up.

Her? She shouldn't have to do it. Kadeesha should! It was the black bitch who unzipped them, so she should be the one to zip them up! That was

fair. Ashley decided to leave them unzipped and open. In silent protest.

This huge-titted handsy black bitch. And she had the nerve to call Ashley a bitch? But Ashley called Kadeesha a bitch in her head in an offended way while Kadeesha seemed to mean hers... in a complimentary way? No, that wasn't quite it. She said it more like it was a fact.

The show at the foot of the bed was just as intense as ever. It looked like Iris was building up to another orgasm. Or maybe Pinky was building Iris up to another orgasm. That stunted black girl was skinny but she sure had strong forearms! Built for driving a dildo deep.

Ashley watched them again. It was hard to take her eyes away. She'd never seen sex so nearby. Or sex that was so intense.

There was a difference. Now Ashley watched Iris's pussy get pounded while Ashley had the taste of pussy in her mouth. The two things felt connected. That did seem pretty fucking lesbian. But not if you knew the whole story of where that pussy taste came from! It did not come from some other woman's pussy. Now *that* would be lesbian.

It came from Ashley's pussy, so that was totally innocent. Pretty much normal. Ashley was sure lots of girls tasted their own pussy juice. It was no real concern.

Ashley did admit a significantly smaller percentage of girls would taste their own pussy juice via delivery from another woman's black fingers and would continue to taste themselves while watching a friend and former coworker get sexually nailed by another black woman.

That had to be, what, less than five percent of women?

Kadeesha told Ashley, "I helped you once and I'm going to help you again."

Oh shit!

"I've got helping hands, yes I do."

Oh no!

"They say I'm *handy*. Get it? Handy. That's what slutty white bitches say."

Ashley did get it, but she did not want to get anything else from this blacky big tits next to her. And she better not agree that Kadeesha was handy.

That's what Kadeesha thought shite sluts said!

"You need to know how you taste in comparison to other women. So that obviously means you need to taste other bitch's pussies. That's just a fact."

Ashley tried to be assertive, though she was none too sure she pulled it off while laying supine on the bed, a bed shaking and bouncing from Iris's ongoing fucking.

“I *don't* need to know that. I don't *want* to know that.”

“Seem like white bitches never know what they want. Good thing Kadeesha knows for them.”

With alarm, Ashley saw Kadeesha's other hand, the far one, delve into her sweat pant shorts. It was digging around in there!

“I don't want to find out! That would be totally lesbian!”

Kadeesha glared at her though Ashley thought it was a mock glare, not a serious one, “You talking shit just because I'm a lesbian.”

Ah ha! Kadeesha was for sure a lesbian! She had as much as admitted it! Ashley had thought so!

Lamely she guessed she'd already known so before she came over here. Norah wasn't a liar and even a liar wouldn't lie and falsely claim they sexually submitted to a lesbian.

Great! She'd just learned what she'd already known! Fucking blonde moment!

Kadeesha went on, her far arm working up and down, her left hand in her shorts, “This isn't lesbian. Not at all. Every girl needs to know how she tastes and how she tastes when compared against the field out there. Just got to know! Everybody gets a taste of each other. Friends share with friends. That's a fact.”

Friends share with--! Their pussy juice? Tasting each other? No, they didn't!

Unless... maybe this was a black thing?

Ashley failed to argue against Kadeesha's "fact." No doubt she would have argued the "fact," but events were going too fast and were too bizarre for Ashley to deal with them quickly.

Kadeesha pulled her hand out of her shorts. It shone with wetness.

Why was Kadeesha turned on!?!

Ashley realized she was hypocritical on that point. Kadeesha's hand was wet when it emerged from Ashley's shorts and Ashley wasn't at all turned on. Wetness did not mean arousal.

Right?

Right!?!

Kadeesha rolled a little onto her right side. She pulled her left hand out of her shorts. She brought that hand up and over.

Above Ashley's face!

Ashley looked at it with wide eyes. She tried to shrink back from it, but the bed only had limited give.

Above Ashley's face, Kadeesha's long-fingered wet black hand looked like the claw from a claw machine arcade game.

Which meant Ashley was one of the doll prizes.

Kadeesha did think Ashley was quite a doll and quite a prize. Kadeesha was intent on winning Ashley.

The claw dropped.

Ashley snapped her open mouth shut just in time.

The result wasn't positive. Kadeesha's wet hand covered her face and slid around like she was trying to screw it into Ashley's mouth. Her screw was far too large for Ashley's screw hole. It wouldn't work. But her wet hand did smear juice all over Ashley's face.

Kadeesha wasn't playing, "Open your fucking mouth, bitch. Don't be pissing me off. I'm trying to help you. Fucking help me help you."

Well, when Kadeesha put it that way....

Kadeesha sounded like she was already pissed off. Scary!

Ashley didn't decide to help Kadeesha help her. She just did it. The need to do as Kadeesha told her to do was more demanding than Kadeesha's also insistent wet screwing hand.

Ashley opened her mouth.

Kadeesha said, “Wider, bitch. Like you at the dentist.”

Ashley stretched her mouth wider. As widely as she could get it.

Oh, how had she ended up in this situation?

Why did it feel like there was a warm puddle between her legs?

Kadeesha plundered Ashley’s mouth. She got four fingers in. Her thumb, left outside the mouth party, pressed on one of Ashley’s nostrils.

Ashley was so short of breath. She felt such intensity.

And she tasted Kadeesha’s wetness.

Kadeesha demanded, “Come on now, bitch. You got to lick. Lick dem fingers. Lick em up and down. Taste the fucking taste. Remember, I’m helping out! I’m giving you a fucking helping hand.”

This didn’t feel like helping.

This did not feel helpful.

This felt wrong.

It was very intense.

It was... arousing?

Kadeesha did seem passionate in her belief in helping others. There was that.

But there was more than that.

Ashley licked Kadeesha's fingers. She licked and kept licking.

She didn't know when or how it happened. At first, she had fingers crammed in her mouth and could barely lick them. But pretty soon, they were outside her mouth. But she was still licking them! All over! Up and down! She licked the same places over and over, even after she had all the taste licked up.

Ashley felt like one of those super enthusiastic licky dogs happy to see her owner again.

Like a dog? Her owner?

What the—

Kadeesha said, "That's some fine-ass licking by a fine-ass bitch. You like a puppy the way you lick. I like dat enthusiasm."

See! She *was* licking like a dog! Kadeesha thought so, too!

Kadeesha sounded pleased....

Kadeesha thought she was a "fine-ass bitch?" Well, Kadeesha certainly should because Ashley thought she certainly was! Though only guys should think of her that way and then they should not say the bitch part out loud. They could say "fine-ass" out loud in the heat of a shared personal

private moment *if* the guy was super handsome and had a great job (or was rich without a job). Only then.

Ashley kept licking like an enthusiastic dog. She didn't know what else to do. She did not want to disappoint Kadeesha with flagging enthusiasm. She actually did feel enthusiastic.

What was happening to her?

No one ever better ever find out about this!

Damn. Iris was right there. Iris wasn't looking over at them but Ashley bet Iris's ears still worked, unlike her heterosexuality. Thankfully, Iris had no room to talk about others. She was so slutty! Who knew? Ashley never had. Didn't they say it was always the quiet ones? Yes, they did.

What a relief. Ashley was a talker. She had a lot of friends and was highly social and she loved to talk. She was safe from sluttiness.

Or was she?

Kadeesha pulled her hand away, putting it back up into claw drop position, "Close your mouth, bitch, and swirl my taste around. Taste it like wine."

Ashley felt oddly disappointed at the loss of a hand to lick. Her tongue still felt like licking.

She closed her mouth. She worked her tongue around.

Yes, she tasted that. The taste of pussy juice. It was different than hers. A little. Maybe.

Kadeesha asked, “Tell me true, bitch, whose pussy tastes better? Yours or mine?”

That was quite the question!

Ashley knew, she darn well knew, that Kadeesha was going somewhere with this. First, in general, she was getting somewhere with Ashley. Ashley knew it. Her hot pussy told her so.

Each time Kadeesha asked a question, it was a set-up to take some action, to do something to Ashley. Ashley bet this was another one of those times. Kadeesha was doing it again! Or she was about to.

Ashley tried to think ahead. She tried to figure out the best way to answer Kadeesha’s question. How could she answer in such a way that it would derail whatever Kadeesha had planned?

Surely a highly educated professional woman like Ashley could outwit a simple urban Black Mistress like Kadeesha.

Should she say Kadeesha tasted better? No. Kadeesha would take that and run with it while Ashley was unable to run, and she’d try to make Ashley get more of what she’d said she liked. She’d want Ashley to prove her claim by feeding her more of the same.

Should she say she herself tasted better? That might piss off Kadeesha. It would be a little rude. Ashley did not want to be arrogant about her “fine-ass” excellent-tasting pussy. She really should be modest.

She sure better not say she wasn’t sure or hadn’t gotten a good enough taste! Kadeesha would do it all over again!

So... a tie? Yes, that must be the best answer. That was the way to go. That was so smart! Ha! She totally had this one figured out!

Poor Ashley. There was no right answer. Only an assortment of wrong answers. Any answer would serve to set up lesbian domination by Kadeesha. Answering at all was a wrong answer.

Ashley answered, “It’s a tie. We both... taste okay. No issues. No concerns.”

Chapter Six

Kadeesha immediately spoke, like she had known exactly what to say if Ashley answered the way she had.

“A fucking tie? Ain’t no ties. Just goes to overtime.”

Overtime? As in... more?

Oh no. Ashley was immediately sure the answer she’d given was a huge mistake. What was she thinking?

No time to think! Kadeesha rolled over on top of her.

There was a black lesbian on top of her! And her shorts were still unzipped, the fly open! And there was still another black lesbian, a little mutant, dildo-fucking Iris at the end of the bed!

It was all getting so... extreme....

Kadeesha pushed herself up and got her knees under her. Her knees were to each side of Ashley’s waist (bad) but her weight was off Ashley (good).

Ashley sucked in a breath. She needed the air for saying something because she needed to say something. Now! Right now!

But what should she say? Words rarely failed Ashley but they failed her now.

Kadeesha knee-walked a little up Ashley's body. For a horrible second, Ashley thought Kadeesha might intend to sit on her face! But, no, of course not. Even this brash black lesbian wouldn't pull something like that. Not with Ashley Evans!

Kadeesha did sit, but she sat on Ashley's stomach. She sat down hard and she had a muscular significant ass. Ashley's breath exploded out of her lungs.

Ashley's chance to speak was gone now, for a few moments, but that was all the time Kadeesha needed.

She reached back with her right hand and plunged it into Ashley's panties. Ashley stiffened in shock and from sensation. Kadeesha's fingers skimmed nimbly up and down Ashley's all too wet slit.

The sensations further took Ashley's breath away.

Kadeesha told her, "You notice how I use my right hand on your pussy and I used my left hand on my pussy? That's to prevent the cross-contamination of the pussy samples. Hang on, there, hold your horses, white bitch, which I take this sample from ya."

White bitch? Was that better or worse than a plain bitch? Ashley was white. She sure was. White should not be an insult. It should be a

compliment! But it sounded insulting when attached to bitch and spoken by Kadeesha.

Wow.

Ooooo.

Kadeesha was super thorough when she took a sample....

Thoroughness was good, Ashley guessed. At least it felt good.

Kadeesha pulled her hand free from Ashley's panties.

Ashley was concerned. Was Kadeesha sure she'd gotten a good sample?

Completely sure? Maybe she should make even more sure. Just to be sure.

She could bring her hand back into Ashley's panties... and get a better sample... however long it took....

But Kadeesha was sure. She brought her hand, all too shiny with telling wetness, to Ashley's mouth. But she did not do a claw drop or a hand screwing into mouth thing this time.

Kadeesha knew there was no need. That was news to Ashley. But it turned out to be true.

Kadeesha held her hand just above Ashley's mouth. Her fingers were only an inch from Ashley's lips.

The message was clear. Ashley knew what Kadeesha wanted. What she demanded without words.

Ashley felt resentful. First, Kadeesha took her hand away from Ashley's pussy without properly collecting a truly proper beyond-all-question sample. And now, this black bitch was... was... making her participate in a willing fashion! Ashley would need to lift her head up and put some effort into licking Kadeesha's hand.

It would look so incredibly willing! Anyone seeing it would think she wanted to lick her own pussy juice off Kadeesha's black fingers.

Worse, to be honest, they wouldn't be completely wrong.

Iris might see her doing it. She might jump to an accurate conclusion! She might tell Norah and then Norah might tell Ashley's coworkers. Probably not, but she might.

Ashley had secretly liked knowing these naughty things about Iris and Norah. It was interesting. It was almost fun. But the idea of them knowing anything similar about her was not nearly as fun. It was no fun at all!

Not that her situation was at all like theirs or that she was like them. They were white sluts! Whereas Ashley was a good friend conducting a sort of sexual wellness check on them. And then the lines were getting a bit blurry.

Hey, these things happened. She bet lots of great friends conducting sexual wellness checks found themselves getting accidentally involved.

Not all the way! Not in the same way! Just a little bit.

She couldn't see Iris now, at least not well. Kadeesha's body blocked Ashley's view. Ashley could only see Iris's feet bouncing suspended off the edge of the bed to the right and the top of her head bowed down, frizzy hair spilled all over.

But she could hear her. Iris was having another orgasm! Amazing! That girl sure could orgasm. Or should the credit go to Pinky? Were black women just really good at making white bitches orgasm?

Was that what Kadeesha wanted to show Ashley?

Ashley did not want Kadeesha to show her that!

Not really. Or she knew she shouldn't want that.

She was quite curious... about these things... about what her body might be capable of... in capable black female hands....

This was a bad situation. This was a bad deal. Kadeesha had not even taken her out to a fancy restaurant and this wasn't even the third date when normally Ashley would be open to the possibility of some sensual payback to the man. Only maybe! If he was super handsome, real suave, and had a great job. Only then.

This was such a bad deal. Ashley wasn't even at all lesbian! She was a poster child for the heterosexual ideal woman! Or maybe the centerfold. Also, just saying it, Kadeesha was *black*.

So, nope, no orgasms please. No sex. But Ashley guessed she'd compromise, just a little, and go ahead and lick Kadeesha's hand. Kadeesha had already gone to the trouble of fetching by hand another pussy sample for Ashley. No need to be rude by refusing it.

A little compromise was harmless, right?

Ashley lifted her head, strained her neck like a pussy juice licking giraffe, and licked at Kadeesha's hand.

Kadeesha reminded her, "Remember, do it that way you do, like an eager puppy. I like it like that. Lick it up, blonde puppy."

Ashley licked it up. Like a blonde puppy. Her own pussy juice.

