

**Seducing**  
the

**Assistant**

**Coach**



**By Jordan Church**

# *Seducing the Assistant Coach*

*Book 3 of “Seducing the Team”*

*by Jordan Church*

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*Book 3 of “Seducing the Team”*

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## Chapter One

How had Grace come to this state?

She was still dizzy from the sauna. She assumed she was dehydrated. For, uh, more reasons than just the heat of the sauna. But she was a lot cooler now, despite being clothed again, and she was no longer sweating.

The sauna had seemed like another world, a place where things happened that did not happen in the normal world. Things like sucking on toes and... everything else that happened.

She had not expected that when she entered “Sauna World.” And then she’d expected everything to revert back to normal once she left “Sauna World.” She hadn’t so much thought it as she’d assumed it or felt it would.

After all, what happened with Camille should never have happened at all. And there was no way it could continue. Because, why? Grace had no interest in a relationship with a woman old enough to be her grandmother. Not only that, a woman who treated her terribly!

But Camille did not feel or think the way Grace did.

After the two of them got dressed, they went up the cement stairs to the concourse of the domed stadium they now lived in. Camille led the

way. She did seem like a leader type. Grace felt like a follower. She did not always feel that way, but more often than not she followed and did not lead. The way she had submitted to Camille seemed to indicate she was a follower sexually as well.

At least with Camille.

That one time.

The only time!

The only time.

The only time....

The only time?

At the top of the stairs, at the door leading onto the west concourse where The Ugly Ducklings little houses were, Camille stopped and blocked Grace. Grace pulled up. Camille reached down and grabbed Grace's hand in a strong grip.

“Let's hold hands on the concourse. Everyone should see how close we are now. We'll hold hands and march right on over to our house. Then we'll go inside and I'll do things to you. I bet you can't wait.”

That was not the way Grace would put it!

Grace stammered and tried to find the right words to get Camille to give up her little plan, give up her hold, and give up the overall sexual situation.

Now was the time! Grace had lost her cool in the sauna. Probably because it was so darn hot. That must be why.

Now, after what happened, Grace was cooled down, calmed down, and regretful over the humiliation and even more regretful over her inappropriate passion that Camille had somehow wrung out of her along with much of Grace's hydration. They were back in the normal world, as much as being stuck in a stadium was a normal world.

Grace had to do something, say something, right—

Camille did not wait for Grace's stammering to steady out into a successful string of words. She pushed open the door and pulled Grace along with her.

They were on the west concourse!

There were eight small narrow houses on the concourse. They looked wildly out of place. No yards. No grass. No basements either. They did have windows. But the windows looked out on cement concourse and spaces for concession stands. They had roofs but the roofs would never feel the patter of rain.

Grace looked wildly around for a heart stopping moment, expecting to see the others from *The Ugly Ducklings*. The "athletes," Anna, Jo, and Fernanda, women who did not seem like Grace's "type of people." Or the support staff members, Paisley, Victoria, and Willow. Paisley and Victoria

were Grace's type of people. Willow was not. Rubbing the "athlete's" necks and shoulders all day long, and Ayla's too, meant Willow most definitely was not Grace's type of people.

The concourse was quiet. No movement. Thank God!

Camille pulled her along. That was fine by Grace, sort of, in that she wanted to get into their house as soon as possible, before anyone showed up and saw them holding hands.

Holding hands was so far the most innocent physical contact between the two of them and yet felt like it would give away what had happened down in the sauna if anyone saw them holding hands.

They got into the house. Grace took a breath of relief.

Camille closed the front door. She looked at Grace. Grace did not like what saw in Camille's eyes.

When Camille spoke, it was with false casualness, "Take off all your clothes, dearie."

"But—"

"Exactly. I want to see your naked butt."

"We just got back and-and-and we just... in the sauna... and-and... we... just got... back."

"I saw you naked in the sauna and I liked what I saw. So, from now on, you're going to be naked when we're home together. It just makes

sense.”

“That does not make sense!”

“Does to. I want it, you can do it, and you will give me what I want.”

“I will tell Ayla!”

“Yeah? She’ll fucking laugh at you. She’ll take my side. She always will. She knew what we’d end up doing in the sauna.”

Grace frowned hard, concentrating. Was it true? Had Ayla known? It seemed like a bizarre idea. Ayla, on behalf of Ms. Leffingwell, had hired both Grace and Camille. And all the others. When would Ayla and Camille have had the time to find such strange common ground, so much so that Ayla would knowingly send Grace into the sauna to be sexually dominated by Camille?

Then again, it was very weird that Ayla sent Grace into the sauna to treat some fictitious condition Camille had. It was a very strange location for a medical treatment.

And Ayla had set it up so that Camille and Grace were all alone with no one else within hollering distance.

And Ayla told Grace to obey Camille and make sure she was happy. Something like that. Ayla had exerted pressure on Grace before Grace ever got to the sauna and, in hindsight, Grace thought Ayla’s influence may have

made the difference between Grace successfully resisting or giving in the way she had.

Also, earlier in the day, Ayla had gotten a shoulder and neck rub from Willow. The same as Camille had received from Willow.

Maybe Ayla really had intentionally sent Grace into Camille's clutches!

And into Camille's camel toe....

"Take it off your clothes. Or do I have to spank you to get you to do it?"

A spanking!?! Not that!

Grace glanced at the front door of the house. Yearningly. But what if she did leave? Where would she sleep? And would Camille just come after her, grab her hand, and maybe they'd end up yelling at one another and everyone else on the west concourse would look out from their little house and hear what they were talking about?

Grace couldn't figure her options, what was best, so she boiled it down to the one essential thing she knew for sure: She did not want Camille to spank her!

She felt that dread even more strongly than her reluctance to take off her clothes.

Grace reluctantly took off her clothes. Hello again, nudity, wish it had been longer. Since seen and since being seen.

Darn it.

Camille was looking at her body appreciatively.

Darn it.

Camille had plans in her dark eyes.

Darn it.

Grace realized that now that she was nude, she was even less likely to try to leave. She could not run around nude on the concourse. That was no way to be seen on her second day on the job!

Well... she would complain about her living circumstances. Directly to Ms. Leffingwell. Tomorrow.

As for tonight....

Camille sat on the small couch and patted her lap, "Now come lay across my lap?"

"Why!?!"

"So that I can spank your sexy ass."

"Hey! You said you weren't going to spank me!"

"No, I said I would spank you. Down in the sauna."

"But just now, you said you wouldn't spank me if I took off my clothes!"

“That is not what I said. I asked if I had to spank you in order to get you to take off your clothes. It turned out I did not have to. I did not say I would not spank you after you took them off.”

Semantics! Darn semantics!

Camille laughed, “I told you down in the sauna that your ass was meant to take spanks. I’m going to make it happen. Look on the bright side, instead of two spankings, one while clothed and the other after I got your clothes off, you only have to take one spanking. That is to say, right now, at this time, this one. Until the next spanking which will happen whenever I so choose.”

Camille was intolerable! She was terrible! She was mean!

Camille was also determined. She looked and sounded very determined.

Camille meant it.

So, it was only a matter of whether Grace would do it. Would she submit to a spanking?

If anyone had asked her before this day, she would have known the answer immediately. No. Never. Of course not.

But now....

It just seemed... like she could not defy Camille. She could start to defy. She could disagree. But then Camille would just run her over with

her determination.

And with Ayla's backing!

Camille was so strong-willed. Grace felt so weak-willed. She wasn't a willful person in general, but she felt like she'd lost a lot of willpower down in the sauna. Maybe she sweated it out.

Grace knew she had to try to figure out what the deal was with this new sport of Gala, why the women chosen for it were chosen, why so many of them were beautiful, and what Ayla, and maybe even Ms. Leffingwell, were up to.

Grace also knew she did not have the chance to do it right then.

She had to either leave – nude – or stay. If she stayed, she either had to submit to a spanking or... or what? Make Camille make her?

That would be unpleasant. To fight and lose and still get spanked. If Grace made it hard on her, Camille would probably spank her harder. Or for longer. Or both.

Grace had a sinking feeling.

A very strange sinking feeling. It sunk lower than any sinking feeling she'd ever had. Normally a sinking feeling sunk down to the stomach. Like an anchor settling on the bottom of the ocean.

But this sinking feeling just kept going. It sank right down to her—

She did not want to think that! She did not! She had to avoid thinking that!

She thought she knew what would distract her from that other thought.

Grace stumbled as she rushed towards Camille's lap.

She couldn't believe this!

She lay herself over Camille's lap. She assumed Camille wanted her in the stereotypical spanking position.

She could not help squeaking out a plaintive, "Please don't spank hard. Or too many times."

Camille chuckled, "All a matter of opinion, dearie. Your idea of too many and too hard I'm sure are very different from my idea of what would be too many spanks or spanks that are too hard. But I'm not going to half-ass spank your ass.

"It sounds like your ass has been spank-free for far too long. It should have been spanked at least once a week ever since you turned eighteen. I'm going to help your ass make up for all that time lost. What, about four years' worth of spankings? Let's get started."

Grace's eyes widened and she thought, "Oh, my gosh!"

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## Chapter Two

Grace wasn't sure what was worse, the fact she had to take a spanking – for no good reason! – or that the dread and anticipation built up as Camille stroked her heavy hand all over Grace's ass.

Was Camille trying to freak out Grace? Mission accomplished!

Grace felt a surge of adrenalin. The fight or flight response. What a joke! Grace had decided not to flee the house and she could not fight this.

Camille was so much older than her, but she was still stronger.

Camille was stronger than an average woman and Grace knew, though she was fit, she was weaker than average despite her better than average height because she was quite slim. She could not get away and she could not fight.

It wasn't only that Camille was stronger than her. There was a deeper, less obvious truth. Camille was stronger in willpower.

Camille had Grace beat on multiple levels. And as a result, Camille was about to beat Grace's ass.

The situation would probably have made it obvious to most people sooner, but it finally came home to Grace that Camille was dominant and Grace was not.

But... did that mean she was a submissive? That she *had* to be submissive?

To Camille!?! A much older woman!?!

As if Camille heard Grace's thoughts and responded to them, Camille landed the first spank.

Smack!

Grace bucked and yelped. She felt freaked out. It felt like another spank might land at any moment! One was already too many! That spank hurt!

Time passed and Grace began to wonder why Camille hadn't yet spanked her again. Was the spanking over? Did one spank count as a spanking? Grace was all for that definition of a spanking!

Camille smoothed her rough hand over Grace's smooth ass skin.

Camille laughed.

"This is how I start sluts off with spanks. Just one. It's like wine tasting. One sip. I like to see how the slut reacts, how she continues to react, and how her ass colors up. Sometimes the ass even puffs up a little! But I'm different than the wine testers. They take that sip and move on. Me? I take the sip and then I guzzle."

Guzzle! No! Don't spank-guzzle her ass!

Smack!

Smack!

Smack!

Oh, fucking God-fucking darn!

Grace was alarmed to discover that spanks did not deaden and lessen in pain. The pain built on top of itself, each spank leaving stinging pain, each additional one adding a layer of pain like a painter putting on another layer of paint.

Smack!

Smack!

Smack!

Layer after gosh darn layer of paint!

Smack!

Smack!

Smack!

Oh! Her ass! Her poor ass!

Smack!

Smack!

Smack!

“Dearie, like a lot of redheads, your ass colors up nicely. It’s so red. It is so pretty and so sexy. I know you want to be sexy for me. Here, I’ll help you be even sexier for me.”

Smack!

Smack!

Smack!

Grace felt like she should be yelling for help, but the pain took away her breath. And she did not want anyone to come to her rescue and see her like this.

Smack!

Smack!

Smack!

Grace said mournfully, “What did I do to deserve this?”

“I told you. You have a spankable ass. Fucking guilty.”

Smack!

Smack!

Smack!

Yowch! Oh, wow, it hurt so bad!

Smack!

Smack!

Smack!

Desperate, Grace cried out, “Can I just apologize? Will you accept my apology?”

Camille laughed and laughed. At first, Grace was just relieved Camille had stopped spanking her. But pretty soon the laughter stung almost as much as the spanks.

“What are you going to apologize for? Being sexy? Having an ass that calls for spanking?”

Truth be told, Grace wasn't sure what to apologize for or what she'd been thinking. Didn't people – kids – get spanked when they did something wrong? What had she done wrong?

Grace stiffened as she felt Camille rubbing her spank-burned ass ever so lightly. A caress that contrasted with the harsh spanks.

It was so personal! Grace thought she might prefer the spanks over such intimate caresses.

Camille told her, “Hear me now and believe me later. I'll get you to the point where you like being spanked.”

Like it? How could Grace ever like it?

Smack!

Smack!

Smack!

The added pain from the fresh set of spanks seemed to confirm Grace's line of thought.

Camille said, “In fact, you'll get to looking forward to your spankings.”

Oh, heck no! Not that! Only a sicko would look forward to taking spanks!

Smack!

Smack!

Smack!

Oh, it stung so badly!!!

Camille added, “You’ll come to like being spanked, then to look forward to being spanked, and then, finally, you’ll get to where you ask to be spanked. Even beg for it.”

Never!

That better not be true!

It was incredible that Camille, who she barely knew and what she did know about her she sure didn’t like, was laying out, in part, Grace’s future while Grace was laid out across her lap and Camille was laying into her ass.

This wasn’t right!

Smack!

Smack!

Smack!

Camille inquired teasingly, “You know what that’s called? When a slut asks to be spanked? You know what you’ll be then? You’ll be a spank slut. I’ve seen it happen. I’ve made it happen. The thing with spank sluts, I’ve got to warn you, is that they can be made, but they can never be unmade. Once a spank slut, always a spank slut. Once that switch is

flipped it stays in the on position forever. As in turned on by getting spanked.”

Grace did not ever want to be a spank slut!

Smack!

Smack!

Smack!

It would be terrible to be a spank slut! It had to be terrible! More terrible than her current pain! More terrible than her current indignity!

Smack!

Smack!

Smack!

Oh please, oh please! She hoped Camille could not or would not make her into a spank slut.

Camille hinted ominously, “Here, I’ll help you get rolling on your journey to becoming a spank slut.”

That did not sound at all helpful! Grace liked to travel but she did not want to go on the journey Camille had planned for her.

But the spanks had stopped. That was good. Or was it? What was Camille up to?

Camille’s spank-hot hand slid down Grace’s lower back, swooped slowly along the dip of her back and then up the slope of Grace’s ass.

Camille's hand ran along Grace's ass crack, not in it, but over it.

Despite the lightness of the contact, Grace's spank-burned ass flared with new pain.

Then Camille's hand turned and her fingers delved down between the split of Grace's legs!

Camille said, "Maybe that nickname when I was a kid, when they called me Camel Toe, wasn't about my camel toe. Or at least I'll change the reason for the nickname. I can be Camel Toe, but now it will refer to what I do to the camel toes of other women. Sexy sluts like you. Gonna tickle that camel toe."

And she did! Grace felt Camille's fingers twiddling at her lower labial lips!

Grace instinctively scabbled her toes on the floor, as if she was going to escape the fingers by crawling all the way across Camille's lap. She made no progress. Her breasts swayed and the undersides slid along Camille's outer thigh. Grace was slung over her helplessly and her scabbling to escape was not as heartfelt as she knew it should be. Camille's fingers twiddled away!

Camille said, "This makes us even, in a way. You pleased my toes and here I am pleasuring your camel toe. I think it is very fair."

It did not make them even! It was not fair! Grace did not want Camille to do things to her to make things even! There was no way to make what happened in the sauna right. Only ever more wrong. Such as this! Camille fingering her! Right after spanking her!

It was after spanking her, right? Not in the middle of spanking Grace?

Camille claimed, “Your slutty pussy likes it so much. It is so hot and wet. It likes a good tickle from her Mistress.”

Grace did not think her pussy was slutty! Or that she had a Mistress!

But... was her pussy hot and wet? That might be true... for some reason....

Did her pussy like “a good tickle?”

Grace felt strange. Again. She did not feel the way she thought she was supposed to feel. She did not feel nearly as angry or as worried as she should. Her ass did hurt, very much so, but pain was not all that she felt.

Darn it. Her darn slutty pussy was hot and wet, and her darn slutty pussy did like “a good tickle.” Darn it all!

She had such bad luck having such a slutty pussy....

She hadn't even known her pussy was slutty!

Camille reported, “This slutty pussy you've got, which now I've got, is getting even wetter. It's as hot between your legs as it was in the sauna!”

As hot as the sauna or as hot as Grace's pussy was in the sauna?

Either way....

Darn it! Grace knew this time Camille was telling the truth. For a very unrefreshing change! It did feel like she had a pussy sauna cooking at high temperature.

Grace felt wildly inappropriate excitement and began to feel just plain wild. Like an animal. It was getting hard to think at all! Just like animals didn't think very well. They just reacted instinctively and that was how Grace felt. Like reacting. Like giving in to instinct.

When Camille spoke, Grace did not want to listen to the things Camille said. But she had no choice. Not only because of her helpless position. Another part of her, maybe her "slutty pussy," wanted to hear the terrible things Camille said.

"I'm going to make you into a hypocrite nurse. Here is how I will do it. Nurses try to deal with and eliminate pain and discomfort in their patients. That won't change because you'll be sucking on my toes every day, twice a day. That will make me feel so good. But you'll be a lot different when it comes to your pain and discomfort. Like I said, you'll become a spank slut who will look forward to spankings and beg for painful spankings. You sexy fucking soon-to-be-hypocrite you!"

Grace did not like Camille's plan for her!

Grace never wanted to be a hypocrite about anything but least of all about pain, that it was bad for others but desired by her.

Grace did not like Camille's plan for her! Not at all!

But it could never happen anyway. Could it? Everyone knew to never say never. James Bond wisdom. No, wait, James Bond said "Never Say Never *Again*." Never say never was not James Bond wisdom! It was stupid! Everyone should say never to some things. The bad things! Like wanting to feel pain! Say never!

Grace felt strongly that she should say never and not only to herself. She should say it out loud. That way, Camille would hear her say it. And maybe it would be good for Grace to hear herself say it.

Despite the urge and urgency to say never, Grace said nothing.

Grace felt incredibly stupid for being naked and spanked and fondled across the lap of a mean grandmotherly-appearing lesbian. She definitely would have said this situation was never going to happen to her. Right up until it did happen.

Camille taunted, "Mm, don't my fingers feel good? Which one is humming more, your ass or your pussy?"

Camille did not really want her to answer that question, did she?

Smack!

"Answer me, slut!"

What happened to “dearie?” Grace missed that term now! Dearie was better than slut. And maybe being treated like a dearie would be better than Camille treating her like a slut.

Smack!

Darn it! It seemed Grace *did* have to answer the question. But what answer should she give? Each one was worse than the other one!

Smack!

Grace gasped out, not even sure what she was about to say, “My ass is humming more! Because you spanked it! It hurts!”

“Oh, so you’re getting more out of my spanks to your ass than you are from my camel toe tickling? Okay then.”

Smack!

Smack!

Smack!

Smack!

Smack!

Oh no! More spanks! So many more!

And also... for some reason Camille stopped tickling her camel toe! Why did Camille stop? Shouldn’t she... keep it going?

It seemed like there was some steamy unfinished business down there at her camel toe.

If you heated up a sauna, you were supposed to use it. Shouldn't it work the same way for a pussy sauna?

Smack!

Smack!

Smack!

Smack!

Smack!

Grace thought it was all so strange. This entire situation and what Camille was doing to her right then, for sure. But also, what it was doing to Grace. Even though Camille was no longer “tickling” her camel toe, and supplied no contact at all to Grace’s pussy, and was back to spanking her – vicious spansks! – Grace would swear that her pussy was getting even hotter and wetter. Her neediness was skyrocketing!

She must still be dizzy from dehydration and just everything. Because she was starting to almost want more spansks.

Smack!

Smack!

Smack!

Smack!

Smack!

They hurt so bad! And yet... her pussy felt so good....

Smack!

Smack!

Smack!

Smack!

Smack!

Camille stopped the spanks and suggested, “Perhaps you want to change your answer? What hums more, your ass or your pussy? Which do you want me to work on?”

“My.... The other. The other is humming more!”

Smack! Smack! Smack!

“Don’t, uh, pussyfoot, hee-hee, pussy and foot, very appropriate, around the subject. I’ve heard it all and I like hearing it nasty. What is humming more and what is it humming more than?”

Grace was incredulous at her own words, pushed out of her like from a spank-tortured tube of toothpaste, and once out, there was no stuffing them back in, “My pussy! My pussy is humming! My pussy is humming more than my ass is humming!”

“That’s good, dearie. You said that so well, dearie.”

Heaven help her, Camille’s falsely soothing words, even combined with her rough hand “soothing” Grace’s ass with flaming caresses, were such a relief to Grace that she felt grateful – grateful! – towards her spanker.

Camille inquired, “So you want me to tickle your camel toe? Is that what you’re trying to say?”

Grace gobbled for a moment, opening and closing her mouth. That was not something she was supposed to say! She did not want to say that!

Because it was not true and she did not want to lie?

No, that was not why.

The biggest reason for not wanting to say it was that it would be speaking the truth, the kind of truth that should not see the light of day.

It would be... a confession!

It would make her more vulnerable to Camille!

It would make Camille think Grace wanted more of the same!

Which she sort of did....

Smack! Smack!

“You awake down there? Spit it out! Are you trying to tell me you want me to tickle your camel toe? Just tell me. You can tell me anything. I’ll make sure you always tell me everything. No more secrets and privacy for you. You’re going to be an open-legged open-book for me. I’m checking you out and I won’t ever return you to the slut library. Tell me what you want, what you really want, and tell it to me nasty.”

Grace could not stand the pressure. The pressure of her spanker’s will over her own spanked will. The pressure of her need.

“Yes! I want you to tickle my camel toe!”

“Because you like it?”

“Yes, darn it! I like it!”

“Well then, you better ask nice and sweet as pie for me to tickle your hair pie.”

“Uh, um, please. Please do it! Please tickle my... my... my camel toe and... and my hair pie.”

“That’s more like it! Such a dearie! Such a potty mouth on you. I won’t wash your mouth out with soap. Instead, I’ll make it dirtier.”

Grace already felt so dirty. Dirty from foot licking and licking pussy way too old for her and dirty from her own sweat and pussy juice. She felt dirty and she felt done dirty. Camille was doing her dirty!

It was terrible what Camille was doing to her and making her do.

And also... it was... attention getting. Grace did not know how to put it. It was like a terrible sight you could not take eyes off of. But this was a lot more than seeing something terrible. It was feeling it, feeling it physically and feeling it emotionally.

Camille was getting her all bent out of shape. While Camille had her bent over her lap. Camille was having her way with Grace and doing her dirty and making Grace participate in it and making Grace humiliate herself.

And... making Grace like it....

Darn it! Camille was back to tickling her camel toe and it felt fantastic. Way too awesome! Oh, it was terrible that it felt so good!

Camille suggested, "I think you want me to stick a finger up into your camel toe. You want some finger penetration. Go ahead and tell me that's what you want."

Did she want that?

Camille seemed to think Grace wanted that.

Grace felt such a want... for something. For more....

Camille wanted her to say it.

Camille was so in charge. Grace always had to do it Camille's way. There was already quite a pattern of Camille getting what she wanted and Grace not getting what she wanted and then Grace ending up wanting what she did not want and somehow also then getting what she wanted, things she should not want. But she did want them in the heat of the moment.

It wasn't right. But it was true.

Grace worried about herself. She didn't understand what was happening to her. She knew she was in the clutches of a very mean person. She knew Camille was a manipulator. She knew she was being manipulated. She knew this was sick. She also knew she was starting to want it very badly.

Grace gave Camille what Camille wanted. And what Grace wanted, too.

“I want a finger... your finger... up... in... my pussy.”

Smack!

“Ask nice!”

“Please stick a finger in my pussy!”

She'd said it and she'd meant it. She wanted a finger in her pussy. She wanted more than that. She wanted the terrible mean way Camille treated her. She wanted Camille to keep being mean to her. She did not want Camille to change. She wanted to change to please Camille.

But not so much as to want spanks, yearn for them, and beg for them. That was too much!

She guessed she must deserve what Camille did to her. She must be a sicko who deserved what Camille was doing to her. Only a sicko would like it.

Oh! The finger! Camille was penetrating her! Camille was sliding her finger right up in between Grace's camel toes, her soft slick labia.

Camille slid her finger in and then repeated the process many times over, thrusting her finger, machine-gunning it.

Grace marveled. She might have another orgasm! So soon after the others.

Grace marveled that she could be so close to orgasm so soon and with her ass still on fire from spanks. The spank pain did not snuff out the arousal. Just the opposite. The spank pain felt like fire and it seemed to fire up her lust.

Camille kept a fast fingerfuck pace. She was driving Grace to orgasm with one finger on the wheel.

Grace felt herself, without conscious permission, ineffectively humping the side of Camille's lumpy leg. Grace couldn't get the contact she wanted and knew she must look like a total slut, but she could not make herself stop the humping, no matter how fruitless and counterproductive it was.

