

SURBURBAN GIRL

By Argus

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Chapter One

It was a very small apartment, but very cool, at the same time. Just a studio, it was no more than ten or eleven feet wide and perhaps fifteen feet long. But there was a loft bed just above the entryway, with a tiny kitchenette below and a tiny bathroom with shower to one side. To me, it was heaven, and I could hardly believe Shelby had an apartment to herself in Manhattan .

“How can you afford it?” I gasped, looking up admiringly at the rail along the edge of the sleek looking loft.

“A little this a little that,” Shelby said with an idle grin.

She slipped off her jacket and tossed it into the corner, toed off her boots, and gestured for me to do the same.

“I’m gonna have a quick shower,” she said, turning on the TV. “I’ll only be a few minutes then you can get in.”

“Oh that’s okay,” I said, a bit uncomfortably.

Shelby punched me lightly in the shoulder. “New clean sheets. No dirty skin in them,” she said as though reading a rule book.

Then she turned away, reaching down and peeling her blouse up and over her head, tossing it behind her as she walked into the bathroom. The bathroom was quite small, of course, and she peeled off her jeans in the doorway, then her thong, as I looked away uncomfortably again.

I sat down uneasily and looked at the TV, but my stomach was churning. I was becoming more convinced that Shelby was going to try something, and I had no idea what I was going to do about it. The job at the music store was a dream, but I’d never done much with girls, and wasn’t really sure I wanted to.

I was a Midwestern girl, a suburban girl, before coming to New York . I’m certainly no virgin, and as big a fan of popular culture as anyone. I know sexual games between girls are quite fashionable, and the idea had a certain exciting, forbidden appeal.

God! What would my family think!

Shelby was technically my boss, though at twenty-one she was only two years older than me. She seemed almost infinitely more sophisticated, though, and I was always nervous in her presence, afraid I would make some kind of stupid remark which would draw a snicker of contempt. I knew I wasn't as hip as Shelby, and at times felt almost gawky around the Goth girl.

And maybe I was just imagining things. Yes, Shelby had very short black hair, barely to her ears, with scraggly bangs cutting across her forehead. But she was a Goth so that was to be expected. And with her bright red, or sometimes black lipstick, pierced tongue, dog collar, torn t-shirts and docker boots she was somewhat intimidating to me. I mean, I was so "normal"!

But I had the uncomfortable sense of being watched for more than mistakes over the past week, and though Shelby hadn't said anything, hadn't suggested anything, I was nervous.

What would I do?

The snow was getting worse out front. It was the storm that had convinced me to agree to walk the few blocks to Shelby's apartment and spend the night there. Shelby had made the offer very casually, and nothing was implied. Still, I had hesitated, and it was because of wondering if Shelby, my boss, technically, as assistant manager, would come on to me – and what I'd do if she did.

I was somewhat in awe of the tough seeming, casual, self-confident Goth girl, and always felt on my guard, like I had to keep up appearances lest the girl find out just how immature and uncool I really was.

I stepped to the ladder in my stocking feet and climbed gingerly as the shower went on. There was a sort of depression in the floor, about six inches deep, and the mattress fit it perfectly. So cool! That gave the sleeping loft a ten inch or so border around the mattress. There was more at the foot of the bed, with drawers and shallow cupboards nearly filling the wall there.

I climbed back down and paced to the window, then back, looking at the partially closed bathroom door and imagining Shelby naked in the little shower. My boss is petite, but lithe and sinewy, very strong under the sun-bronzed skin. I, by comparison, am mush. I really should take up some kind of exercise.

The shower turned off, and my stomach gave a lurch. I hurried back to the sofa and looked at the TV. I leaned back, posing, then leaned forward. Which was more casual!???

Casual, I had to appear casual. Whatever Shelby did or didn't do, I couldn't appear shocked or anxious. That would be so humiliating! For God's sakes, I'm an adult! I could turn Shelby down – though that might make me seem immature to Shelby – or I could say, sure, go ahead.

But then what! I didn't know how to make love to a girl! I barely knew how to do it to a man!

The door was pushed aside and Shelby came through. My stomach gave a lurch again, for Shelby hadn't bothered with a towel, except for the one she was using on her head, rubbing at her short hair, arms above her head.

And in the instant before I, fighting desperately not to blush, jerked me head away, I realized that Shelby had a nice body, and that both nipples were pierced, and she had a ring – down there – and was

cleanly shaved.

My heart pounded. What the fuck am I going to do, I wondered anxiously.

“Shower’s free,” Shelby called.

I desperately didn’t want to have a shower, but how could I refuse and tell Shelby I wanted to climb into her clean sheets all dirty? Well, not that I was that dirty. We’d worked all day at the music store, not the mines.

“Uhm, thanks,” I said, standing up and trying not to look at all that naked flesh.

Shelby wrapped the small towel around her waist, then stepped into the tiny kitchenette and opened the fridge.

Heart thumping, I stepped past her and into the tiny bathroom. The shower was a tiny closet of a thing with a pebbled glass door.

“Uhm, do you have an extra towel?”

“Sure, under the sink.”

I thanked her and stepped back into the bathroom. Once I closed the outer door there was barely room to strip. And I felt very nervous doing it, stopping to make sure the door was locked – and finding out it didn’t lock - before continuing. I stepped naked into the shower, my nipples prickling with tension as I looked nervously at the door. I turned on the water and let it pour down around me, trying to relax. What comes, comes, I thought, aiming for an air of sophistication and urbane calm.

I soaped up, flinching a bit as my hands stroked across my tingling nipples, then down between my legs. I was not entirely shaven there. I had a narrow wedge of hair just above my pussy, but that was all. I liked high-cut thongs myself, but going completely naked just seemed so – so slutty or something.

I showered quickly, rinsed off, and then realized I hadn’t gotten a towel. I had to step out of the shower naked and dripping, and hurried so as to not drop water onto Shelby’s floor. There turned out to be only two towels under the sink, and both were fairly small. I used one on my shoulder length blonde hair, looking around desperately for a hair dryer and not finding one. Then I used the other on the rest of my body.

Nothing more.

I found a comb, but not a brush, and combed my hair back, then was gripped by indecision. I was still damp, but had no intention of going out there in just the little towels, but my clothes were no longer where I’d left them on the edge of the sink. That meant Shelby had come in when I was in the shower and taken them! Why!? Had she seen me naked?! I mean, I’m proud of my body. I have really nice boobs, a great ass, and I’m slender and more or less fit – if not particularly well-muscled. But the idea of Shelby seeing me naked was – odd.

I wrapped one of the towels around my waist, tucking it uneasily at my hip, and held the other before my sensitive, warm, and throbbing breasts as I opened the door. I stepped out anxiously.

“Uhm, Shelby?”

“Up here,” the girl’s voice called.

“Did you take my clothes?”

“I had to get my cold cream. I grabbed your clothes while I did and hung them up here.”

That sounded entirely – possible, I thought uncertainly.

I stepped cautiously forward. The TV was off, as were the lights. The light was coming from the loft above. Music came down from up there, too. Heart thumping, I climbed the ladder, still holding the towel against my chest.

“You don’t uhm; have a spare pair of pyjamas or something, do you?” I asked lightly.

I heard Shelby laugh even before I climbed level with the edge and then could look over.

“I never wear them,” Shelby said, “Haven’t since I was, like, six.”

“It gets colder out west,” I muttered in embarrassment, climbing up the last few rungs and feeling my stomach churning even harder.

Shelby was under the sheets, but it didn’t look like she had put anything on at all. The black haired girl smiled and waved me on. “Don’t worry, honey, the heat in here is sizzling.”

I smiled uneasily, and then awkwardly tried to climb over the edge of the loft while not flashing Shelby, and holding the second towel against my chest. I finally decided I was looking like a shy little virgin and let the top towel drop, baring my shy breasts. I felt a little throbbing pulse go through them, and hoped desperately she didn’t wonder at how stiff my nipples were.

“Do you uh, put these anywhere?” I asked.

Shelby took it from me and then tossed it into the corner with a little smile.

I licked my lips and slid under the covers, having no idea what to expect, not at all sure, still, if Shelby had anything on her mind beyond sleep.

My uncertainty was quickly resolved. Shelby slid over, rolled half atop me, and I suddenly felt another girl’s damp bare breasts pillowed out and squeezing down over my own as I looked up, wide-eyed, into Shelby’s grinning face. An intense shock ran through me, but the feel of her was not unpleasant, warm, clean, and – soft.

“Are you ready for the most intense sexual experience of your life?” Shelby asked.

I had no idea what to answer, and was saved from squawking like a startled bird when the other girl squirmed atop me and then crushed her lips down atop my own mouth. I moaned into her mouth, eyes still wide, hands next to my head, afraid of touching anywhere along the naked Goth girl’s body.

“You are going to love this, baby,” Shelby whispered, kissing and nibbling at my mouth as her left hand slid behind my head.

“I-I don’t – I don’t - .”

My words were lost in a gasp as Shelby's right hand squeezed my breast and her thumb stroked roughly across my hard, tingling nipple.

I don't want to do this, I thought, starting to panic.

But how could I refuse without insulting Shelby, without seeming like an immature little Midwest girl!?

And truth to tell, the feel of the other girl's soft flesh against my own was – not unpleasant. It took some getting used to, but the other girl's lips against mine, the tongue slithering around just within my mouth, those were starting to feel pretty exciting, too. Shelby was an awfully good kisser, and I found myself admiring the kiss, as if I were standing aside, watching, and memorizing for the next time I had a guy home.

Shelby's fingers were kneading my breast as she kissed, and then her hand slid down to the towel lightly bound at my hip and tugged it aside.

I felt my heart skip a beat, then I moaned and jerked as Shelby slid a leg between my own, and her thigh began to grind lightly against my open sex. The pressure was light but warm and soft, and I felt a thrumming wall of heat rise up from between my legs.

I gave up, gave in to the inner excitement and desire, to the need to please the ultra-cool Goth girl, to not make a scene, to not seem like an unsophisticated rube. What could it hurt, anyway?

I finally let my hands rise up and press against Shelby's warm skin – though only her shoulders for now. I caressed them lightly as I started to kiss back, trying to learn from what Shelby was doing, to imitate the interesting ways her tongue was moving. For long minutes their bodies writhed slowly, softly together as their tongues and lips tasted and twisted and explored one another.

Shelby's hand was still kneading my breast, now and then sliding up and down my side to caress my hip or leg. Then the black-haired girl tilted her body back a little as her hand slid down, and I gasped to feel her fingers between my legs, rubbing lightly along my slit, and then pushing between my sex lips to stroke against the mouth of my pussy. She brushed her middle finger in light circles around my throbbing clit in a teasing, taunting way, and when she finally stroked directly across it I let out a shuddering moan, my back arching in reaction.

"Hot little slut," Shelby teased. "You like my fingers, little slut?"

She stroked her finger across my clit again and I shuddered and groaned.

"Ohhh," I moaned.

Shelby chuckled, and pulled her lips low to mouth my breast. Her teeth bit in more sharply than I was used to, and I winced in pain, but her tongue whipped around and around my tingling nipple so fast and so deliciously that I found myself digging my fingers into the mattress on either side of my body and groaning aloud once more.

At the same time, Shelby's finger found my opening and thrust up inside me. I was moist, but it hurt anyway – just a bit, ached as my pussy tunnel was forced open and the slender finger probed within me.

"Such a tight little girl for a cock lover," Shelby growled, sliding her mouth off my breast, then back on.

This time she took just the nipple between her teeth, biting lightly, grinding her teeth back and forth, then pulling her head up to stretch and pinch my nipple stingingly.

“Owww,” I moaned.

“Bad little girl,” Shelby whispered. “Naughty little slut.”

She mouthed the centre of my breast again, sucking. Her finger pumped in and out of my opening, and now her thumb began to stroke rapidly up against my clit.

It was too much, and my mind reeled. I shuddered and moaned, my hips grinding up against Shelby’s finger as my head pulled back in spastic excitement.

“Come for me, little girl. Come for me,” Shelby growled.

I was gasping, filled with passion and hunger and excitement, and then I did come, a flood of sensory pleasure spreading out through my trembling body, my hips jerking convulsively as my head drew back and my back arched in orgasmic pleasure.

Shelby’s finger was thrusting up into me hard and fast, matching the tempo of her thumb as it stroked across my clit, and it was so good – so very good – that I could think of nothing but the pleasure as my climax rolled up and down my body.

I collapsed, gasping, panting for breath, but Shelby didn’t even hesitate. For her, the sex was just starting, and while she eased the stroking of her thumb and finger, her mouth slid up along the nape of my neck, raining little love bites as she moved, then over my own mouth again, her tongue thrusting down and in.

She pulled her hand free of my pussy, sliding her leg in between my now well spread out thighs instead, grinding her warm, soft thigh against the mouth of my sex as she ground her breasts into me and our tongues moved seductively together.

“God!” I gasped when Shelby’s mouth finally pulled free.

“Goddess, you mean,” Shelby said with a grin.

Then she was mouthing my other breast, biting lightly at the nipple, and then sliding lower and lower.

My anxiety soared as I watched Shelby licking down my abdomen, her hands spreading my legs wider apart.

Oh my god, I thought. I’m going to have to do this to her too!

Shelby’s fingers deftly parted the lips of my sex, and she stared right into me so that I blushed red. Then the black-haired girl leaned in let her tongue slide slowly up and down inside the mouth of my sex. After long seconds, she pushed her tongue deep into my hole, pumping it in and out, twisting and turning it as she plastered her open mouth against my pussy.

Oh my god, I thought.

It felt as if the girl was trying to consume me! Her mouth was wide, covering my pussy, her tongue thrusting in and out, then she eased back, and up, and her lips kissed my clit. Her tongue lapped lightly at it – which was a little uncomfortable right then. The orgasm had made my clit super sensitive and the sensations were too raw. But as the girl continued, the sensations shifted and twisted, and now the pleasure began to seep into me once more, hunger and excitement racing along my veins as the Goth girl lapped at my pussy.

The climax came quickly, and was overpowering. I cried out helplessly, grasping at Shelby's head, arching my back, my head rolling and thrashing as my hips bucked up with excitement.

“Ungh! Ungh! Unhh! Ungh!” I grunted, eyes closed, hips jerking spastically up at Shelby's mouth.

My inhibitions were rapidly melting away in the face of the scalding sexual heat, and when Shelby slid back up my body my arms slid around her without hesitation, my hands caressing the smooth, softness of her back, then sliding down onto her tight, firm buttocks to squeeze and knead them as our tongues twisted together.

We kissed softly for several minutes, then Shelby drew back, eyes dark and fiery. Her strong hands gripped one of my legs, and pulled it up and in, half turning me onto my side as she slid in between. Holding my leg up and back, she straddled my lower leg and manoeuvred her own pussy in firmly against my slit, then leaned in, forcing my upper leg even further back as she began an artful grinding motion.

Soft, moist flesh rubbed against soft, moist flesh, and I moaned and panted for breath as the heat enveloped me. It was so wild, so sexy, so deliciously nasty!

Shelby used her own chest to press my upper leg back. She reached forward, gripping my wrist, using the pull as leverage, then reached forward with her other hand, digging her fingers into my breast. Her hips ground faster and harder, and I moaned and tried to grind back as my pussy grew hotter and wetter. I wanted Shelby to come, but the girl seemed to have unnatural restraint.

I came again, my eyes rolling back in my head, my hips grinding and jerking, convulsions wracking my body as Shelby ground her pussy in hard and fast.

As the orgasm began, Shelby shifted her grip from my wrist, to my hair, gripping a handful of thick, damp hair and yanking it back forcefully.

I cried out, head forced back, back arching, but my body was awash with sexual release and I thought of nothing but the wild pleasure tearing at my mind as Shelby jammed her pussy against me and rode me through another powerful orgasm.

Oh my god! Am I a lesbian or something, I wondered dazedly.

Shelby released me as the orgasm faded, and I fell back limp, gasping, chest heaving as the other girl straddled my legs and let her hands gently caress my chest and belly.

“Did baby like that?” she cooed.

Baby had loved that! I groaned exhaustedly, eyes fluttering, face red, sweating.

Shelby gave me a few moments to recover, then began to slide slowly up my body. I was too out of it to care until her ass slid up over my breasts, then I opened my eyes and felt that tight wedge of tension fill

my belly again as Shelby's eyes caught me.

Shelby slid higher, knees apart, and perhaps it was only coincidence, but her knees slid atop my arms, trapping them below her as she straddled my upper chest and brought her naked sex down towards my mouth.

"Show mamma you care, baby," she whispered. "Let mamma feel your pretty little tongue."

But I don't know how, a part of my mind wailed.

It would be way too churlish to refuse, and too gauche to complain or ask for directions. I still had no desire to put my mouth against Shelby's pussy, but knew I had to try. I looked up at it as it came closer, then began to lick along the neat little slit.

It didn't taste – so bad, I thought.

"Lick me, baby," Shelby whispered, reaching down and peeling her sex open. "Lick me bitch."

My mind squirming a little, I sent my tongue pushing in against that glistening pink flesh, lapping and licking around the small hole, then thrusting up against it and into it.

"Lick my clit, baby bitch," Shelby moaned. "Make mamma come."

She leaned in and I licked at her clit, trying to remember how Shelby had performed on me, licking in quick, short little motions as the girl above me groaned and rocked and rubbed her pussy against my face.

"Oh! Yeah! You bitch! You bitch!" she groaned. "Lick me, baby! Lick me, baby bitch!" she gasped, hips jerking faster and harder.

"I'm coming! I'm coming! Fuck! Drink me, bitch! Drink my cream!" she gasped.

I licked frantically as she jammed her cunt down against my mouth. I felt trapped beneath her, but didn't mind or even care. I knew who the leader was here, and it wasn't me. I licked at Shelby's fat clit as she came, and then gasped as she squirted warm liquid across my face, then into my mouth. Another squirt, right into my open mouth, then another.

"Drink my cream, baby bitch," Shelby gasped. "Drink it!"

I drank, gurgling, gagging, still licking as Shelby rubbed her cunt frantically against my face and mouth.

Shelby sat back, and I gasped, wide-eyed, face wet, amazed, blinking.

Chapter Two

Shelby was licking my face, her tongue, which I was amazed to see could push far out of her mouth, making long, slow licks along my cheeks and over my forehead as she ground her body down against me.

Coming had not slowed her down even a little. She bit and licked and kissed her way back down my body, and before long I was again gasping and moaning and bucking up as Shelby's talented tongue stroked furiously over my clit. Now there were two fingers pumping inside me – now three, and when Shelby got her lips against my clit and began to suck I felt as though my skull was going to explode. I cried out in wanton pleasure, hips thrusting up wildly, hands jamming at the girl's head, legs knees up and back and spread painfully wide bouncing in mid-air as the climax tore through me.

And when had I ever come three times in one night, never mind four? My belly was aching from the force of the climax!

And Shelby was still far from finished. She straddled my head, looking backwards, and then settled into a sixty-nine, licking softly and gently along the edges of my pussy, slowly working her way in as she jammed her own wet cunt down against my face. I grasped her buttocks, staring at the girl's hot, dripping slit, then pushed my tongue up into it.

Either Shelby was more aroused now, or my tongue was learning how to please her, because she began to gasp and moan and curse and bounce up and down against my face before I could climax yet again. She never stopped licking, though, and soon I was again crying out in mindless pleasure as my overheated body flashed into overload once again.

