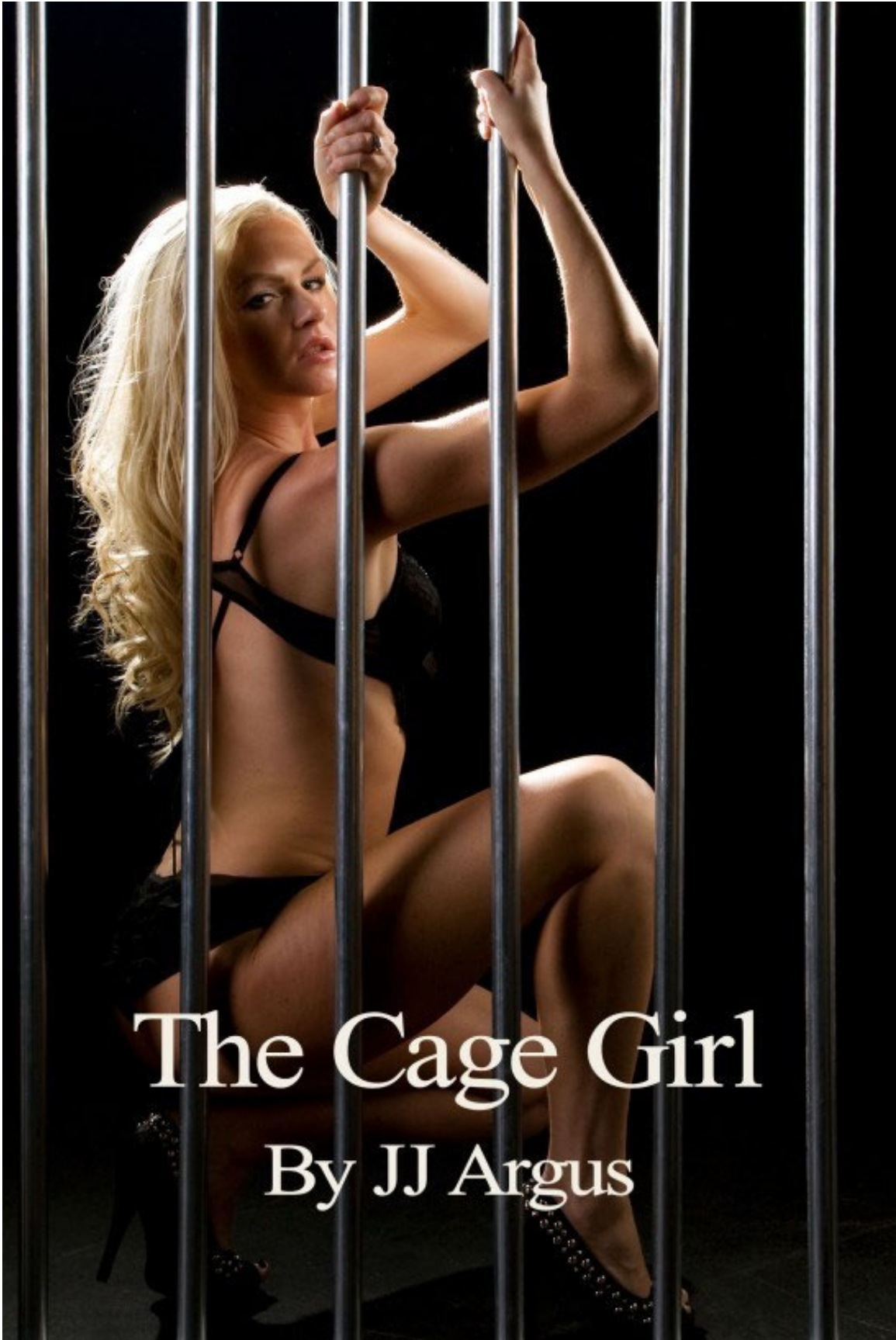


The Cage Girl

By JJ Argus



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Thank you for respecting the hard work of this author.

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

I met Evan King the day after I had graduated from high school. My plan was to go on to college and maybe take environmental management or something, but I needed to earn some money first. I'd been working at Dennies, which was good for someone who needed weekend hours, but didn't exactly have the highest tips.

King ran, and owned, The Grind, which was a very expensive nightclub on Fifth Avenue. It was the place to be, and always had long lineups of people hoping to get in. I, needless to say, had never been inside before. I was dutifully making the rounds of places where my server experience might get me in the door, and The Grind was just one of many I intended visiting that morning.

The place wasn't open yet, but tapping on the window did finally bring a frowning man to it to point at the sign giving the hours. I shook my head and he unlocked it and opened it a bit.

“I was hoping to drop off my resume,” I said. “Or if you had a job application...”

He looked at me doubtfully.

“You have experience?”

I nodded and he pushed open the door.

“Come in.”

There was nothing remarkable about the man as he led me into the nightclub. He was tall and bald and wore a t-shirt and jeans. But he directed me to a door marked Employee's Only.

“Go and talk to Mister King.”

Mister King, I murmured to myself as I took my envelope full of resumes across the dance floor and pushed open the door to the back.

There was a set of stairs there, and I heard music playing, so went up them and followed a hallway to where the music was. I stopped at an open office door and looked inside to see a man at a desk, half hidden by a computer.

“Hello?” I said. “Are you Mister King?”

He pulled his head aside to look around the monitor and I felt my breath suddenly catch in my throat. He was extremely handsome, and I mean like a model or an actor, and as he stood I also noted he was tall, straight backed, well built, and wearing an extremely expensive three piece suit that seemed to have been tailored to his body!

And if that was the case, I thought, what a body he must have! Because his shoulders were so deliciously broad!

The office itself was not at all the sort of grubby little thing you might expect, but it had a skylight letting in lots of bright sunlight down onto a polished hardwood floor. There was a leather sofa, chair and love seat ensemble in one corner, and a bar in a second.

The Grind was spelled out in huge blue and green neon lights along one red brick wall, and track lights hanging from the roof pointed at another, which had posters of Broadway musicals.

He came around the corner, eyeing me up and down, and I straightened my own back, feeling suddenly under intense scrutiny. I'd known that the places that paid better, and where you got better tips, were often looking for, well, sexy looking girls, so I'd dressed appropriately.

I was wearing a short, tight black dress and black stockings, and I knew I had very good legs because everyone told me I did. My blonde hair was parted in the middle, with lots of bangs, because, well, it was a look that mixed cute and sexy, and of course, I'd put on makeup to look my best, too.

“Name?” he asked.

“Hi, I'm Erin Foster,” I said, holding out my hand.

He took it in his hand, his big, strong hand, and held it firmly, his eyes extremely intense as he examined me.

I gulped, practically holding my breath even as he drew me a few steps into the room. He let go of my hand, reluctantly, I thought.

“You've served before?” he asked.

Which I thought was a bit of an odd way to put it, but nodded.

“Yes, sir,” he said. “Oral. I like there to be no misunderstanding. Speak aloud. You know how to do oral, Miss Foster?”

I flushed. “Yes, sir,” I said, then flushing a bit more.

I mean, what exactly did he mean by that!? He sounded like he meant speaking but... you know, there was a second possible meaning there!

He had thick brown hair, a little tousled, with bangs spilling untidily across his forehead, and a frown on his face as he came up to the counter. He sort of eyed me up and down as I looked back with a bit of an open mouthed stare, and then grinned.

“How old are you?”

“I'm nineteen,” I said.

“Sir,” he said.

“Uhm, I'm nineteen, sir.”

“Have you ever been to That Grind before?”

I shook my head and his eyes narrowed.

“No, sir!”

He pointed at the envelope and snapped his fingers, and I quickly opened it and took out my resume. He turned his back on me and walked back to his desk, and I followed.

He skimmed it as he turned and sort of half sat on the front of his desk.

“So why do you want to work here?”

“Well, I thought it would probably pay better and have better tips,” I said.

“Right on both counts. And you know what that means? It means we expect more from you than Dennies.”

I nodded earnestly.

“That includes sex.”

I blinked, and I think my jaw dropped a little, but then he snorted in amusement.

“What I mean, is we expect you to be sexy, to act sexy, to ooze sexuality. And we also expect you to not date the customers.”

“Uhm... I can do that,” I gulped.

“Which?”

“Uh...”

“Can you dance?”

“Of course,” I said.

“And are you a virginal girl who is going to scream if someone grabs your ass?”

I blushed. “It's not like that hasn't happened before,” I said.

“Sir,” he said.

“Uhm, sir.”

“We have bouncers, but we don't like to create an unpleasant scene. If someone hassles you you let the bouncers handle it.”

I nodded. “Sure.”

He looked down at my legs, or so I thought, and blushed anew.

“You ever walk in really high heels? Stilettos?”

“Uhm, yes... sir.”

“We have an image here, Miss Foster, an image of sexiness. All our employees have to ooze sexiness. It's a big part of why everyone wants to come here.”

