

Chloe's Summer Job



By JJ Argus

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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.

I met Kara in my senior year of high school. She was a petite brunette a foot shorter than me. But we both had the same dark, dry sense of humor, and we were seated together in Math, a subject neither of us much liked, so had a lot of time to chat.

We didn't take our friendship very far at the time since both of us ran with separate groups, and she was new – a transfer from New York after her parents moved here to California. She was also gay, which I didn't have a problem with but didn't want to get a reputation for... if you know what I mean.

She didn't really look very gay. I mean, she had a cute pixie haircut, and she wore jewelry and stuff, and dressed nicely. I guess what I mean is there wasn't anything very mannish about her.

I've fooled around – a little – with girls, but more for fun and joking around than from much of anything else. I admit I was bi-curious, but again, didn't want to get a reputation as gay or even bi or anything like that. I was already a notorious slut, after all.

At least, that was my reputation. The reality was nothing like that. Boys, you know, are incredibly immature. I fit a particular stereotype the media had created for this 'sex bomb' kind of thing, and so they all wanted to date me. I did NOT want to date most of them! I wasn't attracted to most of them physically or emotionally.

What is unreasonable about that? I didn't think anything was, but so many guys seemed to take it as some kind of insult when I didn't want to go out with them! And what was worse were the guys I mistakenly went out with who turned out to be jerks and creeps. They got nowhere much with me, but then afterward, resenting my turning them down, they'd tell everyone how we slept together!

And because I'm an attractive blonde with somewhat large boobs some people believed them. And the more that believed that I was a slut the more guys felt free to claim that they'd done stuff with them since, of course, they'd be believed – because I was a slut!

And the more I got a reputation among some, the angrier some became that I wouldn't date them, or, if I dated them, wouldn't put out for them. I mean, they

were like indignant because I wouldn't fuck them! Because they thought I was easy!

It was because I didn't have a regular boyfriend, you see. A regular boyfriend would allow me to have sex with them without anyone complaining, even if he talked about it. I did, from time to time, have a sort-of boyfriend, but it always ended after a few weeks or months because I have this thing about 'standards' see.

Like if my 'boyfriend' keeps bugging me for naked pictures – which I strongly suspect he'll show to his buddies, or if my 'boyfriend' doesn't want to do much of anything with me except fuck me, or doesn't want to go anywhere but sports events or places with his buddies – where I'm basically an accessory to show what a stud they are – then the relationship is pretty much doomed.

And everyone is always eager to believe the worst of a big-titted blonde.

The truth is, I don't think blondes are any more into sex than anyone else. What throws us off are all those sluts who are brunettes who dye their hair blondes because they're attention whores. Of course they're more into sex!

But I'm a natural blonde, with fair skin, which, thank God, owes more to my French mother than my Norwegian father, so I don't get much in the way of freckles and don't burn as easily as a lot of fair skinned people.

I don't mean my parents actually came from France and Norway, by the way. My father's grandfather came from Norway and my mom's mother came from France way, way before I was born.

I get my height from my dad, my slender, lithe body from my mom, and my D-cups from my grandmother on my father's side. My mom's been jealous of them since I was fourteen. Or at least, told me as much.

Anyway, so because of my looks, which I admit are the stuff of a genetic lottery, girls were often jealous and boys were always eager to get their hands on me. At one point someone got a picture of me in a bikini and it went all over the tenth grade! It wasn't like it was a really revealing bikini either, but half the boys in my class seemed to have it on their phone or even have printed it out and put it on the inside of their locker doors!

Which, of course, meant I was a 'slut', you see. Well, as far as the other girls were concerned. I never tried to show off the 'girls' or pretend I was better than them, but it didn't seem to matter to a lot of them. They hated me simply for being hotter than them.

It was on the last week of class that Kara sat down at my table in the cafeteria right after the girls I'd been eating lunch with left, and just as I was gathering up my food.

“Hey,” I said, by way of greeting.

“Hey, Blondie,” she replied, putting her food tray down.

“I'm just leaving,” I said apologetically.

She shrugged. “Meghan will be here in a minute. She's in the line.”

I nodded. Meghan was her current girlfriend, a butchy type of girl very obviously gay.

“So are you going on to university?” she asked.

I shrugged. “I kind of have to. I'm not even sure what I'm taking, some sort of liberal arts stuff, I guess. I've been accepted at UCLA.”

“What about this summer?”

I made a face and rolled my eyes. “My dad arranged for me to work for some lawyer he knows as some kind of clerk.”

“Sounds boring.”

I sighed agreement.

“Hey, my mom was looking for an assistant for the summer.”

“Your mom?”

“Yeah, she's a swimwear designer. Well, actually, she owns the swimwear company. Morgan's Creations.”

“Really?” I thought that was fascinating.

“Yeah, she always takes a summer intern. You basically follow her around and learn about the swimwear business and run a bunch of errands, basically be a gopher and do whatever she tells you. I was supposed to do it this summer but I'd rather work for one of her designers, Roxy.”

“Uhm, well, I don't know,” I said uncertainly.

“Got to be better than working for musty old lawyers. And it pays well.”

“Yeah?” My ears perked up at that.

“Twenty dollars an hour.”

The job at the law office only paid thirteen, barely above minimum wage. I tried to mentally calculate the difference for a week of work. I knew the law job would get me about \$500 a week before deductions. And doing twenty times forty wasn't a complicated effort, even for someone who didn't like Math. It was \$800!

“Wow. Do you think your mom would hire me?”

“She would if I told her to.”

“That would be super cool, Kara!”

“Come over on Monday and I'll introduce her.”

“Uhm... where? What time?”

She texted me her address and time.

“Will she let me know right away, cuz I have to have my dad cancel the law thing before I start in two weeks.”

“She's a pretty decisive woman,” she said. “And blunt. She'll tell you right on the spot what she thinks of you.”

That sounded both reassuring and daunting, to be honest.

So we parted ways and I finished up my day, and then my week, which was also my year, and graduated from high school. Yay. Well, it was bittersweet, to be honest. I'd been there since I was fourteen and now I was leaving as an adult (as of two months earlier).

I sounded my mom and dad out and they saw nothing wrong with working for Kara's mom, but my dad said he had to know as soon as possible so the law firm could take someone else off their list of applicants (they had lots).

I was a bit nervous when I showed up at the address Kara had given me. I mean, what if her mom didn't like me? Or what if it was just a joke? I had been mentally playing with the \$800 a week thing and thinking of what I could do with it and I was going to be awfully disappointing if I didn't get it. Plus it would be way more interesting and fun working for a swimwear company than a law firm!

The address was a condo right on the beach in Santa Monica! My parents were doing okay, but clearly her mom had money if she could afford a place right on the beach with a gorgeous view of the ocean. She buzzed me up, and I admired how classy the lobby was, and even the elevator – though I liked my family's house too.

It wasn't a high-rise or anything, just a four floor building, and they were on the top floor. I walked down a quiet, softly lit hall with thick carpeting and then knocked at a door at the end of the hall, relieved when Kara opened it.

“Hey, Blondie” she said. “Come on in. Change of plans, though. Mom has to go.”

I looked at her uncertainly as I walked past, and then almost ran into her mother.

Her mom had longer hair, a soft auburn color, and was almost as tall as me. She wore a dark power suit and was carrying a briefcase. Her eyes were dark brown and very intense.

“Chloe?” She thrust her hand out and I took it so she could shake it briskly. “Good to see you. I'm sorry but something came up at the last minute. So I've deputized Kara to interview you. I'll go with whatever she says.”

“Uhm, uh, hi, Mrs. Sampson. Okay,” I said, a little flustered.

She went out and Kara closed the door behind her.

Kara smirked at me and shrugged. “Come on in the living room.”

“This is a nice place!” I said.

It was a nice place. But you didn't get oceanfront views unless you paid big money, and if you paid big money you got a nice place. She led me out into a large living room – really part of a single large area with the kitchen at one end, behind a counter, and then the dining room next to it. All along it was a glass wall looking out onto the beach and ocean.

Kara was only wearing what looked like a short black nightshirt, by the way, and obviously without a bra. Well, I often dressed the same way at home, so I didn't think much of it.

She flopped down on a white sofa and I sat next to her as she picked up some papers.

“I have some questions for you, Ms. Andersen,” she said in a sort of snooty voice.

I smiled, thinking, well, this is great! I'm in!

“So, did you bring your resume?” she asked in a normal voice.

I started, then nodded and opened my purse, taking it out and handing it to her.

She opened it and glanced through it. It wasn't very impressive. I mean, I hadn't had a lot of jobs and it wasn't like they were important ones. Mostly restaurants.

“So, you've worked in the service industry,” she said. “That's good, because this job is all about service. You basically are my mom's bitch.” she said, looking at me.

I nodded understanding.

“She's really busy, as you can see. So whatever she tells you to do, whether it's make appointments, or pick up some sketches, or her laundry, or get her a coffee, or go and get some fabric sample at the store, or whatever – that's what you do.

And no back talk. My mom is pretty bossy when she's at work.”

“I understand.”

“You will be expected to dress appropriate to the occasion. Since Morgan Swimsuits wants an image of sexiness, that means you dress in a way which fits that image.”

“What does that mean exactly?” I asked, frowning uncertainly.

“Not cheap ass shorts and t-shirts. Miniskirts if you have them, but not denim. Short hemmed dresses, style, sleekness, sexiness, the modern fashionable girl, if you get my meaning.”

