

Chloe's Education

By JJ Argus



Chloe's Education

By JJ Argus



Chloe's Education

By JJ Argus

Copyright 2017

Smashwords edition

This ebook is licensed for your personal enjoyment only. This ebook may not be re-sold or given away to other people. If you would like to share this book with another person, please purchase an additional copy for each reader. If you're reading this book and did not purchase it, or it was not purchased for your use only, then please return to your favorite retailer and purchase your own copy.

Thank you for respecting the hard work of this author.

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

It's shocking how fast things had happened to me! A week ago I was straight. Now I was... well, I don't know what I was! Kara, a gay girl I had known a little in high school, approached me at the end of our senior year about working for her mom's swimwear design studio. Hey, it was way better than the law office clerk job I'd had lined up for the summer, and paid better!

Then she'd seduced me into this incredibly wild, kinky lesbian sex thing! I mean, at first I was just so overwhelmed with how wicked and exciting it was I couldn't resist! And then, well, it was like I was addicted to that wild excitement, that breathless, scalding heat! I couldn't really say no afterward because I wanted more of it!

Then it had continued at work, involving one of the women there, Melicia, an amazonian black woman, and finally, Mrs. Sampson, Kara's mother, who had decided that if I was going to be Kara's 'sex slave' I should be trained properly!

Now, the reason that made me nervous – as well as anxious and unsettled and embarrassed and other wild emotions, is that I had no intention of being Kara's sex slave! Come on! That's nuts! I was enjoying our wicked little bondage games and pretending to be her sex slave, but the way her mother was acting like it was real was... scary!

And today was scariest, because it was Friday, and we'd finished work, and I'd promised to stay over the weekend with Kara.

So here I was sitting naked on the edge of a chair, my hands behind my neck, my back arched, wearing nothing but a studded leather collar and matching restraints around my wrists and ankles! My legs were spread wide, and balanced solely on the balls of my feet.

And Kara and her mother were... were looking at me!

That made my mind squirm in all sorts of ways. I was nervous about what they planned for me, and self-conscious as I sat there with my legs spread so wide, and yet also... breathless, my chest tight, my stomach churning, and a dark wild energy was flowing through my body.

Mrs. Sampson had a riding crop in her hand. That was a slim, flexible, two foot

long length of fiberglass wound in leather. There was a handle on one end, and a flat, flexible length of leather at the other which was about two inches long and an inch wide.

Mrs. Sampson was rubbing that slim length of leather back and forth across my breasts as she looked down at me.

“What is a sex slave?” she demanded.

I felt instantly anxious. Was she asking me!? I wasn't sure how she wanted me to define it! What if I got it wrong?!

The tip of the crop slapped lightly and repeatedly against my right nipple, enough to make me wince.

“Speak, slave.”

“I... I... it's... a ... a girl who has sex with whoever she's told to,” I gulped.

She snorted and let the tip of the crop slide downward, then slap lightly against my stomach.

“A slave, is owned by her master or mistress. That means her body, and everything about her is owned and controlled by her master or mistress. The master or mistress sets all the rules and the slave abides by them. Your master or mistress decides what and when you eat and drink, or whether you do eat or drink. Your master or mistress decides when you sleep or if you sleep, and where, and for how long.”

The crop slide up and tapped lightly against my left nipple.

“Your master or mistress makes all decisions. What you wear, if you wear anything, where you go and when and what you do there. What chores you do, or don't do. What games you play, or don't play. Whether you have sex, and what type of sex, and with whom.”

She let the slender tip of the crop slide down my abdomen and then rub up and down against the line of my sex, and over my clitoris. That produced a sparkling thrum of additional energy that made it hard to keep from moving!

“A sex slave, is clearly a sub-group of slave. A field slave might be a slave designed to work in a field, for example. A sex slave is clearly a slave whose sole purpose in life is to please others sexually. She slapped lightly against my sex and I winced and flinched, my legs instinctively jerking in closer together.

“Spread your legs wide, slut, and keep them that way,” she growled sternly.

I gulped and obeyed, feeling my chest tighten further. It was so... fucking wild and kinky the way she treated me like I was really a sex slave!

She glowered, then she resumed rubbing.

“A sex slave is a creature of sex, a sexual animal, a nymphet who arouses others by simply being there, by posing, by looking beautiful and sexually provocative. A sex slave is used for sexual purposes by her mistress or master, or anyone else they decide to loan her body to.”

She let the tip slide up along my taut belly, then glide over my breasts again as I sat there trying not to move, trying to keep my breathing from getting too ragged.

“You,” she said, “Are clearly meant to be a sex slave. Your body is exquisitely beautiful and full and lithe and sensual. You have a beautiful face, and long, soft, silky blonde hair. You could be a picture in a dictionary under 'sex slave'. You are also an extremely sexual girl, and have the submissive mentality of a slave girl.”

“But I don't!” I gulped, and even to me it sounded whiny.

She let the tip slap repeatedly against my right nipple, and I gasped and flinched at the short, sharp little stings.

“But you do,” she said softly.

She flicked the crop up and let the tip press against my lips, lengthwise, like a finger.

“Stick your tongue out.”

Heart thumping, I obeyed, pressing my tongue out against it.

“Lick it.”

I flinched again, but obeyed, licking the two-inch-long flexible leather as Mrs. Sampson and Kara watched me. She drew it back and rubbed it against my sex again, making my hips want to grind against it!

“I have no doubt that your future, barring our intervention, is one of repeated one-night stands, short, very sexual relationships with 'hot' men, chosen for their looks and the size of their penises, rather than any interesting personality, ultimately a failed marriage or two, and an unhappy life.”

I frowned at that. That sure didn't sound like a very happy thing!

“You are a very sexually responsive girl, but you're also weak-willed and intellectually lazy. You plan to take liberal arts in college because your parents think you should go to college. But you really don't know what you want to take and have no ambitions for any particular profession.”

She let the tip of the crop slide up my body again, rubbing my nipples, then pressed it against my lips, and slid it between them!

“Suck,” she said coolly.

Gulping, I sucked on the thin leather as she slid it in and out, rubbing it against my tongue.

She pulled it out of my mouth and dropped it between my legs again, rubbing me there, sending hot little rushes of energy through my body.

“I will tell you what you will take,” she said. “You will take psychology, specializing in sexual psychology. You will take dance. You will take art appreciation and business, so you can converse with people of substance. You will take physical education to keep your body in top shape.”

The crop slid up and down and around my breasts, then caressed my cheek before slipping into my mouth again. I sucked.

“We shall teach you things that a proper sex slave should know, such as how to walk, how to act, how to pose your body, how to make drinks and sexually massage and caress women – and men. All part and parcel of your learning how

to serve.”

It was weird and scary how seriously she was pretending to take this shit! I wanted to say, like, are you serious? But I was wary of the riding crop in her hand.

“Get on the floor on your hands and knees, slave.”

I unfurled and nervously slid forward onto the rug.

“Face down, hips raised high.”

I lowered my chest to the rug, raising my bottom high, stretching my arms out in front of me, and felt the crop, this time the shaft, rubbing along my raised buttocks. That made me nervous again.

“Above all, you will learn obedience and discipline,” she said.

The crop raised off my bottom, then returned in a sharp, stinging little blow that made me gasp in pain!

“You will learn in the same way children learn not to put flames to their fingers.”

Crack! The crop snapped down across my bottom again, and I yelped in pain!

“They learn that it hurts. That it burns.”

Crack!

“Oh!” I gasped, as the crop cut across my buttocks again.

“Does that hurt, slave?”

“Y-Yes!” I gasped.

Crack!

“Is that how you answer a question?”

“Yes, Mistress!” I gasped. “I man, no, Mistress!”

Crack!

“Oh!”

“Does it burn?”

“Yes, Mistress!” I moaned.

“Spread your legs, slut.”

I moaned and shifted my knees wide, while ensuring my bottom remained high, her barked order sending a strange dark thrill through me.

Kara knelt behind me and I felt her fingers at my sex. They stroked and rubbed me slickly, and then something pushed into my body.

As always, that sense of penetration brought a breathless sense of dark pleasure to my mind. It was thick, and I moaned low in my throat as it twisted and turned and pushed deeper and deeper into my belly.

I felt her fingers stroking my clitoris as she pumped the thing, and shuddered as I felt it get suddenly wider, stretching me out as it pushed into me. It narrowed abruptly, and I knew it was one of those dildos with the caps at the bottom and the bulge so it would stay put. Sure enough, she left it and stood up, then leaned in and pulled my hair aside, snapping something to a ring set in the collar.

“On all fours, slave girl,” Mrs. Sampson said.

Kara jerked on the ... the leash, and I rose onto my hands and knees.

“Now you will crawl, carefully, cat-like. Keep your head up and your movements graceful.”

Easier said than done! I winced as the crop cut across my bottom a few seconds later.

“Shorter movements, sex slave. Think like a cat.”

I moaned, my bottom hot, trying anxiously to crawl in a way that was 'graceful', as Kara walked me back and forth in front of Mrs. Sampson. I felt the weird,

twisted unreality of what I was doing, the outrageousness. Yet it was also darkly sexual, and I could feel my body squeezing down on the dildo Kara had shoved inside me, could feel how swollen my clitoris was, and how wet I was.