Camille added to Grace's humiliation by commenting, "You're humping my leg like a horny dog. I like it. I've decided on a new name for you already. Otherwise, maybe I'd call you Humpy. That would have been a good one. But the one I chose is even better."

Wha--? What was Camille talking about? Grace was so horny, she was on fire, her ass and her pussy both felt fiery, and she could barely think. But her face was heated also, from all the time in the sauna earlier, from her face-down position over Camille's lap, and from the onslaught of so much humiliation.

A new name? Grace did not want a new name. She liked her name!

If Camille started calling her by some new name, people would ask questions. Or maybe worse, some of them might also start calling her the same new name. Grace bet the other “athletes” of The Ugly Ducklings, Anna, Jo, and Fernanda, would readily follow Camille’s lead and use the new name on Grace.

Grace lost the thread of those thoughts as Camille’s finger drove her steadily crazy.

Camille told her, “You’re doing such a sexy job humping my leg like a doggie and your ass has colored up so nicely, fire engine red, that I’m going to give you a treat after this. Two treats. Isn’t that nice of me?”

Was it? But was it? What were the treats?

It was horrible that Camille sounded just like a granny telling her grandchildren she had treats for them. But Grace very much doubted Camille meant to give her fresh baked cookies!

Smack! Smack!

“Tell me it’s nice of me!”

Darn it!

“Ah, that is, ah, very, ah, nice of you. Ah. Ah, thank you.”

The extra ahs were a reaction to Camille’s finger thrusts.

“Does my sexy puppy want to cum against my leg? Tell me or no more finger. Tell me the way you know I like it. Make sure to say you’re a

puppy.”

Camille was awful! She was making Grace say awful things!

And how did her finger feel so much better than when Grace used a finger on herself? Because of the spanking? Grace did not want that to be the reason. She needed that to not be the reason. But what was the alternative? That Camille’s finger felt so very much better because of how meanly Camille treated Grace, or because of the humiliation, or because of the things Camille made her say?

There was no possible good and decent and acceptable reason for Camille’s finger to feel so incredibly great.

Grace knew she had to say what Camille wanted to hear. Because Grace did not want Camille to stop doing what she was doing. But also, just in and of itself, Camille wanted it and so Grace had to give it. A simple fact that was growing into a compulsion.

Cumming also seemed compulsory!

“Your sexy puppy wants to please cum on your leg!”

“Yes, yes, I know you do. You said it well. You speak so well for a lowly puppy. But something is missing. Respect. Proper respect from you means you acknowledging my high status and your own lowly status. There is a huge differential between the worth of each of us, mine high and yours is low. You need to show me you know that. I know you’re too

stupid to know what I want so I'll have to tell you. You must call me Mistress.”

Mistress! Not that!

Grace had heard things. And read about them. Strange things that had never made sense to her. Masters and Mistresses. A Mistress was a female Master. Grace had read about, or heard about, Mistresses in relation to women dominating men. But it obviously must work the same way with a woman dominating another woman into calling her Mistress.

It was socially deformed!

It was extremely unwise!

It was... it was the sexual relationship equivalent of one wrestler making another wrestler cry uncle. Once you started calling someone your Mistress or Master... it was all over! All over except the never-ending subservience, humiliation, and even spanks!

All that said, or thought, Grace still felt like she had to say it. Just like the wrestler who said uncle did not want to say uncle but was forced to say it anyway.

She had to say it for so many reasons. None of them good.

“Mistress....”

Grace swallowed hard. The word sounded so foreign. Her voice sounded foreign also. She'd never heard herself this way. So defeated and

so turned on. She never heard herself so defeated or so turned on, either one, and they were both happening at the same time. That shouldn't even be possible!

“You can do it, dearie. Let it out.”

That grandmotherly comforting and understanding tone made it so much worse! So much more humiliating!

Who sexually submitted to a granny?

Grace knew the answer to that one. She wished she didn't.

“Mistress... will you please let your sexy puppy cum on your leg?”

It was a big deal to Grace. Massive. Both were. Calling Camille Mistress and getting to orgasm.

Camille sounded all too casual, almost insultingly casual, like Grace's begging and total submission were no big deal to her, just another day in the long life of Camille, “Sure. Why not? Go ahead. I'm such an understanding Mistress, a Mistress who knows what her slut needs, so I'll help you have an even bigger cum.”

Grace was already sure her cum would be big. Huge. She might blow a fuse.

Grace wondered what Camille meant to do, but she did not wonder for long.

Smack!

Hey!

Smack!

More spanks!?!

Smack!

Camille was talking about spanks?

Smack!

Camille thought more spanks would make Grace's orgasm bigger?

Smack!

No! Grace did not work that way!

Smack!

Spanks would not do that for her. To her.

Smack!

Camille told her, "I've got two hands and you are in the perfect position. BTW, a position I will have you in every day at least once a day. Your schedule is filling up! At least twice a day you will be sucking and fucking my feet and at least once a day I will be spanking your ass. No days off!"

Oh God!

"Just like I can walk and chew bubble gum, I can spank you and fingerfuck you. All you have to do is cum big and I know you will."

Smack!

She would?

Smack!

She would cum big?

Smack!

Camille knew that?

Smack!

Since Camille knew that and had told Grace... that meant Grace knew it also....

Smack!

Smack!

Smack!

But Camille was wrong about one thing. Grace had to do more than just cum big. She had to keep humping Camille's leg. She had to be a good naughty puppy all the way to her orgasm!

Grace humped as well and as hard as she could. Her body thrilled to the finger, to the humping, and to the spanks.

Smack!

Smack!

Smack!

Smack!

Oh, those spanks hurt so bad!

Smack!

And....

Smack!

They were working for her!

Smack!

They were spurring on her orgasm. They were making her orgasm  
rage into existence like an inferno.

Smack!

Smack!

If Camille had asked Grace if Grace wanted her to stop spanking her,  
Grace would have had to say no.

Smack!

Smack!

Oh no! Oh God! She *wanted* the spanks!

Smack!

She was a freak!

Smack!

She was a spank slut! It had happened to her!

Smack!

Smack!

Smack!

Smack!

Grace jerked and flopped like she was having a seizure. It was not a seizure. It was a massive orgasm. It was a deluge of lust and pain and pleasure meeting and creating the perfect orgasm storm.

Camille kept spanking and kept fingerfucking and laughed and laughed, a triumphant laugh.

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### Chapter Three

Grace was a total wreck after her orgasm. She felt like it had wrecked her. Her house of self was destroyed in the hurricane.

She would have to rebuild....

“No laying around, dearie. You have chores and the first two chores are your treats.”

Oh no. It sounded like Camille would be the one rebuilding Grace’s house of self. Grace knew Camille would build Grace’s internal structure purely to suit her own needs. Grace would have no say on the blueprints. And Camille was already starting construction!

The first step of construction was the demolishing of any preexisting structure. Then came the replacing.

Grace was on the floor. Wet and worn out.

But... the chores needed doing....

If it was up Grace, she would go to bed and sleep.

Grace realized it wasn’t up to her.

It was incredible to her. Just like that, it was not up to her if and when she went to bed, whether or not she got the sleep she needed. And, of all people, it was up to Camille!

Grace knelt up and leaned on the lip of the couch. She propped her elbows on the cushions and tried to gather her strength to stand.

Camille told her, “No need to stand. You’re in a good position for your first chore treat.”

God, which was it? Was it a chore or was it a treat?

What was Camille about to make her do?

Grace had no doubt that it was all up to Camille and not at all up to her.

Camille came over and Grace looked up at her. She was surprised to see Camille was naked again. When had that happened? Grace thought she’d lost some time when she orgasmed.

Grace was amazed all over again, re-amazed, that Camille was so old. Camille looked her age. And they’d had sex! More than once! Weird sex involving spanks and sucking on toes!

Turning to face away from Grace, Camille slung a leg over Grace who was propped up against the couch. Camille sat down heavily, one leg on either side of Grace.

Camille’s pussy was right there! Right in front of Grace’s face!

Camille patted one of her thighs, “Come get your treat, girl.”

Grace then had no doubt what the general category of “treat” was. The parts of a much older woman. Feet, toes, pussy. Camille had all sorts

of treats. Sometimes they did seem like treats to Grace, too. The feet and toes had seemed like delicacies down in the sauna.

Grace felt so ashamed of herself. But she buzzed with lust from her orgasm.

Grace had had no doubt she would do as Camille ordered. She was already obeying, turning more fully, and getting on her knees. Getting ready to feed on her treat, a treat that would be fed to her but would be a treat for Camille.

“You’re going to love the treat I give you, girl.”

She resented that Camille called her “girl” as if Camille was talking to a female puppy. Or as if Grace wasn’t an adult. Grace did feel like a little girl in comparison to Camille’s age, but it was still insulting to be called a girl. But Grace knew her resentment meant nothing to Camille and would not keep Grace from obeying Camille. So, what good was it? Why should she even bother to feel resentment?

Camille pointed a finger at her pussy.

Okay then. Pussy was served. It wasn’t a foot or toes this time. Grace guessed it was more like the main course than an appetizer.

Grace, still recovering her breath from her orgasm, leaned into place and got to work. She did her “chore.” She decided it was a chore, not a treat. No way could a granny pussy be a treat! No darn way!

Grace licked for several minutes and was strangely gratified to hear a few groans from Camille. Grace guessed she was good at doing her chore. She remembered her own grandmother telling her that if you had to do a chore you had best do it the best you could. You had to do it anyway so you may as well be successful at it.

Grace did not think her grandmother would appreciate this kind of chore or extend her philosophy to it. And her grandma would not appreciate that she was on Grace's mind as Grace did this "chore."

Camille commented, a little out of breath, "You've already come a long way from when I had to leg hug you and leg pull you into getting your face on my pussy. In just a couple of hours! Who knows what I'll be able to do with you over a full year. You'll recognize yourself in a mirror, but not if you look inside yourself."

Oh, that did not sound good. Grace liked herself! Well, she had liked herself just a few hours ago. Grace liked the Grace who woke up that morning. The Grace now? Not so much.

She guessed she still liked herself, but she did not respect herself.

Neither did Camille!

Grace still wanted what was best for herself despite her loss of respect for herself. She bet Camille did not want what was best for her. In fact, she knew it!

Camille expanded on the chore or treat silent debate, further explaining, “This is your chore, and this is also your treat for being a good leg-humping girl. You’ll do your chores and get your treats every day. Why? Well, I know you will be a good girl because you will do everything I tell you to do. My spanking hand tells me so! As for chores, remember, a chore is a regular, usually daily, in this case once or even several times daily, task. It will be a chore for your mouth and tongue.”

It would be? It felt like it really would be even though it also felt so unbelievable.

“Some chores are a joy. Like this one. A joy for me. Don’t worry, I’ll get you addicted. I’ll get you to like doing this for me as much as I like you doing it for me. You’ll beg to do this also. You’ll beg for spanks and you’ll beg to lick my pussy.”

Grace hoped not!

Grace was not completely confident it would not happen. She could only hope it would not come to be the way Camille said it would be.

Camille kept making her do things she never thought she’d do, even things she was determined not to do. Again and again. Grace silently said uncle over and over again. She silently cried uncle to the granny! And she’d even called Camille Mistress!

Grace continued to do her chore. Camille was open with her groans and moans and became more vocal as the chore progressed. Camille's moans and groans were not moans and groans of helpless shame like Grace's. They were the moans and groans of a victor enjoying her victory. They were the moans and groans of someone shameless about making someone else feel shame.

Grace thought sarcastically, "I'm getting my *treat*. From my darn *Mistress*."

She kept thinking it but each time she thought it, the power leached away from her sarcasm. She licked and licked and thought and thought, the same thought running through her head but with the tone gradually changing.

Pretty soon she was thinking, "I'm getting my treat. From my darn Mistress" with no sarcasm at all. It was just words without emotion. She was just thinking it by rote like a kid writing the same sentence over and over on a chalkboard.

Then, after a while... there was again emotion attached to the words. But it was not sarcasm. There was some aroused sincerity intertwined with the words.

My God! Grace almost shook her head, but she just had to keep her mouth on target. Her Mistress—

Camille. Camille. Camille.

Camille had expectations. Grace's mouth needed to keep doing its chore. You did not stop doing chores until they were done. Grace knew that. She wasn't dumb.

But she felt dumb. Why had she kept thinking that same thing? It had started out okay. Like a quiet rebellion, one that would not face consequences from Camille. But then it changed and Grace's internal tone lost the sarcasm, replacing it with sincerity. Weren't they almost opposites?

She felt like she'd been accidentally brainwashing herself!

No more of that. She was just here to do her chore, not get into it. Just because her tongue got into Camille's pussy did not mean her mind had to get into doing it. She had to avoid believing the crazy stuff, the darn lies, that Camille said. Or ones she told herself. Even lies that were only feelings and not actual words.

Grace kept licking. Her Mistress would tell her when the chore was complete.

Camille! Camille would tell her!

Gosh darn it.

Camille Camille Camille.

Camel Toe Camille!

She was licking the camel toe of Camel Toe Camille!

That insult of Camille verbalized in her mind was like grabbing onto a piece of flotsam after a shipwreck. But it only floated Grace for a moment and then sank away.

After a little while she became aware that she was doing it again.

“I’m getting my treat. From my Mistress.”

It was almost the same, but it was different. There was an even stronger feeling of sincerity. And she’d dropped “darn Mistress” and replaced it with plain old “Mistress.”

Plain old Mistress when thinking about her old Mistress. Who was her new Mistress.

No, wait, who was *not* her Mistress.

Not yet....

No, wait, would not ever be her mistress! Her Mistress would never be her Mistress!

That statement sounded very strong and certain in her head but she sensed there was something wrong with it.

“I’m getting my treat. From my Mistress.”

She had to stop thinking that!

But just like she could not stop licking, feeling a strange dedication to her treat chore, she could not seem to stop thinking those words.

“I’m getting my treat. From my Mistress.”

Why? Why!?! Why couldn't she stop thinking that?

"I'm getting my treat. From my Mistress."

Was it just her, or did her Mis—Camille's pussy taste better and better?

It tasted more like a treat with each lick.

No, that could not be.

"I'm getting my treat. From my Mistress."

It was true! Her Mistress's pussy did taste better! It tasted like... sex... and naughtiness... and humiliation....

"I'm getting my treat. From my Mistress."

Her Mistress's pussy tasted really good. *Really* good.

"I'm getting my treat. From my Mistress."

It really did taste like a treat! Even better than grandma's cookies. This grandma's nookie was better than Grace's grandma's cookies....

Grace thought she was out of it. Dizzy. No, wait, darn it, she was passion-dazed. Of all the other people in the world for her to be passion-dazed with!

Passion-dazed because....

Camille had worked her like Camille was a professional lesbian dominator! Camille had unleashed her worldly experience on Grace and just took her.

This was not what Grace would have chosen. Not even if she was given hundred options and had to choose ninety-nine of them.

But... Grace was now passion-dazed....

And tamed? By Camille?

Grace thought so with her passion-dazed mind. She was tamed.

Camille had tamed her.

She was tamed by Camille and yet she felt wild with passion because of Camille!

Grace was all steamed up. Pussy juice was all over her lower face. She guessed she was wallowing in pussy. Wallowing in submission, too.

Maybe it was good that pussy juice was all over her face. She was saving it for later?

Grace realized she felt like she belonged right where she was. Her Mistress should dominate her and was dominating her.

Grace should get dominated, she now seemed like the type, she must be with how she was feeling, and she was getting dominated. Camille had done it. Good for her Mistress. Bad for Grace, but good for her Mistress.

Her Mistress was treating her the ways he should be treated.

Grace should work to give her Mistress pleasure. She was working hard at it. Grace had earned a treat and her Mistress was giving her one.

Her Mistress was right. It was both a chore and a treat.

Her Mistress was so wise and kind!

Grace thought, "I'm getting my treat. From my Mistress."

Grace was so grateful.

"I'm getting my treat. From my Mistress."

For a moment, Grace wasn't sure if she was thinking those words or saying them out loud. Her fast hungry licking persuaded her that she must only be thinking the words.

"I'm getting my treat. From my Mistress."

Everything was almost perfect. If only her Mistress would tell her to finger herself. She would cum again for her Mistress! She wanted to cum for her Mistress!

"I'm getting my treat. From my Mistress."

Instead, her Mistress came on her face.

Her Mistress was cumming! Grace felt a moment of panic. What was one to do when your Mistress cums from your mouth working hard on her pussy?

Then she remembered: Suck up the Mistress juices! Suck them up and swallow them down!

Of course. Silly her!

Grace sucked and swallowed, over and over, sucking in flaps of labia, swirling her tongue over them, collecting flavor, going on to the next

fold. Over and over all around Camille's pussy, just happening to go in a counterclockwise direction.

Her Mistress seemed to enjoy it! There were lots of moans and groans!

She had done it. She had pleased her Mistress. And it had pleased her to do it.

Grace did not understand why it was so pleasing to her to please Camille. No, to please her Mistress. Whoops, her bad, she had accidentally thought of her Mistress as Camille.

Suddenly, Grace thought she knew why it was so pleasing to please her Mistress! When Grace was with someone before – always a man – she had always cared about them. Duh, because she would not have sex with someone she did not care for and care about.

Except it turned out she would have sex with someone she did not like. Who knew? Not Grace! And what a someone it was. A grandmother-age woman!

She did not care for Camille, not at all, did not even like her, but she very much cared what her Mistress thought of her. Successful sexual performance with a Mistress was so much more important that it was with someone you merely liked or cared about.

A Mistress was always ready to judge you and to call it out if you came up short in making her cum. A Mistress always had a hand ready to deliver spanks!

But it wasn't the threat of spanks that made gratifying her new Mistress so gratifying. It was because of the newborn flood of submissiveness in Grace. She wanted to serve and the most direct way to serve was to successfully please.

She knew she should not want to serve and service this woman. For so many reasons, whether superficial or by sexual preference, or age differential. But the feeling was still there and still strong.

It was dangerous! It was a danger Grace had no idea how to protect herself from.

All she did know was that she had directly pleased her Mistress and pleasing her Mistress made Grace feel hot.

But she was not done pleasing her Mistress, not even immediately, and Grace was not done getting pleased by pleasing.

## Chapter Four

Camille stood up and swung a heavy leg back over Grace, joining her other leg, stood, turned around, and swung her other leg back over Grace. Grace was facing Camille's ass. Very much so! Camille's ass was only a foot away from her face.

At first, Grace wondered if she had not done something good enough. She thought Camille might be leaving and had chosen an odd way to get up and leave. Didn't old people get confused sometimes?

Grace was used to kind words and cuddling after sex. Sometimes the kind words and cuddling were genuine, sometimes the words and hugs were forced out by the guys who maybe just wanted to sleep after sex but made an effort to be affectionate. Because they thought they should or because they wanted future sexual access.

There were no kind words or cuddling coming from Camille. Grace thought she probably should not be surprised by that by then. These Mistresses! They were not the cuddling sorts. It was likely too hard for them to switch gears from belligerence to kindness.

Lack of cuddling. Big drawback! But the orgasm power and frequency more than made up for it. Did it? It would, Grace guessed, but she was losing out on a lot more than cuddling. What about self-respect?

Free will? Heterosexuality? Her reputation if anyone found out Grace had sex with a granny!

Grace did not even know Camille. Not really. She knew her very intimately and knew she was a sexual freak. She knew her Mistress was a manipulative bitch. But she didn't even know Camille's last name. Or where she grew up. Or if she had family. Did Camille have any children? Gasp! Did she have grandchildren and really was a granny?

It was bad that Camille was old enough to be a grandmother, but it would be even worse if she was a grandmother. Maybe not fair, but true.

Maybe it was good that Grace didn't know much about her....

Grace still knelt, watching Camille questioningly, having to look past Camille's ass and upward to try to see her face.

Grace absentmindedly reached up to wipe at her wet face.

Camille's scold was loud, "No wiping off! Sluts like you don't get to do that. When I pussy up a slut's face, I like it left on unless there's a good reason to take it off, like if we're going out in public. A lot of times not even then. So, from now on, no cleaning your face until I give you permission or let you take a shower."

Let her take a shower? *Let* her? Permission? Grace needed *permission* to wipe her face!?!

Camille was so hardcore about her hardcore lesbian domination sex!

Grace failed to feel the proper shock she knew she should feel at Camille's requirement. She'd done too many improper things to feel proper shock. Grace wasn't sure if that was a temporary effect or a long term one.

Grace gave up wiping at her face even though the drying warm juice on it made her face feel itchy. Grace's hand dropped to her lap.

Camille reprimanded Grace again, "None of that! No fingerfucking without permission! Don't forget! Idiot."

But she wasn't doing that!

It had only maybe looked like she was about to.

And... darn it... she did want to do it. Now that Camille brought it up.

Grace quickly moved her hand so that it was more clearly away from her pussy. And also away from the pussy juice on her face.

If only Grace could fingerfuck herself.

Even while Camille watched? Grace felt a shiver of dark lust run through her. Oh, gee, especially then. It felt like it would be even hotter if Camille watched her do it. It would be so humiliating. So sexy. So submissive.

The Mistress would be too lazy to give Grace pleasure, too uncaring, but would enjoy watching Grace, making Grace do it herself. No effort by her Mistress, effort by herself, enjoyment for both of them. There was

something so powerful about that. It made Grace wish her Mistress would order her to do it.

It would be so sexy and so naughty to spread her legs and lean back while kneeling, finger fucking herself, with Camille maybe sitting on the couch staring at her. Judging her to be a wanton slut. Enjoying the show.

Grace had never had such urges before! Yes, to fingerfuck herself, of course. But not to put on a fingerfuck show for a tall bossy granny type! Or anyone else for that matter.

Camille always seemed to assume the worst of Grace, such as thinking Grace was a slut. And then Camille made Grace become the thing Camille assumed her to be.

Camille thought, or knew, that Grace was someone Camille could walk all over.

Almost literally walk all over Grace with the thing that happened with Camille's feet in the sauna.

Camille was watching her. Camille looked smirkingly pleased that Grace had quickly obeyed her. Maybe she was also pleased that Grace had not verbally protested the false claim that Grace was trying to fingerfuck herself? Maybe Camille knew all along that it was a false accusation?

It would not surprise Grace. Camille was so manipulative! Grace was getting to know Camille and what she knew made Camille look bad. While also somehow increasing Grace's respect for Camille. Or maybe that was fear? Or did Grace not think more highly of Camille, but it only felt that way, all things being relative, because Grace suddenly thought so much less of herself?

Grace took some consolation in the thought that at least she was, at the moment, thinking of Camille as Camille and not as "Mistress." Wow, Grace had had some weird moments back there. She'd actually thought for a brief time that Camille was her Mistress!

Oh, the things that could not be and yet had come close to being.

Camille was not her Mistress. Right?

Grace was kneeling there, in an obvious contrast to Camille standing. And Grace had just obeyed two orders no one should ever order another human being to do and that no human being should ever obey.

To not wipe clean her face.

To not masturbate.

That was some real Mistress and... and whatever the other one, the one the Mistress picked on, was called, type of stuff.

Grace would get up. She would. It was time to stop.

So... she would stand up. She just needed permission first.

No, wait... that did not seem like solid thinking.

They were done. Right? Which was why she should stand. And also because Camille's ass was right there a foot away from Grace's face. This was no place or situation or position to remain in. This was one to leave!

They were done forever.

Or for just right now? Which one was it? Why did she feel so unsure of the answer to that question?

It felt like they were not done right then and not done forever either. Something more was going to happen and after that wouldn't be the end either.

Camille did not seem like the love them and leave them type. She was more like the don't love them, treat them like crap, and then keep them whether they liked it or not type.

Hey, why was Camille standing there with her legs spread on either side of Grace, while facing away from Grace and bending over, putting her hands on the couch?

Hey, why was Camille looking over her shoulder at Grace and why was there merriment in her eyes?

What was going on here?

What was about to go on?

Grace had a suspicion, a terrible suspicion, of what Camille intended and a terrible suspicion Camille would get what she wanted. Doubled up terrible suspicions!

It seemed like the “just say no” train had left the station quite a while ago.

Camille told her, “Get your tasty treat. And don’t try to pretend you don’t know what it is.”

But... Grace did not know it. Not for sure. Couldn’t she stay ignorant?

She’d never done such a thing. Of course she hadn’t! She could barely comprehend anyone wanting someone else to do it and totally could not understand anyone doing it for or to another person.

People did do weird sex stuff. But Grace had never meant to be one of those people!

Grace did know what Camille wanted. Grace did not want it! Grace knew she should stand up physically and stand up for herself. But she knew she wouldn’t. She just couldn’t.

But Grace also couldn’t do it! She could not just do it. Not based on a strong hint and a feeling of near certainty. She needed more. She needed good firm direction from her Mistress. That would help her do what she did not want to do.

Camille probably knew what was going on in Grace's mind. This was not her first domination, or even her twentieth, or her first time initiating a dismayed lovely into ass eating.

