

The Nerd Girls' Revenge

by JJ Argus



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Smashwords edition

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

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My world changed in my third year at university. I was taking pre-law, and was as basically normal a girl as you'd expect to find coming out of California. The only way I was atypical was that my long blonde hair really was blonde, and my breasts were actually real.

In everything else, I was pretty boring and normal. I'd come from a normal, upper middle class California home. My parents were very normal, and I had one brother. None of us cared much about politics, nor were we overly religious. I always did well at school, and at sports (I'm five foot ten) and was in pretty good shape.

Then I got a new roommate, a frosh. And believe me, if anyone would have seemed less likely to profoundly influence my life it was Nicky. She was my opposite in almost everything. She was a short, skinny, nerdy, nearly flat chested girl with glasses. While I was outgoing and loved to party she was soft-spoken, shy (or so I'd thought) and loved to read and study.

So if anything I was kind of condescending in my thoughts about her, and maybe, yes, maybe I was a bit arrogant. Hey, I was tall, blonde and beautiful. Every guy who saw me wanted me. It's hard not to get a bit egotistical given that.

Not that Nicky wasn't pretty. She was... just in a nerdy sort of way.

Nicky was taking communications, specializing in visual communication, and that meant, among other things, photography. I was dubious when she'd asked me to pose for her, especially nude. But there were two important provisos. The first was my face would not appear in the pictures, and the second was they were art pictures.

And like I said, maybe I was a big egotistical about my looks, about my body. I was proud of how attractive I was, though I tried not to show it. Oh, if a guy had asked me I'd have refused, of course. But nerdy Nicky, a head shorter than me, certainly wasn't any kind of threat to an athletic girl like me!

So I'd agreed. The pictures had started out soft enough, but over time they'd gotten a lot more graphic. That especially happened when she'd been assigned erotic nude assignments. My face was still hidden, but more and more of me

began to appear in the photos, and then bondage made its way into the scene and... there was just something about being tied up which wrapped my mind in a shimmering veil of heat and excitement, even with nerdy Nicky doing the tying.

When her nerdy little friend and fellow classmate April joined in, things got a lot worse. They were so casual about it, too! They posed me in the most shocking, graphic ways! Yet I was helpless to resist! I was tied up! And to be honest, I was overcome with the most intense arousal and lust I'd ever felt in my life!

I hadn't known they were bisexual, not until they started teaching me how to service them! My mind squirmed wildly at doing it, but my body was too flaming hot to put up much resistance. And then I'd wound up posing for pictures for their entire class!

And what pictures! Ohmygod! The whole class was made up of lesbians! Including their teacher, Ms. Conway! They had posed me and used me and made me perform sexually on them, and I had come and come and come like a whore! By the time they were done with me I was wrung out, and exhausted, both mentally and physically!

I don't even remember getting dressed. I guess April and Nicky dressed me. We walked back along the dark paths through the campus to our dorm building, with my head totally fuzzed, as if I was shell-shocked or something. April and Nicky walked on either side of me, almost guiding me since my mind was still too filled with the shocking, unbelievable things I'd just gone through to worry about where I was walking.

"That was fun," Nicky said.

"Those pictures are going to be wicked," April replied. "Raw and carnal."

"Yes, very erotic," Nicky added. "Did you take many in black and white?"

"I prefer to use filters that enhance the color of her skin," April said.

"She does have lovely skin."

"It's like a blank canvas."

"Don't go thinking it, April," Nicky said firmly.

“Thinking what?”

“She doesn't need any tattoos.”

“What's wrong with tattoos?”

“Nothing, if that's what you want. Yours look fine. But you know she's not the type.”

“Lots of these California blondes get tattoos!”

“Maybe tramp stamps across their lower back,” Nicky said, “But Paige doesn't like even those.”

“I think she'd look hot with a few tattoos.”

“It's not your body.”

They talked like that – about me – as if... as if it were their decision to make, you know? They did the same thing when they posed me for pictures, or even when we had sex. It was like... like they owned me or something! Which was ridiculous! I could have beat the crap out of both of them! I don't think either of them had ever exercised in their lives! And for all her tattoos April wasn't exactly a tough girl.

But my mind was still filled with the memory, including the raw physical heat I'd felt, when Ms. Conway had used her strap-on, when she'd ridden me like a bitch in heat, right in front of the whole class! Fuck! I'd come like a whore! And they'd all got pictures! Fuck!

We reached the dorm, though to be honest, I would have walked right past it. They guided me in without speak, and into the elevator, and even punched the button for our floor, still talking about tattoos and what kind April thought I ought to have. Then they shifted to piercings. April had her tongue, nose and eyebrow pierced.

“I think her nipples would look great pierced,” she said.

“They might,” Nicky said thoughtfully.

“And for such a sexual girl, getting her clit pierced makes sense.”

“I don't know,” Nicky said doubtfully.

“Piercings enhance the sensations. It'll turn her into a total fuckbot!”

Nicky snorted. We got off the elevator and headed to our room, with April following. Nicky unlocked the door and we went inside, with April closing the door behind us.

“She needs a shower,” Nicky said.

“God! The pictures of her body glistening like it was, all sweaty and hot, those are going to be amazing, Nicky!”

“Yes, I think so too. We need to work more with the lighting next time to bring that out more, though.”

They were undressing me even as they spoke, and I didn't object. I was still locked into a freeze frame emotional memory of what I was feeling when being fucked on all fours with a ring of girls standing around watching me and snapping pictures.

I'd always been a bit of a show-off. And yes, it pleased me that guys looked at me and loved what they saw. I dressed ... not slutty, but in a way to enhance my body. Sure, I wore short skirts. I have long legs. Why wouldn't I? Yes, I wore bikinis that were a bit revealing, and I had some tops which were tight and even low cut. What girl didn't? I mean, if you've got it, flaunt it, right?

But having sex in front of an audience!? Holy shit! That wasn't something I'd ever planned, especially sex with a woman! Yet, despite the excruciating embarrassment I'd felt that audience had made my mind burn with the deep, dark, delicious wickedness of what was happening!

The girls got me naked and put on my robe. I was starting to get a little more conscious now, and kind of pulled away a bit self-consciously, closing my robe myself.

“Come on,” Nicky said. “You need a shower.”

“I can do it,” I said.

“Of course you can, Paige,” she said.

She was talking to me like I was a little girl! Which was all the more outrageous given she was three years younger than me and a head shorter! But what was I supposed to do when she and April followed me up the hall into the bathroom? I really was too drained and exhausted to argue.

The bathroom has a long counter with multiple sinks on one side, and multiple stalls on the other. Past that is the shower area, which is a square area with private stalls on three sides. The stalls are about the size of toilet stalls, with a showerhead at one end, a curtain halfway across, and then the second end for changing and hanging up your clothes. They have the same doors as toilet stalls.

The nerd girls led me into one of the stalls and closed the door behind. Without a toilet, there's plenty of room for three girls in a stall, though things are pretty close quarters. They pulled off my robe and pushed me to the other end.

“Lean forward against the wall, Paige,” Nicky said.

“What? Why?” I asked.

Crack!

Her hand slapped my butt and I gasped, and then... and then I leaned forward against the wall under the showerhead.

See, this is what had me baffled. I wasn't afraid of them in the least. Why the fuck was I obeying them? And why did it send a hot little rush through my groin whenever I did?

“Legs apart,” April ordered.

I grumbled but set my legs apart as Nicky pulled down the showerhead on its hose and turned it on. She let the water run as she adjusted the temperature, then turned it on me. I gasped but the water was nicely hot as it poured over my head, soaking my tangled hair, then ran down my body.

Nicky brought the hand shower down my back and legs, then in under me,

spraying my breasts and belly. The fine spray hit my soft skin hard and I gasped at the pressure, but she turned it off a minute later and put it back up.

Then she and April were soaping up their hands!

“I-I can do it!” I gulped, my voice a little shaky.

“Shh,” Nicky said.

They began to run their hands up and down my body, soaping me up as I leaned forward, my hands against the wall.

“I think it would be interesting to see how rings would enhance the sensitivity of her nipples,” April said. “And I'd like her tongue pierced.”

“The nipples maybe. I could see how that would look great in pictures,” Nicky said, sliding her hand between my legs. “I don't know about the tongue ring. That seems like a selfish wish on your part.”

“Why wouldn't she want to make her oral skills better?”

