

Summer Sex Slave

by JJ Argus



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Table of Contents

[Chapter One](#)

[Chapter Two](#)

[Chapter Three](#)

[Chapter Four](#)

[Chapter Five](#)

[Chapter Six](#)

[Chapter Seven](#)

[Chapter Eight](#)

[Chapter Nine](#)

[Chapter Ten](#)

Chapter One

As cottages went, it was quite the place. Zoey didn't consider herself to be a country person, a cottage person, someone who much liked the outdoors. But then again, this wasn't exactly the place for roughing it. The "cottage" was a six bedroom chalet-style wooden palace overlooking the long, wide, beautiful Western River. The seventy foot wraparound deck on the first level had several tables and chairs, and gave a terrific view of the river and the rolling, green covered hills on either side. The upper deck, narrow but also wraparound, was even more beautiful.

Down a winding path to the river shore one came upon another deck with picnic tables, then the dock jutting a good hundred feet out into the river. There was a sandy beach on one side of the dock, and a large boathouse on the other. The boathouse itself was high enough to hold large boats, and had a fully finished deck with wooden rail and benches on top.

In short, it was a hell of a big place for a family of three.

And as soon as Zoey saw it, saw the satellite dish and antennae, and the quadruple garage out front, she knew it wasn't going to be a place for her father to finally take some time off. No, it was going to be a place for entertaining guests – lots of them too.

"How can you guys afford this place?" she asked, shaking her head.

"That's the beauty of it, sunshine!" her dad said, ruffling her hair as he passed. "We can write off most of it as a business expense."

Zoey made a face as she combed her hair back into place with her fingers. That pretty much blew away whatever remaining doubts she had about the purpose of the "cottage". She had hoped it might be a place where they could relax and maybe be a family. Her father and mother were both big time operators, she in the real estate industry, he in Law, and neither had ever had an awful lot of time for her.

It didn't look like things were likely to change.

Depressed, she wandered back inside, went upstairs, selected the first room with a view of the river which was clearly not the master bedroom, and tossed her bag on the double bed. She wandered across the polished floor to the wide glass door and slid it aside, then stepped out onto the deck, admiring the view.

Below, her father was already on his cell phone doing some kind of business deal, and she shook her head and made a face. She went back downstairs, and heard her mother on the phone to someone.

She glanced in and saw her already hooking up her laptop.

She dug out suntan lotion, sunglasses, and her iPod and went outside. Her father barely noticed her as she passed him by and walked down towards the dock. Once there she carefully oiled up her face, neck, arms and legs.

She put on sunglasses, and then pushed them back onto her head as she walked past the deck and up to the boathouse.

The boathouse was a large square, windowless wooden building, most of it floating out over the water. She pushed open the door and snapped on the lights, then examined the interior with interest.

A six foot deck ran around the inside of the boathouse, surrounding the water which gurgled and splashed lightly against it. There were a pair of seadoos in a cradle at one end, and a speedboat bobbing lightly in the water next to the door. A ladder led up to another, wider deck overhead, and she climbed it slowly, and found empty boxes, a collection of plastic chairs and tables, some beach umbrellas, rope and other nautical supplies, and another ladder leading up. She climbed that and emerged on the roof of the boathouse, then followed its edges, looking down below. She came upon a wooden staircase in the rear which led down to the ground and then to a path which went around to the side of the boathouse where she'd come in.

She liked the fact she was invisible from the house here – or cottage, and there were no other cottages in sight. There were many thick trees and plenty of space between them and the next closest cottage.

“Hi!”

She looked down, startled, to see a girl her own age in the water in a canoe.

“Hey!” the girl called again

The girl was attractive, with long dark hair, wearing jeans and a tank top.

“Hi,” she said back, a little nervous.

Zoey had never really fit in well with others her age. She didn't quite understand why that was.

She was a lonely girl, and spent much of her time reading books about romance, fantasies and adventures. She was hoping that would change when she went off to college soon, but had her doubts.

She was painfully shy around most others, and often tongue-tied, which had made her the butt of jokes, taunts and bullying for as long as she could remember.

"You're new," the girl said.

"Yeah, my dad just bought the place," she replied.

"It's a nice place, a lot better than ours."

Zoey shrugged uncertainly. "It's a business investment," she said dryly. "I'm thinking he'll be inviting all sorts of clients out."

"Movie stars?"

Zoey shook her head. "More like fat old lawyers."

"Yeah, that's about normal for this place," the girl said. "My name is Mack."

"Mack?"

"Mackenzie. Want me to show you around?"

Zoey felt an upsurge in interest. Maybe she could make a friend. That would be great since she had none really to speak of. "I uhm, don't really know how to paddle a canoe," she said worriedly.

The girl laughed and paddled the canoe into the boathouse, so that it disappeared from view.

Zoey went back to the ladder and climbed down. On the top deck she could see the girl climbing out of the canoe and then looking at the boat.

"You don't need to paddle a canoe with one of these," she said.

"I don't know how to drive that thing," Zoey said, climbing down the remaining stairs.

“I do.”

The girl climbed into the boat, and Zoey followed, grabbing the edge gingerly. Boats made her nervous. In fact, most things made her nervous. She was, by and large, a timid girl. And her reluctance to get involved in many, if not most of the things other teenagers did while exploring the world was a large part of why she found herself alone most of the time.

“I don’t think we can just take it,” she said as the girl pulled the keys off a low ledge, grinned, and shook them at her.

“So ask your dad.”

“He’ll say no. This boat is for entertaining people.”

“We’re people.”

“We’re not the kind of people he cares about.”

The girl shrugged and leaned back against the wheel. “So who does he care about?”

“Rich people, people with money to invest in stuff.”

“So he’s gonna be bringing down rich men to party? That sounds cool,” the girl said. “Maybe some hot guys to party with.”

“Hot guys? Mostly old guys, I think.”

The girl shrugged. “Old guys can be pretty hot sometimes. You know, young guys have no brains, no sophistication, no imagination, no style. They’re all balls, no brains.”

“Look, Mackenzie...”

“Mack.”

“Mack, these are boring old lawyers and bankers. Nobody would consider them exciting.”

Mack pushed herself away from the wheel and climbed back up onto the dock. “You’d be surprised at what’s inside the heads of those boring old bankers and

lawyers. Especially when they look at girls like you and me. Lots of perverts wear three piece suits.”

Zoey coloured a little. “I don’t think they’d be looking at me that way.”

Mack looked at her strangely. “Why? You’re pretty cute. You have a pretty face,” she said, startling Zoey by reaching up and running her fingers along her cheek.

“Your hair is really cute too.”

Zoey’s hair at the moment was mostly blonde and straight, but with a number of thin, tight dreadlocks scattered throughout

“You look like such a cute little girl!” Mack said.

Zoey coloured, wondering if she was being teased.

“Well, almost,” Mack said, rolling her eyes downward towards Zoey’s chest.

Zoey folded her arms uncomfortably over her breasts and Mack giggled. “Trust me, Zoey, middle aged men like what they see when they see girls like you and me.”

Zoey shrugged uncomfortably and Mack put her arm across her shoulder and walked her to the door and out into the light.

Zoey shrugged. “There must be guys our age around here.”

“Oh sure. I’ll introduce you to a few. But you know, the difference between having sex with a boy and having sex with a man is like the difference between a cheap hamburger at a fast food joint and filet mignon at a fancy French restaurant.”

“I’m not gonna have sex with them!” Zoey exclaimed, making a face.

“What? Not at all? Never?”

“Well... I don’t know. I mean, shit, I haven’t even met them yet.”

She had, in fact, had sex once. A boy had gotten her drunk and had sex with her in the back of his car, and then bragged about it to everyone the next day. For more than a year at school Zoey had been known as a slut, and taunted about it. She had coped by ignoring everyone, striding away with her head down, and that had given her, after a while, a reputation as a snob. The combination had been fatal as far as popularity went.

And then there had been Allison Hill, the prettiest, richest girl at school, who had seized upon Zoey as the butt of innumerable taunts and jokes. Zoey hadn't the confidence, the quick wit or the thick skin to match, and had resorted to silence and turning away. Staying away, staying quiet, had become a sort of habit then, one she had never really been able to get out of.

Mack led her to the canoe and gave her a brief lesson in how to get in, and how to paddle. Zoey had little interest in canoes. They seemed unstable and dangerous to her, but Mack seemed very nice and she was determined to make a friend. It would relieve the tedium of being out here around her parents and their guests. They paddled out into the river, and she was surprised to find herself enjoying it.

"So do you have a boyfriend?" Mack called back.

Zoey shook her head then when the girl turned around said "No."

She didn't tell her she had never had a boyfriend.

"Boyfriends can be a drag, but at least they're good for paying for stuff, and sex. But you can get sex anywhere around here. All the guys are horny bastards."

"If I meet a guy and he's hot, and we like each other, and--."

"Why do you have to like each other?"

Zoey stared at the girl, who grinned back.

"See, you're giving me the party line, the usual shit about how sex is only between people who know and respect each other, and have some kind of relationship and all that, you know, like, we're girls, so we have to parrot this line. Meanwhile the boys are just looking for a girl to stick it to. They don't even want to know their fucking names, half the time."

"Well, yeah, maybe, but that's guys."

"Don't you just want to strip, wrap your legs around some hot guy and fuck his brains out?"

Zoey coloured again. She had no idea how to answer that.

"It's hot," Zoey said, wishing she had brought a hat.

Mackenzie looked back at her, grinned, and splashed her with water from the paddle.

“Hey!”

Mackenzie giggled and splashed her again.

“Quit it! I’ll get all wet!”

“And no boys around to take advantage of it!” the other girl teased.

She splashed her again, and Zoey splashed her back a little timidly. When Mack didn’t get angry she splashed her again, and the splashing escalated as they used the paddles to shower each other with water until the canoe tipped over and dropped them both into the river.

Laughing, Mackenzie righted the boat, then climbed in and helped Zoey back in.

“Still hot!?”

“No!”

The girl’s tank top, though, was white, and now molded to her body in a way which made Zoey blush. She had been wearing a thin white bra too. Her nipples were easily visible, and hard, poking against the thin tank top. Zoey was wearing a dark blue tank top with gray one under it and a black bra beneath. She was okay. But as Mack began to paddle again she wondered, embarrassed, whether she should tell her. Did she know? What if they came across some men? She was practically naked above the waist!

But what if it embarrassed Mack to have that pointed out? What if— .

The question of whether to tell her was resolved when the girl, laughing, peeled the soaking wet tank top up and off completely, then wrung it out over the edge of the canoe. She spread it on the front of the canoe then undid her bra and tried to wring the water out of that too.

Zoey, blushing furiously, tried to look away, but since the girl was sitting in front of her in the canoe that was difficult. Her breasts, she noted, were firm, if small. Her own were bigger and rounder. In fact, she was quietly proud of her breasts, even though she never showed them off. Mack’s body was lithe and lean, though, and her belly very trim .

The dark haired girl rung out her hair too, which involved putting her hands up and back behind her head and arching her back. She looked, Zoey thought enviously, very sexy.

“Take off your top and wring it out,” she said casually.

“Oh that’s okay. I don’t mind.”

Mack smiled at her. “Shy?”

“I’m not shy,” Zoey said, blushing again. “But someone might be watching.”

“So?”

Zoey didn’t understand the question.

Mack held out her hand and pinched her fingers close together “Unless they’ve got binoculars you’re like this small to them.”

“Well, they could come by in a boat.”

The girl rolled her eyes. “God forbid someone sees your boobies,” she said. “Come on, we’ll head to my place.”

They paddled along closer to shore, and then Mack put on the damp tank top, but not the bra.

They arrived at a small cottage with a short, modest dock, and she climbed out and tied up the canoe, then helped Zoey out.

They walked up to the cottage and ran into a middle aged woman there. She was smoking and had a glass of what looked like liquor in her hand.

“Mom, Zoey, Zoey, mom,” Mack said as she passed by.

The woman smiled and held up the glass.

“Hi,” Zoey said.

They went inside. It was small, with a kitchen, living room and dining room all together in the one room. Past that were a pair of small bedrooms. Zoey followed her into one, and Mack peeled her tank top up and off again, tossing it onto a table.

She skinned down her shorts and panties at the same time, and again Zoey blushed, this time more deeply.

A part of her knew she was being silly, that most people didn't have a problem with nudity. But her basic shyness made it hard to overcome such things.

"Get undressed. I'll find something for you to wear until your clothes dry."

"Oh, that's okay," Zoey said, suddenly anxious.

She most certainly did not want to strip naked in front of someone! But at the same time she didn't want to appear like some kind of silly, prudish idiot.

Mackenzie was already putting on a bathing suit, pulling on a black thong which had a deep V in front, with straps which slid up along her hips. She picked up a matching bra and put that on.

"You're dripping on my floor, Zoey," she said, a touch impatiently.

And then she put down the bra and reached for Zoey's top, surprising her by yanking it up – both tank tops at once, and tugging it off before she could think to respond. She gasped and put her arms over her chest, face crimson, and Mack laughed, making her even more embarrassed.

"You are shy," she said. "Go on. Admit it."

"All right, I'm shy!" Zoey exclaimed, desperately embarrassed.

"You have a great body. Don't be dumb. Here, I have a suit you can wear. My cousin brought it up. It's new, but then she got sick and couldn't go in the water."

She searched around the room, then found it in the back of a drawer.

"Uhm, but I uhm, I don't..."

Mack gave her the bikini, and Zoey took it awkwardly, then yelped when the other girl abruptly pushed her forward so she sprawled across the bed. Before she could react Mack grabbed the back of her shorts and yanked them down, along with her thong, and pulled them off so hard her sneakers went flying.

"Now you don't have a choice," the other girl said with a grin.

"Mack!"

“I’m gonna stare at you. Better get dressed!”

She made her eyes wide and stared at Zoey, who twisted away quickly, and then yanked on the bikini bottoms. They were a thong, too, and she quickly turned her bottom away from the other girl.

“Now the top!”

“You could turn around!”

“But I’m not gonna, shy girl!”

Zoey hesitated and Mack folded her arms beneath her own bare breasts. “Want me to help?”

“No!”

“Then...”

Blushing, Zoey turned around, though that exposed her bottom, and undid her bra, slipping it quickly off over her shoulders, and pulling on the bathing suit top. She gasped as Mack came up behind her, pulling the strap back and adjusting it, and hurriedly she pulled the others over her shoulders and adjusted the distressingly small cups over her breasts – over some of her breasts.

“It’s too small!” she exclaimed. “And I can’t possibly wear a thong!”

“Your ass looks incredible in that,” Mack said, then slapped her bottom sharply so that she jumped and yelped.

“Don’t worry. No one is around but me and mom and she’s not gonna see much past her nose.”

She grabbed Zoey’s arm and forcibly yanked her around, then looked at her bra. “It looks fine. What are you talking about?”

“I-it’s too... small!” Zoey said anxiously.

She gasped as Mack reached out and cupped her breasts, squeezing them up and together. “It fits perfectly,” the girl said, dropping her hands.

The problem with the bra, of course, was that it did not entirely cover her breasts. It covered a little more than half her breasts, baring the top inside of each, and

Zoey had never shown even a hint of cleavage before anywhere. Her “slut” reputation at school had resulted in her determinedly wearing very conservative clothes, and that had gotten into a habit.

Mack put on her own bra, which was even smaller, and thus made Zoey feel a little better by comparison.

Mack then grabbed her arm and forced her out of the room and then out into the cottage. She picked up suntan lotion, and, still pulling Zoey along, forced the shorter, smaller girl out the door, past her mother, and down to the dock. There was really nothing Zoey could do about it.

There Mack applied suntan lotion, then gave the bottle to Zoey, who did the same, blushing furiously as she ran her hands over the soft, rounded flesh of her visible breasts.

“You’re sure no one will come by?” she said anxiously, glad to be sitting on her bare bottom.

“There aren’t a lot of cottages around here,” Mack said. “In fact, a lot of time I just tan naked.”

As if to prove it she took off her top, and laughed when Zoey blushed.

“You blush a lot,” she said.

“I-I’m just not used to... to... naked people.”

Mackenzie laughed delightedly.

Zoey got used to naked people, for Mack got them colas, then stripped off her bottoms, too.

They chatted, and then went into the water, tossed a beach ball back and forth, swam and dived a little with a pair of snorkels, and then, to Zoey’s embarrassment and – secretly – excitement, Mackenzie began to wrestle her.

There was something exquisitely and distressingly exciting about that soft, slick naked flesh rubbing and pressing against hers, and she could actually feel the girl’s hard nipples against her as the athletic girl twisted and flung her in the water.

Then in one of their clinches, Mackenzie undid her bra and yanked it off.

“Mack!”

Laughing, Mackenzie splashed away and climbed out of the water. Zoey bit her lip, staring up at her, chest under water. Mack waved and Zoey, knowing how stupid she was behaving, finally climbed out of the water, an arm over her chest.

“Give me my bra!”

“Just relax a bit. I’m trying to cure you of your weird shyness.”

“It’s not weird!”

“Yes, it is. You’re weird. But I like you anyway. Now put your hands down.”

Zoey glared at her.

“Put them down now!” Mackenzie ordered.

Zoey flinched, then obeyed, her face crimson.

“You have really nice tits,” Mack said.

Zoey covered her breasts again.

“You do. I wish mine were as nice.”

“You... you have... uhm, fine breasts.”

“Yours are nice C-cups, very round, very cute nipples. I like them. And they don’t sag at all. Jesus, you have like perfect breasts. Why are you so shy of showing them off?”

They spent a good couple of hours with Zoey topless. Mack urged her to strip off the bottoms too but she refused. Then Mack went inside and emerged dressed again.

“Come on, I want to visit a girl,” she said, heading for the canoe.

“Let me get my clothes.”

“Your clothes are still wet. Just put on the top.”

Chapter Two

Zoey was a lot less self-conscious now, but was still very anxious. Still, she was trying to impress Mack with how cool she was, and didn't want to flinch again and refuse over something silly. She got into the canoe and they paddled up the river.

"It'll be easier coming back," Mack said, digging in her paddle.

They paddled slowly across the river, and then down it a little as Mackenzie went over what passed for a social scene in the area.

"There's a couple of dozen people our age, but most of them aren't very interesting," she said.

"There are a couple of really hot older guys, though, who really like to flirt with young girls."

"You mean perves."

"All men are perves, Zoey honey," she replied. "Anyway, you don't have to do anything with them. Just tease them and get them all hot and bothered."

Zoey shook her head doubtfully.

"Remember, nobody you know is around. You can do whatever you want!"

"Yeah, okay. Doesn't mean I want to be a cock-tease."

"But it's so much fun!" Mackenzie exclaimed.

She paddled into a dock where a man was sitting fishing. He was not old, but he was a lot older than Zoey and Mackenzie, probably in his early thirties. Zoey blushed, but didn't try to hide her chest.

She kept telling herself the top was normal, and even if he was very obviously checking her out she would look like an idiot if she crossed her arms over her chest or something.

"Hey Roger!" Mack called. "Just a second. I have to talk to this guy," she said over her shoulder.

The man wore a Hawaiian shirt and shorts and quickly got off his chair and moved to help Mackenzie out of the boat. And then Mack seemed to stumble a bit and fall against him. He caught her, and his hand slid down to briefly cup her bare bottom before drawing back as she steadied.

Mackenzie spoke in a hurried voice, but kept it too low for Zoey to make out what she was saying. There seemed to be a lot of giggling and stroking his arm, though, and Zoey rolled her eyes behind her sunglasses. Mackenzie might well be the biggest slut she had ever seen. Either that or she was just a big talker and cock tease.

Mackenzie gave him a quick peck on the cheek and then skipped back to the end of the dock where the canoe was. There she bent over to grab the rope, giving him a lovely view of her ass, Zoey thought, before climbing daintily into the canoe and paddling it away from the dock.

“Friend of yours?” she asked sarcastically.

“Roger has a lot of money,” Mack said, “And doesn’t mind buying pretty girls presents.”

“Uh huh. He groped your butt.”

Mackenzie made a dismissive noise. “Honey, everyone gropes my butt. That’s what it’s there for.”

They paddled into a dock in front of another cottage a few hundred yards up and got out. “You’ll like Autumn,” she said. They had to go up a long path up the side of a hill to get to the deck above, and now Zoey’s face went red again, because instead of a girl there, she counted four guys their age, all of them dressed in shorts and t-shirts. They were sitting around on patio furniture listening to a radio and drinking.

There was a girl there, too, a big busted brunette in shorts and t-shirt like the guys.

Zoey was stricken, and felt like turning and running away, except then they’d all see her ass!

Mack took her arm and forced her forward.

“Act cool,” she whispered.

Zoey was trying desperately as Mack led her up to a guy.

“This is Brian. His mom and dad are religious freakos,” she said, introducing a tall, thin guy with glasses.

“They’re off trying to save someone,” Brian said with a shrug, his eyes flicking down over her chest and back.

“Th-that’s uhm nice,” Zoey said.

“Brian is the family devil child.”

Brian smirked.

Zoey thought he was kind of cute, even if his eyes did zoom in to her chest fairly quickly. There were two jock types named Mike and Paul, a short guy with a black hair and goatee named Sanchez, and the girl called Autumn, who was thin and pretty, with her hair drawn back in a loose tail, and bangs over her forehead.

