

Emma's Summer of Submission



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By JJ Argus

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

Chapter One

My breasts looked too big.

They didn't usually. Which is just as well since so many idiots of both sexes seem to consider breast size and intelligence to be inversely related. Even worse if you have blonde hair, for fucks sake.

I try to be considered cool, calm, casual, kind of dispassionate, someone not easy to impress and someone who isn't overly emotional. People see a blonde with big breasts they think 'bimbo' and 'airhead'.

It was because I was mostly lying down. I mean, my head and shoulders and back were propped up by multiple pillows as I lay there, but mostly, I was horizontal, and my breasts seemed to spread out some as they lay atop my ribs.

I was laying back reading and watching TV. I wasn't completely naked. I was wearing a black silk pajama top which was just long enough to cover my butt – when it was buttoned. At the moment it was open because I was hot. My father was being an asshole about the air conditioning, not so much trying to save money as trying to save the environment.

My parents are 'woke'. They're horribly progressive. I think it's the great tragedy of their lives that none of their kids are disabled, gay, trans-gendered or anything else they could express their tolerance towards.

I put the book I was reading down and picked up the remote, trying to find something passably not-stupid to distract me from my problems. Nope.

I ran my hand down my body between my legs. My knees were raised and apart, and I let my fingers stroke lightly across my groin. It wasn't that I was feeling particularly sexual but I'd had laser hair treatment – the second one – the other day, and was finding the incredible smoothness of my skin to be very pleasing to the touch.

My idiot mother had given me a gift certificate for my last birthday to an aesthetics place that did piercings and tattoos. I had no interest in either. I liked my smooth, unblemished skin, even if it was a bit pale. And piercings, well, I didn't see the point – no pun intended.

I mean, facial piercings are done to get attention. I don't need attention. I suppose a tongue piercing could help with oral sex, but I'm actually pretty skilled there. Nipple piercings, they say, make your nips more sensitive. That's the last thing I need. I already have to cope with them getting hard too easily.

But then I found out the place also did laser hair removal. The first thing I thought was 'hey, no more shaving!'. Something useful! I mostly meant my legs, but

while I was there, I just went all the way up and took care of everything below the neck. Why not? Nobody likes shaving, let alone waxing.

My mother was pissed. She wanted me to do something rebellious against the system, not 'conform with societal expectations of female beauty'. I told her she and her friends *were* the system. That didn't make her happy either.

The one 'rebellious' thing I'd done in the last year was take pole dancing. She was delighted because pole dancing as exercise was 'reclaiming it from sexism and repudiating the traditional image of sexual provocation for the male eye' – whatever the fuck that meant.

But if she thought pole dancing wasn't sexy she really hadn't watched it. I mean, it didn't have to be. It's actually fantastic exercise for your thighs, your legs, your arms and shoulders and just about everything else. But it definitely can be pretty hot depending on what you wear.

My parents really wanted me to be a rebel, but in San Francisco, being less than liberal WAS rebellious. Not that I'm conservative. I think both sides are clown city. I'm judgmental, and my lack of respect towards stupid progressive ideals has gotten me into trouble before. Especially at school.

Thankfully that was over. I'd had a long 'discussion' ie, fight with my parents about which university I would go to. They had wanted me to go somewhere like Berkeley and get my mind stuffed into a straitjacket. I told them I wanted to go to Texas A&M and they freaked.

But I can cope with stupid conservatives a lot easier than stupid progressives. They're a lot less self-righteous. Besides, it's a good school. Plus it's huge and I can get lost there and be anonymous. They'd given in after I'd upped the pressure by talking about maybe joining the military, which I enthusiastically told them would educate me for free.

I had then suggested I would go to work for an oil company, maybe. I had thought about threatening to take up stripping and pay for my own college, but I hadn't wanted them tying the pole-dancing lessons in with stripping that directly, not while they continued paying for them.

Besides, my mom knew I was the furthest thing from an exhibitionist. I'm... pleased with the look and feel of my body. I'm proud of how toned it is, with my shape. But that doesn't mean I want to walk around flashing my tits at everyone.

The TV clicked over Baywatch Hawaii and Jason Momoa was there in a bathing suit. I turned it up, then crawled to the foot of my bed to see better. He didn't look as incredibly sexy as he did when he played a barbarian with long hair, but he still had a *fine* body!

I'm nearsighted. I don't need glasses to read, but the further away I am from something the more blurred it was. There was a padded bench at the foot of my

bed, and then the TV was in the corner about six feet beyond that.

I leaned further forward, putting my hands on the arm of the bench, then I slid further forward, putting my hands down onto the floor as I half slid off my bed and onto the bench – well, the arm of the bench.

It wasn't by design that the rounded arm wound up between my legs with my right knee on the bench and my left foot on the floor. I was holding my body up with arms straight, thinking lewd thoughts about him, and the pressure between my legs began to become obvious.

It wasn't that I so much decided to masturbate as that it felt good to kind of gently rub myself against the arm, and so my body did it more or less on its own. And the more it did it the better it felt.

It was a pretty awkward way to masturbate, but like I said, that really wasn't my intention. But the more I watched him and the more I gently ground my naked pussy against the padded arm of the chair the more my body began to heat up.

The thought about being 'kidnapped' by a hot, sexy barbarian like the ones he played in Game of Thrones or Conan was really wild and wicked and exciting. And I would enjoy every thrilling moment of the nasty things he'd do to me, too!

My parents would be dismayed at my 'traditional female sense of sexual submissiveness', but that was part of why I enjoyed my nasty fantasies. My parents felt I should be interested in men for their sensitivity and caring and progressive, inclusive, feminist beliefs. I was interested in men who were tall and broad-shouldered and muscular instead.

And preferably not the least bit 'woke'!

As I got more excited I began to grind myself more, my breathing getting more ragged. My breasts were hanging below me, the nipples hard. I lifted one hand up from the floor, roughly kneading one breast, imagining it was barbarian Conan.

Then the TV went to a commercial. Fuckers.

I slid off the bench, grumbling, and then stood up and shoved my hair back. It was too long. My mother kept showing me these cute short haircuts like hers that were so fashionable and modern. I kept ignoring them and just letting it grow wild. It wasn't dyed, colored, tinted or shaped at all. It hung more or less straight, and sometimes messy, halfway down my back.

Anyway, now I wanted to masturbate. And masturbating, for me, has to involve penetration. And since the guys I fantasize about are big, hairy barbarians, it has to be thick and long.

I don't have any sex toys because my mother is obsessed with germs and cleanliness and there's nowhere I can think of to hide such an object she might not find it. Not that she would disapprove. Oh, no, that would be too traditional! No,

instead she'd be delighted to talk to me about masturbation and tell me how much she approves of my taking control of my sexuality.

No fucking way!

It was after Ten so everyone was home. I pulled on a pair of sweatpants, then slipped on a fluffy robe before unlocking the door and heading downstairs.

No one was in the kitchen, though I could hear the TV from the great room, along with my parents' conversation. I opened the fridge, bent over, and pulled open the crisper drawer, then took out an appropriately sized cucumber. There were lots. My mother disdained processed and packaged foods and made everything fresh.

I slipped the cucumber under my robe then closed the fridge and went back upstairs. I went into the bathroom, filled the sink with hot water and dropped the cucumber into it, letting it warm nicely. Then I dried it, took a bottle of baby oil, and hid both under my robe as I went back to my room.

I made sure the door was locked, then stripped and shifted the bench over about four feet, away from the TV. I moved a small rug over closer, then got my laptop and connected it to the TV. With that done I knelt down, sitting on my heels.

I picked up the cucumber, which was nice and warm, and then squirted some baby oil on it. I set it on edge on the bare floor, then maneuvered myself above it, rising up and then sinking slowly down. I gasped as I felt the pressure against my pussy.

I kind of lightly bounced there, grinding and bouncing as I stared at the TV. It was playing a porn video of a 'barbarian' who had kidnapped a princess. The barbarian didn't so much look like Jason Momoa but he was big and muscular and had the long hair and snarl.

The princess was blonde. Of course.

As I let more and more pressure down I felt the tip of the cucumber slowly, slowly, slowly forcing its way into my body. The mouth of my sex ached as it was stretched wide, and my breathing was becoming ragged again as I did nothing to my body but grind and lightly 'bounce'.

My nipples started to tingle, though, so I brought my hands up under my breasts, cupping and squeezing them, doing it roughly, like a barbarian would. I gasped aloud as the cucumber slid deeper, stretching me wider still!

My body was heating up quickly. I brought my fingers up and caught my hard nipples between thumbs and forefingers, rolling and rubbing and plucking them. I pinched them as much as I could stand, wanting them to ache as if some nasty man was doing it!

My body slowly slid down the cucumber. Every inch, every half inch, every quarter inch it pushed into me made me more aroused. I had half of it inside me

and already felt a tremendous sense of fullness and pressure, and a delicious aching sensation!

I reached down, gulping in air, face flushed, and bent over further and further. I raised my hips up and lowered my chest more and more. This was the awkward part, but worth it! I raised my ass high so the dildo was actually tilted up a bit, then moved back so that the other end of the thing was pressing into the fat leg of my bed.

Now on all fours, I lowered myself to my elbows and pushed myself back. The pressure of the leg forced the cucumber deeper, and I moaned low in my throat as the heat swept up through my mind. I lowered myself further. My breasts felt hot and swollen, and I let them pillow out against the rug. The pressure against them made them ache deliciously!

I partly supported myself on my left arm and then began to grind my breasts against the fabric of the rug even as I increased and decreased, increased and decreased the pressure against the cucumber. It was deep inside me now! I was panting, aching, moaning, staring up at the TV as my hips moved. Every move kind of tapped the other end of the cucumber against the leg of the bed, sending a shudder through my body!

As I got more excited I tapped harder, though, and I could feel the cucumber being forced deeper and deeper and achingly deeper! I didn't care about the ache! I was caught up in a wild, feverish sexual high. I rubbed my breasts against the rug and jabbed my pussy back against the post.

Finally, when I knew the orgasm was about to take me, I thrust my right hand back, found my clit, and began to rub furiously!

OMG!

I jerked my left arm in so that my mouth was jammed against the inside of my elbow, and then the orgasm rolled over me like a freight train! I jammed myself back desperately, crying out in muffled pleasure, a frantic flood of liquid heat pouring through me!

I could hear the thump, thump, thump of the end of the cucumber against the wooden leg of my bed as I slapped myself back against it. Then I felt the thick post itself against my buttocks! That startled me even in the midst of the dark, hazy sexual storm enveloping my mind!

Had I got that whole fucking thing inside me!? I'd never done that before! God knows it ached deep inside me! Had I damaged myself? Well, I didn't really care. I'd care later. For just now I continued to slap myself back against the leg of the bed, my buttocks and the tip of the cucumber hitting it hard and fast!

I rubbed my clitoris fast and hard, my fingers immediately getting slippery with the oil, and the orgasm, just flamed wildly! I thought I was losing my fucking mind! I

twisted and bucked, grinding my breasts against the rug and jamming myself back against the cucumber and the bed as the orgasm took me.

And took me.

And took me.

I swear it lasted well over thirty or forty seconds! I trembled and shook and jerked and ground and gurgled and moaned into my own arm until it finally faded and I went limp.

I knelt there in that position, gasping, gulping in air, then slowly rolled onto my side to take the weight off my breasts. I groaned, dazed, gasping, and then rolled onto my back. I shuddered, my knees coming apart, and slid a hand down between my legs, marveling as I felt the end of the cucumber sticking out (barely!) between my pussy lips.

I wondered if I was mistaken about how long the thing was.

I groaned, staring down the length of my body between my breasts (which looked too big again). Then I rolled onto my side, eased up off the floor and, holding my finger against the base of the cucumber, stood up.

I marveled again at it almost all being inside me. Only about half an inch of the more narrow tip showed. The rest was in me!

I stared at myself in the mirror, imagining where the thing was inside me and mostly thinking "wow!".

I figured that was some kind of accomplishment! Especially since it didn't feel like I was torn up or anything. I mean, it ached but didn't hurt. But fuck it was deep inside me! I kind of held it there and bent over, trying to feel where it was. Then I put on the robe and went down the hall and into the bathroom.

It was so thick that it didn't just slide out when I let go. The lips of my sex squeezed in around the more narrow tip and didn't want to widen. I gripped the tip and tugged and it slowly pulled into view, more and more and more of it as I stared with wide eyes.

God, it looked so hot! Watching all that long, thick, glistening green... cock sliding out of my body was amazing!

I got the measuring tape and shook my head as it showed the thing was nine and a half inches long! Ten with the tip, but I hadn't gotten that inside me.

I ached a little, but not much, and mostly around the mouth of my sex. I had brought a knife with me and reluctantly cut the thing up, then flushed it. I was taking no chances of anyone finding a cucumber that smelled of baby oil!

I went back to my room and locked it, then stripped again, thinking vaguely about savage, muscular, long-haired barbarians riding me like a helpless sex slave.

Not that that was likely to happen any time soon! I mean, like I said, I'm fairly careful about my image, and I wasn't about to just throw myself at some guy and

let him treat me like a slut.

Even if I wanted him to.

My sexual experiences with guys had all been kind of boring, to be honest. I didn't mind the kissing and hugging and touching part. But the actual intercourse didn't seem to last long, and I was too afraid of word getting out that I was 'weird' or something to try and direct them into doing things the way I wanted.

Like doggy style. And rough!

Maybe in college I'd meet guys who I didn't have to pretend to. If I was anonymous, it really didn't matter, right? Assuming I could bring myself to just have nasty sex with some guys I hardly knew, that is... And I had doubts about that.

I'd also have a roommate or two, which meant masturbation wasn't going to happen much. I'm not very good at staying quiet when I orgasm. And if I was afraid of my mother finding a dildo I would be doubly afraid of it in a small room I shared with strange girls.

Oh well, I'd find a way somehow.

Chapter Two

I really should cut my hair, I thought, as I walked up the road. It was hot out, and my hair hung down my back like a wool cloak. Two minutes from home and I was starting to sweat. I pulled off my ball cap, tied my hair back in a ponytail, then put the cap back on. It helped, but not that much.

What the fuck was with the heat? This is San Francisco. It's not supposed to get hot!

We were having a heatwave, though. And even wearing as little as I could bring myself to get away with the heat still beat at me from above and below. I was wearing short shorts and a gray tank top. I was beginning to regret the latter. It was more form-fitting than I had remembered. I only wore it under shirts most of the time, but like I said, it was hot today. I didn't want anything tight.

I was glumly concluding I should have worn something like a sundress, but it wasn't a long walk anyway. I sighed in relief as I climbed the stairs onto the porch of Kenzie's place and gave a rat-a-tat-tat knock.

Her father answered it, surprising me.

"Hey, Mr. Miller," I said.

"Emma," he said, backing up as I walked past.

Not before his eyes flicked down to my tits, though. That was a bit weird but every guy did it so oh well. His eyes were probably on my ass while I climbed the stairs too.

At least his place was blessedly cool. I went up the hall, gave another rat-a-tat-ta and opened Kenzie's door to find her ass looking at me as she bent over something in her closet.

I closed the door and went over but she straightened up quickly, giving me a look, like she knew I had been about to slap her ass.

"It's fucking hot out," I said.

"Duh," she said. "You don't look at your phone?"

I sprawled back on the bed.

"Seeing the number isn't the same as feeling it on your body. What's your dad doing home?"

"He has to take the car in for something. Don't worry, he'll be gone soon."

"Good. I didn't bring a suit."

"He won't mind," she said with a smirk.

I stuck my tongue out at her.

"What are you looking for?"

"I was trying to find a Fitbit I had."

"Why? You don't do anything, you lazy bitch."

She didn't, but she had a great metabolism and was as slim as me, though not as toned.

"I'm going to start jogging."

"Ha!"

"Not ha, for real."

"Ha! What's his name?"

She stuck her tongue out. "Brandon," she said.

"I knew it."

"He's a health nut."

"I don't date nuts myself."

"You ARE a nut."

I stuck my tongue out at her.

"So what's the new guy like aside from being a health nut?"

"Nice, horny, good looking."

"All guys are horny. You don't even have to add that."

"Well... yeah."

"Has he got a giant cock?" I asked with a smirk.

"It's big enough."

I snorted, because that wasn't a yes.

"Well, you're a shrimp so you don't need much."

She was six inches shorter than my five feet seven.

"Not everyone is in love with gigantic cocks. Some of us don't actually like pain, you know."

"I don't like pain. I'm just less sensitive than you little people."

"Well good, then you won't mind if I hit you a bunch of times with a croquet mallet."

"That doesn't actually sound like much fun."

She was dressed in a tiny, loose denim skirt and a bathing suit bikini top.

"C'mon," she said.

I grunted and got up off the bed and we went downstairs and through the dining room to the back yard. There as no porch, as such, but they had an overhanging roof anyway which kept the area under it in the shade. And there was room for several tables and chaise loungers.

Kenzie stopped in the kitchen and filled a couple of glasses with ice from the ice machine, then poured water into them before we headed outside. It wasn't terrible as long as we were in the shade, and the pool certainly looked good across from us.

There were pegs and hoops already set up in the grounds, and croquet mallets laying on one of the tables. I can take or leave croquet myself, but Kenzie liked it, and I liked her pool. My parents won't have one because of the 'environmental impact'. And also, well, it usually didn't get that hot here.

She had a couple of straw hats for us, and we played some croquette and sat at one of the tables in the shade drinking ice water and gossiping. She had a large back yard with high hedges and lots of privacy. That was probably because her dad was a perve who loved looking at girls in bikinis and didn't want the neighbor perverts to do the same to his daughter.

Her father showed up and told her he was taking the car in, and would then get a ride from the dealer to work. I was glad to see him gone because Kenzie and I liked to skinny-dip. We waited to be sure he was gone, then Kenzie went and adjusted the alarm. She could set it on just the front door, and set it so it would go off the instant anyone opened it. That would give us a chance to get dressed while whoever it was dealt with the alarm.

I peeled off my tank top and shoved my shorts down and off while she took off her skirt. As always, I felt a little tight-chested, a little excited, a little thrilled being naked out of doors, like I was doing something daring and risqué.

I glanced around at the hedges, then, reassured, took off my glasses, walked across the lawn to the interlock around the pool, then jumped in. The water was deliciously cool! I swam through it underwater, loving the feel of it caressing my bare skin. My nipples were hard, almost immediately, and I popped up out of the water with a gasp, pushing the hair back out of my face.

I had felt a splash behind me and turned to see Kenzie popping to the surface, wearing a bikini, I noted in surprise (and disappointment). It's not that I'm a dyke or anything. But I do like the look and feel of girls' bodies. Plus, being naked by myself while she was dressed made me feel a bit self-conscious.

