

A Night at the Spa



By JJ Argus

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This story is a work of fiction. All characters are over eighteen.

The uniform was both tight and short. I screwed up my face when I saw myself in the mirror, chewing my lower lip as I tried to adjust it – to no avail. There was only so much you could do with a tank top and shorts.

They were all white, with a gray tracing of a lioness across the front of the tank top, which was the emblem of Feline Grace, the fitness studio and spa where I now worked.

It was quite a place, just outside the city, a little off the highway, in what had once been a mansion. It still looked like a mansion on the outside, but inside, it had been gutted and extensively renovated to incorporate pools and baths and the best in fitness equipment. The cat motif decorated all the towels, uniforms, and was incorporated into the decor.

It was an all female club, so my concern with the uniform was more that I didn't want to be seen as showing off or dressing slutty. I would have had a different kind of concern if men were around, naturally!

Actually, it would be a pretty hot outfit to wear around men. Both were tight. The top had thin straps going over the shoulders and hugged my body tightly. It would have been long enough but the shorts were low-riders, and even pulling them up as much as I could – ie, not too tight so they jammed into my crotch – still didn't raise them very high.

That left a three inch gap between the bottom of the tank top and the waistband of the shorts. Nor were the shorts very long. They covered my butt, and that was about it. They covered it pretty tightly, too! They weren't glued to me but they were definitely tighter than I liked.

The door banged open as Carly came in and I turned my head for a moment.

“I think this is the wrong size,” I said.

She glanced at me, gave a mock wolf whistle, then said “Looks fine to me, hon.”

“But...” I made a helpless gesture at myself that might have been lost on her.

Carly was one of the assistant managers, the one who'd hired me, in fact. She

was a slender woman of thirty with short dark hair, and at the moment was wearing a tight gray tank top and yoga pants which were even tighter than my shorts. A lot of the instructors wore those yoga pants so I supposed she wasn't likely to sympathize much with my shorts.

“Looks good to me,” she said.

“There isn't too much, uh, cleavage?”

She glanced at my chest. I'm not exactly chesty but I'm uh, noticeable, and at the moment there was some cleavage showing above the tank top.

She shrugged, then startled me by putting her hand against my chest! It was the side of her hand, with her fist closed and her little finger extended right along my cleavage, touching my bare skin, in fact!

“As long as I can't see more of your boobs than the length of my little finger you're good,”

she said, drawing her hand back as quickly as she'd put it there.

“Anyway, I like the effect. It's part of why we hired you, after all.”

I chewed on my lower lip again, ambivalent about that. I was glad to be hired, after all. The place paid really well. But being hired, in part at least, for my looks, went a bit against the grain. Oh, I understood the idea. As a fitness place they hired fit girls. No big shocker. People would snicker if the employees of an organization dedicated to fitness and health were fat and dumpy.

I knew I looked fit. I was fit. I'd always been into sports, loved swimming and I was nineteen. I had worked at a pub the previous summer where I'd worn a short little kilt and a white blouse rolled up and tied below my breasts. The tips had been great, from the men. But this place was full of women, and they were virtually all older than me.

Carly brushed the blonde hair back from my eyes, then kind of combed it to one side on the right, and drew it together.

“What are you doing?” I asked, watching in the mirror.

“Improving your working image.”

She tied a thin short pigtail on one side, then did the same on the other. It still left my bangs crossing my forehead, but the effect was .. okay. Then she drew my hair back in back and did a loose braid.

“It doesn't get in my way,” I said.

“I'm doing an image thing, Hannah.”

“An image thing?”

“You're going to look very perky, cute and athletic. The guests will hate you and be inspired to work out more.”

“I don't want the guests hating me!”

“You don't get tips anyway,” she said with a grin. “There, done.”

She slapped my ass and moved away over to her locker. I scowled, but had to admit I looked okay. The pigtails were thinner than, well, a little finger, and dropped a few inches past my shoulder. She'd done them towards the front so they fell on my chest, but weren't long enough to do more than just barely brush the tops of my breasts.

Then Carly returned with two tiny blue elastics she slid onto the ends.

“Give you a bit of color,” she said, then tapped the bridge of my nose as she turned away.

“Match your eyes,” she said. “If they ask how old you are, tell them you're thirty nine.”

“Oh right!”

I followed her over to her locker.

“These shorts are so short they barely cover my butt,” I complained.

“So pull them lower.”

“If I pull them any lower they'll fall off! They leave half my stomach bare!”

“A firm, flat stomach,” she said, giving it a brief pat. “The guests will definitely hate you.”

“Carly!”

“You're an inspiration, Hannah,” she said with a grin. “And anyway, you'll be working at the counter. Nobody's going to be staring at your ass. Unlike mine, which will be stared at and admired by the entire class,” she said, slapping her butt.

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Everything here was very ultra modern, gleaming and sharp-edged, with only the occasional fake flowers to soften the gray and black and white minimalist look. The main fitness room had white walls and a gray carpet. I was behind the counter at the door. I was not one of the trainers, but just responsible for checking cards and also handing out towels for those going to the sauna or hot tub.

Most of the clientele were suburban ladies, and given the pricy nature of the membership and the spa, tended to be people in management positions, or at least, whose husbands were. They'd stop off on the way home from work for a manicure or pedicure, or to exercise, or take the afternoon off to spend it in the spa being pampered. But weekends was the busy time.

The spa was mostly upstairs, the exercise facilities downstairs. There was a pool out back with a Roman motif, a pool in the basement with an Egyptian theme, saunas both upstairs and downstairs, a very large hot tub off the exercise room, and mud baths up the stairs. I'd never had a mud bath and wasn't sure I ever wanted to.

My job was just to check cards, and check off visits, as well as record times and the settings they'd used on the machines so the women didn't have to keep track of things themselves. There was a lot of moving around to the job, but that was okay. What was a little harder to take was the temperature. It was cool in the gym, naturally, but unlike the rest of the people there I wasn't working up a sweat.

There was a soft thumping bass sound coming through the walls from the studio next door where Carly had her class. In here it was just the steady hum of machines as women moved from one to to another during whatever routine the trainers had set for them.

The day went by pretty quickly, and I was glad to see closing time at nine (I started at one). I changed quickly and got in my little twelve year old Honda Fit for the drive home just as darkness was starting to set in. I didn't really like driving in the dark but would have to get used to it for a while.

It was only twenty minutes to my house anyway, and the little Honda made short work of it on the empty highway. I turned off onto Fenwick, the long road near the river where my house was, and was pulling into the driveway by nine thirty.

“I hope you ate at work,” my mother said as I walked in.

“Yup,” I said.

I didn't want to be eating till ten at night!

“So how was your day?”

“Not super exciting but easy enough,” I said, kicking off my shoes. “I'm just at the desk, checking passes and recording times and handing out towels and stuff.”

“Well, your father is just finishing up a football game. Disturb him at your own risk.”

I made a face and trotted up the stairs. I could hear hip-hip music coming from behind my brother's closed door and muttered an insult under my breath to his bad taste before closing my own door behind me and flipping on my own stereo.

I flipped on the computer, too and then pulled out my phone to check for texts or messages as it warmed up. Working weekends, especially evenings, kind of sucked, in a way, since most of my friends worked days and were free to party, or at least, get together, only in the evenings, but I figured I'd get used to it. I needed the money for school anyway.

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The weather sucks,” Andrea said, peering out the window.

“It's fine in here,” Piper said with a smile.

“I guess that's why it's not very busy this evening,” I said.

“Yeah, its cold and shitty out. And people are likely to just say tomorrow if they don't already have an appointment at the spa.”

Rain pattered against the windows as we looked out into the late afternoon dark. The clouds were so thick and low it was almost as dark as night!

“They say we could get freezing rain,” Piper said.

“Hope not, I don't have snow tires,” I said worriedly.

“Well if it gets much colder we'll freaking get snow and not rain,” Andrea said.

The weather didn't get any better as the afternoon wore into evening. The gym was practically deserted, and so many women had called to cancel that a lot of the classes had been canceled. That made for a lot of telephone work notifying others, so I kept busy.

Carly let the other trainers go early, and the lounge also let most of its staff go early. We did have a few diehards in the gym, though, and management hadn't said anything about closing up shop early, so I had to stay.

By seven, though, the police had closed a lot of roads, and were advising people to stay home, and they finally decided to close early. The only problem was one of the roads closed was the highway which led to my house.

“It runs near the river so it's a skating rink from what I hear,” Pamela said.

“Well shit! If I can't use highway Sixteen I have to take county road twelve all the way and gone over to Bassinger, and then turn east. It'll take me an hour!”

“In this weather, more like three,” Carly said. “I'm staying here tonight. So is Riley and Tanya. I think a couple of the girls from the spa are staying over too.”

“Where do we sleep!?” I exclaimed anxiously.

“Have you seen the spa? There are lots of really comfortable padded tables that are almost like beds there, complete with sheets, pillows and comforters.

“Yeah, the ladies here like to be pampered,” Andrea said. “This place is way nicer than my apartment.”

Riley was a short and skinny redhead who had been a gymnast. She taught the pole dancing class and was about twenty two. I found her in the lounge in front of the gas fireplace.

“I guess we’ll be okay as long as the power doesn't go out,” I said, coming up to her.