“I don't really have any minis,” I said hesitantly.

“Why? With your long legs I bet you'd look great in them. Think of it as a uniform and buy a few, business skirts, not, like kilts or denim skirts. This is an office and my mom meets a lot of clients. You might travel with her when she goes to see some of them.”

She jumped up and motioned me to follow, and then went down the hall to another room. This one didn't overlook the ocean, and was clearly a sort of office and closet mixed together.

“These are some of mom's suits, or her company's suits. They do coverups too. You might on occasion be asked to model a suit for a visiting buyer if they don't have time to get a model there.”

I blinked at her in surprise and she grinned at me.

“Something you shouldn't have trouble with. Your height is about perfect. What are you, six feet?”

“Only five eleven,” I said.

“Sounds perfect to me. What are your measurements?”

“Uhm... well, thirty eight-D, twenty four, and thirty six.”

“No wonder so many girls were jealous of you at school.”

“Not my fault,” I said.

She reached into a cupboard and sifted through some piles of plastic wrapped fabric, then pulled one out and tossed it to me.

“Try this one and I'll take a picture for mom.”

“Uhm....”

I looked at the suit doubtfully.

“If you like I'll let you do it in private,” she said, grinning. “Spoilsport.”

That wasn't what I'd thought of and I blushed a bit as she left the room.

Modeling swimsuits for buyers!? That wasn't what I had been expecting. Still, she said it was only occasionally, when they couldn't get a model on time. That made sense. I stripped quickly, reminding myself that Kara was gay while I was doing it. It would be weird posing for her!

The swimsuit was basic black, which was fine. I had similar suits. The top cups were smaller than I was used to, but not tiny. They covered the girls okay, well, the important parts. They were sort of cupping them, leaving the inner, upper parts bare.

The bottom was a thong! I got very anxious about that, but how was I supposed to protest!? I mean, either she'd think I was a prude, or she'd think I was homophobic and afraid for her to see me in a thong! If her mom hadn't been here I'd worry this was just a set-up!

I pulled it on and looked at myself in the mirror, wincing a bit at my bare buttocks, knowing I would blush when she saw me and hoping wildly that she wouldn't think I was afraid of her being gay! Which was silly, given I was like a whole head taller than her!

There was nothing for it but to go out and see her, so I braced myself and walked out of the room and then up the hall to find her in the front room again.

“Looks nice,” she said. “You have great legs, too. They'll look sexy in a miniskirt.”

“Uhm, thanks,” I said uneasily.

It DID feel weird posing for her, this gay girl, and I was feeling kind of breathless. But I wasn't creeped out or anything, and I wasn't afraid. I was, though, feeling this growing sense of... not anticipation, exactly, but curiosity. I mean, she was gay, and there I was in this little thong bikini... so... was she going to do anything?

And what would I do if she did!?

She got up and stood right in front of me, which kind of put her face level with my boobs.

“How does it feel? This isn't a casual question, by the way. This is like, a standard size, and mom will definitely want to know if it's at all too tight or loose.”

“It feels fine,” I said.

She ran her finger along the bottom of the cups.

“Nothing bulging out,” she said.

She gripped the straps and tugged a little, testing, which of course, lifted my breasts up a bit. I blushed a little, but she was acting very... uhm, professionally, so I certainly couldn't protest.

“You don't look like a D-cup,” she said, staring at my breasts.

I flushed. “Well, I am.”

“Your chest goes with your body, because you're so big... make that tall,” she said with a grin. “You don't look really busty.”

She put her hand on my stomach and I gulped as she rubbed me.

“You work out. Good. Mom says the worst thing you can have in modeling,

swimsuits, aside from big hips, is a flabby stomach. When you bend over it really shows.”

Her hand dropped to the little V of fabric between my legs and I felt my chest tighten as she tugged on the slim strips running diagonally up over my hips.

“Spread your legs a little more.”

I did and she stared at my crotch, which made me even more nervous!

“Nothing showing,” she said. “Touch your toes.”

“What?”

“Touch your toes. I want to see if the boobs fall out.”

I gulped and obeyed, then straightened. She moved around behind me and I felt a hot fluttering in my stomach as she looked at my butt.

“Nice ass,” she said. “Have you ever considered being a model?”

“Uhm, not really,” I said.

“You really have a nice ass,” she said.

Then she slapped my butt and I gasped and whirled around as she laughed and moved back, eyes filled with something that might be mirth or anticipation or... something else.

“Put your fingers behind your neck and interlace your fingers.”

“Why?”

I was starting to get suspicious!

She rolled her eyes and gave an exaggerated sigh. “Are you going to ask why whenever mom tells you to do something? Do you know anything about testing swimsuit fits?”

“Uhm, well, no but... I mean I'm not applying for a swimsuit model.”

“It's part of the job, even if a small part.”

I sighed and obeyed.

“Stand up straight, tall girl, push those boobs out at the world.”

I flushed and felt another swirly, churning feeling in my lower belly, wondering if this was really part of a test for swimsuits. I mean, she was gay! She might be like, just doing it to, well, look at me!

“This pulls the stomach tight,” she said. “And if your boobs don't pop out that's great. Well, I wouldn't personally mind if your boobs pop out, of course...”

I blushed and she grinned and then threw herself down on the sofa again.

“Okay, come here.”

I relaxed and sat down again, a bit nervous and a bit anxious and a bit uncertain as she gave me a lined notebook.

“Write something. I want to see your hand writing.”

I wrote 'something' and she smirked again.

“Okay, let's see how you are at taking notes. Write what I say. Got it?”

I nodded.

“Chloe Andersen, looks really hot in a bikini,” she said.

I snorted but wrote it.

“Of course, not nearly as hot as Kara Sampson.”

I rolled my eyes at her but wrote it.

She reached out and ran her hand up and down my thigh and I started.

“But she does have long legs and very soft skin,” Kara said.

I gulped and wrote it, feeling that swirly churning again!

“And really big breasts.”

“They're not that big!” I protested.

“Excuse me, Ms. Andersen,” she said in a high, snooty voice. “but have you, per chance, misunderstood the job description? It is 'bitch', not 'editorial advice person'. If you continue to interrupt your betters, girl, I might have you spanked.”

“You and what army?” I snorted.

That, of course, proved to be a mistake.

“Ha!” she said, and then grabbed my wrist.

I wasn't prepared for it, nor for the way she twisted it as she pulled, and I yelped and dropped the notepad and pencil as I sprawled forward across her lap!

“Kara!”

Crack! She slapped my bottom sharply! My bare bottom!

“Ow! Hey!”

Crack!

“You must understand your position, girl,” she said in that high, snooty voice again.

Crack!

“Ow! Stop it!” I gasped.

Of course, it was impossible to ignore the sexuality of what was happening! I mean, I'd been feeling kind of tight-chested and swirly about her being gay and me being in the little thong bikini all along! Now here I was across her lap while she spanked my bare buttocks!

“Gophers do not give instructions to your betters, girl,” she said in a huffy voice.

Crack! Crack! Crack!

“Ow! Hey!”

I squirmed but she was surprisingly strong for her size! And I wasn't in a very good position to fight! I mean, she had thrown one leg across my inner leg as I lay across her lap, and when I almost instinctively thrust my hand back to block her slaps she grabbed my wrist and twisted it up behind my back!

Crack! Crack! Crack!

“Ow! Kara! That hurts!”

“Do you apologize for your impertinence, girl?” she asked in that huffy voice.

“No! You're a brat!”

Crack!

“Brats get spanked,” she said.

Crack! Crack! Crack!

“You're welcome to try spanking me, brat!”

Crack!

“Ow! Oh! Don't! Ow!”

“As long as we're in this position, however, I should take the time to ensure that you fully meet the requirements for your occasional modeling assignments.

Crack!

“Are you listening, brat?”

“Ow! What?!”

“Some of our swimsuits are very sexy, you see, which means very small. So it really isn't a good idea... “

I gasped and felt a sudden sense of shock as she grasped the waistband of the thong and peeled it down over my buttocks! “to have any pubic hair. We like our

models nice and clean.”

I felt a wild rush of emotions as she peeled the thong down! I mean, it hadn't been a lot of coverage, at least not for my butt, but now she had peeled it down so its clung to my thighs, baring my sex entirely!

“Ah, good. I see that you are nice and clean,” she said.

I felt her finger sliding along the line of my sex, and not incidentally across my clitoris. The eruption of sensation and a wild flood of sexual heat and hunger shocked me! I was bi-curious, as I said, but had not had any intention of really exploring it.

On the other hand... I can't say that someone else prodding me to explore it was exactly a horrible idea. I mean, especially since high school was over now so I didn't have to worry so much about a reputation. On yet another hand, I still didn't want her to think I wanted it! I mean, I wasn't gay!

“D-Don't!” I gasped, even as her finger rubbed back and forth dark heat gushed through my body!

Crack!

“Bitches don't tell their betters what to do, girl,” she said haughtily. “I thought I had made that clear.”

Crack!

I yelped as her hand slapped my bottom again, which was growing hot and pink, but then her hand slipped down and rubbed at my clitoris once again and my hips wanted to jerk violently!

“I trust, girl, that you do not intend to engage in immoral behavior while working for our firm,” she said.

I felt a sense of breathless excitement as her finger pushed delicately between the lips of my sex, found the proper angle, and then pushed deeper!