"How come you're wearing your suit?" I asked.

"Not all of us are exhibitionists, you slutty blonde," she sniffed.

I stuck my tongue out at her.

"You never wear a suit unless your parents are around," I said.

"Maybe I'm getting morals."

"Ha! You? I don't think so!"

She climbed out of the pool and sat on the edge wringing the water out of her shoulder-length brown hair while I did the backstroke.

She and I had come very close to having actual sex a couple of times, and I was hoping to push that further, maybe even today. Since I had to be so careful with the guys, given what big mouths they were, I was thinking I could play around more

with someone like Kenzie, who was kind of casual about sex. I also knew she'd had sex with girls before.

Then her cell phone rang. She gasped and jumped up, running back to the table. She quickly wiped her hands off and then checked the phone.

"Be back in a sec!" she called before going inside.

I climbed out of the pool, walked around to the diving board, and then dove in, curving underwater and back up, feeling free and sexy and sexual. I came up again and started to climb out of the water and then froze for a long second as I realized Kenzie wasn't alone!

I recognized the girl with her, though I didn't really know her. Her name was Teagan. And I knew she was a lesbian! I sank back down into the water, feeling a flush come to my face and cursing Kenzie. She had known Teagan was coming and had set me up! Oh, I was so going to get her!

I was hanging onto the edge of the pool, my breasts pressed against the side as Teagan slipped off her clothes. Underneath she was wearing a green bikini. She was a bit taller than me, slender, with short hair dyed blood red.

"You know Teagan, don't you, Emma?" Kenzie asked sweetly.

"Uh, a little," I said, trying to appear as nonchalant as possible.

Okay, so she was queer. So what? She had was a girl and had a girl's body so it wasn't the same as if a guy was there. Still, a part of me squirmed as if it WAS.

And I had to be careful not to seem as, like, homophobic or anything. I mean, this IS San Francisco, after all. That's not the kind of accusation you want to get attached to you even if you are going off to college soon.

Kenzie led Teagan over to the pool, where they stood looking down at me.

"Teagan is on the volleyball team at school."

"Was," Teagan said in a slightly furry voice.

"Well, yes. Alas, high school is behind us," Kenzie said, jumping into the pool.

Teagan jumped in too. They splashed around and splashed me and I splashed them, but I was very aware I was naked and they weren't. I glared at Kenzie whenever she was looking and Teagan wasn't and she smirked.

Little bitch!

And I wasn't at all sure what else she might have planned! Was this it or was she planning her and Teagan... and me... nah, that was just my perverted fantasy at work. I mean, yes, me and Kenzie had messed around a few times, but it hadn't gotten that far.

Still...

They climbed out of the pool and toweled off. I knew I had to climb out too. I mean, the longer I stayed behind the more obvious it would become that I was

uncomfortable. That would make Kenzie more and more amused, and either amuse or insult Teagan.

I braced myself, and then climbed out of the pool too. I couldn't do anything to hide myself without looking like a goof, so I didn't even try. I did the same as they had, which was to reach back and wring my hair out as I walked across to them.

My breasts felt swollen and my nipples super hard. I could feel the skin over my breasts pulling in tautly against them as I reached back behind me, and both of them were looking at me!

"You have great breasts," Teagan said admiringly.

I flushed.,

"Uh, thanks. Kenzie and I usually skinny-dip," I said, frowning at her. "So I didn't bring a suit. She didn't tell me you were coming."

"Oh I don't mind," she said.

"Me neither," Kenzie said brightly.

I frowned at her again.

I looked for my towel, but there'd only been two, and Teagan was using mine.

"Hey, let's play croquet!" Kenzie said.

"Uh, I think..."

"Would you like to learn?" she asked Teagan.

"Sure."

"I'll just - ."

"No, you have to help! Teagan doesn't know a thing!"

"But - ."

She gripped my wrist and pulled me after her as she led me and Teagan out under the sun again, over to the grass where the hoops and pegs were driven into the ground.

Naturally I was even more self-conscious being the one naked girl now. I kept nervously flicking my eyes towards Teagan to see if she was staring at me even as I tried to figure out what to do. I could go indoors and get my underwear at least, but wouldn't that seem homophobic or something?

I wished I knew what, if anything, Kenzie was up to!

We played a little croquet, as weird as that felt doing it naked around them.

"Do you see how smooth Emma's pussy is?" Kenzie asked casually. "She had laser hair removal."

I flushed and glowered at her as she and Teagan both looked at my pussy. I felt like covering it with my hand or something.

"I guess you have to sit in a chair sort of like at a gynecologist for that, huh?" Teagan asked.

"Kind of," I gulped.

“That might be a good job for you,” Kenzie told her. “You like looking at pussies.”

“Ha, ha,” Teagan snorted.

But then she turned and looked at mine and then raised her eyes to mine in amusement.

I blushed again.

I wasn't sure where if anywhere this was going, but not only was it embarrassing it was turning me on. Being the one naked girl, being around a lesbian I didn't know that well, being outside naked; all that was making me feel weird.

“Of course, if you keep walking around in the sunshine like that it's going to get burned,” she continued. “You are a blonde, after all.”

“You're right. She burns easily,” Kenzie said.

“Yeah, I should put some sunscreen on,” I said, blushing further, but relieved for the excuse to turn away from the game.

Kenzie had dashed over to the patio, though, and now came back with a squeeze bottle of sunscreen.

“I'll just go inside and – .”

“Don't be silly,” Kenzie said.

She squeezed the bottle and a thin stream of clear liquid squirted out and shot across onto my upper chest and breasts!

“Kenzie!”

“Emma!”

I put my hands over my breasts and felt the liquid, and then, blushing, began to spread it as casually as I could.

“We can help,” Kenzie said.

She squirted some onto my back and I felt her hand sliding over my shoulder and then across my upper back. Then she squirted some over my shoulder so more oozed down my chest – way more than I needed!

Teagan reached out and began to spread the sunscreen down my shoulder and arm while my heart beat faster and my pulse began to race.

They were just fucking with me, I thought somewhat wildly.

The problem was I didn't know what I wanted. I didn't know if I wanted them to be fucking with me as opposed to interested in actual fucking! But my chest was getting tighter and tighter at the possibility of the latter!

Kenzie's hands were now spreading the oil over my buttocks and Teagan grinned at me as she spread it down my chest to where I was kind of cupping my breasts to hide them.

“Don't be shy,” she cooed.

Were they just fooling around or not!?

I squeaked as her hand dropped past my breasts to spread the oil down my lower abdomen and onto my pussy!

I twisted away from her hands caressed my shoulders and moved down my back. Kenzie grinned at me and ran her hands over my arms, which were crossed over my breasts, then down my belly.

"Is the blonde girl getting shy?" she cooed.

"What are you guys... doing!?" I gasped.

I was trying to sort of pull away from them without doing it hard enough to succeed!

"She's confused," Teagan said. "She thinks we're guys."

"Blondes aren't very smart," Kenzie said.

Teagan slid her hands up into my hair and gathered it in her fist, then pulled back.

I gasped and then she leaned in from behind to kiss me on the lips! I felt Kenzie's hand between my legs, then, slippery with oil, cupping and rubbing my pussy! I reach back to grab at Teagan's hand, which was holding my hair, and then felt Kenzie's mouth against the center of my breast!

It felt insanely good!

I could feel Teagan's bare breasts against my back now, too, as well as Kenzie's hand rubbing against my pussy! Then Teagan pulled back harder on my hair and I stumbled backward. The two of them pulled me down onto the lawn and Teagan quickly straddled my chest and grabbed my wrists, pinning them down.

She loomed over me, leering down at me. But I still couldn't tell for sure if they were just fooling around!

"L-Let me up!" I gulped.

Kenzie, giggling, was at my head. Teagan pulled my hands together above me and I felt something hard against them. Then I felt something being wrapped around them! I twisted my head up and back, trying to see, and saw that Kenzie was tying my wrists to one of the croquet pegs with what looked like leather boot laces

"What... what are you... guys... doing?!" I exclaimed, trying to twist free.

"She still thinks we're guys," Kenzie said.

"We'll have to demonstrate the difference," Teagan replied.

My legs were kicking and flopping as I tried to twist and throw Teagan off. I wasn't sure what they intended but I knew that I wanted to be able to pretend I didn't want it!

Then Kenzie scrambled around and grabbed my right ankle and pulled it out to the side. She shoved another peg into the ground and tied my ankle down, then

scurried over and forced my other ankle way wide, really spreading my legs far apart, before tying that down too!

While she was doing that Teagan had stretched out and grabbed the fallen bottle of sunscreen. Now she squirted a thick stream down onto my chest.

“We don't want our pretty little blonde girl to get sunburned,” she cooed.

“K-Kenzie!” I gulped.

Teagan's hands moved gently over my breasts, spreading the oil, her hands more or less flat, slowly spreading the slippery sunscreen over my chest and breasts and ribs. Kenzie spread it up and down my legs, much more quickly, until she got to my inner thighs. There she took her time, her hands caressing my thighs and pussy, then my stomach.

“Such soft skin,” Teagan said admiringly.

Her fingers began to knead my breasts now, to roll and squeeze my nipples.

“Wh-what are you guys gonna do?” I gulped.

“Why, whatever we want to, of course,” Teagan said.

I felt Kenzie gently spreading the lips of my sex, then felt her fingers sliding into me even as she began to rub my clitoris!

My heart was beating a mile a minute as I strained against the boot laces, my mind still filled with uncertainty about their intentions and how to react! But my body was already thrumming with a powerful sexual tension!

Teagan slid herself down so she was over my stomach, then leaned in and began to kiss me. I made a show of resisting but she gripped my hair and jerked it back to hold me in place, then kissed me passionately!

I moaned helplessly into her mouth, my mind swirling wildly, flooded with sensation and excitement and dark, thrilling arousal, but also embarrassment, anxiety and uncertainty.

Teagan was a very good kisser! That realization made me gulp anxiously, hoping I could match her. I didn't want to seem like some... pathetic virgin, after all!

Kenzie's fingers were pumping smoothly inside me, aided by the slick sunscreen. They were moving in and out, pressing upward even as her other fingers pressed down, rubbing my clitoris.

Nothing I could do touching myself down there matched the sensations which came from someone else touching me. And so far that had been boys. Who, frankly, didn't seem to know how to touch me properly. Kenzie, however, had the same equipment. She knew just how to touch me!

Which meant I was feeling a more delicious sensation from her rubbing my clitoris with her slippery fingers than I had ever felt down there before!

Meanwhile Teagan was rubbing her slippery breasts against mine! And that too was a wild rush! The sensation was so hot and wild and exciting I could barely

stop from arching my back!

“We're going to make you our sex slave, Blondie,” Teagan teased.

“Yes, we're going to make you scream with orgasms so you beg for more,” I heard Kenzie say

Teagan leaned in further, her lips brushing mine.

“In other words, we're going to fuck your blonde brains out, pretty girl,” she said in a low, sultry voice.

Then she kissed me again, her lips melting against mine, her breasts pillowed out and rubbing against me, her tongue dipping into my mouth as she pulled at my hair to keep me from moving!

This was all so incredibly wild and intense! I'd wanted to explore girls but had never imagined anything this kinky! My legs were so far apart the tendons in my thighs ached, and I felt... obscenely displayed before Kenzie!

Her fingers, meanwhile, were pumping steadily, kind of rubbing upward against the front wall of my sex as her other fingers stroked and rubbed my clit. The slippery oil made the sensations that much more erotic and intense, and my entire body was pulsing with so much sexual pressure that if I wasn't tied down I would have trembled!

And then... and then... there was just nothing I could do but climax! I felt the wild, throbbing heat in my pussy overload, surging up into this awesome wave of pressure and pleasure that spread through my body and made my muscles spasm!

My back arched and my hips ground wildly up against Kenzie's fingers as I cried out in dazed pleasure – into Teagan's mouth! The orgasm went on and on, with Kenzie's talented fingers working furiously at my clitoris while Teagan ground her breasts into mine!

“Come for us, blonde girl,” she panted. “Come for your mistresses, little sex slave!”

The orgasm seemed to make my whole body electric, and it spasmed and jerked as the orgasm tore through it for long, long seconds. Then I collapsed, gasping, moaning, as Teagan snickered down at me.

“Hot little blonde sex slave,” she teased.

Chapter Three

Teagan slid her body off to the side, but still held my hair, moving her lips down onto my breasts to suck and lick at my nipples. I gasped and moaned and whimpered as her mouth closed over the center of each breast and her teeth dug into the soft flesh! She bit down, my breasts aching, on the edge of pain. But then she'd suck rhythmically, her tongue sweeping over my rigid nipple, and a wave of pleasure would rise up!

But even more than that Kenzie was now licking at my pussy!

I was shocked at that because somehow or other it made things seem more... more serious, more real! Plus, she was good! She was very, very good! Her fingers were still inside me, still pumping, while her tongue was licking and caressing my clitoris! Her lips also closed around it, sucking and massaging it as I writhed and twisted and pulled against the leather bootlaces!

Teagan shifted from one breast to the other, massaging and stroking one while she sucked and licked and bit on the other. Soon both my breasts were swollen and throbbing and hot with pleasure!

My hips were jerking up against Kenzie's fingers and tongue, though, the raw, animal heat spreading through me in waves, the hunger sweeping away more and more of my cares and inhibitions! When Teagan jerked back on my hair and brought her head up to just above mine I could only shudder and moan.

"You're going to be our little bitch," she said, her fingers rolling and stroking one of my nipples. "Aren't you, blonde girl."

I gasped as she pinched my nipple.

"Say yes," she demanded. "Say I'm your bitch."

I gasped and moaned as she twisted my nipple.

"Say it."

"I-I... I'm... I'm your bitch!" I gasped.

I gasped in pain as she jerked more sharply at my hair, forcing my head back.

"Say I'm your bitch, Mistress Teagan," she purred.

Oh wow! This was sick! And wild! And hot! But I wanted to resist because I didn't want to seem weak or anything! On the other hand, that hurt! And her other hand was pinching my nipple so that it burned.

"Say it," she ordered.

"I-I'm your... bitch, Mistress Teagan!" I gasped.

She smirked and then kissed me again, the fingers on my nipple stroking and rolling it now instead of pinching it. Her own soft breasts were rubbing against me

as she slid around, and then what Kenzie was going with my clitoris and pussy became too much.

This was all just way too much!

I came again, crying out, my back arching, my hips bucking against her mouth as another orgasm swept over me!

I'd never had two orgasms in a row before! I mean, not within hours of each other!

I twisted and thrashed weakly, overwhelmed by the wave of pleasure and heat flooding through me!

The orgasm lasted a long time, and left me dazed. I saw them shift around, and then Kenzie was lying against me, kissing me, running her fingers over my chest, rubbing her breasts against me. I felt someone else – Teagan, obviously – between my legs.

Her fingers were longer than Kenzie, and I moaned as they slid into me, pumping in and out.

Kenzie jerked on my hair and kissed me, then pulled back.

“Tell me you're my sex slave,” she said with a grin.

I moaned and then gasped as she pinched my nipple.

“Say it.”

“No!” I gasped.

She pinched harder, and I gasped in pain.

“Kenzie!”

“Say I'm your sex slave, Mistress Kenzie,” she taunted.

The heat was churning and swirling within me as Teagan slid what felt like three long fingers inside me, pumping and twisting them! She was sucking rhythmically on my clitoris, but now she pulled her fingers out of me and thrust her tongue an astonishing length inside me!

Her fingers rubbed my clit as she pumped her long tongue in and out of me, squirming and twisting around inside the mouth of my sex!

“Say you're my bitch,” Kenzie ordered, twisting my nipple.

“I-I'm your bitch!” I gasped.

“Say I'm your bitch, Mistress Kenzie.”

“I'm your bitch, Mistress Kenzie!” I moaned.

I resolved to punish her for this once I was free! But for now my nipple was on fire!

“Now tell me you're my sex slave.”

This was stupid, but it glittered with a dark, breathless sense of deliciously kinky hunger!

“I'm your sex slave, Mistress Kenzie!”

She sucked and licked and chewed at my nipples as Teagan licked my pussy and sucked on my clitoris, and soon my hips were bucking up again as another orgasm, the third, tore through me in under ten minutes! I was astonished, and the intensity of it stunned me!

It was like being plugged into a socket and feeling a crackling wave of sexual electricity take control of my body! The pleasure was so wonderful I just wallowed in it, half shutting down my mind as I trembled and shook!

“Go and get the device,” Teagan said sternly.

I moaned dazedly as Teagan slid up along my body, laying atop me, kissing me lightly.

“Now we're going to torture you until you scream, little blonde slave girl,” she said.

Kenzie had disappeared, but now ran back, giggling. Teagan slid off me and looked down at what she was doing, and I raised my head, panting for breath, and saw her holding what had to be a dildo – no a vibrator! It was purple, thick, with sort of round dimples all over it. It also had a branch near the bottom which arced out and up.

“W-wait!” I gasped, instinctively trying to close my legs.

“Oh I don't think so,” Teagan said. “We want to hear you scream.”

I felt the pressure of the thing as it twisted and turned and pushed slowly into the mouth of my pussy. It was thick, but made of some kind of soft material. And my pussy, of course, was slick with not only my own juices but the sunscreen the two had half drowned me in! I presumed the sunscreen was edible given the way they were licking and sucking my oiled body!

“We're going to fuck your brains out, Blondie,” she taunted, fondling my breast.

Kenzie worked the vibrator into me, one inch at a time, pumping slowly, turning and twisting it while Teagan rubbed my clitoris with her long fingers.

“Slave girl,” she taunted, kissing me.

I moaned into her mouth, the heat pouring over me as the thick sex toy pushed deeper and deeper. I gasped and moaned in helpless pleasure, and when she pulled her lips off to look down I raised my head again, staring.

“I-It's too big!” I moaned.

Half of it was inside me but it was already pretty deep!

“Ha! Not for a blonde,” Teagan said. “You bitches are all sex maniacs and can take any size of cock!”

The one Kenzie was using, though, was longer than the cucumber had been! At least it looked longer! I moaned and writhed as she pumped it in and out,

fucking me with it, leaning in to lick at me while Teagan sucked and chewed and licked at my breasts.

Then the head felt as it was jammed against the very back wall of my pussy. Kenzie pumped in and out, punching it against me as I winced and gasped and moaned!

“It... it's too looong!” I moaned.

“Shove it all into her,” Teagan said.

“It doesn't seem to want to go,” Kenzie said.

Teagan snorted and sat up, moving around to join her.

“You're too gentle on this blonde slut,” she said, taking the thing into her own hand. “You have to use her like the filthy little animal she is.”