They were drinking Pina Coladas, and Zoey hesitated, but sat down quickly and took it as a prop, if nothing else. She felt very self-conscious, as the only person there in a bathing suit. Even if she’d been in one of her own suits – which were all one-piece, and reasonably conservative, she’d have felt the same. In this tiny thong bikini she felt practically naked!

But there was nothing she could do but try to put up a good front, to pretend she wasn’t embarrassed, to try and fit in, blend in. It didn’t help that the guys kept ogling her, as much as she tried to casually fold up and hide herself, crossing her legs and casually putting an arm across her chest whenever possible.

The discussion seemed to be how to work up enough money to score enough pot and booze for a party, and where they could hold the party.

“Your place would be fucking perfect for partying,” Mackenzie said.

“Yes, but I don’t think my parents would appreciate it.”

“What are the odds of them letting you stay here by yourself when they go back to the city?”

Zoey hesitated. She hadn’t even thought about it. Why would she want to stay here by herself anyway?

“I suppose if I wanted to they might,” she said uncertainly. “But why would I?”

“So we can fucking party, babe!” Mike exclaimed.

“I am so not going to let you guys wreck my parents new cottage,” she said warily.

“We don’t even have to go into the cottage. We could have lots of parties on the deck, or over the boathouse,” Mackenzie said.

“You said you didn’t have the money for booze anyway,” she said.

“We can find the fucking money. I bet if we invited Roger he’d pay for booze. He’s got tons of money.”

“We don’t want any old guys there,” Sanchez said.

“He’s not old!”

“He’s like thirty, dude.”

“That’s not old, stupid.”

Mackenzie had gotten up to get a drink, and she danced lithely with Paul briefly. They ground their bodies against each other playfully, and then kissed wetly before she broke away. He slapped her bottom as she did and she yelped and giggled.

“Mack loves to show off her ass,” Autumn said.

“Like you like to show off your tits,” Paul replied.

In response she pulled her top and bra down briefly and stuck her tongue out at him as the boys hooted. She pulled it back up quickly and smirked, then picked up her glass again.

“They’re just tits,” she said.

“Great tits, though,” Sanchez replied.

He turned and looked at Zoey. “Forget it,” she said.

He grinned lazily. “Don’t be shy. I’ll show you mine if you show me yours.”

“Sanchez has the same pickup line he had in grade one,” Mackenzie said as she returned.

“Worked on you.”

“Everything works on Mack,” Paul said with a smirk.

She gave him the finger.

“As long as I have enough booze in me,” she said.

She lit some grass, and passed it around. Zoey had always avoided grass, but she told herself that for once she was going to fit in, going to make friends, and not seem like a stupid little geek. She took a small hit, decided it hadn't hurt, and took a larger one before passing it on.

They talked about some of the wild parties they'd had in the past, and some of the ideas they had for wild parties in the future. Mack flirted with most of them and was sexually harassed in turn, but seemed to enjoy it. It was a very sexual atmosphere, Zoey thought, but a relaxed one despite that, without a lot of tension. Probably because everyone knew nothing much was going to happen right then and there.

Nothing much.

She felt the alcohol and pot loosening her up, and as she felt more familiar with everyone she also felt less shy, less anxious. It was like a tight knot easing up within her.

Mack sat across Paul's lap and they kissed passionately for a few seconds, and then he slid a hand between her legs and rubbed her briefly before she pushed his hand away and got off. Sanchez groped Autumn's butt when she passed him to go to the bathroom, and Mike grabbed Mack from behind while she was standing talking to Zoey and cupped her breasts solidly before she twisted free and called him a pervert.

The girls didn't seem terribly upset by this, though, and as Zoey came to be more comfortable and relaxed she saw it was all a kind of game they played. The girls taunted and teased them and pretended they had no interest in sex, and the boys made lewd comments and groped the girls whenever they could. Nobody groped Zoey, though, until she was heading inside to the bathroom and Mack grabbed at her bare bottom as she passed by and gave it a squeeze.

Zoey yelped, twisting away, jumping forward as everyone laughed and she hurried off a little red faced.

“Nice ass, Zoey!” Brian called.

“It’s kind of white, though!” Mackenzie shouted.

On her way back she wandered into the kitchen and got a beer. Paul came in from outside, and grinned as he came over to her at the counter.

“Get me one,” he said.

She smiled nervously and opened the fridge, then took out another beer and set it on the counter as she reached for the bottle opener. She felt very exposed, because she had to turn her bare bottom to him. But while that embarrassed her, she was starting to find it exciting, too, exposing herself in this way, a way she had no experience with. She was practically naked, and she knew he was staring at her bare buttocks as she opened the bottle.

“You are a really sexy girl,” he said.

He pressed in against her, grinding himself against her ass while his hands slid around her and rubbed her belly.

“Paul,” she said, her heart suddenly pounding, arms across her chest in case he tried to go higher.

“Come on baby, don’t be shy,” he said, chewing at the nape of her neck.

“I’m n-not shy.”

But she was flushing as he continued to grind himself into her and she felt a definite growing erection there.

“You and me could go off somewhere quiet and have some fun,” he murmured, his hands trying to slide up to her breasts.

“N-No, that’s okay,” she said.

She twisted around, which kept him from grinding his erection into her buttocks, but then he was right up against her, and though she pushed against his chest his hands slid around behind her and cupped her bare bottom.

“Stop it,” she ordered.

“Give me a kiss and I’ll back off.”

She pursed her lips, then kissed him as he squeezed on her buttocks. His hands kneaded and caressed her bottom, and then as his tongue slid into her mouth one of his hands slid down between her legs and rubbed at her pussy.

She gasped and twisted free.

“Asshole!”

He grinned as she snatched up her drink.

“You love me,” he said.

She gave him the finger but she wasn't really that upset as she went back outside. Instead she felt a bubbling excitement, a wild thrill of eager sexual arousal that had her chest tight and made her a little breathless.

The atmosphere of the little group was very sexual and permissive and she thought it might be affecting her. Well, along with the pot and the booze. She was glorying in being a part of a group, and not off on her own, something which hadn't really happened in years.

She wasn't drunk. It was just that – they were all so open about sex, about everything about it, that it was hard to be indignant or embarrassed. Especially since she was, in fact, starting to get kind of turned on. The bikini she was wearing was very revealing, so far as she was concerned, and all of the guys were being openly appreciative of her assets in a way which, again, because of the atmosphere, wasn't nearly as embarrassing as it should have been. In fact, it was more than a little exhilarating.

Autumn and Mack were kissing when she got back out, exchanging a deep, lip smacking, tongue sliding kiss as the guys looking on hooted and cheered them on. They both turned on her as she emerged from the cottage, and, giggling wildly, insisted she join a three way kiss. Zoey was red faced, at first, but then got into the spirit of it as the guys looked on licking their lips, clearly turned on.

Autumn squeezed her bare butt, and she squealed, and then Mack squeezed Autumn's breast.

Autumn, in turn, tugged down Zoey's bra to bare her breasts, but her back was to the guys so that, while embarrassing, it wasn't horrible, as she hurriedly pulled the top back up amid laughter.

Often enough laughter had been directed at her, but she reveled in being part of the group, in joining in the laughter. It had been many years since she had been part of a group and she found that she liked it – a lot.

The atmosphere was starting to get more charged, and Mack found herself pulled down onto Brian's lap. He put his hand on her belly and she half fell back, trying to balance her drink as he drunkenly kissed at the nape of her neck, then bit lightly at her bare shoulder. She managed to pull herself free of him, but not before he got his hand into the cup of her bra and his fingers encountered her hard, pebbly pink nipple.

She stumbled away to safety, but her insides were thrumming with excitement and her breathing was a little ragged. Meanwhile, Mack was doing some kind of erotic, exotic dance as they turned up the music, grinding and rolling her hips, twisting her upper body, arching her back, letting her fingers caress her and then slide up through her hair.

She seized Zoey and drew her into the dance as the others watched. Zoey felt self conscious, for she was in a thong bikini while Mack was dressed, but she felt that wild thrill growing more powerful, felt a heady sense of excitement as she ground her hips and rolled her shoulders. She wasn't sure when Mack said down and she realized she was dancing alone.

Paul gestured her over, and she did, dancing and swinging her hips. He held up a two dollar bill and then stuck it under the strap of the thong crossing her hip.

Zoey felt wildly sexual and excited. And she was eager to keep them grinning, happy, liking her.

She danced back, and there was a pole there, one that supported an awning. She curled herself around it, showing off for the first time in years; breathless and gripped by a wildness she couldn't remember ever feeling.

She danced back, her hips rolling, and the others stuck bills into the straps of her thong, and often slapped and squeezed her butt as she passed them.

"Show us your tits!" one of the guys shouted.

The others took up the cry, and she taunted and stuck her tongue out at them, arching her back provocatively.

Mack lifted her top to display her tits, and then Autumn did the same, and the boys hooted and laughed, and somehow, in her exuberance, Zoey managed to overcome her own embarrassment and restraint, and with a wild shock of excitement, she undid her bikini top and swung it around in her hand, baring her breasts to them all as they applauded and shouted.

She tossed the bra to Mack, and danced further among them, her breasts moving freely, nipples hard, and even though Mack and Autumn had pulled their tops back into place she still felt all right about it, wildly excited and aroused and on an emotional high like she couldn't ever remember, but not too, too self-conscious.

"Now the bottoms!" Mike shouted.

She shook her head and flicked her tongue at him tauntingly, then turned and showed him her bare bottom, squealing and laughing and jumping away when he grabbed it.

And then Mack and Autumn were dancing with her again, and kissing her, and they pulled up their tops and rubbed their bare breasts against her as they groped her bottom.

They laughed and broke apart, and then began to give the guys lap dances.

Mike lured her closer with a five dollar bill, then seized her hips and pulled her all the way in so she was straddling his chair. She seized the back of the chair and sat down, grinding herself against him, rolling her shoulders back as he caressed her back and then squeezed her behind. She danced back away from him, prancing and turning, sitting back on his lap to grind her butt against him again.

She jumped up as he groped her breasts, giggling excitedly. Mack had fallen back into a chair, and Zoey gave her a lap dance, tauntingly running her tongue along her lower lip. Mack grinned and squeezed her ass, pulling her in closer, and the two kissed deeply and passionately as the others laughed and hooted and cheered.

Then Mack pulled her lips free, and suddenly she was kissing and sucking at Zoey's breast!

Zoey was shocked, gasping, but was thrilled by the feel of the other girl's mouth sucking on the center of her breast. A part of her tried to pull back, but with Mack's arms around her that couldn't be done quickly. Her nipple was on fire. She'd never felt it so hard, so sensitive, never felt her entire breast throbbing the way it was

now as Mack sucked and chewed on it, and her tongue whipped quickly back and forth across the quivering pink button.

She pulled back finally, feeling light headed, and then tripped and sprawled out on the deck as Mack grabbed her thong and yanked it down around her legs.

The others cheered and Mack yanked the bottoms off, and Zoey dazedly pushed up to her knees, then didn't know what to do.

But Autumn and Mack pulled her to her feet, dancing wildly with her, kissing and singing some kind of hip-hop song, bouncing up and down, their bodies pressed against her, and her initial shock eased.

But then Autumn and Mack sat down again, pulling their tops back, and Zoey found herself dancing alone in the center of their chairs, naked, face flushed, her body gripped by a sexual arousal so deep and powerful the energy from it forced her to keep twisting and dancing and undulating in time to the pounding beat of the radio.

Every few seconds a little voice in the back of her head squealed in shock and horror at what she was doing, but she ignored it, flashing the guys, swaying and rolling her hips, taunting them with her lithe young flesh, getting groped and grabbed as she passed by them.

She stumbled against someone – Mike, it turned out, who kissed her deeply, and shoved his hands down between her legs to cup and finger her sex. She moaned and writhed against him, trying weakly to pull free, though kissing back eagerly. The feel of her bare breasts against the bare skin of his chest was making her insides melt. The feel of his fingers against her pussy wasn't doing anything to cool her off either. Then Brian was behind her, hands around her, cupping her bare breasts as he kissed the nape of her neck.

"N-No," she whispered as his fingers massaged her breasts.

Autumn was sprawled back across a long chaise lounge, legs spread, and Sanchez was kneeling beside her, hand in her shorts as he sucked on an exposed nipple.

"D-Don't!" she gasped, her arms pulling in to push Brian's hands off her breast.

Mike dragged her up off Brian's lap, his hands on her breasts, and Brian leaned forward, seizing her buttocks, his mouth going in against her bare sex, enveloping it, sucking and licking at her pussy, his tongue lapping up across her swollen, over

sensitized clit so that she let out a cry of shock as the sensations made her hips buck violently forward.

Mike was biting and sucking on the nape of her neck as he kneaded her breasts, and Zoey's hands flailed wildly, her eyes wide, her legs spread around Brian as he licked at her pussy. She felt the excitement like a wildfire, roaring inside her, sweeping through her dazed mind in waves. Brian's fingers dug into her buttocks, pulling her against him, and now she felt Mike's erection grinding into her buttocks.

He fumbled down below, and his cock sprang out, hot, erect, pressing in against the undersides of her buttocks. He pulled her back and sat down, and sat her slowly down atop him. She gasped as she felt the nose of his cock jabbing against the entrance to her sex, and tried feebly to squirm free, but he forced her down further, and she shuddered as she felt the lips of her sex spreading open, felt the nose jammed up into the mouth of her sex.

Then it was inside her and she was sinking down on it, feeling a wild thrill as it pushed up through the moist, tight folds of her sex.

"Oh! Ohh! Ohh!" she gasped, wide eyed.

He held her thighs too tightly for her to pull free. She was straddling him, half sitting, and being forced further down. His cock felt immense, and her flailing hands went below her finally, as if to brace herself and slow her movement. She felt his thickness with her fingers, felt a shock run up her spine at the feel of it, and then she sank deeper and shuddered as she felt his cock pushing so high inside her.

She noted, in passing, the sight of Mack groping with Sanchez, but all she was really paying attention to was the feel of his big cock as she sank down on it. And then to Brian as he came forward, rubbing her clit, then groping her breasts.

She groaned aloud as she sank down even deeper, and the two guys spread her legs wider.

Brian began rubbing her clit steadily as Mike thrust up into her, burying the last of his prick in her belly.

He squeezed her breasts as she sat there, and then sort of pulled up on her nipples.

"Come on, baby. Ride me. Ride my prick," he demanded.

She was forced upward, then sank down, then again, and again. The sex heat flared like a wildfire again and she needed no further urging. Gasping and moaning, her eyes glassy, her mind swimming in a sea of sexual excitement, she rode his cock as Brian rubbed her clit, and felt the first orgasm come thundering down upon her.

She arched her back violently, crying out in bliss as she rode the fat cock, as her insides exploded with wondrous pleasure and her mind was blasted by the shockwave of an intense climax.

Shuddering, she sat up, rose up, felt his hard prick stroking along the soft flesh of her pussy, felt it sliding through the taut lips of her sex. She groaned as she rose up, then groaned more loudly as she sank down and took him deep once more. She began to ride faster, harder, gasping and shaking, moaning and grunting. And then as Brian continued to began to rub her clit as she rode her mind was again swamped with sex heat and pleasure.

She rode up and down dazedly, gasping, moaning, crying out in pleasure, and another orgasm rolled her mind, setting it spinning and twisting. She rode him harder, her buttocks slapping against his thighs, his prick thrusting up wetly inside her, his hands gripping and squeezing her breasts. She was fairly intoxicated on the sexual pleasure and raw eroticism of what was happening. It was like nothing in her experience, like something from a fantasy. All her inhibitions seemed to have been stripped away, leaving her with nothing but deep hunger and a desperate eagerness to feel ever more pleasure.

Another orgasm swept over her and nearly blew her mind out. She lolled back against him, shuddering, chest heaving. But she continued to ride up and down, his hands under her thighs, urging her on. Brian continued to rub at her clit, which was now almost too sensitive, the stroking of his slippery fingers almost painful

Mike was suddenly there beside the chair, pulling her head around and feeding her his cock. She moaned as she wrapped her lips around it, rolling her eyes up at him as she sucked eagerly though inexpertly. He was only semi-hard at first, but with her lips wrapped around him he hardened rapidly, and he began to thrust in and out of her mouth, nearly gagging her with the fat head of his prick.

They let the back of the lounge chair fall back, and Mike lay back as Brian turned her around.

She had no idea why, at first, but her mind was as pliable as putty. She turned around to straddle Mike facing his head now, gasping as she put her hands on his chest and leaned forward, grinding her pelvis against him.

He pulled her down lower, his lips crushing hers, his hands on her buttocks helping her ride him.

Then she felt something else back there, a slippery something at her anus, rubbing, stroking, then pushing into her. She felt a jolt strike the shimmering cloud of sex heat enveloping her. A part of her tried to twist free, but failed. The slippery something was a finger, she realized as it pushed up into her ass.

“Nooo,” she moaned.

They ignored her. Mike pulled her forward, mouthing her breasts as the finger pushed deeper, then began to pump in and out of her ass. She didn’t want the finger there, but it wasn’t hurting, and the cloud of steamy sexual heat began to tighten and thicken around her once more as she resumed riding Brian’s stiff cock. The finger pushed and twisted, then became two as her heat rose.

Then Brian maneuvered himself in closer, and his fingers came out. A moment later she felt something much thicker pushing against her anus, but largely ignored it. As the pressure mounted, however, and the thing pushed deeper into her ass she realized what it was, and another shock struck her. Again she tried to twist free, with more energy this time, but to no avail.

“N-No! D-Don’t!” she gasped as their hands pinned her in place. “Nooooo!” she whined.

“You got a beautiful ass, Zoey!” Brian gasped behind her.

“Unggh! I-I don’t... don’t do... That!” she gasped.

“We do,” he laughed.

“Unnggh!”

His cock was slowly forced deeper into her ass, and though there was some discomfort, there was almost no pain. Her mental discomfort could not last, and the sex heat began to burn away her mind once again to the point her concern evaporated. Now she felt a wild, dark excitement at having two big cocks inside her. She shuddered and yelped, eyes wide, as the two thrust their cocks in and out of her body. She had never felt so full, never felt so excited, so slutty, so wild!

“Oh! Ungh! Ohh! God! Unnggh! Oooh!”

They worked their cocks in and out, in and out, faster and harder as she tried to ride Mike's cock. Then her head was pulled around and she stared dazedly into another cock as it thrust into her mouth. She closed her lips around it automatically and began to suck as another orgasm rolled over her and swept her away in a flood tide of pleasure.

Chapter Three

It was a lot to wrap her mind around. The casual way they all treated sex helped, because it made her feel less ashamed. Still, she'd had sex with... all the guys, and she'd never done anything like that before, not nearly like that. It had been by far the wildest sexual scene she'd ever been in. She'd fucked more people than she had in her life!

Three guys at the same fucking time! Wow!

Now that she was more sober, and the pot was out of her system, and she was thinking clearly, she was shocked at herself, stunned, and more than a little embarrassed. She was soooo happy that she was far from home and nobody would ever find out what she'd done, especially no one she knew back home.

But God, what a rush it had all been! She hadn't had that much excitement, that much fun in... in... her whole life! And it had been so great to be part of a group, to not be looking in from the outside, or passing by while groups laughed together.

She was sitting on the deck sipping a coke, wearing her lime bikini when her cell phone rang. She stared at it in surprise, for she was just about to call Suzanne, her friend back home and talk – though she'd have to be careful what she said, even to Suzanne.

“Hello?”

“Hi, sexy!”

Her face flushed a little as she recognized Mackenzie's voice.

“Uhm, hi,” she said.

“That was a wild scene, huh? A lot more fun than paddling a fucking canoe!”

“Uhm, yeah.”

“What you doing?”

“Nothing. I mean-- .”

“You want to come over to my place this evening? Nights here are boring cause it’s hard to move around very far in the dark.”

Zoey hesitated, not at all certain how she could face them again, even Mack, after what she had done.

“I don’t know. I kind of think my parents want me to stay around here,” she said.

“How about we come over there then?”

“We?”

“Me and Autumn. We can watch that big screen TV of yours.”

“I have a TV in my room,” she said without thinking.

“Awesome. We can have a blast!”

“Just tone it down a little around my parents, please?”

“Sure, Zoey!”

Her father came by then and she joined him in the boat house as he lowered the seadoos into the water and instructed her on how they worked and how to fill their gas tanks. Then the two of them got on and started them up, before pulling slowly out of the boat house and out into the river. Zoey found she really liked riding the little watercraft. It was like a motorcycle on the water, and she had a hard time keeping her speed down as her father demanded.

When they returned to the boat house Autumn and Mack were already there, both wearing slinky bikinis. She felt a little embarrassed in her blue one-piece, especially when Autumn and Mack kind of made amused faces at it.

“So, wild scene yesterday, huh?” Mack said. “You sure looked like you had fun.”

Zoey blushed. “I think I had too much to drink or something.”

“Or something,” Autumn said with a grin.

“So let’s go out on the seadoos! Your father said we could.”

He’d been staring into Autumn’s cleavage when he muttered a “Sure,” but she supposed that counted.

“We only have two, though.”

“I’ll ride with you,” Autumn said brightly. “You can drive.”

“I don’t think you drive a seadoo,” Mack said with a smirk.

Autumn stuck her tongue out at her.

They got on the two seadoos and headed slowly out into the river. Zoey felt a little odd, given what had happened the other day, given Autumn’s big, half naked breasts were pressed into her bare back, and the girl’s arms were around her.

