



# **Kayla's Submission**

**By JJ Argus**



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*Kayla's Journey - 3*

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**Smashwords edition**

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

Kayla's eyes fluttered, then opened, and she groaned as she wakened. She looked out and blinked, the world falling into place around her. She felt a sudden rush, a tightness in her chest, a fluttering in her belly as it all came back to her.

She was in a cage!

She had gotten up for work on Friday and donned her Armani jacket. She'd matched it with a pale green silk blouse, and a beige skirt which fell to her ankles to cover the tops of her high heeled black leather boots. She'd looked stylish and professional, which was the appearance an ambitious young lawyer with Harrold-Milkin ought to be striving for.

The firm had over eight hundred lawyers, after all, along with twelve senior partners and thirty seven junior partners. Even the junior partners made as much in two weeks as she did all year. Growing up poor, she had made it her life's ambition to NOT be poor. She had scratched and clawed and slept her way into the firm, and saw no reason to stop then.

So she had seduced Colin Forrest, one of the senior partners, a strong-willed, attractive man who was already married (not that that mattered to Kayla). Ingratiating herself with Forrest could only help her career, after all. And it had seemed to work as expected, at first.

Until Friday. When her entire world had changed.

Now she was naked in a cage, and wasn't quite sure how things had progressed so rapidly, so drastically, so... shockingly far in such a very short time. It was only Sunday morning, after all!

It had started with being called into his office, with him obviously angry. She had only discovered why, after obeying his order to strip, and then bend over his desk. She'd expected sex, not a strapping across her bare bottom!

Of course, she'd gotten both.

She had indeed deserved it, though. She'd thought too much of herself, and too much of their relationship. He'd trusted her to write up a fairly routine contract as he'd directed. Instead, she'd left out one clause, thinking it unnecessary,

ignoring his instruction to put it in. And she'd been wrong. Very wrong.

And that was when he'd told her that making the partners table had a cost, and that cost was obedience to his orders. She couldn't even argue. He was a far more talented and experienced lawyer, and he was perfectly right to be angry. It was also perfectly understandable that he would want her obedience if he was to put his name and prestige on the line to get her elevated to the junior partners table.

Harrold-Milkin was a shark pit of interoffice politics, and he wasn't about to help promote someone who wouldn't do and vote as he said. Kayla not only understood it she didn't blame him in the slightest. She'd have wanted the same in his place.

So when he'd told her she'd be spending the weekend proving how good she was at following orders she accepted immediately. She was already sleeping with him, after all, and if the 'obedience' was sexually related, well, she certainly wasn't going to complain. He was the best lover she'd had in her life.

But as she'd discovered, what he had in mind was total, instant, unthinking obedience. And while she'd expected him to test her, his testing had been outrageous... and darkly, horribly thrilling! Obedience at writing out a contract was one thing, but obedience at performing sexual acts was an entirely different creature.

Kayla had been using her body to get what she wanted for years, in a coldly calculating, mercenary fashion. But she'd never pursued physical pleasure. That had not been what sex was about for Kayla. Sex had been about getting someone to do what she wanted.

The kind of dark, nasty sex Forrest had introduced her to had come as a stunning surprise in more ways than one. She'd never climaxed while sleeping with her 'lovers' before, and yesterday, she'd climaxed a dozen times!

She'd also been stung by a riding crop too many times to count during the day, not to mention being whipped!

It was a fairly soft whipping, of course, she thought. It hadn't even left any real marks on her body, none that hadn't faded over the following hours anyway. But the dark thrill of it still made her belly flutter! She'd been sodomized for the first

time, as well, an idea which would have appalled and disgusted her not long before.

But Forrest had laid her bare, physically and emotionally, so that she had no real secrets from him. And he'd done it so fast! She still had a hard time believing it had all happened over one day and one evening!

And then he'd brought in another man to use her! Outrageous! She had been stunned, humiliated, and horrified, and had, she'd come like the whore they both made her confess to being!

And now she'd wakened naked... in a cage.

He had, since he'd led her into the house Friday evening, naked and bound, treated her like a sexual animal, like a dog, a bitch in heat, like his pet, rather than a lawyer working for a prestigious law firm. She'd crawled as often as not, fetched, and been petted, in more ways than one!

He'd taught her how to beg, and how to heel. It was all, she had thought, testing her willingness to obey his orders. At least, she'd thought that at first. Now she wasn't so sure. Or at least, it was certainly that, but was it focused on her being a properly obedient junior lawyer at the firm or... something else?

Kayla still didn't understand why it had all thrilled her as it had. She'd been jolted, true, stunned, at times, outraged too, but it had all been so wild and heady a sexual mix, and so very, very different from her life of tapping away at keyboards and leafing through law books doing research. It was... like she was alive for the first time in years!

She lay on her back in the cage, which was not very big. It was a dog cage, obviously.

*For a bitch in heat, she thought, a bit breathlessly.*

Her long, lovely legs were bent, her knees pressed against opposite sides of the cage. She lay on a soft, furry pad of some kind, and it was warm in the room, so she was comfortable, though she would have liked to stretch her legs out more. But it felt darkly sensual to be in a cage naked as she was, laying on the soft fur.

She reached her hands up to her collar, running them along the studded leather

surface, then looked down at the matching restraints around her wrists and ankles, and felt another hot little shudder. Forrest was definitely a pervert, and she was shocked at how much she'd let him get away with.

But she had obeyed every order he'd given her, taken every blow, including what his black friend had given her, and it had shaken her sense of self to the core. Yes, she'd slept with guys to get what she wanted before, but she'd never submitted to their will like this. Of course, the stakes were a lot higher now. But that wasn't it, not really.

She'd obeyed not merely because she wanted his support, not just to ingratiate herself with him. She'd obeyed because... she wanted to do what she'd been ordered to do. The thought of doing it might have been embarrassing, appalling, frightening... but deep inside, and sometimes not so deep inside, she'd wanted to do those nasty, wicked things!

She simply couldn't admit it, perhaps not even to herself.

But if she was ordered, well...

She had to obey him, after all, if she wanted to get that partnership. She had to show him that she was capable of total obedience to his orders and directives. And a weekend of excruciatingly hot, nasty sex wasn't exactly a heavy price to pay!

Somewhere along the line, though, weighing his orders against her need for obedience, because of the partnership, had faded into a casual thing. She had very quickly gotten used to obeying his orders simply because they were his orders. The crop stung, and while it only stung briefly, well, she'd gotten enough of them to very quickly learn to not hesitate.

Besides, she had become enthralled, fascinated with this outrageous sexual game of his, with the notion of herself as some sort of obedient little sex toy.

*Sex slave, she thought to herself, her chest tightening further with excitement.*

She let her hands gently cup her breasts, noting that her nipples were already hard. She plucked them gently, rolling them between her fingers as images and memories of the outrageous things he'd done to her flitted past her eyes like an x-rated slide show.

Her right hand slid down her body, her fingers stroking along the tight, narrow line of her sex, then up across her clitoris. She remembered, just then, that he'd ordered her not to masturbate. He'd caught her doing so while she was scrubbing the kitchen floor – on all fours, with a sponge.

She felt a small sense of unease then, but told herself he'd only meant that she was bad for masturbating instead of for scrubbing the floor as he had ordered. That had been disobedient, but she had nothing else to do at the moment, so it was fine.

She was amazed at how resilient her body was. She slid her index finger into her mouth, wetting it, then slowly pushed it into her pussy. She'd had big dildos and cocks in her much the day Saturday, yet she still felt tight and firm, and had to wriggle her finger to work it slowly in and out.

She sank her finger deeper, rubbing her clitoris at the same time, memories of the previous day still flitting through her mind. Every single one of them had been more exciting than anything she'd ever done in her life prior to this weekend! Taken as a whole, all together, they had wakened her mind to the pleasure her body was capable of, and perhaps addicted her to it.

She slid her finger deeper, sighing, her head pressed back against the bars, her pussy already starting to throb as she pumped her finger in and out. Her body seemed to be reacting faster than it ever had before, as if it, like her mind, had come to expect pleasure, had come to want it and need it.

She got a second finger inside, sliding them in and out as she let her eyes close and rubbed her clitoris faster and harder. She was breathing more quickly now, the heat seeping up through her body, through the pores of her skin. She thought of that moment when she'd knelt, her bottom high, as Paul had pushed his enormous black cock into her, and felt a sharp rush of delicious dark excitement.

It had been so outrageous! So wicked! So incredibly hot!

“Well, well, well.”

Kayla jerked her fingers away from her pussy and her eyes open and stared up through the bars of the cage, her eyes suddenly bulging as she saw a woman looking down at her.

“I see you're every much the ... blonde, as Colin described,” she said.

The woman was perhaps ten years older than Kayla. She was petite, slim, dark haired, but very pretty. Her hair was so black it seemed to reflect a purplish tinge in the sunlight coming through the nearby window. It was cut in an angled bob, the narrow points of the hair at the side of her head curling under her jaw.

“I am Victoria Forrest, in case you're wondering,” the woman said grimly. “But you can call me Mrs. Forrest.”

Kayla snapped her knees together, trying to cover her body with her arms, feeling a sudden surge of panic as well as humiliation.

She had slept with a number of husbands over the years, but had never encountered any of their wives – until now.

Victoria Forrest wore long black leather shoes with stiletto heels, a short dark black skirt and a blood red blouse, and she was looking at Kayla as though she were a bug on display.

And Kayla had absolutely nothing to say. What could she say, after all? Any sort of denial, given the circumstances, would be ludicrous. She curled herself up tight, mortified, as the woman looked down at her through the bars.