My nipples tingled, hot and swollen, as my breasts wobbled below me. When she led me off the rug it got worse, and Mrs. Sampson brought the crop whistling down through the air to snap at my sore bottom repeatedly.

“Ow! Oh! Please, Mistress!” I gasped.

“You move like a cow,” Mrs. Sampson growled.

“But my knees hurt!” I whined.

She snorted in disdain. “Well, I think we can do something about that.”

She left the room and returned with, well, boots. They were black leather stilettos, and they were absurdly high.

“Put these on your slut, Kara,” she said.

I flushed as Kara had me roll onto my back and raise my right foot. She slid the long boot over my foot and down my leg – and down – and down! The thing went all the way to a few inches below my crotch! Then she tied laces along the inside until it was tight around my leg.

“Other leg,” she said.

I raised the other leg, feeling somewhat fascinated as she put the other boot on it.

“Now, on your knees.”

I rolled over and rose to my hands and knees. It certainly felt better having the soft leather against my knees as I knelt there. In fact, it felt like there was some padding there!

“Now crawl. And remember, you're an animal,” Mrs. Sampson said, “A sexual animal.”

So weird! But so wild! I crawled as Kara tugged on the leash, trying to be a

'sexual animal' as I moved, trying to be graceful and keep my head up and back, which was not easy on all fours!

“Stand.”

I stood up – awkwardly. The stiletto heels were like five inches high!

“Now walk, gracefully.”

Kara tugged on the leash, and I tried to walk – gracefully. Of course, the crop snapped down across my bottom within seconds. I was not graceful! Not in five inch stilettos!

Mrs. Sampson insisted I learn, however, and we moved to the hall, where I walked up and down its length, with she and Kara criticizing my posture and my stride and the way I held my head – much of which involved snapping the crop across my bottom until it burned hotly!

And yet... it was still breathlessly exciting and arousing!

We wound up in their home gym, where they locked my wrists together behind my back and put me on a treadmill. Kara attached the chain to the bar in front of the machine, and turned on the treadmill, and I had to walk on my own as they left the room.

“Get used to how to walk in those,” Mrs. Sampson ordered as she left.

I walked very anxiously, paying very careful attention to my footing. Even so I almost fell several times! I did eventually get the hang of it, though – sort of. At least I wasn't wobbly and didn't feel like falling over!

It was sooo weird! I mean, not only was I walking naked on a treadmill wearing these thigh high stiletto heels, but the base of the dildo was protruding from the tight, naked lips of my sex, rubbing against my inner thighs as I walked.

When Mrs. Sampson came to turn it off I felt another rush of energy – a combination of anxiety and anticipation. She watched me walking, and I did my best to ensure I had the proper posture, and kept my head and shoulders back!

She unwound the leash and pulled me off the treadmill.

“Kara is gone to a friends for the night,” she said.

I felt a rush of anxiety! I was alone with her!?

“We feel a little time with just me will put you into the proper frame of mind,” she said.

She turned and walked out of the room, and, since she was holding the leash, I quickly followed, my stomach churning wildly!

I could smell dinner as we approached the dining room. She had me kneel there – sitting on my heels – well, carefully on my heels, my legs spread, then got the food from the kitchen and put it on the table.

The other night she and Kara had taken turns feeding me, that is, letting me eat out of their hands. Now it was just me and her. And... it felt darker, less of a game, more serious... which raised the heat factor by quite a lot! I wasn't intimidated by Kara, you see, but I sure was by Mrs. Sampson!

“Stick your tongue out as far as you can, slave.”

I obeyed, and she put a piece of meat on it. I pulled it back into my mouth and munched on it. It was pork.

Mrs. Sampson let me finish swallowing and then reached behind my neck, gripped my hair, and jerked it downward.

I gasped in pain, my back arching as my head tilted far back.

“Did I tell you to eat it, slut?” she demanded.

“N-No, Mistress!” I gasped.

She had the crop in hand and brought the tip down against my right nipple in short, sharp, rapid slaps that made the center of my breast burn! Slap-slap-slap-slap-slap-slap-slap-slap!

“I told you to stick your tongue out. I did not tell you to draw it back in. Now shall we try again? You will learn to follow instructions, sex slave.”

She released my hair and I gasped and moaned, my breast hot, my nipple aching.

“Stick your tongue out.”

I obeyed and she put another piece of food on it. I held my tongue where it was as she cut a piece of food and ate it. My tongue was starting to ache, though. I don't know if you've ever tried to hold your tongue out straight with something on it for a while but it's not something your tongue is used to!

And I dropped it.

She sighed.

“Lick it off the floor,” she growled.

And so intimidated was I that I hardly even thought twice about it. I shuffled my knees back, bent way over, and licked it off the floor.

The next piece of meat she simply threw onto the floor. I licked it up, feeling... very strange, very dark, very wild. She threw another piece, and another, and I licked them off the floor like an animal!

“Would you like some milk, Slave?”

“Y-yes, Mistress!” I gulped.

She took her glass and poured some onto the floor. I stared at it wildly, feeling a sense of disbelief, then dark, crackling heat. I scrunched low and began to lick it off the floor. I'd done this the other night with her and Kara, but it seemed darker, more degrading with just her there.

“An excellent way to exercise your tongue, slave.”

She threw more food onto the floor, and poured more milk, and I licked it up. Then, of course, I licked her shoe, which she said had gotten some milk splashed on it.

After dinner she unlinked my wrist restraints, but only to lock them together in front of me. Then I put everything away, washed the counter and island, washed the table, and then, on my knees, with a bucket of soapy water, washed the floor

of the dining room and then the kitchen.

And doing that naked and in a collar and restraints with a dildo in me made it a dark, breathless exercise in sexual submission, rather than simply a routine household chore.

Afterward, Mrs. Sampson inspected the floors, which involved making me lick them here and there to prove they were clean. She then unlinked the wrist restraints and linked them together once more with my wrists behind my back.

She had me kneel before her, legs spread and then pushed her right foot forward a little. She was wearing a pair of long boots with stiletto heels herself now, though they weren't nearly as long as mine. Hers rose to her knees, I guess.

She combed her fingers through my hair, then gathered it up into a loose mass at the top of my head.

“Would you like to come, sex slave?”

I felt my chest tighten.

“Y-Yes, Mistress,” I gulped.

I had been thrumming and bubbling with dark sexual heat for some time now, especially with the lips of my sex spread wide around the base of the dildo, and the feel of it up inside me!

“Grind yourself against my leg. Go on. Do it.”

Confused, at first, I had to obey, and shuffled my knees further forward until my crotch was pressed against her leather covered leg. The moment it touched me I felt a shudder run through my body. The dildo still protruded below, keeping the lips of my sex apart around it, and my clitoris was hot and swollen as it made contact with the cool leather.

I awkwardly began to grind myself against her leg, not really thinking about it as the sensations flooded up into my body. I felt the sexual pressure swelling within me, my head pulsing and pounding with more and more energy as I ground my sex up and down against her soft, leather covered leg!

I know it was degrading, and my face was flushed. I felt very self-conscious, at first. But there was a simmering heat within me which had been there for some time, and it build up very rapidly as I rubbed myself against her boot, to the point the waves of sensation and pleasure quickly became overwhelming.

My body was soon crackling with sexual energy, charged up as if it was pulsing with pressure! I was gasping and panting as I ground myself against her boot, the surging pleasure causing me to moan as my brain was drowned by a wild carnal hunger.

All I could do was grunt and gasp and rub myself as fast as I could, up and down against her boot, practically sobbing as I gulped in ragged breaths of air! I was intoxicated by the wild rush of heat and passion, and nothing in the world mattered any more as I wallowed in the fiery pleasure!

And then the orgasm hit and I cried out, and cried out again, every breath leaving me in a cry of wanton, mindless pleasure as I rubbed myself frantically against her! I felt myself arching back, pushing my sex in more harshly, and only her firm grip on my hair kept me from falling back!

I collapsed, gasping, against her, and she eased her grip on my hair, then combed her fingers through it as I tried to catch my breath.

“Was that a good orgasm, little slut?” she cooed. “There’ll be many more for you if you’re a good slave girl.”

I find it hard to describe how something like that affects your mind, affects your thinking. I mean, not just the intensity of the pleasure but... the degrading way I got it. I mean, after you’ve knelt in front of a woman and rubbed yourself against her to a climax, what more do you think could shock you? What could you refuse to do based on it being degrading?

I felt a sensation like... like abject surrender. Without words, it was as if I had just given my everything to her, at least in terms of pride, or in terms of breaking apart from my inhibitions.

So when she ordered me to lick her boots clean, from bottom to top, including the wet part on her right boot where I’d been rubbing myself... there was a little jolt, but I didn’t even really think of refusing. Instead I knelt there lapping at her boots, my tongue sliding across the area where my sopping pussy had been

rubbing a minute earlier.