“Gas will work even without power,” she said over her shoulder. “The blower won't make the flame look pretty, but it'll still heat the room.

The lounge was pretty nice, done in warm shades of gray, with heavily padded sofas and chairs and several big screen TVs, it also had a bar in the corner, though I doubted we'd be allowed free drinks, even with the rest of the staff gone home.

“We've got enough freaking candles in this place to heat it for a year,” Tanya said as she came in behind me.

“Yeah, but think of the smell,” I said.

They nodded. The candles were mostly scented.

Tanya was closer to thirty, a solidly built brunette who was big boned, big busted, and had fought to keep her shape since forever. She'd succeeded, but only through constant vigilance and exercise. She was the head trainer in the gym and was amazingly strong for a woman.

She flipped on one of the TVs and shook her head. There was no reception from the satellite dish.

“Not surprised,” Riley said.

“So what are we supposed to do tonight?”

“Go to bed early?”

“It's seven,” she said with a snort. “I don't go to bed before midnight.”

“We could get drunk and play gin rummy,” Riley said.

“Or strip poker,” Tanya said, turning and heading out of the room.

“Ha, ha,” Riley said dryly.

I raised my eyebrows. “Old story,” she said.

A minute later Carly passed by the door and stopped. “Sauna, ladies!” she called, before moving on.

“I need a shower more than I need to sweat some more,” Riley said, but she headed for the door.

I hesitantly followed. I had never had a sauna, and wasn't sure I really liked the idea of sweating like a pig, but what else was I supposed to do. We went into the gym, then through it to a narrow hall through two glass doors, the humidity getting much higher as we did.

To one side was a rounded pool, well, a cross between a pool and a big hot tub. To the other was the sauna.

“Over here,” Carly said.

There was a kind of changing room ahead, and she was just pulling a towel around herself as we walked in.

“Towels there,” she said, pointing at a stack of thick, plush white towels on a shelf. “Angela and Nicole are inside too.”

Riley quickly stripped off her tank top, and I felt the beginnings of anxiety, for I was not really all that easy with public nudity. But I was also on my second day here and I sure didn't want everyone thinking I was some kind of delicate prudish virgin or something!

“How hot is it?” I asked dubiously.

“You get used to it. It's actually very relaxing,” she said, peeling down her yoga pants.

I bit my lower lip, feeling the rush of anxiety growing, but forced myself to peel my tank-top up and off, then slid my shorts down. The lighting was dim, for which I was grateful, for I was sure I was blushing, despite how casually Riley was taking things. She stripped off her underwear, then picked up a towel and just walked out of the room!

I gulped and then removed my bra, glanced over my shoulders, and slid my panties down and off, quickly wrapping a towel around myself. I folded my clothes neatly, with my underwear under the tank top, then, heart thumping, headed over to the sauna and pulled open the door.

The sauna was about fifteen feet long, and maybe twelve wide. Three tiers of wooden slatted benches ran along the left and far wall, with recessed lighting making the place glow a soft purplish color. There was a high tech heating thing, or whatever it was called, on the right, with water trickling onto what I figured were surely fake stones on one side. Next to that was a round pool of water, like a sink, with a purple neon strip around it.

I didn't pay it a lot of attention, though, because I was nervous and anxious. Carly was inside, along with Riley, and two women I didn't know. And they were all naked and sitting on their towels.

“Pull up a bench, Hannah,” Carly said. “This is baby Hannah,” she said to the two strangers.

I made a face. She'd taken to calling me that since I was the youngest employee in the club.

“This is Nicole and Angela,” she said, waving at the two.

Nicole was a tall, delicate looking blonde, while Angela was a statuesque Latino woman with long hair and large breasts.

“I've never been in a sauna,” I said hesitantly.

“It's pretty simple,” Riley said. “The closer you are to the stove the hotter it is.”

“It's also hotter the higher up you sit,” Carly said.

“Oh, that makes sense,” I said.

I'd always kind of wondered why there were tiers in these places.

I sat on the lower tier near Riley. Then I opened the towel as casually as I could given my pulse was racing. Nobody seemed to be staring, though. The two girls from the spa were talking to each other about something, and then just after I opened the towel Tanya came in.

I wasn't sure what to say other than something inane like “Boy, sure is hot here,” so said nothing.

Tanya removed her towel before she even sat down, tossing it on the middle tier bench and then laying back on it, apparently with no body consciousness at all.

It was... weird.

I did my best to not look but I couldn't help but notice everyone's body, and did feel just a tad smug as I calculated assets and decided I was the hottest girl there. I know it's vain but I almost do it unconsciously.

Oh, Riley was cute, but didn't have my boobs. Neither did Carly. Tanya had bigger boobs but they weren't as firm as mine and she didn't have my butt. Angela's shoulders were a bit wide and her face a bit long, and her boobs were clearly fake. Nicole was a knockout with incredible long legs, but she had very small breasts.

Then again, all of them were older than me. Riley was the only one close in age. The rest were nearer thirty, or over it, and half of them had kids. They looked pretty good for their age, though I wouldn't have dared phrase it that way.

“So how's the pole dancing going, stripper girl?” Tanya asked.

“Getting lots of sign-ups,” Riley answered. “The thing is they all want to get on the pole right away and they don't seem to realize how much upper body strength it takes. They need to work up their arms and shoulders before they can do any of the stuff they see on the internet.”

“So how are those new workouts you developed?” Carly asked, leaning forward.

“They're working well. They don't want to do weights so having them lean back from the pole and pull themselves in and out definitely gets their muscles working.”

I had looked in on one of her classes only once, when Carly was giving me a tour. She had been on the pole at the time, hanging upside down and spinning around. She must be amazingly fit, I thought.

“Any of them gonna make any money out of it?” Tanya asked with a smirk.

“I doubt it. Most of them are in their thirties and forties,” Riley replied.

Carly chuckled.

“How about you, baby Hannah? I bet you could get some hefty tips.”

“I bet she could,” Carly said from above me.

I blushed, hoping it wasn't obvious in the lighting.

“No way I could ever do that,” she said.

“You look pretty fit,” Riley said. “You probably need to work on upper body strength, though. Most girls do.”

“I don't mean... swing around the pole and stuff,” I said. I mean, like, strip.”

“You do it every day,” Tanya said with a smile.

“Yeah, but not in front of an audience!”

“You'd make a fortune,” Riley said, laying back against the tier behind her.

“Have you tried it?” I asked.

“Yeah.”

My eyes widened.

“I made okay money, but I didn't like the atmosphere. And I really don't get along with men very well, even when they're paying me.”

A few of the women chuckled, and the wheels turned inside my head.

“Thing is, half of it is a nice body, but half is the flirty, flattering bit, and I wasn't that good at that,” Riley said. “You can't make much just on the pole. You have to do lap dances, and that was more in close and personal than I wanted to get.”

“I kind of like getting in close and personal with men, myself,” Angela said with a smirk.

“To each her own,” Riley said.

I was sweating in the heat, of course, but then again, I was supposed to. I wiped my arm across my face, but that didn't help since my arm was sweaty too. Then a cloth hit me in the head and I grabbed it, turning to see Carly pointing at the pile of folded little clothes in the corner. They were all about a foot square, and obviously intended for wiping your face, which I did.

“You like men, Hannah?” Carly asked.

“Uh, yeah,” I gulped.

I almost said something like “Of course!” but with what Riley had said I was figuring that meant she was probably gay, and I was already a bit nervous about that. I mean, laying there naked like I was! And it wasn't even that I could keep any sort of cover. You don't sit in a sauna with your hands in your lap or crossed over your chest, and you don't keep your legs tight either. It's too hot and sweaty!

So I was already feeling self-conscious and a bit uneasy being naked like I was around these people I hardly knew. True, they were women, but even so, it wasn't something I was really used to. I felt ... weird, like I was doing something wrong to be naked in a public place!

It was also, just as weirdly turning me on in a strange way. I don't mean climbing the walls hot but I did feel a little ... alive with sexual awareness. And thinking Riley was a lesbian and maybe looking at me, well, that was weird too.

Not that I have anything wrong with gay people. In fact, I was more than a little

interested in seeing what it was like myself, though the opportunity had never shown itself. I don't mean I was interested enough I was going to hit the local lesbian bars, assuming there was any, but if the right girl made the right approach, well, I could see myself not pushing her away.

Would I push Riley away? I didn't know. I mean, we hadn't really spent much time together. I didn't know her that well. She was cute, though, and not very threatening, and she had a nice body. I deliberately moved my mind off that subject, or tried to.

But given they were talking about how I could make a lot of money stripping (as if!) kind of meant they were looking at me naked and thinking I was kind of hot, right? And it was totally weird having a bunch of people looking at my bare breasts and assessing them, and the rest of me in that sort of way! Even weirder that they were women!

“Well, there you go. A cute blonde with big tits will always make a lot stripping if she can flirt with men a little,” Riley said.

“I don't have big... boobs,” I said uncomfortably, flushing.

“They're not small,” Carly said in amusement.

“They're not big!”

“They're big enough,” Riley said.

“I'm only a C cup,” I said, blushing.

“Only,” Nicole said, rolling her eyes.

“I'm a D-cup,” Tanya boasted, arching her back to show off.