I sort of got that, and nodded. But I was feeling distinctly distracted, because he was so freaking hot! Of course, he was way older than me, probably in his late twenties. But boy he was sexy! Even his voice was sexy!

I couldn't help running these unlikely little fantasies through my head as we talked, of him and me, dancing, making out, kissing, you know the kind of thing.

“Dance,” he said.

I stared at him in surprise. “What?”

He turned the music up. It had a kind of quick, funky song on, and he pushed himself off the desk and then came so close to me his chest was almost touching my breasts.

“Dance,” he said in a low, almost whispered voice.

He took my hands and he started to dance, and so, helplessly, I started to dance with him.

“Dance in the sexiest way you can.”

My pulse was racing just then. I was trying to figure out what this had to do with being a server, and at the same time kind of exultant that he seemed to be taking me so seriously for a job. I mean, I had expected to drop off fifty or sixty resumes and probably not even get more than the occasional phone call and interview.

Most places I'd gone to hadn't even been interested in me dropping off my resume, so I was sure eager at this reception. And if he wanted to dance, well, I danced! And he was a good dancer! I felt inhibited, at first, but he was so fluid and graceful I struggled to imitate him.

Then he swung me around and suddenly he was behind me and pressed against me, his hands on my arms and waist, and I was feeling breathless and a bit shocked, for he was kind of grinding against me, you know, dirty dancing.

It wasn't the first time I'd done that, of course, but this felt different, partly because he was a potential boss and this was a sort of job interview, and also because he was so hot! And I was this wild sort of excitement as we danced, and as his big, strong body pressed against me!

And then, as the song ended, he abruptly swung me around and his hands were under my buttocks, as he scooped me up and sat me on the edge of his desk. I gasped, and my eyes widened as I looked up at him, for he was standing right in front of me.

“You move well,” he said. “And you have great legs.”

“Uhm, thanks!” I gulped.

“How do you feel about short skirts?”

I blinked at him in surprise, then automatically dropped my eyes to where my skirt sat high on my thighs.

“A little shorter,” he said.

And his hands were on my knees, and slowly pressing them out to the sides, so I had to spread my legs. Of course, as I did, the skirt slid higher up my thighs until it was kind of barely there!

“About that high,” he said.

“We leave the most important part to the imagination, but we stoke that imagination.”

“I uhm... uhm, I mean...”

“It's all part of the image.”

My head was kind of spinning a little, mostly because we'd just been dancing, and now I was sitting on the edge of his big desk with my legs apart and him standing between them, so very close!

“I uhm, could wear a shorter skirt,” I gulped.

It would be mostly dark in the club anyway, I thought, a bit frantically.

“How do you feel about being sexy in public?”

“I uhm, I'm okay I guess,” I said uncertainly, but trying to appear eager.

“Sit there and don't move.”

He backed away, and I gulped, looking at him, then dropping my hands to rest between my legs. I mean, I was sitting with my legs spread and wearing a skirt, after all!

He opened a door, like a closet and disappeared inside, then emerged with some black fabric. He snapped his fingers at me and I hopped off the desk and followed him to another door.

“Change in here. This won't be the exact right size, but it's close enough and we can adjust it once I see you.”

He handed me the fabric and gave me a little push into a bathroom.

Wow, a uniform! That must mean he was going to hire me, I thought excitedly. I had heard the girls here got huge tips!

When I looked at what he'd handed me, though, I was a bit shocked. The black skirt was very short and very tight. I slipped off my dress and pulled it up my hips, and boy, I could hardly do the zipper! I was not a broad hipped girl, either!

I had to keep it very low on my hips for it to cover my buttocks! It was that short! And that meant I couldn't wear my panties with it because the waistband would show above the skirt! So I had to strip them off to wear it.

The other thing was a sort of jacket, like a single breasted jacket but held together by a couple of buttons at chest level. It had some elastic material to ensure it was very tight across the chest, too, and just inside were bra cups, which meant it had to be worn without a bra.

I pulled off my bra a bit nervously, then shrugged on the jacket and pulled the two sides together in front, adjusting my breasts in the cups. It was tight, but when I turned I saw that it showed quite a bit of cleavage, for I was not a small

girl and the bra was a push-up!

The jacket also parted just below the buttons, flaring out to either side to basically leave me naked down the center, but that wasn't all that shocking. I mean, it wasn't like I didn't own lots of midriff baring tops myself.

It was an uncomfortably sexy outfit, but I told myself since it would be mostly dark and there'd be tons of women dressed way sluttier than me it wouldn't really be a problem.

I opened the door nervously, then stepped out into the office. I noticed the office door leading to the hall was now closed, and he was propped against the edge of his desk again. He motioned me over, and I blushed to see those eyes raking up and down my body.

“Nice legs,” he said.

I flushed.

“Nice boobs, too. That outfit fits perfectly.”

“Uhm, the skirt is a bit.. tight,” I gulped.

“Doesn't seem to be.”

He ran his finger along the waistband, and then wriggled it inside, and I felt a surge of dark heat as I felt his flesh against my skin. I mean, the waistband was pretty low! Like really low! And now his finger was inside it!

Let me put it this way, if I had had pubic hair his finger would have been brushing through the top of it. The skirt was that low on my hips!

“We could maybe let it out a half inch,” he said, his finger kind of stroking my abdomen in a way which made my chest almost too tight to breath.

He pulled his finger out and then his middle fingers slid up my bare belly and lower chest, almost making me gasp aloud as my body felt a rush of wild excitement!

They hooked in under the buttons which held the two sides together, and gave it

a bit of a tug.

“What size are your breasts?” he asked.

OMG!

But then again, he was assessing the uniform, right?!

“I-I-I'm a thirty-six-C!” I gulped in a strangled voice.

He was looking right at my breasts! And there was more than ample cleavage on display, too, with his fingers hooked up right between them! I felt my heart beating like a drum!

“A good size,” he said. “They look very sexy.”

He grinned, but it was a kind of rakish grin, the kind of grin you get from guys who you knew were going to be trouble.

He pulled his fingers back.

“Turn around.”

He swung his finger and I blushed as I obediently turned slowly and then back again.

“It's not bad. You have a pretty face and a great body, and it looks sexy in that. You'll get a ton of tips.”

“D-Does that mean I'm hired?”

“On a probationary basis.

“What does that mean?”

He took my waist and swung me around, then up onto the edge of his desk again. I gasped as he stepped in between my legs, feeling my face redden. I mean, this skirt was way shorter and I now had no panties on! That meant as he moved in close against me I could actually feel the fabric of his pants against my inner thighs!

“I run a very disciplined crew here, Erin,” he said as my heart pounded wildly.

I stared at him anxiously, uncertainly.

“That means that when your shift is to start at six I expect you here by quarter to. Every single time. No book-offs unless you're very sick. I don't care who's having a party or what your boyfriend wants to do or anything else.”

I nodded my head rapidly. “I don't have a boyfriend!” I blurted.

He snorted. “Why? You look like a pretty choice offering. I'd think every guy who knows you would be fighting to get their hands on you.”

“I uhm, well, I was studying hard to get good marks,” I gulped. “So I could get into college, and I didn't have time for dating the last six months!”

“You don't need collage, babe. You've got all the talent you need right here,” he said, eyeing my body.

I know I should have felt insulted, but I didn't. Instead I felt flattered, and a bit giddy that he thought I was so hot.

“Find yourself a rich man and be his girl toy. You'll have all the nice cars and penthouse apartments and designer clothes you could want.”

Again, I should have felt insulted, and if it had been anyone else – but the fabric of his pants was practically pressing right up against my naked sex, and he was so close to me that I had to kind of lean my upper body back away from him to keep my breasts from touching him, my hands going to the desk behind me to prop me up!

“There was a day a man would just hit a beautiful girl like you with his club and drag you home to his cave by that beautiful blonde hair,” he said with a grin.

I felt a breathless, giddy sense of dark excitement as his fingers combed through my hair!

“Th-that would give me a headache!” I gulped, trying to be funny.

“It wouldn't last long. He'd make all your thoughts turn to him.”

I was starting to get very nervous! I mean, he was really hitting on me! And I hardly knew him! And he was way too old! But on the other hand he was amazingly sexy and hot and handsome and clearly had a lot of money and everything!

And then his big hands cupped my face and kind of tilted it up, and he kissed me! My eyes went wide, and I was, like, frozen! I didn't know what to do because, first he was really hot, and second, I didn't want to screw up being hired by him! But I knew this wasn't right!

But his kiss got harder, more passionate, and I moaned helplessly, gripping his wrists, but still not knowing what to do! He was grinding himself against me now, and with my legs spread and leaning back the way I was, the skirt being so short, that meant there was nothing between me and him but his pants!

I felt a sense of breathless sexual pressure, a kind of crackling, trembling heat rolling through me as his tongue dipped between my lips! I was confused and had no idea how to react! I knew I should push him away, and I kind of wanted to do that, but... but he'd just kind of hired me!