I cried out as she shoved hard, sliding it deeper! Unbelievably deep! And then the little branch thing was against my clitoris and Teagan turned it on, rubbing and grinding it gently as the vibrator purred and buzzed against my already swollen clitoris!

Fire raced through my nervous system and spread out throughout my body!

Kenzie crawled forward, giggling, and removed her bikini bottom, then straddled my head and sank herself down, her thighs framing my head as she lowered her pussy against my mouth.

“Now lick your mistress, little slave girl,” she taunted.

She had my hair in both hands, and began to rub her pussy back and forth over my mouth.

Even in the midst of the wild rush of energy Teagan was producing with the vibrator I felt a sense of confusion that it tasted like strawberry.

She pulled my face up against her, jamming her pussy right up against my mouth as my hips began to jerk up more and more violently, the muscles spasming as a wild rush of energy tore through my body. Then another orgasm hit me!

It was just as powerful as the last but seemed to spread out more, so that my whole body felt as though it were flaring with a wild burst of power! It went on and on and on as I twisted and writhed and pulled against the boot laces, my mind totally lost in the storm of sexual pleasure and power!

Oh my God it was incredible!

“She has very long orgasms,” I heard Kenzie say.

“Blondes are sluts,” Teagan replied.

I heard them but I didn't process the words just then. They didn't matter. Nothing mattered, including Kenzie grinding her pussy against my face.

I started out gasping in pleasure, then crying out in pleasure, thrashing and bucking and arching my back! And as my cries grew louder Kenzie shoved her pussy right down against my mouth as if to muffle the sound, which let me let loose all

restraints, crying out in wild, animal heat as the orgasm threatened to consume me!

Finally, the orgasm faded and left me capable of rational thought once more. And then I was like totally drained and just wanted to lay there moaning.

Kenzie had other thoughts.

“Lick your mistress, slave girl,” she ordered, jerking on my hair.

I moaned weakly, and she jerked harder, so that my scalp ached.

“Oww!” I moaned.

“Obey your mistress, slut,” she taunted.

“That hurts!”

She jerked again.

“Lick your mistress, you sex slave.”

I didn't particularly want to lick a girl's pussy! On the other hand, since she'd been rubbing it all over my face and mouth for some time now it was hard to feel grossed out by licking it. And besides, I sort of owed them given they'd both licked me.

I started licking, curious about this, since it was the first time I'd ever done it, trying to lick her in the way she and Teagan had licked me, though given my wrists were tied that made it harder.

Teagan was licking me again now, though still pumping the vibrator slowly in and out, and I tried to kind of imitate what she was doing. I felt her hands sliding up and down my slick, body though, kneading my breasts as she licked. My own wrists kind of jerked instinctively against the peg, but couldn't move.

I felt a strange sense of dawning amazement at finding myself licking a girl's pussy. This still all felt like... play sex, though, not serious sex. Not like it would be with a guy, or maybe say, an older woman I might meet somewhere. But it was hot, wicked, thrilling play-sex!

And Teagan's mouth between my legs was making my body bubble again with a spreading sense of pleasure and excitement. How many orgasms could you have at one time, I wondered dazedly.

I licked Kenzie as best I could, sucking her clitoris and becoming less inhibited as I got used to what I was doing. And it seemed to be having an effect, because her breathing was becoming more rapid and shallow and there was passion in her voice as she urged me on.

“That's it, little sex slave!” she groaned. “Make your mistress happy! Lick her pussy for her!”

Kenzie started kind of grinding and bouncing on my face, and sometimes it was all I could do to just stick my tongue out as she jammed her pussy against my

mouth and rubbed furiously. Then she groaned and slid off me, leaving my face as wet and slick as the rest of my body.

I licked my lips and wondered what the hell I was even tasting. Was it good for you to lick sunscreen? It had to be edible! After all, both of them had done it.

Kenzie took control of the vibrator, which wasn't vibrating, pumping it slowly in and out of me. While Teagan got up and went indoors.

"What are you guys doing to me!?" I moaned.

"Turning you into our blonde sex toy," Kenzie said happily.

"Dyke!" I moaned.

"Ha! Watch out Teagan doesn't spank you, little sex slave!"

"Untie me," I groaned.

"No way."

"I'm all hot and sweaty," I complained.

"That's okay. We don't mind."

Teagan returned, then, carrying a bunch of stuff in her hands, which she dumped on the ground between my legs. Then she lay down on her side next to me, propped up on her elbow.

"So, little sex slave," she purred. "Are you ready to serve your mistresses?"

"I'm not a sex slave," I gulped.

"Ah, but you are. I claim you as my slave girl."

Saying I wasn't gay didn't seem to make much sense at this point, even if I wasn't.

She sat up, then reached into a cup and took out an ice cube.

She grinned at me and then lowered her hand so the ice rubbed lightly around my right nipple.

"Oh! Oh! Don't!" I gasped, straining against the laces.

"You don't give orders, slave girl," she sniffed.

"That's coold!" I moaned.

She circled my nipple in ever-widening circles, then slid the cube down along the side of my ribs, making me arch my back and twist violently.

"You'll have to be a good girl if you want us to stop torturing you," she said.

She brought the cube back up across my lower chest, then onto my left breast, letting the icy cold circle inward until it was rubbing steadily at my nipple and freezing it!

I twisted and arched and bucked to no avail as she taunted me.

"If you want me to stop, you have to ask nicely," she said.

"Please stop!" I gasped.

"No, no, that's not the way."

She slid the cube down my body, circling my abdomen as I continued to squeal and twist.

“You have to say please mistress,” she said.

“Please, Mistress!” I cried.

“Make that please Mistress Teagan.”

“Please, Mistress Teagan!” I gasped.

“Are you my little sex slave?” she demanded, rubbing the cube against my nipples.

“Y-Yes, Mistress Teagan!” I gasped.

“Say it then.”

“I'm your sex slave, Mistress Teagan!”

She and Kenzie then bent forward and took the center of my breasts into their warm mouths, sucking and licking at my frozen nipples. It felt... incredible! I felt such a wave of relief and warmth and pleasure as my nipples throbbed powerfully!

“Are you going to obey your mistress, Slut?” she demanded.

“Y-Yes, Mistress!” I panted.

She leaned over me, lowering her breast against my mouth.

“Suck your mistress's nipple, slavegirl,” she ordered.

Moaning, I obeyed, sucking on her nipple and the surrounding flesh.

“Now mine, slut,” Kenzie ordered as Teagan sat back.

I thought about biting it, but not while I was tied up. I sucked on her nipple and breast too as Teagan ran her hand over my slick body.

“Tell me you're my slut,” she ordered.

I said nothing, and she pinched my nipple so that I yelped and strained against the laces.

“I'm your slut, Mistress Kenzie!” I cried finally.

Teagan untied my ankles, but then she and Kenzie simply rolled me over. The vibrator was still stuffed deep inside me, throbbing. Now one of them turned it on and I gasped as the little branch thing pressed hard against my clitoris.

“Raise your ass in the air, little slut,” Teagan said, slapping my bottom. “High in the air.”

I moaned, pulling in my knee as they pulled at my hips, bending my legs, raising my hips high. I felt a flush of self-consciousness, my mind squirming at, in effect, bending over so sharply in front of them both!

“Hot little slut,” Teagan said, slapping my bottom.

“Nasty little sex slave,” Kenzie said, slapping me as well.

They pushed me forward a little, wanting my belly pushed back against my thighs, then pulled my knees apart. They pounded the pegs into the ground again, then tied the boot laces around my legs just below the knees to hold them in place.

'Now this is the proper position for a sex slave,' Teagan said, sliding her hands over my bottom.

'She's all ready for some big bull to come and mount her,' Kenzie said.

I bet that's what she wants, too,' Teagan said. 'Blondes love big cocks.'

'Do you love big cocks, Emma?' Kenzie asked.

I just moaned weakly.

Crack! Crack!

Someone slapped my bottom sharply.

'Do you?'

'Ow! Don't!'

Crack! Crack! Crack!

'Ow! Quit it!'

Crack!

'Say it, slut.'

Crack!

'I.. I love big cocks,' I finally gasped.

I gasped as I felt something rubbing against my wrinkled back opening. A finger or thumb! Then it pushed into me!

'Oh! Don't!'

Crack!

'Slaves don't get to tell their mistresses what to do,' Teagan said.

Crack!

'They only get to obey!'

'Oh! You guuuuys!' I moaned.

Crack!

'She thinks we're guys again,' Teagan said.' *Crack!* 'Because she wants us to fuck her with a big cock.'

Crack!

'Ow!'

'Don't you, slut? You want a big cock inside you, don't you?'

Crack!

Her finger, or thumb, was kind of pumping in and out of my ass even while the vibrator was buzzing away at my pussy. My body was starting to heat up again as wildly as it had before! I felt as if I was caught in a tight powerful wave of heat, my mind sweltering as my body trembled and throbbed.

It felt so... obscenely outrageous to be positioned like this with them behind me! I was so naked! With them looking right at me from behind! It made me feel very degraded, for want of a better term. But that didn't detract from the heat I was feeling. Instead it just gave it a darker tone.

I mean, I was tied up, helplessly! In a way it was like my fantasies about being taken prisoner by Conan! Except it was girls, of course. But I felt just as much their bitch as I would have been Conan's!

And then I felt something thicker than a thumb pushing into my ass, twisting and turning, slippery but firm, round and thick. It slid in and back, in and back, in further and back, as if it was another dildo! I moaned and tried to look behind but there wasn't much I could see.

“Beg me to fuck you, whore,” Teagan ordered, slapping my bottom.

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

“Beg me to fuck your ass, slut!”

This was so deliciously nasty!

“Please fuck my ass, Mistress Teagan!” I moaned.

I gasped, my hips jerking as the dildo slid deeper. I was not really experienced at anal sex, but in this case, it seemed... appropriate.

I was feeling really strange about this. See, when I have sex with guys it's always important to me to like, show my expertise, and to keep my dignity, and to seem both romantic and sexy. And that meant that the two of us were like partners, equals.

This was nothing remotely like that. And yet some dark part of my mind was wallowing in being their bitch, in being their helpless prisoner, and having them treat me like their... sex slave! There was something breathlessly hot and wicked and thrilling about that idea! So being degraded just played into that and made it even hotter!

“What a whore you are!”

Crack!

“Tell me you love cock, slut!”

Crack!

“Oh! I love cock, Mistress Teagan!” I gasped.

Crack!

“Beg me to fuck your ass!”

Eeww, this was wild and sick!

“Please fuck my ass, Mistress Teagan!” I gasped.

I was going to come! The vibrator and all this weird shit, plus the dildo she was pushing into my ass, was going to make me come again!

I felt as if I was burning up!

Someone's hands slid up and down my slippery buttocks, then down my back. I gasped in pain as they gathered in my hair and jerked it back.

“Nasty little slut!” Teagan growled.

Crack!

I gasped as the dildo pumped deeper.

“Slave!”

Crack!

“Sex slave!”

Crack!

The dildo was pumping harder and deeper and I was gulping in air, trying to breathe, my scalp aching as she pulled on my hair. Then I realized that she had a hand in my hair and was slapping my bottom so how was she holding the dildo?

I thought it might be Kenzie, but then Kenzie crawled around in front of me. She had duct tape in her hand, of all things. She tore off a strip and then taped it over my mouth! Teagan still had a hand in my hair and slapped my bottom as the dildo pumped in and out, so then I knew she must be wearing it somehow!

And sure enough, as the dildo pushed even deeper, I felt her naked flesh pressed against my buttocks! The thought she was fucking me like a man, with a dildo that was likely strapped to her hips, filled me with a sense of dark, scalding heat!

Then someone – Kenzie, began grinding the vibrator against me again, and I came, crying out, crying out louder and louder, screaming as my mind boiled in the liquid heat flooding through my body!

“That's it!” *Crack!* “Come for your mistress, slut!” *Crack!* “Come while your mistress fucks your ass!”

Crack!

I was absolutely intoxicated by the heat and pleasure, my mind rolling and rolling as the pleasure screamed inside me! I trembled and shook, overwhelmed and overpowered, turned into a mindless animal reacting only to instincts!

Teagan's hips slapped against my upraised buttocks again and again as she fucked my ass with her strap-on, and the vibrator ground against my clitoris even as the tip of it twisted around deep inside me!

I was going insane and didn't care!

Chapter Four

I felt as if my bones had melted.

I just knelt there, eyes glassy, moaning low in my throat, sucking in air through my nose, my hair a tangled mess around my face and head.

The dildo and vibrator were still jammed deep inside me, though at least the vibrator was turned off. Teagan and Kenzie went and jumped into the pool to cool down.

I groaned, my chin on the grass, arms stretched out before me. My wrists ached from pulling at the leather laces.

The girls came back from the pool, naked and dripping wet, and picked up towels to dry off.

“Why, look at this little blonde slut,” Teagan said. “She looks like she wants to be fucked some more.”

“Well, she is a blonde,” Kenzie said. “You know what *they're* like.”

“No wonder she's a sex slave,” Teagan said.

“They never get enough sex!” Kenzie said. “Too bad you don't have a big dog.”

They moved behind me and settled down. Then I felt the vibrator spring to life.

I moaned helplessly. I was exhausted, my muscles aching from all the muscle spasms. I did not really want more sex.

On the other hand, this obscene, perverted, wildly kinky little sex game they'd sprang on me was beyond hot. Nothing I'd ever done sexually even began to match this for the wild rush it brought me.

The vibrator came completely out of my pussy, and fingers pushed into me instead, one, two, three, I guessed, rubbing and twisting. The vibrator, meanwhile, rubbed against my clitoris

“The good thing about having a sex slave is you can do anything you want to her,” Teagan said.

“Anything?” Kenzie said.

“Anything at all. You can beat them, torture them, let your friends use their bodies.”

“Hey, maybe I should invite Jimmy Simmons over to fuck her. I bet he'd love the sight of her like this.”

“Maybe invite the whole football team,” Teagan said. “They could form a line and just mount her one after another after another, filling her with their big cocks and pouring their semen into her!”

“Oooh, that sounds exciting. We could sit and watch, maybe invite some of our friends over to watch too!”

I moaned weakly, the things they were saying outrageous and shocking, except I didn't think they meant them. They just meant to get a reaction out of me. It was working, though. Because as they talked about doing it I couldn't help imagining it!

Imagine a line of guys coming to kneel behind me and fuck me! With me tied up and helpless and naked in this obscene position!

Imagine a line of lawn chairs off to the side as a bunch of girls I knew watched, chatting and sneering at me as they sipped their drinks and watched me being gang-banged!

Imagine how I'd feel, how low and helpless and ... and... like a sex slave!

I gasped and moaned at the fingers wiggling inside me. They were thick now, stretching me out even though the vibrator was pretty thick and had turned my insides into oozing heat.

How many fingers did she have inside me!? It felt like more than three!

I gasped and groaned as they plunged deep, twisting and turning, pulling back, then plunging deep again! Then someone started pumping the dildo in my ass too! I felt so incredibly full!

“Emma is our little whore!”

“She's our Sex slave!”

“Emma is such a slut!”

“She's our blonde bitch girl!”

I shuddered and moaned, my pussy stretched wide, then wider, as the vibrator ground against my clitoris and the dildo jammed itself deep into my ass!

“Look at her ass jerking and humping,” Teagan laughed. “This bitch loves big hard cocks inside her.”

“Or big hard anythings.”

“Or big hard fists!”

Teagan leaned in along my side.

“Kenzie is gonna fist you, slut! What do you think of that?”

Fist? Fist! She didn't mean... she couldn't mean...!

I moaned as I recognized the feel, now, of Kenzie's fingers against me, stretching and straining my opening. She'd already had four inside me, I was sure. So the only reason I could be aching so much was she was trying to fit all of them inside me! Her whole hand!

I trembled and shook and pulled feebly against the boot laces, even as the vibrator ground against my clitoris and Kenzie's hand twisted and rotated, and then pushed slowly, remorselessly forward! I felt myself stretching wide, and then felt

the pressure beginning to ease, even though her fingers were pushing forward, not back!

Her fingers pushed deeper and deeper! And the strain against my opening eased further as her whole hand moved into me and the mouth of my sex closed around her slender wrist! I felt utterly astonished, awed, and partly horrified. But that was overshadowed by the dark sense of wonder!

Her whole hand!?

I felt her fingers wriggling around inside my abdomen! Then they slid slowly forward, deeper into my body! They twisted and rotated from side to side, and I trembled and shook, anxiety and fear mixing with a spiraling sense of incredible heat.

I came again, crying out again and again as she pumped her hand slowly inside me! My hips bucked violently, jerking and shaking and jamming myself back against her! The orgasm almost knocked me unconscious, and left me dazed and limp as her hand continued to move inside me.

She slowly gathered her fingers into her palm to form a fist, then pushed deeper. I moaned as the mouth of my sex stretched wider now, as her wrist moved into me and her forearm followed! Her fist began to move in and out, in and out, in and out as the vibrator ground against my clitoris.

It seemed absolutely incredible to me that she had her entire fucking hand inside my body! My mind didn't know whether to find that scary or insanely hot! But the hard pressure stretching me out around her fist and wrist as it moved in and out soon began to fill my mind with intoxicating heat.

Then the dildo began to fuck my ass again.

I felt a small orgasm shake me, then another, then another. It was like a roller coaster ride where you rode up and down, again and again, only going to higher and higher points on the track. I was screaming before long, the orgasm endless, flaying my mind as Kenzie pumped her fist inside me.

*

My pussy was sore. I ached. It didn't feel like anything was damaged, though. Not that I could check. I had my wrists crossed and tied behind my back as I knelt on the ground next to them.

Kenzie and Teagan were sitting at one of the tables drinking ice-water. They also had some grapes, which they were feeding to me, one at a time.

I liked grapes, but it felt weird to be taking them from their fingers.

I was too drained to fight, though.

I had complained, along the lines of "You guys!" a few times, but gotten slapped on the bottom or had my nipples pinched. I had to call them 'Mistress Kenzie' and 'Mistress Teagan' or else!

I still, though, despite all those monster orgasms, felt this dark thrumming sense of sexual pressure and arousal. I mean, I was naked and had my hands tied behind my back outside! How could I not feel a dark thrill!?

Especially with them continuing their game of pretending I was their sex slave!?

And licking food of their hands wasn't something that was designed to detract from that dark, nasty game either. Especially since they had both gotten dressed, leaving me naked on my knees.

They were talking about college. Teagan was going to Browns. Kenzie was going to UCLA.

"Of course, you won't be going to college, Slavegirl," Teagan said, turning to me.

"No, of course not," Kenzie sniffed. "She'll learn how to strip and dance and we'll prostitute her body to make money."