“You okay with what happened yesterday?” Autumn said.

“I suppose. It was... Maybe I had more to drink than I should have.”

“And the pot was really good, too,” Autumn said.

Zoey nodded eagerly. “Yes, and that.”

“Hey, it was fun, right? And you’re on the pill?”

“Yeah, sure.”

“So think of it as a life experience, a fun one.”

They picked up speed as they hit the center of the river, and Mackenzie began to pull ahead, going faster and faster.

“She’s pretty wild,” she said.

“Mackie is as wild as they come, but she’s really nice,” Autumn said, her voice raised now to be heard over the sound of the seadoos racing over the water.

“I’m just not used to being that—”

“Slutty?”

“Yes!”

Autumn laughed, then her right hand slid down to briefly squeeze Zoey’s groin before pulling back to her stomach. “This is what it’s all about, baby,” she called, “Life, pleasure, excitement... Why not enjoy it while we’re young!?”

They swerved in and out among smaller islands, the seadoos bouncing up and down at times as they hit waves. Then Mackenzie, who was in the lead, slowed right down, and turned into a narrow inlet, a mini river which fed into the larger one. Zoey turned her seadoo in to follow.

During their bouncing, Autumn's hands, which had been around her stomach, had moved lower, around her lower belly, half onto her bikini. Now the girl giggled a little, and brought her tongue slowly across the back and then side of Zoey's neck.

"Autumn!" she exclaimed.

The other girl giggled again. "Life is for living, Zoey," she said.

The tips of her fingers rubbed at the crotch of Zoey's bathing suit, and Zoey took a hand off one of the seadoo's handles and yanked it back as the girl giggled a little more and licked along the nape of her neck.

"Quit it!" she gasped, embarrassed.

Autumn stopped licking her, but then her hands crept upwards until they were pressing against the undersides of her breasts. Zoey, flustered, pulled them down again and Autumn giggled once more.

"Where are we going?" she called to Mack, who was ahead of them.

The inlet was too narrow for them to ride side by side, and she worried now that it might be too shallow, as well. How was she supposed to explain it to her father if they got stuck?

"It's just a little further. There's a camp ground up here and we can buy some ice cream or something."

It was pretty hot, despite the fact they were on the water. Zoey followed her further along the narrow river, and then gasped as Autumn's hand abruptly slid down over her pussy again, her middle finger rubbing at her.

"Autumn!" she hissed.

"You're so sexy," Autumn purred, kissing the nape of her neck. "You don't think I'm sexy?"

"I-I'm not into g-girls, okay!"

“That’s okay. I am.”

In truth, Autumn’s touches had created a low-level buzz of sexual anticipation in her body, and her rubbing now was rousing Zoey’s own hunger. It brought back the intense excitement of the previous day, the hot, wild thrill of doing forbidden things, things she’d only ever fantasized about.

“Girl’s bodies are so much softer than guys,” Autumn said, stroking Zoey’s inner thigh.

“I-I like guys,” she gulped.

“Me too!” Autumn exclaimed “But girls’ bodies are hot too.”

Again she put her hand on Zoey’s groin, rubbing her through the suit, and then raised her other hand to cup her breast as she licked at the nape of her neck. Zoey looked around desperately, but no one was there to see.

“Why are you wearing this... granny bathing suit anyway?”

“I... I’m not used to showing myself off,” she gulped, trying again to push the girl’s hand away from her pussy.

Zoey shoved her hand down from her breast and Autumn didn’t fight her, but then her chest pulled back from Zoey’s back for a bit, and when she pressed it against her once more there was a subtly different feel. She jerked her head around and Autumn grinned impudently at her, rubbing her now bare breasts against Zoey’s back.

“Autumn!” she hissed.

Ahead of them, Mack was pulling the seadoo over beside a poorly constructed dock. She stepped off carefully and then tied the watercraft up as Mack came in behind her, Autumn’s breasts now back in her bra.

The three girls walked up a narrow path which led up the side of a low hill, emerging in a treed area overlooking a collection of small cottages or huts which faced a small lake.

“Looks empty,” Zoey said.

“Yeah, they rent out the place to groups, mostly during the school year. They’ll bring up like, a couple or three bus loads of middle school kids from the city, the

ones who never get out to cottages and shit.”

She went to one of the huts and stepped onto the porch, then opened the door. The inside was pretty Spartan, with a half dozen bunk beds without mattresses or sheets, and a wooden table with a half dozen wooden chairs around it.

“They don’t lock the door?” Zoey said aloud.

“Why? What’s there to steal?” Mack said.

“They don’t get people just, I don’t know, moving in and stuff?”

“There’s a caretaker for when there’s no guests,” Mack said.

Autumn came up behind Zoey and kissed her neck, her arms around her, cupping her breasts.

Embarrassed, Zoey tried to twist free, but then Mack moved in, giggling and tugged the straps of her suit over her shoulders and down. Zoey squealed, but the other two girls laughingly pulled her suit down to her bottom, and then pulled her arms up and back.

“Stop it! You guys! Quit it!” she said desperately.

“You’re too shy!” Mack said. “We’re going to make you less shy!”

“No! Don’t!”

They had forced her up against one of the heavy wooden bunk beds, and pressed her body along the corner post. Now Mack took some loose rope as Autumn pinned her wrists in place, and quickly tied it around her wrists and the post, leaving her helpless. The two girls then yanked her bathing suit down the rest of the way and off, leaving her naked, her face crimson.

“L-Let me go!”

“Don’t be such a baby,” Mack said with a sneer.

“I-I’m not a b-baby!” she gulped as the two girls began to run their hands over her body.

“She has such nice tits,” Mack said.

“Mine are bigger,” Autumn replied, pinching one of Zoey’s nipples so she yelped.

“But hers are perfect, I mean so firm and round, and these cute little nipples.” She bent and began to lick and suck at one of Zoey’s breasts.

“Don’t! Mack! Please!” Zoey gasped desperately.

Autumn bent then and began to lick and suck at the other breast, and despite herself Zoey felt the wild thrill of heat swirling around her as her nipples puffed up and throbbed responsively.

“I-I’m n-not into g-girls!” she gasped. “oh!”

Mack’s fingers were rubbing at the top of her sex. Zoey was trying to keep her legs clamped together, even crossed, but the other two girls forced her legs apart and held them open with their own, then began to laughingly stroke and fondle her buttocks and pussy. Zoey was mortified but her anguish could still not suppress the hot, kinky thrill ripping through her mind and body as the two girls stroked and fondled her.

Then Mack knelt in front of her and Zoey gasped in shock as the girl mouthed her sex and began to lick at her clit.

“No! Don’t! Mack! S-stop it!”

Mack ignored her, gripping her buttocks, licking and lapping at her clit as Autumn pulled her head back by the hair and mouthed her breast, then crushed her lips with her own, plunging her tongue inside. Zoey twisted and writhed helplessly, her insides swirling with wild heat and excitement as the two girls fondled and groped and licked her rapidly overheating body.

It was too much, and an orgasm roared over her, forcing her to writhe and thrash in mindless sexual heat, her hips bucking furiously against Mack’s mouth and tongue as her tongue whipped up and back against Autumn’s. The orgasm shook her to the pit of her being, and then left her, gasping, chest heaving, limp and all-but hanging from the ropes as she sagged exhaustedly.

The two girls, giggling, kissed her cheeks and forehead.

“Was that a good orgasm, honey?” Mack asked.

“See? That wasn’t so bad,” Autumn said.

Zoey couldn't yet speak. She was still trying to catch her breath. The orgasm had been dazing.

"It's fucking hot in here," Autumn complained.

"Yeah, well, they're just clapboard shacks. This isn't the highest class place."

"Think Charley will give us some cokes."

"He's got the whole kitchen and mess hall. Nobody will miss a few cokes."

Zoey stared at them as the two headed for the door.

"Wh-where are you going?!"

"Just to get something to drink. We'll be right back."

"Untie me!"

Mack grinned. "You look so hot like that. Don't worry, we'll be back soon."

"Probably," Autumn said.

They left, the screen door banging closed behind them, and Zoey looked up at her bound wrists, and then pulled frantically at the ropes, twisting and turning and trying to pull herself free. But to no avail.

The ropes were too tight, and she was stuck, her back pressed against the thick, rough wood, her body stretched out, naked, still flushed from the wild heat of sex.

A wild heat which had not left her, despite how anxious and worried she was as she jumped at every noise and stared out the windows at the empty camp around them. What if someone else came?

What if the girls left her like this as a joke!? What if a man came and raped her!? What if it was some other adults and they were shocked and made a huge fuss and wanted to call her parents and the police!?

And then she heard footsteps on the stairs, and on the porch. Her heart almost leapt out of her chest as she stared at the screen door, and a wave of relief washed over her when Autumn and Mack came in – alone. Both had a plastic cup and straw with some dark liquid in it, and Mack held a brown paper bag in one hand.

“Got some drinks, and something to eat from the mess hall,” she said.

“Are there people here!?” Zoey gulped.

“Just Charley the caretaker.”

“U-Untie me!”

“Say please.”

“Please untie me!”

“Hmmm, no.”

Autumn laughed and pinched one of Zoey’s nipples.

“Say, I’m a nasty little slut and I’m eager to serve you mistress,” Mack said with a leer.

“No!”

Autumn pinched her nipple again, and Mack seized the other, twisting it and pulling it until Mack yelped and cried out and tried to kick at them. Mack found some more rope and tied her ankles together.

“I-I’m a nasty little slut!” Zoey cried at last.

“And the rest.”

“And I’m eager to serve you, Mistress!”

“Again.”

“I’m a nasty little slut and I’m eager to serve you, Mistress!”

The two other girls, both taller by almost a head, smirked at each other as they stood before her.

“Let me hear you say you love to suck, cock,” Autumn said.

“I-I love to suck cock,” she said, face flushed.

“Louder, slut,” Mack said, slapping at her breast.

“I love to suck cock!”

“Again!”

“I love to suck cock! I love to suck cock! I love to suck cock!”

Autumn’s hand went between her legs, rubbing her pussy, and Zoey moaned.
“Please don’t!”

“Why? You like it.”

“I-I don’t!”

“You’re wet,” Autumn said.

“Soaking wet. You slut,” Mack said.

Zoey’s face burned with embarrassment.

“Say, I love to ride big cocks,” Autumn said.

“I love to ride big cocks,” Zoey said, face still red.

She said other things, all of them obscene, slutty, nasty, because when she wouldn’t they pinched her nipples and pulled at them until she did. The rest of the time they stroked and caressed her breasts and rubbed at her clit so that the sexual heat rose up around her once more.

And then Mack opened the bag and pulled out a long, round, green vegetable, a zucchini.

“Look what we got for you, baby,” she said with a taunting grin.

“Wh...what are you going to do?” Zoey asked, her voice tremulous.

“Guess?”

She pulled out a little throwaway plastic packet and peeled it open. It had butter in it and she rubbed it over the top two thirds of the zucchini.

“M-Mack,” Zoey gulped, staring at it.

It was huge, much thicker than any cock she’d ever had and a foot long.

“You love big cocks, remember?” Autumn taunted.

“D-don’t... DON’T!”

They laughed and held her easily in place. Mack untied her ankles, then tied her left ankle to the bottom of the post and they easily forced her right leg apart. Then she pressed the butter coated vegetable against Zoey’s moist little opening and began to push it in. Zoey gasped at the pressure, feeling her swollen sex lips slowly being forced in and back by the fat girth of the vegetable.

“Please don’t! Please! Please!” she gasped. “Please!”

Autumn crushed her lips against her, pulling her head so far back by the hair she was looking up at the roof. The brunette squeezed her breasts as she plunged her tongue into Zoey’s mouth, and Zoey felt the zucchini slowly being forced into her, slowly forcing her pussy lips wider and wider until, despite how they strained, they were forced back and the vegetable began to slide up inside her.

Her hips bucked convulsively, and she pulled desperately at ropes binding her wrists, but Mack bent began to twist and pull the zucchini, forcing it in and out, in and out, slowly forcing it deeper into her tight, aching pussy.

“You know you want it, slut,” Autumn said scornfully. “We saw you yesterday, with three cocks in you. You were in heaven.”

“N-no! I-was drunk!”

“You’re a slut. Admit it.”

“Nooo!”

The zucchini was high inside her now, and her pussy felt full, aching as Mack pushed it deeper, pulled it back, then thrust it deeper again.

“I-it’s too big! Please Mack!”

“You can take it, slut.”

“Ungghhh!”

She knelt in front of Zoey now, and began to lick at her clit as she slowly worked the fat zucchini in and out.

Zoey went limp, gasping, moaning, as Autumn licked and sucked on her nipples and breasts and fondled them, and Mack jammed the zucchini up higher inside her.

The sex heat was still there, and rising. Her anxiety was easing, though she was still horribly embarrassed. She'd never really thought much about sex with girls, and yet it seemed less embarrassing than if they were guys, and she was less fearful of them.

"Unngh! Oohhh!" she gasped.

"Can you get it all inside her?" Autumn asked, looking down.

"Nooo!" Zoey gasped.

"I doubt it."

"Ungghhh!" Zoey gasped as she thrust it up hard and it jammed against her cervix.

Almost all the fat green vegetable was inside her, and her sex lips were so taut her clitoris bulged.

Mack licked at it and Zoey shuddered and felt a dizzying surge of sensation that would have made her fall if she hadn't been bound.

Autumn went back to the table, but she hardly noticed. With her back to Zoey, she did something there, then turned around, holding another zucchini, well-battered. Still Zoey didn't notice until the two girls turned her around so her breasts were pressed around the post, and Autumn stuck a knee in front of her hips to force her bottom out.

Zoey, panting, moaning, felt something pressing in under her buttocks, against her anus, and her head whipped around as she tried to see. "Wha – what!? What are you d-dooooinggg!?" she cried.

"You love getting fucked up the ass. You said so," Autumn said.

"Oh no! Please don't! NO!"

"If you make too much noise you're going to get Charley's attention," Autumn warned.

Zoey clamped her jaws tight, the idea of a man walking in on this lesbian perversion almost making her face go white.

“Unghh!”

The hard green vegetable was jammed against her anal opening, and Mack was twisting it from side to side, trying to work it in.

“Please don’t!” she whimpered.

Autumn began to rub at her clit, and finger her nipples and the wild thrill surged through Zoey’s veins again.

The zucchini pushed up into her ass, slowly, pushing forward, twisting, twisting, then pulling back.

She shuddered and moaned helplessly, as Autumn fingered her clit and pushed at the zucchini in her pussy, and Mack forced the other up higher into her ass.

By the time they were satisfied, both of the zucchinis sat heavily in her belly, only an inch or two of their rounded ends protruding from the taut openings of her pussy and anus. The two girls then sat back, grinning, drinking cokes and looking at the overheated, sweating, gasping, moaning young girl stretched tautly against the bed.

“Damn, you look hot and sexy,” Mack said.

“You look incredibly sexy,” Autumn said.

Her insides hurt, but not... badly. She felt horribly stuffed, front and back, and groaned at how tautly and tightly her body gripped the two vegetables.

“I’m a slut whore and I love to be fucked hard,” Zoey said dazedly as they ordered her to again say nasty things about herself.

The two other girls stood up again, rubbing and pawing her, and then Mack knelt between her legs and began to lick at her pussy, which sent the fires surging higher inside her. She couldn’t keep still, and her hips ground convulsively against the girl’s mouth as she felt an orgasm beginning to rise.

“Say, I want to fuck you Autumn,” Autumn ordered.

Zoey flushed. She had no desire to do any such thing.

“Say it,” Autumn ordered.

Mack stopped licking her, and Zoey moaned, her hips pushing out longingly.

“Say it,” Autumn ordered, clutching a nipple, twisting it.

“I-I want to fuck you, Autumn,” she gasped.

“Beg me to fuck you,” Autumn said, smirking.

“Please fuck me, Autumn!”

“Say mistress.”

“Please fuck me, mistress!” she gasped.

Mack continued licking at her and drove her into another powerful and shattering orgasm, and Zoey thrashed and shook and bucked her hips wildly through it as the orgasm shook her from head to toe, going on and on until she thought she might pass out from the intensity of the sensations rippling through her nervous system.

Chapter Four

“Please untie me,” Zoey groaned.

It was getting hotter in the cabin as the sun beat down. And with her heart thundering in her chest and her body writhing and bucking and twisting she was sheeted in sweat, her hair bedraggled.

“I like you all hot and sweaty,” Mack said with a grin.

“We’re going to let you lick our pussies now.”

“I-I don’t know how!”

“You just felt me do it. Don’t tell me you forgot what I did, slut.”

“I-I..can’t!”

“Of course you can.”

“I’m not into girls!”

The two laughed at her, and then Autumn knelt before her and began to lick at her pussy as Mack forced her tongue into her mouth. The sex heat still swirled around her like a hot, steaming cloud, and Zoey’s hips were soon grinding frantically against the brunette’s tongue.

“Say I want to lick your pussies! Please let me lick your pussies!” Mack demanded.

“N-Noooooo,” she groaned.

Mack pushed Autumn back, and then they turned her around, facing the bed.

Crack!

“Oww!”

“Beg to lick my pussy.”

“Please, Mack!”

Crack! Her hand slapped down against Zoey's soft round bottom again, and Zoey yelped at the stinging pain.

"Beg to lick my pussy!"

Crack! "Oww! Stop it!"

Crack! Mack's hand slapped against her small, round butt, then slapped it again, and Autumn laughed and slapped her bottom as well.

"Don't!"

Her bottom was starting to heat up as Mack and Autumn spanked her, and no amount of twisting and turning could protect her.

"She only likes cocks," Mack said with a sneer.

"Big cocks that fuck her up the ass!" Autumn said.

"I'll fuck you up the ass, Zoey," Mack said.

She gripped the end of the zucchini sticking out of Zoey's ass and pulled it sharply out. Zoey's anal muscles had begun to loosen up now, and the zucchini moved more easily. Mack pulled it out and then thrust it in hard. Zoey cried out as the fat vegetable was rammed up her ass, forcing her up onto her toes and throwing her against the bed post.

Laughing, Autumn put her knee in against her and forced her bottom out, and Mack moved in directly behind her, holding the end of the zucchini against her own groin as she began to thrust her hips in and out, thrusting it up hard into Zoey's tight little bottom again and again and again.

Autumn then reached in and began to stroke her moist finger across Zoey's clit as the girl sobbed and moaned and cried out again and again.

The zucchini – hurt, but each time it punched up into her belly Zoey felt a strange, dark thrill of excitement. It was moving much more freely in her ass, now, and a part of her marveled at how the thing could slide in and out when it was so thick.

Mack yanked her head back by the hair and bit on the nape of her neck.

"I'm fucking you up the ass, Zoey, you slut," she growled. "Do you like it, slut!? Do you like me fucking you in the ass?!"

“Unggh! Anngh! Ohh! Ungh! Ohh!” Zoey gasped as the zucchini thrust up into her ass again and again and again.

Autumn pushed at the one in her pussy, somehow forcing that even deeper, as if it could somehow push past her cervix, and she shuddered and ground her hips frantically, desperately, wildly, her eyes bulging as the two girls used and abused her and sexual electricity crackled through her mind and body.

“Let’s see you come, bitch!” Mack exclaimed. “Let’s see you come while I fuck you up the ass with my big green cock!”

Autumn giggled, and pushed at the one in her pussy as she stroked her thumb across Zoey’s clit.

Zoey came, shuddering, twisting, writhing, shaking as convulsions wracked her slight young body.

The orgasm hammered her mind, sweeping all thoughts away except pleasure and need. It went on and on, robbing her of breath, robbing her of everything but the desperate need for it to continue forever.

She sagged limply against the bed, panting for breath, chest heaving, her skin glistening with sweat, glassy eyes slitted.

“I think she liked that,” Autumn said dryly.

“I think she did.”

They untied the rope from her ankle and wrists, and gripped her arms to keep her from falling.

Still, she collapsed to her knees, still gasping, dripping sweat, hardly realizing it as her arms were pulled together behind her, and they tied the rope around her elbows, binding them together.

Mack went to one of the windows. All of them were covered by cheap plastic blinds, and she managed to pull the cord free from one and come back to where Zoey knelt. She and Autumn leaned the exhausted girl forward, and Mack doubled up the thin cord and drew it around in front of Zoey, up under her breasts, then in against her breasts. She wrapped the cord around one breast, then tied it, then wrapped it around the other.

“Wh-what are you doooooing?” Zoey moaned.

They pulled the cord tight around the base of her breasts so they stuck out hard and taut and fat.

Then Mack pulled on the two feet or so of cord which remained, and Zoey gasped as she was forced to lurch forward on her knees, pulled by the pressure pulling on her breasts.

“Oh! Don’t! Mack! Oww!”

Mack laughed, forcing her to stumble along on her knees, pulling on her breasts, the cord digging into the soft flesh, her breasts throbbing hotly.

She pulled upwards, then forcing the trembling, gasping girl up onto her feet, up onto her toes, and made her dance around on her toes as Autumn watched and giggled. Then she led her back against the table, turned her so her bottom was to it, and pressed her in so that she was pressed back against the corner of the table.

Then she began to ease her down. Zoey gasped as she felt the bottom of the zucchinis which stuck out of her pussy and ass pressing down against the wooden surface.

“Oh! Oh don’t! No! It hurts! Owww!”

“Gonna lick our pussies, slut?”