Camille wouldn't put up with any virgin-to-ass-eating delays, "Get your slutty face in there, slut, and eat up your treat."

Grace felt strongly that she should not do this.

Grace felt strongly that she should not have to do this.

Grace felt strongly that she had to do it.

The Mistress had spoken.

Grace felt like someone else was steering her body, making it lean forward, making her stretch her neck. In a way, someone else was making her do it. That someone was Camille.

As Grace's face approached slowly, making the emotional anticipation torture all the worse, Camille gripped her ample ass cheeks and pulled them outward, making space for Grace's face.

Even so, it was a tight space. Grace's cheeks made contact with Camille's ass cheeks before her lips made contact with Camille's asshole.

And then... Grace's mouth was on Camille's asshole!

And then just like that... her tongue was licking Camille's asshole!

Camille! Her asshole!

Grace's face flushed bright pink, and it wasn't only from the heat of Camille's ass. It was the thought of what her family, her friends, or anyone who had ever met her would think of her doing this. And for who she did it for!

Camille was as pleased as Grace was not, "That's the way, slut. Lick it. Feels great. Lick my asshole. Lick it up. Clean it with your tongue."

Grace could not believe anyone could talk the way Camille talked. But Camille did.

Grace could not believe anyone would do what Camille wanted done. But Grace did it!

Grace kept licking asshole and could not seem to wrap her head around it even as her tongue kept slapping on it.

Camille told her, "You know what you're doing? I mean, besides the obvious. You are rewarding me for dominating you. You are proving that I was right to do it. If I had a time travel machine, I'd do it all over again. Just for the fun of it and I'd do it with even more confidence knowing you'd soon be eating my ass. But I don't need a time travel machine because I'll be dominating you over and over, lots and lots. Fucking Groundhog Day of domination."

Over and over....

Lots and lots....

Would Grace have to get used to this? Would she let herself get used to it? Did she have a choice?

Did she want to get used to it? If she did, she would be a lot less ashamed and troubled by it. But to get used to it, she'd have to do it a lot. What would that make her?

Camille seemed to know, "Eat that ass, ass eater. That's what you are now. An ass eater. You either are one or you're not, and you fucking are."

Oh no! She'd become an ass eater!

Camille revealed, "I was joking about this being your treat. It's a treat for me."

Yeah, no kidding! This was so very not a treat! Not for Grace.

Camille said, "But you do get a treat. A reward."

Now her Mistress was talking! The only treat Grace could think to want right then was to be allowed to stop licking asshole but she doubted that was in the offing. But something nice, some kind of treat or reward, would be appreciated. Some small kindness from her cruel Mistress.

Oh darn. She was thinking of Camille as her Mistress again. It must be because of the act of having to lick her Mistress's asshole. It really did make Camille seem Mistress-y and it made Grace feel so defeated, so very dominated.

Camille revealed her plan, “Since you’re being a good little ass eater, your reward is that I will allow you to fingerfuck my new pussy I now own. I’ve got my pussy as well, but you know, you can never have too much pussy. I think a rock star said that, and he wasn’t wrong.”

Maybe the rock star wasn’t wrong, but this, all this, was!

Grace licked asshole and thought her Mistress’s so-called reward was hardly that. Grace could fingerfuck herself whenever she wanted... before she met Camille.

Besides, if Grace wanted to fingerfuck herself, she’d do it in private. Privates in private!

That is to say, to think, at least that was how it was before Grace met Camille.

Who knew having a Mistress latch onto you could change whether you got to masturbate and if you had to do it in front of anyone?

Would it still be masturbation in front of someone if Grace did it while kneeling behind her Mistress and eating her ass? Or was that technically behind someone?

Wait, her Mistress said Grace was allowed to fingerfuck herself, not that Grace had to do it.

So... Grace would not do it?

Because why would she? She would only fingerfuck herself if—

Oh. Oh no. Oh crap!

Grace was aroused. Grace was very aroused.

Grace realized she did want to fingerfuck herself. Even right in front of – behind – her Mistress. Even while licking an asshole! Even partly *because* she was licking an asshole.

She did not like licking an asshole. But the way her Mistress dominated her and the way she submitted... was just so sexy! It made her like doing what she did not like to do.

Yes! She wanted to fingerfuck herself!

Grace darted a hand to her pussy. Oh, she meant her Mistress's other pussy.

Even as she gave in to her Mistress's wishes and now her own urge, her Mistress stopped her, "Hold on there, little camper! Don't finger that slut pussy just yet. I know you want to earn this special privilege. Your tongue on my asshole feels good, but it isn't enough to earn a big reward like me letting you fingerfuck yourself. "

It wasn't? It should be! Having Grace lick an asshole was a lot! It was too much!

What must Grace do to earn the tempting reward? She'd never ever felt such a need to fingerfuck herself! She needed it!

She almost begged her Mistress to tell her. But of course, she had to keep licking her Mistress's asshole. Her Mistress had not told her to do otherwise.

Then her Mistress did tell her to do something, but it did not involve speech.

“Don't start fingerfucking my new slutty pussy you keep between your legs until you cram your tongue up into my ass.”

!

Licking an asshole was bad. But Grace thought sticking her tongue up inside it had to be worse. Maybe other people didn't distinguish the difference much. Maybe an asshole licker was still an ass eater like Grace's Mistress had said. Maybe there wasn't anyone in the world who found an asshole licker an acceptable friend and asshole licking an acceptable behavior, but hey, a tongue up the ass, no way, you're out.

But it felt like a lot more to Grace. A whole different level.

It was a huge ask.

It did not feel like an “ask” at all.

Grace knew her new Mistress was not asking. Mistress was telling.

So... that was it.

Well. Fine. She really really really did want to fingerfuck herself. Even more now that her Mistress was dominating her into inserting her

tongue up Mistress's ass? Grace thought it was true.

Grace rolled her tongue, making it into a tongue tube. About seventy percent of people could do that and Grace was among that majority.

Grace pushed her tongue tube into Camille's ass tube. Tube met tube. Tube entered tube.

There was less resistance than Grace had expected. Camille was in an ideal position for anal penetration and her hands pulling at her ass cheeks helped further. Grace's sliding tongue lapping had loosened Camille's asshole.

Grace's tongue got as far in as she could get it. Grace wasn't sure what to make of that accomplishment. A win? A big loss? Dubious at best!

But then it wasn't.

"Fingerfuck that slutty pussy!"

Her pussy! Her Mistress's new pussy! She got to fingerfuck it!

Grace did not hesitate to do it. She'd worked hard for this fingerfuck! She wanted her treat, her reward!

She wanted it and she got it. Her moans made her tubed tongue vibrate. Camille thrilled to it. Lesbian domination of a new submissive slut and a tongue up the ass! There was nothing like them! They were the best!

To Camille, they were one and the same thing. She'd never had a successful lesbian domination without the woman she dominated tonguing

her ass. Why not? Because without a servile tongue up the ass Camille did not count it as a successful domination.

Camille so enjoyed Grace's breathy little moans sending hot breath across Camille's ass cheeks and upper thighs and even a little bit up her ass. Grace was giving her a hot air enema!

"Tongue your Mistress's ass! Pleasing your Mistress is more important now and forever than any other thing in your life."

Grace skipped a tube tongue thrust as if what Camille said gave her pause or like she was trying to think about it and having a hard time thinking and tongue thrusting at the same time. But then Grace exploded into faster, stronger tongue thrusts!

It seemed as if the newly slutty nurse very much agreed with Camille!

Camille was having a great time and thought it was a great time to plant ideas in Grace's head. Ideas that Grace could not voice disagreement with while her tongue was required to be so busy, ideas that her mind was open to because of the pleasure Grace was giving herself with her fingers, and ideas that Grace would have great difficulty ever uprooting from her mind garden.

Camille meant to poison the shit out of that mind garden! She would make that place sexually toxic! That was Camille's preferred environment.

For her submissive sluts to live with.

“Your Mistress is more important than yourself. You will always put me first and yourself a distant last. Or maybe not in line at all.”

Take that mental poison, slut!

“You serve me and that is your life goal from now on. Your job is now only a fucking hobby I allow you. For now.”

Take it, slut!

“I am your world. Your family and friends mean nothing. In fact, I forbid you from making any contact with them, even phone calls, without my permission. Got it? You will not talk to any mommy or daddy or sis or bro unless I permit it. Tongue fuck my ass if you understand and agree.”

What could the poor slut do? Grace kept tongue fucking. She also kept fingerfucking her pussy and Camille was pretty sure Grace was abusing the shit out of her pussy, finger stabbing it.

Yeah! Grace was turned on by the toxic waste Camille was unleashing in her mind!

So was Camille!

“Sometime later on, maybe in a few days or a week, I’ll have you go over all your friends and family. Starting with descriptions. And you’ll show me pictures. You better have pictures. I’m telling you right now, no

pictures, no contact with them from you. I need photos so I'll know your descriptions of them are accurate.”

Camille wasn't sure if Grace understood what was going on or what Camille might intend. Grace was slobbering and moaning, clearly losing herself to her lust.

Camille would make her plan a little more obvious. To twist the knife of arousal deeper into Grace and get her used to the idea of betraying loved ones. Camille knew it was important to lay the groundwork, soften them up, win the battles before they needed to be fought.

“Don't you worry, Grace the Disgrace, I'll let you have plenty of contact with any cute friends you have. *A lot* of contact. More than you ever thought possible. Very sexy contact.”

That gave Grace something to chew on as she tongued ass!

“Who is your cutest friend? Keep your ass up my tongue as you answer. I'm a good tongue-to-ass speech interpreter.”

Grace kept her tongue planted in ass but Camille felt her swallow hard. Grace was still fingerfucking herself vigorously.

Then Grace tried to say a name, “Jeerdthra.”

Ah ha! Camille knew that name! She once had another slut say the same name while that slut's tongue was up her ass!

It was a small world!

“Deirdre, is it? Sure, we can start with her. Imagine this scene, a more likely scene than you may think. Your tongue up Deirdre’s ass while I smack around Deirdre’s tits and she begs me to slap her tits harder and for you to tongue her ass harder. And then begs to be allowed to cum. Picture it, slut!”

Camille knew Grace did picture it because a few moments later Grace groan-roared, her tongue up Camille’s ass, and orgasmed while slapping her ass up and down on her heels.

Camille grinned. She looked forward to making the scene she had described real.

Camille could not hold the grin once she started cumming. Her orgasm was one part sensation from Grace’s mouth and tongue, one part dominating the crap out of the sexy nurse, and one part from images of the exciting tableau’s that would evolve as the sexy nurse betrayed her friends and even family members, feeding them to Camille so Camille could make them feed on her ass.

## Chapter Five

Alexa joined Natalie on the concourse. It just seemed automatic, like they were in this thing together. They really were in this situation together! All of them were, but it seemed like she and Natalie both thought alike and had the same concerns.

Locked up in a domed stadium. Possibly for an entire year.

That would be challenge enough, but this thing with half of them being pretty women and the other half not pretty was also a concern. The not pretty were not at all pretty. They were not all ugly but none of the not pretty were poster models for femininity.

Alexa and Natalie were not disturbed by their looks. Not in and of itself. They were not superficial or at least they tried not to be.

The concern was how intentional it seemed that half of the women in the stadium were beauties and half were... the opposite of beauties. How intentional it had to be mathematically, especially considering the exact fifty/fifty arrangement of teams and of roommates.

There was even more to be concerned about. It wasn't only a matter of looks. With looks alone being the deciding factor in who was on what teams and who roomed with whom, it would be weird, but possibly a sign of someone with a misguided mindset. Like someone was trying to be

overly fair and trying to avoid superficiality, trying so hard that it flipped around and made them seem extremely superficial.

However, the two groups – the two types – of occupants of the domed stadium seemed different in a way beyond the superficial.

The non-beauties were a rough group. They seemed to have a nasty outlook and a mean sense of humor.

In addition, to put it plainly... many or most of them seemed like lesbians!

Lesbians were fine. To each their own. Heck, in the case of lesbians, they were sexually into their own kind so it was even more “to each their own.” Fine, good, go for it, whatever.

It was their personal business, not the business of Alexa and Natalie or whoever.

But the not pretty women seemed very lesbian. Outwardly and obviously lesbian. That was also not a big deal. Not that big of a deal. But how could there be so many lesbians in such a small overall group? Such a large percentage seemed to defy the statistical odds of it being accidental.

Alexa and Natalie stood on the cement concourse and chatted for a while, in hushed tones like co-conspirators.

Natalie asked, “How many of the... the you know, the uglies, do you think are lesbians?”

Alexa thought out loud, “Relying on visual cues and good old trusty stereotypes, you know, if they look butch, they probably are butch, then Frankie, Anna, and Jo are.”

Natalie nodded fast, “Frankie is my roommate and, trust me, she is a lesbian. She watches me and looks at my body the same way a man would. I really fucking wish I had a lock on my bedroom door.”

Alexa was glad Frankie wasn’t her roommate, “I’m not so sure about Camille. She’s as tall as a man and pretty strong looking but I don’t usually think of older women as being lesbians.”

Natalie laughed, “It’s not like lesbians flip a switch at sixty and become heterosexual!”

“I know it isn’t accurate, I’m just not used to thinking of older women, much older, as lesbians. I think of them as being traditional. Old fogies.”

“What about your roomie? Any romance blossoming?”

“Fuck you! I don’t know about Blair. I think of her as Blare the Glare or Stare Blair. She looks angry all the time. Or hateful. You’d think if she was a lesbian that she’d want me. Right? I am good looking. So then, if she was a lesbian and thought I was attractive, she would probably go out of her way to be nice.”

“Yeah, like guys do. But these ones don’t seem nice at all. Nice is not their thing. I don’t think they would be nicer to someone they wanted.”

“Well shit, how do they ever hook up then?”

“I don’t know. They must intimidate women into dating them and then intimidate them into putting out.”

“Well, she hasn’t tried to do that to me either. Unless the stares count. Or the glares. Besides, I’m in much better shape than her. She isn’t out of shape, but she isn’t an athlete either. So anyway, mark her as a maybe or maybe not when it comes to being a lesbian. Has Frankie tried anything with you?”

“No, but I can tell she wants to. She doesn’t seem at all shy, but she hasn’t propositioned me either. I think it’s just a matter of time. I don’t know what she’s waiting for. I want to get it over with. Just tell her hell to the no, not on my most desperate day.”

“Have you ever been desperate? You’re beautiful and famous and you’re so tall, like an amazon.”

“A lot of guys don’t like a tall woman. Not this tall. Not half a foot taller than them. I have to admit, I have a hard time as far as feeling desire for a guy more than an inch or two shorter than me. I know, that’s pretty superficial but I think it’s some kind of instinct. Anyway, that does slim

down the field dramatically. But, to answer your question directly, no, I've never been desperate. I'm not the desperate type."

"Good for you. I wouldn't think you would be. It will be funny if Frankie does make a play for you. I wish I could be there when you shut her down."

Natalie laughed, "I shut down butch lesbians in private. Discretely, out of consideration for them. But I'll tell you all about it when it happens. When, not if."

"What about the other uglies? Fernanda, Jimena, and Sadie?"

Natalie ticked off fingers while making wide eyes at the high above ceiling of the concourse, "I saw Fernanda staring at her head coach's ass. And she was licking her lips! Jimena looks like her new favorite food is Japanese now that Minato is her roommate. And Sadie? God, I feel sorry for that Kenyan girl, Njeri. I'm not even sure if Sadie is a lesbian, she could be, but she is for sure fucking psycho."

Alexa added it up, "Okay, that's five for sure lesbians and three maybe to probable lesbians out of the eight of them. What about the other pretty ones? All hetero?"

"Yeah. Pretty sure. I mean, you can't really know unless they tell you. Even then, people lie. You'd have to catch someone in a sexual act.

Even then, who knows, they could be bisexual. But none are sending out the lesbian vibe.”

“None? What about Willow, the athletic trainer for The Uglies? It was weird how she was doing all those back and shoulder and neck rubs for the uglies yesterday.”

“It was weird. But she is an athletic trainer. None of that is sexual per se. If it was, would she do it right in front of everyone, including her employer, Ms. Leffingwell?”

“What you say makes sense. But you saw what I saw. There was something abnormal going on there. The look on her face. The looks on the faces of the uglies. I met her at the snack and drink table the first day and she seemed super normal. Relaxed. Just normal and nice. But then yesterday she seemed like a different person. Meek and like she was almost chained to the uglies. Hell, she was in almost constant physical contact with one or another of them.”

“So, you think something happened on their very first night as roommates? Between Willow and her new roommate, Anna?”

“It seems hard to believe, but it would explain what we saw.”

“Willow and that muscular wrestler chick? What an odd pairing! Especially odd if Willow was heterosexual when she entered this stadium.”

Alexa tapped her lower lip, “If all of this is on purpose, then who made it happen and why?”

“Good question. Let’s see. What are the possibles? It would either be because of Ms. Leffingwell, with Ayla carrying out what Ms. Leffingwell wanted, or it could be Ayla acting on her own. Ayla wields the power and authority of Ms. Leffingwell but that doesn’t mean Ms. Leffingwell knows everything Ayla does with it. Ayla could be a lesbian. She might be one of those lesbian types. You know, short hair. The bookish type with glasses.”

“Is that a lesbian type? I don’t think it is.”

“Maybe not. Okay. But she could be one! She could be or Ms. Leffingwell could be. Either one. Whichever one is behind the choices of who to bring in on the new sport and decided who would room with who is the one who made this split of beauty to ugliness happen.”

“And the split between heterosexual and lesbian. That, too.”

“Maybe. If Blair and Sadie and Camille are all also lesbians, and we’re right about the other five.”

Alexa said, “So, we can ask Ayla who had what ideas. You know, like who made the roommate assignments. We should be able to tell then if this is because of Ayla or because of Ms. Leffingwell. We could ask either one of them or, even better, both, one after the other but apart from each other. If their answers agree, it is probably the truth.”

Natalie frowned but also nodded, “We’ll need to be subtle, and we’ll have to time it right. Ms. Leffingwell won’t appreciate it if she thinks we’re investigating her. She is our employer. What do you think could be their motivation, either one of them?”

“If Ayla is a lesbian, then maybe she has two motivations. One, appreciation of female beauty. That is why eight of us are here, at least in part. The pretty ones such as you and me. Two, sympathy for other lesbians. You know, give them a job, help them out. That would explain the other eight.”

Natalie asked, “And if it is Ms. Leffingwell who caused this... assortment?”

“Same thing, I guess. She is up there just outside her luxury booth watching us through binoculars all day. Who knows what parts of us she’s watching.”

Natalie laughed, “What a thought. Now I’ll have to keep my ass turned away from her side of the stadium. I’ll make her give up staring at my ass. She’ll watch yours instead.”

Alexa started laughing also but they both hushed up as they saw a couple doors opening to the small houses that looked so out of place on the concourse.

Blair was coming out of the house she shared with Alexa. Blair's glare led like a flashlight beam in the dark even though the concourse was well lit.

Jimena and Minato emerged from their house. Jimena had to move sideways to fit through the door, a sight a little shocking and a little amusing. She pulled Minato through after her with a fatty log of an arm slung over Minato's shoulders.

Minato did not look happy!

Jimena smiled hugely at Alexa and Natalie and said to Minato, "C'mon, little buddy, let's go meet up with the resta team, and break our fucking fast."

Minato did look little in general, very little, and extremely little against the backdrop of Jimena. But she did not look like she was happy to be Jimena's buddy.

Natalie spoke without moving her lips, an ability Alexa had never mastered, "Holy fuck, Alexa. You see that? Minato looks like a vanilla chip stuck in chocolate cookie dough."

It was all Alexa could do to keep a straight face. Poor Minato!

Alexa did note, "Jimena and Blair are the first ones out, not counting us. Maybe they take being the coaches seriously."

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## Chapter Six

They assembled as they had the previous two days, the sixteen of them seated with Ayla in front of them up on a small stage talking to the group. Ms. Leffingwell observed from the stadium's equivalent of the nosebleed section. She was just outside her luxury box, but it was placed much higher than was typical in stadiums.

Ayla told them to separate by team and to start playing around with the new sport of Gala.

Ayla seemed pretty relaxed. Or maybe like she did not care all that much how things worked out with Gala.

Frankie was second to last to join The Angels team, stuffing an entire donut into her mouth and chewing loudly. Alexa thought Natalie had a real winner of a roommate there.

Jimena was the last to join them. She came from a huddle with Ayla and Victoria, the head coach of The Ugly Ducklings.

When they broke the informal huddle, Jimena had looked pleased as punch while Victoria looked stressed out. They each picked up large duffel bags that lay nearby, one bag mostly white and the other one mostly red.

Victoria took the red duffel bag to her team and Jimena sauntered / rolled over to The Angels with the white bag slung over her shoulder and a

huge smile slung across her face.

Alexa had a moment to think that Jimena was by far the most cheerful of the eight uglies.

Alexa soon found out why Jimena was so cheerful.

Jimena addressed them, “What’s shaking, folks? I be telling you what’s shaking. My great big titties. Same as always. But also, we got a team color. It’s white. And we got team uniforms. Only for the players, of course. So, players, take these unis down to the locker room and change inna them. Unless you want to just go ahead and change inna them right here and now.”

Natalie stepped forward and took the duffel bag from Jimena. Alexa wondered if Natalie volunteered as expected because she was the tallest, most confident of the four of them, or the biggest celebrity. Such as their “celebrity” was. More like semi-celebrity.

They went to the locker room without talking. There was a feeling of being watched on their way off the floor of the stadium. Maybe in part because of Ms. Leffingwell observing through her binoculars but also because the support staff of The Angels were lined up boldly and obviously watching them leave. Smiling and jostling one another like good old boys checking out young women wearing Daisy Dukes at the drive in.

Alexa briefly and sadly only half-jokingly wondered if the new uniforms included Daisy Dukes.

It felt like a relief to get into the locker room. It was nice. It was just the four of them and there was an overall us versus them feeling growing.

Alexa went out of her way to ask Minato, “Are you okay, Minato? Is everything going alright?”

She was asking about Jimena without naming her.

Minato looked a little beleaguered, but she mustered up a smile, “It is going as well as can be expected. I am fine. And you? With yours? Your new roommate?”

“She stays to herself.”

“You are so lucky!”

Alexa could barely imagine having Jimena as a roommate with Jimena not staying to herself.

Alexa almost asked if Minato’s new bedroom door had a lock on it, but she did not want to be obvious with her suspicions or make Minato nervous without need to be.

Did Minato need to be nervous? Alexa wasn’t sure.

There were four sealed bags inside the duffel bag and each one had a name sticker on it.

Natalie mock celebrated, “Yay, we all get new uniforms!”

Alexa liked uniforms. She associated them with fun and victory and good times. She liked the colors of almost all uniforms and had fun with the numbers. She didn't know if these uniforms would have numbers, if they did then someone should have asked them what numbers they wanted. Also, white wasn't the best uniform color.

But hey.

They dispersed a little, each with their sealed package.

Alexa opened hers next to some lockers and laid out the contents.

No way. No way!

She checked the name on the sticker again. It was her name.

But the uniform...! It was so small...! It looked like it would be tight on Minato or even Njeri. She picked up the items and returned to the center of the locker room. The others were doing exactly what she'd done, returning, none of them yet in uniform, holding their alleged uniforms.

Their uniforms consisted of three items. A pair of white socks, tiny white spandex short shorts, and numbered crop tops.

Natalie was pissed off, "These things won't cover our stomachs!"

Alexa thought she might be more pissed off, "Or half our asses! I might get more coverage from a thong!"

Njeri observed, "Look at how the shorts dip down in front at the waist and also at the rear."

Minato shook with outrage, “To run and compete in these would be obscene!”

Alexa double checked to make sure she had not somehow ended up with Njeri’s or Minato’s uniform. No, their shorts and crop tops were even tinier than hers.

Natalie declared, “I’m not wearing this!”

“Nut nuh, tall girl. Nunna that, Ms. Giraffyy. Don’t be getting all uppity.” They spun around and saw Jimena leaning on the wall just inside the locker room. For someone so bulky, apparently, she could be stealthy.

Natalie refused to be intimidated by the surprise appearance of the head coach of The Angels. She held up the short shorts and shook them at Jimena, “The only thing “uppity” would be these shorts if I put them on! They’d be way “uppity” my ass crack!”

Alexa, despite her anger, could not help but snicker. Natalie was hilarious and somehow even funnier when she was pissed off.

Jimena sauntered closer, her buttocks seeming to somehow roll behind her, looking like they moved independently of the rest of her body, like they were black spherical engines powering her wide body to move. As she sauntered, she wagged a thick finger, and her tremendous breasts swayed heavily.

Jimena's tone was the opposite of her big soft body. It was hard, "You gonna wear that little rag and you gonna like it. Ya hear? You all gonna wear that shit and you better act like you be liking it. Ms. Leffingwell designed them uniforms herself. You will not insult our new sport's founder and funder."