It took a while. It was intense wet work. It was smelly and tasty and humiliating.

Ashley's stomach felt nervously empty no matter how much she licked but her performance filled her in a different way, with an emotion Ashley couldn't even recognize.

It was like she wanted to be mindless and just do stuff. But not mindless in a dead feeling way. Everything seemed so hot and so vivid. She thought

she'd remember every knuckle, every joint, every pore of skin on Kadeesha's hand.

While Ashley licked, Kadeesha brought her other hand to the waistband of her shorts and delved it down inside her shorts. Ashley saw Kadeesha's shorts bulging and moving like a big mole just under the grass. Ashley knew what Kadeesha was doing. She was collecting more flavor, different flavor.

Ashley almost... looked forward to licking that hand also? No, that couldn't be right. She was way too heterosexual to look forward to that. Maybe she was only looking forward to getting all this over with.

But would it be? Would it be over once she licked Kadeesha's right hand and then her left hand again? Would it really be over?

Ashley had to doubt it. She wasn't stupid. She was blonde, but she wasn't a dumb blonde. This black bitch sitting on her wasn't interested in a taste test and then, when it was complete, that would be it and all. She'd want more. Probably a lot more.

That caused a deep tremble in Ashley. No doubt she was dreading the necessary confrontation and felt bad about letting down Kadeesha within the imminent future.

Kadeesha seemed so intent and so into it. She would be so disappointed that Ashley had no such interest. But Kadeesha ought to know better. Ashley was totally heterosexual and Kadeesha was totally out of her league. Although Ashley felt like she was the one suddenly out of her league. At least out of her depths.

Kadeesha's weight sitting on Ashley's stomach felt imprisoning but oddly comforting. Or like a guide. Ashley was like a boat with a dropped anchor. Kadeesha was that anchor. No need to plot a course. The boat wasn't going anywhere.

Ashley could not leave. No need to stress about that. She had to play along. No need to feel regret.

She'd cooperate. But only until Kadeesha got off of her. As soon as she did, Ashley was out of this place.

She should never have come here.

Damn. She might cum here.

Well, no, not from hand licking. It was turning her on. She'd admit that. She was licking at proof of her arousal right then. But it still wasn't lesbian sex. She wouldn't cum if she did not have sex. She was safe.

She did not feel safe....

Despite not feeling safe, she also was not nearly as worried as she should be about this. A black lesbian was sitting on her!

Kadeesha pulled her left hand out of her shorts. It was wet. Of course it was. Kadeesha was a lesbian! Any man and any lesbian would be turned on by Ashley.

Ashley could not blame the big-titted black bitch for being so aroused by her beauty. Ashley guessed she could not blame Kadeesha for having no idea she had zero chance with Ashley because Ashley had zero interest in anything lesbian.

Kadeesha switched hands dangling above Ashley's face, and Ashley went to licking the new hand with its fresh coating like a dog licking a bone.

Ashley did it enthusiastically, but, she reminded herself, she only licked so eagerly in order to convince Kadeesha she was giving her best taste test effort. She didn't want another do-over after this one.

She didn't want to lick pussy juice off hands over and over.

This would not go on forever. Something would come next.

She was curious what came next after this. Her?

No, not her. She wouldn't. She felt like she could, like she needed to, but she wouldn't. Orgasming anywhere close to this black bitch or because of this black bitch would not be wise. It would be extremely foolish.

Ashley Evans was no fool!

But she'd like to know what Kadeesha's plan was. She was curious about that.

This wasn't one of those in a car with a guy and wondering, as they made out, if or when he'd try to pop the catch on her bra. This was some next-level lesbian weird stuff, and Ashley knew nothing of what kind of hijinks a lesbian might try.

Ashley licked like she couldn't get enough. Like she was starved for pussy juice. Kadeesha did taste different. Not different better, but different.

They *both* tasted great.

Oooo, wow, whoa, that thought was pretty lesbian!

It couldn't be *that* lesbian. It was more... factual. Yes, that sounded better. Facts were facts. She was being... objective. Like a good heterosexual pussy juice tasting judge should be when licking more than one woman's pussy juice from the fingers of a black bitch lesbian.

Kadeesha commended her, "Look at the blonde puppy going for it. You be like a dog for the bone, white slut. I'm just glad you ain't chewing my hand off. Go ahead now, say it true, which one tastes better?"

Damn. Double damn.

First damn? Kadeesha lifted her hand away; the one Ashley was licking. Ashley was into licking it and felt a little like a puppy with her favorite chew toy taken by her owner. Something about licking away at a flavored black hand was enrapturing. She just wanted to keep doing it.

But that must only be because she worried about what might come next and wanted to avoid it by never getting to what came next. That was a good and... convenient... way of thinking about it.

The other damn? She was right back in that same situation. She had to give an answer. Last time she was diplomatic and said they were tied. That had not worked out for her. It made Kadeesha sit on her! It caused Ashley to feel helpless and then a lot more turned on. And then she had to lick off and swallow down more pussy juice. Which was totally going in the wrong direction.

Ashley already knew if she said it was a tie, Kadeesha would say, "Ain't no fucking ties!" and then Ashley would have to lick her coated hands again. Which meant Kadeesha would get a hand into her panties and would dig around again....

Ashley felt a deep flex in her vagina. Wetness flooded her pussy lips.

Jesus, what was that? It was almost an orgasm! Just from the thought of Kadeesha handling her pussy again. The thought alone!

Oh, she was in big trouble if Kadeesha actually did it!

Okay, can't say tie. What should she say? That Kadeesha's pussy or that her pussy tasted better?

Which one? As stated in that movie, there can be only one.

With Kadeesha sitting on Ashley's torso, her pussy was far closer to Ashley, only a little clothing between them. And, specifically, Kadeesha's pussy was closer to Ashley's face.

Ashley still had a nightmarish flashing vision of Kadeesha trying to sit on her face.

If she said Kadeesha's pussy tasted better, Ashley worried that Kadeesha would say, "Here you go! This be for you!" And she'd then sit on Ashley's face.

That was a nightmare that needed to never become a reality!

Okay, process of elimination, Ashley knew what to say. She'd say her pussy tasted better. Besides, it was true, in a way. They both tasted just as good. But didn't everyone know that something white was always better than something black? That ties go to the white?

Hey, don't blame Ashley! She did not make the world, she only lived in it!

Ashley decided to say it with a little zing, a little attitude. Someone had to put this black bitch in her place!

“My pussy tastes better than your pussy. Sorry, not sorry.”

Burn! Suck on that, Kadeesha! Or lick it up like a dog, the way Ashley had the pussy juice from Kadeesha’s fingers.

Uh oh. There was a narrow-eyed look on Kadeesha’s face. What was that? Anger?

Had Ashley chosen poorly? Was it too late for a re-do?

Kadeesha told her, “That was the opening round. Only two rounds. Whoever wins the second wins the overall.”

What the hell kind of scorekeeping was that? Why have the opening round at all then?

Kadeesha explained, and it wasn’t good news to Ashley. Not to her mind or to her heterosexuality.

“Pussy taste one way on the outside. Taste a whole ‘nother way fresh from the deep. Here... I’ll, uh... just show you....”

Oh fuck!

Kadeesha’s right hand was back inside Ashley’s panties!

Ashley made a troubled sound, an erm groan of frustrated dread, and she contorted her body back and forth, just a little. But there. She'd done her part. No need to do anything more. Kadeesha must know she did not want more of this. No need to keep sending the same message.

Whatever happened next... was not on Ashley. She'd blame Kadeesha for it.

Ashley washed her hands of this even as Kadeesha soaked her hand by massaging Ashley's pussy and squeezing her pussy lips together.

Ooooh!

That wasn't enough for Kadeesha. In a smooth move, she slid her long, oh so long middle finger into Ashley's vagina and upward in Ashley's vagina.

"Oh-oooooh!" Ashley's cry was uncontrolled. It came out sounding like a cross between a comment on her oh-oh situation and the way that finger made her feel so much sensation.

Ashley was startled. Not so much by the finger going up her pussy.

Kasdeesha had hinted strongly. Not even by the sensation of it. Ashley knew by then, like it or not, she was turned on. She knew her pussy was wet and hot and wanted action even if her mind did not.

What startled Ashley so much was that Kadeesha's long middle finger, now skimming rapidly, ruthlessly, in and out, gave Ashley such a feeling of

penetration. And that feeling of penetration was like an override command for her mind.

Ashley wanted to fuck! She needed to fuck! Fuck now! Must fuck!

She felt willing to fuck anything or anyone. Even a lesbian black bitch.

Which was good. At least it was for Kadeesha because Kadeesha meant to fuck Ashley ten ways to Sunday.

First way, finger fuck.

Kadeesha kept herself half-turned, twisted around, while on top of Ashley. Kadeesha kept her middle finger thrusting, dipping and dipping and dipping. She'd planned to delve a few times to get a sample and then bring it to Ashley's mouth. She'd thought Ashley might need more working up before advancing towards bigger results with her. But now Kadeesha knew better. Ashley's tell-all pussy told her so.

Ashley's eyes were squinting with passionate need. She looked half out of her mind with lust. Kadeesha felt Ashley's stomach muscles tensing over and over under Kadeesha's ass as Ashley kept trying to lift up and fuck her pussy onto Kadeesha's finger.

The white slut was ready! Ready to be all the white slut she was meant to be.

Ready for the big O!

Kadeesha used her free hand to maul at Ashley's covered tits. They were great tits. They couldn't compete with Kadeesha's or Kadeesha's sister, Aleesha's, of course not, but they were firm and perfect. That was good. Kadeesha, as a big-titted person, liked to think tits were important, and big tits, somewhat ironically, kicked the ass of anyone with smaller tits. Which was nearly everyone in comparison to Kadeesha. Which made adopting that philosophy quite irresistible to Kadeesha.

Kadeesha liked tits. She liked white tits that were smaller than hers but perfectly formed. Perfect tits were such fun to slap around!

She'd have to wait a little for that kind of fun. If she was going to slap tits, she wanted naked tits. Choose your tit-slapping moments wisely!

Kadeesha pushed and pulled at Ashley's tits. Ashley only moaned and groaned. From the tit mauling or from the finger fucking. Or both. Ashley did not attempt to raise her hands to interfere.

Kadeesha's pussy hand shifted. She kept finger thrusting, but she also strummed her thumb across Ashley's clitoris.

That was it! That did it!

Ashley's eyes rolled up in her head, her body bucked repeatedly, and she groaned like a zombie.

Ashley did not see Kadeesha's big grin.

That was the first black lesbian orgasm for the white slut! Kadeesha was sure it was Ashley's first. First of many if Kadeesha had her way and she meant to.

This was good. There were three strong black women here who knew what they wanted – do-anything white sluts – and now they had three white sluts. They would share, they liked to share, but they had no actual need to share.

Fucking great!

Chapter Seven

Ashley felt dazed. She didn't want to open her eyes.

She just wanted to enjoy this. It was the best sex she'd ever had.

What was this guy's name again? She couldn't even remember what he looked like or how they'd met or how they'd ended up in bed together.

She was sucking on his cock. It sure was skinny! But he sure had made it work, hadn't he? Ashley was vague or maybe entirely in the dark about how the sex went. Or what they did with each other to get to that point. She just knew where it ended. In the biggest orgasm she'd ever had.

It was not much like her to suck on a cock like she was doing right then.

She wasn't one of those stupid "unselfish" lovers. But she guessed she was doing it out of gratitude for that amazing orgasm.

It was fine to suck a cock. This one time. She sure wouldn't let it become a habit! Cock sucking was way too servile and such one-directional pleasing. Ashley had no issue with one-directional pleasing but only as long as it went in the correct direction. And cock sucking wasn't that.

It was odd that she was sucking a cock and the cock was odd also. It was super skinny and almost seemed jointed! And knobby in spots, not even on the end.

Also, it didn't taste like a cock. Which was good. Ashley did not like the taste of cock. It was good it did not taste like a cock but there was a strong taste.

The cock... tasted like pussy!

It tasted like her pussy. Oh no, oh gross, he must have fucked her and then stuck it in her mouth when she was vulnerable. He hadn't even wiped it off!

It was too late now, she guessed. She'd already sucked off most of the flavor. The flavor was much more in her mouth than on the cock. She did still owe him for the orgasm.

She kept sucking.

Kadeesha said, "So there you go, now you know how you taste deep in yo pussy and right after you cum. Keep that taste in mind for comparison."

Ashley opened her eyes wide.

Holy--!

She wasn't sucking on a cock. She was sucking on a lesbian black bitch's finger!

She wasn't with a guy at all. She'd had that incredible orgasm with a lesbian! And with a black person!

Ashley was fully awake to her situation again. But what could she do? She kept sucking finger. Not cock. Finger. She still felt indebted for the great orgasm.

At least it wasn't some guy who failed to wipe off his dick and then stuck it in her mouth.

Unfortunately, it was a lesbian who'd purposely failed to wipe off her finger.

Well, now she knew why she tasted pussy.

Oh, and did it taste different than before? Was the taste of deep pussy juice different than labia pussy juice?

Ashley wasn't sure. Was this black bitch just playing with her about the difference in taste right after she orgasmed?

Kadeesha probably was fucking with her. Kadeesha probably meant to continue fucking with her and not only in a figure of speech.

Yeah, ah, what was Ashley going to do about that? Quick, she needed a plan. A good plan. A foolproof plan because she sure felt like a fool.

To think, she'd come over here voluntarily. No one asked her to come over. She wasn't invited. She just came over. And it wasn't like she had no clue of the things that might happen over here. It just never occurred to her that they could also happen to her.

Or had it occurred to her? Did she have an inkling and she wanted to see how close she could get to the fire without being burned? Or had she wanted to get burned by lesbian fire? How sick would that be!?!

Kadeesha pulled her hand away and Ashley had that same disturbing feeling she'd had before. Disappointment. There was something about licking that flavored black hand. Not the physical part of it. Not quite.

Ashley could lick anything she wanted. Or her own hand in private.

It was something else. It was... the humiliation? How the fuck was that so... delicious?

Kadeesha hopped off both Ashley and the bed. Ashley had another surge of inappropriate disappointment at the "loss" of Kadeesha. It was nice to take some deep breaths again, though.

She was too breathless, or too dazed, or had too many thoughts in her head. She lay there waiting, without trying to get up and get away and somehow without even thinking about what might happen next.

It was the longest, most impactful, and more lifechanging blonde moment of her life.

Kadeesha grabbed Ashley's shorts at the waist and got her panties also. In an ass-raising swoop she pulled the off.

Ashley was just so surprised!