April was casually soaping up my breasts as she spoke.

“Her oral skills are fine, and improving. She's pretty new to it, remember.”

“A tongue ring makes it feel better for men too. Believe me. They love it.”

“Close your eyes, Paige,” Nicky said.

A moment later some cool, oozing liquid was poured over my head, then she began to work her fingers through my hair, raising a lather. I kept my eyes tightly closed, though gulped as I felt a hand... I guess April's, beginning to rub my soapy clit.

I opened my mouth to object, despite all that had happened still uncomfortable with the way these girls touched me, but... I didn't. I was exhausted, emotionally weary, but all I was doing was leaning forward against the wall, so it wasn't like I was doing anything energetic, and... it felt... good. The more she rubbed, the better it felt, and a bubbling sexual energy began to reawaken me, despite my discomfort.

Her soapy fingers pushed slowly through the taut lips of my sex. I could feel my resistance at first, could feel my tightness as they slid in and out. But like Nicky, she was a skinny girl – well, except for her breasts, and my pussy quickly adapted to her slick, soapy fingers. I gasped softly as another finger pushed into me, twisting and turning, pumping in and out.

“Don't masturbate her here,” Nicky said in an almost impatient tone.

“Why not?” April asked in amusement.

“It's not that late. Girls are going to come into the freaking room. You know how loud she can be when she comes.”

“Well can't you gag her with something?”

“I didn't bring any sex toys, April. God!”

“Well, I think she likes it.”

“Of course she likes it! Do you expect her to not like it?”

“What did it feel like with your whole hand in her?”

I shuddered, remembering Nicky's hand pushing up into my pussy, and a wave of dark heat swept over me so that my hips began to grind back against April's fingers.

“Soft, tight and warm,” Nicky said.

“I want to fist her.”

“My hand is skinnier than yours. She'll need more preparation before you get your hand into her. Remember, we'd had that big dildo up her first.”

“Oh yeah.”

I was essentially helpless through this. I was blind, my face and hair and body all soaped up, and the feeling of April's fingers pumping inside me and gliding across my clitoris had my mind sputtering in dazed arousal.

Water gushed over my head as Nicky turned on the hand shower, and April's

fingers slid out of my pussy. The hand shower moved up and down my body, and then turned off. I opened my eyes, blinking rapidly, as I was pulled back from the wall by hands on either arm. Water was in my eyes, but they threw towels over my head and body and started rubbing.

Then, robed, I was pulled out of the stall and across the room, then through the other room. I started to veer towards the mirrors, thinking of brushing out my hair but they pulled me to the door instead.

“I need to – .”

“We'll do it,” April said.

We went back to my room and the girls stripped off my robe and sat me in one of the desk chairs. Then Nicky got her hair dryer as April drew my wrists behind me and cuffed them together.

“Why are you doing that?” I gulped nervously.

“Because I like it when you're helpless,” April said with a grin, “And so do you.”

“I do not,” I gulped.

“We should spank her for lying to us,” she said.

“She's lying to herself, mainly,” Nicky said, before turning on the hair dryer.

April leaned in and put her mouth next to my ear.

“Spread your legs, slut,” she growled.

I gulped, eyes widening, and she reached down and pinched my right nipple. I gasped and spread my legs apart as Nicky brushed out my hair under the hot dryer.

“Nasty slut,” April said, her mouth still next to my ear. “You know you love licking pussy!”

“I don't!” I gasped, her fingers rubbing my clitoris skillfully.

“Ha,” she said. “Think you're just a cock loving slut, huh? I know better.”

She moved away and for a few seconds it was just Nicky casually brushing at my hair and drying it. Then she was back with one of the 'props' from the erotica shoot. It was the studded leather collar, and she slid it around my throat and pulled it back together behind my head, pulling my still damp hair up and out of the way.

“April,” Nicky complained as she got in her way.

“Just a second” April said.

She buckled the collar behind my neck, then got out of the way again so Nicky could continue drying my hair. But she was soon back. Nicky made a grumbling sound, but they had me rise up a foot or so as April placed a thick dildo under me. I moaned as they sat me down, as it pushed against my tight pussy lips. April's work had me wet, though, and as I sank slowly down onto it I experienced the same delicious, sensual feeling as always on being penetrated by something big and hard.

I sank all the way down, until the nose of the dildo was jammed achingly deep inside me, but my buttocks were finally able to press firmly against the chair as April moved away and Nicky completed drying my hair.

I just sat there, impaled, my pussy lips straining, my insides thrumming around the long, thick dildo, a bit breathless and tight of chest as I sat there with my hands cuffed, back in that strange world I kept falling into where they did whatever they wanted to me and I couldn't refuse!

But this wasn't to be sex, evidently. April soon left, and then I was alone with Nicky, who bustled around getting ready for bed herself. Then she put me to bed! First she removed the handcuffs, replacing them with studded leather restraints. I complained a little but didn't resist.

Then the light was off and that was it.

For her.

I lay in bed on my back, on my arms, collared, with a dildo inside me reminding me of the wild events of the evening and a bubbling sense of sexual hunger churning away at my lower belly. And the thing was... I wanted to masturbate. My clitoris felt swollen. It thrummed and it throbbed and I squeezed and rubbed

my thighs together as I lay there, feeling the thickness and hardness up inside my belly.

My nipples were painfully erect, and I thought about April's wanting to pierce them, to have rings on them, and pierce my clit too! It sounded horrifyingly exciting and wicked!

The events of the evening kept running through my mind, and I kept rubbing my thighs together, pulling against the restraints around my wrists, trying to figure out how to enhance the physical sensations I was experiencing. I curled up in a kind of fetal way, which allowed me to grind my thighs more easily, and then discovered I could press the heel of my foot up and back against my pussy!

That allowed me to push against the base of the dildo repeatedly, and my breathing started to get more ragged.

“Paige, settle down and go to sleep,” Nicky ordered from across the room.

I froze, face heating. I hadn't thought she could hear! Fuck!

Knowing Nicky had heard me masturbating would have mortified me not long ago. But given what had happened between us, well, it was embarrassing, but not overpoweringly so.

I went still – mostly – for long minutes, but my pussy was still thrumming, and my heel was still pushing against it a little. Then I continued, but was more careful about the noise I made. But as the heat grew inside me my body began to wriggle more, my thighs rubbing harder.

Nicky's voice came out of the darkness again, sounding cross. “If I have to come over there you're going to be one sorry blonde.”

I froze again, blushing again.

“I'm not doing anything!” I exclaimed.

“Slave girls who lie to their mistress get spanked,” she said.

I flushed. Ms. Conway had used those terms in describing me while she posed me, while she manipulated my body. She'd said I looked like a slave girl waiting

for her mistress to punish her. April had used it once or twice too, in teasing me, calling me a slave girl.

“I'm not your slave girl,” I said, trying to make my voice firm.

The light snapped on and I felt a jolt of anxiety, drawing my heel away from my pussy and looking over my shoulder as she got out of bed. She glowered at me, got a length of rope from the closet, then pulled the sheets back.

“I wasn't doing anything!” I exclaimed.

She gripped my hair, and using that as a handle, well, I couldn't possibly resist as she made me get out of bed! She sat me down on the desk chair and then drew my arms over the back and fed the rope through the rings of the leather restraints.

I didn't really try to resist.

“My father made my brother smoke until he threw up,” she said. “And he made me get so drunk I not only threw up but I had a horrible hangover the next day.”

She pulled my ankles off the floor, in and back along the sides of the chair, then fed the rope under the chair and up the back to tie them to my wrists. She combed my fingers back with her hair, then shoved a ball gag into my mouth.

“The moral of the stories is that you can get too much of a good thing,” she said.

She found took a vibrator and pushed it in against my pussy – against my clit, and taped it to the seat of the chair. Then she put a pair of ear plugs into her ears, got into bed, and turned out the lights.

I had never had a vibrator. I mean, it just hadn't seemed like something I needed or was prepared to risk being caught with at home, much less in a room I was sharing with another girl. The nerd girls had introduced me to it and I had come to understand just how incredibly powerful the sensations it roused in me could be.

I welcomed them now, for I was already thrumming with sexual energy. And now Nicky had brought things out into the open so... why not?

I still tried to keep my orgasm from getting too loud, from her even hearing it, hopefully. It washed over me and made me twist and writhe, my head jerking back as my hips ground frantically into the vibrator! And then it faded and left me panting and softly moaning.

