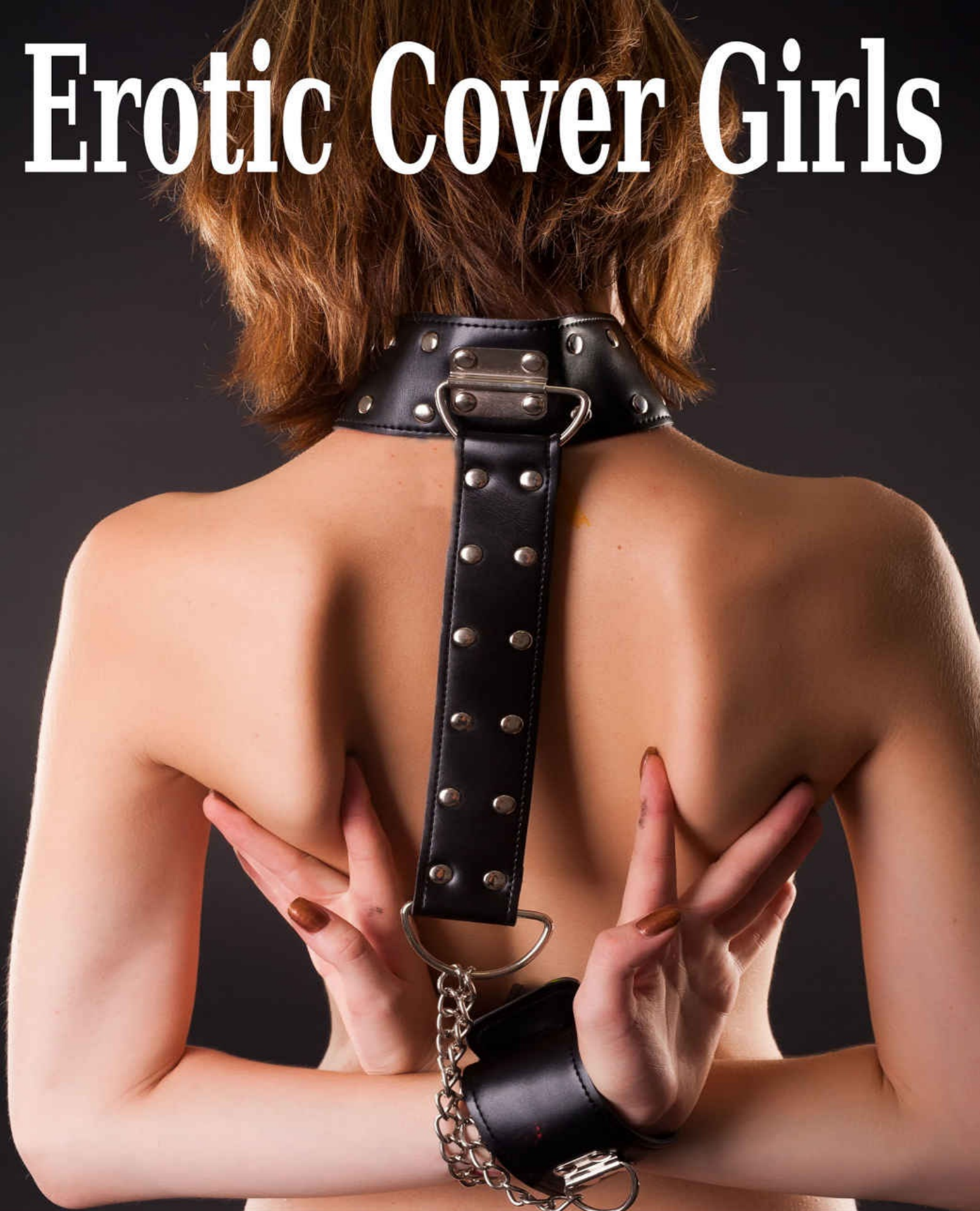


Erotic Cover Girls



By JJ Argus

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

I've always been a dreamer. I mean, the Harry Potter books were an obsession for me when I discovered them, and I read them over and over. The movies were even more incredible. I think those books turned me into a nerd. They certainly turned me into a reader and a lover of fantasy, even dark fantasy, like Tolkien, and The Game of Thrones series

Does form follow function? Was it my fixation on such things which kind of distanced me from most of the girls in the schools where I grew up? I certainly had little interest in the stuff they did, like makeup and hair styling and celebrities.

I didn't dream of making out with a Hollywood star. I dreamed about being an elf girl with magical powers, or a witch with a magic wand, or a vampire. I thought I'd make an excellent vampire, really. Besides, it would make me strong and fearless, and I was neither of those things.

That's not to say I didn't have one similar interest to other girls, that being boys. I might have been a nerd but I still had my crushes. I was just too shy to do anything about them, for the most part. But I did have the internet, and the internet was a treasure trove of astonishing sexual things, all in graphic, living color.

I was, of course, very into computers for a variety of reasons, and while barely out of junior high I began to make money doing desktop publishing. Granted, it was on my parents' computer and without their permission, but I was able to make enough money that when they found out I had enough to buy my own printer and software.

Through my high school years, I gradually got better and better looking web sites and learned how to market my services. When I graduated I went full time and was even able to hire my friend Alex to help. We worked out of my parents' basement, at first, but soon had enough for us to rent our own place.

Another basement.

Okay, it wasn't a penthouse apartment. But it was a big basement apartment, with a big front room where we could put the computers and printers. We had a TV in there too, and a small sofa, but we spent most of our entertainment time on the computers, too. Alex was kind of a nerd too, you see, but in more of a cool way.

She was very short, petite, who defiantly wore thick-framed, almost horn-rimmed glasses. But she wore them with very short, schoolgirl kilts and tight tops. She also had tattoos and piercings, including her lower lip and her tongue. So in a way she was way cooler than me. But she was also deeply into computers and also into the same sorts of movies and books as I was.

We were expanding our services, and that included providing nicely done graphics. Sometimes they were colorful charts of various kinds, and other times they were pictures and drawings that went with the material. Most of that could easily be found on the internet and purchased from royalty-free sites.

Then Alex decided we should expand that part of the business into providing covers for romance novels. These weren't the ones published by big companies, of course, but the ones independently published on the internet.

The problem with that was there weren't a whole lot of good, cheap, royalty free pictures to be found easily which wouldn't be pretty much like all the other covers others were using. There were a ton of these being published, see, and only so many royalty free sites to buy pictures.

Inevitably, this led to us taking our own pictures. We'd done that sometimes for other clients. I mean, why pay for a picture when you could take a picture of an apple or a streetscape or a bunch of trees or cars or something else easily available and use that?

We had a friend named Nick, who was gay, and had a fantastic body. So sometimes we'd take pictures of him and one of us – minus the faces, usually with our hair discretely covering part of our faces, say, or our heads turned, and us pressed against his muscular, shirtless body. His face would be in shadows so we could use him repeatedly.

We had wigs and some frilly clothes we could wear, and it got to be kind of fun and creative. And then came this request from an author which included what she had in mind for a cover. Now this wasn't unusual, but the type of picture was, because the book was a sort of Fifty Shades of Gray knockoff type.

“We can do this easily,” Alex said.

“Are you gonna be the model?” I demanded, knowing she wasn't.