“I shall examine you to see if your famous lack of morality has truth,” she said. “For a girl who has alleged to have copulated with half the boys at school must

surely be very loose down here.”

I flushed hotly, feeling wild, contrary waves of emotion, of indignation, embarrassment and excitement as her finger pushed and twisted and squirmed deeper into my body.

“My, my. You seem to quite a tight little slut,” she said. “One would almost imagine all those stories were just, well, stories.”

“They were stories!” I gasped.

Crack!

“Quiet, blonde girl. I shall investigate the scientific way.”

Her finger slid deeper, pumping in and out now.

“Hmm, this tight little passage seems to be strangely well-lubricated.”

I blushed furiously, and squirmed, trying to break free. But her grasp on my wrist and her hold on my leg held me tightly in place. She did pull her finger out, though, but only to spank my bottom again.

Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!

“Ow! Oh! Don't, Kara!”

“Bad girls get spanked,” she said, her hand returning to my sex.

Her finger slid more easily into me now, and the sensation of it pumping in and out sent a crackling wall of sexual electricity up through my lower belly! Then she pulled it back and pushed two into me, making me moan helplessly as I gasped for breath.

“Clearly a very sexually responsive girl,” she said, her voice now purring as her fingers twisted and turned inside me.

Then I felt a finger, no, her thumb, starting to stroke rapidly across my clitoris! I shuddered and gasped a protest, my free hand reaching back, trying to grasp her wrist. She pulled her hand away from my sex, but only to grab my fumbling

wrist and jerk it up and back where the first one was.

“You are being most impertinent, girl,” she said.

I felt her trying to pin both wrists together with one hand, but her hands weren't large enough. I managed to jerk my hand free and she slapped my bottom with her free hand. But then I felt her wrapping something, some kind of fabric, around the wrist she held and pulling it tight. A moment later she grabbed the other, forcing it up beside the first (I didn't resist as strongly as maybe I might have) and tied them together!

While she was doing that, though, I managed, in my squirming, to roll right off her lap and onto the floor! Thankfully it was heavily carpeted but I still yelped as I fell on my side!

Crack!

“Bad girl,” she said.

I yelped and rolled over instinctively onto my back to protect my bottom. Of course, that left me sort of, well, naked below the chest to her as she dropped down onto her knees there.

Smirking, she grabbed one of my legs and forced it up and back and aside against the sofa, then her fingers pushed into me again.

“Oh! Oh! Kara! What are you doing!?” I cried.

“Something I've wanted to do all year,” she said as her fingers slid deep.

They ached, and I stared at them, noting that she'd pushed three fingers into me now! I saw her thumb come down against my clitoris and start stroking quick and fast as her other hand moved up my body and slid under the bikini top.

With a single motion she jerked it up over my breasts so it hung around my neck, and I gasped, face heating again as my breasts were bared!

“I knew they'd look beautiful,” she said.

Her hand caressed my bare breasts, stroking and gliding over the rounded

surface, then plucked at and rolled my already very stiff, hard nipples!

I didn't know what to say because... because I was kind of shocked by all this, but at the same time, while I didn't want her to think I actually liked it my body was almost trembling with the sexual energy building up inside me!

I wasn't a virgin but the truth is nobody had ever really touched my clitoris with any sort of expertise before except me. I mean, boys just seemed to want to rub me and get their fingers inside me. As for my breasts, the harder they squeezed, the more they seemed to enjoy it.

The feel of Kara's hands on me was entirely different from what I was familiar with. Her hands were much softer, and also far more gentle. Her thumb, though, was stroking across my clitoris in such a way as to sent fast little jolts of delicious sensation flooding through my nervous system!

She was stroking her fingers in and out but pressing them in against her thumb, which was at the top of my sex rubbing my clitoris. That level of pressure against my clitoris, from inside and out, was flooding me with a level of arousal and excitement like I'd never experienced before!

“Now are you going to be a good girl for me?” she demanded, her voice purring.

I couldn't bring myself to speak! I could only gasp and yelp, and then as the waves of sensation grew more intense my hips began to jerk, to spasm up against her. I cried out breathlessly, my back arching sharply as she chuckled low in her throat.

I felt so wild and yet so helpless! And this too was different from all previous experiences. I mean, I'd always been so incredibly involved in what was happening, and in how I was expected to behave and respond and what I was supposed to do and say so as to not appear as either some kind of cold fish or some kind of slut!

But there wasn't anything I could actually do with the way she had pinned me down and tied my wrists up! So all I could think about was how it felt, and all I could do was stare at what she was doing, and experience the suffocating waves of heat sweeping through my body!

“Would you like to come and join our team, blonde girl?” she purred. “Would

you like to come to work and come into the design offices, and come to our photo shoots?”

Her fingers were not just pumping inside me but were twisting and turning, even as her thumb stroked across my clitoris! My body was feeling an incredible sense of sexual pressure, and my mind was drowning in the heat!

“Say yes, slut.”

“Y-Yes!” I moaned.

“Say yes, Miss Kara.”

“Yes, Miss Kara!” I cried.

“Say yes, Miss Kara, I want to come.”

“Oh! Please!” I cried, my back arching even more strongly.

I shuddered, and held the arch, rolled back on my shoulders, my legs splayed wide, my hips jerking and grinding.

“Say it, slut!”

“I want to come, Miss Kara!” I gasped.

Her thumb pressed down a little harder, and then I did come, crying out at the sudden intense release of sensation! I cried out, my hips bucking wildly at her as she pumped her fingers and rubbed my clitoris, and the orgasm swept my mind away into this whole other place, a place where nothing mattered but wild carnal pleasure!

Even as the orgasm took me, however, I could feel my focus on those fingers thrusting into me, and I could not only feel but actually hear how wet I was! I was dripping wet and incredibly aroused! I'd never felt anything like it before, and I twisted and writhed in the grip of something like a sexual firestorm!

Her fingers went still, deep inside me, and I collapsed, chest heaving, eyes glazed as she chuckled softly.

“We're not done testing you yet, brat,” she said, sliding her fingers out of my body.

She slid them into her mouth, sucking on them as she smirked at me.

“Now get off the floor. What are you, an animal?”

She stood up, then stepped over me, bent over and grabbed my hair.

I have paid a lot of attention to my hair over the years, and it was long and soft and full and fell halfway down my back. I liked combing my fingers through it, and liked how I looked with it framing my face, sometimes with bangs artfully cutting across one eye.

But I wasn't used to someone wrapping it around their fist and jerking on it!

I yelped as I was forced quickly up onto my knees.

Crack!

“Sit down on the sofa, brat,” Kara ordered, jerking me towards it.

My wrists were tied together behind my back, but her pull on my hair certainly lent energy to my legs as I forced myself up and then onto the sofa, gasping.

She smirked and then stood between my legs, forcing them apart as I started to blush.

“Spread your legs wide, brat,” she ordered.

She didn't wait for me to obey but gripped my ankles and jerked them up and wide apart so I kind of slumped on the sofa. Then she dropped to her knees in front of it, in front of me, between my legs! I stared at her with a sense of dark, helpless anticipation and wild anxiety simultaneously!

“Now pay attention, brat,” she said.

And with that she gripped my thighs and began to lick her way up the inside of one leg. Her tongue licked long, slow laps as I stared, entranced. She stared at my pussy, which made my mind squirm, then licked up one side, then down the

other before gently spreading the lips of my sex with her thumbs!

I shuddered as she pressed her mouth to me, her lips open wide, enveloping my sex. She rolled her eyes up at me, and started to suck rhythmically on my clitoris! I moaned and wanted to shake my head in denial, to signal, in some way, that I was not in agreement with this!

But admittedly that was for habit's sake, for the sake of my reputation, not because I actually wanted her to stop!

She started to lick me, then, and when she got to my clitoris I gurgled in helpless pleasure, the sensations doubling and redoubling as I lay my head back, back arching, and began to moan low in my throat!

I had given a lot of oral sex but not been the recipient of much. And what I had gotten had never lasted long and wasn't done with anything like the expertise Kara was showing! My body was starting to writhe and twist – at least my upper body, as it heated up rapidly again!

And then she thrust three fingers into me as she began to lick hard at my clitoris, and I came again, crying out, the air sobbing out of my open mouth as I bucked up against her in helpless convulsions!

I had never had an orgasm with a guy before, and now I'd had two with Kara in only a few minutes!

She didn't stop, though! And that was the wild, unbelievable thing about it! Although, of course, it made sense. I mean, a climax might mean a guy stops but it didn't mean anything for a girl. Besides, it was only me coming, not her!

And then she climbed up, her left leg forcing my right even further back as she leaned in against me. She seized my hair in a tight grip and jerked it back to force my head back, then leaned in and began to suck and chew at the center of my right breast!

At the same time, her right hand slid down so that her fingers could squirm their way into my body, her thumb stroking against my clitoris!

I was overwhelmed by it all, and sobbed dazedly as my nipple burned in her mouth. Her fingers were pumping in and out of me, three of them, as she stroked

my clitoris, and then she jerked my head forward and kissed me hard on the lips!

But it was like... like even her mouth was softer than a man's mouth was, as she kissed me very firmly and passionately! My body was burning up, and I felt so utterly... I don't know, helpless, yes, but more than that. I felt... dominated, conquered, and all I could do was kiss her back, or try to, as her mouth ravaged me!