Kadeesha set Ashley's shorts and panties on top of Iris's head. They felt off almost right away but landed on the bed next to her. Pinky pushed at the back of Iris's head until her face was in Ashley's panties. That's where it stayed as Pinky kept dildo-fucking her.

Kadeesha took Ashley's hands in hers, pulled her up to a sitting position but with her legs flat on the bed, and then roughly pulled off Ashley's top and then her bra, throwing each on the floor.

Ashley had taken her socks and shoes off earlier, as demanded by Kadeesha, so... Ashley was entirely nude!

Oh no!

Despite this disturbing development, Ashley was distracted by Kadeesha's incredible body. She was so tall and yet so feminine. Ashley was amazed all over again at the size of Kadeesha's tits. They were huge yet they still had their round shape, were firm, and yet also looked soft. Ashley had never seen such big tits without clothing covering them.

They were also so incredibly black! Ashley found Kadeesha's black skin incredibly sexy, disturbingly so. Ashley's attraction to Kadeesha's black skin was almost as disturbing to her as her own sudden nudity.

Because Kadeesha was standing, Ashley could finally look at her pussy. She knew she shouldn't. She knew she should mentally focus on handling

the situation but instead she focused her eyes on black pussy.

Black pussy. A forbidden fruit. So naughty for her, a good heterosexual girl. She had no business looking. She could not stop herself and, once her eyes were in black pussy, she could not stop looking.

Kadeesha's pussy looked... really good.

It was prominent. It had big lips and bright pink shades. It had wiry whorls of pubic hair decorating it. It was wet.

Kadeesha's pussy looked... really tempting.

And then—

Kadeesha was right back on top of her! Straddling her torso!

Why, oh why, hadn't Ashley tried to get up when she could?

She had a sinking feeling, as Kadeesha's weight made her sink deeper into the mattress, one that came with a twist that dug into the lowest of her lower abdomen. Some might say it was even lower than the lowest part of her abdomen.

She was stuck all over again! Something else would happen, and only after that, and only maybe, would she have a chance to leave.

Oh shit. Oh fuck. What was it going to be? What was Kadeesha up to this time?

Kadeesha sat on her. Ashley had a hard time breathing. Ashley had a hard time believing this situation.

Ashley felt a very hot, quite moist black pussy dampening her top. Just above her belly button!

After a few seconds, Kadeesha rose up on her knees. Ashley sucked in more air while she worried wildly over what would happen next.

There was an uncovered – and very wet! – nude black pussy suspended just a foot above her torso and a foot and a half away from Ashley's face.

Yes, there was. But then it wasn't.

Ksdeesha relocated her pussy decisively. She took two knee steps forward, knees crushing down on Ashley's shoulders, and then...!

She sat her pussy on Ashley's face!

Ashley twisted her face, or tried to, but there was no room to move.

Kadeesha was fairly slim, but she was tall and muscular and, of course, had those massive tits, so her weight acted as an excellent pussyweight on Ashley's face. Specifically, on Ashley's mouth.

So it wasn't like Ashley could say anything. She couldn't talk or get up or even turn her face to the side. All she could do was nothing at all.

Ashley felt intensely helpless. The added weight and the reduced oxygen supply multiplied her helpless feeling.

Fine then. She'd do nothing. So there! She knew what Kadeesha must want and there was just no way. Ashley Evans did not do that. She barely ever gave a guy oral and she was heterosexual. Kadeesha was barking up the wrong tree, and Ashley would not stick her tongue up Kadeesha's pussy!

Kadeesha felt quite the opposite, "Ha, bitch! I finally got those pretty lips on my lady lips! Go ahead now, get the taste."

No. No! Nope! Never!

Ashley could only think it. She could not say it.

Ashley pressed her lips together tightly.

Kadeesha felt the lip movement, "Don't be like that, girl. You know you want to and I'm here to tell you that you have to. We need to break that tie! Who's gonna win? You have to taste my deep juice. My O-gasm juices. Then we'll know. Heehee, we gonna know lots of stuff."

Ashley kept her lips pursed. This was so not happening!

Ashley still felt the bed bouncing and wobbling from Pinky dildo-fucking Iris. And she could still hear Iris's cries of lust despite Kadeesha's legs muffling ears.

A sneaky thought snuck into her mind right then. Iris kept having orgasms... and Ashley had only had one... so far. If Iris could have more than one orgasm, then....

Followed by another sneaky thought slipping in. She'd had an orgasm, but what about Kadeesha? Didn't black bitches also need orgasms?

She realized how dangerous that way of thinking was. She would have shaken her head at herself if she could. Why was she worried about whether a black bitch got to orgasm when the black bitch was *sitting on her face!?!?*

Kadeesha petted at Ashley's blonde hair. It felt affectionate, "It's easy, girl. Easy as a white slut. Just pop those sexy lips open and lick. Your tongue wants to lick me. I know it do. You want to lick me. You want my taste. Come and get it."

Why did that sound so inviting?

It was gross.

It should be gross.

It did not really seem gross. Not even the smell filling Ashley's nostrils seemed gross.

Ashley had another reason to resist, one given to her by Kadeesha. She did not want to do it, or at least she should not want to do it, but she also did not

want to be a white slut, and Kadeesha had just verbally tied Ashley licking her pussy with Ashley being a white slut. That was so racist! Couldn't she just be a standard slut who happened to be white?

....

That was not what she meant to think! She meant she did not want to be a slut at all. It sounded like Kadeesha would think of her as a white slut if Ashley did lick her pussy.

Ashley heard Pinky ask, "Blondie giving you some trouble, Kadeesha?"

"Not for fucking long, Pinky. Mind yo own white slut. I got this one covered. Got her covered with my pussy!"

So Kadeesha *did* think she was a white slut!

But it sounded like she already thought that. So she wouldn't think any worse of Ashley if Ashley licked her pussy?

That almost made it permissible. In some world. In Ashley's new world of pussy on the face.

But now Pinky was involved! Nosy mutant black bitch! This... thing... was between Kadeesha and Ashley. It was personal!

So personal....

It didn't get much more personal than a pussy to the face!

Kadeesha lowered her voice, “Don’t be making me look bad, blondie. Get to licking.”

Kadeesha rocked her pussy forward and back on Ashley’s mouth. Each time, when she went the furthest forward, her abdomen squashed Ashley’s nose and made breathing impossible.

Ashley wasn’t going to lick a pussy just to keep the owner of that pussy – a black bitch -- from looking bad to some other black bitch!

Ashley did not say that. She could not afford to say anything with a pussy on her mouth. But Kadeesha must have sensed her reluctant mindset.

Kadeesha gathered some of Ashley’s hair in a tight handhold, one that made Ashley want to yelp from the pain in her scalp, “We don’t got all day on you licking me. Then again, we do got all night, too. I can set here however long. Fair is fair, blondie. I gave you an orgasm and I get one, too. Fact is, there might be lots of orgasms coming for both of us.

Cumming is coming. Slip that tongue out to play. You can do it, blondie.”

Of course she *could* do it. But *should* she do it?

Ashley felt so uncertain. She was certain she should not, and would not, just a minute ago. That certainty was gone.

It did seem like she had to do it.

It did seem like it was fair. Somehow fair. The black bitches thought so. They had to know more about when it was or was not fair or required to lick pussy. It was their homefield!

Also...

...there was something else. Another reason.

Ashley had a sneaky, daring, lustful urge to do it. She couldn't remember the last time she was this turned on. Not counting the orgasm she'd just had, of course.

Ashley sighed through her nose. She sounded so weak and defeated.

Ashley sucked in a breath through her nose. Kadeesha's pussy smelled so incredibly naughty. Such a forbidden fruit!

Then a wildly inappropriate thought occurred. Iris must have licked black pussy. If it was Norah out in the living room, then she for sure licked black pussy.

Why should they get to do it and not Ashley? Talk about not fair!

That was it. Ashley could not stand unfairness. Most especially to herself.

She was going to do it!

She did it! She loosened her lips and darted her tongue out.

There. She got a taste. So, she did it, right? They were done now?

Who was she kidding? She knew Kadeesha wanted more. A lot more.

Maybe everything? No, Kadeesha would not get everything! Ashley would only give her one pussy licking – one! – and that was it. She'd lick Kadeesha's black pussy (quite pink for being black) and then she was done.

Lick it to orgasm.

An orgasm repayment.

Kadeesha rocked on Ashley's face like she was trying to balance on a slippery ball. More of her weight came down on Ashley and Ashley's head sunk deeper into the mattress. It wasn't even on a pillow!

The message was clear. The demand was obvious. Ashley knew what she had to do.

And what she somehow wanted to do?

Ashley licked. Deeper this time. And then again. And then faster. And faster. More flavor was pulled into her mouth, or fell, or flowed in.

Kadeesha said loudly, "Thatta girl! You doin' it now! Pinky, she be licking like a white slut should and it feel real good! She just loves my taste.

Gonna give her lots and lots. All she can fucking eat! And drink!"

Oh, it was so humiliating listening to Kadeesha boast about Ashley's sluttiness!

But Ashley had to listen, and she felt like she had to keep licking. It now felt like a mission to please the black bitch. She felt like she wanted to please her. It was so fucked up because she should want to punch the bitch. Or at least get away.

But she didn't want those things. Now that she'd taken the plunge and plunged her tongue into Kadeesha's pussy, she thought she might keep licking even if Kadeesha gave her a chance to leave.

So she licked. And she licked. She got into it. She almost had no choice but to get into it. You had to get into what your tongue was into. She found a pussy on her face to be quite attention-getting.

Kadeesha lifted up a little to give Ashley better access and more room to mouth and lick and suck. Ashley knew it wasn't helpfulness that made Kadeesha do that. It was selfishness. But she sort of respected that. Selfish recognized selfish. And it did give her a better ability to make Kadeesha feel a lot better.

Pretty soon, she had Kadeesha panting. Then Kadeesha said something scary!

“Gonna train this white slut up. Gonna make Blondie be all the white slut she can be. Gonna make this bitch my fucking bitch.”

Scary stuff! The scariest thing was that Kadeesha seemed to be thinking out loud. It was like she didn't know she was talking. Which meant she was telling the truth and this was truly how she felt and the way she thought.

The lesbian black bitch had major plans for Ashley!

Super bad. Terrible. Nasty. Crazy shit!

“Gonna get this one all oh-bedient. Make her so she do anything, do anyone I say, any time I say. Add her to my string of bitches. This ho gonna make me good money. Or maybe I should give this one away? I'm lead dog but I need to take care of my people. Best way to take care of people is to give them other people.”

The stuff she said was so fucking insane!

It was also... sexy. Kadeesha really put it out there. She was as intense as her pussy flavor was subtle.

Kadeesha put it all out there. Like how she put her pussy on Ashley's face.

Ashley looked up and saw Kadeesha's big breasts swaying heavily back and forth. It was quite a sight from underneath.

Kadeesha's moment was coming. Ashley could tell. It wasn't nearly as subtle as Kadeesha's taste.

Kadeesha rose and fell a couple of inches at a time. She bounced and fucked her pussy on Ashley's mouth. Ashley felt like her head was one of those speed punching bags and Kadeesha's pussy was the gloved fist.

Kadeesha growled, "Eat me, bitch. Taste me, white slut. Drink it up!"

Oh. Okay. Like there was a choice.

But that lack of choice wasn't external. It was internal. Ashley felt compelled to eat pussy, to taste Kadeesha, to drink up as much juice as she could get. It wasn't tasty, but it *felt* tasty and she acted like it was the tastiest thing her taste buds ever met.

She wanted it. She wanted Kadeesha to cum on her mouth.

They both got what they wanted.

Kadeesha leaned back as she orgasmed, riding Ashley's head like a rider on a bull at a rodeo.

Ashley's head pressed hard into the mattress from the weight but she didn't care. All that mattered was licking faster and giving the black bitch riding her more pleasure. And keeping the taste flowing.

As Kadeesha grunted and moaned her orgasm, Ashley switched from licking to sucking. It made sense to her in the urgent moment. She could get more pussy juice that way! Swallow it down, yum yum!

After the orgasm passed, Kadeesha tiredly commented, “That was great. I’m gonna be riding this white slut head as much as I can.”

Ashley thought it was telling, but not surprising, that there was no more talk about a taste test. Ashley knew it was never about that. It was only about Kadeesha... seducing her?... dominating her?... sexually using her? Getting her way and having her way?

All of the above.

Kadeesha had tricked her and manipulated her.

Ashley guessed it had worked out for them both in the end. But this was the end of it. It was time to go back to her apartment and wait for her white bread live-in boyfriend to return from his work trip tomorrow.

Not everyone agreed with her. As it turned out, no one in the bedroom agreed with her.

Chapter Eight

Pinky said, “I look forward to getting’ summa dat.”

What the--? That black mutant girl? Yeah, right!

Ashley wouldn’t let her. Also, Ashley was sure Kadeesha wouldn’t let Pinky try anything. That was how it worked for Ashley. At least with white men. If she gave them sex – actually, usually before she ever gave them sex – they would do anything to make her happy and keep her happy and keep her.

And they always wanted her all to themselves. No one wanted to share her with anyone else. She was too hot!

It had taken a while for Kadeesha to understand Ashley’s superior beauty the way all others did. But now that they’d had sex and both of them had orgasmed, Ashley was sure Kadeesha would now loyally do whatever Ashley wanted.

Pretty sure.

Well... hopeful. Yes, optimistically hopeful.

Kadeesha crushed that hope under a much heavier emotional weight than the weight of her body on Ashley’s face.

“Sure thing, Pinky. You know I share my bitches.”

Did Kadeesha just tell someone they’d get to have sex with Ashley!?!

Without even asking Ashley!?!

That was so not cool! And so not going to happen!

That wouldn’t even happen if Pinky was a handsome white guy. But for a black mutant lesbian? Absolutely not!

Kadeesha laid out the next part of her plan while she had Ashley laid out under her, “You gonna need to wait a bunch a minutes, Pinky. This white slut mouth is so fucking sexy. She got those just right lips. Enthusiastic tongue, too. Not that long, but I trade length for enthusiasm any day of the week.

“Here’s how we gonna do. I like white sluts in my string to be close ta each other. They got to work together in close quarters after all. So, get that other one, what’s her face, that Iris slut, and move her over onna this new one. Get the Iris slut fucking the foot of the Ashley slut. Also, she can go ahead and lick her friend’s pussy. I bet Ashley slut is ready to fire off another cum jus’ soon as she can. Meanwhile, I’ll do my thing. You gonna see what that is.”

Ashley did not think much about this plan. But she could not give her opinion. Kadeesha still sat on her face. It all sounded so wrong in so many

ways and on so many levels!

