

# Chloe's Internship

By JJ Argus



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**Smashwords edition**

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Thank you for respecting the hard work of this author.

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

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Until this week I was a confirmed heterosexual. You know, straight! I mean, it wasn't like the thought of doing something with girls had never occurred to me, but I'd never tried to do anything about it! But that didn't mean I was still straight.

Kara Sampson was a gay girl from high school. We'd both just graduated, and were working for the summer before college. She'd approached me about working for her mom at a swimsuit design ware studio. That had sounded way better than working for some lawyer during the summer!

Only there was an 'interview' first, you see, and that included modeling a swimsuit, for 'occasional visits from buyers', and then, well, somehow... somehow me and Kara had wound up doing it! And it had been incredible!

So incredible I'd basically let her take over. I mean, what did I know about lesbian sex!? Her taking over, though, had been a lot stronger than I had, at first understood. Then again, since she'd started our sexual relationship by spanking me, I should have guessed.

So okay, she was hot, and it was wild and thrilling, and just a game, where she made me call her mistress and she called me slave girl. It was kinky but she was soooo good at knowing what turned a girl on that I had the most intense orgasms of my life!

Only... now on my first day of work at her mom's studio I'd first been roughly, well, seduced, and then made to perform oral sex on one of the other ladies there, and then been caught with a vibrator – by her mom! And not only did her mom not fire me but instead had offered to help Kara TRAIN me as a sex slave! That just about blew my mind, and I couldn't react, couldn't resist, couldn't say a thing as my face burned red hot!

All I could do was, well, what they told me to do! I never even objected to anything, and then Mrs. Sampson had casually dismissed me, had me put on my dress, and go back to my desk!

My slutty dress, one that Kara had selected for me, had me buy, one I'd never have bought on my own, but did because she told me that the women at the design studio were very fashion conscious.

So I went back to my desk, but my heart was still pounding and my chest was tight and my mind was still spinning wildly! These women were all lesbo perverts! I didn't, for a moment, think anything of their talk of training me as a 'slave girl'. That was obviously just a kinky game, but what a kinky game it was!

Was everyone who worked here a lesbian except me?! I mean, first Melicia and now Mrs. Sampson! Plus Kara! No one else was looking at me weirdly, which was a relief! I felt very self-conscious, as if they'd all know what kinky stuff I had just been up to and that I had this buzzing sex toy between my legs!

And to make matters worse I was still aroused! I mean, there was a deep, dark sense of thrilled excitement at all this kinkiness! Not to mention the buzzing against my clitoris from the little vibrator Kara had pushed into me!

I was kind of shell-shocked about Mrs. Sampson finding out and the way she talked about me – and touched me – but the deliciously kinky sex games Kara and I were playing were no less of a turn-on for that.

And then there was Melicia, who had used that... that stick on my bottom! Not to mention fingering me to an orgasm and making me lick her to one! God! I let myself marvel at having practically forgotten that due to the new shock with Mrs. Sampson!

Of course, I was completely scatterbrained about the actual work I was supposed to do, since my mind kept being swept by the wild, shocking memories of what had happened, and even wilder thoughts about what might yet happen and what I ought to do about it all!

When I noticed Mrs. Sampson frowning at me I jerked upright in my chair, eyes widening and pulse suddenly racing.

“Yes, Mrs. Sampson?” I gulped.

She sighed and shook her head. “I can see we'll get no work from you today,” she said.

I flushed, thinking of the tasks I hadn't even thought about.

“Come with me.”

She walked back up the hall and I felt my heart thumping as I got up and scurried around the corner to follow her.

We went to the end of the hall to one of the storage rooms and she opened it, motioned me inside, then closed the door behind us and ran her eyes over the junk there.

“Yes, I thought we still had this,” she said. “This will do nicely.”

She pushed aside some boxes and led me to ... well, I'm not sure what it was, other than a narrow leather cushion. She picked it up and took it to the corner of the room, then laid it on the floor.

“Come here,” she ordered.

I hesitated, my face hot and my mind churning, then, with my hands still behind my neck, I nervously walked over to her.

Mrs. Sampson turned to me and frowned.

“Has Kara taught you the term 'position'?”

“Uhm, n-no,” I gulped.

“Position depends on whether you're standing, sitting or kneeling, but in all cases it involves spreading your legs and putting your fingers behind your neck, interlacing your fingers, and arching your back as you did earlier.”

I flushed hotly.

“Present!” she snapped.

Gulping, I obeyed and she tugged up the hem of the dress as my body began to thrum with dark, roiling energy and my mind churned with uncertainty, anxiety, embarrassment and a helpless sense of confusion.

She pulled the little ball out of my sex, and I flushed as she stroked me there.

“Very wet,” she said.

Then she tugged on my wrists and slapped at my elbows so I was positioned

properly, held my wrists, and gripped my elbow.

“But why – ?”

“Slave girls don't need to ask why, only obey when given an order,” Mrs. Sampson said in a cold voice.

Then she pulled the hem of the dress up higher, up my body, up over my head and off, leaving me naked!

Blushing hotly, I wondered if I could object, or even... I don't know, refuse!

“Good. Memorize this pose,” she said. “Whenever you are standing, this is the pose you are to take when told to present. Do you understand?”

I gulped, heart pounding, and she slapped my bottom!

“Answer me.”

“Y-Yes, Mrs. Sampson!”

“All right. Hands behind your back, wrists crossed.”

This was so weird! Doing this with Kara was one thing, but her mom!!?

But... but my mind wasn't working and I had no idea what else to do but obey her!

I crossed my wrists behind my back and she tied them together with some kind of narrow cord. As I felt it tightening around them I felt a strange sense of darkness within me, a breathless darkness of helpless anticipation and anxiety!

I gasped again as she gripped my hair and tilted my head back.

“Stick your tongue out, slave girl,” she ordered. “As far as you can!”

Dazed, I obeyed, and saw her bring a strange looking black rectangle about two inches wide up to my tongue. It opened to reveal jaws like a very wide clothespin. Except that there were little curved spikes on the inside of the jaws.

To my astonishment – I was completely bewildered – she placed the jaws over

and under my tongue and then let them close. At first I winced as they closed on my sensitive tongue, but then I cried out as she released it fully and they closed much tighter!

I jerked my tongue back into my mouth, but the thing came with it, still biting into my tongue!

“The pain will fade,” she said. “The little spikes aren't sharp enough to cut you, and they'll only really hurt if you try to pull back against the pull of the clip. They're angled out, you see.”

The base of the thing was still outside my lips, and she attached a cord to it and then pulled slowly. Gasping, I had no choice but to let my tongue push forward as the little teeth dug into it!

“You'd be surprised how far a tongue can stretch with a little effort and persistence,” she said.

I squealed as she tugged on it and she snorted.

“Don't worry. This room used to be the audio visual room and is almost completely soundproof,” she said.

She pushed me down and ordered me to kneel on the leather padded cushion, with my face to the corner, then pulled the cord attached to the clip up along the wall and tied it to a hook there! Then she took a wide metal rod which was attached to the side of the leather cushion thing I was kneeling on and pulled it up, like it was a lever. I felt the rounded tip slide along the line of my sex. Then, as she turned a screw, the rod extended itself, and I squealed as I felt it pushing up harder and harder, forcing its way into my body!

“I understand het girls, especially blondes, are instinctively aroused by penetration,” she said. “So you should enjoy this.”

It was a thick rod! I moaned as it inched its way deeper and deeper into my belly, cool and metal, but smooth, and, thanks to the ball that had been in me, sliding fairly easily between the moist lips of my sex.

It only halted as a kind of curve caught at the top of my sex, a curve thicker than, but similar to the one on the ball. Sure enough, she plugged the padded frame

into a wall outlet and the pipe began to vibrate.

A moment later I felt her hands at my ankles, drawing them together. Then something was tied around them and she lifted them up and back behind me. I felt her tying them to my wrists, before stepping back.

“Now ponder your position, slave girl, and your future,” she said.

Then she opened the door, went out, and left me like that!

\*

You learn how to deal with familiar situations. This was entirely unfamiliar. I had not dealt with it well at all! I hadn't known how to treat her – my new boss AND Kara's mom, and hadn't been able to even think of how to respond, let alone try and argue or resist what she wanted!

And now... now, here I was kneeling in the corner with my tongue aching!

Naked! Did I forget to mention that! Naked! At work! In some bizarre sex thing! With lesbians!

I just did not know how to react to and cope with all this strange, perverted behavior! And now.. now I was... like... WTF?! I was tied up in some weird way I had never even imagined before in my life!

That was on top of the weirdness of having my tongue sticking out of my mouth and held in place by some kind of clothespin! If it weren't for my head being tilted back I would probably be drooling. As it was I had to keep swallowing saliva as I stared up at the cord projecting from my tongue to the hook.

And Mrs. Sampson had put me here in such a matter-of-fact way, as if this was the normal sort of thing you did to a girl who worked for you! My tongue was throbbing almost as much as the pipe she'd pushed inside me!

In fact, the pipe was vibrating a lot more powerfully than that little vibrator had before! Instead of a little battery it was running off the building's power, and my entire body was vibrating in tune to the pipe. Why not since it was jammed halfway up my abdomen!

After about ten minutes the door opened and Kara came in. She closed it behind her and smirked as she knelt down and examined me.

“Well, well. The poor, tortured sex slave,” she sighed dramatically.

Then she giggled and ran her hand over my breasts.

“Just remember, you're my sex slave, not hers. I'm the one who's going to train you.”

She plucked at my nipples, then twisted and stretched them as I moaned and squirmed helplessly.

“Nasty girl,” she whispered into my ear. “Nasty sex slave!”

I moaned helplessly as her hand slid down my torso and pressed against the curved thing which was jammed against my clitoris.