The reality was I had the better body for these sorts of pictures. I was taller and had more curves. You could fake the curves under enough clothes, but not with her being so short.

“No, you of course.”

“Forget it!”

“Why? It has to be you, Miranda. The character has big boobs.”

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

“They're big enough. A lot bigger than mine.”

She wasn't flat chested, but it was easy to not notice her boobs if she wasn't wearing something tight. There wasn't really a way to *not* notice mine. I mean, they're not huge or anything. I wouldn't call myself busty, but they're... nice.

“I am not going to have a picture of my boobs on the internet!”

“Just a small piece of one side of one boob. Look, the shot is of a blonde from behind with no clothes on except a dress which is hanging around her waist, a whip held in a hand ready to be used on her, and some side boob.”

“I'm not showing the side of my breast!”

“It's only part. I mean, it can't like, show your nipple or anything or it can't go on the mainstream retail sites.”

“No!”

“We can make it shadowy, and erotic and artistic. And besides, nobody is going to know it's you. All they'll see is the blonde hair, the bare back, and a small part of the boob, like right against your ribs.”

Alex is really short and skinny, and very nerdy, with hair that changed colors frequently. At the moment it was blue. She was better at computers and software than I was, but I was the more creative one about layouts as well as graphics. So it was unusual for her to be arguing with me on my subject.

On the other hand, she was right, and we could easily do this, and it could be made really well and really cheaply. It would basically take us a few minutes. Except for one thing.

“We don't have any whips,” I said.

She smirked at me.

“You did not!”

“It was only fifteen dollars! We can use it in other pictures. Probably.”

She went and got it, and I examined it. The thing had a thick, faux leather handle about a foot long, and then several dozen black tassels that were about a foot and a half long.

“It feels cheap,” I said.

“Doesn't matter what it feels like so long as it looks the part and it does.”

We lived in an unusually old building. And the basement was built to be an apartment, so had high ceilings. The rooms were wide and not as boxy as modern rooms. The only thing it lacked was windows. The windows were small and barred because this wasn't the nicest of neighborhoods.

We often took pictures against the empty wall in my bedroom, because we could put up different colored sheets as a background. So Alex and I tacked up a black sheet. Then, since she was also the one who was best with her hands, she drilled a hole in the ceiling and stuck in this metal eye screw to hang the chain from.

I looked at the chain dubiously. I had taken off my top and gotten one of the 'costumes' we kept for such things, a lacy white dress, then pulled it on and let the thing hang around my waist while Alex attached the chain and let it dangle down.

"That should be lower," she said.

I shrugged the dress lower, but then my jeans showed.

"Dump the jeans."

I scowled.

"We're not gonna show your butt or anything anyway. It'll be covered by the dress."

I sighed and undid my jeans, slipping them down and off, leaving me in just my thong, and the dress, of course. I took off my glasses and put on the blonde wig and then Alex pulled over a stool to 'chain me up'.

I stood a bit nervously against the wall and raised my wrists high overhead as she wrapped the chain around them, then in between them.

"It doesn't have to be tight," I said, feeling the chains going around my wrists and watching her work.

"We don't want it falling apart."

She tugged them higher, and I almost instinctively rose onto the balls of my feet.

"That's too high!" I exclaimed.

"It has to reach the hook."

She slipped down off the stool and pulled it away, then got the camera.

"The chain is too tight!" I gulped, staring up at my wrists.

She muttered, then left the room. She came back with brick... well, not a brick, but a stone. We had bought a few from Home Depot to put under the leg of a broken table to prop it up. The rock was white, and about a foot long and wide, and maybe three inches high. She bent and slipped it under my feet

and I stepped on it, relieved that my heels were able to come down firmly.

“Okay?”

I nodded and made sure I was turned towards the wall as she moved around behind me to get the right angle with the camera.

I looked up at my wrists. The chain felt pretty tight around them, and I tugged a little, testing. It felt pretty firm, too.

The truth was this was kind of doing strange things to my lower belly. I was a girl who had always enjoyed fantasies, and dark fantasies included dark sexual fantasies. I hadn't read this book we were doing a cover for but it sounded like the sorts of books I had *read* before. And been excited by them.

I was standing half naked with my wrists chained overhead, and that tugged the soft skin over my breasts pretty taut. I was a thirty-six C cup, and my breasts were one of my best features, though I rarely showed them to anyone. It felt weird standing there like that, even if no one could see but Alex.

Alex was a bit of a weird girl who liked weird music and dressed sort of goth-like a lot of the times. She was a high-spirited, happy-go-lucky girl, though, who laughed a lot. That wasn't really much like me as I was much more serious and thoughtful and down-to-earth.

I wasn't embarrassed about her seeing me nearly naked. We lived in the same apartment, after all. We'd seen each other in various states of undress any number of times.

“This isn't going to work,” she said.

“Why not?” I asked, half turning.

“I can't hold the camera right and also hold the whip up.”

“Get the tripod.”

“Oh right!”

She left the room, and I looked up again, tugging at the chains and wondering how firm they were. I tried twisting my arms and wrists from side to side but trying to pull them free hurt so I stopped.

She returned, and I turned myself towards the wall again. I wasn't exactly shy, but it did feel strange to be standing topless with my arms overhead so... blatantly. Besides, my nipples had gotten very hard, and I was a bit embarrassed about that.

This was kind of darkly exciting, I guess, being chained up half naked.

I turned my head often, watching her set the tripod up, then moving it slowly a bit at a time.

“This is taking a while,” I said.

“Quit complaining. I have to get exactly the right amount of boob in it. Too much and it won't be acceptable. Turn your head to your right a bit more.”

I turned my head, and she came forward then to adjust the wig a bit, to let the blonde slide forward down my front to hide my face a bit more.

“Oooh,” I have an idea,” she said.

“What?”

“Hang on a sec.”

She went away, then returned with a roll of masking tape.

“What are you gonna do with that?”

“Watch and see.”

She tugged the left side of the dress down lower, but that exposed my thong.

“It won't stay there anyway.”

“It will with tape.”

She tugged my thong down and I gasped.

“Alex!”

“What? Nobody's gonna see a thing. Trust me.”

She sort of hung the white dress across my hips, with the right side revealing part of my hip, but still none of my butt, really. To get it to stay there she put some masking tape on the dress to tape it to my abdomen.

Then she took several pictures, holding the whip out in front of the camera, then checked them.

“This isn't gonna work,” she said.

“Why not?”

She came forward and showed me the picture on the camera.

“The hand looks too small and girly.”

“Well, you're small and girly,” I said.

“I'm not girly!”

“You're small and a girl.”

“Whatever. It's supposed to be a big guy's hand.”

“I can try playing around with it in Photoshop.”

I looked past the whip to myself in the picture. It showed my bare back, what wasn't covered by the blonde hair, and my left side and ribs, and then just about an inch or two of the side of my breast right where it sprouted from my chest. That wasn't too bad, I thought, especially since no one would know

it was me.

Then the doorbell rang.

She looked surprised, then left the room, returning briefly.

“Problem solved. It's Bruno.”

Bruno was her boyfriend, a German immigrant. I felt my eyes opening wide and felt a huge jolt of anxiety and fear.

“What? Wait! Alex! Don't you dare!” I cried, turning towards the empty door.