“Yes! Yes!” she cried as she was forced down and the two vegetables jammed up hard inside her.

She gasped as the cord tugged on her breasts, forcing her forward, then down onto her knees.

Autumn stripped off her bikini bottom and stood, straight legged before her, legs apart. She seized Zoey’s hair and pulled her face in against her shaven pussy.

“Lick me, slut!”

Zoey tried to twist her face away, but then the cord on her breasts was pulled hard and she yelped in pain, and began to lick.

It wasn’t so hard, really, and it wasn’t that she had no idea what to do. Both of them had already performed oral sex on her, after all, making her come repeatedly.

And really, she supposed it was only fair she return the favour. But her face was still bright red as she was forced to lick Autumn's pussy, as she was directed down and up and told to lick harder and faster and slower.

But she was gratified when Autumn climaxed, even though the girl jerked on her hair too hard and ground her face into her pussy.

Then she had to lick Mack, who sat in one of the chairs, legs spread wide, and held the cord around her breasts as though it were the reins of a horse, pulling on it constantly as she jammed Zoey's face into her pussy.

"Oh yeah, baby! That's so nice," she groaned. "lick me, baby! Lick, me sweetie. Oh yeesss!" she groaned.

When she was done they forced her back across the table, laying back on her arms, and their tongues whipped across her aching nipples and swollen clit, driving her into another massive orgasm, hips bucking wildly, convulsions wracking her body.

With the final orgasm at its peak Mack pulled the zucchini out of her ass, and that threw her into a still higher peak, every muscle in her body spasming violently, until she finally collapsed breathlessly, gasping, desperately pulling in ragged breaths of air.

Laughing, the two worked the other zucchini out of her pussy, and rubbed it gently.

"You're sweating like a pig, sweetie," Mack said.

"We're all sweating now," Autumn said.

They put their bikini bottoms back on.

"U-untie me," Zoey groaned.

"I kind of like you like this, all naked and slutty and helpless," Mack said, grinning.

She pulled on the cords and Zoey stumbled forward, her breasts throbbing.

Then she and Autumn headed for the door, pulling Zoey behind.

"Mack!" Zoey gasped.

She was pulled remorselessly along, out onto the porch, then down onto the ground, naked, out in the open. She stared wildly around at the other cabins and

their dark windows, at the trees beyond and around them.

“You are really hot,” Mack said. “You’ve never licked pussy before? You’re pretty good at it.”

“You have a very talented tongue, dear,” Autumn said, giving her bottom a squeeze.

She was led back up the trail and into the woods, pulled along by the cord around her breasts, anxiously staring around her in fear someone would pop out of the woods and see.

“But you have to get over this shyness. You have an incredible body. You should be proud of it,” Mack said.

Gasping, moaning, she was led back down the path to the inlet. Only there did they finally pull the cord from around her breasts, which had turned red, and then untie her arms. She groaned as the pull against her shoulders was eased, and she was finally able to cup her wounded breasts.

“You guys are mean!” she gasped.

“We’re not mean. We like you,” Mack said. “We think you’re hot and we’re trying to make you realize it too.”

“C-Can I have my bathing suit?”

“No, I think I want you naked for a little longer.”

“Please!”

“Stop whining. You can ride with me.”

Mack got onto one of the seadoos, and she and Autumn helped the smaller teen in behind her.

Naked, Zoey was forced to press her bare breasts against Mack’s back and put her arms around her as they started back down the inlet.

“We have to take you shopping, get you a nice bikini,” Mack said.

“I can’t wear a thong around my parents,” Zoey protested.

“Why not? What are they going to do, spank you?”

Zoey's face flushed. She looked around anxiously as they moved, afraid someone would see her naked. Her pussy and bottom were sore from the thick hard vegetables they had used to – to rape her, really, though it didn't really feel like rape. She had often been picked on and mistreated by "friends", after all, and this really didn't feel any different except for the sexual aspect. She was not a girl who easily stood up for herself.

They were back in the main river, and picking up speed. She clung to Mack, heart thumping, still desperately staring around. They passed a sailboat at perhaps fifty feet, as Mack angled in closer, and the girl only laughed when she begged her to pull away.

"They can't see anything anyway!" she shouted back over her shoulder.

Which was pretty much true, Zoey knew, but it didn't ease the tension inside her.

They drove right back to her cottage and pulled into the boat house. Luckily, no one was around, and they giggled as she snatched the swimsuit from Mack's hand and quickly yanked it on and up.

"We'll see you later, sexy," she said as she and Autumn got back into the canoe and paddled off.

Zoey stared after them, not at all sure she wanted to ever see them again. She went up to the cottage. She saw no sign of her father, but could hear her mother on the phone from the other room extolling the virtues of the cottage. She went up to her room and stripped off the swimsuit, then stared at herself in the mirror. She looked awfully bedraggled. She turned but saw no sign she had been spanked.

There were red lines around the edges of her breasts, though, and thicker ones on her wrists.

She went into the bathroom and had a warm shower, soaping off. She winced as she ran her fingers gently along her sex, peering down at it. It seemed fine, which was amazing when she thought of how thick the zucchini had been.

She felt more sore behind, inside her, from the hard ass fucking Mack had given her, and she wondered how she would explain it if the stupid girl had done some kind of damage to her back there.

She still felt a little dazed by it all, but was surprised she wasn't more embarrassed. She should have felt humiliated, yet oddly, didn't. Perhaps it was the casual and

light hearted way they treated sex, like a game, a sport. Was that kind of attitude taking hold of her?

They had not really hurt her, she thought grudgingly. And the echo of the climaxes they had given her still had her a little dazed. The orgasms had been so powerful, so intense! They were crazy, and she was wary about what they would do to her or with her next. But at least they were right about none of the people who knew her being around.

Not that a lot of people knew her. She'd been something of a loner since that earlier incident, and her shyness combined with the wall she'd built around herself had kept everyone away. She thought of what she could have been doing the last two days, sitting on the deck reading a book, probably, and compared it to what she'd gone through. It was hard to say she should never see them again given the options.

She reached back and squeezed her bottom right over her anus. She could still feel the sensation as that big zucchini had thrust in and out of her. Why had it felt so – so good? It had hurt a little, ached, but the feel of the big round thing sliding in and out, up and down, had been – well, thrilling. God, it had felt good!

What kind of a slut was she!?

She dried off and did her hair, feeling more human again, no longer sweaty and dirty. She put on a clean pair of panties and a pair of khaki shorts, then a bra and top. She went back down the stairs and into the wide kitchen. Her mother was there, and looked up from a list she was making.

“Hi, honey. You’ve been gone a while. It looks like you’re making friends.”

Zoey shrugged. Her mother was always nagging on her about her not doing anything.

“They seemed like nice girls,” her mother said.

“They’re okay.”

She got an apple out of the fridge and bit into it, looking at her mother as she inspected her list, wondering if her mother could possibly imagine what had happened to her today and yesterday. Probably not. What would she do if Zoey told her? Her eyes would bug out of her head, probably and she'd slap Zoey into therapy so fast her head would spin. Her mother wasn't exactly a prude, but she

never talked about sex, and Zoey couldn't imagine how she would react to knowing her daughter had just had lesbian sex with two girls, or that she had fucked three guys at once the other afternoon.

"They tied me up and then raped me with zucchinis, fucking my pussy and ass, and I came like a slut, mom. I came like crazy while Mack fucked up the ass with a zucchini. Then I licked their pussies and made them come too. What do you think?"

No, that wasn't something she could say to her mother.

"You always forget things, no matter how you plan," her mother said, writing something else on the list.

"So I fucked this guy the other day. His name was Mike. Have you ever straddled a guy and rode up and down on his stiff prick, mom, and then sucked another guy's cock while a third guy forced his own big cock up your ass and fucked you?"

No, that probably wouldn't go over very well either. "Best to just chew the apple."

"You want to come with us?"

"Where are you going?"

"To that little store we passed on the way in, up the highway."

She shook her head and bit into the apple again.

"You can invite your little friends over for dinner if you want."

Zoey rolled her eyes. "Mother, they're not little friends. We're adults."

"Oh of course. Excuse me. Are they going to college, too?"

"Uhm, I don't know. It didn't come up."

"You should get a new bathing suit, you know."

Zoey blinked at her in surprise. "You have a great body," her mother said. "You shouldn't wear that old green bathing suit. You've been wearing it for years now."

"You want me to wear a thong like Mackenzie?"

"No, of course not, but you'd look cute in a bikini. You shouldn't be so shy."

Zoey shook her head, wondering if her mother possibly knew Mack had said the same thing.

She wandered out front and looked out over the water. It really was a beautiful place. She went down to the river and then into the boat house, looking at the seadoos and the boat, then climbed up onto the upper deck and leaned on the rail. She felt so... normal. How could she feel normal after what had happened to her?

Chapter Five

“I bought you a bikini,” Mack said with a grin.

Zoey looked behind her at the cottage. “I don’t think– .”

“Why don’t you try it on. You can do it in the boat house.”

She pulled Zoey firmly in and then handed her the small bag. Zoey took it warily. Yesterday’s events were still very clear in her mind, and she was uneasy around the other girl.

“Go on and look.”

She opened the bag and found what looked almost like two bikinis, black with dark pink trim.

“It’ll go great with your hair!” Mack said.

“You didn’t have to buy me a bikini,” she said uncomfortably.

“Just put it on!”

She seized it from Zoey’s hands and showed her. “See, it’s like two bikinis in one. It’s like it was made for you! There’s the thong bottom, and then this bigger one fits right over it. And the cups are adjustable. Come on. Strip.”

She tugged Zoey’s shorts down and Zoey gasped and snatched at them.

“I’ll watch for anyone coming,” Mack said impatiently.

Zoey’s face flushed as she stepped out of the shorts, then pulled on the thong. It was a very revealing thong, with a narrow V of black fabric in front, and a tiny upside down V at the top of her buttocks, with a thin strap which slid up across her hips. The second one was identical, but with a pink border, and it slid over the first. It was wider in front, higher, and had a full back, and the straps went up across the first pair of straps, covering them. There was even a pair of thin strings to tie them together so they didn’t come apart.

The cups were triangular, on a string, but adjustable. They could stretch out to mostly cover her breasts, or be pulled back to bare half her boobs.

“Now you can be respectable when you want,” Mack said, her body pressing in against Zoey’s, “and not respectable at all when we want.”

She kissed her softly on the lips, and Zoey inched back, but found herself pressed against the wall. Mack continued to kiss her, her hands sliding around her and squeezing her behind.

“Mack!” she gasped, twisting her head aside. “My parents!”

“Aren’t here. Kiss me right now,” Mack ordered, kissing her again.

Zoey kissed back helplessly, their tongues sliding together as Mack’s hands pushed down into her bikini bottom and kneaded her bare buttocks. Her right hand rose, squeezing Zoe’s breast, pulling the top aside, kneading and caressing the soft, sensitive flesh as Zoey moaned and rolled her eyes towards the door.

Then Mackenzie pulled back with a grin and Zoey hurriedly adjusted the suit.

The girl took her arm and led her out of the boat house, then up towards the house. She spoke in a very respectful and mature way to her mother and father, and told them she was going into her second year at university in the fall.

“How long are you guys staying?” she asked.

“Oh we’ll be coming up every now and then,” her father replied. “Right now we’re just staying to sort of get acquainted with the place and see what needs fixing and what supplies we need. We’ll be going back to the city tomorrow.”

“You know,” Mack said, “Places like this are a real target for thieves. I mean, a big, beautiful place full of nice things with no one here?” She shook her head. “Why don’t you leave Zoey here for a while. We’re just getting acquainted and there’s a lot more stuff I’d like to show her.”

Zoey felt a little thrumming in her belly.

“Oh I don’t know,” her father said.

“Why not?” her mother said. “Zoey is certainly mature enough to be on her own.”

“But we’re in the middle of nowhere,” her father protested.

“There’s people around,” Mackenzie said, “And I could stay with her most of the time. Autumn lives just across the river, too if she needs anything, and Autumn’s

dad is a cop.”

She was very artful in the sincere way she spoke, Zoe thought, even as she half hoped her parents would say no. She was a little uncertain what plans Mack had for her, and being alone with her for days on end struck her as dangerous.

And of course, her parents said yes, and Mackenzie assured them they would do nothing in the house but sleep, eat and watch TV and would phone every night.

Then she led Zoey back to the seadoos to go back to her place. They stopped when they were around the bend of the river and Mack made her strip off the outer bikini bottom, and then reached over herself and adjusted the top, pulling it wider to expose more of her breasts. Zoey blushed and was uncomfortable, but didn't want to upset the other girl.

They wound up at Brian's place again first. Only Brian was there, and Mack wanted to borrow a DVD. Brian, though, wanted to grope the two girls.

Mack pushed him back, a trifle irritated. “Give him a blow job, will you, while I go inside and get the DVD?”

“What?” Zoey gulped, shocked.

“Go on. You already fucked him. See how hard he is.”

Mack took her hand and pushed it up against Brian's groin, rubbing it against his growing erection.

“Yeah, Zoey, come on and help a guy out,” he said, fondling her breasts as Mack went up into the house.

“I-I don't...”

He grinned and tugged down his shorts, then put his hand on her shoulder and pushed her down.

Zoey sank down reluctantly, and then gasped as he seized her hair and drew her mouth in against his cock. She opened her mouth and slipped her lips around it, sucking and licking, rolling her eyes up as he stood above her, moaning into his cock as she began to bob her lips up and down.

“Yeah, baby,” he groaned. “Suck that cock, baby. Yeah! That's so good. Suck me, baby. Suck that cock.”

Zoey did just that, her lips bobbing up and down the length of him, but when he kept trying to push himself deeper she put her hands against his belly to hold him back, then put a hand around the base of his shaft, squeezing it as she bobbed her lips up and down the front half.

Mack came out just as he was finishing, and Zoey swallowed his juice as he spit it into her mouth. Then, red-faced, she joined Mack, scurrying down the trail to the dock and climbing onto one of the seadoos. Her mind was swirling with what she'd just done. It was just so... so utterly casual!

They went back to Mack's place. There was no sign of her mother but a note which said she'd gone to see Mr. Jennings, whoever that was, and saying they shouldn't wait up. Mack didn't seem surprised. She crumbled the note and tossed it into the garbage.

"You can lose the suit," she said.

"Pardon?"

"Take off the bikini. You don't need it here."

"B-but what if she comes back?"

"She probably won't be back tonight. She's banging Jennings and they'll probably be at it half the night."

"But- ."

"Strip. Now," Mack ordered, spinning her around and undoing her top, then tugging down her thong.

"But Mackenzie!"

"You want me to tie you up?"

"No," she said in a small voice.

They went out onto the dock, and with Mackenzie stripping too Zoey sort of got used to being naked, though she still felt horribly self conscious, and kept checking the water and trees every few seconds.

"So what if someone sees you," Mack said in disgust.

She lay back in the chaise lounge she sat in and then raised her legs and spread them wide, draping them across the arms of the chair, exposing her pussy completely.

“Sit like this. Go on. Do it.”

Reluctantly, Zoey did, face flushed.

“Do you masturbate a lot?” Mack asked, running her hands over her own breasts.

“Mackenzie!”

“Don’t be an idiot. It’s just a question. Almost everyone masturbates. I bet you do. You’re too bright, have too much imagination. Do you use a vibrator?”

Zoey shook her head, blushing.

Mackenzie smiled. “You’ll love mine. It’s got six speed and these little rotating latex whiskers.”

She smirked. “Let me see your pussy.”

“Wh-what?”

“Spread your pussy open. I want to see pink.”

Numbly, Zoey obeyed, feeling horribly slutty and dirty.

“Show me your clit.”

Zoey did that too, spreading the hood back, face red.

Mackenzie licked her own fingers, and did it quite lewdly, as if they were a cock, sliding them in and out of her mouth, sucking on them, then brought them down between her legs and began to rub at her clit. “Do it,” she ordered.

Zoey looked around anxiously, then imitated her, rubbing her clitoris, her other hand squeezing her breast. The two girls faced each other, slumped low in the chairs, masturbating as they looked at each other. Then Mack stood up abruptly and walked to her.

“Let’s go inside,” she said.

She took Zoey's wrist and pulled her after her, then put her arm around her as she walked up to the cottage and went inside. They went into her small bedroom, and she pushed Zoey against the bed.

"Kneel on the edge of the bed," she ordered.

Zoey obeyed, her insides squirming with embarrassment and excitement. She watched Mackenzie open one of the drawers of her dresser and take out a thick leather belt hanging with... what, she wasn't sure.

Mackenzie stepped into it, and it became very clear, and Zoey's face flushed as she saw the big, fat dildo attached to the straps. She watched the other girl adjust it, drawing one of the straps down between her legs, then move in behind her.

"Oww!" she gasped as she slapped her bottom.

"Spread em, slut," Mackenzie ordered.

Breathing raggedly, Zoey spread her knees wider, and moaned as she felt the head of the fat dildo rubbing over her clit, then sliding up and down the length of her pussy. She gasped as it pushed into her, and she was surprised to feel how moist she was. The dildo was not nearly as thick as the zucchini had been, but it was thicker than an average cock, and longer, and Mackenzie thrust it deep, then seized her hips and started pumping in and out.

It was so bizarre, but her body and mind were filled with kinky sexual hunger and excitement.

She gasped and moaned as the thick dildo pumped into her, spreading her arms further ahead to brace her as Mack's hips slapped into her buttocks.

She gasped in pain as Mackenzie seized her hair and yanked it back.

"Are you my bitch, Zoey?" the girl growled.

"Y-Yes!" Zoey gasped.

"Say it."

"I'm your bitch!"

"I'm your bitch, Mistress," Mackenzie barked.

“Oh! Oh! I’m your bitch, Mistress!” Zoey gasped as the other girl thrust into her harder and faster.

Mack slapped her bottom and she yelped, then she felt the girl’s finger against her anus.

“Do you want it up the ass, slut?”

“Oh! No! Please, Mackenzie!”

Mackenzie’s hands moved up her sides and cupped her breasts as she continued pumping. Then she eased back.

“Get on your back and spread your arms and legs.”

Zoey did as she was ordered, looking up nervously as Mackenzie crawled over her and straddled her hips. The girl reached past her to the corner of the bed and drew out a strap with a loop in the end. She took Zoe’s hand and thrust it through the loop, then tightened it around her wrists.

“What are you going to do?” Zoey asked timidly.

“Fuck you,” Mackenzie said.

She pulled Zoey’s other arm apart and strapped it to the top corner of the bed. Then she reached down to the side of the twin bed and pulled up another strap, she pushed Zoey’s left leg to the side of the bed and fastened the strap around it just behind her knee, then pulled it wider still.

She took her other leg and spread that to the side of the bed too.

“Ooh! Wait! It’s too far!” Zoey gasped as the tendons in her thighs stretched and ached.

Mack looked down at her. “I want you spread wide so I can fucking rape you,” she breathed.

She forced her leg farther and farther to the side, and with her legs pulled aside so strongly it actually forced Zoey’s hips upwards a little.

Mack then fit the nose of the dildo to her pussy, rubbed it up and down and up and down her moist slit, then pushed it into her and leaned inwards, forcing the dildo deeper and deeper.

Zoey groaned as the dildo was shoved deep inside her. Mack let her naked body down atop her, their breasts pillowing together as she kissed her, and she slowly forced her hips down further and further until the dildo was jammed so achingly deep inside her Zoey thought it might come out her mouth.

Mack worked her hips slowly up and down, up and down, fucking her with the strap-on dildo, crushing her lips with her own, grinding their breasts together.

The thrusting and grinding began to raise Zoe's pulse and blood pressure, began to send that swirling electrical heat crackling through her nervous system as her breathing grew more ragged. She felt a powerful thrumming heat in her groin and breasts, and the hard, deep thrusting began to build that heat into an unquenchable fire as Mack's hips rose and fell, rose and fell, rose and fell. There some kind of latex pad at the base of the thing, and every time Mackenzie drove it deep she ground her hips upwards to grind it across her clit.

Mack's hands slid down under her buttocks and began to jerk her up in time to the thrusts. The thrusts became harder, faster, hurting Zoey, and she gasped and yelped and moaned as the thing rammed into her again and again. But the sex-heat was billowing up through her body and mind, and waves of dark, nasty pleasure were rolling over her.

"Are you my bitch?" Mack panted.

"Y-Yes!"

"Say it!" she panted, thrusting hard. "Say it."

"I'm y-your bitch! I'm your bitch!" Zoey gasped. 'Oh! Ungh! Oh! Unggh!"

The bed was squeaking as Mack thrust harder, as her hips pounded up and down and the dildo rammed down into Zoey's aching pussy. Zoey was pushed over the edge and arched her back, straining against the binds as her head rolled back bonelessly and she gurgled and groaned and shuddered in orgasmic pleasure.

Mack continued thrusting wildly for another full minute before reaching her own orgasm and then, gasping, easing back onto her heels. She grinned and ran her hands over Zoey's body.

"Whose bitch are you?"

"Y-Yours," Zoey panted.

“Say I’m your bitch, mistress.”

“I’m your bitch, mistress.’

Mack pinched and tugged and twisted her nipples, then pulled the strap-on off, dislodged the dildo, and thrust it back into Zoey’s pussy. She produced a thick butt-plug, lubed it, and then forced it up Zoey’s ass, then got up and left the room briefly, returning with a bowl.