Two hours had passed. I was amazed it hadn't been more. I felt as if I had matured years in the little loft.

Both of us were sweating, and Shelby had squirted more of her pussy cream into my face and hair and mouth when she'd climaxed again, apologizing afterwards.

"I'm a real squirter," she said, lying next to me.

"I'm – all wet," I said.

"That's for sure," Shelby said with a grin, bending to bite lightly at a swollen nipple with a crunch and stinging pain.

"Ouch."

She laughed and sat up, then produced a bottle of wine and a pair of glasses, pouring for both of them. I sat up and sipped lightly, experimentally, but liked the taste.

“I knew the first time you walked in the store I was going to fuck you,” Shelby said with a smug grin.

I blushed. “You did? Why?”

“You have an incredible ass, and I had to see if those tits were as high and firm as they looked.”

“And are they?”

“Better.”

I looked down uncomfortably. “I’m uh, not gay,” I said.

Shelby laughed in genuine amusement. “No kidding!” she said.

She poured another glass of wine, though ignored my empty glass.

“I don’t really know that much about – about making love with women,” I said, blushing again.

“Don’t worry, baby – baby bitch – I’ll show you,” Shelby purred.

Those words, they were very apt, and roused my affection and wariness. Baby, yes, baby bitch, too, though, showing that aggressive, overpowering toughness of her nature. I was wary about that, about what she would do. She’d given me incredible pleasure, but she bit too hard, thrust too hard - .

She slid a hand behind my head, gripped my hair, and pulled me forward, kissing me deeply. She drew back a little, eyes boring into mine, then took a drink of wine. Again she kissed me tightly, and I almost choked as wine poured into my mouth. I swallowed almost by accident, and Shelby grinned as she drew back.

“Baby bitch, baby slut,” she whispered.

I moaned in response.

She took a drink straight from the bottle, then again kissed me, but more sloppily, letting wine trickle over our lips and down onto my breasts as she leaned in against me. She pressed me back against the pillows and mattress, poured wine into the small depression at the base of my throat, and licked it out. She let wine trickle down along my body, over my breasts, following it with her lips and tongue.

She slid slowly down as I watched, gasping, moaning as the wine trickled over my belly, and Shelby’s lapping tongue followed, then between my legs, spread wide. Shelby poured a little wine, then thrust the bottle into me, deep. I shuddered at the ache as I was forced wide, as I felt the wine pouring into my pussy. It gushed out into Shelby’s mouth as she licked and sucked around the neck of the wine bottle.

Then she pulled the wine bottle away and sat up, grinning at me.

“Baby, baby,” she cooed, “baby bitch, baby slut, cock lover.”

She leaned back and opened one of the drawers at the foot of the bed and took out a big dildo. My eyes widened and I felt my pussy thrumming with hunger at sight of it. I watched Shelby lick up and down the shaft, then take the head into her mouth. I watched the girl’s lips bob up and down along the shaft, going deeper and deeper. Then the black-haired girl tilted her head back and slid the cock deep into her throat as I looked on in envy and excitement.

I had managed to deep throat a dildo – I think all of us practice on them – a few times, but I couldn’t do it with such ease, and couldn’t hold myself there for any length of time at all.

Shelby pumped the thing slowly, effortlessly in her throat, then pulled the cock out and free and leered at me. “Baby slut, baby bitch,” she whispered. “I got a cock for you, a big hard cock for your tight little cunt.”

I quivered anxiously, excitedly. She was going to fuck me like a guy with that thing! It was big, and... and I knew it was going to hurt, at least a little. But I didn’t consider telling her to take it easy, to be gentle.

She pulled something else out behind her, something that looked like a leather belt, no two. I stared, wide-eyed, as she strapped them around her groin, and then attached the dildo. Heart pounding, I spread my legs wide and welcomed her as she leaned in against me, groaning as I felt the round cock head pressing against my sex with growing pressure, forcing open the mouth of my pussy, then slowly sinking into my belly.

“Oooooohhh,” I groaned as Shelby lay her body down atop me and pushed the cock deeper.

“You like my cock, baby slut?” Shelby panted into my ear. “Nasty little cock loving girl, dirty little baby bitch.”

She thrust hard, suddenly, and I cried out, head jerking back as the big cock drove deep into my abdomen.

“You like my cock, baby? Tell me you love it. Tell me you love my cock,” Shelby demanded, gripping my hair, squeezing my breast, grinding her hips in a slow circular motion.

“Oh! Oh God! Oh yes!” I gasped in a choked voice.

Shelby’s fingers tightened in my hair, and jerked my head back quite sharply.

“Tell me you love my cock,” she growled.

“I-I do!” I gasped.

“Say it!”

“I love your cock!” I cried. “I-I love your cock!”

It was actually too thick, and a little too long. It – hurt. But the heat and hunger were clawing at my mind, and there could be nothing too big or too hard or too long given the lust building up within my trembling, panting body as Shelby began to fuck me.

AndShelby knew how to use her cock.

She worked her hips in and out, changed angles, changed strokes, constantly throwing I off balance, forcing new gasps of pleasure from me. She scooped my legs up and forced them back, raising my ass while her hips slapped down with harsh, even violent thrusts that drove the big dildo painfully deep into the my aching, burning pussy.

The pain was almost enough to tear me free of the erotically charged clod of hot sex that surrounded my mind.

Almost.

ThenShelby changed tempo again, letting my legs drop down, grinding herself against me while kissing me tenderly. That was even worse, in a way, for there was a hard little knot in the leather straps around her waist, one just above where the base of the dildo was attached, and that knot was grinding painfully against my clit.

Then the pain turned into a hot, burning ache, and the ache turned into a fiery sensation of hunger and lust, and as Shelby's hips began to churn harder and faster I cried out and came again, my body writhing and bucking and convulsing in a massive orgasmic meltdown that nearly blew me right into unconsciousness.

As it was I was dazed for minutes after, laying there, gasping, chest heaving asShelby lay next to me, kissing me lightly.

"Did you like that, baby? Baby slut? Baby bitch?"Shelby purred, nipping lightly at my earlobe.

I just wanted to lay there and stare at the ceiling. I was drained. Was this what lesbians did!? Or was this justShelby ?

Shelbypoured a little wine into my open mouth and I swallowed weakly.

"I can hardly move," I groaned.

"I think you'll have to,"Shelby said with a grin. "I think I need to replace the sheets."

"At least," I groaned.

Shelby shooed me out of the loft, and as I climbed down, I decided to have another quick shower while the other girl changed the sheets. I felt a lot more relaxed now, not concerned with my nudity or what I and Shelby might or might not do. We'd done it! And how fucking incredible it had been! Wow! I felt a little smug, a little more mature, more urbane and sophisticated. I'd just had wild, kinky lesbian sex!

I'd had the foresight to bring the towels I'd already used with me, so as I stepped out of the shower I towelled my hair quickly, leaving it damp but at least not dripping, then ran the other towel – already damp – over my body.

"How come you don't have a fucking hair dryer?" I demanded, emerging from the bathroom.

"Don't you use that potty mouth on me, young lady?"Shelby said, shaking a finger at me.

I stuck my tongue out at her as she looked up from the sofa.

“Does it look like I need a hair dryer?” Shelby demanded, combing her fingers through her short hair.

“Well have some consideration for your non-dyke guests,” I said, feeling cocky.

“Are you calling me a dyke, you cowgirl?”

“If the short hair fits,” I teased.

Shelby’s hand shot out and snatched at my wrist. I squealed as I was yanked forward, falling across her lap, then laughed, and squealed again as Shelby’s open hand cracked down across my bottom.

“Oww!”

Excited, I struggled to twist free, but Shelby pinned me easily, gripping my wrist and forcing it down against my back, then up higher, up painfully high between my shoulder blades.

“Oww!”

“Do you give?”

“I give! I give!” I cried.

Shelby let my wrist slide back down, but held it pinned against the small of my back.

“Put your other hand behind your back, little slut.”

I obeyed at once, gasping, my shoulder sore, then my eyes widened as I felt cool metal sliding around first one wrist, then the other. My head and shoulders twisted around and back as Shelby released my wrists, and I jerked at my hands in shocked excitement as I realized they had been handcuffed together behind my back.

“You bitch!” I cried in excitement and delight.

Shelby’s hand cracked against my ass again and I yelped.

“I think you’d better be a little more polite from here on in, don’t you... slut?”

“Let me go, you dyke!”

Her hand cracked down across my ass and I yelped again.

“What was that... slut?”

“Let me go, please!” I cried, not really wanting her to.

“I don’t think so,” Shelby purred, caressing my taut bottom. “I told you how much I liked this tight little ass of yours. Now I get to play with it up close.”

Of course, it wasn't just my ass Shelby was playing with, and I gasped as her hand slid between my thighs and squeezed my pussy. A finger slid into me, then a second. Then she gave my bottom another stinging slap.

"Oww! Bitch!" I cried.

Another slap, and then a third made me writhe and twist.

"I think you should call me... mistress, from now on," Shelby said. "Let's hear it."

"Fuck you," I said.

I cried out at another slap, then my hair was yanked up and back.

"What was that?"

"Yes, mistress!" I cried.

"That's better... slut."

She kneaded and caressed my bottom as I squirmed excitedly, trying to twist around to look behind me

Then there was a buzzing sound. I twisted again and my eyes widened as I saw the silver vibrator.

"Why look what I found," Shelby purred.

She slid it between my thighs and angled it upwards to caress my pussy. The stainless steel body stroked across my clit and I shuddered and rolled my hips up and back. Another sharp slap made me cry out in pain.

"Naughty girl," Shelby purred. "Dirty, naughty, nasty little slut. I think she needs a spanking."

She sawed the vibrator gently across my clit as I spread my legs wider and tried to angle my ass up. Then the nose of the vibrator was turned in and it penetrated me, twisting and pumping, thrusting slowly up into my pussy as I groaned and pushed myself back excitedly.

The vibrator pulled free, and stroked across my clit again as she slapped my ass several times.

"Are you sorry for being a naughty little slut, I?" Shelby demanded.

"Yes, mistress!" I groaned heatedly.

"Say it, slut."

"I'm sorry for being a naughty little slut, mistress!" I panted, getting more and more into the game as the vibrator made my pussy bubble and boil.

Shelby sank the vibrator deep into my pussy again. Without the direct contact the fiery, bubbling sexual heat eased into a heavy simmer, but it still made my squirm and moan. Then I felt pressure against my ass, and gasped, twisting my head and shoulders around to see Shelby holding an odd looking little dildo, something like just the head, with a quickly tapering end that flared into a wide base.

“No!” I gasped. “I-I don’t want - .”

Two sharp slaps to my bottom interrupted my.

“I didn’t say you could speak, slut.”

Shelby forced the thing into my ass, and though my mind squirmed I found myself unable to really resist, either physically or mentally. Shelby must have greased it up because the fat little head sank fairly easily into my bottom, then the tapered part let my anus practically close with the base flat against the outside.

I was amazed it hadn’t hurt. Well, it had, but just a small bit and - .

Crack! Crack! Crack!

“Owww! Fuck!”

“Naughty, filthy little slut,” Shelby growled, pumping the vibrator again as she kneaded my buttocks.

She pulled the vibrator free and ran it across my clit, and my hips bucked up against it.

“You like, little slut?” she purred.

“Oh! Oh! Yes! Please!”

Crack!

“Yes, mistress!” Shelby corrected.

“Yes, mistress!” I groaned.

“Say, please fuck me, mistress.”

“Please fuck me, mistress!” I gasped excitedly.

“Say, please fuck my dirty, whore cunt.”

“Please fuck my dirty, whore cunt, mistress!” I groaned, overcome with heat at the words, at actually saying them aloud, and not even knowing why.

The vibrator pushed into my pussy and pumped in and out hard and fast. It ached, but heat clawed at my belly as I grunted and moaned and writhed in wild lust and pleasure.

Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!

Shelby spanked me as she pumped the dildo, spanked me as she drew it out and stroked it around and over my clit, and spanked me again as she fucked me to a powerful, screaming orgasm that left I exhausted and dazed.

Shelby rolled me onto my back and caressed my breasts and belly, kissing me lightly as I gulped in air.

“I am so not going to work tomorrow,” I gasped.

“You so are, little slut,” Shelby chuckled. “Your boss insists.”

“What time is it?” I moaned.

“Let me worry about that.”

“Are we going to sleep now?” I asked almost plaintively.

“Not a chance, slut.”

She got up and went to the bathroom, emerging with a razor and can of shaving cream. She placed one of the damp towels under my bottom, then sprayed me and shaved the remaining hair around my pussy. I watched without protest, feeling amazed that I could still feel sexual hunger after so many climaxes as I watched and felt the girl’s fingers and razor slide over my skin.

Then she turned on the vibrator, and I moaned louder.

“Slut,” Shelby said with a sneer.

She leaned in and gripped my hair, forcing my head up and back.

“Tell me you’re a slut,” she demanded.

“I’m a slut!” I gasped.

“Again!”

“I’m a slut! I’m a dirty filthy slut!” I moaned, the words exciting, wicked, arousing.

Shelby released me and I sagged, gasping, staring, trying to focus my bleary, tired eyes.

Shelby held up what looked like a thin leather cord. It was about twice as thick as a boot lace, and I stared tiredly at it without any idea what its purpose was. I watched as Shelby leaned over me and slid the lace around my waist over my hips, then drew it back around in front. She tied it there, then slid the knot around behind me, lifting my leg up and back and drawing the cord down beneath my bottom, between my buttocks and up between my legs.

I watched as she slid the cord through a small hole drilled through the vibrator about an inch and a half from the base, then fed it up towards the loop around my waist. Shelby measured the cord, then tied a knot in it, low, just below my clit before feeding the cord back up to the one around my waist. She gently slid it under that one and then – pulled – hard.

“Oww!” I cried.

Shelby giggled, pinning me in place as she tied the cord in place.

“It’s too fucking tight!” I whined.

“Nothing too big or too tight for a hot little slut like you.”

“Shelby!”

Shelby rolled me over and slapped my bottom three times, saying “That’s mistress to you, slut!”

I gasped in pain, feeling a wave of resentment, of impatience. But after the initial pull the cord didn’t really hurt that much. It was tight against my hips, though, cutting into my soft flesh, and the knot was jammed uncomfortably against my sensitive clit. With the vibrator buzzing inside me, the lips of my sex stretched wide, and the knot jammed against my clit, I felt my insides beginning to roil with hunger and lust yet again, and wondered if there were any limit to how many times Shelby could rouse me.

She showed me a cold chain and I stared at it dazedly, not understanding as she giggled. I watched as she brought one down against my breast, and I saw, now that there was a hole in the end, a hole she framed my nipple through and pressed down. Then there was a little screw on the side, and she turned it.

“Ow!” I moaned.

She tightened it further.

“Ow!”

“Say, I’m a nasty little slut,” she ordered.

“I-I’m a nasty, dirty little – OWW, fuck! Stop it!”

She took the other end of the chain and placed it against my other breast as my nipple burned and throbbled from the tight pinching of the screw. Then she quickly tightened the other, pinning me in place with her knee as she turned the screw and drove it painfully against my tingling, burning little nipple.

“Now, little baby bitch, little slut. Since you love cock. I’m going to give you a chance to worship mine.”

She donned the strap-on again, then gripped the chain dangling from my nipples and used it to pull me forward and down onto my knees on the floor.

“Suck. My. Cock.”

She held fistfuls of my damp, tangled hair, and shoved the dildo into my mouth.

“Lick it, slut. Suck and lick my cock,” she growled.

I moaned around it, then gasped in pain as she tugged up at the chain and my nipples burned. The dildo was plasticity in my mouth, but more, tasted of my crime, and I felt a sense of grossness at realizing that’s exactly what it was. I tried to back off but she had a hand gripping my hair and another pulling on the chain, and I wasn’t going anywhere as she worked that dildo deeper into my mouth.

“Suck cock, little cock lover,” she taunted from above. “Suck that cock, whore!”

Her words and tone were dark and nasty and yet incredibly exciting. I moaned around the cock, pretending to suck it as she pumped it in and out. She pushed deeper, and then deeper still, and I began to feel a sense of panic. What if she shoved it down my throat. I wasn't sure I could cope with that, depending on how hard she did, or how long she held it there.

And then her eyes narrowed cruelly, and she pulled forward on the chain and my head as she thrust her hips forward. I gagged as the dildo pushed into my throat, and choked as it slid downwards, fast and hard, yet with a soft texture that gave back against the pressure of my breathing tube. I felt myself bloated out, and gurgled around the thick dildo as she pulled me forward along it.

My face was jammed against her groin, the dildo filling my mouth and throat, and I jerked and spasmed and twisted against her, gagging and choking as she held me tightly in place. My skull pounded and my chest burned as I ran out of air, and then, slowly, she pulled back, speeding up, tearing the dildo from my throat as I coughed explosively and gulped in air, saliva drooling from my open mouth as I tried to double over.

A tug on my hair, a pull on the chain pinching my nipples, and I was held in place, gasping, moaning, face sweaty as she rubbed the saliva soaked dildo against my face.

“Did my little slut like the big cock?” she cooed.

“Y-You almost fucking ch-choked me!” I gasped.

“We can't have that. Our little slut needs to learn how to suck cock so she doesn't choke,” she said.

Then she forced it into my mouth again.

I squirmed and tried to resist, but she had too tight a hold on me, and the dildo forced its way into my throat again, then down it to the hilt as she once again forced my face against her belly and held me there.

She pulled out again as the world reeled around me. “It's for your own good, baby bitch. You know you want to deep throat properly to please all those hungry, dripping cocks!”

Which was true, if crudely put, but I wasn't feeling that way right then and there!

I was starting to get angry, starting to try to fight for real, but I could hardly even say anything, because by the time she pulled the thing out all I could do was cough and gasp for breath, and as soon as I started to say anything she'd shove it back into my mouth.

She buried it in my throat again and again. I lost track of how many times. The fourth time she did it I was so fucking angry with her! But the pull against my nipples was impossible to fight! Any time I tried to twist free or pull away the nipple clamps would yank on them and the pain would be too intense for me to do anything but shoot forward!

By the fifth time I think I had almost given up, and was just trying to ride it out. By the seventh time, though, I was actually getting the hang of it, and it wasn't choking me nearly as much.

“That's it, slut. That's it, whore. Suck that cock. Deep throat my prick. Nasty little cock loving

whore,” she purred above me.

She forced it down my throat again, and again, and I barely choked at all.

She was still keeping it too long, though, and I was light-headed with all the times she'd made me nearly faint by the time she finally stopped and moved behind me. She shoved me forward so I fell on my shoulders, and then knelt behind me as I coughed and gulped in air. I felt her hands on my hips, on my thighs, and felt a deep sense of relief she wasn't in front of me any more.

Crack! Her hand slapped sharply across my ass.

“Raise that ass, slut. Higher, bitch!”

I obeyed, groaning, and I felt her fingers against that thing she'd shoved into me. She pulled it out; the fat part spreading my opening, then pushed it back again, then pulled it out. And as something bigger and faster pushed against me, I realized her intent, and a shockwave rippled through my partially dazed mind.

“Nooooo!” I gasped.

The head entered me, surprisingly easily, in fact. I tried to twist away but she had my hair in a tight grip now, and slapped my ass sharply as she thrust forward. I gasped as the thing sank deeper into my ass.

“Shelby!” I begged. “Don't! Please don't!”