Alexa felt like she needed to stand with Natalie. They were a team and needed to react to this as a team, "Jimena, we don't want to insult anyone, of course we don't, but these uniforms are an insult to us. A physical insult."

Jimena made her eyes go aggressively wide, great big round white eyeballs, her irises looking small in all the surrounding white, "These unis are a fucking compliment! You all four got hot bodies. Hot tight sexy bodies. You be lucky! I couldn't wear those pretty new unis. You wouldn't even see them if I managed to get one on. My flab would just roll over it and cover it up and you'd think I was nakers. But you four gonna look soooooo sexy. Be happy."

Minato waved her hands like she was trying to erase something in midair, "I cannot be happy wearing this! I do not want to look sexy!"

Jimena shrugged and the shrug made her incredible breasts lift and then slop back down, "You is sexy. You got no choice but to be sexy. The uni only makes you more sexy. Just a fact, China doll."

Minato fumed. Alexa knew the young Japanese woman hated it when Jimena called her China doll. But Minato clearly had given up the battle on the name front. She did not try to correct Jimena. Who knew how many times Jimena had called her China doll during their first two days living together.

Natalie's turn. It was like they were taking on a tough opponent and each one did their best and then traded off to the next teammate. Tagging off like in a wrestling match four against one. But the four of them felt like the underdogs.

Njeri was the only one who did not pitch in. She often seemed too shy or like she wanted to be a follower or did not want to make waves. Alexa wasn't sure of that was just Njeri's personality, or due to her culture, or because she wasn't in her native country.

Natalie said, "We do not want to look sexy. Why would Ms. Leffingwell want that?"

"Why the fuck *wouldn't* she want it? Think on it this way: the new unis let your bodies breathe. There will be nothing covering most of your bodies, so there will be nothing stopping all that sexy skin from breathing. You can't argue that point!"

Admittedly true. But none of them would admit it.

“Other thing is this: New sports need lots of attention. Right now, these are practice unis. But maybe you’ll need them to attract an audience. I mean really *attract* the audience. You know, like in that lingerie football. Combine the sexiness of that with the excitement of a new sport and the competition of a real sport and we could be in the money. We all want this sport to work. Right? So, work them unis up onna them sexy bodies.”

Alexa thought it was her turn to protest and decided to go for the kill shot, “I am not wearing this. I do not have to wear this and I will not wear this.”

Jimena got up in her face, which was to say she got her huge breasts just millimeters from bumping on Alexa’s much smaller breasts, “You be wrong, sexy soccer sock it to me. All fucking wrong. You *are* going to wear it because you *do* have to wear it. See, it be in your contracts. You honor your word and legal signature? Then you gonna fucking wear that shit. Other way it could go down is you lose this chance, you lose the financial benefits in the contract, and Ms. Leffingwell fucking gonna sue your narrow ass.”

That struck Alexa speechless. Partly from how rude and intimidating Jimena was and partly because Alexa then did remember that the contract stated Ms. Leffingwell had the right to make and choose the uniforms. But

it had never occurred to Alexa that Ms. Leffingwell would want her to wear this kind of slutty uniform!

Alexa's lack of response was eloquent and none of the others stepped forward to take up the debate wand. It was in the contract. So, it was legal to insist they wear the uniforms. No one wanted to lose this opportunity. No one wanted to get sued.

It was game over as per the wearing of the uniforms.

Jimena smirked, spun around, and buttock rolled to the door of the lockers, "Thought so! You gonna wear them and you gonna like it. Or fake liking it. You better. See you onna track. Hee-hee, see a whole lotta you on the track!"

Out the door she went, leaving the four players resigned to their immediate fate.

There was nothing to say. They went to separate areas and changed into the new uniforms.

Alexa was appalled by the result. There was no nearby mirror, but she didn't need one to do a damage assessment. Damage to her reputation that is, if anyone saw her like this.

Or if anyone took a photo!

Or if there were cameras on the competition area of the stadium and the videos got leaked.

The outfit was even tighter than Alexa had imagined it would be. She was slim with no extra fat but even she had flesh pushing out from under the crop top and also at the waist and leg hems of the short shorts. The shorts were beyond skin tight. They were flesh compressing.

As the material stretched, it became clear that the material itself was just a little bit clear when stretched. It showed shadows of the colors underneath the material. Alexa could see her yellow panties. She could also see the gray of her sports bra.

The crop top looked bad, was way too revealing, and it also felt bad. The crop top pressed it into her flesh to the point of irritation.

And the the short shorts made her sport a camel toe!

Alexa heard Natalie exclaim, “What the fuck? These things are practically see-through! Anyone can see my panties!”

Alexa called back, “There isn’t even room for the panties. Or our vaginas.”

They couldn’t help but laugh, all four of them. A laugh of disbelief and shared bemusement at the predicament.

Natalie said, “It will look goofy if we wear the panties. These fucking shorts are basically super tight panties anyway. They show as much ass cleavage as my panties do. We’ll have to go without panties.”

Minato spoke up, “Check your tailbone! Mine is sticking out! There is ass cleavage if that is the term, both above and below.”

Alexa checked. Holy shit, Minato was right. The shorts dipped down to the upper part of Alexa’s ass crack.

Natalie laughed a frustrated laugh, a scoff, “This is fucking unbelievable!”

Njeri spoke quietly, “It is true, though, that these outfits will keep us cool.”

Natalie responded, “But that isn’t why they want us to wear them. I know it. These aren’t for keeping us cool. These are for making us look hot.”

Njeri giggled like she was excited, “I have never worn such clothing! Ever! It is more sexual than if I went about in my underwear.”

They joined each other near the door to the locker and couldn’t help seeing how much of each of them was revealed and how sexual each of them looked.

Natalie said, “You know, one time I went to a strip club with guy friends. Not even on a dare. Just because I’m cool with it. But the town had local ordinances, so the strippers stripped, but not all the way. I’m telling you, most of the strippers at the end of their performances revealed

less skin than we do. The reason is, even the skin under these tops and bottoms is partly revealed. I can see the color of you guys' nipples!"

They looked down at each other's nipples. It was true!

Minato was wide-eyed, "And look at our crotches!"

Alexa felt like saying something snappy like, "Do we have to?" But she was too concerned.

There was a color shading revealing pubic hair color! And pubic hair location, too. It looked like Minato trimmed a lot and Natalie a little though it was hard to tell with Natalie. Alexa could not tell with Njeri. Alexa trimmed a lot because every little bit of extra weight and extra heat retention counted against you in the world of sports.

Njeri grinned with relief, "I have very dark skin, nearly true black, so my pubic hair color, also black, does not show."

Natalie reported, "I'm not too bad off with my blonde and my skin tone."

Alexa and Minato were not so lucky.

"Fuck!" said Alexa.

"Kuso!" yelled Minato angrily. Alexa assumed it was something profane in Japanese.

They heard deep laughter and saw Jimena had again somehow stealthily appeared.

“Aw, China doll, I like the look. But if you don’t like it, tonight I’ll shave off your little lady fur. I’ll take that pelt. Scalp that pussy. But you’ll need to do something for me in return.”

“Jesus!” yelled Natalie angrily.

Minato frowned thunder at Jimena.

Jimena ignored them and spoke to Alexa, “Feel free to ask Blair to shave off your pubic hair. I happen to know she’ll be happy to help out. Not much makes her happy, but that will. Again, I’m sure she’ll have something for you to do in return. Fair trade and all that.”

“Not interested!” But Alexa realized she was interested in shaving off her pubic hair. What she’d kept of it was too obvious and too goofy looking in the new uniform. She’d have to shave it. But she didn’t need any help! And, if she had, she wouldn’t ask for help from Blair. Holy fuck, anyone but her.

Actually, Jimena would be worse than Blair. And so would Sadie. And so would Frankie.

It was hard to believe, but Alexa felt lucky she had Blair as a roommate instead of one of the other three members of the support staff of The Angels.

Jimena sauntered in a semi-circle, ending facing the door and on her way out, talking while she left, “Like I said before, see a lotta you out there

on the track.”

They watched her leave.

Alexa said, “Worst head coach ever!”

Njeri said, “From her statements, I have come to believe she is one who prefers females.”

Minato, exasperated, said, “And I have to room with her!”

Alexa said to Njeri, “In America, when people of the same sex want to have sex with other people of their same sex, that’s called playing for the other team. You know, like being lesbian.”

Minato laughed a little, “Our team’s head coach plays for the other team!”

Natalie shoved her shoulder playfully, “Be careful, she’ll probably try to recruit a certain “China doll” for her other team. Know what I mean?”

Minato did know. She looked ill.

Njeri looked scandalized, “In my country, that is most frowned upon. The females with other females. It is not even spoken of. Nor do we ever dress like this. Not even in private! I might wear more when I bathe. I must say... it is a little exciting. Is it for you also?”

They all looked at her until her nervous smile evaporated.

Natalie had a take-charge idea, “You girls stay here. I’ll go get white panties. It will be an added layer. Or maybe we can wear two each. If anyone asks, I’ll say I’ve got to run back to take my vitamins because I forgot to take them this morning. You just hang out here.”

Everyone liked that idea and told Natalie where to find their underwear inside their new little houses.

Natalie returned in fifteen minutes and they re-equipped. Or re-layered.

When they returned to the floor of the stadium, they saw Jimena spot them and nudge Frankie next to her. As they got closer it was clear they were both ogling their foursome.

Frankie frowned and said something to Jimena while staring at Minato’s crotch. Jimena looked and then looked harder, her eyes bugging out. Then she looked pissed and if Alexa’s lip reading worked, she was pretty sure Jimena cursed.

It was obvious Jimena had told Frankie about the new uniforms and how much they revealed. It was also obvious they’d looked forward to the show, either because they were lesbians or maybe just because they wanted to maliciously enjoy the players’ humiliation.

Foiled! The bitches were foiled! Alexa felt a surge of victory. But then she realized it was highly relative. Her “victory” was that she only

wore a lascivious uniform, not one that showed off the color of her pubic hair underneath it. And the uniforms still showed off the color of their nipples. Alexa recalled that immediately when Frankie switched her attention to their chests.

Ayla Howard came over, for some reason with a clipboard in her hands, “The Ugly Ducklings practiced while you were changing. You guy are next up. By the way, the new uniforms look great.”

She said it matter-of-factly. But was there a gleam in her eyes? Was Ayla a lesbian? Was that why half of them were hotties and the other half were lesbians?

These new uniforms could only “look great” to someone who both appreciated female beauty and wanted it presented in a slutty form.

There was nothing for it but to go ahead and practice the sport of Gala. On the track. In front of everyone.

The other team was scattered among the seats at the center of the track. No one looked sweaty. They may have practiced, but it did not look like they had practiced hard. It was only the four players: Anna, Camille, Fernanda, and Jo. Their support staff were nowhere to be seen. It was hard to believe, based on body shape and condition, that any of the players on The Ugly Ducklings were basketball, soccer, table tennis, or track athletes.

Alexa wondered where the support staff were. Then she realized that the four players on The Ugly Ducklings were wearing the same hodgepodge of workout clothes they'd worn earlier. What about their new uniforms? Didn't they also have new uniforms? Why not?

Hm. Maybe Ayla had them wait to try them on and had them practice first to make best use of time. But then, why weren't they headed to the lockers? And where was their support staff, their good-looking half?

Ha. Maybe the support staff could not stand watching their "athletic players" perform.

Njeri looked nervously excited, "I am to go first and the members of the other team will all be watching me!"

Alexa could not tell if Njeri was reluctant to go or somewhat thrilled. If "somewhat" thrilled was even possible. Alexa had heard that college kids on their own for the first time, the ones whose parents were very controlling, often went wild and off the rails. Sex, drunkenness, bad grades, and dropping out.

Maybe something like that was going on with Njeri. She was used to chaste apparel and behavior and now she was expected to run on a track while wearing an outfit that more than left little to the imagination. It was the kind of outfit that activated naughty imaginations!

Njeri's nearly pure black skin, smooth and toned, really stood out against the white uni. Alexa bet the players on The Ugly Ducklings would enjoy the show.

Truth to tell... Alexa sort of enjoyed the show. Of Njeri and Minato and Natalie. Obviously, only in an aesthetic way. They were pretty. Alexa liked pretty things. She guessed she liked pretty people too. But not sexually! For instance, just because she admired a pretty lamp did not mean she wanted to have sex with it.

Alexa had to admit, if the new league ended up adopting uniforms like these, it would attract a larger audience. Maybe not a desirable audience. It would be an audience full of desire.

Njeri ran a circuit of the track three times. She ran very fast without looking like she was trying hard. Alexa saw that Njeri often had a smile on her face as she ran but Alexa wasn't certain if that was typical of Njeri and showed her love of track or if she was still giddy about being outfitted in such a lascivious uniform.

Alexa saw the four uglies comprising The Ugly Duckling players all watching with great interest. Too much interest. Same thing with the uglies who comprised The Angels support staff. They showed too much interest!

After three circuits of the track, Njeri was not even breathing hard as she slapped hands with Minato who stood ready for her circuit.

Track was just running, and Njeri only had to do what she was used to doing. Running on a track. But Minato, Natalie, and Alexa were in a different situation. Their skills in table tennis, basketball, and soccer would be utilized, but in a different way than usual.

Minato, once tapped, began bouncing the ping pong ball on her paddle, just small bounces, enough to keep the ball moving without taking big chances. As Minato bounced, she walked quickly in her track lane. There was no way she could run while bouncing the ball. It was pretty impressive that she could speed walk while keeping the ball moving and still under control.

Alexa wanted to pay attention to Minato's skill but Alexa kept getting distracted seeing the individual muscles of Minato's upper thighs and by how the little short shorts constrained Minato's buttocks while showcasing Minato's muscles jumping and flexing.

It was so sexual!

It was hypnotic....

Alexa heard Jimena and Sadie murmuring nearby. She hadn't been able to make out what they said earlier, but now she thought she did understand a snippet, perhaps because they spoke louder.

Sadie said, "You got a prize in that one. Great choice."

Jimena responded, “I was just watched yours and feeling so mucha that ad-mir-a-tion. Yum. She is just as good as my China girl. I almost chose her but, you know, black on black ain’t all that. I like a good sexy contrast.”

Sadie laughed and then their talk simmered back down to unintelligible murmurings.

Alexa found that snippet of conversation highly concerning. No, not concerning. Alarming! It sounded like the support staff had gotten to choose which of the players they roomed with. It also sounded like Sadie and Jimena were lesbians.

Alexa thought it must be true that all eight uglies were lesbians. Not due to their appearance. There were plenty of lipstick lesbians in the world. Not due to the stereotype even with the short hair of Frankie, Jo, and Anna. It was the way they behaved and the things they said.

All eight of them must be lesbians and, if so, they were some breed of rude and crude lesbians. They were almost confrontational. They were pushy.

Alexa thought there was a word for that. What was it again?

...

Domination! They must be dominant lesbians! The fucking mean kind of lesbians!

Alexa made a note to talk with Natalie about her idea that these might be dominant lesbians. She would see what Natalie thought.

Alexa thought she had a great ally in Natalie. They had a lot in common and, with big mean lesbians around, it was reassuring to have a tall ally like Natalie.

Natalie Rafferty the Giraffe. GiRafferty! Alexa could still hardly believe it. She and Natalie were going to help found a new sport! That made the other craziness surrounding the opportunity worth it. Alexa thought so.

There were lots of lesbians in women's sports. Maybe that was a stereotype or maybe it was true or maybe there were plenty of lesbians in the world. Alexa did not care about hanging around lesbians. Not normally. But dressed up as if they were meant to appeal to those same lesbians.... She cared about that.

And these were not just any lesbians. If Alexa's guess was right, dominant ones.

Shudder.

Other lesbians would look at them and maybe politely appreciate their sexiness. Dominant lesbians would also look, but would they also limit themselves to polite appreciation? Or would they feel compelled to make a move?

A few of the fuglies looked away from whoever was on the track from time to time and looked pointedly at Alexa's body or the body of one of her teammates. Alexa knew they could feast their eyes on her and her teammates whether they were "competing" or not.

But Alexa knew they would be really focused on Alexa when Alexa was on the track.

Shudder again! Her turn was coming up. She was getting nervous about it.

Minato raced and ping ponged, showing incredible concentration and skill.

It was actually pretty cool to watch! Alexa thought Minato might have it the hardest of all of them. And Njeri had it easiest because all she had to do was run, exactly what she was used to doing.

Minato's circuit of the track did not go perfectly. Three times the ping pong ball went astray and Ayla, acting as referee, made Minato wait ten seconds before getting back to speed walking while paddle bouncing the ping pong ball.

Minato reached Natalie who was waiting with an open hand held out for the tag and with a basketball in her other hand. Their hands touched and Natalie took off. She had to dribble the ball without traveling and had to keep the ball and herself inside her lane. She could move as fast as she

wanted, but if she or the ball went across a lane line or even touched it, she had to take a ten second penalty time out.

Alexa felt nervous as she got in position in her assigned lane in preparation to take the tag off from Natalie. She had her soccer ball at the ready. Alexa was always nervous before a competition of any kind, but she was more nervous than usual. There were so many eyes on her and she knew some of them, many of them, most of them, were not watching her skill or looking for success, but were simply enjoying the show of her abundant bare skin.

Instead of looking at her competitive form, they were looking at her form. At her body.

Even where the uniform did cover the areas that really needed to be covered, she felt practically bare-ass naked. No curve or fold on her body was concealed or blunted. All was revealed. Thank God for the white panties adding another layer!

Natalie made a few errors and took three penalty time outs, like Minato had.

Natalie's hand slapped Alexa's and Alexa took off, having to carefully kick the soccer ball in little controlled kicks so it would stay inside the running lane. She had to be particularly careful when rounding curves on the track.

She made a lot of errors. It was new to her and she was conscious of the eyes on her, even of Ms. Leffingwell way up in the stands looking through her binoculars.

It was a process of trial and error and discovery. She came up with an idea after she crossed the finish line. Was it that she had to cross the finish line, her physical body, or did the ball crossing the line count?

If only the ball was required, then when Alexa approached the finish line, she could boot the ball far ahead and get it across the line well before she could get her body across. There was a long straight stretch before the finish line which meant if her team was behind, they could attempt a desperation long kick. There would be some desperation to it because she assumed the ball would need to land in bounds in her lane. But if her team was behind and would otherwise lose, she may as well try it. It would be like a basketball team attempting a long three pointer at the buzzer when they were behind by two points.

Alexa had lost herself in competing but came back to her situation when she heard what could only be termed catcalls.

Frankie yelled, "Looking tight!"

"Like that show!" hollered Sadie.

Frankie commented, "She can kick a ball. I'd like to see how she kicks in bed."

“Out of sight, girl, but with a whole lot of butt in sight!” hooted Jimena.

The commentary made Alexa realize how little she wore and what a spectacle she was in a way other than athletic competition. And it made her very conscious that the tight short shorts had ridden up, way up, as she ran.

Her cheeks heated and she rejoined her teammates.

Minato told her, “My shorts did the same thing. We must speak with Ms. Leffingwell about these uniforms!”

Natalie reported, “Same thing with my shorts and my ass. Took me a minute to dig them out.”

Alexa was sour, “I don’t think our support staff should be talking shit. Yelling that stuff.”

Njeri agreed, sort of, “They should not. But they did it to each of us, so do not feel picked upon. Just take it as strange compliments.”

Strange compliments?

Natallie said, “If they do it to all of us, it does not mean we are not being picked upon. It only means they are picking on all of us.”

Good point.

Njeri had a giddy little smile on her face, like she was excited at wearing such a scandalous outfit and had actually liked being “picked on.”

Minato asked, “Are we going to complain? We could all go together.”

Njeri said, “It is only clothing. They are trying out uniforms. They will ask for our feedback later. We do not want to be seen as complainers.”

It seemed like Njeri was in no rush to protest the terrible uniforms. Alexa thought Njeri did like having to wear it. If it was required, then she could dress like a slut because she had to dress like a slut.

Minato and Natalie frowned at Njeri like they were trying to solve a difficult puzzle.

Alexa sighed, “It doesn’t matter now. We’ve already worn them once and I’m sure the image is burned into the minds of... some of these... you know... the audience.”

Natalie deflated a little, “I guess. I will say the outfits do allow freedom of movement.”

The Ugly Ducklings were next to use the track. And there was an ugly and yet somewhat sexual surprise in store for them. Not one such surprise, but two.

## Chapter Seven

Of all people, the “Runner” for The Ugly Ducklings was Anna, the heavyweight former professional wrestler. She seemed an incongruous choice for the role.to say the least.

Alexa realized, though, that any of the four players for The Ugly Ducklings would be a poor choice to be Runner. In fact, any one of them would be a poor choice to be in any of the roles, whether Runner, Paddler, Dribbler, or Kicker.

Anna lined up, but Ayla had her wait to start running.

Alexa resented that the players on the other team for some reason did not have to wear the new uniforms. But then she realized the probable reason. They were not attractive. Alexa realized she did not want to see them in tight little uniforms. But the differential was unfair.

Alexa hated unfairness. Sports were all about fairness. You had refs and everyone played by the same rules. Sports were fair and Alexa was used to fairness, had come to expect it. Both in sports and in life.

That was when the cheerleaders showed up.

Cheerleaders!?!

Alexa felt a jolt of surprise. There were four of them, wearing scanty red outfits more fit for a beach than anywhere else.

Alexa felt another jolt, this time of outright shock, as she realized she recognized the four cheerleaders.

It was the four members of The Ugly Ducklings support staff!

Dressed as cheerleaders!

But that was according to Ayla. Alexa did not gather that they were meant to be cheerleaders from their outfits. The outfits were like red bikinis, so on them alone she would have guessed they were on the way to the beach or to a tanning booth.

It was the bright red pompoms each held that gave away their cheerleading function. Only cheerleaders used pompoms.

Two of the new cheerleaders moved to the center within the track, looking ready to do a routine, like they were waiting for Anna to start running. Alexa recognized them as Willow McGahee, their team's athletic trainer, and their team's nurse, Grace.

They looked nervous and also a little shellshocked.

The other two "new cheerleaders," Victoria the head coach, and Paisley the Assistant Coach, looked pissed off. They went over to Ayla and a heated discussion ensued, with Victoria often gesturing angrily.

Ayla looked calm, almost bored with it.

Despite Ayla's calm and Victoria's anger, Alexa could only hear Ayla, as if Ayla was intentionally projecting her voice and Victoria's anger was a

little hushed because she was so mortified at what she wore.

“We already had this conversation down at The Ugly Duckling lockers. I explained it all to you then and now you want me to explain it to you again? Fine. You are support staff for The Ugly Ducklings. You are not doing anything useful while your team races and strives and works so hard. So, you will do something useful and you will support them. What do cheerleaders do? They support their team. How do they do it? With enthusiasm and by showing some leg, cheering, and shaking pompoms.”

Victoria angrily said something.

Ayla responded, “Why should Ms. Leffingwell hire cheerleaders when she already has you four on site? Do your job. This is now part of your job. Recall from your contract that the meaning of support and what activity comprises a job duty is up to Ms. Leffingwell and her representatives and that those meanings and activities may change and that those changes are completely up to her. You signed the contract. Now you need to live up to it.”

Paisley said something both angrily and in a hushed tone, looking around nervously at the various spectators to the conversation.

Ayla answered her, if it was an answer, “Speak for yourself only. I see that Grace and Willow have quickly adapted to their new work duty. You should model your own behavior after their behavior.”

Alexa looked at Grace and Willow. They were lined up like a cheerleader duo, shaking their pompoms gently but actively at their sides, standing straight and looking quite ready cheer. But they still looking nervous and shellshocked.

Paisley said nothing back to Ayla after she cast a look at Grace and Willow. Paisley was clearly simmering but she did not boil over into further protests.

Ayla turned to Victoria, “I am Ms. Leffingwell’s representative and so you should do as I say. However, since you are a head coach, I welcome you to speak directly with Ms. Leffingwell. But only at the end of today’s practice and only one on one. For now, line up with the other cheerleaders.”

Ayla turned to Paisley, “As for you, Assistant Coach slash cheerleader, come to me after practice. I have a special team-building duty for you. You will do that while Victoria and Ms. Leffingwell meet and perhaps have dinner together.”

Victoria and Paisley exchanged a look. Their shoulders slumped ever so slightly. They turned and joined Grace and Willow.

All four waited in a line, all holding the bright red pompoms and wearing the slick shiny bright red stringy outfits that made bikinis look shy and discrete. The bottoms had a band of material that was so thin that it

disappeared in their ass cracks, on every one of them, about midway where their ass cheeks met each other. The material went into the ass crack, disappeared, and then reappeared, like a train going through a mountain tunnel. It was more revealing than if they'd worn a thong!

Alexa did not think any of this was right. In fact, it was wrong!

Coaches and the team athletic trainer and the team nurse should not be forced to cheer! Let alone dressed up like Satan's personal crew of cheerleaders. Also, they wore much less than most cheerleaders. Hell, they wore less than any cheerleaders Alexa had ever seen. She bet cheerleaders for an orgy – if there was such a thing -- might wear more!