“Now I think I’m going to torture you,” she said.

She plucked an ice cube from the bowl, and Zoey gasped and squirmed as she let the cold water drip from it onto her breast and trickle slowly down along her ribs. Mackenzie grinned evilly, then brought the ice cube down against her nipple, rolling it slowly from side to side.

“Oh! Oh! Don’t! Oh don’t!” she gasped, pulling and straining at the straps.

Mackenzie ignored her pleas, rolling the ice cube around and around her nipple, freezing it over, then bending to take the nipple in her mouth, sucking and licking it, chewing lightly on the flesh around it.

Her hands raced over Zoey’s body, stroking, caressing, kneading and squeezing.

She brought the ice cube up across the peak of Zoey’s left breast and let it sit against her hard nipple, sit and freeze it, sit and melt slowly, the icy droplets of water trickling slowly down the sides of her breasts and over her ribs while Zoey twisted and writhed.

Her mouth replaced the ice cube, warmly, wetly, moistly sucking and massaging the cold-burned flesh, her tongue flicking out and caressing her quivering nipple even as she let the melting cube slide down along Zoey’s ribs, then back up again, then down across her belly and in between her legs.

The cube was almost melted. She picked up another and ran it up and down along Zoey’s slit, in between her sex lips, up across her clit, then rubbing lightly against it, melting there amid the soft, warm folds of her sex. She pulled the dildo out and set it aside. Her tongue pushed in and twirled around the mouth of Zoey’s sex, then thrust in deeply, twisting and wriggling, sliding back out and up to flick across her chilled clit.

She brought the ice cube back down, and Zoey writhed and twisted, gasping, begging her to pull it away. Mackenzie giggled. "I love making you wiggle!"

She jumped up and hurried from the room, returning with a Popsicle. She stuck her tongue out at Zoey, then lay down upon her, grinding her own naked flesh against Zoey as she sucked on the Popsicle – a cherry Popsicle, as it happened. She slid the Popsicle from her mouth and turned it around, pushing it into Zoey's mouth.

"Suck it!" she said in a hiss. "Suck that cock, bitch!"

Zoey moaned and licked and sucked at the Popsicle as Mack pumped it slowly in and out.

Mack pulled it back, then let the icy Popsicle circle Zoey's nipples, following it with her tongue.

"I'm gonna get you all sticky," she taunted.

She let the Popsicle slide all across Zoey's breasts, sliding it her and there, up and down, then down along her ribs, up into her armpits, down across her belly as Zoey thrashed and cried out, then down between her legs. She slid the Popsicle into her warm, soft pussy, pushing it deep, all the way to the stick, and pumped it in and out.

"I figured you two were up to no good."

Zoey gasped and jerked her eyes around to see Autumn in the doorway, smirking.

"Grab a Popsicle and join me," Mack said, pulling the Popsicle out of Zoey's pussy and sliding it into her own mouth. "Mmm, pussy flavoured."

Autumn giggled and did just that, only she got an orange Popsicle. She sat down cross-legged next to the bound girl and began sliding the Popsicle across her breasts and chest, down along her hips and along her inner thighs, then pulled the butt plug out of her ass and slowly sank the Popsicle into the opening.

"Please! Please! It's too cold! It's too cold!" Zoey cried, twisting and writhing.

"You're our little sex slave, Zoey, we can torture you as long as we want," she taunted.

"Sex slave!" Mack hissed, sticking her tongue out at Zoey.

Autumn pulled the Popsicle out and traced it along Zoey's legs right down to her wriggling feet, rubbing the thing along her toes and the sole of her foot. Then she laughed as she saw the strap-on Mack had set aside.

"Are you going to fuck her with this?" she asked, picking it up.

"I already did, made the slut come too," Mack said.

"I wanna fuck her!"

"Go ahead. You'll get all sticky, though."

Autumn didn't bother getting undressed. She pulled the straps up over her jeans and knelt on the bed. "She's all sticky and shit," she said.

"I told you, idiot."

"Untie her legs, then."

"For what?"

"We can lift them up and back and I can fuck her in the ass."

"Yeah, okay."

"Nooooo!" Zoey moaned.

The two girls undid the straps around her legs, and then lifted them up and forced them back as Autumn moved into position in front of her. She fit the nose of the dildo against the open hole of Zoey's anus and thrust down, then put her weight on her ankles to force her legs even harder back as she lowered herself, thrusting in and out, sinking the dildo deeper and deeper.

"You know you love it, slut!" she taunted. "I saw you coming when Mack fucked your ass! You love getting it up the ass!"

"Sex slave!" Mackenzie cried dramatically.

"Ass slave!" Autumn yelled, thrusting the dildo deeper into Zoey's back hole.

Mackenzie wound up straddling Zoey's face, sitting on her face, grinding her pussy into her mouth as she kissed Autumn, who forced Zoey's ankles down behind her head so that Mack could kneel on them, and then pumped the dildo hard and fast

down into her ass. Mack and Autumn groped and fondled each other, with Mack pulling open Autumn's top and leaning in to suck on her nipples as she bounced atop Zoey's face.

Zoey gasped and moaned and shuddered as Autumn pounded the big dildo down into her aching ass. She was amazed it didn't really hurt, that it felt – natural – the way it was thrusting in and out. She could feel every imperfection on the long, thick length of the dildo, every dimple and seam as it pumped up and down inside her anal tube. And the shuddering impact every time Autumn's hips rammed into her upraised bottom made her want to cry out at the overflow of sensations it caused.

Mack sat on her face, grinding her wet pussy back and forth over her nose and mouth, and Zoey licked as best she could, overcome with wild sexual heat at the nastiness and perversion they were involving her in. She didn't think of it, however, as them using her or abusing her. She thought of the three of them as wild, sexy lovers engaged in nasty, kinky sex – together.

"Yeah! Yeah! Take it up the ass, slut! Take it up the ass, sex slave!" Autumn grunted as she rammed her hips downward.

"Eat me, slut! Lick my pussy, sex slave!" Mack cried, grinding herself down against the bound girl's face.

Chapter Six

Zoey wasn't unduly worried about wearing her little thong bikini to visit Mike with Autumn and Mack. They were both wearing revealing bikinis too, after all, and Autumn's was even a thong. But they went in a small boat, this time, which had an outboard motor. And they stopped off at Autumn's place first. Once there Autumn and Mack both dressed in Jeans and t-shirts, and she immediately felt self-conscious again.

"You'll have to learn to stash clothes at our places," Mack said with a smirk.

"But then again, we like you looking like this," Autumn said, kneading her bottom.

They got back in the boat and went on to Mike's. She was anxious about the possibility of being the subject of another gang-bang – both anxious and darkly excited – but when they got there his parents were home, along with another couple which were apparently friends visiting. All of them, including Mike, were dressed, and that left her feeling extremely self-conscious. The adults looked at her askance, or at least, the women did. The men looked at her with considerable interest, and she tried her best to keep her bottom pointed away from everyone.

After all, these people were old enough to be her parents!

After about twenty very uncomfortable minutes the girls and Mike went down to the boat and took off.

"I think my dad liked you," Mike said with a smirk.

Zoey blushed.

"Come here," he said.

She shifted over in her seat a little and he unzipped his jeans and brought out his flaccid cock.

"Come on. Suck me," he said.

Zoey coloured and looked at Mack and Autumn, who gave her blank stares. "Go on," Mack said.

Mike gripped her arm, pulling her forward, off the seat, and onto her knees on the bottom of the boat, and pulled her mouth in against his groin. She felt a little indignant, and more than a little embarrassed, but she didn't want to get them angry with her, and so she took his cock into her mouth and started to suck and lick as he ran his fingers through her hair and then down into the cups of her bra.

Mack and Autumn went on talking about some movie as though nothing were happening, and Zoey's lips bobbed up and down on Mike's now hard prick as she sucked and licked him.

He pulled the cups of her top aside to let her breasts fall free, and kneaded and squeezed them as she sucked his cock. The boat moved steadily through the water, bouncing now and then when it hit a wave. He came fairly quickly, and Zoey swallowed it and then eased back up, wiping her mouth and then pulling her bra cups back in place and adjusting her breasts.

She felt very cheap as Mike casually did up his pants again, and then turned to Mack to add his opinion of the movie and the actor who starred in it, almost as if nothing had happened.

They went to Brian's, and once again everyone got out, and once again everyone was dressed except her. Brian's parents were religious, and frowned openly at her and her little thong bikini as she squirmed in discomfort, but they didn't say anything openly as Brian joined the others and they all got back into the boat.

"I don't think my parents like you," he said, grinning.

"Well I didn't pick out this bikini!" she protested.

"Fuck it. Who cares what they think," he said.

Then he unzipped his jeans. "Give me a suck, baby."

She opened her mouth to protest and someone, Mack or Autumn, gave her a shove from behind so she slipped off the seat and onto her knees on the bottom of the boat again. Then he pulled her forward as he took his cock out, and rubbed it over her face.

"Suck that cock, slut," Mack jeered.

"Yeah, suck it, sex slave! She's our little sex slave," she said.

"I always wanted a sex slave," Mike said.

"Suck my prick, sex slave," Brian said.

She had little choice but to do just that, and the others watched her as her lips slid up and down on Brian's cock.

"She needs to learn how to deep throat," Mack said.

"Yeah. Deep throat him, sex slave," Autumn said.

Zoey gurgled a reply as Brian tried to push his cock deeper into her throat. She had her hand on his shaft to prevent it, and he drew it away.

"Try deep throating me," he said.

"I don't know how!" she gurgled.

"So learn. It ain't hard. You just got to swallow."

"Swallow that meat, sex slave!" Autumn said enthusiastically.

But when his cock entered her throat she gagged and jerked back.

"Bend over more."

"Pull your head back so he can slide it right through without bending it."

Brian pulled her forward by a thick chunk of hair, and Autumn and Mike grabbed her wrists.

Mike eased in behind her, his legs against her back, preventing her from backing up, and the two forced her arms up and back behind her to help lever her forward. Then Brian pushed his cock deeper into her mouth as she gurgled and gagged and choked.

"Just do it!" Mack said.

Brian lunged forward and Zoey's eyes bulged as his thick cock pushed into her throat. She almost threw up, and gagged violently as his prick slid not only into her throat but down it, inch after inch of shaft sliding through the thin tube of her throat as she gurgled and tried to cough. She pulled frantically against them but

they had her easily pinned, and Brian buried every last inch of prick in her mouth as he ground her nose in against his pubic bone.

“Yeah! That’s the way to do it, sex slave!”

“Swallow that cock, baby!”

He ground her face into his groin as they others laughed and commented on what a good little cock sucker she was becoming. But Zoey didn’t feel good. Her head was pounding, her chest burning, and she was fighting both the terror of being unable to breath, and the urgency to heave out the contents of her stomach. Somehow she managed to control each as Brian drew his cock back out. It slid free of her throat and she coughed violently, saliva pouring over her lower lip as he slid his cock completely free of her mouth.

Face crimson, she gulped in air, gasping for breath, her throat aching, her face all sweaty, saliva still drooling over her lower lip.

“No,” she gurgled.

Brian thrust his cock back into her mouth before she could do anything to stop him, and then she choked and gagged as he punched it immediately into her throat and slid it all the way down.

“That’s it, Zoey. Deep throat him,” Mack urged. “Good job! That’s how you do it, Zoey!”

He jammed her nose in against him again, ground against her, then pulled out. This time, he didn’t pull his cock completely free, and instead began to pump in and out of her gagging, choking throat. His cock moved in and out with wet, slurping, sucking sounds accompanied by her gurgles and gags as he thrust in and out. It was less painful, less uncomfortable than before, and Zoey found she could cope – barely, as his cock plunged up and down in her throat and mouth.

“Look at the sex slave take that cock meat,” Autumn said.

“We’re gonna turn you into a real deep-throat artist, Zoey,” Mack said.

He pulled out completely to let her draw in shuddering breaths of air, coughing and gasping all the while. Then he forced himself into her mouth and down her throat again – and then again, until he finally pulled out and came, spraying her face with his semen as she gasped and drooled and coughed.

Mack hugged her even as she gasped for breath, reeling back against the seat.

“I’m so proud of you, Zoey!” she cried. “You’re really opening up and becoming one of us!”

Zoey gurgled weakly, chest heaving, then smiled weakly.

They picked up Sanchez and Paul at the next dock, and they slid into the boat, which was now a little crowded.

“Zoey’s learned how to deep throat,” Mack said.

“Yeah?” Sanchez said, turning around. “Show me then, Zoey.”

Zoey had barely recovered from the first deep throating, and tried to shake her head no, but the others all urged her on excitedly, and she was soon shoved off the seat again and found herself looking at Sanchez’ fat cock as he guided her down by the hair.

She sucked it and worked on it desperately, but she was given little time before the pressure of his hands on the back of her head forced her down deeper, and she gagged as it passed into her throat.

“Where we going?” Paul asked.

“Going to the station to get some stuff, and maybe wander around,” Mack replied.

Paul was hard, and now Mike was getting hard too. Sanchez and Paul sat in the seat in front of her, turned around. Mike sat behind her, and she spent the trip, some half hour or so, on her knees, having the three take turns shoving their cocks down her throat. She was soon stripped, as the boys as well as Mack and Autumn playfully pawed, fondled, stroked, kneaded and fingered her. Her legs were spread as she knelt, being face-fucked by Sanchez, and fingers pushed into her pussy and anus as her breasts were squeezed and her nipples pinched and pulled.

After Sanchez, Paul fucked her mouth and throat, then Mike had another turn at her as she swayed dazedly, light-headed, on her knees, and was pushed and prodded this way and that.

Finally Autumn and Mack helped pull her bikini back on as they neared their destination. Then as they pulled up to a dock, Autumn looked at her in distaste.

“She’s got come all over her face, and she’s got drool on her chest,” she said.

“Easily solved,” Mack said.

She and Autumn threw her over the side and she gasped and splashed weakly in the water before dog paddling to the dock and weakly pulling herself out of the water.

That “station” turned out to be a kind of riverside gas station with docks, gas pumps, and a supply store. It was fairly busy, for the store also had a parking lot on a side road. Several boats were tied up at the dock, and half a dozen cars were in the lot. There were also people there who had wandered over from nearby cottages.

All of them were dressed casually, but they were all dressed – except her. She didn’t care, at first. Dripping wet, she just tried to catch her breath and steady herself. But very soon she realized how out of place she was. It wasn’t that people in bathing suits didn’t stop by there fairly frequently. It was just that none were there now – except her – in that tiny thong bikini – dripping wet.

She was terribly self-conscious, as she had been so often of late in the little thongs Mack and Autumn and the others insisted she wear. Thongs might be somewhat common on the beaches in south Florida, but they were very rare up here, and many heads turned to stare as she walked by. She huddled in beside them, trying not to be seen, turning her head away from the men gazing her way. Bare foot, she followed the others into the shop, the bell ringing overhead as the door opened signaling every eye to turn her way.

The others were loud, making jokes, chatting, and laughing and enjoying themselves as they scattered and grabbed up chips, coke, chocolate bars and gum. Sanchez went to the counter to buy cigarettes, and Mack and Autumn wandered along the rows eyeing the tacky souvenirs and trying on straw hats while laughing at each other.

It was an old fashioned shop, with a vast jumble of merchandise of every description, wooden floors, and high shelves which reached to the ceiling. They went to the rear, and a tubby, middle aged man with two chins stared in surprise at Zoey, clearly unable to stop staring for a long moment. Mack and Autumn giggled while Zoey blushed and turned her head away.

“Hey look, Zoey, isn’t this a lovely hat?” Mack said insincerely.

She guided Zoey over and then put her hand on her bottom to give it a squeeze. The man’s eyes got even bigger, and then Autumn kissed her full on the lips, her

hand going behind Zoey's head to hold her in place as her tongue thrust into her mouth.

The man knocked against a table filled with cans of tuna and knocked a dozen onto the floor with a tremendous clatter. The girls giggled and hurried away, and Zoey hurried after them as the man bent to try and pick up the cans.

"You guys!" she hissed. "Don't do that!"

"Are you embarrassed, little slave girl?" Autumn taunted.

"Yes!"

"He wanted to fuck your brains out!" Mack teased.

"Don't be disgusting!"

"Oh my. Look at this. It's the pet section," Mack said.

She exchanged a significant look with Autumn, and then reached up for a thick leather dog collar.

The two girls giggled, and she drew it down. The collar was black, with shiny studs and a shiny chrome buckle. Mack bent it a little, then turned and put it around Zoey's neck.

"What are you doing!?" she gasped.

"Ssst! Hold still!" Mack ordered, drawing the collar together, and buckling it.

The two looked at her as Zoey ran her fingers up to the collar.

"That looks so fucking hot on you!" Autumn squealed.

"She's right," Mack said. "You look incredibly... Sensual in that!"

"I'm not wearing a dog collar!"

"It's not a dog collar," Mack said, lowering her voice, her face taking on a crafty look. "It's a slave collar!"

"Ohmygod! You're right. That's like, a collar for our little sex slave!" Autumn gasped, eyes bright with delight.

“No way!”

“Way!”

Mack grabbed her hand and pulled it away from the collar, and Autumn grabbed the other and they held her hands as they went back up the aisle.

“You guys! Please!” she whispered desperately.

“It’s only a collar. It’s like, punk and goth wear.”

“Not in a bikini!”

“So you’re at the water,” Mack said with a shrug.

They went up the counter, where a thin, gray haired man waited behind a very old looking cash register.

“We want to buy this,” Mack said as Zoey blushed.

The man looked down at them through his bifocals. “Ahh, that’s the Chrome Spikes 2500. It’s twenty four dollars and ninety five cents.”

“That’s kind of expensive for a freaking dog collar,” Mack said.

“But it does come with a free engraving on the tag,” he said. “You can put your pet’s name on it, and its address on the back. We can do it here in our key cutting section.”

Autumn and Mack grinned at each other, and then Mack took off the collar and handed it to him.

“Our pet’s name is Zoey,” she said.

He took the collar over to the key cutting section, and put it into an engraving machine.

“What address would you like on the back? Or we can put a phone number. A lot of people write something like, if found, please call this number.”

Mack leaned into him and whispered something. He looked startled and stared at her.

“That’s what I want,” she said.

He shook his head then shrugged.

“I think I’ll get a leash too,” she said.

She wandered back to the pet section and picked up a sturdy leather leash, then took the collar from the man and showed the tag to Autumn, who giggled and put her hand over her mouth as Mack handed the man his money.

“What does it say?” Zoey asked warily.

Autumn showed her the tag. It said “Zoey” on the front. Then she turned it around. It said “If found, bend over and spank hard.”

Zoey blushed as the man gave them all a very strange look.

Mack took his money while Autumn put the collar back around her throat.

“Not in here!” Zoey begged.

They ignored her, and the guys showed up then, grinning and snickering at the collar.

“Looks great, Zoey,” Sanchez said.

“Yeah, it really suits you,” Brian said, then lowered his voice. “Sex slave!”

At least they didn’t attach the leash, as they left in a group, with Zoey scurrying after.

They walked along the docks, several of them smoking, and as in the shop everyone who noticed her thong widened their eyes and stared. Zoey’s mind squirmed and she tried not to notice, tried to keep one of the group between her bare bottom and others who might see. But Mack and Autumn seemed to want otherwise, and tried to let everyone see her bottom. They also slapped her buttocks from time to time, and the guys groped her relentlessly, sometimes even when people were watching.

They were standing next to a storage shed, smoking, drinking, and chatting. There was a path not twenty yards behind them where people were coming and going. Brian pushed her down to her knees, and Mack, Autumn and Sanchez screened her

from the path as Paul pulled out his cock and her face was pushed in against it. Her heart pounded like a drum as she bobbed her lips up and down on his cock.

She could actually hear the sound of children playing, could hear their parents shouting out to them, could hear conversations as people walked by.

Then Paul, still hard, pulled her to her feet and turned her around.

“Wha-what are you doing?” she gasped.

He tugged the thin fabric of her thong aside, and then gripped her legs, spreading them a little.

She felt his hard, slick cock rubbing up and down along her slit, and then thrusting up and into her as she bent forward a little more. She could see the people walking by now, and even though most of the group was screening she and Paul she felt the tension of her fear of discovery.

Paul pulled her bra aside, groping her breasts roughly as he thrust up into her, and she gasped and groaned and grunted continuously as he drove his hard cock up into her burning puss.

“Oh yeah! Oh yeah!” he groaned.

“Ungh! Ungh! Ungh! Ungh! Ungh! Ungh!” Zoey gasped.

She was torn by anxiety and fear but swamped by sexual hunger and excitement.

He finished, though, before she could come, and she sagged weakly back against him, chest heaving, as his softening cock slid out of her. Mack and Autumn steadied her, and then she pulled her swimsuit back into place as they walked on. There was a paved path through the woods here, with picnic tables scattered around. The gang of teenagers passed through as families ate and cooked and then moved down a dirt trail with trees close on each side.

Autumn tugged Zoey’s bra down, then Mack ordered her to strip completely.

“What if someone sees!?” Zoey exclaimed fearfully.

“They’ll probably just think you’re a slut,” Mack smirked.

And so she was forced to walk along with the others naked but for a dog collar. Mack threatened to tie her wrists behind her back if she kept trying to cover her

pussy and breasts with her hands, so she finally relented, anxiously holding her arms at her sides while the rest of them, fully clothed, moved along comfortably.