Bruno was not someone I had a lot of admiration for. He was reasonably good-looking, and certainly had a nice body, but his English wasn't all that good, making it hard to do more than basic communication with him. I also found his voice kind of harsh and guttural. And found *him* arrogant and cocky.

“Alex!” I squealed.

I heard distant voices and felt myself already flushing as I turned my back as straight to the door as I could! I was afraid she would lead him into the room at any minute!

Instead, she came back alone.

“Don't you dare bring him in here when I'm like this!”

“Relax, Miranda. You're decently covered.”

“My tits are bare!”

“Phht. He's not gonna see them from behind. Here, I'll take care of that.”

She pulled out the masking tape, drew out a piece about six inches long, and then taped it down the front of my left breast!

“Alex! What are you doing!?”

She giggled and pulled another piece out and taped it across my right breast.

“There. Now your nipples are covered.”

The masking tape was about two inches wide, so they certainly were, but my breasts were still virtually naked!

I felt my face coloring as she brought Bruno into the room, and turned it away.

“I wheep her, ja?”

“No, just hold the whip out.”

“I like to wheep preetty naked blonde girls,” he said in amusement.

“Well, you can't. Just roll your sleeve up so we can see your ... okay, that will do.”

Bruno pulled his shirt off instead, and then picked up the whip, holding it as he moved in behind me.

I flushed even more deeply, my mind swirling and churning with all sorts of dark thoughts! I mean, I was practically naked in front of him! Only a little piece of tape held the dress in place, and I was naked otherwise, my panties and jeans around my ankles!

Which he could see!

I had asked Alex what she saw in him and she only laughed and smirked and said he was a crazy man in bed. I wondered what crazy meant but hadn't asked!

“Now hold your arm out like you're gonna whip her.”

Bruno swung the whip and it came down across the center of my back!

I yelped and flinched violently.

“Ow! Hey!”

Bruno chuckled in a very masculine way. Even his laugh was guttural.

“Is toy, thees.”

It certainly hadn't hurt much when the thin tassels had struck my back. Though it had stung just a tad.

“I should heet her a few times, make her back pink. Ees goot for picture.”

“No. That would be too much for the mainstream booksellers,” Alex said as she snapped pictures. “But if you could swing the whip slowly I could get a picture of it in motion, like it's about to hit her back. But don't make her back pink or anything.”

He swung it again, and the tassels barely hit my back, though I jerked again, my heart pounding. I was sort of, kind of starting to get less embarrassed, since he wasn't really seeing anything much, but was still very self-conscious. My mind was squirming with uncertainty and anxiety and, well, maybe some more of that dark, breathless sense of heat that had started to percolate when she'd chained me up topless.

“These look good. Let me see how they look on the computer before I unchain you,” Alex said.

And just like that, she left the room, leaving me alone with Bruno!

“You are very sexy blonde girl, Meeranda,” he chuckled.

I gulped and made sure my back was pointed directly at him.

“You have lovely back. Would be pleasure to weep you.”

“Well forget it!” I exclaimed.

“You would scream in pleasure, not pain,” he said.

“No thank you!”

He laughed and swung the whip. It wasn't a hard swing, but I jerked sharply when the tassels hit my back because I hadn't been expecting it.

The lacy white dress pulled free from the tape and slid down to my ankles!

I squealed, and Bruno laughed in amusement as my face flamed.

“Very nice,” he said in approval. “Turn so I see front.”

“No! Alex! Alexandra! Get in here right now!” I cried.

“What are you yelling about?” her voice asked as she came back from the front.

“Oh for...”

She laughed and came forward, bent and gathered up the dress, then hung it from my hips again, taping it in place.

“Unchain me!”

“I will. I will. Quit whining. It's only your bum.”

“Ees very nice bum,” Bruno said in amusement.

“Fuck both of you!” I exclaimed.

“She ees being bad girl,” Bruno said, still clearly amused. “She should be wheeped maybe.”

“Out,” Alex said, pushing him to the door and taking the whip from him. “Wait out front while I unchain our shy blonde.”

She came back to me and I turned to glower fiercely at her.

“Fuck, Alex!” I snapped.

“Oh, it's no big deal. It's only Bruno.”

“Bruno is not my boyfriend, you idiot! You chained me up naked and let your moron boyfriend see me!”

“I did not!” she said hotly. “I can't help it if your dress fell.”

“It fell because he hit me with the whip and I flinched!”

“I doubt he hit you very hard,” she said, brushing off my anger as she pulled over the stool.

“I'd like to see how you felt if you had some foreign freak staring at you naked!”

“He's not a foreign freak!” she said hotly, glaring down at me from the stool. “He's a nice guy!”

“You're an idiot! All you care about are muscles and a big cock! Now untie me right now!”

She glowered at me. “You think you're so smart, don't you? Well, miss

super intelligence, how smart is it to call people names when you're all chained up?" she demanded.

"Just untie me, you... runt!"

Instead, she stepped down, glared at me, and then gripped the tape that held the dress up, peeling it away.

"What are you doing!?"

"You can just stand here for a while until you learn some manners," she said.

"You unchain me right – oww!"

She gripped the tape over the center of my breasts and yanked it off, which made my nipples sting! Then she marched out of the room and left me like that!

"Alex! You little bitch! Come back here right now!" I cried.

Instead, I heard the front door open and close!

"Alex! Alexandra! You cunt! Get back here!"

I yelled more times, and listened intently, but there were no sounds. If they were still out there, they were being quiet. The place began to have the feel of emptiness, and I felt a growing sense of outrage that she'd left me like this.

I spent a few minutes trying to figure out how to get my wrists unchained. The chains weren't just hanging loosely together. She'd put an S-bolt through two of the links to hold them tight. And the chain was taut, without slack that might allow me to loosen it.

That gave me an idea. The stool was still there only a couple of feet away. If I could step up on that the chain would be loose, and I could even reach where the S-bolt was and remove it.

I had to first tug my foot out from the mass of dress, jeans and panties to get it free. With that done I leaned forward, stretching out my leg and trying to use my foot to pull the stool back in towards me. The stool was just a simple plastic thing, but it was just barely out of reach. I could touch it with my toes, but not grasp onto it.

I had to move as far forward as I could, with my left foot right on the very edge of the stone, and stretch my leg wide to slide my foot just along the edge of the stool and hook my toes in behind it. Just as I did that, my weight on the corner of the stone shoved it suddenly to the side!

I cried out as I lost my balance, my right foot actually kicking the stool further away as I swung around, and then I found myself on the balls of my

feet again, with the chain even more taut around my wrists!

“Fuck!” I shouted.

Now not only was the stool out of reach but because I was even more tightly held I couldn't even get the stone back! It was heavier, and though I could reach it with my toes I needed to actually get my foot on the other side of it to drag it back! I couldn't reach that far.

I turned around, staring at the room, staring around me as if my eyes could find some way of getting myself loose, but nothing appeared. Given I didn't have my glasses, that wasn't surprising. Anything beyond about two feet was blurred. I looked up at my chained wrists with a sense of disbelief. I was really and truly chained helpless and naked like... like some medieval fantasy!