“Hot sex slave,” she whispered, chewing on my neck. “I bet you come like a whore!”

Then she took several pictures with her Iphone before leaving!

I shuddered, toes wriggling, hands pulling feebly against the cord binding them together, my entire groin throbbing!

Sex slave! A sex slave being tortured! Her words were a dark, shocking, breathless fixation in my mind. This was not like any sort of torture I had ever imagined before! But it certainly was causing me pain! Well, my knees ached anyway, despite the padding.

But I was kneeling in the corner, like... like a bad girl. Only I was naked, my breasts pressed in against the walls on either side, my tongue extended up and out so my head was tilted back. And every time my body moved it either pulled harder against the tongue clip, or jammed me back harder against the pipe!

My mind, though, was wrapped in a strange dark haze of breathless sexual heat and arousal, despite my bewilderment, and the buzzing pipe jammed between my legs was making it worse even as it was making me ache!

I had never felt so completely helpless! I was helpless to move, helpless to even speak!

Well, that wasn't entirely true. I could try to speak, but without my tongue all my words were unintelligible. I have to say I felt very, well, forlorn. You know, like, poor little me? But oddly, I found that idea, that sense of being a helpless victim, kind of, well, exciting, in a sick sort of way, like I was, well, a slave girl for real!

I mean, the idea was darkly erotic and exotic in a sick sort of way – being a sex slave!

I kind of tried to push myself in closer to the corner to ease the pull against my tongue, but my shoulders were already pressed against the walls on either side.

And as the vibrating bar continued to cause my own aching sex to resonate with it, this strange wild sense of abandon crept over me. By that, I mean I began to not care about anything outside this room, to not care about anything but the raw physical sensations assailing me, to not even think about them.

It was like all the cares and concerns of a human being were falling away, all my higher orders of consciousness shutting down, and the entire focus of my being was my own body and how it felt.

And it felt very... strange! I was uncomfortable and in pain but also filled with a sense of pulsing sexual pressure and hunger. I groaned as I swayed back slightly, my tongue pulling more harshly against the clip. But that also jammed me back harder against the metal pipe inside me and which was pressed against my clitoris.

That... ached, sharply, but deliciously.

This was so perverted, I thought, wonderingly, moaning and swallowing saliva.

“And how is our little sex slave doing?” Kara asked, coming in.

I flushed and moaned a protest, but she only laughed.

She did, however, undo the cord attached to the clip from the hook, and then opened the clip so I could jerk my tongue back into my mouth! God, it ached! It felt swollen and sore!

“You can start doing stretching exercises on your tongue, slave girl. Just push it out as far as you can, and hold it. Do that as often as possible so we won't have to stretch it our own way.”

She ran her fingers through my hair as she talked. Then she squatted down behind me and untied my ankles from my wrists. I groaned as my feet fell back. It was such a relief on my knees! I mean, I was still kneeling but it was way easier now!

She adjusted the pipe thing too and it began to draw back down the length of my tight tunnel. It slid back further and further, but then she gripped my arm and pulled me back so I gasped and my sex slid back down the length of it!

“Oh! Oh, please!” I gasped.

“Say please Mistress,” she ordered.

“Please, Mistress!” I exclaimed.

She snorted.

“Sit back on your heels, slave girl.”

I gasped and moaned, for as she drew the pipe back, she kept jerking me back so that it was just as deep, until my buttocks were finally resting on my heels.

“Good,” she said.

I was still facing the corner, and still kneeling on the leather padded cushion, and still impaled on the metal pipe, but it was at least a more comfortable position.

Temporarily.

Kara cut some twine and then tied loops in both ends. A moment later she bent over me and placed the loops around my nipple.

“Kara!” I moaned. “What are you doooooing!?”

“Teaching my sex slave,” she said.

The loop closed and I cried out in pain as my nipple was pinched sharply!

“Big baby,” she said.

She did the same to my other nipple, and I squealed again, then again as she took the two cords and drew them up and forward, bending me forward so she could wrap them to the hook in the wall where my tongue had been tied!

Laughing, she ruffled my hair and went out, leaving me there!

My nipples stung hotly, but quickly eased into a dull throbbing ache. At least my tongue was free! Even if it did feel kind of numb and swollen!

I wasn't fully impaled on the pipe in this position. I mean, almost, but not quite. Which meant that little curved piece that angled up to press against my clitoris wasn't doing that any more. At first, that was kind of a relief. But the pipe itself was still buzzing, and I was starting to feel that rising sense of sexual tension and pressure once again.

That sense of the bizarre, of how unreal this was settled over me once more, as the minutes passed, and I grunted and gasped and moaned whenever my upper body eased back a little because that tugged my nipples against the cords.

The weird thing was that started to feel good!

I mean, not in the traditional way. It just produced a sharp little stinging sensation in my burning nipples. But amid the throbbing heat of my body those sharp little stings acted like sparks flying, and the sensations seemed to ripple down my torso and into my groin!

I felt that sense of being a forlorn helpless victim again, and how outrageous it was for them to treat me like this, and I felt myself sinking into the strange, dark, entrancing sense of being a sexual prisoner, a ... a sex slave! I don't know if it was masochism or what, but the wild dark heat grew within me.

I shuddered as I shifted my body a little, again and again, tugging my nipples lightly and repeatedly against the cord to produce more and more of those sharp little crackles of pain and dark pleasure. And each time I did I was able to press my clitoris against that little metal branch, which made me tremble and shake.

The heat grew into a feverish thing, which allowed me, no, which demanded I ignore the pain! I stretched my nipples out repeatedly, and painfully as I jammed

my clitoris down onto the branching thing, crying out each time I did it, in a strange, wild, elated mixture of pleasure and pain!

And then an incredible orgasm flashed through my body! It was even more intense than the ones I'd felt with Kara the last couple of days! It literally blew my mind! Convulsions wracked my violently trembling body as my nervous system went insane with the overload of pleasure tearing through me!

I cried out in pleasure, in wild, dazed, desperate pleasure! I cried out again and again, sobbing and grunting and gasping as I eased back and then up, then back, then up – maybe a half inch. That was all it took to stretch my nipples and bring my clitoris in full contact with the vibrator thing!

And to drive me insane!

It went on and on – and on, to the point I thought I might die of it – not that I cared! Nothing would get me to stop this an instant before it had to! I jerked my nipples back against the twine as fast as I could, sobbing dazedly as I pressed my clitoris down against the vibrating branch.

Oh God, it was good! It was incredible! I was drowning in wildfire pleasure!

Finally it ended, and I leaned against the corner of the wall, my face sheened in perspiration, my nipples hot, stinging needles of pain, my chest heaving as I gulped in air. I ached inside, too, and remembered this was a metal pipe impaling me, not something soft. I felt like I'd pulped my insides!

But the continuous tugging on the cords had done something. It had lengthened them somewhat by half unraveling the loops tied around my nipples. That allowed me to have my clitoris fully pressed against the little vibrator branch while still not stretching my nipples.

Another orgasm was not long in coming. And I couldn't sit still for it. I eased forward and back, forward and back, gasping and panting and moaning as I rode the last inch or two of the metal pipe, jamming myself down again and again until the orgasm lashed my senses and drove me into a frenzy of movement that tugged on my aching nipples again!

This was so sick, so depraved, so perverted!

\*

When Mrs. Sampson came for me I was dazed and exhausted. She untied the loops from my nipples, which then hurt so much they filled my eyes with tears! Fortunately the sharp pain soon faded to a dull throbbing.

When she had me rise up off the pipe, though, when it finally slid out of my body... a trickle of fluid followed – and it wasn't blood, no matter how much I ached inside. No, I was absolutely dripping wet!

She snorted.

“Horny little sex slave,” she said.

She had me stand, not easily, and then gathered my hair behind my neck and jerked back sharply.

I moaned helplessly, then gasped as she fingered my nipples.

“Swollen, but they look fine,” she said. “Kara needs to stop improvising with delicate things like these.”

And then she bent and placed her mouth around my right nipple! I shuddered as her teeth dug into the soft flesh of my breast and I felt her sucking softly and gently. Her tongue began to circle, then caress my throbbing, swollen nipple, and the sensation was... indescribable!

It felt soooo good!

Then her other hand, the one not holding my hair back, slid down my body and between my legs. My soft sex had just been jammed against hard metal, and now felt the soft warmth of her fingers stroking me there. Heat flared and I moaned low in my throat, my hips almost instinctively grinding against her.

“Responsive young slut,” she said.

She straightened two fingers and then pushed them easily up inside me, then added a third.

I stood there, head back, back arched, trembling, my mind still dazed, my body

thrumming with sexual tension as her fingers pumped in and out. Then her thumb – her soft, warm thumb – began to stroke against my clitoris, and ... another orgasm tore through me.

I gasped and grunted repeatedly, hips bucking against her fingers, head back, eyes glazed as my body responded to what she was doing to it.

\*

There was no discussion about what I was to do. Kara and her mother ordered me to accompany them as they left for the day. I was also ordered to walk behind them and not speak, as we made our way to her mother's car.

I was still more than a little shell-shocked by all that had happened that day, and since it was all wreathed in a wild memory of sexual pleasure it was hard to wrap my mind around the question of what I ought to be doing about any of it.

Quit my job? No way! Dump Kara and have nothing to do with her and her perverted mom again? That didn't sound like much fun...

Which really only left doing what I was told.

We were no sooner in the car, a shiny white BMW with tinted windows, when Mrs Sampson looked at me in the rear view mirror and said. "Pull the top of your dress down, slave."

I stared at her in disbelief, then at Kara, who scowled at me.

"What are you waiting for, slave girl? You were given an order," she said.

Blushing, I pulled the top of the dress downward to bare my breasts. The windows were tinted but not very heavily, and so I was extremely nervous as her mother pulled out of her parking spot.