Natalie nudged Alexa, "I wouldn't have thought it was possible, but what they have to wear makes me grateful we get to wear all this."

Natalie swept her hands up and down her barely clothed body, like a model presenting a casual out-on-the-town style.

Alexa snorted laughter.

Minato narrowed her eyes, "How is it that our support staff does not need to cheer and their players are not required to wear such skimpy outfits?"

Good question!

Natalie realized it also, "Holy fuck all that is holy, with our team its lesbians watching scantily clad beauties compete, and with The Ugly

Ducklings, it's scantily clad beauties cheering and displaying for competing lesbians!"

Which was exactly what happened.

Anna began running, more like lumbering, with a smirk on her face while she continuously turned her head to watch the newly baptized set of cheerleaders.

Amid boisterous catcalls from the lesbians, the four new cheerleaders began to hop around and shake their pompoms. All four of their faces were red and it wasn't from effort.

Alexa did not watch the new cheerleaders the same way that the lesbians did, but she could not help but watch them intently, watching them much more than she did the four players on the track as the players took their turns.

The new cheerleaders were understandably awkward at first and looked anywhere from shocked to dismayed to pissed off at the various catcalls, suggestions, and invitations that were voiced by the support staff of The Angels. Frankie in particular had a booming voice and a rude mindset.

After her run, Anna went up to Willow and poked a finger in her chest while talking with an intense look on her face. That was how it looked to Alexa. Was Anna giving Willow negative feedback? Maybe so because Willow cheered louder and jumped higher after that.

Weird. And those two were roommates. And Willow had giving all the brawny-ish players of The Ugly Ducklings backrubs the day before, starting with Anna. At this point, Alexa would have been surprised if Willow wasn't in a sexual relationship with Anna.

Alexa guessed you just never knew. And she should not have judged Willow by her beautiful cover. Or thought that a beauty would not be a lesbian.

While Fernanda was appallingly bad at trying to bounce the ping pong ball on the paddle as she went around the track, Alexa saw Camille, the "Dribbler" on The Ugly Ducklings, speak with Grace, their team nurse turned cheerleader as well.

Alexa could not hear them at all, but the physical encounter was a replica of the one between Anna and Willow. A finger poke from Camille delivered hard right between Grace's breasts.

Camille got on the track, ready to dribble whenever Fernanda eventually made it to her. Maybe by dinnertime judging by Fernanda's clumsy chasing of the repeatedly lost ping pong ball, followed by ten second penalty time outs. Like, dozens of them!

Alexa saw that Camille kept a watchful eye on Grace.

Alexa also watched Grace. The pretty redheaded team nurse jumped higher and cheered much more enthusiastically post-Camille confrontation,

just like Willow had post-Anna confrontation.

Alexa understood what she'd seen and understood the results. Willow and Grace were given marching orders and they had obeyed. In this case, cheering orders.

So, if Willow had, what, succumbed to Anna's attentions and, apparently, Anna's control, had Grace succumbed to Camille?

Did Camille get to Grace in a lesbian way? Maybe last night in the little house they shared....

Gross! No fucking way! Camille was old! Way too old for Grace!

Alexa decided she was way off on all this. It felt like her mind was a panicked gossip, one that believed any thought that came into her head, and on the flimsiest of reasons.

Willow rubbed some shoulders and necks. So what? Granted, lesbian shoulders and necks. But she was an athletic trainer. She did it in front of everyone. If it was sexual, she would have done it in private and she would have rubbed somewhere else, such as, hey, lesbian private areas.

Didn't heterosexual masseuses massage heterosexual clients without anything sexual going on?

Grace had not protested the skimpy cheerleading outfits like Victoria and Paisley had, but that didn't mean anything. Victoria and Paisley were coaches and coaches were basically leaders. Grace had possibly simply

relied on them to relay her dislike of the outfits and to protest on her behalf. Same thing with Willow.

Lesbians had poked both Grace and Willow in the chest, the lesbians had said something to them, and then they cheered much more loudly and actively. Same same. But that could be for many reasons besides Willow and Grace somehow being sexually compromised.

Maybe they were threatened by the mean lesbians! That was probably why!

Camille, on the track, was a terrible dribbler. Like she'd never handled a basketball before! Probably also because she did not keep her eyes on the ball but often looked at "the team cheerleaders."

So did Alexa. It was interesting. It was a spectacle. It was a sort of puzzle she was trying to figure out.

Victoria and Paisley clearly did not have their hearts into cheering. They performed the body movements and cheers in a listless fashion with looks of resentment and humiliation on their faces.

Grace and Willow appeared enthusiastic. Now they did. At least their body movements were enthusiastic. It seemed that Anna's and Camille's chats with them were highly motivational. They jumped high and shook their pompoms vigorously and yelled loudly, things like "Go team!" and "You can do it!"

But the looks on their faces were not ones of enthusiasm. They looked just as humiliated as Victoria and Paisley.

It seemed to take forever, and it likely felt that way to the new cheerleaders, but Camille finally tapped hands with Jo, the “Kicker.”

Camille staggered off the track, breathlessly saying, “I’m getting too old to start this shit.”

Yeah, no kidding! What on Earth was she doing in competitive sports?

Jo took off. It could more accurately be described as a lumbering forward. Jo was a big girl with a very butch haircut. Her muscles were not as toned and defined as Anna’s and Jo was not as bulky as Jimena or Fernanda, but she looked very strong.

Alexa wondered who would win an arm-wrestling match, Jo, Anna, or Frankie. Jo had a sort of rural natural strength while Anna clearly worked for her muscles (and likely took certain boosters and very likely not all of them were legal). Frankie was somewhere in between the two of them. Those three were about the same size but in muscle definition Anna led the way, followed by Frankie, and then Jo. Yet Jo might very well be the strongest one.

Jo had big shoulders, but her hips were still wider than her shoulders. She was no classic soccer player, that was for sure! As was

soon seemingly proven by her clumsy awkward kicking of the ball.

Jo's circuit of the track was debacle level. She had no agility and no control over the soccer ball. She took countless penalty timeouts.

The reluctant cheerleaders cheered reluctantly the entire time.

Then it was the turn of The Angels again. It felt easier because they'd already run once while dressed so lasciviously and because they were not dressed nearly as sparsely as the support staff of The Ugly Ducklings were. Relativity was in play. To think, they had it comparatively lucky!

While Njeri ran and Minato waited for the tag off and Natalie waited just off track, Alexa decided to bring her finish line idea to Ayla Howard.

Ayla had her clipboard hugged against her chest. She was watching Njeri as if she was proud of what she'd wrought. What had she wrought? She caused a young beautiful African woman to wear more revealing clothing that she'd ever worn in public.

Alexa had a hard time mustering the proper resentment. Njeri seemed more excited than downtrodden. Besides, Njeri and the rest of them really did look super sexy geared up in so little. The white unis were so incredibly tight! And a little transparent!

Alexa told Ayla about her idea, that it should be a legal strategy to kick the soccer ball over the finish line and that the first team to get the

soccer ball over the finish line should win, not the first team to get their Kicker over the line. Alexa asked if anyone had thought of the idea before and if it would be legal if all that was needed was for the ball to cross the finish line.

Ayla seemed distracted, focused on Njeri on the track, mumbling her answer in a general noncommittal way, and then told Alexa to get ready to race. Ayla did not even write anything down on her clipboard.

Alexa left her, feeling crestfallen. First, she had to dress like this. Like she was supposed to be an athletic-style bimbo. And now, her input and questions were ignored. Again, like she was a bimbo and all she brought to the game of Gala was an athletic body.

Ayla seemed a lot more interested in watching the show than in finetuning the game of Gala. She probably was a lesbian also!

If the support staff of The Angels were all lesbians, and if the players of The Ugly Ducklings were all lesbians, and if Ayla also was a lesbian, then at least fifty percent of the women in the domed stadium were lesbians!

Was Macie Leffingwell one also? If so, then lesbians outnumbered straight women!

And that was even if Alexa assumed Willow and Grace were not lesbians. That may not be a safe assumption.

And then she saw another reason it might not be a safe assumption.

Willow, in her shiny red semblance of a cheerleader outfit, walked up to Anna, right in front of her, almost like she was reporting for duty. Anna said something and Willow moved around behind Anna, who was seated, and began rubbing her brawny shoulders.

Holy fuck! It was like PDA. A public show of affection. Only Anna did not seem affectionate as much as she seemed commanding. Willow did it like she was not surprised that Anna told her to do it and like there was no question at all of saying no, but like she was also conscious of how it might look. She blushed.

Even though Willow had rubbed Anna during practice before, it was still surprising to Alexa that Willow did it again. Because this time was different. Willow was dressed very differently. She was dressed in less than what most women wore for lingerie on a sex night with a lover they were really into. It was hard to view a massage from Willow as purely platonic when she was dressed like that.

The players of The Ugly Ducklings sat in a four-woman row and the support staff of The Angels sat in a four-women row right behind them. Those four immediately began looking at Willow's nearly bare ass from up close and personal, only a few feet away. They were not being discrete

about it. It looked like they were conversing about the merits of Willow's ass. With Willow able to hear everything they said!

Alexa wondered if she should approach so that she could hear the no-doubt rude comments.

And then she could also see Willow's ass up close... so she'd better know how accurate the rude comments were. That was why. Just being sensible!

How could she judge if comments on Willow's ass were accurate or not without getting a good look at Willow's ass? She needed an even better look.

Alexa had to be fair about judging statements by the probable lesbians as unfair. That required that she get a bit closer. Much closer.

At least none of the lesbians were paying attention to her. They must like Willow better, at least when Willow was dressed in less and was so much closer to them. It wasn't Alexa's fault she was wearing so much more than Willow!

She could only control what she could control. That meant getting closer. Much closer.

She moved closer and felt a strange excitement. Butterflies in her tummy. These damn creepy arrogant lesbians! Wait until they saw her

much closer instead of running on a track. Maybe some of them would like to look at her as much as they did Willow. Maybe more!

As she walked towards the mostly seated group, with only Willow standing, Alexa scanned the center area of the track. She did not want anyone to misunderstand why she was going over there. She was not trying to be friendly with the lesbians even though she was a friendly person in a relaxed you-come-to-me way.

She was going over there to (get a look) find out (by looking up close at Willow's ass) and, yes, the lesbians would notice her and she might draw some attention away from Willow and towards herself. But that was not for the attention in and of itself, she was not in competition with Willow, not for lesbian attention. It was only a byproduct of her investigating their possibly inappropriate comments (as they and she as well looked at Willow's ass) and / or inaccurate comments (depending on what they said and what Alexa observed as she studied Willow's ass). That was it. That was all.

And you know what? Alexa was pretty sure it would be a good thing if the lesbians, some of them, hopefully at least half of the eight, did get a look at her, get a load of her, and checked her out up close and personal. Willow should not have to be subjected to so much special attention from

these harassing lesbians. Taking some of that burden off Willow's shoulders – or maybe off her ass – was the least Alexa could do.

Victoria and Paisley were seated pretty far away. They both had their arms crossed, probably protectively. Or maybe to hide their nipples because they stood out in the cool stadium air as if the bikini top of their new cheerleader outfits were painted on in bright red paint.

Natalie, Njeri, and Minato were all up on the track. Njeri was racing with Minato at the ready and Natalie just off track, ready to get into a lane once Njeri passed off to Minato.

The probable lesbians seemed oblivious to the others.

Good. Alexa did not want them paying attention to them. She only wanted the lesbians paying attention to her.

...

For good and pure and helpful to Willow reasons! Just so that they paid attention to Alexa's body while Alexa paid attention to Willow's ass.

...

Did that sound wrong?

Crap. That did sound wrong. Was lesbianism catchy? There was a lot of lesbianism in the air!

Alexa slowed her approach and then came to a stop as she observed something new. She realized her look around to see who was watching who

and where everyone was had missed Grace, the team nurse for The Ugly Ducklings.

Camille whistled loudly and patted one of her thighs. Alexa looked where Camille was looking, and there was Grace, probably returning from the restroom. Grace immediately changed direction to go to Camille, and she took long fast strides, rushing to get to Camille.

Camille had called Grace like a dog and Grace pretty much responded to the call like she was a dog responding to her owner's call.

Alexa stood where she was, a few dozen feet away from the group, and watched Grace arrive in front of Camille.

Camille said something Alexa could not hear. Grace looked extremely nervous and self-conscious. She looked at Willow, rubbing intently at Anna's muscular neck. Then Grace moved slowly, looking resigned, behind Camille.

And then... Grace began giving Camille an upper back rub! While wearing the Devil's bikini! That terrible supposed cheerleader outfit.

They had all looked, Grace included, at Willow yesterday like she was off her rocker to be massaging the lesbians. And now Grace was doing it also!

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## Chapter Eight

Unbelievable.

No, wait, scratch that. Un-Be-Liev-A-Ble!

Paisley had never had such a shocking day. One bad surprise after another.

She and the other members of the support staff had to act as cheerleaders when their team was on the track. Utterly ridiculous.

She and the other members of the support staff had to wear cheerleader outfits. That would be bad enough, downright silly, if the uniforms were like typical cheerleader uniforms. But the uniforms were much worse than that. They were shiny bright red bikinis! Paisley would never have worn such an outfit at the beach. Or anywhere. But they'd had to wear them in public, in front of a bunch of almost strangers, and speak the truth, in front of an assortment of lesbians!

It was absurd!

Then she saw Willow and Grace rubbing lesbian shoulders and lesbian necks and lesbian backs. In front of everyone!

It was hard to believe the day before when Willow did it. But Willow was an athletic trainer, and they did get their hands on muscle groups and

that sort of thing. Willow doing it was... plausible. Not so much completely understandable as it was at least plausible.

Paisley remembered that yesterday Grace was just as disconcerted by Willow's behavior as Paisley and Victoria were. Grace had even said something along the lines of being happy she was a nurse and not an athletic trainer. As in, she would not want to have to give the lesbians public rubdowns.

Now, a day later, Grace was doing it also!

Why?

Why!?!

Something had changed Grace's view on giving lesbians public massages. Grace now had a diametrically changed viewpoint. How could she go from disparaging it to doing it? Overnight? In fact, it was worse doing it today than it was yesterday. At least yesterday everyone was dressed normally. Today, the support staff were dressed like beach sluts on a beach down in Hell.

Paisley had looked at Victoria to make sure Victoria saw it and Victoria had raised her blonde eyebrows and then frowned them back down as she looked again at the other two members of the support staff. Yeah, she saw it, too.

Victoria had said, “It’s like that movie with the aliens taking over human bodies.”

Paisley asked, “Which one? There’s been a few movies like that.”

“Doesn’t matter which one. We’re in this one and the aliens in this one take over human women’s bodies and make them give lesbians public massages.”

“Don’t let the aliens near me!”

Victoria grabbed her shoulder, and Paisley wasn’t sure if Victoria was being serious or comedic when she said, “Promise me you won’t ever do what they’re doing!”

“Of course I won’t! Barring a personal alien takeover, of course.”

That was funny at the time, almost a stress reliever, but it made Paisley think afterward, think and worry.

Willow had not seemed like that type of person when they first met her. What type? The type to have no issue with dressing like a beach slut, the type who seemed to get into it, or the type who would rub down a lesbian in public. But then she had changed.

Grace had more than not seemed like the type. She’d said some things that made it clear she was not the type. If such behavior by a person was being a type. A “type” should be more common, at least something Paisley had heard of. Paisley had never before heard of such a type. Grace

had made her stance clear. And then the next day she was in various lascivious cheerleader stances and a was now in a stance behind a lesbian while rubbing her shoulders.

Something dramatic for sure happened to Grace. Seemingly the same thing that happened to Willow.

Victoria had asked Paisley to promise not to be like them. Like if Paisley made a promise, then she'd be less likely to do it. Well, she was already less likely because Paisley would never do that.

Would she?

It was just a little scary, and Paisley had some worry, because, though she'd said to Victoria that she would never do what they were doing, she knew Grace would have given the same answer yesterday if she was asked that question and Willow likely would have given the same answer the day before.

Could the same viewpoint reversal happen to Paisley? Worrisome!

Was it more than a "viewpoint" reversal?

In a sense, the public massages were not that big of a deal. Paisley and her sisters used to give each other backrubs and neck rubs while watching shows on television. Nothing sexual about that!

Yeah, but they did it fully clothed, not while wearing a bikini outfit designed by a demon's harem master.

Paisley wondered if Ayla had pressured Willow and Grace into doing it. Maybe with threats to their new employment or maybe bribed them with money.

Paisley remembered seeing Ayla talking to Willow near the end of the first day. Paisley saw Ayla talking to Grace right at the end of practice yesterday.

Ayla did not look lesbian, not really, but the way she looked at their nearly bare rears and their cleavage, both breast and ass cleavage, indicated Ayla has at least some lesbian desires in her. Ayla looked a lot more interested in sexy female bodies than in solving mysteries while going place to place with some hippie types in a van.

But was it lesbian to get Willow and Grace to give massages? No. It was not sex. It was weird. It was physical contact. But it was not sex.

Something made Willow and Grace change. The most plausible cause was Ayla pressuring them to do it. The most likely reason for that was not some lesbian intent but some kind of team building procedure or philosophy.

Paisley had two good reasons for thinking that.

One, even if Ayla was a lesbian, Ayla was not getting any massages. How could Ayla have lesbian intent if she got nothing out of it?

Two, Paisley now knew Ayla was a big believer in teambuilding and believed in doing it in unconventional ways. How did Paisley know that? Well, that was another reason this day was so unbelievable and so shocking.

But this reason was different because it involved her directly, her and only her.

After the day of practice was complete, a very poor day of practice by the players on The Ugly Ducklings, Ayla had come up to Victoria and Paisley. Ayla had told Victoria that she could go directly to meet with Ms. Lacie Leffingwell to express any concerns she had. Victoria had defiantly said she would do just exactly that and she had left immediately. Victoria was like a living heroine to Paisley!

Paisley knew Victoria wasn't completely selfless. Or maybe she mostly was, but Victoria had another issue to talk with Ms. Leffingwell about. First thing that morning, Ayla Howard had gathered the four "stars" of The Ugly Ducklings. After a conference with them, Ayla brought together the four members of The Ugly Ducklings support staff.

Ayla had gotten feedback from the "stars" as per how well their personal chain of command was going. Each "star" was in charge of a member of the support staff. The same one they now lived with.

That was convenient for the "stars" and not at all convenient for the members of the support staff. Ayla had said they were always on duty and,

as a result, the chain of command was always in place. Even after hours. Because there were no after hours.

Ayla had told them the day before that whoever got the worst feedback from their “star” / roommate / supervisor would be fined one twelfth of their one-year contract. That was a lot of money! Ms. Leffingwell did at least pay well.

Ayla told them that Willow and Grace were doing well. She’d gotten great feedback on them.

Ayla said the “performance reviews” and “compliance quotient” of Paisley and Victoria left plenty of room for improvement. They damn well knew who supplied their “performance reviews!” Jo for Paisley and Fernanda for Victoria.

Ayla claimed it was close, that Paisley and Victoria both had “so much room for improvement.” Ayla said she was tempted to fine them *both* one twelfth of their contractual pay! But she’d said yesterday that she was going to choose one to be fined and so she would only fine one of them.

Ayla chose to fine Victoria.

The head coach. As head coach, Victoria should be the one in charge. But no, Fernanda was in charge of Victoria.

Victoria had looked stiff and steely-eyed at the unwelcome news. Paisley had to hand it to Victoria for not blowing up at Ayla. Victoria also

successfully resisted confronting Fernanda at any point during the day.

Victoria had a lot of self-control!

Paisley asked Victoria later on about the fine. Victoria told her that she would address it with Ms. Leffingwell. Paisley understood that was key. All power and authority came from Macie Leffingwell. She was founding and funding the sport of Gala. She was the one paying them. She was Ayla's boss.

She was also the one who would have to pay less and less if Ayla kept fining them.

Victoria said she knew they had to nip this in the bud. The fines, based on comments by player roommates, based on "compliance" with what the player roommates wanted, could get out of control. They might end up spending a year in a domed stadium without getting a single dollar in pay!

Poor Victoria. Paisley so admired her for being brave enough to take this on for herself and for them. Or was it only also for Paisley since it seemed like Willow and Grace had both been "body snatched by aliens?"

Victoria was off to talk with Ms. Leffingwell about two issues. One, the support staff having to dress up like really slutty cheerleaders, or maybe cheerleaders who went to the beach. Two, Ayla levying massive fines based

on feedback from the “star” players regarding how obedient the support staff were to them.

After Victoria left, Ayla had turned to Paisley. Ayla had looked and sounded more focused, more intent, like what she needed to deal with regarding Paisley was much more important to her than what she’d had to say to Victoria.

That was when Ayla Howard told Paisley how important team building was to her. And what she expected Paisley to do to help team build.

It was pretty weird. It was a surprise. It had a lesbian feeling to it.

Ayla expected the support staff of The Ugly Ducklings, sans the missing Victoria who was off to have a talk with Ms. Leffingwell, to...

(dramatic pause)

...shower in the locker room together with the team players after each day of practice!

Yi Yi Yi!

Ayla said teams shower together.

True....

Ayla said no one should be treated differently or special or better than the others.

True....

Ayla pointed out it was certainly no big deal because the difference between the support team's current cheerleader outfits and full nudity was minimal.

True....

But...

...it was so weird!

They had their own suites, or homes. They could just shower there!

Why not?

How could showering together make the players take the game seriously or help their poor coordination?

When Paisley understandably hesitated to acknowledge the order, or direction, or command, or recommendation, whatever it was, Ayla added pressure. In this case, peer pressure. Ayla was not Paisley's peer, not hardly, but Willow and Grace were, at least technically.

Ayla told Paisley that Willow and Grace were fully onboard and had great attitudes about teambuilding. As in, if Paisley said no then Paisley would be judged to have a bad attitude.

Paisley prided herself on having a positive can-do attitude. She took on life with energy and positive vibes. Honestly, she was a bit like a cheerleader for others, always rooting for them and giving them positive feedback, though she'd never pictured herself bouncing around and shaking

pompoms and certainly not while wearing silky red strips of cloth that barely covered her naughty parts. And that assumed breast cleavage, ass cleavage, and lower/outer butt cheeks were not naughty parts because those parts were not covered!

Paisley loved women's sports and the exciting feeling of competition. She was fit but not quite athletic enough to be a star herself. She'd played a few sports, especially tennis. For a while, when she was much younger, she'd sort of fooled herself into thinking she could be a top gymnast. Daydreams of the Olympics and all that. She'd taken her gymnastics coach's positive feedback a little too to heart.

She ended up realizing that she had maximized her fitness but that had not made her into some kind of world-class athlete. Or country-class. Not even a small country. Or state-class. Maybe, arguably, county-class. She was just not fast or agile or quite super-coordinated enough to be a player on a pro team or semi-pro team after college. And she was small. It wasn't like she could make up for her lack of speed and agility with size and strength.

That would have been it for her and sports. Just a fond memory. But she hadn't wanted to let go of it. So, she'd gotten into coaching.

As was said, those who can, do, those who can't, teach. Coaching was teaching. A coach was a teacher. She knew the moves and techniques

for many women's sports, and she was a good communicator. But she could not "do" being a premiere athlete. So, she decided to get into coaching.

The thing was, she was more of a follower type than a leader type. She wasn't head coach material. She wasn't a motivational speaker. And coaching opportunities were few and far between and much sought after and usually a matter of connections.

She'd had no choice but to jump at this opportunity. But even with no choice, it really was exciting to be a part of a new sport and to be part of the process of finetuning it.

It was exciting at first. Now it was too exciting.

She tentatively gave in to having to go shower with the team. What choice did she have? She did not want Ayla to fine her a twelfth of a year of pay! Victoria was not there to fight for Paisley and the look in Ayla's eyes told Paisley she would not win the fight if she fought it for herself.

She paused on the cement staircase leading down to the lockers, gripping a metal rail while she snickered at a funny thought. Yes, having to act like a cheerleader and dress like a beach slut was too exciting but at least it was preparing her for a possible career in cheerleading if coaching in the sport of Gala did not work out.

Or maybe a career as a stripper!

The thought of her becoming a cheerleader was so ludicrous it made her laugh and the added thought on top of it of her becoming a stripper was just so over the top that she could not keep from laughing uncontrollably.

Oh, what Mom and Dad would think of that! Her sisters would be so shocked! Her friends wouldn't believe it!

They would so not believe it that they'd all have to come out to the strip club to see her on stage in order to make sure it was true.

Paisley giggled so hard and for so long that she had to wipe tears out of her eyes while her other hand gripped the railing tightly.

It was chilly on the cement wraparound staircase. Cement held the cold and she wasn't wearing much. She did look forward to a hot shower. Time to go get it over with.

What the hell? Team building by means of showering?

## Chapter Nine

She found the team shower easily because of the sound of the water. And the sound of muffled voices.