“Imagine coming home and finding a naked blonde slut in a cage in the spare bedroom,” she said, in a voice which, given the circumstances, was oddly devoid of anger, or even surprise.

Mrs. Forrest squatted next to the cage. “Did you know, little girl, when you were seducing my husband, that my father is chairman of the senior partners board? His name is James Harrold. You might have heard of him.”

Kayla gulped. She hadn't bothered to research things that far!

Victoria Forrest looked her up and down , then unlocked the cage door and slid it open.

“Get out of there,” she barked.

Face flaming, her brain overloaded with horrified embarrassment, Kayla rolled

onto her side, twisted around, and then crawled out of through the low, narrow doggy door. When she started to stand, however, she was pushed back down.

“Oh no, I think we can put things into the proper perspective if you stay on your knees,” she said. “Sit on your heels.”

Kayla felt a strange prickling of confusion in amongst the wild clamor of embarrassment and fear, as the woman jerked back on her hair and forced her to sit back onto her heels. She almost instinctively started to spread her legs before snapping them closed again.

“Look at me. I said look at me!”

Kayla turned her red face up at last to look at the woman standing before her, and the first thing she noticed, which caused her to suck in a sharp, startled breath of air, was the riding crop in her hand.

“Is that how you were taught to sit?” Mrs. Forrest demanded. “If so I will teach you better, blonde girl!”

She moved forward, and jerked back on Kayla's hair.

“Shoulders back, chest out, legs spread,” she barked, punctuating the orders with sharp blows of the crop against her back and thigh until Kayla jerked into position.

The woman lifted a chair into position and sat down in front of Kayla, legs spread, looking her up and down as the helpless blonde continued to burn in embarrassment.

“Well you certainly are... blonde,” she said.

Kayla felt another flush of heat, for she knew it to be an insult. Paul, the other night, had told her that 'blonde' and 'whore' were synonyms, that the words meant the same thing. It was clear Mrs. Forrest was using it in the same manner.

“Hands behind your neck, fingers interlaced,” Mrs. Forrest barked.

That was again an order she'd been given many times yesterday, and her hands rose almost immediately, then another flush of embarrassment reddened her face

as she automatically arched her back more. Amidst the shame and turmoil in her head, however, was wonderment that the woman was giving her the same orders as her husband had.

And had the riding crop in her hand!

She was also astonishingly calm and casual as she examined Kayla, even reaching out with the tip of the crop and sliding it back and forth across her still stiff nipples.

“Nice tits,” the woman said casually. “I bet you lure in a lot of men with those.”

She slapped lightly at Kayla's nipple, and the blonde girl winced repeatedly.

“Such lovely little pink nipples,” Victoria Forrest said. “Do you enjoy it when my husband licks them, slut?”

Kayla felt another flood of shame at the woman's question.

“Oh come now. I'm not insulting you, dear. We both know the word is more of a descriptive term than an insult.

Her eyes, and the crop moved down Kayla's taut body, the crop rubbing against her clitoris.

“Colin said you had your hair removed by laser. I've been considering it, but so far waxing does well enough. Though I suppose it does save time.”

She slapped lightly against Kayla's clitoris then ran the crop back up across her breasts.

She raised her eyes and looked Kayla in the face again.

“You're a whore, girl,” she said.

Kayla had no reply to that.

“Aren't you,” she demanded.

“Y-Yes....”

“The word you're searching for is 'mistress'.”

Kayla jerked in surprise, and more confusion swirled within her racing mind. Did that mean... that Victoria Forrest was into the same games as her husband? That she ... understood this sort of thing? That she wasn't furious? That she wasn't going to go to her father, divorce her husband, and not incidentally, get Kayla fired from the firm?!

Of course, if that was true then it implied that Kayla was going to have to learn to obey her as well, but that seemed, at that moment, a far, far lesser threat.

“Do you really think my husband would fuck some little blonde whore at the office unless I said he could?” she asked, leaning forward. “He and I have an agreement, you see. It's a secret but very binding agreement. We don't screw around behind each others' backs. I've known about you from the first time you suggested you could blow him in the stock room.”

Kayla cringed under the woman's casual contempt!

“Do you know why I said he should go ahead, little girl? Because Colin is an excellent judge of character, and I trust his skills in that department. He saw in you something... special, something different from most of the other sluts at the office willing to trade their pussies for his influence. Oh, did you think you were unique? Far from it.”

She stood up, crop in hand.

“Turn and put your face to the floor.”

Heart thumping wildly, Kayla obeyed. What else was she to do!?

She lowered her face and chest to the floor, raising her bottom high. When she instinctively started to shift her legs apart, the woman stopped her.

“No, keep your knees together for once, slut.”

Kayla flushed and jerked her knees together.

“So as I said, I knew what you were after, “Victoria said, laying the crop precisely across Kayla's raised buttocks. “But that in no way erases the fact that

you're an adulterous slut who set about to seduce my husband. Correct me if I'm wrong, Miss Manning.”

Kayla couldn't, and her face heated again at the words, even as she anxiously felt the shaft of the crop brushing lightly up and down against her bottom.

It drew back, then snapped down sharply, stingingly, and Kayla yelped in pain.

“Am I wrong? Have I mistaken the situation?”

Kayla bit her lower lip, then yelped as the crop snapped down across her bottom a second time.

“Answer me, Miss Manning. Yes or no.”

There was simply NO way Kayla could deny anything! Not having been caught naked, caged, and shackled in the woman's house, and masturbating at that!

“N-N-No,” she gulped.

*Crack!*

“No mistress,” the woman corrected.

“N-No, mistress!” Kayla gasped.

“An ironic use of the term given that it could also be used for you, don't you think?”

*Crack! The crop snapped down across both buttocks again, harder, and Kayla cried out in pain, digging her fingers into the palms of her hands.*

“Couldn't it?”

“Yes, mistress!”

“But you were never really my husband's mistress. I wouldn't tolerate that. Colin's mistress would be someone older, more sophisticated, more cultured. You're simply a piece of fluff he could enjoy sticking his cock into.”

*Crack!*

“Oh!”

“Not that you don't have a very nice ass, blonde girl.”

*Crack!*

“Ow! Please!”

“Please? Please what? Please forgive you for fucking my husband? Was that what you were asking me, blonde girl?”

*Crack!*

Kayla yelped, her body jerking from the stinging slash of the crop.

“Go ahead and ask me to forgive you,” the woman said patiently.

*Crack!*

“Go ahead,” she ordered.

“P-Please forgive me for... for... fucking your husband, Mistress!” she moaned.

*Crack!*

“Oww!”

The sharp sting seemed to leave a line of burning flesh across Kayla's buttocks.

“That seems a lot to forgive,”

*Crack!*

“I suppose I might be willing to.”

*Crack!*

“Ow!” Kayla clenched her teeth against the sharpness of the blow.

“Provided you were going to do your best to make it up to me.”

*Crack!*

“You will do your best to make it up to me, won't you, blonde girl?”

*Crack!*

“Ow! Yes, mistress! Please, mistress!” Kayla gasped, her bottom burning and aching.

The woman walked around in front of where Kayla lay, panting, gasping, moaning softly. Kayla's neck was already aching from her chin being jammed back by the floor, and she could not really see very high up the woman's legs as she stopped with her feet inches in front of her face.

“Show me how sorry you are and how committed you are to respecting me in future, blonde girl,” the woman said softly.

She nudged Kayla's mouth with the pointy toe of her shoe, rubbed it softly back and forth across her lips, and the dazed girl stared, blinking, her mind spinning, but finally thinking, guessing what the woman was after. She eased her tongue out and licked at the toe.

*Crack!*

The crop snapped down against her bottom.

“More enthusiasm, blonde girl,” the woman demanded.

Kayla licked much more enthusiastically, moaning and licking up and down along the woman's shoe as Mrs. Forrest leaned over and rubbed the crop up and down across her throbbing bottom.

“Nasty little girl,” the woman said. “But we can, perhaps, make something quite valuable of you if you learn to obey properly.”

She straightened, looking down at the leggy blonde lapping quickly at her shoes.

“Stand up, blonde girl.”

Kayla gulped and stood as directed. The woman was even using Colin's term for

her! She wondered how much Colin told her about what had happened the last two days!

“Turn and put your wrists together behind your back.”

Kayla obeyed almost out of force of habit, though anxiety swirled and churned inside her. What if the woman wanted to hurt her further for preying on her husband!?

She felt the woman's small hands locking the wrist restraints together. Then she turned her around and Kayla saw a leash in her hands. She snapped it to the ring in the front of the collar and turned to walk out of the room. The pull of the collar sent Kayla lurching forward, and she followed the woman.

They went up the hall and turned into the bathroom.

“Bend over the sink, blonde girl.”

Kayla obeyed, still terribly embarrassed. Her embarrassment was about to get worse, however, as Mrs. Forrest opened the drawer with the enema bag and proceeded to fill it. That was how her day had started Saturday too, and it had been a shock, even though it was done by Forrest, and she had known him for some time.

Yet she could not bring herself to protest as the woman pushed the nozzle into her ass and let the water flow. It was hotter than her husband had used, but Kayla made no protest, even as it filled her to overflowing, and cramps began to ripple through her belly. Her face was still hot and red and she was still anxious, flustered, and horribly embarrassed.

“You're not unique in being willing to offer your body in exchange for a promotion,” Mrs. Forrest said. “However, you are uniquely beautiful, with a fantastic body. And you seem to have a rare psyche for an intelligent young woman. That's why you might just be worthwhile. My husband thinks you can be a submissive and obedient worker who will add to his power at the office.”