"We can make a lot from her," Teagan said. "But it would be an effort. Why don't we just sell her?"

"There's an idea. I bet there are lots of rich men who would buy a blonde sex slave," Kenzie said.

"She'll need to be better trained first, of course," Teagan said.

"And she'll have to get lots of practice on men."

"Oh I'm sure that won't be a problem. We can find lots of men to fuck her."

Not that the idea wasn't kinky and hot, but I was starting to feel a little indignant too. I mean, I wasn't the obedient slave girl type. No matter how hot it was to think I was.

"I'm going to Texas A&M," I said.

"Did the slave speak without being spoken to?" Teagan asked.

"Yes, I think she did," said Kenzie.

"You two are perverts," I said.

"Now the slave is insulting us!"

"We should punish her."

They leaned over and whispered together, and then got up. Teagan gripped my hair and I yelped, stumbling to my feet.

"You guys!" I exclaimed.

"She keeps saying that."

They led me across the lawn towards the shed. The shed was where Kenzie's father kept his riding mower and various other tools, bags of lawn fertilizer and stuff. They pushed the riding mower out and brought me in, then made me kneel on the floor.

I wasn't sitting on my heels as I had been before, but kneeling upright, and I watched as Kenzie tied those bootlaces (a pair of which were around my wrists now) around my legs just below the knees, then tied them to rings in the floor.

Teagan pulled on my bound wrists, which forced them up and forced me to bend over. Then she tied a rope around the laces binding my wrists, and fed it up overhead to a hook set in the low ceiling. Finally, Kenzie put duct tape over my mouth.

They snickered and then stepped out of the shed, closing the door.

As I mentioned, it was quite hot outside. The shed was made of steel. It was already hot when we came in. It got much hotter very quickly. It didn't take long before I was sweating. Then before I was sweating profusely!

The heat was... draining. It sapped my energy, and I knelt there, moaning, my head staring at the floor, my hair spilling out around it. I couldn't straighten up, or stand up, or move, really. If I raised my wrists up higher I could bend over further, but what would be the point in that?

I could actually see my sweat beading on my nose and chin, and dropping onto the floor. I could feel droplets of sweat slowly trickling down my body.

After a while the door opened and Teagan came in. She smirked down at me.

"Now, what I want to hear from you, is a very abject apology to your mistress, followed by begging to be allowed to lick my pussy. If I don't get it, then you will stay here."

She leaned over and peeled the duct tape back from my mouth.

"Well?"

"Let me goooo!" I moaned.

She put the tape back and left.

I moaned weakly.

After a while she returned, and repeated her words before peeling the tape back.

"I'm... sorry... Mistress Teagan," I moaned. "Please can I lick your pussy?"

"That wasn't abject enough. I want to hear more desperation."

"Bitch," I groaned.

She sniffed and put the tape back. Then she squatted down with something in her hand. It was a plastic clothespin, and she opened the jaws, placed them over my nipple, and then let them close again.

I squealed in sudden pain even as she took out another clothespin and snapped it around my other nipple.

"Learn to be a more submissive slave girl," she said, backing out and closing the door.

My nipples were on fire! I trembled and shook but there was absolutely nothing I could do about the clothespins! Slowly, the sharpness of the pain faded into a dull, throbbing ache as I continued to bake in the heat.

Teagan returned and peeled the tape off my mouth.

“Let's try that abject apology again, along with begging to lick my pussy, slave.”

“I'm so sorry I was bad, Mistress Teagan!” I moaned. “Please may I lick your pussy!?”

“You call that abject?”

She had carried something into the shed, and now she raised it in her hand and hit me lightly on the forehead. She lifted my hair up and back and rubbed it over my face. It took me a few seconds to realize it was some kind of silicone dildo, a ridiculously long one. Then I realized it was a double-headed dildo.

“Tell me you love cock, slut. Say it, whore.”

“I-I love cock, Mistress Teagan!” I moaned.

“Open your mouth wide, slave.”

She shoved the dildo into my mouth.

“Suck it. Suck that cock!”

Moaning weakly, I did my best as she pumped it in and out. Then she jerked back further on my hair and shoved the dildo deep into my mouth – into my throat, in fact!

There wasn't much I could do but stiffen and jerk and tremble as she pushed the dildo all the way down my throat, and then some! It was twenty inches long, and she fed almost the whole thing down my throat!

She pulled it out again, and it felt so weird to have this long, long length of... cock sliding up my throat! Then it pulled free and I gasped and coughed and gulped in air.

“Beg my forgiveness, slut.”

She slapped my face to get my attention.

“Beg!”

“Please forgive me, Mistress Teagan!” I gasped. “Please let me lick your pussy!”

She sniffed, then gathered my hair up in a thicker bunch and wrapped it around her fist. She peeled off a short, wraparound skirt she had been wearing, and pulled my mouth in against her pussy.

“Do a good job, slave or I'll beat you,” she growled.

I was dazed enough from the heat that my awareness that this was a 'game' sort of flickered in and out. I licked Teagan's pussy, and licked harder as she jerked on my hair.

“That's it, you filthy little whore. Stick your tongue into me,” she growled. “Suck my clitoris, you nasty sex slave! Obey your mistress, slut!”

She was acting... well, she was very realistic! I was very anxious to please her, and obey her and lick her the way she wanted, despite that I was soaked in sweat and half dazed.

She jerked back on my hair.

“Are you my sex slave, slut?” she growled.

“Yes, Mistress Teagan!” I moaned.

She slapped my face again.

“Say it, slut.”

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

She pulled my mouth in against her sex again and I started to lick once more.

She kept jerking back on my hair, though, and making me say I was her sex slave, until finally she gathered my hair in both her hands and began to grind and roll her hips, cursing under her breath as she groaned in pleasure.

I had never heard of girls who squirted when they orgasmed. It seemed Teagan was one, and she squirted her clear juices into my face even as she frantically ground my face against her pussy.

After that she untied my legs, removed the clothespins from my nipples, then yanked me to my feet by the hair and led me, stumbling and staggering, out of the overheated shed. I kind of fell onto the grass, gasping in relief at how cool it was in comparison to the shed.

My nipples were starting to throb and pulse with relief, too even as Teagan spread my legs and shoved the big double-headed dildo into me. She squatted there, feeding the other end into her pussy, then lifted my leg up and half turned me onto my side.

She brought her pussy in against mine, until the entire dildo was inside us, then began to grind her pussy against mine with quick, hungry motions of her hips.

I just lay there groaning in relief, until she reached up and gripped my hair, pulling my head back, or rather, sideways, bowing my back since I was half on my side now. With my right leg up in the air against her chest she leaned in more, grinding and rubbing and slapping her pussy against mine.

The relief from having my nipples freed seemed to spread through my breasts, and I moaned in pleasure as she reached down to roughly grope them. And the way the dildo was kind of twisting inside me, the full pressure, and the feel of her pussy against mine, were all combining to heat up my body on the inside again – in quite a different way than it had recently experienced.

I felt a sense of resentment towards her, the fucking dyke. I didn't like what she'd done to me. But that didn't seem to matter as I rapidly became aroused by

the sensations rolling up my body.

“Sex slave!” she taunted me. “Slave girl!”

The way she said it I almost wondered if she meant it. The idea was weirdly exciting, in a scary sort of way. The sexual pressure grew more and more intense, and my eyes closed as I rolled freely, bonelessly, dazedly amid the swirling, liquid heat

The orgasm which hit me wasn't as intense as the previous one, but it was intense enough to set every muscle in my body to spasming again and again.

“You were born to be a sex slave, you blonde slut,” she grunted, grinding and rubbing herself against me.

Chapter Five

Well that had been a hell of a visit. It had also been the most intense sexual experience of my life. Even though I wasn't gay! Those two girls had made me come again and again! And they were both pretty smug about it too.

I resented both of them, and felt irritable and indignant. At the same time, I was more than slightly astonished, almost in awe at what I'd done, and just a little smug about it, too. I mean, that afternoon of lesbian bondage was the kinkiest and the wicked thing I'd ever done, after all.

I had never really known, much less liked Teagan. I was surprised that Kenzie was so into such kinky stuff, though.

I stripped and took a long shower when I got home then put on a pair of drawstring shorts and a tank top. I was not gonna go outside again until it cooled off!

The heat made me worry a bit about Texas, though. It got hot in Texas. The dorms better have good air conditioning!

I thought about what had happened a lot, both how shockingly thrilling and hot it had been, and how submissive I had been to them. I had basically let them do what they wanted to me because... well... it turned me on. Plus, what did I know about lesbian shit? Even though it was degrading and it was really out of character for me to let people boss me around.

It had just been too darkly thrilling, too exciting. I hadn't wanted to say no. That didn't mean I had liked everything that had happened, like being locked up in the shed, or slapped in the face (I was very indignant at that). But overall it had just been too desperately exciting for me to overcome the heat gripping my mind and body and assert myself.

Teagan was a bitch, though.

What we'd done, though, was so wild that it made almost everything else seem almost boring by comparison. I mean, whatever a guy wanted, including fucking me in the ass would be like, yeah, well, why not? No big deal. That was sort of what it felt like.

That fucking dildo had been so long! And it had gone almost all the way down my throat into my chest!

But Teagan was still a bitch! I was half awed, half angry at how she'd simply shoved it down my throat. My throat was still a bit sore from it! On the other hand, now that I'd done that, I felt confident I would be able to swallow a guy's cock, to deep throat them. That was something it was kind of hard to practice you know.

I went downstairs and helped make dinner, walking around my parents and brother and sister like... like everything was normal. I felt weird, though, because I'd done this shocking, wild, amazing thing, something which had, in a way, changed me as a person. But I couldn't even mention it!

It's not like I'm some super gossip type, but you know, when something huge and awesome happens in your life you kind of want to discuss it with someone! No way I could talk about this with anyone, though, unless it was Kenzie, and I was kind of pissed off at her too, for springing Teagan on me without warning.

*

We have two cars, but my parents take both to work. Which leaves me walking or taking a bus (bleh!) or riding my bike, or hitching a ride with someone. Since I didn't make a habit of telling people about my pole dancing classes – since they'd all joke about stripping – I couldn't ask for a ride.

That left walking for half a mile, then catching a bus to get to the Superfit studio where the classes were held. They were a big place, and gave a lot of different classes, from yoga to dancing and traditional exercise classes.

The pole dancing classes were in a room without windows, unlike the others. I mean, it was an exercise class, but there was a cliché about it for obvious reasons. I have to admit that cliché was kind of a turn-on to me, too. I wouldn't ever be a stripper, but the fantasy was kind of exciting.

Everyone else was young and fit, since we'd been taking this for a year. And let's face it, overweight people didn't stand a chance at this. Women, in particular, tend to have weak upper body strength, and you need strength in your arms to climb up, never mind swing around a pole.

That was one of the reasons I'd chosen it. It built up and worked on all my muscles, upper and lower, especially my arms, abdomen, chest, butt and thighs. And the better you got the more interesting the routines you could do.

Yes, it was all pure exercise, but you didn't have to look hard to see how it could be sexual with very little change – including fewer clothes. We climbed up our poles, then held tight with her thighs and ankles while bowing back further and further until we could grab the pole underneath. By then we were upside down. So with our backs to the pole, we then loosened her legs and let them open further and further.

I mean, sure we were all dressed in short shorts and tank tops or athletic bras. But I'm certain I wasn't the only one who imagined doing this in a big room full of people on a stage – naked.

I was supporting myself just with my hands, the pole running up along my spine as I spread my legs wider and wider, until the tendons in my thighs strained and ached. I held that for five seconds, then slowly forced my legs up and back

together. Then I let them come apart again, all the way, straining, stretching the tendons, then lifting my legs back up again.

This worked a bunch of muscle groups and was good cardio too.

Then we clutched the pole with our thighs and threw our upper bodies upward, as if trying to sit up. That required some strong abdominal muscles! The idea was to then pull yourself up again, which I did. Then I slid back down to the floor.

Another exercise was to leap up, grab the pole, and use your momentum to swing your body around completely, grab it with your thighs, swing around again, then grab it with your hands and push out from the pole, throwing your legs backward. Then when they swung back you grabbed the pole between your thighs, let your upper body fall backward, then slide down the pole until your hands hit the floor.

All of it left me tired and achy and breathless and sweaty – as it usually did, but feeling good. I took a quick shower, then walked out in sweatpants and tank top. I checked my phone while I waited for the bus, and found messages from Kenzie and Teagan.

Kenzie's was like “I hope you had fun, let's do something like that again!”

Teagan's was still role-playing. “Slave, I think I want to feel your tongue on my clit again. Call me so we can arrange a time for you to get on your knees and service your mistress.”

“Don't think so,” I muttered.

But even as I read it I felt this rush of heat and sexual energy. I mean, I didn't like her, but that whole thing had been deeply exciting.

“Are you sure you wouldn't rather kiss my ass?” I sent back.

“I'll kiss your ass with my belt, Slavegirl,” she replied.

I snorted. Then the bus arrived so I put the phone away and got on. It was crowded and there were only two seats. One was next to this enormously fat woman, which left very little room. The other was next to this big black guy with dreads, which also left little room – but more than the fat woman.

I didn't dare take out my phone in case Teagan sent something outrageous and this guy read it. My eyes did kind of note how impressively well-muscled his bare leg was below his shorts, and then as my eyes roamed around I saw he was reading a brochure from Princeton University. I did a bit of a double-take over that, probably because of cliché's, you know.

Not that there was any reason some big, powerfully built black guy with long dreadlocks couldn't go to an ivy league college. He just wouldn't have been the image that came to mind when I thought of Princeton.

Since I was going off to college myself in a couple of months I was curious, and furtively looked at the pamphlet without him noticing.

We both got off at the same stop, and we both stayed there. For me it was because that was where I transferred to a different bus. I had no idea about him, though he looked at the pamphlet again. I took out my phone now that he couldn't see it and checked for messages.

Sure enough, Teagan had sent another of those "slave girl" things, promising me a bad spanking for my impudence.

I didn't answer, though some snotty replies did come to mind. I was busy kind of eyeing the black guy again. He was kind of hot, after all, and in a kind of, well... Conan sort of way. Then my bus came and I got on – and he got on too.

That started to make me suspicious. I mean, it wouldn't be the first time some pervert tried to follow me around. And then when I got off, he got off again! I started to wonder whether I should be looking to flag down a cop when he walked up beside me.

"Nine Seventy Five Lester Street," he said.

I looked around at him, startled.

"That's where I'm going," he said in a deep voice.

I flushed, because he must have been reading my mind.

"I wasn't worried or anything," I blurted.

He smirked a bit. "Liar."

I scowled.

"Hey, it's a bit of a coincidence so I don't blame you. But this whole area only has one bus going near it because everyone has lots of money and don't take the bus much."

I had to admit that was right.

"I've had guys kind of... follow me around before," I admitted.

"Not surprised. You're pretty hot."

I flushed again and gave a kind of little laugh.

"Don't deny it. You know you're hot."

"I'm... okay."

"I'm hot too."

I turned and raised my eyes and he shrugged.

"I know what I look like. I know how chicks react. You think I ever have trouble getting a date?"

"Well, neither do I," I said in annoyance.

"I'm sure you don't. You got a nice fuckin' body."

I flushed again, but felt a hot little rush of pleasure.

"You obviously work out yourself," I said.

He shrugged.

We were walking side by side. You head through a very small grassy area between the road where the bus goes, and then another road that goes into the neighborhood where I lived.

"I've never seen you before," I said.

"Don't spend much time here. Got school, got work. No time to fuck around. Now I'm done school and done my part-time job and working whenever I get called in until school starts."

"I saw you looking at that pamphlet," I said.

"Yeah, taking law."

"Really?"

"You don't think a guy with dreads can be a lawyer?"

"It's just not the image I think of when I imagine some ivy school lawyer type."

"I don't fit into many images."

"I'm going to Texas A&M in the fall," I said.

"Why the fuck you do a thing like that?"

I laughed. "Because it's far away, and warm, and it pisses off my parents, who wanted me to go to some liberal school."

"You're not liberal?"

"I'm not anything, but liberals are self-righteous so they piss me off more than conservatives, who are just arrogant."

"Well, maybe I should go to a conservative school, then. I'm arrogant too."

"Oh yeah, how come?"

"Hey, baby, it's hard to be humble when you're perfect in every way."

"Isn't that some kind of cowboy song?"

"Western. You should get used to em if you're going to Texas."

"No thank you!"

We reached an intersection, and he headed to the left while I was going straight ahead.

"Maybe I'll see you around," he said with a lazy grin.

"Uh-huh. Maybe," I said.

He started to walk across the lawn of the house on the corner, then turned around.

"Unless maybe you want to drop by for a visit now," he said.

I gulped. On the other hand, I wasn't headed home to actually DO anything. I stopped uncertainly.

"I haven't killed anyone in months," he said.

"I didn't think you were some kind of... killer." I said defensively.

"I'll buy you a drink," he said.

“Uh, well... maybe for just a few minutes,” I said uncertainly.

I mean, I didn't know this guy! Okay, he lived in a very nice neighborhood and was going to Princeton. But that didn't mean he wasn't some crazy serial killer!

“Name's Jacob.”

“Emma,” I said.

It was a very nice house, though.

This is stupid, I thought. This guy could be a creep! A big creep!

He didn't seem creepy, though. He seemed intelligent and calm and confident and casual.

“This is a nice place,” I said, for something to say.

“Yeah, my parents are lawyers.”

“Both of them?”

He nodded. “Which means they make a lot of money and don't have a lot of time for anything but work.”

“Yeah, I know about that,” I said.

He brought me to the basement, where there was a pool table, card table, a bar, and pinball machines along the wall.

“Cool,” I said.

Don't get me wrong. I'm not naive. This guy wasn't inviting me in because he wanted some good conversation. He thought I was hot. He'd already said so. Well, I thought he was hot too. Whether anything came of that depended on whether he was an asshole or someone I wanted to know.

And maybe do more with. Because he was hot, and given what had happened the other day, I was still feeling very... sexual and sexy and sophisticated and all. Okay, maybe I was also reacting against the idea I was some kind of queer.

And... there was something I didn't like about being... bossed around by a girl. Now if a big, powerful, macho guy like this wanted to boss me around... that would be... different.

He mentioned he was an only child.

“So I guess you were spoiled?”

“Not so much. Kind of a regimented life. Lots of lessons, coaches, tutors and shit. Wanna see me play the piano?”

“You play the piano?”

“Black guys can't play piano?”

“Sure they can. They just mostly don't.”

He shrugged.

“I'd rather play pool.”

I snorted.

“What? Black guys don't play pool.”

“No, it's just that... uhm, my girlfriend wanted me to go hang out at her pool. It would be ironic...”