Now as it happened I'd had a lot of such fantasies. I mean, I'd read a lot of them, and seen a lot of stuff on the internet and well, the fantasy of me being a helpless prisoner of an evil Lord, or vampire, or something like that, and... tormented, had played a part in my sexual fantasies. And if I'd ever had a boyfriend I trusted enough it would have played a part in my sex life too!

So there was no way that I could fail to see this as extremely sexual, and even erotic – except of course that I was feeling wild and anxious and very, very helpless.

Plus my feet were starting to hurt. I wasn't exactly a ballerina, you know, used to standing on the balls of my feet. I didn't even like to wear high heels! The more my feet hurt the more weight I had to take on my wrists. I tried gripping the chain in my hands at first, and that helped for a time. But my hands weren't all that strong, and gradually they slipped off.

My wrists began to ache more and more, until they got numb. It felt like Alex had been gone for an hour, and I wondered how long it would be before she came back! Did she figure I'd be able to slip out of the chain easily and had already freed myself? Imagine if she decided to go to a movie or something, or stay over at Bruno's house!

I have a very good imagination, and I imagined all sorts of horrible things like that happening, including strange men coming in and finding me like this! And doing awful things to me!

I moaned, feeling very sorry for myself, and very helpless. Helpless in a martyred way that might have even turned me on if it weren't for the pain. Stupid Alex! And stupid me! She had certainly been right about my being an idiot to call her names while I was all chained up at her mercy!

Amid the aching in my wrists and feet it shouldn't have mattered, but my head was feeling horribly itchy. The cheap wig we'd bought was fine for a picture, but not something I'd ever worn for long. Nor did I want to.

I tried shaking my head rapidly to dislodge it, and flinging my head up and back a few times. Then I brought my head back between my arms, pressed my arms in against the sides, and brought my head forward. That forced the wig backward on my head. A second time and it fell down on the floor behind me.

I wasn't meant to be a blonde anyway. My hair was brown. It's a nice dark brown. It's not very long or very stylish. It just brushes my shoulders. But it's mine and I'm perfectly content with it!

I gasped as I heard the door close, and twisted my front to the wall again, away from the doorway. My heart rate picked up as I anxiously waited to see who it was. It was probably Alex, but did she have Bruno with her again!?

"Well? Have you been enjoying yourself?" she asked from the doorway.

I turned my head to look over my shoulder.

"Where's Bruno?"

"Not here."

"Untie me!"

She sniffed.

"Say please."

I glared at her. "Please!" I growled.

"Not good enough."

She strolled in and then leaned against the wall next to me, smirking.

I turned away from her, and she laughed.

"Shy?" she asked.

I yelped as she smacked my ass, and leapt – or tried to – aside.

That made her laugh again, and I turned to confront her, face hot.

"I think you need to remind yourself who's in control here, Miranda," she said in amusement.

"Untie me!"

She drew her hand up and examined her nails, and I glared at her.

"Please!"

"I don't like your tone of voice, young lady," she said haughtily.

I began to feel strange little tingly sensations around then. I mean, I was completely naked and completely helpless and all chained up, after all.

"Please," I said, in a nicer way.

“Apologize for saying mean things about Bruno.”

“I'm sorry for insulting your boyfriend,” I said, with poor grace.

“Say Bruno is a wonderful, handsome, sexy man and you're jealous I have such a fantastic boyfriend.”

“No way!”

She shrugged and examined her nails again.

“You little bitch!”

She shrugged again, then grinned at me.

“Maybe you should learn some respect for your betters.”

“Ha! Like you're better at me than anything, except maybe whatever it is you do for Bruno!”

She stuck her ringed tongue out at me. “I have a certain talent,” she said in amusement. “You should be so talented.”

“I'm talented enough. Now unchain me!”

“Say pretty please.”

“Pretty please!”

“Say pretty please, Miss Alex.”

I glowered at her, feeling that tingling again.

“Say pretty please, Miss Alex, don't whip me. I'm sorry for being such a naughty girl.”

“Drop dead!”

She shrugged and pushed herself away from the wall, then picked up the 'whip'.

“I guess I'll just have to torture you until you show proper respect,” she said regretfully.

“Don't you dare! Alex! This isn't funny!”

“It is to me,” she said, grinning broadly.

She swung the flog, and I yelped as the strands spread out and struck my back. It stung, but only a bit.

“Stop it! You little freak!”

Crack!

“Ow! I said quit it!”

Crack!

“Alex! When I get loose from this – .”

Crack!

“You're not giving me a lot of incentive to let you loose,” she said.

Crack!

“Ow! That hurt!”

“Baby.”

Crack!

“I should whip you into submission, so you realize who the real genius is in this place.”

“Genius!? You're a high school dropout!”

Crack!

“Ow!”

“Because they couldn't recognize my genius.”

Crack!

“Nobody can! Because you don't have any!”

Crack!

“Ow! You runt!”

She hated that insult, her being barely over five feet tall, and she swung the flog again, only this time stepped forward a bit. The long, thin strands snapped further to the right and further forward, which meant they curled across my ribs under my arm and snapped at my right breast!

They still weren't very heavy, but I sure wasn't used to *anything* hitting my tender breasts!

Crack!

“Ow! Alex!”

“Big titted cow,” she taunted.

She swung it around my ribs again, and then again, hitting my breast with light, but stinging little blows!

I yelped and twisted more to my left, as if that could protect me! But then she just swung the flog from her left and that hit both my breasts directly!

“Ow! Alex! Quit it!” I squealed, turning back to my right again as I heard her laugh.

I was turning awkwardly on the balls of my feet, trying to escape the 'whip' but despite the stinging, and despite the ache in my feet, that strange tingling was growing more intense, and I was feeling wild thrumming energy down low in my belly that was spreading upward.

My nipples were rock hard, and I was starting to feel a strange sense of tight-chested, breathless anticipation for some reason.

“Apologize for being mean to the most wonderful man in the world; Bruno.”

“Bruno is a big stupid German airhead!” I exclaimed.

Crack! Crack!

She swung harder, but now across my bottom, and I yelped and cursed. My skin was starting to turn pink all the way up and down my back now, and starting to feel kind of raw and tender! Then she swung the thing around my ribs again!

“Ow! Alex! Don't!”

“Call me Mistress Alex,” she taunted.

I felt a hot little jolt at that, because it made things seem more...sexual on her part, even though she was just joking... probably joking...

She stepped forward, gripping my arm and turning me away from the wall as she smirked up at me.

“So? Are you ready to apologize, prisoner?”

I glared at her, but I was feeling very... frazzled, and not because of any pain or fear.

“Or would you like the torture to continue?”

“When I get loose from here I'm going to stuff you in a drawer,” I said, glaring.

“Hmmm,” she said. “I guess I should never let you loose, then.”

She went over to my dresser and took something off it, then returned.

“Remember what I said about people all tied up naked being wise to be polite?”

“I'm not afraid of you, you little shrimp!”

“Oh no?” she asked airily.

She held her hand up. Her fingers were pinched together around... a bobby pin. I stared at it in confusion. I had no idea what this was supposed to indicate.

She put her nail in between the two short black arms of the pin, opening them, then reached out to me. I gasped in surprise as she placed them on either side of my nipple, then let them close.

“Alex!” I squealed as the pin squeezed together around my nipple.

I twisted myself around, and she giggled behind me.

“The ultimate torture instrument for disobedient girls with hard little nipples,” she said.