Her hand slapped sharply across Kayla's bottom and the blonde gasped in pain.

“Not to mention being of considerable use and interest here at home.”

Her hand slid up along the side of Kayla's body, then squeezed her left breast a few times before withdrawing.

“ Sit on the toilet.”

Kayla obeyed, groaning, gasping, and then expelling the contents of her bowels. She was then raised up, bent over, wiped, and had the nozzle shoved up her a second time.

“In order to improve the quality of your life by an immeasurable amount, blonde girl, you have to become like a well-trained dog, or in this case, a well-trained bitch, who does what she's told and submits to her master's will. Do you understand?”

Kayla mumbled something, and got a stinging blow from the crop across her bottom.

“I asked you a question, blonde girl.”

“Yes!”

*Crack!*

“Yes what?”

“Yes... mistress!”

After clearing out her bowels Mrs. Forrest had her bend over again, and spread her legs wider, then leaned over her and showed her the very large butt-plug she was going to insert.

“Colin is right. You have a lovely ass, dear,” she said. “It should always be well-prepared for a cock. You love cocks, don't you, blonde girl?”

“I-I... yes, mistress!” Kayla gasped, again wondering how much Colin had told her, remembering how she'd had to shout out that phrase many times Saturday.

She moaned as she felt the butt-plug pushing into her, felt her sphincter stretching wider and wider as the woman twisted the butt-plug from side to side. It was slippery and lubed, but it was also very thick, and she gasped and groaned

as it slowly spread her wider and wider as it pushed deeper.

She groaned in relief as it abruptly narrowed and her opening was permitted to snap closed around the slim stem which joined it to the base. She felt the flat, round base cool against the outside of her wrinkled back opening.

“Now, now,” Victoria Forrest said. “You know you love anything big and hard being pushed into your hot little pussy or tight little ass. It's what you were designed for.”

Her hand slid over Kayla's hip and Kayla felt fingers sliding down her abdomen until they started to rub against her clitoris. Despite her wild uneasiness, embarrassment and discomfort, the touch was soothing on several levels, though her mind was still a clamor of wild anxiety.

“There, that fit in easily. You were made to take big cocks, blonde girl.”

Kayla gulped as she felt the small fingers stroked up and down along her pussy.

“Nice and smooth,” she heard the woman said.

Then the fingers pushed into her, twisting and stroking lightly in the mouth of her sex.

Her hand slapped sharply across Kayla's bottom.

“Do you love cock, blonde girl?”

“Yes, mistress!”

“Say it.”

“I love cock, mistress!”

*Crack! “Again.”*

“I love cock, mistress!”

She was not at all surprised when the fingers slid out and a thick dildo began to push its way into her body. It pushed deeper and deeper, and then achingly deep, until she began to twist and moan in pain. That brought another sharp slap to the

bottom, but Mrs. Forrest eased the pressure, then unlinked her wrists.

“On all fours,” she barked.

Kayla dropped almost instinctively to hands and knees as the woman tugged on the leash.

“Let's go, blonde girl.”

Still horribly embarrassed, her mind swirling, but now starting to feel the dark tingle of sexual hunger, Kayla crawled up the hall after her, and then into the kitchen.

“Sit.”

Kayla sat anxiously back on her heels, opening her knees wide.

“Hands behind your neck, chest out.”

Kayla obeyed quickly, but flushed self-consciously. It felt very different doing this in front of a woman as opposed to a man. She felt much more embarrassed, much more degraded. But she didn't see that she had any real choice in the matter!

Mrs. Forrest went to the counter and began making breakfast. Kayla knelt where she was, unmoving, for the most part. Her back began to ache a little, however as she knelt in place. Her breasts throbbed somewhat, and her nipples were very hard. The dildo stuffed inside her pressed against the floor as she eased her bottom down between her feet, and butt plug, though not as long as some of the dildos her husband had inserted into her, was thicker, making her ache inside.

During the middle of her cooking Colin came into the room. Kayla looked at him with wide eyes, but he didn't seem the least bothered or worried about his wife's presence, and greeted her with a kiss as if Kayla wasn't there. Except that he then ruffled Kayla's hair as she passed and said “Hello, blonde girl.”

She wondered if they were both crazy!

The two chatted about people Kayla didn't know, like any other couple, while she knelt silently in place. They seemed to get along very well, she thought, as

Mrs. Forrest through a tea towel at her husband and told him to get his ass out of the chair and set the table. He did so amiably enough while she squirmed, both mentally and physically.

When breakfast was ready Mr. Forrest snapped his fingers at Kayla to bring her closer. She gratefully unbowed her back and crawled the few feet over, whereupon he turned her and locked her wrists behind her back again, then had her sit back on her heels.

The two continued to talk about people they knew, about chores, about an upcoming insurance renewal for the house, and about a chair Mrs. Forrest had her eyes on, and ignored the fact a naked girl was kneeling on the floor next to them.

Until Forrest leaned over with a piece of sausage in his fingers. Kayla licked it out of his fingers and chewed as he continued his conversation with his wife. A minute later Mrs. Forrest snapped her fingers at her.

“Come here, blonde girl,” she said.

Kayla crawled over on her knees, and leaned in to take a piece of sausage from Mrs. Forrest's fingers. Then it was back to take a piece from Mr. Forrest, and then back again to lick a piece from his wife's fingers. It was far from a continuous movement. She sat for a minute or so on her heels between each piece. And the two of them talked of various things, none of which had anything to do with Kayla.

It was all very surreal to the young blonde woman, but she was at least starting to get used to Mrs. Forrest seeing her naked and also to get used to doing as the woman ordered her. The woman hadn't demanded any sort of sex yet, but Kayla was reasonably sure that would come.

It wouldn't be the first time she'd slept with a woman, however, and while the previous occasion, the only time she'd done it, had been unpleasant, it was still far better than the woman being outraged and running off to her father!

Mrs. Forrest set down a bowl of milk on the floor for her, and, though she blushed, and though her mind squirmed, Kayla fell forward onto her chest and raised her bottom high, spreading her knees as Forrest had taught her the other day, and licking from the bowl as she obscenely displayed herself to the table.

Doing it had become almost routine, given how often Forrest had demanded the position of her the other day, but doing it with his wife there made her mind squirm horribly!

After breakfast, Mrs. Forrest had her crawl outside by the pool. The woman herself wore only a thong, and had small, but very firm breasts. She lay back on the lounge chair and then looked at Kayla.

“Put suntan oil on me, blonde girl.”

“Yes... mistress,” she gulped.

Yesterday it had been Forrest putting suntan oil on Kayla, and his hands had made her squirm as they had fingered her pussy. But she obeyed, carefully spreading oil over the woman's back and shoulders and arms, then hesitating before running her slippery hand smoothly over her bare bottom, then down her legs to her feet.

Mrs. Forrest rolled over, and watched her as Kayla nervously oiled up the front of her legs, sliding her hands up her thighs, then up her belly and over her breasts to her shoulders.

“My husband says you've had sex with women before, but are unenthusiastic about it”

“Yes, mistress,” she said nervously.

“How often?”

“Just once, mistress.”

“Describe the experience. Who was it?”

Kayla flushed.

“It was... one of my teachers at college, mistress.”

“What did she look like?”

“She was... older, about forty five, and a little overweight. She had very short

hair and... well, liked to be uhm, masturbated.”

She blushed at the word.

“Did you eat her?”

“Yes, mistress,” she said.

“Did she eat you?”

“No, mistress. I mean, I was doing it because...”

“To get better marks, like the whore you are? Yes, I understand. So it was you doing for her, not the other way around. Well, not surprising you didn't have a great time, I suppose. Did she use any toys on you?”

Kayla shook her head.

“One of those finicky type lesbians who don't like to play with male phallic toys, I suppose,” she said with a sniff.

“And we definitely know you like to play with phallic toys, dear,” her husband said as he joined them, grinning.

“Definitely,” she said with a laugh.

She pushed Kayla away. “Go oil up my lazy husband, girl,” she said.

Kayla turned to his lounge chair and started oiling up his body as he casually watched her.

“So is she a good fuck?” his wife asked.

Kayla winced at the question.

“Very tight, very enthusiastic, but practically a virgin in some ways,” he replied.

“I'll bet Paul loved her.”

“You know how he is with blondes,” he said with a laugh.

“Have you noticed how many black men have this thing for blonde girls?”

“Yes, but then a lot of men suffer that particular weakness,” he replied.

His wife snorted.

She oiled him up to his satisfaction, and he stopped her.

“Go and take off my wife's thong, blonde girl,” he said. “I like to see her pussy.”

“You're such a horny boy,” his wife sighed.

Kayla gulped, but turned around and bent over his wife. The woman made no objection as Kayla tugged her thong slowly down, and eventually lifted her hips so she could slide it down her legs and off. She saw Mrs. Forrest was very smoothly shaved between the legs.

“Come here, blonde girl,” Mrs. Forrest said, reaching out and pulling her over the chair. “We're going to start your instructions.”

“Why don't you show her rather than telling?” her husband asked with a grin.

“You are a horny boy but not incorrect,” his wife sighed.

She raised her chair up so she was sitting straight.

“Straddle the chair and stand in front of me, blonde girl,” she said.

Nervously Kayla obeyed, her pussy right in front of the woman's face.

“Now pay attention because when I teach you something I expect it to be well-learned, is that clear?”

“Y-Yes, mistress,” she said.