She slapped my bottom hard. “Mistress,” she growled.

“Please, mistress!” I cried.

But the thing was sinking deeper. I was surprised it wasn't already giving me agony.

She reached down and gripped the cord which ran from the centre of my waist, to the vibrator still purring inside me, and tugged sharply. I cried out in pain as the knot jammed against my clit, and she thrust forward. I felt the dildo sinking deep, like, several inches, sliding easily into my ass despite how tight it was, before lodging there.

“Nasty little cock loving slut. You know you want my cock up your ass,” she sneered, slapping my ass.

“Raise that ass higher. Raise it higher!”

Sharp slaps to my ass and yanks to my hair made me to obey, and I raised my ass higher, spreading my knees as Shelby worked the big dildo deeper into my ass. She reached under and gripped the chain, then yanked, and I squealed as it bit into my nipples. She thrust forward at the same time, and the fat dildo just – filled me up. It was so big inside me! I felt so incredibly full!

My wrists jerked spastically against the handcuffs, and I shuddered as she ground her hips, twisting the big tool around inside my belly.

“Tell me you love it, slut.”

“Please,” I groaned.

She slapped my ass sharply.

“Tell me you love it!”

“I love it!” I cried.

Again she slapped my hot, stinging bottom.

“Tell me you love my cock!”

“I love your cock!”

She slapped me again. “Mistress!”

“I love your cock, mistress!” I groaned.

She ground her hips in the other direction, and I felt the stiff latex prick twisting around in my belly.

“Tell me you love being fucked in the ass!” she said with a sneer.

“I-I love being fucked in the ass, mistress!” I groaned in a weak, choked voice.

“I’m going to make you my bitch,” she said, pulling at my hair, forcing my head up and back, almost lifting my shoulders off the floor. “I’m going to make you my hot, nasty little fucking bitch.”

Then she pulled harder, and I shuddered, forced to raise myself, back aching as she pulled me horizontal, my head back as she twisted my hair around her fist, the chains pulling at my nipples below. Her right hand slid under my belly and began to tug rhythmically at the cord, jerking the knot against my clit, and I hissed and gasped and moaned as she then began to pump the big dildo in my ass.

My mind reeled. It was all so – overpowering.

The nipple chain swung below me as her hips began to slap against my bottom, and the big dildo moved faster and easier in my anal tunnel as my muscles seemed to relax and give in. She pulled at my hair and tugged at the cord and something inside me twisted and warped and I felt myself plunging headlong into an overheated vortex of sexual flames.

She fucked steadily, slapping against my ass, the big dildo like a pole inside me, my body rocking to the hard thrusting, and almost every other stroke would be punctuated by a short, sharp curse or obscenity or insult from her as she rode me and her hips slapped against my upraised ass.

“Bitch!” Slap-slap - .

“Ungh! Slap-slap-slap - .

“Slut!” Slap-slap.

“Ungh! Slap-slap.

“Cunt!” Slap-slap!

“Yeah! Slap-slap!

“Whore!” Slap-slap-slap!

“Fuck!” Slap! Slap!

“Dog!” Slap!

I just grunted dazedly as she rode me, my body flaring wildly around between pleasure and pain in raging indecision, my skull aching, mind befuddled and confused.

I mean, what the fuck! What the fuck!

What was going on!?

And then I felt the come gather itself up, spreading and growing fast and hard, and then it burst within me and flashed through me with blinding power. I couldn't think, couldn't move, couldn't do anything but gurgle and gasp and choke and cry out as my nervous system fell apart and pleasure pounded at me in waves.

Oh! My! God!

Chapter Three

“Kate! Get over here, bitch!”

I turned from where I was labelling CD's, put down the machine, and headed down the aisle to the front. I wasn't surprised Shelby had called me a bitch. Since that wild night at her place – three days ago – she'd taken to calling me bitch a lot, but in a kind of playful way which sometimes made me blush but didn't really make me upset – if you know what I mean.

There was a guy there, kind of goofy looking, with a long face, a nose ring, and a leather jacket.

“Guy wants to find some Rattlesnakes,” she said, “Go find him some, baby bitch.”

She leered at me and let her tongue wriggle and I blushed a bit, though I was getting used to it as I led the customer back to the rear where we kept the acid rock.

Shelby hadn't even hinted she wanted another session with me, and I was still a little shell-shocked and wary of her, so I sure wasn't going to suggest one. I mean, yes it had been an incredible sexual experience, but – it was so raw, so – so rough and, I don't know. I felt used and cheap, and intimidated by her.

She treated me differently at the store, now. She would often grab my ass when no one was looking, giving it a good squeeze in passing, or even cup and briefly fondle my breast, or give me a quick kiss on the lips.

It was a little discomfoting, a little unsettling, making me kind of nervous but also, well, kind of excited, in a dark way.

She also insisted on taking me to some of her favourite clothes stores, saying I looked too much like a little girl – which stung more than the occasional slaps to the ass she also gave me whenever she thought I was being slow, or had made some kind of mistake. The places she went to were all on the edge, but mostly pretty cheap. A lot of them were retro or second hand.

My wardrobe was becoming more – colourful – and slutty, to tell you the truth. But maybe I wasn't quite as shy and girlish as I had been.

Mostly I wore jeans, but tighter than I had ever worn them before. I wore tighter tops, too, with lots of Ts and baby-Ts, that hugged my chest and made the male customers look in a way which sent little riffs of squirmy pleasure and excitement through my belly and down between my legs.

I was considering what to do about my hair, too. I thought about getting it cut, getting it dyed, doing all sorts of things to it.

When I got back to the counter Shelby was in front, and without warning she drew me in against her, slapped her hand against my ass, giving it a really good squeeze, and kissed me full on the mouth. I flushed with embarrassment and heat, but before I could think about freeing myself she released me and grinned.

“You're such a good little bitch!”

“Shelby!” I said in reproof, embarrassed.

She just winked.

The guy paid for his thing, giving me a stare, and then left.

“You shouldn't do stuff like that in front of people,” I complained.

“You don't even know them. You afraid they're going to tell mommy and daddy?”

“No, but - .”

“Then why do you care?”

“I – don't know but - .”

“Then shut up and do your work, bitch.”

“Fuck you!” I said.

She grinned and advanced on me.

“Shelby! People might come in!Shelby !”

I tried to run away but she caught me, whirled me about and bent me over one of the counter, then gave my ass three or four hard swats before letting me up. I sprang free, rubbing my ass and scowling.

“Be more polite to your boss, slut,” she taunted.

“Bitch!” I said.

She raised her eyebrows and I scuttled back.

She ignored my demands, and continued to grope me and sometimes kiss me whether there were people around or not. And if I complained she slapped my ass. Which stung! I tried keeping away from her when there were people in the store, but then she would come right over beside me and grope and squeeze and fondle me right there, daring me to make a scene which would draw the eyes of the unseeing browsers.

It was irritating and embarrassing. But you know, it was kind of hot too.

And it was about to get worse. We were starting to head into the Christmas season, andShelby hired another girl. Her name was Claude – short for Claudia – and she was a skinhead. Shelby introduced us by gripping my hair, pulling my head back, and then saying. “This is my bitch, Kate. You can call her – bitch.”

“Hey, bitch,” Claude said with a smirk.

Claude was another tough girl like Shelby, and I felt intimidated by her, and embarrassed, as well. I wasn’t happy aboutShelby talking to me like that in front of this girl. I felt awkward, and nervous.

Claude started treating me almost as bad asShelby ! She started calling me “bitch” almost any time there wasn’t a customer close enough to hear, and would often slap my ass hard when she went by if I wasn’t watching. And once she caught me in the supply room and put her arms around me, ignoring my attempts to pull free. She kissed me hard enough to bruise my lips, crushing me back against the shelves, her fingers digging into my ass, ignoring my attempts to pull free.

I didn’t like it, but I didn’t know what to do. I mean, she was strong and I – wasn’t. And I wasn’t going to, you know, like really fight, like punch her or kick her or something. I mean, if I did she’d probably pound me anyway. And it was only a little kissing and stuff, but still, I felt dumb and weak and kind of slutty.

I was sure she was another lesbo, likeShelby , but then her boyfriend showed up a couple of days after

she was hired. His name was Tool, and she said that wasn't because he worked in a garage. He was a skinhead too, and when he came into the store she practically threw herself against him and they did a bit lip-lock thing as his hands did a number on her ass.

She introduced Shelby, then pointed at me. "This is Bitch."

"Kate," I said, blushing and a little irritated.

But then Shelby caught me in the same kind of lip-lock, squeezing my ass and plunging her tongue into my mouth as the two looked on, and though I squirmed I couldn't get free as they looked on and laughed.

She stepped back, gripping my hair. "But you're my bitch, ain't you, farm girl?"
"I'm not a farm girl," I said, embarrassed and uncomfortable.

Shelby turned to him. "You should hear her squeal when she comes."

I blushed even more deeply and the three laughed.

"I bet she comes a lot," Claude said with a leer.

"If you do your job right," Shelby said.

"I bet I could make her come easy."

My face was red and burning, of course.

"I'm not a freaking lesbian, okay?" I said, embarrassed.

"That's right. She comes for boys and for girls," Shelby said with a grin.

I tried to jerk away but she pulled me back and pinned me against the counter.

"Kiss me, slut," she ordered.

I turned my head away, sulkily refusing.

She leaned in, her voice lowering but becoming more insistent. "Kiss me, bitch."

I squirmed nervously, not wanting to disobey her but – but not wanting to obey with Claude and her boyfriend looking on.

"I said kiss me, bitch. Right fucking now," she growled in what sounded like anger.

My eyes flicked nervously aside, but then I obeyed, kissing her. She plunged her tongue into my mouth, and her arms slid around me, one gripping my hair, the other stroking my back. She wouldn't let me pull away, and her lips moved passionately against mine as she put on a show for Claude and her boyfriend that got them whistling and cheering.

Then I gasped as I felt a hand on my ass, stroking and squeezing it. It was Claude, who'd taken a step closer, smirking at me as she kneaded my butt. Shelby had pulled her right hand back in front, and

now cupped and squeezed my breast through the midriff baring baby-T I wore, while Tool grinned from ear to ear and watched.

Shelby pulled her mouth back, but still held my hair like a handle, turning my head towards Claude. "Kiss Claude."

"Shelby!" I whined.

"Kiss her, bitch!" she ordered, jerking my head up.

Claude kissed me, still squeezing my butt, and now sliding a hand down to rub and squeeze my pussy through my jeans as her tongue slid into my mouth. I was framed between them, their hands pawing and groping me while this guy looked on, and I was mortified and angry and yet at the same time, felt a strange sense of raw hunger and heat and something like disorientation.

Shelby twisted my head back to kiss me on the mouth again, and Claude leaned in and bit into the nape of my neck. She was rubbing and squeezing my butt and my pussy while Shelby now had a hand up inside the baby-T and inside my bra and was fondling my breast openly.

They turned my head back and forth between them, one kissing me while the other bit and kissed and sucked at the nape of my neck or my earlobe or the side of my jaw. And then Claude popped the top of my jeans and worked the zipper down. They were tight, but she plunged her hand inside and they held me pinned to the counter, laughing at my resistance until she could get her fingers inside my thong and began to roughly stroke along my slit.

It was a strange, bizarre fucking scene! I was embarrassed but at the same time was feeling a raw sexual hunger and heat bubbling up from some deep dark well at the back of my mind. I couldn't really fight them, couldn't really resist them. They were both tough girls and I was sort of like a little girl in their grasp, or at least, that's how I felt.

And the guy looking on, that made it seem even darker, more nasty, more exotic and wild and kinky and thrilling – even though it was also embarrassing as hell, if you can figure that out. And they were laughing and joking and making like it was a game – which it was to them – but it was something more, too. There was an edge of cruelty in all of them which always had me kind of on edge, and I knew that they were enjoying humiliating and overpowering me almost as much, maybe more, as groping and feeling me up.

"Ungh!"

Claude got her fingers onto my thong and just pulled, hard. It dug up painfully into my pussy, and then tore apart, and she pulled it hard, cursing with effort, and then laughing as she waved it at her boyfriend and shouted "Got her fucking thong!"

And then everyone broke up and I had to hide, sort of, behind a case to do up my pants as a couple of customers came in.

My heart was pounding, my pulse racing, and I veered wildly between anger and embarrassment, indignation and outrage and that sort of thing – and a strange kind of – I don't know, almost passive acceptance. Which was weird because I wasn't a passive person normally. I felt charged, though, sexually charged, as well as being wary and anxious about what they would do next.

I wanted to leave, but I didn't want to leave. I wanted them to do something else, but I didn't. I didn't know what I wanted and was all confused.

I mean, my life had been so boring and dull and – and normal, and now I was into this wild, kinky, freaky shit that was making me feel so – so alive! At the same time, I felt out of control, and I had no real confidence that either of them really cared much about me. I mean, they were using me, mocking me, and while I kind of thought Shelby, at least, liked me, I didn't have any such thought about Claude. And I wasn't really confident Shelby wouldn't hurt me if she thought it would be fun.

Tool left, but Shelby and Claude smirked at me a lot, and I couldn't always avoid them.

Claude pinned me against a counter once, grinding herself into my ass while she cupped and squeezed my breasts and whispered into my ear about how she wanted to fuck my brains out. She only broke off when a customer started to get too near. Shelby managed several gropes of my breasts and butt as she passed by, too.

Then towards the end of the day Shelby got me behind the counter, blocking my way out unless I climbed over it. She grinned at me, and leaned in softly.

“Get down on your knees, slut.”

I looked around nervously. There were half a dozen people in the store.

“Shelby!” I whined.

“Down, bitch. Now!” she hissed, pushing down on my shoulders.

She forced me to my knees, and she used her legs and feet to manoeuvre me in against the counter, then raised the short, flouncy black skirt she was wearing and spread her legs apart.

“Eat me, slut. Right fucking now,” she ordered.

I stared at her naked pussy, feeling a throbbing coming from mine. This felt so wild and dangerous! There were people in the store! But then again, none could see us, and the counter was elevated, and Shelby was now leaning over it.

I ran my hands up her thighs under the skirt and brought my mouth to her pussy, then began to lick. I was hesitant, at first, but then licked faster and harder, getting more excited myself, especially when a customer came to the counter and Shelby had to serve him, making change and getting a bag while keeping her belly pressed against the edge of the counter.

And then, oh my god, Claude came behind the counter, and I tried to pull back. They laughed at me, though, and the two of them spread my arms out to my sides, and then tied them to a pipe which ran just under the counter with rough twine. I was helpless, there, but still invisible to the patrons in the store.

Claude lifted my baby-T up, then undid my bra and fondled my bare breasts, leering at me as she called me a dirty little whore in a soft, sneering voice. Then she and Shelby both undid my jeans and despite my wriggling and trying to resist, yanked them off me. They lifted my ankles up and back and apart and then tied them to the same bar next to my wrists with the same rough twine.

I was completely, obscenely exposed to their eyes and hands, and to anyone else who might come

behind the counter.

Claude disappeared, then, oddly, but Shelby rode my face, pulling at my hair, forcing me to lick her, stopping only when customers actually came to the counter. Once she even left, going around the counter to help someone. That left me alone, naked, legs spread up and back, so that all anyone had to do was come around the counter to see me.

She came back, though, took the man's money, then lifted her skirt again and pulled my mouth against her pussy.

What was I feeling? I was resigned, but also excited. The embarrassment I'd felt around Claude was starting to fade, and I was feeling more aroused at all this wild, thrilling kinky sex play. But I was also very, very nervous about what they would do, and whether someone else would see me.

And then Claude got back with a bag, leered at me, whispered to Shelby, and the two giggled wildly.

She squatted down behind the counter and opened the bag. There was a sort of half egg shaped thing with cords on it. She pressed the flat part of the half egg against my pussy, strapped it there around me, then plugged it in. The half-egg thing turned out to be a vibrator, and she placed it right over my clit and let it run.

I was humiliated, shamed, but could not resist the purring vibrations, and as I licked at Shelby's cunt the sexual pressure inside me built up like a fever. I was sweating and shaking, gasping and panting for breath, and finding it harder and harder to keep still. Claude turned up the music, which covered up my gasps and moans, and Shelby jammed my face into her pussy to hide the rest.

She was close to coming, so kept back until the store was empty, then she seized my hair, jammed my face into her pussy, and rode me to a screaming orgasm, crying out again and again as she fucked her pussy into my licking tongue, squirting her hot pussy cream over my face and into my open mouth.

Claude appeared again, with another bag, a light in her eyes. She laughed as she bent low, and took a cucumber out of the bag.

"No!" I gasped.

She pressed the cucumber against my pussy, which was burning and throbbing and very, very wet, and twisted it from side to side, jamming it in deeper and harder.

"No! Claude! Don't! Oh please!" I gasped, the pressure and ache growing worse.

"Shut up, whore," she sneered.

She jammed her hand against my mouth and then leaned into the cucumber, and luckily I was really wet and my pussy had been spasming and jumping because of the vibrator over my clit. I felt the pressure and strain on my pussy lips as they spread wider and wider, and then that big, long green cucumber just sort of – pushed into me as I quivered and shook and thrashed in helpless pain and – God help me – pleasure.

They laughed down at me, and stuffed my thong into my mouth, then taped it closed as they carried on serving customers. I tried to keep quiet, but the cucumber inside my pussy – it ached fiercely, and throbbed, but God did it feel amazing. I was so fucking full, and it felt so hot. My first come was only a

minute after Claude had shoved the cucumber into me, and I came a bunch of times not long after that before settling down into a kind of deep, smouldering heat and hunger.

I could hear two customers at the counter, talking to Claude about Run DMC, and about their future albums. Claude was chatting idly, and then she lifted her foot and put it against the end of the cucumber, and slowly brought her weight down against it. I groaned and my head rolled and thrashed as she slowly forced it still deeper, until the end was so deep it was lodged against the absolute back of my pussy.

Then she started to kind of tap her foot, you know. With her heel on the floor, and the ball of her foot against the end of the cucumber, she began to tap at it in a way which was very jarring, and even painful, the end jabbing at the end of my pussy with a dull, feverish ache that made me writhe and twist and roll my hips up in uncontrollable heat, then drove me into a massive climax just as the bell over the door rang to indicate the couple was leaving.

The last customer left and they locked the door. Claude came behind the counter and stripped off her jeans, then tore the tape away from my mouth, pulled out the thong, and roughly yanked at my hair so that I cried out in pain.

“Lick me, slut!” she growled.

And I did, of course, moaning and whimpering and licking and sucking as she ground her neatly shaven pussy down against my mouth.

And then I saw that Tool had come in, and was leaning against the corner watching, grinning, and a flash of sexual electricity and shame ripped up and down my body. A part of me tried to twist away and hide, but of course, that was impossible. I was perched precariously on my tail, my ankles up and open, tied next to my arms. I was as open and lewdly naked as I was ever likely to get, and I could do nothing about it as Claude yanked at my hair and ordered me to eat her.

She came quickly, gasping, moaning and cursing, stumbling back as Tool grinned down at me. “How you do on cocks, baby bitch?” he asked.

I was so flaming hot that I didn't care what he wanted to do to me. I didn't care what anyone wanted to do to me. Shelby let out a rough laugh and Claude ignored me as she grabbed at her jeans. Tool stepped forward, took my hair just like his girlfriend had, and then unzipped his jeans. He reached in and pulled out a throbbing, hairy prick which hardened almost instantly, and then rubbed it over my face.