But the thing was, in the afterglow of my climax, the feel of the vibrator jammed against me was ... uncomfortable. The sensations were raw and powerful, and not really sexual. My hips kind of tried to twist away, but of course, couldn't. But no matter, for after a minute or so those uncomfortable sensations began to morph into something much more pleasant.

My lower belly began to vibrate in time with the plastic toy, and I was soon grinding and panting and moaning and bucking once more. Another orgasm swept over me and I thrashed and jerked wildly in the throes of its pleasure storm.

Then I sank back, panting weakly. I twisted my head, looking towards Nicky's shadowy form on her bed. Her back was to me, and I wondered how long she would leave me like this.

All fuckin night, it turned out!

At first it was orgasm after orgasm, a long buildup, a twisting, writhing climax, then sinking back and waiting for the next buildup. Then my body just seemed to tumble through multiple orgasms where I was literally screaming into the gag – until I ran out of breath. I hyperventilated. I was light-headed. I gurgled wildly.

My insides ached from my spasming muscles, and my body overheated. I started to sweat again, gasping, whimpering, moaning. The multiple orgasms faded, and then there was another period of long, slow buildups, intense single orgasms, then sinking back to nothing. An hour passed, then two, then three. Sometimes there was time for my head to nod, my eyes to close, in that intermittent period between when my body was trembling with lust and arousal.

I came and came and came, draining away the rest of my energy, and then, fortunately, finally, the batteries in the vibrator drained away too. I was so exhausted by then I was able to finally fall asleep, there in the chair, tied up and impaled on the dildo.

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“Ms. Munro, please summarize the findings in Anderson vs Ohio,” Professor Higgins called.

I cursed to myself, but then thanked God it was one of the cases I had actually studied before Nicky and April's little photo shoot had disrupted my week. I got to my feet, looking over the heads of my fellow students down at the floor of the lecture hall about fifteen rows below. Of all days for him to call on me! I felt exhausted and my head was still fuzzy from last night!

I was wearing a mid-length suede skirt and a loose denim shirt which hung down past my hips, with a green vest over it, and my hair pulled back into a loose pony tail behind me.

But before I'd left for the day, April had unexpectedly shown up, and she and Nicky had made me... somehow... wear this leather belt thing. It wasn't a belt, exactly, more like two belts melded together in the middle. It was a T-shaped belt. The horizontal upper portion went around my waist, and the lower, vertical portion went down my abdomen, between my legs, and up between my buttocks to lock to the upper portion in back.

That part had a narrow opening which was strategically placed so that as the material pulled firmly, snugly (even too snugly) in against my body, my clitoris was untouched. The flesh around it was squeezed in, but the opening allowed my clitoris to feel naked air, though the belt kind of puffed it out a bit.

And fixed to the soft inside of the lower portion was a curving dildo and a butt-plug! So as I stood up in Torts class I had those inside my body. And of course, my clitoris felt swollen and hot.

“This case began as an attempt by the state to delegate authority to the local municipality...”

I recited the case in a firm, strong voice, though I felt a big nervous with all those eyes on me. And I was mostly nervous about... about you know, the belt, not my knowledge of the law. I managed to get through it and sat down, though, and the success gave me a weird little rush, as if I'd put something over on them all because they hadn't detected what a slut I was with the dildo and butt plug in me!

I wondered if I should ask for another roommate? But what excuse could I give?

And besides, the nasty things Nicky was doing were darkly exciting, however warped.

I got through Torts, and Government, and Sociology, then went to lunch with a couple of girlfriends who were refreshingly (in a way) like me. I squirmed a bit mentally, though, still having the dildo and butt-plug in me. They kept me on a low sexual heat the whole day. I wasn't so horny that it interfered, but I was horny.

But the thing is, I'm not a dyke. I'm not even bisexual! Or at least, I hadn't thought I was! I like guys! So when I get horny, the first thing I normally think about is guys! And it's not like I don't know a lot of them. I mean, it was my third year at school and guys do their best to meet me.

By the time my classes were done I was really horny! I went back to my dorm room and stripped, then removed the belt thing with a groan of relief, and went for a quick shower. Nicky still wasn't back when I was ready, so I left her a note and took off to meet some friends.

We went to a pub, drank some, went to a disco, danced a lot, and I went home with a guy named Kyle, who was on the mens volleyball team. He had a beautiful, hard body, and he and I enjoyed each other for long hours. I was a lot more... expressive, and a lot less inhibited than was my usual, and he seemed as enthusiastic as I was!

It was almost three in the morning by the time I stumbled home and fell into bed, half drunk, very weary, and more than a little satisfied. Nicky was asleep by then and I did my best not to waken her.

The next morning I was a bit harried, and impatient about Nicky wanting me to wear that dildo thing again, so I brushed it aside, grabbed a bagel and took off for class.

But you know what, brushing her aside, overriding her, it kind of turned me on in a weird way in that I knew it was likely to inspire her to get me back at me at some point. It wasn't like I actually wanted... that... exactly, but it did give me a sort of dark thrill to imagine her making me do something nasty to punish me.

Not that she could, of course, make me, that was.

But it sure was easier to concentrate on class without those things in me. And then I went straight from class to dinner with some people at a pub, then had some fun, and came home late again.

It wasn't like I was deliberately trying to avoid her or anything! Not really... But I was feeling a sense of relief at being away from her, at being normal, even though I suspected I was building up some resentment on her part. Actually, ticking her off pleased me. Little nerd girl, bossing me around like she was, and exposing me to those... well.

But again, I felt a kind of smugness in being 'bad' which was ridiculous! I didn't have to do anything Nicky said! So why did I feel like a deliciously naughty girl for refusing her orders!?

And I was all prepared to do it the following morning too, which she seemed to take for granted. She didn't try to persuade me to do anything or wear anything, but she did tell me, just in a kind of casual 'oh by the way' sort of in passing statement, that my pictures were going to be on the wall at the photo studio for an exhibit that evening!

“What do you mean my pictures?!” I demanded.

“You know the ones. Oh, not all of them, of course. Don't worry, your face isn't in them.”

“Nicky, I swear to God if anyone – .”

“No one will find out they're you,” she said.

That would have been more reassuring, of course, if a dozen women didn't already know it was me!

So while I wasn't feeling all that aroused that day I was nervous and anxious and worried about what those pictures would show, and did find it difficult to concentrate again. The show started at seven, and I debated anxiously with myself about going, before finally deciding I had to see what they were showing!

I pulled my hair in tight, though, and wore a hat and dark glasses, as well as a conservative dress.

I was more than a little appalled when I got there, though, to see all the people! There was a warning sign on the outside which said the photographs were of nudes, and of a graphic nature, and dedicated to female eroticism. The studio had been set up as a gallery, and in addition to the walls there were plywood boards set up throughout with pictures on them.

And a lot of them were of me!

The worst of them was a picture of Nicky's arm, when ended, about halfway down the forearm, in the sight of my tight pussy lips clutched around it. Ohmgod! But there were plenty of other pictures, of me scattered in amongst the others.

The one of me sinking down onto that big glass dildo, back arched, that was there. The one of me on all fours, naked, my bottom raised, dildos sticking out of my pussy and ass, my face hidden by a curtain of blonde hair, that was there, too.

Then there was one of my face jammed in against someone's pussy. Fortunately, again, most of my face was hidden by my hair. And the one of me hanging naked, upside down, spreadeagled. God!

It wasn't all about me. About a third of the pictures were of me, though, and they were most of the nastier ones! Some were in black and white, while others were in glorious, clear, sharp color. And it was freaking bizarre to see crowds of people, both men and women, moving up and down the aisle, staring at my pussy and my ass and my breasts!

But after it became fairly obvious no one could see the face of the model I started to feel not only a sense of relief, but kind of a feeling of, well, cocky, smug, arousal. Maybe it was the exhibitionist in me, but I started to get turned on at seeing these people admiring my naked body, and talking about how hot the pictures were.

“April still wants to fist you.”

I gasped, startled, jerking my head around to see Nicky beside me. My eyes and head quickly moved around me anxiously, making sure no one could hear.

“Don't say that out loud!”

“I loved the feel of my hand inside you,” she said.

I flushed and my mind squirmed, remembering the shock I'd felt at the time.

“Ms. Conway expects great things of you for the second phase of the erotic photos,” she said.