She unlinked my wrists, then snapped the leash to the collar and had me practice crawling, which I did, still panting, at first, and my brain kind of stunned by what had happened. She had me crawl down the hall and then into the gym again.

The gym was a very nice room. It had a big glass window on one side, and huge mirrors on two others. There was the usual exercise machines, like the treadmill and step machine and rowing machine, and what looked like an expensive weight training bench.

The weight training bench had a gray padded seat which was, I guess, about two feet wide and four feet long. On one side were high poles to hold barbells. The unusual thing about it, though, was it had a crossbar at the top.

Mrs. Sampson went over to it and did something, unscrewed something, and then the padded bench sort of folded inward like it was on a hinge. Now instead of being flat it was like a peaked roof. Mrs. Sampson had me bent over at the waist, which had my breasts hanging freely. And suddenly she produced this length of soft rope, about as thick as my little finger. She carefully tied a double loop around the base of my breasts, ensuring the rope was up flat against my ribs, then pulled it tighter and tighter as I gasped and moaned.

She'd stop to test how firm my breasts were, then tighten it a bit more, until they were both swollen out. I could feel the pressure in my breasts, as well as the squeezing around the base. Now they weren't swollen out obscenely, but I sure wouldn't need a bra given how firm they now were!

She fed the ropes around behind my back, then lifted my wrists up and back, high against my shoulder blades, and used the rope to tie them in place, then wrap around my elbows to draw them in sharply, so my shoulders ached. With that done she tugged on the dildo which had been inside me for so long, and pulled it free.

“Put your leg over this and sit down,” she ordered.

I gulped, but had to obey, straddling the bench, then easing down onto it until it was pressed firmly against my groin. She pulled the ropes upward and tied them around the bar over my head, and then lifted my right foot off the floor, and

pulled it up behind my buttocks. She tied that in place, then lifted my other foot up and did the same.

By now I was filled not so much with anxiety as with a weird, wild sense of sexual anticipation, a fascination with what she was doing and what it would look like. The pressure against my sex was, of course, pretty firm, but the bench was padded, so it ached a little but didn't hurt.

She pulled my head back sharply.

“Tongue out.”

I obeyed and then moaned as she put that ... clamp, the wide clothespin thing on my tongue. It hurt, and I squealed and yelped as its jaws closed down firmly. She'd used it on me before, though, and I knew the ache would fade to a dull burning in a minute.

Like before, she had a cord tied to it, and she pulled it up and tied it off.

“Need to stretch your tongue out, slave girl,” she said.

Then her fingers slid down my arched body and rubbed at the top of my sex, just above my clitoris – which was jammed against the leather. I was, as I said, sopping wet, which meant the leather was now sopping wet too. And I had found all of this helplessly, darkly arousing and thrilling.

I stared at my tongue, and stared the ropes leading to my breasts, and moaned helplessly as she took a picture with her cell phone.

“I'll send it to Kara to keep her up on what you're doing,” she said.

Then she turned and left me alone.

My nipples were so incredibly swollen and hard, you wouldn't believe it! They felt like hot little pebbles which tingled continuously as my breasts throbbed with every beat of my heart. Meanwhile, I was starting to ache down low, where I was straddling the bench. But the ache was just a dull, throbbing and heat.

And I was already very wet and sensitive. I felt a deep sense of sexuality and arousal. This bondage stuff was turning me on! I mean, before it had just been a

kinky thrill, but now I had had any number of incredibly intense orgasms from being tied up and... abused, so despite how people might think it was outrageous for someone to tie my breasts and put me like this I was soon burning up inside.

My sex was entirely jammed into the narrow peak of the bench, which meant it was what was hot and throbbing and aching. But it was also churning with sexual energy, and desperate for some kind of touch. I don't mean the unmoving way it was jammed into the bench, but something to rub against it – or something it could rub against.

I wasn't tied down exactly. I mean, my body wasn't tied so it couldn't move forward and back along the narrow peak. It was just that with my ankles tied up behind me to my wrists I had no leverage to move myself. Except, of course, to kind of move my weight in and out to try to minutely grind myself against the peak.

I couldn't do much, but even what little I could do produced a flood of excitement and pleasure. That inspired me to do more, lent me energy and roused my passion higher. I was basically using my thighs to clamp down on the sloping sides of the bench and trying to throw my hips forward and back.

The more I did it, the better it felt and the hotter – and higher I got! I was slipping into a kind of sexual fever, driven on by the hunger and need and discounting anything and everything else but the desire to satisfy it!

But my movements were doing more than just slightly grinding me against the peak, they were also pulling my breasts repeatedly against the rope bound to them.

I didn't care!

In fact, the steady tug, tug, tug against my breasts added its own dark thrill of sensation to the swirling mix within my body and mind! So much so that I actually began to use the leverage of my bound breasts to help grind my sex against the bench!

It was exhausting work, but the sexual energy was crackling through my body and mind, the hunger and need an obsession as I shuddered and moaned and gasped and felt the sexual pressure grow to more and more intense levels!

When the orgasm crashed down upon me it was like a tidal wave, sweeping all before it. I cried out again and again, gripped by a wild carnal storm of energy and pleasure that rolled my mind, tumbling and turning end over end through the flood of sensation!

Yes, it hurt to jerk against my breasts, but who cared about that!? All I cared about was the pleasure, the ecstasy, so powerful, so intoxicating that all else was swept aside as I ground myself desperately against the peaked leather to extend it as long as possible!

Oh God, it was good! It was so good!

Then, of course, came the collapse. I sagged back, gasping for breath, and the reality of the aches and pains suddenly crashed down upon me. My breasts ached, my tongue ached, and my groin ached where all my weight was and had been pressed down against a thin, lightly padded peak.

At that point I began to feel exhausted, sore, and wanted nothing so much as to lay down and go to sleep. That was not, of course, possible.

Fortunately, Mrs. Sampson showed up fairly soon, just when I was starting to feel really... anxious about the rising pain. She removed the clamp from my aching tongue and it snapped back into my mouth as I moaned exhaustedly. It felt sore and swollen and hot!

“Don't want to damage that tongue of yours,” she said with a smile. “You'll need it in your future duties.”

She ran her hands over my throbbing breasts.

“These certainly do seem to be swollen and hot. And your nipples. Goodness. They're certainly hard.”

She rolled my stiff nipples between her thumbs and forefingers, plucking at them, stroking them as they tingled and burned.

“Such pretty nipples. They really should be better decorated,” she said.

She moved to the side of the room, where she had a tray I hadn't noticed. A minute later she was back, plastic gloves on her hands, and a damp cotton ball in

her fingers. She rubbed it over the center of each breast as I looked on dazedly, wondering what in the hell she was doing.

Then she turned away, and when she turned back she had a sort of, well, a small clamp, sort of like a long clothespin, only it was metal and flat and rounded at the tips. Not only rounded, but hollow, like little rings.

She held my nipple and areola between the jaws, closing them firmly, enough that I gasped and moaned, and then I saw the needle in her other hand! My eyes widened, and I gasped, but before I could even think of what to say or do she had thrust the needle right through the opening in the jaws – and through my nipple!

I cried out in shock, and pain! The pain was sharp, but faded quickly to a dull throbbing sensation as she turned away.

She returned with a gold ring, which she worked through my now pierced nipple, and then left there to dangle as I stared, dumbfounded, moaning. And while I was trying to take this in she was clamping my other nipple, and then – .

“OH!”

Now I had both nipples pierced, and I didn't even know if I wanted that! I stared as she put another gold ring through my nipple, wincing and gasping as they throbbed in pain.

“It's just heat,” she said. “And a slut like you loves heat.”

Then she left me alone like that for a while longer. The pain in my tongue had eased, which was a relief, and the ropes around my breasts weren't tugging on it any more. The ache between my legs was unending, and there didn't seem to be a single thing I could do about it. But the real pain was in my throbbing nipples!

At least, at first. But as the minutes ticked by I found that pain bearable, like a dull ache, while the pain between my legs got worse. That part of the body is not meant to support all its weight! It was just soft, sensitive flesh! I tried leaning back more, but that put more pressure on my breasts, and also put more weight onto my tailbone.

At first that was a relief, but then my tailbone began to ache, and it ached in a

much sharper, more painful way! It was a thin layer of flesh across hard bone, after all.

Despite the ache and pain I stared at myself in the mirrors on either wall and felt a sense of fascination, mesmerized by my image and helplessly drawn to it. This was me!? God! It was unbelievable! It was outrageous and deeply, darkly sensual!

But oh how it ached!

When Mrs. Sampson returned I felt a sudden desperate relief, or at least, hope of relief, that she'd take me off.

“Well, slave girl. You look so comfortable I think I'll leave you here for the night,” she said.

I felt a jolt of horror!

“Oh! Please, Mistress!” I cried. “Please let me down!”

“Why should I do that?”

“It hurts!” I moaned.

“So? You belong to me. I can do anything I want to your body.”

What kind of answer could I have to that! I looked up at her desperately.

“I could let you down, I suppose,” she said. “If you were a good little slave girl.”

“I will!” I exclaimed. “I'll be a good little slave girl, Mistress!”

“I'm not convinced,” she said. “Are you my sex slave?”