And then I came again, my hips bucking up against her fingers as she dropped her mouth from mine and sucked and chewed on my nipple and breast again!

She smirked and then pulled back, though her eyes never left mine.

“Do. Not. Move,” she ordered.

It was an order. There was no question about that.

She went behind the sofa, and I heard her in the kitchen. I moaned dazedly, chest heaving, flushed and somewhat bewildered. I was kind of sitting on the sofa, but slumped, with my legs splayed wide down either side.

I kind of pulled myself up into a better sitting position, but then, blushing uncomfortably, spread my legs wide again.

She returned and I saw she had a glass of red wine in hand. She placed it on the coffee table, then reached down to grip the hem of her nightshirt. In a single motion, she peeled it up and over her head, and tossed it behind her.

She was naked beneath. Her body was petite, slim, short, with small, pointy breasts, and she had no hair between her legs at all. I blushed, of course, even as she picked up the wine glass again and then climbed onto the sofa, so sit straddling me, facing me.

She reached around my neck and gripped my hair, then jerked it back sharply so that I cried out in pain.

“Didn't I say not to move, girl?” she demanded.

“I-I didn't!” I gasped.

“You changed positions. In future, when given an order, obey it to the letter. That is a requirement for our firm. Girl.”

She leaned in as she held my head back, and I felt her lips and tongue moving over my exposed throat, then up along the nape of my neck, where her teeth came out and she bit softly into my flesh.

Her soft breasts were pressing against mine in this position, and I felt, despite three orgasms in under ten minutes, the heat rising again inside my mind and body!

She eased up on my hair, and pulled my head forward again as she took a sip from the wine glass. She jerked my head forward and kissed me hard, and wine spilled into my mouth! I was surprised, but didn't choke, swallowing it as her lips met mine.

She eased back with a smile and released my hair, dropping her hand to my breast instead. I felt her fingers rolling and caressing my nipple as she sipped from the wine glass again.

“Will you be a good and disciplined employee, girl?” she asked in that haughty voice again.

“Y-Yes, Miss Kara,” I gulped.

She took another drink of the wine and then kissed me. This time the wine trickled into my mouth slowly at first, but as our mouths melted together it came in faster and I swallowed as the kiss became deeper and our lips moved together. I felt an instinctive desire to raise my hands, to slide them through her hair as I would a guy, but of course, that just reminded me they were tied up behind me.

Which, oddly, sent a flush of heat through my mind as I was again reminded how helpless I was, and that she was in complete control.

Mind you, a part of me was relieved, because I was not exactly sexually experienced with guys, let alone girls! I was quite happy to let her lead!

She pulled her lips away but chewed her way down along the nape of my neck as she kneaded my breast, then slid her body downward, putting the wine down so she could fill her hands with my breasts. She sucked and licked on one, then the

other, then the first again.

Her mouth and hands felt far nicer on my breasts than when guys had done it too!

She got up, then and looked at me.

“Stand up, girl,” she ordered.

I licked my lips nervously and then stood up as she backed away.

“Come,” she ordered.

She walked away and I followed – tugging my wrists against – it looked like the fabric belt of a robe – that was tying them together behind me!

She walked up the hall and then into a bedroom with a wide, low bed.

I followed, flushing, and growing nervous as we entered the bedroom.

She led me to the bed, turned me around, and untied the robe belt from my wrists. I pulled them around in front of me, rubbing them unconsciously, relieved and yet not. Then she pushed me and I gasped as I fell into the bed.

She smirked as I rolled onto my back, and climbed onto the bed with me, then slid between my legs, lay her soft body atop me and began to kiss me again.

I... kissed her back, of course. And then, hesitantly, my arms went around her, my hands, at first, caressing her shoulders, and then, more daringly, her back. Still safe territory. The kiss went on and on, and I felt myself relaxing, but also felt the sexuality and eroticism of her soft flesh atop me rousing me again.

I felt a sense of wonderment that I was laying naked in bed with a girl, our bodies sliding deliciously together as our lips melted together! This was so wild and... and exciting! The feel of her soft flesh against mine was one of... of just total erotic tactile delight! I'd never felt anything so soft against me!

My hands caressed her back, her very skin exciting me, and then as my arousal deepened and my cares and concerns began to fade under the heat, they slid daringly downward to caress and squeeze her buttocks as she lay between my

legs!

She finally broke the kiss, to rise up, spreading her legs and sitting atop my hips, leaning forward as her hands, fingers wide, kneaded my breasts. I gulped, and lay back, panting, filling up with a wild sense of thrilled hunger again as her hands slid upwards and she leaned forward.

I didn't realize her intent, at first, when she reached for something at the upper left post of the bed. Only when something like leather slid around my wrist did I turn my head, cocking it up and back to try and see what she was up to.

I saw what looked like a belt or strap of soft leather with a loop which now circled my wrist. It seemed to be attached in some way to the post. I wasn't so much concerned as confused, even as she released my wrist and shifted to her right, gripping my wrist there. And then, of course, I realized she was, like, tying me to the bed!

That was a jolt! But again, it wasn't so much a concern as a shock, and then a sense of dark, delicious excitement. I felt the strap tighten around my other wrist and then gulped as I pulled at them experimentally.

She rolled off the bed and then gripped my left ankle, pulling my foot apart, and there was another strap at the corner post down below. I didn't offer up any resistance, just felt a growing sense of sexual excitement as she strapped my ankle down.

She crossed to the other side of the big double bed and gripped my other ankle, spreading it wide, so wide I blushed to be so spread open, then strapped it in place. Then she grinned at me, a lewd, mocking, mischievous kind of smirk.

“Now you're my prisoner,” she said, “and I can do anything I want to you.”

I strained against the straps, checking to see how firm they were, and when I realized how firm I felt, well, some anxiety, but also, oddly, another hot little rush of excitement, as of forbidden pleasure, and kinky doings I had never thought to try!

She climbed onto the bed and knelt over me on all fours, then bent to kiss me on the lips before sliding her soft lips and tongue downward to suck and lick and chew at my nipples! I moaned as she slid downward, her tongue and lips

caressing me, her teeth nibbling lightly until she was lapping hungrily at my clitoris again!

My hips began to roll and my body to squirm as the heat swept me into a dark, wild, carnal sense of sexual fever! I moaned and strained against the straps, the thrill of heat tightening my chest and raising the sense of pressure within ever higher!

Her fingers pushed into me, one, then two, then three, twisting and pumping in and out, and the heat grew more intense, until another incredible orgasm tore through me! I cried out in wild, wanton pleasure, twisting and arching and straining against the straps as a sexual firestorm tore through me!

It was like I was dancing, writhing, bucking, my muscles spasming uncontrollably as the pleasure crackled through me like electricity! It left me dazed and breathless, gulping in air as my chest heaved.

Kara slid off me and went over to a dresser, and when she returned she had a strange looking purple object in hand. It was long and thick, and sort of like the letter Y, except one branch was much shorter than the other, and started near the bottom.

I groaned as I felt it pushing against the entrance to my sex. Gasping for breath, I raised my head, staring, watching it stretching me wider and wider as she sought to push it in. I knew it was a dildo of some kind, a sex toy, of course, and watched in fascination as it pushed into me.

I groaned at the delicious feel of it sliding deeper and deeper into my sex. Yes, her fingers had already pumped in and out, but this was much thicker, and much longer, and I shuddered at the sense of penetration, almost instantly filling with sexual heat and hunger again!

Or had it ever left...

But then it was so deep, and I felt so wonderfully stretched, and it came to that little side branch near the base. That angled up across the top of my sex, and after the sound of a click was heard, it began to buzz powerfully, vibrating against me!

I gasped, never having used a vibrator before. The sensations were entirely new,

and, at first, uncomfortably powerful, even in my heat. But then they began to twist and morph, and I felt my body quivering with an intensity I had never known before!

The sexual arousal I had felt before exploded within me, then climbed even higher as she ground that little branch from side to side, back and forth across my clitoris! I squealed helplessly, my hips twisting and bucking, my body writhing and arching as sexual electricity crackled through it!

Then she stopped it, turned it off. I gasped, chest heaving, as she rose and then slid up my body again, straddling my hips. But she didn't stop there. Now she slid further forward, up across my breasts, and I was suddenly staring up her body, with her sex inches from my mouth and her thighs framing my head.

“Now, little slave girl,” she said in a purr. “Now you must please your mistress or risk being tortured.”

I gasped as she slid forward, her sex rubbing against my mouth. I felt a moment of anxiety, for this was not something I knew much about, of course, but then again she'd just sort of given me a crash course. Nor could I possibly refuse even if I wasn't tied up.

I began to lick at her, tentatively, at first, but then with growing excitement, moaning as she ground herself against me, as her fists twisted my hair around them. It was very weird! I mean, I had done oral sex on guys, but never a girl!

“That's it, slave girl. Lick your mistress,” she growled.

So hot and kinky! I licked at her, straining against the straps repeatedly, not to escape but to remind myself how helpless I was!

I licked her to not one, but two orgasms, until my tongue and jaw were sore. Then she ground that vibrator thing against me again, turning it on and driving me halfway out of my mind with the seething, crackling wall of sensation! I came again and again, crying out more and more loudly as the sexual fever took hold of my mind!

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Kara was... pushy. But I didn't really mind that much because she knew a lot

more than I did about stuff, so... why not let her show me the way?

I was a bit uneasy, though, when she selected the skirt I should wear to work.