“You wanna suck my cock, bitch?” he sneered.

“Suck his cock, bitch,” Shelby ordered.

He pushed it into my mouth, and I began to lick and suck on it, dazed with hunger with a deep, desperate need, my body almost trembling with lust as I sucked and gurgled around his big prick and he pushed it deeper.

“Shove it down her slut throat,” Shelby said, leaning in from above. “Choke the bitch on your prick, tool.”

“You think she can take it? You think the little blonde farm girl can take my tool?” he said with a leer.

“Choke the bitch,” Claude said as she pulled up her pants.

He did.

His cock pushed in against the entry to my throat, as I sucked frantically, wetting it down, slickening it up. He pulled back, then pushed forward again, pulling on my hair, and letting his cock slide into my gullet, then down my throat until his balls were resetting against my chin.

I felt pressure against the cucumber again. It wasn't Tool, because he was standing in front of me with his legs spread wide to lower him to the point he could shove his cock into my mouth. It was probably Claude, but I wasn't really thinking or caring. I shuddered and bucked as pain lashed my roiling nervous system and pleasure lashed my shattered mind. I came again as Tool began to pump his big prick up and down in my throat.

The world was a red-rimmed storm that battered at my mind, blowing me into a senseless tumbling mass of screaming nerve endings. My muscles spasmed and my pussy squeezed and sucked, and I went nearly mad with it all as the breath was choked out of me and my mind pulsed with oxygen deprivation.

And somehow, in the midst of it, Claude, or whoever, managed to shove that big cucumber almost fully inside me.

Chapter Four

It was hard to walk with the cucumber inside me. I felt feverish and light-headed. Claude held my left arm while Shelby held the right, and they whispered in my ears what a slut and a whore and a bitch I was, and what they were going to do to me when they got me alone.

They were going to fuck my brains out. And Claude was going to fist me. And Tool was going to fuck my ass until it bled.

It all sounded scary to me.

Scary, anxious, but hot too. I wanted to run, but they had a grip on my arms and – and I didn't want to run that much. I mean, I still wanted to be – as strange as this is – a part of their group. I wanted to see myself as hot, sexy, cool, hip, you know. I didn't want to be this silly, squealing girl from the Midwest that they'd jeer at and ridicule. And the heat inside me was steamy enough to help fight back my fear and embarrassment as they led me along.

Tool and Claude lived nearby, in a dump, if you want the truth. Their apartment smelled ancient, with rotting wood. There were a couple of torn, stained sofas, with pizza and fast food wrappers everywhere and stains on the floor. And their bed was a mattress on the floor amid more fast food wrappers and assorted clothes.

Once inside, Claude and Shelby tore my clothes off. I tried to slow them, tried to talk, to arrange things, to, I don't know, negotiate, sort of. They ignored me as if I were speaking a foreign language, just pulling at my clothes and shoving me down onto the mattress, one on either side. They were laughing and shouting and eager, and they soon had me between them as Tool sat down nearby, leering and watching.

Claude pinned me to the mattress, knees on my arms, pussy in my face, and ordered me to eat her. Shelby was between my legs, licking at my clit. And with that fat cucumber inside me, pushing against the inside of my pussy lips, well, those licks just about made me jump out of my skin. She had to pin my legs down with her arms, and that gave Tool the idea to grab some rope.

There was no bed to tie me to, but he tied the rope around my right leg just above the knee, then ran it under the mattress and up the other side, tying it to my other leg in the same place – both spread wide, of course, so wide the tendons in my groin ached and strained. Then he cut the rope and tied my right wrist out to the side, ran the rope under the mattress, and pulled my left arm straight out in the same way to tie in place.

Neither girl had to spend any time now holding me down.

Claude had my head framed between her thighs as she ground her pussy back and forth over my face. Shelby was licking and sucking at my clit as she alternately pressed against the end of the cucumber, and slid her hands up my body to grope and fondle my breasts.

I really couldn't do anything but what Claude wanted; which was licking her pussy as she rode my face and pulled my hair and called me her dirty little bitch. She didn't squirt like Shelby, but my face was soon glistening with her juices as she rubbed her cunt back and forth over my chin and jaw and lips and nose and up my face and across my forehead.

What Shelby was doing between my legs, though, was gradually pushing back my emotional mixture of anger, resentment, fear, embarrassment and shame, and I was beginning to really let go, to give myself to what was happening.

Then Claude leaned back, groaning, fondling her breasts, and I saw Tool with a camcorder, taking a video. I felt a hot surge of panic, but then Claude tugged at my hair and ran her pussy across my face again and I gave in, knowing there was nothing I could do.

The sexual heat and pressure built up inside me to the point where nothing really mattered, and I became an automaton, licking because I didn't know anything else to do. Then the orgasm exploded within me and my body thrashed and twisted in violent convulsions as my brain just melted down into a pile of screaming goo. The orgasm was powerful, flashing up and down my body and making me cry out again and again.

I half blacked out, and Claude had to slap my face repeatedly to get me to resume licking at her pussy. She came soon after that, and with a groan, rolled off. Then Shelby climbed up on my face and I had to lick her too.

I didn't know what Claude was doing between my spread legs, but after a while it began to hurt, and I

felt the cucumber beginning to slide out of me. I bore down with my pussy muscles, trying to expel it. It ached inside me. It was too hard and heavy, and I shuddered and groaned as it slowly slid down my pussy and out. It was like giving birth!

But giving birth was never greeted with the baby trying to climb back in. At first I thought Claude was trying to push the cucumber back, but it felt differently, and after a long moment I realized she had slid four fingers inside me and was twisting them around and around.

Shelby rode up and down on my face, grinding and rubbing, bouncing and twisting so my face was soaked with her pussy cream. Then she came, crying out in pleasure, cursing me as she jammed her bare pussy against my mouth, pouring her cream over my face as Tool zoomed in close.

She got off and I was alone, sort of, gasping, panting, moaning, pulling feebly against the ropes binding my wrists out to either side as Claude did whatever it was she was doing “down there”, and I blinked my eyes against the pussy cream coating my face.

“Fucking whore,” Shelby said from above.

She spit on me, then laughed as she moved down to watch what Claude was doing.

My pussy was aching and straining as Claude worked her hand from side to side, twisting it around, trying to force it deeper. The mouth of my sex was stretched out, my pussy lips aching as she kept trying to jam her thumb into me.

And then I cried out as she did, as my pussy opening stretched just that little extra bit wider and the heel of her hand slipped inside me. She twisted it to the side and pushed deeper, and I felt my aching pussy slowly ease a bit tighter around her wrist as her hand passed through.

I was gulping in air, panting, moaning, sweating, clenching my teeth now and then at the pain as Claude worked her hand slowly deeper inside me. Her fingers were twisting and turning, prodding at the inside of my belly. It felt very strange, very weird and kinky.

Shelby dropped to her knees beside Claude, and I heard some whispering. Shelby did something, stretching, reaching – I didn’t really notice much as all my attention was focussed inside me. Claude’s hand was still pushing deeper, her wrist sliding slowly through my pussy lips. As it did, of course, my pussy lips were stretched wider again.

“Ungh! Please!” I gasped.

“Shut up, whore,” Claude said.

Her hand turned slowly inside me. Then, suddenly, there was a buzzing, and I raised my head as I felt something against me. It was Shelby, pressing that little half-moon vibrator thing against my clit, rubbing it from side to side. The sensations were almost too powerful, and I writhed and twisted against the ropes, gasping and moaning, my head thrashing as my body adjusted to the stimulation and then started drawing it in and feeding on it.

The pleasure burned through my veins, along my nervous system, through my muscles, up and down my spine. It was everywhere, a hot, aching, wonderful pleasure that tore at my mind and made me tremble and shake and shudder, gasping and moaning continuously as her hand worked even deeper.

I climaxed powerfully, back arching, head rolling back, bucking up against her hand as Shelby rolled the egg back and forth across my clit. But they were far from finished, and no sooner had I slumped exhausted, gasping, trying to recover, when the sex-heat began to ignite again.

I could feel each of Claude's fingers pulling slowly back into the palm of her hand, one by one, forming a fat, hard fist inside my abdomen. When it was done she forced her fist still deeper while she and Shelby took turns licking and sucking at my clit, and rolling the vibrator across it.

Shelby gave her the egg, then, and slid up my body, licking and biting and sucking at my flesh, her hands folding around the base of my breasts, her fingers kneading and caressing them as she began to suck, chew and lick at my nipples. She was biting hard enough to distract me from what Claude was doing, but soon the ache deep inside me overcame that, and when the vibrator was pressed against my clit and held there I started to tremble and shake again.

As I came the second time, Shelby bit down hard on my nipple, and I screamed and writhed and sobbed in agonized pleasure as they laughed and forced my pleasure ever higher.

Shelby left again, though Claude continued to work her fist deeper, ignoring my gasps of pain and pleas to stop. Tool moved around me, the camcorder held against his face as he filmed us.

Shelby returned and sat cross-legged beside me, putting a pot down next to me. I paid her little attention. Then she leaned over me, and I hissed as she pressed an ice cube against my right nipple.

"Ahh! Ahh! Aghh! Don't! Shelby!" I cried, trying to twist my body from side to side.

She snickered and rolled the ice cube over my nipple, then circled it slowly, teasingly. The ice melted against my hot flesh, and small, cold droplets began to trickle slowly down the sides of my breast as I hissed and gasped and begged her to stop. It trickled down along my ribs, and down onto my lower chest as she moved the cube in widening circles.

Then she plucked another one from the pot, and began to roll it over my other breast.

Meanwhile, Claude jammed her knuckles in so deep I cried out in real pain, back arching, limbs straining against the ropes. She eased back a bit, then began to work her fist slowly in and out. At first, it hardly moved at all. It was more of a change in pressure, the pressure going forward, then back, forward, then back. Gradually, slowly, she was able to move her fist in short arks, up and down inside me.

Shelby ran her ice cubes slowly up and down the sides of my ribs as I squealed and begged and cried out and protested, twisting and writhing helplessly as she laughed down at me. Then she let a cube slide down onto my belly and over my abdomen. Claude eased back a bit and Shelby rolled the ice cube back and forth across my clit several times, then left it there. The cold became a burning and I begged them with growing desperation to pull it away.

It was plucked free, and then Shelby's lips and tongue moved down to suck and lick at my clit. The difference, the change between the hard, icy cold and her warm, soft mouth was incredible, and I shuddered and bucked against her even as Claude moved her fist in ever growing strokes inside my aching pussy. When Shelby began to suck hard I came again, screaming.

When I regained some control of my mind Shelby was getting dressed, pulling her jeans on and talking about a date with some guy. Claude had taken her fist out of me, and shoved the cucumber back inside. Now she was sort of sitting there on her heels, talking with Shelby. Then Shelby turned and left, leaving

me with a breathless sense of helplessness. I hardly knew Claude, after all!

The skinhead girl grinned at me and then settled atop my face, and I had to lick her again as she bounced atop me. After she came, she undid my ankles and wrists, but then seized my hair and rolled me onto my belly.

“Put your arms out to the sides, bitch,” she ordered.

Dazed, I obeyed, and she knelt on my arms as she held her fist in my hair.

“Now raise your ass up. Get on your knees.

“I – uhng – can’t - .” I gasped.

“Yes, you fucking can. Lift your ass up, slut.”

I did, not easily, for with her knees on my arms my upper body was jammed down against the mattress. I lifted my bottom, knowing just how slutty, how naked how exposed my pussy was now, and wondering where Tool was with the camera. Then I felt a hand on my ass, felt fingers kneading and squeezing my buttocks. A moment later something pressed against my little wrinkled back hole and I gasped as a slick finger pushed into me.

“No!” I cried weakly.

A hand cracked down on my butt and I yelped at the stinging pain.

“Shut up, whore,” she said caustically.

The finger twisted around inside me, pulled back, then pushed forward again, joined by a second one. I groaned and my face was a mask of shame and anguish as Tool’s fingers twisted up and down in my ass – which I thought was incredibly gross and humiliating. Worse, I was pretty sure I knew it was only a prelude – and there were no doubts when Claude leaned into me and said “Fuck her ass, Tool! Ram your cock up the little slut’s asshole!”

“Noo!” I moaned.

I felt his fingers ease back, then something else, something softer, but wider, pushed against the mouth of my ass. I felt the head push through on a slick wall of some kind of grease, and gasped, moaning as my anus was spread open.

“No!” I whimpered.

They ignored me. Claude called me a dirty little bitch slut, and groped and fondled my breasts when she wasn’t twisting my hair. Tool forced his cock slowly deeper and deeper. It hurt, but he had used lots of lube, and whenever my muscles clamped down Claude yanked painfully on my hair or slapped my head or ass, and that seemed to distract me and make my muscles loosen up.

Soon I was just – just full back there, with Tool’s big cock filling my anal cavity, and starting to move in and out. It hurt, but in a strange sort of way, the ache was pleasant, and the more he moved it, the more my muscles seemed to relax. The more they relaxed, the less painful it was back there.

Soon enough, Tool was pounding his cock into my ass in a way which ached me deep inside. The head of his cock was thumping against the back wall of my ass, or maybe it was my spine, for all I know. I gasped and moaned and panted and whimpered in pain and dazed pleasure as he sodomised me, his hips slapping against mine, his cock stabbing me deep inside.

Claude let me go, and eased up on my arms, sitting back on her heels for a bit. Then she went and got the camcorder and started recording as Tool fucked my ass. I hadn't really moved, just lay there, grunting, gasping, moaning, as Tool drove his cock into me.

"Make the bitch move, Tool," she called.

He reached forward and grabbed my hair, and I gasped in pain as my head was forced up and back. I pushed myself up with it to ease the strain, and now I was on all fours as he rode me doggy-style. He let go of my hair briefly to seize my shoulders, then transferred his hands to my waist. Then he groped my breasts hard, digging his fingers into the soft flesh, pinching and twisting my nipples. Then he seized my hair again, pulling my head up and back painfully.

Claude knelt in front of me, taking my hair from Tool, pointing the camcorder down at me as she forced my face into her pussy and made me lick her again.

"Lick me! Lick my clit, you fucking bitch!" she said with a cold sneer. "Suck my clit, slut!"

I obeyed her dazedly, gasping and grunting as Tool sodomised me, moaning as they groped and pawed and slapped at my breasts and pinched my nipples, licking at her clit as she tugged at my hair and called me a bitch whore.

She let go and pulled away suddenly, and I fell to my elbows, gasping weakly. She moved behind me with the camcorder, and then Tool pulled his cock completely out of my anus. I felt open and vacant there, until he slowly slid his cock back into me. I felt my body actually sucking it back down the big, empty opening now, until his balls were pressed against me once more.

He pulled free again, and again pushed himself back into me, driving himself deep and starting to pump once again.

Then Claude was in front of me, making me lick her once more.

"Oh yeah! Gonna cum," she moaned. "Gonna cum! The bitch's tongue is gonna make me cum!"

She leaned into me, over me. "Cum for me, baby! Cum!" she gasped.

It was clear she wasn't talking to me, because her next words were "Pour your cream into the slut's ass! Piss your come into her belly, lover!"

They were kissing above me, and then both came at the same time, slamming their bodies against me as their cream poured over my face and into my ass.

Finally, everyone lay still, gasping and panting for breath. I could feel Tool's bit cock softening inside me as I hung my head and panted for breath, and when he and Claude pulled back I fell onto my belly on the mattress, groaning, spread-eagled.

I'm gonna have a shower," Claude said.

“Yeah, okay,” Tool said.

He never said much.

They both moved away, kind of leaving me on my own for the moment. I lay with my sweaty face pressed against the mattress, my damp hair tangled and pressed against my scalp and the side of my face, my ass aching, my pussy still sore and bruised and throbbing around the thick cucumber they’d jammed into me.

I sensed Tool returning, but didn’t start to look up until I felt the pressure on the mattress. I groaned and raised my head, starting to turn, for I could feel he was back between my legs. I felt his hands spreading my thighs wider, then something cold pressed against my aching ass.

“Wha – d-don’t!” I groaned.

He slapped my ass, and held me in place, a hand against the small of my back as I tried to turn, tried to rise. I felt continuous pressure against my bruised opening, which was still slippery with lube. I groaned as something was forced into me, and then groaned even more as I was spread wider.

“Don’t!” I begged.

He ignored me, and I knew it was another cucumber as it spread me open. My sphincter muscle was too battered to deal with it, and I shuddered as I was spread open, as my ass was filled – and then some, and the cold cucumber pushed deeper into my belly.

“Tool!” I gasped. “Don’t! Please! Ungh! It’s – Ungh! Too deep! Ohh!”

He ignored me, getting about half of it inside me before meeting any real resistance. Then he drew it back a bit and began to turn it slowly from side to side. He pushed slowly forward, slapping my ass, and got the cucumber to go deeper – and then deeper, so that cramps rippled through my abdomen and belly as the big cold cucumber drove horribly deep.

God! I was so fucking full! The two big cucumbers were practically touching inside me as he pushed the thing deeper. I tried to twist with more energy, and he leaned forward and grabbed my wrists, pulling them back behind me, then tied them together behind my back.

“Please!” I gasped.

He pulled back on the rope so that my back arched up, and then lifted my legs up and back in his arm, pressing my heels back against my ass. I felt the rope going around my ankles, then it sawed against them as he tightened it. I groaned, my body bowing up and back as my feet were forced back against my hands.

All I could say was “Don’t!” but he ignored it anyway.

He bent me back until my wrists and ankles were tied together, then tied that vibrator thing over my clit, and left me there, going to the bathroom to share a shower with Claude.

Chapter Five

“I thought this was on sale?”

Shelby looked at the guy and then at the CD.

“Last week, man,” she said.

“Well, why isn’t it on sale now?”

She stared at him. “Because it’s not last week,” she said.

“Well then why should I buy it?”

She rolled her eyes. “Do you like the fucking music, man? If you do, then buy it.”

“Just cause I like the music doesn’t mean I want to get ripped off. I can get this on-line for cheaper than this.”

“So fucking go on line.”

“Well, I just think you should have more sales, that’s all. Or maybe one of those card things that you get punched every time you buy something. That way, every five or ten times you come you get a free CD or something.”

Shelby was looking at the guy like he was a total idiot, which wasn’t very far from my mind either, but then she looked over at me.

“Come here, bitch,” she said.

I walked over warily. I was wearing a super short denim mini, and a tight tank top which was artfully ripped across the middle, you know, so it looked like there were just shreds. I’d seen girls wearing them with bras before. But Shelby insisted I wear one without. That meant a big chunk of my boobs were on display, with just thin strips crossing the centre of the shirt. I’d been embarrassed early in the day, but I was used to it now.

“Tell you what,” Shelby said. “For every CD you buy, we’ll show you, Kate’s tits. And if you buy ten you get a free blow job. How’s that sound?”

“Shelby!” I gasped.

The guy, who was kind of geeky looking, was looking at my revealed cleavage with interest. “How do I know you’ll come through?” he demanded.

“Buy the CD and see,” Shelby exclaimed.

“Okay.”

I stood there staring at her as she quickly rang up his purchase and took his money.

“Okay, show him your tits.”

“I will not!”

She glared at me.

“Shelby!”

“Show him your tits or else little bitch is gonna get a spanking,” she said.