I flushed hotly, feeling a strange dark rush of uncertainty, confusion, and a kind of anxious anticipation.

“Take this off, you little perve!” I gulped.

“Make me.”

“Alex!”

“Miranda!”

She reached out and slipped another one over my other nipple and I yelped and cursed. The two little pins were squeezing in tight, making my pink nipples throb and burn!

“Are you ready to submit and admit I am the goddess in charge of things here?”

“You're too shrimpy to be a goddess!” I gulped.

“Huh.”

She made me turn back and held me there as she gripped one of the bobby pins, then shoved it further forward along my nipple – which made it squeeze down harder! Then she did the same with the other one until I used my foot to shove her back.

“Apologize and admit you've been a rude little girl and I'll consider letting you down,” she said.

“Let me down or I'll kick your skinny ass!”

“Phhht. Like I'm afraid of you.”

Which was true, of course. I mean, Alex could be a scrappy girl, but I was just a big softy and we both knew it. I might be bigger than her, but there was no way I'd win a physical fight, if we had one.

My nipples burned, but my breasts were throbbing, and felt swollen and hot! I was also feeling a rising thrum of sexual pressure and heat inside me!

Me and Alex had never done anything sexual together other than mock-kissing in front of boys at bars or parties, but it wasn't an idea which really turned me off. I mean, I was fairly sure she had fooled around with girls in the past just because she was way more... slutty than me. I mean, she was bolder than me and experimented more in everything.

I was a lot more shy and more reluctant to try things.

Alex greeted my shoving her back so hard with my foot as cause to tie my feet up, but not together. Instead, she found some kind of metal bar. I had no idea where it had come from, but it had these rings on either end.

She quickly slid to her knees behind me, wrapping her arms around my lower legs to pin them together so I couldn't kick her. Then she wrapped a leather strap around my left ankle, then my right. Then, before I understood what she had the bar thing for she clipped the strap on my right ankle to one end of the bar, then forced my ankles apart and did the same to the other!

I was barely able to keep my toes on the floor now! I stared down and

saw the straps around my ankles were held together by what looked like Velcro, and had rings set into the side. I kind of gaped at them because these didn't look like the sort of things most people had laying around the house! They looked sort of, well, sexual!

Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!

I gasped and yelped and moaned as she swung the flog and the multiple strands rained down across my back and ribs and then breasts! Then they even swung around my waist and hips and down to snap at my lower abdomen and pussy!

“Ow! Oh! Oh! Ah! Don't! Ow! Alex! Stop!”

“Mistress Alex,” she said.

“Mistress Alex!” I cried.

“That's better,” she said, stopping. “Now. Say I'm sorry for being a naughty girl, Mistress Alex.”

I was breathing pretty heavily by then. The thing hurt! Oh, not badly, but it did sting – repeatedly! And my wrists were aching! And... I don't know, I was feeling even more of that dark pressure and swirling confusion!

“I-I'm sorry for being a naughty girl, Mistress Alex,” I gulped.

“Much better.”

She gripped my arm and turned me around, then looked up and down my naked body.

“Hmmm, did I get some of the strands in between your legs?” she asked. “Did I hurt your little pussy?”

Her hand reached in and I gasped as she ran her fingers lightly along my sex. I felt my nipples burning and a wild, raw pressure building inside me!

“Do you need me to kiss it and make it better?” she purred.

And then she slid to her knees, her hands on my thighs, and ran her long, soft, wet tongue slowly up the line of my sex!

I had no idea how to respond to this! Up until then, everything had just been a kind of... uncertain game. Like she could have been just taunting me for saying bad things about her boyfriend, say, or just enjoying herself at my expense. But this... this was way too blatant to be mistaken for anything but sex!

And I had no idea what I ought to be doing about it, if anything!

Nor was my mind in a good place for long, thoughtful contemplation. Because I was already kind of ragged and flustered. And this had shocked me with how blatant it was, even as the sensations started to rush up my spine as

her tongue licked me!

She quickly zeroed in on my clitoris, and the sensations were raw and intense as they swept through my groin and up into my belly!

I hadn't had a lot of lovers, and they hadn't exactly been expert at oral sex. They much preferred receiving it than giving it.

Alex quickly made it clear none of them had had any idea what they were doing. And as her tongue swirled around my clitoris and swept back and forth whatever opposition I might have had, or whatever inhibitions might have guided it simply *melted!*

The sensations were too strong, and I couldn't possibly ignore them! Nor could I really pretend I wanted it to stop! I felt as if I needed to pretend that somehow, though.

“D-D-Don't!” I gasped in a strangled voice.

She ignored me, her lips sucking rhythmically, her tongue sweeping rapidly from side to side, then in a quick circular motion. She moved her right hand in, and her fingers spread the lips of my now wet pussy, then her index finger pushed slowly up inside me!

I felt a huge jolt at that, a kind of OMG moment, and cried out as her finger slid deeper.

“What a tight little pussy you have,” she said.

Her finger pumped in and out, though it felt more like it was rubbing up and down against the front wall of my pussy, against the inside of my abdomen. She pushed a second finger inside me, and licked harder as the wild animal heat built up inside me to a level I had never even imagined it was capable of!

I was physically trembling as my overheated body thrummed with sexual electricity!

Alex stood up, smirking. She pulled the bobby pins off my nipples, then gripped my hair behind my neck and jerked my head sharply back, so I cried out. I felt her mouth around the center of my right breast, then, gently sucking and licking at my throbbing nipple!

At the same time her other hand was still down between my legs, only now her slick fingers were rubbing rapidly back and forth against my clitoris!

The thrumming sexual pressure exploded! I cried out dazedly as the climax tore through my body and mind! Despite how she was already holding my hair back I felt my head jerking back again and again as my hips tried to buck forward against her fingers!

A wild flare of pleasure and heat tore through me. And it went on and on and on for long seconds so that I felt as if I was drowning in a feverish sexual flood of something like ecstasy!

And when it faded it left me gasping, gulping in air, moaning, and feeling that familiar sense of dreamy languor.

I was aware of her moving back, and pulling the stool over, and aware of her climbing up so she was taller than me, and reaching up to the chain above. I felt the chain go slack, and groaned as I fell to my feet again. The pressure on my arms eased but I couldn't just drop them.

She got down again, and then knelt behind me. She did something to the bar, and it extended outward, so that my feet shifted further apart on the floor. That lowered me a bit, and the chain attached to my wrists tightened up.

Then she left the room, coming back with something behind her back.

I looked at her nervously, uncertain what to say or do... not that there was much I *could* do!

She knelt in front of me again and started to lick me once more!

This time her small, soft, warm hands slid up and down my body, caressing my thighs, caressing my abdomen and belly and hips, sliding around to knead my breasts, then flowing up my belly to knead my breasts!

I felt this strange sense of... unreality, because this had all come so out of the blue! I felt again that I ought to tell her to stop... that I needed to... to assert myself in some way! But her tongue was doing delicious things, as were her lips, and I was beginning to feel myself sinking into a dark, delicious sense of sexual heat and hunger again!

And then there was a click... and a buzzing... and then something pressed against the top of my sex.

I jerked my eyes down and gasped aloud to see her holding what looked like a big penis in her hand! It was long and thick, and very realistically shaped and colored! And it was... vibrating... very rapidly, as she rubbed it against the top of my sex!