“It's too short!” I protested, looking at myself in the mirror.

She slapped my bottom through it, making me gasp. She'd been doing that a lot lately!

“It looks fine. You just have very long legs.”

We were in a store and I had tried on the skirt she had selected, along with a high-necked, long-sleeved white blouse that buttoned down the middle.

“But – !”

“It's a fashion and design studio, Blondie. Naturally all the women dress in a very sexy and fashionable way. And there are no men anyway, so don't worry.”

“This is so low on my hips my panties would show above it if I didn't have the shirt,” I grumbled.

“Then you obviously need new panties.”

But the next thing she brought me to try on was a white sweater dress. It was off-shoulder, little more than a tight, elasticized wrap around my body save for the two short sleeves. It had wavy tresses along the first few inches which crossed my chest below my collar bone, but the rest was, well, it hugged my body like a second skin!

“It's too tight!” I gulped.

“You look fabulous.”

I'd never worn a dress that was off shoulder before. It felt weird, as if it would fall down, but it did cling tightly to the base of my shoulders, or my upper arms, I suppose you'd say. But at least it didn't have cleavage. The next dress certainly did.

“Your mom won't let me wear something like this to work!” I gasped.

It was red, just as tight as the white one, but it had shoulders instead of sleeves. It was also cut down to there! There being actually below my breasts!

“It's not that much cleavage.”

“It's more than I wear in my bikini!”

“That's because you're a prude. It covers most of your breasts.”

“Like, maybe half!”

“That's all you need to care about. It covers your nipples.”

“You can see my nipples through the fabric!”

“You can not! You can just see little bumps where they are.”

“And I can't wear a bra with this!”

“It has a built-in bra,” she said.

“But... but...!”

She slapped my bottom again and I gasped.

She overrode my objections, assuring me this was the way girls dressed at the swimwear design company. And what was I supposed to do, call her a liar?

Once back at her condo she made me model the clothes for her again, particularly the new low-riding panties – well, G-strings, actually, that she'd had me get. They were tiny triangles of fabric with thin elastic strings which went straight across my hips halfway down. One was so small and low that you could hardly see it from the front because it basically only covered my actual sex with maybe an inch to spare!

They were very sexy, though, and made me feel sexy, especially the way Kara was looking at me.

She got up from the bed and went to her closet, then came back with a length of black rope! I gulped and drew back.

“Wh-what are you gonna do?” I asked.

She smirked. “Whatever I want, slave girl.”

She turned me and slapped my bottom, then gripped my wrist and wrapped the rope around it. It was a very soft rope, and I stared as she tied it around my wrist, then pulled it behind me. She gripped my other wrist and drew it back to cross my first, then wrapped the rope around it. I felt loop after loop going back and forth, criss-crossing my wrists, tying them firmly together, and my chest got tighter, my breathing more ragged as she did it.

“Ungh!” I gasped as she jerked back on my hair!

Her other hand slid over my hip and her fingers pushed down into the tiny G-string.

“Now what should I do to torture you today, slave girl?” she growled.

I didn't answer, as the sexual heat and excitement swelled within me! I wasn't wearing anything but the G-string, and she almost immediately pulled that off too!

“Big dyke!” I gulped.

Crack! Her hand slapped my bottom again.

“Show respect to your mistress, slave girl.”

“You're not my mistress and I'm not your slave girl! Brat!”

“Ha.”

She jerked me backward by the hair and then pulled a chair out from the desk set against the wall and sat down. She almost immediately pulled me across her lap and I felt a jolt of anxiety even as the wild dark heat started to surge!

Crack!

“You need to learn respect for your betters,” she said.

“I will if I see one!”

Crack!

“You're laying across one now, brat.”

“I don't see her!”

Crack! Crack! Crack!

“Ow! Stop that! You dyke!”

Crack! Crack!

“Don't tell me what do, slave girl,” she said.

Her fingers traced the line of my sex, then pushed into me. I moaned, wet already, gasping as her fingers twisted and turned and pumped inside me.

“Dirty little girl,” she said.

“Bitch dyke!” I gasped.

Crack! Crack!

“I can see you'll need to be properly disciplined, sex slave,” she growled.

Oooo, that sounded so hot!

Her fingers pumped inside me, making me ache, but sending waves of liquid heat through my belly and up into my brain.

Then she wrapped her fingers in my hair and used it to pull my head up and back. I gasped and groaned as my scalp stung, my head sharply back so that I was now looking straight forward. She held my hair in her fist and then pushed something against my mouth.

It was a big cock! I gasped, staring at it! It was a very realistic looking dildo, with the engorged helmet head, and veins rising along its length. She rubbed the head back and forth over my lips, then pushed it into my open mouth.

“Suck my cock, sex slave!” she growled.

I shuddered in rising heat and wild excitement as the 'cock' slid across my tongue and deep into my mouth! I moaned around it as she pumped it in and out.

“Dirty blonde girl. I know you love cocks,” she said. “And here you thought I didn't have a nice big cock for you.”

She pulled it out of my mouth and I gasped and gulped in air, then squealed as I felt it rubbing up and down along my sex.

“Spread your legs, slut,” she ordered.

I moaned as it pushed harder and harder, and shifted my knees apart as the ache deepened. I felt the lips of my sex pushing slowly inward under the strong pressure of the saliva covered dildo, and then slowly, slowly spreading wider and wider.

“I-It's too big!” I cried.

She made a disparaging sound. “You're a blonde! You love big, giant cock! If it

was a real one you'd already be having orgasms just from looking at it!”

“I-I w-would not!” I moaned.

It entered the mouth of my sex, stretching me terribly wide! Then it slid deeper, and the dark, roaring heat began to surpass the ache!

“Oh! Oh! Oh God!” I moaned.

She let go of my hair and my head immediately swung forward and down, to stare underneath the chair at my own legs on the other side.

Crack!

“Spread your legs, slut.” Crack! Crack! “Spread your legs for my big cock!”

I squealed and gasped and obeyed, and the thick dildo pushed deeper still! The wild sexual energy grew to a state of feverish hunger as she twisted and turned and pushed the thing deeper into my body than I'd ever had anything before!

Crack!

“Bad girl,” she said.

Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!

“Ow! Oh! Oh! Ungh! Oh! Don't!” I gasped breathlessly as she spanked me.

“Bad girls have to be spanked,” she said.

Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!

“Oh! Ungh! Please! Ow!”

“Say please, mistress Kara,” she said, pausing.

I hesitated.

Crack! Crack! Crack!

My bottom was turning very, very hot! And it was getting more and more tender

and sore as it burned!

“Please, Mistress Kara!” I cried.

She halted the spanking, but continued to pump and turn the dildo, trying to get it even deeper!

“Say, I'm sorry for being a naughty sex slave, Mistress Kara,” she said.

“I-I'm sorry for being... for being a naughty sex slave, Mistress Kara!” I moaned.

The words were so deliciously kinky! Okay, yes they were kind of goofy and even demeaning, but the dark side of my mind thrilled to what was happening, and my body was crackling with sexual electricity!

“Say, please fuck me with your big cock Mistress Kara,” she ordered.

I moaned helplessly.

Crack! Crack! Crack!

“Oh! Don't! Oh! Please fuck me with your big cock, Mistress Kara!” I cried.

I squealed as she shoved the thing even deeper! Then she was gripping my hair and pushing me off her.

“On your knees, slut,” she ordered.

She tumbled me to the floor, and had me kneel there with my chin to the floor as she went and got something. She returned with some kind of black panty thing, only it was made of straps and... I wasn't sure what. I didn't get to see much before she knelt behind me.

Then I felt the dildo drawing back. A moment later she slapped my bottom.

“Spread your legs, slut,” she ordered.

Gasping, I obeyed.

“Raise your ass higher. Pull your belly in tighter against your thighs.”

Crack!

“Now, sex slave!”

Gasping, I squirmed into position, moaning as I felt the dildo starting to move in and out. Then her hands slid up my body and I realized she had attached the thing to herself, to that thing around her hips and... and she was actually fucking me! Like a guy would!

I shuddered and moaned as I knelt in place, wave after wave of searing sexual passion and pleasure washing over me as she pumped into me harder and deeper. And then finally she drove the thing so deep into my body her hips began to slap against my upraised buttocks.

I came, my mind drowned in a wild, screaming wall of incredible sexual pleasure, sobbing dazedly as Kara rode me like a whore, pumping her hips and slapping my buttocks and then gripping my hair and yanking on it as she tried to drive me insane!

She had managed to force that entire long, thick dildo up into my body! It must have been ten inches! After a couple of orgasms she detached it from the thing she was wearing, then took that off and stood before me, gripping my hair and ordering me to 'service' her, which of course, meant licking her to orgasm.

Even after that she wouldn't let me take it out, or untie me, but tortured me with a vibrator through several more orgasms while threatening to fuck my ass!

Fortunately, we were taking a break when there were sounds out front. Her mom had come home! I gasped and jerked up.

“Untie me!” I insisted.

She grinned. “You think mom would be shocked by this?”

“Kara!”

“Chloe!” she mocked me.

Then she brightened. “We can ask her if the clothes are appropriate at work.”

She untied me but then wouldn't let me take the dildo out. Instead she practically pulled the white dress over my head and shoulders and jerked it down my body. Then she had me push my arms through the little sleeves and pulled them up around the top.

“Now let's see what mom says.”

“Not with this inside me!” I gasped.