“Yes, Mistress! I'm your sex slave, Mistress!” I gasped.

“Are you my sex slave because you're a brainless blonde whore?”

“Y-Yes, Mistress! I'm a brainless blonde whore!” I exclaimed.

“Are you my sex slave because you're a sex hungry slut?”

“Yes, Mistress! I'm a sex hungry slut!” I exclaimed.

“And do you promise to be obey me instantly in all things like a proper sex slave?”

“Yes, Mistress! I promise, Mistress!”

I really wanted off that bench! I desperately did not want to stay on it all night! The pain was mounting with every minute!

She combed her fingers through my hair.

“Do you love my pussy, sex slave?”

“Yes, Mistress! I love your pussy, Mistress!” I gasped.

With that she straddled the bench, facing me. She wasn't sitting down, though, which meant her crotch was in my face. She lifted her skirt, and then gathered in my hair.

“Show me how devoted you are to pleasing me, sex slave,” she said.

I moaned and leaned forward – which pulled my breasts against the ropes, and began to lick frantically at her naked sex. Yes, my tongue hurt, and yes, my breasts hurt and nipples, and yes, leaning forward ground my sex even more into the bench, but I was afraid that if I didn't please her I might be stuck here all night!

I licked my swollen tongue across her clitoris as hard and fast as I could, though trying to remember how I'd been taught to do it so she would like it. Pleasing her was extremely important to me just then! The bench was padded but even so it felt as it was cutting into me and would eventually cut me in half, lengthwise!

I licked and lapped and moaned and panted as she stood there, making no real effort to push her hips forward, so that I had to keep leaning into her. I was single minded in my intensity to make her come, and ignoring everything else along the way, licking like a mindless beast until she finally started to grind her hips and sigh in pleasure.

Her sighs became gasps and then moans, and finally, she jerked harder on my

hair and pushed her hips forward to jam her sex into my lapping, licking mouth while she climaxed.

“Good sex slave,” she sighed, relaxing her hold on my hair.

She got off, looked at me as if considering, while I looked up anxiously, then shrugged.

“Very well,” she said.

She untied my ankles, and they dropped to the floor. I groaned in relief, for they took a lot of the weight off my groin. Then she untied the ropes that were bound to my arms and breasts from the bar overhead, and helped me stand up.

My thighs and legs ached from the way I had been overusing my muscles earlier to grind myself against the bench. But it felt so fabulous to be off the thing, to feel the sense of hot numbness settling into my groin instead of the heavy ache, that I just groaned in relief.

She led me through the house to a large bedroom – hers, and had me lay back on the bed. I did so gladly, spreading my legs wide, groaning anew with relief.

She stripped naked, which was the first time I'd seen her naked. I blinked. She had a nice body for a woman her age, not that it mattered to me, really. I wasn't into girls – sort of. I mean, I had never been into girls before. I still wasn't sure I was into girls.

Obviously what Kara had done turned me on and gave me mind-blowing orgasms. But I was never so much turned on by her body as I was by the kinky dark heat of what she was doing when she tied me up, and by the pleasure as her skillful fingers and tongue – not to mention her vibrator and dildos – drove me into orgasm after orgasm.

Mrs. Sampson lay atop me, between my spread legs, and we kissed, long and slow and easy, then with more passion and hunger. I was still tied up, of course, my arms beneath me, and in no position, either mentally or physically, to do anything but submit.

She was a good kisser, though, and the way her hands caressed my breasts and the way her fingers stroked and rolled and massaged my sore nipples until, even

as they throbbed with a dull ache, they also tingled in pleasure. Then she slid downward, and began to lick at my sex.

It was still very sore and hot and aching, as if it were bruised. So even her soft, slick tongue licking across me caused sharp, tingling aches. But my body responded with alarming power to the way it massaged my now hyper-sensitive clitoris.

She let her arms press down on my spread thighs, forcing them wider and wider, so that my knees were practically touching the bed on either side of my hips as she licked with stronger, longer licks.

My hips began to jerk and spasm from the strength of the sensations, and the sexual heat swept around me again until my mind was sweltering and I was moaning in dazed hunger and need.

My hips bucked wildly at the first orgasm, then rolled and jerked, my back arching and undulating at the second. The lips of my sex ached, but she started sliding her finger through, which caused another flood of sensations, and then a second finger, then a third, so that my body frantically tried to impale itself on them as the third orgasm tore through me.

She licked me to the verge of another orgasm, then got off, and pulled on a strap-on dildo. I moaned as she knelt before me and I stared at the thickness of the big cock she was pushing against me.

Her fingers had ached. The dildo ached even more! It put the same kind of pressure on my sensitive flesh as the bench had, at least until it could force the lips of my sex apart and slide into me! After that, though, I was drunk on sexual energy and heat as she lay her body atop me and fucked me hard and fast!

I came again, and then again, as she lifted my knees up and forced them back against my chest, then she was laying atop them, atop me, pressing my legs down so hard that she was able to grip my ankles and force them down behind my neck.

There, tied tightly, folded in half, I stared up at her through glassy eyes as she fucked me like the whore I was, crying out at every deep stroke of that thick cock, my mind churning and swirling and filled with a dark, oozing liquid heat.

I don't know how many times I came before she untied me – mostly untied me – and then let me sleep.

*

Breakfast the next morning was not unlike dinner had been. I knelt by her chair and Mrs. Sampson either fed me by hand, or threw food on the floor for me to lick up. Then we showered together. She made me soap her body up, which for some reason made me feel unaccountably shy.

I did it, of course, my hands stroking and gliding over her soft flesh, over her breasts, and down between her legs. Then she returned the favor. Only with me all soaped up she forced me back into the corner of the shower stall – face first, and then finger fucked me with three fingers as I leaned forward and spread my legs.

That drove me to orgasm in shocking quick time, especially once she started stroking her thumb across my clitoris. Then, after we rinsed off, I knelt before her, licking her to an orgasm.

Since it was Saturday morning, she decided to go shopping, since she was having people over. And she decided I was coming with her. She decided I would wear the white button-up shirt Kara had bought for me, along with the tight, short black mini.

Underneath, she had me wear a cupless bra – that is, a bra which kind of cupped my breasts firmly, but didn't cover them at all. And she wouldn't let me wear any panties under the short skirt. I wore high heels, five inch stilettos, of course, and was extremely self-conscious in the outfit.

My nipples weren't entirely visible through the white blouse. I mean, it wasn't patently obvious, but if you looked you could certainly see them. I have light pink nipples, but even so, the white blouse was not thick, and it was tight. And even if the nipples weren't entirely visible, the outline of the rings piercing them certainly were!

We went to Whole Foods, and it was cool in there! And my nipples started to harden! Now instead of just being a dark outline under the white material they pushed out against the fabric in an embarrassing way.

Of course, nobody else was dressed like a slut! I mean, it was Saturday morning and people were just doing their grocery shopping. I got a lot of looks as I accompanied Mrs. Sampson. And it didn't help that I wore a sort of black leather choker with studs that kind of mimicked the black bondage collars I'd been wearing of late.

I felt really self-conscious!

One guy ran his cart into a display and cans tumbled to the floor.

“I think that man wants to put his penis in you,” Mrs. Sampson said casually.

She didn't whisper it either! And several nearby people turned to stare! My face blushed hotly.

“Are you embarrassed at being a sex toy?” she asked.

“Yes!” I gulped.

“Why? It's what you are. Why do you think you're such a submissive and obedient sex slave, and have so many intense orgasms?”

Again, she spoke casually, as I pushed her cart along, but people nearby turned to gape, and I blushed even worse! God, did nothing embarrass her!?

“Get me some of that pasta, slave girl,” she ordered, pointing at the lower shelf.

I blushed again, though no one was really close enough to hear her casual voice this time.

I started to squat down but she stopped me.

“No, bend at the waist.”

I looked around anxiously, but I didn't even think of refusing! I bent over at the waist, fairly sure that having to bend way over like that in the tiny skirt would bare my lower buttocks, and possibly even my pussy, to anyone walking behind.

Nor was that the last time she had me fetch things. Sometimes she had me reach up high, and other times it was something on the lower shelf. After the first time

there was almost always someone, usually a man, close enough to be watching, too!

“Do you think that man imagines how tight you are inside?” she said after they walked away from one such encounter.

“I bet he's dreaming right now about tearing your clothes off and fucking you hard,” she said.

I had little doubt myself!

We returned to her condo, and she had me strip at once, put on the leather collar and restraints, then put the food away. Kara returned home as I was doing this, and groped and fondled me casually, admiring my new nipple rings.

“Did you have lots of orgasms, slave girl?” she asked.

“Yes, Mistress Kara,” I gulped.

I was still kind of sore between the legs. But again, that just made me more sensitive to the touch, which sent both pleasure and pain spiraling up within me.

Kara found those two dildos, the ones with the bulge near the bottom, and had me bend over so she could slide them up inside me again. That ached, but roused me, despite that. Her mother then had me help her make some light snacks, which, she said, was for a couple that was coming over.

That made me nervous, of course! I mean, I was naked and had these dildos sticking out of me!