Ashley had to admit Kadeesha did get one thing right. Ashley's pussy wanted action. Again! It seemed to think it could have another orgasm. Ashley sort of wanted to find out if she could. That Iris slut – she meant her good sweet friend Iris – had had lots of orgasms. Ashley was even more beautiful than Iris. So, shouldn't she get to have more orgasms than her? Wouldn't that be fair?

Oh, she felt it! Kadeesha was serious! It was really happening! Pinky was getting Iris "onna" Ashley!

Ashley felt warm wetness on her right foot. With some wiry hair above and around it.

Iris's pussy was on her foot!

And then...!

Ashley's foot, the toes, were *inside* Iris's pussy!

Ashley knew it was Iris because she'd heard the plan and because she heard Iris moaning and groaning onto the foot impalement.

Fuck! Foot fuck!

Iris started humping Ashley's foot.

Never in Ashley's wildest imagination did she ever think someone would fuck their pussy on her foot. And do it while a lesbian black bitch sat on Ashley's face!

Iris was such a slut!

Actually, Ashley was getting worried about how much of a slut she might be. Iris's pussy felt intensely sexy riding her foot. Sexiest sock ever! That shouldn't feel so sexy, should it? Not to a heterosexual like Ashley.

Damn, now Ashley was starting to stress about her level of heterosexuality!

She was so turned on....

She heard an odd little sound. Two of them, but one she'd almost gotten used to. Iris's mattress was super squeaky so this whole time there'd been squeaks with every bounce and downward thrust from Kadeesha's pussy on Ashley's face.

But now there was another sound, another squeaking sound, but different. This one was human! It was Iris, sounding like a giant squeaky toy as she fucked Ashley's foot!

What next? Oh, wait, maybe she knew what was next.

What about that other part of Kadeesha's plan?

Oh! Oh! There it was! The plan was in action! It was unfolding in the folds of Ashley's pussy.

There was a mouth on Ashley's pussy. It must be Iris's mouth. Yes, Iris reached it with her mouth while fucking Ashley's foot.

That was a giveaway, as was Pinky's commentary directed at Iris, "Thatta slut. Slurp up yo friend's pussy. That looks like one tasty blonde cunt. Eat it up good! Ain't you so happy your blonde friend gonna be a white slut just like you? You two gonna share all sorts of the same sexual partners."

Fuck! Fuck me, thought Ashley in frustration. These lesbian black bitches kept making plans for her, terrible plans, embarrassing plans!

Even bad plans weren't all bad. Not always. The part that had Iris licking Ashley's pussy was great! At least, it sure felt great.

It felt like exactly what her pussy needed.

Even as Iris licked Ashley's pussy, she still made little squeak sounds from somewhere deep in her throat.

Wow. Iris was super good at licking pussy. Better than any guy that Ashley had ever been with and she'd been with a lot of eager to please, maybe even desperate to please, guys.

How did Iris get so good at licking pussy? Ashley guessed it must be the enthusiasm. Iris did it like she liked doing it! Or was it the training these

black bitches did with Iris?

The training they meant to also do with Ashley....

But she'd never let them. Thank God.

Yes, Ashley had maybe had one course in pussy licking excellence. Ashley guessed experience was the best trainer, so, in that sense, her training had started. It wasn't hands-on training. It was mouth-on training.

But that was... that was just... it was a one-time thing. It was a trick!

Ashley was tricked! It didn't count!

Still, technically, she'd had one course and she was pretty sure Kadeesha would give her at least a B+ if she were to grade Ashley's handiwork. Her mouthwork? But that was once. One course. It wasn't like Ashley was going to major in pussy licking.

She already had her college degree!

She guessed Kadeesha didn't know that. Or maybe Kadeesha had a new educational program. Some kind of urban college or a hard knocks type of thing? Or rough sex?

Kadeesha probably did want Ashley to major in pussy licking!

And then Ashley learned what Kadeesha might want her to minor in.

Kadeesha lifted her pussy off Ashley's face. Cooler air, but still hot, rushed in. It somehow felt alien to Ashley to no longer have a pussy on her face.

Ashley, at first, thought Kadeesha was trying to get off of her and get off of the bed. Ashley was dazedly confused why it seemed so difficult for Kadeesha to do it. It seemed to Ashley like the world was spinning.

But then she realized only Kadeesha was spinning.

She reversed herself on top of Ashley. She ended up still kneeling on Ashley's shoulders but facing toward Ashley's feet, one of them getting fucked by Iris. Ashley did not see it but she felt it as Kadeesha put one hand on the back of Iris's head and pressed Iris's face into Ashley's pussy.

Iris did not need any help licking pussy. Kadeesha simply used her head for balance.

The pleasure onslaught made Ashley ooh and ahh instead of using her precious air to utilize words.

Ashley failed to express any opinion. Unless the oohs and ahhs counted and those would count as a highly positive opinion. And count against her.

Kadeesha knelt up, her body vertical from her knees to her head. Ashley had a much better than bird's eye view of Kadeesha's ass. It was a perfectly formed, strong, muscular, but highly feminine ass.

Ashley readily admitted Kadeesha probably had a better ass than her. But Ashley would never admit that to anyone except herself.

Kadeesha announced, “Oh, I got a wonderful view this way!”

Ashley supposed Kadeesha did. She could watch Iris fuck Ashley’s foot and watch Iris lick Ashley’s needy pussy. That must be quite the view.

But that wasn’t all Kadeesha wanted. As it soon turned out, *ass* it soon turned out, Kadeesha wanted Ashley to take her first course in her new course of minor studies.

Kadeesha sat on Ashley’s face...!

Again!

But this time it was her ass on Ashley’s face, not her pussy!

At first, Ashley thought Kadeesha did it to humiliate her. To demean her.

Ashley thought that the sitting on her face was the whole point. But it wasn’t.

Kadeesha looked behind her and down. Being flexible, she managed to make eye contact with Ashley, who was now gagged by ass.

Kadeesha told her, “Don’t lay around like a lazy white slut! You don’t get to be lazy no more! Not ever again! Gonna gotta keep you working! All

the time in all sorts of ways. Some of them actual work involving actual pay. More on that later.”

Ashley was offended. She wasn't lazy! She had a job! And hadn't she just licked pussy at a fast and ferocious pace? That wasn't lazy, was it?

Granted, Kadeesha's plan to keep her working “all the time in all sorts of ways” did sound even less lazy.

Maybe it was relative. They said all things were relative.

Kadeesha added, “That's right. I said it. You lazy. You won't be no more. I know, you think you ain't, but you is. You'll see once I got you working all the time for me. You'll look back on the days before I got hold of you as “them lazy days.” You know, you fucking whites, here is what you did. You fucking made all them black slaves work their asses from dawn to dusk or even more. Worked most of them to death. Straight to fucking death. Then what? Once we free, you start up that shit 'bout how we're lazy. You fuckers!

“You white people pull that same shit with the Mexicans. They're the hardest working people in the world except for the South Koreans, and them Koreans work so hard they can't muster up no fertility no more. Plus, they don't got time for no children. They gotta work work work. Mexicans work all day, all the time, work so hard they got to take a siesta just to go on

and do another shift after that. What do they get for their hard work? They get called lazy!”

Oh. Well. Ashley had to admit Kadeesha had a point. About some white people! Ashley wasn't like that. She'd never said those things.

Kadeesha seemed like a hard worker to her. At least when she was working on dominating a white slut like Ashley.

Oh no, had Ashley just thought of herself as a white slut?

“Get that white slut tongue up my ass. Toss my salad, bitch!”

Toss her...!?! Ashley was supposed to put her tongue... where!?!

It was then that Ashley realized it wasn't only Kadeesha's ass sitting on her face. Kadeesha's asshole was rubbing her lips!

Her asshole!!!

Kadeesha wiggled her ass around tauntingly. She rubbed her asshole demandingly on Ashley's lips.

“Don't be shy, blondie white slut. Ain't no room for shyness in a white slut. Lick it up! You'll do this lots. Get it all spitty. Then get that tongue up inna.”

Ashley could not do that!

Well, she could, but she wouldn't.

But what would she do instead?

Kadeesha summed up the situation in a taunting way, “You must love my ass in your face. You just love being under my strong ass. You’re in no hurry to get this over with, are you? I like sitting on your face. I could do this all night long.”

Again with the all-night threat?

Well, it worked before....

Ashley wanted to be determined about her resistance. It was hard, though. Iris’s oral efforts were so distracting! It felt so good. Iris’s pussy wrapped around and squeezing Ashley’s toes also felt good, like the most exotic massage ever. Everything was just way too sexy.

Kadeesha told her, with an ass bounce on her face, “The other white slut so good with her slut mouth. She be going to town on your blonde pussy. I like them blonde pubes. Ain’t never gonna make you shave them off. I bet her mouth feels so good. Sooner or the later, you just gonna be so turned on, you just gonna kiss and lick and suck and tongue my ass. You won’t even know you gonna do it. You’ll just go to doing it. Sooner or the later.”

Shit. Damn. Ashley bet that was true. She bet Kadeesha was right about that. Iris’s mouth felt so incredibly fantastic. Ashley bet pretty soon she

wouldn't even remember her name let alone that she would never, no matter what, lick an asshole.

Well....

She guessed....

If she was going to do it "sooner or the later" anyway, she could probably just... go ahead and do it.

It was already rubbing her lips. Sometimes mashing them, sometimes caressing them. Kadeesha's asshole was already right there. That was gross, but how much grosser could it get?

It didn't even seem all that gross. The idea had seemed so shocking just minutes ago but now it was in her head. If Ashley didn't know herself better, she might almost think she *wanted* to do it.

Damn Iris with her excellent white slut mouth. She was too good at licking pussy!

And Ashley was not good enough at resisting pleasure. Or resisting the will of a dominant black lesbian.

Ashley opened her mouth and licked.

Kadeesha exclaimed, "There you go! More a dat. Do it some more."

So... Ashley did it some more. A lot more. She kept doing it. She licked and licked Kadeesha's little wrinkles. The taste prevented Ashley from having any illusions about where she licked. The taste absolutely confirmed Ashley was licking an asshole.

She just... kept licking. No reason to stop. There were reasons to continue.

She'd licked up the taste, most of it. On the outside. So she may as well keep going. It was a feeling that the worst was over. Or like she was already committed.

When someone ordered you to lick asshole, and you started doing it, then you had to keep going until they ordered you differently. It felt like some kind of rule. Some kind of unspoken yet binding sexual agreement.

Besides, Kadeesha wouldn't let Ashley up until Kadeesha was ready and felt Ashley had performed to her satisfaction. Ashley knew that. Kadeesha was demanding and Ashley had to meet her demands. Ashley had figured that out.

But there were other reasons.

Iris's mouth. Or, from the Ashley side of it, Ashley's pussy. She was on her way to another orgasm. She knew it. She wanted it despite the circumstances.

Ashley did not want to do anything to stop the approaching orgasm from approaching much closer, all the way to destination Ashley.

That meant letting Iris continue to fuck her foot. Which felt so sexy anyway.

It also meant keeping up with the asshole licking. Now was no time to piss off Kadeesha!

There was one more reason, one that Ashley did not want to look in the face while Kadeesha sat on her face.

Iris's mouth at her pussy wasn't the only thing turning on Ashley.

Licking asshole, in and of itself, even if nothing else was going on, also turned on Ashley. A lot.

It was so incredibly demeaning! And wrong! And dirty! And naughty!

It was soooooo fucking humiliating.

All the negatives added up to a positive. Tremendous lust.

Though many, including Ashley in her normal state of mind, would think of that positive, the tremendous lust, as a huge negative.

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Chapter Nine

Pinky said, "I'm fucking left out!"

Kadeesha snapped back, "Cry me a fuckin' river."

Pinky claimed, "I should get to fuck a white slut."

"There's only so much room on this blonde white slut. What the fuck was her name again? Don't matter. Only so much room. She do got an open foot. Go ahead, sit on that and fuck yo'self."

Pinky sounded angry, "What the fuck!?! Only white sluts fuck their pussies on another white slut's foot. Fucking athlete's foot, Kadeesha! Iris maybe gonna get athlete's vagina. Shit!"

"Calm it down, girl. I was only kidding. We upping our white slut numbers. Let me ride this one out, and then you gonna get a turn."

Pinky sounded like a young Wanda Sykes, "What in the fuck, Kadeesha? That blonde one be eating your ass! You think I'm going to let her tongue fuck me right after that? Knowing you, I'll end up getting something even worse than athlete's vagina! Fuck that!"

Kadeesha breathlessly laughed a little, grinding her ass down on Ashley's responsive mouth, "I wouldn't do you like that! I'll have her kiss up with

this other one. Let ‘em make out a while. That way, they both taste my ass. Then this blonde one can go down on the frizzy hair one. Some white slut on white slut action. Gotta like it! Wash out that blonde slut mouth with pussy juice. Then she’ll be ready to serve you. She’ll be so eager. Won’tcha blondie?”

Ashley didn’t think Kadeesha wanted her to try to speak. Kadeesha wanted her serving ass. It must be a rhetorical question.

And, apparently, Kadeesha wanted – intended – for Ashley to serve Pinky’s pussy! After making out with Iris and going down on her!

Ashley had a moment when she wasn’t sure if this was a dream -- she meant a nightmare -- or if she’d slipped into an alternate universe. She was in a new world, the world of black ass. Not an upgrade! A downgrade. A degrading downgrade.

Kadeesha explained to Pinky and to Ashley, “She be real busy licking on my asshole. Fuck, it feels soooo fine. She don’t want to stop. Here how we do. Blondie, if you agree that you’re eager to serve Pinky and wanna lick and suck her pussy, just keep licking. That way, I know you’re agreed to it.”

Got to stop! Got to stop!

Ashley knew she better stop licking. She had to because she couldn't end up licking Pinky's pussy. Or Iris's!

Iris was a friend. Friend! Friends did not lick each other's pussies. Especially heterosexual friends.

Pinky was... weird looking. Like a mutant. Something was for sure awry in her chromosomes.

Kadeesha was different. She was so tall and slim and big-titted and so black. So feminine. She was so commanding! She was so sexy! Even her ass was sexy. Even her asshole was sexy! Even the taste of her ass – which tasted like ass – was sexy!

Even though Kadeesha's asshole tasted unexpectedly sexy, Ashley had to stop licking it. She had to!

A few more licks and then she'd stop.

One more lick and then she'd stop.

Fuck....

She couldn't stop licking!

How was licking a black lesbian's asshole so addictive?

No, no, she was licking out the wrong answer. Kadeesha's ass interpreter would get it all wrong. But she kept licking away the wrong answer.

She only wanted, adored, licking Kadeesha's pussy and asshole, not Pinky's. Couldn't a white slut lick one sexy black lesbian and not lick a mutant black's pussy? Was it too much to ask?

Oh, she was in such trouble! She could not control herself!