“Quit teasing, Baby Hannah,” Carly said.

“I'm not a baby,” I said indignantly.

“Okay, keep teasing her,” Carly replied.

“Shouldn't we initiate her?” Angela asked with a grin.

“Yeah, we haven't initiated her yet,” Riley said with a sly grin.

“What kind of initiation?” I asked warily.

“You could give Carly a lap dance,” she said with a smirk.

“Too hot and sweaty,” Carly sighed, laying back and closing her eyes.

“We could throw her outside naked,” Angela suggested.

“Too cold and icy,” Carly said, not opening her eyes.

“She's young, she could take it,” Tanya said, grinning.

“No going outside naked,” Carly said, opening one eye. “For anyone.”

Riley scooted over a bit and whispered to Angela, who looked at me and smiled. “I like that,” she said.

“What?”

She whispered to Nicole, while Riley scooted back and then climbed up a level to whisper to Carly.

“Fine,” Carly said, closing her eye again.

“What?” I demanded.

“We're all agreed,” Riley said.

“I didn't agree,” Tanya said.

“I know you. I'm taking your agreement for granted.”

“Yeah, well what is it?”

“You have to do a two minute routine on the pole.”

“The pole? What pole?”

“One of the pole dancing poles in the class.”

“Oh, well.. I suppose – .”

“Naked.”

I stared at her and the others laughed.

“We will all be fully clothed, of course.”

“No way.”

Tanya grinned. “Why? Afraid we're going to see something we can't see now?”

“No but.... I uh, don't even know anything about pole dancing.”

“I'll show you,” Riley said with a wicked grin.

We left the sauna, but only to go across and get into the bubbling hot tub, where the conversation was less unsettling, and most of me was hidden under the water. I'd begun to think they were kidding about the initiation thing or had forgotten, but then we climbed out of the tub and took a quick shower and dried our hair.

They started pulling on their clothes, but mine were missing.

“Where's my stuff?” I asked in confusion.”

“What stuff?” Carly asked.

“My clothes!”

“You won't need clothes,” Riley said with a wicked grin. “You're going pole dancing!”

Carly laughed and walked away and I felt my nakedness again, for Riley was dressed now.

“I uh, don't I need to start out with clothes?” I asked anxiously.

“For stripping. You're not stripping. You're pole dancing.”

“This is stupid!”

“But not painful,” she said, gripping my wrist and pulling me along

“Wait! I need to at least get a towel!” I exclaimed, pulling back.

“Why would you need to cover up such a lovely body?” Tanya asked, coming up on my other side and taking my other arm to help propel me along.

“But... but!”

It felt totally weird to be walking through the hall naked! But it wasn't like I had much choice. They led me to the room where pole dancing classes took place and I felt even more self-conscious! The poles were set a few feet away from the wall in a row, and the wall was completely mirrored. Carly and Nicole were already sitting in chairs they'd brought into the room, next to the first pole.

This, I thought, with a sinking stomach, is going to be embarrassing.

They had even brought in a small round table from the lounge, and had put chairs around it for the five of them. Riley put on some music, and I stood there feeling very, very... naked!

“Okay, so you start like this,” Riley said.

She put her back against the pole, raised her hands high, and gripped it, then kind of rolled her hips as if she was grinding her ass against the pole before pushing her hips out towards us, then swinging slowly around the pole. She quickly raised and swung her right foot up and pushed with her left so that she was off the floor and did a complete circle around the pole.

Then she stopped, twisting and still holding the pole up high, but facing it. She pressed her body against it, grinding against it, rolling her hips and then pushing them slowly out further and further as she continued to grind them.

“That's the first part. Try it,” she said, quickly sitting down.

I felt a wild rush of anxiety, embarrassment, and no small amount of helpless excitement. I mean, swinging naked around a stripper pole! With people watching!?

“This... doesn't seem sanitary,” I gulped.

“We wash the poles after every class,” she said with a grin.

“But they're not naked!”

“Get your ass in gear, baby Hannah,” Tanya said.

I could just say no, I supposed, but... I was just starting work here. I wanted to be on good terms with everyone. I gulped and then turned and backed into the pole, reaching up to grip it between my hands. It felt... really wild to have it pressed up between my buttocks like that! Even weirder that they were all looking at me like this!

I started to roll my hips the way Riley had and Nicole whistled at me.

“Don't!” I protested, blushing hotly.

They all laughed of course.

Riley was watching me, Riley the lesbian! I gulped as I rolled my hips and then pushed them out more and more towards the five women. I turned, then raised my right leg high and pushed off with my left foot, pulling at the pole at the same time to swing around it. I didn't make it all the way around, though.

“Try again,” Riley said.

The second time I had a better idea of what to expect, so swung right around it to land before them, then turned and pressed myself against the pole. I felt a jolt as my pussy pushed against it, then quickly pushed my ass back, grinding my bottom at them, blushing fiercely as they watched.

Riley popped up and came over to me, then moved in right behind me as she took my arm and pushed me in against the pole again.

“Okay, now what you do is, to press yourself against the pole like before,” she said, her hand on my back. Grip the pole in front of your neck with your mouth, elbows low. Now extend your right leg past the pole,” she said, reaching down to slide her hand against the back of my thigh.

I gulped, pushing my leg forward. Of course, that pushed my pussy up against the pole again.

“What you're going to do is curl your legs around the pole so your thighs are clutching it tightly, and then slowly swing around until facing your audience. As you do so you bring your elbows in against the sides of your breasts to squeeze them against the pole.”

“No way!”

“Way!”

“That's not in your class!”

“This isn't a regular class, baby Hannah,” she said with a grin. “This is more the stuff I used to do years ago.”

Curling my legs around the pole really rubbed my pussy against it! And then I had to turn around it, kind of swinging in but sliding downward as I went, and wound up facing them all, pressing my breasts in with my arms so they were kind of mashed around the pole!

This was a lot more sexual! And I felt a wild rush of energy which was partly arousal, partly a strange kind of thrill, and partly a wild sense of the outrageous.

“Do it again, but let yourself sink down onto your knees, and when you're on your knees, look at your audience, and then run your tongue slowly up the pole,” she said.

“No way!”

“Way!”

“I don't know where this pole has been!”

“You don't know where a man's cock has been either but you still put it in your mouth!” Riley said.

I blushed hotly while the others laughed in delight.

She went and got a spray bottle of some alcoholic cleaner and sprayed the pole, then wiped it with a clothe.

“Now go!” she ordered, giving my ass a slap.

“Ow!”

I jumped away, glaring, then, pulse pounding, I gripped the pole and swung around it, slowly sinking down to come around facing them on my knees, face flushed and body crackling with sexual electricity I was desperately hoping didn't show. This was so wild for me! My life was very dull and ordinary and... boring!

My pussy ground against the smooth bar as I slid down, directly against it! And then I was on my knees, and licked slowly up along the bar as they looked on.

“Keep your boobs pressed in against the bar,” Riley said.

I self-consciously pressed my arms in against them, mashing them against the bar as they grinned down at me.

“I'd definitely put a dollar in her G-string if she had a G-string,” Nicole said.

“Now, let's expand your moves,” Riley said.

She popped up again and put my back against the pole.

“Remember this. So grind yourself against it, then reach up, grip the bar, and swing around so your back is still against the bar, but it's facing your audience.

She stood right there as I did, blushing furiously.

“Good, now keeping the pole right between your buttocks, spread your legs wide, then bend over.”

“Uh..”

“Now!”

I gulped and shifted my feet apart, then bent over more and more. At first, I thought, well, the pole is kind of hiding me, you know, from their eyes, but then I realized that bending over wound up jamming my pussy right smack against the bar!

“Now roll your hips up and down, like you're fucking the pole,” she said.

I felt another wave of embarrassment, but the crackling electricity crackled more intensely, as I breathlessly obeyed, raising and lowering myself, rubbing my naked pussy against the bar! Shit! This was so nasty!

And my pussy was starting to burn very hotly!

“Now you straighten up and turn back, grab the pole and swing your entire lower body around to the other side,” she said.

That had me facing the pole again, and now I had to basically fold my legs around it and grind myself up and down by using my arms to raise and lower me, which was again very sexual and very embarrassing and wickedly exciting!

“I-I thought this was 2 minutes!” I gasped.

“The routine is 2 minutes. You have to learn the routine first,” she said with a laugh.

The next part had me leaning back against the pole, with my hips pushed out a bit, legs apart, and giving them a sexy look as I slid my hands slowly up my body.

“Roll your hips,” she said, making me repeat it.

I held the pole between my shoulder blades and rolled my hips, sliding my hands slowly up my body and over my breasts, my embarrassment mounting as I felt how stiff and hard my nipples were. My hands slid up through my hair then, and then I straightened up.

“Good. Now step forward. No, keep rolling your hips in time to the music, girl! Move towards Carly and straddle her chair.

“What? No way!”

“It's part of the routine,” she said, pushing at my back.

“But – !”

“Move!”

She slapped my bottom sharply and I yelped and moved forward a step to see Carly grinning at me. I blushed hotly, then straddled her chair.

“Keep dancing,” Riley ordered.

I was standing with my pussy not much more than a foot in front of her face!

“Roll your hips more!”

Crack!