“Wh-what are you doooing!?” I moaned.

“What does it look like?” she replied matter-of-factly.

Her fingers slid up inside me, pumping slowly in and out, and then she alternated licking and sucking my clitoris with rubbing the vibrator against me! My body began to absolutely shake with sexual heat! I couldn't hold still! I writhed and twisted and moaned, gulping in air as I was baked in a growing fever heat of pleasure, passion and need!

Suddenly she slid her fingers out, then pushed the head of the vibrator-cock against me and then slowly pushed it up inside!

“Oh! Oh God! Oh fuck!” I cried as I felt and saw the thick dildo pushing deeper and deeper!

She licked hard at my clitoris as she pushed it in, and my body exploded into a tremendous orgasm! My hips bucked violently against her as she forced it deeper, my head twisting and rolling as animal heat raged inside me!

She pushed the thing so deep it hurt! But the pain didn't matter at all! In fact, it just excited me more to know how deep the thing was inside me! She was licking wildly at my clitoris while sort of punching the head of the dildo vibrator against the back wall of my sex.

I, in turn, was writhing and twisting in the eye of a hurricane of sensation as my muscles spasmed and convulsions wracked my body from top to bottom!

It was certainly the most intense orgasm I'd ever had, and the most extended! It left me dazed as she drew the thing back out of me and again left the room. I hardly paid much attention when she came back, not until I felt something pressing against my back opening.

“Oh! Wh-what... what... are you doooing?” I moaned.

“Don't question your mistress, slave girl,” she said, slapping my bottom.

I yelped, and twisted my head, trying to see, as I felt something pushing inside me. It was narrow, but then got wider and thicker as it slid deeper, until it abruptly narrowed again.

She grinned at me as she stood up, then picked up the vibrator and gripped my hair, forcing my head back sharply.

“Oh! Don't!”

“Say please mistress,” she purred.

“Please, Mistress!” I gasped.

I gasped again as I felt the vibrator rubbing up and down along the line of my sex, grinding against me much more heavily whenever it reached the top.

“Now, you're my little sex slave and will have to obey your mistress,” she purred.

I moaned as she bent and sucked on my right breast, around my nipple. Her teeth bit into me and I yelped and shook as she sucked hungrily.

“Nasty little slave girl,” she cooed.

“Y-You're a perve!” I gasped in reply.

She chuckled, then released me, moving behind me. I turned to see her

removing her jeans and panties, and felt another flare of dark sexual energy. But then she stepped into what I at first thought was a pair of leather panties. Only it was just leather straps, really, and a very narrow strap over her pussy.

She picked up the vibrator, and attached the base to the thing, so it stuck out of her, and I felt another wild flare, a dark sense of shocked understanding as she gripped my hip, turning me away from her.

“D-don't!” I gulped.

“Push your ass back at me.”

Crack!

“Ow!”

“Obey your mistress, slave!”

Crack! Crack!

“Ow!” I moaned, pushing my bottom back.

Crack!

“More, slut.”

I gasped in shock, a wild dark rush of energy and heat rippling through me!

I bent pushed my hips back, which meant kind of bending forward. That made the chain around my wrists go taut as I rose onto the balls of my feet. I was incredibly aware of her moving in behind me, and of the feel of the head of the vibrator as it pressed against my sex and then pushed into me!

I gasped as she thrust, feeling it drive several inches deep into my now-sopping wet pussy!

“I'm going to fuck you, you nasty little sex slave!” she taunted me.

I shuddered in heat at the words, and at the feel of the thick dildo/vibrator as she forced it deeper! Then she began to do exactly as she'd promised. She was fucking me! Like a guy would! From behind! Her hips were soon slapping against my buttocks as she used the vibrator like a dildo!

Her hands came around my ribs, kneading my breasts, then she seized my nipples and began to pinch them.

“Ow! Don't!” I squealed.

She jammed the dildo high inside me and ground her hips against my buttocks.

“Are you my bitch, Miranda?” she purred.

“N-No!” I moaned.

She pinched again.

“Say you're my bitch.”

“I'm your bitch!” I cried.

She chuckled.

“Say I'm your bitch mistress Alex.”

I moaned.

“I'm your bitch, Mistress Alex!” I gasped.

She began to pump again.

“Say you're my slut.”

“I-I'm your slut, Mistress Alex,” I gulped, the heat starting to bake my mind again.

She reached down and turned the thing on.

“Oh my god!” I moaned as she pumped it in and out.

“Nasty slave slut,” she taunted, slapping my bottom. “Beg your mistress to fuck you, slut.”

Crack!

“Beg, slut.”

“Please fuck me, Mistress!” I cried.

“Nasty slave girl.”

She fucked me harder, and another orgasm swept through my body!

This was just so wild, so intense, so shocking and wicked and wild! I was feverish with the sexual heat as Alex rammed the vibrator into me with hard, fast strokes, and my mind was swamped by the volcanic heat of my overheated body.

Alex got up on the stool again, and this time she undid the chain completely. I moaned and sank to my knees on the floor, my arms finally coming down, and she quickly hopped down next to me. I was still recovering from the orgasm when she yanked my right wrist up and out and pulled the chain away from it.

But then she wrapped one of those leather straps which locked together with a Velcro band around my wrist. I hardly noticed or cared, even as she did the same to my left wrist, then drew them together behind my back and somehow locked them together there!

I still couldn't close my ankles, because they were strapped to opposite ends of the bar. I was just starting to realize my wrists were locked behind me as Alex pulled off the straps and vibrator, then unhooked the vibrator from the straps and attached it to something else.

She knelt down in front of me and pressed the vibrator against the floor.

“Sit on it, slave.”

“Wh-what?”

I realized the thing was sticking to the floor now, by some kind of suction cup. She pulled up on my hair, raising me off my heels, and positioned me over it, and then down again so I sank down!

“Oh!” I moaned.

The dildo vibrator pushed itself into me and I sank slowly down onto it until it filled me from top to bottom! Then it started to vibrate again!

I was focused on other things, though, primarily on Alex as she gathered in my hair and stood in front of me – naked now. She jerked my face forward – right up against her pussy.

“Service your mistress, slave girl,” she purred.

I felt hesitant, nervous and uncertain now. I mean, I'd never licked a girl before. Mind you, I also felt I sort of owed it to her given she'd done it to me. And I was... curious... and excited too.

And then I realized I really didn't have any choice anyway! It was like I was her prisoner!

That was strangely hot, in a dark, smoldering sort of way!

Well, I was no expert, but then again, I'd just gotten an example of how it ought to be done, so I tried to imitate what Alex had done to me. It seemed to be working, but it felt entirely different! I don't mean physically but... see, when she'd done it to me I was tied up and helpless and she was able to, like, tongue me into these incredible orgasms!

Now I was still tied up and she was still completely in charge. So it just sort of added to that dark, breathless sense of kinky... submission, as if I really was like her slave girl! Her sex slave!

I moaned into her pussy as she pushed down on my shoulders.

“Sit on that big cock, slut,” she taunted. “You know you want that big, vibrating cock up deep inside you!”