The door covered most of my chest, but like I said, I'm not short, so, as we pulled out onto the sidewalk, well, anyone standing there would see me in the window and see my bare breasts if they only looked.

"Her nipples are still very swollen," Mrs. Sampson said.

“Yeah,” Kara laughed.

“I've told you before to use proper toys when doing things like that. You don't want to do any damage to your new pet, do you?”

Pet? Pet!?

“It didn't hurt her.”

“That's not the point. We don't take unnecessary chances.”

We drove to another underground garage and parked. Then Mrs. Sampson told me to pull my dress up and we got out of the car and went to the elevator. She and Kara spoke about a swimsuit that Kara had designed – with help – and I just listened a bit nervously.

When we got to their place, Mrs. Sampson told me to remove the dress and my shoes and then kneel and present myself. She and Kara jerked back on my elbows, and tugged on my hair and slapped at my thighs to force my legs wider as I knelt breathlessly and anxiously.

Only when they were both satisfied did they both straighten and look down at me.

“Remember, slave girl, legs far apart, back arched, hands behind your neck,” Kara said sternly.

“And do it quickly or you'll get that pretty ass of yours turned a dark shade of red,” her mother said.

“I want to put a collar and restraints on her,” Kara said.

“All right, but just leather for now. She's not ready for steel.”

Her mother went one way and Kara went the other, leaving me kneeling with my knees wide, back arched and hands behind my neck – naked!

This was so crazy!

Once again I felt like I was the only sane person, that I had stepped into a bizarre

world of different rules and assumptions. But it felt wildly thrilling – in a desperately anxious and uncomfortable sort of way!

I mean, all my life, practically, I'd been told to not let anyone see my body. And the jealous way a lot of girls looked on me – and the horny guys who ogled me – made me often want to dress more prudish than others just to prove them wrong!

So just... just being naked and, like pushing my breasts out at everyone like this was insane! But... there was also this breathless sense of freedom, too, because I'd always been proud of my body even while doing my best not to be seen as showing it off.

Now I was being ordered to show it off, which meant I could, without it seeming like I was showing it off, if.. uh, you understand my meaning.

Kara came back with what looked like a group of leather straps in her hand.

The biggest and widest, she slid around my neck, and then buckled it in place. Then she moved behind me and put the smaller ones around first my wrists, then my ankles.

“Get down on all fours, slave girl,” she said, then, gripping my hair and pushing me forward.

I fell onto all fours, and she tugged on my hair, leading me forward, crawling, towards the living room.

“Get up on the table,” she ordered.

They had a big coffee table that looked like it was made of very heavy, weathered wood, like you'd find on an old boat dock or something. I climbed up on it on all fours, and she pushed down on my neck again.

“Face down, ass up,” she ordered.

I moaned, allowing my breasts to pillow out beneath me as she pushed my body down.

“Raise your ass high, slave, and spread your knees wide,” she said, slapping my bottom lightly again.

She gripped each leg and jerked it further apart, so my knees were right at the edges of the table.

“Hands in front of you. That's it. This is the perfect spectacle of the slave girl waiting for someone to come and fuck her hard.”

I felt a rush of heat as her fingers caressed the line of my sex.

“What you need now, being a het girl, is a big old cock inside you.”

She left me like that, and I blushed hotly when it was her mother who came into the room to find me like that. She had changed into comfortable sweat pants and a tank top, and snorted as she saw me kneeling like that with my bottom in the air.

“Expecting a man to come and visit, dear?” she asked.

“K-Kara said – .”

“Don't talk. I wasn't expecting an answer.”

She went past me to the kitchen and I guess she was starting dinner. Then Kara returned. She had that soft rope she'd used before, and now tied it to rings set into the little leather straps around my ankles, and tied them to the thick legs of the table. She moved around to the other side and fed the rope through the rings of the leather straps around my wrists, then pulled them over the edge and tied them somewhere below.

I was feeling very... stressed, filled with sexual pressure and heat, anticipation and excitement, but also very emotionally uncomfortable, self-conscious and embarrassed, wondering what the hell she was going to do and what I was doing here like this, and whether her mother was crazy!

“Guess what these are for, slave girl?” she cooed.

She showed me two pink sex toys. One was obviously a dildo. It was shaped just like one, and looked just like a big, thick penis, except it bulged wide at the bottom and then had a round white base about as wide, I thought, as a D-cell battery. It looked like it screwed on, too.

The other was about the same length, and had the same base, but was made of rounded balls, each one wider than the one sitting atop it. The top one was like a ping-pong ball, the next two were, maybe like a golf balls, and the fourth was almost like a billiard ball.

She moved behind me and I gasped as I felt one of them rubbing up and down along the line of my sex. She laughed softly, then pulled the ball inside me out. She pushed the other thing in, and I moaned as it slid deep, deep inside me!

“You're so wet,” she said. “What a horny little slut you are.”

I blushed hotly, for her mother could surely hear!

Then I gasped as the dildo slid deep enough for the bulging part to slowly force the lips of my sex wider, achingly wider before it slipped inside and left just the base outside me.

I felt something else pressing against my small back passage, and blushed fiercely as it prodded at me there, twisting and turning. I wanted to object, but knew she'd ignore it, and didn't want to draw attention to what she was doing with her mom not that far away! It was an open concept apartment, remember!

I moaned as I felt the slickness of the rounded thing. I'd never really done much sex play back there before, though guys had tried. Now I felt this soft, slick rounded thing slowly pushing into me, and felt my body filling with a wild charge of sexual electricity!

It pushed deeper, and the next rounded ball pushed in, spreading me wider still. I moaned as she twisted and turned them inside me, letting the third ball push in. Then I groaned as the fourth spread me wider and wider and still wider!

*Crack!*

She slapped my bottom sharply, stingingly, and I cried out, but the distraction let her force the fourth one inside me, and my sphincter semi-closed behind it around the base.

“Nasty little blonde slut,” she said, her fingers stroking my swollen clitoris now. “You love having big cocks inside you.”

I moaned, then gasped as she slapped my bottom again.

“Say it, slut. Say I love having big cocks inside me.”

“I-I love having big cocks inside me!” I moaned in a soft voice.

*Crack!*

“Oh!”

“Louder, slut!”

“I-I love having big – .”

*Crack!*

“Louder!”

“I love having big cocks inside me!” I cried, blushing hotly again.

*Crack!*

“You forgot to say mistress. Try again.”

“I love having big cocks inside me, Mistress!”

*Crack!*

“Say mistress Kara.”

“I love having big cocks inside me, Mistress Kara!” I moaned.

She went over and picked up the cordless phone and then called a number before crouching by my head and putting it on speaker.

“I’m calling your mom so you can tell her you’re staying with me tonight,” she said.

I gulped as the phone rang, and then my father answered it.

“Uhm, hi, Daddy,” I said in as perky a voice as I could manage. “I uhm, am

staying with Kara tonight at her house. Will you tell mom?”

“You should have let her know before she started dinner,” my father said.

“I uhm, forgot,” I gulped.

“Wait a moment.”

It was so weird talking to my dad when I was tied up naked like this with dildos inside me!

“Chloe? You're not coming home tonight?” my mom said.

“Uhm, no, sorry. I'll probably stay over the weekend too,” I said. “Kara and I want to... to work on a project for work, you know, designing a swimsuit!”

I gulped, for Kara had reached back and was now stroking my clitoris!

“Well, that's fine, honey but be sure to let us know for sure.”

“I-I'll call tomorrow after work,” I said, a bit breathless.

“All right. Don't think you're getting out of chores, though. If your brother has to do them for the next few days it will be your turn after that.”

“F-Fine!”

Kara hung up, giggling.

“Nasty girl.”

“Bitch,” I moaned.

She slapped my bottom sharply.

“Impudent slave girl.”

I shuddered as she pushed at the dildo in my pussy, then slapped my bottom.

“Say I'm a filthy blonde whore sex slave and I love big cocks.”

I cringed, knowing her mother was in the kitchen!

*Crack!*

“Say it, slut.”

“No!” I gasped.

“Did you say no?” she asked in an incredulous voice.

*Crack!*

“You don't say no to your mistress!”

*Crack!*

“You better teach her how to behave around her mistress,” her mother called from the kitchen.

*Crack!*

“Disobedient little sex slave.”

“I'm not your sex slave!” I gulped.

*Crack!*

“Oh yes you are. You just don't know it yet.”

She went away, and when she came back it was with a vibrator, and a short, thin stick like Melicia had used on me!

But she used the vibrator first, and I was already pulsing with heat. I squealed and gasped, my hips jerking and twisting, my bottom grinding helplessly back as she played the powerful vibrator back and forth over my clitoris.

She stopped, leaving me gasping and flushed, and gathered my hair in and back in a loose braid. Then she did something with it which I only understood when it pulled up and back more. I groaned as my scalp began to sting, my chin rising a little from the table as my head was cocked back.

I felt pressure, then, at the dildo thing she had pushed into my ass, like, the base was suddenly tugging up against my tailbone. And then it became obvious she had tied something to my hair and tied that to the thing stuffed into my ass! This held my head back permanently as she moved around in front of me.

She had what I guessed was the vibrator in hand. It was shaped like a long, thick penis, even more realistic looking than the one she'd pushed into me. And she slid it into my mouth, pumping it in and out.

“Now you have cocks in all three holes, dirty girl,” she said. “I bet that makes you happy.”

I moaned around the penis vibrator thing. Then gurgled as she pushed it forward and the head actually pushed into my throat!

I squealed – or tried to, and jerked back – or tried to. I could do neither, even as the dildo slid right down my throat!

“All sex slaves can deep throat,” she said as my eyes bulged and my throat ached. “So you certainly need to know how to do it.”