She thought she saw a flash of movement at the open doorway to the shower, but she could not be sure of that.

She thought she heard someone say, “She’s coming.” But the showering water was loud and the ceramic tiles made sound echo strangely. So, she couldn’t be sure.

It didn’t make sense anyway. Why would one of them watch from the open doorway for her arrival and why would that same someone then warn or inform the others that Paisley was on her way?

She was just Paisley. No big deal. Granted, many players were a little nervous around coaches and were on their best behavior around them. But Paisley was not a crack the whip kind of coach and the players on The Ugly Ducklings seemed to have no desire to be on their best behavior. There was no need for one of them to warn the others than Paisley was coming when they probably wouldn’t alter their behavior based on her arrival.

Paisley entered the huge shower. There were no individual showering stalls. It was more like what Paisley imagined a big women’s

prison shower might look like.

Six naked women. No surprise.

No, not no surprise. The nudity was no surprise. But there was a surprise.

Willow was massaging and sudsing up Anna's brawny back. In the shower! While they were both nude!

Grace was massaging and sudsing up Camille's old *front*. Her *front*! Her chest! In the shower! While they were both nude!

Fernanda's brown mass was further away. At least she was sudsing herself. There was a whole lot of surface area on that lady!

Paisley felt her mouth drop open but couldn't help it and couldn't seem to close it.

Jo, somehow looking bigger and broader when nude than she did when clothed, was right there, nude and next to Paisley. It must have been her looking around the doorway. Paisley could not help quailing back a little though she wasn't sure exactly what she feared.

Jo's short hair looked even shorter when wet. Her whole body was dripping.

There was a look in Jo's eye that was unfamiliar to Paisley. But she bet members of the animal world knew that look and knew to avoid it if possible.

It wasn't possible for Paisley. Damn it. She had to team build. In a shower. With some inappropriate contact going on near her.

Jo said – or ordered? – to Paisley, “Take off your duds, Paze.”

Whenever Jo addressed her, which was fairly often because they shared a suite, Jo called Paisley “Paze.” Paisley had given up fighting against it.

She did not want to take off her “duds” while two nude women were rubbing down two other nude women.

She said as much, “I’m not taking off my ‘duds’ while *that* is going on.”

Jo held out her arms and shrugged her eyebrows in a nothing to see here gesture, “What’s the big deal? The subby bitches rubbed them up at the track and now they’re still rubbing them. That’s good service. They are part of the support staff and look at them supporting away. In fact, it looks like the nurse’s hands are supporting Camille’s tits right now. How people get washed and who suds up who is not your business, is it? What next, you’ll tell us what conditioner to use?”

Paisley thought, “Oh, My God!” Jo had just called Willow and Grace “subby bitches!” They weren’t “subby bitches!”

Well... not that Paisley knew of for certain....

They did behave submissively. Now. Willow hadn't on the first day and Grace hadn't on the first or second day. But now? Maybe they were... "subby bitches"....

Maybe they had somehow become subby bitches. Not bitches like females with a nasty demeanor. Bitches like... someone else bitch to sexually use.

First Willow and then Grace.

It wasn't catchy, was it?

She might ask that question of the nearest nurse but, uh, the nearest nurse was very near to Camille. Grace was thoroughly sudsing up Camille's breasts. It was more of a massage going on there than a cleaning.

Paisley had never known that cleaning could look so dirty. So sexually dirty.

Jo laughed, her big shoulders shaking, "I see you got the hamster running fast on the wheel in your head. Some people got big old squirrels running on their wheel, or maybe a tandem of hamsters, but I think you only got the one little weak-ass hamster up there, all out of breath turning that wheel."

Hey! That was insulting!

Paisley wasn't sure what to do. She wanted to leave. She had never wanted to do this teambuilding thing in the first place. Not in a locker

shower. Not with this team!

Now she wanted to do it a lot less because of seeing Willow and Grace rubbing down two of the players. While nude! And sudsy!

They were members of the support staff. She was a member of the support staff. They rubbing down nude sudsy players. Would they expect Paisley to do the same? They had better not! But it seemed like they might.

This did not seem like the time for team building. This was not team building! Or maybe it was team building gone too far; team building gone awry.

But Paisley did want to succeed at her new job. And she always wanted to have a can-do positive attitude. And she wanted the players to like her. And she was a follower and followers followed orders, and she had her order. She needed to team build.

Jo turned to the others, “Ladies, stop rubbing and sudsing. Paisley won’t take off her duds until you stop.”

Oh. Paisley had not said that, but it was nice that Jo went to bat for Paisley’s concern.

Willow and Grace, looking embarrassed in a dazed after-a-car-crash way, backed away from Anna and Camille.

Jo looked pointedly at Paisley and crossed her arms judgmentally.

Well, there was nothing for it then. Not that Paisley had seriously considered leaving, but now she really had no choice but to get naked. She couldn't shower up with the slut suit on! Keeping it on wouldn't do much good. She probably looked sluttier with it on than if she was entirely nude.

She guessed she may as well get naked. Under the watchful eyes of Jo. And the others. Everybody was watching her!

Paisley took off her "duds" putting them on a wall bench away from the shower spray. She wondered if "duds" was an old western phrase. She didn't think "duds" had ever before referred to so little total material.

She did not like Jo staring at her as she divested what little she had on. Jo stood there with that look in her eyes and with her arms crossed, not at all defensively. She was judging what she saw. It looked like she liked what she saw. Liked it too much in Paisley's opinion!

She thought she should say something to Jo. She should tell Jo to stop watching her like that.

But they were *all* watching her like that.

If she said something, it would show a lack of self-confidence. Then again, if she did not say anything, didn't that also show a lack of self-confidence?

Paisley did not say anything while taking off the slut suit and still didn't say anything once she was nude when she saw they were all still

staring at her. She decided to try, to attempt, to have a who-cares attitude.

She was nude in a locker shower loaded with lesbians. They were going to see her nude body. They were seeing her. So, what was the difference if they snuck looks like good polite lesbians should, or if they rudely stared? Either way, they saw what they saw.

Fuck 'em. They could diddle themselves later on in their beds while picturing her nude body. She didn't care. No skin off her nose!

Paisley walked stiffly to a showerhead and adjusted the spray rate and temperature.

She heard Jo behind her, just moments later, "Okay, ladies, Paze successfully got her clothes off. That means you can go back to what you were doing."

What!?!

Hey!

That wasn't what—

Paisley realized Jo had told them to stop, told them Paisley wouldn't take off her clothes unless they stopped the inappropriate shower massages, but Jo had not committed to them not restarting the inappropriate shower massages.

And they did restart.

Willow dropped down on her knees behind Anna with her face quite near Anna's ass! She rubbed suds into Anna's calves.

Grace dropped down *in front of* Camille and soaped up Camille's feet.

Her fucking feet!

Grace's red hair was only about a foot away from Camille's mostly gray pubic hair!

Paisley marveled that Willow and Grace were so different than she'd thought they were. She had to admit, maybe Jo was right. Maybe they were "subby bitches!" How could they live with themselves? Heck, how could they live with having to live with Anna and Camille?

Paisley had frozen under the hot water. She was staring rudely but she was sure without the same look she'd seen in the eyes of the almost definitely lesbians when they stared rudely at her. She forced herself to get back to the matter at hand, her own hands on her body, getting herself clean.

Getting this weird interlude in her life over with!

She couldn't help watching the other two members of the support staff as she shampooed her hair. She hoped her elbows concealed where she looked. They helped block out Fernanda's fatty bulk to the far right and Jo's much more muscular, yet still a bit fatty, bulk somewhere to the near

left. How near? Paisley did not want to know! She would pretend Jo did not exist!

Worst teambuilding ever!

Oh, golly. Willow was working her way up Anna's powerfully muscular legs. She was up past the knees! From behind! Her face was so close to Anna's flexing ass. Anna's ass was like two balls of muscle. She looked like a female Schwarzenegger!

Oh, gosh. Grace was working her way up her set of lesbian player's legs, very old legs, legs with glaring varicose veins, up past the knees, and it was probably worse than what Willow was doing because Grace was in front of Camille.

Paisley wasn't sure which was worse. Would she rather have her face half a foot away from Camille's crotch, or half a foot away from Anna's ass crack?

It was a tough choice....

They were both so....

And Willow and Grace were both so submissive! Those "subby bitches!"

Jo spoke and she sounded alarmingly nearby, "See how supportive they are? What great support staff. That's what support staff do. They support. You know that. You are support staff. You know how to support.

That's your thing. If you need a refresher course, or more like need to expand your supportive repertoire, just watch your sexy subby bitch friends. Get an education, college girl."

Paisley rubbed shampoo into her hair. She did it with determination!

She just hated the way Jo talked. Like a crafty crocodile. A lesbian one.

Jo urged, "Watch them. See their technique. You know what I think? Monkey see, monkey do. You look a lot like a hairless monkey. A real sexy one."

Fucking Jo! What a fucking lesbian!

It was weird how Paisley had just thought of Jo as being like a crocodile and then Jo claimed Paisley looked like a hairless monkey. It was feeling a bit animal in the locker shower!

She looked like a monkey to Jo? That was insulting! Although had said she was sexy. Not that Paisley wanted to look sexy to Jo or for Jo but that had to qualify as a compliment. So, they balanced out?

No. Jo should not have said either thing!

Hairless monkey? That wasn't even accurate! Paisley had hair on her head and hair... somewhere else. She was not hairless and she was not a monkey!

If she were a monkey, she'd want to be one of those see no evil, hear no evil monkeys. They had it easy. If they couldn't see or hear evil, they sure as hell wouldn't be in this locker shower watching "subby bitches" rub down and suds up lesbian bitches.

Paisley kept her elbows bent and stuck out. She did not want to see how close Jo was! She refused to be intimidated!

She did not care! It did not matter! Jo could watch her or look wherever she wanted and it didn't matter. Just a young woman shampooing her hair. Nothing to see here!

Except... all of Paisley's body... and her shampooing technique... and maybe Jo would notice Paisley just kept rubbing the shampoo in for way too long.

Paisley felt almost frozen with shock. Or hypnotized by the spectacle of Willow's and Grace's submissiveness.

How far would they go? Not... all the way up those legs... would they...?

Why would they do it? And why would they do it for women like Anna and Camille? And right in front of their Assistant Coach, Paisley herself.

Paisley powerfully wished that Victoria was there with her. Victoria would handle the situation, as weird and difficult as it was, with aplomb.

Victoria was a great head coach! She was a true leader!

Paisley felt a big need for some leadership right then.

Someone to tell her what to do.

When to do it.

How to do it.

Who to do it to....

Wait, what was that last one? Paisley took that one back! It was an accident! Her brain had misfired!

Her one tired weak-ass hamster had stumbled on the wheel....

Darn and damn it! Paisley just bet Jo thought Jo should be the one who Paisley did it to. But Paisley would not do it for anyone, let alone Jo!

Paisley had noticed how Jo had looked at her. On the practice field, but even more so when they were alone in their little concourse house. Jo had no other lovely females to look at then, and Paisley got all of Jo's unwanted attention.

Sure, Paisley was supportive and had a can-do attitude and believed you had to go along to get along, as they said. But there was such a thing as going along too far!

Case in point, Willow and Grace.

They were just shameful! They should be ashamed!

They actually did look ashamed. They did not look at Paisley, but Paisley knew they knew she was in the shower with them.

Paisley could not help but notice the way that Willow and Grace knelt. With their knees spread further apart than was necessary or normal when kneeling, as if they wanted – or were required – to keep their pussies and asses on fullest display.

The spread of their knees lowered them and kept their faces level with Anna's ass and Camille's pussy....

What were the odds that both of them would kneel so oddly, so unnaturally? Kneeling at all in this situation was unnatural. But the kneeling technique of full display and lower head placement was very unnatural. Unnatural on top of unnatural.

Paisley was used to young women doing things the exact same way. That was called training. They were coached in the same techniques when on the same team. But this was not a sport. And Willow and Grace were not players. They were the team's athletic trainer and nurse respectively.

There was no way they knelt that way, so much the same, so unnaturally, by some coincidence. They were told to do it that way! And they obeyed. They were trained to do it that way? Or were they made to do it that way?

They looked like they would do anything they were told to do. But that was not how they seemed before, when Paisley first met them and got to know them a little bit. Something had happened. Something had changed them.

Were they overall weak willed, in other words submissive, or were they confronted by stronger willed people and gave in and became submissive?

Stronger willed lesbians....

Jo sounded like she was the coach directing a player and Paisley was that player, “You’ve rubbed enough shampoo into your hair. It’s shampoo, not glue. You look like you think you’re under arrest and are waiting to get handcuffed. I don’t have my handcuffs with me. Maybe we’ll try that out back at home. For now, get some suds on your hands and rub the sweat off your body.”

Everything Jo said was true and yet it all sounded wrong. Paisley felt embarrassed by her hands stuck in her hair like she was a shampooing idiot who wasn’t able to stop on her own.

Did Jo really have handcuffs back at the suite?

Did Jo really intend to try them out on Paisley?

Would Paisley let her?

No!

Darn and damn, but what would happen then, if Jo got her handcuffed while they were in a private location? What would Jo want to do to her?

Paisley guessed she should suds up her body. She had to get on with —

Oh, her hands were already rubbing suds all over. They'd obeyed Jo and had not waited for direction from Paisley. Darn and damn it! Some coach she was! Her own hands were taking coaching from a player!

Paisley saw Anna and Camille looking at her. So was Fernanda, but it was Anna and Camille who exchanged a knowing look and tiny nod. Then they moved, shifting, turning, until Anna's front was towards Paisley and Camille's back was towards Paisley.

The way they had looked at each other and the way they made those little "yes, now" nods sure made it look like this move was a previously discussed plan coming into action.

Willow and Grace scrambled on their knees to match the movement and to keep rubbing the thighs of Anna and Camille, Willow rubbing the backs of Anna's thighs, her upper thighs, and Grace rubbing the fronts of Camille's thighs. Her upper thighs!

Willow and Grace rushed on their knees to keep up with Anna's and Camille's movements as if rubbing those thighs was very important to

them.

It sure looked like Willow and Grace liked what they were doing.

And were also ashamed of it.

It was hard for Paisley to believe they liked it.

It was hard to believe they were doing it at all.

Paisley would not like doing that!

Down on her knees in the hot water and the flowing suds islands moving towards the central drain. Humiliated. Rubbing the thighs of other women. Her face so close to such private areas.

Paisley would not like that at all.

Would she?

Jo coached her assistant coach further, “Clean your naughty bits. Those are the most important parts to clean. Come on now, we all want a clean little assistant coach. Don’t we, ladies?”

Fernanda always sounded like her mouth was full of mothballs, “Fuck yes we do!”

Camille said, “We like ‘em clean and ready for action.”

Anna, sounding like she thoroughly enjoyed Willow’s skinny fingers digging into her muscular uppermost thighs, said, “Clean up that sweet little bod. If you need help, let me know.”

Damn it! She did not need help!

Help like that would not be helpful!

It would be inappropriate! Wildly inappropriate!

It would be intense....

It would be wild....

It would be memorable....

Yeah, well, if she ever let any of the players clean her “naughty bits” they would lose all respect for her.

Yeah, but it didn’t seem like they had much respect for her anyway.

Paisley did not appreciate being told how to clean herself. She did not appreciate the way they spoke to her. She did not like how they seemed to team up on her. They were a team, true, but she was one of their coaches. They were supposed to do what she told them to do, not the other way around!

But it was the other way around, because she did start cleaning her “naughty bits.” She started with her small breasts. Her nipples did feel like naughty bits. They were small. And they were hard. It really was naughty that they were so hard and at such an inopportune time. What a bad time for nipple erections! Worst possible timing!

If they asked why her nipples were hard, she would tell them that was just the way her nipples were. That would handle that. She was relieved to know how she’d handle it but handling her nipples while

thinking about them asking about their hard state made her feel something other than relief. It was like anxiety but... pleasurable....

If she asked herself why they were hard, she did not think she would have a good answer because she wouldn't believe her own lie that they were always hard just like this.

That was why she would not ask! Not all questions should be asked!

She rubbed her firm little breasts hard and deep. Well, she would not want them to claim she failed to properly clean her naughty bits.

She rubbed her conspicuously large and hardened nipples firmly and repeatedly. It was good to have clean nipples. It was the thing to do. A young woman needed to keep her nipples spiffy.

Besides... it felt super good to suds and clean her nipples. It felt worth doing over and over again. Can't be too clean!

Even when it did make her feel dirty....

And embarrassed....

Maybe she should stop....

Maybe she was doing too much cleaning and maybe she was doing it too vigorously....

But she could not seem to stop running her fingers across them, bumping her fingers back and forth on her nipples, over and over. It felt good every time so she felt no urgency to stop. She felt urgency, but it was

some other kind of urgency. The kind a good young woman did look at directly.

It did not just feel good every time she did it. She swore it actually felt better and better. She'd thought her nipples were as big and as hard as they could get. But she was wrong. They did get bigger. They did get harder. She didn't think her nipples had ever been this erect!

Jo was standing so close that Paisley thought she could feel Jo's body heat. Or maybe her hot breath. In any event, Paisley sure did feel hot. Here she was supposedly cleaning off the sweat, but she was also sweating a lot more.

Paisley really did not want to look at Jo. To look at her would be to see how near she was. Then Paisley would have to say something to get Jo to back away. But she worried she wouldn't say anything anyway. And she worried that if she did say something, that Jo would ignore her.

It was best to ignore Jo before Jo could ignore her!

So, Paisley kept massaging her breasts and nipples – she meant cleaning them! – and stared at the tableau of Anna and Willow and of Camille and Grace.

Why had the two players moved the way they had, with one facing toward Paisley directly and the other faced away from her?

The bodies of Anna and Camille blocked Paisley's view of Willow and Grace. Paisley could see their spread legs and exposed pussies quite easily, quite graphically.

Ah, but she could not see where their hands were, not really, and could not see where their faces were... or were going....

They couldn't possibly be touching Anna's ass or Camille's pussy. Right?

From her viewpoint, Paisley could not be sure.

In fact, just technically, she could not be sure that they were not touching Anna's ass and Camille's pussy, respectively, with their *faces*!

Whatever they were doing, it sounded like Anna and Camille were pleased with their efforts. Anna grunted, low boar-like grunts. Camille released little sneaky moans.

What was going on!?! What were Willow and Grace doing to them, or for them!?!

Anna shimmied her rear a little, but not enough to afford Paisley a better view of Willow.

Paisley was unaware of how she rubbed harder on her small tits, pressing and pushing them temporarily out of shape.

Jo was aware. Jo watched from up close and personal.

Paisley saw Camille's rear, a little saggy with age, shaking and flexing. That woman was feeling something, a lot of something, from Grace's efforts. What was the team nurse doing for her?

Willow and Grace wouldn't ever... have sex in the team shower, would they? With lesbians? When they knew Paisley was right there? With players who their assistant manager was supposed to coach?

Weren't they worried about what Paisley would think of them?

The players didn't give a hoot. Paisley knew that about them by then. Anna and Camille would have Willow and Grace service them sexually right in front of Paisley if they could get Willow and Grace to do it. The players seemed a lot more interested in lesbianism and sex than in the new sport or teamwork or right and wrong or what their assistant manager might think of them.

Paisley could imagine a few situations in which Willow and Grace would not worry about what Paisley saw or thought.

If they were not allowed to worry or if they knew no one cared if they worried. If they were so submissive that whether they worried or not did not matter because they just had to submit.

Or...

...if they had no fear of someone else judging them because they thought, or were told, or thought they knew, that the potential judging

person, a person named Paisley, their assistant coach, would soon be in no position to judge them. That Paisley would soon be in a position that was the same or similar to their own.

If they judged that Paisley soon could not judge them.

Judge not others unless you yourself be judged! Or others will not judge you if they would soon be just as judgable.

Or something. That would be something. But it was not a something that would ever happen. Maybe these lesbian players, maybe Jo, had talked as big as she was physically and told Willow and Grace not to worry about what Paisley saw because whatever Paisley saw she would soon be doing the same thing.

But it wasn't true! That was up to Paisley and she was not up for it!

Jo said, "Those hard nipples look clean and tasty. Better get to cleaning your cooze."

Cooze was such a nasty word! It was so vulgar!

Paisley did not know why, but the use of that word sent a dart of something to her core. She wished it hadn't. It was almost like she liked hearing the crudeness. Or maybe she liked being subjected to it? But why would she?

And had Jo said her nipples looked tasty? That was *so very* suggestive. It just automatically activated the imagination. Paisley really

could not blame herself for imagining looking down and seeing an imaginary Jo with her imaginary mouth clamped on Paisley's small tit, maybe sucking almost all of it into her mouth.

Paisley imagined Jo would do a lot of nipple licking with her big strong muscular tongue. If Jo thought Paisley's nipple looked tasty, she'd want to lick it. Lick it hard. Lick it fast. Lick it a lot. Like she could melt it down with her hot mouth like Paisley's nipple was candy. But Paisley's nipple would not melt like candy. It might get bigger and harder.

Her nipple would probably throb from all that hard licking. Paisley guessed it would probably feel great even though she wouldn't want it to feel great. The body wanted what it wanted, and its wants did not always line up with what the brain wanted. In other words, what the weak-ass out-of-breath hamster running on the wheel wanted.

It would be so strange too look down and see Jo's big head with the boyish haircut right there latched onto her breast. It would be so strange if someone like Jo made her nipple feel so exquisitely good. It would be so strange to feel good because Jo did something Paisley did not want her to do.

Nipples. She had two of them. No doubt, if Jo liked the taste of the first one, she would go after the second one also. Paisley bet Jo would like how nipples tasted. Female nipples. Her nipples. Paisley bet Jo had quite

the track record of nipple tasting, was a real fucking nipple connoisseur, and would no doubt like to add Paisley as a notch in her wide leather belt she likely liked to apply to lady asses.

Weren't dominant type lesbians into causing pain? Didn't some of them use straps and whips and such?

Well then! It was very good that Paisley would not under any circumstances allow Jo to make her nipples feel good!

“Yeah, get those fingers in there.”

Oh, whoa, Jo sounded really enthused and Paisley felt a physical enthusiasm some might interpret as sheer pleasure. Oh, her naughty fingers were at her “cooze!” They were *in* her “cooze!” Just a little, lengthwise, sliding along, not pointy penetrating, but still half inside her. Her fingers were... delving... like dolphins swimming up and down, partially under water and partly above water. In this case, under and above labia.

Clumsy fingers! Accidentally going too far!

There was a whole lot of “going too far” in this locker shower. The other going too fars going on must be having a bad influence on Paisley's fingers.

No, fingers! Just because the other people in the shower are naughty does not mean you can be naughty!

Talking about bad influences! Some freakish audio illusion was going on in the locker shower. Paisley thought it had to be some trick of its construction or due to the tile acoustics. Or something. Whatever was the cause, it made it sound like a lot of licking and sucking was going on. It even seemed to come from certain directions, so it was not just some general audio illusion, it was directed. It came from the directions of Willow on her knees behind Anna and Grace on her knees in front of Camille.

What a weird coincidence that the sound illusion matched up so well with the locations and actions of Willow and Grace. Only the seeming actions that some horny juvenile male would think was occurring behind those obscuring legs and pelvises.

Of lesbians....

Who were at the least getting physical pleasure from the massaging of Willow and Grace. Paisley had seen that much for sure. And Anna and Camille produced some sounds that some, those who did not know better like Paisley knew better, would think was the sound of females receiving sexual pleasure.

And Willow and Grace sure did seem willing... or maybe compliant was the better word?... with whatever those mean old lesbians (one of them was literally old!) wanted.

It was farfetched that beauties such as Willow and Grace would so any such thing.

It was also not farfetched that the lesbians would want them to do it. Or that Willow and Grace would do whatever the lesbians wanted. So it seemed.

Massaging legs with their hands was one thing... but massaging intimate areas with mouths and tongues was a whole different thing! Totally different. One was inappropriate massaging. The other was... in this situation... inappropriate sex!

Sex!

Lesbian sex!

In public. More or less. In a group setting? Was that public?

Jo husked, "That's the way, Paze. I was going to tell you to clean deep, but I see you're already on that. Or up in that."

What was Jo---

Oh.

Ohhhh.

Not good. But it did feel good.

Her naughty fingers, maybe innocently trying to clean but, uh, probably not so innocently, had slid in her. Not sideways or accidentally. Not splitting through some labial folds.

She had two fingers up inside her!

Oh, snap! Willow and Grace were not the only ones doing inappropriate things. Paisley was pretty sure that fingering her pussy in front of players she coached was not kosher according to any of the manuals on how to be a good coach.

But the players seemed to be all for it.

Jo spoke loudly, “Hey, guys, get a load of how Coach Paze gets herself oh so clean.”

Oh no, Jo was getting everyone to look at her! Paisley wanted to take her fingers out of her pussy, but she just couldn’t. They felt so good! She felt so naughty! So slutty!

No, not that. That couldn’t be why. She was just trying to practice cleanliness. Oh geez, getting clean had never felt so dirty!