“Is slave girl going to serve snacks, or be the snack?” Kara asked her with a grin.

“Hmm, neither, I think, I have an entirely different... position in mind for the slave girl.”

*

The position was upside down! In the front room was a fireplace, with stone along either side. There was a metal ring up in the ceiling, near the wall, and Kara slipped a rope through it, then attached it to the middle of a metal bar. They

had me sit down, then lifted my ankles and attached them to either side of the bar.

Then they pulled.

My legs rose easily, and my hips, and my back, until only my shoulders remained on the floor. Kara held me in that position while Mrs. Sampson brought a sort of crank out from a cupboard, attached it to the wall somehow, and then attached the end of the rope.

Then they just had to turn the crank, and my body slid the wall until it was hanging upside down, legs apart, my head about three feet off the floor. My wrists had been locked together behind me again, so that my back sort of arched.

Then they ignored me for the next twenty minutes or so while they got dressed. I hung upside down against the wall, my heart pounding, my head pounding now as the blood flowed to it, helpless and not knowing what I could or should do or say. Which meant I did and said nothing.

But my body was thrumming with sexual tension. Hanging, suspended, upside down as I was, was another kinky, wicked experience, and while I squirmed mentally – and a little physically – at possibly being seen by strangers, I also felt soooo completely like a sexual object, like a sexual animal, like a slave girl!

I gasped as the door buzzed, and moaned helplessly! I could do nothing to hide my nakedness, and was hanging upside down with my legs spread wide and dildos protruding from my body! I couldn't imagine a more helpless and vulnerable position!

At least the couple who came in were women. But, of course, they were lesbians. They were both in their late thirties, and had very short hair. One was tall and slender, with a short pixie cut, and the other was shorter, and bustier, with a mannish haircut.

They came into the front room and saw me and laughed, moving over to examine me closely as if I was some sort of decorative feature!

“Are you going to keep her hanging there on permanent display?” one of them asked in amusement.

“Possibly,” Mrs. Sampson said.

“Or is she just hanging there like a broom, to be taken down when you need her for something,” the other suggested.

“She is becoming acquainted with her purpose in life, which is the sexual enjoyment of her by other people,” Mrs. Sampson said.

The one with the flat hair reached out and ran her hand along my abdomen, then down to my breast. The other examined the base of the dildo protruding from my naked sex. I felt her fingers gripping it and turning it experimentally.

“She's a cock lover,” Kara said, by way of explanation.

“Oh, I see. Well, good for you dragging her over the line,” the woman replied.

She tugged on the dildo and I felt the bulging part forcing the lips of my sex wider and wider before it slid past. The shaft followed, and then I felt momentarily vacant. A moment later, though, the women slid her fingers into me!

“Very hot and wet,” she said, as if pleased. “Quite tight for a cock lover.”

“Well, she was afraid of getting a reputation and hadn't had a lot of sex with guys yet,” Kara said.

The women pulled her fingers out of my sex, and the other one slide hers inside me, turning and twisting them.

“Going to be hard to fist her, as tight as she is,” she said.

“She's getting a lot of cock now,” Kara assured her.

Nobody spoke to me. They only spoke about me, as if I was a thing!

It was incredibly embarrassing and discomfoting, but also bizarre, hanging like that while they pawed my body! Both of the women enjoyed fondling my breasts, before one of them thrust the dildo back inside me.

They sat down with Kara and Mrs. Sampson then, discussing me as they sipped wine.

“So have you decided what to name her yet?” the pixie haired one asked.

“Right now we just call her slave or slave girl,” Kara replied.

“Or slut or whore,” Mrs. Sampson said. “She responds to the names, of course.”

They all laughed in amusement.

“I like the way her body is all stretched out there,” the other said.

Her name was Liz, I gathered, since Mrs. Sampson called her that.

“She does have a remarkably lovely body,” Mrs. Sampson replied.

“It looks in good shape,” the other one said. “Nice skin tone, too. Hardly a mark on her.”

“Do you mark her?” Liz asked.

Kara frowned uncertainly and looked to her mother.

“We've been introducing her to the flog and crop and whip, lightly at first,” Mrs. Sampson said. “We don't want any lasting marks on such a pretty body.”

“Shock her with a good, solid beating. That'll blow the inhibitions out and make sure she does what she's told,” Liz sniffed.

“You always had a heavy hand, Liz,” Mrs. Sampson said.

“What works, works.”

“She's very responsive, sexually,” Mrs. Sampson said. “I think she could become hopelessly addicted to the vibrator, for example.”

“Have you been stretching her tongue?”

“It's been getting a lot of work,” Kara said, laughing.

“I'd like to see her coming,” the other one said.

“Well, that's not hard,” Kara replied.

She got up and went across the room, then came over to stand in front of me, or rather, beside me. She bent over and plugged something in, then straightened and began to rub my clitoris with her fingers. A moment later she applied a powerful

vibrator, rubbing it gently from side to side against my clit!

I shuddered, horribly self-conscious and more than slightly dazed by how outrageous and shocking this all was! I mean, to be hung naked upside down was weird and wild to begin with, let alone with dildos inside me. But then to have strangers coming in and pawing me and staring at me and discussing beating me was... just totally unreal!

But the wild sexuality of this wicked game Kara and her mother were playing had left me in an almost constant state of sexual arousal for days. Never had I imagined sex would be so important in my life, to the point it had taken over my life and almost all my thinking and behavior day after day!

I was becoming enthralled by assuming the role of a sex slave, by the nasty, wicked, wild, wanton things that I was required to do. Required! That was weirdly important because... if I was required than doing it was sort of guilt free, if you get my meaning. I mean, if I was ordered to do something and I had no choice then of course there was nothing wrong with doing it!

There was an incredible sense of sexual freedom in that!

Being a sexual animal meant doing things that ordinary people couldn't do! Because if you were an animal you weren't bound by normal morality, right? If you were a slave girl then you simply did as ordered, had to, in fact, or be punished. So again, I didn't need to be ashamed of doing perverted things.

Which did not, unfortunately, mean I couldn't be humiliated.

But the turmoil in my head did very little to shield my body from the thrumming sexual tension it had been feeling all day. And when Kara applied the vibrator to my clitoris, grinding it back and forth, I could feel my entire body starting to tremble like a plucked guitar string!

She let her other hand slide down my body to fondle my breasts and roll and pluck at my aching nipples, and I felt my breathing becoming more and more ragged as my body was swept by waves of sensory pleasure. I began to wriggle and writhe there against the wall, moaning low in my throat, as my body reacted to the vibrator, and then my mind reacted to the increasing flood of sexual heat gripping my body.

I could almost feel the churning sexual heat seeping downward into my skull, drowning my brain in dark lust and heat, to the point my inhibitions faded away. My body began to writhe more powerfully as I gulped in air, as the sexual electricity took hold.

Of course, I was still very conscious that two strangers were watching me! That was inhibiting, at first, but then I almost felt a sense of arousal from them watching, as well. That made it even more outrageous, you see, and I was coming to interpret outrageous sexual behavior with deep arousal.

I came, arching my back, my head twisting and rolling, my hips bucking as I cried out in helpless, wanton heat and pleasure! I tried to keep my voice down somewhat, given the two women watching – four really, but I only had partial control of myself.

They discussed me further, especially the one called Liz, who was a big fan of whipping girls, apparently, and felt I should be whipped much more often and much harder.

Mrs. Sampson and Kara lowered me to the floor, and I lay there, gasping and panting and dazed for a minute, then I was put on my knees between Liz's legs and made to lick her to orgasm. After that I licked the other – whose name was Angie, to an orgasm too.

Both were insulting and nasty to me, slapping me, pulling on my hair, and slapping at and squeezing my breasts. They called me a whore and a slut repeatedly, and I found the experience very intimidating and stressful.

I was glad when they left!

Mrs. Sampson had me vacuum the carpets – in the stiletto boots, and then when Mrs. Sampson told me to polish the coffee tables I made the mistake of asking her if she didn't have a service or something for that.

“You're here to provide service, slave,” she said, her eyes narrowing. “Have you forgotten that a slave is simply a brainless body that I can do with as I choose?”

She turned to Kara.

“You have to step on any of these signs of rebellion before they become bigger,”

she said. "Questioning orders is a statement that she doesn't want to do it. Slave girls don't get to make choices about anything, much less what you order them to do."

"So we punish her, right?" Kara asked.

"Definitely."

She scowled at me. "Bend over, slut, and put your hands on the floor."

I looked at them helplessly, then did as she ordered, bending my body in two, essentially. She insisted I keep my legs perfectly straight, and my hands flat on the floor. I couldn't see much at that point as she and Kara moved behind me.

"This is a good punishment strap," I heard Mrs. Sampson say. "Here."

"It feels heavy," Kara said.

"That's because it's two straps. You see. When you swing it. This one hits her, and then this second one will strike the first an instant later, giving her a sensation that the sting of the blow lasts longer. Go ahead and try."

I squealed as the strap snapped down across my buttocks and I felt the sharp jolt of pain.

"Cool," Kara said.

Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!