I yelped as she slapped my butt, and rolled my hips more, my chest tight enough I was starting to feel breathless.

“Slide your hands up your body and through your hair,” Riley ordered. “But bend forward so that as your hands slide off your breasts they fall free right in front of her face.”

“No way!”

Crack! She slapped my butt again and I gasped then obeyed, sliding my hands up and under my breasts, then over them as I bent forward. My hands slid off them, my face bright red as they fell free right in front of her.

“Bend forward more. You want that tip, after all.”

I leaned in more, as my hands slid through my hair.

“Now roll your hips in and forward and sit on her lap.”

I did so, gulping and my body feeling... charged with electricity.

“Don't just sit there, you cow. Grind your hips, roll them. Put your hands on her shoulders and lean in, then slide your breasts up her body, but arch back so only the nipples gently touch her face.”

“Come on!” I gasped, turning my head.

“I want more action!” Angela shouted over the music.

I leaned in and let my breasts press against her torso, blushing furiously as I slid them up over her breasts, then arching back and trying to get just my very stiff nipples to glance lightly across her face.

“Such pretty nipples,” she said, her arms sliding around me and cupping my ass.

“Carly!” I gasped, straightening.

“No, no. What you say is, 'sir, you may not touch the dancers.’” Riley said.

“I'm not a sir,” Carly said as her fingers kneaded my buttocks.

I pulled her hands off, glaring but breathless.

“Keep dancing,” Angela ordered.

“Why? She doesn't have a cock for Hannah to grind against and get all hot,” Nicole said, slouching back in her chair.

“That's true. Carly needs a cock!” Tanya said.

“How much have you been drinking?” Carly asked in amusement.

“Enough!”

Riley scurried to the back of the room and opened a small cupboard there, then rummaged around for something and came out holding aloft a ... a cock!

Everyone laughed and hooted as she hurried back, brandishing a great big, very realistically made cock. I gaped at it, jaw dropping.

“You been holding out on us, little red!” Angela said.

“Is that your boyfriend, Riley?” Carly laughed.

“This is what she does for breaks,” Nicole said.

“Here,” she said, thrusting it at Carly.

“I don't need one!”

“Just stick it in your pants!”

“I've heard that before!”

“No way!” I said, leaping to my feet.

But they were all laughing in delight as Carly unzipped her jeans and then stuck this... this cock into them as if it was hanging down her thigh. We could all see this big bulge there, and I have to admit it was kind of funny – though for me, it was in a hysterical sort of way.

She zipped up her jeans, not without difficulty and Riley and Angela forced me forward so I was straddling her chair again.

I sank down reluctantly, and started to kind of grind myself against her, embarrassed, aroused, uneasy, excited, uncertain, but not knowing what else I could do.

“Now get him hot! Make him come!” Riley said in a loud laugh.

“But – !”

“Rub yourself against his hard-on!”

“I'm not a him!” Carly said.

Riley was pushing against me and I gasped as my pussy ground against that rounded lump laying along Carly's thigh, sending a charge of energy through my body! I realized with a horrified shock that I might have an orgasm!

“N-No, no! I can't do this!” I gasped, struggling back to my feet.

“I thought you liked cocks!” Nicole shouted in delight.

“If you won't do it then we'll just have to punish you,” Riley said.

“B-But I... I'm ..”

She was tugging me backward, which I didn't fight because it was away from Carly, but then I felt the pole against my backside.

“Reach up and grip the pole,” she said.

I did, and she reached up as well, and I felt something metallic going around my wrists! I gasped, looking up in confusion, my mind kind of whirling with all the energy coursing through me, and saw, with disbelief, her clicking a handcuff around my wrist!

“What are you... doing!?” I gasped.

I jerked my hands back, or tried to, only to find them locked together around the pole as the others all laughed at me!

“We'll leave her here to contemplate her sins,” Carly said, getting up.

She unzipped her jeans, pulled the dildo out, and put it on the chair, then picked up her glass, and, along with Angela, wandered out. Nicole laughed and came over to me, patted my face, then pinched my nipple! I yelped and she laughed and followed the others out.

Riley stayed, grinning at me.

“Riley!”

“Yes, stripper girl?”

“I-I'm not a stripper!”

“You could be a great one. You're very athletic,” she said seriously. “You'd need to take a class like mine, though, to strengthen your upper body, particularly your arms, but you're very fit.”

I would have found that statement less nervous if it wasn't accompanied by her hand on my stomach, sliding up and down my abdomen and belly.

“L-Let me go!” I gulped.

“But you're being initiated,” she said with a grin.

Her hand felt so incredibly soft and warm against my bare skin! My chest was still super tight and my stomach was fluttering as my heart pounded!

“And you have such great breasts,” she said, as her hand slid up over my breast, and then caressed it.

“Riley!” I gasped.

“Hannah!” she echoed in amusement.

“These really are very nice breasts,” she said, as if just discovering something.

Her other hand came up and began to caress my right breast as well!

I felt a jolt of energy hit me!

“I-I'm not – .”

“You're whatever you want to be,” she said.

Then her right hand slid down my body as she leaned in. I let out a gasp of heat, pleasure and shock as her mouth closed around the center of my left breast. Her teeth just barely dug in, pressing against my taut skin as her lips closed in more firmly. She started to suck as her tongue licked at my now very sensitive nipple!

But a second later her hand descended down my belly and abdomen and her fingers slid across my clitoris!

My cousin Anne had once said something like, it's all fun and games until they get their hand between your legs under your clothes. Then it's serious!

I was already so charged with energy I was practically trembling, and felt a wild rush as her fingers slid across my hyper-sensitive clitoris! And the instant her fingers slid down across it they slid back up and then began to rub in a circular pattern I knew well!

Meanwhile, her teeth were closing in more tightly against my breast as she sucked rhythmically! And her tongue was swirling and stroking back and forth

across my nipple as if it were a finger tweaking a taut guitar string!

And I was so breathless, so charged, my mind so scattered I could hardly think straight, let alone form coherent words. I knew I had to protest, if only to... well, be seen as protesting, you know? But I was having a difficult time doing more than squirming against the pole!

“D-Don't!” I finally managed to gasp.

Her left hand slid up off my breast and into my hair, then yanked my head back sharply so that I cried out. Then I felt her mouth on my throat, felt her kissing me, then sucking hungrily against the nape of my neck. Meanwhile, her fingers were still rubbing very insistently against my clitoris!

The orgasm blossomed within me and I couldn't even hide it. I cried out in helpless pleasure, my hips instantly bucking against her fingers as I writhed and twisted against the pole! The cuffs held my wrists firmly as my pussy ground frantically into her fingers and the towering strength of the orgasm built higher and higher to the point I thought my head would explode!

There was this violent flare of energy which caused my back to arch sharply even as my hips bucked and ground against her fingers, and I felt my chest burning with the need to breath! But my body didn't want to do anything but bask in the heat of the pleasure, didn't want to do anything which might cause it to fade!

The back of my head hit the pole several times as I twisted and writhed, and then I finally gulped in air, though most of it gurgled right back out again as the orgasm finally began to fade.

I heard applause, hands clapping, and jerked my glazed eyes around to see Nicole standing inside the doorway, clapping slowly, smirking. I blushed and dropped my eyes.

“You win, Riley. I didn't think you could make her come just with your fingers,” she said, strolling forward.

“I have very talented fingers,” Riley said as she let me go.

I dropped my eyes low, gulping in air, my entire body flushed and breathless, but

starting to feel a rising tide of embarrassment now as the two women looked at me.

Then fingers slid in under my chin and raised it up and I blinked in confusion as Nicole's pretty face smiled at me. She stuck her tongue out suddenly and I blinked in surprise. It went out... a long way! Then she leaned in and kissed me! On the lips!

My mind was spinning! On the one hand, I was just starting to come to grips with the realization she had seen me! I mean, she had seen me climax! That was horribly embarrassing! Except that now her hand was on my breast as her tongue slid into my mouth, which... made her a participant... which... wasn't as bad as if she had just... watched...

Confused? I certainly was!

Her other hand came up into my hair and jerked my head back as she leaned into me, and I moaned into her mouth with every breath as her tongue slid sensuously across my lips and gently caressed my own tongue. Her right hand cupped and kneaded my breast, and then I felt another hand slide in from the side and cup my pussy!

I flinched and jerked, but she held me easily as my wrists jerked against the handcuffs! I felt what had to be Riley's fingers sliding up and down the length of my pussy, then pushing through! I shuddered as her finger slipped into my body, squirming in deep, then pulled back and was joined by a second finger!

“Nice and wet in here,” she said from next to me.

I blushed hotly, then flinched again as her thumb began to gently rub my clitoris, her two fingers sliding deeper inside me and starting to pump in and out. I felt her breath against the side of my throat, then, and then her lips on me again! I felt overwhelmed by it all as Riley's other hand slid up my chest to knead my other breast.

Then she and Nicole shifted hands, or at least, breasts, and I felt her mouth on my breast again as her hand slid down to knead my buttocks!

And Nicole was still kissing me! Her lips were growing more insistent, more... more passionate as her tongue stroked and twisted and dipped around my own.

I had just come a minute ago but already my body was fairly thrumming with energy, a wild heat growing within my mind as the two women shocked and aroused my senses! Then Riley slid down and I felt a hand roughly pushing my thigh to the side.