Forrest's tongue licked lightly across her clitoris, and she inhaled sharply at the sudden rush of heat. She really didn't have any great hunger for women, but the situation was decidedly kinky, and Mr. Forrest was sitting right next to her watching. She looked down and watched as the woman let her tongue circle her clitoris, pulling the dildo down and out as her mouth took its place.

“She has a very nice, tight pussy,” she said.

“I know.”

Victoria snorted. “I meant on the outside, too. “Nice firm lips, nice smooth mons.”

She rubbed her hand up and down against Kayla's pussy as she spoke.

“I did say she was something special.”

Over the following minutes the Victoria Forrest licked and sucked at Kayla's clitoris, pumped her fingers inside her, and stroked them across her clitoris, licked along her labia, pushed her tongue into her pussy, and generally gave a clinical sort of explanation in how to please her with her mouth.

And, of course, the demonstration was ... educational.

Kayla found her insides thrumming with energy, felt a dark, hungry thrill of wildness, of outrageous heat and kinky sexual excitement as the woman demonstrated how to suck and lick her clitoris by sucking and licking on Kayla's own. She then pushed the dildo back inside her and pumped it slowly in and out as she licked and sucked on her clit.

Kayla had not experienced much in the way of oral sex in her life. Her sexual encounters had normally been quite mercenary, done to persuade someone to give her something she wanted – normally better grades. Now she stood there, legs spread apart, her breathing becoming more and more ragged as Victoria demonstrated how it was done.

“I think I'd like to fuck her while you do that,” Colin said.

“Not now. I don't want her distracted. I hope you're paying attention, Blonde Girl.”

“Y-Yes, mistress!” she gasped.

“It's hot when she says that,” Colin said with a grin.

“You could have her call you master.”

“It might slip out at work, and where would that get us?”

“All right, slut, let's see what you've learned,” Victoria said, pushing Kayla back.

Kayla's body was trembling with heat, and she moaned in disappointment, but shifted back immediately. She knelt next to the chair as Victoria spread her own legs and then leaned over her pussy.

“Start licking, blonde girl.”

She licked at the woman's thigh, a bit shy for some reason, at first, but then moved in closer, sliding her tongue up and down her sex, lightly rubbing her with her thumbs, then pressing them open as her tongue pushed into the soft pink mouth of her sex. She gasped as she felt the dildo started push in and out of her, but didn't know if it was Victoria or Colin doing it.

Not that it mattered. She continued to lick and tongue the woman, who wrapped her long blonde hair around her fist in the same way her husband had, and drew her mouth up a little higher, in an unspoken message to start on her clit.

Victoria drew her knees in and back, sighing comfortably as she rested her hand on Kayla's head, tugging at her hair occasionally as she guided the girl up and down.

“Suck me,” she sighed.

Kayla closed her lips on the woman's clitoris and started sucking rhythmically, groaning and wriggling her bottom as the dildo thrust in and out in long, deep movements now.

“Nasty little girl,” Victoria sighed.

She reached down and slid her hand under Kayla's breast, kneading and caressing it.

“She has great tits,” she said. “I've always wanted a nice pair like this.”

“Yours are lovely,” Colin said. “I have no complaints. And you don't want fakes any more than I do.”

“No, but these are very, very nice,” she said, working her fingers into Kayla's breast and fingering her stiff nipple.

She sighed. “Now. Big licks, big hard, fast licks,” she said.

Kayla licked harder and faster, and grunted as the dildo pumped into her faster. She found herself matching speeds with the dildo's hard, deep strokes even as Victoria tugged on her hair and ground her hips up against her.

The woman moaned and arched back, her feet coming up and pressing down on Kayla's bare back as she shuddered and bucked up into her mouth.

“You look lovely when you're coming,” Colin said.

“I look lovely all that time, bastard,” Victoria said with a satisfied smile.

“Of course.”

She twisted her hand in Kayla's hair to jerk her head up.

“Do you love cock, Blonde girl?”

“Yes, mistress!” Kayla gulped.

“Go and suck my husband's cock for me.”

“Yes, mistress!”

She shifted back and around and turned to find Colin sitting there with a big hard-on. She slipped his suit down and began to lick and suck at him as Victoria had ordered, moaning around his cock as he now began to play with her breasts.

She slid her lips deep down and wrapped them around the base of his cock as his hand pressed down firmly on her head.

“She's not bad at that,” she heard Victoria say.

“She could already deep throat. I've just expanded on that ability,” Colin replied.

Kayla groaned as she felt the dildo in her pussy pushed in harder, then felt what had to be Victoria's toes on her buttocks as she let the bottom of her foot press in

against her.

“Nasty little slut,” she heard the woman say, “Imagine sucking another woman's husband off.”

“She's quite shameless,” Colin teased.

“Nasty girl,” Victoria said.

*Crack! Kayla felt a sharp slap on her bottom.*

Kayla moaned around Colin's cock, her head pounding, her chest tight as she fought to suck in air. He eased back the pressure and she found it easier as she moved, as she slid up, and had a full breath before she even reached the top.

“Dirty girl.”

*Crack! She gasped at another slap to her bottom*

“Filthy little blonde slut,” Victoria said, though her voice sounded more amused than angry.

*Crack!*

“Come back here and stop sucking my husband's cock, you whore.”

Kayla slid her lips up all the way, panting for breath, turning away from Colin uncertainly. But he didn't countermand the order so, face red, her mind still wild with tension and uncertainty, she turned back towards Victoria.

“I want a tongue bath, slut. Start at my toes,” she ordered, putting her glistening foot on the edge of the chaise lounge.

Kayla leaned in and with barely any hesitation, began to lick and then suck on Victoria's toes. They tasted of cherry, of course, because the suntan oil – which was edible – tasted of cherry.

*Crack! She felt a harder slap to her bottom.*

“Keep your legs wide and your ass high, blonde girl,” Colin ordered.

She jerked her knees apart, raising her bottom as she sucked on Victoria's toes, then began to lick on them.

“I think I should fuck this lovely ass,” Colin said.

“I'm sure a nasty little blonde girl like this would appreciate that,” Victoria said.

Kayla moaned as she felt fingers at the base of the butt-plug, as she felt it slowly drawn out of her. She groaned as it finally came free. Then she felt Colin's cock pushing into her, sliding into her, and trembled at the delicious sense of penetration. He was long, hot, hard and slick, and pushed deep into her ass without any pain at all.

“Keep licking, slut,” Victoria said, not unkindly.

She pulled her toes back and Kayla gripped her ankle, licking along the underside of her foot, down along the heel, her mind twisting and squirming in a dark, excited way at how deliciously perverted and kinky and, yes, degrading this was.

But the funny thing was she didn't really feel degraded, despite licking and sucking at Victoria's toes and foot. She just felt a dark, squirming heat, even as Colin's cock pushed deep into her belly and his his began to slide up and down her own slick body.

Victoria reached for her hair, pulling her up, dragging her slowly so she could kiss and lick her way up along her ankle and leg, and then back up between her legs again. Meanwhile, Colin pumped deeper and harder against her, his hands grasping her hips, then her breasts. One reached down between her legs, rubbing her clitoris, while the other kneaded her right breast.

Victoria gripped her left breast, her other hand on her hair, pulling her in sharply as Kayla licked with growing excitement and passion at the woman's pussy. It was all so wild and nasty and passion and exciting, she hardly cared about such things as inhibitions or pride, her mind swept by rolling waves of pleasure as the older couple made skilled use of her body.

The orgasm blossomed inside her, and her hips began to buck wildly back against Colin even as her head jerked and trembled and shook in Victoria's firm grip, the woman's tight hold on her hair keeping her from moving away as convulsions wracked her long, lithe body.

“The nasty little slut is coming,” Victoria said with a smirk.

“She tends to come a lot,” Colin said, a bit breathlessly, his hips slapping bruisingly against the girl's upraised buttocks.

“Coming with my husband's cock up your ass. Nasty little girl,” Victoria sniffed, pinching her nipple.

Kayla jerked and shuddered, eyes rolling back in her head, gurgling in pleasure as she felt that thick cock thrusting into her again and again, and her pussy ground itself against his fingers.

\*

Kayla got little time to relax that morning. Victoria and Colin kept her busy fetching and chasing a dildo, on all fours, like a dog, really. They'd toss it across the yard, and Kayla would have to race after it – on all fours – then bring it back in her mouth.

They also put her through her different positions, very rapidly, so that it was something like a very rapid, and perverted yoga, had her swim laps, and do pull-ups on the diving board. Then she had to crawl on her belly across the yard, as she'd done the previous day. Though this time she was not directed into the pool.

Afterward, Victoria had taken her upstairs and washed her, washed her hair, dried it, brushed her teeth, then hog tied her, bending her wrists and ankles tightly back to bind them together, leaving her on the floor for the rest of the morning “to rest”.

Kayla did not find it especially restful. Her mind was curiously unable to make any sort of decision on all this kinky sex, or what she ought to or could do about it other than be the obedient girl Colin, and obviously, his wife, wanted her to be. The reasons for obeying hadn't changed, and in fact, she had gotten used to obeying Victoria shockingly quickly.

Her back soon began to ache from her tightly bowed position, however, and at the same time she began to feel a slowly rising tide of dark excitement and heat. She was, after all, hogtied naked with a dildo and a butt-plug inside her, and her mind was still trying to come to grips with all the wild, kinky – thrilling and passionate things she had been exposed to so far that weekend.

Victoria and Colin were an strange couple, but part of the strangeness was their normality about her, about having a naked blonde girl crawling around and making use of her! But it was more than that. They got along so well together she found herself being jealous, not just of Victoria, but of their relationship. She'd never had any kind of relationship like that. She'd spent all her life, it seemed, with her nose buried in a book, desperately studying. The only people she dealt with on any real, ongoing basis were those she wanted to use to advance her career or her marks at school.