They found a little clearing by the river and sat down around it, smoking pot and chatting. Zoey knelt by Mack's side, nervous, anxious, but with her body crackling with hot, steamy, sexual hunger.

When Brian beckoned she crawled over and gave him a blow job, and when Roy fingered her pussy, rubbing her clit, she came hard.

They walked back all the way to the storage shed with her remaining naked, in the midst of the others, and then Mack finally allowed her to put her thong and bikini top back on.

Chapter Seven

Everyone was in a bathing suit. Zoey was happy to not stand out for once. But she was nervous.

They were at her place, on the dock. She was wearing the bikini in its more conservative mode, and things were going well. Her parents seemed very happy that she had a gang of teenagers over, and were eager to serve them colas and chips as they swam, played in the water, and enjoyed the sun on the dock and adjoining deck.

Then Mack took her arm, and she had that look on her face, that look which immediately made Zoey anxious and had her heart thumping. She took Zoey's arm and led her into the boat house, just out of sight from where her parents sat at a patio table up on the deck by the cottage.

"Bend over," she ordered abruptly.

"Why?"

"Sex slaves don't ask why, Zoey, they just do it. So do it!"

"My parents are here!"

"They're up at the cottage, not in this boat house, and won't be if you hurry up. Now bend over!"

She forced Zoey to bend and Zoey reluctantly grabbed the side of the boat and bent, then gasped and tried to straighten as Mack yanked her swimsuit bottom down.

"Don't move!" Mack ordered, slapping her bare bottom, and putting a hand on the back of her neck to force her to bend again.

"What are you doing!?"

"Just do what you're fucking told," Mack said, sounding irritated.

Nervously, Zoey did, and saw Mack take a thick butt-plug out of a paper bag. She rubbed the butt plug over her own suntan oiled skin, then over Zoey's, and then pressed it against her anus.

“My parents– !”

“Won’t see a thing.”

Zoey gasped and groaned as the oiled butt-plug slowly sank through her tight sphincter, but she felt a wild, shimmering thrill, as well, one mixed with anxiety and alarm as she rolled her eyes towards the door.

The butt plug spread her anus wide, but then it was able to slide almost completely closed again as the wide part slipped inside her. All that remained outside was a round, coin shaped, flat round base which pressed up between the cheeks of her buttocks.

Mack tugged her bottoms up again and took her arm. “Okay, let’s go.”

They went back out into the sunlight, and Zoey rolled her eyes up at the upper deck to see her parents chatting amiably.

They rejoined the others, and Zoey sat down carefully, wondering if the others knew what had happened. Autumn leered at her, and Zoey flushed, thinking she, at least, must know. She picked up her can of coke and took a deep drink, but the cool liquid did little to quench the heat rising inside her.

“This is a really nice place, sex slave,” Mack said. “We have to work on making sure your parents let you stay on after they leave.”

“You can wear your collar and make breakfast for us,” Autumn said with a smirk.

“What do you think, guys? Wouldn’t Zoey make a great sex slave?” Mack asked.

“Fucking right,” Sanchez replied with a leer.

“I thought she already was,” Roy said.

“She was born to be a sex slave. My sex slave!” Mike said.

“She’s everyone’s sex slave,” Paul said.

“Yeah. In fact, I think I want to fuck her tight little ass right now,” Brian said, grinning as he looked up at her parents on the deck up the hill.

“Everyone wants to fuck Zoey’s ass,” Roy said.

“Everyone has fucked Zoey’s ass!” Paul said with a laugh.

“Zoey dear,” Mack said, “Go into the boathouse, take off your bottoms, bend over the boat, spread your legs, and wait for Brian to come in and fuck you in the ass.”

Zoey’s face reddened and she jerked her head up to look at her parents. “Mack! My parents are right up there!” Zoey exclaimed.

“They can’t hear us, especially over the radio.”

“What if they come down!?”

“Then duh, I guess we’ll delay them while someone tells you to put your panties on.”

“Or maybe we’ll send your dad in,” Brian taunted.

“They’ll wonder what Brian and me are doing in the boathouse!”

“That’s why you go in first by yourself. Besides, it won’t take long. Brian’s just gonna pound your tight ass for a minute or so.”

Zoey felt her stomach twisting and churning.

“If you don’t I’m going to bend you over and take a strap to that ass of yours. Do you want that?”

Zoey looked down.

“I asked if you wanted that?” Mack demanded, her voice hardening.

“No,” Zoey said in a small voice.

“Then get in there right now.”

Face flaming, Zoey got up and, looking furtively at her parents, made her way to the boat house as casually as she could. Inside, out of sight, heart pounding, she went over beside the boat, then hesitantly slipped down her bikini bottoms and bent over, grasping the side of the boat as she spread her legs. She could feel the thickness of the butt-plug inside her, and could feel her pussy pulsing and throbbing as her nipples hardened within the cups of her bra.

She looked over her shoulders nervously, waiting, feeling horribly exposed in more ways than one. Then after a minute Brian sauntered through the door, smirked, and came over beside her. She felt his hand on her ass, stroking and squeezing it. He pulled his cock down and rubbed the head along her pussy slit, and she was shocked at how wet she was.

“Spread your legs wider, sex slave,” he ordered, slapping her bottom.

She gasped and spread her legs farther apart, and then felt him gripping the thin base of the butt-plug and pulling the plug free of her ass. A moment later his cock slid into the opening and she groaned as he filled her and drove deep.

“Shit you have a nice ass,” he sighed.

He reached around and pulled her bra cups aside so her breasts fell free, then folded his fingers around them as he began to pump his cock inside her. She was open because of the butt-plug, but the deep thrusting still made her gasp and grunt. It ached, but it also felt wickedly exciting. Brian’s hips slapped hard and fast against her upraised bottom, jerking her in and out as he reamed her with hard, powerful thrusts.

He finished quickly, gave her ass a slap, and did up his swimsuit. “Don’t forget to shove the butt-plug back up your ass,” he said as he turned and sauntered out.

Panting for breath, Zoey straightened, rubbing her pussy, which flared with heat. She swallowed, then looked around for the butt-plug, spotting it on the deck. She bent and picked it up, then slowly worked it up her ass before putting on her swimsuit bottoms, adjusting them, and then trying to walk steadily as she went back out onto the outer deck.

They all looked at her as she came back to them, and her face burned as she looked up towards the deck above.

“Did you like getting your ass fucked, little sex slave?” Mack cooed.

Zoey said down and took deep swallows from her coke.

“I asked a question, sex slave,” Mack said.

“I – yes,” she gulped, face flushing even deeper.

“Say yes, mistress,” Mack said.

“Yes, mistress,” Zoey breathed, to laughter from the others.

“Shouldn’t she call us master then?” Sanchez demanded.

“I think she should, yes,” Mack said.

“You know, I have an idea,” Mike said. “If she kneels over there next to the rail, her parents won’t see her.”

“So?”

“So then someone could stand right there and get a blow job and her parents wouldn’t even know anything was happening.

Everyone thought that was hilarious, so Zoey had to walk away, then turn and sneak back and crawl across to where the solid wooden rail blocked her parents view. Then Sanchez casually walked over and stood in front of her, the rail hiding him from the waist down. Nervously, Zoey undid his swimsuit buttons, then took his cock out and began to blow him as the others looked on and laughed. It was bizarre to think her parents were not much more than a hundred feet away up the hill and could actually see him.

“Yeah, suck me, Zoey, you little slut,” he breathed. “Your parents are looking right at me!”

Zoey moaned around his cock, then gurgled as he shoved it into her throat, reaching down to grab her hair and draw her in tighter, forcing himself into her all the way to the hilt.

After he came – in her face – Mike came over and she had to blow him too, then Paul. Then she got to sit down for a little while before going into the boat house so Roy could fuck her. Then her father came down to work on the boat, so that put an end to the sex games for a while.

Mack bugged him to let her stay on when they left, and to make the offer more interesting said she and Autumn would help Zoey clean the place, top to bottom, including windows, floors and walls.

That didn’t seem to have a lot of influence on her father, but her mother was certainly interested.

After that, though, her father let them take the boat out, the power boat. They all crowded in, the five guys and three girls, and then, with Mack assuring her father they would be very careful, moved out into the river at a moderate speed, only picking up the pace as they got further away from the cottage.

“Be careful,” Zoey said as Mack began to speed up.

“Quiet, sex slave. Go blow someone,” she said over her shoulder.

They were going so fast the speed boat was bouncing along the top of the waves, and then Mack abruptly slowed down. The river was wider here, and there were numerous small islands in it, some no more than a dozen yards across. She and Autumn had been whispering, and now she pulled the boat in gently along the shore, and everyone began to hop out.

The island was only about thirty or forty yards wide, and covered with trees and thick scrub. But there was a path beaten through the grass and bushes into the center of the island, and a clearing there with a fire pit surrounded by the leavings of numerous bush parties.

“Strip, sex slave,” Mack ordered.

Zoey felt a jolt, then looked around at them all, most grinning at her. Flushing, she slowly undid her bra, and then eased her panties down and off.

“Come here.”

She felt a surge of energy, heat and anxiety when she saw Autumn carrying a rope she had taken from the boat. She watched the girl heave the coil upwards so it went over a tree branch overhead, then dropped down again.

“Wh-what are you going to do?” she gulped.

“Anything we want. You’re a sex slave, remember.”

Someone pushed her and she stumbled forward against Mack, who grabbed her and Mack tied the rope around her right wrist, looping it again and again and while Autumn and Sanchez took the other end of the rope and pulled it aside. They threw the rope upwards over another branch further off to the side, then drew it back towards her. As they pulled on it the rope around her wrist pulled on Zoey, and she gasped as she was pulled to up and sideways. Brian took her other wrist, though, and pulled her in the opposite direction.

A horde of butterflies were swirling in Zoey's belly as she stared around at them, as she looked up at the ropes and around at the smirking teens surrounding her. Her pussy was throbbing with hunger and excitement, but she was also gripped by uncertainty and anxiety, and not a little embarrassed.

Her other wrist was pulled up and out to the side, both of them pulling taut until Zoey was lifted onto the balls of her feet. Then Autumn and Mack tied rope around her ankles and pulled them apart, bit by bit, as Zoey gasped and moaned and tried to continue to support herself, until they were too far apart and she found herself hanging completely by the wrists, writhing and twisting and gasping for breath as everyone looked on hungrily.

"Ungh!" she cried as Mack came up behind her and jerked her head back by the hair.

"Now, little sex slave," she teased. "We're going to punish you!"

"I-I didn't do anything!" Zoey gasped.

"We're going to punish you because we like punishing sex slaves," Mack taunted.

Autumn produced the big black dildo, and began to work it up into her pussy, and then Mack showed her a second, pulling the butt plug out and working the second dildo up her ass. The guys sat around on overturned milk cartons, old boxes, and rocks which had been pulled in around the fire pit to act as seats.

Mike and Paul were chatting together, while Sanchez took pictures of her on his cell phone camera.

When the two dildos were jammed almost painfully deep inside her Mack produced the same kind of thin cords she had taken off the blinds at the summer camp. There were a half dozen now, though, and when she whipped the cord against Zoe's bottom Zoey yelped and twisted and writhed.

"Sex slave!" Mack and Autumn taunted. "Nasty sex slave!"

The cords did no real damage, but they stung as they struck her soft skin, and Mack began swinging harder, bringing them down across her back, as well. Then she moved in front of her and began to slash the cords across her belly and breasts as Zoe yelped and cried out, twisting, writhing and pulling at the ropes biting into her wrists.

“Oow! Ohh! Mack! Please! Ohww! Don’t!”

“Mistress,” Mack corrected.

“Please, mistress! Ohhw! It hurts! Owww! Don’t! Ooh!”

Mack and then Autumn particularly targeted her breasts with the stinging cords, laughing and giggling as Zoey cried out and twisted wildly. They guys looked on, grinning to some degree, but clearly very aroused by what they were witnessing.

Autumn moved behind her and yanked back on her hair. At the same time she gripped the base of the dildo protruding from Zoey’s ass and began pumping it in and out slow, but deep.

“Are you our sex slave?” she purred.

“Y-Yes! Yes! Oh! OhhH!”

“Say it.”

“I’m your sex slave! I’m your sex slave!”

“Say mistress,” Autumn ordered, jamming the dildo painfully deep, grinding the nose into the deepest part of Zoey’s ass.

“Ohh! Oww! Yes, mistress! I’m your sex slave, mistress!” Zoey cried.

Mack continued to slash the thin cords idly across her breasts and belly as she spoke, and Zoey’s mind spun and rolled as the waves of excitement, embarrassment, fear, and dark aching hunger churned within her. The words embarrassed her terribly, but they thrilled her at the same time.

Sanchez came up behind her, then, pulling the dildo free, and stuffing his cock up her ass. Then Mike moved in front of her, pulling the second dildo out and thrusting his cock up her pussy. The two of thrust violently into her, their hands racing roughly over her body as Zoey gasped and moaned and cried out in pleasure and pain and fear.

Zoey thought she must be going insane. The swirling, churning, crackling sexual electricity tore up and down within her mind and body as she was crushed between the two heaving male bodies, their cocks ramming up into her aching belly in a hard, angry rhythm. And it soon became too much for her, as an orgasm tore through her helpless body and she trembled and jerked between them.

After they had finished, they stuffed the dildos back up her ass and pussy, then Autumn and Zoe took single cords and tied them tightly around her nipples, making her yelp and cry out in pain as the thin cords cut into the sensitive flesh of her breasts. Giggling and laughing, the two girls pulled the cords up and outward, stretching her nipples, and then tied the cords to trees in front of her across the clearing.

They all turned and left, then, got back in the boat, and sped off.

Leaving Zoe there, hanging from her wrists, moaning softly, dazedly, her body sweating, a haze of sexual heat still enveloping her.

Her skin ached, feeling raw where the cords had struck her repeatedly, all up and down her back and buttocks and chest and belly. Her wrists ached and her arms throbbed. She hung limp, gasping weakly, jaw slack, head hanging low for the most part, groaning aloud as she waited for them to come back, and to some extent, reveled in the hot, nastiness of what they had done to her.

Her nipples were on fire, at first, but then they began to get a little numb. The pressure around her nipples changed with her breathing, and with how much she could bear to arch her back and throw her chest out. At first, that wasn't hard, but as time wore on her back began to ache more fiercely than any other part of her body. Her arms and legs were horribly stiff and cramped, and her shoulders were on fire.

And yet despite all that, despite the discomfort which had become actual pain, she was gripped by a near feverish state of sexual desire. It was all so incredibly sexual, so wild and hedonistic, so shockingly wicked and sluttish, and so far outside the realm of what had been her dull, drab, everyday existence. She writhed slowly, dramatically, playing to an audience of one; herself.

And she found that moving her body rhythmically meant pulling rhythmically against her nipples.

At first the tugging gave her sharp little jolts, sharp little aching jolts of discomfort, of tight, stinging. But as she continued to writhe and pull her nipples became more and more sensitive, the ache becoming more fierce. At the same time, however, the sensations surging through her from every sharp pull became more powerful.

She came, crying out, writhing and twisting and arching, crying out in wondrous sexual pleasure, came not from her pussy, but from her breasts. It was the first time she could ever remember where her orgasm was centered on her breasts, and yet

the pleasure rippled up and down her body and flooded her mind so she could hardly think, hardly breath.

Her hips bucked violently forward again and again and again as the orgasm tore through her body, and her head was thrown back sharply, pulling harder still against her burning nipples.

She collapsed, gasping, chest heaving, eyes slitted, barely conscious as she hung limply in place.

The sun moved overhead, clearing the trees around her and shone down full upon her dangling body. She was already hot and sweating, and now the sweat poured off her as she blinked against the bright light. She breathed in short, ragged gasps as she felt herself growing more and more exhausted.

She didn't know why it should be so tiring hanging by her wrists, but it was.

How long would they leave her there? How long before they came back? Her eyes began to go glassy and her head hung low.

Finally, fingers pulled back on her hair and she groaned and blinked her eyes.

"How are we doing, little sex slave?" Mack teased.

"Let me doowwwwn," she groaned.

"Well, seeing as how you ask so nicely."

She gripped the base of the dildo protruding from Zoe's ass, pulled it back, then thrust it up hard and deep. Zoey's eyes shot open and she cried out in pain, head flung up and back as the pain in her belly jolted her out of her daze.

Mack and Brian untied her ankles so she was able to stand, then eased the ropes and helped support her and lead her back to the boat.

Chapter Eight

The music pounded from the outdoor stereo speakers on the deck as the gang sat around drinking her father's booze and eating chips and pretzels. They were all wearing swimsuits, but Zoey was wearing less still. Mack had found a "darling" little thong for her. It was a cute and tiny bit of silver fabric between her legs, the straps curling up across her hips but then giving way to a thin gold chain with fake pearls right at the top of her buttocks which both held the sides in and also reached down to link to the thin bit of fabric wedged up between her tight, round buttocks.

That, and a dog collar were all she was allowed to wear. Her parents had gone home earlier in the day, and Mack and Autumn and the gang had virtually moved in shortly afterwards.

Mack said she looked really sexy because her breasts were so perfect, and everyone seemed pleased, so Zoey hadn't wanted to protest too much. It wasn't like they hadn't all seen her breasts before anyway, and no one else was around.

"Oil me up, slave," Paul said with a grin, handing her a large squeeze bottle of suntan lotion.

Blushing just a bit, she squeezed it into her hand and then gently rubbed it first up and down his arms, feeling the muscles under the skin with a little thrum of excitement, then up across his wide shoulders, then down his chest, feeling her face warm a bit at the strangely intimate contact. She oiled up his back and then he sat down and she knelt and oiled up his legs, all the way up his thighs.

"Now me, slave," Mike said.

"My turn after that," said Autumn .

A little flustered, Zoey went from one to the next to the next putting suntan oil on them, then finally did herself. After that she went and got more beer and cokes for them, taking away the empties, then more chips. Then she made hot dogs for them all. She felt no resentment for any of this. She felt sort of like a hostess, for they were guests – although it was true she hadn't exactly invited them. Still, she was pleased to have people over to "her place" for it had been quite some time since she had last done so.

Sanchez came into the kitchen while she was waiting for the buns to toast and pushed her down onto her knees, and she gave him a quick blow job, swallowing

him awkwardly and coughing and gagging a little – but doing it. With her nose jammed into his groin he spent himself in her throat, patted her head, and went back outside, and Zoey slowly rose, wiped her mouth, and checked on the buns.

She served the hot dogs, and more drinks, then took the garbage away and washed the dishes.

Then she had to oil up most of them again. While she was doing that Mike pulled her across his lap, tugged her thong aside, and began to use his own well-oiled fingers on her thrumming pussy. Gasping, moaning, she begged to be let free, but he continued to pump his fingers inside her and stroke his thumb across her clit until a climax rippled through her and she writhed and bucked in pleasure as they all looked on.

The six of them were sitting on deck chairs in a semi circle by then, and when she rolled off Mike's lap she found herself sitting facing them all. Of course her little orgasm had excited the guys, so she then had to crawl to Mike, then Paul, then Sanchez and Brian and suck their cocks. It felt very strange, because even as she bobbed her lips up and down on each one everyone continued to talk and chat almost as though she weren't there.

One after the other she took their cocks down her throat, swallowed their come, then moved on to the next guy. The girls shook their heads, so she got to her feet then – her knees wobbly and sore, and went out to get more drinks.

When she came back, a beer clutched in both hands, there was a stranger there, another guy about their age, tall and thin, with a beard. He sat with the others, and his eyes lit up when he saw Zoey.

She gasped and almost dropped the beer, trying to cover her chest.

"Let's have the beer, sex slave!" Mike called loudly.

"Don't lose the beer, sex slave," Paul said, holding up a hand insistently.

Blushing, she handed them the beers, trying to cover her breasts with her arm.

"Sex slave," Mack said. "This is Roy. Be a dear little sex slave and suck Roy's cock for him."

Zoey felt her insides twist and turn, and stood frozen until Autumn pulled her over and pushed down hard on her shoulders, forcing her to her knees in front of the

guy. Roy just looked at her and grinned as Autumn pushed her forward, bending her head and grinding her face into his lap.

“Come on, sex slave, or do you need a spanking?” she demanded.

She slapped Zoey’s bare bottom and Zoey yelped in pain even as the guy was undoing his jeans and pulling out his cock.

“Suck that cock! Suck that cock! Suck that cock!” the others began chanting.

There really didn’t seem to be anything else she could do, and so very reluctantly, Zoey closed her lips around the guy’s cock and began to suck, bobbing deeper and deeper even as Autumn slapped her bottom several more times, sharply.

“Suck!” she shouted. “Suck that cock, sex slave!”

Zoey yelped and jerked under the slaps, moaning around the cock filling her mouth and rolling her eyes up and back.

“Deep throat him!” Autumn demanded, slapping her bottom stingingly again.

Zoey yelped and then forced her lips down all the way to Roy’s balls, taking him deep into her throat. He groaned and put his hands down on the top of her head, thrusting up slowly and grinding her face into his groin.

She blinked her eyes against the pubic hair she was grinding against, her chest burning, her stomach throbbing, her throat aching. Then he eased up and, choking a little, she was able to slide back up the length of his shaft and pull her lips free, coughing hard as she gulped in deep breaths of air.

She soon had her lips wrapped around him again, however, and as she bobbed up and down he came in her mouth with a groan, and she swallowed it.