Anna sounded intent and a little out of breath, “Good technique, coach. Keep it up. You seem to already know where up.”

Paisley sure did know. She also knew she was not comporting herself correctly. Coach Victoria would be so disappointed in her assistant coach!

Fernanda said, “You’re fitting in the way we want ya to, Coachie Coochie. I see you are because I see you fitting them fingers up in there.”

Coachie Coochie was a terrible nickname! Paisley worried she would never shake it. Not with these four. Not for another year.

A year! With them! My God!

A year! With herself acting so poorly, like such a silly slutty idiot. Oh, it was just so unwise to finger her... her “coochie”... in front of all these lesbians.

This was not prudent! Maybe Coachie Coochie would not become her nickname. She hoped not. But she was also sure no one would call her Prudent Paisley. Not unless they did it sarcastically.

Camille crowed, looking at Paisley over her left shoulder, “That’s some team building right there. A little team of fingers to help us add Paisley to the team.”

Team building. That was what Paisley was here for. Was it?

Was this team building? It was building up and building up to something. And she was with almost the entire team. All the players.

Jo coached her, turning the coaching tables on her, “Get that little team of fingers deep. Get three in there. A dirty girl like you can’t be too clean.”

She wasn’t a dirty girl! She wasn’t a girl! She was a woman!

But she did feel dirty. She felt like a girl next to Jo’s size and power and... was that confidence or arrogance?

Jo was at least right about how Paisley felt. She felt exactly like a dirty girl.

She was acting like a dirty girl too.

Maybe the fact she had the two inserted members of her finger team going deep up inside herself, all the way to her knuckles, had a lot to do with her dirty feeling.

It made no sense! Getting clean should not feel so dirty!

Fingerfucking herself in front of naked lesbians made no sense!

No, no, it wasn't fingerfucking. She was only cleaning. Wow.

Cleaning sure felt good. And embarrassing also!

Anna and Camille sounded like they were feeling good. Such moans and groans. They blended in perfectly with the audio illusion of licking and sucking sounds. It was uncanny how whenever Paisley heard louder sucking, Anna or Camille also moaned or groaned louder. It was like they responded to the audio illusion with pleasure!

Those licking and sucking and suctioning sounds must be sound coming from the big central drain, right?

The grunts and moans from muscular Anna and aged Camille seemed to add to the pleasure of Paisley's cleaning activities. Maybe she should get a recording like that and listen to it every time she showered?

Holy fuck! Jo touched her!

Alarm! Bing Bing Bing! Alert!

But it wasn't that much of a touch. It was only arguably inappropriate. If they were both fully dressed and if Jo was not some kind of obviously butchy lesbian, then it would only arguably be inappropriate.

Jo's hand was just lightly on Paisley's lower back. Her very lower back. Arguably on her upper ass crack. It was a glass half full or a glass half empty type of judgment call.

Oh oh. Not a judgment call! Paisley felt like her judgment call ability, her overall judgment, was very weak at the moment. So was her strength. The long bizarre day, the hot steamy shower, the distracting things she kept seeing and hearing, they were all adding up like weights placed on the barbell of her soul.

Expectations were also like weights placed on the barbell of her soul. She had expectations of herself, of proper behavior. And she knew her new coach, Victoria, who was good and morally strong and wonderful, had expectations of her that were the same as her own. Expectations of proper behavior. Of acting in control. Of being in control. Of leading other in the right way instead of being led by those others in the wrong way.

But those were not the only expectations out there in the world and adding weights onto Paisley's soul barbell.

Ayla Howard was more or less Paisley's boss. Supervisor by delegation from the rich and mysterious Macie Leffingwell. What an incredible woman Ms. Leffingwell must be to be so rich and to set out to start a new women's sport.

Ayla spoke on behalf of Macie Leffingwell. Ayla told Paisley to be in this locker shower and to team build. Paisley had one view of what team building was and these lesbian players seemed to have a very different view of team building. Paisley wasn't sure which viewpoint Ayla agreed with or which one Ms. Leffingwell agreed with.

It looked like Willow and Grace were fully buying into the player's viewpoint of team building! They had drunk the sugared and flavored drink and might right now be tasting something very different, different from such a drink, and from what each of them might be tasting.

Was Grace... licking and sucking on Camille's pussy?

Was Willow... licking and sucking on Anna's ass? Maybe even now directly on Anna's butt hole?

If they were, they sure were into a very twisted kind of team building!

That was not for Paisley.

Was it?

There was no way Paisley would do things like that.

Would she?

Why didn't she know?

She darted a look at Jo right next to her. Jo did not look like she did not know things. She looked quite knowing. Too knowing for Paisley's own good!

Paisley thought she was also cleaning her pussy too well for her own good. Too in depth. From the inside. With three fingers! They spread her so wide and made her feel like spreading her legs wider. Just because it felt good did not mean it was good.

Jo looked like she had major expectations and like she thought they were going to be fulfilled by the assistant coach finger filling herself. Or like maybe at least one of Jo's expectations was already happening.

It was true, Paisley had to be fair about it, that her expectations were not the only expectations out there in the world. Or even right there in the team locker shower. In the locker shower, all the expectations of everyone else seemed very different from Paisley's expectations. All four players had those looks in their eyes, just like Jo's.

They had major expectations! Big ones! Shocking ones! Confident ones!

Paisley had expected one thing in this locker shower, to simply show solidarity by showering with the players, but the players looked like they

expected a lot more. *A lot* more. They were already getting *a lot more* from Willow and Grace even though neither of them had seemed like the type to do *a lot more* for lesbian players like these women.

Now these players expected *a lot more* from Paisley. *A lot more* team building. A twisted version of team building. It felt like the players were pulling her in towards their viewpoint. What with Anna and Camille displaying and moaning and releasing those almost disgusting and yet also sexy grunts.

Paisley saw that Fernanda was also vigorously “cleaning” her pussy. With both hands. One spread her pussy out, spread out her labia, like Fernanda was trying to show off her inner pink.

She was trying and succeeding! She had more inner pink to show than three typical women. She was a big, heavy, wide woman with a matching big, heavy, wide pussy.

Was Fernanda trying to get Paisley to look at her pussy? If so, Fernanda was succeeding in that also.

Such expectations all around Paisley. And a little team of fingers cleaning away up inside her. And a large heavy lesbian hand on her tailbone, rubbing in little firm circles.

Making Paisley feel ever so odd!

Paisley did not want that hand on her. No sir, no way. But now that it was on her, the way it made her feel made her want it to stay. For the moment. For a little longer.

She was sure Jo meant well.

...

No, wait, she was not at all sure of that! Jo probably did not mean well. Jo probably meant to do more!

Jo had expectations!

Jo's expectations felt stronger than Paisley's expectations for herself. Jo had one idea of how Paisley's team building visit to the team locker shower should go and Paisley had a different one. But Paisley's concept of how things should go was fading fast with all the vivid sights, sounds, and feels dwarfing it. Jo's idea of how things should go did not fade. It seemed to strengthen even as Paisley's faded.

Was it getting hot, too hot, in the locker shower or was that just Paisley?

The moans and groans coming from Anna and Grace told her she wasn't the only one. And Willow and Grace looked hot down on their knees in the hot water flowing around their knees towards the central drain.

It seemed like Jo's big hand was rubbing harder. It almost felt like it was pushing Paisley.

Jo was so strong. Paisley could really appreciate that strength right then because she felt so weak.

Jo had ideas and expectations. And that was just Jo. There were three more players in the shower, and they seemed to be very much of a like mind as Jo. Four against one! All of them bigger than Paisley. Some of them more than twice as big as her by weight! Anna and Jo were likely five times stronger than Paisley!

It was overwhelming!

As was the sensation caused by the dedicated cleaning activity of Paisley's finger team.

Even the other members of Paisley's support staff were not on her side. No, Willow and Grace had not expressed their expectations and did not seem to have expectations other than expecting themselves to do what they were told to do, but the fact they gave in and complied so fully, had submitted to what the players wanted so completely that they were on their knees, legs spread, and doing... something... that sure sounded like oral sex... to a front and a rear, respectively, of a lesbian....

Their submission put invisible pressure on Paisley. They were all on the same support staff for the same team and there to support the same (lesbian) players.

But support should not go so far as having to have sex and switching sexual orientation!

And... Paisley thought her fingers probably should not be so far inside her. Or at all inside herself! She must have started and stopped that thought for a while because she kept just about withdrawing them before plunging them back up inside herself. They had to come out, so she took them almost all the way out. But then she wasn't completely sure, so she put them back in, quick and hard, to give herself time to think more fully. But she didn't think more fully, she just kept going through that staccato finger-thrusting process. Rest after sexy reset.

Paisley knew it might look like she was fingerfucking herself.

Paisley knew lesbians would jump to that conclusion. What next? They would jump on her?

Jo's hand was already on her. Working in circles on her tailbone. Why, oh why hadn't Paisley immediately told Jo not to do that? Now it felt too late to stop Jo from feeling her. It was too late to act offended at the feeling of Jo feeling her up. She thought you had to stop something like that right away or you couldn't put a stop to it gracefully. She could try again if that hand did something more, something overtly sexual.

It was only her tailbone. It wasn't sexual

It felt sexual.

Maybe it was sexual when someone touched you somewhere nonsexual but did it while you were fingerfucking yourself.

Oh, right, she meant while cleaning herself.

Paisley remembered a naughty sleepover one time when she and two friends had discussed masturbation techniques, what their favorites were. That had led to each of them masturbating under their blankets. At the same time, in the same room, knowing what they were each doing and even talking about it, with some giggles and gasps.

It had been some kind of friendship teambuilding....

She had felt closer to her friends after that. How could she not? They had orgasmed together!

But it was not at all lesbian. This stuff in the locker shower was.

But it might still qualify as teambuilding. Maybe.

Jo had ideas, "It looks like you need to do a lot of cleaning up front. And I must say you are doing such a sexy good job of cleaning right there. So, don't you stop. Keep it up. Keep that finger team going up again and again. Don't you change a thing."

Oh, that was... a relief?

It wasn't a relief though because she did not feel relief. She felt a need for relief, some kind of relief, but she did not feel relief.

But she was doing well? Jo approved?

It sure felt like she was doing well. Paisley felt the approval. It felt so physical! Approval felt so pleasurable!

Or maybe it was her fingers that felt so pleasurable. Such a pleasurable cleaning. Or the feel of Jo's hand where it should not be. So pleausurably inappropriate.

Paisley sure hoped these lesbians would be satisfied seeing her perform a thorough pussy cleaning that looked exactly the same as a fingerfucking. Paisley was up for that. It was already going down.

She had masturbated in front of female friends. Albeit not so graphically because it was under the covers. This was just pussy cleaning, a lesser thing than masturbation, and also done in front of females. It was just that these females were lesbians.

Let them watch. In fact, something about the way they watched her did not at all dampen her dampness. Just the opposite. Paisley guessed everyone wanted to be wanted and desired and she was part of everyone.

Wow, Fernanda was masturbating while watching Paisley mast—clean.

Wow, Camille was watching Paisley over her shoulder while Grace did for her something that Paisley hoped Grace was not doing but pretty much knew Grace was doing.

Wow, Anna was watching her, a near glare of lust, while Willow did something for her that Paisley really hoped Willow was not really doing.

Wow, Jo was watching intently Paisley's cleaning activity. Jo watched over Paisley's shoulder. And with a hand on the small of Paisley's back!

That big handmade Paisley feel like some kind of lewd shower puppet.

“Keep cleaning that dirty pussy, dirty girl.”

She was. She was!

“Clean it harder! Clean it more! Get another finger team member in there to help out!”

Okay. Okay! If that was what she had to do to team build. Paisley withdrew the two fingers and crammed three fingers back in. She fingerfucked – cleaned -- faster and faster. She had to do whatever it took to get clean. No one wanted a dirty pussy. Not even a dirty girl like Paisley.

Oh God, she was a dirty girl!

It was just cleaning – or masturbation – but it was no big deal no matter who saw what. Fernanda was doing the same thing. Anna and Camille were doing much more and Willow and Grace were doing it for

them. In the big picture, three little fingers up her tight pussy were no big deal.

They felt like a big deal. They felt fucking great!

Jo asked, “Do you know what the abbreviation for Assistant Coach is?”

“Uh, um, um, ah, A and C?”

“Fuck no. That’s the fucking acronym, dumbshit. The abbreviation of Assistant Coach is Ass Coach.”

Huh? What? It was?

“Maybe Willow should be the Ass Coach. It looks like she’s coaching up Anna’s ass.”

It did look that way....

It also sounded that way! Such lewd sounds from behind Anna!

Jo asked, “But we like you as Ass Coach. I bet you could learn to coach up an ass just as good as Willow. Really breathe some life into it. You know, with good old mouth to mouth. If one of the mouths is not a mouth.”

Jo was suggesting something so disgusting and so naughty!

That was it! Paisley had no choice!

She rammed her fingers harder inside herself. It felt like her cleaning might be near some kind of cli—culmination.

Jo sounded like a sales lady trying to persuade Paisley to buy something Paisley did not want or need, “You’ve got a little mouth but such full lips. Your mouth was made to give mouth to mouth somewhere that is not a mouth. The opposite of a mouth you could say. I bet you have a strong little tongue for poking and darting around. For getting a real good taste. An Ass Coach like you would love doing that shit.”

Paisley would never do what Jo suggested!

They would have to do a lot more work on her before she’d ever do that!

It did feel like they, especially Jo, were working on her. It felt like the teammates were teaming up on her. Jo was coaching her and lacing suggestions into her mind. Anna and Camille were filling her eyes and ears with sights and sounds that weakened her even as they made her feel such strong feelings. Fernanda was like the benchwarmer player ready to come in if needed. Or cum if needed?

They were all working on her! They were all in on it! It was all of them against poor little Paisley!

And the work they were doing on her was working. Paisley felt it along with so much more. She felt worked and all worked up. She sensed this was where they wanted her. They had her right where they wanted,

both in the locker shower location and as far as her state of mind and what she felt and how her own finger team was working pleasure into her.

Paisley thought Jo had the kind of twisted work ethic that would make her put in as much work as she needed to do on Paisley. Too bad Jo didn't put that kind of work and focus into her actual play.

Paisley felt a sexy sort of dread. This was going in a bad direction! This was not her! This was not who she wanted to be either!

Paisley was all about improving herself. Working out, reading up on things, watching her diet, and learning new things in order to become a better person.

Paisley was very sure these lesbians, especially this too-large too-lesbian Jo, had no interest in helping Paisley improve herself. Just the opposite!

Jo asked, "Don't you think you could do as good of a job coaching ass as Willow over there? If you wanted to?"

"I-I mean... if I *wanted* to... then... I guess."

"Or if you were told to do it? To help team build?"

That was some kind of very untraditional teambuilding! Where did Jo get such ideas?

Gee, why did Jo sound a lot like Ayla? Had Ayla discussed teambuilding with Jo as well? She must have. Was Ayla on board with

teambuilding through mouth to mouth performed between a mouth and a...  
not a mouth?

Did Jo really think Paisley would do that? Had Jo and Ayla discussed  
Paisley learning to do it?

Jo spoke into Paisley's heavy hesitation, "Weren't you told by Ayla to  
help team build? Isn't that a fact?"

"Well... she did tell me. To come here. To the locker shower."

Paisley was feeling rather breathless! She had to speak in short little  
sentences.

"To team build, right?" Jo was pursuing her. Forcing her to say what  
Jo wanted her to say.

"Yes, but—"

"Exactly. The butt. What a wonderful and intimate way to team  
build. What a great way to develop close bonds. A player has to value an  
Ass Coach who does her all for the player's ass."

It made no sense! It was crazy! It was nasty! It was bizarre!

But things did not seem the way they would have seemed when she  
entered the locker shower. Jo *almost* sounded persuasive. It *almost*  
sounded reasonable. It *almost* sounded doable. Even by Paisley! It almost  
sounded like the right thing to do.

Paisley had to admit it would be intimate. She could see how a player, lesbian players like these ones – but only Jo, right? – would value her more for providing such a service. It had to be rare. That which was rare was valued.

Was Willow performing that service right then for Anna? It sure looked like it. It sure sounded like it from the slurping and snuffling sounds Willow made. Paisley was pretty damn sure by then that those sounds were not coming from the central drain.

Paisley wished she could see it better. To learn how to do it? To know what was suddenly expected of Paisley?

No, no, not that. She hoped not. But yes, she would like to see it. She could only see Willow's legs spread wide in her odd kneel. Oh, and her pussy. That pussy looked like it needed a finger team working on it also. Just like Paisley.

Willow doing that for Anna did look intimate. But it did not look like Willow was valued for it. Not in a way that led to respect. They just told Willow what to do and she did it. Even in front of other people! Even in front of her own assistant coach.

No, this was not what was best for Paisley....

Her finger team... getting her pussy so extremely clean that it nearly burned with warmth... that was what felt best for Paisley. Oh, but she bet it

was not good for her at all.

Jo told her, “No hurry on that stuff, Ass Coach. Don’t worry. We’ll get to it.”

Paisley was not worried that they would not get to it! She was worried that they would get to it! She was worried she would have a hard time saying no. She hadn’t really said no to anything yet. First, to Anya’s direction to come do this bizarre teambuilding at such a strange location. Then, she had yet to say no to the things she’d seen in the locker shower and what she was told to do.

She should have left long ago. Yet it had not even occurred to her to leave until now and now it felt too late for that. Once a girl, a dirty girl, got to cleaning her pussy this intently, she just had to keep going even when she should be going. She felt committed but she didn’t know what all that she was committed to. It felt like a clean pussy on a dirty girl like her was not the end game.

It seemed like Jo thought she knew what to do with Paisley, what to make her do. That was not good.

Even though Jo had said there was no hurry, Paisley felt herself hurrying her finger team in and out and all around. The way the players looked at her made her want to hurry. But not to get it over with like she

should. It was more like hurrying to a destination that would feel great to arrive at.

Jo added, “Yeah, I just know you want to be a great Ass Coach. I know you’re looking forward to getting up close and personal in just that way. No rush. I want a dirty girl like you very clean before you do the dirty work you so want to do.”

She was not a dirty girl!

She did feel very dirty....

She was not a girl!

She felt so tiny next to Jo. Really, all four players were much bigger than her. It was like she was only a little girl.

She was not looking forward to doing that ass coaching. She wasn’t!

She also wasn’t quite able to rule it out. She really hadn’t said no. She had not gotten around to it. She’d need to say no at some point. The sooner the better. She needed to say it before it was too late. She knew that not declaring such a thing off limits, off the table, and, more specifically, off the menu, was unwise and would lead to dangerous assumptions by these lesbian players.

But she really did not want to interfere with the strong teambuilding vibe going on in the locker shower....

She did want to be a good Ass Coach. No, wait, she wanted to be a good *Assistant* Coach. She wasn't so sure about the Ass Coach thing.

Why did Jo think she wanted to do that kind of dirty work? Just because Willow did it? Or just because Paisley was a dirty little girl?

To be fair, Paisley guessed she understood why Jo felt that way. Willow was doing it. Anna liked it. Paisley was a dirty girl, and dirty girls did dirty things. And Jo would like it, too. Had other dirty girls done it for Jo before? Paisley bet they had.

Jo told her what to do, just ever so matter-of-factly, like it was perfectly expected and normal, "We need you all clean. You need to do better cleaning your dirty pussy, your dirty girl pussy. You have two hands. Look at Fernanda. Do what she does. Use both hands, otherwise you're only giving half effort. We punish lazy little girls. Don't be a lazy dirty little girl. Use both hands!"

Punish!?!

Paisley did not want to be punished! The idea of Jo punishing her sent a charge right through her. A big dose of dread. It must be dread. Or just plain fear. No matter how it felt. The concept felt electric. It charged her up.

The threat, or that charge, made her feel that Jo had a good point. She did have two hands. She was only using one to clean her pussy. That

couldn't be full effort.

She looked at Fernanda. Wow, she had so much pink on display in the middle of so much rounded swelled up brown flesh. Anna and Jo were big and they were certainly stronger than Fernanda, but Fernanda was still much bigger than them. The only one who could compete with her in size inside the domed stadium was the coach of The Angels, that Jimena woman.

Paisley looked at Fernanda's technique. Was that best practice for cleaning a pussy? Fernanda used one hand to spread her pussy wide, keeping the hand out of the way above the pussy, her labia pulled out and away. Her other hand's fingers plunged in, doing the deep cleaning.

Paisley knew she was supposed to do it how Fernanda was doing it. She knew because Jo had told her so. It was so strange. Before she came in the shower locker, she knew what was right and what was wrong based on what was inside her head, not based on what some overly large, very naked and handsy lesbian told her.

Things sure had changed in a hurry!

Paisley thought she still knew for herself what was right and what was wrong. It wasn't that she no longer knew. It was just that her sense of right and wrong was dwarfed by what Jo said and wanted, just like Jo's bulk physically dwarfed Paisley's almost diminutive form. Paisley knew she

was petite and had always felt small. But she'd never felt as diminutive as she did right then.

Like a very dirty, very little girl.

Paisley adopted Fernanda's pussy cleaning technique. If it was cleaning. Paisley had her doubts. But her doubts had not seemed to matter at any time to these lesbians and they were mattering less and less to herself.

Paisley spread her pussy lips with one hand. Her finger team of cleaners had better access. They took quick advantage.

Whatever it was, cleaning or not, it felt great. It also felt slutty. She was no longer simply naked near other naked women. She was showing them the *inside of herself!*

Now that... was some kind of teambuilding. Maybe. She guessed. Jo would tell her.

Everyone seemed closer. Paisley realized Jo was guiding her along, forward, pressing firmly on Paisley's tailbone. Paisley's wet feet slid along the soapy tiles. Right towards Anna and Camille! Also closer to Fernanda.

Was Jo doing it so Paisley could better see Fernanda's cleaning method?

Paisley was surprised to realize she liked the floaty, pushed, out of control, in someone else's control feeling of Jo moving her entire body with

one hand.

It made her feel a lot more out of her own control. She could not even hold her position! She could not even stay in one place! She was moved against her will or at least without having given permission.

It also made her feel more in Jo's control. She felt more like some kind of meat puppet with a hand controlling her. The feeling was surreal. She'd never felt less human or more out of control.

She was amazed how much she appreciated getting a closer view of Anna's muscles and Camille's aged flesh and how much the wet licky slurping sounds coming from Willow and Grace charged her up.

Jo stopped pushing her when she was only five feet away from the two odd pairs.

She was also much closer to Fernanda, both because of the push-slide forward and because Fernanda had walked closer while also masturb—cleaning her pussy. Fernanda's pussy was so huge! It really was quite pretty even for being so large and even on such an obese woman. Like a giant jungle flower. Paisley just could not take her eyes off it!

“Keep cleaning,” Jo coached her coach. Or ordered her.

Paisley did keep cleaning. One hand spreading herself wide, the other hand delivering thrusts from the finger team assigned to clean. Friction cleaning. She felt so slick. So wet. Wow, she was super wet. She

thought it was running down her legs. Good thing they were in a shower and everyone would assume it was only water.

Gosh, wow, Anna and Camille were staring right at her pussy cleaning actions. It sure looked like they approved!

Well... Paisley guessed they were happy then... and she liked to make people happy though never before like this... and that oh so clean feeling was making Paisley feel very happy indeed. Physically happy no matter how stressed and concerned she was. Any happier and... something would happen....

She had better stop cleaning before anything big, and obvious, happened. But she just did not want to stop.

Getting clean was so important.

Teambuilding felt so incredible.

Who knew little heterosexual Paisley could be so popular with such hulking lesbians?

Jo took her hand away from Paisley's tailbone. Paisley felt a disconcerting sense of loss.

Did she really want that hand to come back? Unreal!

She heard a vigorous wet slip-slapping sound behind her. But there was no way she could look to see what it was. She had to keep staring at

Fernanda's pussy cleaning. If Fernanda changed methods, Paisley would need to change with her. She just had to.

Jo said, "You need both hands right where they are. But we all know you're a dirty girl and you need thorough cleaning. You have to be nice and wet and hot for it, I mean very clean, before we do the special teambuilding initiation. We don't want to wait around forever and who knows how long a dirty girl like you needs to clean her dirty sex. So, I'll help out and take care of this other side of you."

Her other—

Oh! Oh!!! That was a double oh! The oh of realization and the oh of the sensation of Jo's big strong hands gripping Paisley's ass cheeks, one hand per ass cheek.

Darn and damn! Jo should not touch her there!

What should she do? What could she do about that?

Keep cleaning her pussy...?

Jo's hands felt sudsy. And hot. And strong. And demanding.

Jo coached her, "That's a good girl. Hold still for it. You're a dirty girl, but you can also be a good girl as long as you cooperate and help team build and, most of all, do as you're told to do."

Was that right? Was that the key for her to become a good girl and to stop being such a dirty girl?

No, it sounded like she was stuck being a dirty girl no matter what. But she could still be a good girl. But only by letting a bad lesbian do bad things to her. It made no sense and it all made sense.