She had shrugged off attempts by anyone else to date her, for what time did she have to waste on them when they couldn't help her? As for having a boyfriend,

that would take an intolerable amount of time away from her career. And she'd had no idea sex could be so wildly passionate and exciting! It never had been with her! Then again, that had never been her goal.

She lay on her side, her hair under her, and spilling over her cheek, wriggling awkwardly, uncomfortably, back aching, legs and arms feeling stiff, her insides throbbing somewhat, waiting for one of them to return and release her. She couldn't hear them any more, much less see them, and she felt very alone up there by herself, doing nothing.

When the door opened and Victoria came in she felt a rush of... relief? It was just good to have someone there, especially with the prospect of doing something else, and of being released. The woman had a glass in hand and knelt beside the bound blonde.

“Well, how is our blonde girl doing? Getting lots of rest?” she asked.

“Y-yes, mistress!” Kayla gasped, as the woman's hand stroked her head, then glided down her body.

“It's hot in here, isn't it, blonde girl?”

“Yes, mistress,” she panted.

“And you'd rather be fucking someone, wouldn't you?” she asked.

“Y-yes, mistress,” Kayla said hesitantly.

Victoria drew her hand back, then slid her fingers into her glass and pulled out an ice cube.

“Oh! Oh please!” Kayla squealed as she brought it down against her belly.

“You said you were hot,” the woman said, letting the freezing cube slide slowly up along the now trembling, wriggling girl's belly, up over her chest, and then onto her right breast.

Kayla gasped and moaned and hissed and writhed as the ice cube circled around and around her nipple, then slid firmly atop it. Victoria held it there, rubbing her nipple with it, as her skin began to burn with the cold, and slow droplets of

melted water began to trickle down her breast.

“Please, mistress!” she cried.

“Just trying to cool you off, dear,” Victoria said with a smile.

She slid the cube up along her neck and over her cheek, then down her back and around her hip again. Finally, she pressed it against her clitoris, rubbing it as she had Kayla's nipple, and Kayla squealed and twisted helplessly.

“Come downstairs for lunch, blonde girl,” she said, finally putting the the remains of the cube back into the glass, then unlinking her wrists and ankles.

Kayla moaned in relief, stretching out her body as Victoria snapped the leash to her collar. The woman stood up and looked down as Kayla arched and bent and twisted her long legs.

“All fours,” she said, finally, tugging on the leash.

Kayla groaned and rolled onto her belly, then pushed herself onto her hands and knees, and crawled after the woman. She spent lunch as she'd spent breakfast, on her knees, eating from their fingers, then it back outside again. This time Victoria walked her over to the bushes and, blushing hotly, Kayla urinated while the woman looked on.

“Good blonde,” the woman said, afterward, patting her head.

She led her back to the patio as Colin sat down, and Kayla saw there was something new in place. There was a stripper pole sticking up from the middle of one stone. It couldn't be anything else, she thought, staring at it.

“That's right, blonde girl,” Colin said. “It's time to dance.”

“Not just yet, Colin,” Victoria said. “She's just eaten. Let her rest for a bit. Come here, dear.”

Victoria's idea of resting was for Kayla to kneel and lick her pussy, but Kayla wasn't going to complain. It certainly was physically easier than throwing herself around a stripper pole, and she was finding a sense of heady delight in 'mastering' this new sexual activity, and in making the older woman groan and

pant in pleasure.

Victoria caressed her body while she did so, fingering her pussy, rubbing at her clitoris, and pumping the dildo in her pussy. And only after she'd licked the woman to orgasm was it time for her to dance. Victoria pulled the dildo out of her, but left the butt plug in place, then stood up, crop in hand.

Victoria acted as an instructor, helping Kayla learn the positions they wanted, and even flung herself around the pole, to show Kayla how she wanted it done. It wasn't easy, for the two were quite specific, and it was awfully tiring, but Kayla wasn't about to say no as she twisted, turned, writhed, and spun around the pole.

Colin sat in a chair and mostly watched, clearly enjoying himself. Kayla kept an eye on his bathing suit to see if she was turning him on enough to get a hard-on, but didn't see anything. Victoria, meanwhile, got dressed and went inside.

“Your own stripper pole is pretty hedonistic,” a voice said. “But your own stripper?”

Kayla started and her face flushed as she saw Victoria coming out of the house with a stranger behind her. The man was about forty, tall, with slightly graying hair. His body was wide shouldered, but he had a bit of a paunch, and Kayla's face burned as he looked at her.

“Hello, Joshua,” Colin said, rising and coming over to shake hands.

“Keep dancing, blonde girl,” Victoria ordered, giving her a stern look.

Kayla gulped, froze, then slowly began to move in time to the music again, though her movement was stiff and awkward. Victoria picked up the crop and came over, glowering, and Kayla anxiously tried to move with more grace, sliding around the pole, twisting her body in time to the music, her mind burning up with shock, cringing with deep embarrassment, and yet... feeling a rising tide of dark, terrible heat.

Paul had been a shock to her the other day, too, as had Victoria that morning. Was she getting used to shocks, or just getting used to strangers seeing her naked and... and acting like a slut!?

Joshua sat down next to Colin, both of them in upright chairs facing Kayla.

Victoria sat next to them, glaring a warning at Kayla and tapping the crop into the palm of her hand.

“Let's see you give Joshua a lap dance, stripper girl,” she said finally.

Kayla felt another hard jolt inside her, a breathless sense of anxious heat and embarrassment, but danced over in front of the man and then, still blushing, straddled his chair and eased down, starting to grind herself against him.

At least she didn't have a couple of dildos in her as she had when Paul had come in, she thought, a little desperately, though she still had the butt plug.

She ground her bare bottom against him through his trousers, sliding her hands nervously up and down her body, then onto his shoulder. She gasped but didn't protest when his hands cupped her breasts and lifted them up, squeezing them together.

“Nice tits on her.”

“Everyone says that,” Victoria said with a laugh.

He caught her nipples between thumbs and forefingers, twisting and turning them so that they burned, while Kayla gasped and moaned and ground herself against him. This was all so insane! But what could she do? Refuse?!

“Undo his pants, stripper girl,” Victoria ordered.

Moaning, she obeyed, even as his fingers pushed slowly up into her pussy and twisted around inside. She fumbled at his crotch with trembling fingers, then drew him out.

“Press him against your belly, rub him there as you ride and grind him,” Victoria said.

Kayla obeyed, her heart pounding as she rubbed the long length of him against her abdomen, feeling a rush of heat at the softness of his skin against hers, and how hard and red it was.

“Now rise up and sink down onto that lovely cock. You love cock, don't you, blonde girl. Say it,” Victoria ordered.

“I love cock, mistress!” Kayla gulped, speaking almost without thought, blushing hotly as she did.

Then she sank down onto the man's cock and moaned as his hands slid onto her bottom and his mouth onto her nipple. She started to ride him, grinding and rolling her hips as his hands raced over her body. The feel of him inside her made her mind hum like a high tension wire, and she rode him breathlessly, flushed and overheating as her buttocks slapped against his thighs again and again.

He came within minutes, though, before she did, and she gulped and stopped.

“Good blonde,” Victoria said, patting her head. “Now go and get Joshua a coke.”

“Yes, mistress,” she gulped.

She went and got him a coke, returning to find his pants done up and he and Colin joking about something.

“Present the coke from your knees, blonde girl,” Colin said, “As I showed you the other day.”

Flushing, she sank to her knees, then bowed her head as she raised her hands up high with the drink, waiting until he plucked it from her grip with an amused laugh.

“Keep dancing, nasty girl,” Victoria said, pointing at the pole.

So she danced and twirled and rolled her hips, arched and spun and danced in time to the music for perhaps ten minutes while Joshua and Colin chatted, feeling once again that sense of disbelief, that sense of the surreal. Why was she dancing naked like this in front of this guy, this stranger!? The short answer was because Colin had ordered it.

She was starting to get used to his eyes on her, and was even more used to Colin and even Victoria watching her. Still, she felt terribly self-conscious, and also dirty... dirty in a way which aroused her. She again felt the strange, heady notion of herself as a sex slave, which, in her mind, was a fantasy character who had a wild, delicious sexual existence.

Certainly she didn't spend ten hours a day doing legal research.

Joshua left soon after, and Colin saw him to the door.

'You can rest now,' Victoria said, snapping her fingers to indicate Kayla should kneel beside her chair. She did so, panting heavily, sweating a little.

“Good Blonde,” Victoria said, patting her head again.

It was a very paternalistic patting, even a deliberately insulting one given it was the same as if she were patting a dog. But for some reason Kayla found herself grateful for the soothing tone and gentle caress.

But Joshua had only been gone ten minutes when Paul arrived. Paul was a tall, powerfully built Black man she'd first met Friday, though she was dressed at the time. He had shown up out of the blue on Saturday while she was bound and naked – and then began to order her around and use her body for his own.

And she had obeyed.

She was not as shy around Paul, given what had happened the other day, and she danced with growing heat as the three chatted and watched her, then she gave Colin a lap dance and finally, rode his stiff, thick cock to two orgasms before he came himself.

Shortly after that Brian Jennings showed up.

She was slowly grinding her bottom against the pole when he walked out, her hands clutching the pole high above, her back arched, her breasts pushed out proudly. She froze, jaw dropping, as Colin led him out from the house, and her face turned to flames.