And now he was leaning into me further, his arms around me, his hand in my hair, and I gasped as he jerked my head back and his lips left my mouth and moved up along the nape of my neck. And then I felt a shock-wave roll through me as I felt the front of the jacket part and the two sides spread open!

“Oh! Wait! Stop!” I gasped dazedly.

But he jerked the jacket wide open and pushed it back over my shoulders, which left me topless! He grabbed my hair again, jerking my head up and back, tilting me further back as he leaned in and bit and kissed and sucked his way down the nape of my neck as his other hand cupped and kneaded my bare breast!

I was in a state of shock at how quickly this had happened! I was kind of feebly pushing against him, but that was almost instinctive, because nothing else was driving my response! And I also felt this wild, raw thrill of shocked excitement as his fingers kneaded my breast, a pulsing, powerful heat growing within me!

He forced me all the way down onto my back on his desk, with my legs splayed and hanging over the edge and his big body atop me! He had shoved the jacket down over my shoulders so that my arms were sort of pinned to my sides,

leaving me helpless!

And topless! And he was atop me, kissing me again, gripping my hair, his mouth on mine silencing my gasps and moans of denial even as he ground himself into my naked sex!

He slid downwards, then, leaving me panting, moaning and trembling, his lips moving down onto my chest. I cried out, my back arching as he took the center of my left breast into his mouth, biting into the tender flesh even as he sucked fiercely, as his tongue whipped across my rigid, burning nipple!

Oh my God! I was just overwhelmed! I didn't know what to do! And he was sucking and chewing at my breasts, and then... and then he slid down onto his knees so that he was staring right into my sex! I squeaked, trying to close my legs, but he was between them, and he quickly gripped my wrists, which were at my sides, pressing his forearms down against my thighs to force them back.

He licked up the center of my sex, and I cried out again, my hips rolling up involuntarily at a surge of raw sensation! I was... I was pinned down helplessly, the way he had my wrists, the way the jacket was bunched up around my arms, and the way his big forearms forced my thighs wide!

I felt trapped! But at the same time I was now literally trembling with sexual heat as he began to lick at my clitoris, his tongue long and strong and sure, sweeping across my swollen, throbbing button again and again and again!

I was kind of writhing and twisting helplessly, making inarticulate sounds that were, well, sort of in the nature of trying to tell him to stop. But more and more that was because I felt I ought to, rather than that I actually wanted him to!

Then he released my wrists, though my arms were still trapped by the jacket. One hand cupped my breast while the other slid downward, fingers probing at the mouth of my sex, then sliding into me! I jerked and arched again, crying out dazedly, but his finger pushed deeper and deeper, and then... then the orgasm burst over me!

I cried out in helpless thrall to the exploding pleasure, my back arching as the breath sobbed out of me, my legs flailing helplessly as he licked hard and his finger stroked in and out with hard, deep, skilled movements!

As the orgasm began to fade he actually pushed his finger deeper, and I could feel myself all wet inside, now, as his tongue started to do this complicated kind of dance on my hypersensitive clitoris. He was now swirling and circling, sweeping it from side to side, then up and down.

He brought his lower lip under his tongue, using it to lick harder, and his finger was joined by a second inside me, not just pumping in and out, but pressing upward against the inside of my abdominal wall in a way that send dark rushes of heat through me every time he drove them in and out!

“Oh! Oh! Please! Please!” I gasped dazedly.

He straightened up, and I stared up at him, seeing the dark hunger in his eyes and on his face, then heard the sound of his zipper. My eyes jerked down and I saw him pulling himself out, thick and hard and angry looking, so thick it made me flinch and gasp aloud!

“Hot little sex toy,” he growled.

He took himself in his hand and rubbed the head up and down along the line of my sex, back and forth across my clitoris. Heat rippled up my body even as my wrists jerked up, my arms trying to pull against the fabric which trapped them as I instinctively sought to fend him off!

But he pressed himself against me, and I felt the pressure building.

“No! Oh! Please! Wait!” I half sobbed.

He leaned into me, his eyes inches from mine.

“Sir,” he growled. “Say it!”

I gaped at him as I felt his cock pushing into me.

“Say it!”

“S-Sir!” I squeaked.

He kissed me passionately, and I shuddered and cried out as I felt his cock pushing into me, inch by slow inch, stretching me out so that I ached! It hurt a

bit, but the wild rush of sexual heat and crackling energy burning at my body started to bake my mind like a fever, and I could only cry out in wanton pleasure as his hips began to rise and fall, as his cock began to pump inside me!

My mind was still in a state of utter disbelief. I was fucking some guy I'd never even met before in his office! But the heat was rolling over me in waves, making it impossible to form a coherent thought, let alone decide on what to do!

“The king does what he wants to his subjects!” he growled.

His cock was punching deeper and deeper into my belly, the ache growing even as the dark pleasure tore through my nervous system and made me feel an intoxicating sense of confused heat!

I cried out again and again as he thrust into me, my mind even more helpless than my body as he drove himself into me and his hands raced across my skin. It was all so rushed, so wild, so violent, and my body was reacting with explosive bursts of pleasure and sensation so that I felt myself hurtling towards a second orgasm!

It was so good! It was sooooo good! I felt as though I were being repeatedly impaled, punched deep inside, but somehow, despite the ache, pleasure tore through me like a hurricane! Every stroke was a deeply erotic experience that made my mind swoon!

“Fuck!” he gasped, his hips thrusting wildly. “Fuck yeah!”

His motions eased, as he panted for breath, but his eyes were still full of hunger and passion, with an intensity that was almost scary as they stared down at me.

He straightened up, and then jerked off his tie. Before I understood his intent he'd lifted me into a seated position and then pulled me off the desk. I stumbled, but he caught me, but only to spin me around, tug the jacket off and gather my arms back behind me.

I felt the tie being swept around my arms, up near my elbows, then the loop pulled tight, forcing my arms back further and further, until I cried out as my shoulders were yanked too hard!

He undid the zip on the little skirt, then jerked it down and pulled me, still

stumbling, still staggered within my mind, still gasping dazedly, forward around the desk, then as he sat heavily, he pulled me down as well, but onto my knees in front of him!

“The benefits of being the king!” he growled with a deep, almost feral grin at me.

His fingers slid through my hair and then tightened, and I gasped as he pulled me forward between his legs.

“Blow me,” he ordered.

He undid his pants and pushed them out of the way as he drew my face in against his softening cock.

“But – !”

“No talking. The king wants you to suck his cock” he growled. “So he can fuck you again!”

That was... outrageous, of course! But my mind was still fumbling in confusion, still sort of shell shocked over what had happened. My body was still resonating to the howling storm of sensation which had just blown through it!

He was rubbing my face against his cock and balls, and now jerked on my hair so I cried out, and gripped his flaccid cock, rubbing the head over my lips.

“Let me see your tongue!” he ordered. “Let's see it!”

It was such a ... such a stern, insistent demand and... I obeyed, reflexively, pushing my tongue out even as I was still trying to catch my breath!

He rubbed the head up and down over my cock as he held my hair tightly.

“Further! Push that tongue out, you hot, beautiful slut!”

I flinched at the last word, and yet, he seemed to mean it almost... admiringly, you know?!

I licked at his cock at first but he jerked on my hair.

“Don't lick! Just push your tongue out as far as you can!”

I did, and he rubbed his cock up and down against it as I moaned in confusion.

“Now suck it!”

His words weren't... angry, but they were very... firm. I'm not exactly sure how to describe it, but it was a tone of voice which, while it wasn't threatening or menacing, did not brook any doubt at all that you had to do what it said!

And so I did, sucking on his cock as he pulled my face in closer, sucking the entire thing into my mouth, and then sucking his balls in as well, massaging them between my tongue and my cheeks and the roof of my mouth as I sucked.

“That's it. Every inch, you sexy little blonde slut,” he growled.

Again, I didn't know whether to be flattered or offended! I was feeling very off-balance with him! I didn't really understand what was going on! I'd never had sex remotely like this before, and never had sex with a guy on first meeting!

And I was naked in his office, on my knees and... with my arms apparently tied behind my back! That was an eye-opening thing, too! He had tied me up! I wasn't scared of that because, well, what did I fear him doing he hadn't already done? But it was shocking, nevertheless, and confusing, and... and also darkly thrilling.

I mean, this was such crude, violent debauchery! I could barely believe it was happening to me!

Me! Boring me!

His cock pulsed within my mouth, then began to grow, and I moaned as he pulled my head back, then gripped his cock and kind of stretched it, still half limp, along his belly. He pulled me back, then.

“Lick!”

I licked up its length, gasping and moaning, licked it like it was a Popsicle, sucked on the balls like they were candy, wincing as he tugged on my hair, gasping as he squeezed my breast, my mind still awash in confusion, but with a

thrumming heat underlying that, and building fast.

I had just hoped to hand in my resume!