Paisley doing what Jo told her to do sounded like something key to Jo, key for whatever she had planned for Paisley.

Was that the key to—

Whoa! Yow! Hey!

Jo's fingers were in her ass crack and then a big finger, maybe a thumb, was on Paisley's little keyhole!

That was so wrong!

Paisley had just been thinking about what was key and now Jo was working Paisley's keyhole. Was Jo going to try to unlock her keyhole with her thumb? Was Jo's thumb the key to her keyhole? Such a big key! Such a lesbian key!

This was not meant to happen to her!

But weren't locks meant to be unlocked? And a key was needed to unlock them?

Paisley guessed it sort of made sense.

Made sense? Paisley worried the hamster on the wheel on her head was asleep or maybe in a coma.

It did not make sense for a big lesbian to be thumbing her tender little (dirty) keyhole!

That was it! Paisley was going to feel offended, and they could not stop her from feeling that way!

Anna recommended, “Poke that ass, Jo! Poke it hard!”

How could Anna recommend such a thing?

Camille cackled, “Got your thumb up her tight little ass, Jo?”

“Not yet,” said Jo. I’m just cleaning the surface so far.”

What a relief!

Ugh!

Oh no!

Ugh!!!

“There. Now I’ve got my thumb in. Her ass is just as tight as it looked.”

Fernanda sounded out of breath, maybe from pussy cleaning, or maybe because she almost always sounded out of breath carrying so much bulk with her everywhere she went, “That ass won’t be anywhere near so tight a week from now.”

A week? Why a week!?! Paisley thought there was no way it would take a week for Jo to clean her asshole....

Ugh! Oh! Ugh!

Had she said those sounds or only thought them?

Jo was working her thumb in deeper! It was such a big thumb!

Was this really necessary?

She felt a nod over her shoulder and then saw Camille and Anna look at each other and slightly nod. Then Camille and Anna turned. Willow and Grace, those sexy synchronized spread-knee crawlers, scramble knee-crawled, turning with them until Willow's and Grace's backs were towards each other.

Paisley could see what their fronts were doing. What their faces were doing. What their mouths were doing.

*Willow was eating Anna's ass!*

Ah ha! Paisley had known it all along! Can't fool her! Not even herself. Not forever.

*Grace was eating Camille's pussy! Her old pussy!*

Ha! Paisley had known that, too. Once she got past the audio illusion idea. Which she finally fully did as she saw Grace's long tongue sliding up and down in between thick patches of mostly grey pubic hair.

Willow was so far in Anna's ass that her own mother would not have recognized her. Paisley was sure the young woman's tongue was in there, past Anna's asshole, and up her ass.

Wow! Crazy! Totally wrong!

Somehow very hot.

The locker shower was hot in temperature, but it was a lot hotter in other ways. It was wet and Paisley was sure not all of the wetness was water. There was a lot of suds and yet everything was so dirty. And the more she cleaned, the dirtier she felt.

Paisley stared at pussy eating in progress.

Paisley looked hard at in-depth dedicated ass eating.

Paisley saw Fernanda's huge spread wide pussy, the inner pink almost seeming to glow.

Paisley felt a big female thumb plumbing her ass.

Paisley felt her own hands working her dirty pussy clean, yet somehow making her feel dirtier, and knew her working hands were doing the work of the lesbians for them and against herself.

She couldn't help it. She couldn't stop herself. She had to do it. She had to help them and hurt her best interests. She had to fail to take the best course of action which was inaction at her pussy.

She knew she was playing into the lesbian's hands, literally into Jo's hands, and she was playing into their hands by letting her hands do their wicked work for them.

But sometimes knowledge was not power. Sometimes knowing what was right for you did not stop you from doing what was wrong for you.

Paisley did herself wrong and it felt so incredibly good.

She had felt too good and too naughty for far too long!

She couldn't take much more...!

And that thumb digging around up her ass--!

Paisley wailed, her haunting wail rebounding and echoing in the steamy shower, as she climaxed. Her ass squeezed hard on Jo's thumb and the walls of her pussy crushed on the finger cleaning team.

Paisley sucked in a whooping breath and then wailed again, shaking and shuddering, two of her orifices filled with digits and both of her ears filled with the sound of dominant lesbian laughter.

## ***The End***

***...of Book 3.***

***Now that Jo has her hands on Paisley, literally has Paisley in her  
clutches, what does Jo want to do with her?***

***And do to her?***

*And make her do?*

*You'll find out in Book 4!*

*Suspicious and alarm among the not-yet-dominated straight  
lovelies grows as Coach Victoria is targeted for lesbian  
domination.*

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# **Available Books**

*“Seducing the Team” series:*

## **SEDUCING THE TEAM ATHLETIC TRAINER**

A pretty athletic trainer named Willow, is required to room with a former “professional” wrestler named Anna who’s wrestler ring name is Anna-conda. The Anna-conda wants to capture the pretty athletic trainer in her grip, squeeze and constrict her, and do a whole lot more besides! Will Anna-conda bend Willow to her will? Can Willow escape the vise grip of Anna-conda and avoid the diabolical scheme?

## **SEDUCING THE TEAM NURSE**

A beautiful redhead, Grace the team nurse, is told to help one of the “uglies” with a health condition. Grace has to meet Camel Toe Camille in the locker sauna to administer “treatment.” All alone and with no clothes on either one of them, Grace’s learns Camille’s shocking “treatment” expectation. Will Grace give in and reluctantly give Camille the “treatment” that Camille demands of her? Can Camille dismantle Grace’s reluctance and, along with it, Grace’s independence and heterosexuality?

## **SEDUCING THE ASSISTANT COACH**

Paisley, the assistant coach, is in the crosshairs of the lesbians. Her own team who she is supposed to coach want to coach her in very different practices than Paisley is used to as a heterosexual. The lesbians on the team plan to be the demanding hard-driving kind of coaches, not kind and considerate ones like Paisley. The lesbians have a plan to work as a team on little Paisley. Paisley is sent to the team locker shower to shower with the team, supposedly in order to help “team build.” But the uglies have a different idea of “teambuilding” and want to add Paisley to a new kind of team, a team of eager to obey submissives.

*“The Witch’s Horny Familiar” series:*

## **THE WITCH’S HORNY FAMILIAR**

Florus become a magical Healer and is assigned a familiar. Florus’s adopted familiar is a bright red sexy imp who refuses to wear clothes. That much is obvious, but Florus soon discovers that Alure, the horned demonic familiar, is a tiny dominant lesbian. Alure is horny both literally and

figuratively. Alure thinks she should be the Mistress and that Florus must obey her! Florus disagrees... at first....

### **WHO IS THE MISTRESS?**

After the first sexual encounter, Florus wants to get their relationship back to a healthy and socially acceptable one in which she is the mistress and Alure is the helpful familiar who obeys her will. But that is not what Alure wants! Little Alure wants to be the Big M Mistress to her little m mistress. Alure may be small, but she is sexy and she has all the leverage. She starts making rules for Florus to follow and what rules they are! Florus realizes the little demon is trying to train and tame her!

### **A FAMILIAR'S STRANGE LUST**

What can Florus do when she wakes up next to a horny demonic lesbian familiar who sexually dominated her the night before? Alure has plans to tame and train as many goody-goody beauties as she can get her claws into. Alure already knows which one she wants first, not counting Florus. It is Florus's friend, Virrin, the lovely redhead. Florus wants Alure's magical help to heal Virrin's lame foot. Alure might do that for her, but she wants a lot more than that. She wants Virrin's body and soul!

Can Alure compel the two beauties to please one another? Can she dominate two humans at once?

### **TEMPTING THE PEEPING FAIRY:**

Florus's mother, Rinnassa, suspects something improper when she catches Florus and Florus's new familiar, dressed slutty. She sends her own familiar, the dragonfly fair Mysty, to peep and find out more. Alure anticipates just such a thing and lays magical traps. Alure has the unsuspecting helplessly submissive Florus put on a show to arouse the peeping fairy who has no idea Alure is aware she is watching. Can Alure make Florus into her sex pet even as Mysty watches? Can Alure turn on Mysty with wicked naughtiness committed on the daughter of Mysty's mistress?

### **TINY DEMONIC DOMINATRIX COMING THROUGH THE WINDOW!**

Alure isn't satisfied with a single sexually enslaved human, no matter how hot Florus is. Alure always wants more! In this case, the name of more is Virrin. She is a lovely innocent redhead and, bonus points to Alure, Virrin is a virgin! Virrin, as commanded, has left her window unlocked and awaits Alure. Can Alure go from dominating the daughter of her former witch mistress's rival straight to dominating Virrin the Virgin?

### **SMALL DOMINANT, BIG DOMINATION**

Alure has seduced and dominated Florus the Healer, daughter of the Governess of the Magic Guild. And she's now seduced and dominated Florus's friend, Virrin the Virgin. With Alure's unnatural urges (or are they natural?) it is only natural that Alure next wants to play with her two new human sex toys together. At the same time! Will Florus go along with that? Alure wants Florus to help her entrap Virrin further into submission to Alure! Will Florus demean herself and betray her friend? Will Virrin go along with it? Alure wants Virrin to call her Mistress. Will Virrin give in, give herself over, and give up her freedom in order to please the wicked beastie?

### **ORDERS AND ORGASMS**

Alure, the demonic familiar, has dominated her own magical mistress, Florus the Healer. The mistress now has a Mistress and her name is Alure and she is incredibly wicked and lustful. Alure also has Virrin the Virgin well and truly dominated. Virrin is still a virgin, but for how long? Mysty the dragonfly fairy comes to spy in them unaware that Alure knows she is there. What will Mysty see? What does Alure plan to do to the two lovely humans on the back deck of the villa? Will Virrin the Virgin become Virrin the Just-Was-A-Virgin? Can Alure find a way to sexually dominate Mysty? Can Alure add Mysty to her collection of new submissives?

### **DOMINATED BY HORNY GARGOYLES**

Alure, the wickedly naughty demonic familiar, has sent two gargoyles on a mission of seduction and domination. Alure tells them a crafty method to seduce the woman. Can two gargoyles, unliving objects with ugly leers and nasty personalities, find a way to sexually dominate a lovely mature woman? If they can, what do they plan to do to her? And will she end up liking it?

### **WICKED WATCHER**

Alure, the sexually dominant lesbian kin-demon, is having a great time. Alure has dominated Mysty the dragonfly fairy and plans to use a magic item to watch what happens between Mysty and Rinnassa even as she sexually dominates Rinnassa's daughter at the same time! As if that was not twisted enough, Alure also plans to dominate Virrin the Just-Was-A-Virgin at the same time as Florus. A double domination! And as if that wasn't kinky enough, Alure will also spy on the two horny gargoyles she sent to seduce and dominate Virrin's mother! Alure will dominate the two daughters even as she watches her minions going after their mothers!

### **LEASHED LOVELIES**

Alure the sexy little demonic familiar is making progress on multiple fronts spreading her sexual domination and working to fulfill the secret plan. Alure has told Sterse the Giantess and Dinnaka the battle mage that she and the proprietor of a Pleasure House, Zurizza the Masked, have information on an evil threat to the town. There is an evil threat and it is Alure and Zurizza! They have their eyes

set on the lovely Giantess and the luscious battle mage. Can they also get their hands and other parts on them?

### **UNWISE PASSION AT THE PLEASURE HOUSE**

The luscious knockout of a battle mage, Dinnaka, is in the middle of her work mission visit to a Pleasure House. It is not going at all the way she had hoped! Dinnaka wants to save pleasure slaves from a life of slavery. Instead of saving pleasure slaves from slavery, she finds herself in grave danger of joining them as a pleasure slave! Can Zurizza the Masked tame Dinnaka the battle mage into becoming a lowly submissive, an obedient object of lust? Zurizza wants to change Dinnaka forever, both on the inside and on the outside. In an incredibly shocking way!

### **HELPLESS AT THE PLEASURE HOUSE**

Sterse the Giantess and Dinnaka the battle mage were invited to visit and tour a Pleasure House in order to learn about a possible threat to the town and to have a chance to save pleasure slaves from a life of pleasurable slavery. But while they investigate the threat, there is a threat to them. A threat that they will be seduced and sexually dominated! And, instead of saving pleasure slaves, they may join them in pleasurable slavery!

### **THE BIGGER SHE IS....**

Sterse the Giantess is a big girl facing big trouble. With her face down on the floor! Sterse is chained up and magically helpless. The nonhuman lesbian denizens of a Pleasure House intend to make her feel more pleasure than she can deal with. The evil lesbians of the Pleasure House have bigger plans than that for big but sexy Sterse. They want to make her into the biggest pleasure slave ever!

### **SURPRISE GUESTS DEMANDING SEX**

Alure has left instructions with lovely Florus and sexy Virrin. Alure is confident her newly minted, freshly spanked submissives will obey her. Yet Alure is well aware she has not entirely broken Florus's will. Alure has a plan for finally breaking Florus to make her into a permanent no-going-back lifetime submissive to nonhumans. Alure has invited guests to the villa. Florus and Virrin do not know who the guests are but Alure has ordered them to obey the guests in any and all ways, up to and including having sex with them! Who are the mystery guests and what will they want? Much more than Florus and Virrin want to give them!

### **MYSTY AND THE MISTRESS**

Mysty the dragonfly fairy is in quite a predicament! Alure the demonic familiar of Mysty's mistress's daughter, has cast a spell on her, entrapping Mysty to serve Alure in all ways. Mysty no

longer has a little m mistress. Mysty now has a big M Mistress! Even though her new Mistress is little. Her little m mistress is a force for good, but her new big M Mistress is a force for wickedness! Little Alure has big naughty plans for Rinnassa, Mysty's little m mistress. Alure has sexually conquered the daughter and now wants the mother! Little Alure plans to use little Mysty to carry out her big seduction and big domination of Rinnassa who is renowned for her big breasts!

***“Tickled into Submission” series:***

**TICKLED INTO SUBMISSION: SKYLAR**

Skylar's new roommate, Mary, starts taking over, turning Skylar's apartment into her apartment, and then into a strange land she calls Mary Land where anything goes if Mary says it does. As Mary tightens her control, Skylar loosens her inhibitions and does things she never thought anyone would do, let alone herself. Mary discovers Skylar's extreme ticklishness and uses it to advantage in taking full advantage of Skylar's charms. Skylar hates Mary and is not happy about Mary turning her into a dirty girl. Except for the orgasms....

**TICKLED INTO SUBMISSION: MARY MAKES SKYLAR....**

Mary isn't satisfied with sex or domination. She wants to change Skylar forever and make Skylar her creature. Mary is turning their apartment into a place she calls Mary Land where she rules and Skylar is a second-class citizen. Under the influence of powerful orgasms, Skylar is starting to believe Mary Land truly exists. Does she want to become a citizen?

**TICKLED INTO SUBMISSION: BETHANY**

Skylar falls completely under Mary's control. Skylar has multiple dominants dominating her. Too many dominants, or not enough submissives? Skylar's work buddy, Bethany, was going to help Skylar deal with Mary, but she doesn't know that Skylar is beyond help now. However, Mary does know about Skylar's sexy friend with the large breasts who likes to show lots of cleavage. Mary is satisfied with her total control over Skylar but that does not mean she is completely satisfied. She wants Bethany also.

**TICKLED INTO SUBMISSION: BETHANY SUCCUMBS**

Bethany is there to save Skylar but Skylar is conspiring against her, serving as Mary's useful sexual idiot. Bethany suspects the truth and thinks she needs to save herself! Mary has already “re-set” Bethany once, a euphemism for an orgasm. But it wasn't anything at all lesbian! It was simply good

old fashioned, almost wholesome, “oral masturbation.” Bethany knows she needs to get away before something actually lesbian happens. Before she submits, keeps submitting, and can’t stop submitting. But she already feels like she could use another “re-set”....

***“Female Veterinarian at a Lesbian Ponygirl Ranch” series:***

**PAIN INTO PLEASURE**

Recruited by an older woman, Dixie, to move out of state to start her own practice and also care for the woman’s livestock on her ranch, Doctor Krista McDonald feels like the opportunity is almost too good to be true. As it turns out... there is no *almost* about it! It *is* too good to be true. Dixie runs an all-female ponygirl ranch! Dixie expects Krista to be both doctor and vet for the ranch. But does she expect even more than that? Is it a business or is it a sexual trap? The ranch fore-woman behaves like a butch lesbian and Dixie’s daughter behaves like a sadistic lesbian. Soon, Krista even gets dominant lesbian vibes from Dixie! Krista does not suspect that soon she’ll wear ponygirl gear and will be forced to become more and more willing despite her reluctance.

**RELUCTANT AROUSAL**

Doctor Krista McDonald is temporarily living at ponygirl ranch in Indiana. That is surprising enough to her but more surprising is that she’s doing more than simply living there. She is the new doctor/veterinarian for the ponygirls and she’d been having a lot of orgasms. With no men around! None! Krista is surrounded by dominant lesbians. The ranch owner, her adult daughter, the fore-woman, and even the ranch hands. She wants nothing to do with them sexually but they all want her and they have darkly naughty plans for getting her. Krista is just trying to fit in but the lesbians keep trying to fit things into her!

**RIDDEN HARD, PUT AWAY WET**

Doctor Krista McDonald, a blonde beauty with smarts, both a physician and a veterinarian, is having quite a time at Mason Ranch. She just can’t be sure if it is a good time or a nightmare. The orgasms are incredible! But they usually involve pain and always involve lesbianism. Krista is heterosexual. Pretty sure. But less sure all the time. While she wants to do a good job, it seems like most of the people living at and staffing Mason Ranch want to do her. Will she do anything to stop sexually submitting or will she let them do anything they want to her?

**TRICKED AND TRAINED**

Doctor Krista McDonald is fitting in way too well at the lesbian ponygirl ranch. She really should not fit in as well as she has. She’s heterosexual! Or was? She is a strong and smart independent woman. But she sure has made a lot of poor decisions while acting way too submissive! Dixie is

working with her daughter, Luna the Lunatic, to tag-team Krista, to keep her off balance and keep her dominated almost around the clock. Krista thinks about quitting her new position and fleeing the ranch. But the orgasms really are amazing....

### **TAUNTED AND TAMED**

Doctor Krista McDonald is witnessing and reluctantly involved in ponygirl ranch owner Dixie Mason's seduction and domination of Ivy, a beautiful applicant to work with Krista at her new vet clinic. Ivy isn't the only job applicant getting a tour of Mason Ranch. Sweet sexy nerd Veronica's tour guide is the very butch fore-woman, Crazy Maisie. How crazy will that tour get? Very! Loony Luna is Mackensie's guide. Krista thought there were three prime job applicant candidates for her vet clinic but the ranch women are busily scooping them up for themselves!

### **COWGIRLS AND INDIAN GIRLS AND PONYGIRLS**

The ranch is always looking to seduce new ponygirl recruits to train, race, and sell. They want Doctor McDonald's three lovely applicants for work at her not-yet-opened vet practice. Instead of staffing Doctor McDonald's practice, they want the young beauties to staff the stalls of the stables as permanent occupants! Ivy, Veronica, and Mackensie are in for some hard training and big orgasms and a dark fate. Krista would normally try to protect them but she is sent on a mission to the casino on Indian lands. Why is Dixie Mason sending her there and why does Dixie put Krista in a state of orgasm denial before sending Krista there?

### **DOCTOR KRISTA MCDONALD VERSUS CRAZY MAISIE**

Krista knows her next-bedroom-over neighbor at Mason Ranch, butch lesbian Crazy Maisie, is plotting against her. Maisie wants one of her submissives, the chef's daughter, Sally, to trick Krista into ponygirl gear and bondage to sneak some erotic photos of her to give to Maisie. Forewarned should be forearmed but not in this case. More like disarmed because Krista overheard the terrible punishments Maisie intends for Sally if Sally fails. Krista has to play along with the plot against her but she has no idea how far she will end up playing along, how very convincingly, or where it will take her. To the last place on Earth she wants to go! Crazy Maisie's bedroom!

### **STRANGE SEX AT THE PONYGIRL RANCH**

Unknown to Krista, the three lovely young women who are applicants to work for her at her veterinary practice when she opens it, are still at the ponygirl ranch. They were given a tour of the ranch and their tour was extended indefinitely! They are down at the stables undergoing changes. Krista decides to sneak down to the stables to discover Mistress Dixie's secret. What are the

dominant ranch women up to with Ivy, Veronica, and Mackensie? How do the young ladies feel about it? You know, not counting the orgasms....

### **DOWN AND DIRTY**

The hardcore erotic action intensifies by leaps and bounds that contrast sharply with some of the helpless bondage. Wicked Mistress of the Ranch, Dixie Mason, is pulling the strings and her master plan – her Mistress plan – is fully revealed. It is a doozy! Krista’s lovely job applicants to work with her at a vet clinic, Veronica and Mackensie, are fully entrapped and helpless, physically helpless and helpless against their own submissive lust.

### **A RELUCTANT PONYGIRL “VOLUNTEER”**

Aponi brings her two prettiest friends with her for the tour of the lesbian ponygirl ranch she plans to shut down. The plan is for her friend Dayanni, a fierce and beautiful Indian warrior woman, to sneak away from the tour in order to discover the secrets of Mason Ranch. Too bad for the visitors, the white ranchers also have a plan and lots of surprises! They know their Native American visitors will not be able to shut down the ponygirl operation or even want to shut it down... if they end up becoming ponygirls!

### **GETTING TAMED**

Aponi Two Rivers, the most beautiful member of her tribe, and her two most lovely friends are on a visit to Mason Ranch. They are trying to better understand the ponygirl business. They should be careful what they wish for! The white ranchers have a diabolical plan. Aponi brought her friends for helpful support, but she may have instead led them right into lesbian domination and a life as ponygirls!

### **SEALING SEXY FATES**

The entourage of Native American beauties is having a rough time at the lesbian ponygirl ranch run by white dominants. Aponi, Dayanni, and Taima visited in order to discover wrongdoing and use the discoveries to help shut down the wicked ponygirl business. They’ve found plenty of wrongdoing, but unfortunately much of that wrongdoing has been done to them! Instead of shutting down the ponygirl business, they may end up helping it out by swelling the ranks of the ponygirls with themselves!

***“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?

### **BLACK MISTRESSES DOMINATE**

Ashley comes back to her senses after mind-blowing orgasms. She's in a den of Black Mistresses! There are three Black Mistresses: a tall one, a big one, and a tiny one. But only one has dominated her so far. If two out of three isn't bad, then one out of three must be pretty good. Ashley is still practically a lesbian virgin! But, uh, she better get going before that changes. But has Ashley come back to her senses? She knows she needs to leave, but....

### **TOO MANY BLACK MISTRESSES**

Sometimes a girl gets dominated by a Black Mistress. Or by several. It happens. The important thing is to then get away as soon as possible. Ashley tries. Time to be good. But the Black Mistresses don't want her to be good. They want her to obey. And give them her money. And her apartment. And her body. And her mind. And her soul. They want it all! Something has to break. Will it be Ashley?

### **BRING YOUR BLACK MISTRESS TO WORK**

Her brand spanking new Black Mistress, the one who does the spanking, shows up at Norah's workplace! Why is she there? She wants more beautiful white women to submit to her! She isn't satisfied with Norah and her roommate, Iris, and their friend Ashley. She wants more! She wants a lesbian harem! She poses as a "trainer." Two pretty interns have no idea what the Black Mistress intends to train them to do. But they're going to find out! They're going to love/hate it!

### **ROUGH SEX INTERRACIAL THREESOME**

Ashley wakes up with problems and a deadline. Two of the problems are Black Mistresses, a big one and a little one. Tella and Pinky are in her apartment, claiming it is now theirs and claiming so is Ashley after a long night of hard lesbian sex. Ashley needs to "evict" the Black Mistresses before Ashley's live-in boyfriend returns home that evening. Can she get them to leave and give up their sexual control over her or will she reluctantly orgasmically spend the day submitting to them in shocking new ways?

### **ASHLEY'S FATE**

Ashley's live-in boyfriend, Rich, is returning home within hours. Ashley needs to get the Black Mistresses out of the apartment and out of her life. The problem is, they think the apartment is now theirs and they think Ashley now belongs to them. They think they own Ashley! While Ashley is planning on getting out from under, the Black Mistresses have their own plan to drive her so far under that Ashley will spend the rest of her life submerged in submission. The plan is shocking and diabolical. Will Ashley allow herself to be black bred? Will Ashley end up having both Black Mistresses and a Black Master?

### **TOTAL INTERRACIAL DOMINATION**

Kadeesha has successfully seduced and sexually dominated Norah and two lovely young interns from Norah's workplace. And she "successfully" got them fired. She has a new opportunity for the white women but they may find it quite upsetting. Or orgasmic. Probably both! Kadeesha and her family have extremely dark and nasty plans for Norah, Katherin, Juliana, and Norah's roommate, Iris. Plans so shocking no one will believe them until they actually happen!

*“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](mailto: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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