The strap struck my bottom again and again, and each time it did I felt the sharp sting, which faded into a dull, burning ache. Each time the strap hit the burning got deeper.

"Are you sorry for being a bad slave girl?" Mrs. Sampson demanded.

"Yes, Mistress!" I cried.

Crack!

"Say it, slut!"

“I'm sorry for being a bad slave girl, Mistress!”

“Keep varying what part of her bottom the strap hits,” Mrs. Sampson said. “And can hit her upper thighs too.”

Crack! Crack! Crack!

“Are you sorry for questioning your orders, slave?”

“Yes, Mistress! I'm sorry for questioning my orders, Mistress!” I moaned.

Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!

I winced and gasped and moaned as the strap cut into my now burning buttocks! And again, my mind had become so... accustomed to this dark game of theirs that it never even occurred to me to protest or put up any kind of resistance! I simply bent over and held my position and hoped desperately the strapping was almost over!

Crack! Crack! Crack!

“Do you promise to obey your mistress, sex slave?”

“Yes, Mistress! I promise to obey my mistress, Mistress!”

Crack! Crack! Crack!

“Do you know why you're a slave girl? Because you're a filthy blonde whore. Isn't that right?”

“Yes, Mistress!” I gasped. “I'm a filthy blonde whore!”

Crack!

“You're a brainless slut!” Kara said.

“I'm a brainless slut, Mistress Kara!” I moaned.

Crack! Crack!

“You're a fuck toy!” she said.

“I'm a fuck toy, Mistress Kara!” I cried, my bottom on fire

Crack! Crack! Crack!

She stopped and Mrs. Sampson gripped my hair and yanked so I fell to my knees.

“Disciplining you takes effort, slave girl,” she said. “Now thank Mistress Kara for all the hard work she's putting into teaching you how to be a proper slave girl.”

“Th-thank you for – .”

“With your tongue, slut,” Mrs. Sampson ordered.

I moaned and fell forward, licking at Kara's shoes as they looked down at me.

“Now say thank you for disciplining me,” Mrs. Sampson ordered.

“Tha-thank you for disciplining me, Mistress Kara!” I gasped.

“Now polish the tables,” she ordered.

Dazed, I obeyed, staggering a little on the high, stiletto heels as I made my way back to the kitchen to get the cleaning supplies. My bottom was so hot it practically radiated heat! Fortunately, that didn't last long. I mean, by the time I'd done polishing the tables it was much more bearable.

Then I changed the linen on Mrs. Sampson's bed, as well as Kara's, and put the dirty sheets into a washer, washed them, then dried them. By then my bottom was only a little tender.

We had lunch, in the same manner as breakfast and dinner, which meant me on my knees eating from their hands, or licking the food and milk off the floor.

Mrs. Sampson put me on a spare bed, then, and showed Kara how to tie me. She removed the leather restraints, and used more of that soft rope she'd used on my breasts.

She tied my wrists together behind me, using like, half a dozen loops, then had

me lay on my back on the spare bed and fold my legs under me so my ankles were next to my buttocks. She tied them to the headboard above my head. Then she pulled on the ropes that were tied to my wrists.

That, of course, forced my shoulders back and down, and then made my back arch very sharply. She pulled so firmly, in fact, that only my shoulders remained touching the bed and my ankles were up past my hips!!

She slid the dildo out of me and replaced it with a big vibrator! This one had a thick white plastic body, and then a sort of round ball on top. She pushed the ball against my sex and it slowly forced the lips of my sex apart, then nestled there in the mouth of my sex – vibrating.

Vibrating very powerfully. In fact, it might have been the most powerful one they'd used on me so far! At first it was just uncomfortable, but then my body began to react and respond and the sexual heat flooded through my brain!

She never pushed it deeper, just left it there in the mouth of my sex, and my hips began to grind and jerk against it more and more frantically as the sex-heat grew more intense! And then, while Mrs. Sampson held the vibrator against me, Kara moved around to my head, with a big, double headed dildo in hand.

She made me open my mouth and then slid it deep into my throat! It was twenty inches long, and she pumped it in and out as her mom drove me out of my mind with the vibrator! Not being able to breath very well soon had me light-headed, and with the impact of the vibrator, I came again and again and again, feeling as if my body was being torn about by convulsions!

I swear I lost consciousness a few times, but the memory is such a big wild fog that I can hardly remember it as more than this huge howling storm of sexual heat and pleasure that half-melted my brain!

*

There was more cleaning to be done, since Mrs. Sampson had another couple coming over for dinner! And I was elected the cleaning girl, naturally. It was awkward moving around since In addition to the thigh high stiletto heels she had put these long leather gloves on me which went almost to my shoulders, and then put the leather restraints around them and locked them together in front of me.

The actual food wasn't made by us. It was by a service. She sent me to Kara's room when the delivery people showed up from the catering company, then brought me back after they left, to sort through and prepare the order for the food to be served, putting most into the fridge while others went on a back counter.

Mrs. Sampson put on a long, elegant, black dinner dress, and Kara emerged from her room in a shorter, off the shoulder dress which had some decent cleavage.

I got to dress up to. Instead of the studded leather restraints, she put on these metal gold things. The collar was heavy, and thick, and said "slave" on the front. The restraints around my wrists and ankles were just sort of like slightly thicker bracelets.

I wore nothing else but the boots and gloves – and collar and restraints, of course.

When the door buzzed Kara went to answer it, and let in two more women, both dressed very nicely. They were in their early to mid thirties. One woman had shoulder length brown hair and a loose, calf length white dress. The other was a mannish type, with a short, flat top haircut and glasses, and was wearing a blue jacket with a knee length skirt.

I blushed so fiercely when they looked at me I thought my skin would burn off, but Mrs. Sampson was treating me being naked as if it wasn't even something worth commenting on!

I was frozen and incredibly uncomfortable! I mean, I still had the round screw bases of the two dildos sticking out of me!

They made small talk, while I tried to stay in the kitchen and hide behind the island. Then there was another ring, and Kara opened it to let two men in! I tried to sneak away but Mrs. Sampson must have been expecting it because she was suddenly right there, smirking at me and grabbing my arm.

She abandoned it and gripped my collar in back instead, then led me out of the kitchen as the two men greeted the others.

One was obviously gay, wearing a purple suit with a pink flower in the lapel. He was a skinny guy with dyed blonde hair. The other was bulkier, with wider shoulders, and looked at me with considerably more interest.

I figured they were a gay couple, but I was still hideously embarrassed as they looked at me, along with everyone else.

“Slave, present,” Mrs. Sampson ordered curtly.

My mind was in turmoil! But I obeyed her, putting my trembling fingers behind my neck and arching my back.

“Very nice tits on her,” the flat top woman said.

“Uhm, I like,” said the bulkier man.

And then both of them put their hands on my breasts, stroking and caressing them as I held my position.

“These rings are a thick gauge,” the man said.

“I just pierced her yesterday,” Mrs. Sampson said.

“Love how soft the skin is,” said the woman.

Then the other woman had to stroke my breasts, too. The blonde guy didn't seem interested.

“And how red her face is,” the bulky man said with a grin.

“She's new to this,” Mrs. Sampson said. “She'll get jaded soon enough.”

“I love innocent girls,” the flat top said.

They all sat down in the living room, and then I had to take drink orders from them, and scurry back to the kitchen to get them.

“Where did you find that?” I heard someone asking.

“Friend of Kara's from school,” Mrs. Sampson said.

“Ahh, a schoolgirl. Yummy,” the flattop said.

I brought their drinks back, and Mrs. Sampson indicated I should place them on the coffee tables – which are, as you would imagine, quite low. Every time I bent

over my bare breasts hung down near someone, and every time I did they'd reach up and squeeze one!

When I went around beside the flattop to put her drink on the table she slid her hand up between my legs and grasped the base of the dildo in my pussy.

“How deep is this?” she asked as I gasped, startled.

“Deep enough,” Mrs. Sampson said.

I felt myself cringing again as the woman tugged on it, and the fat rounded part spread me wider and wider, until it slid out into view and the shaft followed.

“Nice and slick and wet,” flattop said with a smirk.

“She's a very responsive girl,” Mrs. Sampson said. “A natural slut.”

I blushed hotly as the flattop – whose name turned out to be Carline, shoved the dildo back inside me.

Then when I handed the drink over to the bulky man – whose name was Dave – he squeezed my ass and asked about the other dildo, then tugged it free as well, before thrusting it back inside me.

“Nice tight little butt,” he said. “I like nice tight little butts.”

To which everyone laughed and made ribald jokes.

Mrs. Sampson pointed at me and at the floor.

“Kneel and present.”

My mind swirling and my insides churning, I obeyed, kneeling, sitting on my buttocks, arching my back and putting my fingers behind my neck.

“So how far along is your slave girl's training?” the other woman asked.

“Just starting.”

“Really? She'll be something when she's done.”

“She's already something,” Kara said with a smirk.

“She's a very obedient girl,” Mrs. Sampson said.

“And she'd never been with a woman before this week,” Karla said.

Everyone expressed disbelief.

“You mean she's just now discovered she's gay?” Carline demanded.