Nicole eased her lower body back and I felt another hand on my other leg, forcing them apart. A moment later I felt hot breath against my sex, then an explosive jolt of energy and sensation as Riley's mouth closed against me!

I jerked against the handcuffs, back arching as she licked strongly up and down the length of my sex, then kissed my clitoris! Her fingers squirmed up inside me as I gulped in air, then her tongue started to lick at my clitoris!

Oh my God this was insane!

Nicole finally pulled her lips back from mine, and her hand off my hair, dropping it so he could cup both breasts together.

“You're our little prisoner,” she said with a leer. “Our helpless slave girl!”

Riley was licking strongly at my clitoris as Nicole dropped her mouth and started sucking on my right breast, and I jerked with shock as I saw movement out of the corner of my eye and Tanya moved forward, grinning.

I gaped at her, but then she slid her fingers into my hair the way Nicole had, and jerked it back as she leaned in and began to suck on my left breast!

“This is how we initiate pretty little blonde girls,” I heard from behind me.

Then Angela leaned in and began to chew on the nape of my neck! Her hands slid around my chest to cup my breasts as the other two women sucked and chewed at them, and Riley licked harder at my clitoris!

My senses were overpowered, my mind buzzing and overwhelmed, and there was nothing I felt I could do but... surrender. Which, in all honesty, was what I wanted to do anyway. The sexual energy was growing into a fever pitch as their hands moved over me! I still felt the urge to... to resist in some way, to make it clear this was not my idea! But I couldn't bring myself to speak!

Riley had three fingers inside me, pumping in and out as she sucked on my

clitoris, and I was on the edge of another powerful climax!

And then it hit! My body flared wildly, and I writhed and bucked in helpless convulsions as my mind lost control of my body! I arched and twisted and my hips ground violently against Riley's sucking, licking mouth! My breasts burned as the two women sucked them and Angela kneaded them, and my mind spun through a storm of sensation and shocked heat, stunned by the soundless clamor of it all!

As the orgasm faded I sagged limply, groaning, head falling back against the pole. I started to slide down, and only their hands kept me from doing so. Then their hands slid away and they let me slide down onto my knees, my arms still held up and back above me by the cuffs.

I groaned weakly, chest heaving, and suddenly I felt something between my legs, something ... not natural. I groaned as Nicole dropped to her knees next to Riley and I felt their hands on my knees.

“Sink down, slave girl,” Angela said from behind me.

I had no idea what they wanted, but groaned and sank lower as they pulled my knees further apart.

“Sit on your heels, slut,” Tanya said in an amused growl.

I felt that pressure against my sex increase and looked down, gasping as I saw the dildo in Riley's hand. I started to shake my head, but she pushed and I moaned as it penetrated me, pushing up past the mouth of my sex and into my hot, warm, tight belly.

They pushed down on my shoulders and I sank lower, gasping as I felt the base of the dildo hit the floor, then sinking down its length. They pulled my feet back behind the pole and then jerked them apart as I squealed at the sudden ache of the penetration. It was a big dildo! It was thick and it was long and I felt so full as I slid down its length!

I shuddered, gasping for breath as they impaled me on the big cock! They folded my legs back so that the backs of my feet were pressed against the floor and I was almost sitting on the floor, filled with the dildo, with it grinding against what felt like the very back wall of my pussy!

“Naughty little girl,” Nicole said.

“Slut,” Riley growled.

“Tramp,” Angela said into my ear.

“Whore!” Tanya said in amusement.

Riley was suddenly standing in front of me. Naked! I gasped as she moved closer, then stood before me, legs spread. Her hands slid down into my hair and gathered it up, then jerked my face in against her naked pussy!

“Lick me, slave girl,” she ordered.

I flinched and jerked my hands forward, but of course, was brought up short by the handcuff link hitting the bar. I gasped in pain as she pulled at my hair. Another quick yank and I cried out, the pain making me lick wildly at her! I felt Angela's hand slide over my hip from behind and her fingers began to rub my clitoris as Riley ground her pussy against my mouth.

I was actually licking her pussy! That was an amazing, shocking, wondering thing! My eyes were inches away and I was staring at her sex, at her clitoris, at how smooth she was. I didn't see a single bit of hair, nor feel any against my tongue.

“She licks like a dog,” Riley snorted.

“Then train her like a little bitch in heat,” Tanya said.

Someone pulled my ankles a little further apart and I let out a cry as my pussy sank even harder against the dildo, the tip jammed way up inside me! A hand was caressing my right breast and fingering the nipple as another rubbed against my clitoris.

Everything was still moving so fast! Faster than my sputtering mind could cope!

Riley guided my tongue up and down her sex, and I was too overawed to even consider whether I ought to find licking another girl unpleasant or not. I mean, I'd had these, you know, thoughts about making it with a girl, but the actual act of performing oral sex on one, well, I hadn't really seriously considered it before.

And now I was doing it!

“That's it, lick that little tongue out, doggy,” Riley said, gripping my hair in both hands. “push into me. Push your tongue as deep as you can.”

She pulled on my hair, mashing my mouth against her sex and I thrust my tongue into her as best I could, moaning helplessly as the world kind of spun around me. My insides ached, but the ache was a dark, heavy sort of ache, and the fingers rubbing at my clitoris more than made up for it!

Several of them were talking at once, as if making suggestions or discussing what they ought to do to me or with me, as Riley had me lick directly at her clitoris and use my lower lip to press up against my tongue so I could lick harder.

I groaned as my knees were forced further apart, not really able to see who was doing what with my face pressed into her pussy. I felt an ache in my inner thighs as the tendons were strained and stretched, and then another hand on my other breast, plucking at the nipple, then rolling and twisting it.

Riley began to grind her pussy into my face as I licked her, and her voice was getting more breathless as she groaned in pleasure.

I was kind of rocking and grinding against the dildo and the fingers, dazed by it all, wrapped in a wild, crackling cloud of sexual heat and excitement and hardly caring about anything else! Then my face was jammed really hard into her as she put both hands behind my head and pushed her hips forward, forcing the back of my head against the bar.

I realized she was coming, and I had made her come with my tongue, and felt a dizzy kind of excitement. But then she stumbled away Tanya stepped in front of me, reached down, gripped my hair, and pulled my mouth into her pussy!

A part of me wanted to object, but I felt a sudden hot wave of excitement which I didn't really understand – or care to. But it was like... I was their bitch, their... prisoner, their... abused sex toy, or something like that. I felt wild and wanton and incredibly aroused because... I had no choice. I mean, I could see myself as not having any choice, which meant I didn't need to be ashamed of acting like a slut – sort of.

She pulled up on my hair, forcing me to lean in and rise on my legs a bit. I couldn't close my knees because Nicole and Riley were standing there, on either side, with their foot right there to hold my legs wide. I groaned as she pulled me up and into her, but then as I started licking she pushed forward and pushed me back down again, so that I sank back down onto the dildo.

And Angela was still rubbing my clitoris!

She pulled me up and then pushed me down as I licked her, and I rose and then sank and then rose and sank again on the dildo, breathless and moaning and so charged with sexual energy so that I could hardly think straight!

When Tanya had come she stepped away and Angela moved in front of me, but she knelt in front of me, grabbed my hair (again) and kissed me hard, her tongue pushing into my mouth as her bare breasts mashed against mine.

She pulled her lips back, her eyes intense.

“Are you my slut, little girl?” she purred, her hand dropping to pinch my nipple.

“Oh! Ow! Angela!” I cried, squirming.

“Say you're my slut.”

“I'm your slut!” I cried.

She stopped pinching the nipple and rolled it gently between her thumb and forefinger.

“Call me mistress,” she said.

Someone laughed but then she pinched my nipple again.

“Mistress!” I cried.

Tanya was behind me again, her hand sliding over my hip and down between my legs to rub at my clitoris.

“How does that big cock feel inside you, slut?” she purred.

I groaned in reply.

“Does it feel good?” she demanded, then pinched my nipple again.

“Ow! Oh! Angela!”

“Mistress!”

“Mistress!”

“Does it feel good inside your hot little pussy, slut?”

“Yes!”

“Yes, mistress,” she growled.

“Yes, mistress!” I cried, my nipple aching and burning.

She stopped pinching it and gently rolled it between her fingers again.

“Tell me you're my slut.”

“I-I'm your slut!” I gasped.

She pinched my nipple again, hard!

“Mistress!” she said.

“I'm your slut, mistress!” I cried.

I had a strange sensation with her. I mean, she was over thirty, which made her a woman. Tanya was almost thirty, as was Nicole. I still thought of myself as a girl, and so there was a kind of instinctive deference within me, almost like I was still in school and dealing with teachers, or coaches.

Except this was overlain with a deep, darkly thrilling sexual tinge, of course.

“Do you love that cock inside you, slut?”

I didn't get angry at her calling me a slut. I mean, I was kind of acting like a slut, after all. But more importantly, I saw it all as kind of play-acting, just like their talk of me being their prisoner or their sex slave, and so it actually gave me hot little rush of excitement each time she used that word.

I mean, normally I was so far from being a slut!

“Y-yes, mistress!” I gulped, breathing hard.

“Then say it, slut.”