“If you were playing pool instead. Yeah. Let's go hang out at her pool.”

I raised my eyebrow.

“You can invite me,” he said with a grin.

“I don't think she'd be happy at that.”

“She doesn't like black guys?”

“More like her father doesn't like guys, period. Anyway, it's cooler today. Not like yesterday.”

“Too bad. I wouldn't mind seeing you in a bikini.”

I snorted, considered telling him I hadn't worn one, but decided not to. We were alone in the house, after all.

We played a little pool and talked about college, and which schools we'd gone to, and then he decided to 'teach me' how to play pool better. That involved coming in behind me, and kind of putting his arms out past me on either side to grip the pool cue, and kind of pressing himself against me.

But he wasn't pressing his crotch against me, so I put that as a mark in his favor. He had some class, after all (more than a lot of the guys I knew). And he was kind of smooth. And his arms were very strong looking!

His hand on mine – on the pool cue – was huge, and even if he wasn't squeezing hard it gave me a hot little flutter at the strength and power it showed.

“Are you gonna be on the football team or something?” I asked, my chest a bit tight as I turned around after the shot.

“Why? You think a black guy needs an athletic scholarship to get into an ivy league school?”

“You're kind of defensive about the whole black things, aren't you?”

He shrugged. “Maybe.”

“I mostly meant you're big and athletic looking.”

“I lift weights,” he said.

Then to prove it he lifted me up and sat me on the edge of the pool table, which at least put us mostly eye to eye.

“I don't think I can play pool from here,” I said, my heart beating faster as he moved in closer.

“No? I'm sure I can show you other ways to play.”

I leaned back, but he was still standing right against the pool table, and since my legs were apart, that meant he was between them.

“You know what they say about Black guys and blonde girls?” he asked, leaning forward.

“Wh-what?”

“They say that blondes can't resist black guys.”

“Yeah, I don't think they say that,” I said. “I think what they say is Black guys have this thing for blondes.”

“I thought you didn't know what they said.”

“I lied.”

I had to prop myself up with my arms or go back even further, which didn't leave a hand free to push him back as he leaned over further.

“You can get in trouble for that at Princeton, you know. They have an honor code.”

“Yeah? I'm not at Princeton.”

“Consider this Princeton territory.”

“And what happens when you lie?”

“You get punished, of course.”

That made my heart almost skip a beat! That was what Teagan had said just the other day!

Chapter Six

“You ever watch Conan the Barbarian?” I gulped.

“You think I'm a barbarian?” he asked with a smirk.

He leaned back, then peeled his shirt up and off to reveal his muscular body. He pulled his hands into fists and brought his arms out to the sides, then up to make his biceps stand out.

They did. A lot!

“Am I supposed to be impressed?” I asked, as casual as I could.

He snorted, then he reached out and gently pulled my glasses off. Then he grabbed my arms and jerked me upright again so that our faces were inches apart.

“Yeah.”

Then he kissed me. It was an entirely different kind of kiss to the ones I'd gotten from Kenzie and Teagan the other day. It was fierce, ferocious and hungry, and I was overwhelmed by it from the start. My hands came up and pressed against him instinctively, which of course, put my fingers against his bare chest.

My fingers began to roam up and down on their own as his arms slid around me, and I moaned into his mouth as he kissed harder. He leaned forward, which forced me back, and back, and back until I was laying on my back on the pool table with him above me!

His hands, no longer around me, separated. One went up through my hair while the other went to my left breast. The feel of his big hand against it made my pulse race, and when he squeezed it felt as if he was squeezing a bottle of hot water that gushed up through my body!

The sexual pressure rose like a rocket inside me to the point I was almost trembling with it. Then he pulled back and yanked me upright once more. His hands dropped my arms, gripped my top, and peeled it quickly up over my head.

I gasped, my head already floundering in the wild mix of heady excitement, not sure what to do. I wanted him. I wanted him badly! But I wanted him... a certain way!

“Did I say you could do that?” I gulped, pushing against his chest.

“I didn't ask.”

Oooh, that was hot!

“You should have asked. I'm the one in charge,” I said. “Maybe I should punish you.”

I reached out and gripped his nipples and twisted them.

“Ow! Bitch!” he said, slapping my hands away.

I laughed at him and stuck my tongue out.

"Maybe I'll let you massage my pretty feet if you ask nicely," I said in my most arrogant tone.

"Oh yeah? That's mighty white of you."

He pushed me back so I fell back onto the table, then gripped my pants and yanked them down!

I squealed as he pulled them past my knees, then yanked them off completely, which popped my shoes off too! He had a firm hold of my bare legs then, and lifted them up onto his shoulders!

"Now which foot was I supposed to be massage?" he asked.

He pushed one knee back and let his hand slide down around my ankle to my bare foot.

"I-I didn't give you permission to take my pants off!" I said sternly, trying to sit up.

"You get another nipple twist for that!"

I tried to reach his chest and he snorted in amusement and shoved me back.

"Maybe it's you who needs to be punished, huh, white girl?"

He pulled me off the table, then spun me around and bent me over it.

"Nice thong," he said.

Crack! His hand slapped against my mostly bare bottom!

"Ow!" I yelped.

Then he yanked the thong down! OMG!

"Hey! You need to learn how to ask permission!"

Crack!

"Bitch. I don't ask permission."

Then his big hand was thrust between my thighs and cupping my pussy! I suddenly felt incredibly hot down there, and squealed as my body muscles spasmed!

"You're the one needs to do what she's told, baby," he said. "Conan don't take no shit from no female."

And with that I felt something thick and hard sinking in between the lips of my sex! I almost hyperventilated as I tried to stand up or turn around, but he put a big hand against the back of my neck to bend me over and hold me in place as something pushed into the mouth of my sex, kind of rubbed in a circular motion, then pushed slowly into me!

"Ahh!" I gasped. "What is that!?"

"Just my thumb, baby," he said in amusement.

Fuck it was thick for a thumb!

"I didn't say you could – !" *Crack!*

“Ahh! Ow! Bastard!”

Crack!

“Bitch,” he said in amusement.

I squealed as his thumb, if that was what it was, slid deep inside me! It felt as thick as a cock! And almost as long! The rest of his fingers were kind of rubbing at the top – which was now the bottom – of my sex. Against my clit, in other words!

“You got one fine ass, baby,” he said.

“Don't touch my ass! Bastard!” I gasped.

Crack!

“I told you I don't take orders from bitches.”

Crack!

“Ow!”

I felt my bra being undone, and squealed, grabbing at it – until he gripped my hair and yanked on it. Then my hands instinctively grabbed at my hair and he was able to yank my bra off!

He gripped my hair and jerked me upright, and I cried out again at the sharp sting to my scalp! Then he spun me around again, gripped my hips and lifted me up so I was sitting on the edge of the pool table again. Only now I was completely naked!

“Nice tits,” he said.

“Bastard,” I said.

I slapped his face. Well, sort of. I slapped his cheek, but not at all hard. He just looked at me so I slapped it again. Then again. He just smirked. I went to grab his nipples but he seized my wrists and then shoved them and me back onto my back on the pool table with him atop me!

He kissed me roughly again, then lowered his mouth, chewing along the nape of my neck, then down onto my left breast. I gasped and twisted in his grasp as he opened his mouth wide and then closed it on the center of my breast. He was sucking and biting at the same time! His tongue swept in circles around my nipple, then back and forth across it!

He shifted to my other breast, biting and sucking and licking, his teeth... chewing on my flesh that it ached, but it ached in a hot, throbbing, incredibly hot way!

He slid lower, raining small bits across my stomach, then my abdomen, his hands sliding down my arms until they were gripping my wrists at my sides. He let go, then, sinking to his knees and forcing my legs wide apart. A moment later his big tongue slid up and down over my pussy in a way which almost made me want to scream!

“Hot little blonde slut,” he growled.

He plunged his tongue into me! I cried out, squirming and twisting as his big arms pinned my thighs down and his tongue pushed in deeper, pumping in and out!

I was rapidly overheating, the excitement becoming feverish. It was... intoxicating! And when you're intoxicated you don't necessarily think straight. I reached down and gripped his hair, his dreadlocks, and yanked on them to pull his mouth in harder.

He jerked my hands off and continued, and I grabbed at his hair again, making him curse.

I laughed.

"Fuckin' bitch!" he said in annoyance.

"That's princess Emma to you, you ignorant barbarian!" I taunted breathlessly.

Since he'd taken the pressure off my thighs to pull my hands out of his hair I squirmed backward on the table, out of reach, sticking my tongue out at him. My heart was pounding as I tried to figure out how to get him to do what I wanted without asking – and without pissing him off for real.

He moved quickly for a big man, though, he moved around the side and leaned over to grab my ankle. I squealed as he pulled me back to him then off the table completely! He bent me over again and pinned me as I tried awkwardly to kick him.

Then he pulled my arms up and back and I felt something like a strap going around my bare arms. I gasped as they were pulled further back and then in towards each other.

"Hey! Ow! What are you doing!?"

My arms were forced back sharply by some kind of thick leather strap that he'd wrapped around them just above the elbows!

He flipped me around and I found myself lying back on the edge of the pool table again, this time on my arms, which wouldn't move! I tried to twist my head and body to see what held them but could only see a strap going around my left arm!

Then I saw he'd removed his belt!

"I didn't say you could tie me up, pervert!"

"I didn't ask, bitch."

He dropped low, spreading my legs painfully wide again, and his tongue set to work on my pussy!

"Bastard! Fucking... asshole!" I gasped. "Pervert!"

It was getting harder to talk as my heart beat faster. His tongue started licking rapidly over my clitoris and my voice fell apart along with my mind. A long, thick

finger pushed up into me as he licked harder, and my mind collapsed completely as the muscles in my lower belly and legs began to spasm.

My hips bucked and jerked as I writhed atop the table. My back arched and I cried out, my body writhing and jerking as the pressure exploded inside me. It was a long and very intense orgasm. It went on and on as his tongue licked wildly at my clitoris and his fingers twisted and turned and pumped inside me!

I had almost run out of breath by the time it faded. Or, really, I had run out and gulped in more, but then forgot how to breathe. I went limp, my chest heaving as I gulped in air, and his tongue moved upwards, up my belly, up over my breasts, his teeth seizing each nipple and biting down just enough to make me cry out, then letting it go to lick and suck.

He licked his way back down to my pussy again, jerking my thighs roughly apart, then *attacked* my pussy! His tongue plunged deep, then licked hard at my clitoris as his fingers pushed into me instead! I moaned as I felt myself stretched wider and wider by his big fingers. Then his lips began to suck rhythmically against my clitoris and another orgasm tore through me!

Convulsions wracked my body, and I jerked and bucked and twisted there beneath him as my nervous system overloaded, pleasure flaying my mind as I wallowed in passion and heat!

I went limp again, gasping, and he straightened. I felt something warm against my belly, and raised my head, my eyes feeling glassy. I saw his... cock... laying along my belly, and I blinked in surprise, in doubt, in confusion, and then in both excitement and alarm!

He was huge!

His cock looked as thick as my wrist!

“See what I got for you, blonde girl?”

I tried to sit up.

“I... didn't say... you could put... your dirty cock in me!” I gasped.

He jerked up on my legs so I fell back onto my arms.

“Didn't ask.”

I felt the pressure growing against my pussy, felt the head being pushed against it and rubbing slowly up and down, trying to sink in. Slowly, it forced me open and began to sink into me. I felt the strain, the sharp ache, and then the fullness inside as the head began to push deeper!

I wanted to shout at him and tell him to stop but I was afraid he would!

“Bastard! Freak!” I cried.

He lifted my legs up and shoved them back, jamming my knees down against the soft red felt of the pool table below me, raising my ass up as he leaned in and

pushed harder. I stared at this thick spear of black flesh jammed against me, and saw it slowly pushing forward, felt it pushing inward, inch by inch by inch!

It was tight! But he was determined! He released my legs and leaned forward more, gripping my hair, crushing my lips with his, mashing my breast in his other hand! He kept pushing, pushing, pushing, then slowly began to pump in and out!

It ached a lot, at first. In fact, it kept aching the whole time. But as it moved in and out I began to feel a rising sense of passion and thrilled excitement. The deeper it moved, the more totally... penetrated I felt! I moaned and twisted weakly as he worked himself in and out, in and out.

Then he drew back and grabbed my legs again, jamming them down and apart. I could lift my head now and see that most of his long, thick cock was inside me! The head felt as if it was punching against the back wall of my pussy!

Fire began to burn inside me, my body heating up so badly it felt as if I was radiating heat! He punched and punched and punched, his hips beginning to shift and roll now as he kept sending the head of his cock in to beat at the back wall of my pussy!

And then, just like with Teagan and that long dildo, his cock seemed to find the right angle to forced its way even deeper! I cried out as it slid achingly high into my belly and his hips pressed against my buttocks.

“Gonna pound you, white girl!”

He didn't, though, not at first. He worked himself in and out carefully, with long, even strokes. Then he lifted my legs up over his shoulders and leaned in again. I could no longer see his glistening black cock moving in and out of me, but I could sure feel it!

He gripped my hair and then, startling me, my throat! His big hand went completely around it and he squeezed a little. My arms were bound beneath me and could do nothing, and I felt a brief flicker of fear. The heat swept it aside, though, as his hips moved faster and hit my buttocks harder.

I could feel my eyes bulging a little, though I could breathe, if with difficulty. Jacob's hips were still slapping against my upraised buttocks as his broad chest pushed my legs back. I was gasping weakly, my mind flooded with a wild dark rush of heat and passion and pleasure.

I felt that same sense of being helpless, of being under someone else's control, of being their bitch, their prisoner, as I had the other day. Only it was hotter and sexier this time because it was a guy. And he wasn't just any guy but a big, powerful Conan type guy! There was even a hint of danger and anxiety to reinforce my sense of being his helpless prisoner! I didn't know him very well, after all!

His face looked very intense above me, his long dreadlocks swinging as his hips thrust into me again and again. He pulled the hand away from my hair to roughly

squeeze my breast, and it burned hotly!

Then another orgasm tore up through my body and I jerked convulsively, my mouth opening wide to cry out again even as he tightened his grip around my neck! I gurgled dazedly, my mind seared by the heat, focused on the incredible feeling of his big cock punching into me deep inside again and again and again!

I was squeezed up into this tight ball of flesh while he drove his black spear of flesh into me repeatedly. His hips hammered my buttocks with enough force to make my whole body shake and tremble! The clamor of my nervous system melting down was like a sexual fever, and I wallowed in it with a shuddering whimper of delight.

Jacob wasn't done, though. He waited until I stopped trembling and shaking, then eased back, letting my legs unfurl. He dragged me off the pool table onto rubbery legs, then turned me and bent me over the table. I was gulping in air, panting for breath as my breasts pillowed out against the velvet top. I moaned at a slap to my bottom and ignored him spreading my legs.

I felt his fingers at my sex, then his cock pushed slowly up inside me once again. He started to pump slowly, pushing himself deeper and deeper with every stroke. Only when he was buried did he grind himself against me, then begin to move faster.

I groaned, still panting as he seized my hips, and slapped my bottom, and his hips moved faster and faster. I cried out dazedly as he wrapped my long hair around his fist then jerked my head up and back. I couldn't rise off the table, though as his other hand pressed down between my shoulder blades.

"Hot fucking blonde," he growled. "You love my cock, don't you, baby. Huh?"

Crack! He slapped my bottom again!

"Don't you?"

Crack!

"Ohhh!" I moaned.

"Tell me you love my cock."

Crack!

"Ow!"

"Say it."

"I... love your cock!" I moaned.

He drove that cock into me with hard, powerful strokes that made me cry out again and again. My mind was still wrapped in heat, and the wild, dangerous nature of his hunger was building my passion up once again!

He jerked on my hair again and slapped my bottom.

"Tell me you love my black cock, white girl!"

"I love your black cock!" I cried.

“Well ain't this something to see?” demanded a new voice.

He halted, buried inside me, and we both turned our heads to see a tall, angry-looking black woman at the foot of the basement stairs.

“Raven baby!” Jacob said.

“Don't you baby me, you motherfucker!” the woman demanded, coming forward. “Who is this white slut!?”

“Just some girl, baby!” he said.

Chapter Seven

She was around my age, tall and slender, with short dark hair and high, firm breasts. And she had dark eyes that glowered angrily at me as my face began to burn with embarrassment.

I tried to squirm away but I was bent over the table with Jacob pressed against me. And his hand still gripped my hair, his palm flat against my upper back to hold me in place.

"I leave you alone for one hour and you find some blonde slut to stick your black dick into!"

The term should have angered me but it only embarrassed me more. I couldn't exactly argue given how she'd found me! I wanted to protest that I had no idea Jacob had a girlfriend but... well, it wasn't like I'd asked. And it wasn't like I'd known him more than, well, an hour before I let him fuck me.

It was kind of hard to protest against her calling me a slut given that. I was acting like one, after all, which made me feel both guilty and confused. I wasn't used to being a slut and feeling like it was true!

"How come you tie the bitch up?"

"She likes being tied up, baby."

I wanted to protest that too! But I could hardly bring myself to speak to her! Besides, wouldn't my saying that suggest Jacob had forced himself on me? I didn't want to imply that! I just wanted to run away and hide!

Then Jacob let go of my hair. Instead he gripped my arms, which were already bound together and yanked me upright, turning me away from the table and right towards the angry black woman!

"Look at how perfect her tits are, baby!" Jacob said.

Janine's eyes narrowed further, and I cursed him silently. Was he *trying* to piss her off more!?

She looked me up and down.

"What I see," she said. "Is my boyfriend's cock stuck into your slutty blonde pussy," she said to me.

Her fingers dropped between my trembling thighs, rubbing at Jacob's cock, which was long enough to stick up through my thighs to still push deep inside me. Her fingers then rubbed along the lips of my sex clenched tight around it, then up at my clitoris.

"Do you like having my boyfriend's cock inside you, slut?" she demanded.

Now what the fuck was I supposed to say to that!?

She slapped my face! I gasped at the stinging blow to my cheek, but Jacob's big hands on my arms held me firmly in place. In fact, he was starting to pump into me again! I mean, what the fuck!

"I asked you a question, slut!"

I still didn't know what to say!

She slapped the other side of my face!

"Do you like having my boyfriend's black cock inside you?"

"P-Please!" I gasped.

She reached out with both hands and rolled my still-stiff nipples between her thumbs and forefingers. Then she suddenly tightened her fingers, pinching my nipples sharply! She wasn't twisting them playfully like I had done to Jacob. She squeezed them hard! Then she pulled out, stretching them so that I cried out, my back arching.

"Say please again, bitch."

"Please!" I cried.

"Say please, Ms. Jenkins."