My throat was completely blocked! I tried to twist and jerk my head around but my movements were severely limited by my hair being tied back! And it wouldn't have done any good anyway since my whole body was tied down and she was holding this long penis thing with just the base outside my mouth!

My head began to pound and my chest began to burn. Oddly, my stomach did not feel like heaving, which might have been because I had skipped lunch and it was almost completely empty.

Kara left the cock thing in my mouth and throat for long, long seconds, until I began to get desperate from lack of air and start to get light-headed! Then she finally pulled it back out, leaving me coughing and gasping and gulping in air.

“See? That wasn't so bad for a first try,” she said. “I bet all the boys you know will be happy you've learned how to deep throat their big penises now.”

“She hadn't learned yet?” her mother said, coming into the room and sitting down.

“It's a mental trick, mostly,” Kara said. “So knowing you can do it is half the challenge.”

And then, without warning, she pushed it into my mouth and straight down my throat again!

My reaction was the same as the first time. I jerked and twisted violently, pulling against the restraints and ropes, gurgling and gasping at the thick object filling my throat and trying to expel it.

I was no more successful the second time, of course.

She pulled it back out, leaving me gasping once more, then got tissues and wiped my eyes and let me blow my nose. She patted my head – and then shoved the thing down my throat again!

“Sex slaves have to be good at sex,” she said.

There was nothing I could do about it! I couldn't even protest since my mouth and throat were blocked! And when she pulled it out again I was too busy gasping for breath and gulping in desperate breaths of air! And then she shoved it back down my throat again!

“You're spending a lot of time teaching your slut how to please men instead of women,” her mother said.

“Oh, she'll learn how to please both.”

She went around behind me and then started using the vibrator on my clitoris again, pausing to lick at me hungrily.

As my breath returned my body began to thrum with sexual heat and hunger once more. Having the dildo shoved down my throat was not pleasant, but I felt a sense of amazement that I had managed to take the big thing there without much pain, and had survived it quite well!

In fact, that last time hadn't even been so bad, except for not being able to breathe!

She rubbed the vibrator back and forth over my clitoris, pressing my flesh down

and in towards the thick dildo filling me, and the dazed state of my mind meant I wasn't really as uhm, inhibited as I had been normally. And, to be honest, my inhibitions were melting away lately anyway.

I mean, yes, her mom was here, but her mom had fingered me to an orgasm earlier that day!

And so, right there, kneeling on the coffee table, with her mother sitting a few feet away and Kara grinding the vibrator over my clitoris, I came again. I started rolling my hips back more and more frantically, and my heavy breathing became soft, helpless, passionate cries of wanton pleasure as the orgasm tore through me like sheet lightning.

The orgasm left me dazed and drained, my eyes slitted. So I hardly noticed her coming around in front of me again until she pushed the vibrator/penis into my mouth. I moaned as it slid over my tongue, then pushed deep into my throat once more!

“Cock loving blonde sluts all love to wrap their lips around penises,” she said, smirking.

I just gurgled dazedly.

\*

My throat was aching by the time she finished using the vibrator on me, and I'd had two more orgasms. Her mom, meanwhile, had turned on the TV and was watching the news, but also keeping an eye on what Kara was doing, and offering up the occasional comment or word of advice.

When dinner was ready, Kara set the dining room table and her mother brought over the food. Then she untied me, and had me crawl over to the dining room and kneel, or rather, sit on my heels with my legs apart. Then she locked the wrist bands together behind my back and sat down.

“You know, one way of getting her to lose her love of cock is to bring over hordes of big, jock types to fuck her,” her mom said.

I flushed anxiously.

“You mean like, have the football team gang bang her?” Kara asked.

“Sure. She'd get sick of cock before long.”

Kara looked down at me doubtfully.

“Don't forget she's blonde.”

“Well, yes, but still, if you have her bang banged by twenty men every night she'll soon stop wanting cock.”

I gulped in embarrassment and anxiety. Surely they didn't mean it! No, of course not! They were just psyching me out!

They were both sitting at the table and starting to eat now, while I still sat on my heels on the floor looking up. I could smell the food, too, and it smelled delicious.

“Don't I get to eat?” I asked.

“Kara, your slave spoke to us,” her mother said in disapproval.

“You only speak when spoken to, sex slave!” Kara said, scowling at me.

“I'm hungry!”

Kara got up and got that stick thing she'd brought in but not yet used. She grabbed me by the hair and forced me to bend over, with my face against the floor, then swept the thin stick thing across my bottom for half a dozen quick blows!

“Ah! Ow! Oh! Don't! Ow! Ahg Ungh!” I cried.

She jerked on my hair and half dragged me back up onto my heels again, leaving me gasping, my bottom stinging and hot.

“Slave girls speak when spoken to, and don't speak disrespectfully,” she said.

“That hurt!”

“That's how slave girls are trained. Stop being a baby.”

“I'm not a slave girl,” I said in irritation.

She thrust her hand out in front of my mouth and I stared at it, then at the piece of what looked like steak in her fingers.

And I had this weird sort of burst of ... of... overheated emotion. I mean, like, I felt this sudden sense of enthralled heat at the idea of pretending to really be a sex slave! And then she was pushing it into my mouth.

I chewed on it and swallowed, silent because my mind was churning wildly! And then she cut another piece and held it in her hand in front of me.

I felt another breathless burst of strange dark emotions, then licked it from her hand, shuddering as I chewed and swallowed it.

This was so... so... degrading! And yet wildly erotic and exciting, maybe because it was so degrading!

I felt suddenly fascinated with the whole dark idea!

They started talking to each other, having a normal conversation about, like relatives, and appointments, and chores, and every now and then Kara would hold a piece of steak out for me and I'd lick it from her fingers or her palm!

And then her mom, at the other end of the table, snapped her fingers at me at waist height. I turned my head and she held out a piece of steak.

I felt my face redden and my mind squirm, but I awkwardly rose off my heels, shuffling over on my knees, then bent forward to slide my lips around her fingers and pull it off.

This was so... kinky! I was overwhelmed by the wild dark sensual eroticism, and felt my pussy throbbing around the dildo still jammed up inside me! I wanted to act like a sex slave now, because the idea was really turning me on!

I shifted back and forth on my knees, taking food from Kara's fingers, then her mom's, and my body practically trembled with the sexual pressure building up inside it!

Kara went and got a glass of milk, and then a bowl of milk. She put the former

on the table and sat the latter on the floor beside me.

“Your milk, slave girl,” she said.

My chest was hot and I had been pulsing with heat for most of the dinner. Now I shifted around, then back, and bent way over. I had to drop onto my chest, onto my breasts, and squirm a little forward so I could get my mouth into the bowl.

“Always keep your legs spread wide, slave,” Kara ordered.

Panting, moaning, I shifted my knees wider as I licked and slurped awkwardly at the bowl. And then I knocked it over and spilled the milk on the floor.

“Clumsy slut,” her mother said. “Clean it up.”

I wondered how.

“Lick it up, slave.”

It was an outrageous order!

So I did it, shuddering, moaning, reveling in the dark heat of the moment as I pretended to be a slave girl, licking the milk off the floor with my bottom in the air and my legs spread wide.

\*

After dinner, Kara had me stand up, and then undid the clip holding my wrist bands together behind me.

“All right, slave girl. You're going to put things away and clean up,” she said.

She slapped my bottoms sharply and I gasped.

“Say yes mistress Kara when I give you an order,” she said.

“Yes, Mistress Kara,” I replied, blushing.

So wearing nothing but the leather bracelet things, and the collar, and with the two dildos stuffed up inside me, I had to clear the table. It was weird trying to walk with those... things inside me! I mean, if they were completely inside me it

wouldn't have been a problem. But they weren't entirely. Those round wide bases pushed out and rubbed against my thighs and buttocks as I moved.

I had to wash all the dishes by hand, and when I pointed out the dishwasher Kara smacked my bottom several times. So I stood over the kitchen sink with a little brush and scrubbed them all, then put them on the rack, then dried them and put them away in the cupboards.

Then I cleaned the counter, and the table, and then Mrs. Sampson had me scrub the kitchen floor – by hand!

“But don't you have a cleaning service?” I protested.

Mrs. Sampson swept her hand up behind my neck and grabbed my hair, then bent me over the counter.

*Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!*

She jerked me back up as I gasped and stumbled.

“No questions, slave girl,” she growled.

She showed me where there was a bucket and soap, and I had to get down on all fours and scrub the kitchen floor by hand.

It was... weird, in that the whole time I was doing it I felt so very.... sexual! I mean, just like when I had washed the dishes and cleaned the counters and put stuff away, I had felt this bubbling sexual heat simmering inside me. I was, after all, naked, and acting like a 'sex slave', and it was all sooo jaded and perverted and hot!

Even washing the floor by hand!

The pressure of the two sex toys inside me was a constant thing on my mind, the sense of being stuffed full, of having the lips of my sex straining wide, the feel of the weight inside me, and the sight of them protruding – and what they represented.

After I finished I got up and looked nervously past the big island and then the dining room and out to the living room beyond, where both Mrs. Sampson was

sitting watching TV. I licked my lips nervously, wondering what to say, and wishing Kara was closer. Mrs. Sampson made me nervous!

“Are you finished, slave?” she demanded, noticing me looking at her.

“Uhm, yes... mistress!” I gulped.

She got up and came into the kitchen, holding a long, slim crop, then examined the floor.

“Down on all fours, slave girl.”

I got down on my hands and knees, nervous, anxious and bubbling with inner heat.

“Do you call this clean?”

“Yes, Mistress,” I said nervously.

She pointed at the floor in front of me.

“Is that clean?”

“Uhm, yes, Mistress,” I said anxiously, staring at it.

It looked clean to me!

“Then lick it.”

I stared up at her in confusion and then disbelief.

“If it's clean then lick it.”