“I-I love the cock inside me, mistress!” I gasped, face heating at the other three looking on and chuckling in amusement at me.

“No,” she said, shaking her head. “Say, I love having this great big cock so deep inside me, mistress.”

“I-I love having this great big cock so deep inside me, mistress!” I gasped, panting.

She had released my hair now but had both my nipples in her fingers, rolling them and plucking lightly.

“Are you a cock loving blonde whore, slut?”

“Y-yes, mistress,” I gulped, my mind twisting and writhing in a strange sort of... of almost masochistic heat.

“Say it, slut.”

‘I’m a-a cock loving blonde whore, mistress!’ I gulped.

“I think we should punish her,” Riley said.

“She’s definitely a bad girl,” Tanya purred from behind me.

“She needs a spanking,” Nicole exclaimed in delight.

“And she has such a nice ass,” Riley said, giggling.

I was so hot, so dazed, I was practically shaking! There was so much wild sexual pressure inside me I could hardly breath!

And then Tanya knelt next to Angela, with something in her hand. It was some kind of leather strap, and for a moment I felt a shock of anxiety, afraid it was a belt she was going to use on me, but I saw the studs and then the big round ring

and then she pressed it against my throat, and put it around my neck!

She and Angela pulled my hair out of the way and fastened the collar behind my neck, and then I felt the handcuffs come free of my aching wrists. I dropped them with a moan of relief, but then yelped as someone jerked on my hair to send me forward. I had to throw out my hands to keep from falling on my face.

Everyone was dressed except me and Angela, and she casually pulled on her clothes as I looked around, dazed, and started to rise. A foot pushed down on my back and I gasped, almost pushed to the floor

“No, little sex slave. You crawl like a bitch in heat,” Angela said.

What?! What were they – !?

I gasped and lurched forward and saw that Tanya was holding a leash which ran down from her hand to under my chin. I could feel the pull on the ... collar.

“Crawl, sex slave,” she said in delight.

She was a strong woman, and I really didn't have much choice. Then someone slapped my bottom and I yelped, scurrying forward a few feet as they laughed.

They opened the door to the hall and led me, crawling, through. Thankfully the floor had a thick carpet, but I was still wrapped in shocked heat and amazement as they led me, crawling, up the hall, naked, with the pressure of that dildo still filling me! I was kind of stunned, to be honest, and I'm sure my eyes were wide and wild!

I don't mean to give you the idea I was just so turned on I didn't care about this... this wild, kinky shit, because I did. I was shocked, dismayed, anxious, embarrassed, and more than a little reluctant to be crawling naked down the hall! But the heat was also overpowering, and... there were four of them, all older than me, all giving me orders and... I just felt... I couldn't form the will in the face of all that to stand up to them!

So I lurched forward, crawling down the hall naked with a dildo stuffed inside me and the four of them leading me along – leashed!

“Come on, slut. You can crawl faster than that,” Angela said, slapping my

bottom again.

It was a good hundred feet to the lounge, and I crawled all the way, surrounded by four women taunting and joking and enjoying themselves, often at my expense. The lighting in the lounge was more subdued, the rug thicker, the furniture luxurious and nicely padded.

And there was Carly sitting on the sofa watching TV!

My face burned and I dropped my eyes to the floor, but had to lurch forward as Tanya tugged on the leash.

“We have a naughty little girl here, Carly!” she said in delight.

“A bitch in heat,” Riley said.

They made me crawl right up in front of Carly, and then I felt the leash jerking me up and back on my heels.

“Sit on your heels, slut,” Tanya barked. “Knees wide apart!”

Such was my state I actually obeyed, but dropped my eyes as low as I could until someone grabbed my hair and jerked my head up.

“Hands behind your neck, slut!” Tanya barked. “Back arched! Show us how pretty your tits are.”

I brought my shaking hands up behind my neck and arched my back, face burning almost as much as the rest of me.

“Spread those legs wider, slut,” Angela ordered, putting her foot against the inside of my right knee to force it further open.

Angela knelt next to me, and I felt her hand caressing my breast, then felt her fingers close around my still throbbing, aching nipple.

“Are you a cock-loving blonde whore, Hannah?” she asked.

“Y-Yes... mistress!” I gulped, face burning, still trying to look anywhere but at Carly.

“Say it, slut!”

“I-I'm a cock-loving blonde whore, mistress!”

“Come here, Hannah,” Carly ordered.

Trembling, I shuffled forward on my knees and she reached out to grasp me by the collar. I gasped aloud as she pulled me in and then put a hand under my buttocks and dragged me up across her lap!

She was sitting in a modernistic black leather chair. It was angled back, curved, and had no arms. She pulled me forward across her lap until my bottom was right over her, which left my head and shoulders dangling over the other side of the chair, my hands on the floor and the blood rushing to my head.

I felt hands between my legs, and cried out, my head jerking up and back as it was shoved in hard, but then Angela knelt in front of me and seized my hair, in one hand, raising her skirt with the other.

“Lick me, slut. Show me you love pussy and not just cock,” she ordered.

Crack!

I cried out at the stinging slap to my bottom, then again as Angela pulled at my hair again.

“Lick me, slut,” she ordered.

“Such a bad girl,” Nicole said.

“She definitely needs to be spanked,” I heard Riley say.

Crack!

I yelped at another slap to my ass, and then started licking Angela's pussy.

Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!

The slaps were slow and deliberate, making my bottom sting and heat up as Angela ground her pussy into my mouth, pulled at my hair, and reached in to roughly grope one of my breasts.

Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!

This was all insane!

“Nasty girl!”

“Naughty girl!”

“Bad girl!”

“Slutty girl!”

Crack! Crack! Crack!

I felt a hand between my legs gripping the dildo and pumping it in and out, then fingers at my clitoris, rubbing it. I didn't even know who it was!

Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!

I writhed and cried out and moaned into Angela's pussy, licking dazedly as she held my head up and back. My bottom was hot and sore and getting hotter and more sore as Carly continued to spank me, but my insides were whirling furiously as the dildo pumped in and out of me with hard, deep, long strokes, and fingers rubbed at my clitoris.

Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!

I came, somewhere in the middle of the spanking, crying out, writhing and bucking and twisting atop Carly's lap as she continued to spank me, as someone continued to punch the dildo into me and rub my clitoris! I came wildly, the rush of sexual energy overwhelming my mind! Nothing mattered in the universe but that wild storm of pleasure as I twisted and cried out with every breath, my body burning up in the flames of the orgasmic fire storm!

My legs bounced and jerked and shook and my insides were a screaming torrent of sensations as I writhed at the heart of the inferno. It was the BEST orgasm I'd ever had, the most powerful, the most intense, and the longest lasting! And at the end I just lay there as if I was only half conscious, chest heaving, limp, moaning, glassy eyed as they laughed at me and called me a slut.

“Such a bad girl,” Carly said, her hands gliding up and down my back, over my throbbing buttocks, and down to knead my breast.

I moaned as someone pushed against the base of the dildo, I mean, put the palm of their hand against it and pushed! I could feel it thrust just that much deeper into my aching belly, as her hand went flat against it, flat against me, showing I had the entire length of it buried inside me.

“All right, slut. You've had your fun. Now back to licking,” Angela said, jerking up and back on my hair.

“Back to spanking,” Carly said.

Crack! Crack!

I squealed and moaned, my arms flailing, and I felt them caught and drawn back behind me. I didn't know if it was Carly or one of the others, but they pushed my hands in so my lower arms were pressed together across my lower back, each hand pressed against the opposite elbow, and then I felt something, like a strap or a belt wrapped around them several times and pulled tight, binding not just my wrists but my forearms together across my back.

“Lick me, slut,” Angela ordered.

Dazed, I licked at her pussy as fingers stroked my clitoris. I was kind of dizzy, with my head hanging upside down, then pulled up and back, and then upside down again and now pulled up and back by the hair. I was kind of breathless, too, and my mind was filled with a kind of shocked heat and desire.

Crack!

“Nasty girl,”

Crack!

“Naughty girl.”

Crack!

“Slutty girl.”

I jerked my head against Angela's hand as I felt something pressing against my wrinkled little back entrance, but she jerked me back down again and mashed her pussy into my face.

“Lick, slut,” she barked.

I could feel something rounded pushing into my ass! My hips twisted and writhed, but hands gripped my legs, holding them apart, and the rounded thing pushed deeper, turning and twisting inside me! It was ... slick with something, slippery, and I could do nothing but lick at Angela as it pushed in and out, in and out, twisting and turning.

It drew back, and then something even thicker pushed into my ass! It slid deeper, then deeper, then even deeper! I moaned, feeling an ache inside me which was different but also similar to the one in my pussy as fingers rubbed my clitoris again and then both dildos moved in and out!

Crack! Crack! Crack!

With my legs spread Carly had to slap my buttocks separately, but that didn't seem to bother her, nor stop my skin from burning and aching!

Crack!

“Bad girl,” Carly said.

Angela came, jerking on my hair sharply and repeatedly as she ground herself into me, so that my scalp burned almost as much as my ass!

Laughing, they pulled me off Carly's lap, and she stood up.

I was led forward to where Nicole had stripped and was laying back on the floor, spreading her knees apart.

“Time to make me happy, little slave girl,” she purred.