“Wh-what phase?”

“The first one focused on bondage and submission. The second phase is on sadomasochism.”

I flinched. “Forget it.”

“She's very insistent.”

“I'm not going back there in front of your whole class!” I hissed, dropping my voice low.

“You can just pose for me and April.”

“April is not fucking me with her hand!”

“Only if you beg her to.”

“Ha!”

“You will.”

“You must think I'm some kind of... of – .”

“Bondage slut?” she asked with a smile.

“Something like that! I'm not!”

“I'd like to see you prove it,” she said with another smile.

“I will!”

But saying it suddenly made me nervous, because I had, in effect, agreed to pose for them again, and while that sent a thrill of heat up my spine it also produced

more than a little anxiety about what they intended to take pictures of me doing!

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“This is just pictures,” I said in a firm, even stern voice, glowering at the two of them.

“Sure,” Nicky said, her face expressionless.

“Of course,” April agreed, though she didn't look like she believed it for a second.

I was trying to believe it!

“This is just for your class project.”

They both nodded.

I looked at them warily, my stomach fluttering, then began to remove my clothes. Given what had happened the last couple of times that couldn't help but make me even more nervous, but hot too.

“How do you want me to pose?” I demanded brusquely.

The studio had been cleared of pictures, and those plywood boards removed. Now it was just pretty much an empty room.

“Sit on this table,” April said casually.

It was a normal wooden table, with one drawer in the side, maybe eighteen or twenty inches on a side. I sat down casually but warily as Nicky moved behind me.

“Lean back,” she said.

“It's a little small for that.”

I leaned back and she caught my shoulders. I was just able to lay down on the thing, just. My shoulders overhung one side and my butt was just barely on the other. The two of them drew my arms straight down along the legs of the table and then quickly tied them in place as I stared, upside down, at what they were

doing.

They moved around to the other side of the table, and drew my legs down alongside the other legs of the table. There was no way my body could bend enough to keep them straight, so my knees did bend, but they were able to tie my ankles to the legs of the table. That left my butt and shoulders on the table and everything in between arched up in the air.

I felt hands at my waist, and a rope being tied around it, as April knelt next to me and gathered in my hair. It was falling almost to the floor, but she bound it into a braid and then pulled it in under the table, forcing my head back, making me gasp as my back arched more sharply.

I felt the rope going down my abdomen from the one around my belly, then between my legs and down as they tied it to my hair.

It started to feel itchy, scratchy, uncomfortable, almost at once, both around my waist, and between my legs. They had previously used very soft rope, and the rope around my wrists and ankles was of that sort. But this other rope was clearly something else again, more like rough hemp. Furthermore I quickly realized there were knots tied in it, a number of them.

The rope was tight enough that it dug into the soft flesh of my pussy, cutting between my labia, but not so tight that I couldn't move my head a little if I wanted to. The only problem with that was moving my head pulled more sharply on my hair, and also tended to cause my back to arch even further.

It also, of course, ground the knotted rope across my clitoris.

They brought over the bright lights and then began to snap pictures as my body strained tightly. The lights were hot, and my position was uncomfortable, to say the least, so I began to sweat. The feel of the rough hemp rope on my skin was even worse now, and they seemed in no hurry to complete their pictures.

My stomach was fluttering wildly all this time, and my nipples were so hard they ached.

And then I felt the vibrator against my pussy!

“Oh don't!” I cried, my hips almost automatically jerking violently.

“But you like vibrators,” April cooed.

“I don't! I said only pictures!”

“But we have to get you ready so the pictures will look right,” Nicky said calmly.

The vibrator played up and down along the rope which was pressing against my clitoris, and my hips continued to jerk as my legs and arms pulled against the rope binding them down. My pulse was suddenly racing and that dark thrill of sexual hunger was rippling up and down my spine!

Then I felt a sudden pinching against both nipples! I squealed and jerked against the ropes as my nipples burned hotly!

“Relax, just a couple of nipple clips,” April said. “They'll look hot in the pictures.”

The sharp ache subsided into a hot, throbbing, and I moaned helplessly, starting to feel myself sinking back into that strange dark sexual fever which they had roused in me the last two sessions. I fought against it, but more and more weakly, as it quickly sapped my willingness to resist.

They turned off the vibrator, and moved around me, murmuring to themselves, taking pictures from different angles. But my body was thoroughly aroused now, and it was very hard to keep my body still. Furthermore, my head was at an unnatural angle, pulled way back, and I kept tugging it forward, which ground the knotted rope against my clit and through my labia.

“You know what would look good on her nipples?” April said.

I moaned as the two spoke softly, and Nicky giggled. They moved away, then returned with... what I had no idea.

“Stick out your tongue, slave girl,” Nicky ordered.

“N-no,” I gasped.

I felt the clips removed from my nipples. At first, they stung hotly again, but that quickly eased into a kind of pins and needles sensation, which, given my level or

arousal, made me cry out in helpless pleasure when April's fingers began to roll and caress them.

“Stick out your tongue, slave,” Nicky ordered.

I obeyed.

I felt something tightening around my nipples, not crushing them like the clips, but tightening around them like the cord with loops on the end. I moaned as Nicky gripped my tongue in a clamp, then put a kind of clip on it. It bit into my soft flesh, and ached, but not horribly so.

Then they attached a cord to it and pulled it up and back, and a moment later I felt the pressure pulling against my nipples. So they'd clearly tied my tongue to my nipples!

Who even thought of stuff like this! Fucking little nerd perverts!

My tongue ached, of course, and wasn't used to being pulled out so far, of course, and that meant that, willing or not, my instincts kept tugging on it, tugging on my nipples. At the same time my head kept pulling back, which pulled on my nipples, then forward, which ground the knotted rope across my clitoris. My sweating clitoris.

“We should get video of this too,” April said.

“Sure, if you want. But I want pictures of the moment of climax.”

“That's what I mean. We might miss it with just pictures.”

Nicky let out a bark of laughter. “Not one of Paige's climaxes.”

The two laughed.

I moaned. Little bitches!

I tried to keep still, but it was a very uncomfortable position! The thing is, when your body is in an uncomfortable position its instinctive for it to keep trying to shift into a more comfortable one. Besides which, just being tied up like this had made my body start burning with excitement.

I couldn't keep still! I had to ease the discomfort! But just as badly, every little tug on my nipples, though it caused a sharp little sting, made them throb with more excitement and pleasure. Every time the knot ground against my clit I gasped in pain ... and pleasure! It was a rough hemp knot grinding against my sweating, swollen clitoris! Of course it was horribly uncomfortable and scratchy!

But why did it send a hot thrill of pleasure through my trembling body!?

Their cameras snapped and whirred, and I moaned and trembled, my hips flinching, bucking, grinding, my head jerking down and back repeatedly as I began to get light-headed.

The orgasm surged up inside me and I couldn't stop it, couldn't even hide or disguise it. I cried out in pleasure, hips bucking frantically as the sensations overwhelmed my mind! It hurt to grind myself against the knots, but it hurt so good!

I was dazed when they finally untied me, moaning. They gripped an arm apiece to raise me up into a sitting position. That, of course, made the blood which had rushed to my head rush out, and made me dizzy.

While they held me in place they put a studded collar around my neck, and matching restraints around my wrists, then attached a chain to the latter and pulled them up to link to a ring in the back of the collar. I moaned weakly but didn't object as they slid me off the table, both holding my arms carefully so I wouldn't fall.

They led me, stumbling weakly, panting, gasping for breath, over to a sawhorse... well, a sort of sawhorse. It had a head on the end, like in child's rocking horse or hobby horse. I had no idea why.

“Okay, left leg up, slave girl,” April said.

“I'm not a slave girl,” I said breathlessly, as I raised my leg.

She grasped it and they maneuvered me to where I was standing, straddling the sawhorse. Then, together, they pulled my legs apart. I gasped, forced to sit, to straddle the narrow beam of the horse, with all my weight crushing down upon it.

They pulled my legs down and out tightly, then tied them in place. My hair was still braided. April pulled that back, while Nicky tightened the loops of that cord around my swollen nipples again and pulled it up and forward.

With my head pulled back I couldn't see a lot of what they were doing in front of me, and I certainly couldn't ask, since I still had that clip thing on my tongue! But I felt the vibrator against my clitoris just as April pulled on the narrow cord attached to my tongue and led it up and back a little, tying to a ring in the wall behind me.