Because she knew Brian Jennings. He was one of the junior partners at the firm. He was, from her experience, a very stern, religious, conservative man, and a member and organizer for the state Republican Party.

He was probably around forty, but looked younger, with a notably strong jaw on a square cut face, brown hair combed straight back, and usually wearing a five thousand dollar suit. He had hard brown eyes and perpetually furrowed brow, as he did now, appearing to scowl at the sight of her.

“Keep dancing, blonde girl,” Victoria ordered.

Brian shook hands with Colin, and gave Kayla a contemptuous look.

“Well, I can't say this is a surprise,” he said in a scathing voice.

“You thought Miss Manning was a slut?” Colin asked pleasantly.

“She seemed the type,” Jennings said.

“But she's a very special type of slut,” Colin said.

Now the four of them were sitting there, and Kayla dropped her eyes, face red.

“She's shy, the silly thing,” Victoria said with a laugh.

“We'll have to do away with that,” Colin said.

“Oh and I know just how to do it,” she replied.

“Come here, blonde girl,” Colin ordered.

Face burning, her insides churning wildly, Kayla stepped forward hesitantly.

“I want you to lean over Brian's chair and grasp the back above his shoulders.”

Her face burned, but she barely thought about refusal. She kept her eyes up away from his face as she leaned over in front of Jennings and grasped the back of the chair he was sitting on.

“What do you think of those tits, Brian? I know you're a tit man,” Colin said.

Kayla flinched as she felt Jennings' hands come up to squeeze her breasts.

“I have to admit, they're better than I'd imagined,” he said. “She doesn't emphasize them at work.”

His fingers slid down to her nipples, and Kayla gasped as he twisted and pinched them.

“I like bigger nipples, though,” he said to Colin.

He pinched and tugged on them, and she felt herself starting to sweat as the pain mounted.

“I think these look good on her,” Victoria said. “She has nice, pale skin.”

“And is such an obedient girl,” Colin said.

“Ah yes. Kayla, come over here and suck Paul's cock.”

She gasped and winced as she pulled away, her nipples hot and throbbing. She shifted over two places and Paul smirked at her as she blushingly tugged down his swimsuit and pulled out his cock. She began to suck his balls and lick up and down his cock as she stretched it out, her fingers massaging him as well.

It began to harden, and she spread her mouth wide, sliding up and down as she licked and sucked.

“That is a pretty big cock,” Jennings said

“Both thick and long,” Victoria added, picking up a potato chip from a bowl, dipping it, then popping it into her mouth as she watched.

“Enough, blonde girl,” Colin said. “Go and bend over Victoria's chair now.”

He leaned over and said something to Paul, who rose. A moment later, he got up as well. Kayla stood up, panting, and leaned over Victoria's chair, grasping the top of the chair back as she leaned forward. Brian Jennings sat right next to them, eyeing her with a dark hunger as Paul moved behind her.

“Do you love cock, blonde girl?” Victoria asked.

“Y-Yes, mistress!” she squeaked, still red faced.

“Say it.”

“I love cock, mistress!” she gulped, her mind a clamor of wild embarrassment, even humiliation.

“Louder.”

“I love cock, mistress!”

“Do you love black cock, too?”

Kayla flinched.

“Yes, mistress!”

“Say it.”

“I love black cock, mistress!” she gasped.

She moaned as she felt Paul move in behind her, and felt his thick cock rubbing up and down against her oiled bottom.

“Do you love it up the ass, slut?”

“Yes, mistress!” she moaned.

“Say it.”

“I love black cock up the ass, mistress!”

Saying it wouldn't have been so excruciatingly embarrassing were it not for Brian Jennings staring excitedly at her as she did! But it was humiliating! And yet, knowing Paul was behind her, with his stiff black cock, knowing what he was surely about to do, her insides twisted with dark heat.

“Slut,” Brian said with a sneer in his voice.

“Beg Paul to fuck your ass with his black cock,” Victoria ordered.

Colin returned and handed a box to his wife, then sat down to watch.

“I... please... fuck my ass... sir!” she gulped.

“With what, blonde girl?” Victoria asked.

“Please fuck my ass with your black cock, sir!” she moaned breathlessly.

Paul reached forward on either side of her body and grasped her arms, then drew them back behind her. He forced them up along her spine until they were just below her collar, then locked them together, and attached them, by a short chain,

to the back of her collar.

He bent her forward once again, until her breasts were dangling just in front of Victoria's face, then she felt his cock pushing in against her back passage.

Victoria squeezed her right breast, then brought up a white cotton ball which smelled of alcohol and began to rub at her nipple and the area around it! That was bizarre enough Kayla might have been astonished had not most of her awareness been focused on her bottom, as Paul drew the fat butt-plug out of her, then his thick black cock prodding at her bottom, and slowly pushed into her.

Victoria put down the cotton ball and picked up another, wetted it with something, which again smelled like rubbing alcohol, and then wiped the center of her breast.

She moaned as Paul's cock slid deeper and deeper into her belly, and began to fill her to stretching, aching overflow.

“That's a pretty big cock for a skinny girl like her to take,” Brian Jennings said hungrily.

“Oh, pht, a blonde can take any size of cock,” Victoria said. “They're built for it.”

She began to rub at her other nipple as Paul worked himself in and out, pushing slowly deeper with each short, slow stroke.

Kayla's back began to ache, for she was bent forward but could no longer support herself by holding onto the back of the chair. Then Paul wound her hair around his fist, and jerked back, even while pushing forward. She cried out, her body forced to bend, but her head pulled sharply up and back so she could no longer see what Victoria was doing.

“Spread your legs wider, blonde girl,” Paul ordered.

She obeyed, panting, moaning, whimpering, as Paul's cock pushed deeper and deeper. Colin reached up and began to rub his fingers against her oiled clitoris, and she shuddered as the wildness of what was happening seemed to grow steadily worse!

Paul pushed deeper, and Victoria pinched her nipple. Then, suddenly, she felt a sharp, stinging pain to her nipple that made her cry out. Her nipple felt aching and heavy as Victoria did something to it she couldn't see.

“Please!” she cried.

The sharpness of the pain faded quickly, but her nipple continued to throb and ache as the woman turned her attention to her other nipple. That too soon burned with pain and she cried out again, even as Paul's cock pushed in and out deeper and faster and harder.

Colin continued to finger her clitoris, and after a long moment, Victoria released her aching nipple. Both nipples continued to throb and ache, but the heat began to spread up her body now as Paul began to fuck her in earnest. It wasn't even just the fucking. It was the fact that the other three were watching her being so crudely, even cruelly taken!

It was shameful! It was humiliating! And it was wildly, darkly thrilling!

Her eyes began to go glassy as wave after wave of sensual pleasure rolled up through her body. She was gasping and moaning helplessly, her pussy thrumming with energy around Colin's fingers, her insides aching from Paul's deep, thrusting cock. And all of them watched, and she bathed in their attention, whimpering and moaning as Paul's hips began to slap heavily against her ass.

The orgasm, when it came, was devastating, the dark pressure having built up to almost unbearable levels. She cried out in wild, helpless pleasure, unable to repress the incredible passion and stunning release of pleasure, not even with Brian Jennings watching.

When she had recovered, after Paul had finished with her, Colin took her to the spare bedroom, past the cage, to a wooden framed bed, and propped her against the headboard. Her wrists were locked together behind her, and he lifted her ankles up and back and shackled them to the top of the headboard, spread wide.

She stared at her pierced and ringed nipples for some time, amazed, but not displeased. They were both pierced by perfect round silver rings which lay flat against her slightly flushed breasts as she leaned slightly back against the headboard.

And then Brian Jennings came into the room and closed the door behind him.

She blushed hotly, dropping her eyes as he looked at her, as he came to the bed and climbed into it to kneel in front of her.

“You're going to be our official office whore, Manning,” he said. “And I bet you become a very popular one.”

Her mind spun in confusion, then her eyes rose as he unzipped his fly and dropped his pants. She felt her chest tightening anxiously as he leered at her. Another hot rush of horrible embarrassment swept over her at her obscenely exposed body, but with it came a dark tinge of a hot, jagged sense of hunger, a squirming, seething sense of breathless anticipation.

He moved up before her on his knees, his cock in hand, and Kayla was utterly helpless to do a thing to stop him!

And the weird thing was, despite the fact she didn't like the man, that she was embarrassed by, and resented his words, she wouldn't have stopped him if she could!

He rubbed himself up and down her sex, and she felt a wild rush of sensation spreading up through her belly. Then he drove himself into her. She stared at her pussy from a very close distance, as his cock sank into her, and shuddered, her ankles pulling against the restraints overhead, her body starting to tremble as he thrust in and out.

He didn't talk to her further. He just... fucked her, used her, like she was an inanimate object, a sex toy. He occasionally roughly groped her breasts, but aside from that he simply thrust into her hard and deep and fast until he came. She was then left alone for a while, before Victoria sauntered in.

Victoria pushed a dildo up her ass. Then she produced a vibrator, the one Colin had used on her Friday, with the little angled branch near the base. She worked that slowly up Kayla's pussy, telling her what a good blonde she was being so far, and how Colin and she were pleased at her obedience.

She jammed the thing in until the little branch had slid up over the top of her pussy and was pressing against her clitoris. Then she tied a cord, much like a shoelace, around the base, around the base of the dildo, and then around her

waist.

And left.

Kayla moaned softly, her insides aching with the fullness, the buzzing against her clitoris rapidly arousing her dark hunger. This was so outrageous! Laying her tied up like this was so shocking and lewd! Her ankles were up obscenely high and wide, and her mouth was only a half dozen inches from her own pussy!