I was half dragged, half pushed over by the hair and arm and then bent over until she could take hold of my hair herself and guide my mouth in against her pussy. Hands slapped my bottom and jerked on my hips and thighs to position me properly, spreading my legs wide as I began to lick.

And then someone pressed a vibrator against my clitoris!

I jerked violently, but they only laughed and slapped my bottom and pushed me back into position as the vibrator began to rub against my clitoris.

Awash in heat, and a wild mixture of thoughts and confusion, excitement and dismay, I moaned into her flesh as she ground my face down, hands on my thighs to keep me in position and keep my legs apart as the vibrator rubbed back and forth.

They were laughing and joking and giggling, and I was slapped on the bottom multiple times as hands groped and squeezed my breasts and pinched my nipples. Then the dildos, both of them began to pump in and out!

My tongue was aching, but Nicole kept tugging on my hair and grinding my mouth against her pussy, and I wound up just laying my tongue across my lower lip and rolling my mouth up against her as the heat grew within me like a spreading wildfire.

Fortunately for my aching tongue and neck muscles Nicole was excited enough to come quickly, and that left me just kneeling there, gasping and trembling and shaking as the rest gathered beside and behind me, squealing and laughing.

Then Carly, who had gotten up and moved away, returned. She was still fully dressed, but now she had a set of straps around her hips and between her legs, and ... I moaned, raising my glazed eyes, staring, trying to understand what I was seeing.

The women all hooted in delight and laughed as they stopped pumping the dildos.

“Now you're gonna get it, slave girl!”

“Carly's got something special for you, slut!”

“Ooooooh, there's something you're going to fall in love with, bad girl!”

Something was sticking out from Carly's groin, attached to the straps. It was a big black dildo. And I mean BIG. I thought at first I was mistaken but the shape was pretty obvious as he knelt down in front of me.

“Oh! Oh! Ow!” I gasped as she filled her hand with my hair and drew my torso upward off the floor.

She held me in a kneeling position, bent at a ninety degree angle, and I stared at the dildo pointed at my face. Then she pushed forward, and the head pushed against my mouth. It was so big I didn't think it would even fit inside, at first!

The vibrator started buzzing against my clitoris again, and someone slapped my bottom while someone else started pumping the dildo in my pussy.

Carly didn't say anything, but simply held me upright by the hair and pushed the dildo slowly forward. It was made of some kind of silicone material and there was a plastic taste to it as it pushed against my teeth. It was soft enough that it was able to be squeezed in together to force its way slowly through my mouth, as my jaw was open as wide as it could.

My eyes were going crossed staring at it! My mouth was so wide it was aching, and the thick black cock was slowly pushing through, my teeth scraping across its surface, squeezing it inward. But of course, it expanded again once past my teeth, filling my mouth completely!

Lights flashed, though I was only partially aware of them, but it was the women snapping pictures with their cell phones. I blinked dazedly, moaning around the thing as it slid deeper into my mouth, crushing my tongue down.

The dildo in my ass started pumping, achieving a rhythm with the one in my pussy, so that as one pulled out the other thrust into me. Hands were starting to grope and fondle my breasts as they hung below me and pluck and pinch my nipples, and the vibrator rubbed hard against my clitoris!

I was not really far from a major climax, breathless, grunting, moaning, sobbing with dazed heat as Carly pushed the thick black cock remorselessly forward into my mouth. It pushed so deep I felt a sudden jarring fear she was going to try to push it down my throat!

There was a wild, dark heat at the thought, but I knew I could never swallow something that thick! Even so, a part of me longed to try, for I was wrapped in a dark miasma of heat which had come to be focused around that new, kind of masochistic excitement I was feeling at being their 'prisoner', their sex slave, their bitch!

But just as I started to choke and gag as it pushed into the very back of my mouth Carly drew it out again, slowly, then eased her grip on my hair to lower my shoulders and face to the floor. She moved around behind me, and all the others stepped back, the vibrator pulling away, the hands coming off me.

I felt the dildo in my pussy pulled free, then the fat, round nose of the one she was ... wearing, pushed against me. As with my mouth, I thought it was so thick it wouldn't fit. But again, the stronger, tighter lips of my sex strained as wide, as achingly wide as they could, and Carly kept pushing so that the silicone was squeezed in a bit.

The black cock pushed into me, and there were more flashing lights, more laughter, more joking at my expense.

“I bet you love that big cock cock, don't you, baby!”

“Look at the size of that cock!”

“Do you still love cock, slut?”

“She's getting more than she bargained for!”

I moaned weakly as the thing pushed into me, as the thick round head was finally forced through the straining lips of my sex, and of course, expanded again inside me, stretching out the elastic walls of my sex as Carly pushed it deeper and deeper.

There was a deep ache, but it was a sort of dull, if powerful thing, and couldn't compete against the wild heat within me. In fact, I felt that heat rising at being so thoroughly, so fully penetrated by such a massive cock – even if it was a fake one.

I gulped in air in short, frantic gasps as she worked the thing in and out in very short little strokes, gradually forcing it deeper and deeper until I ached with the fullness inside me! Yet somehow my body adjusted, as the thing kept moving forward, bit by bit, and I kept feeling the ache extend further into my thrumming belly.

Fingers slid under me and began to rub at my clitoris, and my hips jerked convulsively.

Crack! A hand slapped against my bottom. Then again, then again as the women laughed and joked.

I came, the orgasm exploding up through my body as I cried out in animal pleasure! Carly had a tight grip on my hips but my upper body twisted and writhed and bounced as I cried out again and again, my hips jerking back against the heavy pressure of the dildo pushing into me as some part of my mind wanted desperately to impale myself on it!

After the orgasm, I went limp, dazedly laying there, gasping for breath, eyes slitted. I could feel Carly very slowly pumping the dildo, still pushing it deeper and deeper, until I felt as if it was going up into my very stomach! Then, finally, it seemed to reach bottom. I felt her denim clad hips pressing firmly against my buttocks as the women applauded around me.

The vibrator snapped on again and I shuddered as it pressed against my clitoris once more. I felt hands on my bound forearms, pulling up and back, and moaned dazedly as my upper torso was lifted up off the floor. My head hung down low, but someone moved in front of me and gathered up my hair into a tight mass, then used it to raise my head.

I didn't even know who it was, at first, but I saw another strap with another dildo attached to it. This one was what I would have once thought was big, though compared to that monster Carly had shoved into my pussy it was much more modest.

It was long, though, and before I even understood the intent it was pushed forward into my mouth. I gurgled, rolling my eyes up the fully clothed torso to the head looking down at me to see it was Tanya. Then my eyes snapped downward as the dildo, which had fit easily through my open mouth, pushed deep enough to enter my throat!

I coughed and gagged, at first, as she pushed smoothly forward down my throat. But my position was actually ideal for this, since my upper body was leaning forward and my head pulled way back. That gave her a straight shot through my mouth and down my throat, and before I knew it I was feeling the dull and kind of ticklish sensation as the dildo slid down deep.

Deep!

The dildo was thicker than most I'd had, but much longer, and it slid right through my mouth and down my throat so that I thought it must be deep in my chest! Meanwhile, Carly was starting to stroke harder inside me as my body began to accommodate itself to the thick penetration.

Hands began to both grope and slap my hanging breasts now as the vibrator played over my clitoris. Then someone slapped with their open palm against the base of the dildo in my ass, which was almost completely buried inside me. The slapping, though, produced a jarring echo of sensation deep inside me as the nose was jammed against what must be the deepest part of my rectum.

I began to lose my mind again, swept by sensations, emotions, desires, fears, but more than anything else, raw animal heat. I was light-headed, unable to breath, and not really caring, though as soon as Tanya drew the big dildo back out of my throat I sucked in ragged breaths of air as if I'd just remembered the need.

Carly picked up the pace, driving that big dildo into me with hard strokes that had her hips striking my bottom with more and more force. My mind's eye focused on the incredible sensation of its movement inside me as my body soared upwards to another orgasm. My hips jerked and spasmed and then the climax hit as Tanya shoved the dildo back into my mouth and deep into my throat.

I screamed with abandon, then, knowing nothing would escape, my body trembling and shaking as Carly slammed her hips into it, punching that massive cock achingly deep inside me with every stroke, driving me out of my mind with the wild, scalding pleasure of it all!

I felt a sense of dazed amazement that I was having another orgasm. I mean, in sex I was lucky to have one. When I masturbated, I quit at the orgasm, of course. But I'd already had several climaxes and yet I was screaming up into another one! The orgasm was different, this time, though. There was a strange sort of rippling energy inside me, and the orgasm soared up, then down, then up again, then back down, then back up!

This isn't how an orgasm feels, I thought wonderingly.

I was twisting and writhing and bucking as Carly rode me with that huge cock, screaming breathlessly into the dildo plugging my throat as hands roughly squeezed my breasts and the vibrator ground against my clitoris.

And the orgasm just seemed to go on and on and on as if it would never end! It was actually climbing higher, getting more intense as my head pounded from lack of breath, and my movements were becoming more violent so that hands gripped my shoulders on either side.

I didn't ... quite... pass out. Tanya slid the dildo back out of my throat and I began to breath again, though I wasn't really aware of it. It was like my mind had been sand blasted raw, and as my hair was released I was laid down and just lay there, drooling, gasping for breath, shell shocked, in a way.