What?!

"Please, Ms. Jenkins!"

"Now answer my question, slut. Do you like my boyfriend's black cock inside you?"

What else could I say? She'd already heard me saying I did!

"Y-Y-Yes, Ms. Jenkins!" I gulped anxiously.

I felt the pressure of Jacob's hands on my upper arms bending me over, and I had no way to resist. He forced me to bend over so my head was about at a level with her chest. This let him thrust into me better, and my body began to tremble with the impact of his hips against my bottom!

What was going on!?

"So you like being fucked by my boyfriend's cock, do you, slut?"

My mouth opened and closed as confusion reigned within me.

She slapped one of my breasts! The way I was bent forward made them hang softly, and I gasped at the sting, and at the outrage! I mean, slapping a girl's bare breast! That was fucking outrageous! Who would do such a thing!?

"Answer me, slut."

She slapped my other breast, which ached sharply.

"Y-Yes, Ms. Jenkins!" I cried.

Jacob's cock was sliding slowly in and out of me, hampered by my legs being nearly together!

She seized my hair and jerked my head up, making me cry out again.

"That makes you a whore, doesn't it."

She slapped my breast again!

“Doesn't I!?”

“Yes, Ms. Jenkins!” I cried.

“Apologize, slut.”

“I'm sorry!” I whimpered.

She slapped my breast again and I cried out.

“Did you forget my name, slut?”

“I'm sorry, Ms. Jenkins!” I cried.

“What are you sorry for, slut?”

“F-For... for... fucking your boyfriend... Ms. Jenkins!” I moaned.

She jerked on my hair again.

“Are you sorry for being a blonde whore?” she growled.

“Yes, Ms. Jenkins!”

Her other hand was kneading my breast, but now dropped lower and began to rub my clitoris.

“Say it.”

“I-I... I'm sorry for... for being a blonde whore.... Ms. Jenkins!” I gasped.

What the fuck was going on!? This was starting to remind me of that crazy hot sex with Teagan and Kenzie!

“Spread your legs wider, whore, so my boyfriend can fuck you proper.”

I moaned and reluctantly shifted my feet apart. Jacob did the same.

“Wider, slut!”

I shifted my legs further and Jacob began to thrust into me harder so my breasts wobbled and shook.

“Beg Jacob to fuck you harder, bitch.”

I whimpered dazedly and she jerked on my hair.

“Do it, slut!”

“Please... please fuck me harder!” I gasped.

She jerked on my hair again and I cried out.

“His name is Mister Williams, slut. Or did you not even get that far? Say it.”

“Please fuck me harder M-Mister Williams!” I gasped.

Oh this had gotten so freaking weird! Why was she having him continue!? And why was her finger rubbing my clitoris the way it was!

She pulled that hand up then pushed two fingers into my open mouth.

“Suck. Lick my fingers, slut!”

Dazedly, I obeyed, moaning as she pumped her fingers slowly in and out of my mouth along my tongue. Then she pulled them away and began to rub my clitoris again.

She leaned forward, pulling my head way up and back even though Jacob's grip on my arms forced me to continue to bend forward. Then she kissed me passionately, her lips moving hungrily against mine as her fingers rubbed skilfully against my clitoris!

I was still horribly embarrassed and anxious, but now also wildly confused! And despite that the strange dark heat was rising within me once again!

She pulled back, releasing my hair and then brought her fingers up to her own mouth, sliding them in and sucking on them as she smirked at me. A moment later she reached behind herself and unzipped her dress, peeling it down her body and off!

She removed her bra and then slipped off her thong before gripping my hair again. This time the sharp yank made me cry out and also stumble forward and then fall to my knees as Jacob released me. Raven walked away from the pool table towards a white L-shaped sofa in the corner, and with her gripping my hair the way she had I had little choice but to sort of awkwardly knee-walk after her!

She sat down on the sofa, slumped down, really, spreading her legs and jerking me forward by the hair.

"Now let's see if you can make it up to me, you blonde slut," she growled, pushing my face against her pussy.

I began to lick immediately. What else was I to do, after all!? I felt Jacob's big hands on my hips, yanking them back, then cried out at a sharp slap to my bottom. He spread my legs and knelt behind me, then pushed himself into me again!

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

"Do you like it when my boyfriend shoves his big black cock up your blonde pussy, bitch?"

"Y-Y-Yes, Ms. Jenkins!" I gasped weakly.

She jerked my face down into her pussy again and I started licking. Her other hand was kneading my left breast while Jacob began to knead my right as he pumped into me.

This was so insane! This was so sick! This was starting to make me heat up again!

She jerked my head up again.

"Do you like licking my black pussy, bitch?"

"Yes, Mistress!" I cried.

The word just... came out, almost certainly because this was all starting to remind me of yesterday with Teagan and Kenzie!

"Mistress?" she laughed. "Yeah, I like that. You call me mistress, slut."

She pinched my nipple. "You hear me, bitch?"

"Ow! Yes, Mistress!" I cried.

Jacob chuckled behind me.

Raven slumped more, spreading her legs wider, and gripping my hair in both hands as I licked and sucked on her. My body was shuddering to the hard blows of Jacob's hips and she needed both hands to keep my face in position.

I gasped and yelped and moaned as he slapped my bottom and groped my breasts, and punched his big cock into me hard!

This was so sick! And wild! And yet now that she was... for want of a better word... 'involved' my embarrassment began to fade, and a rush of crackling sexual electricity replaced it. Now I was back in that kinky place I'd been in yesterday! Except I still had Conan doing me hard!

I gasped as she jerked back on my hair again.

"Tell my boyfriend to fuck you harder, slut."

"Pl-Please fuck me harder, Jacob" I gasped.

"Did I say you could use his name, bitch? Call him sir!"

"Please fuck me harder, Sir!" I cried.

She snickered and jammed my face into her pussy again.

My whole body was shaking now as Jacob pounded me! I trembled and shook and moaned as his big black cock drove into me with unrestrained passion and hunger! And then with a curse, he halted. I could hear him panting now as his cock slowly pulled out of me.

"Lick your mistress, slut!" Raven ordered.

I continued to lick.

"I hope you poured a lot of cream into this blonde bitch," she said.

"You better believe it, baby."

"So keep fucking her."

"Gimmie a minute."

She sneered and closed her legs around me, her feet, still wearing high stiletto heels, coming down on my upper back.

"I should beat you, slut," she said. "Fucking my boyfriend without my permission? Sheeit. I should take that belt off your arms and turn your white ass red."

She sighed and laid her head back.

"Dirty little blonde slut," she groaned. "Make your mistress happy."

I did my best!

I licked and sucked at her clitoris until her hips began to roll up against me, and kept on as she gasped softly, moaning and rolling her head against the seatback, her fingers tightening in my hair and jerking me in harder against her pussy.

I was vaguely aware that some women, when they orgasm, well, ejaculate. Squirt. Nobody I knew talked about such stuff, though, and I know I didn't do it. So

it was kind of a shock when she began to squirt clear fluid out into my mouth and tongue and face!

I was so dazed by then I just kept licking, though, and it wasn't like I could move my face away anyway with her gripping my hair so tight.

When she released me I just gasped for breath and slowly slid back onto my heels on the floor, confused and wondering.

After a few seconds, though, Jacob gripped my arm and hair and made me climb up onto the big square ottoman which was sitting there in front of the sofa.

"Get me hard again, white girl, so I can fuck you again," he said.

Raven slapped my ass.

"Say yes sir, bitch!"

"Yes, sir!" I gasped.

This was all so crazy and overwhelming!

He pulled my mouth in against his crotch now, making me lick and suck his balls. This had me bent over again, knees on the ottoman as he fondled my hanging breasts.

Raven just watched me, sneering, at first. She got up and left the room while I worked on Jacob's cock, licking and kissing and sucking it as his dark eyes bored into mine. I trembled with anxiety and heat, feeling again that wild sense of being a 'prisoner' of some Conan type African prince!

Then Raven returned, holding something I didn't really see because my face was in Jacob's crotch. I yelped in pain as she brought something down across my buttocks. I managed to twist my head around long enough to see her holding a belt doubled up in her hand, then Jacob pulled on my hair and guided my mouth back to his cock.

"Nasty little blonde slut," Raven said.

Crack!

I squealed again, trying to pull away, but with my arms bound behind me and Jacob holding my hair so tightly there wasn't much I could do!

"Suck his balls, you white slut!"

Crack! The belt cut across my buttocks again!

It fucking stung!

But it was doing weird shit to my mind too! Like making me think of how I needed to please them, to please her, so that she'd stop!

"Spread your legs, slut!" she ordered.

Moaning, I obeyed, and felt something hard rubbing up and down against the wet, hot, swollen lips of my sex. It shifted its angle and began to push into me, then, sliding deeper and deeper. It was far too thick to be her fingers, and soon I realized it was too long, too!

“Tell me you love nigger cock, white girl,” she ordered.

I moaned helplessly.

Crack! Crack!

“Say it, slut.”

“I-I love nigger cock, Mistress!” I moaned.

The thing was big! It was pumping in and out of me like a big cock! And I had no idea what it even was! I assumed it was a big dildo, though!

Meanwhile, Jacob's cock was starting to harden, to rise.

“That's it, slut. Take my boyfriend's cock into your whore mouth,” Raven growled behind me.

Crack!

I gasped at the stinging line of pain rising across my bottom, and moaned as she pumped whatever dildo she had in her hand harder and deeper. Fuck! This was so crazy!

Crack!

“Tell me you're a filthy blonde slut!” she ordered.

Jacob let me pull my lips off his cock in order to gasp out the words, then jerked me back onto his gleaming black shaft again.

Crack!

“Tell me how much you love nigger cock, white girl!”

“I-I-I lo-love nigger cock, Mistress!” I half sobbed, gasping for breath.

Crack!

“Suck his cock, you whore.”

She pumped the dildo in and out, letting her thumb or finger at the base ride across my clitoris!

Not that I could focus on it since Jacob's cock was getting thicker and longer in my mouth as I licked and sucked desperately at it. He had my hair wrapped around his left fist while his right hand kneaded my breast. Now he began to pump in and out and I felt I knew what was coming.

“Fuck her whore throat!” Raven demanded. “Shove that nigger cock right down the blonde slut's throat and make her choke on it!”

And that was what he did. I gurgled and gagged a little as that long, slick, sleek cock pushed deep into my throat, my eyes fluttering wildly as I stared at his hips approaching. Then my lips were wrapped around the base with my nose tickled by his pubic hair and he was holding me there.

Raven fucked me harder, slapping my buttocks first with one hand then the other, and I felt this sudden sense of unreality, of utter helplessness, of being little more than a sex toy a ... a sex slave for them both!

Sex slave!

The idea had turned me on so much the other day when Teagan had said it! Not being one but, you know, fantasizing about being one! And this made it seem even more realistic!

She pulled out suddenly, though, then she pushed Jacob back.

“Come here, white girl, I want to make an Oreo with you,” she said.

I gasped as she jerked me roughly by the hair, forcing me to stumble off the ottoman as she threw herself onto the sofa again. She pulled on my hair so that I had to crawl onto the sofa, to straddle her, and then I felt Jacob's hands on my hips, positioning me above her.

“Now sink that slutty blonde cunt down onto my stiff black cock, bitch.”

She had strapped this thick, very real looking black cock to her body, and now it stood up like a glistening wet rocket waiting to launch. She and Jacob drew me down against it and I moaned as I felt it rubbing against my opening.

Then they pushed me down, and I gasped in both pleasure and pain, sinking down further and further as she fondled my breasts.

“Beg me to fuck you, whore.”

“Please.... p-please fuck me, M-Mistress,” I moaned.

I sank lower and she began to thrust up into me. Meanwhile, I felt Jacob's cock pressed up between my buttocks. A moment later he pressed the head against my back opening and began to sink into me!

“Beg my boyfriend to fuck your white ass.”

“Please fuck my white ass, sir!” I moaned.

Raven alternated between kissing me roughly and passionately and sucking and chewing and biting at my breasts! Jacob took his time working his big cock deep into my ass, then began to pump in time to Raven thrusting up into my pussy! OMG!

It was even more astonishing a sensation than I'd felt the other day, with two big cocks pumping inside my quivering abdomen – one of them real!

Jacob roughly squeezed my breasts, even while Raven sucked and chewed my nipples, and the world just seemed to narrow to this dark, crackling river of liquid heat and fire as I let myself sink into the role of their slave, their toy, their bitch!

It didn't take long from there for the sexual fever to ignite inside me and take hold of my mind and body. My inhibitions melted away and I became totally fixed on the dark pleasure growing within me, on the incredible wild sensations coming from riding Raven's 'cock' while Jacob shoved his up my ass!

The orgasm, when it exploded inside me, was all-consuming. I lost control of my body and my mind! My body writhed and bucked frantically as I cried out in animal heat, the pleasure overwhelming my senses!

Jacob cursed in excitement while Raven cursed in contempt, and both of them continued to roughly use my body as I twisted and thrashed and convulsions tore through me. Oh my God it was rapture! And what did I care of the bitch was biting my nipple!

I rode her cock with a sense of elation every time I plunged down its length, crying out as Jacob thrust his cock deep into my ass!

Chapter Eight

By now you might be saying to yourself “This girl is a slut.”

Well, I was too. Let's face it, the things I'd done in the previous couple of days were pretty wild and slutty. I couldn't really regret them, though. They had been too wild and intense and thrilling. The only thing that was troubling is how I'd let others kind of, well, dominate me, order me around. That wasn't how I thought of myself, as like, some helpless bitch.

On the other hand, I had to face facts. I had wanted to do what they'd 'ordered' me to do, so in that sense why would I resist? Plus, being tied up and having them make me do it took away the need I otherwise would have felt to put up a show of resistance. You know, to show them I wasn't a cheap slut.

So was that what I was now? Just a slut who'd let anyone do anything to her?

I didn't think so. I'd let people do what I wanted them to do anyway. That was kind of a different story. They might see things differently, of course. But I kind of wanted them to. I wanted them to think I had been... well, kind of pressured or forced into doing such slutty things. I sure didn't want them to think I had been enthusiastic about it!

Because then I'd be not just a slut but a kinky pervert! I'd rather have people think I could be bullied into stuff than think I was a kinky perve! That might not make a lot of sense but that was how I felt!

Anyway I'd be leaving for college soon, right? Better to get this sort of kinky stuff out of my system, and, become more uh, sophisticated about sex first. After Jacob it was gonna take more effort for the guys at Texas A&M to impress this little freshman!

Man he had a great cock! And he sure knew what to do with it! Too bad he had a bitch girlfriend. Raven was just too scary to want to have more to do with her!

Sex slave!

What a bizarre and darkly exciting concept! I mean, to be someone's sex slave! To have to obey them and have sex with them and anyone they wanted and everything! To be... tortured or whipped for misbehaving!

I mean, not that I would ever allow that given no sane person likes pain, but the idea, the mental image was sure hot! Raven using that belt on my ass had sure hurt! Then again it hadn't stopped me from having a huge orgasm!

“Emma!”

I rolled my eyes, then rolled up off the bed and went to the bedroom door and opened it.

“What?” I asked in a long-suffering voice.

“Come to the head of the stairs.”

I muttered to myself but stepped out into the hall and looked over the railing and down at my mother.

“Sara's babysitter called in sick, and she and Brad have tickets to the theater tonight.”

“So?”

“So she needs an emergency babysitter.”

“Have fun.”

She scowled up at me.

“You are going down the street and taking care of April for them.”

“Aw, mom!”

“She's done a lot for us and – .”

“For you.”

“And it's not like you have any big plans anyway. You can watch TV as easily there as here.”

“April is a brat.”

“April is two years old!”

“She's still a brat.”

“And she'll be in bed by the time you get there.”

I wasn't super fond of the Bradsons to be honest. They were as goofily liberal as my parents and didn't like my sarcastic little comments when they came over. Nor did I enjoy babysitting. But it was easier than putting up with my mother in a bad mood.

Which is why I was up the block in their Victorian makeover ignoring the cutesy pie chintz and fake antique furniture while I watched TV and played on my phone. That got boring, after a bit, so I went exploring. Hey, everything in a house is open to be inspected when you leave a babysitter alone with nothing to do.

I didn't even have to look in on April because they had a camera in her room and put it on the house's wifi. I could just check my damn phone to see her sleeping.

Not that their house was very interesting. They had lousy taste in overpriced furniture as far as I was concerned. And I sure wasn't interested in poking around in their bedroom drawers to see what I might find. Yech. They were both ancient. I did not want to even think about them having sex. What was with having a baby this late in life? Weirdos. She must be close to forty!

Bored, I wandered around, opening a door with stairs that led up to the attic. Maybe they had interesting old stuff up there. Probably not, but I was bored. I flicked on the light switch next to the door and then climbed up and found myself in a room which would have made a fantastic loft bedroom.

The ceilings were high and deeply slanted, of course, so you couldn't even stand up near the walls. But there was plenty of room between them. You could put a big bed there and hmm, a sofa over there... Maybe you could put skylights into the ceiling. I'd seen pictures of that and it had looked cool.

All they were using the attic for was storage, though. There was an old leather sofa, a couple of wing chairs, a table, and an old desk, along with boxes of old clothes and dishes and assorted knick-knacks. The knick-knacks were interesting, though. Some of them looked pretty old.

"Who are you?"

I screamed and spun around to find a strange man standing just by the stairs. I gaped at him for long seconds, then said "Who are you!?"

"I asked you first," he said.

"I-I'm the babysitter!"

"Ah, and is the babysitter supposed to be snooping in the attic instead of taking care of April?"

"She's asleep!"

"How would you know?" he demanded.

"Because... because I'd hear her. Anyway, I can see her on my phone!" I said.

He came closer and I backed up warily.

"And who are you?"

He was an old guy, like, in his thirties. He was tall and broad-shouldered and looked kind of menacingly... strong.

"Brad is my older brother," he said.

"So you say!"

He held up a key.

"I have a key."

"That could be a key for anything!"

He snorted and looked me up and down in a way I was long familiar with. He was inspecting the goods, and liking what he saw.

"I bet Sara wouldn't be happy to find you snooping around in the attic instead of looking after April," he said.

"I doubt she'd care."

I was sure she'd care, but what was she gonna do but not hire me again? Which I could care less about. My mother would be embarrassed, though, and furious at me.

"What's your name?" he asked.

"Emma."

"Strange name for a girl."

"And what's your special name?"

He raised an eyebrow. "My special name is usually sir to girls your age."

That word kind of ... triggered me. Because I'd last used it with Jacob!

I shrugged uncertainly, still wary, wondering what he was going to do. I wasn't really afraid of him or anything, but hey, he could do anything to me here in this attic! Come to think of it, it was hot up here. I was sweating, and had been about to go back downstairs. That triggered the memory of Teagan tying me up in the shed the other day!