I was already blushing, and my face now burned, but there didn't seem to be anything else to do, and at least he was the only one in the store. I reached down and gripped the hem of the tight tank and peeled it up over my breasts, letting him look at them. Then I yanked it down.

“Nice,” he said.

Shelby snickered as he left, then grinned at me as I scowled indignantly.

“And you,” she said, “Need to start doing what you're told and not arguing.”

“Well, shit! You can't make me show my tits to every guy who buys something!”

“Sure I can. I can do any fucking thing I want to you. You're my bitch, remember?”

And then she pressed the button, and I staggered a bit.

She'd attached that little vibrating egg to me this morning. It was held over my clit by the thin straps, and it worked by remote control. All she had to do was press the button, and the thing started buzzing and vibrating powerfully against my clit. And she'd used it that morning to toy with me, to tease me into a state of perpetual heat without ever letting it go on long enough for me to come.

She'd also pressed it several times when I was dealing with customers, and it had been really hard, at times, to keep my voice steady, to keep from squeezing my thighs together in an obvious manner, to keep my hands from going down to my groin and rubbing at myself.

She was keeping me hot and frazzled, and that was making me more suggestible, I think, than I would have been otherwise. Don't get me wrong, it had embarrassed me to show my tits to that guy, but – it had also been kind of a nasty turn-on. It's like, well, I was exposing myself to a stranger but it was Shelby's fault. I wasn't being a slut because I was only doing what I was ordered to do. Does that make any kind of sense to you?

“Come back here, bitch.”

I reluctantly went behind the counter, climbing the short step up, and she took my arm and turned me around, then tugged up my skirt in back.

“Bend over, slut.”

I bent forward and then winced and gasped as her hand smacked my bare ass several times with stinging slaps.

Then she tugged the skirt down, gave my breast a quick squeeze and said “Now get your slut ass back to work.”

She turned off the vibrator and sent me back to sort CDs and put them on display, but I was back again not more than half an hour later. There was another guy at the counter, and, like the first one, he was reasonably young, though better looking than the last one.

“I’d like to introduce you to our new repeat shoppers program, sir,” Shelby said.

The guy had long hair and was wearing a dirty black T-shirt with a picture of Tupac on it.

“Every time you buy a CD or DVD, Kate here will show you her lovely breasts,” she said, as if she were introducing a perfectly normal sales gimmick. “And every ten purchases gets you’re a blow job.”

The guy’s eyes widened and he stared at me while I blushed fiercely.

“Show the gentleman your lovely breasts, Miss Kate,” Shelby said with a smirk.

Blushing even more, I pulled my top up and showed him my breasts, completely with very hard, very stiff, very tingly nipples.

“Well, I already bought ten things here,” the guy said.

“Oh I’m sorry, but it’s a new offer. It only applies to new purchases.”

He grinned and I tugged my top down. “Don’t I get, like, some kind of card to prove I bought something then?”

She thought for a minute, then took out a piece of paper, and drew a little breast on it, then signed her initials.

“There you go. Nine more tits and you get a blow job.”

“And are you any good?” he asked me with a leer.

I dropped my eyes and looked away.

“She has practically no gag reflex,” Shelby assured him. “She can take any size, as deep as you like.”

“Sounds promising,” he said. “I’ll have to buy more stuff and find out if it’s true.”

He left with a grin and I glared at Shelby. “I am so not going to suck guys off!”

“Get back here, slut.”

“Shelby!”

But I went, bent, and got smacked hard on the ass again.

Several times that day I had to show my breasts, but at least she was keeping her offers to young, reasonably okay looking guys. And one very obvious lesbian. None of them seemed to be terribly offended, though a few of the guys looked embarrassed. That didn't stop them from looking, though.

When Claude came in after Shelby told her about the new plan and Claude laughed her ass off. Then she and Shelby got to whispering and looking at me, which didn't promise anything good. Still, Shelby kept using that little remote on the vibrator, and I was sort of getting off on showing myself off – even with the shirt on – and on the buzzing between my legs whenever she pressed the button.

Then towards the end of the day Claude went out for a half hour, and returned just at closing. The two of them got together again, looking at me, and I knew they'd planned something I probably wasn't going to like. I was so excited, though, that I was almost looking forward to it.

“Come here, bitch,” Shelby ordered.

I came up slowly, excited but wary.

“Take your top off, slut.”

I looked at the door, but it was locked, and we were out of sight. Heart pounding, I peeled the top up and over my head, but then Shelby turned me around quickly, and whipped her thin belt off, wrapping it quickly around my arms and pulling them back behind me.

“Wha-what are you guys doing?!” I gasped.

She tightened the belt around my arms just above my elbows, and I cried out in discomfort as my arms were forced back painfully.

“We figure we should decorate your tits,” Claude said. “After all, if so many people are gonna see them; they should be made up pretty.”

She had some stuff on the counter behind her which I couldn't see. She turned around, did something, and came back with a little cotton ball in her hand. I stared at it in confusion, then watched as she rubbed it across the centre of my left breast.

“What are doing!?” I gasped.

“Shut up, slut,” Shelby ordered, pulling my arms back harder so that my shoulders ached.

“Owww! Shelby ! You're gonna pull my fucking arms out!” I cried.

“Then stand still.”

She could hold my arms back with one hand. The other gripped my hair and pulled down, even as she pushed forward on my chest so my back arched and my breasts stuck out. I gasped as I saw Claude now holding what looked like a six inch needle in her hand.

“Oh no! Don't!”

“It'll only hurt for a second,” Claude said. “Trust me, bitch.”

I didn't trust her at all, but Shelby had a firm hold on me, and as I watched anxiously Claude pinched my breast just behind the nipple, then placed the needle against the side of the nipple and – pushed.

“Oww!” I cried.

I jerked violently, but Shelby held me easily, and the pain faded quickly as Claude pushed the needle in and out of my pierced nipple. She pulled it free, pressed another cotton ball against my throbbing nipple to remove a single drop of blood, and then hung a little ring from my nipple.

And, of course, then she did the same to the other one.

I struggled with Shelby, but I wasn't really angry, nor did I really want to get away. It was done, after all. And the truth was, they looked kind of hot, and I felt more than a little hot.

“Say thank you for piercing my nipples, slut,” Claude said with a grin.

“Thanks for piercing my nipples, you fucking slut,” I replied.

She slapped my face twice, once on each side, and I gasped and jerked back at the sudden stinging pain, mouth open.

“You need to show more respect to your betters, slut,” she said.

That involved being pushed to my knees, of course, and licking her pussy until she came, then doing the same for Shelby.

“So what are you doing tonight?” Claude asked, pulling on her jacket.

“Rusty is coming over and we're going to have ourselves a party,” Shelby replied.

“Yeah? Gonna bring the slut home?”

“No, you want her?”

“Yeah.”

“She's yours.”

“I don't want - .”

Claude slapped my cheek and I gasped and shut up.

Well, I really hadn't wanted to just go home alone and masturbate anyway.

Claude's place was a dump, though, like I said, without much furniture. It was dirty, too.

“Take your clothes off, bitch,” she ordered, as soon as we got in.

I obeyed, of course, even as she walked away. She picked something up in the corner and came back and she showed me what looked sort of like a dog collar, but a studded dog collar. Then she put it around my throat.

“Now you’re my bitch for the night,” she said with a grin.

She pulled down the straps which held the vibrator thing to my pussy and made me kneel on a box which served as their coffee table and raise my ass up high and spread my legs. Then she shoved a big vibrator painfully deep in my pussy, and worked a big dildo up my ass, pumping it in and out and calling me slut and whore and bitch while slapping my ass.

And then she made me clean up the apartment.

Naked.

I had to get a garbage bag and pick up all the junk on the floor, then pick up all the clothes and stuff, fold them, and put them into two piles, one for clean, and one for dirty. Then I had to wash the dishes, clean the counter and put everything away, and when Tool came in I was on all fours scrubbing the floor.

And while I resented doing all this stuff, it was also kind of kinky and hot and wild since I was doing it naked with a collar around my throat and a buzzing vibrator in my pussy. Not to mention the fat dildo up my ass. When Tool saw me I blushed fiercely, but kept on scrubbing, feeling a hot rush of excitement run up my spine.

“Hey, Bitch,” he said, walking over to me. “Doing a good job there?”

“Yes,” I said in a low, quavering voice.

He was wearing battered cowboy boots, and he put one in front of where I was kneeling on all fours. “Maybe you could clean my boots too,” he said.

“I guess,” I said, not looking up.

He didn’t move, and I took the sponge I was using and shoved it into the pale of water, then squeezed most of the water out and moved my hand towards his feet.

“Not with that, you dumb cunt,” he said in amusement. “With your tongue.”

I looked up at him then, my mouth wide. And a kind of shudder of heat and sexual electricity ran through me. I felt my pussy kind of spasm around the buzzing vibrator, then I dropped the sponge, bent over lower, gripped his foot and with only a moment’s hesitation, brought my mouth to it and licked at it.

“That’s it, slut. Lick all along the top like that,” he said from above.

I licked at his boot, feeling a tremendous pulsing hunger and heat and excitement.

“Lick down around the ankle, slut,” he said.

I licked along the boot, down along the side, along the ankle, and then the ultimate – he cocked his foot back on the heel and showed me the underside. Gasping, moaning, red-faced, I bent really low and licked at the bottom of his boot just as Claude came over and laughed down at me. “What a fucking whore,” she said in amusement.

“We should make her our little slave girl,” Tool said.

Claude’s hand on my hair pulled me painfully up and back on my heels, gasping as she looked down at me. “Did I say you could lick my boyfriend’s boots, bitch?”

“N-No,” I gasped.

She slapped my face. “No, mistress,” she said.

“No, mistress!” I panted, throwing myself headlong into this wild, kinky scene.

She laughed and pulled my hair back more. I didn’t even try to fight her. I kept my hands down at my sides, moaning, my pussy throbbing.

“Beg for it, slut. Beg for his cock,” she taunted.

“Please fuck me,” I gasped, heart pounding, blood singing. “Please fuck me hard!”

“Master. Call him master, slut.”

“Please fuck me, master!” I gasped.

“After you finish cleaning the floor, slut,” Claude said, shoving me hard so I sprawled out on the floor, my breasts stinging as the rings hit the floor. “Understand, slut?”

“Yes, mistress,” I panted.

Tool laughed, and he and Claude went, arm in arm, back into the other room while I finished cleaning the kitchen floor. When Claude came back to inspect the floor, she said it was okay, and then made me crawl back into the front room where Tool was sitting back on one of the torn sofas drinking a beer and watching TV on their shitty little set. I had to crawl across the floor to him and then unzip his pants and suck his cock while he and Claude looked down at me and called me names.

Claude got a thin belt, too, and began to lash my ass every now and then with stinging blows as my lips bobbed up and down on Tools’ thick prick

“Fucking little whore,” she said as she slashed the belt across my ass. “Like sucking my boyfriend’s cock, do you? Dirty little slut! Go ahead and drink his come, you dirty bitch. Dirty little cum slut! Swallow his cock, you fucking twat!”

Crack! Crack! Crack!

My ass was soon hot and throbbing and aching as I bobbed up and down on Tool’s cock, but he held me in place by the hair, and I never really even tried to twist away or resist. I was so fucking hot that almost everything they did was like oil on the fire of the heat inside me.

“Please fuck me, Master,” I gasped, pulling my lips off to look up at him. “Please fuck my whore cunt!”

“No fucking way, slut,” he said. “I like your mouth on my cock. Now suck me off.”

I moaned and took him into my mouth again as his hand pushed down on my head. I gurgled and gasped as he slid up into my throat and my lips slid down to the base of his shaft, locked there as I tried to suck him.

But then Claude began to pump the dildo hard in my ass, at the same time rubbing at my clit and jerking the vibrator in and out, and the orgasm howled up around me and tore my mind to pieces. My eyes rolled back in my head and I bucked back in mindless overheated sexual exultation, screaming, really, around Tool's big cock as my mind melted down under the fiery heat and light storm that spilled over me.

In the midst of it, Tool sprayed his jism into my mouth and I swallowed it greedily, gasping and moaning and swallowing as the two of them turned me into an overheated sexual maniac gripped by a terrible sexual hunger and need.

It was an incredible cum, and seemed to go on and on and on, like an electrical storm inside my body. I bucked back against the dildo and vibrator, gurgling and moaning and choking on Tool's come as my mind tumbled through the churning whitewash of the flooding sexual pleasure.

Chapter Six

It would not have surprised me in the least to find that Claude and Tool had a pair of handcuffs. But I was a bit surprised by the thick leather restraints Claude produced. But then, she said, she'd borrowed them from someone.

They were quickly placed around my wrists and ankles as I lay there gasping, chest heaving, recovering from that shattering orgasm. Then I was slapped and pulled and shifted across to the much scared, age darkened wooden ceiling post which sat in the middle of the room. Claude pushed me back against it, then drew my hands up and back over my shoulders, then down behind my head, locking my wrists to a pair of heavy rings screwed into the wood on either side of the beam.

Tool moved behind me, squatted, and then gripped my ankles, pulling them back to either side of the post. Then he simply lifted them right up off the floor. I gasped, falling a bit, then held in place by the wrists. There were a pair of rings set into the sides of the post, lower down, and my ankle restraints were

soon attached to them by short chains.

This left me sort of hanging by my wrists, but also supported by my ankles. My knees were bent back, my ankles on either side of the post, helping support my weight. Still, my body was stretched out, my breasts taut, my arms up and back behind my head, shoulders and arms straining under the weight.

“I’m gonna go have a shower,” Claude said. “Have fun with our new bitch.”

I felt a surge of fear and excitement as she left me alone with him. I hardly knew Tool, and now here I was naked and helpless and at his mercy as he leered down at me.

“These are new,” Tool said, fingering the nipple rings, pulling lightly on them as I winced in pain.

“Yes, master,” I gasped.

“You’re a cock-hungry little whore, aren’t you?”

“Yes, master,” I said breathlessly.

I was. At least, right then and there.

He slapped my face stingingly and I gasped, blinking, then gasped again as he slapped the other side of my face and laughed.

“Slut,” he said derisively.

I moaned dazedly, and he grasped my hair in a thick bunch, pulling my face against his bare groin, rubbing my face against his flaccid cock.

“Lick it!” he sneered.

I licked almost blindly, gasping and panting as he used my hair as a handle to pull my face up and down against his groin. I sucked on his balls as he pushed them into my mouth, moaning, rolling my eyes up at him as he reached down to knead my breasts and to pinch my nipples and tug at the rings.

But with my arms bound up and back, and my ankles up and back, I was completely helpless, and my mouth was at the perfect height for him to use. At first he let me suck and lick as he hardened, but then he started to slap my breasts and to thrust into my mouth, pushing himself forward just enough for the head to lodge in my throat and make me gag.

“I love the way your throat squeezes down on my fuckin’ cock,” he said with a leer, thrusting in and out tauntingly.

I didn’t, of course, but there was nothing I could do about it, and his thrusts got deeper and deeper until he was soon forcing his fat prick right down my throat to the base, so that his pubic bone was crushing my nose and he was holding me there against him as his other hand kneaded and slapped at my breasts.

It was exciting, but it was also very hard to breath, and I began to get light-headed. It all began to seem like a dream, with the sharp little bursts of hot sensation as he slapped my breasts or twisted my nipples and jammed his cock into me so hard his pubic bone punched my nose and brought tears to my

already watery eyes.

I was drooling like a pig, saliva pouring over my lower lip every time he pulled back, gasping for breath, groaning as he taunted and used me. He pulled out several times just to slap my face, then rub his spit-wet cock all over my face. It was a long, slow throat fucking that had me dazed, that had black dots dancing before my eyes on occasion, that had my chest burning and my head throbbing as he raped my throat in casual cruelty.

And when he came, he pulled out and spewed his white juice into my face, laughing at me as I gasped for breath like a beached fish.

Claude had finished her shower by then and she laughed at me too, laughed at the saliva drooling out of my mouth and the semen dribbling down my face, and at my position, hanging there against the post limply, gasping, chest heaving.

“This bitch needs something in her drooling cunt,” Claude said, reaching under to finger my pussy.

“Get yer strap-on then,” Tool said.

“Nah, I like her like this.”

But she had a large collection of dildos, some of them quite large. She also had a very large hollow dildo that she called a French tickler. It was supposed to go over a guy’s cock, you see. That made it thicker than your average cock. It had funny little latex spikes at the tip, and fat, alternating rings running along its shaft. It also had these nifty little stubby things at the base which were meant to grind against your clit.

What they did was to force this French tickler thing over what had once been a round, wooden leg off a cheap coffee table. The leg was about twenty inches long and had a screw at the end which they wound up screwing into the beam at an upward angle. Then they gripped me under the arms and lifted me up so my groin was above it.

“Ass or pussy?” Tool asked.

“Stick it up her twat,” Claude said.

I felt the spiky latex tip rubbing against my hot, wet pussy, then felt the fat head penetrating me. I groaned as I sank down its length, shuddering with pleasure as it slid up through the soft, moist folds of my pussy, spreading them apart as it drove deeper.

With the way they had tied me I had a lot of control over my height. I could use my leg and arm muscles to slide upward, or let them go limp and slide far down until I was just about hanging there, knees barely above the floor. But I wanted the thing in deep, and so I sank down, revelling in the fat penetration, in the way the odd rings sawed across my sex lips as they penetrated me.

“Yeah, take that cock, slut,” Claude said. “Dirty little whore.”

She slapped my face, lightly, but stingingly, then slapped it again in the other direction. I moaned, my eyes becoming slits as I felt the spiky latex at the top of the tickler grind against my cervix. God! It was so deep inside me! I felt wild and thrilled and kinky as I gloried in the slutty game, as Tool fondled my breasts and I twisted myself around a little on the thick toy inside me.

Claude had gone away, but now she came back, playing with something. It looked like – it was – boot laces from her and Tool's boots. Four boot laces. I had no idea what she was doing with them. I didn't honestly care a lot either, except that I thought she must intend to tie me up in some way and that confused me.

Instead she folded the laces in half, then swung them against my chest. I cried out in surprise, then felt a hot burning excitement, a dark, wicked delight mixed with the sting as the laces struck my taut breasts. My back was arched, and my full breasts felt the flickering sparkles of pain as the plastic tips of the laces snapped at the soft skin.

"Fuck!" I cried.

"Ride that cock, whore!" Claude sneered, swinging them at my breasts again.

"Oww! Fuck!" I cried again.

Again they stung, and again wild surge of dark hunger swept through me. I began to ride harder on the cock, pulling myself upwards with arms and legs, then sinking back down. She whipped my breasts and I shuddered and moaned and cried out and rode faster, plunging down hard, painfully hard as my mind became a chaotic maelstrom of pleasure and pain, excitement and heat.

Tool slapped my face and I cried out, thrown off my pace, dropping down fully, gasping dazedly. Then I began to ride again, groaning as the laces slashed across my breasts harder and faster. They were already pink, with tiny red lines criss-crossing them, and Claude was clearly enjoying herself, her arm swinging again and again as I writhed and jerked and cried out and rode the chair leg jammed inside me.

"Wait a second," Tool said.

Claude halted but I kept riding, moaning, panting, gasping as I rode myself up and down. I was hardly aware of what Tool was doing as he slid a thick leather rope around my throat and pulled it tight, then fed the belt up and back to the beam. I gurgled as I sank down, and he held me there, his big hand on my shoulder, forcing me down hard on the dildo.

"Right about... here," he said.