As his cock hardened and thickened he had me mouth it sideways while I sucked, running my lips up and down its length as though playing a flute. Then he pushed himself forward and pulled my mouth down over him. I began to bob up and down, sucking and licking without even asking myself anything basic like, uh, why am I doing this?

Then, suddenly, he jerked me up and back by the hair. I cried out, startled, my scalp aching, but he was already standing, and forcing me to rise, as well.

Crack! He slapped my bare bottom, startling me with the stinging blow, then jerked me forward so that my abdomen hit the edge of the desk. A quick shove bent me over, and then another slap to my bottom!

“Spread your legs for your king!” he ordered.

Crack! There was another slap!

“Oh!” I cried, shifting my legs apart.

Crack!

“Wider! Get those legs open, slut!”

I gasped, feeling helpless, my eyes wide and wild and uncertain, even as his hand cupped my sex and his fingers began to stroke against my clitoris.

“What a body,” he purred. “What an ass!”

Crack!

“Oh! Don't!” I moaned.

“Why? Aren't you a bad girl, Erin?” he asked.

Crack!

“Aren't you?”

“Oh! Please!” I gasped.

Crack! He slapped me again!

“Sir. Say sir,” he ordered.

“Please, sir!” I moaned.

Crack!

“Oh!”

“Are you a bad girl, Erin?” he demanded.

“I-I... I'm not – !”

Crack!

“Ten minutes after you met me you were on your knees sucking my cock! Are you a bad girl?” he demanded.

“Y-Yes!” I moaned.

Crack!

“Sir!”

“Yes, sir!” I cried helplessly.

His fingers slid into my body, and I gasped as they pumped in and out, twisting and turning. Then I felt his thumb stroking against my clitoris.

“Tell me you're a bad girl, Erin,” he said.

Crack!

“Oh! Please, sir!”

“Tell me you're a bad girl.”

“I-I'm a bad girl!” I cried.

Crack!

“Sir!” he snapped.

“I’m a bad girl, sir!” I cried dazedly.

My bottom was starting to really sting and burn, and anxiety was building up along with the confusion in my mind, as I feared more pain! I pulled and twisted, but my arms were tied up behind me, so that I was doubly helpless before this large man!

And then he dropped down behind me and I felt him shoving my legs roughly apart! A moment later I felt his tongue at my clitoris, licking repeatedly!

I didn't have an awful lot of experience with oral sex from the receiving end, to be honest. I mean, most guys didn't seem very enthusiastic about it, and didn't spend a lot of time at it.

Mister King slid his arms up inside my legs, then brought his hands up and back onto my buttocks so that his arms spread my legs painfully far, practically raising my feet off the floor! Then he sort of took my sex into his mouth and started to suck and lick in a way that had my eyes bulging!

I squeaked and moaned and yelped and trembled as his mouth fed at my sex, his tongue licking hard and fast, his lips massaging and sucking, and I was breathless as my chest was grinding down onto my swollen breasts!

The wild thrill of sexual heat was roiling my brain again, a deep, powerful tension building up within me so that I couldn't think straight, and couldn't keep from trembling and writhing!

Crack! One of his hands slapped my buttocks.

“Tell me you're a slut!” he ordered.

I shuddered, and he slapped my butt again, then again.

Crack! Crack!

“Tell me you're a bad girl!”

“I'm a bad girl!” I cried dazedly.

“Excellent. I love bad girls!”

Was he crazy, I wondered in disbelief.

He stood up and I felt his hardened cock at my entrance, felt him pushing into me harder and harder.

Crack!

“Raise that beautiful ass higher!”

I jerked in response, forced onto my toes as his cock pushed deeper inside my trembling body!

He gripped my thighs tightly, his big hands tight and firm as steel around my legs, forcing them apart as he started to stroke in and out. And once again I felt a wave of disbelief that this was happening, that I was tied up, bent over some man's desk while he fucked me! This was crazy!

But it felt so good!

I shuddered as he thrust in and out, panting and moaning until he gripped my hair in his fist and yanked it back, slapping my bottom at the same time!

“Tell me you're a bad girl!” he barked.

“I-I'm a bad girl!” I cried.

Crack!

“Sir!”

“I'm a bad girl, sir!” I cried, as his hips began to slap against my upraised buttocks.

I'd never been fucked so hard and fast! I mean, some guys when they've had a few, can be very awkward and thoughtless, and fast, but this was like... a machine! No, a machine is too cold. He was very hot, like a wild, rampaging animal!

“This is what happens to bad girls, Erin!” he growled, ramming himself into me as I cried out again and again. “This is why every girl wants to be a bad girl!”

His hips struck me with bruising force, and I cried out again and again, both from that, and his pulling my hair and slapping my bottom! But the pulsing heat grew within me, until I felt as if I was going to explode from the pressure!

It felt so wild and depraved and exciting to be used like this, so raw and sexual and wanton! And his big cock was churning my insides to the point I thought he might do actual damage with his big, hard tool!

But the steam had enveloped me, and it was melting my mind, detaching it from any semblance of reality, from any interest in who or what I was, or what was happening anywhere in the world other than the seething cauldron of heat that was my body!

I felt drunk on the bubbling, burning pleasure, my mind gripped by a feverish hunger and passion so that I reveled in every rough, powerful thrust! And then the orgasm hit, and his hand clamped over my mouth as I started to cry out, losing all control, all inhibition gone as the pleasure consumed me!

I twisted and writhed and bucked back at him, my head jerking bonelessly, my hands flailing at nothing, my breasts grinding against the desk beneath my chest, my legs jerking and spasming at the storm of sensations gripping my body.

Nothing mattered. Nothing counted... but this!

And even after it ended, or at least, subsided, leaving me gasping dazedly, his hips continued to pound against me, his cock spearing me deep inside so that I grunted and groaned, eyes slitted, literally drooling there on the desk as he continued to ride me, to use me.

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I wasn't going to go back. I was too gripped by embarrassment and guilt, by shame, really. I mean, what a slut I was! I'd been incredibly weak! Luckily, as long as I never went back, I'd never have to face anyone who knew.

I didn't have any illusions about Mister King becoming, like, a boyfriend or something. He wasn't a man I wanted for a boyfriend, anyway! Oh, he was good looking, and he had money, I guess, but there was something so... intimidating about him! No, no, the very idea was ridiculous, especially given how old he

was.

But on the other hand, he'd hired me, and the job paid probably twice what any other job did, and now that my uhm, interview, was done, I'd probably hardly see him again. I'd be out on the floor fetching drinks and things, along with other girls, and there'd be loud music, and lights and lots of people...

Of course, I'd have to wear that really sexy (slutty!) outfit, but the other girls would be wearing the same, and the customers probably worse...

The more I thought about it the more the idea of working there took on this incredible aura of sexiness and excitement and daring, and the more delicious it felt to think of myself as a part of that atmosphere! I mean, boring me part of that!?

But with that came the sense of... danger, of anxiety. What if... what if Mister King decided he wanted me again!? What if he ordered me into his office and threw me on the desk and... and... just fucked my brains out again because he thought I was a cheap slut!?

To be honest, I wasn't sure how I felt about that. Oh, it made me anxious and wary, but the idea did have a dark, crackling sense of sexual electricity to it. Even as embarrassing and degrading as the idea was it still made my stomach pulse with a heady, chest tightening sense of excitement.

What a horrible man he was! But he was undeniably attractive and... sexy, in a sort of rough, dangerous, unpredictable, macho kind of way.

And he hadn't actually hurt me, just sort of smacked my bottom a bit. Well, and I was sore for several days inside, but that didn't really count.

And what was the worst that could happen? He'd demand sex, and I'd say no, and he'd fire me. But how would that make me any worse off than I would be by not accepting the job in the first place? It wasn't like others were falling over themselves to offer me a job.

My mind shied away from the idea I wouldn't actually be able to say no – not because he would force himself on me but because I wouldn't be able to bring myself to actually refuse him!

Because the truth is that while my mind did go through all those thoughts, I continued to have this helpless, dark little fantasy of him dragging me into his office and fucking me again just like he had the first time! It was hard to even acknowledge to myself that the thought was so... seductive, because I'd have to be a slut to want him to do that again!

But... at least a part of me did!

So while I was reluctant and jittery and anxious, I still couldn't bring myself to refuse to show up for my first shift.

I was a bit embarrassed changing into the skirt and top, even though I'd carefully bought some very low-riding panties so I wouldn't have to go naked underneath. I met Cheryl, this really cute brunette, and Tanya, another blonde, in the change room, and they seemed very friendly.

They were both beautiful girls, too, and I couldn't help wondering if they'd had the same sort of 'interview' as I had. Did Mister King fuck all the girls he hired, or was I special in some way? And if I was did that mean he thought I was more beautiful than the others, or just sluttier?

Still, it did make me feel better to see other girls dressed exactly like I was. Tanya had bigger boobs than me and Cheryl, and that provided a lot of cleavage in the little jacket!

Cheryl showed me around. The bar was basically like a square brick box, with a very tall ceiling. There was lots of room to dance, and a disco setup near one end. The bar was in the rear, and there were tables everywhere away from the dance floor.