And then Victoria returned. By then Kayla was flushed and panting and squirming, but the woman hadn't come to change anything about her, but simply to set up a tripod with a video camera on it right next to the bed. She bent over it, focusing it on Kayla, then left again.

Kayla stared at the camera, stricken, anxious, worried, but still horribly aroused.

The arousal won. Whatever fears she might have for the future of the video, of who might see it, were swept away by the pounding beat of pleasure that shook her body -literally. She shuddered and twisted and trembled and gurgled in orgasmic pleasure as her insides overloaded with the sensory storm of pleasure.

She dropped her head back against the headboard, panting, eyeing the camera anxiously again, eyes closing then. That wasn't so very bad, she thought wearily.

But more orgasms were to follow. The vibrator was remorseless, and her own arousal never slackened. Her insides ached from the spasming of her muscles, and as her mind was swept by the powerful orgasms again and again she started to become feverish and light-headed. She lost any sense of restraint, and was soon crying out, even screaming as the orgasms tore through her mind and body!

The time between orgasms seemed to shorten, until one was following on the heels of the other, and she thought she would go insane! She screamed and sobbed, half begging, in stuttering, sobbing, gasping breaths, for it to stop. Yet the orgasms continued, tearing her mind and body apart until she was merely twitching, gasping, jaw slack, eyes wide, convulsions wracking her body continually.

Colin came and fetched her, carried her to the bathroom, and sat her across his lap in the warm bubble bath, stroking her, petting her, and telling her what a good blonde she was. Eventually, she stopped twitching and was able to breath

normally.

\*

Dinner was spent on her knees, like breakfast and lunch. Then she was stood up spreadeagled between the narrow columns at the entrance to the living room, shackled into place, and, for something new, gagged. It was a ball-gag, which Kayla found deliciously nasty and exciting as Victoria slowly squeezed it and worked it past her already gaping jaw.

It filled her mouth, pressing her tongue down and pushing up against the roof of her mouth at the same time. Her jaws were able to close a little, but then were blocked by the size of the gag, as Victoria drew the strap around her head, combed her hair out of the way, and buckled it tightly.

Kayla moaned as the butt plug went up her ass again. Then Victoria knelt before her and began to tongue her pussy.

The sharp, harsh power of the vibrator had nearly driven her insane, and her insides still felt sore from all the muscle spasms her orgasms had given her. But the soft, slick warmth of Victoria's tongue was completely different, and she moaned as the woman skillfully worked her pussy over and sucked softly on her clitoris until Kayla's hips were grinding frantically against her.

And then Colin walked in from another room, with two men following him!

Kayla's eyes bulged and she felt a sudden scream die in her throat. She recognized one of the men! He was another partner at the firm! The second man... was barely a man.

Victoria stood up and turned to greet them.

“Hello David,” he said, shaking hands with the middle aged man.

“Hello, Victoria,” the man replied. “This is my son Ryan. I think you've met once or twice.”

“It's been a while, Hello, Ryan,” she said, shaking hands with the young man.

The boy blushed and shook her hand.

“Ryan is in his first year at pre-law at Harvard,” David said.

The boy, who was slender, athletic looking, and had short, curly hair, nodded and blushed again. Kayla had thought him barely eighteen, and the news he was in university confirmed her guess!

“This is... blonde girl,” Victoria said with a smile.

David and Colin chuckled. Ryan just stared at her with open mouthed excitement. Kayla could see he already had a hard-on, but was trying to hide it with his hands.

“Ryan has never whipped a woman before,” David said.

“Yes, Colin was telling me. Well, you've come to the right place. Colin is quite the expert. I'll leave you boys to it.”

She smiled and left the room, and the red faced blonde found herself alone with the three men.

“She's beautiful,” David said. “I knew that, of course. Seen her around the office. But I had no idea she had such gorgeous legs.”

“Yes, she does, doesn't she,” Colin said. “Most people remark on her breasts though.”

David cupped her breasts gently, then rolled her nipples lightly.

“Freshly pierced?” he said.

“Yes, Victoria did them earlier.”

“Nice job.”

“Feel her pussy, Ryan. You ever feel anything softer?”

Ryan's fingers trembled a little as he ran them along the tight entrance to her sex, and he shook his head wonderingly.

“That's what laser hair removal does for you,” his father said. “Mostly only porn stars do it, but it surely has it's advantages.”

David eagerly groped her breasts as well, then moved behind her.

“Do I get to fuck her ass?” he asked excitedly.

“If you want,” Colin said.

Kayla moaned, dazed, overwhelmed, but still, despite the humiliation she felt, transfixed in her arousal at how outrageous, shocking and degrading this was!

“We'll start with a very light crop, so you can see the advantages,” Colin said.

He showed David and Ryan the thin crop, with the small flat leather tip, then slapped the tip lightly against her clitoris, then, briefly, against her nipples.

“I'd do more on her nipples if she wasn't just pierced,” he said. “You should see how hard and throbbing you can make them with just some light slapping.”

He slashed the crop across her bottom a few times, and Kayla winced and flinched, but it was a lighter, thinner crop than the one they'd used on her earlier, and didn't really hurt a lot.

Then came the longer whip he had used on her the other day. She squealed and moaned and arched and twisted as it sailed through the air to cut across her shoulders and back, around her ribs and across her hips, slicing at her pussy, her belly and her breasts. Colin's were more careful and precise, while David's were a bit harder. Ryan's were undisciplined and eager, and snapped heavily at her pussy.

The pain mounted, but something like a sexual fever was growing within her mind, a euphoric sense of exquisite astonishment and awe as they discussed her body and took turns whipping it!

Then came the flog, a thin handled whip with eight or ten long, thin leather thongs which swept across her back to sting her all across the surface. She squealed and twisted and arched at that, for it was new and shocking. But the individual stings were not all that bad. Taken together, however, they were a bit of a shock!

Especially when they cut down across her breasts!

Again and again Colin demonstrated, and then David and Ryan followed up, so that Kayla's body was soon criss-crossed with a wild assortment of long, red lines of pain from knees to shoulders. She twisted and writhed in dazed pain, heat pounding inside her skull, panting for breath as the repeated shocks of pain drove into her mind.

And then, finally, Ryan got his wish, and drew her hips back, thrusting up into her with eager excitement as his hips slapped against her buttocks. Kayla came helplessly, twisting and screaming and bucking back against him as he pounded his cock up her ass and her insides twisted and squirmed and spasmed yet again that day.

\*

She woke in the cage again, groggy after her long, deep sleep. She almost immediately started to worry, for it was Monday. Should she not be back at work now?! It was only a day, of course, and she could call in sick, but she had no idea what time it was in the cage, and could hardly call from there!

She examined her body, surprised that almost all the marks had faded out of sight. And then, since Victoria hadn't punished her for doing it the other morning, began to masturbate, sliding her fingers into her pussy, rubbing her clitoris, and working herself up and through a delicious orgasm.

She almost called out several times, but remembered what Colin had told her once when punishing her. She had hesitated to do something, thinking it impossible. "Do you think you're smarter than I am?" he'd asked. "Do you think I haven't considered that?"

He knew her work hours. If he had left her in the cage he had made the decision to do that.

So she waited, and eventually, Victoria arrived.

"Good morning, blonde girl," she said.

"Good morning, Mistress," Kayla said a bit shyly.

She was led, crawling, down to the bathroom for her morning enema, then the butt-plug and dildo went into her, whereupon she was led, crawling, to the

kitchen for breakfast on her knees. After that, she was led, still crawling, out back where Victoria was intent on relaxing by the pool again.

She oiled up Victoria's body, then her own as Victoria looked on.

“Masturbate for me, blonde girl,” Victoria ordered.

Blushing, Kayla obeyed, laying back, spreading her legs, drawing her knees back, and pumping the dildo as she rubbed her slippery fingers against her slippery clitoris.

“Stop,” Victoria said. “Go inside and get me some bottled water.”

Blinking, panting, Kayla obeyed, sliding the dildo deep again, then dropping her legs and going inside for the water. She returned, kneeling, raising her hands, bowing her head, and presenting the water to her, and Victoria took it off her.

“All right, you can continue,” she said, sipping from it.

Victoria gulped and started to move towards the chair she'd been sitting on.

“Mistress? Shouldn't I be at work?”

Victoria looked at her and Kayla dropped her eyes.

“Do you think you know where you should be more than Colin and I?”

“No, mistress.”

“But you do or you wouldn't be questioning why you're here instead of at work. Do you think Colin didn't take care of that and arrange for you to be off? Do you think he's a forgetful man?”

“No, mistress. I'm sorry, mistress!” she gulped.

“Come here, blonde girl.”

Kayla gulped and crawled back. Victoria gripped her hair and dragged her up across her lap, then locked her wrists together behind her back.

“Bad blonde girl,” she said.

She had a hard leather strap this time, and began to smack it down against Kayla's bottom. Given the suntan oil across her buttocks, it stung even worse when it hit her bottom, and Kayla was soon wriggling and gasping and moaning and begging as Victoria brought it calmly down on her bottom repeatedly.

“Do not question our intelligence, blonde girl,” she said sternly. “Do not think to substitute your judgment for ours. That was your original error on Friday, if you recall.”

“I-I'm sorry, Mistress!” she sniffled, eyes half filled with tears as her bottom burned.

She moaned as she felt Victoria grip the dildo and slide it in and out several times.

“Legs spread,” the woman ordered.