Claude took the belt while he lifted me a bit and held me in place. She hammered a thick nail through the thing, then they let me go.

"Ride, slut!" Claude sneered, whipping my breasts.

The difference the belt made was that it fine as long as I was up high on the thing, but as I sank down the loop tightened, and by the time I was fully impaled on the French tickler, by the time it was jammed up higher, painfully deep in my cunt, the belt was so tight my eyes were bulging out of my head.

But it was just one more distraction to me. I was in a state of sexual fever where nothing much mattered but the wild heat gripping me. And while I choked every time I sank to the bottom the belt loosened as soon as I eased back up so I could still breathe. It did add to the wildness, though, and made it a bit hard to breath at times. Especially when I came. And I came hard not long after that.

With the orgasm sweeping around me I jammed myself deep onto the hard tickler, gurgling and

gasping as the belt choked me, grinding my clit against the base of the tickler and glorying in the wild waves of pleasure rolling over me. I jerked and humped in very short, frantic movements, grinding my clit savagely against the base of the tickler, and the oxygen deprivation actually seemed to enhance the orgasm, making it swell up inside me like a great balloon, so that the intensity blotted out the world.

I was drunk with it, insane with it. Nothing else mattered but the glorious pleasure, and I gave myself to it, jerking against the rope with as much delight as I rode the tickler, until I was virtually unconscious from lack of air.

Only Tool's hand seizing my hair and pulling my head up and back kept me from blacking out, but I didn't care. I was really that far gone.

"Dumb cunt," he said.

I gulped in air, my eyes glassy, hardly seeing them. Then as my vision cleared I saw Claude with a big dildo. She spit into my open mouth, then thrust the dildo into it and drove it down my throat, fucking my throat with it as I trembled and shook.

She laughed and pulled it out, and then they left me there to go and watch some reality TV show.

By then I had enough mental capacity to lift myself up a bit so I could breathe. But I was also really weak; exhausted by the frenzied way I had worked myself up and down, and by the power of the shocking orgasm which had torn through me. After a few minutes I settled on hanging there, mostly. I had turned my head a bit to the side so the belt didn't cut off my air totally, and whenever I found it too hard to breath I would use my arm or leg muscles to ease myself up just a little bit – a little bit was all it took – to draw in a shaky breath of air.

I felt sore inside, deep inside my abdomen, where I'd jammed myself down on that tickler thing. It was only thin latex, after all, over hard wood. And I'd really been riding it hard. It had been punching up into my gut with a lot of force. Now I half hung there, groaning weakly, gurgling, gulping in air in short, ragged gasps and gulps as they sat and watched TV.

Although I said I had enough mental capacity to realize I needed to breath, that didn't mean my mind was working normally. I was awash in heat and sparkling nerve endings. I was still gripped by a deep sexual hunger, and my pussy was throbbing around the thing inside me. My nipples ached but sparkled, and while I gasped and sweated and moaned I wanted to continue, to be used, to be fucked, to be abused. I was really getting off on it all, in a wild, uninhibited way that had cast aside everything else but the hedonistic desire inside me.

I was feeling very masochistic as I hung there, very hot and excited by what they'd done to me, by my helplessness, and even by the redness of my breasts where Claude had whipped me.

An hour later, when the TV show was over, she went to the bathroom, then came back and made me lick her pussy. She cursed me and called me names and sneered at my pussy licking skills, pulling sharply at my hair, and slapping my breasts and face. That was when she got the idea to pierce my tongue. She'd bought the piercing package, and it still had a couple of barbells in it.

So after I'd licked her to a come Tool got a pair of pliers, and he seized my tongue and pulled it out hard – painfully hard, and she pierced it, then popped barbells through it.

Laughing, she then used a vibrator on my pussy to make me come until I was so weak I could

hardly breathe.

Then they left me hanging there for another couple of hours, gurgling weakly.

I slept on the floor next to their mattress, hog-tied, with big dildos up my ass and pussy tied in place. I slept despite this, because I was so exhausted.

In the morning, Tool sodomised me, then Claude slid her leg between mine so our legs were scissored, her pussy against mine, and ground herself against me until she came.

After I showered, she advised me on how to take care of my new piercing, then dressed me in a too-tight pair of short, shorts and a thin green tank top that felt like it was meant for a man. It was too small and tight across my breasts, showing a lot of cleavage, and open at the sides from under my arm until about six inches down so that the sides of my breasts were bare. Aside from these, and the dog collar, I was naked, for she didn't want me wearing any underwear.

I did, at least, get to wear a hip length coat on the way to the shop, and we stopped and picked up some mineral water and a little sack of ice to put in the fridge at work. She said I could suck on the ice to ease the throbbing of the tongue piercing.

"How did our slut do last night?" Shelby asked.

"Slut learned how to swallow cock better," Claude said with a smug grin. "And slut got a new present. Show her your present, slut."

I reluctantly opened my mouth, and Shelby inspected the tongue piercing, which was centered and up near the tip. It felt really weird, and it was hard to not keep trying to chew on it or push it out, as if I had something in my mouth.

"Nice," Shelby said. "That's gonna feel even nicer on my pussy with the right ring."

"You bet," Claude said.

"It hurts," I complained.

I gasped and leapt forward at a sharp slap to my ass.

"You were made to be hurt, slut," Claude said.

I reluctantly took off the coat, and Shelby admired the tight, revealing top, and how the short, shorts accentuated my "round little ass".

"The only problem is she's not supposed to have oral sex for weeks with that," she pointed out.

Claude shrugged. "If it gets infected, it gets infected. What do we care?"

Shelby laughed. "Yeah, you're right!"

She grabbed my hair and yanked my head back. "Did you get your little cunt filled last night, slut?"

"Yes!" I gasped.

“Tool fucked her in all three holes,” Claude said.

“Maybe she needs more cock,” Shelby said. “Maybe we should find her a nice football team for a good old-fashioned gang bang.”

“No, I don’t,” I gulped.

Claude yanked back on my hair painfully “Did you forget to say mistress, slut?”

“No, mistress!” I gasped.

She slapped my ass hard. “Are you calling me a liar, slut?”

“No, mistress!” I cried. “I mean, I’m sorry, mistress!”

The two laughed and fondled and squeezed my breasts, my ass, and my pussy through the short shorts. Then I was set to doing inventory, a tiresome, boring job they both hated.

It was a quiet morning as it began to drizzle outside. There were not many customers. And only one that they made me show my breasts openly to. There were a number who saw them anyway, of course, or at least, the side of my breasts as they passed by. They mostly tried not to stare, but they were looking. The creamy bareness of my breasts was kind of hard to miss.

For lunch they had Chinese food, but I wasn’t allowed to eat anything spicy because of the recent tongue piercing. They made me eat salad and then rinse my mouth out with salty water.

They did let me suck and chew on ice cubes most of the morning, though, and it helped.

And they’d both gotten lots of sex the other night, so aside from gropes and slaps they mostly left me alone to do the inventory. Then again, that was punishment enough.

Chapter Seven

It was called a rave. And it was a wild one, in a dark, abandoned warehouse that quickly became stifling with the hundreds of bodies thrashing around inside it. The music pounded, shaking the frame of the building, and lights flashed and spun from the roof and walls. Claude and Shelby were dressed in typical skanky fashion, with short skirts and revealing tops. Tool wore leather pants and no top.

Shelby and Claude dressed me in what I guess you could call a skin-tight black net bodysuit. It was not entirely see-through, but it hid very little. Under it I was wearing a black stretchy, sparkly thing which consisted of one four inch strip running up from between my buttocks to my shoulders, where it separated into two four inch strips to cross my shoulders, go down across my breasts, and then rejoin into one four inch piece at my groin. It hid most of my breasts from directly in front, but left an awful lot

to see from any other direction. It was unquestionably the sluttiest thing I'd ever worn out, but the girls had given me no choice.

I had to wear the dog collar too.

And just to make sure I remembered what was what and who was who, they stuffed a fat butt-plug up my ass and a dildo up my pussy before dressing me. In reasonably bright light the little bulge the base of the dildo made in the fabric was easily visible if you looked. Fortunately, there was little of that in the warehouse.

At the rave we met about a dozen of their friends, and while I wasn't the main topic of conversation, it was soon clear they all knew who – and what I was.

“Nice outfit, slut,” one of them, a blonde girl said.

And that was what all of them called me that night, as if it were my name. Even when we were sitting together at tables and they wanted me to toss them a lighter they'd say “Toss me that lighter, Slut.”

Claude and Shelby told them that I had a dildo inside me, too, and a butt-plug, and they found it hilarious, and insisted on asking me about them, and asking me if I was getting horny, and other things designed to make my already red face burn with embarrassment. But the more I drank the less it bothered me. Besides, I kind of got used to it.

I danced a lot, and was groped almost every time, squeezed, kneaded, pinched, slapped, and rubbed by every guy and girl who danced with me. There in the near darkness, they pinched my nipples and rubbed at my pussy, and pushed at the base of the dildo with the heel of their hand, whispering into my ear how much I needed to be fucked hard.

I didn't really mind, though. Someone had put something into my drink, probably ecstasy, and I was feeling no pain, throwing myself around in time to the music, bobbing and weaving, thrashing and spinning, and having a great time. I really didn't have an issue with people kissing, fondling and groping me. I felt very free, and no troublesome thoughts disturbed me.

Even when I was sitting and Shelby and a guy whose name I didn't know began openly fondling and groping me while the others looked on and commented, well, it was dark, and I really had no choice, and I was kind of buzzed. So I found myself kind of slumped back in the chair, my legs held up cross the laps of the two people on either side: Shelby, and the guy. Shelby got the narrow strip of clothe across my pussy pulled aside, and then pumped the dildo in and out. The guy got the strips across my breasts pulled aside and he began to suck at my nipples. The others looked on laughing, sneering, making obscene jokes and comments.

It was – embarrassing, kind of, but the physical pleasure seemed to outweigh the embarrassment, and I felt my sexual energy and heat and hunger rising rapidly.

I was kind of held in place. I mean, my right leg was draped across Shelby's left, but her right was on top of my leg. Do you get the picture? It was the same with the guy on my other side. Then Shelby held my left arm down across the back of the chair, and the guy held my right arm the same way. It was a big, dark warehouse, remember, with these cheap plastic chairs and tables thrown all around the sides. The main light was in the middle, the dance floor, and even that wasn't much. The lights on the tables were basically provided by candles.

And it wasn't like the crowd would be outraged. There were a lot of things going on there; a lot of semi nudity and groping and making out.

So no one other than our table really paid attention, in the darkness, with the music pounding, as Shelby pumped the dildo in and out of me in deeper, longer strokes.

I was getting off on it, moaning softly, gasping for breath. The warehouse was very hot with all those bodies, and I was already sweating. Then some guy just walked up alongside me, next to me, gripped my hair, turned my head, and shoved his dick into my mouth. I gurgled in surprise, and he rammed himself into my throat, pulling me forward as I gagged and choked, jamming my nose against him as the others at the table laughed and cheered.

He pulled back and I began to suck on it instinctively, licking weakly as he stroked in and out. I gurgled as he forced himself down my throat again, trembling and shaking, my arms pulling against the hands holding me in place. The others cheered him on as he fucked my face and throat, and then, very quickly, I think, he shoved himself deep and spat his semen into my belly.

When he pulled out and released me my head kind of lolled back and I gulped in air, gasping for breath, my back arched across the back of the plastic chair.

Shelby was still pumping the dildo in my pussy, and stroking her thumb across my clit every time she shoved it deep. The other guy was still fondling and sucking on my breasts. Then this other guy walked up behind the chair. I was arched back across it, remember, and he kind of took my hair and pulled me down even harder. The back of the chair dug into my underarms as he pulled my head down, and then he shoved his cock into my open mouth from behind. My head was practically upside down, and his prick slid straight into my throat as he began to fuck himself in and out with long, deep strokes.

I don't remember a lot more about that. I think I might have passed out, maybe from lack of oxygen. But I remember still being sitting, leaning back, no cock in my throat then as I breathed deeply, and then came hard, my ass bucking up and down on the plastic chair as the orgasm sent a wild thrill of sexual energy ripping through my nervous system.

I didn't go home with Shelby or Claude, though. I remember Claude had my arm and was helping me outside and into a car. But I didn't know the people in the car; the guy driving or the guy making out with me in the back seat. They were both older, like in their late twenties or early thirties, and they were black men.

I was uncomfortable with Black men. I mean, I'm no racist, but where I come from good girls didn't date Blacks. Blacks were violent, and all-too-often involved in crime and drugs and who knew what. But there was also a sexual mystique about them; about them wanting White girls, and about their sexual performance, stamina and size. So while, even in my dazed state I was a little concerned and wary and anxious, I was also curious and excited and aroused.

The guy with me in the back was rubbing at me, pumping the dildo, and plunging his tongue into my mouth as he groped my breasts. It was dark, and I guess his skin really didn't matter that much as I began to grind myself against him as the heat and pleasure began to drive me towards a powerful come.

Then we stopped and they hustled me inside, into a normal enough looking house, where they stripped off the net bodysuit and the thin V-shaped strip and began to really go at me. But then they stopped to carefully tie me up. I was confused at that. Why were they tying me up when I wasn't doing anything to resist them?

But they weren't making conversation with me. Except to tell me to stand still and shut up and not move.

They wound ropes across my shoulders down around my breasts, very carefully winding loop after loop around the side of each breast, tight against my ribs, and then wound more loops across my chest above my breasts, and below, The loops went completely around me, and tied my wrists together way up behind my shoulder blades, where they had forced them, and also tied my arms together, bent at the elbows, and jammed up behind me.

My breasts felt hot and fat and taut, like they were ready to explode. They were very, very round, and very, very firm because of how the ropes were circling them. The nipples felt under pressure, like they would explode.

It occurred to me in passing that I didn't know where I was or who the men were, or even their names. But then I was kneeling on the floor, one of them shoving down on the top of my head, jamming my lips down his shaft, while the other was ramming his cock into me from behind, gripping my hips and pounding away at me. He felt big, but I couldn't tell how big. My nose was jammed into the other man's groin as his cock filled my mouth and throat.

I tried to suck, to lick, but there really wasn't a lot for me to do. He was gripping my hair, forcing my head up and down his shaft, fucking my throat, and all I could really do was try to concentrate on breathing. My body shook and shuddered as the other guy rammed into me from behind, his hands slapping and kneading my buttocks, and reaching down to grope my taut, bound breasts.

I had a moment of clarity; like, what the hell am I don't here, but it passed, then, and my mind fell back to fuzz as they double teamed me, front and back. I was turned around, and the guy who'd been fucking me gripped my hair and drove himself into my throat, while the other guy fucked me from behind. Then they turned me back again, only this time the guy behind me pulled the butt-plug out and fucked me in the ass.

Then I was lying on the rug, panting, and they were gone. I remember hearing their voices, talking to each other. They carried something into the room, and I was dragged to my feet, sagging, glassy eyed, tired, and drunk. The thing they'd dragged up looked like a sawhorse, those things you saw that blocked off traffic, only not so long, about a foot and a half lower, and painted black. And they'd kind shaved the crosspiece so that instead of being flat on top it was angled down to either side.

I was hefted up across it and sat down so I was straddling it. That was all right as long as I could put my feet on the floor. Of course, it was so low I had to bend my legs and kind of spread them apart. It was almost low enough to get my knees on the floor, after all. But, then, after putting a noose around my throat and pulling it up above me to a ceiling beam, they pulled my ankles up and back and tied them to the beam behind me. That left me straddling that narrow bit of wood, and it hurt.

It also left me trying to breathe, because while the noose wasn't totally choking me it sure was tight enough to make it harder to breath. The harder I breathed the harder it was to breath, if you get my meaning. Well, the longer I sat straddling that thing the more it hurt me down there, and then the more the pain mounted the harder I was wanting to breathe.

One of them had a big vibrator. It was a long wand with a small round tip about half the size of a golf ball, and he jammed it in against my sex, kind of rubbing it from side to side as I swayed and moaned and the air rattled loudly in and out of my constricted throat.

The vibrator had an effect. The pain was not yet terrible, and I could lean back a bit, taking more of my weight on my tailbone. Of course, jamming over a hundred pounds of weight down on your tailbone, on a narrow seat like that, is going to hurt, and the longer you do it the more it's gonna hurt.

I was rocking slowly, backward and forward, gasping, moaning, trying to shift my weight to ease the pain. But easing the pain in one part of me just increased it on the other, and it got worse and worse. And even while that was happening that soft, round ball rubbing against my clit was making my blood pump and heart race, the muscles in my belly kind of spasming as I tried to buck forward against it.

My head was turned to the side, then, by a large, Black hand, and I found that he was erect once more as he thrust himself into my open mouth.

Of course, it was already hard to breath because of the rope around my neck. With his cock in my mouth, a cock he quickly pushed down my throat, it was almost impossible. No, it was impossible. But the way they did it – the other guy being hard too – was that the first guy forced himself down my throat to the balls, jamming my nose into his groin, into his pubic hair. He then pulled back and gave me a couple of short, deep pumps, and then pulled out. The other one immediately turned my head to the other side, and he pushed his cock into my mouth and down my throat, jamming my nose into his groin.

I got to breath in between when one pulled out, and the other cock went into my throat. And that left me even more glassy-eyed, dazed and light-headed than I'd already been.

They alternated like this as my pussy jammed down onto the wood, and as the round little vibrator continued to play over my clit. Their hands occasionally rubbed and squeezed my heart breasts, or ran over my body, and they played up the race thing by saying things like "Suck that nigger cock, white bitch," and "You like that black cock, you little white whore?"

Their words really didn't mean a lot to me at the time, though. Really, I was mainly trying to breath.

When the orgasm swept through me it came as an almost complete surprise. I felt the surge of pleasure and tension and energy and felt my hips begin to buck, my insides squirming and twisting, a hot rush of power and energy flooding into my skull. My body trembled and shook and I gurgled a little more around the cock in my throat. The pain was awful by then, but it didn't seem to matter. The orgasm screamed along my nervous system and shook me like a rag doll.

It left me lifeless, drifting, dazed, and they pulled their cocks out of my slack mouth, slapping my face a few times, calling me a dirty little white slut, trying to wake my mind up a little more so they could continue.

Eventually they both came in my face. Then they untied my ankles, pulled them up and back against my thighs, and tied them there. They worked on my clit with the vibrator some more, pinched and rubbed my nipples, and worked me up to the edge of another climax. Then they slowly pulled the rope tighter, so the noose closed almost completely, and began to take my weight.

As it took my weight, of course, the pain in my groin began to ease. There just is nothing like the easing of a long-time pain. It was an incredible rush through my body and mind. They pulled harder, and I gasped as the noose tightened. Then it actually lifted me fully off the horse thing, and one of them pulled it out from under me. I was physically hanging by the neck, gurgling, breathless – and climaxing.

The relief from the hard, deep, gnawing pain in my pussy was glorious, and when combined with my already tense state of sexual pleasure, and the vibrator buzzing against my clit, it drove me over the edge.

And I mean completely over the fucking edge. The storm of sexual pleasure was violent and intense. I would have screamed if I could have breathed. I shook and spasmed and shuddered and twisted and bucked as the orgasm tore through me.

I swung around, gurgling, strangling, spasming and jerking as the longest orgasm of my life caught at me and spun me like a leaf in a high windstorm. The orgasm went on and on and on, and then darkness took me.