There were neon lights along the wall, neon signs, I should say, most looking like dancers or a blonde woman kissing, like Marilyn Monroe, or some girl bent over with a hand slapping her bottom. That last one made my eyes widen a bit, though it seemed playful enough.

I was nervous as I looked around, waiting to catch a glimpse of King, but he didn't show. I met the bouncers and bartender, and other girls instead. And that included two girls who were going to dance in cages that hung from the ceiling!

“Very retro,” Cheryl said with a shrug.

They were like big bird cages, and the girls wore nothing but a see-through body stocking and a G-string! It looked so blatant! But once the lights went down and the music started it didn't look so bad. Then the doors opened and people started to come in.

It got so fast, so quick, then, that I didn't have much time to think about anything but waiting on the tables in my section! The lights were flashing, the music was pounding so hard that I could feel it echoing in my chest! There was this huge murmur of voices calling to each other, laughing and joking, and it was all kind of overwhelming.

It was sure not like Dennys!

Several hours passed like nothing! And I was getting big tips! On the other hand, I was also getting groped a lot! It was mostly just quick touches, slaps and squeezes as I wound my way through the crowds, but it was annoyingly persistent and unpredictable.

I didn't want to complain, though, since I never managed to catch the people doing it. I mean, it was dark and the lights flashed and it was always in a crowd. But it added to that sense within me, that this was a sort of dark, depraved place of sex and debauchery.

I didn't pay a lot of attention to the girls in the cages since I was so busy. I remember wondering how they could keep dancing for hours, and glanced up once to see what one of them was doing. I was surprised to see it was Tanya there, her big breasts straining against the thin, see-through black lace covering her body.

She wasn't dancing fast, more like writhing slowly, turning and twisting, arms above her head, body swaying and hips rolling seductively. I shook my head and continued on with my serving, and then a little later noticed that one of the girls in one of the cages was Tyler, another of the girls I'd seen on the floor earlier, who had this waist length wavy red hair.

Her body stocking was more green, and went well with her hair, but I was still feeling confused, and then began to feel a jagged sense of anxiety. What if all the servers were supposed to take turns in the cages!?! Would I be expected to dance practically naked up there above everyone!?! No way! King hadn't mentioned that!

I began to pay way more attention to the cage girls after that. They didn't move quickly, but since they were constantly moving I guess they couldn't. The cages were on these tall, round pedestals so that the bottom of the cage was about six feet off the floor. You'd think everyone was staring at them given they were practicably naked, but only occasionally did I spot some guy looking up at them and licking his lips.

I wondered how they even got up there, until I saw one of the girls sinking down into the round pedestal and disappearing. Then a minute or so later, another girl's face appeared, her body rising up higher and higher until she was standing there swaying and dancing. It was Cheryl!

That made my anxiety grow worse! No way I was going to do it! Dance topless in a cage!? Forget it!

Then, when I was back stage on break, Annie, the girl sort of in charge of the other girls, told me to go downstairs and see Mister King! I almost had a heart attack! Was he going to fuck me!? Was he going to order me to dance naked in the cage!?

I almost bolted, but clothes were in the locker room – downstairs! There was sure no way I was going outside in this jacket and skirt!

My heart was pounding as I went downstairs, and my chest was tight with anxiety. I looked around for King, but didn't see him. I actually started towards the locker room with the thought of getting dressed and fleeing, but then he rounded the corner.

“Ah,” he said.

He took my arm in his big fist and led me up the hall.

“W-wait! Where are we going!?” I blurted.

He didn't answer! He just drew me into a room, closed the door, shoved me up against the wall, gripped my throat as if to hold me there, and kissed me hard!

I was startled, to say the least, and crushed by his weight against the wall as he continued to kiss me. But I could also feel his hand sliding into the opening of the jacket and cupping my breast, then undoing the jacket to pull it open and

shove it up and back over my shoulders!

He drew back, leaving me breathless and gasping.

“You're going to dance for me, baby,” he said.

I started to shake my head frantically but he only grinned and spun me around, then yanked the jacket down and unzipped the skirt!

“Wait! Wait!” I gasped.

He yanked the skirt off anyway.

“Wearing panties? No need for these,” he said.

I twisted around and tried to grab them but he grabbed my wrists instead, then pinned them together above my head with one hand. He ran the other slowly over my body, cupping and kneading my breasts, then slid his hand down and pushed his fingers into my thong.

I gasped as his fingers stroked me, then cried out as his hand turned and he tore my thong right off!

“Got something that'll be much better,” he said.

He showed me a ... well.. it was an odd looking thing. It looked like a V-shaped piece of plastic which was curved in and back at the narrow point. Attached to the inside were two slim plastic tubes about as thick as a pencil, which bound it to long, fat tubes just a quarter inch or so along. One of them was wider and longer than the other.

I shook my head in bafflement but he only laughed and then pulled me forward, shoving me roughly against a low table and then bending me over.

Crack! His hand slapped my bottom sharply.

“Spread those legs!” he barked.

Crack!

“Now!”

Gasping, I obeyed, and then I felt something pressing, first against my sex, then against my wrinkled back passage, rounded somethings which got thicker and wider as they both pushed in at the same time! I realized that they must be the round tubes attached to the plastic thing!

“Oh! Wait! What are you doing!?” I moaned.

Crack!

“Ow!”

“You forgot to say sir,” he said.

“But – !”

Crack!

“Don't argue with the king,” he said.

I felt the tubes slowly pushing into my body, getting wider and thicker, and then they both abruptly narrowed to almost nothing as the flat curved inner surface of the triangular piece of plastic pressed firmly against my body.

He laughed and slapped my bottom again, then pulled me upright. I staggered, but he steadied me, and thrust a length of black mesh, like the material of fishnet stockings at me.

“Put this on,” he said.

“But – !”

“Now!”

Trembling and filled with anxiety and embarrassment, I stepped into the legs of the bodysuit, then tugged the filmy, elastic material up my legs and over my buttocks, then pulled it up my body and over my back and chest. Two thicker straps went over my shoulders, and there was a thin zipper behind my neck, which he did up.

Then the material was gripping my body like, well... like stockings would grip

my leg. I looked down with open mouth and saw that the black plastic was pressed tight against me just like a thong would be, curving up between my legs, but not going up between my buttocks. On the other hand, there was a dark line, a seam, on the bodysuit which went up my back and would look like I had a G-string on.

“But I can't go out there like this!” I cried.

“You work for me. I'm the king. You do as I say,” he growled.

He shoved me into a tube opening and then swung it around so I was completely closed in! Then the floor started to rise, and I had no choice in anything!

The music was pounding, and... and I couldn't go up above with my arms clasped over my breasts and staring around like a freak! That would just make everyone stare at me! So as my head and shoulders came up into the bar I started to, well, dance.

Okay, it wasn't much of a dance. I mean, my arms were mostly at my sides, as I was fighting desperately to keep from clasping them over my breasts! But I was sort of swaying and moving my hips to the music! My face probably looked horrified, and I could feel the heat burning my skin, but most of the dancers paid me little heed.

They were all around, dancing, their heads below my feet as the lights flashed in the darkened room. Probably most couldn't even make me out very well, I thought desperately. And they'd been seeing half naked girls dancing up here on the pillars for a while now, so weren't staring.

I needed to make sure they didn't start to stare!

I swayed more with the music, staring across the room at another girl and trying to imitate her, raising my arms, rolling my hips more, moving my feet and legs. The round pedestal wasn't very wide, and hemmed in by the slender bars of the cage, but I could dance in place, and did my best to do so, while desperately avoiding looking down at all the people there!

I felt like I was dancing naked! And I almost was! My breasts were virtually bare, and instead of a thong or even a G-string I had this... thing against me! Thank God the people below wouldn't know that!

The tubes inside me were apparently hollow, but had something inside them which shifted around as I moved my hips. It was a weird sensation, feeling stuff moving inside me like that! The hard plastic triangle mostly stayed pressed firmly against my flesh, and was smooth everywhere except, well, just above where the tube pierced my sex.

Over my clitoris, coincidentally. Only I didn't think it was that coincidental when the thing started to buzz, to vibrate! Not the whole triangle, just that little round spot over my clitoris! God! This was insane!

But I was starting to calm down a little. I mean, I'd been dancing for a couple of minutes and the sky hadn't fallen. No one was pointing and screaming. I was rolling my head and hips in a loose, casual dance just like the girl across the floor on the other pedestal.

I kept dancing, and it was some minutes before I could bring myself to glance down at all. Nobody was looking, thank God! I kept dancing, and glanced down again, and this time I saw these two guys looking up at me and talking. I blushed hotly, jerking my eyes back onto the other girl, breathless, my insides squirming with embarrassment and anxiety!

God! I was a topless dancer! That was unbelievable! How had this happened!?