I gasped as she forced me down further, pushing her pussy forward more as she jerked on my hair. The vibrator was still, as she said, buzzing inside me. It was also very thick, and it made me feel very full. Concentrating on licking her eased the power of those sensations a little, but they were growing as I got more aroused.

And I was getting more aroused, not so much because of the vibrator but just... just because this was so hot and thrilling! I mean, naked and with my hands strapped behind my back, forced to please my mistress! That was so deliciously perverted!

But the vibrator didn't hurt!

I licked harder, moving my tongue faster, gasping for breath as she jammed my face in against her soaking wet pussy. My hands were kind of jerking convulsively against the straps, because I kept instinctively trying to do something with them. And every time I couldn't, every time I was reminded of those straps binding my wrists behind me, I felt another hot little rush.

“Ahhh, that's it, slut. That's it, you dirty girl,” she moaned, tugging on my hair. “Please your mistress so she won't beat you more.”

This was so sick! And wild! And hot!

I moaned, riding up and down on the vibrator now as I licked her, the sexual pressure and heat growing more and more powerful inside me. My mind was starting to drown in this deep, intense sexual fever, where nothing mattered but my own pleasure and the wild, delicious nature of what we were doing.

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

“Are you my little slave girl?” she demanded.

“I...y-yes, Mistress!” I gasped.

And then she slapped my breast!

“Ah!”

“Say it, slut.”

I was a bit shocked at that, and indignant. That hurt! But I felt a wave of dark lust bubbling up behind it.

“I'm your little slave girl, Mistress!” I moaned.

She jerked on my hair again, and I gasped in pain.

“Are you my nasty little slut?”

“Yes, Mistress! I'm your nasty little slut, Mistress!” I gasped.

She jerked my head forward again, jamming my face in against her pussy, and I started licking again.

The raw heat was baking my mind! I had never been so... aroused, and felt such sexual pleasure without having an orgasm before! Let alone for so long!

She jerked me back by the hair again, then jerked me forward as she stepped out of the way, forcing my face all the way down to the floor.

“Keep your ass in the air, slut,” she ordered. “Spread your legs.”

Panting, moaning, I obeyed, and she stepped into the straps again, then pulled the dildo off the suction cup and attached it to herself.

I shuddered as I felt the buzzing head rubbing up and down along my sopping pussy. Then it was pushed into me, stretching me out and sliding up inside again.

“Ahh!” I cried, as she wrapped my hair around her fist and jerked my head up and back.

Crack!

She slapped my ass sharply and began to thrust into me hard and fast! God! This was so intense!

Ungh! Ungh! Ungh! Hugh! Oh! Ungh! Unggh! God! Oh! Fuck! Fuck! Uhng!” I gasped as my body rocked back and forth atop my sore, swollen breasts. Her hips were smacking hard against me now as she rammed the dildo into me painfully hard and fast!

I felt... I'm not sure how to describe it. I mean, incredibly aroused, with wild storms of sensations sweeping through me, but also there was like this instinctive sense of submission. It was like a million years of females being bent over and hammered by powerful males had taught me that this meant I was her bitch – not just for play but... but actually her bitch.

And then I exploded into another orgasm, crying out again and again as she rode me, as she spiked that hard silicone cock deep into my belly, using me like I was a whore, slapping my bottom and yanking on my hair.

It was crazy!

She unstrapped the dildo as I knelt there dazed and drooling, my bottom high, groaning, eyes slitted. Then she gripped my hair and wrapped it around her fist again. I cried out as she lifted my head and shoulders off the floor. And then the pain forced me to rise onto my knees.

“Come with me, slut.”

She moved towards the door, and since my hair was in her fist, I had little choice but to follow. But I couldn't get to my feet because her fist was held low. Which meant I had to kind of crawl forward after her just on my knees, my hands still strapped behind me.

“Ow! Oh! Alex!” I gasped.

She turned and glared at me.

“Mistress,” she said. “Say it.”

“M-Mistress!” I gulped.

We went into the other room, and there was Bruno!

I squealed and tried to pull back, but she held my hair firmly.

I stared at him in astonishment, mortified for a few seconds, then feeling

a lot less so.

Bruno was... like... uh, tied to a chair. He was blindfolded and gagged. And he had earphones in that I could hear were playing really loud grunge rock. He couldn't see me, couldn't move, and probably hadn't heard anything either. I still tried to draw back, but Alex made me crawl forward until I was kneeling right in front of him!

That felt super weird! I was completely naked! I couldn't hide or cover myself at all! But he couldn't see me! I was also, let's face it, still feeling incredibly sexual and sensual and aroused, and... and baked! The echo of that tremendous orgasm I'd just had was still resonating through my mind and body as Alex leaned in and unzipped his jeans, then reached in and pulled his cock out!

It hardened awfully quick in her hand, and watching it hardening was like watching a balloon being blown up. It just got bigger and bigger and bigger – just like my eyes! It was way bigger than any cock I'd had inside me, and I wondered how it had even fit in her tiny body!

Not content to have his erection pushing out through his open fly, she undid his jeans and tugged them down. I blushed hotly, but couldn't stop staring as she pulled them off. Then she knelt and spread his legs wide.

And then she grabbed me by the hair and pulled me forward!

I frantically shook my head, not wanting to speak in case he could hear me even over the loud music.

Crack!

She slapped my butt stingingly.

This was so insane!

But I was feeling this wild, spiraling sense of excitement and anticipation, too. And when she made me lick along his inner thighs I... I... did it. I moaned as I licked long, slow licks along his inner thighs, first the right, then the left, breathless, my heart pounding wildly as she guided me in closer and closer.

She was still holding his big, hard cock, and occasionally pumping it. It looked even bigger in her small hand! She held my hair in her other hand, and then pushed me in under.

“Suck his balls, slut!”

I moaned, feeling a wild jolt of emotion at her words! They were so outrageous!

But then I ... let her push me in against them, pushing back, or trying to

push back (or pretending anyway) so she didn't get the idea I *wanted* to do this! Because, like, it was her boyfriend, not mine, and our whole fight had been about me saying what a stupid idiot he was and all...

I moaned as I licked his balls, and then sucked them into my mouth, licking and sucking them, massaging them against the roof of my mouth.

I felt a sense of unreality, like this couldn't possibly be happening! But it was, and that gave me another dark jolt of trembling heat!

“Lick the ice cream cone, slave,” she whispered.

I obeyed again, licking my way up his stiff cock, hardly able to breath because of how tight my chest was!

Then I was spreading my lips wide and taking the head into my mouth!

She let go of him and I felt her fingers at my sex, rubbing me, catching my clitoris between two fingers and massaging it as I shuddered and slid my lips lower. She released me and got to her feet, moving into the other room.

Not knowing what else to do, I continued, my lips sliding up and down Bruno's thick cock, feeling absurdly slutty. I was alone with her boyfriend, naked and tied up, sucking his cock! Whaaah!? What was I doing!?

Alex came back, with the vibrator. I moaned as I continued sucking, and she knelt beside me, playing the vibrator up and down along my sex, then pushing it into me! Her other hand gripped my hair again, pushing down, and I gurgled as my lips slid down so far the head threatened to push into my throat!

She jerked my head back up by the hair, then plunged the vibrator up deep, almost burying it! The hand that she held the base with found my clitoris with its thumb and rubbed furiously as I shuddered and moaned and began to burn even hotter!