I gulped, feeling this weird squirming in my head and a swirly sensation in my lower belly, then reluctantly lowered myself to my elbows, and then she bent and grasped my neck and shoved me down.

“Lick it, slave girl!”

I licked the floor as she held me in position, and she straightened and let go. I started to rise but she put her foot against the back of my neck.

“Keep licking, slave girl.”

I moaned, licking at the floor.

“Are you an obedient little slave girl?” she demanded.

“Y-Yes, Mistress!” I gasped.

She pulled her foot back.

“Lick that spot over there,” she ordered, pointing.

I crawled forward and licked the floor where she indicated.

“Now over there,” she said, tapping my bottom with the crop.

I crawled forward and licked at the floor.

*Crack!*

“Oh!”

“Always keep your legs spread wide, slave girl, and your ass raised high,” she ordered.

I moaned and raised my bottom higher, spreading my knees.

“Now this spot. Lick it.”

I crawled forward awkwardly, so low my breasts were sliding across the floor, then lowered my lips and licked at the floor where she had pointed with the crop, being sure to keep my bottom high and my legs wide.

Then she stepped forward and put her foot right in front of me.

“Do you like these shoes, slave girl?” she asked.

She was wearing a fairly simple looking pair of brown leather loafers, without heels.

“Y-Yes, Mistress.”

“Lick,” she ordered, pointing with the crop.

I felt a surge of hot, breathless excitement, then, moaning softly, bent my head and licked at her shoe.

*Crack!*

“Harder, slut.”

I gasped and licked harder at her shoe.

*Crack!*

“Keep your ass high and your knees wide.”

I shifted position slightly, still licking along her shoe.

*Crack!*

“Oh!”

“Faster.”

I licked more energetically, and you could see where parts of the loafer were dry and parts wet from my tongue so I licked quick and fast along the dry sections

until the whole shoe above the floor was glistening.

Then she raised her foot up and back on its heel.

“Don't forget the bottom, sex slave,” she said.

I felt a strange jolt of emotion, and it wasn't outrage so much as a wild, raw carnal explosion of hunger and arousal.

I bent and turned my head, licking at the underside of her shoe as she looked down at me.

“Nasty little blonde slut. You clearly need to be fucked,” she said. “Put your face on the floor and keep that ass high.”

I obeyed, trembling, and she walked around me. I felt the crop tracing the lips of my sex, circling the base of the dildo thing Kara had pushed inside me.

*Crack! The crop snapped down across my bottom.*

“Put your hands out in front of you, slut.”

I hurriedly obeyed!

“Are you a slut?” she demanded.

Somewhat dazed, I didn't answer at first.

*Crack! The crop cut stingingly across my upraised buttocks!*

“Are you a slut?”

“Yes, Mistress!” I cried, knowing that was what she wanted.

“Say it.”

“I'm a slut, Mistress!”

“You're a filthy blonde slut, aren't you, slave?”

“Y-Yes, Mistress,” I moaned.

*Crack!*

“Say it, slut.”

“I'm a filthy blonde slut, Mistress!” I cried.

The tip of the crop rubbed against my clitoris, which felt so swollen it was like an overripe berry ready to burst!

“You're a filthy, cock hungry blonde slut, aren't you, slave?”

“Yes, Mistress!” I gasped. “I'm a filthy, cock hungry blonde slut!”

She knelt next to me and I felt her gathering my hair behind my head in a tight mass, then she jerked sharply on it, jerking my head back, even as she gripped the base of the dildo in my pussy and started to pump it in and out.

The dildo, remember, had that big bulge near the base, so when she pulled on it it stretched the lips of my sex even wider than they already were. The bulge slid out and the shaft pulled back until I was empty. She rubbed the slick head against my clitoris, then penetrated me again and thrust it deep, right up until that bulge pressed against me, then slowly forced that in again as her fingers stroked against my clitoris.

“Nasty little sex slave. All you care about is your next come, isn't that right?”

She twisted the dildo inside me and I cried out helplessly.

“Isn't it, slut?”

“Yes, Mistress!” I cried dazedly.

“You're like an animal,” she growled. “And we should treat you like an animal.”

She rose, and then I felt a sharp jerk on the collar, then another, and was forced up onto all fours.

“Crawl, you bitch animal.”

She walked forward, and I saw she had attached... God! ... a leash to the collar! She jerked on it and I stumbled forward on my hands and knees, and then,

panting, my chest so tight and my insides churning so hard it was hard to breath, let alone think, I crawled out of the kitchen.

She led me into the hall and then up the hall to the exercise room which, thank God, was heavily carpeted. And that was where Kara was. She'd been exercising.

“Is she here to be exercised?” she asked in amusement.

“Yes, the kind of exercise a blonde slut likes best,” her mother replied. “Put on that leather outfit, the one we talked about.”

“Really? Okay.”

She was only wearing shorts and a t-shirt, but left the room as Mrs. Sampson jerked on the leash.

“Sit on your heels, slut.”

I gasped, rising up and sitting back on my heels.

“Legs spread, hands behind your neck.”

I obeyed, and she snorted, looking down at me.

“Are you a slut?”

“Yes, Mistress! I'm a slut, Mistress!” I gulped.

“Put your hands down.”

I dropped my arms uncertainly.

“Reach down and rub your clitoris.”

I blinked and my already flushed face felt even hotter. But I obeyed, reaching down with my right hand and rubbing my clitoris. It was still desperately swollen and sensitive, and I shuddered helplessly as my fingers stroked it.

“Masturbate while I watch,” she said with a smirk.

I felt my face burning, but I obeyed, sensation rushing up through my churning

belly and making my breathing even more ragged.

“You will not have an orgasm unless I give you permission, do you understand, slave girl?”

“Y-Y-Yes, Mistress!” I moaned.

I rubbed faster. I couldn't help it! My body was starting to thrum with the rising sexual pressure, and I knew I was getting close to an orgasm!

“May I come please, Mistress!” I gasped.

“No, now put your face against the floor again, bottom raised high, arms in front of you.

I moaned but obeyed, partly relieved I didn't have to masturbate to an orgasm while she watched, and partly disappointing!

*Crack! The crop cut across my bottom again.*

“Keep that ass high and those legs spread, slut.”

“Yes, Mistress!” I gasped.

“Tell me you're a fucking whore.”

“I'm a fucking whore, Mistress!” I gasped.

The crop slid between my thighs and rubbed my clitoris.

“Tell me you're a brainless fuck toy.”

“I'm a brainless fuck toy, Mistress!” I moaned.

“Tell me you were born to be a sex slave.”

“I was born to be a sex slave, Mistress!”

And then Kara came into the room again. I rolled my chin a little and gasped, a kind of sexual fire racing over my skin as I saw her standing there in... well, I guess it was a black PVC catsuit. It covered her from throat to ankles, and she

was wearing black leather boots too.

The thing hugged her like a second skin, everywhere except between the legs. There the material was thicker and harder, and... a big cock stuck out from it! It wasn't a strap-on, but part of the suit, and it was just as black, with a fat helmet head. It stuck up at an angle, and had a kind of round base that was molded to look like balls, only they were together, not separate.

“Beg Kara to fuck you, slut.”

“Please fuck me, Mistress Kara!” I gasped.

Kara snorted and walked over to me.

*Crack!*

Mrs. Sampson snapped the crop across my bottom.

“Lick her boots, slave,” she ordered.

Whimpering, absolutely sweltering in heat, I licked at Kara's black boot as she stood before me, almost sweating now with the rolling waves of heat. I felt as if I was feverish, and my body kept trembling as I licked along her black boot.

“Horny little sex slave,” Mrs. Sampson said behind me.

*Crack!*

“Aren't you, slut?”

“Yes, Mistress!” I cried. “I'm a horny little sex slave!”

“Lick your way up your mistress's leg, slut.”

I obeyed, grasping her boot and licking my way up its length, then licking at the tight PVC leather, sliding my tongue higher and higher until she gripped my hair and pulled my face in against the underside of the big cock.

“Suck my balls, slut,” Kara ordered.

Well, it was more like one ball, even if there was a line in the middle that I guess

pretended it was two. But I licked it and sucked on it as she looked down at me, feeling like a total whore! And when I say I felt like a total whore I mean that in a wildly thrilling sense!

“Now suck my cock.”

I licked at the shaft, then slid my lips around the fat head, sucking on it, moaning excitedly as she gathered up my hair atop my head and held it in her fist. Her hips pushed forward, driving the thick black cock deeper into my mouth, and I sucked and licked at it, feeling incredibly like a real sex slave, and scalded by the heat of that feeling!

I felt my hands grasped from behind, and pulled behind my back by Mrs. Sampson, who then locked them together. Shortly after that Kara drove the thick headed black dildo cock down my throat! I gurgled and twisted briefly, then sort of... surrendered.

I felt my body tremble again, like a shudder passed through it, and my lips were then wrapped around the base of the thick shaft as I knelt helplessly in front of Kara.

I felt Mrs. Sampson reach around my hip from behind, felt her fingers at my clitoris, and then moaned around Kara's cock as she rubbed them and more sensation poured through my already overloaded system.

“Sex slave,” she whispered in my ear. “Look at that big cock in your mouth. What a slut you are. Suck it, slave girl.”

I shuddered and did as she ordered as her fingers rubbed my clitoris. My head was pounding and I realized, sort of, that I couldn't breath, but the sexual heat was now a firestorm, and nothing else mattered.

Kara pulled back and I gulped in air, gasping for breath, panting dazedly as the two of them put me down on my face again.

*Crack! Crack!*

“Raise that ass, sex slave.”

I was positioned as before, with my arms bound behind me this time, and my

bottom high. Kara moved behind me and I felt the dildo pulling out of my sex.

Then the big dildo, slick with my saliva, pushed into my throbbing, overheated, sopping wet pussy, and stretched it wide as it slid deep into my body!