I kept dancing, though, not wanting to make a scene, if you know what I mean. And the longer I danced the less frantic I was about it. I mean, it was kind of dark and lights were flashing, and well... it wasn't that horrible.

Not that I wasn't furious at Mister King! How dare he strip me and shove me out here like this without even asking me! Not to mention pushing this... this thing into me! Of all the gall!

I continued to dance, calming further. I mean, I was still anxious, don't get me wrong, but not as petrified as I had been. It was even, in a way, kind of sexy dancing like this above everyone's head. And they didn't know me anyway. None of my friends could afford a place like this.

I let my eyes skim the crowd below again, and caught another guy watching me. I jerked my eyes away, feeling a rush of embarrassment again, but also, well, a kind of breathless sense of dark excitement. He was kind of hot, after all, and here I was dancing topless! God!

I tried to dance even more like the girl across from me, for she seemed so casually sexy and fluid and graceful, and I was nearly as nervous about my dancing in front of everyone as I was about being half naked! Well, more than half, in reality, but I had a lot of confidence in my breasts, and less in my dancing.

I had always kind of been proud of my breasts, to be honest. There were nice and full and firm and round, and much better looking than most of the girls I knew. But of course, I knew that I'd be called a slut if I showed them much, and never wore much in the way of cleavage.

And yet here I was now with them fully exposed, with just a thin, see-through black lace cover, with hundreds of people able to see them! I rolled my head in time to the music, staring down at them, ensuring they looked good in the tight lace, that they weren't moving around too much. I flinched as I saw how hard my nipples were, hoping no one below would be able to see them that well in the dim light.

This was so bizarre!

But it was losing the shock value, and I was starting to feel more confident as I danced. Every time my eyes skimmed the crowd and I saw someone looking at me I felt a jolt of embarrassment mixed with dark excitement. This was so slutty and wild!

And the buzzing between my legs felt more and more intense as my anxiety eased, especially as I started to feel a kind of embarrassed ego boost at the way the guys were looking at me with such interest! Imagine dancing topless in front of all these guys! Oh wow! And, I remembered, it wasn't just my breasts that were naked. So was my ass!

I danced and turned slowly in place, my chest tight and face flushed, and felt the tide of sexuality and sensuality rising around me. It was low, at first, but it grew, as if feeding on itself, until I could feel a kind of repressed pressure in my body that further tightened my chest.

The sensations now coming from my lower belly were growing more intense as that vibrator thing buzzed against my swollen, hypersensitive clitoris! The fact the hollow tubes inside me felt as if they were sort of shifting back and forth only added to how incredible and unbelievable this was!

My arousal deepened as I danced, my eyes helplessly scanning the crowd nearly continuously now, looking for guys looking up at me, looking for their eyes on my virtually naked body! Every time I saw one I felt a jolt of breathless excitement and heat!

Imagine if they knew, I thought, that I really had nothing on at all! That this thing pressed against my lower abdomen wasn't even a G-string but a flat plastic thing attached to what were practically dildos inside me! OhmyGod!

I could feel those tubes shifting a little as my movements became more excited, moving inside me. I could feel how wet I was becoming, too! I was sopping! And my nipples were tingling like live electrical wires!

I felt a sense of raw carnal energy rolling through my body, a sense of being sexual like I'd never quite felt before. I felt an almost giddy sense of dark delight in doing what was, essentially forbidden, which was exposing myself like this to strangers.

I don't think I could have kept still even if the music had stopped! My hips swayed and rolled and my arms rose and swung and my shoulders moved in and out as my head rolled. My feet moved constantly, dancing and turning as I gulped in air and tried to cope with a body which was becoming wildly overheated!

And then... the floor started to descend. I felt a wave of relief and also, amazingly, disappointment as my legs and lower body began to disappear down into the column. My torso and head followed, and then the floor stopped moving. The rounded doorway swung around and opened and King reached in and took me out by the arm.

Another girl, Laurie, was there, waiting to take my place, and she hurried into the opening and King swung the door around. Then turned and grinned at me.

"I bet you're so wet inside I could drink you," he said.

I flushed hotly, and my mind squirmed with discomfort and fear that he was right.

He laughed and turned me around, pulling my arms back behind me. And before I could react he'd slipped a leather strap around my arms and was drawing it

back together.

“Hey! What!?!”

“I like my visuals the way I like my visuals,” he said.

As if that was an explanation!

Then to my shock he opened the door and, gripping my arm, led me out into the narrow basement hall!

I squealed and tried to pull back, but fortunately no one was there as he ignored my feeble efforts and tugged me down the corridor! We turned into a room – a storage room, and I felt a gasp of relief escape me as he closed the door behind us!

He pushed me to the floor and unzipped his trousers, then pulled out his big hard erection. I felt a wild rush of embarrassment and heat, and moaned as he gripped my hair and jerked my face forward.

“The King wants to be served,” he growled.

His cock pushed into my open mouth and my lips closed almost instinctively around it. I felt a sense of indignation, but it was overridden by a powerful rush of heat and excitement! This was again, so kinky and wild and ... and erotic!

I moaned around his cock as he pumped it in and out of my mouth, sucking as best I could, gasping as he tugged on my hair, rolling my eyes up to meet the wild hunger in his as he looked back at me! This was so incredible!

The arousal and excitement I felt grew even more intense, for I was gripped by a sense of unreality, as if I were in some kind of incredibly thrilling sexual fantasy! I sucked and licked at his thick shaft as he used his grip on my hair to either pull me in and out, or hold me in place while he thrust into my mouth.

And then, to my shock, as he pulled me forward, he pushed forward himself, and the spongy head of his cock pushed into the back of my throat and kept going! I gagged and my eyes bulged as he pulled me remorselessly forward! I struggled to pull back but my strength was nothing compared to his and his cock pushed right down my throat!

I gurgled wildly as he forced it all the way in to the base, until my trembling lips were wrapped around the bottom of his cock and pressed up hard against his groin!

“Fucking beautiful!” he groaned. “Nothing like hot, blonde throat!”

My head was pounding and my stomach churning wildly! My chest was burning and I trembled and shook as he held me firmly against him! Then he drew me back by the hair, and I gurgled and gagged and then coughed hard as his cock came out at last.

“You never deep throated a man before, baby?” he asked. “The king deserves your best efforts, you know.”

I swayed dazedly on my knees, only his firm grip on my hair keeping me from falling over.

He rubbed his now sopping wet cock over my face and lips, then started to push it in.

I jerked my head away, closing my lips tightly, panicking a bit.

“Are you refusing your king?” he growled.

He jerked back on my hair and then slapped my face! I was so shocked then when he jerked my face forward his cock pushed right through my open mouth! Then he pulled me forward the rest of the way, and his cock pushed deep into my throat before I even knew what was happening!

It was less shocking this time. I mean, he'd done it once already and I'd survived it with nothing worse than a sense of breathlessness.

Which I'd had to start with, of course!

He pulled back and I coughed again, gasping, my throat aching!

But I also felt a sense of wonderment and delight that I'd actually taken a guy's cock into my throat like that! Even his big cock! That wasn't something I'd ever been able to do before!

“Hot, sexy blonde slut,” he growled as he rubbed his cock over my gasping lips again.

But I wasn't! A part of me cried.

He pushed himself down my throat again, and I gurgled dazedly. Again, it was easier, but being unable to breath – again – was making me more than a little light headed.

He pulled out and I gasped dazedly, my eyes starting to get glassy. I cried out, then, as he yanked me to my feet by the hair, then swung me around and bent me over a stack of beer cases.

Crack! His hand slapped my bottom sharply!

Then he gripped the fabric and tore it open down the length of my buttocks, shredding it so he could roughly knead and slap my bare buttocks with nothing in between his fingers and my flesh!

I felt a pull against the rounded things inside me, gasping as he pulled them slowly out of my body.

Crack!

“What an ass!” he sighed.

I moaned as I felt his cock pressing against my ass! It was still partly opened by the thing which had been pushed up inside me, and his cock was slick with my own saliva as it pushed into me! I'd never been sodomized before, but now I felt his thick cock pushing firmly up into my body as he kicked my legs further apart and then gripped the fabric of the bodysuit and tore it up along my back.

I was still too light-headed and in shock to do anything as I felt him pushing deeper. It was a strange and unfamiliar sensation, but then his hand dove in under my hip and his fingers found my clitoris! My body jerked violently as his fingers found it and began to rub me and I cried out in dazed wonder at the force of the sensations which burst within me!

His cock began to pump in my ass while he fingered my clitoris, and I felt a rising sense of lust, passion, pleasure and raw sensation! Then it burst over me,

like a volcano exploding, and I cried out again and again as the orgasm tore across my mind!

My hips jerked and bucked as my breasts were ground against the hard cases below, my eyes wide and wild as he thrust himself in even harder! It felt like his thick cock reached the very back wall of my anal tunnel, like it was punching me on the inside, causing aching cramps, but that did nothing to detract from the howling wave of pleasure!