“Why? Do you think she's gonna pull your skirt up to see?” she asked.

She marched me to the door and opened it and I gasped as she twisted my arm and forced me forward. Then she let go just as her mom came around the corner.

“Hello, girls,” she said.

“Hey, mom. What do you think of the dress we bought for Chloe for work?” Kara asked.

Her mom looked me up and down carefully, and for a moment I wondered if she was going to say it was too short and tight, but then she shrugged.

“Looks fine,” she said.

She went into the kitchen, and Kara pulled me along after her.

“So what time do you think your new bitch should show up for work?” Kara asked.

I gulped, really weirdly uncomfortable given the short skirt and the dildo inside me. I mean, imagine if it fell out!

Not that there was much threat of that since it was really tight, especially with my legs together.

“I start at eight so I think it would make sense to have you there by quarter to, Chloe,” her mother said.

“Sure, Mrs. Sampson,” I said awkwardly.

Kara was stroking my ass and I knocked her hand off.

“I told her it's part of her job to give lap dances to the male buyers,” Kara said.

I blushed, but Mrs. Sampson just smiled. “I don't think that would help our sales given most of the male buyers are gay,” she said.

Which, I supposed, kind of figured.

“How does a gay man know what looks sexy on women?” I asked.

“Oh, if they know fashion, they know,” she said. “And if not they don't stay employed.”

I pondered that, since I had no real goal in life, no idea what I wanted to do, and was starting a job in the fashion industry.

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The next day I reported bright and early to the address Kara had given me. It was a loft-style studio in what had once been some kind of warehouse. Most of it was open concept, but there was a hallway with several offices – including Ms. Sampson's, and then the storage rooms which contained heaps of fabric and office supplies as well as stores of swimsuits, coverups and other clothes.

Mrs. Sampson's was the first office, and it had a glass window overlooking the open area. I sat just in front of it facing the big room, but with the door to her office just around the corner behind me. Plus she could just knock on the window to get my attention.

Of course, that meant she could be looking at me all the time from behind me and I wouldn't know it, so I'd find it hard to slack off!

I sat at a small, modern style desk, which was a bit of a problem in that it was really small, and really narrow, and had nothing on the other side to hide my legs – or anything else! And I was basically sitting facing the room in a really short miniskirt!

Fortunately, it was an entirely female workforce. In addition to Ms. Sampson there was her marketing director Melicia, a tall, amazonian black woman with a long, braided tail of hair hanging down her back, in the office next to her. Olivia was in the third closed office. She was in charge of day to day design and

visuals.

There were several women who worked at designing swimsuits, and who then cut the fabric and actually, well, built them, along with their assistants – like Kara, who worked for Roxie, this redhead with a wild lions mane of hair.

These were not swimsuits that were for sale, of course. They made them to see what they'd look like on models and in pictures, and those that looked good were then presented to buyers to see if they liked them.

Those that actually sold were then made in bulk elsewhere.

It was actually quite fascinating to see how easily a bikini was made! The bottoms were especially easy since they, especially the thongs, didn't have much fabric.

I spent much of the day dealing with emails and phone calls and asking questions. A lot of questions! I felt kind of dumb, because, well, I was! I didn't know anything about anything! Most of the women were patient, though.

And, of course, I made mistakes, which was embarrassing, but most of them seemed to take that in stride. Olivia did make a remark about 'blondes', while rolling her eyes, as if blondes were inherently dumb, and I wasn't all that happy about it, even if she was joking. Then when I fetched back lunch for everyone I brought Melicia the wrong sandwich.

She sort of gave me this look, shoved it back in my hand and told me to go and get the right one, and as I turned she slapped my bottom sharply enough to make me yelp as she said “Go!”

That was a little weird, but hey, she was twice my age, well, almost. She was in her late thirties anyway, which made her technically old enough to be my mother.

What made me wonder about it was that Kara had been getting into the habit of slapping my butt whenever I said or did anything she disagreed with, or just because, which made it a kind of, well, sex thing.

I mean, I didn't think Melicia meant it that way, but it still made me flush and wonder. And then later in the day, when I screwed up an email Mrs. Sampson

slapped my butt too! It wasn't as hard, but I again wondered at it! Of course, I realized my experiences with Kara were causing me to think things I wouldn't otherwise have, but still...

The next day I wore the white dress, which was cute, I admit, but so clingy that I was blushing. I wore a long sweater over it on the bus and the sweater was almost bigger than the dress! I took it off when I got to my desk, and then had a lot of the women looking me over and commenting on it.

They weren't being catty or anything, though. They all said I looked really cute in it, so I was glad of that. They were all very fashionable people, even if their outfits weren't nearly as revealing as mine. But then none of them were teenagers, either. The youngest was probably Roxie, who was thirty, if you didn't count Kara.

Anyway, the second day started out pretty much like the first. Where it veered off was when I was sent to one of the storage rooms to dig out different kinds and shades of blue fabric for an idea Roxie had. Kara was with me, since we were both the low girls in the shop, so to speak.

But Kara had brought me a present, and I knew as soon as she looked at me that she was up to something.

“What?” I asked warily.

“Turn around, slave girl,” she said in a low voice.

“Kara! People might come in!”

“Nobody is gonna come in here in the next minute.”

She smacked my bottom sharply.

“Do what mistress tells you, slave girl!”

I gulped as she turned me to the wall and gasped as she yanked up the elasticized hem of the sweater dress!

“Kara!”

“Shh. Spread your legs, slut.”

“But – !”

Crack!

“Now!”

I gulped, my pulse suddenly racing, my eyes on the door next to us for fear it would suddenly open.

“Push your pretty ass out at me, slave girl.”

I obeyed, so that I was sort of in that police frisk type pose, with my hands against the wall. I felt her fingers tug the crotch of my thong aside and then stroke along my sex. Then I felt her finger slowly pushing into me.

“Kara!”

“Shht!”

Crack!

I gasped as she slapped my butt again, then her finger, her slick finger, pulled back and I twisted my head back to see that she had, well, what looked like a somewhat large orange golf ball in her hand! Except, it was like a golf ball with a hook, like a Christmas tree ornament. The hook was solid, though, and I had no idea what the hell it was for.

The the orange ball disappeared as she pushed it against my sex.

“Oh! Oh! Kara! Don't!” I gasped.

She grabbed my hair and jerked it up and back and I gasped helplessly.

I felt the orange ball rubbing up and down against me and could feel that it was slippery with something. As she put more pressure on it it slowly forced the lips of my sex in and back, but it was thicker than most cocks, or even the dildo she'd used on me before, and I moaned as the aching rose to the edge of pain!

Then it seemed to push into me, and the pain faded away as it slipped entirely

inside me – well, the orange ball did, but the hook remained outside, pressing up against the top of my sex.

Kara released my hair and tugged the dress back down and I straightened, gulping and flushed, turning to face her. I looked down, and then tugged up the hem to stare. You couldn't see much. It was no wider than a pencil, and was just resting there at the top of my sex.

And then Kara produced a little green box, and pressed a button. The little 'hook' thing started to buzz, to vibrate, and I gasped as I felt a jolt of sensation ripple through my lower belly.

“Excellent,” she said with a smirk. “You can't hear a thing.”

“I can! It's buzzing!”

“I can't. You only hear it because it's inside you.”

“But... but... !”

“Just a little fun to liven up the day, Blondie” she said.

The vibrations stopped and she moved away from me.

“We better get that fabric.”

She half turned and pointed her finger at me. “And don't you even think about taking it out!”

I glared at her in frustration, but now that the thing was inside me it didn't hurt. I could feel it up inside me, but it was only a minor thing. And with the crotch of my thong pulled back over it I had no fears it would fall out.

We grabbed a dozen different kinds of blue fabric and brought them back to Roxie, and then I was sent back to my desk, with a smirk from Kara.

No sooner had I sat down, of course, when the thing began to buzz. I gulped anxiously and looked around, but I could only just hear it, and that was probably, like Kara said, because it was inside me. The vibrations weren't as powerful as the one she'd used on me the other night, but on the other hand, I had to keep my

thighs close together, which seemed to make the vibrations more intense.

And after my initial fear in the storage room I was now feeling a sense of both anxiety and excitement. I mean, what a wicked, kinky thing! Imagine having a vibrator on you in the middle of an office and nobody knowing!

I was getting turned on, not just by the vibrations, but the whole idea of it. And that, of course was... uhm, well... distracting, to say the least! The more aroused I became the more I squirmed in my seat and became distracted from my work.

I decided to go to the bathroom to relieve myself of the sexual tension, but no sooner had I gotten up and started down the hall when Kara was there.

“Where do you think you're going?”

“Uhm, bathroom.”

“Fine, I'll come too. Just remember, you aren't allowed to masturbate.”

“Shh!” I gasped, staring around us.

Kara smirked. “You aren't allowed to come, slave girl.”

“You can't stop me!” I said, glowering.

“Oh, so that is what you intended, hmm?”

I flushed, my mouth open in a denial which served little purpose.

“You could come with me and make me come,” I said in a soft voice.

“Yes, I could, but I don't want you to come yet.”

“Why not!?”

“Because I like torturing you, Blondie. Don't worry, it'll be worth it when I do let you come.”

She jerked me around and made me go back to my desk, and I sat down sulkily, feeling frustrated and annoyed. Kara had no right to make me do anything, much less make me not do anything! I should just tell her to go to hell and do what I

wanted!