I came immediately, crying out again and again, twisting and writhing like a fish on a line as Kara gripped my hair. Then her mother stepped on my head, forcing it to the floor, as Kara started to thrust in and out.

I screamed, sobbing breathlessly, my body trembling and shaking as, for the first time in my life, multiple orgasms swept over me, one after the other, like an endless roller coaster ride. Kara was pumping the big cock in my aching, burning belly as she gripped my hair and all I could feel was the long, fat length of it tearing back and forth inside me!

Oh my God, it was so good! I was intoxicated on the wild rush of heat, feverish with it, sobbing and screaming and crying out as the orgasm rolled through me like freight cars, grinding my mind to pieces underneath!

She got every inch inside me, so that her hips slapped against my upraised buttocks, and that round... whatever it was, her balls, jammed and ground against my clitoris with every thrust! I couldn't stop coming, and ran out of breath, gurgling and trembling as convulsions wracked my body and Kara rode me with hard, deep, powerful strokes!

She kept fucking me until I was spent, and just barely conscious, gasping, limp, grunting at each thrust, eyes slitted as she continued to thrust that black cock deep into my belly again and again and again.

“This is what you were made for, sex slave,” Mrs. Sampson said.

After I recovered enough to sit up again, or at least, sit on my heels, Mrs. Sampson put that clip thing on my tongue again, and then attached it, by a short chain that went overhead to a metal bar that crossed above me.

The bar was like, I don't know, one of those ballet things that went along the walls, that ballerinas put their feet up on and then stretched themselves. This one was in the middle of the room, though, and I was now sitting on my heels under it with my ankles locked to my wrists so I couldn't stand up.

I sat back on my heels with my head tilted way back and my tongue stuck out for what felt like half an hour, the second dildo back inside me again. I swayed a lot, at first, dazed, but eventually managed to regain some control of myself.

I was such a whore, I thought forlornly. Why had I let them do what they were doing to me?

The answer, of course, was that wild crescendo of pleasure which had nearly blasted me into unconsciousness. Even after half an hour my body still echoed to that tremendous explosion of pleasure!

Yes, my tongue ached. So what? For that kind of pleasure I'd do almost anything!

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I wondered if this was part of Mrs. Sampson's plan to overdose me on cocks. I mean, they hadn't gotten a bunch of guys to gangbang me, but it seemed like I'd had big cocks in me all night long!

Mrs. Sampson and Kara had brought this square padded base into the room and set it down. There were a pair of metal pipes sticking out of one side. She attached thick dildos to both. One was a long, realistic looking cock. The other was half its length, but with one of those branches near the bottom which I knew meant it was a vibrator.

The two of them made me straddle the thing, kneeling on the base, then sink my ass slowly down onto the tall dildo. It was halfway up inside me before I felt the pressure of the other one against my sex, then felt myself stretched by that one as it slid up.

I moaned as the pressure in my ass started to ache, as the head of the 'cock' there pushed so deep I started to feel cramps! But by sliding down that far I managed to get the little 'branch' that vibrated against my clitoris and felt a flood of heat.

They lifted my arms and locked the restraints around my wrists together, attaching them to a chain that dangled from the ceiling. Then they placed straps around my legs to bind them together as I knelt in place.

Mrs. Sampson pulled back on my hair and Kara shoved this round black ball into

my mouth. It was malleable, and she had to squeeze it to get it past my jaw. Then it sprang wide again, stuffing my mouth and pressing down on my tongue. She fastened it in place with a strap, and then they left me, turned off the light and closed the door.

I couldn't see anything now. I could sure feel the big dildo in my ass, and the one in my pussy. I groaned dazedly, experimenting to see how much movement I had. By pulling on my wrists I could rise up enough so the dildo in my ass wasn't causing any cramps, but I had to balance precariously there on my knees, and had to gradually ease back down.

I simmered. My insides churned. I moaned into the ball gag thing, feeling forlorn again, which in turn made me feel hot, because it was like I was a prisoner, a sex slave!

I sank down the long length, and the dildo which had rested just within my pussy sank deeper and deeper. I moaned as I sank all the way down and my clitoris ground against the vibrating branch, my hips grinding helplessly.

I started to ride the dildo. I couldn't help myself! A fever took hold of me again, and despite how I ached and how breathless I was, I started riding up and down on the two dildos, sobbing as I jammed myself deep enough to grind my clitoris against the vibrating branch each time I came down!

You'd think the multiple orgasms would have sated me, but apparently not. Another huge orgasm tore through my body as I rode the dildos, then, a few minutes later, another, and then, a few more minutes later, another.

They weren't like the string of orgasms I'd had when Kara had fucked me. These were all separate climaxes, but they left me just as wrung out and dazed. They also left me sore inside, but I couldn't stop myself from riding up and down on them.

Not until the door opened and Mrs. Sampson was there. I blinked my eyes, squinting against the light.

“Has our little blonde nymphomaniac been enjoying herself?” she asked.

Even if I hadn't been gagged I wouldn't have been up to conversation. I moaned and hung my head, panting helplessly.

She removed the ball gag and filled her fist with my hair, as she'd done often already, jerking back on it, forcing my head back.

“Are you a sex slave?”

“Yes, Mistress!” I gasped dazedly.

She had that crop again, the one with the little loop of leather at the tip, and this time flicked it down to snap the small leather tip against my right nipple.

I cried out dazedly.

“Say it, slave.”

“I'm a sex slave, Mistress!” I cried.

“And that makes you a brainless blonde fuck toy, doesn't it?”

“Yes, Mistress!” I moaned.

The crop snapped down against my left nipple and I cried out.

“Say it, slut.”

“That makes me a brain – .” The crop snapped down across my nipple stingingly.

“Say I'm a brainless blonde fuck toy.”

“I'm a brainless blonde fuck toy, Mistress!”

She slapped the tip of the crop down against my nipple in short, fast little strokes that had the thing blurring as the leather stung my nipple again and again!

“Again, slut.”

“I'm a brainless, blonde fuck toy, Mistress!” I cried.

She shifted to my other nipple, and I squirmed and cried out as it began to burn under the short, sharp little slaps.

“Are you going to obey your mistress, slave girl?”

“Yes, mistress!” I cried, my nipples throbbing and hot.

She snorted and put the crop down, then pulled upward on my hair, forcing me up along the dildo until only about an inch remained in my ass. She squatted in front of me and then removed the dildo in front, went over to a cabinet, and returned with a different one. This one was about the same length, but thicker.

She screwed it in place and then pushed down on my shoulder and I shuddered as I felt the round head pressing against my sopping entrance.

The pressure grew worse and worse, and I moaned helplessly as my weight came down harder, making me ache more and more! Then, slowly, the thick cock forced its way inside me, and I cried out as my body sank further. It was so thick!

“You know you can take it, slut. Blondes can take any size of cock. That's because they're animals built for nothing but sex.”

She slid her shorts down and off, gripped my hair in both her hands, then yanked my face forward into her sex.

I started licking immediately, moaning and gasping as she ground my face against her. But she used her grip on my hair to force me downward onto the slick, hard cock in my ass, and the even thicker one pushing up into my pussy. I moaned as the one in my bottom jammed high inside me, and the other slid deep so that the vibrator buzzed against my clitoris.

“Fuck hungry little sexual animal,” she growled, stepping forward, spreading her legs, and grinding her sex into my face again.

I kept licking. What else was I to do!?

She combed her fingers through my hair, then gathered a thick mass of it up above my head, holding it in one fist.

“That's it, slut. Lick faster,” she sighed. “That's how to make your mistress happy.”

I wanted her happy, that's for sure! Otherwise she'd smack my aching nipples again!

I managed to make her come, and she groaned in pleasure, then stepped back. She knelt in front of me, though, seized my hair behind the neck, and jerked down roughly.

I cried out as my head came back, and felt her mouth around my nipple, sucking and licking and chewing hungrily. Her other hand was mauling my left breast as she sucked on the right, and the pull on my hair was forcing me down even harder against the dildos and vibrators!

It was so... wild! My body trembled and writhed and I sobbed dazedly as the storm of sensations swirled within me.

She didn't make me come, though. After biting and sucking on my breasts for a minute she got up, put her pants on and left.

I moaned wearily, kneeling there, impaled, my wrists shackled above me. I felt very... forlorn again, and helpless, and very, very sexual even as I eased up a bit so the ache deep inside me lessened. But after a few minutes my hips began to grind and I started to ride it again.

The door opened, as I gasped and moaned and tried to force myself down all the way again. I stared as Kara came in, and smirked at me.

“Sex slave,” she said in a taunting voice.

She knelt in front of me, kissing me for a minute, while she twisted her fingers in my hair. Her other hand caressed my breasts and slid down to my sex, rubbing me.

“My, what a nice thick cock you have inside me, sex slave,” she said. “But I bet you'd like a bigger one.”

She got up and went to the same cabinet her mother had used, then returned with another dildo. This one didn't look much thicker than the one inside me, but it was definitely longer by several inches.

She pulled on my hair so I slid up off the first dildo, unscrewed it, and placed the

second in its place. The second was an inch or so short of the length of the one in my ass, but thicker, as she pushed me down.

I took it easily enough, though it ached, and I slid down, and down... and down! I felt a surge of hot, raw sexual energy as the head traveled higher than the other had, pushing deep inside me!

But then she showed me a whip!

It was basically a slender leather handle with what looked like a couple of dozen slim twelve inch long lengths of leather or rubber or plastic attached. She swung it negligently and the thin strips spread out and smacked down across my breast!

I squealed and twisted helplessly at the sudden sting, but the sting wasn't very heavy, especially compared to what my initial fears had been when I saw the thing! She smirked and swung it down against my other breast.

“Are you my sex slave?” she demanded.

“Yes, Mistress Kara!” I moaned.