If anything it was absorbed by it and helped it grow! A feverish pleasure was gripping my mind and body and I sobbed helplessly as his hips slapped against my buttocks and his cock sliced in and out of my tight bottom!

It was an incredibly long and intense orgasm, shaking me like a leaf in a high wind and leaving nothing left but breathless, dazed exhaustion, even as he kept thrusting into me hard and fast! But then he too halted, gasping and cursing, and I could feel him soften in my straining anal tube.

I felt another wave of unreality. My boss had just sodomized me and come in my ass!

“Hot and tight in every hole,” he sighed, drawing back.

Crack! He slapped my bottom again and I gasped weakly.

“You're a bad girl, Erin,” he said. “You'll fit in very nicely here.”

*

Well! What was I to do after that!?

I had a strange schizophrenic double reaction to the wild events of the evening, from cringing embarrassment and guilt to a giddy sense of thrilled delight. I had done that! I had danced practically naked in front of a crowd of people!

And then there was that wild, dirty sex with King. That was even more astonishing than what had happened before! He'd shoved his cock right down my throat! And he'd fucked me in the ass! That was eeewww! On the other hand, the memory of it resonated with thrilled excitement and pleasure! I had come like crazy!

I had this strange sense that the ordinary rules of behavior which had guided my life till then simply didn't apply when I was at the club. They had different rules there, and all the girls danced so... so it wasn't so bad. Whether all the girls got fucked by King was another thing, and I simply didn't know the answer to it.

Even riding home on the subway, I felt this odd sense of looking very ordinary to everyone else who saw me, being very ordinary, thinking very ordinary thoughts, and yet... and yet what I had done that evening was so extraordinary! It was like ... I had a secret from the world!

I got home to our house in Queens and took the money out of my pockets, the piles of tip money I'd received, part of which consisted of money tossed into the cage I'd been dancing in! I stripped and stared at myself, again seeing someone fairly ordinary.

But then I sort of danced, seeing myself as others had seen me, though of course, without the black fishnet body stocking, and felt a crackle of sexual excitement roll along my skin. I bet they'd thought I was hot!

Thank God no one I knew had been there, though! My parents would have killed me!

But it was just dancing, I thought, defensively. And it had been kind of dark, and I'd been sort of wearing something, even if it was see-through, and my private parts were covered – kind of. It wasn't like I was a stripper giving lap dances or something! No one had touched me, after all.

Well, except for King, of course. God, he was so arrogant! His name might be King but acting like one was crazy! Of course, he clearly was just playing at it. I mean, he didn't really believe he had the right to do what he wanted. Did he?

I gave a lot of thought to quitting, to not going back, but the money was too good, and... and the thing was that what had happened had been a wild thrill, despite how horrified I'd been at first. It was like... everything else in my life had been so boring, and then came this!

Wow!

But I was also filled with anxiety and uncertainty about what would happen when I went to work again. How far would King go, anyway!? Of course, I

could always say no... theoretically. Of course, I'd said no today, but that hadn't stopped him pushing me into that damn column and sending me up to dance in the cage!

So when I did go back the next day you can be sure I was feeling a lot of tension and worry! Nothing happened, at first, though, which made me feel a bit more relaxed. I and all the other girls were dressed the same, and when the crowds showed up we went out to wait on tables, just like normal, and get tipped.

But I was very deeply aware of the girls dancing in the cages overhead! I felt a wild, but anxious thrill every time I looked at them! I was extremely nervous to see myself up there again but also felt an incredible sense of wickedly thrilled excitement at the thought!

Waiting on the tables meant making a lot of trips back and forth between the bar where you got the drinks, the tables where people sat, and the side window where you dumped them and dirty glasses off. On one of those visits to the side window Jerry, one of the bouncers, was there.

Jerry was way over six feet tall, with a shaved head, coffee colored skin, and a very handsome face. He was wearing a black suit with a dark blue shirt and tie, and he looked at me as I dropped off a tray of dirty glasses.

“Your turn in the cage, baby,” he said.

My stomach gave a lurch, and my chest suddenly tightened. I went to the door to the back, though, and, heart pounding, took the stairs down. Just like before, King was waiting for me, and he smirked.

“Ready to get wet, baby?” he asked.

I flushed and he took my arm and led me into the small room.

“Strip,” he ordered.

I felt another jolt of embarrassment but obeyed, undoing the buttons of the jacket and removing them, then slipping off the skirt. I hesitated, then, gulping, slipped my thumbs into the waistband of my thong and pulled it down my legs, stepping out of it.

“Bend over, you hot, blonde slut,” he said, gripping the back of my neck and pushing me against the table.

“I gasped, but didn't resist, pulse racing as his hand kneaded my bare buttocks.

“What a gorgeous ass,” he said.

Crack!

“Oh!” I gasped.

He chuckled.

“Spread em!” he barked.

I shifted my legs apart but he gripped my thighs and spread them wider. Then I felt his finger stroking up and down the line of my sex, slick with something. It pushed into me, and I felt my heart beat even faster as it turned and twisted and pushed in and out.

A few moments later another finger pushed against my bottom, rubbing around the wrinkled little opening at first as I blushed hotly, slick with something again, then pushing into me, pumping in and out even as the other finger in my sex did the same.

“Hot, tight and sexy,” he said, his other hand sliding up and down my spine.

The finger in my ass pulled out and something else pushed against me, something round which felt thicker than the thing he'd used last time. I tried to crane my head around and look over my shoulder but couldn't see very well, and he put his hand against the back of my neck to shove my face down against the table anyway.

“Oh! What... it's too thick!” I moaned.

“Not for a hot, sexy little slut like you,” he said.

It forced its way into my back passage, and he pumped it slowly in and out, turning and twisting it until it drove deeper and deeper, deep enough to make me ache! Then I felt something similar pushing against my sex.

He pushed both in until they were completely inside me, except for flat little bases which rested on the outside of my openings. Both of them widened a lot right near the base, then suddenly narrowed to almost nothing.

When he jerked me to my feet I looked down and saw the... dildo, I guess, filling my pussy, had a thin, flat base kind of like the triangular piece of plastic he'd used before. It was about an inch wider than the dildo on either side, covering my sex, and then flared wider up above.

The other, well, I couldn't see it, but it felt like a sort of rectangular shaped base too. And then King had me get into the black fishnet body suit again and draw it up around my neck.

This time, though, he had these two little things, like earrings in his hands. Only instead of hooks or clips they had little round loops of thin leather which he fit over my very erect nipples!

“Wh-what are these!?” I moaned.

“Something to make you look even prettier,” he said, tugging the loop on my left nipple closed.

“Oh! It's too tight!” I squealed.

“Don't touch it!” he barked. “It'll stop stinging in a minute.”

He fit a second one over my right nipple. They squeezed in tight, and held a black teardrop shaped stone, shiny, like a jewel, on the end of an inch long line.

He grinned and gripped my hair, jerking my head back so he could kiss me – hard! I moaned into his mouth, gasping, heart pounding, my mind filled with anxiety, heat and confusion!

Then he pushed me into the opening and slid the doorway closed! I felt the floor start up, and shuddered, my face red as my head rose into the open, and the rest of me followed.

Then the thing in my pussy began to buzz like a vibrator!

I rose up into the air, dancing in the cage above their heads, gripped by an

incredible sense of disbelief and heat, of anxiety and excitement, dancing while hoping no one looked at me, but knowing they would and being thrilled by that!

The base of the vibrator buzzed against me as I danced, and I felt the dark thrill of sexual heat, passion and hunger growing by the minute! The weird little jewels he'd hung by my nipples swung and tugged at them constantly as I moved, making them feel sore and sensitive, but also sending a flood of wild heat through my breasts and chest!

It took me less time to calm down this time. I mean, less time before I got over the shock and embarrassment of being topless and almost bottomless in front of all these people! That meant I got hotter, faster! And the fact the things King had shoved up inside me were, well, bigger, longer and thicker than they had been yesterday only made my sexual fever that much hotter!

In fact, my nipples were so hot from the constant tugging, so sensitive, that it was like they were on fire! Yes, they did hurt, kind of, but given the sexual hunger and passion within me, that heat was twisted into something much wilder and darker, so that I felt I might even actually have a climax because of the constant tugging and pulling!

My movements were becoming less restrained, too. I was twisting and arching and rolling my hips in a fever of sexual excitement, gripped by a bubbling sense of sheer, raw lust and delight!

I was actually disappointed when the floor started to descend! But then I thought of what waited for me below, and my heart pounded even more loudly!

The floor reached bottom, and the sliding door slid aside, to reveal, not King, but Jeremy! I gasped as he reached in and took my arm, pulling me through, my eyes wide as I felt a strange mix of disappointment (I wanted King to fuck me!) and uncertainty.

Deidre was there, and she got into the tube as Jeremy slid the door closed, then pressed a button to send the floor rising up.

Then he grinned at me and gripped the front of the fishnet bodysuit and... tore it open! I gave a little gasp, backing into the door, but he only grinned, tearing it down my body, then gripping my arm and swinging me around to shred the thin fabric down my back.