It felt like they'd put the vibrator on the top of the beam, and it was a narrow one, jammed in against the top of my sex.

Little bitches!

They moved the lights around me again, and I moaned, already overheating on the inside, and now on the outside. And it wasn't like I could complain!

All my weight was on my pussy! And it was jammed against that narrow length of wood below me so that it ached more and more with every passing minute!

“You know what would be a good shot?” Nicky asked, “Just her nipples.”

“Like a nipple filling the whole picture?”

“Yes, look how stretched out they are.”

They moved around, snapping pictures, close-ups, I guess, as my nipples throbbed hotly.

“What about the tongue?”

“No, the clip covers too much of it.”

“If it was a ring...”

“Yeah, that would look better.”

My pussy throbbed hotly, but it also tingled and burned with the vibrations coming into me from the vibrator. My pussy, I knew, without seeing it was, red,

hot, and sweating, and there seemed no way to ease the pressure. I could lean back a bit, but that just put the weight on my tailbone, which began to ache even worse. That also pulled on my nipples, more.

Leaning forward a little was an option, but not much of one since it pulled my hair back even harder, and pulled my tongue against the clip.

“I want to get her tongue into it,” April said.

“You'll have to cover her face.”

“Yeah, I know.”

They covered my eyes with a black lace scarf, and then snapped away at my tongue and open mouth. I just sat there, moaning weakly, body heating up, my pussy aching more and more, until, with a sudden strangled cry, the orgasm tore through me and I trembled violently in place, hips trying to grind my soft flesh against the hard wood below me.

I'd never felt an orgasm quite like it. My pussy was a burning, throbbing ache! Yet the intensity of the orgasm seemed to twist that into a dark, terrible pleasure that made my hips buck violently, even though that ground soft, tender flesh against the hard wood! And of course, my nipples sparkled and burned as they pulled against the loops, and my head was so far back the the explosion of sensations dazed me and would have had me falling off the horse were I not bound tightly in place!

As the orgasm fled they left me, going back to the computer and downloading their pictures to see how they worked out. I moaned dazedly, my pussy acing fiercely now, without the pleasure which had screened my mind before. I moaned, feeling the rise of pain, abandoned by them, helpless.

And that triggered another dark rush of excitement. My own... helplessness, my own... predicament aroused me! I don't know why unless I have some masochist in me because I'd never felt like the kind of girl who would wallow in my own abuse.

Yet it seemed that I was, for the more casually they treated my pain the more outrageous I felt, and then the more aroused I got!

And the vibrator was still turned on!

I moaned at the raw, overpowering and uncomfortable sensations it was delivering to my hypersensitive pussy, but knew it would soon twist and change into something that would swamp my mind with heat. I had a moment of clarity to wonder if I ought to be looking forward to that or dreading it, for the way it affected me, for the loss of control.

Then again, what control did I have over anything at that moment anyway?

I was already starting to work my way back up to a state of sexual heat when April returned. She ignored me, or, at least, didn't try to talk to me or anything. Instead she knelt by where the rope attached to my right ankle was bound to a ring set in the floor. She untied it, then pulled sharply. I gasped as my ankle was pulled down harder.

She looked up at me and grinned, then tied it off and went around to the other side. Again, she knelt, untied the rope, then pulled harder. I shuddered and moaned, as the pressure pulling me down against the narrow length of wood was now added to that of my own weight.

I felt a surge of heat, however, at this seeming cruelty, for it struck at that darkly subconscious sense of sexual masochism I was only starting to realize I might possess. I groaned as she stood up next to me and gripped my hair, then undid the clip around my tongue. I cried out as the release of pressure brought a surge of very unpleasant pain. But at least it quickly eased.

“Are you enjoying your little ride on the horsey, slave girl?” she cooed.

Her hand reached up and plucked at the cords linked to my nipples, plucked at them repeatedly, tugging at them so that my nipples sparkled and burned.

“Nasty slave girl,” she said in a lowered voice, leaning in to chew and suck on the nape of my neck. “You're going to be our sex slave, aren't you, Paige?” she said, hand cupping my breast. “You're going to be our bitch.”

I moaned helplessly, a spiraling wall of crackling sexual electricity rising up within me as she pulled my head back even further than the rope had, stretching out my nipples and making them burn hotter.

“You're such a dirty girl,” she whispered, chewing on my earlobe.

“Paige doesn't want to be our sex slave because she loves cock more,” Nicky said, finally coming over from the computer.

She ran her hand up and down my belly and chest, then down between my legs. I gasped as she pushed on the vibrator to grind it against my clitoris.

“She could be our sex slave and still love cock,” April said. “I love cock too, after all.”

“But you love pussy as well.”j

“Paige will learn to love pussy. She loves her own pussy, after all.”

“Let me down!” I moaned, though in truth, given the level of arousal I was feeling, I didn't mean it.

“Let you down? Don't you like us punishing your pussy?” April asked.

“We do have enough pictures of this now,” Nicky said, still grinding the vibrator against me, “So we should find a different position.”

It was about then that I came again, arching and sobbing, my hips bucking frenziedly against the vibrator. The tautness of the ropes binding my ankles made it harder to move, but at the same time it gave me something for my legs to pull against so that I was able to grind myself against the wood below.

But then I was dazed and gasping and feeling the rush of dark, burning pain between my legs once more.

“Let me down!” I moaned.

“Say please and say mistress,” April said.

“Please let me down, mistress!” I gasped.

“Say, please let sex slave down mistress,” April added in amusement.

“Please let sex slave down, mistress!” I begged.

I wasn't too proud, and the damn thing was burning and aching by then!

“Say please let fuck toy down mistress,” Nicky added in amusement.

“Please let fuck toy down, mistress!” I gasped.

“Do you promise to love our pussies if we do?”

“Yes!” I moaned.

“Say yes, mistress.”

“Yes, mistress!”

I groaned as they untied my legs and removed the loops from my stinging nipples, then untied my hair and helped me off the damned wooden sawhorse. Of course, it was only to help me to my knees on the floor.

Nicky got the camera, and April removed her clothes. Using my hair as a leash, she guided my mouth in against her pussy and ordered me to love it. They'd already taken pictures of me licking her during one of our previous sessions, but my mind wasn't exactly working at peak just then. I also wasn't really considering that the last time my hair had hidden most of my face. Now my hair was pulled up and back by April's hand so my face was entirely visible as I licked her.

And the licking took longer this time as she kept giving me instructions, as she had me push my swollen tongue deep into her pussy, and work it up and down along her labia, to twirl it around her clitoris, and suck on it in a rhythmic fashion.

Nicky did take pictures, though, at least at first. Then she stopped and knelt behind me. She removed the studded leather collar and replaced it with the steel one they'd used in the last photoshoot. She also removed the studded leather restraints and replaced them with metal shackles which went around both my wrists, and my arms just above my elbows. These she chained together.

I felt her fingers at my ass, then the pressure of something which felt coldly metallic, but smooth and slick with lubricant as she slowly pushed it up into my ass. It was very rounded, and then arrowed abruptly, so I knew it was a butt-plug, as opposed to a dildo.

They also redid my hair as I licked April, shifting it from a braid which went down my back, to pigtails that allowed April to hold one in each hand as she pulled me in against her.

April sat down and pulled me down with her, and a slap on my bottom and a barked order had me raise my hips and spread my legs for April as I felt her fingers at my pussy. A cool, thick, metallic feeling tube was pushed up into my pussy and pumped slowly in and out a few times, then pushed deeper. I moaned as the lips of my sex strained wide – wider – achingly wide, then abruptly narrowed.

It was as if the dildo had a round sort of lump in it! But now it was inside thankfully.

Nicky pulled my legs together again, and I felt a strap going around my thighs, binding them tightly.

Then she moved away and started snapping pictures. She moved around us, sometimes dropping to her knees, sometimes even to her back or belly. Most of my concentration was on April's pussy, though, because whenever I failed to do as she wanted she'd tug sharply on my hair or reach down to pinch one of my swollen nipples.

At first, licking her pussy had been almost a chore. I was okay with it, relieved to be off the horse. And if this was the cost, well, that was fine. But as it had continued and Nicky had done what she'd done, and I'd kind of... gotten used to obeying them, to licking April, to being 'punished' for not obeying, that dark sexual heat had started to rise up within me once more.