“Oh she's not gay,” Mrs. Sampson said. “She still loves cock. It's just that her... borders have been expanded. She likes both sides of the fence.”

“Me too,” Dave said, “And I'd like to expand her pussy with my dick.”

“Well, maybe if you're a good boy I'll let you,” Mrs. Sampson said with a grin.

I felt another hard, powerful jolt of psychic energy! I thought he was gay! If he was straight then this was even more humiliating!

But then he'd said 'me too', which probably meant he was bisexual. That wasn't any better! I was kneeling naked in front of a man! Worse than naked, since I had those dildos sticking out of me!

But what could I do? Get up and run away!? I was sort of committed!

They engaged in mostly small-talk about mutual acquaintances and what they were up to, about relationships that were on the rocks or starting, and Carline's desire to buy a new car, and what kind.

And I just knelt there, sitting on my heels, shoulders back, breasts out, hands behind my neck, like... like some sort of sexual statue!

But I could feel their eyes sliding over my body often. There were six people in the room besides me, and all of them were fully dressed while I was naked! I felt so incredibly self-conscious!

But that can only last so long. I mean, it gradually began to fade, though I was still feeling incredibly awkward and uneasy. Wouldn't anyone!?

Mrs. Sampson ordered me to set dinner out, and I got up and hurried into the

kitchen, then got the things the caterer had prepared out of the oven and microwave, carefully setting them out on the dining room table.

The six of them got up and came over to sit down while I obediently got them whatever they wanted in the way of drinks of water or milk or spices or anything else, moving around the table like... like a naked waitress!

Standing next to Carline to butter a bun I felt her fingers slip up to rub against my clitoris, and gasped, but tried to ignore it even as raw sensation swept up into my groin.

“I'd like to butter you, little slave girl,” she said. “And shove my fist up your pussy.”

I shuddered at the dark imagery, and moved to the next person over to pour wine into the glass for the very gay man, Justin. He didn't try to touch me, and basically treated me like a maid. The big guy next to him, though, who I gather was his lover, Andrew, kneaded my buttocks as I poured his wine.

With that all done I took my place on my knees, legs spread wide. My wrists were not bound, but I understood I wasn't to use my hands as they turns feeding me. I instead crawled from place to place while all of them, even the very gay guy, let me lick pieces of food out of their fingers and palms of their hands.

This was all having a powerful influence on my mind. I mean, it was one thing for me to do kinky stuff in front of Kara, but another to do it in front of six people, including strangers, and have them act like this is the way I was supposed to act!

Mrs. Sampson tossed a piece of meat on the floor, and I bent and licked it up, making no attempt to pick it up – as if I was human, you you. I mean, I was an animal!

That led to others tossing food onto the floor to watch me lick it up, and then pouring wine onto the floor so I could lick that up!

“This is a very useful bitch you have,” Carline said.

“Yes, and it cleans floors, the other woman, Dara, said.

There was a rumble of laughter from the others.

I know, it was humiliating, but I was really getting into it! A dark, crackling haze of sexual energy was settling around me and my mind was being suffocated by the raw heat!

I had to get up near the end of the meal to clean the table. As I reached for Carline's table she gripped my hair and I gasped as she jerked me back against her, my head going back as her other hand slipped around my hip to rub at my clitoris.

I felt another hand, likely Andrew, on my chest, sliding up to caress my breast as Carline rubbed my clitoris.

“I hope you intend your slave girl to give us some after dinner entertainment,” she said.

“Oh I think you can count on that,” Mrs. Sampson said.

“Good.”

She let go of my hair and, gasping, I began to clear the table.

They got up and returned to the main room, and I got liqueurs for them all.

And then Kara jumped up and went to get something. She returned with a sort of, well it looked like a thick pipe that had been cut in half lengthwise. She set it down next to me, and then, as one of the women laughed, attached a thick dildo with one of those little things at the bottom that I knew was a vibrator!

“Straddle this, slave girl,” she ordered.

I moaned but obeyed, and she reached down and pulled the two dildos out of my body, then had me kneel and then sink down onto the thick dildo.

It was incredibly embarrassing, since four complete strangers were watching my naked sex being slowly, forcefully spread wide by the thick silicone cock! But there was nothing I could do about it as it pushed into me and I slid down further and further.

I groaned helplessly, squeaking and gasping as she insisted on pushing down on my shoulders until I was impaled on the thing. Then the vibrations started, and she returned to the others.

They continued to talk about other things, but they were watching me, and my face was scalding with embarrassment!

My emotions were alternately either roiling and churning or numbed! And as the minutes ticked past a dark heat began to suffuse my mind, calming my emotions like oil on water. I began to burn with a soft, aching heat, a heat which spread slowly through my body – and then abruptly, much faster!

Then Kara snapped her fingers at me to get my attention, and gave me a stern look.

“Slave. I want you to masturbate for us.”

I gaped at her dazedly. She wanted what!?

“Ride that cock, slave girl. Squeeze your breasts. Show our guests what a slut you are.”

I mean, can you imagine how outrageous it is to ask a girl something like that!? But like I said before, the more outrageous, the more kinky, the wilder that dark, submissive, even masochistic side of me was starting to feel nowadays!

I was already jammed down onto a long, thick dildo, with the vibrator part buzzing against my clitoris. How could I embarrass myself any further!?

But how could I refuse, especially with my body burning up with a dark, masochistic sense of lust, passion and need! My hands trembled as I slid my gloved fingers over my breasts, heat rushing into me as I slid one hand downward, moaning as I rubbed at my clitoris, then ground the little stub of a vibrator against myself.

Embarrassment rose almost as fast as the heat – but the heat was more powerful, and I was soon riding the dildo, some part of me mortified, but another part glorying in how wanton and sluttish I was, and how they were all staring at me!

“Stop!” Mrs. Sampson ordered, thrusting her finger out.

Dazed, I halted, gasping for breath.

“We didn't give you permission to come, sex slave.”

I moaned helplessly.

Kara snapped a leash to the collar, but then Carline and Dara got up, as if this had been agreed to, and Carline took the leash. She jerked on it and pulled me up and I slid up off the vibrator/dildo, aching inside and dripping wet!

“Crawl, slut.”

I had to crawl on all fours across the room, then up the hall to the spare bedroom. And there I was all alone with two strange women! I knew a moment of panic. What was I doing here!? I wasn't even gay!

But I was a sex slave! Or at least, I was pretending to be one, glorying in being one!

The two had me lay on my back on the bed, spreadeagled, and then strapped my wrists and ankles in place. They stripped, and Carline straddled my face, settling her pussy down onto my mouth. I felt the other one, Dara, kneeling between my legs, her lips and tongue soon going to work on my clitoris!

It was so unreal! But I was thrumming with sexual energy, and... and I was immersed in my role as sex slave to the exclusion of all else. I licked at Carline's clitoris as my hips began to roll helplessly against Dara's mouth and tongue, and raw heat baked my mind.

I came well before Carline did! And then again before she did! And then again as she did! Then they switched places, and it was Dara straddling my head, and my tongue licking wildly at her clitoris as Carline sucked on mine!

They might not want dildos used on themselves, but they weren't above using them on me, and did so, big ones! They left two inside me as they made me crawl back into the main room where the other four were waiting.

I was drained, panting, flushed and ached on the inside.

“And how was our sex slave?” Mrs. Sampson said.

“The enthusiasm of youth,” Carline said.

“But still not very skillful with her tongue.”

“It's only been a week,” Kara said. “She's very good for a novice.”

I felt grateful for her defending me!

“And how is her sucking ability?” Andrew asked with a glint in his eyes.

“I'm sure it's still quite strong,” Mrs. Sampson said.

I gulped, suddenly shaken out of my semi-torpor. Was she going to have this man fuck me!?

And yes, they were, and worse, they were going to have me do it in public! Men, of course, were not nearly as shy as women about sexual things, and Andrew took my leash and had me crawl over to the sofa where his boyfriend sat, looking at me doubtfully.

“A mouth is a mouth, Justin,” Andrew said with a grin.

Justin snorted doubtfully, but he didn't object.

“Suck his cock, slave,” he ordered.

Here!? In front of everyone!?

I felt myself flush. It seemed I could be further degraded and embarrassed!

“Have you got... ah, thank you,” he said.

Crack!

I yelped as he brought the crop down across my bottom.

“Get to work, slut,” he ordered.

Moaning, I crawled forward between Justin's legs, reaching up and undoing his belt and zipper, then reaching in with gloved hands. He wasn't hard, but as Andrew had said, a mouth was a mouth, and with mine sucking and licking at

his balls, his began to grow.

He didn't reach out to touch me, but just watched as I deep throated him and bobbed up and down. The others made remarks as they watched, commenting on my ass, or how thick the dildos in me were, or the sounds I made as my throat slid up and down on the shaft.

I made Justin come, and then Andrew sat down.

“Let's see your dancing skill, slave,” he said.

Dancing!?

“Give him a lap dance, slave girl,” Mrs. Sampson said.

I gulped, flushed again, and then, as Kara turned on the stereo to get appropriate music, I gave Andrew a lap dance, while everyone commented on my skill – or lack of skill. First I danced on my feet, twisting and grinding and rolling my hips as he and the others watched.