But Kadeesha could control her...!

That was a scary combo. Her lack of control and Kadeesha's control over her. Her weakness against Kadeesha's strength.

Kadeesha proclaimed, "She gave her answer in licks, Pinky. Sounds like – I mean, feels like – she is overjoyed and eager to lick up and suck up your pussy. Oh, wait, how about ass, blondie? How about licking Pinky's asshole?"

Ashley still couldn't help herself. She kept licking. She just kept digging her hole deeper even as she dug her tongue tip against Kadeesha's asshole. She tapped at Kadeesha's asshole with the tip of her tongue.

She was tongue knocking but she was not going in. She could not do that on her own. She knew Kadeesha wanted her to do it and she knew she also wanted to do it. But she wanted to be told to do it.

It was so sexy when Kadeesha bossed her around!

Ashley never thought anyone like Kadeesha could get her to do anything like these naughty nasty things.

Somehow, Kadeesha pulled it off. Ashley could totally see how Iris and Norah fell under her sway. She could see that because she could see so little with Kadeesha sitting on her face. She was under Kadeesha who was talking crazy plans for her, and all Ashley felt, almost all, was lust. She only had a dim flickering of concern.

Ashley kept licking. She knew she was answering the latest question again and again. She was leaving no room for doubt.

So that was it? She was going to end up doing those things?

Unreal!

Kadeesha confirmed Ashley's licking commitment, "She says she'll do it. She told me in licks, Pinky. When I think on it, maybe that's the best way for a slut to communicate. They spend a lot more time licking than speaking so it makes sense they should communicate that way."

More time licking than speaking? What kind of life would that be? Ashley wouldn't let that happen to her, but that would be... something.

Licking all the time. Licking and licking. Female body parts. Pussies. Assholes.

And not much talking? Ashley loved to talk! But not about this kind of thing. She'd never talk about this with anyone!

Oh, and now she was supposedly committed to licking *Pinky's* asshole!?!

It was a huge turn-on. Not the idea of licking another asshole. It was the idea of having sex with yet another person – a black lesbian! – she should not have sex with. She really felt a like a slut.

She knew she could only be just so much of a slut no matter what kinds of slutty things she did with one person. Things like licking their asshole. But a real slut had slutty sex with more than one person.

Now she had a “date” with Iris and then Pinky also!

Who next? Norah? That other black woman out there sitting on Norah’s face?

Actually, Norah was a hottie....

Oh, Iris’s mouth! And her hot pussy hugging Ashley’s toes!

Ashley licked faster at Kadeesha’s asshole. She just did it automatically, maybe already communicating via licks. The message she licked out was that she was incredibly turned on!

Kadeesha said, “Pinky, you wait a few. Won’t be long. I need to get this white slut trained up a bit more. Blondie, sometimes we do want you to talk. When you do talk you need to show proper respect. I’m your boss now. Your new boss. Your fucking life boss. Like any boss, I got a title. So you gonna gotta start calling me Black Mistress. Tell me – with words this time – if you understand.”

Kadeesha knelt up, her muscular tight ass lifting off Ashley's face. Ashley pulled her tongue back into her mouth. Her face was wet from saliva and humidity.

The taste of ass. In her mouth. The taste of ass in the mouth of Ashley Evans!

She was too hot to eat ass! But she just had. She still was. Would again with Pinky if that sexual hellscape came true. Which Ashley better not let happen!

Kadeesha demanded, "Speak, blondie! Speak, white slut."

Kadeesha was talking to her like she was a dog.

Ashley had to say it. She didn't feel like she could deny anything Kadeesha demanded.

"I understand."

SLAP!

Shocking pain sprang from Ashley's right breast. Did Kadeesha just slap her tit!?! It felt like it. It sounded like it.

It sounded even more like that when Kadeesha said, "I can bitch slap your other bitch tit, too, if you want. And there ain't no limit on how many times I bitch slap your bitch bags. Or how hard. Answer right. Try harder."

Ashley blinked rapidly, trying to deal with the pain, the threat, and the demand.

She licked her lips.

She got it. She understood what Kadeesha wanted.

As already established, when Kadeesha wanted something from Ashley, Ashley cooperated. She was cooperating right into a state of total sluttiness.

“I mean... I understand, Black Mistress.”

Oh, saying that...!

It was so...!

It was just so very...!

Kadeesha told her, “I’m testing my new white slut. Fair warning, white slut! Now, tell me if you’re having a good time.”

A “good time?” She wasn’t! This was terrible.

Terribly arousing.

She had cum.

She wanted to cum again.

She felt like she might cum again at any moment.

“Yes, Black Mistress.”

Kadeesha tweaked Ashley's flaming slapped nipple on her right breast. An achy, painful arousing tweak, "I want more than yes and no answers. Give me more when I let you speak. Now, tell me, are you having lots of slutty fun?"

Jesus. She was. Ashley knew it was true.

"Yes, Black Mistress, I'm having a lot of slutty fun."

"So, you must be...?"

"I guess... I mean, I am a slut, Black Mistress."

"That's so right! What kind a slut?"

Ashley felt emotionally inundated with a submissive need to confess and abase herself.

"I'm a white slut, Black Mistress! I'm a naughty white slut! I'm so slutty, Black Mistress!"

"Who do you belong to now?"

Tough question. The only answer that came to mind filled Ashley with disbelief. But she knew Kadeesha wanted to hear that answer, and it felt real and true in her mind.

"I belong to you, Black Mistress!"

“That’s good and that’s right. White slut finding out who she is now. Who else is your Black Mistress?”

Oh lord! She had more than one? This was news to her!

Which did not mean it wasn’t true.

She knew what Kadeesha wanted to hear.

“I guess... Pinky is also my Black Mistress?”

“Fucking right she is. Who else? Figure it out.”

“Ah, the other... Black Mistress out in the living room?”

“Yep. You got three so far. I’ll just cut through the red tape on this. I could say one by one who is a Black Mistress to you. But may as well be efficient and make everything nice and clear-cut for the new white slut. Every black woman you meet, from now until the day you keel over, is your Black Mistress.”

Holy shit! Every one of them? There were a lot of black women in Charlotte, North Carolina!

Kadeesha pulled at Ashley’s nipple. Iris fucked Ashley’s foot and licked at her pussy.

Ashley felt a need to answer. She felt a need to please.

She did not know it, but Kadeesha wanted to get her talking with some slutty independence. Anyone could parrot words spoken to them and excuse what they said later on if they were forced to say it. They really fucked themselves over when they came up with the words themselves and “voluntarily” said them.

Ashley spoke without knowing what she was saying, “Black Mistress, I will obey any black woman, any Black Mistress, from now on. Forever! I’ll be a good white slut!”

Oh, that was so bad! So naughty!

She said that so convincingly. Even she was convinced. Either she could have been a great actress, or... her life was going to change dramatically. For the much worse.

Kadeesha said, “See dat, Pinky? That’s how you tame up a white slut. Take fucking notes.”

Kadeesha sat back down on Ashley’s face. Ashley was grateful for the return of Kadeesha’s black ass. It covered her humiliated face and hid her. It stopped her from saying those terrible self-defeating slut-defining words she somehow now liked to say.

But most of all, she just wanted to burrow into Kadeesha’s ass. She wanted to worship it. It was the ass of a Black Mistress, her first Black Mistress,

and it was majestic. It was right to give it thanks and praise.

And licks. Lots of licks.

Kadeesha told her what to do next. Ashley had anticipated it and looked forward to it. It was so damn naughty and humiliating!

“White slut, work that slutty tongue you got right up inna my ass. I want you tasting me from the inside, ya hear?”

Ashley was sure, she was absolutely convinced, only a true white slut would do such a thing.

So she did it. She pressed her tongue forward. She had to work hard. She had to earn it. She had to get Kadeesha’s asshole loose enough.

She gained entry. Her tongue slid in and past Kadeesha’s sphincter. Ashley drove her tongue as far up as she could. And then she worked it in and out, trying to withdraw as much of Kadeesha’s ass nectar as she could.

She knew it was a dirty act done by dirty low-down people.

She was doing it. She must be a low-down person. She felt like a low-down person. She felt high on being low-down.

She knew she liked doing it. She loved hearing Kadeesha moan and groan up there above her.

Ashley knew that up to this point in her life, generally, she'd gone around trying to please herself. Pretty much in all ways. Whatever was best for her. Whatever was the most fun for her. Whatever was easiest for her.

She wasn't mean, and she wasn't inconsiderate either. It was just that what she wanted and needed were always her top priorities.

But now her world was upside down. What she wanted did not matter, or at least it did not matter much. Whatever Black Mistress Kadeesha wanted mattered so much more than what she wanted. Or what any Black Mistress wanted now? That must be true.

She wanted to please her Black Mistress. If her Black Mistress wanted Ashley to eat ass then Ashley ate ass. So she decided she loved doing it. Or maybe it was decided for her. But she was much more into it now than her tongue was into Kadeesha's ass.

She just wished she had a longer tongue!

The more she wished that, wished to serve, the closer she came to cumming. Iris's mouth would make her cum no matter what, but her lust and her desire to please were twinned up, one and the same.

She rose towards orgasm.

Iris orgasmed on her foot. Her licking became sporadic as her vagina crushed on Ashley's toes.

Then Kadeesha orgasmed, announcing it profanely, “Fuck! Fucking shit! Fuck yes!”

Ashley didn't know for sure but she thought Kadeesha was probably rubbing her pussy while Ashley licked out Kadeesha's ass. Ashley couldn't see if Kadeesha was doing that but thought a tongue up the ass couldn't cause an orgasm. If it could, then she bet Kadeesha would have her eating ass often. Maybe she'd eat more ass than meals per day.

Kadeesha hopping her ass up and down on Ashley's face as she came clinched it for Ashley. She also orgasmed.

The weights of Iris's and Kadeesha's bodies kept Ashley from moving much. Her relative lack of movement was not a true reflection of the power of her orgasm. It was the biggest orgasm of her life.

It would be an orgasm that changed her life. It cemented her new low but exciting status of white slut to Black Mistresses.

The End

...with more to come!

What's next for Ashley? She must come to her senses, right?

What about Ashley's boyfriend?

The Black Mistresses have squeezed a lot out of Ashley already but they've only just begun remaking her into what they want.

The Black Mistresses want a lot more than sex.

Keep in mind, the Black Mistresses have a plan, a long-running master plan – a Mistress plan – that is incredibly diabolical!

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Available Books

“The Lesbian Shiv” series:

THE LESBIAN SHIV

Kadeesha, wants in on the white slave action. She wants both Iris and Norah! She has a big sexual appetite... though she likes to make others do the eating... Norah tries to defend Iris from sexual abuse by Kadeesha but Iris is completely submissive and when Norah is exposed to lesbian domination and submission she is intensely aroused against her will. She wants to protect Iris but she should focus on protecting herself! She has no idea how susceptible she is to sexual domination. But Kadeesha does!

THE TROUBLE WITH INTERRACIAL LESBIAN DOMINATION

Norah’s roommate, Iris, was released prison and her cellmate’s sister, Kadeesha, showed up at their door to take up sexually dominating Iris where Kadeesha’s sister had left off. Iris is all too willing to submit. But Norah isn’t! No way! Not at first, but then.... Kadeesha wants to make Norah into her personal white submissive, a matching set with Iris. Kadeesha likes to wear a “lesbian shiv.” Will she use it on Norah? In what way? Not the way you expect!

SEXUALLY COMPROMISED

Norah has a big problem. A big tall dominant African-American lesbian problem. Norah isn’t a lesbian but you wouldn’t know it from what Kadeesha makes her do! Norah feels her resistance transforming into a need to obey. But obeying a dominant ex-con black lesbian can’t be wise! Norah’s submission is spreading from her home to her workplace! And now there are more than one Black Mistress to obey and please!

BLACK ON WHITE LESBIAN DOMINATION

Ashley Evans is knocking on the door to her friend’s apartment, concerned about Norah’s tales of lesbian domination at the hands (and feet) of a big-breasted ex-con black woman. She wants to help. And, secretly, she wants to get a look at this mysterious dominant woman. What Ashley does not know is that she is also knocking at the door and on the precipice of her own submission to the Black Mistress. Can Ashley save Norah and Iris from the domineering Black Mistress? Or will she fall prey also to the sexual predator?

“The Lesbian Orgy Next Door” series:

ATTACK OF THE LESBIAN LASS NESS MONSTER

Helena Pipkins and her two adult daughters, London and Sydney, move into a new lake home that seems too good to be true. It is too good to be true. Their one neighbor has lesbian orgies on the beach next door to them. London enters the jaws of the new neighborhood's dominant lesbian's mansion to get her to stop the outdoor orgies. She does not suspect she will soon be at the mercy of a different set of jaws, allegedly belonging to a mythical lake creature Robina calls the Lass Ness Monster.

DOMINATED BY LESBIAN NEIGHBORS

London has fallen! Robina intends to keep her down while making London's lust soar. London can leave Robina's mansion but she cannot leave her submission behind or get it out of her head. Will it take her over? Will her reluctance or will her arousal rule her? Will she be foolish enough to return to the mansion full of dominant lesbians? If she does go back, what new sexual limits will they, cough cough, stretch?

ATTACK OF THE LESBIAN REALTOR

Helena's realtor, Sheila, invites herself over to verify the lesbian orgy issue by watching an orgy with Helena. What Helena does not know, but all too soon will know, is that Sheila is a dominant lesbian in on the orgies and intent on sexually dominating Helena. Helena also does not know and would be shocked to know, that one of the masked submissive women she watches having sex on the beach is her oldest daughter, London! Helena Pipkins will face the Attack of the Lesbian Realtor while unwittingly watching her daughter's lesbian sexual submission! Can Helena resist seduction?

CRAWLING FOR LESBIANS

Helena is still in Sheila's clutches. What will Sheila do with her and make her do and can Sheila make a reluctant Helena love it? They watched a lesbian orgy on the neighbor's beach. Little did Helena know that one of the star attractions was her oldest daughter, London! The dominant neighborhood lesbians have London and they aren't done with her. They intend to make London perform and to make some dramatic changes to London's body! By the time an altered London finally straggles home, Sydney, her younger sister, is home. What might a still horny, bold and prowling Sheila accomplish with a Pipkins girl other than Helena? There's an aggressive domme on the loose in the house!

LASCIVIOUS LAUGHING LESBIANS

Can London save her mom? Spoiler alert: The answer is no. She can't even save herself! London is in the hands of Robina's laughing lesbian submissives and London is partly in the mouth of the lesbian Lass Ness Monster who returns for another taste. Meanwhile Robina and Sheila are laughing it up at Helena's expense. Helena doesn't think it is any laughing matter! She's never done anything like this before! But she's done for and she knows they will do her any way they want.