My pussy still felt hot and sore and swollen, and thus extremely sensitive to the touch. Nicky's touch was soft, but it made me ache anyway. It also made my pussy burn with a strange, exciting sense of wild animal hunger!

“Oh fuck, yeah!” April groaned, slumping down more on the chair and tugging on my pigtails to pull me in harder. “Like that. Like that, sex slave! Lick your mistress, sex slave!”

God, she was perverted! And this was wild and nasty!

I moaned and obeyed.

“Well, I see we're enjoying ourselves,” a new voice said.

I jerked, recognizing the voice, but April kept a firm grip on the pigtails.

It was Ms. Conway! The big shouldered, short-haired, obviously lesbian photography teacher who had not only assigned these projects but had instructed the class during the last session, using me as her model!

“She's getting way better with her tongue,” April groaned.

“As she ought to be. A sex slave that doesn't know how to please her mistress is not much of an ex slave,” Conway said.

It was the ... the casual way she said it that inflamed me, as if I really was a sex slave! That was so kinky and wild! A part of me wanted to tell her I wasn't, but I was too busy licking.

Conway went over to talk with Nicky, and it was about pictures. The part of my mind which couldn't help but overhear them even as I worked on April's pussy got that Conway was going to do something so the girls could take pictures.

Then I felt a sharp, stinging slap against my bottom and yelped against April's pussy even as Nicky snapped pictures.

“Nasty girl,” Ms. Conway said from behind me.

Crack!

I yelped again! It was a strap of some kind, or a belt, and the woman had snapped it down across my upraised buttocks! It didn't feel like it had a lot of weight behind it, but it stung!

Crack!

“Nasty slut.”

Crack!

“Filthy whore.”

Crack!

“Imagine if your friends could see you.”

Crack!

“Licking that girl's pussy like a sex slave!”

Crack!

I squealed and moaned and wriggled, but with the tight shackles on wrists and

arms, and the way my legs were strapped together I had very little freedom to avoid the blows which fell stingingly across my bottom! None of them individually was that bad, but the blows were adding up, setting my skin on fire!

Crack! Crack!

“Perverted little slut!

Crack! Crack!

“Filthy little sex slave!”

Crack! Crack!

“Dirty little blonde whore!

Crack! Crack!

“Lick your mistress, slut!”

Crack! Crack! Crack!

April grabbed my head and jammed my face into her pussy as she bucked up against me, writhing and gasping and moaning and cursing as her hips jammed hard against my frantically licking tongue. Then she released me, gasping, her legs coming apart.

“I think April is enjoying this photo shoot,” Ms. Conway said in amusement.

“I think we all will enjoy it,” Nicky said.

April and Nicky changed places, and now it was Nicky's pussy I had to lick as April snapped pictures. Ms. Conway continued to strap my terribly overheated bottom as I wriggled and sobbed weakly, moaning and licking desperately at Nicky's clit and pussy.

I was so relieved when the strapping stopped! Then Mrs. Conway was behind me, her hands traveling over my body, kneading my breasts and pinching my nipples. She unstrapped my thighs and spread my legs wide. Then I felt a pull at that dildo thing in my pussy, felt it slowly, slowly forcing the lips of my sex out

and out further and wide and wider until it finally pulled free.

The rest of the metallic tube slipped out of me and I felt momentarily empty before something much more sensual feeling pushed into me. This was the silicon cock I remembered the woman using on me before, and moaned into Nicky's pussy as she grinned down at me and tugged at my pigtails.

“Lick your mistress, slave girl,” she ordered.

I shuddered and licked as Ms. Conway fed the long, thick length of the dildo deep into my quivering belly, then began to fuck me. She used long, slow strokes at first, as April snapped pictures, but they soon came quiver and harder until her hips were striking my sore bottom with jarring force.

She jerked back on my hair suddenly, as if taking control of me from Nicky.

“Do you love my cock, slut?” she growled. “Do you!?”

“Y-Yes!” I squealed.

She jerked harder.

“Mistress,” she growled.

“Yes, mistress!” I gasped.

The nerd girls weren't scary. Ms. Conway was!

“Say it, slut!”

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

In truth, the relief from the strapping and the deep thrusting of the silicon cock had awakened the dark heat once more, and my mind was fuzzing over with the arousal and heat as Conway fucked me.

“Filthy little sex toy,” he sneered.

She jammed my face into April's pussy and continued to thrust.

“Lick that pussy, slut! Lick your mistress!”

I licked, moaning, gasping, my body shaking as she rode me, as she fucked me, and soon Nicky was coming, whining and moaning and writhing as she slid low on the chair and her body. She ground my face against her pussy, soaking my skin in a combination of my saliva and her juices, but all I cared about, as she began to go still, was the hard thrusting into my pussy, and the way Conway had reached around and down bellow my hips to rub my swollen clitoris!

I came again, helpless against the wave of pleasure, twisting and bucking and sobbing as that long, thick cock punched deep into my belly with every hard, fast stroke, as her hips smashed against my sore buttocks and she jerked ruthlessly on my hair, riding me like a horse and grinding herself into my burning wet sex!

She left me on the floor, gasping and moaning, for April to snap more pictures of, including my soaking pussy opening and face. I moaned dazedly, then cried out as she dragged me to my feet by the hair and marched, stumbling, over below where Nicky and April were arranging some ropes from overhead racks.

The metal dildo thing was pushed back up into my pussy, including the fat ball part near the end which, I thought, was designed to make sure I didn't expel it. Then my arms were unchained and raised high overhead and out to the sides. I was soon spreadeagled, even before my chest had stopped heaving, standing tautly in the middle of the room, almost on the balls of my feet.

Then the girls were looking over the contents of a bag Conway had brought, expressing enthusiasm for the contents as I hung my head tiredly and tried to fully catch my breath.

Nicky took a few pictures of me, front and back, and it finally twigged that she wasn't really making any effort to hide my face. I didn't think a lot of it, though, since they could always fix that later. I'd learned that watching them play with the other pictures. Besides, if they'd wanted to display my face they could have done it at the exhibition.

“First we warm her up,” I heard Conway say.

I gulped, looking over my shoulders.

Conway was dressed in a scary black leather outfit which I guessed was designed to look hot in the pictures. She had this sort of big leather thong with a big black cock attached. The cock was thick and hard and tilted up with a slight

curve.

She wore a bizarre black leather mask and hood which completely hid her face, and a kind of bra which didn't do anything to hide her big breasts. Instead the leather just squeezed them up and together, the nipples large and hard as she looked at me.

She wore leather gloves that went all the way up her arms past her elbows, and black leather boots with stiletto heels that almost reached her crotch! I watched nervously as April donned a simpler outfit. It had the leather thong part, and the weird, scary mask, except her mask left her mouth and jaw free. Aside from that she was naked, with all her tattoos showing, including the ones on her breasts.

Nicky set up the lights around me as April set up several cameras on tripods and I pulled nervously against the ropes.

Then Conway was behind me, pressed up against me. I felt her big breasts pillowing out against my back as the dildo pushed through my thighs under my pussy. I gasped as she pulled back on my hair and her lips moved in along the nape of my neck.

I did not like Conway, did not trust her, and thought she was kind of scary, to be honest. But even so I felt a wicked little thrill at what she was doing, not because of her, but because of Nicky and April looking on. I don't understand why that was, but it was.

“Whore,” she breathed into my ear.

Her arms slid around me, cupping and roughly groping my breasts.

“Slut,” she whispered, her breath hot against my skin.

She ground her hips against me as April moved around in front of me, eyes bright through the holes in the mask.

This was fucking kinky and weird! They were such perverts!

I gasped as Conway jerked back on my hair sharply.

“We're going to fuck you, straight girl,” she whispered, biting along the nape of

my neck.

April knelt between my legs and began to lick at my belly as her hands glided up and down my hips.

“We're going to give you what all you straight girls want,” Conway said in a soft growl. “We're going to fill your whore belly with something big and hard!”

She pinched my breasts suddenly and I cried out in pain.

“Tell me you love cock, slut,” she ordered.

“I-I love cock!” I gasped.

She pinched them again.

“Mistress, slut.”

“I love cock, mistress!”

“Tell me you're a filthy blonde whore,” she whispered, pinching them again.

“I'm a filthy blonde whore!” I gasped. “Oh, please!”

She tugged and twisted them.

“You forgot to say mistress again, whore.”