Then she got up and went inside, returning with a beer for him, and another small bowl of pretzels.

“And what’s your name, baby?” he asked, drawing her down onto his lap, softly groping and kneading her breasts.

“She doesn’t have a name!” Mack said quickly. “We just call her sex slave.”

“She’s our little sex slave,” Autumn said tauntingly.

She held something up. "Look what I found, sex slave. Come and get it," she said, speaking as though to a dog.

Roy let her go, giving her a little push, and Zoey got uncertainly to her feet. Autumn shook her head. "Down. Down on all fours, sex slave."

Blushing, Zoey sank to her knees, then slipped forward onto her hands. Behind her, Roy reached over and curled his fingers through the back of her thong, tugging it down over her buttocks as she started to crawl forward. Zoey gasped and reached back, trying to grab at it but he already had it down around her knees, and with a quick movement he pulled her knees out from under her and yanked the thong away with a hoot of laughter.

"Never mind that. We've all seen you naked anyway, sex slave," Autumn said, grabbing at her collar and pulling her forward.

Blushing furiously, she crawled forward a few paces, with Autumn pulling at her collar. Then she saw what Autumn had in her other hand and blushed even more as the girl brought it up against her groin and wagged it at her. It was a very large, fat black dildo.

"Suck this cock, baby," Autumn said. "Come on. Suck me off!"

"Nice cock, Autumn," Sanchez laughed.

"Come on, sex slave. Suck me off!" Autumn cried, holding the base of the dildo against her and pushing the nose against Zoey's mouth. Zoey opened her mouth hesitantly, and Autumn shoved the dildo in, forcing her jaws wider.

"Suck. Show everyone how you suck cock," Autumn said, pumping the big dildo in and out.

"No! Hands on the deck!" she ordered, reaching forward to slap at one of Zoey's hands when it rose to take hold of the dildo.

Zoey dropped her hand, and sucked on the dildo as Autumn pushed it in and out, going deeper and deeper. Everyone else looked on, grinning, snickering, cracking jokes, drinking, and munching on pretzels. Zoey was self-conscious, and red-faced, but she didn't know of a way to extricate herself from this without making them mad at her, and maybe having them all go away and dismiss her as a stupid geek who didn't interest them.

She felt horribly naked on all fours, especially with Roy and the guys standing behind looking at her, but when she tried to close her knees tightly Autumn slapped her bottom sharply and told her to spread her legs.

The order – and obeying it – gave her a dark, kinky thrill that set her pussy thrumming much more powerfully than it had been. She felt a wild, exhibitionistic thrill as she knelt on all fours, most of them staring up at her naked pussy as she sucked on the black dildo Autumn pumped in and out of her mouth. Autumn kept changing the direction of the dildo, now raising it up and pumping downward, now pulling it low and pumping it upwards into her mouth as Zoey moved her head around to keep her lips wrapped around it.

“Let her ride it,” Brian called.

“Yeah!” Autumn cackled.

She pulled it out of Zoey’s mouth and had her turn around to face everyone, then set the dildo down on its base on the deck. She pulled up a bit on Zoey’s collar, then had her spread her knees.

Blushing deeply, but with a wildly building sexual hunger, Zoey eased herself slowly down on the fat dildo, gasping a little at its thickness as she squirmed and adjusted herself to fit directly on it.

“Take that cock up your nasty little pussy, sexy slave,” Mack shouted with a laugh.

“Ohh!” Zoey gasped.

Autumn pushed down on her shoulder from behind and she gasped in pain as the nose of the dildo was forced past the mouth of her pussy, her sex lips spreading wide, taut and straining. She shifted her knees wider and slowly sank down on the big dildo, taking it deeper and higher into her belly as everyone looked on.

It took her a while to get it all into her, or almost all. By that time she was almost doing the splits, with her knees spread out wide to either side and her buttocks almost on the deck. They had her shift into a squatting position, and then, legs spread, she rode slowly up and down on it as they all looked on. Then she turned her back to them and rode up and down it for a minute. Then she turned around again, groaning in hot, nasty pleasure as she rode the dildo while they all watched her.

“Rub your clit, sex slave,” Sanchez ordered.

The words electrified her, and brought more crimson to Zoey's face. The rest took up the call, demanding she rub her clit, and so her trembling fingers dropped to her groin and she began to lightly rub her clitoris as she rode the dildo. Then she began to squeeze her breasts and pluck and pull and twist at her nipples.

When the orgasm came she couldn't hide it, and cried out in dark, steamy excitement, her body pounded by wildfire sensations of pleasure as she rode frantically and her fingers raced across her clit.

Afterwards, giving her little time to recover, she had to blow a couple of the guys – with the big dildo still deep inside her. Then she had to go back into the cottage to get more beer and munchies for everyone. She kept the dildo inside her, and after finishing her fetching she was pulled into Roy's lap again, and he ran his hands over her body, pinching her nipples, pawing at her breasts, and then pumping the dildo again as he stroked his thumb across her clit.

She was surprised at how quickly he was able to rouse the wild dark hunger, and how fast he made her come there as she sat astride him, gasping and moaning and grinding herself forward against his fingers and the dildo while the others discussed football.

Paul knocked over his beer shortly after that, and Zoey found herself on hands and knees cleaning it up next to his chair. He patted her head as she did and said "When you're done go get me another beer, would you, sex slave."

He reached under and casually groped her breast, then went back to his football discussion.

Zoey finished cleaning it up, took the paper towels she'd been using inside and threw them in the garbage, then got him another beer and brought it out to him. It felt – strange – walking with the big dildo inside her, the base sticking out and rubbing against her thighs as she walked.

Yet being naked around them, with the dildo, made her feel a kind of crackling sexual electricity throughout her body. She was slightly breathless with it as she gave him his beer, and then looked for what to do next. Mack gestured to her and she walked over beside her chair, then sank to her knees as Mack pulled on her wrist.

"Just kneel there," she said, lightly combing her fingers through Zoey's hair.

She knelt there for a few minutes, feeling strangely comforted as Mack gently stroked her head.

Then she stood up and went inside to get another coke for Sanchez. When she returned Mike called to her. "Go get another dildo, sex slave," he ordered.

"Whaa – what?"

"Go get another dildo. Don't tell me you don't have one."

She did, and, blushing, went back inside and up to her room, then returned with a pink dildo.

"Lay down," Mike said, grinning.

Anxiously, she eased herself down, laying down on her back with her head away from them, staring up at them.

Mike slid out of his deck chair and took her ankles, then lifted her legs straight up and held them.

"Okay, now spread them straight out to either side," he said, shifting his grip so he had one hand on each ankle, then pulling her legs out to either side.

Face flushed, breathing already becoming ragged, Zoey let her legs fall sideways, spreading farther and farther until the tendons in her thighs began to stretch and strain and ache.

"We're gonna have to make you more limber, sex slave," Mack called from her chair.

"Yeah, until you can get both legs on the ground straight out," Sanchez said.

"Okay, draw your legs back then," Mike said.

She grunted with effort, pulling her knees in against her chest instead, then spreading them apart a little. Mike guided her ankles straight up over her head, then down and back, and with a little effort and some stretching and straining she was able to get her ankles back behind her head, and then slide her arms forward and between them and hook her elbows around the backs of her thighs.

Mike poured suntan oil on the dildo then handed it to her with a grin.

“Stick it up your ass, sex slave.”

Swallowing, she rubbed the dildo against her anal opening and began to slowly ease it into her body. Her head was swirling, and her body pulsing with sexual excitement. They were all looking down at her, watching, grinning as she slowly pushed the dildo down deep into her ass, then began, on Mack’s instructions, to pump it in and out. As they laughed and shouted directions, she began to pump both dildos, gasping and moaning as she felt herself getting even more excited.

She began to stroke her clit as she alternated pumping the dildos, and then came with a cry of wondrous pleasure, rocking and jerking there on the deck as they all laughed and looked on, and a couple of the guys shook their beers and sprayed it on her.

Roy was the first one to slide off his chair, kneel in front of her, and take out his cock. He pulled the dildo out of her pussy and instead pushed it into her open, gaping, panting mouth before sliding his own prick into her, leaning forward, and beginning to pump fast and hard.

After Roy came Sanchez, then Mike, then Paul, then Brian, each of them fucking her hard and fast as she lay curled up on the deck, ankles behind her ears. Brian, as usual, decided to fuck her ass instead, and plunged wildly up and down against her before his salty seed foamed down into her bowels.

Then Mack brought her back inside – still naked – with a big dildo up her ass and another up her pussy.

“Okay, we told your mom the whole place would be cleaned this week so you might as well start now,” she said.

They went into the kitchen, and found a pail, rags and window cleaner, and then Mack ordered her upstairs to start on the windows there. Mack herself returned to the gang on the deck, chatting, playing cards, listening to music, and occasionally dancing.

Zoey felt some resentment as she began cleaning windows, but not a lot. A part of her was relieved to be away from them. She found the attention overwhelming, and was more than a little unnerved about how she was always naked and they were always using her for whatever they wanted.

The weird thing was, though, that a part of her reveled in it. And even now, as she cleaned the windows, standing before the large glass pane, scrubbing up and down

– naked – with the dog collar around her throat and the two dildos protruding from her – she felt a shimmering, bubbling sense of dark, wonderfully nasty sexual excitement.

And that squirming sexual heat lasted all through the afternoon as she scrubbed one window after another. She could never forget for a moment that she was naked, and never forget the big dildos inside her. She worked on the windows for a couple of hours by herself, the sexual excitement making her breath a little harder. Occasionally she reached down to finger her hot, swollen clit, or to pinch or stroke her nipples, but she didn't try to masturbate. She wanted to stay in a state of hunger, for it made even chores like washing the windows enjoyable.

Slave! Sex slave! That was so kinky! It was silly – but kinky!

There were a lot of windows in the cottage, and it took her all afternoon just to do the ones upstairs. Only Roy came to see her, which made her uncomfortable because she barely knew him. He sauntered around, looking at the place, which made her wary. And then grinned to see her, crossing the floor of one of the guest rooms to where she was reaching up with one of the long-handled window cleaning scrubbers.

She was standing on the balls of her feet, leaning in and forward, scrubbing up high, when he came up behind her. His hand slid in to knead and caress her buttocks.

“Man, you have a nice ass, baby,” he said.

“Tha-thanks,” she gulped.

“Shouldn't you say thank you master,” he said.

“Thank you, master,” she gulped, feeling another hot little thrill.

“You're a real kinky little bitch, aren't you,” he said, gripping the base of the dildo in her ass and starting to work it up and down.

“Y-Yes... master!” she gasped, still trying to scrub even as he thrust the dildo up harder, and more painfully.

“You like it up the ass, eh, baby? That feel good?”

“Yes, master,” she breathed, his other hand on her breast, kneading it and pinching her nipple.

“You could make a lot of money, you know. You got the face and body. You could be an escort. I know one I could introduce you to.”

The thought of her being a high-class prostitute made Zoey’s jaw drop. Wouldn’t that be a kicker! So much for having to go to university! The idea was both appalling and deliciously, nastily exciting.

“I uhng - I don’t – ungh – think my parents – ungh – would like that!” she gasped.

“You can make a lot of money if you get the right client base,” he said, still pumping the dildo.

“Maybe a thousand, two thousand an evening easily. All for going to parties, fucking, and sucking cock. You rather work in a law office researching case law or some other boring shit? You look like a natural born whore to me. You ought to make money at it.”

He pulled the dildo out completely, then thrust it up inside her again, pulled it out completely, then penetrated her and thrust it up deep. Then he pulled it out completely again and pulled his cock out of his swimsuit. “Spread your legs more, slut,” he said casually.

She gasped weakly at the word, but obeyed, and his cock slid smoothly up into her ass all the way to the hilt.

He pulled back on her hair and gripped her breast, grinning as he licked along the nape of her neck. “I can do anything I fucking want to you, can’t I, slut,” he taunted, thrusting into her ass. “You’re just a walking piece of cunt meat ready to bend over for anyone who tells her to.”

Zoey grunted at his hard thrusts, and had to drop the scrubber and put her hands on the window to keep from being forced off her feet. He reached a hand down between her legs, rubbing her with his fingers while easing the dildo in and out, and she lost it, her gasps and grunts turning into a long, gurgling wail of pleasure as the orgasm slammed into her.

Chapter Nine

Zoey made dinner for them all while the rest sat around watching satellite TV or playing video games. Mack still insisted she keep the big dildos inside her, and wear nothing but the collar. And as she set the plates on the table, and then began to serve food everyone gathered around, and she began to consider how she was going to sit down with the two dildos protruding from her pussy and ass. Mack, however, solved the problem easily.

“Put your plate on the floor,” she said.

Zoey stared at her, not understanding, and Mack grinned cruelly.

She pushed Zoey onto her knees, then took her plate and cut up the food into bite sized chunks before setting it on the floor.

“Eat it like a dog would,” she said. “on all fours. Use your mouth, no hands.”

The others laughed and snickered, and Zoey veered wildly between shocked outrage and indignation, and a dark wave of lust and thrilling carnal excitement. Mack poured the milk in her cup into a bowl, too, and set it down on the floor next to the food, and slowly, her heart thumping, and everyone watching, Zoey began to eat, bending low, using only her mouth, her elbows pressed into the hard floor.

Everyone watched her, but began to eat, and soon conversations began to move around the table, from sex to sports to television and movie stars. Zoey ate quietly, that shimmering sexual haze thickening around her once more.

Then the conversation turned to her.

“You know, if she’s going to be a slave, shouldn’t she be, like, tied up or something?” Brian said.

“You don’t tie up slaves,” Sanchez said, “You put them in shackles, you know, like leg irons and shit.”

“You got any leg irons, dumb fuck?”

“I didn’t say I had. Just that’s what slaves wear. So bite me.”

“We could buy some of that leather bondage shit,” Mike said.

“That stuff is expensive, and you sure as hell ain’t going to find any around here.”

“We could get it on the internet.”

“Yeah, in a month,” Autumn said acidly.

“We don’t have to tie her up. It’s not like the slut is gonna run away.”

“That’s not the point. You do it for effect.”

“We got lots of rope,” Paul said.

“Not the same thing.”

“Who gives a shit?” Roy said. “You know, the thing to consider here is we can do any fucking thing we want to her. I mean, think of the possibilities.”

“We’ve already done every fucking thing we want to her,” Brian said with a grin. “I fucked her face, her pussy and her ass.”

“And we can make her do anything we want.”

They all stared at her, and Zoey flushed as she drank milk from the bowl, her pussy squeezing tightly around the dildo inside her.

After dinner she cleaned up and washed the dishes while the others mostly sat in the living room – or great room as her father had called it. It had a high ceiling with large, wagon-wheel type chandeliers overhead, and a large stone fireplace. Off to one side, however, was the big screen TV.

Brian and Sanchez found a camcorder, however, and hooked it up to the TV. That meant that they spent most of the evening making pornographic videos – of Zoey. They started out making her lay back on the coffee table and masturbate with the dildos while they taped it and watched it on the big screen. She shifted position several times, from her back, to her knees, to straddling the end of the table and riding up and down on the dildos.

Then she gave lewd lap dances, sucked cocks, and soon they fucked her from behind while she sucked cocks, then had her licking Mack’s and Autumn’s pussy.

“Make sure you don’t fucking get my face in that!” Mack warned sternly.

“Don’t worry. Only the sex slave.”

They tied her wrists together behind her back, then, and videotaped her wriggling across the floor on her belly and licking feet and shoes. Then Brian bent her over the coffee table, and Sanchez, who had taken one of the ping pong paddles out of the games room, spanked her hard, turning her ass a bright red as she cried out in pain again and again.

But even as her eyes were filled with tears, and tears were trickling down her cheeks, Roy pulled her up and sat her across his lap on her aching buttocks, and then masturbated her quickly and easily, bringing her to a powerful orgasm as Brian taped it.

Mack tied cords around her nipples, and pulled her around the room – on her knees, like that while the others laughed and told obscene jokes. Zoey had to scramble forward, gasping and yelping as the cords tugged on her aching, swollen nipples, and couldn't get to her feet because Mack kept pulling the cords downward.

Then Brian and Roy tied her ankles to her thighs, and her wrists to her upper arms so she had no choice but to crawl around. For good measure, Mack tied cord around her nipples and hung weights from them. Everyone thought it was hilarious watching her hobble around on her elbows and knees. But the guys also found it exciting, and she was mounted and ridden hard a half dozen times, coming repeatedly, her voice rising in gurgling wails of pleasure.

Then Roy hog-tied her, binding her wrists up and back against her ankles, and they left her like that on the floor for hours. Sanchez came to fuck her face once, forcing his cock down her throat and pumping it violently in and out, but she was left otherwise alone as they watched a movie.

One by one, they went home, except for Mack, who drifted off to bed.

Zoey lay on the floor, hog-tied, moaning dazedly as the lights went out and the moon rose outside and shone through the large glass windows.

In the morning, Mack woke up, and giggled when she found Zoey. "I guess we forgot about you," she said, untying her.

Zoey had spent a long, painful night, her body aching in every joint, her limbs stiff, her back on fire, and could hardly move at first. Mack massaged life back into her limbs, and then made breakfast – well, cereal and coffee. However, smirking, she insisted Zoey eat hers from bowls on the floor, and she was too tired to argue.

After finishing breakfast, Zoey rose to her feet and started to walk away.

“Where do you think you’re going?”

“I need to go to the bathroom – mistress,” Zoey said tiredly.

“You go to the bathroom when I tell you to. Get back on your knees, slut.”

Zoey sank wearily to her knees and waited as Mack finished her breakfast. “Slaves don’t do anything without asking permission,” Mack said.

“May I go to the bathroom, mistress?” Zoey asked.

“No.”

Zoey knelt on the floor and tried not to squirm too visibly. Then Mack finished and walked briefly out of the room. She returned with – the leash she had bought the other day. She snapped it to Zoey’s collar, and then pulled on it, making her fall forward onto her hands and knees.

“Now crawl, sex slave.”

Her pussy began to throb now, but Zoey obeyed, crawling across the floor, into the hall, then out to the front door. Mack unlocked it and opened it, and Zoey crawled naked beside her out onto the front porch, then down onto the grass next to it. Mack led her around the side of the house to the edge of the scrub brush there.

“You can go to the bathroom here,” she said.

“What?!”

“You heard me, slave.”

Zoey stared up at her, and then looked around her anxiously, then she looked up at Mack again.

“Aren’t you going to turn your back?”

“Why should I? I wouldn’t if I was walking my dog. Go ahead, go to the bathroom, bitch dog,” she taunted.

Zoey would have refused, but her sense of privacy had been pretty much shattered over the previous week, and she really needed to go. So she shifted her knees

wider and lowered her groin, and then let loose, urinating on the grass as Mack looked down at her.

“Good slut,” Mack said, patting her head as though she were a dog.

She tugged her forward a little ways. “Now rub yourself on the grass, slut.”

Her chest tight with excitement, Zoey obeyed, and then let the girl lead her by the leash back into the house. There she and Mack went into the upstairs bathroom and had a hot shower. Naturally, with both of them soapy and naked they began to grind their bodies together, and were soon kissing and moaning and locked together in a passionate embrace.

Mack slid her leg between Zoe’s and they began to grind their soapy pussies together, and it took neither of them long to come powerfully. Then they rinsed off, and Zoey knelt before her, licking Mack’s pussy to another orgasm.

After that, Mack dressed, then inserted a large butt-plug in Zoey’s ass, a dildo in her pussy, and set her to cleaning the downstairs windows. She went back to her place to her parents, but promised to be back.

With nothing else to do, Zoey cleaned the windows, alone in the big cabin, the stereo blasting.

She spent all morning cleaning the windows before Brian showed up. Then she paused to give him oral sex and take him deep into her throat. By the time he was done and she had gotten him a drink and he was sitting on the deck Roy was there, and she had to basically do the same thing again.

She resumed her cleaning, stopping when Paul came in and fucked her from behind, and then to get him a drink. Sanchez arrived, and fucked her ass, then he and Brian worked on the videos of her.

They had recorded them on a card, and the computer in her father’s den had a card reader, so they plugged it in, then began to put together a video of her from the previous evening.

Paul and Mike began playing pool, and she had to interrupt her cleaning to get them beer and chips several times. Then she made lunch, and, as before, had to eat on her hands and knees as the guys ate at the table.

She had finished washing the windows, and Mack arrived, and set her to scrubbing floors. She wasn't allowed to use mops, but had to scrub with a pail of soapy water and sponge. The rest of the guys arrived, and Zoey felt even more naked because, again, all of them were fully dressed.

She was scrubbing when Autumn came into the kitchen. Zoey looked up and flushed as she realized there were two strangers with Autumn, a large, burly black guy, and a thin, short haired black girl.

Both looked at her in fascination, and her face grew more and more red.

"This is our hostess," Autumn said with a smirk. "We call her sex slave."

"This is too much!" the guy exclaimed, shaking his head in wonderment.

"It's what she's into," Autumn said. "She'll do anything anyone wants anytime they want it, man woman or dog. It's all the same to her."

Then Roy came in, and smirked. "You see our little sex slave?" he said. "Ain't she something?"

The black girl shook her head and made a face.

Roy moved over to stand in front of Zoey, and then slowly turned his beer over and poured it onto Zoey's back. The cool liquid splashed down onto the floor, and trickled down between her buttocks and down her ribs as she knelt, stunned.