I woke up in a very large bed. Most of the ropes were gone from around me. But the noose was still around my throat, tying me to the headboard. My wrists were tied together behind my back. I was lying between the two naked black men. They were both much larger than me, and they were both on their sides facing me, pawing and fondling my body.

My throat hurt, but I could breathe easily. The rope around my throat was not tight. My legs were apart as one of them fingered me, and it hurt down there. I was very sore, very bruised, but that also made my clitoris extremely sensitive. And when one of them went down there and began to gently lick at me I almost lost my mind. I came, bucking and screaming as he mounted me, crushed my body with his, and rammed his cock into me with unrestrained fury.

He rode me through the orgasm, then eased off, and rolled over, with me on top of him. The other one moved behind and I felt his cock working its way into my ass. I was so limp in the afterglow of the orgasm that he found it easy, and soon the two of them were fucking me, front and back, their big black cocks moving faster and harder inside me as the sexual steam began, impossibly, to reignite.

The feel of the two of them thrusting away inside me was just incredible. Even in the midst of everything else I was transfixed, all my attention on my abdomen, where those two soft yet hard, hot yet slick cocks were pumping wildly, churning up my belly, my juices, my mind, until another orgasm – though a weaker one – rippled through my body.

That was where I came to love being fucked in both holes at once. And the next morning, in the shower, they did it again, with me standing between them, their hands kind of holding me up as they did me, as they crushed me between their hard, black bodies.

Then they found some old dress, something a whore would wear, and even then too small for me, and insisted on seeing me out to the cab, where, in front of the staring Arab cabbie, they told me what a tight ass I had, how much they loved fucking me, and how they appreciated a white woman who could take very last inch of cock down her throat.

Chapter Eight

I was hanging upside down, spread-eagled, naked. My hair was pulled into a pony tail and tied with cord. The cord pulled my pony tail up and back so my face was aimed straight at the floor. It was tied to a plug of some kind they'd shoved up my ass. They'd also pushed a vibrator into my pussy and turned it on.

My tongue was being pulled out of my head. They'd attached a thin chain to the tongue ring, and

attached a weight. And while the weight wasn't enormous the steady pressure on my tongue was aggravating and painful. I couldn't see it, though, because I was blindfolded.

There was loud, hip-hop music playing, but I could occasionally hear snatches of voices over it. I knew that Shelby and Claude weren't alone. There were three other girls with them. I didn't know what they were doing. They hadn't touched me since they'd tied me like this and I thought that was a good hour earlier.

They were always tying me up, though, so there was nothing unusual about this. They were often hanging things from my tongue and nipples, too. My nipples had swollen or grown or something, and were longer than they used to be. My tongue was much longer, or at least, I could stretch it more.

When the three had arrived: Carol, Suzanne, and Sara, Shelby had me acting as servant, you know, getting them drinks and stuff. I was naked then. I was always naked around her place. I wore a collar, wrist bands, ankle bands, and nothing else.

I had kind of moved in with Shelby. She had said it was stupid to be wasting money on my own place when I was never there, and that made a kind of sense. Though in truth, it was just hard to argue with Shelby any more. If I disagreed about anything she'd slap my ass or face or breasts or something. And I was getting used to doing whatever she or Claude or Tool or – really, anyone – told me to do.

I had a special kind of tongue ring, now. It was mostly flat, but had a soft latex covering on top, with little spikes. Apparently it felt incredible when it went over a girl's clit. And after they were comfortably settled and after they'd spent some time talking about work, friends, politics, and me, and what a hot little slut I was, they could to experience it as I licked each of them to a come.

While I did that they amused themselves by pumping big dildos up my ass and pussy, of course.

Then Shelby showed them one of my exercises. She took off that tongue ring, and substituted a different one. This one had two long, thin, flat strips, with a little spoon on the edge that protruded over the tip of my tongue. She set out two large, like salad bowls, one of them filled with salt. My job was to shovel the salt from the one bowl to the other with my tongue.

Then they removed the spoon and I had to type out an obscene confession about what a filthy little cock loving, pussy licking slut I was on her laptop with my tongue – not on the keyboard, but on a little writing pad. I had a little stylus attached to my tongue, and I had to draw the letters on the little screen, twisting and working my tongue around again and again to form the letters.

After I'd done that they had tied me up like this and left me hanging for a while.

I could hear bits and pieces of conversation. Sometimes it wasn't even about me. Sometimes it was about musical groups or actors or someone's job. When it was about me it was usually insulting, and had suggestions for Shelby about what to do with me. One person suggested I be shaved bald, but Shelby said she liked to pull on my hair. Another suggested I be brought to a strip club and made to work there, though that apparently upset the lesbian feminists in the group. There were also suggestions I be sold as a prostitute, and that I was such a slut they should have dogs fuck me. There was also talk of a web site with videos and pictures of me.

I wasn't sure how it all went because the music was loud, but I was relieved Shelby didn't seem to have much enthusiasm. I wasn't sure I could say no to Shelby. It was weird. I mean, I didn't love Shelby or Claude. But it was as if all my willpower had just been sucked right out of me (no pun intended), and I

was not capable of standing up to them. I admit that I was thrilled by a lot of this bondage and sex stuff, but there was lots of it I wasn't so thrilled about either. I was not a natural submissive. I wasn't used to being pushed around all the time – on everything – by everyone.

Then again, I wasn't used to being brave and experimental either. I wasn't used to public exposure, to public nudity, to public sex. And as thrilling and exciting as it had been I knew I would never have done it on my own. I was a slut. Everyone called me "slut" as if it were my name. I couldn't remember the last time anyone had called me by my actual name.

Even in the store Claude and Shelby called me slut. They even had a little name tag put on me which said "Slut". I was now giving blow jobs to guys who had bought ten CDs. Some of them were buying CDs or DVDs just for the blowjob. It was good, you see, really good. I had no gag reflex to speak of any more, and my tongue was very strong and agile.

I wore very little to work. It was usually very short, very tight shorts or mini, a nearly see-through top with deep cleavage, and stiletto heels. Whenever a guy would present his paper with ten breasts Shelby would send me behind the curtain where there was a small bathroom and storage room, and I'd get on my knees and deep-throat him until he came.

So anyway, after the girls took turns whipping and flogging me there as I lay bound upside down, and used their tongues and the vibrator to bring me off a half dozen or more times, Shelby untied me, hog tied me, and left me like that for the night.

Then, a few days later, she did up my hair nice, and had me put on a new outfit. It was basically a schoolgirl uniform, with very short tartan skirt, white blouse, tie and blazer, white knee socks and black shoes. I thought I looked very cute in it: sexy but cute.

Without telling me where we were going, she brought me on the subway – where I got a lot of attention, believe me, and then up to a club; a lesbian club. Now there are lesbian bars and clubs, and then there are lesbian bars and clubs. This one was very expensive, and catered to a wealthier, older crowd. Few of the women inside were much under forty, certainly none were under thirty.

A lot of heads turned as we walked in. We were both younger than everyone else, and neither of us was dressed as they were: mainly in expensive business suits. Well, it was just after work.

Shelby took me through the bar and then through a door in the rear behind the bar marked "employees", and then presented me to a short, bespectacled woman in her mid thirties. She looked harmless, and was wearing a blue button-down shirt and black trousers.

"Hi Julie, this is the girl I was talking about," Shelby said.

She hadn't even told me what was happening. I blinked at the woman and she looked up and down.

"You're not a lesbian?" she asked.

I blushed a bit and shook my head "No," I said.

"Interesting. What's under the skirt?"

I hesitated but when Shelby made an impatient motion I lifted it up to show her the little tartan thong. Looking into my eyes, she reached forward casually and cupped my pussy. I did nothing as she rubbed

her hand along my crotch, then pulled down the thong and looked at my shaven sex.

She ran her finger along my slit as I stood there holding my skirt up, then wormed one inside me, pumping it in and out a little as I swallowed nervously and looked at Shelby.

“Is she any good?”

“Is she ever,” Shelby said enthusiastically.

“All right. I’ll try her this evening.”

Shelby grinned and nodded, then took my jaw in her hand and narrowed her eyes. “You do whatever Julie tells you. Understand, slut?”

And then she was gone. Julie looked at me curiously as I stood there, then pulled my thong back up.

“Get on your knees... slut,” she said.

Heart pounding, I obeyed, kneeling in the small back office as she got up and went past me to the door. She locked it, then undid her pants, pulled them down, and came back to sit back in her chair. She spread her legs, draping them across the arms of the chair, and then motioned me forward.

I leaned in and began to lick. I had that latex covered tongue ring on again, and she began to gasp and wriggle as soon as I started licking her. It took very little time to bring her to a come.

After that, it seemed my job was to wait on tables.

It was a quiet little bar, and I’d been a waitress before, so it presented no great challenges. The only difference was that instead of men looking me over appreciatively it was women. But I was well past any sense of discomfort about women lusting after my body.

I got a lot of pats and squeezes on the ass, but again, there was nothing odd about that.

What was different from the last place I’d worked was that there, when I wasn’t clearing tables or bringing drinks, I would sit at the bar chatting with the bartender. Here, they had me go into the back, where there was a small room not unlike a toilet. This room had a comfortable chair, and nothing else. And there women would come in and sit and spread their legs while I performed oral sex on them, or they’d simply stand up and I’d kneel and eat them like that.

I guess I was there about four hours that evening, and ate out about ten women, many of them old enough to be my mother.

So every day from then on I would go to the shop and do inventory and stock shelves and take orders and give blowjobs, then after work, go to the bar, where I would take orders, deliver drinks, bus tables, and eat pussy.

It was tiring, and I wasn’t even getting any of the money. I didn’t even know how much the bar was paying, or the women. One of them told me I was well worth the money, but not how much that was. Shelby had stopped paying me at the shop, too, saying that I didn’t need money since she was supplying my room, board, and anything else I needed.

It wasn't until I'd been at the bar a week that I took part in my first leather night. I wore thigh high black leather boots with stiletto heels, shoulder length leather gloves, and a leather collar. I wore a black leather thong, and a black leather bustier which was really low cut, I mean, the top was little more than a shelf to lift, squeeze and present my breasts to anyone who wanted to look at them. It barely covered my nipples, and I had to keep tugging it up as they slipped out.

Leather night actually started at ten, so I had to change then, and I got a lot of attention when I went back out into the bar. Most of them were in leather of one sort or another, some of it revealing, some not. My breasts were caressed and fondled at almost every table I waited on, and Julie finally had me take the bustier off altogether. Then she found a pair of tiny chains to hook my nipple rings to the ring at the front of my collar.

That stung a bit, for they were just the right length when I was standing still. Breasts, however, didn't stand still, unless they were fake, and mine jiggled as I walked, pulling repeatedly against the little chains to that my nipples were soon very stiff and getting more sore the more I moved around.

I was fondled even more now, and a lot of hands cupped and squeezed my breasts, some of them quite harshly, as I moved around bringing drinks and taking away empties.

All of them seemed to know that I wasn't a lesbian, that I liked cock, and taunted and leered at me a lot about that. They seemed to like it that while I wasn't a lesbian, they could still do whatever they wanted with me.

I felt – I don't know, like a sheep waiting on wolves, with all those eyes on me, all those lips being licked, all those salivating women wanting to jump me. But while that made me nervous and self-conscious, it also made me hot. Then again, almost everything made me hot now. I was not sent in the back to perform on them, though. I thought maybe it was because we were busier, at first, but that didn't turn out to be it.

I didn't get any notice. Julie just simply called over to me at the side of the bar, told me to turn around and cross my wrists behind me, and then tied them together with leather cord.

I was even more the centre of attention now, of course. She had done it quietly, but it was like everyone had been waiting.

Julie pulled down my thong and I anxiously stepped out of it, face red, heart pounding, wondering what was going to happen. There must have been fifty women in the bar.

Julie led me over to a strange looking chair which had been wheeled in. It looked, I thought, like a hollow chair with a low platform to rest your feet on.

It turned out the platform was what I was to sit on, backwards. Julie and another woman then tilted me back and put my head into the hollow in the "seat", and locked my collar there. My legs were then lifted up and spread, then ankles tied to the arms of the chair with leather cords.

I was completely exposed now, and the first woman sat on the chair, backwards, as it turned out, and pressed her pussy down against my tongue. Given something obvious to do I began to tongue her immediately. I couldn't see anything else but her but I felt hands caressing and stroking my body, felt fingers wriggling into my pussy and rubbing and pushing against my anus. My breasts were kneaded, my nipples twisted and tugged, and then something large began to push against my bare little sex.

The world narrowed, for me, to the pussy pressed against my mouth. I could raise my eyes upwards, up across her abdomen to where she held her skirt, up past it to her face high above, leering down at me, but for the most part, I just licked at her pussy, at her clit, and tried to suck on it as she rolled her pussy back and forth across my face.

Whatever was being pushed into my pussy was very fat, and I could feel the strain, the tension, even the pain as whoever was pushing it twisted it from side to side, changing the angle and pressure. A vibrator rubbed against my clit, and lips sucked on my nipples. Then the thing forced its way past my sex lips and began to penetrate me. It was hard, but had some give in it. It felt like a latex dildo, and while I gasped and grunted as it was forced into me, my attention was still mainly on the pussy above me.

I felt fingers at my anus then, and then something else there, another toy being inserted, narrow at its tip, but broadening rapidly as it slid deeper. I could hear the muffled sound of voices around me, bits and pieces of conversations, but nothing in particular. I wasn't paying much attention to it except that the sound continued to reinforce in my mind that I was the centre of attention, that numerous people were standing around watching me, perhaps waiting for their chance to get I on the action.

The thing in my pussy was getting deeper, making me feel stuffed, and contributing to a dazed state of excitement and sexual arousal. I liked being deeply penetrated and the thing was so fat and thick it was making me feel as though I'd been impaled. The one in my ass was narrower, but was already pumping in and out and twisting around.

Then it was withdrawn, and a fatter one pushed inside.

I kept licking, panting, moaning, and sucking, and the woman sitting atop me came with a cry, bouncing atop my face. She sighed and pulled herself off, and was almost immediately replaced by a second one. "Fuck she has a lovely tongue," she groaned before the new one sat down.

I began to lick at the new one, and she squirmed wildly atop me, her reactions much quicker and more powerful than the other woman.

The dildos in my pussy and ass were pulled out, and then my ass was penetrated again. This one was much thicker than the previous one, and a part of me thought it must be the one which had just pulled out of my pussy. Fingers were in my pussy now, three, no, four of them, pumping, twisting, squirming as a tongue alternated with the vibrator in rousing my clit. My breasts were being continuously sucked and licked and squeezed and caressed in a way which was making them extremely sensitive and sending hot little burning shockwaves through my chest.

The woman atop me came with a shuddering groan of pleasure. "God, I love that fucking tongue!" she exclaimed as she was helped off.

"That tongue ring is something else," someone else said, as another woman sat atop me.

The fingers in my pussy pulled out, and something else was pushed into me, this one about as thick as the last, but harder, and much less smooth. It felt – I don't know – very oddly shaped, tubular, but uneven, parts of it smooth, parts uneven and some parts scratchy – sharp, uncomfortable. It pushed slowly into me, twisting slowly from side to side as I licked the third woman to a climax.

When she got off the thing was pulled from my pussy, and then someone was hovering over me, her face close to mine, smirking, holding something in her hand.

“Suck this, slut,” she ordered.

It was a dildo – sort of. It was a dildo whose surface was half covered in marbles, but soft ones, latex marbles, and half covered in sharp little rubber or latex studs. She pushed it into my mouth but I could barely get my jaw wide enough, and I gurgled as she pushed it deeper into my mouth, as those slick, wet studs and marbles slipped over my straining lips and across my tongue. They were soft, but there was a hardness behind them, and I moaned as she pushed it in and out, slowly pumping it in my mouth.

At the very bottom of the big dildo was a short little base, and on it was a single latex stud, sharper and larger than the others, pointing the same direction as the dildo. I wondered what it could be for. I noted that the actual dildo was much longer than usual. The part which was covered in soft marbles and studs was perhaps a foot long, but there was another bare foot beyond that, which I took to be a handle.

Then the thing was withdrawn, and another woman sat atop my face. I felt the big dildo pushing into my pussy, felt the odd combination of rounded marbles and studs scraping through my straining pussy. Then it was shoved deep, hard and deep, and I cried out in some pain as it jammed against my cervix. It pulled back, and plunged in hard, and I felt the sharp little sting as that odd little stud at the base jammed against my aroused clit.

So that was what it was for, a part of me thought, licking and sucking actively at the fourth pussy to be placed over me.

Using the handle on the dildo, someone was pushing and twisting it much more harshly than had been the case previously. It was really beginning to churn up inside me as it plunged deep into my soon-aching pussy again and again and again.

It – hurt. But, how can I explain this – it also felt incredibly raw and sexual and exciting. And my pussy, my entire groin was so aflame with hunger and lust and arousal that the pain was merely sensation, and sensation was driving me up into higher and higher realms of arousal so that even though it hurt, it still felt good. Can you understand that?

It punched into me faster and faster as the fifth woman took her place, and my legs were jerking and spasming against the bonds, instinctively trying to pull free, to close, to protect my aching pussy. Each deep thrust felt like a hard punch deep inside, and I was crying out in reaction now, dazed, intoxicated with the heady sex haze wrapped around my mind and body.

The sharp little latex spike punching into my clit with each deep thrust hurt more, at first. Then the soreness gave way to a hot, burning numbness, which then gave in to a strange sense of ultra-sensitivity which began to throw gas on the sexual fire inside me. I was close to a massive orgasm as number six sat on my face and began to grind her pussy back and forth across my lips and tongue.

When it hit, nothing else mattered. The world faded. I bucked and shook in violent response, convulsions tearing through me, my mind blasted into raw, dazed, animal instinct as the orgasm hammered through me like a hurricane. I shook like an epileptic, gurgling and gasping and crying out until the breath left me and my body threatened to fade into unconsciousness.

Panting for breath, sweating, eyes glassy, I slowly came back to consciousness with number six slapping at my face, and someone pulling and twisting at my nipples. The thing in my pussy was still pumping, and I began to weakly push my tongue up against the pussy before me.

My tongue had gotten a lot stronger, of late. And I had learned a lot more about licking pussies. The tongue ring did indeed contribute mightily to bringing women off. But after I'd licked ten women to come my jaw and tongue were just too sore to continue.

They unlocked me and lifted me slowly up. The handle had somehow pulled out of the big dildo thing in my pussy, and I shuddered as they pulled me into a sitting position and it jammed fully into me. They held me in place as I writhed and moaned, and the last inch of that, and the dildo up my ass were forced inside me. Then I was pulled to my feet and told to continue my waitressing duties.

Chapter Nine

I think the thing about living with Shelby was there was no down time. There was no time when I was bored, and looking for something to do. I was never just sitting back watching some stupid reality show. I was always tied in some way, and usually doing something which, however mundane, was exciting in that I was doing it naked and tied.

Thus I was always gripped by some sort of sexual high, always feeling sensual and exciting and hot. Even if we were watching TV I would be kneeling naked as her foot stool, or sitting atop a thick dildo, with weights dangling from my nipples, or hanging fully from my wrists or ankles or both.

One evening Tool and Claude came over – something they did a lot of, and Shelby passed by me as if I were a piece of the furniture and casually let them in. I might as well have been a piece of the furniture, for all I was standing behind her, arms bound together over my head, bound together, the rope going up to the ceiling, through a ring, then tied off against a pipe.