“Please, mistress!” I cried.

The nerd girls were not scary and not intimidating. Ms. Conway was both!

She jerked back sharply on my hair, her free hand sliding down to finger my clitoris.

“You have soft skin, whore,” she said, still whispering into my ear. “Should I whip your soft skin?”

Her free hand slid up over my breast, kneading it, and I felt April's mouth moving down to start on my clitoris. I shuddered and squirmed as her tongue worked against me with a degree of knowledge and skill I knew I didn't possess.

I felt her hand gripping the base of the dildo thing and groaned as it pulled down.

The round ball thing forced the lips of my sex out and made them spread and spread and spread before they slid over it and the shaft pulled down my vaginal tunnel. But within seconds she was pushing it back into me again, until I felt the slick round ball pushing in against the lips of my sex, forcing them in and back and wide and wide and – !

“Oh!” I gasped as it pushed into me and slid up inside.

Her tongue lapped at my clit, then she began to suck as she pulled down on the thing once again.

“We're going to turn you into a sex slave, straight girl,” Conway whispered, “A sex slave to lesbians!”

Her gloved hands moved over my skin as she chewed and licked at my throat. Then she eased back and felt her pulling at the small, coin shaped base of the butt-plug. I moaned anew as it pulled slowly out.

“Beg me to fuck your ass, bitch,.” she growled.

I gasped aloud and she let the butt-plug sink back into me, jerking sharply on my hair.

“Beg!”

“Please!” I gasped.

“Beg me to fuck your ass!”

“Please fuck my ass!”

She jerked sharply on my hair and I cried out again.

“Mistress, you slut.”

“Please fuck my ass, mistress!” I cried.

She released my hair and pulled at the plug again.

“Beg me to fuck your whore ass!”

“Please fuck my whore ass, mistress!” I moaned.

Nicky snapped pictures, moving slowly around us.

“Beg me to fuck your filthy blonde whore ass!”

“Please fuck my filthy blonde whore ass, mistress!” I gasped.

I felt the butt-plug pull free, then the dildo slid up inside me.

God! This was indescribably kinky and hot!

“Filthy whore,” she whispered.

She got the dildo about halfway up inside me, then began pumping. April was still sucking at my clit and pulling the balled dildo slowly in and out of me, and I was starting to fall into that dark world of sexual fever yet again.

I cried out as Conway jammed the dildo so deep into my ass I felt cramps in my belly.

“Are you complaining, slut?” she growled. “That's just what you wanted.”

She drew back and thrust in hard and deep again, causing me to cry out once more.

“You don't love having a big black cock up your ass, slut?” she purred, still licking, kissing and chewing her way up and down the side of my throat.

“Maybe we should invite some men in to do it? Say, ten or twelve big black studs from the football team. Would you like that, slut?”

She lunged again and I gurgled and cried out weakly.

“I bet you'd love it. You'd love being gang banged, wouldn't you, straight girl?”

“Ms. Conway, would you move your hands down to cup her breasts instead of covering them please?” Nicky asked.

Conway complied, but her hips continued to thrust the dildo up into my ass as

though it were a weapon. It hurt, but I wild, churning heat was enveloping my mind and I was writhing and twisting in place as she and April worked me over.

And then she did something. She moved back, but the dildo remained stuffed deep inside me. She must have dislodged it somehow from the thing she was wearing.

“Both of you might want to come and pay attention to this,” she said, in a voice which was remarkable from being so normal, so different from those growling, hissing words she'd used to me.

“Gag the slut first,” she said as April rose.

I moaned as April stuffed a ball gag into my mouth, then strapped it behind my head. She joined Conway and Nicky behind me.

“There's a trick to the use of these,” she said. “You want to use your wrist to get the right snap on them.”

“What about these?” April asked.

“These are comparatively simple and don't have the danger of breaking the skin.

I had no idea what they were talking about, and turned my head, dazed, moaning, overheated, to see them looking at some sort of thin leather cord or rope. But then Conway picked it up and I saw it wasn't a rope at all. It was a whip!

I pulled instinctively against the ropes but to no avail as Conway showed the nerd girls how to swing their arms properly, and then use their wrist. She sent the whip flying to land very lightly across my back, and I yelped, even though it didn't hurt at all.

“If you use one with knots at the end it'll hurt a lot more but it's more likely to leave welts,” she warned.

Then she picked up the other thing, which was a flog. She'd kind of pretended to use these on me during our last session, but hadn't really hit me with them. Now she swung the flog and I yelped as it hit my back like... it was like claws scratching diagonally across my back!

“You see, like that?” Conway said. “It stings but doesn't leave any marks.”

She swung it again and I cried out at another sharp grouping of stinging blows!

“It leaves red lines,” Nicky said.

“Oh yes, but that's like her red butt. They'll fade in no time.”

Crack!

The flog cut across my back again and I cried out into the gag, arching and jerking instinctively as heat and pain exploded across my upper back.

“Notice how thin and lightweight these are?” she said. “This is a training flog.”

Crack!

I felt a jarring blow to the mind which was actually more powerful than the stinging blow to my back. For I had now gotten used to the stinging blows – sort of – and it wasn't like they were any worse, really, than the strap she'd used on my ass. In fact, in some ways they didn't hurt as much. But the pain was spread out, and quite sharp with each blow.

Crack!

And I couldn't get away from them!

Crack!

And that was the reason my mind felt such a shock. I suddenly was overwhelmed by how surreal and perverse and hot this was! The flog hurt, but not that much. But... but they were whipping me! I was being whipped! Conway was a scary bitch, but she was demonstrating to the nerd girls how to whip me, and her attitude was so casual, as though I had no say in the matter!

And I didn't! That was part of what made it so wild. Everything was completely beyond my control! I couldn't even protest given the gag in my mouth!

Crack!

“And watch as you get closer, you can angle the laces,” Conway said.

Crack!

The laces snapped across my back, but the first several inches now curled around my ribs!

Crack!

It struck me again, lower, so the laces could curl around my hip!

Crack!

I twisted and gasped and cried out as the laces basically missed most of my back, hitting my ribs and then swinging around to snap softly, but stingingly across my breasts!

That was more a blow of heat and outrage than of pain!

But there would be many more. Conway gave the flog to April, who swung it with more enthusiasm, then to Nicky, who moved around to flog my breasts!

I can't describe what sort of state of wild, dark, animal heat that caused me! I twisted and writhed and thrashed as the blows landed, my skin getting pink, then red as the thin red lines criss-crossed my body, front and back. The three treated me as if I wasn't even a person, as if I was some sort of training dummy, as they discussed the technique and force and types of whip and their effects.

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

The skin of my body felt overheated, as though I was sunburned, and I was sweating and panting, moaning, gasping for breath as they moved around me, using the flog, flogging me everywhere!

“This is an easy technique,” I heard Conway say. “You don't have to hit hard at all, just swing the flog upward.”

I gasped as the laces flew in between my legs from behind, flew in and up to snap at my pussy and abdomen and belly!

Crack! Crack! Crack!

“See how easy that is?” Conway asked.

Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!

“Yes, I love her reaction even though the blows aren't even hard,” Nicky said.

“They'll always react like that if you target their pussy,” Conway said with a snort of amusement.

Crack! Crack! Crack!

“You can't hit harder, though,” April said, sounding unhappy.

“No, if you really want to punish their pussies you swing in from the side, and it's better to use this flog instead.

She repositioned herself, and I squealed as she swung another flog. This one had shorter laces, but they stayed more together as she swung it down diagonally across my abdomen to snap in against my pussy.

Crack! Crack! Crack!

They all took turns, moving from side to side as I twisted and writhed in pain.

Then came the longer whip. It was thicker than the laces, but there was only one. Still, it hit with more authority, a sharp sting, as she sliced it across my back and around my waist. The pain became an all-encompassing heat throbbing in time to my heartbeat.

“... like this,” I heard Conway say.

The whip sliced across my hip and curled down across my abdomen and in between my legs. I howled and jerked violently as it snapped at my pussy.

The girls laughed at my reaction, then took their turns

Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!

I was getting dazed, maybe even crazed! The pain was something I was starting to feel desperate about stopping, but the blows kept coming! When the whip began to snap across my breasts I thrashed and sobbed as the pain tore at me.