“Wh-What are you doing!?” I moaned.

“Just getting you ready for Mister King,” he said in his deep, baritone voice.
“You always have to do what the king says, you know.”

I tried to turn around but he gripped the back of my neck and pushed my belly against the table, forcing me to bend over so my breasts pillowed against the hard surface, then – .

Crack!

“Oh!” I gasped.

“Nice ass, white girl,” he said.

My eyes went wide as he pulled my arms back behind me. Though unlike King he pinned my wrists together, not my arms, then slid some kind of strap around them, winding it criss-cross fashion around my crossed wrists!

“What are you doing!?” I cried helplessly.

Crack!

“Don't ask questions,” he said.

He pulled me upright, and I tugged at my wrists, only to find them tightly bound behind me! Then I saw he was holding a studded leather collar in his hands, and before I could react, he slipped it around my neck, then turned me and buckled it behind me. I was... dumbfounded! I had no idea how to react or what to do!

He took a chain from his jacket pocket and snapped it to the ring in the front of the cage, then grinned and pulled me towards the door.

“Let's go see Mister King,” he said.

He stopped at the door, though, and turned.

“Almost forgot these,” he said.

He pinched my right breast just below the nipple, then gripped the side of the loop there and tugged it open. He put it on a counter, then did the same to the

other loop. My nipples thrummed with relief as the weight and pinching came off, and he grinned at me, then cupped and squeezed my left breast.

“Nice tits, baby,” he said.

Again, before I could react, he opened the door and then pulled me out by holding onto the chain thing attached to the collar! I had no choice but to follow him down the hall, like a dog being pulled by a leash! This time we didn't go into a storage room, though, but up the stairs!

My eyes were wide and wild, I'm sure, as I looked around frantically, afraid someone would see me like this, naked but for high heels, with, what in the clear light and without the bodysuit would be pretty obviously the base of these dildos very visible!

But no one saw us, and he led me into King's office.

“Here you are, Mister King,” he said.

“Ah, excellent, Jeremy.”

King took the 'leash' and pulled me forward, right up against a thick, leather ottoman! I had no choice as he pulled me forward but to kneel on it, gaping at him, panting for breath, heart pounding, and filled with anxiety!

And then he shifted his grip to my hair as he unzipped his pants! I was shocked, aware of Jeremy still standing behind us, as King rubbed his cock over my face.

“Time to serve your king, baby,” he said as he hardened.

I could hardly believe he was doing this with someone actually watching! But his cock pushed into my mouth so it wasn't like I could protest! And his fist in my hair jerked painfully as he bent me over and pushed deeper into my mouth!

“Suck that cock, you hot blonde slut,” he ordered.

“Nice ass on her,” I heard Jeremy say.

“Be my guest,” King said.

Then he pulled forward on my hair and his cock was shoved into my throat! I gurgled wildly, breathlessly, as his cock slid deeper, even as I felt fingers at my behind, big fingers! They gripped the base of the thing that King had shoved up inside me and pulled it slowly back out!

I shuddered and trembled as King buried the last inch of his cock in my mouth and throat and held me tight, sighing in pleasure even as I felt Jeremy sliding the big dildo completely out of my ass!

Then, another shock, a huge shock to my psyche! For I felt the unmistakable feel of a cock, a big one, pushing into my ass! King had told him to be his guest! He had told him he could fuck my ass! Ohmygod! Omygod! And that was what he was doing!

I felt his big hands on my upper thighs as his cock slid into me, and I choked and gurgled as my head began to pound from lack of oxygen, as my chest burned and I began to feel more desperate for air!

King drew his cock slowly back and out, and I coughed violently, gasping for breath, sucking in deep, ragged breaths as Jeremy pushed his own big cock deeper into my ass! I was panting, drooling, and light-headed, and in no shape to form any words, much less protest!

“She sure is tight!” Jeremy said behind me.

Was the world going insane!?

“She's a born sex toy,” King said. “Every man should have a few.”

“You're a lucky man, Mister King,” Jeremy said.

He was starting to pump now, using the front half of my anal tunnel, but pushing in deeper and deeper with every stroke. One of his hands moved along my ribs, then under to cup and fondle my breast. Mister King fondled the other one, chuckling as he shoved his cock back into my mouth.

“Suck the king's cock, baby girl,” he ordered.

My mind was overwhelmed by emotions, and at first that blocked the sensations and pushed back the wild heat which had been gripping me. But then I could

feel... it was almost like my inhibitions melted away as I began to feel a sense of acceptance, a sense of inevitability, and then the wild uproar in my mind began to subside.

But with that, the feverish sexual heat began to rise again, and quickly, and now it grew even more intense because of how insane a position I found myself in, being fucked in the ass by a guy I hardly knew while I sucked another guy I hardly knew, my boss, right there in his office!

“Swallow my cock, you sexy blonde slut!” King growled.

“Let me get that for you, Mister King,” I heard Jeremy say.

Then his big hands gripped my hair, pulling it back into a thick tail, and held it firmly as Mr. King drove himself deep into my throat, then began to pump in and out!

I was bent way over as I knelt on the ottoman, so that with my head pulled back he had a straight shot down my throat, but I was still gurgling and gasping and breathless as he fucked me! Meanwhile Jeremy was jamming his big cock even deeper into my ass, so that I ached with every thrust!

“Have a seat, Jeremy,” King said. “I think I want to fuck this hot little bitch!”

My hair was released as King pulled back, and I gasped deeply, gulping in air as Jeremy's big hands gripped my thighs and lifted me up and back! He turned and walked across the floor, with me held against him, then turned and sat down, letting me sit facing forward, impaling me on his big cock!

I cried out weakly, the head jammed up high inside my body so that cramps rippled through my belly! Meanwhile, King put a knee on the sofa and pulled the dildo out of my pussy, lifted my legs up and apart, then leaned in and pressed his own cock against my throbbing pussy!

I felt another sense of disbelief as I gasped for breath, then cried out as he drove his thick cock deep into my sex, chuckling at me as he leaned in.

“Bet you love having two big cocks up inside your hot little body, baby,” he said.

Jeremy started thrusting up into my ass while King drove himself into my pussy,

and the two men also ran their hands all over my body to knead and fondle my breasts and caress my skin. Jeremy jerked back on my hair to arch my back, and King leaned in further to suck and chew at my aching nipples!

King lifted my legs up higher as he thrust harder, and it was all I could do to keep from going insane as the wild and powerful sensations of the two hard organs moving inside me threatened to push me over the edge into a massive orgasm!

I still felt disbelief, though, shock, even in the midst of the torrent of scalding heat washing over my body and mind!

Then the orgasm hit and swept my mind away, shattering it into tiny pieces as I twisted and writhed, my muscles spasming as convulsions tore through me. I cried out, but weakly, breathlessly, again and again, shaking and trembling as the powerful climax made every nerve ending inside me spasm and crackle and burn!

I rode up and down on Jeremy's cock because he and King were lifting and lowering me, even as King thrust into me, and the orgasm went on and on as I sobbed for breath, cried out in dazed wonder, and felt my mind collapse and surrender under the avalanche of raw carnal sensation!

*

What had King seen in me, I wondered later. I had thought I was quite an ordinary girl, yet he had clearly seen something, seen my willingness to – to submit to his will, to do what I was told, however outrageous. I hadn't thought of myself as a submissive girl, but he had seen otherwise.

Or maybe it wasn't his will I submitted to so much as the wild, animal heat and hunger within myself that he let out into the open. For I never would have returned had it not been for the massive orgasms his outrageous sexual attention had given me.

And as shocking and outrageous as it was that he and Jeremy had both fucked me together, as much as that had left me dazed and gripped by shock for hours, I still went back for more. The next day he fucked me again. The day after that Jeremy did it to me along with another bouncer named Ray. The next day it was all three together!

Why did I submit to them? Because it was too wildly, wickedly, feverishly hot and exciting to refuse! I couldn't fight their will and my own at the same time! Like I said, I had come to think of the club as a different place, where all the normal rules were missing.

There was my normal life, where I was a perfectly normal girl, and then there was... The Grind, where I surrendered my inhibitions at the door and let them do anything they wanted to me, however outrageous!

They never needed to tie me up, and I wondered why they always did. It certainly added to the sense of being entirely helpless whenever one of them had sex with me. And then, after a while, it added to the dark heat, the sense of being wicked and kinky, to the point that the moment my hands were tied I began to feel a wild pulsing excitement.

How far would it go? I had no idea. And I didn't care. I was making great money, but more importantly, I was enthralled with the wild, hedonistic life of debauchery I experienced there, especially since it was so neatly walled off from the rest of my life.

I could be a 'good girl' everywhere else, but at the club, I was the uninhibited slut I had once only had fantasies about, dancing naked in a cage, and experiencing all the hot, kinky sex most girls only ever imagined.

End

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Have praise, suggestions, questions or complaints? writeargus@gmail.com

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