Kayla obeyed, and Victoria stroked her clitoris as she pumped the dildo harder and deeper. Then she pulled it free and replaced it with three fingers. Kayla squirmed and shuddered and gasped as the woman masturbated her, as the three fingers became four, and then as she felt a heavy, aching pressure against the entrance to her pussy.

Victoria was a petite woman, and so was her hand, but it still ached terribly as she tried to work the heel of her hand past the straining, aching mouth of Kayla's pussy.

She managed to do it, though, and Kayla cried out as the woman's entire hand slid into her belly, then twisted and squirmed and pushed higher and deeper.

“Nasty girl,” Victoria said, slapping her bottom with her other hand.

Her hand pushed deeper still, the fingers drawing back into the palm, and her wrist slipped up through Kayla's pussy lips, her forearm following.

Kayla gurgled and shuddered and cried out as the hand moved in and out, her eyes bulging. Then the first orgasm hit, and she screamed, bucking and shaking violently as the intensity of the heat tore her mind apart.

Three more orgasms later, she was panting and crawling and fetching the dildo

Victoria tossed to her, returning it, licking the woman's fingers, and moaning as the thing was tossed again for her.

\*

“Big things await you, blonde girl, if you pass the test,” Colin said. “Including a new apartment, a condo I've been looking to buy for an investment. I think you'd make an excellent tenant.”

She stared at him in utter confusion, her mind still overawed by the prospect of what he was going to demand of her.

They led her inside, and she just had an instant to glimpse the sign which said “Amateur night” on the billboard outside before she was being led past a very large looking man in a black T-shirt, then into the dark club.

Music pounded, and the lights were mainly around the bar, and the stage. The stage was near the far wall, with a narrow, six foot path leading to a wider, rounder raised platform. There was a row of seats around it and tables surrounding them. A girl was on the stage now, wearing a glittering thong, turning and twisting in time to the very loud music as the three of them sat nearby.

“Oh, and for amateur night, the restriction on removing your bottoms is suspended,” Colin said with a grin. “You can remove every stitch of clothing. Isn't that good?”

Even as he said it the brown haired girl on stage slipped her thong off and began to grind her hips at the appreciative audience of mostly men.

Well over a hundred men, maybe two hundred, Kayla thought in horror.

“P-Please! Sir!” she moaned.

“This is the final test, Kayla. Obeying when you don't want to do something is much more difficult than obeying when you do.”

They watched several strippers before Victoria checked her watch, stood up, and looked at Kayla. “Come with me, blonde girl,” she said.

Kayla stood in a daze and followed her through the room to a door marked private, then through it into a dingy corridor.

“Please, mistress!” she whispered anxiously.

“You're still too shy of that beautiful body of yours, blonde girl,” Victoria said. “We need to do something about that, and this will really help a lot. Just remember, every man in the bar will see you and instantly want to fuck your beautiful brains out.”

rShe took her down the corridor to where a small collection of young women waited, most half drunk, giggling and uncertain, the others casual and even eager.

Victoria got her a number, and then they waited backstage, her pulse racing, her heart pounding, and a sense of dread and shock filling her. One by one the girls ahead of her moved out through the curtains, and then it was her turn. She almost had a heart attack, and froze, but the man there gave her a push and sent her stumbling through the curtain.

And into the bright light!

There was applause, and whistles, and she could hear the announcer saying she was a law student who had lost a bet. There were lots more whistles and shouts then, and the music started. It was the same music she'd danced to all day, and Saturday, and she gulped and started moving to it, her hips swinging as she moved across the narrow path to the round stage.

She was stiff and uneven at first, but she began to feel almost as anxious about dancing poorly under all those eyes, than removing her clothes. Kayla absolutely hated failing at anything, or even being seen as not very good at it! Her hips began to roll more and she tried to arrange her features the way Victoria had taught her as she turned and gripped the bar.

And then the movements started to come more naturally, as she swung around the bar, and then danced around it, arms sliding up her body and through her hair. She flung her shoulders up and back and the jacket slid off them and down her arms to land on the stage. She kicked it back and ran her tongue along her lower lips, still terrified, but determined to get it right!

Her fingers plucked free the buttons down the front of the shirt, one by one, then she undid the skirt, rolling her hips, letting her body undulate. The skirt dropped around her ankles, to much applause, leaving her in the shirt, which was only closed by one button. She kicked the skirt away and danced and arched and rolled her hips some more, starting to feel a wild sense of narcissistic glee as the whistles and shouts continued.

She released the final button and shuddered at the jolt of excitement which hit her as she drew the shirt open to reveal her lacy white bra and thong. She dropped the shirt, and, half in shock, swung herself around the pole, twisting and turning. She grasped the pole and pushed her bottom out, her bare bottom, jolted again as she rolled her hips in time to the music, screwing her bottom first clockwise, then counterclockwise.

It was agony undoing her bra, and she cringed and also gasped at the new shock of horror and heat as she pulled it open and dropped it, and the men whistled and shouted and clapped at her bare breasts, staring at her newly pierced, ringed nipples.

Her hands moved up and down her body, up through her hair, down into her panties, just the way Victoria had made her practice, and groaned as her fingers slid across her clitoris and she got a burst of sensation.

And then the thong slid down and she was absolutely naked, prancing breathlessly around, dazed, feverish, astonished, horrified, and feeling a growing heat which seemed to make her very skin throb.

She twisted around the pole, swinging and arching, pushing her ass out at the audience, first with her front to the pole, then her back, then dropped to hands and knees, crawling, cat-like, along the edge of the stage, unable to meet the eyes of the perverts sitting there staring at her with hungry eyes.

She was wrapped in an incredible, swirling, churning storm of emotions as she bared herself so lewdly to all those men, hyper-ventilating as she pulled herself to her feet along the pole, then danced back along the stage and behind the curtains, where she almost collapsed!

That wasn't the end of it, however. She had to do the lap dances men had requested. There were twelve requests, and though the first rattled her, she started to get used to it. She was horny and excited, and starting to preen at all

that unbridled lust being directed at her.

Several of them only wanted one song, but others wanted two, and even three. They seemed to know the routine better than she did, for all Kayla did was – obey. She danced for a dance, and if they laid out another bill, she continued to dance. During the second dance, their hands would caress her outer thighs and buttocks and slide up and down her back.

Several wanted three dances, and during the third, their hands were more free, kneading her buttocks, and sliding up to cup and knead her breasts as she ground herself against them. Kayla had no idea if she was supposed to protest but didn't.

And she realized with a dawning sense of amazement, that if any of them had ordered her to suck his cock, or even pulled their erections out and ordered her to ride them, she'd have done it.

None did, however. And Victoria eventually came for her and brought her out to Colin, then they left, returning 'home'. It occurred to her as she climbed out of the car how strange it was to think of their house as home. She'd never seen it until less than a week ago!

Yet it did seem like home! Her own apartment was a place she went to sleep, eat, watch TV, do some chores, surf the internet, and do work she'd taken there. But she didn't talk to anyone or have visitors or really do anything that anyone would describe as fun or exciting.

“You danced very well ,blonde girl,” Colin said, stroking her head.

Yes, it was paternalistic, but Kayla found herself turning her head and beaming at him gratefully anyway.

“She needs more practice,” Victoria said.

“Well, the men seemed to appreciate her,” Colin said with a smile.

“Men have pretty low standards when it comes to pretty blonde girls,” she sniffed.

“True enough, but I'm sure you'll see she gets more practice.”

“I will indeed,” she said as they entered the house.

“Off with those clothes, blonde girl,” she said immediately. “And put on your collar and restraints.”

“Yes, mistress,” she said, not at all reluctantly.

It felt odd wearing clothes for some reason!

“Work tomorrow for her?” she asked.

“Oh, give her one more day at home, then she can start next Monday. She'll be better prepared then.”

“Sounds like a plan,” Victoria said.

“Liam is looking forward to meeting her,” he said with a laugh.

“I'll bet he is,” Victoria snorted. “I trust his office door is as soundproof as yours?”

“Yes, but he'll probably gag her.”

Kayla was busily removing her clothes as they spoke, and putting on the restraints, complete with their little padlocks. She wondered at their conversation, and who Liam was. Someone at work? There was a Liam Matthews on the senior partners table. Was that who they meant?

“She'll need a new wardrobe,” Victoria said thoughtfully.

“Nothing too overboard. We don't want to be obvious, my dear.”

“No, not at work. But she'll be ahm, dating clients, yes?”

“Well, true.”

“She'll need something sexier than business suits for that.”

“Yes, but then again, perhaps a few uhm, other outfits for use at the condo...”

Victoria snorted. “Schoolgirl and nurse outfits? Honestly, you men,” she said.

What on earth were they talking about, Kayla wondered with interest.

“Have you given any thought to her office?”

“Oh yes, I’ll be ready for Monday. That’s one of the reasons to hold her back a day.”

“I’m getting a new office?” Kayla asked in surprise.

They looked at her with raised eyebrows and she gulped anxiously.

“Mistress,” she said.

“A nice office on the twenty fifth floor near the furniture storeroom, blonde girl,” Colin said.

“Near the... furniture storeroom?” she asked in surprise. “The twenty fifth floor?”

“The good part about the fifth floor is its mainly administration. The storeroom area is very quiet. Your office, by the way, will be twice as large as the existing office, with its own ensuite bathroom, a bar and a closet.”

“Really?” she asked eagerly.

“A very special office,” Victoria said with a smile. “For a very special lawyer.”

She looked at Colin, who smiled.

END

**Kayla's story**

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[Kayla's Seduction](#)

[Kayla's Training](#)

[Kayla's Submission](#)

[Kayla's Discovery](#)

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