"Roy's being so nice, giving our sex slave a beer," Mack drawled, coming in as well. "Go ahead, sex slave. Drink the beer."

Zoey looked at her, red-faced, and Mack made a licking motion, and pointed. Zoey looked down at the beer, her chest tight, her pussy throbbing, and then, as they all looked at her, bent and began to lick at the beer where it had splashed onto the floor.

"Long licks," Mack said, walking over to her. "Let's exercise that tongue, sex slave." She turned to Autumn. "Where's sex slave's toys?"

Autumn turned and trotted away, and when she returned there were two more strange guys there, staring in excited fascination at the sight of Zoey sliding her pink tongue slowly and erotically along the floor. Her face was burning as she rolled her eyes up towards them, but inside she was pulsing with the thrill of her degradation.

Autumn, giggling, hurried up with a pair of dildos. Mack took one, and then put her foot on Zoey's back between her shoulder blades.

"Push your ass up, sex slave," she ordered, as she pressed down.

Zoey gasped, raising her ass even as her chest was forced down flat against the floor. Autumn used margarine from the fridge to oil up one of the dildos, and then worked it forcefully down into Zoe's ass. Zoey shuddered and moaned, and gasped in pain when she pushed too deep, too fast.

Then Autumn shoved the other one up her pussy, jamming both of them deep, and stepped back.

Mack eased her foot off Zoey's back. "Keep licking, slut," she jeered.

Zoey raised herself up a little and resumed licking at the beer on the floor, her entire body and mind now crushed within the all-enveloping arms of sexual need. With dildos sticking out of her pussy and ass, she licked at the floor as they all looked on, snickering and laughing.

Then they went back out front, where the music was getting louder, and Zoey resumed cleaning the floor, barely able to resist reaching back between her legs to rub her throbbing clit.

She had almost finished cleaning the kitchen floor when Roy came out, with yet another new guy.

"This is sex slave," he said to him, smirking. "We own her ass. We can do anything we want to her."

"Fuck! I know what I want to do to her," the guy, a thin twenties-ish guy with glasses said.

"Go to it. Fuck her if you want. Or you can fuck her ass. She deep throats, too."

So Zoey deep throat the guy, or rather, with Roy ordering her to clasp her hands behind her back, she knelt in place while he used her hair as a lever and pulled her in and out, thrusting his cock deep into her throat and making her choke and gag and moan around it until Roy found a rope or cord and tied her elbows back together as the guy fucked her even more excitedly, then pulled out and exploded in her face.

“See? The slut is like our slave,” Roy said.

He grinned down at her, then opened the fridge. He picked out an egg, then showed it to Zoey, and brought it down on top of her head. He held it there, then slapped his hand so the egg broke and poured down around her head.

The two laughed hysterically, and the new guy – Derek – did the same, smashing another egg against her head. Then he and Roy smashed two eggs, each against opposite sides of her head while she knelt there, dazed and moaning, humiliated but darkly thrilled.

They smashed and mashed eggs against her pussy and ass, then Mack poured molasses over her head and down over her shoulders.

“What the fuck are you guys doing?” Autumn demanded, staring at the mess.

“Playing with our sex slave,” Roy said with a grin.

Mack appeared in the doorway, then half a dozen others, all watching.

Roy took out the ketchup and squirted it down on her head, then against her breasts. Derek squirted mustard on her. Roy poured milk on her and Derek poured orange juice, then tomato juice.

Then, Roy came out of the fridge triumphantly brandishing a big cucumber as the dozen or so people gathered around the doorway looked on, laughing and giggling.

“This is what our sex slave needs!” he cried.

He squatted in front of where Zoey still knelt, dripping from a dozen different things, her nipples aching, her pussy so hot, so swollen with hunger she was on the verge of orgasm without even touching herself.

He rubbed the cucumber against her greasy, wet, oily body, then gripped the dildo in her pussy and pulled it out, then placed the much thicker cucumber on the floor and jammed the end against the mouth of her pussy.

“Sit on it, slut,” he ordered.

Zoey shuddered, her eyes glassy as her knees shifted apart on the slippery, filthy floor.

“Unggh!” she groaned as the fat dildo slowly forced the lips of her sex apart.

The crowd watching hooted and snickered and shouted and laughed.

Her pussy was sopping, though, and the cucumber was well greased up. She shuddered and her eyes went wide as she began to slide down.

“Oh! Ohh! Ohhh! Oooooo!” she groaned as she slid down on the fat cucumber. “ohh God!”

Inch after inch slid up into her belly, thicker and longer than the dildo, spreading her sex lips achingly far as she took a full foot inside her. Her breaths were coming in short, ragged pants as Roy reached down and began to stroke his fingers across her oily, greasy wet clit, and the orgasm hit her like a freight train. She cried out, again and again, her cries rising to wails and screams of pleasure as she jerked up and down on the cucumber and her mind was flooded with intense sensations of pleasure.

She collapsed backward and fell on her arms, thrashing and bucking and straining upwards, arching her back, head rolling from side to side beneath her as they all looked on. Some applauded, some laughed and shouted “Yeah! Come for us, bitch!” And some just looked on with dark lust and hunger.

When she went limp, chest heaving, Mack came forward, shaking her head. “You sure made a fucking mess of the kitchen floor, sex slave. Now you’re gonna have to clean it again.”

Most of them drifted off, laughing, for even the horny ones weren’t about to touch her looking like that.

“We have to wash her off,” Mack said.

Autumn produced the leash and they snapped it to her collar, then, using that, they slowly forced her up to her knees, then to her feet, pulling her across the room and out the side door onto the deck, then around the side. Roy and several other guys came along, grinning, holding beers.

“We’ll hose her off,” Mack said, pushing her to her knees.

“Wait one,” Roy said.

He sauntered over and opened his fly and pointed it at her. Zoey thought he wanted her to blow him at first, but was too exhausted to crawl closer. She opened her mouth a little, and then a stream of urine hissed out of his cock and into her

open mouth. She gurgled in shock and her eyes bulged, and she coughed and spat as the others laughed hysterically.

She turned her head away and Roy, grinning, followed, peeing in her face, against her breasts, and shifting the flow up and down her body and over her head. At first Zoey frantically tried to twist away, falling onto her back, rolling, gasping, squealing, but then she collapsed, breathless, and lay there as he finished.

Then Brian came forward and he peed on her, but aimed his at her pussy. The feel of his hard, warm stream against her clit made her shudder, and sent her hips bucking up helplessly even as Paul let fly, his stream moving up and down her body and over her face. Then Sanchez joined in, snickering, and two other guys she didn't even know came out and joined in.

When they were all done she lay in the grass, dazed, glassy eyed. Mack gripped the leash and tugged hard, half dragging her forward away from the piss coated grass, then took the hose and began to spray the icy water over her. Zoey sputtered and coughed and turned her head away, but then turned it back, opening her mouth enough to suck in cold water, rinse out her mouth and spit it out.

“Clean her good now,” Roy said.

He took the hose from Mack and aimed it at her pussy, and the pressure was too intense on her super sensitive clit so Zoey squirmed and rolled over. Snickering, he moved in behind her, spreading her legs. He pulled the dildo out of her ass and shoved the hose into her.

“Unggh! Noow! Ohhh! Don't!” she cried as she tried to twist free.

They gathered around, laughing, as Roy shoved the hose deep, and water fountained out of her ass around the pumping hose.

“Like giving her an enema,” he chortled.

“Okay, enough,” Mack said, knocking his hand aside and pulling the hose free.

“Now get inside and wash up. You're a fucking mess,” she told Zoey.

She pulled her to her feet by the hair and then led the staggering girl back into the house and upstairs to the bathroom. There she showered, brushed her teeth, used mouth wash – several times – and then dried her hair.

Then, face red, she had to return to what had become a party, and serve beer, pick up empties and move around amongst a dozen dancing, chatting, and fully dressed people her own age in nothing but her skin and a collar.

She went back into the kitchen and cleaned the floor again, this time interrupted at least five or six times as guys came in to fuck her on all fours.

Then she was led upstairs into one of the guest bedrooms, where she found the black couple waiting for her. She didn't even know their names, and her face reddened as she looked down at the floor.

"Come here, sex slave," the girl said with a tart, imperious attitude.

Blushing, she moved forward to where the girl sat on the edge of the bed. The black girl looked up at her boyfriend, then flipped up her short skirt and spread her legs. She had no panties underneath.

"Eat me, bitch," she sneered.

Zoey leaned in and began to lick at her pussy, while she took a firm grip on her hair and pulled and twisted it.

"You like these white whores, Jerome?" she asked, reaching down to squeeze one of Zoey's breasts.

"I like all hot looking women, baby," he said, looking on excitedly.

The woman peeled her top up and off and removed her bra, then pulled Zoey's mouth up to her breast, tugging roughly on her hair. "Suck my tits, bitch," she sneered.

Zoey mouthed the girl's nipple and sucked as the girl squeezed her own breasts roughly, then shoved her back down between her legs.

The boyfriend just watched as Zoey ate the Black girl to an orgasm. The girl stripped naked and she and Zoey lay in bed, kissing wetly, bodies and breasts rubbing together, hands moving over each other's body as he excitedly looked on. The black woman turned her around and they sixty-nined, and Zoey ate her to another orgasm.

Then the boyfriend moved in as the Black girl eased back to watch. The boyfriend was like a bear, groping her roughly and excitedly, sucking and chewing on her

nipples, then mounting her, forcing her knees back and pounding down violently into her pussy until he came – not once, but twice. Then he flipped her onto her belly and took her from behind.

She sucked him erect, and then the girlfriend moved in and Zoey began to eat her as the boyfriend jammed his hard black cock into her tight ass and sodomised her.

Chapter Ten

Every day the gang gathered, a dozen or more now, and many of them slept over. They partied, and played pool and ping-pong, and cards, and watched movies on the big screen. They swam and dove and used the seadoos and boat, sat around on the dock and deck drinking and smoking and enjoying themselves.

Zoey cleaned the house from top to bottom, and waited on them hand and foot. She also, of course, made her body available for anyone who wanted it – and that was everyone. She never got used to being taken in front of others, being on her knees on the floor, bottom up, legs apart, breasts pillowed out beneath her, while some guy fucked or sodomised her, and people walked back and forth, grinning and watching. It shamed her every time, and that shame made her pussy burn like fire.

Her father came up for a weekend, with several guests, and Zoey got to wear her bikini again, the first time she'd worn anything in a week. She went to other people's houses, then, and often they took her out in public and did their best to humiliate her, calling her sex slave, or slut, and forcing her to expose herself to people driving or walking by.

Autumn and Mack brought her back to the holiday camp again, this time wearing her thong bikini, and led her up to the main cabin.

"That's the mess hall, or whatever they call it, mess hall, kitchen and whatever," Mack said.

They walked towards it, and Mack pointed towards a dock and a large collection of canoes stacked on racks beside it.

"I was a camp counselor here one summer cause they had lots of business and not enough staff," she said.

"You around a bunch of young girls and boys?" Autumn said, "I'm not sure I want to think about that."

Mack grinned. "It's men that get me off," she said.

"And girls," Autumn said, giving Zoey's bare butt a squeeze.

"Just some girls," Mack retorted, squeezing Autumn's butt.

Zoey looked away, a trifle uncomfortable. She didn't talk very much now. Mack had told her, in fact, that sex slaves were to be seen and not heard, and she wasn't allowed to talk without permission.

The door to the large building was open and they went inside. They found a group of chairs surrounding a large, stone fireplace. Past them, up a wide flight of stairs, was an open area, and then, further ahead, a wide doorway which gave into a dining hall with benches and tables which looked like it could seat a couple of hundred people.

"Well, hello."

They were brought up short by a tall, well-built man in his early thirties. He had a curly shock of brown hair, and a very hairy chest – which they could see easily since he wore only a pair of tight cutoffs.

"Hi Charlie," Mack said. "Did you miss us?"

"Always."

"We were kind of wondering if you might have a little... something to spare? "

"You're becoming a fucking pot head, Mackie," he said.

"Like you?" she asked with a grin.

She turned to Zoey. "He grows his own out back," she said, "where the campers never go."

"Yeah, and it takes a lot of work," the man said, looking Zoey up and down very frankly. "I don't just give it away, usually, except when I'm in a really good mood."

Mack moved forward, grinning, and pressed her body against him. "And are you in a really good mood, Charlie?" she purred.

His hands came down to caress her back, then her buttocks.

"I'm getting there," he replied with a grin.

He slapped her butt suddenly and she yelped.

"Go sit down I'll get a few beers," he said.

He walked back into the kitchen and Mack pulled Zoey back the way they'd come. "He's hot, isn't he," she said.

"He's... pretty nice, Mistress," she said as they went back to where the fire place was and sat down.

He came back with four beers, handing one to Mack and one to Autumn, then held one up for Zoey just beyond her reach. "And who is this?" he asked.

She looked at Mack nervously. "I'm Zoey," she said.

He took the hand she'd been holding out for the beer and squeezed it as he stared into her eyes. "Pleased to meet you, Zoey," he said. "If there's anything I can do for you just you let me know."

"Um, okay," she said as she took the beer.

"He means he wants to fuck you," Mack said.

Zoey blushed as Charlie laughed and sat down with his beer. "I'm a healthy straight guy. I want to fuck all pretty women," he said.

He took a package of cigarettes from his pocket and winked at Autumn, then opened it and took out several cigarettes, handing them to the three girls. It only took an instant for Zoey to realize they weren't tobacco.

He lit them for everyone and she took a deep drag. It was good stuff.

"No campers around?" Mack said.

"Not until after the weekend. Then I got seventy-five kids from the YMCA coming in along with a dozen counselors for a week."

Charlie looked at Zoey and licked his lips and she felt her insides squirm a little.

"You must get lonely out here when there aren't any campers," Mack said.

"I get visitors from time to time," he said.

Mack leaned over and laid her hand between his legs, then rubbed him as she turned and looked at Zoey. "Are you familiar with the term Charley horse?" she asked sweetly.

Charlie laughed lightly.

“Would you like a Charley horse, Zoey?” Autumn asked brightly.

She snapped her fingers at the floor, and Zoey, face reddening, slid onto her knees.

“Crawl here, bitch,” Mack ordered.

Zoey crawled forward, Charlie looking on with growing excitement.

“Suck this guy’s cock for him, sex slave.”

“Sex slave?!” Charlie gasped in astonishment.

“This is our sex slave,” Autumn said. “She does anything we tell her to.”

Zoey unzipped his trousers as the man looked down excitedly, then pulled his growing cock out and began to lick at it.

“Anything?” he panted.

“Anything. And if you’ve got some pot and a little beer, we can loan her out to you for a while for a little one on one party.”

“Oh baby!” he groaned.

His big cock was rock hard, and Zoey’s lips slid down deeper and deeper, then she took him into her throat and he groaned as he shoved down on her head and forced her lips all the way down to the hilt. “Oh fuck!” he gasped.

Mack gripped the back of her collar and pulled her up and back so she knelt swaying.

“What about it, Charlie? You want to rent out slave for a little while?”

He did. Zoey knelt as the two bargained. Then he went and got her some pot and a case of beer, and Mack and Autumn left her there.

“Call him master,” Mack instructed her sternly before leaving. “And do anything he wants.”

What he wanted was to fuck her – hard, and often. He fucked her with her ankles back behind her ears, and fucked her on all fours. He fucked her bent over the

table, and on the table. In fact, he carried her from one mess hall table to another, laying her back on each and fucking her for a bit before carrying her to the next one.

“When the campers are here I want to think of how I fucked you on every table,” he said excitedly.

He fucked her on the grill and on the kitchen counters, too, and on the desk belonging to his boss, and in the bathroom sink. He seemed insatiable. But that was fine with Zoey. She got over her initial embarrassment, and then it was just good, clean fun.

When the girls came and got her she was all fucked out, but that didn't really matter. She was taken back to the seadoos, still naked, and they went to the man called Roger's cottage, where she was brought up on the dock and given to him in exchange for a hundred dollars for beer. He took her inside and fucked her hard, then had her suck his cock and fucked her hard again while the girls waited outside.

Then she got back in the boat, still naked, and they took her to a small cove where she licked Autumn and Mack's pussies, then sucked Brian and Paul's cocks while Mike and Roy fucked her from behind.

She went back to the cottage, and it seemed bizarre that her father smiled and ruffled her hair and called her princess when she walked inside.

There was a bush party, that night, and Zoey, of course, attended – in her skin, sucking and fucking and masturbating and giving lap dances and even, as a number of fascinated people looked on, crawling at the end of a leash and urinating in the grass.

Then it was back to the cottage to sleep – in a bed – for the first time in a week.

When her father left Mack and Autumn moved back into her cottage. Mack now had a long, thin wooden stick. It was actually a part of the blinds in one room, used to open and close them. She and Autumn put Zoey through her paces, like a dog doing tricks, twisting and turning and posing and positioning her body for them, and slashing the stick across her bottom stingingly when she was slow or failed to perform.

She spent that night tied up on the porch overlooking the river, standing at the top of the stairs, arms and legs spread wide and tied to the posts. It was a long night.

The next day was longer. It started out with her being put through her paces again, with Mack barking out orders quickly and Zoey twisting and writhing and repositioning herself frantically to avoid the stinging bite of the stick. Then she had to clean and cook and get ready for another party. As before, she was the centerpiece of the gathering, sucking and fucking and licking and performing, masturbating with dildos, licking feet, giving lap dances, and, of course, fetching drinks and refreshments.

The party ended, and she was allowed to sleep in bed with Mack, but with her ankles and wrists tied up. The next day started the same, with her going through her paces, crawling outside leashed to go to the bathroom, and then cooking and servicing everyone.

That evening Roy dragged a sawhorse into the house, and as they all watched a football game on the big screen, Zoey sat straddling the sawhorse, her arms tied behind her, her ankles lifted up and bound to the top of the slender bar behind her, and her hair pulled up into a tight tail at the top of her head and tied by a cord to one of the heavy chandeliers overhead.

It ached, and as the minutes passed the ache became pain, to the point that despite Mack's prohibition against speaking she began to beg them to let her off. Roy responded by gagging her, and then pulling her back by the hair and fingering her clit. Her clitty was so exquisitely sensitive by then that she had a massive orgasm, and then went limp as he went back to watching the game.

The football game ended and she continued to straddle the horse, sobbing now, but helplessly climaxing whenever someone came over and rubbed at her clit.

Roy took video, and they ungagged her long enough to make her say nasty, obscene things about herself, shouting that she was a sex slave, and loved to suck cock and eat pussy and be fucked and gang banged and sodomised and to drink piss and fuck dogs and everything else under the sun. Then they gagged her again and left her in place while they watched a movie.

Their sport with her became more cruel as time passed, for they knew they had total freedom to do anything they wanted, and as her silence and obedience seemed, if only subconsciously, to make her seem less like a human being, and more like a belonging, like a piece of property, like a thing.

One day she was tied against one of the center posts and whipped, this time with a skipping rope that bit into her back and buttocks with pain like fire. She screamed and sobbed and wound up hanging limply from her wrists as the plastic skipping

rope cut through the air and slashed across her burning flesh, but they seemed to feel no sympathy, laughing and snickering excitedly even as they turned her around and whipped her breasts.

There was a hard core of six or so, but a dozen or more passed in and out of the cottage, coming and going at all hours, and all of them used her however they wanted. Several times they drove her up the highway to a strip club on amateur night, and she had to perform for a large crowd of mostly men, exposing herself and flaunting her body in a way which had come to arouse her more than anything else.

Only when her father or mother were up for a weekend or so did she have any time free from them and the all pervasive sexual haze which was wrapped tightly around her. That was the only time she was able to think, to act normal, and even occasionally to wear something other than her skin. The rest of the time she was naked and being used as their playtoy and their whore, servicing them, and some of the older men along the river in exchange for money and beer.

The summer wore on and what had been a shocking, exciting, novel thing became more and more deeply ingrained. Zoey never spoke without permission, and never did anything else without permission either. Even when her parents were there, and she was alone with them she had to call Mack to ask permission to go to the toilet, and then had to go outside, kneel on all fours, and pee there.

Towards the end of the summer they began picking out men among her father's guests for her to fuck. Whenever her father brought up some people they would select one – or sometimes more – and order her to climb into their bed that night. None of the men ever turned her down, all eager and frantic with excitement at having the lush, naked teenage girl in their beds.

Everyone along that stretch of the river wound up getting to know her, or of her. Most didn't even know her name, but they knew her as "that blonde slut" they often saw wandering around in a thong and tiny top, often exposing herself, even having public sex, or masturbating where passing boaters or drivers could see.

And then, finally, her father closed up the cottage, and she could delay her leaving no more. She had a final gang-bang which went deep into the morning, and then put on a pair of short shorts and a tight halter, and went back to the city with her parents.

The whole trip home she felt odd, as they talked about such mundane things, and she tried to get used to wearing clothes again. She had worn nothing but a bikini

the whole summer, and often enough not even that. Now even the short shorts and halter felt odd.

She had no idea what to do with herself at home. It was hard learning to think for herself again, to make even minor decisions, even about going to the bathroom when she wanted.

She went off to college that fall, however. And threw herself into the party life like she had never dared to during high school. At first it was nothing but sex, including sex with multiple partners, even gang bangs at the frat houses. But then she met an older man, a professor twice her age, and he introduced her to what submissiveness and slavery were all about.

But that tale is for another time.

End