I had a brief thought of him grabbing me and tearing my clothes off and tying me up and doing... nasty things to me. But the wonder of it was that it didn't really scare me so much as turn me on!

Sex slave!

I'd put so much thought and fantasy into the idea of me being someone's helpless sex slave that I wasn't really even scared of him doing something like that. In fact, I was bored and the thought was kind of... interesting.

"I'm eighteen," I said defiantly.

"And yet still acting like a bratty teenager," he said.

"Oh and I suppose you'd like to punish me," I said sarcastically.

It just kind of came out.

"Well, don't you think you ought to be punished?" he asked with raised eyebrow.

I shrugged, looking around the place, feeling my heart rate start to pick up. This was crazy! But I was starting to feel this wild sense of... sexual hunger and anticipation!

No way was I interested in having sex with some old guy, though he was okay looking. But the idea of being... you know, tied up and 'made' to do something, now that was kind of kinky sick! And hot!

And it wasn't like he would ever tell anyone!

"Maybe," I said, shrugging carelessly.

"The traditional way to punish bratty teenagers is to make them bend over a desk... like that one there, and have their butt strapped," he said.

Whoa! What a pervert!

But the thought filled me with a sudden dark heat!

"Aren't you worried about April?" I sneered.

"April is asleep. I checked before coming up here."

I snorted. "Such a nice uncle," I said.

He smirked at me. "That's a good idea. That can be my special name for you."

"What?"

"You can call me... uncle Derek."

Oh wow, what a perve!

"You're not my uncle."

"How convenient."

He was backing me against the wall and I put my hand up against his chest to push him back, but I didn't push all that hard. He kissed me. It wasn't a bad kiss, but it didn't exactly excite me. Him cupping and squeezing my breast sent a hot little shudder through my body, though!

I twisted my head away from his mouth with a sniff of disdain, but I didn't offer up any real resistance. He kissed his way along my throat, his fingers still kneading my breast.

"Hot, arrogant little brat," he growled.

"Oh, I'm so bad, I guess you should spank me, Uncle Derek," I said with a sneer.

He glared at me, then grabbed my arm and jerked me away from the wall. He sat down on a chair and before I knew it he had actually yanked me down over his lap!

"Hey!"

"Your idea, brat," he said.

Crack!

I yelped as he slapped my bottom, then yelped again as I felt him slip his fingers into the back of my shorts and yank them – and my thong, down over my butt to bunch up around my thighs.

Crack! Crack! Crack!

"Ow! Hey! Quit it!" I cried. "That hurts!"

"That's the punishment, brat!"

I managed to wriggle out of his grasp and tumble to the floor, then moved to crawl forward before getting to my feet, but he grabbed the bunched-up jeans and yanked my legs out from under me as he pulled them down and off.

A dark wave of heat – combined with embarrassment and anxiety, spilled through my body as I jumped to my feet. I didn't try to run very hard, though, and he grabbed me, then pushed me against the desk he'd mentioned, bending me over it.

"This is traditional for a schoolgirl," he said with a leer.

I didn't bother to correct him as I gasped in outrage – and heat – when I felt his hand thrust in between my thighs and cup my pussy! His other hand was on the

back of my neck, holding me down, as his fingers roughly stroked along the line of my sex!

“Spread your legs.”

“Fuck you!”

I struggled to twist free, and to kick him, hoping I wasn't putting on too big a show of it that he would actually let me go.

“Unless you've got some rope to tie me up, you're not strong enough to hold me down!” I sneered.

I think he got the message. I had seen some rope in the corner. He looked around and saw it too. He let me go and went over to it and I straightened up, then went back to my shorts and started to step into them.

I gasped in pain as he seized my hair. I guess it was because it was thick and long that everyone seemed to want to use it as a handle or something!

“Ow! Hey!”

He yanked me back towards the desk and bent me over it. I continued to struggle and try to kick at him. He cursed and slapped my ass hard, then managed to tie the rope around one of my wrists. He moved around to the other side of the desk and pulled the rope down, then around something before moving across to the other side of the desk. He grabbed my wrist as I tried to slap him and yanked it forward as well, then tied it in place.

And with that done the heat began to really boil over inside me!

I twisted and pulled against the ropes excitedly – while trying not to show it excited me. The feeling of the tight ropes around my wrists and ankles, my stretched out position, and well.. my helplessness just turned me on to an incredible degree!

This was fucking outrageous and kinky and nasty and OMG what was I doing!? But I gulped in air as my insides thrummed with energy, twisting my head to see him undoing his belt.

Oh wow! Oh wow! This was so sick!

He surprised me, though, by pulling the belt out of the loops of his pants instead of just opening it. He doubled it in his hand, and I had a second to realize this was going to hurt before he brought it down across my buttocks!

“Ahh!” I cried.

“Bad girls need to be punished, baby,” he said.

I jerked against the ropes, then cried out at another blow! Then another!

Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!

The belt struck with a wicked, sharp-edged crack of pain that laid a fiery line across my bottom! And in between every blow he reached out and fingered me, stroking and caressing my pussy, and sometimes sliding his finger inside me!

My bottom began to heat up in a way which was a lot less pleasurable than my insides! But as I began to feel sorry for myself I felt another wave of excitement. There was something about the idea of poor helpless me being abused – sexually – that sent a dark thrill through my mind, and then into my body!

“Ah! Please! Oh! Stop! Oh! Quit it!” I cried.

“Hot little blonde slut,” he growled, his fingers pushing roughly into my moist sex.

Crack!

“I bet you can't wait to get my cock inside you.”

Crack!

“bastard!”

Crack!

“Beg for my cock, slut.”

Oh wow! Were all these perverts students in the same school or something?

Crack!

“Ahh! Please fuck me!” I cried.

Crack!

“Beg harder.”

“Please fuck me!” I cried.

Crack!

“Say... please fuck me hard.”

Oh wow!

“Please fuck me, hard!” I cried.

Saying that sent a hot rush of dark, nasty excitement through me!

Crack!

“Again, slut.”

“Please fuck me, hard!”

I felt something rubbing up and down along the moist opening of my body, then pushing forward, spreading me open. I felt a rush of relief, because if he was fucking me he couldn't be hitting me! And as much as me being 'punished' turned me on it fucking hurt!

I moaned as his cock slid deep inside me, then cried out in pain as he wrapped my hair around his fist and yanked my head up and back.

Crack!

This time he just slapped my ass while he began to work his cock in and out of me, and I trembled and gasped and moaned as I felt his hips beginning to hit my buttocks. I felt myself sinking into that dark, breathless space where I was nothing but a helpless owned possession, a victim, a *sex slave!*

I gasped and moaned as he used me, and the rougher he was the more real it felt, and the more real it felt the more the sexual fever grew within me.

He stopped and I moaned as he moved around the table, still holding my hair up. I rolled my eyes up at him, gulping in air when he shoved his cock right into my open mouth, then down my throat! I gurgled and gagged in surprise, but he just pushed himself deeper, burying every last inch and grinding himself against my face!

“Hot little fuck toy,” he said. “You were made for this.”

I trembled and moaned as he pulled himself slowly back, then gulped in air as he pulled free. But after a few seconds to let me breathe he drove himself to the balls in my throat again, then started to pump, slowly at first, then faster. He gripped my hair with both hands now, using my head, my face, my mouth ruthlessly!

I was getting light-headed when he pulled out, and gasped for breath as he shifted his grip on my hair, gathering it all into a mass above me, and using it to hold my head up.

He used his other hand to rub the head of his cock along my lips.

“Beg me to shove this down your whore throat,” he said.

I moaned. This guy was fucking crazy!

Then he slapped my face!

“Beg, slut.”

“Please... shove y-your cock down my... throat!

He slapped my face again.

“More feeling.”

“Please shove your cock down my throat!” I cried.

He slapped my face again.

“That wasn't what I told you to do, slut.”

Crack! He slapped my face again!

“Beg me to shove my cock down your whore throat.”

“Please shove... your cock down my whore throat!”

And then he did, pumping in and out as he held my head up and back by one fist in the hair.

He buried every inch inside me and stopped, holding still. A moment later something flashed, and I looked up to see him holding his phone. I blinked, moaning helplessly around his cock, and he pulled back a little, then took another picture.

A moment later I heard the little signal phones give when they get a message. He looked at it, pressed it, then said “The door is unlocked. Come up to the attic and see what I've got.”

Then he put the phone away and resumed fucking my throat.

I could usually cope with cocks in my throat but he was actually pumping in and out so fast and hard I was having a hard time breathing. Black dots danced before my eyes as I strained against the ropes. Then he pulled out, letting my head drop and all I could do was gulp in deep, ragged breaths of air as he moved around behind me.

I gasped as he drove himself into my pussy again, pulling back on my hair and slapping my ass while his hips hammered against my buttocks.

Again, I sagged, gasping, moaning, grunting as his cock thrust into me, my mind fuzzy. I heard the sound of feet on the stairs, then I saw movement before me as another man came in.

“Whoa, where'd you find her?” he asked.

“Here. She was poking around in things, the nosy little slut.”

Crack! He slapped my ass!

“I'm teaching her what happens to bad blondes.”

“And good blondes!” the guy said with a leer.

He unzipped his pants and pulled his erection out, then drove it into my open mouth before I could even think about whether I should maybe say something! I gurgled around it, embarrassment at being seen naked really not entering into things as I struggled for breath.

They switched around repeatedly, so that, dazed as I was, I didn't even know which one was fucking me, nor did I care. I felt the heat returning to my body and floated on this dark cloud of sexual masochism, wallowing in my own cruel abuse as the two men rutted into me from both directions.

Chapter Nine

So what I'd learned in the attic was that being treated like someone's bitch was deliciously hot! But that alone wasn't enough. Those two guys had been nothing special, not that good with their cocks, and one of them was just a bastard.

It had been hot, in a way, but nothing like my time with Teagan and Kenzie, or Raven and Jason. I needed to find someone scary, but hot, who knew what to do with his cock, and who was... safe. I mean, sane, a pervert, okay, but not a crazed pervert.

I wanted to really explore this dark, kinky thing before I went to college. I started poking around on the internet, including looking at stores that sold bondage stuff. Some of that stuff looked so wild! The thought of wearing it turned me on! But it also cost money which I couldn't really afford.

I decided to go down to a local adult place, though, just to look at the things. I'd never been in there before because I figured it would be embarrassing. But the thing I'd gone through the last week had made me considerably harder to embarrass on the subject of sex and nudity!

It was still a little weird, though. I wore sweats, including a hoodie, mostly to just appear casual. I guess I was still kind of self-conscious, so what I figured was I'd just make it look like I was wandering by and was curious.

It was a big place, and it had aisle after aisle of stuff; everything from anal beads and butt-plugs to dildos and vibrators of every size and color. Not to mention thigh-high leather stiletto-heeled boots, kinky body harnesses, and sex toys for men which almost made me laugh out loud (like the silicone shape of a woman's ass and pussy they could put on a table).

I acted the part of the casual browser, unimpressed, smirking dismissively at the things I was seeing. And so I wandered into the section filled with restraints and bondage equipment. I did my best to not let my eyes go wide at some of the things there, but I felt an excited little flutter in my stomach looking at and touching the stuff and imagining it was on me!

I made sure no one was near and picked up a leather collar and put it on. It had a big stainless steel ring dangling from the front, and I turned and stared at myself in the mirror, kind of gulping in air. I looked so hot in this!

Slave girl!

Someone rounded the corner of the aisle and I hurriedly turned away, reaching behind me to undo the collar. Because I was rushing my fingers fumbled, and it took longer than I had expected to get it off before they were nearby.

“Why take it off?” a voice asked.

It was a guy, a man! And he was fucking hot looking! He had this square-jawed face with a very short, tightly trimmed beard and mustache, curly dark hair, and these incredible piercing blue eyes! And he was wearing a suit, an expensive suit.

“It looks good on you,” he said with a smile

I flushed. “Uh, I was uhm, just – .”

“I see you've been using ropes,” he said, suddenly taking my hand.

I gulped as he drew it towards him and then ran his fingers along the back of my wrists, which showed red marks from the ropes the other day.

“Rope burns can be nasty,” he said.

I jerked my hand back, flushing.

“You're smart to think about leather,” he said. “Especially padded leather.”

He took the collar from my hand, examined it, then placed it back around my throat and did it up behind me, brushing my hair out again.

“There. That looks quite natural on you,” he said, stepping back.

“You don't have a master, do you.”

I felt a jolt of shock, then a rush of embarrassment mixed with anxiety. Holy fuck!

“Just exploring things and seeing where they go?” he asked.

“I uh...”

I reached up behind me to remove the collar.

“Not going to buy it?”

“It... costs a lot of money,” I gulped. “I'm going to college soon and – .”

My voice trailed off as I undid the collar.

He reached up and halted me.

“How about I buy it for you.”

“Oh no, no, no, that's okay!” I exclaimed, my voice squeaking.

“If you're going to experiment in how to be a little slave girl, you're going to have to learn to obey,” he said, calmly doing up the collar again.

Oh wow!

I knew I was blushing despite myself, with my mind fumbling for how to respond to him. I mean, he was a complete stranger! He could be a crazy psycho! On the other hand he seemed sophisticated, calm, and super hot! He was also way older than me, which meant he might actually know stuff!

“You have soft skin,” he said. “You shouldn't hurt it with harsh ropes.”

He took my wrist and pulled me unwillingly further down the aisle, then selected a pair of leather restraints that were a lot like the collar! I felt my heart beating faster and faster as I froze, letting him put them around my wrists!

“There. Now you can experiment as you wish.”

He looked at me, then slid his fingers lightly along my cheek.

“Don't know what you want, do you?” he asked sympathetically.

He chuckled softly, then drew me back up the aisle to the front, right up to the cash. I blushed furiously as the cashier blandly swept his little laser thing across the label on the wrist restraint and the collar. The man paid, and then led me outside.

This was just too ... too too! I pulled my hands free and stumbled back.

“Look... mister,” I gulped.

He smiled and handed me something. It was like a business card.

“Give me a call when you're ready,” he said.

Then he just turned and walked away. Holy fuck!

I looked at the card. It said Joshua Morgan Investments. It had a phone number, and nothing more. I looked up to see him still walking. He didn't even look back.

Fuck me!

I blushed as a lady walked by, then pulled the sleeves of my hoodie down over the restraints. I took off the collar, stuffed it under my hoodie, and went home, heart thumping wildly!

That guy... that guy was like... he had seemed... I don't know! Like the people I'd had sex with were amateurs while he was a pro! Or... he was just nuts.

It didn't take long on the computer to find him, though. All I had to do was call up Joshua Morgan Investments to see his picture. Mind you, anyone can create a web site. So I Googled his name and found all kinds of pictures of him on business-related sites. None mentioned a wife, but one of them said he was forty! Yikes! That was old! He sure didn't look old!

He didn't look like a crazed serial killer, either!

I debated myself for a few days, though really what I was trying to do was work up the courage to call that number. Finally I did. And he answered himself!

“Morgan,” he said.

I gulped, suddenly speechless.

“Hello?” he asked impatiently.

He was going to hang up! I had to say something!

“Uhm... I uhm – .”

“The little girl with the rope burns? Healed up yet?”

I flushed. “Yes.”

“And perhaps looking to experiment further.”

“I... maybe,” I said. “I mean... uhm – .”

“Why don't you let me pick you up and take you somewhere we can experiment.”

“I... I don't know,” I said anxiously.

“We won't do anything you don't want. And I'll explain everything in advance and as we progress. Think of it as taking a class.”

“In what!?”

“In... submissiveness.”

“I'm not submissive!” I said.

“One can be submissive in sex without being submissive in life,” he replied.

“How do I know you're not like... Uh –.”

“A crazed killer? Well, you don't. But I'm sure you'll be leaving notes about where you're going, so if I was to be so crass as to make you disappear the police would soon be on my doorstep. That would be very bad for my reputation, not to mention business.”

I was silent, though my heart pounded wildly.

“You're not likely to find a better opportunity to explore that side of you before you go off to college.”

I bit my lip.

“Be at the corner of Brook and Cooper at Four. Wear the collar and restraints.”

And then he hung up, leaving me staring at the phone.

Fuck!

I did a lot of pacing and arguing and hand wringing, but in the end I went, heart in my throat. I had these wild, dark fantasies about what it would be like to be a 'sex slave' to a man like him! I couldn't bear the thought of missing out! At the same time I was wildly anxious about what he would do to me!

He picked me up in a sleek looking Mercedes. I was wearing just a T-shirt and jeans, but also had a jacket over them so I could close it up high to hide the collar. He smiled at me through the window and I nervously got in and sat next to him.

“My name is – .”

“I don't want to know your name,” he said. “We'll exchange names at some later point if I approve of you and vice versa. For now, this is just a training session.”

“Uh... what are you gonna do?” I asked.

“Introduce you to a few concepts and see how you react to them. That will tell both of us where your head is at. We'll see where your boundaries are, and how responsive you are to various things I say and do.”

This sure didn't sound very romantic! But on the other hand, I guess it wasn't!

“Where are we going?”

“My place.”

I gulped.

“What college are you going to?”

I almost felt like I shouldn't tell him to remain, well, anonymous, but what difference did it make?

“Uhm, Texas A&M.”

“Really?”

“It's a good school!” I said.

“Yes, but not the usual selection for a blonde California girl. Are you a lover of westerns? Very conservative?”

“I was just looking for something different,” I said.

“You'll get that today. Tell me about what experiences you have?”

Yikes! I couldn't talk about that to a man twice my age I barely knew!

“I uhm, have been... doing some... stuff that kind of worked out to have some... kinky parts,” I gulped.

He snorted. “A shy girl. This should be interesting.”

“I'm not shy!” I exclaimed. “But... I mean, telling some man all about your sexual experiences is a bit much!”

“You'll confess all later.”

His place was a large home in a ritzy neighborhood. We drove into a three-car garage and stopped, and I got out, feeling awkward and nervous.

He walked calmly across the garage and into the house and I followed, feeling kind of freaked out. I mean, I was here to have sex! With a man twice my age who didn't even know my name! Mind you, I'd done that the other night at the babysitting gig – twice over.

Fuck! What a slut I was!

He waited for me just inside the door. He let it close behind me, then stood in front of me, those blue eyes boring into me as I shifted nervously.

“To start with, the essence of being a submissive is giving up control. Do you understand what that means? It means you make no decisions. Someone else does that, and you simply do as you're told.”

I shrugged nervously.

“Say you understand.”

“I understand.”

“Say you understand, sir.”

I flushed.

“I understand, sir.”

“Take off your top.”