She swung it harder and I gasped and winced and twisted helplessly.

“Say it, slut.”

“I'm your sex slave, Mistress Kara!” I exclaimed.

“And what do sex slaves do?”

I moaned dazedly and she snapped the flog down across my breasts several times, harder. They stung, though the stings were light. Still, there were a lot of them, and I cried out, twisting and trying instinctively to turn away.

“Anything they're told, slave girl,” she said.

She swung the flog down again and again, and my breasts turned pink, then started to turn red, the skin getting hotter, the nipples feeling like swollen, puffy berries!

She stopped and then stepped out of her pants, and had me lick her just like I'd

done her mother. Then she left.

Dazed, I hung my head, gasping, my nipples throbbing, my breasts feeling hot and sore and sensitive. But I was still wrapped in a dark haze of sexuality, my chest tight, my insides churning, my body filled with a powerful sexual pressure.

I moaned as I sank down until my clitoris could grind against the little curved branch on the new dildo. To do that I had to take both of them achingly high inside me, but it was worth it!

Then the door opened again. I gasped, shocked into immobility as Melicia came into the room.

I dropped my eyes, blushing, as she smirked at me, but jerked them up anxiously as she picked up the flog Kara had dropped.

“Sex slave,” Melicia said.

I cried out as she swung the flog down across my breasts, then again, then again! She circled behind me and swung it harder, against my back!

“Tell me you're a sex slave!” she demanded.

“I'm a sex slave, Mistress!” I cried.

“And what does a sex slave do?” she demanded, the whip snapping down across my back again and again.

“Oh! Ow! Anything she's told, Mistress!” I cried.

She came around in front of me and lifted her skirt, then gripped my hair and jerked my face in against her.

She didn't have to tell me what to do. I started licking her immediately.

“Nasty little blonde sex slave,” she growled. “You should be punished for being such a slut. Lick faster. No, lower. That's it. What a dirty girl you are. You love those cocks inside you, don't you?”

She jerked back on my hair and I cried out dazedly.

“Don't you, slut?”

“Yes, Mistress!” I moaned.

“Say it.”

“I love the cocks inside me, Mistress!” I cried.

She jerked me forward and I licked her to an orgasm. Then she turned and left.

What was going on? What sort of world had I fallen into? I felt weary but still gripped by a strange dark sexual hunger. I groaned at the ache within my lower belly, but the vibrations made me shudder and tremble and I forced myself down again.

And then the door open again. A woman came in I had never seen before!

I gaped at her, then, blushing fiercely, dropped my eyes and head. She came forward to where she was standing right in front of me, and I could see her black legs. I felt her gathering in my hair and then cried out as it was jerked up and back.

She had lifted her skirt too, and guided my mouth to her. Without saying a word.

I began to lick. What else was I supposed to do!?

“Nasty little sex slave,” she said. “You love licking pussy, don't you, bitch?”

She jerked back painfully on my hair.

“Don't you!?”

“Yes, Mistress!”

She reached down and slapped one of my breasts.

“Say it, slut.”

“I love licking pussy, Mistress!”

“Then do it, slut.”

She jerked my face in against her again and I started licking.

\*

I came several more times on the dildos and vibrator before Kara came for me. She unstrapped my legs so I could stand, then went to the wall and pressed a button. I felt the chain attached to the wrist bands rising, and I gasped as I was lifted with it, rising off my knees, then standing straight.

And then the thing pulled me right off my toes to hang there swaying, gasping and moaning helplessly as Kara stopped the machine and came over to move the stand away from underneath me.

My wrists ached! But when she thrust her soft hand between my legs and began to finger me I couldn't help a sob of pleasure escaping me. She thrust three fingers up to the knuckles inside my dripping sex, and used her thumb against my clitoris. Within less than a minute I had climaxed again, grunting and moaning and gasping helplessly as I twisted and ground my hips in desperate hunger.

Mrs. Sampson came in, then, and eyed me with interest, then picked up the ball gag again and moved to stand behind me. She gripped my hair and yanked, then pushed the ball gag against my mouth as I opened my mouth to cry out in pain.

With the ball gag filling my mouth she and Kara went to the cabinet and and talked about things I couldn't see.

“... too heavy for her yet, and it won't produce the results we want.”

“What about this one?”

“No, I don't think so. I think you should start with the lightest training whips and work your way up only eventually, as she becomes accustomed to them.”

“Can I use this one?”

“I suppose. It's lightweight. I'll show you the trick to it, though.”

Mrs. Sampson longed over her shoulder at me.

“Why does the slave not have a big cock inside her? She'll respond better with one, you know.”

“I just lifted her off them.”

Kara returned to me, then bent and removed the dildo which had been pushed inside me.

“That won't stay in. Get the ones with the bulges we used before.”

“Oh, right.”

Kara came back to the cabinet and got those two dildos with the thick bulges near the base. She fed one of into my bottom and the other up into my pussy, lodging them securely inside my throbbing belly as her mother came over with a long, thin whip in hand.

This one looked scary! It had a very long handle, like, a meter long, and then one long, thin length of leather or whatever it was!

“The action is mostly in the wrist here,” Mrs. Sampson said.

She demonstrated, flicking her wrist back and then suddenly forward, sending the whip flicking out and swishing through the air. She did this several times, then had Kara try it, then corrected her.

“Don't use too strong an arm movement, and don't make it too strong or fast. Remember, the purpose of what we're doing here. Plus, you don't want to damage her skin. I like her unbruised and unmarred.”

Me too!

I hung there anxiously, watching them, my wrists aching, my arms throbbing, hanging suspended with my toes just above the floor! I was so helpless, felt so helpless! I couldn't even protest or ask questions with the ball gag in my mouth!

Finally, Mrs. Sampson swung the thing towards me. The long, slim whip swept through the air and then then curled completely around my waist! It didn't hurt over most of its length. What stung was the first half dozen inches, which smacked against my back as it encircled me!

I squealed into the gag, my legs kicking as I twisted helplessly! Then she yanked on it and the whip uncurled, but spun me like a top!

I had a thin red line around my waist, but it was only hot in back.

She swung again, and this time more of the whip struck my front, cutting diagonally across my torso from my right hip to my left shoulder – and across my breast! The tip then curled around my side to snap down against my back!

Again I squealed and twisted and kicked feebly, helplessly!

It stung!

She swung again and again, now with more precision, speaking to Kara as she did, showing her how to curl it around my body, or to cut it across my belly or breasts or bottom. She particularly seemed to enjoy hitting my breasts!

I felt... forlorn again, gasping and moaning into the gag, my skin raw and hot and throbbing, my breasts and belly criss-crossed in pink lines!

But... the whip didn't hurt all that much. I mean, not like you'd think a whip would. The individual blows were sharp little shocks, but that's pretty much all they were, and the strength was about like getting a shock of static electricity when you touched a light switch.

Of course, imagine getting those repeatedly, and across your breasts!

Fortunately, when Kara was given the whip her mother had her focus on my bottom. That stung, too, of course, and I wound up jerking and twisting and yelping and crying out as the whip cut across my bottom again and again and again! But it wasn't as bad as my breasts!

Then they focused on my back, and I shuddered again and again. After a couple of minutes, though, my back felt hot and warm and the new stings were... I don't know, not as shocking somehow. I began to feel this strange sense of unreality

Sex slave! Slave girl! Tortured and helpless! This was so depraved! This was all so ... sick and nasty and wicked and kinky! And I had those dildos jammed up inside me and felt dazed and exhausted as I hung there.

Kara came around in front of me and knelt before me. Her hands gripped my thighs, spreading them apart as she started to lick and suck my clitoris.

I moaned helplessly, my head falling back, a strange, wild storm of sensations clashing within me. I felt the whip cut across my back again, then again, then again, as Kara licked strongly across my swollen clitoris. Then the whip curled around my body, cutting across my breasts repeatedly as Kara pumped the dildo and licked my clitoris.

Nirvana. I came, screaming into the gag, twisting and writhing, my hips bucking against Kara's mouth as my mind was swept by overpowering waves of raw pleasure.

\*

The wonder of it was that my skin wasn't cut anywhere. It did feel kind of raw, like I had something just short of a sunburn. The part of me which felt worse was my wrists.

Kara gave me a nice bubble bath afterward, though, and climbed in with me, kissing me as our soapy bodies rubbed together in the warm water. Her hands were much slower and gentler than before, and her kisses were soft and less demanding.

The only thing odd about our little bath together was that my wrists were handcuffed together behind my back the entire time. Oh, and she called me 'Slave' and I called her 'Mistress'.

Afterward she brushed and did my hair, then put on the collar and leather bands again and locked my wrists behind my back once more. Then she did her own hair, got dressed, and we went out to the deck to look out at the evening ocean.

It was very peaceful. Her mother was sitting in one of the chairs, and Kara sat in the other, after putting me on my knees – on my heels – next to it. Then they smoked a joint and sipped some wine and looked out on the beach and ocean at night as the moon rose.

Fortunately, the balcony was made of glass, so it didn't obstruct my view. It certainly was peaceful looking, but I didn't feel all that peaceful. I felt emotionally and physically exhausted. Parts of me ached which weren't used to

aching, including inside me!

This was all so weird! Wickedly exciting, yes, even thrilling at times, but it made me quite breathless. It was a dark, kinky game, and if it was just me and Kara I wouldn't have felt so emotionally confused and uncertain. Involving her mother, though, raised the sense of anxiety by leaps and bounds!

And Melicia, I thought, and a woman whose man I didn't even know!

Sex slave!

It was a wild, exciting, thrilling thought, but only as a game. I mean, I didn't actually seriously think of myself as a sex slave for a moment, of course.

After about twenty minutes Kara gripped my hair as she got up, and then pulled me after her back inside. We went to her room and she changed into a little pink nightshirt. Then, smirking, she picked up her cordless phone, but didn't call anyone at first.