CAGED BY LESBIANS

Sydney decides to go over to her neighbor's to put a stop to her outdoor lesbians orgies. But, uh.... Her neighbor, Robina Walker, does not want to stop the orgies. She wants to grow them in size by adding Sydney as another submissive along with Sydney's mother and sister. Sydney is a heterosexual with a boyfriend but Robina doesn't care about that. She has her ways and she thinks she can have her way and get her way with Sydney. Robina thinks she can trick and seduce Sydney into full participation. Can Robina pull it off and get Sydney's clothes pulled off?

THE LESBIAN ORGY NEXT DOOR

Sydney is stuck in a cage in the neighbor's mansion, the one that holds lesbian orgies. She is in a sticky situation and is literally sticky from her reactions. Sydney is now part of one of the orgies she set out to shut down! So are her mom and her older sister! At least it can't get any worse or any more wicked. Right? Wrong! Can the neighbor dominatrix get Sydney to cruelly break up with her longtime boyfriend? Can the lesbian dominants make Sydney into an adult "little girl" willing to do very adult things?

The "New Nude Neighbors" series:

A SHOCKING LESBIAN SLEEPOVER

Scarlett Hartley and her adult daughter, Sapphire, are relieved when the creeper next door moves away. Except it soon turns out the newcomers, Francine and Felicia Sorrelson, might be worse. The Sorrelson are dominant lesbians. They've moved from Ohio with an eye to acquiring a sexy mother and daughter submissive team in Tennessee. Why not? Tennessee is the volunteer state and the Sorrelsons have strong ideas on what they will make the Hartley women volunteer to do.

SO NAUGHTY WITH THE MOTHER AND DAUGHTER

Sapphire is stuck in her bedroom with the weird neighbor girl and things are getting more hardcore sexual by the minute. It's a lesbian nightmare for heterosexual Sapphire. Except for all the amazing orgasms. Sapphire is no lesbian but Felicia is breaking her down and working her over and changing

her to suit Felicia's whims. Felicia also has her eyes on Sapphire's mom. Felicia's diabolical dominance leads to the most alarming and arousing breakfast of Sapphire and Scarlett Hartley's life.

TWISTED LESBIAN TEAM UP: MOM AND DAUGHTER

Now that Felicia had a sleepover at the Hartley's house, a sleepover with little sleep but a lot of lesbian domination, it's time to return the "favor." Sapphire has no choice but to go for a sleepover at the Sorrelsons'. She thinks she'll have to / get to have more sex with Felicia. She's not wrong, but now she'll also need to satisfy Felicia's mom, Francine! Who is more twisted, Felicia or her mom? The answer is both! Francine, an experienced manipulator, also plans to involve Sapphire's mom!

NEW NUDE NEIGHBORS

Scarlett had twisted phone sex, by accident, with her new neighbor. She did not know her daughter was sexually pleasing her neighbor at the time. She sees her neighbors and her daughter nude in their backyard. How terribly wrong and how incredibly naughty can it get if Scarlett goes over there to save her daughter? Will both Hartley women, mother and daughter, end up at the mercy of the merciless Sorrelson mom and daughter?

ESCAPE FROM LESBIAN DOMINATION?

Can the Hartleys turn their submission around? Can they escape the clutches of the Sorrelsons? Even if they do physically escape, the Sorrelsons are still neighbors living right next door. The Sorrelsons never take no for an answer and have complete disregard for reluctance or morals. Has submissiveness and lesbianism already infected the psyches of the mother and daughter Hartley? How will the Sorrelson women overcome the Hartleys reluctance?

MOM AND DAUGHTER DOMINATE MOTHER AND DAUGHTER

Scarlett and Sapphire Hartley, beautiful Tennessee blondes, think they've gotten out from under the lesbian domination of their new neighbors from Ohio, Francine and Felicia Hartley. But they think wrong! Their own submissive natures and recent events weaken their willpower despite thinking they'll have nothing more to do with those wicked neighbors. The twisted Sorrelsons have a new plan to divide and sexually conquer the Hartleys.

NAUGHTY NASTY NEIGHBORS

The wicked dominant lesbian new neighbors from Ohio, the mother and daughter Sorrelson, have yet again had their way with the beautiful heterosexual blondes from Tennessee, the mother and daughter Hartley. But Scarlett and Sapphire are still reluctant and still want to be good normal man-loving

women. They do not want to succumb to Francine and Felicia's domination. Any more. If they can help it. If they don't get too turned on....

THE FINAL MOTHER AND DAUGHTER DOMINATION

The mother and daughter Sorrelson force Scarlett and Sapphire Hartley to go on a seemingly harmless "friendship date" to a drive-in theater. Where they intend to get extremely friendly indeed! If they can have their way there, they will bring the passionate reluctant mom and daughter back to their home and take complete advantage of them in ways most could not conceive. All questions answered! All fates are sealed! Brace yourself for a shocking surprise ending!

The "Lactating Lesbian Dictator" series:

LACTATING LESBIAN DICTATOR

American Ambassador and hot MILF, Margot Parrow, and her adult daughter are stranger's in a strange land where all the adult women lactate constantly. The Queen of the Rambikkuns chooses which diplomats other countries, desperate for Rambikkun mother's milk, send to her. She chooses only sexy MILFs and requires that they bring their beautiful adult daughters with them. The Queen wants an international lesbian harem of mother and daughter breastmilk gulpers. The Queen cares nothing that these women are straight heterosexuals. Soon many of these female ambassadors will also care nothing about their heterosexuality....

SEDUCING THE AMBASSADOR'S DAUGHTER

With her mom busy getting her tummy filled during a visit to the Queen, Journee is back at her new temporary home, the Ambassador's Residence. Two young adult African women are assigned to "liaison" with her. Well, it turns out the plan to "liaison" her right into a state of sexual submission. Journee is home alone with the two horny and arrogant African girls. Can Journee resist them? If not, in what perverted ways will they make use of her?

SEXUAL DIPLOMACY IN THE LAND OF THE LESBIANS

American ambassador, Margot Parrow, is a redheaded MILF is stuck in the land of lesbians, a tiny new African country with an extremely valuable resource: breastmilk that makes children grow up to be geniuses. All the countries are competing for this resource but the competitive expectations involve a lot of lesbianism and Margot is heterosexual. Worse, her young adult daughter is with her in this land of lesbians. They are all dominant lesbians and they are targeting both Margot and her daughter!

FORCED TO SQUIRT

Journee is the youngest daughter of the American ambassador to Rambikku and Journee has problems, two of them with two lactating African beauties. The first problem is that these two “liaisons” sexually dominated her yesterday. The second problem is that the two giggling dominants are back this morning to overwhelm and dominate her again! They plan to dominate her much worse than they did yesterday. They have a new trick to make Journee’s body perform. Journee may never be the same!

“WHITE SAVAGES” IN THE LAND OF THE LESBIANS

American ambassador, Margot Parrow, has to revisit the Queen for another “diplomatic” meeting. The Queen made heterosexual and confident Margot into an eager lesbian submissive during their first meeting. Ah, the power of diplomacy! Margot hopes the news lusts stirred up in her are temporary. But she worries this second meeting will be much like the last one when the Queen forced her to breastfeed from the Queen and brought Margot to orgasm with her skillful hand. The good news? This meeting will not be as bad or have as much sex. The bad news? This meeting will be worse and will have a lot more sex!

YOUNG ADULT LESBIANS DOMINATE THE AMBASSADOR

Her daughter’s African liaisons have sexually dominated Margot’s daughter and they intend to do the same thing to Margot! They know just the way. It involves a traditional bath, a tradition the Queen just made up and made official. They intend it to be the naughtiest, wickedest, sexiest, nastiest, most intense, and most orgasmic bath Margot has ever taken. And they’ll have Margot take it with her daughter only yards away!

DEJA DOMINATES THE DAUGHTER (AND THE MOTHER)

The Parrows expected one kind of adventure and are in the middle of a sexual adventure instead. They expected to command respect from the third worlders but instead have to take commands and are humiliated and are treated like “white savages.” Even Margot’s diplomatic assistant, Deja, a black woman from America, wants in on the Parrow family. She wants to dominate both mom and daughter! Will Margot let her assistant dominate her? Will her daughter Journee?

BRINLEE COMES TO THE LAND OF THE LESBIANS

The dominant lesbian African country of Rambikku want to seduce and dominate as many beautiful MILF ambassadors and their daughters as they can literally get their hands on. But they also want to nail all of their daughters if there is more than one. Margot Parrow, the American ambassador, has another daughter back in America, her eldest, the blonde beauty Brinlee. They’ve conned Brinlee

into coming to Rambikku. Brinlee has no idea what she is in for. They want to add Brinlee to their collection of American hotties.

LESBIAN TAMING AND TRAINING A WHITE SAVAGE

Brinlee struggles to maintain her free will and is uncertain how to handle Zurica's demands and commands. She wants to obey and she wants the cums to keep coming. But she shouldn't! Zurica isn't at all uncertain. She wants this sexy American blonde beauty to be her sexual plaything and she wants Brinlee humiliated and obedient. She plans to tame and train the white savage and to force her to admit Zurica is her black superior and her Mistress.

TRAPPED IN THE LAND OF THE LESBIANS

Ambassador Margot Parrow and her lovely adult daughters, Brinlee and Journee, are now all in Rambikku, a tiny African country dominated by dominant lesbians. The question is whether they can ever leave. Queen Muunu and her crew of crafty cronies have extremely dark plans for the Parrows, but they require the Parrows to betray themselves to fulfill those nasty plans. Can they pull it off as easily as they pull off the Parrows' clothing?

“The Hole in the Wall” series:

THE HOLE IN THE WALL

Best friends Maya and Cora go to a new nightclub for a fun time. But they're in for a lot more “fun” than they ever thought possible. Their strange sexy flirty server, Kammy, takes them into the hole for a sexual adventure they could never have anticipated and are reluctant, at first, to participate in. Kammy is a dominant lesbian. Maya and Cora are independent straight young women. But Kammy is confident she can make Maya and Cora be the way she wants them to be.

HANDCUFFED TOGETHER

Their hair is braided together with each other and they are handcuffed with their arms around each other! Kammy plans to change Maya and Cora, to forcibly adapt them to what she wants them to be. They don't want to be changed but they are feeling incredibly submissive suddenly. Kammy-induced orgasms do that to a girl! What more will Kammy do to them? What else will she make them do and make them like? Can they escape? Will they still want to?

RETURNING TO THE HOLE

Should a straight woman submit to a lesbian Mistress? Of course not! But that doesn't mean it won't happen. Maya is about to return to the hole in the wall inside the nightclub The Hole in the Wall, the scene of her reluctant lesbian seduction and domination. The reason she thinks she's going is perhaps quite different than the real reason. What will happen when she confronts Kammy in hopes of getting her fired? Surely Kammy the psycho server can't sexually dominate Maya again when Maya is alert to Kammy's danger and so angry with her....

SUBMITTING TO THE PSYCHO MISTRESS

Cora is haunted by memories of her unexpected and shocking sexual submission to Kammy the psycho server inside the hole in the wall in the nightclub called The Hole in the Wall. She was determined never to go back, but after several days of wild self-pleasuring, she is returning. She just needs a quick answer. She returns for the answer. But not to submit! Never that! Never again! Never might not be as long as she thought.

“The Black Masters” series:

Book 1: HER DAD'S FIANCEE'S BLACK MASTERS

Hannah comes home from exploring Europe to find her newly widowed wealthy father already engaged to be married. His fiancée, Olive, is beautiful, blonde, and big-breasted, just like Hannah. But they are different in almost all other ways. Little does Hannah know, but Olive has plans, a dark conspiracy, to turn Hannah into a lover and obedient submissive to black men. Can Olive's evil plan work? Can she make Hannah behave so naughty and nasty that her dad will disown her?

Book 2: HANNAH'S DAD'S FIANCEE DOMINATES HER

Rich young heiress Hannah Hill saw her dad's fiancée having sex with black workers at the estate and witnessed her call one of them her “Black Master.” She wants them off the estate. But they know she watched and know what she did as she watched. They want all the Hill money and need to seduce and dominate Hannah to get their wicked way. Will Hannah win out over her potential stepmother, or will she also betray her father, but in a very different way?

Book 3: THE SUBMISSIVE HEIRESS

Olive wants to get Hannah's dad to disown Hannah so that Olive will eventually collect all of the inheritance. How? By getting Hannah pregnant with a black baby and by making sure the father is a disreputable ex-con. Hannah plans to get out of her situation and make Olive go away and take the four black laborers with her – well before the laborers can make Hannah go into labor!

Olive has plans also. She plans to dominate Hannah in new ways, severe and savage, and intensely arousing ways. She plans to transform Hannah into a do-anything submissive.

Book 4: HANNAH GETS ADULT BABYSAT

Hannah is trying to keep her head above water but keeps finding her head instead between Olive's thighs. Blonde on blonde domination and submission. And Hannah isn't even a lesbian! Or she wasn't.... Olive develops the perfect plan to break down Hannah. Force her to be an adult baby babysat by none other than the neighbor girl Hannah used to babysit, a neighbor girl whose grown into quite a slut herself.

Book 5: HANNAH'S BIG BLACK DATE

Hannah's dad's fiancée, Olive, wants total dominion over Hannah, and Olive knows how to deepen Hannah's submissiveness. Olive wants a do-anything human sex toy, and she's chosen beautiful blonde Hannah. Olive expects Hannah to go on a date with a dangerous black ex-con parolee! With Olive and another big black man as "chaperones." Hannah thinks the chaperones may be as bad as her date and have just as much intention to have sex with her. Three against one. So unfair!

Book 6: HANNAH WANNA

Hannah's dad's girlfriend, rival to Hannah's rich dad's inheritance, has dominated Hannah sexually but that isn't enough for Olive. She needs Hannah's dad to disown Hannah and she thinks the best way to make that happen is for Hannah to get pregnant with a black baby. Olive has a nasty ex-con lined up to impregnate Hannah but can she make the reluctant Hannah all too cooperative, and induce her to succumb? Will Tivon add Hannah to his urban harem? Will Hannah wanna?

"She'll Take All Three Sisters" series:

Book 1: SHE'LL TAKE ALL THREE SISTERS

Three sisters and one dominant Mistress. Kennedy Klein, newly discharged from the Army, learns from her older sister, Carter, that their younger sister, Reagan, is incommunicado in the big city of Denver, Colorado. An attempted visit reveals that Reagan is a submissive in a lesbian relationship with a much older woman. Kennedy and Carter go undercover at a lesbian strip club to save Reagan. But Mistress Sadie knows! Can Mistress Sadie dominate all three sisters?