Of course, then she'd probably give me a really nasty spanking, which I didn't really want. Or, I could just like, say no more sex, but I was certainly not ready for that! I was just starting to explore this incredibly hot, erotic and kinky relationship with her!

So anyway, I was distracted and flustered and flushed and squirming, and wondering if I dared try to have an orgasm here at the desk. I mean, yes it was a single room but if I kept it quiet and other people were busy at their work, well, it was a large room, and there was music playing, and people talking...

But then Melicia came around the corner.

“Chloe. Come here,” she said.

I gulped because that didn't sound very friendly. I got up and came around the desk then went up the hall to her office, where she was standing just inside the door, holding it.

That seemed ominous, too! That was the sort of thing the vice principle used to do at school!

She closed the door behind me and then showed me an email.

“What did I say about contacts with Mister Johns?”

“Uhm, to notify you immediately,” I gulped.

“And did you? This is an hour old?”

“Uhm, I uh, I'm sorry, Melicia, but I didn't notice!” I exclaimed.

“How could you not notice!? I specifically told you I was expecting an email from him and to watch for it!”

“I... I got... uhm, distracted,” I said, embarrassed.

She glared at me, and she was one intimidating woman!

“Well, maybe you need something to focus your attention more sharply!” she

snapped.

She opened her desk drawer and took out, well, it was like a thin black pencil two feet long, only it didn't seem to be made of wood but leather.

And then her big hand swept up behind my head, caught my neck and shoved me forward and down!

I gasped, forced across the side of her desk, all the way down until my breasts were pillowed out against the wood! An instant later I felt a wild shock of emotion as she casually jerked up my short elastic skirt to bear my bottom!

And before I could really react to that she brought the thin black stick down with a short, quick whirring sound that ended with it smacking my buttocks! It wasn't heavy but it stung and I yelped and jerked violently!

I couldn't actually do anything, though! I mean, I was bent over and unbalanced – and not just physically! I was so shocked I had no idea how to react even if I could!

Whirr – thwack! Whirr – thwack! Whirr – thwack!

The thing snapped down across my bottom repeatedly as I gasped and yelped and squirmed helplessly, still too shocked to say or do anything!

And then she paused and said “What in the world is this?”

I gasped, another jolt of emotion, of humiliation, really, hitting me as I felt her fingers tug aside the crotch of my thong!

“Ahh, I see what has you distracted,” she snorted as her finger rubbed against the little vibrating hook. “Did no one tell you that the workplace was not the place for sexual self-enjoyment, Blondie?”

I was... mortified! I tried to jerk up or twist away but she was still firmly holding the back of my neck!

“I-It wasn't my idea!” I cried, my face blazing.

“Are you entirely without a spine?” she asked in a sneer.

Whirr – thwack!

“You could have refused.”

Whirr – thwack!

“You could have taken it out.”

Whirr – thwack!

“And given how wet you are you clearly are enjoying it.”

Whirr – thwack!

“Ahh! Please!” I moaned.

“Please?”

Whirr – thwack!

“Please what?”

Whirr – thwack!

“Please don't punish me for being such a naughty little bitch?”

Whirr – thwack!

“Please don't give me what I deserve?”

Whirr – thwack!

“Please don't tell Mrs. Sampson what a blonde slut I am?”

I cringed at those last words, even as my bottom began to sting more and more painfully! Then I felt her fingers at my sex, felt her tugging on the hook. I moaned, my face hotter than my butt as she slowly pulled the orange ball out of me.

“Interesting toys, you teenagers have,” she said.

Then I felt an entirely new emotional shock as her fingers pushed into me!

“It certainly did make you sopping wet,” she said.

I moaned as two long black fingers pushed deep inside me! I was totally overwhelmed by emotions, and again had no idea what to do, what to say, or how to react!

I felt her fingers twisting and turning inside me, then her thumb pressing against my clitoris and rubbing it. I shuddered anew, realizing that, like Kara, she must be a lesbian, and then that I was even more helpless to resist or refuse or stop her from doing anything as I had been when Kara had tied me up!

I was still horribly, horribly embarrassed, though, as I bent over her desk with my naked bottom and pussy in the air!

“My, nice and tight, though,” she said, as she slowly forced a third finger inside me.

“Oh! Oh! Please!” I moaned.

It was... bizarre, how closely this resembled what had happened between me and Kara! But maybe because it resembled that so closely I was feeling a rising sense of dark, churning sexual heat and arousal gripping my body and then flooding into my mind!

She jerked the thong down and then jerked me up and back by the hair – again, the same way Kara did! I gasped, then gasped again as she jerked the thin sweater dress, which was then around my waist, up my body and then yanked it off!

I was completely naked! I staggered and almost fell and she turned me around and I did fall, sprawling back across her desk!

“Nice,” she said, coolly, calmly raking me with her eyes.

Her fingers pushed into me again, and when I tried to sit up her other hand pushed down around my throat – from the front this time, forcing me back. I gasped, grasping her wrist, but it was hard and strong and relentless as I writhed helplessly.

Her eyes were dark but hungry as her fingers pumped inside me, and her thumb stroked across my clitoris in rapid movements that had raw sensation pouring through my body.

“Spread your legs, Blondie,” she ordered. “Do it!”

Whimpering, I obeyed, perched on the edge of the desk, gasping, gulping in air as her hand held tightly to my neck. I was naked! I could hardly get over that! What if someone came in and found me like this!?

It was... surreal! I felt myself getting light-headed, moaning helplessly as she pulled her fingers out of my sex. Then she jerked me upright and off the desk, then down onto the floor, onto my knees.

She was wearing a short skirt herself, and now yanked it up. In a second she had my hair gathered up above my head and then pulled my mouth in against her sex.

Moaning, my hands pressed almost instinctively against her thighs, and she yanked at my hair.

“Hands at your sides!” she growled in a voice that made me instantly obey!

Then my face was pulled in against her and I started to lick. What else was I to do!? I moaned and gasped for breath, licking rapidly at her clitoris as she ground her hips into me.

“That's it, nasty little blonde slut,” she sighed. “You know what you're made for. Harder, Blondie. That's it. Ahh, like that,” she groaned.

I kept licking very energetically, not wanting her mad at me! But it still felt bizarre and surreal to be naked and on my knees in front of a woman I barely knew, licking her pussy in an office! Was this really happening!?

She came, gurgling and gasping and groaning and jamming my mouth hard against her!

I felt a wave of relief. Surely she'd be pleased with me now and wouldn't, well, tell anyone or hurt me! That wasn't the only reason I was pleased, though. I felt a strange sense of pleasure at having given her an orgasm. She was a very

impressive woman, after all, very beautiful and powerful and strong. She wasn't a girl like Kara, either but a woman! And I had made her come.

But then she yanked me back up to my feet and pushed me back across the desk again! Her fingers pushed inside me and she gripped me by the throat as they pumped in and out, as her thumb stroked against my clitoris.

I was... well, less shocked this time, and it felt sort of like, well, turn about is fair play. I mean, like since I had given her an orgasm she was going to give me one. That was far less threatening, and I felt a lot less anxiety.

But her fingers were still sending swirly rushes of sensation up through my body, and the... the eroticism of what was happening, that I was sprawled naked across a desk while a woman fingered me, began to fill me with a dark, steaming sense of kinky heat.

I wasn't trying to resist at all now. My legs were spread wide, and my arms were, as well, as if I'd taken the same position as when Kara had tied me spreadeagled to her bed. Waves of sensation and arousal swept through me and I began to whimper and grind my hips up at her.

When my movements became more frantic, my hips bucking and my back arching, she tightened her grip around my throat. I could still breath, but it was harder now, and my head began to throb and pound.

And then she tried to force a fourth finger inside me. I cried out – the sound quickly suppressed as she tightened her fingers further, and my hips squirmed and twisted as she slowly forced it inside! And then the orgasm hit and I cried out again, though now her fingers tightened completely so I couldn't breath.

I arched and jerked and my hips bucked against her fingers as she stroked my clitoris rapidly, and my insides were flooded with a wild release of incredible pleasure! It was so intense! It drowned me in such heat that my body spasmed and shook with convulsions!

She chuckled as I went limp, then picked up the orange ball and pushed it back inside me.

“Better get back to work, Blondie, or someone might wonder what you're up to,” she said, pulling me up to a sitting position.

I swayed dazedly, and she picked up my dress and pulled it down over my head and shoulders. She slipped it down around my torso, then helped put my arms into the little sleeves. It was only as I stumbled from her office I realized that I didn't have my thong, but she closed the door and I didn't want to go back inside!

I sat down, looking furtively around, but didn't see anyone taking notice, not even Kara, who was absorbed in cutting some fabric. I tried to get myself together, combing my fingers through my hair and coming to terms with what had happened.

Obviously Melicia was a lesbian in the same mold as Kara. She even liked to spank girls, though she used that stick thing instead of her hand. But I felt very used, very cheap. Only... I didn't feel the sort of shame at being used by a man. I felt more, well... like she had dominated me.

And was that a shocking thing? She was much older and more sophisticated, knew a lot more about sex, and, well, she was stronger and uhm, more sure of herself. I didn't approve of what she had done, but then again, I didn't feel dirty either. I just felt... uh, kind of low and unimportant and helpless.

Like a mouse next to a cat.

Only... the strength of the orgasm was still reverberating within my memory. That blast wave of pleasure had been stunning! And how could I look back on anything that caused that with regret when... when I wanted to feel it again!?