Dancing in the middle of a group of people watching me would have been embarrassing even if I was dressed and knew them! As it was it was mortifying! Yet worse was to come, of course. Andrew pulled the dildos out of my body and I straddled his lap, grinding my buttocks into him, stopping often to move to new instructions.

Everyone had advice in how I was to move, including Justin, and while I could feel Andrew's erection underneath me – a big one – he didn't seem to be impatient, letting me turn and grind, first with my back to him, then facing him.

He cupped and fondled my breasts as I ground myself against him, then pushed me off and had me suck Justin's cock again. He then got down onto his knees behind me and I moaned in dazed heat as he thrust his cock deep into my aching, burning pussy!

While the other four women watched me I was used as a fuck-toy by a man! And that had an even more powerful impact on my mind than all the lesbian stuff I'd done so far! The feel of him inside me, and the knowledge it was a real cock, really sent wild rushes of heat through my brain!

His hands were all over me, too, slapping my buttocks, or reaching down to fondle and knead my breasts while his partner's cock grew in my mouth. I felt my wrists drawn up and back and shackled together, then his fist in my hair as he thrust harder, using me more roughly!

I had thought I had been drained by what the women had done to me, but I was soon burning up with a wild feverish heat, and then orgasms, multiple orgasms swept through me!

God! I was such a total whore! And that thought was like oil on fire!

I grunted and gurgled and gasped as my lips were shoved up and down on Justin's cock while Andrew pounded against me from behind. And after Andrew came he took Andrew's place on the sofa, guiding my mouth to his cock while Andrew knelt behind me and sodomized me!

It was all so incredibly overwhelming! I was drowning in sexual heat and the dark, scalding passion of being a submissive sex slave!

And when the guests all left, Kara had me crawl down the hall to the bathroom, where she bathed me, allowing me to take no part in it, washed my hair, brushed my teeth, even flossed for me! She dried my hair, put the collar back on, then had me lick her to orgasm before showing me to her room.

Now, I haven't described her room before. She had the usual furniture, except that she had a large and unusually high bed. Its wooden sides were covered in drawers, giving lots of room for storage beneath the mattress, or so I had thought.

But now she opened one of the rows of drawers and it turned out they all swung open like a cupboard door, and behind them were metal bars.

The whole interior of the bed was hallow, and Kara bent to slide the bars aside, then motioned me to crawl in.

It was a cage!

I gulped, but obeyed, sliding low, and crawling into the bed. She slid the bars closed and I knew they were locked.

I was to sleep here, on the floor, staring out through the bars!

Well, not quite on the floor. The carpeting in this place was incredibly soft, with a very thick under-pad. And in addition, a large mat had been laid out. I lay down and felt a strange rolling heat, but I was so exhausted and sore after the wild day's events, I felt asleep easily.

What, I wondered, would tomorrow bring!?

For the last few days I had been immersed in the role of a sex slave. But that was all it was; a role. I had never even for a moment considered it more than a kinky game, never for an instant thought of myself as a sex slave.

Now... now I wasn't sure. Now I was beginning to think Kara and her mother actually meant it! And... and I wasn't sure what I thought about that! I mean, it might seem ridiculous on first thought, but then the idea of more wild, scalding sexual games, and the life of... well, not having to make any decisions, not having to worry about anything, being looked after, well, there was something attractive about that.

I didn't reject the idea out of hand, though, and that was a startling realization! Was it possible I would let them turn me into a sex slave!?

The alternative, after all, was what? The uncertainty of going to university and taking some courses I didn't even care about, in hopes of getting some job I wasn't really interested in?

I fingered my sore nipples, staring at the rings, and wondered what the future held.

*

[Chloe's Summer Job](#)

[Chloe's Internship](#)

Chloe's Education

*

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

*

Other erotic stories & novels by JJ Argus

Molly's Black Master (Molly's Black Masters series)

Can a nerdy blonde tech support girl survive the kinky attention of a very black, very muscular very tall company vice president? I was about to find out! One of the first things Mr. Blake insisted on when I came to set up his computer was that I call him 'Sir", and that set the tone for me to wind up naked and in chains at his feet as he taught me how much heat and pleasure a girl could feel.

Working For the Smiths

Nicky thought it was a great summer job, working for her friend Emily's parents at their beautiful estate. It was a bit annoying that Em's dad decided to teach her discipline. But him tossing her in the pool a lot meant she got to wear her bikini all day. And the swats on the butt didn't seem sexual - at first. But slowly, Nicky learns to submit and obey, and service the Smiths in all their needs.

Taylor's New Chauffeur (the Black Chauffeur series)

Taylor is a spoiled rotten Beverly Hills blonde with a habit of throwing things at clerks and servants who displease her. When her father hires a muscular black chauffeur she instantly gets in trouble by taunting him, and gets yanked across his lap for a 'reprimand", then is schooled in submission!

The Nerd Girls

Paige is a tall, athletic pre-law student rooming with a short nerdy arts student, an odd couple about to get far beyond odd. Somehow, she lets herself get talked into being the subject of Nicky's nude photo assignment, not realizing it's an erotic nude and Nicky intends to tie her up! As Nicky's nerdy friend April joins them, Paige finds herself helplessly aroused and completely at their mercy!

Out of Uniform (Jamie McCloud series)

Gorgeous tomgirl Jamie McCloud is a rookie cop on the NYPD. Jamie is transferred out of uniform into street clothes to work for the Anti-crime squad in Manhattan. There, amid the glitz and glitter, amid the hordes of tourists and businessmen, she hunts down muggers, drug dealers, pickpockets and purse thieves, along with perverts and gang members. Oh, and the occasional terrorist. And on her own time, Jamie begins to explore the dark side of her sexuality as she is introduced to domination and submission by her hunky new federal agent boyfriend Danny. It's all just a kinky game, at first, but the mind-blowing excitement and thrills quickly draws her into a lifestyle that will change her behavior, her personality, and her life.

Owned by My Best Friend's Family!

Annie's father the cop was so... commanding, in his uniform! I was fascinated with his handcuffs, and he was fascinated by me! Letting him boss me around seemed natural – and hot, and the the wild, rough, kinky nature of what we did was scalding! But then he 'gave' me to her older brother as his, and moved me into his house, so his whole family could own me!

Zoe's New Boss

Zoe's new boss was a man who got what he wanted, and he wanted Zoe. He was obnoxious and arrogant, yet despite that, Zoe found herself unable to resist her own body each time he forced himself upon her. His skillful fingers and tongue made her cry out in pleasure, but he wanted more submission than that. He forced her to submit utterly, to crawl before him and his clients, and be their sex

toy.

In The Vampire's Lair

On a foggy London night, Samantha feels a strange, dark inner heat which blossoms to a shocking lust which all-but consumes her in the middle of a crowded subway car. Yet none of the other riders see as she strips naked and begs to be used by a smirking young man. So begins her introduction to the world of vampires, to a world of enslavement, of uncontrolled lust and shocking pleasure.

Nigger's Girl

A blonde girl has no business getting involved with a Black man in rural Georgia. A blonde girl who's a deputy sheriff especially has no business getting involved with a Black ex-con with a violent temper and a hate on for white people. But from the moment Dara sees Emery she's gripped by a feverish need. However violently he treats her, however he shames and abuses her, whoever he gives her to.

The Temporary Harem Girl

It's difficult to describe what being in a modern harem is like, or what it's like to have no control over your body. I thought It'd be kinky fun, and told myself it was only temporary, for a story I was doing, but I just wasn't prepared for how I began to lose myself to the lust and excitement and total submission, to the dark eroticism of being a sex slave, being shackled, punished, and used.

Mr. Stirling's Chauffeur

Danielle becomes a chauffeur to a startlingly wealthy, handsome, and arrogant man who seems do do nothing but work and drink and growl at people. But

when he becomes taken with his insolent chauffeur she finds out his domineering ways extend to the bedroom - and the car! And as she melts his cold exterior he makes her burn with the dark, thrilling heat of his dominance and submission games.

Owned by Mister Trask

When Melody Blue was offered a condo on the ocean to house sit, she thought it was a chance to relax and write her novel. It worked great, until the owner's son came for his monthly visit. Evan Trask was breathtaking in his looks and arrogance. In one shocking afternoon he stripped away both her clothes and inhibitions, introduced her to a collar, and taught her the wicked thrills of submission.

Bound Beauty

Sierra is lured into nude photography by her aunt, whose erotic photographs hang in art galleries. But as her aunt discovers her weakness for bondage and submission, Sierra is lured into more and more graphic and lurid pictures. With the aid of her handsome black assistant, her aunt turns the incredibly responsive young woman into an unknowing star of bondage videos watched around the world.

The Mirror Box

FBI agent Rachel Corey and her female prisoner wake to find themselves captives in a large mirrored box, nude. Day after day, cool, synthetic voices gave them orders, and images appeared on computer screens ordering them how to position their bodies, how to obey and display, and then to perform sexual services. But their captors have a hidden motive, for it is the FBI itself conditioning them