Book 2: DOMINATED AT THE LESBIAN STRIP CLUB

Two heterosexual sisters, one lesbian strip club, and dozens of horny groping and grabbing lesbians! Carter and Kennedy are trying to save their little sister, Reagan, from lesbian BDSM domination by an older woman. They are undercover at one of the dominant woman's strip clubs, trying to find evidence to put her in prison. But they're not as undercover as they think and they're not as covered with clothing as they'd like.

Book 3: HETEROSEXUAL SISTERS FORCED TO BE LESBIAN SISTERS

Two Klein sisters, Carter and Kennedy, seek to save the third Klein sister, Reagan, from hardcore lesbian submission to a much older domme. They've gone undercover at the domme's strip club but not all is it seems with their trainers. Both trainers have huge breasts, wide streaks of cruelty, and far too much understanding and experience with the female body. They want to continue lesbian training the sisters long after closing time. Could Carter and Kennedy, instead of saving Regan from lesbian submission, end up each submitting themselves?

Book 4: EXTREME LESBIAN ADVENTURES FOR THE SISTERS

The two independent still free heterosexual Klein sisters, Carter and Kennedy, are deep under water (and other fluids) getting seduced and dominated by lesbians. They want to save their little sister, Reagan, from a much older and far too controlling domme but they may need to adjust their goal to simply saving themselves! Little do the Klein girls know but their trainer at the lesbian strip club, the lesbian dominant spanking them into shape, is the very same dominatrix they seek to save their sister from!

Book 5: THE SISTERS FACE LESBIAN DOMINATION

The two older Klein sisters, married Carter and ex-Army Kennedy, are undercover working at a lesbian strip club in Denver in hopes of acquiring evidence of illegal activity by their youngest sister's new lesbian domme, who owns the club. But they do not know they've been set up not only to fail but to be lesbian seduced and dominated. The domme, Sadie Clark, wants all three sisters, and she is also undercover as one of the women training the older Klein sisters and making them jump through nasty and compromising sexual hoops.

Book 6: OLDEST SISTER TAMED AND LESBIAN TRAINED

Does Mistress Sadie have a nasty plan to lesbian impregnate one of the Klein sisters? The two older Klein sisters, married Carter and ex-Army Kennedy, are undercover at the Denver lesbian strip club, Juicy's Big Box, trying to save their youngest sister, Reagan, from lesbian domination. Reagan's Mistress, Sadie, is all too aware of their plan and undercover herself as the sister's trainer at the club. This can't end well for the Klein sisters!

Book 7: MIDDLE SISTER TAMED AND LESBIAN TRAINED

Can the final beautiful young Klein woman avoid a fate of total submission to a cruel and clever domme? Dominant lesbian businesswoman Sadie Clark has tamed and lesbian trained two out of three sexy blonde Klein girls. She has the youngest, Reagan, and the oldest, Carter, in states of complete and utter sexual submission. Can she nail the final Klein sister, Kennedy? The middle sister could be the biggest challenge. She's sexy but tough and an Army veteran. As they say, sexually conquering two out of three Klein girls isn't bad but three out of three is even better.

“Lesbian Seductress’s Female Bodyguard” series:

Book 1: LESBIAN SEDUCTRESS’S FEMALE BODYGUARD

Bellamy must protect a rich young predatorial lesbian seductress whose “social activities” are the seduction of straight women and making enemies! Dorothe is ravenously hungry to seduce as many women as she can and is delighting in making more enemies, seductions Bellamy will have to witness and enemies she will have to battle. Dorothe’s mother warns Bellamy that Dorothe will try to seduce her as well. Sometimes forewarning doesn’t help....

Book 2: LESBIAN SEDUCTRESS’S FEMALE BODYGUARD 2

Bellamy Wood, ex-cop private detective, reluctantly persuaded to be a personal bodyguard, is on a year-long contract to guard a spoiled young adult socialite, bratty Dorothe Gerbach. The problems are many: Dorothe’s many enemies, Dorothe’s penchant for making more enemies, and Dorothe’s passion as a predatory lesbian seductress who wants to add Bellamy to her stable of submissive women who will do anything for her.

Book 3: LESBIAN SEDUCTRESS’S FEMALE BODYGUARD 3

Wealthy spoiled socialite, Dorothe Gerbach, has seduced and dominated her new lovely bodyguard, ex-cop Bellamy Wood. Can Dorothe keep Bellamy submissive? Can Bellamy break free from Dorothe’s willpower, or will she succumb further, losing more of her independence while increasing her orgasms significantly? What new seductress ploys will Dorothe unleash on Bellamy to tame her to make her perform new sexual tricks?

Book 4: LESBIAN SEDUCTRESS’S FEMALE BODYGUARD 4

Ex-cop and current bodyguard, Bellamy Wood, is under rich young heiress Dorothe’s sexual spell. Bellamy’s younger-than-her Mistress orders Bellamy to seduce and dominate the new sexiest female police officer in the Philadelphia Police Department, Rosetta Wright. Dorothe wants a second submissive bodyguard! Bellamy genuinely likes Rosetta Wright and Rosetta’s hero is Bellamy. Will Bellamy do Ms. Wright wrong?

Book 5: LESBIAN SEDUCTRESS'S FEMALE BODYGUARD 5

Bellamy Wood, ex-cop and current submissive bodyguard, reports back to her young adult Mistress, heiress, Dorothe Gerbach, after her successful seduction of a lovely police officer. Dorothe intends to reward Bellamy in three ways. The catch is that her rewards often seem like punishments. Dorothe lucks into an opportunity to seduce and dominate a heterosexual mother and her adult heterosexual daughter, back and forth, simultaneously! Can she pull it off?

Book 6: LESBIAN SEDUCTRESS'S FEMALE BODYGUARD 6

Dominant lesbian seductress, Dorothe, and her newly subservient bodyguard, Bellamy, survived a deadly attack by Noelle who was trying to protect her little sister from Dorothe's sexual dominance. Noelle is badly wounded and under house arrest. Dorothe decides it is time to seduce and dominate Noelle as well. Noelle won't be so dangerous if Dorothe can add her to Dorothe's lesbian harem! Will Noelle's little sister, Lara, betray Noelle and assist in Noelle's seduction?

Book 7: LESBIAN SEDUCTRESS'S FEMALE BODYGUARD 7

The dominant lesbian seductress dominated and took sexual advantage of the sexy Bulgarian maid and now she wants a second helping of her favorite Bulgarian dish. Will Ekaterina be just as vulnerable or even more susceptible? Can Dorothe make Ekaterina and Bellamy work together for orgasms? What happens when Ekaterina's beautiful American supervisor investigates and intervenes? Can Dorothe turn her good intentions into absolute submission?

Book 8: LESBIAN SEDUCTRESS'S FEMALE BODYGUARD 8

Mistress Dorothe has big plans, and her newly tamed and submissive bodyguard, Bellamy, is a star in those plans whether she wants to be or not. The Lesbian Seductress plans to add to her lesbian harem the hard way by deceiving a black giantess Mistress who hates her and stealing away her top sub, Mistress Dorothe's "the one that got away," Flower. Can Mistress Dorothe pull off her plan? Can Bellamy submit to new dark sexual delights?

Book 9: LESBIAN SEDUCTRESS'S FEMALE BODYGUARD 9

Newly and reluctantly submissive bodyguard, Bellamy Wood, wakes up after hard sex at the BDSM party and seems stuck with a new giant black mistress, Mistress Charanda, bigger and crueller than Mistress Dorothe. Charanda intends to keep Bellamy and her little friend, too, Emily. Bellamy intends to get away but, if she can, will it only move her from the sexual frying pan into the sexual fire of further submission to Mistress Dorothe?

Book 10: LESBIAN SEDUCTRESS'S FEMALE BODYGUARD 10

Mother's Day is just a couple days away and Mistress Dorothe knows exactly what she wants to give her mother. Or who. She's decided she wants her mother to have a live-in sex maid who will serve her entire life pleasing Dorothe's mother and laboring for her in both the most twisted and the most

menial of ways. The young woman she's chosen doesn't know her fate yet and sure hasn't agreed to it. Can Mistress Dorothe compel the sweet and sexy Bulgarian Maid, Ekaterina, to give up all her freedoms just to please Dorothe's mother who she has never met?

Book 11: LESBIAN SEDUCTRESS'S FEMALE BODYGUARD 11

Mistress Dorothe wants to lure pretty redheaded police officer, Rosetta Wright, into her web of lesbian domination. She wants a new member for her lesbian harem and she wants Rosetta's total sexual submission! That isn't what Rosetta wants so only one of them can get what they want. Who will it be? Rosetta comes to Mistress Dorothe's honeymoon suite in the hotel for her second interview to become a high-paid bodyguard for the lesbian seductress. Her idol, Bellamy Wood, is Mistress Dorothe's first bodyguard and Bellamy will conduct the interview. It will be unlike any interview ever done before!

Book 12: LESBIAN SEDUCTRESS'S FEMALE BODYGUARD 12

A sexy young adult police officer, redheaded Rosetta walked into Mistress Dorothe's honey trap honeymoon suite for her second job interview to become a female bodyguard for the wealthy socialite. Since walking in, she's done very little walking! Well, not on two feet.... Exactly how, cough cough, in-depth is this interview? Mistress Dorothe is about to make her grand entrance! What does Mistress Dorothe intend to do to her? To her body, to her mind, and to her soul?

Book 13: LESBIAN SEDUCTRESS'S FEMALE BODYGUARD 13

Police Officer Rosetta Wright comes back to her senses in the honeymoon suite honey trap of Mistress Dorothe. Or does she? Mistress Dorothe is not done with her and Rosetta is far too aroused and submissive and cooperative for her own good. Mistress Dorothe wants her to commit to signing a contract. Can Rosetta resist committing herself to a life as Mistress Dorothe's second submissive bodyguard? Mistress Dorothe likes to have multiple irons in the fire and she has scheduled the new maid, Josefina, for seduction and domination. Can Mistress Dorothe dominate another maid?

Book 14: LESBIAN SEDUCTRESS'S FEMALE BODYGUARD 14

The new maid, Josefina, succumbed once to Mistress Dorothe's advances and what a once it was! Terrible and wonderful at the same time. Josefina isn't even a lesbian! If she was, she would not want to be a submissive one and would want nothing to do with a racist. But it is what it is. It happened. Now what? Mistress Dorothe no longer has the element of surprise and Josefina has no intention of submitting again. However, Dorothe has many other elements other than surprise on her side....

Book 15: LESBIAN SEDUCTRESS'S FEMALE BODYGUARD 15

An extra-long extended book to cover all the nasty action! Dominant lesbian temptress, young Mistress Dorothe, has another wicked seduction plan in motion. She seduced and dominated the new maid, lovely Josefina, and now she wants a second maid. Where can she get another sexy subservient maid? She assumes Josefina has a beautiful friend she can force Josefina to trick into walking into Dorothe's trap. She assumes right but a big surprise is in store!

Book 16: LESBIAN SEDUCTRESS'S FEMALE BODYGUARD 16

Mistress Dorothe's plots to give a human being as a gift to her dominant lesbian mom. Will sexy Ekaterina, the gift in question go through with it? Mistress Dorothe has her new subby maids, Josefina and Valeri, report for rough sexual duty. They are required to go become strippers at a nasty lesbian strip club. Sending them to try out and be tried out at the strip club clears the way for Mistress Dorothe to have Josefina's mother seduced! On Mother's Day!

Book 17: A FRESH NEW SEXUAL DOMINATION

Will publicly and public-ly shamed Philadelphia Police Officer Rosetta Wright show up to serve as nude bodyguard for her spoiled young Mistress? What will her police family do about it now that they know their beloved daughter and sister is a dominated submissive? There is a possible obstruction in the form of the new lovely member of hotel management. When Mistress Dorothe runs into a problem like her, she smashes it into submission. Can she make the problem beauty into a sexual asset?

Book 18: THE FINAL SUBMISSION

Mistress Dorothe intends to make the mother of a different sex maid become yet another sex maid for her. Bringing mothers and daughters closer together, that's Mistress Dorothe's idea of altruism. Will Regina follow her daughter, Josefina's, path into submission? Everyone's ultimate fate is revealed and sealed! A big, long, savage, sexy, surprising, orgasmic, nasty, arousing, kinky, wicked, bizarre, passionate, character-driven, action-packed grand finale to the series.

“Seducing the Mother and Daughter House Sitters” series:

Book 1: SEDUCING THE MOTHER AND DAUGHTER HOUSE SITTERS

A beautiful mother and her pretty coed daughter agree to house sit at the island mansion of the daughter's new college friend, Bella. It seems like a dream come true but then Bella's twin sister,

Stella, shows up. She is arrogant and demanding and intent on seducing both the mother and the daughter. Can she turn the mother and daughter into full service anything goes servants?

Book 2: TEMPTING THE MOTHER AND DAUGHTER HOUSE SITTERS

Stella, the bratty young heiress, has the mother and daughter, Angie and Eliza, off balance and beginning to serve her will. All that Angie and Eliza want is to finish the mansion sitting job on the beautiful island. All Stella wants is to be their sexual Mistress for life. Can Stella enforce her will on the mom and daughter and make them want what she wants?

Book 3: DOMINATING THE MOTHER AND DAUGHTER HOUSE SITTERS

Angie saw her daughter, Eliza, sexually pleasing Mistress Stella on the speed boat before it went out of view. But Stella had seduced Angie that same morning! What is Mistress Stella up to? What really happened on that boat trip? Most importantly, who does Mistress Stella like the most, the mom or the daughter? Mistress Stella can't have both! Can she...?

Book 4: CONQUERING THE MOTHER AND DAUGHTER HOUSE SITTERS

Angie Klauson and her daughter Eliza were sexually dominated by the rich adult brat Stella and it certainly caused a new family dynamic. It's good to share but maybe not sexually. Now Stella's twin, Bella, is coming to the island. Is she different than Stella or will she have the same outrageous expectations? Do they want her to be different? What is the awesome fate of the mother and daughter?

“Tramp Pauline” series:

Book 1: TRAMP PAULINE

Pauline is a responsible young shift manager at Fine Burgers. She tries to help a female coworker, Valentina, who is getting dominated every shift by a lesbian coworker. When domme Melody learns Pauline is trying to take away her submissive girl she decides the perfect consequence is to turn the attempted minus one into a plus one. Can Melody be a Mistress for her own Shift Manager?

Book 2: TRAMP PAULINE TRIES TO BOUNCE BACK

Pauline was sexually dominated by a girl she supervises, her new Mistress Melody, who gave her the nickname Tramp Pauline. Pauline does not want to live up to that name but Mistress Melody wants her to live up to it in every way including bouncing naked on a trampoline for her coworkers. Pauline wants to be a good girl and Melody wants her to be a tramp. Can they compromise at “good tramp”?