Neither of them was surprised to see me, much less see me like that. Neither greeted me. Claude gave my ass a squeeze as she passed, and Tool stopped to fondle my breasts before joining them on the sofa. I was gagged, so there was nothing I could have said even if I had wanted to.

They got drinks, walking past me again, then watched a reality TV show for a while. Tool got bored after about twenty minutes, though, came back to me, and began fondling and pawing at me. He went past me into the little kitchenette, put some margarine on his cock, then spread my legs and shoved his cock up my ass.

The two girls largely ignored him, though they looked back a time or two as he sank his cock deep and gripped my hips, pulling me back against him, raising me up on the balls of my feet as he spread my legs. His big cock pounded away at my ass in a way which should have hurt, but merely seemed familiar and exciting. He thrust away at me for perhaps three minutes, effectively masturbating with my body, and then when he had come went into the toilet to wash off and then joined the girls on the sofa again.

Later that evening I ate both girls to climax and Tool fucked me. Then Claude and Tool went home, and after showing – with me – Shelby tied me up at the foot of her bed and went to sleep. This was a pretty typical evening.

And when I wasn't with Shelby or Claude, and wasn't working, I was with someone else, usually a woman, but sometimes a man, a friend they'd "loaned" me to. Sometimes I barely knew them. Sometimes I didn't know them at all. But I didn't feel badly about it. It was as if whatever guilt there ought to be for fucking some stranger was absolved because it was Shelby's decision.

At the music store, as the time passed, more and more of the people in the "frequent shopper" program, claimed their blow jobs or pussy licking, so it wasn't unusual for me to be on my knees in the back room satisfying a customer who had a DVD or CD clutched in his or her hands.

They had expanded their rewards program, too. A lot of their customers were college and university students, and they had a free raffle where the winning customer could have me as the centrepiece of a gang bang. That made me uneasy. I mean, I'd already been effectively gang banged at the lesbian club – twice now – by the women. And I'd had sex with multiple partners, including once with four men, at Shelby or Claude's instigation. But there were no limits on this, and neither of them was to be with me. Furthermore, the flyer they distributed described me as a "leather slut" and promised I would be bound, gagged and blindfolded, and placed at the disposal of the winner to be fucked into a coma if they so desired.

That seemed worryingly harsh, and I was afraid of who might win me. I begged them to try and make it a little nicer, and tried to insist that at least one of them had to come along, but they ignored me.

I wasn't even told when someone had won, or when they had the drawing. It had seemed a normal day, and I wasn't even surprised when Claude and Shelby dragged me into the back room and started to strip me. I wasn't wearing much in the way of clothes anyway, of course, and it didn't take long.

I was already wearing a collar – I always wore a collar – and the girls quickly strapped leather restraints around my wrists, pulled them back behind me, then locked them together at the small of my back. A leather hood was pulled down over my face, and it wasn't until it had passed my nose and the sides were drawing down around my neck and up under my jaw that I realized it had no eye holes. It covered my entire head save for two small holes over my nose, and a rather larger hole over my mouth. But the latter was soon covered as she shoved a big dildo gag through into my mouth and then strapped it around behind my head.

And that was it. I was left for a few minutes, then a hand on my arm led me out front where I could hear Shelby speaking.

“... Whatever you want with her. She’s a fucking masochistic slut anyway. Spank her, whip her, rape her, fuck her ass. Whatever. She loves it all. Just see she’s back for her next shift tomorrow.”

Tingles ran up and down my spine, and my stomach lurched and spun as I stared blindly through the hood at whoever might be there. A hand took my arm, a large, strong hand. I was virtually certain, then, that it was a man. I heard the jingle of the bell over the door being rung as the door was opened, and then the cool of the early evening air on my bare body as I was led out onto the sidewalk. All I was wearing was the hood, my collar, and the high stiletto heels I always wore now as I was led across the sidewalk.

Then a hand pressed down on my head, and I was pulled into what I soon realized was a car. I moaned into the gag as hands, more than two, pulled me into position, and then began to paw and fondle me. No words were spoken as the car door slammed and I was driven away.

“Fucking nice!” a low male voice whispered, sounding awed.

A large hand was squeezing each of my breasts. Another shoved between my thighs to cup and squeeze my pussy.

“We’re gonna drown you in come tonight, slut,” another male voice promised.

“Nice fucking tits!” another male voice explained, as hands roughly groped and squeezed my breasts.

“You should see the slut deep throat,” another male voice said, from ahead, the front seat, I guessed.

“I never had a girl deep throat me,” another voice said, from ahead and to the left.

There were four guys in the car with me, I decided, feeling shaky, trembling, anxious, embarrassed, but wildly aroused.

“This bitch can deep-throat a horse,” one of the other voices said.

“Then let’s get that shit off and see her try,” another boasted.

Hands fooled with the hood.

“It’s looked on!”

“Undo the strap there, in the back.”

The strap to the gag was pulled free, and the thick penis gag was pulled slowly out of my mouth amid laughter, sneers and jeers. Then my head was pulled down and to the right, my body turned and twisted, and I felt a stiff cock slide past my lips. I closed my mouth on it, sucking and licking as hands pawed and fondled me and I was pushed lower and lower, taking the cock into my throat.

I sucked and licked at it until it came, then was turned in the opposite direction to deep throat the cock of the guy sitting on that side. The car stopped, and they changed places, and I sucked another cock, then another as different hands fondled, groped and explored my naked body.

When they stopped again it wasn't to change seats, but to lead me somewhere along a sidewalk, and then into a house. I could hear music pounding as I was led up some steep stairs, and distant voices. Then I was being thrown onto a bed and my legs spread. Someone knelt between them and rubbed their cock along my slick, moist furrow, then plunged into me and started fucking in earnest.

Someone knelt or squatted over my face, dropping their balls into my mouth for me to suck and lick, then shifted around and fucked my throat. The guy fucking me came and was replaced by someone who lifted my knees up and back and pounded down into my upraised bottom until I felt bruised.

The sound of voices began to rise, and I knew there were more than the four of them. I was fucked again, and then again, and then turned onto my knees and mounted from behind. The voices became more numerous. I could only guess at how many of them were surrounding the bed: Maybe ten.

I was placed atop someone, straddling them, and rode their cock as someone else fucked my ass and my mouth was pulled onto another guy's cock. This went on for a while, as the three corners of the triangle changed repeatedly, with only I remaining in place in the middle.

Then they settled down to fucking me one at a time for a while. I counted ten before they started doing me two at a time once more. And that went on for a while before it went back to one at a time. Now there were few or no voices around as I was fucked. I was sore, exhausted, and just lay there grunting as whoever it was rammed their cock into my limp body. I had probably been fucked about forty or fifty times by then, and was just worn out.

When the gag was shoved back into my mouth and I was pulled out of the bed I gratefully thought it was over. I was still kind of aroused, though, at least a little. I had had a really great gang bang! At least a couple of dozen guys had fucked me in all three holes, and I had come a dozen times. What a night!

We didn't drive very far, though, not nearly far enough to get back to the shop, or to Claude's or Shelby's. The car stopped, and hands pulled me out, slurred male voices whispering, giggling under their breaths. I had lost my high heels, and they hadn't replaced them. Now my bare feet walked over cold pavement strewn with grit and small stones, and what felt like litter. Then I was pushed against a wall, my breasts crushed against cold bricks. My wrist restraints were unlinked and my arms, each held by two hands were lifted up high as I was turned around.

When my arms were released, my hands stayed in place.

"Bye, bye, baby," a male voice jeered.

"Have fun, slut," another said in cruel amusement.

I stared blindly after the voices, fear rising. I was pressed back against a cold brick wall, my arms locked overhead to – to a pipe, I discovered, as I felt around. And it was cool, if not cold, a breeze wafting over my naked skin, making my nipples tingle erectly. There was a smell nearby, like garbage. The only sounds were the muffled, distant sound of traffic.

My heart began to beat faster and faster as I gradually came to believe I had been left chained in an alley somewhere naked. What was going to happen when someone found me? What if no one found me? What kind of person would find me!? What would they do!? Would they call the police? The thought was humiliating! How would I explain how I came to be bound naked in an alley with come all over me!?

My head jerked around every time I heard a small sound, though I had no way to see anything. Occasionally, I heard voices on the wind, but they didn't come very close.

I was getting very cold. And by then I was hoping someone – anyone – would find me. I would cope with whatever happened!

“What the fuck!?”

That was the first sound I heard which indicated anyone was near. It was a male voice, and not young.

“Man! Look at this shit!” the voice said.

It was distinctly Black, sounding middle aged.

“I am a college girl being initiated -- .”

“Initiated,” another voice said.

“Yeah, initiated,” the voice said, as if reading. “I have already been done by all the frat boys. Now I want some nigger cock inside me.”

“Fucking college boys,” one of the voices said.

But hands cupped my breasts and began to squeeze and knead them.

“What you think we should do with the bitch?” a voice asked.

I heard a snort of amusement. “Fuck her.”

“Man, we get caught fucking some little white bitch she gonna scream rape and all our black asses be in jail.”

“She can't even fucking see us,” one of the voices said. “What the fuck she gonna tell the cops?”

A hand was roughly stroking my inner thigh, and now cupped my pussy.

“Bitch is all wet,” a voice said in a sneer.

“That's probably those frat boys' come,” another said, laughing.

I heard a curse, and the hand pulled away. “Fucking slut!”

“Sheeit, I ain't too proud for sloppy seconds on a white chick,” another voice said as a zipper went down. “I ain't never had me no white chick”

“They are all pink inside, man. I ever tell you about this little chink bitch I had me in Chinatown ?”

Fingers rubbed at my slit, and my legs were forced apart. I moaned into the gag, but there was nothing I could do as I felt a hard, warm cock press into the mouth of my sex, and then push up inside me.

He slid in slowly, riding the slickness which was still inside me from the earlier gangbang. Once inside he

thrust away frantically, his fingers digging into my ass, his breath hot and rapid against the side of my head as he rammed himself into me. He paused, and I felt a mouth on my breast, biting me. I cried out as his teeth dug into the soft flesh, then shuddered as he sucked fiercely and his tongue whipped across my nipple.

The mouth pulled away and he resumed thrusting hard and deep. It didn't take long, and then he was gone, and I was being penetrated a second time. My back and buttocks were jammed against the cold bricks, grinding and slapping against them as this new man fucked me. Then I felt my left leg lifted up, high, jammed up back against my shoulder as he fucked me even harder.

Again, it didn't take long. The third one turned me awkwardly around so my breasts were pressed against the wall, pulled my hips back, and then drove himself up into my ass. Again, there was a lot of slickness inside me there as I had been well and truly done back there, and a lot of semen was still inside me. His hips smashed against my buttocks as his hands jerked back on my hips to meet every thrust.

And then they were gone, and I was alone, gasping, half hanging by my wrists until I could pull myself together again. My breasts were mashed against the wall, and hurt. I slowly turned around, groaning into the gag, slumped back against the wall. I pulled feebly at the wrist restraints but whatever they were hooked to wasn't moving.

Another ten minutes or so passed, though it was hard to measure time, and I heard footsteps coming up the alley. I moaned in anxiety, embarrassment and fear, wondering what would be done to me this time.

"What the fuck," said a male voice nearby.

I could feel him near me, and I strained at the silence.

"Initiation, huh," he said, sounding amused.

I moaned in despair as his hand ran slowly over my body. It was, at least, a warm hand, and moving more softly than the others had done.

"How many men have fucked you so far tonight, baby?" the voice demanded.

I gasped as something gripped each of my nipple rings and pulled slowly out and up. My back arched as I tried to push my chest up and out to ease the strain and stinging pain.

"So you want more cock?" he asked.

I shook my head frantically and he chuckled.

I felt hands at my wrists, and groaned in relief as the restraints were unlinked from each other. But then he spun me around and locked them together again behind my back.

"Little cold for you out here, baby," he said.

His hand was firm on my arm as he led me forward. I didn't know where I was, of course, but I assumed in an alley. We walked for a minute, and then I heard a car door open right next to me. I was bent over, my head pushed down, and my body pushed forward.

"Lie down on the back seat. I don't want you dripping come all over the upholstery."

My face burned within the hood as I obeyed, and the car door closed behind my feet. Then I felt and heard him getting in. The car started, and began to drive. He was silent, for the most part, except to say.

“You young kids do the strangest things. But I suppose it’s some kind of fun for you.”

We stopped, and he took me out of the car. It was much warmer here, and from the sound around me it was clear we were inside somewhere, perhaps a large garage.

“What the fuck you got there, man?” a new voice asked.

“College initiation. The little sex pot needs lots of cock.”

“Well, shit, I got some for her.”

“Can you clean her off first?”

“Yeah, man, we can use the pressure hose.”

“Not too much pressure,” the voice said in amusement.

I was led – somewhere, and then my wrists were lifted above me and locked in place again. A moment later warm water sprayed over me in a deluge that stung my sensitive skin. The water became hotter, and the angle of the spray moved around me, then stopped. Something like a sponge was used on me, soaping me up, from the feel of the slickness. Then I was sprayed again. I was forced to open my legs wide, and felt a deep embarrassment as fingers spread the lips of my sex open. Warm water gushed up inside me from some kind of metal implement.

“Got some rubbers,” a voice said quietly.

Dripping wet, I was pulled away, my arms locked behind me again. I was so tired at that point that I just shuffled along, my eyes dull and barely able to stay open behind the mask. I was put on my knees and the gag pulled free, then a hard cock was thrust into my mouth. I sucked automatically as my hips were pulled up and my legs spread. Then a stiff cock slid into my pussy and began to do me as my lips bobbed up and down on the cock in my mouth.

I could hear a sound, and had been hearing it for some time, but hadn’t put together what it was. But now, in an instant’s clarity, I recognized it. It wasn’t something I’d ever heard in real life before, but many times in movies and TV shows. It was a radio, a police radio. With a sense of stunned amazement, I considered the possibility that I had been picked up by the police and was at the police station.

There were other voices now, male voices. A hand pushed me down hard and I swallowed the cock in my mouth, which promptly went off like a geyser deep in my throat. When he softened, I heard him move aside, but someone took his place, and my mouth was pushed down onto another, shorter, fatter cock.

I was being gang-banged again, and there was little I could do about it as one cock after another slid into my pussy, pushed deep into my ass, or drove up into my throat. Cock after cock exploded inside me, adding more semen to my slick, slippery interior, and I could barely retain enough energy to suck as it went on for hours more.

Then, at last, things were quiet. I was left alone, on what felt like a cot; a small bed. I was still restrained,

still blindfolded, and gagged. But I was exhausted, and fell asleep.

It didn't last long.

Hands were pulling at me, lifting me, dragging me. I was put into a car, a car trunk, no less, and driven somewhere. Then I was being pulled out, led somewhere, outside, then inside. Male hands lifted me a bit and sat me on the edge of something. Then my wrists were unlinked and I was pushed back. My arms were lifted up and back, then out to the sides, and somehow locked in place.

I groaned. Whatever I was lying on seemed just wide enough for my hands to be at the corners, but it was only long enough to support my butt. My legs hung over the edge – or would have, except they were lifted up and spread wide.

Then was raped again, bang banged for hours. The voices now were Spanish, and I couldn't understand anything. I tried to count, and I was done seven times before they shifted me. They pulled me further up the table (I presumed I was on a table), so my head hung over the edge. The gag was removed and my mouth was fucked. Someone straddled my body, sat on my belly, lay his cock between my breasts, and then squeezed them together around it as he began to pump. My legs were lifted up and spread and I was sodomised.

I lost track of the numbers, then. After a while, I was shifted again, so I was bent over the table, bottom up and out, and fucked a half dozen more times, my head turned to the side, cocks raping my mouth and throat. My breasts were mauled, feeling bruised and sore and tender from all the bites and hard sucking and even rougher handling and groping.

Eventually I blacked out.

I woke, sore, aching, but feeling oddly clean. I opened my eyes, and I could see again. I felt a huge surge of relief. I drew my arms up, and my wrists were not locked together. The restraints were gone. And then the relief faded, turned to shock, to fear, to anxiety.

I was lying on a soft, warm pad, curled up on my side in the foetal position. The pad was round, and about four feet through. It was inside a cage, a round cage that was shaped roughly like a bird cage.

I sat up, astonished, looking around the cage, then out through the bars. I was in a perfectly ordinary looking room, empty except for the furniture: a four poster bed, a dresser with mirror, an armoire, a small writing desk, a couple of bedside tables, and a window with the curtains drawn.

I was in a cage!

Naked, of course. But that didn't seem particularly astonishing.

I examined the cage. There was a door, low on one side, but it was clearly locked. I pulled at it anyway, then examined myself. I looked awful. My breasts were black and blue and red, covered in scratches, bite marks and bruises. My inner thighs weren't much better, and I was willing to bet my ass was the same. I felt all sore inside, both front and back, and my throat ached.

But at least I was warm, and relatively comfortable. In fact, the pad I was laying on was so warm it had to be heated in some way. I lay on it, anxiously waiting to see what would develop.

After an hour or so the door opened and a man walked in. He was tall, and Latin looking, with

curly hair and a neatly trimmed beard and moustache.

“I see you are awake,” he said, coming to the edge of the cage.

I sat on my heels, looking up at him through the bars.

“You’ve had quite an adventure, haven’t you,” he said with a smile.

He put his hand through the bars, and I drew back, but he reached forward, sliding his hands over my head, combing his fingers through my soft hair.

Then, smiling, he drew back and went to the armoire. He opened it and reached inside, then came back with something.

It was a riding crop.

My heart beat faster, and he smiled as he bent and unlocked the door, then opened it.

“Crawl out and position yourself on all fours on that rug,” he said, pointing.

Pulse racing, I obeyed, and he stood beside me.

“Raise your rump more.”

I obeyed again.

“Good,” he said, tracing the crop along my spine, between my buttocks, and down over my pussy.

I winced, my pussy very sore.

“Now spread your legs. Lower your front, and keep your rump high.”

Again I obeyed, not questioning him. He rubbed the flat of the crop against my clit, and it stung and stung, but the hurt began to give way to just pure sensation, and then that gave way to heat and pleasure as he continued to rub.

“I paid quite a bit for you,” he said. “You will have to perform well in order to make up for what you have cost me. I intend to ensure you are properly trained and give good service.”

I blinked in anxious confusion.

I tried to speak, to ask him something, and he slapped the crop against my clit lightly.

“Your voice has been removed temporarily,” he said. “A small shot which freezes the vocal chords. I have no need to hear what you have to say. And you have no need to do more than obey.”

I felt indignant, outraged. I wanted to protest. Instead I obeyed as he put me through various positions, making me turn and shift, position and re-position my body, sometimes quite lewdly. I blushed as I lowered my front to the rug, reached back between my legs, and masturbated while he stood behind me. It was shameful. Yet at the same time, a hot, seething excitement was beginning to creep over me.

Was this really so much different from what I'd been doing with Claude, Shelby, Toy and the rest?

I rolled onto my back and masturbated with a dildo, gasping, moaning, staring at him as he stared silently back. When I was done he presented me with a bowl of milk and had me drink it like a dog, then put me back into the cage.

An adventure, he called it. Yes, that was an apt description. It had started with Shelby taking me to her bed, and now it was continuing.

I shuddered in excitement, anticipation, and fear, wondering which direction my adventure would turn next.

END