Then she shoved my head down again, and this time the head pushed right into my throat!

My eyes bulged, and I instinctively tried to pull back, but she pushed harder, and my lips slid down, down, down until they were wrapped tautly around the base of his big hard prick, my nose buried against his groin!

“Swallow every inch, sex slave!” she growled.

I squirmed and twisted, but I had no leverage, and she was stronger than she looked!

When she pulled me back, at last, I gulped in deep, ragged breaths of air, dazed and light-headed.

“Every slutty little sex slave knows how to deep throat a man's cock,” she

said in a low purr.

She made me lick and suck his balls again, then take his cock into my mouth and... down my throat.

I marveled at that! It felt incredibly exciting and... and sophisticated of me to be able to deep throat a cock! Even if Alex had kind of helped...

I was so feverish by then I didn't care what I did as long as this heat continued. So when she pulled me up by the hair and made me straddle the chair, and then forced me down, I didn't even resist.

She lifted his cock up, and I shuddered as I felt it against me, then let it spread me deliciously wide before sliding down the long length! Taking it fully into my belly was almost harder than taking it down my throat! My throat tube was a lot longer than my pussy, after all!

She soon had me riding up and down on it, though, and when she directed the buzzing vibrator down against my clitoris, I came again, and didn't care who heard me. I was crying out loudly, arching and twisting and bouncing atop his thick cock as the orgasm shattered my mind and turned me into this wild, panting bitch in heat!

Alex took his blindfold off then, and then his gag, and he stared in delight at me, and then without saying a word he leaned in and began to lick and suck at my breasts!

Men are such sluts!

I continued to ride him, moaning dazedly, even after my orgasm faded.

I felt more... like my mind was back in control then, and so I felt... embarrassed and anxious and reluctant to be riding Bruno's cock. But I didn't see a way to say no!

He came inside me, and then Alex put me down on my knees and made me suck and lick his balls and cock again to get him hard once more!

When that had succeeded (it didn't take long), she untied him, and we went into her bedroom. She sat against the headboard, and I knelt in front of her and bent over as she jerked down on my hair. She drew her knees up and back and guided my mouth to her pussy.

Bruno knelt behind me and thrust himself into my pussy again, riding me hard and fast as I licked Alex to a climax. Then another. Then Bruno pulled the butt-plug out of my ass and pushed his cock in there!

"Oh! Oh! Wait!" I moaned.

Alex jerked on my hair.

"Sex slaves don't get to give orders, slut," she said.

“Yeah, you are a sex slave!” Bruno chortled in deeply accented English.
“Fuck her ass, Bruno!” Alex ordered.

Alex reached under me and fingered my clitoris while Bruno pushed his cock deeper and deeper into my ass, and I really didn't object much. I was too intoxicated by this wild, dark, slutty, thrilling sexual game.

So I gave up my anal cherry to Bruno while Alex fingered me, and I came, bucking back against his big cock as they called me their sex slave.

*

Things kind of changed after that. For one thing, Alex had always been more... direct, more... firm about what she wanted than me. But now it was like, you know, she'd just tell me what to do and expect me to do it! And mostly I did!

She had me get my nipples pierced, and when we were working around the house she had me wear this... harness. It was like, well, think of a very high-cut one piece thong bathing suit. Only make it out of leather straps, so that more of a girl's body is showing than is covered. Also make the bra part squeeze her breasts in and up from every direction, but leave them completely naked.

That was the harness. The thin strap that went over my pussy locked a short vibrator inside me Alex could turn on and off with a remote. And I also wore the leather restraints as well as a matching collar! It was just so nasty and hot!

I also had to call her mistress Alex instead of Alex, which felt weird, and sometimes goofy, but she slapped or strapped my bottom whenever I forgot.

Each evening she and Bruno would strap me, spreadeagled to my bed, then experiment on me with all sorts of sex toys – not to mention just stuff, like feathers and ice cubes and candle wax. Sometimes this all stung or burned or was otherwise unpleasant (like being tickled) but I always had half a dozen powerful orgasms during their experiments.

After a few weeks, Bruno brought his friend Hans back to the apartment, and the two of them fucked me together while Alex directed them and took pictures! That was insane! Having a big cock up inside my pussy and another up my ass at the same time nearly drove me crazy!

The next night Hans came back, and brought his friend Carl, and then all three fucked me at the same time! I did lap dances for them, sucked their cocks, and basically acted like the worst possible kind of slut, the kind no girl is ever supposed to be! And I found it incredibly hot and thrilling!

I felt so... transformed by everything, like I was a different kind of girl. I was no longer this shy, nerdy girl, but this hot, wild, sexy, sophisticated sexual animal of a girl! I started dressing a lot sluttier outside, too, feeling this sense of arrogant pride in how hot I looked.

Get me and Alex on a dance floor at a club and believe me, we were a pair of hot, wild chicks all the guys would watch!

Bruno moved in, after a few weeks, into my room. I never slept there anymore anyway. I slept with Alex, usually with my wrists strapped together behind me.

A little after that we started this on-line sex thing, where me and Alex and Bruno would fuck in front of a webcam while people paid to watch and wrote suggestions about what we should do.

Sometimes other guys would be in it too, and after initially being kind of shy about the idea I started getting hot at the thought of people from across the world watching me do such outrageous things. It sure paid well anyway! And I got more orgasms out of it!

Then Alex spanked me during one of the sessions, and after that, it was like everyone wanted to see me spanked! Or strapped! Or flogged! From then on all the sex I had was done with my wrists bound in some way, and it was usually wild and rough!

But the money we got was incredible! Everyone wanted to see me bent over with my ass in the air, all tied up as Bruno rammed his big cock up my ass, pulled my hair and spanked me!

We started making so much money we stopped bothering with the desktop publishing. Instead, I spent much of the day being tied up in various ways while guys watched over the internet. Once Alex hog-tied me really tightly, with a vibrator in my pussy, and guys would tune in on the internet just to watch me wriggle and twist and moan and come. I was tied up for hours!

Every day became eight to ten hours of being a helpless sex slave while the internet watched me being punished and tormented and fucked hard by Alex, Bruno, and a series of other men!

Do you have any idea what that sort of thing does to a girl's mind!? It turned me into a kind of nympho. I was coming, like, twenty times a day!

But boy, the money was wild! We moved out of the basement place and into a way bigger loft style apartment, one we bought, not rented!

By now I wasn't sleeping in Alex's bed anymore. I was sleeping in a

doggy bed on the floor next to it. And when I wasn't on the webcam, I did all the chores, the cooking and cleaning, and other household tasks. Because I had, for all intents and purposes, become an actual sex slave!

You might find it kind of odd for a shy, nerdy girl to wind up being such a wild, slutty nympho, and whenever I thought about it, I did too. But you can't argue with success. And not only was I having a wild time I was making a ton of money and enjoying doing it.

My only regret was Alex hadn't found an excuse to tie me up naked earlier!

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.

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 nothing but work and drink and growl at people. But when he becomes taken with his insolent chauffeur she finds out his domineering ways extend to the bedroom - and the car! And as she melts his cold exterior he makes her burn with the dark, thrilling heat of his dominance and submission games.

Owned by Mister Trask

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

Bound Beauty

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

The Mirror Box

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