I was going to have to talk to Kara about it and ask her for advice. I knew how to treat guys who wanted sex with me (which was all of them) but I'd never really had to cope with women before.

I was still pondering this – and having done no work – when Mrs. Sampson came out of her office and around the corner.

“Chloe, come with me,” she said.

I quickly got up, feeling guilty. Could she know!? But she didn't sound angry or anything. And she was leading me back to the store rooms. She went into one that had finished suits that were ready to be presented to buyers and took one down.

It was a white thong bikini.

“Annie Ferguson is on her way up,” she said. “She just dropped by. She's a buyer for the Merlin chain. And I told her about a new suit Roxie had come up with. Put it on, would you, dear. We don't have time to get a model.”

I gulped, staring at the bag, then took the bottom out. It was kind of neat looking. It was a thin upside down white triangle attached to a black string which went around to an even smaller inverted triangle. I stepped into it and pulled them up my legs when her back was turned, hoping she wouldn't wonder why I wasn't wearing any panties.

Then, flushing, I peeled my dress up and off. I wasn't used to showing strange women my breasts, but... well, more had seen them lately than normal! Maybe I should get used to it!

I pulled on the bra, which, like the bottom, had white material and thin, gold straps, and adjusted my breasts in them as Mrs. Sampson looked on. That was.. embarrassing, but my standards for being really badly embarrassed were now considerably lower.

“Very good. That looks great on you. And your hair looks nice and windblown.”

She led me back to her office, and again, it felt weird wearing nothing but a thong bikini inside an office, where everyone else was fully dressed. But then she looked at me again and frowned, looking down.

I felt a sudden shock, a sense of horror as I looked down, too, and saw a small strange looking wedge pushed out against the white fabric, no bigger than the head of a pencil.

“Chloe, dear, is that, uhm, you?” she asked.

I blushed so hotly I thought my face might burn off!

She frowned and then turned to close the blinds.

“Quickly, pull down the suit and we'll put something in.”

She pulled a Kleenex from the box and folded it several times, then, since I was

frozen, jerked down the suit. I gasped, but grabbed for it too late.

“What on earth?”

Her face sharpened and she glared at me.

“Playing games at work? No, don't even try. I'm quite sure this is my daughter at work.”

I felt a sense of relief she understood that at least! But then she roughly bent me over the desk in the same way Melicia had, and just like Melicia she ordered me to spread my legs! Then, she gripped the hook and pulled. I gasped as she yanked the ball out more roughly than Melicia had, then jerked me upright and told me to pull my suit up quickly.

I obeyed, face burning hot, and not a moment too soon as there was a knock at the door.

Mrs. Sampson pushed past me and opened the door, greeting a small, middle aged woman warmly. They chatted about business and the woman's kids, long enough for my face to lose at least some of its heat. Then they turned to me and examined me in the suit.

Again, fortunately, her eyes were on the suit, not my face.

I turned around, presenting my mostly naked bottom, which would once have been embarrassing but now seemed quite unimportant. She fingered the straps, tugged on them, then when I turned around again, slipped her fingers into the material, which made my mind squirm since her fingers were not very far from my sex!

But she didn't try anything. Instead she and Mrs. Sampson left, chatting. I wasn't sure what I was supposed to do, so I stood there, filled with a churning mixture of embarrassment, anxiety and alarm. Was I going to be fired? God, she had pulled the vibrator thing out of my pussy!

It was a few minutes before Mrs. Sampson came back, glowering at me, but in a sort of exasperated rather than angry way.

“Take that off,” she sighed.

She picked up her phone, waited a moment, and then said “Send Kara in.”

I removed the bra and then, embarrassed anew, pulled down the thong and stepped out of it.

“Put them back in the bag.”

I did as she said, feeling awkward and uncomfortable again being naked in an office. Then the door opened and I gasped, whirling around and trying to hide my body. It was just Kara though, and she closed the door after her.

“What's up?”

Her mother pointed at the orange ball, and Kara frowned at me.

“Did she complain to you?”

“Are you crazy?!” I demanded.

“It showed up when she put on Roxie's gold and white number.

Kara glared at me. “You didn't take it out before modeling a suit!?”

“I noticed it and took it out,” her mother said.

“I didn't have a chance!” I protested.

“What were you thinking?” Mrs. Sampson demanded.

“I'm uhm, breaking her in.”

“Here?”

“You know that if you want to seduce someone into being your sex slave you have to drown them in passion and sexuality all the time, mom,” Kara said.

I blushed at that! Imagine saying that to your mother!

“I am not your sex slave!” I hissed.

Kara glared at me, but then so did her mother.

“Chloe. This is not your argument. This is between Kara and I. Stand there and look pretty. Better yet. Put your fingers behind your neck.”

“Wh-what?!” I stared at her in astonishment.

“I'm sure Kara has at least shown you that much,” Mrs. Sampson said.

“I did,” Kara said, slapping my bottom.

“Hands behind your neck, fingers interlaced! Now!” she snapped.

“But...”

“Now, Chloe!” Mrs. Sampson growled.

Helplessly, I obeyed.

“Feet apart,” Kara ordered.

I shifted my feet apart, blushing hotly as the two of them looked at me coolly.

“Well, I have to admit she certainly looks the part,” Mrs. Sampson said.

“Imagine if I can get her properly trained.”

“She would certainly be something,” her mother agreed. “What a great body for a sex slave.”

“And a face, and that hair,” Kara said.

Was I going insane, I wondered dazedly!

“I think you've made a good choice, Kara. But you're a little lacking in experience if you want your sex slave trained properly.”

“I know. Would you, uhm, help? You know, like, give me some pointers?”

Mrs. Sampson gave me a long, considering look. “Yes, I think I could help you out. We wouldn't want to waste such potential, now would we?”

“Feel how soft her skin is,” Kara said, as she ran a hand over my stomach. I

gulped and flinched as her mother reached out and her fingers slid up and down my stomach and abdomen! And if that wasn't enough of a psychic jolt, her hand then slid upward across my left breast, kneading the flesh softly.

“Very nice,” Mrs. Sampson said. “But you'll have to discipline her to get the most out of her. She is a cock girl, unless I'm mistaken.”

“Well, yes, she loves cock, but it's not like I can't give her enough of that.”

The two of them laughed softly as my face burned and my mind squirmed.

“You'll need to establish very firm rules about obedience and behavior,” Mrs. Sampson said.

“I have started, but it takes some time. I told you not to remove this, slave girl,” she said, frowning as she picked up the ball.

“I removed it, as a matter of fact,” her mother said. “It was showing under the white suit.”

“Oh.”

And then she pressed it against my sex!

My thighs jerked together instinctively.

“Legs apart, slave!” Kara ordered.

“Were you not told not to move?” her mother growled.

Gaping, my mind spinning, I jerked my legs further apart as Mrs. Sampson gripped my wrists behind my head and pinned them there.

“Now, head and elbows back,” she ordered, jerking on my wrists.

I arched my back somewhat, pulling my elbows back as Kara pushed the ball against my sex and slowly forced it up inside me once more so that the curved little hook was pressing against my clitoris.

I gasped as Mrs. Sampson slapped my bottom!

“When you are given an order to position yourself, slave girl,” she said in a stern voice, “you will maintain that position until instructed to change it. Do you understand?”

I was... overwhelmed and my mind was sputtering brokenly!

Crack!

She slapped my bottom sharply.

“Answer me!”

“Y-Yes!” I squeaked.

Mrs. Sampson snorted and shook her head.

“Well, she's new,” Kara said.

“You'll need to isolate her to a degree to train her properly.”

“Well, she can come over and stay with us for a few days.”

Mrs. Sampson nodded. “That should raise no concerns on the part of her parents.”

She ran a hand over my breast again, then down my body until her fingers were lightly rubbing the buzzing, vibrating little hook against my clitoris. I shuddered and gasped at the increased sensations, my body feeling a huge pressure, as if ready to explode.

“She's very responsive,” Mrs. Sampson said.

“Oh very. I think I can break her with vibrators alone.”

“Don't rely on artificial means, Kara. Old fashioned is best. You don't need dildos and vibrators”

“She's a het girl, mom. She's conditioned into certain ways of thinking of things. Penetration is an important psychological thing to her. The bigger the deeper the better.”

Mrs. Sampson snorted and drew her hand back.

“I'm sure you could break her of that.”

“Maybe, but I don't want to.”

Mrs. Sampson shook her head in disapproval then picked up the dress and thrust it at me.

“Put on your dress, slave girl,” she ordered.

I eagerly grasped it and pulled it over my head! Believe me, I couldn't get it on fast enough! My face was still flaming when I pulled the hem down.

“She looks more natural naked,” Mrs. Sampson said.

“She'll be spending a lot of time in her skin,” Kara said with a smirk.

“You're staying with us tonight, sex slave,” Kara said. “Won't that be fun?”

I stared at her helplessly, my pulse racing and my mind in turmoil!

“Say yes mistress,” her mother growled.

“Y-Yes, Mistress!” I squeaked.

I felt breathless under their hungry gazes, my body thrumming with dark energy as my mind roiled, anxious, embarrassed, and helplessly aroused! What did they have in mind!?

*

Chloe's Summer Job

[Chloe's Internship](#)

Chloe's Education (coming soon)

*

Have praise, suggestions, questions or complaints? 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