They carried me up to the spa and set me on one of the massage tables. Such was the state of my mind I hardly remembered it, for it didn't really wake up much until I found myself on the table, my arms strapped over my head.

Nicole was pouring warm oil over my body, and then she and Angela gave me a massage, a very professional massage, a very good massage, but certainly one with sexual elements to it given I was strapped down and their oiled hands freely caressed and kneaded my breasts and stroked across my clitoris.

And the dildos were still inside me. The smaller one in my ass, and the huge one in my pussy.

I groaned weakly, not moving, not really able to move, as their hands moved over my body, massaging my feet and legs as well as my chest and shoulders.

They rolled me onto my belly and began to work on my back, not neglecting my buttocks at all, the palms of their hands sliding firmly across the base of the dildo barely protruding from my ass, and also circling my taut opening where it gripped the big black dildo.

I was aware of Riley being present, whispering with someone, but all I heard was.

“... come on! I wanna try!”

I had no idea what she wanted, and was half asleep from the massage, not to mention both physical and emotional exhaustion!

The massaging hands slid all the way down my legs to massage my feet, though, without anything happening, but then I felt my legs pulled further apart, and kind

of raised up a bit. I moaned as something slid in under my pussy. It was the vibrator, and as they eased me down it buzzed against my clitoris again.

Then I felt the big dildo slowly drawing out of me. I moaned weakly but didn't complain. And when it finally came free I felt so empty! I also felt relieved. But there was this incredible emptiness down there.

Fingers rubbed against me and then slid inside, one, two, three of turning and twisting. Then I felt myself stretched again as a fourth pushed inside. I groaned, trying to see over my shoulder, and saw them all staring between my legs. Nicole held my left leg while Angela held my right. Riley was in closer, and her hand was the one pushing into me.

And then it got thicker as she folded her thumb in and pushed. I moaned, my aching pussy opening stretching wide once more, but it had been held wide for a while by then and Riley had a small hand as befitted a petite woman.

The heel of her hand slowly pushed through me and I began to gulp in air as a shock wave rolled over me, a shock wave of realization that her entire hand was pushing into my body! I squirmed weakly, moaning, as her hand slowly slid deeper and deeper, turning from side to side as Angela snapped pictures.

The vibrator ground against me, and Riley's hand slid deeper still. I felt the individual fingers slowly drawing in and back, each of them stretching the walls of my pussy before folding back into her palm.

Then she pushed forward again, her fist slowly turning from side to side as it drove deeper into my belly. My nervous system was flooded with adrenalin again, my heart beating faster and faster as the ache pushed deeper, but that crackling sexual energy began to tear through me again, despite my exhaustion.

Then the others were there, all staring, ooing and ahhing as Riley drove her fist into me, then pulled it back. She pushed it slowly deeper, then slowly drew it back. It took startlingly little time to drive me into orgasm, into multiple orgasms again as her fist moved in and out, faster and faster, and the vibrator ground against my clitoris.

And this time I did lose consciousness.

*

It was not to be an isolated evening of lesbian kinkiness. I took the next day off, but then returned to work the following day, blushing and self-conscious. I figured, well, it had been a wild evening and I'd put it behind me. Though I have to admit I was still feeling more than a little awe, like an echo of the pleasure was still resonating through my mind.

I wasn't sure how the others would react to me. I figured I probably wouldn't even see Nicole or Angela, and Riley was usually busy with her class. Carly was a mature woman of about thirty, and would likely behave herself, and I mostly saw Tanya in the gym around many people, so she would probably pretend nothing had happened either.

“Got something for you, baby Hannah,” Carly said shortly after I started getting dressed in the locker room.

I felt my heart rate about double as I turned around and gulped.

“Wh-what?”

She had a bag in her hand and I gasped, face flushing as she pulled out a dildo. It was a short, thick dildo, with an odd sort of thing on the bottom, kind of like the clip on a pen.

“Got something to keep your day lively,” she said.

“Carly!” I protested.

“Bend over, slave girl.”

“I'm not – !”

She swept her hand up behind my neck and propelled me forward and then down across the back of a chair!

“Carly!” I whined. “Someone might come!”

“Yes, you.”

She jerked my thong down and I moaned as I felt the dildo pushing against me. It slid in fairly easily, though, slippery, as if she'd oiled it, and then completely

disappeared inside me – except for this narrow little 'clip' at the base, which folded up across the top of my sex (bottom, given I was bent over), and squeezed back against me as if it were a spring.

She pulled me upright and I stared down to see that the lips of my sex had closed, except for this very narrow thing which came out of me, and then spread in two to bracket my clitoris, pressing in against the flesh on either side.

“Wh-what – ?!”

She pulled my thong up and slapped my bottom, then showed me a small green remote control. She pressed a button, and the little clip squeezing in on either side of my clitoris began to buzz.

“We can have a little fun today,” she said with a smirk.

She didn't ask me if I WANTED to have a little fun today. She had me get dressed, and then followed me out to the gym, where I got to work behind the counter – feeling nervous. I could feel the thing inside me, a steady, continuous sense of pressure, and the squeezing of the thin clip against my flesh on either side of my clitoris made it feel swollen.

And then it started to buzz again.

I ignored it, though my pulse rate picked up wildly. I wasn't alone behind the desk all the time, and was desperately fearful someone might hear the buzz. No one seemed, to, though.

It was so wild, so kinky, so daring, and I felt my pussy starting to thrum with energy! I fought to control it, but the longer it was on the harder it was to control!

Then it turned off. I let out a breath of relief, and over the following half hour or so I calmed down. But then it started again, and I gasped, looking around, only to see Tanya grinning at me, holding up the little remote!

It turned out both of them had remotes! And throughout the morning they tormented me, turning the thing on for anywhere from ten seconds to several minutes! I became ... frazzled, afraid of what would happen if I had a climax right there in the gym where there were dozens of women working out. Could I

keep it quiet!?

On my break, Carly dragged me into a closet and made me lick her to an orgasm. An hour later, Tanya did the same. Then during lunch, they pushed my face into a big pillow in one of the massage rooms and made me come, screaming.

Fortunately, they took the damn thing out of me for the afternoon, but also informed me I would be 'in training' with Riley. Yes, I had to attend one of her classes, and learn how to pole dance along with her other students.

Her other students didn't have to lick her to a climax between classes, of course. And they didn't attend classes every single day thereafter.

Every day from then on I had to lick each of them to orgasm, and was given multiple orgasms at their hands. I also became very good at pole dancing, and was able to even lead classes when Riley booked off one day.

On my days off I almost always met with one of them, sometimes more than one, for more lessons in both oral sex, and the role of submissive they were guiding me into. Carly and Tanya spanked me any number of times, and made me do a lot of embarrassing things to show how obedient I was, most of them excruciatingly hot.

And then came amateur night at a mens club in the city. My stomach was churning wildly, but by then I had come to almost instinctively obey them, and all five of the women accompanied me there. I had little choice! I had to do a strip tease in a club full of men! It was terrifying, at first, then so incredibly hot I almost climaxed while grinding myself against the pole!

I did climax while giving Riley a lap dance! That was done right at the tables in that club, with everyone looking on! Granted, the lighting was dim, but there were a lot of eyes on us because men loved watching girls make out. The club did have rules about touching the 'dancers' but they didn't enforce them with women clients.

And anyway, it was amateur night and they knew I was with them. So Riley had three fingers inside me and was sucking hungrily at my breast as I ground myself against her – and climaxed! I buried my face in her neck to help hide it as her fingers stroked inside me and rubbed my clitoris, but I knew all the women at the table were aware I was coming.

I had to dance on amateur night every month from then on, which at least a few of the ladies attended, sometimes with other women I didn't know. Each time I had to give them lap-dances, even the strangers, and their hands would set my skin aflame as I ground against them under all those eyes!

The second time I danced, they made me give a man a lap-dance! And he was a complete stranger! OhmyGod that was so wild and hot and embarrassing and incredible!

I don't know if I had been a slut all the time and was just waiting for an opportunity to break free, or if they wakened something deep and dark which took over my mind. But I was a far, far more sexual person after that first night with them, far more sensual, more aware of the erotic moment, fare more responsive.

It didn't turn me into a lesbian, but it did eventually turn me into a stripper. When I went back to school I had to quit the spa because my school was hundreds of miles away. So I applied at a strip club for a part time job. They hired me right away, and I made great money. Then, a month into it, a man I was giving a dance to recommended I go to another club, and called them to recommend me.

They hired me, and the money climbed a lot higher. By the end of that year I was working at an upscale club where the money was just stupid, pulling in a couple of thousand dollars for a four hour shift, so that was what I did all summer that year.

I know a lot of women feel degraded and unhappy doing that kind of thing. With me, it was always an electrifying experience, and my biggest problem was holding down my excitement. I think the men sensed it, though, which was one of the reasons I was so popular (well, that and my pole dancing lessons).

It was ironic that my experience with the ladies of the spa had set me onto a new course in life of making money through pleasing men, but they weren't complaining. They still came to see me, and their hands were still very free to when they did!

End

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Have praise, suggestions or complaints? writeargus@gmail.com

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