I gulped and felt a shock run through me. Talk about cutting to the chase!

“Now.”

I unzipped my jacket and took it off, blushing furiously, then, as I began to feel a dark rush of excitement, I reached down and peeled my T-shirt up and over my head. I was wearing my sexiest black bra, but he didn't seem to be impressed.

Still nervous and self-conscious, I reached behind me and undid the bra, then shrugged it off.

He reached for me, not for my breasts but my throat. His big hand went around my throat, completely enveloping it and shoving me back against the door. I gasped, grabbing his wrist, my chin raised as I looked up at him.

“Drop your hands to your sides,” he ordered.

I obeyed. My hands weren't doing anything against his powerful wrist anyway.

“This is what it means to surrender control,” he said.

He squeezed and I felt my eyes bulge. My hands kind of trembled at my sides, wanting to shoot up and grab his wrist, even though I knew it would be useless.

He loosened his hand, then let go of my throat. He gripped one of my arms and spun me around to face the door, then jerked my hands up and slapped them against the door above me!

“Push your butt back at me,” he ordered. “I'm sure you've seen the pose on TV in cops shows.”

I obeyed, bending forward, heart thumping, pulse racing. I felt his hands land on my shoulders, then slide down and slowly caress my back before disappearing.

“Take off your pants.”

I gasped, but moved upright. I was feeling more dark heat than embarrassment now as I undid my jeans and pushed them down. I had to kick off my shoes to step out of them, but then he pushed me against the door again and I threw my hands out.

“Butt back.”

I bent forward, pushing my butt back, a wild rush of energy crackling through my body.

“Very nice ass,” he said. “Spread your legs wider and lean forward more.”

I obeyed, my mind squirming, heat flushing my skin.

I felt his fingers trace slowly down my spine. Then he gripped my little thong and tore it off me!

I felt a flood of embarrassment and gasped aloud, straightening up, only to get a sharp slap to my bottom that made me cry out.

“Did I tell you to move, slave?”

I jerked back into position, heart pounding.

“Spread those lovely legs.”

I obeyed, moaning low in my throat.

“Bend forward further.”

I did, closing my eyes, trying to control my ragged breathing. He moved in behind me, then ran his hands slowly down my back, down over my buttocks, and

then over my hips. They slid up in front and cupped my breasts, squeezing them softly, then more firmly.

I felt his fingertips finding my erect nipples and rolling them between thumbs and forefingers, and heat flooded through my breasts as my nipples tingled and burned!

“Turn around.”

I stood straight and turned, feeling awkward, embarrassed in my nakedness before this strange man. I also felt intimidated and anxious and wary. But despite that, a breathless heat filled me.

He reached out and grasped a thick handful of hair behind my neck, then jerked back sharply.

I cried out, my hands jerking up and back to grab at his wrists as my back arched.

“Do not resist. Submit. Lower your arms to your sides.”

Heart pounding, I obeyed, and he turned me to face a mirror.

“What does this look like?” he asked.

The mirror showed me, of course. And him. Except he was tall and broad shouldered and stern and older, and wearing a suit. I, meanwhile, was utterly naked wearing a collar and leather restraints, my head pulled back and back arched as he gripped my hair.

“Does this look like a submissive girl?”

“I-I... guess,” I gulped.

“You guess.”

He brought his other hand around my body, and I watched and felt it cupping my breast, squeezing it gently, then harder before abandoning it and sliding down my body. I gasped at the sight and feel of his long, warm male fingers against my sex, my pulse racing as they began to rub me there.

He pulled them back and dipped them into the mouth of my sex, spreading my lips apart, then drew them back to rub again, this time slick with my own juices.

“Spread your legs, Slave.”

Slave! Yikes! The word hit me with a jolt and I obeyed, staring at myself in the mirror. I stared at his arm and hand and fingers. I stared at him looking at the mirror from behind and above me, and my eyes dropped from meeting his.

His fingers against me were ... skilled, and my body was thrumming with excitement and heat to begin with. I felt the heat deepening and spreading, and saw how flushed my face was in the mirror. And how the flush was moving down to my chest as I simply stood there and let a strange man masturbate me!

I tried to show no response but the muscles in my lower belly began to flinch, to spasm, and my hips began to jerk helplessly as the pleasure grew more intense.

He stopped, though, and instead drew my arms back behind me to lock the restraints together. That sent a dark tide of heat and anxiety through me again!

He took my arm in a firm grip and led me into the apartment, then over to a sofa. He sat and I was startled as he pulled me down across his lap on my belly. His hand moved over my body, gliding along my skin, caressing my buttocks, then slipping between my thighs to finger me again.

I moaned helplessly as a large warm finger penetrated me and slid deep. DEEP! My hips jerked back and I gulped in air as the heat grew to sweltering levels.

“Are you a bad girl?” he asked.

What?! I moaned and tried to think.

“Y-Yes, sir!” I gasped.

Crack!

I winced at the sharp slap to my bottom.

“What happens to bad girls?” he asked.

His fingers were pumping slowly in and out of me and I was starting to feel a sense of submission, of sinking, of floating along on a liquid tide of heat.

Crack!

“Answer me, Slave.”

“I...I'm...they... get... punished?”

Crack!

“Yes. Isn't that the way things ought to be?”

I opened my mouth and froze as his finger slid almost all the way out, then pushed in again – thicker. It was almost as thick as a cock, if not a huge one. I realized after a moment that it was his thumb, because I felt his other fingers starting to rub against my clitoris.

Crack!

“Isn't it, Slave?”

“Yes, sir!”

“I want you to beg me to spank you.”

Shit! Whoa! This was so kinky!

Crack!

“Beg, slave.”

Please spank me, Sir!” I gasped.

And that's what he began to do. His big hand came slapping down against my bottom again and again. It hurt! Every blow sent a sharp, stinging jolt of pain through my buttocks, followed by a surge of heat that grew with each blow! I moaned and whimpered and wriggled helplessly, but he continued, his hand turning my bottom hot and red!

He paused, his thumb sliding in between the sopping lips of my sex, pumping in and out as his fingers rubbed my clitoris, and that brought a fresh surge of heat from within. Then he resumed his spanking, his other hand roughly gripping my hair to hold me in place when I wriggled and twisted too much!

This was a serious spanking! This wasn't just the occasional slap! My bottom was on fire and I began to cry out at each new blow as the stinging grew more intense!

"Please!" I cried.

Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!

"Please! Sir!" I cried.

"You're a bad girl," he said, continuing his spanking. Bad girls are punished."

I didn't know what to do! My mind was immersed in a dark, thrilling sense of being a slave, of being tied up and used by a strong man for sex! But my bottom was starting to hurt terribly as he kept spanking me! I wanted him to stop spanking me! But I didn't want this... this... slave thing to stop!

I cried out, gasping and moaning, and then whimpering as the pain mounted and his hand continued to slap my bare bottom.

"Are you a bad girl?" he asked sternly.

"Y-Y-Yessss, sirrr!" I moaned.

Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!

"Beg me to spank you harder."

Oh fuck! Oh no! I wanted him to stop!

"Beg me to spank harder, slave," he growled.

"Please spank me harder, Sir!" I half sobbed.

He did just that, and my cries became louder as his hand really smacked against my bottom! It felt as if my skin was on fire as tears filled my eyes.

"Are you a slave?" he asked.

I whimpered and moaned and sniffled helplessly, and then cried out as he jerked back on my hair.

"Are you?"

"Y-Yes, Sirrrr!" I moaned.

"Say it."

"I'm... I'm a slave, sir!"

"What do slaves do?"

"They... submit to their master, sir!"

"Are you prepared to show your submission, Slave?"

"Yes, sir!" cried desperately.

"Very well."

Chapter Ten

He released my hair and lifted me off his lap. He put me on my knees on the floor before him, then opened his trousers and drew out a semi-hard cock.

I didn't need any orders on what to do, and eagerly leaned forward. The sooner we got to the real sex part the sooner he'd stop spanking my burning bottom!

He gripped my hair again, wrapping it around his fist, and then guided me onto the head of his cock. I moaned around it, sucking instantly, my tongue licking hard and fast.

He jerked back on my hair.

"Delicately, Slave."

He guided me in again, and I sucked more softly, bobbing up and down, going deeper as his cock hardened into a quite thick and lengthy spear of flesh. I moaned as I slid down all the way to the base and held there, heart pounding, then slid back up again.

He pushed me back and pulled his pants off entirely, then, still holding my hair, he guided me into licking gently at his inner thighs, then at his balls, then taking them into my mouth to suck and massage with my tongue.

I licked up the length of his cock like an ice cream cone, then swallowed it, bobbing up and down as he looked down at me. I moaned as he reached for my left breast, squeezing and kneading it, and felt his fingers rubbing against my erect nipple.

He pulled me off, then and pushed me back.

"Turn and put your face against the floor."

I blinked and then obeyed, panting, licking my lips as I leaned forward until my head was against the floor. I sensed and heard him dropping to his knees behind me, then felt his hands on my thighs, jerking them apart. He gripped my chest and pulled it back so my belly was in tighter against my thighs.

I felt his cock rubbing up and down along the line of my sex, causing hot, throbbing surges of pleasure and passion. He rubbed the spit-wet head of his cock against my clitoris again and again so that my hips began to grind, then pushed himself into me slowly, but deeply.

His hands seized my hips, and he began to pump. His hands shifted. One gripped my bound wrists, the other my hair, roughly jerking my head back. Then he began to thrust harder, deeper. I gasped and moaned. His cock ached, but the heat was flaring hotter and wilder.

His hips began to hit my buttocks, and he started to jerk back on my hair every time he thrust into me, sending a sharp little stab of bright pain into the flaming bonfire of heat gripping my body.

This was like before! I was completely helpless! I had nothing to do or think about! All I had to do was just let my mind float and feel the heat and sensations pouring through me! He jerked back harder on my wrists too, enough to pull my shoulders up off the floor.

That relieved the pressure on my breasts, but also left them free to swing and wobble as he thrust harder, as he jerked on my body and then hammered it with his.

The orgasm exploded from deep inside me with such force I cried out all the air in my lungs! It seized my body in a hugely powerful flare of something way too intense to just be called pleasure! It was rapture! I trembled and shook even aside from the hard, rough fucking he was giving me, as my mind was swamped with raw sensation.

Through it all his hard cock punched deep into my belly, the head kind of jamming against the back wall of my pussy to add another level of deep, throbbing ache to the howling pleasure storm engulfing me.

It left me dazed, and with my face against the floor as he released my hair and wrists. I felt his pumping slowing and figured he had come, but I was wrong, for he never got soft. He pulled out, though, and I just knelt there panting, chest heaving, and twitching with the aftermath of that fantastic orgasm.

Then he undid the restraints from each other and was walking away. That confused me. He had his pants back on, too. Was he done? And just walking away? That seemed... rude. He could have at least said something.

I pushed myself back up onto my knees and combed my tangled hair back from my face, looking down the length of my flushed body. Then I looked up at he returned, a belt in hand. That made me anxious at first, thinking he was going to strap me, but when he came over to me it was to clip the belt to the big ring dangling from the front of the collar.

“Come, Slave.”

He jerked on the strap... and I was yanked forward to land on all fours. Then he started to walk away, tugging on the... leash. I was bewildered, at first, and then when I realized I felt a wave of outrage followed by a dark flood of heat! OMG!

I crawled across the floor like some kind of animal! On a leash! He led me down the hall and into the bedroom. It was a huge bedroom, one I would have been terribly impressed by if I wasn't occupied with the excitement churning inside me.

“Get up on the bed and kneel at the edge,” he said.

I did as he ordered.

“Face down.”

I gulped and obeyed.

“Spread your legs, like before. Now reach back and grasp your ankles in your hands. That's it, and hold that position. Do not turn around or otherwise move.”

God, so arrogant! So outrageous! But then this wasn't some sort of romantic get together where people said charming things to one another. This was something entirely different.

He was taking off his clothes behind me, and I trembled in rising anticipation. This was so kinky and hot! Okay, yes, it was totally degrading to any sense of feminist equality. I was positioned in the most obvious way possible and then just told to wait for when he decided to use my body!

And I was doing it!

“Have you ever been sodomized?” he asked.

I gulped.

“Y-Yes, sir.”

“Good. You have a gorgeous ass. It would be a crime to not let men use it. Do you know how to loosen your muscles, to not clamp down on a man's cock as it slides deep into your belly?”

Wow! So graphic!

“I uhm... no,” I gulped.

Crack!

I gasped.

“Sir,” he said.

“No, sir!”

He snorted, then moved to the side. I saw him in my peripheral vision and shifted my head slightly. Oh wow! God, what a body! It was even better than Jason! His cock was semi-hard, and I gulped and jerked my head back when he turned around.

He returned to stand behind me and I felt his fingers at my pussy. Then I felt myself being penetrated. It wasn't his cock, I quickly realized, but it was quite thick, and cool to the touch. It was slippery already, and it slid deep into my pussy.

And then it began to vibrate!

I moaned as I felt it quivering inside me. I gasped as I felt his finger against my back opening. It was oily and slick and pushed slowly down inside me.

“Empty your mind, focus on not allow your muscles to squeeze down,” he said. “If you can overcome your gag reflex you can do this. It's considerably easier.”

He pumped his finger in and out, twisting it around, pulling it free, then penetrating me again and again as the vibrator buzzed against my pussy

“Would you like me to fuck you in the ass, Slave?”

“Y-Yes, sir!” I moaned.

“Beg.”

“Please fuck me in the ass, sir!”

“Are you offering me your body, Slave?”

“Yes, sir!”

“Say it.”

“I... I'm offering you my body, Sir!”

“Are you submitting to me?”

“Yes, sir!”

“Say it.”

“I submit to you, sir!”

I felt his finger slid out then the thick, spongy head of his cock pushing against me. It was wider, of course, thicker, and I moaned as he pushed it forward, then back, forward then back, slowly working it into my body. Suddenly he slapped my bottom hard and at the same time pushed deeper.

I gasped and moaned, fighting to keep myself open for him, and clutching my ankles tightly as he worked his way deeper. He slapped my bottom several more times, as if to break my body free of its urge to clamp down on him. It worked, and he moved deeper and deeper to the point I started to feel a strange sort of cramping deep inside!

I felt him combing my hair back, then pulling it into a thick chunk. I gasped as he pulled my head up and back firmly. My wrists weren't locked together this time, but I had to hold my ankles!

He pumped slowly at first, letting my body get used to the feel of his cock moving inside it. Slowly he worked himself up, fucking harder, his cock driving deep inside me until his hips hammered against my buttocks again.

Another orgasm tore through me, and I cried out, my mouth forced open wide by the pull on my scalp anyway, as his hips slapped against my bottom and his cock impaled me with every deep stroke. This was all so wild and slutty and hot that I was in a fever heat, wallowing in pleasure!

I came again, and then again, my hips twisting and jerking and bucking back against him as the vibrator buzzed inside my pussy and his big cock kept slicing deep into my ass! God, it felt insane! It didn't stop, either, not until he'd come, and even then my body was still trembling from the vibrator.

He went into the bathroom and washed himself, then emerged wearing a black robe.

He removed the vibrator, picked up the leash, and jerked and I rose onto all fours, then slid off the bed. Again I had to crawl, back down the hall and into the

kitchen this time. There I had to kneel, sitting on my heels with my knees stretched wide, my hands behind my neck and back arched.

He made dinner, but didn't speak, nor was I permitted to. He sat a plate of food on the floor, then and I had to eat it like an animal, without using my hands! Yikes! Sick! Scary hot sick! I licked food off the plate, with my breasts pressed against the floor, my ass in the air and legs spread wide!

After dinner he brought me to the bathroom and I had to go in front of him! Boy was that embarrassing! He brought me into the shower and cleaned me, without me being allowed to do anything or say anything. He even brushed my teeth and my hair!

He had me wear a pair of soft white silk gloves which went all the way up past my elbows. Then he put a pair of white silk stockings on my legs. He fastened metal restraints around both ankles and legs, and replaced the leather collar with a metal one!

Then I had to call him 'master' instead of 'sir'! Fuck!

I spent much of the evening chained spreadeagled on his bed while he tormented me and made my body burn with heat. He had all sorts of toys to use on me, from various kinds of vibrators and dildos, to pinwheels, candles, feathers and ice. But the most effective were probably his mouth and his fingers.

I came so often I begged him to stop. My muscles had spasmed so many times they were on fire! My mind was dazed, shell-shocked, unable to cope with the continuing avalanche of pleasure!

After that he lay naked on the bed, and I had to lick and kiss and suck every inch of his body! My mouth got him erect again, then I mashed my breasts against him, sliding them back and forth, squeezing his cock between them until he finally told me to climb atop.

I straddled and rode him as his big hands kneaded my breasts. Then he jerked me down and rolled atop me. Soon he had my ankles pressed back against the bed on either side of my head as he pounded his cock into me with savage speed and force!

It hurt. But I didn't care. It was wonderful! I was in rapture! And I came again and again!

I was his!

I hadn't made any conscious decision to that effect. I just knew I would do whatever he told me to do!

That included withdrawing from college. Oh my parents put up a fuss, of course, though in a way they were happy at me not going to Texas A&M. I said I needed to take a year off to find myself, and that pleased their liberal hearts.

Then I got a job working as his personal assistant. He never used my name. He called me 'slave', or variations on that. Even when he introduced me to other men... and women.. who he let use my body.

But I never went a day without multiple orgasms, without the hot thrill of the darkest, most exciting passion and pleasure and heat!

College can wait. I need to find out who I am, of course. And if I'm a slave, well, who needs college?

END

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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.

Out of Uniform

Rookie cop Jaime McCloud is eager to shed her uniform and get into plainclothes work, but when she arrests the wrong man she's drafted into undercover work, helping hunky but controlling federal agent Dan Lucas at a modeling agency. Tomboy Jaime hates modeling bikinis and slinky dresses, but finds herself overpoweringly attracted to the overbearing Lucas and is soon embarrassingly out of uniform and falling increasingly into the role of an enthralled submissive!

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!

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 Penthouse

Courtney is a poor girl, but a party girl with ambitions. Finding herself in a fabulous penthouse with a wealthy man is her dream come true. But he's not her date, but his father! And he's very much the alpha male used to getting his way! Courtney begins a scalding journey of submission and pleasure, learning to submit, obey and abandon her inhibitions before him, his son, and the servants!

Table of Contents

[Emma's Summer of Submission](#)

[Chapter One](#)

[Chapter Two](#)

[Chapter Three](#)

[Chapter Four](#)

[Chapter Five](#)

[Chapter Six](#)

[Chapter Seven](#)

[Chapter Eight](#)

[Chapter Nine](#)

[Chapter Ten](#)