“Black Dominatrix Neighbor” series:

Book 1: BLACK DOMINATRIX NEIGHBOR

Zahra is a middle-aged overweight black woman who has no business seducing and dominating her new young sexy white neighbor girl. Unless she makes it her business. Domination suits Zahra fine but is sexual submission right for Lainey? Lainey tries to be a good neighbor and tries to be friendly with her much older African-American neighbor lady. Maybe Lainey tries a little too hard....

Book 2: TOO BAD TO BE TRUE

Zahra thinks she has sexual control over Lainey but Lainey thinks differently. Lainey still thinks she is heterosexual, not submissive, and that interracial sex is not for her. The nerve of some young and pretty white women! The apartment building is buzzing with rumors about Zahra and Lainey. Lainey has a plan to deny and defuse the rumors. Zahra has a plan to confirm them. And to share Lainey!

Book 3: SEXUAL REPARATIONS IN THE BIG CITY

Lainey tried to free herself of one Black Mistress only to find herself serving three much older Black Mistresses. All of them older than her Mom! They have all sorts of new duties and bizarre orders for Lainey. Including to have her best friend, Mallory, come visit her and to set up Mallory to be brought under their control! Lainey is a loyal friend... but maybe these new duties would be easier shared....

Book 4: MALLORY'S INTERRACIAL LESBIAN DOMINATION

Zahra found Lainey's brunette friend, Mallory, very attractive. Mallory does not like Zahra though even without knowing how she treats poor Lainey. Zahra would like to make Mallory eat her smarty-pants words and eat something else also. Maybe Lainey and Mallory could both be sexy goldmine earners for Zahra. Can Zahra against all odds, make that happen?

“Impossible Seduction” series:

1. IMPOSSIBLE SEDUCTION ONE: VOYEUR MOTHER AND DAUGHTER SEDUCED

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

2. IMPOSSIBLE SEDUCTION TWO: PEEKING MOTHER AND DAUGHTER DOMINATED

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

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

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

4. IMPOSSIBLE SEDUCTION FOUR: JANELLE VS. REDHEAD MOTHER AND DAUGHTER

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

5. IMPOSSIBLE SEDUCTION FIVE: SEDUCED VIA LESBIAN HOME INVASION

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

6. IMPOSSIBLE SEDUCTION SIX: THE EROTIC EVIL CONSPIRACY

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“A Lesbian Orientation” series:

1. CARA TRIES TO BE A GOOD EXAMPLE

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

2. CARA'S LESBIAN SEDUCTION

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

3. CARA BECOMES HER ROOMMATE'S LESBIAN PET

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

“Teen Lesbians Taking Over” series:

1. TAKING OVER MRS. GREENWAY:

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

2. TAMING MRS. GREENWAY

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

3. TAKING OVER AUBREE

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

4. OWNING AUBREE

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

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

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

6. TAKING OVER TANYA'S STEP-NIECE

When the dominant teen lesbian coeds learn about Tanya's step-niece, Takira, and see how lovely she is, they decide to expand the herd! They trick her into moving in to "The Ranch" they've turned Tanya's house into. Can Takira resist their dark plans and their sexual racism? Can Takira save Tanya from domination? Or will Takira be sexually domesticated like her step-aunt?

7. TAKIRA'S NEW WHITE MISTRESSES

The white Mistresses want to make permanent a dominant hold over Takira. Can they pull it off with Takira is on her guard? Can Takira resist? The dominants have a plan. So does Takira! Only one plan can win. Takira has nothing in common with them. They are her opposites in all things including skin color. But dominants and submissives are opposites and opposites do attract one another....

8. ADDING CORAL TO THE CORRAL

The dominant teen lesbian coeds, Deb and Shan, are gluttons for lust and greedy for domination. They want more and more! Will Butterscotch help them sexually trap her friend's daughter? Can the doms tame and train Coral before she leaves for college? Can they really just keep getting away with making independent heterosexual women into obedient lesbian sex ponies? Can they add Coral to the corral?

9. TAKING OVER TAKIRA'S MOM

The teen lesbian coed domination team of Deb and Shan have Takira under their sexual control as a sex pony. They sure would like to have a mother and daughter team working together in tandem. The young white dommes have the perfect secret weapon in the conspiracy of seducing and taming Takira's mother. Her own daughter!

10. CORAL GETS FULLY CORRALLED

Lovely blonde coed Coral ran into a tough situation. Dominant hillbilly lesbians that wanted to make her into a sex pony! They tricked her and took full advantage of her. They even claimed they were her Owners and renamed her Coral Corral! Coral totally disagrees with this assigned fate and has decided to put a stop to the craziness. The Owners, however, have very much decided to put a continuation to it! Owned by them! Forever!

11. TAMED AND TRAINED BY LESBIAN HILLBILLIES

The African-American mother and daughter pair, Kalindi and Takira, have been seduced, dominated, and tamed by two white coed lesbian hillbillies. They've been treated like sex animals, a donkey and a pony, and have learned to be addicted to it. Now the dommes want to take them even further! Why

not have them betray two of Takira's lovely friends who can also join the growing herd of lesbian lust? Kalindi and Takira are reluctant to do that but the hillbillies are experts at overcoming reluctance.

12. SEDUCING AND TAMING NALA

Takira and Kalindi Bushrod invite Takira's longtime friends, Nala and Atasha, to come live with them at The Ranch. They think the Bushrods are being altruistic. The mother and daughter, conflicted but newly obedient to their white hillbilly Owners, actually intend to help seduce, tame, and lesbian train the two young cuties. Can Kalindi Bushrod overcome their age gap and Nala's understandable reluctance and take her for a wild orgasmic ride?

13. RIDDEN HARD IN THE BACK YARD

The two lovely young adult friends, Nala and Atasha, have moved in with the African-American mother and daughter pair, the Bushrods, who they thought were being kind but actually have wicked plans for them at the behest of the Bushrods' white Owners. Daughter Bushrod is out to seduce Atasha but, can she do it in public out at the mall? Mother Bushrod seeks to cement her new sexual control of Nala by taking her for an after-midnight ride in the back yard.

14. DOUBLE SEDUCTION DOUBLE DOMINATION

The mother and daughter team, Kalindi and Takira Bushrod, are reluctant black seductresses controlled by white hillbilly lesbian dommes. They must obey their sexual Owners and seduce and dominate their lovely passionate friends, Nala and Atasha. Now they have to do it at the same time in the same house and they must be more seductive and more dominant than ever before. Can they ensnare their friends despite reluctance, make them sexually submit, and make them ready to be sexual servants to whites?

15. TEEN LESBIANS TAKING OVER 15

The mother and daughter pair, the Bushrods, have seduced and sexed best friends Nala and Atasha but now the Owners are arriving! The white hillbilly coeds want fresh mounts! Will the mother and daughter Bushrods continue to cooperate with the Owners against their beloved friends? Will Nala and Atasha fall for it all and fall right into the same interracial sexual trap that the Bushrods are stuck in?

16. TAMING AND TRAINING A NEW MOTHER AND DAUGHTER

Owners Deb and Shan have wicked plan to bring a new mother and daughter in range of their dominant lesbian clutches. Margot Dillon and her daughter, Kinsley, have a new landscaping contract

at The Ranch. Little do they know who they've contracted with. A contract with dominating lesbian hillbillies is as bad as a contract with the Devil himself. Can Deb and Shan seduce and dominate the mother with the daughter nearby? Can Deb and Shan seduce and dominate the daughter with the mother nearby?

17. KINSLEY'S KINKY LESBIAN THREESOME

The lesbian hillbilly coeds hatched a new plan to turn a mother and daughter lawn care business team, Margot and Kinsley Dillon, into obedient mother and daughter lesbian Owned servants. Deb and Shan decide to cut one of the Dillons out of the two-person mother and daughter herd. Divided, the Dillons are vulnerable. Together, the hillbillies are nasty and demanding unstoppable dommes.

18. DOMME ON THE MOM

A night of sexual punishment and ruthless sex addicted Kinsley and forced her to give up her freedom. She has agreed with dark eagerness that the hillbillies Own her but may not really know what that means. Kinsley also hopes to keep her mom from finding out about her daughter and has no idea her new Owners are targeting her mom.

“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 holdout of the trophy wives stay faithful to her husband? What exactly do the two dominant lesbians plan to do to and with them?

“Gift Cards for Lesbian Seduction” series:

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

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

2. LIKING IT WAY TOO MUCH

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

3. PURSUED BY INTERRACIAL LESBIAN SEDUCTION

The blonde sisters, Maddy and Bailey, have been dominated by black and Asian lesbian seductresses at a run-down massage parlor. But... all good things must come to an end. Or... will they? Maddy and Bailey are pursued by memories of exquisite yet foul pleasures. More than that, they discover that they are literally pursued! Wicked Lai Ping decides to pay the sisters a special visit at their places of work.

4. SUBMISSION TO HER BLACK MISTRESSES

Maddy the blonde bank teller was seduced and dominated at the massage parlor from Hell. Now the muscular black masseuse, Luella, who claims to be Maddy's Mistress, has texted her demanding that she come over to Luella's place to meet some of Luella's friends. Maddy knows an interracial lesbian orgy is in the works. Maddy can't go! She's engaged to be married! But... she also can't not go....

5. SEDUCTION AT THE INTERRACIAL LESBIAN ORGY

Maddy foolishly thought she could avoid being drawn into the orgy of domination and submission. Not so! Instead, she found the black women also seduced several of Maddy's bridesmaids! Now all the loud orgasms and spankings are causing too much noise and a pretty Hispanic woman comes over to complain. That can't go well for the newcomer!

6. CATFIGHTS AT THE INTERRACIAL LESBIAN ORGY

The interracial lesbian orgy is in progress with black on white domination and submission. Mariana, the seduced and dominated Hispanic ex-con who made the mistake of complaining about the noise,

discovers her darkly tempting fate. Maddy and the Caucasian females must fight in the nude. They fight to inflict orgasms. Will Maddy fight her own little sister?

7. BAILEY'S ORGASMIC CATFIGHT

The interracial lesbian BDSM orgy is raging. The Black Mistresses are juggling the white submissives and keeping them quite busy with white-on-white catfights. Little does Maddy know that her little sister, Bailey, was invited and compelled to come over. The sisters are both at the same interracial lesbian orgy! But what has her little sister, Bailey, experienced at the interracial lesbian catfight, and how do those experiences intersect with Maddy's?

8. THE SISTERS GET DOMINATED

The blonde sisters, Maddy and Bailey, are caught and tangled up in the interracial lesbian orgy but so far neither knew the other was present at the same orgy. That lack of awareness is about to change! The sisters are about to learn more about the plot against them. They are also going to get used sexually, individually, in brand new sexual acts neither ever could have conceived of participating in.

9. TOTAL LESBIAN DOMINATION

The blonde sisters must report to their new owner – none other than Maddy's mother-in-law-to-be. Or, now, not-to-be. Mistress-to-be for both of them! They learn their dark fate and begin to learn to like it. Maddy's four sexy white bridesmaids think they can leave now that the interracial lesbian orgy has wound down. They think wrong! Big Ola and Big Luella decide they are keepers and divvy them up fairly, two each.

10. SUBMISSION MANSION

The sisters, worried and secretly darkly eager, were ordered to the estate of Maddy's mother-in-law-to-be, where they learned she intended to keep them. They were collared and separated. Their fate is to be sex maids linked to the family mansion for the rest of their lives! How will they adjust to their new loss of status? Will they hate it like they should, or will circumstances work on their minds and souls?

Stand Alone books:

ANYTHING SHE WANTS

Juliana goes undercover for a newspaper story as a maid for a rich older woman, Ms. Einhorn. She is told that her mission is to document abusive treatment by the wealthy towards their servants. Juliana she is to obey Ms. Einhorn and do anything she wants in order to draw out Ms. Einhorn's nasty behavior. Juliana takes on the opportunity with enthusiasm but is shocked by Ms. Einhorn's true expectations, Ms. Einhorn's wickedness, and by her own growing submissiveness.

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!

HER BROTHER'S NEWLYWED DOMINANT WIFE

Paige's bother, Lincoln, has gotten married and she wasn't invited to the wedding! She wants to get to know Lincoln's newlywed wife, Myna, and understand the dark influence she has over him. Be careful what you wish for! Myna is a mine, mine, mine person. She even wants to make other people, the attractive ones, hers! She already has Lincoln whipped in every sense of the word. Can she complete her collection of the brother and sister?

KEEP YOUR PANTIES ON, WHITE GIRLFRIEND

Three black women invite themselves into Haley's home. Opal and Dereka target Haley's friends, Rachel and Sandy, for lesbian seduction and domination. Destiny? Destiny wants to completely change Haley's destiny. Destiny wants to make herself Haley's new Destiny. Can Haley save her friends from... what they seem to be liking? Might Haley also like what she should not like?

LESBIAN LUST AT THE CASH REGISTER

Mave thinks Julie is really a submissive. But how to make her submit? It's hard to get alone time with Julie so Mave decides on a bizarre way to seduce her. Suddenly Julie's underling is under her at the cash register! Mave decides she will pull off the seduction and domination of Julie while the store is open and customers are in the store! That's not all she'll "pull off".

LESBIAN LUST AT THE CASH REGISTER

Cadence has to supervise a problem employee but she has no idea how big of a problem beautiful Mave really is. Mave thinks that her problem is being horny and she thinks pretty Cadence is the solution to that problem. When they close the store together Mave decides she will become Cadence's new Mistress. Cadence sure will be dismayed! She doesn't even know she's a lesbian! Or a submissive!

THE SUBMISSIVE CHEERLEADERS

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

TOO CURIOUS ABOUT HER ADOPTED LESBIAN SISTER

Hope is sent home from college to check on her trouble-making adopted lesbian sister. Ruthie the Ruthless! Ruthie has tried to dominate Hope in the past so Hope brings her funny friend Aspen who just happens to also be an orphan and to be a near lookalike to Ruthie. Ruthie has diabolical plans for Hope and Aspen. Surely, they can resist since it's two against one. Surely! Right?

SOMETHING THAT BELONGS TO ME

Louisa's heterosexual roommate, Heidi, brings home from the bar a tall slim woman with dyed red hair. Klara is bold, arrogant, and sexually hungry. Klara is making Heidi do all sorts of crazy sexy things and Klara just won't leave their place. Klara also seems to have plans and expectations for Louisa's involvement! She wants Louisa to also submit to her in every way possible.

Questions, complaints, or suggestions?

Feel free to contact me: jordanchurch@mail.com

See what I have available and my author bio (such as it is) and photo (such as it is) at
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