“Slave,” she said.

I could tell by her hardened voice that an order was coming, and right away I felt a surge of anxiety!

“Yes, Mistress Kara!”

“Show me how much you love me. Show me how soft and gentle your mouth and tongue can be,” she said.

I rose off my buttocks, waiting for her to spread her legs, but she was sitting in a chair with her legs crossed.

“Start on my toes, slave.”

I felt a little emotional shock, but then, hadn't I had to lick her shoes earlier, and her mom's?

I gulped and shuffled forward on my knees, then let them fold under me again, bending over so my breasts were pressed against my thighs as I licked at her toes.

“Hi, Amy? What are you up to?” she asked. “How's the job with the city?”

I gulped, rolling my eyes up to see her holding the phone to her ear. She was talking to Amy!? Our friend Amy?! I'd known Amy for several years. I felt my face heating, even as Kara glared at me.”

“Keep working,” she ordered.

I gulped and then continued to lick and suck on her toes.

“Oh, just one of the servants,” she said. “You have to keep on these bitches or they'll just sit there and do nothing.”

I licked and sucked on her toes, then licked slowly along one foot, over the instep, down along the heel, as she and Amy talked about their jobs, and she told her about designing a swimsuit, and Amy told her about how boring her city job was.

It was really weird kneeling here naked and collared and with my wrists behind my back licking her feet while she talked to Amy! It was easy, though, and didn't take much thought, and it wasn't painful, like getting spanked or whipped!

She slumped more in the chair and then uncrossed her legs at last, spreading them wider and reaching down to grip my hair. She pulled me higher, and I licked my way along her inner thighs until I got to her pussy, then started working on that.

The flash surprised me, and I rolled my eyes up to see her holding her cell phone pointed at me. I gasped and started to draw back but she yanked on my hair with her other hand.

“Lick, slut.”

Moaning, I resumed my licking, and she held the phone pointed at me as I sucked on her clitoris and she drew her legs wider apart. When she turned it away it was to examine it, and release my hair. Then she turned it around and played a video of me licking her pussy!

I felt a psychic jolt to see it. I mean, what if my friends saw it! For a moment I was reassured that she wouldn't want anyone to see her pussy, but then I realized

there was no way for anyone watching the video to know it was her.

I, on the other hand, was clearly visible, my mouth on a girl's sex!

“Don't worry, slut,” she said, as if reading my mind, “I'm only going to show it to everyone I know and then post it on the internet.”

I moaned, even knowing she was just saying that.

After I licked her to her orgasm, though, she undid the restraints, and had me pose for a bunch of pictures, all of them obscene! I was reluctant, at first, but she pointed out she already had a video of me licking her pussy anyway. Besides, she spanked me when I was slow to move.

So she took like, dozens of pictures of me naked, posing, my legs open. She put the dildos back inside me and took more, and made me pose as if I was masturbating, my legs spread, my fingers on my clitoris and my hand on the dildo. At first I was very self-conscious and anxious, but after a while I started to get turned on by the idea of me as a porn star.

I mean, not that I wanted to be a porn star, of course, any more than I wanted to be a sex slave. But the idea, the fantasy, was hot and outrageous, and posing for those dirty pictures made my chest tighten and my pulse race.

When she showed them to her mom later Mrs. Sampson examined them closely.

“You know, this isn't a bad idea. We should get pictures of her in the swimsuits to show buyers.”

So the next day I went in wearing the red dress with the deep cleavage, and almost as soon as I got there I had to take it off and start putting on a bunch of bikinis to pose for pictures. This was with a camera, not a cell phone, and it made me feel a lot more like a, well, a model, since they had the corner of the big room set up with portable lights and backgrounds.

Olivia took the pictures. She was in the third closed office, and she was a tall, lithe woman with wild black hair and glasses. It also became apparent from the way she looked at me that she was a lesbian too. And it was her who told me I didn't need to go and find a closet or something to change.

“We're all girls here,” she said blithely. “And you're not shy, are you?”

I gulped, but with Mrs. Sampson looking on I didn't think I had much choice! So I had to strip naked, repeatedly, while they looked on, and also a couple of the girls at the nearby design tables, and then put on these very skimpy suits for her to photograph!

Olivia felt the need to 'adjust' the swimsuits fit every time I put them on, which involved sliding her fingers into and around them, tugging them a little this way, and a little that. And her fingers often slid over my skin, or lightly caressed my breasts or bottom.

Mrs. Sampson stood next to her, sometimes making comments I could hear, and sometimes keeping her voice low so I wasn't sure what she'd said.

Kara kept an eye on things, too, as did most of the other women in the design room. They especially turned their eyes over when I had to change into another suit! It made me feel very weird! I mean, yes they were women, but I wondered if they were all lesbians!

And they were all older than me, except Kara. Olivia was probably the youngest, and she was twenty eight, ten years my senior. So I still felt very much like a girl around women. Still, in a weird way, it was kind of hot having all those people staring at my body, especially when I was naked.

Yes, I was self-conscious, and a bit embarrassed, but there was a dark heat within me, too, for I was able to sort of act like an exhibitionist, but without getting any of the blame for showing off, if you understand me. I mean, I wasn't showing off my body! I was just posing for pictures with the suits on as I'd been ordered to do!

And then Melicia came over to watch, and she always made me extra nervous, and she said “You know, she should be like a walking advertisement for our suits.”

“What do you mean?” Mrs. Sampson asked.

“She should only wear our suits while at work,” Melicia said. “She is sort of our receptionist, right? What doesn't make sense in having her wear our suits?”

“That does make sense,” Mrs. Sampson said.

“I agree,” Olivia said.

I gulped but didn't know what I could say to that! Besides, at least people would know I was wearing their suits and not choosing to wear slutty, revealing dresses on my own! Then, with the pictures done, Olivia had me come to her office to look them over so we could decide which ones to go with.

No sooner were we inside when she closed the door and turned to me, looking me up and down.

“I like this one,” she said. “You should wear this the rest of the day.”

I was wearing a tiny black bikini with very small triangles over my breasts, and a very, very low riding thong with high diagonal strings that cut up across my hips.

“This might be a bit big,” she said as she ran her fingers along the waistband.

“Big? It barely covers my uhm.... uh...”

“Vagina?” she asked brightly.

Her fingers tugged the waistband forward so she could look underneath, and I flushed.

“There's a whole inch of space between the top and the top of your vagina,” she said.

Her finger caressed my flesh along that inch.

“You know, you do a good job of shaving,” she said, still looking at my sex, “But you should get laser hair removal. I'm sure the company will cover it.”

Her fingers slid lower and I gasped as they stroked across my clitoris. Then she slid her other hand behind my neck, gripped my hair, and started kissing me, right up against the door!

I moaned helplessly, not knowing what to do. I mean, should I push her back? Was I even allowed to?! What would Mrs. Sampson say? She'd probably say I

was a sex slave and spank me if I refused!

And besides which her fingers were sending hot, rushing waves of dark, sensual heat up through my groin and my belly and flooding into my brain!

Her fingers came out, only to undo the clasp between the cups so they fell apart. Then her fingers kneaded my breasts as she pulled her lips from mine to bend and suck and chew on them!

She jerked my thong off and led me over to the leather love seat in the corner, then pushed me down onto my back. Naked! She was wearing a blue, button-down shirt, and a white mini, and she lifted my left leg up and shifted it way back above me as she angled her sex in against mine.

As soon as it touched I realized she wasn't wearing any panties under her skirt, and gasped at how soft her sex felt against mine as she began to grind it against me!

She sort of twisted my left leg so I half rolled onto my side, then lifted it up so high the tendons in my thighs stretched and ached as she angled her sex in tighter! She was straddling my right leg with my left leg up along her chest as she ground herself into me. And with her chest forcing my leg up she reached for my hair with her right hand, jerking it back sharply as her left groped my breasts!

I moaned and gasped and cried out weakly as she ground herself into me, helpless to resist, even if I wasn't actually tied up!

The wild dark sexual electricity was rippling through my body and mind as her warm, slick flesh ground against my own. And I came twice before she began to shudder and moan and climax herself.

She had me put the suit back on, and said Melicia would discuss the photos further. I cringed at that, but had to go next door. There I was soon naked again, this time with my wrists tied behind my back as I licked Melicia to an orgasm.

Then I went back to my desk – working in a tiny thong bikini.

Lunch was pizza, so I didn't have to go get it, and as on the previous day, we all sat around one of the big design tables to eat together. There were like ten of us.

I was the only one in a bikini, of course! And the other women seemed to enjoy resting their eyes on me as I nervously nibbled at my pizza.

There were also a lot of jokes about slutty, airhead blondes.

I was also the only blonde there.

After lunch Mrs. Sampson had me put on the slutty red dress and go a few blocks up the street to a cosmetic studio, and I spent some time there getting laser hair removal. Mrs. Sampson said I was to go back there again every week until every hair below my neck was permanently removed.

I didn't necessarily mind the thought of that, but it was embarrassing to lay on the table with my legs spread while some woman I'd never met leaned over my groin with her laser thing in hand. Still, I knew that sort of thing was expensive, and Mrs. Sampson's company was paying for it, so I thought it best not to complain.

Besides, this was Friday, and I was supposed to spend the whole weekend at their condo! I was getting more and more nervous about what that would involve, wondering what they'd do to me, and what I'd have to do for them!

It was all so wild and shocking and outrageous, and yet, so scaldingly hot and thrilling! A part of me was terrified, but a part of me couldn't wait to find out!

\*

[Chloe's Summer Job](#)

Chloe's Internship

[Chloe's Education](#)

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Have praise, suggestions, questions or complaints? [writeargus@gmail.com](mailto:writeargus@gmail.com)

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## *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