But then... it began to fade under a rush of endorphins, and I fell into that dark fever dream again, only this time it was no fantasy. I really was being bound and whipped! Helpless! A prisoner! I was being tortured and abused! The idea made me burn with a dark hunger.

Crack!

I arched violently, gasping.

Crack!

My body thrashed in place.

Crack!

My pussy burned and hips bucked.

Crack!

The whip cut across my chest, driving me back against the restraints!

My mind was starting to turn to mush as a wild, churning storm of heat swept over me, the heat of pleasure and lust combined with the heat of pain. It was all just ... heat!

The girls snapped pictures, taking turns with the whips and flogs, driving me out of my mind. And then suddenly April was licking my clit again, pulling and pushing at that strange dildo. She pulled it free, and I shuddered and moaned. Then her fingers pushed up inside me.

I felt Conway's body pressed to me, her breasts warm against my aching back, then the dildo in my ass began to move in and out.

April's fingers squirmed up into my pussy, turning and twisting, as Conway bit into the nape of my neck and Nicky snapped pictures. I moaned dazedly, crying out into the gag as April jammed her fingers higher, as the heel of her hand stretched my pussy lips, stretched and then slid through.

“Do you like being fisted, whore?” Conway whispered. “Nasty slave girl. Filthy sex slave! We're going to bring you over to a lesbian bar so they can all gang

bang you, then leave you in the football team's locker room!”

She pumped her hips in and out as April licked me and drove her hand deeper and deeper.

“Man, look how deep my hand is!” April exclaimed excitedly.

“Close it into a fist and shove it deeper,” Conway growled. “This straight girl loves big hard objects being rammed up her pussy!”

I came, screaming, came thrashing and bucking, my mind blasted to shreds by the intensity of the release, every muscle in my body spasming violently as the orgasm went on and on and almost drove me unconscious. Then another arrived, as April closed her hand into a fist and began to work it in and out, and then another as she ground her knuckles against my cervix and sucked furiously on my clitoris.

*

We were in dorm rooms to save money, but three dorm rooms cost enough to rent an apartment, and there were always waiting lists of students who desperately needed them.

From that day, I had to wear those arm and wrist shackles and remain nude the entire time I was in the dorm room. We soon moved to an apartment, though, one which surprised me at its size and luxury. I had no idea that you could get an apartment that good for the cost of three dorm rooms.

You couldn't, actually. It was more expensive than that. But Nicky and April had an idea about how to pay for it. They started me dancing for them, dancing and giving them lap dances, which I thought was kind of silly.

Then they took me to amateur night at a strip club.

I can't properly express the shock of embarrassment and excitement which hit me as I went onto the stage, and how that shock escalated with every item of clothing I dropped. When I removed my bra and bared my breasts I felt my chest tighten to the point I could hardly breath! When I slipped off my thong the heat felt suffocating!

I began working there, just one night a week, a four hour shift, but it paid more than enough for the new apartment. And, as in the dorm room, I remained naked, my arms and wrists fastened together by chains and shackles at all times. I had to turn the pages of the books I had to read for school with my tongue.

My tongue was getting a lot of extra exercise now, though. I had agreed to have April pierce it – after she'd pierced my nipples without my permission. Then she chained my tongue to my nipples for a while, every night, so it would stretch more.

It was a two bedroom apartment. Nicky and April took the bedrooms, and I shared with one or the other, or slept on the floor in the front room, chained hand and foot. One evening while I was collared and shackled, wrist and arm, April put me in one of the bedrooms, pointed a finger at me, and said “Obey.”

She left, closing the door and I looked at in confusion, then around at her room.

The door opened, and a strange woman stood there. I flushed hot as she smirked at me then came into the room. She closed the door behind her, and walked over to where I sat on the edge of the bed.

“On your knees, slut,” she growled.

Gulping, heart pounding, face burning, I obeyed and she slid her fingers through my hair.

“I hear you think you're a straight girl,” she said.

She laughed and stripped and then roughly guided my face between her legs. I started licking. What else was I to do?!

After she'd come she sat down, dragged me across her lap, and spanked me until my ass was on fire, then fingered me to a climax. Yes, I came. I was, by then, so outraged, so shocked, and thus so incredibly aroused, that her rough fingering made my hips buck wildly! Then she put me onto the bed and straddled my face, making me lick her to another climax.

After she left April came in, smirking.

“Who was that, mistress!?” I demanded.

“You don't need to know her name. She paid five hundred dollars to fuck you.”

I gaped at her in disbelief but she only nodded and smirked.

A week later, Conway took me out somewhere, and she and her girlfriend, both much older than me, and very intimidating, whipped, flogged and fucked me unconscious – though only after I'd used my tongue to give them tongue baths, and then lick them to several orgasms.

Nicky was nicer to me than April, but April made my blood burn hotter. She was outrageous, and had a nasty edge to her Nicky lacked. I liked Nicky a lot more, though.

April took the most graphic pornographic pictures of me! And made me masturbate while she videotaped me. She also taped me licking her pussy and swallowing dildos.

Sex had taken over my life, and it was hard to even care about my law studies, much less concentrate on them. Every now and then another strange woman would show up, as April prostituted me to them. Nicky seemed to disapprove of this, but April did it anyway.

I got to meet April's boyfriend one day, when, wearing a mask, he spanked me and fucked me so April could get more photos. It was the first time a man had dominated me, even if April was behind it, and that made the heat burn even hotter inside me! When he threw me on my face, jerked my hips up, and fucked me, I came like a madwoman!

And then the year was over and we all went home for the summer.

Except I was a very, very changed woman. My mind was filled with heat and lust and need, and I couldn't get that at home around the people who knew me. So I told my parents I was doing a work term in New York, and got a job stripping there. It wasn't a very good club, but after a month I was able to get a recommendation to a much better one, and it paid really well.

When I returned to school I switched my major and began to take psychology, especially as related to sex, business, finance, and art. A strange mix, you might think, but I took courses in bartending and massage, as well.

I never wore clothes except at school, for me and the nerd girls were back together in a nice apartment again, and I was shackled every minute I was there. With Conways' help, I got on with a very special escort agency, one which catered to professional women who had a liking for leather and chains.

For three thousand dollars an evening they could do anything to me they wanted, as long as it didn't leave marks that would last too long. Most of them, to be honest, just wanted to tie me up and make me lick them. My tongue, by then, was long enough to lick my chin, and it got plenty of exercise with the nerd girls.

I did get a fair amount of spankings, though, slappings, hair pullings, and pinchings. Only occasionally did one of them whip or flog me. When I started taking male customers, though, the sadism level was much higher, so I raised my price.

Some might think how horrible it was that my promising law career was shattered, and I became little more than a prostitute. Those people wouldn't know the fire and heat I felt with every one of my 'dates'. The girls I was in pre-law with graduated from law school a few years later and began working twelve hour days, grovelling to the partners in hopes of getting ahead. They had huge student loans to pay off, and harried lives.

I was already a millionaire by then. I worked when I wanted to work, and took what clients I wanted to take. I charged five thousand dollars for an evening, and soon had enough clients I could have worked every day of the year had I wished to. Beautiful blondes not only willing to be whipped but thrilled and excited by it were few and far between, you see, and in high demand by both men and women.

As for the nerd girls, well, they graduated on schedule. Nicky moved in with a nerdy guy (yes I've fucked him too), and manages my clients and financing, as well as arranging my travel (there's a lot of that), while she tries to make it as a photographer. April started a bondage porn site dedicated to Japanese men, who, she said, were the world's biggest perverts.

And yes, my pictures and videos were part of her web site, but I didn't really mind by then. I lived a world of sex, heat and pleasure. The idea people think it's sad I'm not buried in a windowless room researching from law books all day is laughable!

I still consider myself straight, no matter what the nerd girls had managed to do to me. I prefer big, strong man with big hard cocks to any woman. The women who mostly hire me are like Conway, and while they're intimidating they don't turn me on as much as men. The only girls who really turn me on, to be honest, are the small, soft-spoken ones.

Like the nerd girls.

They still dominate me. They still fuck my brains out. And they still make me crawl. They just know, unlike my clients, that there's no need to pay me for what I love. Because they were the ones who made me love it.

And that was their ultimate revenge, I guess. They took a narcissistic, athletic blonde law student who looked down on them both literally and figuratively and made me their bitch. They twisted my mind into a pretzel and created the fuck toy they both wanted me to be.

I'll always be grateful to them for that.

* * * * *

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

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